The Journey to Three

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7184150.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/F
Fandom: Women's Soccer RPF
Relationship: Alex Morgan/Tobin Heath/Christen Press, Sarah Huffman/Abby Wambach, Lauren Cheney/Amy Rodriguez, Becky Sauerbrunn/Whitney Engen, Carli Lloyd/Kelley O'Hara/Hope Solo, Ashlyn Harris/Ali Krieger, Christie Rampone/Julie Foudy, Julie Johnston/Christine Sinclair
Character: Alex Morgan, Tobin Heath, Christen Press, Shannon Boxx, Megan Rapinoe, Kelley O'Hara, Carli Lloyd, Becky Sauerbrunn, Julie Foudy, Christie Rampone, Christine Sinclair, Julie Johnston
Additional Tags: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Funatari, Girl Penis, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Omega Alex, Alpha Tobin, Alpha Christen, Threesome, GIP, Knotting, Breeding, Praise Kink, Friendship/Love, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Sexual Content, Fluff and Smut, Mates, Multiple mates, Mating Bond
Series: Part 1 of J23
Stats: Published: 2016-06-13 Completed: 2019-01-06 Chapters: 37/37 Words: 120486

The Journey to Three

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Summary

As an Omega, Alex needs certain things. When she ignores needs and instinct for too long, the rest of the team steps in. Will Christen and Tobin be able to convince her that they feel the same way about Alex or will the forward run herself into the ground before they get the chance.
The thrum of a first rate ventilation was a comforting sound despite the fact that it barely made a dent in the cloying scent of pre-heat pheromones. Shannon Boxx shivered at the clinical room that medical had set aside for the Omegas and wondered how many times Alex had had to endure sitting in this place alone.

“The coaching staff is going to put you on profile, Alex.” The Alpha turned her attention to the Omega. “They can’t ignore this any longer.”

The Omega, for her part, pulled her knees up to her chest, trying to make herself as small as possible. She had never meant for anyone to find out about this, but here she was in a situation that felt so much worse than she could have imagined. Heats were a bitch to deal with normally. A heat after being on suppressants was a thousand times worse. Shannon paused as she took in the sight of the Omega.

Clad in plaid pajama bottoms and a ‘Property of US Soccer’ shirt, curled up around her knees, Alex looked even younger than she actually was. It didn’t help that Shannon could see the signs of exhaustion already setting in; she cursed herself for not noticing the bags under the Omega’s eyes earlier. She wondered how the Omega had managed to hide her condition from them for so long. She wondered, not for the first time, how many times Alex had been in similar situations, her stomach aching, her body turning against her as she refused to let an Alpha take care of her heat.

“Alex,” Shannon softened her voice, trying a different tack. The Alpha settled on the bed next to the Omega, sliding an arm around her shoulders and pulling her close. “You’ve had several heats since the qualifying tournament in February. It’s May, Sweetie. We just need to get you through this.”

Alex let out a low pitched whimper and Shannon pulled her in tighter.

“I don’t know what to do.” Tears pricked the Omega’s eyes as her body shook, another wave of pain coursing through her.

Shannon wasn’t sure what the admission had cost the Omega, but she wasn’t going to squander the opportunity. Not when something needed to give for the Omega. Alex was on the verge of self-destruction. She needed an alpha, and she needed one several months ago.

“Alex,” Shannon slid a finger under the Omega’s chin, tilting her head up. “You don’t have to know how to do anything. Your Alpha would take care of you. It’s their job.”

The Omega shook her head in stubborn denial, and Shannon almost groaned aloud. She had thought that she had been making progress, had hoped that she was making progress, but the Omega seemed to be right in the same mindset that sent her into this horrible situation.

“Sweetie,” Shannon tried to explain. “It’s as simple as finding a compatible Alpha, and them agreeing to take care of you. You don’t have to know anything. It will be easy; I promise.”

Alex shook her head in denial. “You don’t understand. I can’t go, I won’t.”

“Alex, if you go on profile, they’re going to take you out of the World Cup roster pool.” Shannon tried again. The Alpha wondered, not for the first time, what the deciding factor was behind Alex not giving into her heats.

“I won’t hurt them,” Alex muttered more to herself than to Shannon. Already the Omega was falling
into an exhausted sleep, soothed somewhat by the scent of an Alpha and unaware of the secrets that she was sharing. “I won’t come between Tobin and Christen.”

Shannon murmured softly into the Omega’s ear, trying to soothe her all the way into sleep. As the Omega settled down, Shannon’s mind turned the information that she had gotten from younger woman in circles over and over again.

Christen and Tobin.

Shannon sighed, wondering how exactly she was going to approach the situation. She settled Alex back against the bed, covered her up, and watched the Omega shiver despite the thick blanket she was gripping against her chest much like a drowning person might a life preserver. Shannon knew that the chills and fever and sweats were accompanied by aching joints and bones during pre-heats; all of which had affected Alex’s performance this camp. Alex needed to take care of herself and that meant that she needed to take an Alpha to bed. That the Alphas that she was compatible with were on the team was a hurdle that would have to be discussed before it was approached.

Shannon tucked the blanket in extra tight around the Omega and exited the room, closing, and locking the door firmly. The room was airtight, keeping the Omega’s scent locked in the room with the forward.

As she wandered upstairs she wondered how it was that Alex had talked to her instead of Abby or Christie or even Tobin (whom she was supposed to best friends with) or Christen (whom she checked on frequently, making sure that she was comfortable with her ever changing situation on the NT).

Most people had chalked it up as an Omega wanting to take care of her territory. The other Omegas on the team – Kelley, Amy, Whitney and Ali – had all done it as well. Now Shannon saw it as something else. An Omega trying to prove to her inner submissive that she was a good Omega, that she could be a good mate.

Shannon stepped into the elevator and leaned her head back against the wall. Omegas like Alex had a fragile biology. Heats did exactly what they sounded like – they burned the Omega from the inside out with a feverish body temperature and arousal. It was torture for them to not have sex with an Alpha. The more that an Omega denied their heat, the more frequent they became. Shannon wasn’t quite sure what Alex’s methods of enduring heats were, but she would guess that no one on the team would approve. And considering the she was on her fourth heat in two months, she wasn’t very confident that Alex had been taking care of them properly at all.

Shannon knew that being on the national team and playing professionally only stressed the Omega’s already fragile system. When you added in all of the travel, the training, and the fact that Alex didn’t have a mate to help stabilize her, she had no option but to scrape by the only way that she felt she could. It said something about Alex’s character when she chose to barely survive heat to heat rather than going to the ones she needed.

Shannon walked through the propped door of the room that she shared with Christie and did a mental headcount. Of the thirty players called into the final camp before the final World Cup roster was announced, only the veterans were aware of the Alex’s situation along with a special certain few. Ashlyn Harris was an obvious one – mated to Ali and good friends with several of the other players. Tobin was another obvious one, she had been the Omega’s bus body from day one. Morgan Brian was another; as an Omega, she had become very distressed at what was happening with the other Omega. And of course, Christen, one of the younger alphas on the team knew because Tobin, her mate, told her pretty much everything.
“Did she say anything?” Abby asked as soon as she saw the older woman.

“She said enough,” Shannon sighed. She glanced around the room thoughtfully. “Everyone but Cap, Abby, Hope, and Carli needs to get out. Tobin and Christen you might as well stay close we’ll need to talk to you in a minute.”

There was grumbling as the younger players moved to comply. Kelley uncurled from around her mates and, with a parting kiss to both Hope and Carli, joined everyone, including Tobin and Christen, in the exodus from the room. Shannon closed the door firmly before turning back to the teammates that had been on the team the longest.

“Alex knows of two dominants that she’s compatible with.” Shannon cut right to the chase. There was an immediate upswing in talking from the others.

“Then why won’t she go to one of them?” Hope asked, Carli who had been resting in her arms before was suddenly thrown to the side as the keeper sat forward, her anger visible. Shannon knew where she was coming from. Kelley was close friends with Alex, both Omegas had come onto the team at roughly the same time, both younger and less established than the other players on the team. Their friendship was inevitable. There had been an edge to Hope’s voice. She knew that her and Carli’s Omega was feeling the effects of Alex’s instability.

“Because it’s Tobin and Christen.” Shannon wasn’t sure how she felt about revealing something that Alex obviously felt very strongly about. She honestly felt like she was taking some of the choice away from the Omega, and it didn’t sit right with her. But more important, at least to her and the rest of the team, was Alex’s health.

“Shit,” Abby muttered to herself.

And that was the crux of the problem.

Tobin and Christen were a pair of bonded Alphas, one of two that was a part the US Women’s National Team. It wasn’t unusual, especially because both of them were relatively laid back, despite being very dominant. Mated Alphas were far more common among professional athletes, not in the least bit due to most professional athletes being Alphas. They could share a burden that others just wouldn’t understand.

“Alex is, of course, being very stubborn.” Shannon said wryly. “She doesn’t want to hurt them or come between them.”

Carli snorted in disbelief. “You mean she doesn’t want to come between two Alphas who adore her.”

“Love,” Christie informed. When everyone looked at her she shrugged. “Tobin doodles on her game notes, and Christen is always very adamant about making sure that one of us checks on Alex. They don’t want to push her.”

“Well now would be the time to push,” Shannon muttered darkly. “Alex is about to go into heat for the sixth time in four months. Her body can’t take much more of this.”

Abby swung a hand out, tapping Shannon on the arm. “Tag, you’re it, no givesy backsies.”

Shannon glanced around, but all of the other veterans had put a finger to their noses. “Assholes.”

Abby gave a jaunty wave as she led the other veterans outside of the room, sending in another pair of worried Alphas.
“What’s going on?”

The door had barely shut before Tobin was asking questions that Shannon didn’t really want to answer. The older Alpha kept the image of an exhausted Alex in her mind to push her through the last of her reservations. “I need one or the both of you to knot Alex.”
Tobin and Christen learn about Alex's troubles, but want to verify how bad it really is for themselves.

“No, no way, not happening,” Tobin argued automatically. The tan midfielder raised her hands in front of her as if she was warding off a blow. Next to her, Christen had crossed her arms, a sad, stubborn look etched into her features like stone.

“Ok,” Shannon conceded. “That probably wasn’t the best way to start things off.”

“There is no good way to start that off,” Christen grumbled. “As if Alex Morgan needs knots.”

“She does, actually.” Shannon tried to limit the sharpness in her voice, she really did, but superimposed over all of her intentions was the image of the Omega downstairs, exhausted and heat sick. The nagging feeling tugging at her stomach that someone should have caught it before then.

Tobin’s top lip curled back into a snarl, a low warning growl crawling up her throat. The tan midfielder didn’t often challenge another Alpha; she was too laid back, and there really was no point, but she would defend her territory, even from her teammates. Shannon’s tone had been too close to an attack on Christen for it to be comfortable.

Shannon paused, took a breath and counted to ten before she continued. “Alex is heat sick. I’m not sure when the last time that she was knotted. And I don’t think that she is either.”

Tobin stumbled sideways, shocked. Her knees buckled once and then she took a seat in a chair. Christen followed her, bracing her hip against the midfielders shoulder.

“How bad is she?” Tobin’s voice cracked over the question.

Shannon sighed as she took her own seat on the edge of one of the beds. “She’s pretty bad. The medical staff is half a step from putting her on profile.”

“What’s half a step?” Christen snarled in a rare display of an Alpha’s temper. “If she’s sick then she needs to be taken care of, not running around and stressing her system out even more.”

“Calm down,” Shannon said firmly. “The medical staff has it well in hand. Alex is going to be put on two different suppressants and limited in both practice and playing actual games. Abby, Cap, Hope, Carli, and I will be keeping a close eye on her as well. And she’ll be informed that she needs to take a mate with the next three months.”

“Three months?” Tobin’s voice rose a decibel at the question and Christen let out a wordless snarl.

Shannon focused on the rookie striker. “Do you have something to add?”

“First it’s one or both of our knots and then it’s just a mate?” Christen snapped, beyond rational. “Which is it?”
“Either or.” Shannon’s calm answer sparked an answering growl. The veteran midfielder could see it now – the fledgling bond that had already formed between the two Alphas and the Omega. They had already claimed the Omega as theirs; whether she had been marked, mated or not. They had made a choice somewhere along the way, just like Alex had.

“Alex would prefer the two of you.” Shannon soothed. “It’s the medical staff that isn’t too fussed about it.”

“How bad is she?” Trust Tobin to be the more rational of the two Alphas. “Not in prescription dosages or medical terms. How bad is she, really?”

“Bad,” Shannon answered truthfully. “The double dose of suppressants should keep her on the roster for the World Cup, but she really shouldn’t be putting it off at all.” The veteran paused. “She’ll suffer for it. Sweats, fever, and chills coupled with aching joints, headaches, and nausea. Her skin will fluctuate between feeling normal and being too sensitive. When you add in the prescriptions then she’ll lose sleep and her appetite. We’ll have to be careful that she doesn’t drop anymore weight.”

“How did this happen?” Christen’s voice was fractured. Shannon wondered, not for the first time, when these three became so unwilling to go after what they needed.

“It’s probably a combination of things,” Shannon soothed. “But now that we know, we can do something about it.”

Tobin eased open the door to the sterile room, slipping inside as silently as possible. Christen followed close behind, one hand curled into the hem of the midfielders shirt.

They technically hadn’t been told that they couldn’t be down here, though no one had said that they could be down here either. Tobin had wanted to check on the preheat Omega, adamant that they see for themselves what was going on. Christen, in a show of understanding or simple solidarity, had refused to let her go alone. Both Alphas felt arousal pound down their lengths at the scent of preheat pheromones. Tobin swallowed, fervently wishing that they were in a position to step in and help Alex. Christen pressed closer to Tobin’s back, her pupils widening at the scent. Both Alphas froze as they tried to remember a time when they had been this affected by an Omega that wasn’t in actual heat.

A whimper from Alex caused both of them to return to the present.

Curling up under the thick blankets provided, the Omega shivered. If the flush to her cheeks and the sweat visible on her skin was any kind of indicator, Alex was running a high fever. The Omega was curled into a ball, trying to stay warm to little effect, if the unconscious whine could be believed.

Christen steeled herself and stepped around her mate. By the time that Tobin realized what was going on, the other Alpha was out of her reach unless she moved herself.

“Chris,” Tobin hissed softly, keeping one eye on the Omega to make sure that she was still asleep. “What are you doing?”

The older girl pressed the back of her hand to the Omega’s forehead. “She’s burning up, Tobin.”

“I know,” Tobin muttered, easing forward. “Tomorrow the doc will start her on a medication regimen. But for now, we really can’t do anything about this, Chris. We’re not supposed to be here.”
“No one told us that,” Christen argued. Her hand slid down, fingertips tracing that point on the side of the neck that was right below the jaw line. She pressed lightly and she could feel the weak pulse of blood through the artery.

“They didn’t say that we could be down here either,” Tobin snarked back. “I don’t think that this is helping anything.”

“She’s alone, Tobin,” Christen’s voice was still low, but there was an edge to it. “She’s probably scared that she’s going to get kicked off the team, and they stuck her in this room. How many times do you think that she’s been in here by herself?”

“Too many,” Tobin answered softly. The midfielder stepped closer, arms wrapping around the other Alpha’s waist. Tobin pressed her lips to the side of Christen’s neck, against her own mating mark, because if she didn’t occupy herself with something then *she* would be doing the same thing – touching what wasn’t theirs. “But we talked about this. We’re gonna do it right.”

Christen’s inner Alpha fought with her, wanting to comfort the whimpering Omega, but knowing that it was not her place, not yet. She and Tobin might have their chance one day to hold Alex, make her feel loved and cherished like she deserved. Any Alpha would be lucky to have the superstar, the fact that she wanted them, at least according to Shannon, still boggled both Alphas’ minds.

The mates had begun to back up, slowly making their way to the exit behind Tobin, neither wanting to leave, but knowing there was no way they could stay. The midfielder’s hand was on the knob when a whimper stopped her. Her specially attuned Alpha ears listened. At first it was only the soft humming of the ventilation system as the pheromones in the room were filtered out from the outside air, until she heard a barely audible whimper this time caring both Alphas’ names.

“Tobs….Chris”

The Alphas turned sharply. Alex shouldn’t be awake; her body was too weak and needed time to recover from her severe preheat attack, but there on the small bed was the Omega, two sleep filled eyes staring at them. It was a shock that the Omega was even able to recognize them. Her body and mind were already so far gone lost in the mind of her inner Omega, who had taken over Alex completely as soon as the first symptoms of preheat began to creep through the forward’s system.

Alex’s fever was making her delirious. Her eyes made out the blurry images of the two women her heart ached for, and her nose even detected their scent. The Omega was convinced it was a delusion. The two Alphas wouldn’t come down there. Shannon hadn’t even wanted to come, Alex could see the strain in her face coming into the room the Alphas on the team so loving referred to as ‘The Cage’. Unmated Alphas and the occasional mated Alpha were put in it when they went ‘wild’ during their ruts. Omegas weren’t put in there, not until Alex that is. None of the others on the team had been as reckless as the forward to ignore and repress their heats.

The two women wanted so much to curl around the Omega and hold her, reassuring her that everything would be better, maybe not tomorrow or the next day, but eventually. In their hearts, the Alphas knew things were going to make things better for Alex. They had to. During the next three months she was going to feel as protected and as loved as possible not only from them, but the rest of the team as well. The Omega so desperately needed to understand that she wasn’t alone. Even if she didn’t choose to be with Tobin and Christen in the end, they would always be there for her in whatever capacity they could. Already their Alphas had accepted the love they had been hiding for so long for the Omega, making it all that much harder as they turned and left. Alex was once again left alone in ‘The Cage’, she whimpered subconsciously recognizing the loss of the Alphas even in her fever induced sleep.
Alex settled on the table of the exam room, arms curling around her knees. Shannon wished that she wasn’t just now realizing that that was Alex’s favorite defense mechanism. She wished that it was Abby or Christie or Hope that was in here, with the Omega, not because she didn’t want to be here, but because hearing about Alex’s condition was stressing her out. Shannon also wished that she could have convinced Tobin and Christen to come and sit with Alex, but two Alphas had some idea or other that involved some of the other players.

Shannon wished for a lot of things these days.

“We’re putting you on two prescriptions, Alex,” Dr. Anna Garza’s voice was as mellow and calm as her Beta personality allowed. As a Beta, she had never had to worry about ruts and heats. It made being the team doctor for a bunch of pheromone addled athletes difficult, but it also made her capable of doing it. “The first one is going to be Addarill. It’s going to act as a heat suppressant and birth control. You need to take it three times a day with something to eat. The second one is pheromone stabilizer, you need to take in the morning and before you go to bed.”

Alex didn’t stretch out her hand for the two scripts that she would need to get filled at a pharmacy close to camp. She was retreating back into herself already, wrapping her arms around herself as a physical barrier as her mind formed a tunnel with the Omega at one end and the people in the room at the other. She had never felt more alone or afraid, although she was doing her best not to show either. Her face was blank, masking the feelings she had while her mind was a constant jumble of self-loathing and fear.

The Omega knew that the medicine was a temporary fix, and more than anything else, she was scared of what would happen when she went off them. They would get her through to the World Cup, though they would take a toll on her body both physically and emotionally. She would be far from her best. She doubted Jill would want to play her more than necessary. This too made her worry. She was a face for the nation to rally behind; what would people say when she wasn’t getting the field time that the other players got. Many would start to wonder, and rumors would catch like wildfire. However, anything she had to endure during the World Cup would be a breeze compared to when it was over and she finally had to accept an Alpha’s knot. Her heart ached; her inner Omega whined as Alex thought about the two Alphas that she wanted but believed she could never have. Falling for the two had been the start of the mess that the forward had now found herself in, not that Alex particularly wanted to take just any Alpha’s cock before that. Now that her Omega had latched onto the idea of having her two teammates as her mates, the idea of taking anyone else made the forward physically ill.

Shannon sighed to herself as she reached out and took the script for the Omega. She glanced at Alex, noted her clammy skin and shivering form as she pulled the Omega from the exam table. Shannon nodded her thanks to the doctor, silently assuring her that she would make sure that the scripts were filled herself.

The Alpha guided the Omega out of medical and towards the bank of elevators. As Shannon guided her friend around, she glanced at the younger woman, taking in her appearance.

The Omega looked far too thin, in her loose, flannel sleep pants and the baggy US Soccer shirt. Normally tan skin looked several shades paler and exhaustion ringed blue eyes. The Omega had thrown her hair up into a messy bun, several strands falling loose around her face. She looked so vulnerable that Shannon wanted to hide her away, protecting her from the world.
Shannon led the Omega up to the room that she shared with Whitney Engen. The thin, lanky, older Omega met them at the door.

As a defensive midfielder and someone who worked well with the defense, Shannon felt that she knew the other girl fairly well. She wasn’t, however, prepared for when Whitney immediately pulled Alex away from her and into the protective cove of her frame. Shannon sputtered for a moment and was about to reprimand the Omega when she was jostled out of the way.

Kelley, Ali and Sydney filed into the room, sweeping the passive forward into the room with them. They were all dressed in sleep clothes and holding pillows. It wasn’t until Pinoe was passing her, dressed similarly that she began to question things.

Lori caught her first, one hand hooking around her upper arm and tugging her back. Shannon rounded on the other woman, a snarl curling her lips.

“Easy, Boxxy,” the beta soothed. Behind them the door to the room shut soundly, the slide of the chain echoing in Shannon’s ears. “It’s alright.”

“Alex is very sensitive right now,” Shannon started, taking an aggressive step forward.

Chups didn’t back down in the slightest. “I know. Why do you think that she’s in there with the some of other Omegas and Pinoe? We’re going to take turns.”

“Turns?” Shannon raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

“Boxxy,” Chups’s voice took on a soothing note. “Alex is heat sick. Being around too many Alphas for too long is going to upset her already fragile system. She just needs some room to breathe.”

“Who’s taking turns?” Shannon took a step back, no longer using her physical presence as the threat that it was.

“Pinoe and I,” Chups muttered, pulling the older woman down the hallway. “We’re betas. We won’t make her body react like an Alpha, and we won’t make her feel threatened like an Omega. She’ll be able to sleep and maybe eat some. We’ll keep a few Omegas around her at a time so that we don’t overload her system at practices and games. It’s better than keeping an Alpha around. Tobin was clear. All the internet sites said not to keep her away from pheromones completely. It would be too much of a shock to her system, especially since she’d still be around them at practice.”

“You’ll be by her side?” Shannon paused at the elevators, her mind already wondering how far Tobin and Christen’s involvement with this little plan. She would be visiting them after she got Alex’s prescriptions filled. While Boxxy had no problem believing that Chups was capable of being there for the Omega, she couldn’t imagine Pinoe being able to take the situation that seriously.

“For as long as she needs it.” Chups promised.
Alex woke with a start, her stomach turning. She shouldn’t have eaten that slice and a half of pizza, which Dawn had begrudgingly allowed the Omegas to talk her into letting them get. Sydney had played up the ‘Alex needs’ card, and the rest was history. Alex hadn’t eaten at all the previous day, and she had felt a little peckish. She hadn’t even wanted the second half of a slice, but Ali had put it on her plate, making her feel obligated to have some. She was regretting it now, her low grade fever was accompanied by her stomach doing flips until she was forced into making a rush for the bathroom hoping to make to the toilet in time.

Pinoe had been scrolling through her Tumblr, looking at the silly memes their fans came up with when the rushing forward past her a blur. She was up in a flash following Alex, who was already hunched over the toilet heaving. Her nose wrinkled as the smell of vomit hit her nose, but she didn’t shy away like Sydney might have. The forward couldn’t stand throw up whether it was hers or anyone else's. The team couldn’t wait for Dom to get her pregnant. Morning sickness was going to be hell for that one.

Pinoe had had to hold enough of her drunken teammates hair as they hurled before to know the routine. She sat down on the cold floor, instantly feeling a chill travel up her spine. One hand came up to rest on Alex’ lower back as her other hand came up to collect the Omega’s hair from around her face.

The night had been nice, even Alex could be caught smiling sometimes.

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Lori walked back in the room only to realize both beds were now completely taken up by bodies. Whitney had taken Alex over to her bed with the other Omegas piling on after them. The girls were like mother hens when anyone of them were hurt or sick. Omegas, by nature, were nesters and comforters, always feeling off kilter when something went wrong.

On the other bed, which she could only assume actually belonged to Alex, lay Pinoe who was starfished out on the bed watching the group of Omegas snuggle under the blankets and into Alex.

The older Beta settled next to Pinoe.

“Becky will be by later,” Pinoe murmured softly. One of the Omegas shifted slightly, the group still arguing about what movie to watch. The Beta paused, lowering her voice and making sure they weren’t being overheard. “She’s laid back enough that even her pheromones won’t screw Alex over. She’ll switch off with Alyssa.”

Chups hummed in agreement. The Broon and Naeher were well known for their laid back nature despite their Alpha core. Plus, Whitney would already be going stir crazy. The two defenders mating had been a recent one. Any time they spent apart often felt torturously long even if it had only been a
few minutes in actuality. The training staff normally overlooked their sneaking into one another’s room, but with Alex’s condition, everyone was being held to stricter standards.

“Boxxy will be by later with the medications,” Chups informed softly, eyeing the Omegas as Kelley took a pillow to Whitney’s head when she had the audacity to say ‘princess movies are stupid’. “Our marching orders are the same. Make sure Alex doesn’t stress herself out, that she eats something, and that we stick close to her.”

Pinoe snorted. “As if we’d leave her alone like this? The only other option would be to stick her in ‘The Cage’ for the rest of camp. And what do we do for the World Cup? No way will Jill leave her behind.”

“More of the same,” Chups said softly. “Modified minutes and medications. Leaving her behind hurts us and leaving her without a plan will destroy her.”

Pinoe shook her head, eyed the pile of Omegas for a moment and then hopped from the bed. She tugged the older Beta behind her, making some excuse about going to see about the food as they were out the door and into the hallway. It would not do if the Omegas and especially Alex were to hear the next part of their conversation.

“Is this going to push Tobin and Christen into talking to her?” Pinoe questioned, her brown eyes serious. “They’d better not if they don’t have good intentions. It’ll kill Alex, she’s in too deep.”

Pinoe was close with both of the Alphas in question, but her main concern was the Omega who later in the evening would be curled up with stomach cramps, nightmares plaguing her even as the others held her tightly against them, attempting to comforting her even in their sleep. The Beta was going to do everything to keep Alex from falling over the precipice she currently teetered on. If that included protecting her from their teammates, then she would do that, even if it meant going toe-to-toe with Tobin, one of her best bros.

Chups blinked slowly, considering the midfielder for a moment. “What do you know that the rest of us clearly don’t?”

“She cries for them in her sleep,” Pinoe shared, having been Alex’s roommate more recently than the others. The revelation clearly disturbed the younger Beta. “She wants them so badly, Chups.”

“Tobin and Christen are in the same boat,” Chups assured. “Who do you think gave us our marching orders? Tobin and Christen have been talking to the team doctor and scouring the internet for anything that will help her. They’re both in this.”

Pinoe sighed, releasing the tension and worry she hadn’t known she had been holding. She was more scared than anything of how the two Alphas would handle things when they learned how much Alex’s recovery demanded of them. Yes, Alex could probably find another Alpha that wasn’t them over time, but time was not currently on their side. The forward needed a solution in three months, at the most. There was very little doubt in Pinoe’s mind that Alex would be able to get over the two and simple move on in that amount of time. Her inner Omega might reject another’s knot, which would only make the situation worse. In fact, it would be so bad that, despite the doctor’s just wanting to get the forward rutted, it might destroy the little bit of Alex that was still holding on. She would be a shell of herself, which was becoming more and more of a concern with each passing day.

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Pinoe murmured softly to the forward as shivers wracked her body. When it seemed like the forward
wasn’t going to throw up anymore Pinoe stood, bringing her along into a standing position. The Beta carefully helped Alex rinse her mouth before guiding her back into the main portion of the room.

Becky met them at the door. At some point when they had been watching the Lion King, the Alpha had arrived albeit after the sad scene of Simba’s father’s death that had had all the Omegas, including Alex, weeping. The Alpha had come into the room, making sure to keep a respectable distance from Alex when she had seen the Omega flinch at her presence. When everyone had settled down to sleep Becky had taken the chair and ottoman closest to the side where Whitney had been curled up without complaint.

Now the Alpha gathered the hurting Omega to her before swinging her legs up into a bridal carry. Becky carried her back to the bed with the Omegas and settled her back down under the covers, letting the Omega nestle into her side. She would be going into a mini-heat soon. The doctor had said as much, though in all fairness she had been so lost in her thoughts that she had barely heard her. Her body was comforted by the Alpha’s scent, despite it being an Alpha who was mated. Shame colored Alex’s cheeks as she realized the niggling fact, but she didn’t let go of Becky. She couldn’t manage to pull herself away despite her desire to be across the room in a corner where she could curl herself into a ball. Every nerve ending was alight, sending signals of pain to her brain. Never had her body betrayed her so badly.

“Take it easy, Lex,” Becky soothed. The Omega breathed in, burying her face into the Alpha’s belly in shame. Silent sobs shook her frame. The Alpha carded a hand through the forward’s hair gently. “Just breathe for a moment.”

Alex’s shaking body woke the nearest Omega, Kelley. Broon’s unease, in turn, woke Whitney, the unhappiness tingling down their bond. Kelley rolled over, one arm slinging around Alex’s waist.

“Just breathe her in, Al,” Kelley murmured, sleep graveled into her voice. “Don’t fight it, just breathe it in.”

Whitney for her part, snuggled into the other defender’s back, one hand settling under Alex’s shirt on her belly in a silent show of support.

Alex’s frame shook with sobs. She was in an incredible amount of pain, but the other Omegas’ touch and Becky’s pheromones calmed her slightly, only making her feel more ashamed of her body’s neediness. She was so used to being independent that relying on others had become an almost shameful act for her.

In time, her body became so spent that she could shed no more tears. She was so tired, thinking everyone was asleep, she murmured the words that had occupied her thoughts since escaping ‘The Cage’.

‘Toby...Pressy...I’m so sorry,” Alex whispered, thinking that no one heard her. The Alpha and Omegas’ breathing had long ago steadied into the soft rhythm of sleep. With her words, she too joined her teammates in the land of nod.

Pinoe wanted to say something. Not just say something to Alex, she wanted to run out of the room and drag the two Alphas back with her. She knew now that if Tobin and Christen didn’t want the Omega, it might very well kill the poor girl. She had been through so much. The midfielder could only hope that her teammates wouldn’t be so stupid as to let the beautiful Omega slip through their fingers.
Kelley was the last player to enter the room shared by Boxy and Cap. As soon as she was in reaching distance, Hope and Carli pulled her into their arms. Hope nuzzled into Kelley’s hair, a growl rumbling in her chest at the smell of Alex’s emotions.

If Omegas were nesters, Alphas were fixers, protectors. And the US was in possession of some of the most dominant group of female Alphas in the world. Hope wanted to make things better for Alex, because if the scent embedded in Kelley’s hair and skin was an indicator, things needed to get rolling for the forward very soon. Kelley whined softly, burying her face into Carli’s shoulder. Whitney had been curled up in Beck’s arms since they had both woken up, face buried into the older woman’s chest, breathing in a combination of her Alpha’s pheromones and the combination of Alex’s emotions. Even Ali had been curled up in Ashlyn’s arms as soon as possible.

Chups had taken Alex to hunt down something to eat and some sort of juice to get her rehydrated, giving the rest of the team a chance to talk.

Cap frowned looking at her teammates. Every one of them seemed agitated, which did not bode well for the team’s future dynamic, especially with the World Cup just around the corner. A voice in the back of her mind told her to ask Jill to leave Alex off the roster; an evil little voice that she knew she couldn’t listen to. Alex was so much a part of the team that they would be missing not only a great player, but also someone who was a member of their family that they couldn’t continue on in this major tournament without. They would suffer more emotionally not having the forward with them than they already were having with her pre-heat.

Cap was prepared for a lot of things, but she wasn’t prepared for Pinoe zeroing in on Tobin and Christen with a glare. The young Alphas were to be curled into one another, poring over a legal pad and pen and whispering among themselves. As the meeting hadn’t ‘officially’ started Cap didn’t think that they were being rude.

“You two need to get your shit together,” Pinoe’s voice was cutting and brought the room down into a deadly quiet.

Betas didn’t typically meddle with the affairs of Alphas and Omegas. They couldn’t match Alphas physically in most cases and the ups and downs of an Omegas’ pheromones and heats were often difficult to navigate. Betas had a hard time detecting the scents that told of mood and emotions, and they were incapable of providing the Omega with a knot to satisfy their heat.

Tobin was the first to respond, her eyes flashing up and answering a growling echo in the room. Christen too stood up, putting her hand on the midfielder’s lower back, reminding her that this was their friend and to hold her anger back. Christen’s own inner Alpha was snarling, but she had long ago learned to control it. She was the epitome of calm, though her eyes held a light fury.

Pinoe had never been particularly bright when it came to realizing when she took things too far. It was one reason she always had to run extra laps. Her pranks, while often funny, almost always went so far that even Jill could not overlook them. The blonde moved into the two Alphas’ space.

Christen moved forward as well now, placing her body between Tobin and Pinoe, worried that her mate might take the Beta’s forwardness as a challenge. “What is your problem?”

“My problem,” Pinoe started as Cap and Carli, leaving Kelley with Hope, rushed to put themselves between the Beta and the Alphas. This did not stop Pinoe though, she continued with her crushing words. “Is that Alex is basically killing herself, and the two of you are in here telling secrets like children.”

Christen growled now, a warning that couldn’t be ignored. At some point along the way, her Alpha
hindbrain rationalized, she and Tobin had failed the Omega. It was a sore point between the two Alphas. But they didn’t need a Beta who could barely control herself to point that out to them.

“That’s enough!” Cap’s voice snapped through the room. The oldest Alpha tugged Pinoe behind her, putting a capable barrier between the Beta and the two Alphas. “Take a walk.”

Cap shoved the Beta towards the door, trying to create more space between the quarreling groups. Tobin, the more territorially aggressive of the mated pair, stepped forward only to be shoved back by Carli. Tobin’s lip curled, teeth flashing in warning. Carli growled right back.

Surprisingly, it was Alyssa who shocked them all out of the near fight. The young Alpha had simply been watching the fight that was about to break out. She had looked down at the book in her hands, a hard backed copy of one of the Harry Potter books, before slamming the heavy tome onto the dresser next to her. The noise had startled everyone to the point that they had looked over at her.

The keeper shrugged when everyone turned to look at her. It was a minor distraction, but it was enough to get everyone to calm down and take a step back.

“Take a walk, Pinoe.” Christie commanded again. The blonde Beta sneered at the two Alphas that had attracted her ire. “Now!”

The blonde Beta stalked out of the room, and Christen pulled Tobin back into the chair that they had been sharing, letting the older Alpha curl into her.

“At least tell us you have a plan to deal with this,” Becky’s quiet voice made the two other Alphas pause and then exchange a look. Tobin shrugged and Christen hummed before nodding at the older Alpha.

They had a plan; they just needed a chance to execute it.

“Just a little bit, Al,” Chups encouraged as the forward continued to stir the berries around in her yogurt, never actually bringing the sweet stuff to her lips. Everything tasted like ash, not that she was hungry anyway. Being in heat and pre-heat seemed to affect every one of Alex’s sensory inputs. Even the lights seemed painfully bright this morning.

It was not often that she envied her teammates, but in that moment she wished she could be like them, mated and happy. Everything would be so much simpler. Her every joint wouldn’t feel like a rusted hinge if she had been knotted by an Alpha in the last month, hell in the last six months. Even the Omega realized how far she let things go. She hadn’t exactly remembered, and still didn’t truly know, how many heats she had let pass whether on medication or by confining herself to her room during off-season.

“Not hungry,” the forward muttered. She really wasn’t. Most Omegas were ravenous during their heat and pre-heat. It was one of the first signs of the impending fertility. Alex was different; the build up in her system was doing strange things to her body. One second she was fine, the next she was running a high-grade fever.

The Beta shook her head. Boxxy had given Alex her medication when she had pulled the Omega from the room that morning.. The team and staff didn’t exactly feel comfortable trusting the Omega to take care of herself right now. Someone would always have to give Alex her medication and stay with her until she took them. She was effectively going to be treated like a child for the next three months, something that was already irking the normally independent forward.
Chups got the delightful job this morning of coaxing the younger woman into taking her medicine and eating a bit of food. The medicine wouldn’t sit well on Alex’s stomach without her eating at least a little something. She was already being forced into sitting out this week’s practice, regulated to the job of ball girl.

Alex glared weakly at the Beta as Chups tried to hold up a bite of her own food for the Omega to eat. She wanted the bit of strawberry as much as she wanted the yogurt with berries. Nothing felt right, but she seriously doubted her teammate would relent if she didn’t at least eat something. Sighing she moved her spoon to the bland oatmeal, the food least likely to make her instantly retch.

The younger woman made a show of putting the tiny glob of mush into her mouth, though it was far easier getting it into her mouth then swallowing. She could already feel her stomach churn even before the lumpy mush made its way to her stomach.

Chups winced at the look on Alex’s face as she continued to eat the oatmeal. The forward looked like every bite was going to make a return visit. That wasn’t the only thing that caught the Beta’s eye. Alex was already slumping to one side, exhaustion itching at the corners of her eyes.

The Beta was so focused on Alex that she didn’t notice the rest of the team entering the dining room for breakfast until Press settled into the chair next to the Omega. Chups glared at the young Alpha, but the forward paid her no mind. Instead, Christen bumped Alex’s shoulder with her own before focusing on her own meal.

What was obviously an invitation was accepted by the Omega. Alex slumped over into Christen, settling her head against the Alpha’s shoulder and breathing in the familiar scent. Chups watched curiously as every third bite or so, Christen offered up some of her own oatmeal and Alex accepted the tiny offerings.

The Beta knew the Alphas meant well, but she couldn't help the nagging feeling in her stomach that Pinoe was right. That maybe Tobin and Christen wouldn't be able to do right by the already fragile Omega. She doubted very much they would do it on purposes, both women incredibly caring individuals, but Alex was so vulnerable that even little things could set her slow progress back miles. She had resigned herself the previous night to holding her tongue on the matter, living on hope that team could once again be whole; this time with another mated threesome on the team.

Tobin sat down next to Chups, though she wished she could be on Alex’s other side, a seat that Sydney now occupied. The team had talked and come to agreement that they’d help the two Alphas ‘court’ Alex unless they felt that it was doing the Omega more harm than good at which point Tobin and Christen had agreed they’d back off. They too only wanted to help Alex even as their Alphas yearned for her.

"How you feeling, Al?” Tobin said after she watched her mate feed Alex another few bites. It seemed as though her body still craved the presence of an Alpha, at least sometimes, despite an Alpha’s presence being incredibly draining on the young Omega.

Christie looked around at the room, surveying her team members seeing every Omega, whether mated or not, shying away from Alex. Only Sydney, who had a good several inches separating herself from Alex, didn’t seem completely at ease. The Omega even smelled sickly, a quality of the medicine that she had taken over a half an hour ago now entering her system. The Alphas comforted the Omegas letting them sit closer or even on their lap while the team ate breakfast in almost perfect silence until the whole room was startled by Alex jumping up from her chair, knocking Christen’s bowl over in the process. The forward sprinted for the door, Tobin chasing after her.
Alex's Realizing Stuff

Chapter Summary

Alex comes to the truth she is in love.

Amy caught Tobin at the door, barely snagging the lanky midfielder before she was out of reach. The Alpha tried to keep moving, but the tiny forward shook her head, tugging on the hem of her shirt again. Tobin growled low under her breath, but Amy remained calm even as her own mate, Lauren Cheney-Rodriguez, growled from the doorway not liking the other Alpha’s aggression towards her mate.

Tobin looked back and forth down the now empty hallway. Alex was faster, even when sick, than Tobin could ever hope to be. She grunted before returning to the table and helping Christen begin to wipe up the oatmeal that had been spilled, ignoring the incredulous stares from her teammates focusing only on the clean up.

Amy glanced at Lauren before she took off at a light trot down the hall, hoping her nose would lead her to wherever Alex had fled. Finally, after a lot of searching, she found the other Omega, wedged between the bulky ice machine and the wall. The other Omega had made herself as small as possible, knees drawn up to her chest and taking deep, shaking breathes.

Amy settled down in front of the opening, leaning back against the opposite wall.

“Overwhelming, isn’t it?” She kept her voice soft, soothing. It was the same voice that she would have used if Ryan were upset from something. Her son with Lauren was every bit the troublemaker the team had predicted he would be. From the womb, he had done nothing but kick at his momma’s tummy, a soccer player in the making. She wished that they got to spend more time with their little boy. Lauren had mentioned having another, even retiring maybe, but for now, they were focusing on the World Cup. She shook her head. Her son was with the babysitter, and it was Alex that needed her right now.

Alex sniffled quietly; tears running freely down her reddened cheeks. Nothing was ever simple anymore. Christen’s scent had soothed her one minute, the next it had been overpowering. She had been forced to flee, afraid of the heady feeling the Alpha’s pheromones was giving her. Afraid that she would forget that this wasn’t a dream and make a mistake. That she would ruin things between the two Alphas and herself.

Amy was part of the New Kids, one of Tobin’s closest friends, but that didn’t preclude her from having separate friendships outside of the group. Over the course of camps and tournaments, she and Alex had developed a sibling-like relationship that in some ways surpassed what Alex had with her actual sisters.

The older Omega understood the things that Alex was going through, at least to some degree. She had been afraid of her bond with Lauren at first, afraid of being in love with her best friend and ruining their friendship. She, of course, had not and would never have taken things as far as the younger woman, but still she could sympathize with her fellow forward’s predicament.

Eventually Alex shuffled closer, leaning against the other Omega. Amy knew that the best way to
interact with Alex was to give her time to process her feelings. She was so similar to Tobin in that way. As a member of the New Kids, Amy interacted with Tobin on a daily basis whether by text message or in person. The quiet midfielder liked to bottle up her feelings, just like Alex. Christen was certainly going to her hands full with those two, of that Amy was sure.

The tiny forward was also sure that Tobin was, at the very least, smitten with Alex, even if she was just now coming to the realization. Amy had seen the signs from the beginning. The two were so close; they were basically in a relationship without all the good parts like sex. They argued and comforted each other, held each other and pushed each other away just like a couple that had been together for years. Christen hadn’t changed that one bit. In fact, she had only added to the weird friendship. She was always touching Alex, running a hand down her back, or just grazing her hand with her fingertips. Most thought she was just friendly, but Amy knew she didn’t do that with anyone else except her mate and Alex. The love between the three was clear. It was a shame it had to get to this point for them to realize it.

“They smell so good.” She muttered so softly that Amy almost doesn’t hear it. “It helps, but then it starts to hurt.”

“Oh Sweetie,” Amy murmured into the younger girls hair. “That's your body trying to get what it needs.”

The blonde hummed softly, rocking the distraught woman back and forth, her own comforting scent filling the air until Alex was no longer crying. Amy’s scent, even now, didn’t bother Alex. The two Omegas were akin to sisters, their bodies already recognizing each other as such, instead of a threat like the pheromones of some of the other Omegas. Alex’s nose had wrinkled when everyone had entered this morning.

The younger forward was disgusted with herself. The team now smelt like a mix of sour and sickeningly sweet. Most of the time, their scents were unique and not overwhelming. Now it was too much. They were all combining making her head spin. Only Tobin and Christen’s smells had cut through the fog, calling to her, whispering for her submission.

“You know,” Amy started softly. “I almost didn't get with Lauren. I had just broken up with another Alpha. At the next camp I actually realized how good she smelled, how much my body gravitated to her, how much I wanted her.”

Alex tensed in her arms. Amy tried to remind herself that Alex hadn't been around for the beginning of her relationship with Lauren.

“Lauren courted me.” Amy continued. “Often times it was long walks spent talking, but she did what she could at camps. Movie nights and meals without the others during the day. I was so afraid of ruining our friendship that at first I was resistant to the whole thing.”

“What happened?” Naturally Alex was curious. Lauren and Amy had already been mated when she had come into the picture, so of course she was curious. Especially because their relationship was as strong as the one Abby had with her own mate, Sarah.

“She was fouled during a game and had to be taken to the hospital. I felt so incomplete. And I couldn't imagine doing anything without her. I knew then that I loved her.”

Alex hadn't known any of this, and she felt her heart ache for her friend. She remembered her own injury not to long ago, how helpless she had felt. Tobin and Christen had been the only thing that kept her working through the pain to get back to the field. Well that and the tears in Jill Ellis’s eyes when she thought she wouldn't have the super star on her team. The terrible thought of fielding a
team as the new head coach of the USWNT without Alex Morgan had been enough to spur Jill into making every player send Alex daily text messages to check on her recovery. Jill herself was more reserved only calling every other day talking with both Alex and her physical therapist.

But the driving force behind Alex’s return hadn't been the team or even Jill’s constant hovering. It had been Tobin and Christen. She couldn't imagine not seeing them. Not seeing Christen’s smile after a goal or Tobin’s footwork on the field. The constant talks about Harry Potter or watching Christen do yoga.

Alex didn't say anything about the revelation. She knew that she had wanted the two Alphas on a primal level. That could be chalked down to instinct. This was the first time that she had admitted that she loved them, even to herself. She certainly wasn't going to say it aloud to anyone yet.

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The room was silent; they could feel the pheromones coming off Tobin in waves. She had told the vets and their mates earlier in the morning how she and Christen planned to court the distraught Omega. The midfielder was tense. She had wanted to so badly to comfort Alex. Before she realized she had fallen madly in love with the Omega, she had been her best friend, sitting on the bus together, laughing over silly things, and sharing everything from clothes - Alex still had Tobin’s favorite snapback and Tar Heels Sweatshirt - to hushed secrets late at night curled up in hotel rooms together.

Hope and Carli held Kelley tighter between them, feeling the defender shake in their arms as Tobin’s emotions wrapped around them, the scent flooding everyone’s nose. Becky did the same with her Omega, although not known for being particularly affection in public. Whitney whimpered into her shoulder as the older woman’s fingers carded her hair, soothing her as agitation filled the room.

Ashlyn moved first, not before placing a light kiss on Ali’s mating mark. It had been several years since she had first placed it there, but she remembered still what it was like when her Omega seemed just out of her reach. She could sympathize with Tobin and Christen. Ali had been with a man when Ash had first fallen for her. She had longed and pined for her teammate for so long before Ali finally broke it off with the other alpha, realizing her body hummed for another.

The blonde wrapped her arms around Tobin; the midfielder struggling against the affection at first, but Ashlyn held firm, letting a calming purr reverberate through her chest until Tobin stopped struggling, a steady hum coming from the small Alpha’s chest matching the keeper’s own sound. “It’s ok...It’ll be ok, Tobs.”

Christen sniffed. All of this was stressing out the normally calm woman. Not even her daily yoga had helped clear the fog that clouded her head. Ali started to move, but JJ beat her to it. The two had been fast friends, the Omega and Alpha coming to the Chicago Red Stars at the same time. They supported each other. Julie had listened to Christen’s pinning over Tobin without complaint. The forward found herself comforted once again by the blonde Omega, her scent akin to that of a sister.

Lauren shifted on her feet, restless and uncomfortable. She trusted that Amy knew what she was doing, but Alex was unstable right then. She worried the fragile Omega would harm her mate without meaning to, her brain in a fight or flight response. Cap and Abby got up, walking to the younger woman and wrapping her in their arms much like Ashlyn had done with Tobin. The younger woman accepted the offered comfort, relishing in their Captain’s comforting purr and Abby’s muscular frame pressing into her own. The subtle agitation filled the room had settled somewhat. The air filled with the scent of comfort as they each called out to each other caressing
each of their teammates with their scents.

Christen was less of a concern than her Alpha mate, the love she had for Alex was newer. It wasn’t as ingrained into her being as it was Tobin’s. The midfielder had had a crush on the Omega for a while, shoving it down when she thought any attraction would be one sided. Her heart had easily opened to Christen, the alpha’s scent doing the most delicious things to her, making her hard anytime the younger Alpha was around, at least in the beginning. Now mated, the physical response that they had to each other was more under control.

The group didn’t say anything, the Alphas, even those that weren’t mated, holding the Omega’s giving them comfort as they whined just wanting to fix things. The unbalance that was so evident now with the team, making them all feel incomplete and off kilter. They would all need each other in the next months offering both physical and emotional comfort until the balance was met again.

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The rest of the morning had gone relatively smoothly, Alex returning to breakfast, this time sitting between Chups and Amy. She had even attempted to eat some more oatmeal, each bite being gently encouraged by the watchful eyes of Christen and Tobin, earning her a smile every time the mushy substance made it past her lips. The conversation was dull and lacking as the room mostly stayed silent, except for Kelley with her awful attempts at humor. Not even Carli and Hope provided her a pity laugh, both feeling as off as their mate.

Things were different now. It was practice time. It had been weird for Alex, she had started to go through her normal routine as she heading into the locker room to change on the Omega’s side of the room, but when she entered, she remembered Jill had told her not to dress out. She wasn’t going to be playing for a week so there was no need. Moe had noticed her discomfort as she made to leave, but had immediately called her back with some excuse about having trouble with her cleats. The other Omegas, with the exception of Alex, realized what she was doing and made sure to keep Alex distracted and busy, asking her for help or advice on this or that.

The Alphas, also getting dressed, watched curiously as the Omegas interacted. They touched each other, offering slight touches of fingers or standing so close that their presence could be physically felt. Alphas didn’t typically behave that way. They felt threatened when other Alphas got too close in their space. Cap watched closely, though not as closely as Tobin or Christen, who watched with bated breath hoping that their hopefully future mate could find some comfort amongst her own kind. In the end, they had nothing to worry about. Alex’s teammates were keeping her mind focused on other things besides her lack of playing time.

The team went out as a group, Kelley lifting Alex up into her arm and twirling her around as they left the room. The forward laughed, the first real smile gracing her lips in days. She missed the playful interactions of her teammates. Her moods had been off since she had started to deprive herself from Alpha comfort during her heats. The medicine the doctor had put her on was letting her enjoy life again.

Alex watched the warmups under the watchful eyes of Dawn. The fitness coach was keeping a close eye on the tired Omega. The Omega perked up every time the ball came within 10 yards of where Dawn had sat her down. Her body vibrated with the desire to play.

Dawn felt for the Omega, trapped and hindered by her body, backed into an inescapable corner. Dawn hoped that the two Alphas and the Omega could sort themselves out before things became even more detrimental to the forward. Even the coaching staff was aware of the attraction between the trio. It was so glaringly obvious.
The team played lighter than normal, sending balls Alex’s way ‘accidentally’ whenever they could. They all felt for Alex, most of them having been in the sideline position before due to injury. The Omega eagerly chased any ball she could, running after it like a dog running to catch a Frisbee.

Jill, although a little irked by her team’s purposely-sending balls out, almost wanted to laugh at the Queen of Nutmegs working so hard to get the ball just to send it sailing out towards Alex. Christen played close to where the Omega was, refusing to move too far away. Amazingly the balls that were going out in her direction were not caught, instead letting them sail by her towards Alex’s little area. The tan Alpha, although not normally one to do toss ins, had taken every opportunity to take the ball from Alex, throwing it in and lingering next to the Omega before joining the game again.
The Cage

Chapter Summary

Alex goes back to the Cage in a mini-heat

Alex was back in The Cage.

Her skin was slick with sweat, even more slick between her legs as her arousal pooled there, drenching her panties. Her body clenched around nothing, she ached. She felt hollow. Her insides were liquid heat. Pain settled behind her eyes and wrapped around her brain in a throbbing mass of hurt.

The mini heat had crept up on her during lunch and had ended with Abby and Shannon walking her to The Cage, making sure that she was locked in safely for both her protection and the rest of the team. They expected this heat to last almost 2 days. Two days of being locked in the room where her only company was going to be Pinoe and Chups.

Tobin, smelling the heat of the Omega, had gripped the table, her hands white under the effort to restrain herself. Christen, who had been eating at the time, crushed the sandwich in her hands, her own body immediately responding to the scent of Alex’s heat. Both women were instantly hard, their cocks twitching in their shorts begging to be sheathed in the Omega’s warmth.

The other Alphas, even those that were mated, felt their bodies responding to the scent of an unmated Omega in heat. Their mates whined, their bodies becoming needy, the craving of another Omega triggering their own need to be rutted, even if they weren’t in heat themselves.

Abby and Shannon, struggling with their own pounding heads as they too felt the call making them want for their own mates, had immediately gathered Alex between them, half-afraid the unmated Alphas might try to make a move on the girl. Christen let out a growl and Tobin stood, but Cap had growled back, glaring at the two. Her growl demanded the submission of the two weaker Alphas, but both women were unwilling to back down. The Omega was calling to them. They knew the pheromones in the air were for them.

Becky had snarled at them, Carli and Hope joining them. The pecking order of the team had long ago been established, and the veterans would make sure that even Tobin and Christen followed it.

Alex had been left to her own devices, which meant that she had fallen back into her old coping methods. A simple piece of silk rope had made its way into The Cage when Alex had made her first visit. Alex had made the purchase not long after the 2012 Olympics, when she had first realized her attraction to Tobin. Tobin had been dating Christen then, and Alex had felt guilty for the heat-induced thoughts.

She looped the silk through the posts of the headboard and tied it around her wrists. It had been bought so that she wouldn’t do anything that she couldn’t live with. Touching herself to the image of the mated Alpha pair was at the top of that list. They weren’t hers to think of in that manner, no matter how much she hoped.

For now, she burned and cramped and sweated, hoping that the worst of it would pass quickly. She
didn’t think that she could do this for two days.

Chups eased the door open to The Cage after dinner that night, a bottle of water and thermos of soup in hand. She hoped that she could get the Omega to drink the soup and water, but she wasn’t sure what state she would find her in. She certainly didn’t want to walk in on the Omega pleasuring herself.

Alex appeared to be asleep. Or at the very least, resting.

The Omega’s back was to the door when Chups stepped in, and it was only when she was halfway across the room, already choking on the smell of the Omega’s heat, that she noticed Alex’s wrists were tied up.

There was only one reason that they would really need to be tied, and Chups swallowed around the implications. If Alex was refusing to even touch herself, then the team was in for a long fight, the Omega even more so.

Chups eased up to the bed, placing the water and the thermos on the bedside table. The Beta studied the Omega’s wrists, worried at the coloration. Chups untied Alex, rubbing her thumbs along the purplish-red indents left behind trying to sooth the injuries.

No wonder the afternoon practice had been shot.

Both Tobin and Christen had been off – miserable, angry, and temperamental. If Alex’s misery was floating down the fledgling bond, then it was no wonder that the two Alphas had been so difficult to deal with.

Chups brushed the Omega’s hair away from her face, tucked the blanket in tighter around her and left the room, locking it behind her. She was unsure of what was actually needed at this point, but she was certainly going to have to tell the other veterans about it.

Chups paced in the room, agitating the Alphas. Carli growled under her breath as Hope grabbed her shoulder, reminding her to be patient. Lori had kept them in suspense for several minutes now trying to find the best way to tell the group about what she had discovered.

“Just tell us,” Tobin huffed, tired of watching the Beta wearing a hole in the floor. She knew this had to be about Alex. The Omega’s smell was all over the Beta. It made the Alpha want to tear her limb from limb, but she stopped herself knowing that Lori hadn’t touched Alex in the way Tobin and Christen so desperately wanted to. No, the smell would be different.

The scent was currently of desperation and need. Lori’s own smell was almost totally masked by Alex’s pheromones. She was obviously going through a very rough heat if her scent was so strong. As soon as the Beta was done talking, Tobin and Christen were going to check on the Omega themselves. They had already made a silent agreement on that. Whatever it took, they’d find a way to check on their girl themselves.

“Ok, Ok,” the Beta said, looking up at the Alphas. Boxxy, Cap, Abby, Carli, Hope, Tobin, and Christen stared back at her waiting for news on the Omega in quarantine “So I went to go check on Alex.”
A tiny growl from Christen stopped her momentarily, but the tap to the back of the head from Hope stopped the younger Alpha. The noise coming from deep in her chest turned to a squeak at the hit. She glanced sheepishly at the rest of the room when she realized what she was doing. She hadn’t meant to growl and hadn’t even realized she was doing it. Things were so off with both her and Tobin these days. She was never sure what were her emotions and what were Alex’s. The Omega had already connected to them.

“Sorry guys...I think that Alex is...she’s just upset about something,” Christen said, shaking her head as she tried to distinguish the torrent of emotions swirling inside her heart. She didn’t know how to explain it, but she could feel the Omega’s emotions. It was how it was with Tobin in the beginning. She hadn’t realized it, but she had been feeling Alex’s emotions for a while; they had just been weaker before. Now that they at least recognized the need for the Omega, they could feel her every feeling.

Hope moved from sitting behind Carli to go hold the upset Alpha. The keeper had a soft spot for the younger woman. The Internet and fans had likened both her and Julie to cinnamon rolls. It was as hilarious to the rest of the team as it was true. She couldn’t help but move to comfort the Alpha, trying to keep the tears in Christian’s eyes at bay.

Cap and Abby moved over to Tobin, giving their teammate a hug even if she made it awkward as her body refused to hug back. The midfielder just kind of stood there, not really knowing what to do. She wasn’t a very touchy feely person, at least with people that weren’t Christian or Alex.

“We didn’t know you had imprinted already,” Carli whispered. She spoke what they were all thinking. The only way that the Alphas could feel Alex so acutely was if they had imprinted on the Omega, or the more likely case, Alex had imprinted on them. The forward had most likely unknowingly recognized the two as her mates, starting to intermingle their scents letting their inner primal Alphas know she was saving herself for them.

“We hadn’t either,” Christen whispered, her hand reaching out for Tobin’s. Things were far worse than they had been before. Knowing that they were imprinted with Alex meant they needed to move up the timeline. An imprinted Omega normally happened only when an unmated Omega was waiting for their next heat to accept their Alpha(s). Alex was imprinted, but was going through a heat without them. It was too short, a mini-heat, and it would not be enough for them to be able to mate her. However, the next time her real heat came around, they were going to need to make sure Alex was ready to accept them as her mates. Before anything else, they needed to let the Omega know their intentions.

“Well,” Lori said clearing her throat. “I hate to interrupt, but you’re right about Alex. She isn’t doing well...like at all. She wasn’t,” she paused hoping to find better words but finding none, “self-pleasuring herself. She tied her hands, bruised them from struggling. It’s just...I hate that I even have to ask, but you two didn’t do that right?”

The room held it breath as everyone turned to Boxxy and Abby. They had been the last ones to see Alex since she got put in the Cage.

The two Alphas were somewhat appalled at the implication.

“Fuck no!” Abby hissed at her.

Boxxy shook her head sadly.

Tobin finally had had enough. She was out the door before anyone could stop her. Christen used the surprise to break free from Hope’s hug and chase after her mate. The forward already knew where
Tobin was heading. It was where she too wanted to be.

Tobin made it to The Cage before Christen, immediately trying the handle. When it didn't turn the midfielder snarled, lashing out with fist before spinning on her heels.

Before Christen had a chance to stop her, Tobin was stalking back down the hall, muttering about keys.

Christen inwardly groaned, mentally chastising herself for forgetting keys. The forward slumped against the locked door, a mood setting in.

“Alex?” Christen pitched her voice to carry. She focused on her own emotions, the happiness that Tobin and Alex brought her, the ease that she felt with them and shoved it down the fledgling bond. “We're gonna help you. We didn't realize that it had gone this far, but now that we know, we have your back. We’re here for you, baby girl.”

The Alpha didn’t expect a response, didn’t expect Alex to be able to hear her, but by some miracle or another the door, unlike the room, could let sound travel back and forth.

“Chris,” a tiny voice said, sounding more like a whisper in the wind than an actual person on the other side of the door.

Christen’s heart fluttered. She knew she couldn’t be imagining things. It really was their baby girl on the other side of the door able to hear her. She didn’t bother to look around as she let herself cry, more relief than anything else. “Al…Al…” she hiccupped, “We’re not going to leave you alone again. I promise. It’s not going to be just you anymore.”

“That’s not a good idea,” the voice called back shaking as though the Omega were crying too.

Worry pricked the Alpha’s heart. She pressed her hand to the door wishing she could feel the warmth she knew was located just on the other side. “Don’t say that….please, Al. We know about the imprinting. I’m not sure if you do, but you know we have to do something about it.”

Fear and ice gripped the Omega’s heart. She had been standing near the door but had stumbled back hearing the Alpha’s words, which she of course she took completely the wrong way. Nothing in Alex’s world ever came out fluffy and rainbows anymore, not if it revolved around her being an Omega. She was too jaded, too worried about self-preservation in a world that could swallow her whole.

She thought when Christen said ‘do something about it’ that she meant severing all ties or somehow find a way to break the imprinting, which was next to impossible. She heaved as she struggled for air, the room suddenly seemed too small; the walls were closely in on her. Tears streamed down her cheeks splashing onto her hands, which clutched at her hair and face. She didn’t know it then, but she was suffering a panic attack.

Her vision started to become spotty as her lungs screamed for the air her rapid succession of pants as she hyperventilated could not provide. Right before she lost conscience she saw arms, and two blurry faces coming towards her, their voices sounding like they calling her name from under water. She smiled briefly, knowing that in the blackness, she would find peace.
Lauren has a talk with Tobin, and the three soon-to-be mates grow closer.

“Alex,” Tobin said, desperately trying to get the forward to wake up. They had entered the room just in time to see the Omega collapse. “Please, you need to wake up for us.”

The Alphas’ panic was thick in the air. Christen’s heart was beating out her chest. One second she was talking to Alex, and the next they were entering the room to just find her on the floor. Thank god, Tobin was so fast getting the keys.

The two tapped the Omega’s face trying to stir her awake, but nothing seemed to work. She was out cold, her breathing shallow, and sweat glistening her forehead. Tobin stood, lifting the younger woman into her arms. The girl feeling as light as a feather, Tobin’s muscles strong enough that she could have carried both her and Christian without straining. Perhaps one day she would have a chance to do just that, but her only concern right then was Alex. The girl hadn’t hit her head on the ground when she fell, but she wasn’t waking her up.

“We have to take her to the doctor.”

Christen shook her head. “Jill said one more visit, and they’d be forced to make an official report on Al’s condition.”

“What would you suggest then? She’s hurt, and she needs help.” There was a desperation in the midfielder’s voice. She wanted so badly to protect the woman in her arms, but she felt like every time they moved forward, they moved ten steps back.

“We take her to Cap’s room,” Christen said, already opening the door and gesturing for Tobin to start walking. When the older Alpha hesitated, she sighed. “She has the emergency medical supplies. It’s either her or Mama Cheney, and I think we both know Lauren will be less than pleased with us going to check on Alex. And it’s pretty late, everyone’s probably already asleep.”

Tobin started down the hallway, Christen at her side, one hand touching the side of the Omega’s face. She would much rather deal with Cap’s frustration than Lauren’s anger. Her best friend had already given her a stern lecture the other day, telling them they needed to get their shit together, or the team would do it for them. Cheney could be quite frightening when she went into protective mode. She was even worse when it came to the Omegas on the team. All the Alphas protected them, but Lauren tended to make life especially hard if she was upset with someone when they bothered the Omegas. Thank goodness Cap had the bigger medical kit. The two Alphas wouldn’t have to face their best friend’s wrath until the next morning when Christie undoubtedly told everyone just how much of a failure they were.

By the time they got to Cap’s room, the Omega’s breathing had evened out, calming both of the Alphas down a little bit. They’d both feel a lot more comfortable if the Omega was conscious.

Christen knocked on the door, firmly if somewhat frantically. When the door finally opened to reveal a disheveled, bleary-eyed Cap dressed in pajamas. The Alpha took one look at them and was
instantly awake.

“Jesus, can she not catch a break?” Cap motioned for them to enter the room and towards the bed that she had vacated. “You’re lucky Reece is rooming with Abby. What happened?”

Christie’s little girl loved staying with Auntie Abby, but even more so Auntie Pinoe. Unfortunately, Megan was no longer allowed to have Reece over for sleepovers after the great ‘Midnight Soda Fight and Twizzler War’. Hopefully, Abby would not be allowing the crazy winger over. Cap already had to deal with the couple now dubbed ‘Pretalex’, she really couldn’t handle anything else right now.

“We went to check on her,” Tobin started, pointedly ignoring the glare that Cap leveled at them. “We need the smelling salts so that we can wake her up and talk to her.”

“Well then it looks like you’re out of luck.” Cap would have smirked at their misfortune if she weren’t so worried about the Omega in Tobin’s arms. “The supplies are with Lauren and Amy. Ryan scraped his knee earlier, and they took my first aid kit.”

Tobin groaned, depositing the Omega on the bed gently. The two younger Alphas exchanged a look, a silent battle going on between them. Finally Tobin’s shoulders slumped and the lanky midfielder headed out the door and down the hall. Cap called after her, no longer able to hold in her laughter.

“Good Luck.”

Tobin paused outside of the room that Lauren and Amy shared, breathing in several times before she raised her hand to knock on the door. It took a good couple minutes before the door opened, Amy looking at her through bleary, half asleep eyes.

“Wha- Tobs, what is it?” Amy asked, voice thick with sleep. She rubbed her eyes once, then twice as she tried to wake up fully. Tobin wouldn’t be bothering them in the middle of the night if it weren’t important. Too bad it had woken Ryan up as well; she could hear her partner trying to get the little boy back to sleep. Lauren would not be pleased if Tobin didn’t have a damn good reason for waking up their little man.

“I need you to not get mad,” Tobin started, tugging at the hem of her shirt.

“What did you do Tobin Powell Heath?” Lauren appeared in the doorway, Ryan in her arms. The curly haired woman had a frown on her face, her eyes narrowed.

Yeah, Lauren was pissed.

“Christen and I went to check on Alex.” Tobin muttered. “By the time we got the door opened she was passed out. We need the smelling salts to wake her up.”

“Tobin, you know better than that.” Lauren's voice softened, knowing that the Alphas felt the drive to help the Omega even when they were part of the problem. The lecture had been on the tip of her tongue, but she would wait until Alex was awake and both Alphas were present. They were trying so hard, but only making everything worse. Lauren was happy to knock some sense into them since the vets didn’t seem capable.

“No,” Tobin snapped, instincts flaring. The lanky Alpha took a deep breath to calm down. “Alex was hurting herself, Chen. I...we won’t let her do that. She’s too important.”

Amy sucked in a breath, moving closer to Lauren as a tiny whine escaped her throat. She wasn’t exactly sure what Tobin meant, but she knew Alex was resourceful. The Cage was supposed to be a safe zone to hold the wild Alphas, but Alex had found a way to make it unsafe for herself. A way to
hurt herself in the one room at camp that was meant for protection, she wouldn’t be allowed in there by herself again, of that Amy was sure. Hopefully, the staff wouldn’t have to find out about this little incident. They might get the bright idea to just force the Omega to mate even without heat, if they believed one danger outweighed the other.

“What happened?” Lauren asked, a dark cloud having passed over her face. Her protective instincts were going into overdrive. Ryan made a squeak in her arms as he felt her pheromones wrap around them in her thick blanket.

“Sorry Buddy,” she mumbled, her eyes never leaving Tobin’s. She was staring down the other Alpha willing her to submit, willing her to speak true about Alex’s condition and what she knew.

“I’ll take him to Ashlyn,” Amy said, noticing the tension that suddenly filled the doorway. She lifted their boy from her Alpha’s arms before making her way down the hallway. Before she knocked on the blonde keeper’s door, she turned back to her partner and best friend. “I will be in there for five minutes. Do what you need to do, but don’t kill each other.”

When she had gone into Ashlyn and Ali’s room, the two Alphas once again stared at each other. Tobin’s fingers itched to push Lauren out of the way and get the salts, but she doubted her ability to take the other Alpha down. She was strong, but the older woman had a good two inches on her and the same strength.

“We don’t have time for this,” Tobin growled.

Lauren continued to glare at her friend. Alex could wait two more minutes while she had a nice Alpha-to-Alpha chat with Tobin. The girl needed to wake up to people with a level head, not Alphas driven crazy by instinct and desperation.

“What was Alex doing to herself?” Lauren kept her voice firm and level, knowing that Tobin would react poorly to any more aggression.

“It was what she wasn't doing to herself,” Tobin muttered darkly. “She tied her wrists up. She won't even touch herself to take the edge off of these mini heats. What's she been doing during the real ones?”

Tobin looked so sad that Lauren couldn't help but pull her into her arms.

Omegas could take the edge off of their heats by self-pleasure. Sometimes it was the only way to get by until they got to an Alpha. It was basic instinct. If Alex was fighting that instinct, then there could be serious repercussions mentally and emotionally for the young forward.

Tears that Tobin had been holding back suddenly split forth, her body shuddering violently against Lauren’s as she sobbed out fears and doubts into her best friend’s shirt. The older Alpha just stood there, strong arms holding her friend close. She felt for Tobin and her impossible situation. There would be a lot more pain to come; it was inevitable, but in the end it would be more than worth it.

“It’ll be ok,” she whispered, stroking the smaller Alpha’s hair. The two stood there, arms wrapped around one another. Only when Amy returned did Tobin finally find the willpower to wipe her eyes and step back from the safety of Lauren’s arms.

“You didn’t hit her did you?” Amy asked playfully, trying to lighten the mood. She gave Tobin’s arm as squeeze as she passed them, entering their room to get the medical kit. Little Ryan had only scraped his knee, but the boy had insisted it be wrapped in a bandage like Aunties had when they sprained something on the field.
The Omega returned, carrying the heavy case, which Lauren immediately took out of her hands. She smiled at her Alpha, always lifting both their luggage or carrying both their meals to the table. It wasn’t a display of strength or an Alpha staking their claim like it might have been with others; Lauren wasn’t like that. She just wanted to show Amy she loved her in a thousand tiny ways.

“Lead the way,” Lauren said, hefting the giant case. Amy reached out for Tobin’s hand, holding it the rest of the walk. Her mate didn’t get jealous, not of Tobin. She was their best friend, nothing would ever happen between them and her. She was like family. If any other Alpha on the team had held Amy’s hand, fingers linked together, then it might have been a different story. Tobin, however, was special.

The trio arrived at Cap’s room to a door that was already opened. The scene in front of them melted all their hearts. Christen sat behind Alex against the headboard, the Omega’s head resting in her lap as the older girl’s tears leaked down her cheeks onto the pale girl’s face. The young Alpha was bent over awkwardly, lips to Alex’s ear as she whispered words that only Alex could hear, if she could hear at all in her unconscious state. She didn’t even look up at the others as they entered. Tobin made her way to the bed quickly, knowing exactly where she wanted to be.

Cap went to work getting the things they needed out of the medical kit with Lauren’s help. She had examined the Omega’s wrists while Tobin took her sweet time getting the rest of the New Kids to her room. They would need to put salve on the bruises and slight cuts on Alex’s wrists.

First she took care of Alex's wrists, triple antibiotic cream and a bruise cream rubbed into them before they were wrapped with gauze and tape under the watchful eyes of Christen and Tobin. After that, she found the small green box and pulled out one of the white capsules.

This was where things got tricky. Once snapped the acrid smell of the ammonia in the capsule would bring Alex back to the waking world, in theory. It would not be pretty and would likely startle the poor Omega. If either Christen or Tobin perceived her as a threat afterwards, things could get ugly. She didn't have the familial bond that the New Kids had to protect her from Tobin or Christen's wrath.

Lauren saved the day, grabbing the capsule from Cap's hand and shoving the now closed medical box into her arms before shooing her out.

Christie would have been upset if she weren't so relieved. The older Alpha quickly vacated her room, closing the door behind her.

Lauren turned back to the bed.

Moving quickly the midfielder snapped the capsule under Alex's nose, filling the immediate area with the foul stench. Immediately noses wrinkled and Alex's head jerked back, eyes tightening briefly before opening. Once Lauren saw the blue eyes she backed off, pulling Amy along with her as she gave the trio some space to orient themselves. They did not leave the room however, Lauren was still weary about the threes interactions. The couple would need a lot of help and guidance from the team and friends in the coming weeks.

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Christen tightened her arms around Alex when the Omega tried to pull away. It was likely that the Omega was trying to orient herself, but Christen didn't want the Omega any further away from her or Tobin than absolutely necessary right now.

“Shh, Lex,” Tobin murmured, cupping the Omega’s face with both hands. “You're ok, we've got
you. It's gonna be ok.”

Tobin kept up the soothing murmur until Alex stilled, blue eyes blinking to try and keep tears at bay.

Christen pressed her nose into Alex's hair, breathing in her scent before moving back slightly.

“We know about the imprint Alex,” Christen kept her voice soft, soothing. When Alex tried to pull away she pulled her in tighter. “You’re ours, Alex. Ours to protect and hold and care for.”

“Now that we know,” Tobin started, tilting Alex's face up until the Omega’s startled blue met her own. “We're going to take care of you like we should have been doing.”
Love

Chapter Summary

Alex finally accepts the love she deserves.

Tears filled the Omegas eyes, but none fell. She had never felt so safe, but she was still scared. She had spent so long denying the attraction and then denying the possibility of any feelings returned that it was hard to believe her deepest desire had come true. Could Christen and Tobin really love her and want her like she did them?

“Please don’t be a dream,” Alex whispered.

At her words, both Alphas felt tears come to their own eyes. The two moved closer, Tobin laying down next to her, holding her tightly while Christen’s fingers caressed their faces from where she sat above them. There was a sniffle from the corner that the two ignored, and Alex didn’t hear.

Amy was now crying. She felt everything so much deeper than the rest of them. It was what first attracted Lauren to her. She couldn’t help but cry at the touching scene before her. The taller woman wrapped her arms around her mate. She wanted to stay in the room, to make sure Alex was safe, but she knew that Amy couldn’t handle all the emotions that swirled in the air, thick tasting of sadness and hope. She, herself, could barely stand the outpouring of pheromones from Christian and Tobin at that moment.

No one paid heed to their exit, all too busy kindling their fledgling bond to care about the two women slipping silently through the door.

“Oh Alex,” Christen whispered, stroking a long forelock out of the Omega’s eyes as she spoke. “I promise you, this is not a dream. We’ve both wanted you in our lives for so long. We felt the pull without even realizing that you were our missing piece. We need you with us just as much as you need us.”

Alex wanted to cry, but she held back the tears as she looked between Tobin and Christen. The two Alphas were radiating love, wrapping her in it until every last part of her felt warm and safe.

Tobin tugged on Christen’s hand until she finally let Alex’s head out of her lap so she could lay near the Omega. They both wanted to be as close as they could to her. The mini-heat making them want to combine their scent until they made something uniquely them. Something that would smell like all three of them and let everyone know the Omega was theirs as much as they were hers.

Tobin looked the Omega directly in the eye. “You have a future with us, Al. You will be our mate.”

Christen had settled behind Alex, holding her from behind, her hands lacing around the taller girl’s front until they were pressed against her taut abs where she could feel the Omega tremble. She cooed in her ear trying to tell her everything would be all right.

“Tell me about it,” the woman sandwiched between the Alphas said, her whispered voice barely audible. “Tell me about the future.”

“Us and you,” Tobin started softly. “At home in maybe Portland or California or wherever we settle.
Our home, our den.”

“Jill will let us room together,” Christen picked up. Alex was settling down, falling back to sleep. “For now and even after the World Cup, for camps and games.”

“And when we're ready, we'll have as many pups as you'll let us.” As soon as the words were out of her mouth Tobin tensed. Pups were a dream that Christen and Tobin had discussed since they had first started their own courting process.

“Pups sound nice,” Alex murmured as she curled into Tobin’s front. “I can't wait to have your pups.” Tobin and Christen exchanged a look of relief as they settled down to sleep.

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It was a crowded sensation that woke Christen first. The Alpha stirred, sensing a threat to her mates. When her eyes opened and she saw the six crowding veterans, she couldn't stop the warning growl that rumbled up her chest.

The growl startled both Tobin and Alex awake with different responses. Alex burrowed herself further into Tobin and under the blankets to hide. Tobin joined in the growling, sensing both of her mates unease.

Abby rolled her eyes, and being closer to the trio and Tobin in particular, swatted the lanky midfielder on the back of the head.

“Calm down, the both of you,” Abby warned. “We're just here to check on Alex and make sure that the three of you make it to breakfast.”

“And remind you that we leave for Canada after lunch,” Boxxy reminded them. “So you need to pack.”

Christen groaned already thinking about the mess that was in their room. Tobin had a habit of losing things, mainly shoes and socks. The younger Alpha hoped they could at least come back with as many pairs as they’d brought with them to camp. Jill was not going to be happy if Tobin tried to show up to practice again without shoes with the excuse that she lost them nor would the midfielder’s teammates be happy if she had to wear the same pair of sweaty socks for multiple days without washing them. Christen had learned long ago to not let the older woman borrowing anything. It would undoubtedly not be returned in the same condition or returned at all for that matter, especially if it was clothes.

Hope stood to the side watching the trio. She knew what it was like to have two protective Alphas and one Omega. She wondered if they would face some of the same trials Carli and she had when it came to letting others around Kelley, who was just too cuddly with some teammates. With any luck they might actually get through the World Cup and the couples mating without any serious injuries. Though Dawn was prepared for both. Mating could be as rough as some of the more brutal soccer matches. Alex, Tobin, and Christen were all key players; none of them could afford to be injured, especially the Omega, who had become the poster child for the USWNT.

Alex head had poked out a little bit from around Tobin’s shoulder, her head still covered by the blankets. She looked at her teammates grinning faces.

“So...you all are ok with this?” she asked gesturing between herself and the Alphas. It wouldn't make a difference if the team wasn't ok with it - she had the two Alphas that she had wanted for years. Not
even the team’s disapproval of them was going to make her let them go. But their approval would make certainly make life easier.

“We’re ok with it,” Hope said, offering the shy striker a smile. “We just want you all to be happy and safe.”

“And to get up and get ready for breakfast,” Cap ordered firmly. “We all need to have a talk and everyone needs to eat so that Alex can take her medication.”

Alex curled her face into Christen’s neck, the heavy metallic taste of the medication yesterday a fresh taste on her tongue. She was also still a bit ashamed at having to take the medication when no one else had to.

Even now she knew it would be a necessity. Her body was currently content at being between the two Alphas, but she could feel the arousal just on the edge of her mind. At least her mind was clearer than the fog it had been before. Being next to the Alphas seemed to chase the haze away as good as any fog light.

“It’s ok, honey,” Christen cooed. She could tell that the Omega was embarrassed or at least uncomfortable. “One day you won’t have to take that medicine.”

Tobin smiled rubbing Alex’s arm. “And if you show coach how good your doing taking it and eating, maybe she’ll let you play some light scrimmage with us.”

This perked the Omega up immediately. The smile on her face larger than the group had seen in a long time. They couldn’t help laughing at the pure joy soccer brought the forward. Tobin chuckled as she pulled both girls up and out of bed. Even if Jill didn’t let Alex get some time in, she would make sure Alex could at least play with a ball, even if that meant stealing one from staff. She’d do anything to keep that smile on their girl’s face.
Chapter Summary

The team travels to Canada, and the vets decided to lay down so rules for the courting couple.

In hindsight, walking Alex through a crowded airport wasn't the brightest of ideas. All of the different scents and pheromones were stressing the young Omega out. Her lip had been worried between her teeth even with Tobin’s hand in her own, and Christen’s hand on her back. Apparently, the Alphas were having no qualms about staking their claim, even in public.

In fact, they appeared even more attached to the Omega’s hip as various fans, many of them Alphas, tried but failed to get close to the super star. It worked only because of the murderous scowl that the Alphas on the team were giving anyone who got to close, and because she was wearing clothes from Tobin and Christen to try and mask her smell.

Even still, there had been a switch in seating that put Alex between Tobin and Christen on the coach’s’ orders. It was mostly to keep the suffering forward settled, but Jill was also getting fairly annoyed at the growling Tobin and Christen were throwing at anyone who so much as looked at the forward.

It was easier on everyone to just switch people around and park Alex between the two Alphas. The flight and everything was taxing for everyone, especially the Omegas who had to sit on a plane surrounded by strange Alphas. Airlines thought it was too costly to put in working pheromone filters. The girls fidgeted in their seats, their Alpha teammates the only thing to keep some of them from having full on panic attack. Especially Alex - being cramped up in a plane with all of these scents was hard on the Omega’s already delicate state.

Alex was glad when they finally landed. Christen and Tobin had been pumping out their own scents like crazy trying to comfort not only Alex, but the other Omegas around them. It was a tiring job that they had all been willing to do. It was seen as the Alphas’ job to take care of the Omegas during travel. It was no different now that Alex was their intended, except that now they could use physical touch as well to put the girl at ease.

How the forward had preened under the attention of the Alphas, purring lightly in her sleep as hands caressed her arms and played with her hair. She was probably the most at peace during the trip while asleep, other than Ali who was sleeping on Ashlyn’s lap since there had been an empty seat between them.

Getting their gear and getting out of the airport hadn't proved to be an issue. The issue was when the veterans took a hold of the trio, directing them to the back of the bus and turning away anyone who tried to join them. Kelley had pouted when her mates ignored her puppy eyes saying they’d make her sit between Jill and Dawn on the next plane trip if she wasn’t good. An empty threat but an effective one.

Alex couldn’t help swallowing past the lump that had formed in her throat. She trusted the vets, but worried about what they would say. Cap had backed Christen up earlier when Jill had asked about Alex’s wrapped wrists. The Alpha had stared their coach down as she stood in front of the fragile
Omega, explaining how there had been an accident, and it was being dealt with. Thank goodness, Christie had been there to back the forward up. Jill would have probably sent the Omega on the first flight home had she known the truth.

“We need to talk,” Cap explained softly, mindful of the team’s especially good hearing. “The rest of the vets and I think we need to set some rules for your courtship.”

Tobin was immediately indignant. “We’re not children.”

“No, but hormones make us all stupid sometimes,” Hope pointed out. She looked directly into Tobin’s eyes, conveying just how much she knew about doing stupid things in the name of love. The keeper’s story of love had not always been a happy one, and she, along with the other vets, wanted to make sure that the trio didn’t make the same mistakes. Baby Horse was hurting so bad that it would take more than just her Alphas to bring her out of it. She needed serious help.

“Alright,” Christen said, placing a hand on her mate’s and future mate’s hands. “What do you have in mind?”

Cap smiled. Christen was certainly the most level headed of the three. She would have her hands full with the two women, who sometimes acted more like children than the adults they were. “Well we have discussed this at length,” she paused to glare at Tobin who growled. “Oh shut it Tobin. Now as I was saying, we talked about this, and think we could all use a therapist.”

“A therapist?” Alex squeaked. She did not like the sound of that. She already had to deal with enough people judging her, especially their own fans. She did not need another person to tell her what she was doing wrong.

“Yeah, Al,” Boxxy said, her voice low and soothing. “We think group therapy might be good for all of us. Maybe even individual therapy, but definitely as a group for now. But don’t worry, Jill has been thinking about this already. That nice doctor that treated you, Garza, her wife is a therapist. She agreed to come along with the team to Canada in a day or so once she takes care of a few things with other patients.”

Alex was silent as she curled into her favorite hiding position. More and more it seemed to be highlighted that she was the weak link on the team.

“It’s just temporary, Al,” Cap soothed. Her sharp eyes picked out the signs of stress that Boxxy had pointed out to her, signs that the mental damage from untreated heats was as bad (if not worse), than they had expected. “We just want to make sure everything takes like it should. It’s going to be an intense time for all of us. You’re going through heats again, being courting by not one but two Alphas, all while winning the World Cup.”

Alex smiled despite her embarrassment. They were going to win the World Cup. She was going to do it for them, even if she was the weak link. She would push until she couldn’t push anymore; everything that she had would be given. “Ok,” her voice cracked. “What else?”

Her Alphas immediately moved closer to her, not liking how upset she sounded. They would end this conversation right now if it meant that Alex was comfortable, but the Omega seemed to want to continue on. They both kept a close eye on her, checking for any further signs of discomfort. Both would take on every single Alpha on the bus if it meant that Alex would at least crack a smile again.

“Well, your heats for one.” Tobin and Christen went to speak, but Abby cut them off. “Hear us out on this one.”
Cap continued, her hand resting on Alex's knee. "We know you haven't been taking care of yourself, and we can't allow that again. Al...if it had been Jill or one of the staff...you wouldn't be coming with us to Canada right now. You can't fight your natural urges. Your inner Omega needs that physical comfort."

Shame and embarrassment coiled in the Omega's stomach. She wanted to argue and agree at the same time, but neither one felt right. She knew that the Alphas in front of her didn't understand.

Did they honestly think that Alex wanted to feel her body burning from inside out? That she liked feeling on edge and terrorized because her team did have such a strong group of dominants in it? That the resulting nausea, vertigo and exhaustion was fun for her?

Aside from the crushing feelings of want and arousal, Omega instincts were hard to control in heat. There was a reason that she tied her hands, because despite her iron will, even she couldn't fight instinct. She almost couldn't fight the want that coiled in her belly when she was around Tobin and Christen normally, much less when heat hormones were flooding her system.

She had tied her hands because it hadn't felt right to pleasure herself to the image of the two Alphas.

"It felt wrong." Alex's mumble was barely understandable as she pressed her face into her knees.

Well shit, Boxxy thought, dread filling her stomach. The last thing that Alex needs is a fear of sex.

"Alex, why didn't it feel right?" Carli kept her voice as level as possible, though it was pretty near a growl. Alex was one of Kelley's best friends. The Omega striker had spent more than one offseason in the guest bedroom of Hope's Seattle home. As a result, she and Hope had grown to adore the striker like a little sister. If someone had hurt her, there would be hell to pay.

"They weren't mine," Alex mumbled, her voice cracking with tears. The forward looked up, her blue eyes shining with tears. "They weren't mine. It felt too much like a betrayal."

Tobin wanted to go back in time so badly and just tell Alex how she had felt from the first time she had met the Omega. Guilt curled in her gut. It was much the same for Christen, who had fat tears slipping down her perfectly tan cheeks. She had the other forward crushed in her arms, holding on to her like she might disappear.

"Oh no, no, no, no," Christen chanted into the Omega's hair. "I...I fucking love you so much, Al. Please don't do this to us. We need you. We want you."

"Jesus, Lex, we love you so so much," Tobin curled around them, lowering her mouth so that she could talk to Alex and Christen and only Alex and Christen. "God, Al, if we had known...never again. We won't leave you alone like this ever again. You're ours now."

The Omega curled into Christen's lap, burying her face in the Alpha's neck as she mumbled out her own devotion to the Alphas. The veterans exchanged a look before backing off, understanding the need for some space.

Boxxy watched them carefully, wondering when the entire team had become so damn blind. If any one of them had noticed that Alex wasn't properly caring for herself at any point, then they could have fixed this mess much sooner, before it had gotten to the point of almost no-return. It did bring another question up.

How long had Alex been doing this?
It was likely that Alex would have continued to ignore her needs for the sake of Tobin and Christen until she went heat crazy, had she been able to hide her condition better. It was a frightening concept.

Either way, they needed to get ahead of this before it got worse.

The first step would be telling the trio the rest of the ground rules when they had calmed down.

It would have to wait though; Boxxxy could feel the bus slowing as they neared the hotel. They would have the rest of the day and tomorrow to explain the rest of the rules. They could give the trio this moment.
Chapter Summary

The vets finish going over the rules and then allow the omegas to throw a little get together with pizzas and nail painting. The next day Alex convinces Jill to let her play in a scrimmage game, but when she gets hurt Tobin and especially Christen are not happy.

Boxxy closed the door to the hotel room that she was sharing with Abby.

Tobin, Christen and Alex had been seated on the bed furthest from door, waiting for the rest of ‘The Rules’.

“You need to take care of yourself during these mini heats, Al,” Cap picked up right where they left off. It was probably the most important of the rules to them - get Alex some relief.

“I know.” Alex looked down at her hands, a blush rising to her cheeks. Christen’s hand came down to rest in the Omega’s, giving it a light squeeze.

“We also don't think that you should be alone during these mini heats,” Abby picked up after a moment. “It's not that we don't trust you, but we need to make sure that you do actually touch yourself.”

Alex almost panicked at the idea of one of the other Omegas seeing her touch herself. An intensely private person, Alex already found all of the fuss placed on her mortifying. Adding another Omega into the mix, like that, would only make it worse.

“Uh, guys,” Christen interrupted, squeezing the Omegas hand gently. “We've already talked about it and we came up with a different solution other than someone else being in the room.”

“And what would this solution be?” Carli questioned.

“This.” Tobin held up her cellphone before she continued to talk. “When Alex gets put in lockdown, she'll call one of us and the two phones will be placed on speaker. She can mute us or not mute us, but we'll be able to talk to her. She won't technically be alone and she won't feel threatened by another Omega while she's in heat.”

“And what will you say to her?” Hope was intensely curious about the how this plan would play out. She was willing to do whatever possible to make this easier on Alex. She remembered having the Omega in her home during the offseason and come to think of the forward like an annoy little sister. Kelley and Alex were practically inseparable anyway. The two Omegas were constantly doing something they shouldn’t, at least when Alex was feeling like herself.

“That's it's ok to touch herself,” Christen's mind flashed back to their earlier conversation and how Alex had seen her arousal as a betrayal to the two Alphas. “That we want her to touch herself. That we'll be there with her, from the very beginning to the very end of it.”

Alex leaned into Christen, taking in the words and wrapping them around her like a blanket.

“That we love her,” Tobin picks up, meeting Alex's eyes. “That we've always loved her. That we
always will love her.”

“I want,” Alex started, paused, swallowed around the emotion that was building in her chest. “Can
we try the phone first?”

“We'll try it,” Cap said softly, hoping that they weren't breaking a moment between the trio. “But if
that doesn't work then we're going to stick an Omega in there with you.”

A knock at the door interrupted them and Boxxy frowned as she went to answer them. As soon as
the door swung open the Alpha was pushed aside by Syd as the rest of the team followed, the
younger Alphas holding a couple of large cardboard boxes about 8 pizza boxes between them.
Boxxy raised an eyebrow at Becky who shrugged and followed her mate inside.

“Get in your PJs, losers,” Syd said cheerfully, flopping down on one of the beds. “We're all having a
movie night.”

“How did you get all of this food up here?” Carli looked at her Omega, wondering not for the first
time, how the Omegas managed to sneak contraband food around Dawn.

“Sorry,” Kelley grinned, clearly not sorry at all. “Omega secret. Come on, scoot. We have The
Princess Bride to watch.”

The team felt bad for Alex, throughout the movie the Omega fluctuated between hot and cold
sweats, never truly comfortable. No matter what though, she’d kept her future mates close even as
sweat dripped from her temple. The other Alphas made sure to sit as far away as possible, giving the
new couple and the poor Omega the space they needed.

Carli and Hope were making a classic ‘Kelley Sandwich’ when the defender suddenly yelled out a
new idea - painting nails.

“Fuck,” both Carli and Hope muttered. Neither liked having their nails painted, Hope more so than
the younger Alpha. Kelley, however, had gotten the idea stuck in her head and the other Omegas,
even Alex, seemed excited about the idea. What better way to team bond besides paint each other’s
nails all different colors before they went into a big tournament.

Alex and Christen seemed happy, so Tobin went with it, letting her mate and future mate paint her
 toes lime green and her fingernails a hot pink. She normally wouldn’t have allowed Christen to pick
such vibrant colors, but seeing Alex’s hopeful face along with Christen’s pout had been too much for
the midfielder. She knew there would be a lot of moments like that in the future, but she couldn’t
bring herself to care. There are no other pair of women she would rather be totally ‘whipped’ by than
them.

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Alex curled up between the two Alphas, her face pressed into Christen's neck. The movie had been a
hit and now the hard part came - separating from Tobin and Christen for the night.

They would adhere to the original plan - Alex would be in a room with some Omegas, a Beta
(Chups) and an Alpha, most likely Lauren. They didn’t want to leave her with just one person.
Although team rules stated every player had to have their own bed, they’d learned from last time that
the more sleepy eyes and ears the better, especially if Alex had a night terror or stomach ache from
her medicine.

Tobin and Christen were supposed to be dropping Alex off at Lauren and Amy's room - who had
just left with the others letting the new couple have some privacy to say goodbye - but now that Alex
had them, she was loathe to relinquish any time spent with her future mates. The Alphas, noticing her hesitation, wrapped her in their arms.

“Oh, Al,” Christen whispered kissing the girl’s forehead. “We’re only a room over.”

Tobin picked up where the younger Alpha left off. “And if you need anything, or just want us, we’ll be there in seconds. We promise.”

The words were nice, but the Omega continued to pout. She wanted the two women; her body needed them. The heat in her veins warned of an upcoming heat or more likely mini heat. Her neediness was doubled. She wanted what she wanted and it wasn’t fair that now she had “mates” she couldn’t spend time with them.

“But you get to hold each other and spend the night together. It’s just not fair.”

Christen and Tobin looked at each other, realizing for the first time that it really was unfair for them to sleep together and ask Alex to sleep somewhere else. They had a silent conversation before Tobin nodded. She stepped back so she could look into their Omega’s eyes. “Al, we didn’t think about it, and you’re right. I’m going to go see if Abby and Kling would switch roommates for the rest of the tournament.”

Alex hopped they wouldn’t have to be apart that long. In fact, everyone was waiting with baited breath for Alex’s full heat so the couple could mate. By the doctor’s guess, it could take anywhere from two to nine weeks for the big one to hit with a lot of tiny tremors in the meantime. Of course, the doctor wasn’t aware of the extenuating circumstances with Tobin and Christen. The trio would have to speak with her about it. Perhaps the timeline had changed a little now that Alex’s inner Omega recognized a courtship with its beloved Alphas.

Alex sniffled a little and nodded. She didn’t want them to suffer on her account, but then again it was completely unfair for them to share a bed when she couldn’t join them. They had offered the arrangement after all. She wouldn’t ask them to do it, but she wasn’t going to say no now that they offered.

“Let’s get you to your room, honey,” Christen said, unwrapping her arms from around the Omega’s waist to instead hold her hand. Alex needed all the sleep she could get. They all did, especially with being in a new country. Practice started again tomorrow, and Jill wouldn’t be going easy on any of them. If Alex was lucky, she might not be forced into being a ball girl. Now that her body was happy with the prospect of having possible mates, her brain could once again focus on the game.

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“No.”

“Coach,” Alex whined, her pitch going from annoying to aggravating. She so badly wanted to play. She wanted to be on the field with Tobin and Christen again. She had already been allowed to warm-up a little with the team, jog as they ran, and even help Hope, Ashlyn, and Alyssa block some balls she kicked towards the goal while the other players continued doing harder warm-ups.

Now the team was playing a scrimmage match of eight on eight. Ashlyn, Ali, Becky, Whitney, Syd, Boxxy, Amy, and Abby were one team, and Alyssa, Kling, Cap, Moe, Carli, Pinoe, Tobin, and Christen. Normally, Hope would have been in at least one goal, but today she refused to do more than warm-up. Kelley wasn’t feeling well, having woken up with the first hints of her heat.

The two now sat on the sidelines, huddled together as they watched Carli on the field. It was evident
the midfielder wanted to be with them, but Jill had already had a talk with her. She could really see the woman becoming the future of the team. However, Carli was going to have to go a 110% harder if that was going to happen. Today, she had to choose to practice instead of staying with her mates. It was normally the other way around, with Carli and Kelley sitting together watching Hope.

Alex couldn’t help but picture that for herself one day. Maybe her and Tobin or her and Christen watching while their other mate played. They’d sit on the sidelines enjoying the closeness in the Omega’s pre-heat. Right now, however, all the Omega wanted to do was play. It wasn’t fair. She was sure ‘light exercise’ included being subbed in during the last couple minutes of a scrimmage match.

Tobin and Christen’s team was down 2-3, with Tobin and Carli making a goal each for team ‘Cool Beans’ as Morgan Brain had dubbed them. The game was almost ready to be called, only ten minutes of play left before Jill called the match and gave the girls the rest of the day off.

“Just put her in,” Dawn said, having had to listen to the Omega complain all morning. She really didn’t see the problem. Alex looked better than she had in weeks. The sickly paleness was now replaced with a healthy glow. She didn’t know what was going on, but whatever it was, it was working.

Jill glared at her friend. She did not want to put Alex in. If she could have had her way and not have been fired, she would have benched the Omega at the start of this heat sickness. The Brit had been around other Omegas in her playing days who had tried something as stupid as Alex. They had almost died from it. Every time Jill looked at Alex she could see her half dead teammate lying in a hospital bed. Her team back then had let it go on without intervening. Jill would be damned if she made the same mistake.

“Please,” Alex begged seeing that although Jill’s resolve had wavered, it had returned in full force a moment later. “I promise if I feel bad, I’ll come back out.”

Jill looked back at the game. Tobin and Press had been distracted the whole game, as had a handful of other players. They kept looking over to check on the Omega. Maybe it would do the team a little good to see the Omega out on the field. Make them feel like things are, or at least could, go back to normal. They needed to feel a sense of normalcy as the World Cup tournament started. They really didn’t need anything else working against them. Back in the states, the fans were already talking about a possibility of another disappointing loss. The girls needed to believe they could win.

“Fine,” Jill finally conceded. “Go in for Boxxy.”

If Alex played against Tobin and Christen, then maybe the midfielder and forward would play lighter on her. Even more likely, they would ensure their teammates did as well. At least that was what Jill was betting on. Alex didn’t need an injury right when she started playing for the first time in two and a half weeks.

The second that Alex stepped on the field, the chemistry on the field changed immediately. Alex had long since proven that she could make a difference on the field no matter her physical condition.

Alex was a scoring threat even when she wasn’t scoring, and she was more than willing to do the dirty jobs of being a forward - making banking runs and pulling defenders off the others, stretching the defense as much as she could.

The most significant change, however, was to the players.

Team ‘Cool Beans’ had backed off a little from the high line they held. Alyssa was already shouting
new directions to the defense, trying to get them organized.

It seemed Cap would have the job of keeping track of Alex. It wouldn't be easy - despite the weight that she had lost from not taking care of herself, Alex was still fast. Her previous chemistry with Abby had proven to be dynamic in the most trying of conditions, and the grin that she shared with Syd and Amy was as familiar to the others as the Omegas that shared it.

It was a grin that said the three Omegas were going to take the opposing team for all they had. Alex finally felt like herself again, and everyone was about to know it.

On the sidelines, Lauren almost laughed at the terrified look that Christen and Tobin exchanged at the sight of their little Omega on the other team.

When the ball went back into play Amy stole it from Pinoe, knocking it over to Syd, who passed it along to Alex and then it shot towards Abby. It became the most amusing game of keep away that the players and staff on the sidelines had seen in a long time.

Tobin and Christen were cautious any time the ball approached Alex. And their caution extended to the rest of the right players, possibly in part because the two Alphas snarled at anyone who got to close to Alex, until they crossed the halfway line and Pinoe started to get frustrated.

The Beta’s challenges became more and more aggressive as she edged closer to the Omega. At one point she clipped Abby with a strong shoulder, sparking a flash of teeth as the forward snapped at her.

Then it finally went down hill, Moe lost the ball to Syd, and Syd, being Syd, does what she usually did; she fed the ball through to a pocket of space. Alex ran on to it, almost level with ‘the Spot’, just off to the right hand side, perfect for a left footed shot.

Alex did what Alex Morgan does - she shot the ball.

Tobin watched in slow motion as Pinoe came in late and hard, tipping the forward over as the ball left her foot.

Alex went tumbling to the turf, Pinoe tangled in her legs.

Tobin made it there first, focused entirely on Alex, though she made a mental note to kill Pinoe later.

“Al, Hun’,” Tobin's voice held a hint of panic as she watched Pinoe untangle her legs from the strikers. “Are you ok? Does anything hurt?”

Alex pushed up from the ground and into a sitting position. “Did I score?”

The question might have seemed out of place to an outsider, but Tobin knew that Alex's refuge was the field. Soccer had given her a lifeline when her body acted outside of her control. When that had been taken away the forward had almost fallen into a depression. It certainly hadn't helped her deal with her heats.

A glance showed Alyssa pulling the ball from the net and Tobin turned back nodding. Christen finally came from across the field, skidding to a stop next to Tobin.

“Al,” the brunette striker kneeled down next to the forward. “Are you ok?” The striker rounded on the arriving Jill and Dawn. “What's she doing out here? She could have been hurt!”

Christen turned back to Alex, completely missing the look of amusement that the team shared as she
and Tobin fussed over the forward. It was mostly Christen that worried, though she was normally much more laid back. She was absolutely losing her head over the Omega being hurt now. Tobin had already checked over Alex and knew the forward wasn’t hurt, so she wasn’t freaking out like Press, who looked like she was about to have a full on panic attack.

“Babe, calm down,” Tobin whispered, slightly embarrassed at the scene her mate was creating, especially because Christen wasn’t letting Pinoe stand up. She was looming over the Beta like she might just kill her right then and there.

“Calm down? Calm down! Are you fucking kidding me, Tobin Powell Heath?” Christen’s voice rumbled with a subvocal growl. She was all Alpha now, emitting pheromones into the air of both anger and the need to protect her Omega. “She could have been seriously hurt! And you,” Christen whirled on their coaches. “Why the hell would you let her on the field?”

There was a thick cloud of tension in the air, but it was dissipated as quickly as it had come when the team and Christen realized Alex was no longer on the floor. She was skipping off with Syd, the two giggling over something that the tattooed Omega had made a joke about. Apparently the Omega wasn’t going to stick around to listen to her future mates being stupid Alphas when she had just scored a great goal, and it felt amazing.

Christen looked at Tobin, before they both took after Alex. The younger Alpha’s fight with the coaches was suddenly forgotten as they saw their future mate heading to the locker room laughing without them.

Jill and Dawn just shook their head. They had been around during the courting stages of most of the couples on the team. Each was unique. Now it was time to deal with ‘Pretalex’ as the younger members dubbed them. Only time would tell just how this mating would rank on the craziness meter. Nothing could beat the time Carli, Hope, and Kelley finally got together.

At least, they hoped nothing could beat that.
First Mini-Heat

Chapter Summary

Alex goes into a mini-heat. Christen and Tobin are all too happy to talk her through it.

The Omega whimpered, an inferno lit in her loins, spreading from her dripping core to the nerve endings in the tip of her fingers. Sweat dripped down her forehead as she tossed and turned in her sleep, dreaming of Alphas reaching for her, satisfying her.

Lauren, Amy, and Pinoe were put on Alex duty. Amy and Pinoe had sandwiched the suffering girl between them. The blonde pixie was the first to be woken up by the violent movement next to her. Amy was still out to the world, she was too used to Ryan squirming next to her when he had had a bad dream and came crawling into her and Lauren’s bed. The Alpha, though normally sleeping with her mate, had opted for the other bed. Alex was only truly comfortable with two Alphas near her, and she was neither.

Pinoe was panicking. Even the first night, when Alex had been sick, hadn't been this awful. The sleeping forward looked miserable as she shifted on the bed.

Pinoe scrambled out from under the covers and tripped over to the bed that Lauren occupied. Gripping the Alpha’s shoulder firmly, with one eye on the shaking Omega, Pinoe shook the Alpha awake.

“Pinoe?” Lauren slurred, swiping her hand across her eyes. And then the scent registered in the Alpha’s brain, and a tan hand immediately shielded her nose. “God, we need to get Amy and get out of here.”

“What?” Pinoe’s eyes scrunched in confusion.

“She's in heat,” Lauren explained, rolling out of the bed and heading towards other bed. “Baby, I need you to wake up.”

Amy stirred, shifting closer to her Alpha’s voice before her shoulder shook again. Coming awake, the Omega immediately winced at the heat and smell that was rolling off the sleeping companion, quickly getting out of the bed.

“Go on,” Lauren encouraged her mate gently. “I'll get her up.”

As soon as Amy was out the door, followed by a reluctant Pinoe, the Alpha turned back towards the unmated Omega. If Alex was this far down the rabbit hole and hadn't even woken up yet, Lauren didn't want to know what her normal heats were like.

“Lex,” Lauren started to shake the Omega gently. “Lex, I need you to wake up.”

Alex woke slowly, mind hazy and distracted from the Alpha by the heat in her veins and the arousal that had settled low in her belly.

“Tobs...Chris,” The Omega whimpered, curling up into a ball.
“Alex look at me.” Lauren kept her voice firm and calm, knowing that that was the best way to break through to the Omega. “I'm going to call Tobin from your phone, and then, I'm going to go wake up Christen. Whatever they tell you to do, you need to do it. Do you understand?”

Alex nodded and Lauren picked up the Omega’s cellphone. “Good, I’m going to call Tobin.”

Lauren waited as the phone rang twice before it was finally answered.

“Al?” Tobin's sleep slurred voice was worried, and Lauren immediately sought to calm her friend. “Tobin, I need you to wake up and get Kling out of the room. Tell her to go to Abby's room and to send Christen down to you. Alex is in heat.”

Lauren listened to the shuffling on the other end of the line as the winger sought to do what she was told.

“Ok,” Tobin murmured. “She's going to send Christen down here.”

“Good,” Lauren hit the speaker button on the screen and laid it next to Alex as the Omega watched, trembling against the want that buffeted inside of her like a raging storm. “You're on speaker. Give me 5 seconds to get out of here before you get dirty.”

Before she was even done talking, Lauren was backing up, rubbing at her nose to remove the scent of heat pheromones. Want throbbed through her bones, but only her sheer will, stronger than most Alphas, had kept her at bay, though her cock was straining painfully. She could only hope that their teammates would be willing to do the roommate shuffle so she and Amy could have a room to themselves. Her Omega would never leave her wanting and straining in her shorts if she could help it. Poor Amy was probably a mess herself, receiving the same effects of arousal from their friend’s heat. After all, heats in one Omega could trigger them around others, especially if their cycles synced like in the ‘Great 2009 Humping Incident’ as triggered by all the USWNT Omegas going into heat at once. They just had to hope that Alex’s final big heat didn’t do the same thing, or maybe, like some Alphas, like Hope and Klingenberg, might be hoping for just that.

“Al,” Tobin’s voice was no longer sleepy. She was on high alert. Every fiber of her being was vibrating. Her cock was already semi-hard, excited at the prospect of her future mate on the other end of the line having a mini-heat. She could only imagine how good it smelled.

There was a knock on the door, she groaned, as did Alex, though for a different reason. Christen stood there, but not as the Thorns player thought she would be. The woman’s cock was evidently hard. She also had a sleep shirt, thick with heat pheromones, pressed to her nose. The midfielder immediately moved forward growling, her face plunging into the other side of the shirt. It smelled heavily of Alex and her heat, though there was a faint scent of Pinoe as well. They’d remember in the morning, when their cocks and Alex were satisfied to thank the Beta for the wonderful gift.

A whimper echoed from the phone and the two Alphas shook their heads, stepping back into the room and over to the nearest bed. The two Alphas settled against the headboard and shared a glance.

“Ai,” Christen started. She was barely holding herself back from touching her cock that strained painfully against her sleep shorts. The Alphas hadn’t discussed what they’d be doing while talking Alex through her heat. Alex came first, then if their Omega felt comfortable and they could no longer hold back, they’d get a chance to ease some of the pressure building in their bulging appendages. “Are you naked?”

“No,” Alex's voice was huskier than normal and Tobin shifted, her cock twitching at the sound.
“Ok, Baby,” Tobin instructed, her tone lower, taking on a throaty quality. “You need to take your clothes off. We don't want you to overheat.”

Overheating was a dangerous possibility if Omegas stayed clothed while in heat because their body temperature rose to higher levels. Alex, who hadn’t taken her clothes off when she had been in ‘the Cage’ had been lucky not to pass out from either overheating or dehydration. The forward would no longer be taking such risks. They had already told her as much once before.

The two Alphas listened to the shuffling sounds on the other end of the line. Tobin’s hand reached for Christen’s, the two interlacing their fingers as Alex came back on the line.

“Oh,” the Omega rasped. She hadn’t been wearing much, just a pair of sleep shorts and a t-shirt. She had momentarily thought about leaving her underwear on, but knew that she should do as her mates had asked. She needed to be completely naked, completely open to what was going to happen even if she felt slightly uncomfortable in doing so. “What do I do now?”

“Touch yourself, Baby,” Christen encouraged. “We're right here with you and we want you to do what feels right.”

Alex hesitated. This would be the first time in a while that she had given into her urges and touched herself. Her hand hesitated on her stomach feeling the soft skin there. She was afraid to touch her hot, molten core. She had come to associate such actions with betrayal. Her soon-to-be mates noticed that Alex’s breathing hadn’t changed, meaning that she one wasn’t touching herself or two wasn’t getting pleasure, which was highly unlikely, given how sensitive she would be to the touch.

“Al,” Tobin said gently, Christen squeezing her hand. “Is something wrong?”

There was a long pause. The Omega didn’t want to admit her own weakness. She didn’t want to be flawed, which was at least how she saw herself. She wanted to be normal, where she could take her mates and give herself to them fully, but her body had betrayed her when she had betrayed it, denying herself the love of a mate and suppressing her nature.

“I - “ she began but stopped, choking on her words.

The Alphas grimaced. Alex was supposed to be enjoying herself, but the Omega was having more issues than they had anticipated. Though most of their blood that should have been directed to their brains was now surging through their throbbing erections, they still had the piece of mind to worry about Alex above all else.

“Would it help,” Christen paused searching for what to say, “if we were more Alpha right now?”

Alex breath quickened. The idea of Christen and Tobin telling her exactly how to pleasure herself was thrilling. One of the last tendrils of resistance that was stopping her was the old feeling of the Alphas not needing her like she needed them. She might be able to overcome those feelings though if her Omega was so compelled in its desire for submission - the thing it had missed for so long - she might be able to achieve release.

The Alphas, with their expert hearing, noticed the change in the Omega. Tobin smirked, her fingers having unlaced from Christen’s in order to draw teasing circles on the younger Alpha’s palm and wrist. “You’d like that, little Omega? You want us to tell you just how you should do it or maybe you’d rather us tell you exactly how we’d fuck you?”

The forward’s fingers moved down, playing at the edge of her mons. Her fingers played with the tiny light brown curls there. She hadn’t shaved recently; there had been no need. No one to impress,
until now that was.

“Please…”

It was a whisper but the Alphas heard, their cocks growing impossibly harder at the word. Their hands begged to reach down and relieve the building pressure, but they couldn’t. Alex came first for them. She would be taken care of, and only when she was satisfied, would they take their own pleasure.

“Where is your hand?” Christen asks, seduction dripping off of her very being, Pinoe’s sleep shirt infused with Alex’s pheromones held against her face.

“I,” Alex murmurs embarrassed, “I...it’s right above my center.”

“Good girl,” Tobin coos.

“Mmmm, very good girl indeed. Now Alex, we are going to tell you exactly what you are going to do, and you’re going to do it. Understand?”

“Yes, please, it’s been so long,” Alex husks with more need than she meant to show.

“And that we will have to punish you if you don’t?” Christen wants to make this very clear even if Alex, at this point at least, seems to want to comply as much as possible with her Alphas. “We will spank you if you fail to do as we tell you.”

The punishment is something new, even making Tobin lookup sharply at her mate. Alex however did seem to need boundaries. The team had always joked that maybe the forward needed a little bit of discipline. She could get out of hand on the field when she was frustrated, throwing a tantrum or worse taking out her anger on herself and others.

Any other punishment would be wrong. They couldn’t deprive her of sex, she was already suffering from a lack of that anyway. The best solution might just be spanking their Omega. Christen had always thought that Baby Horse might be into that. She noticed how Alex wiggled her ass when her teammates would go to give her a friendly pat on the butt during practice.

“Cup yourself, Baby,” Tobin instructed gently. When she heard Alex’s breath hitch just slightly the Alpha continued. “Do you feel that? That's not a betrayal.”

Alex fingers slipped through sticky wetness soaking her outer folds. She was so wet. She couldn’t remember the last time she had felt herself like this. Heavy pants slipped from her lips as her fingers twitched, stroking the delicate folds, which were more sensitive than she remembered.

“Are you wet?” Christen husked. She had never been so turned on, not even when Tobin first got on her knees, sucking the forward’s thick cock. Something about the Omega wanting them was so erotic that nothing before could even compare.

Alex didn’t answer, too lost in the haze of a lust she could no longer control, but Tobin’s next words were able to cut through, drowning her in the lust she had denied for so long.

“Answer us, little one.”

“Yes,” the Omega sobbed. She was still skimming over her outer lips, not daring to touch further until instructed. She needed this, something deep and primal had come out that she had denied for so long. Whatever the Alphas told her to do, she would do it. Although not yet mated in the conventional sense, the Omega had already submitted to them. The Alphas couldn't see the Omega
pushing the side of her face into the pillow, baring her neck for their marks. If they could they probably would have broken down the door to get to Alex, their beloved, their one.

“Who are you wet for, Al?” Christen husked. She so badly wanted to touch her cock, instead squeezing Tobin’s hand to the point of pain. They would not disrespect their mate by focusing on themselves. Alex deserved all of their attention right then.

“You and Toby.” Her words coming out as a whine, “please.”

Pride swelled in their chests, though before they could speak again a thought struck the Omega that she normally wouldn’t have voiced was drawn forth from her lips without thought. “Are you touching yourselves?”

The Alphas had kept themselves back. They had stopped themselves, their hands clutching the sheets, barely able to restrain their most primal urge.

“Not yet, Baby,” Tobin murmured gently. “This is about you. You first, then us.”

Alex whimpered, her Omega instincts drawing her deeper with the knowledge that the two Alphas were putting her first.

“Touch yourself, Al,” Christen commanded. “Just a little, now.”

Alex dipped her pointer finger deeper, gently running the the pad of it against the edge of her clit. Heat flooded her system at the touch, the intensity of her desire ratcheting up even more. The desire for more warred against the command of ‘just a little.’

“We're gonna go slow, Al.” Tobin soothed. “You'll feel better if we draw it out just a little.”

“Please.” The word scraped across Alex’s tongue, the forward far enough gone that she barely noticed.

Christen’s eyes met her mates, her teeth biting her lower lip until the soft pink turned deep red under the assault. They silently communicated. Neither wanted to wait and tease Alex right then. They wanted to give their ‘princess’ everything and more. If only they were there, but alas that would be several weeks still.

“Tease your entrance,” the midfielder said, her voice impossibly huskier. “Imagine it’s my fingers there. Imagine Christen’s lips placing soft kisses on the delicate skin of your breast. Her magically long tongue caressing your areola before flicking your nipples.”

Alex’s other hand moved to her small breasts, normally confined within a sports bra. They were one of the most sensitive parts of her body. She could only imagine her fellow forward’s tongue. She couldn’t imagine how Tobin had learned that said tongue was long. Maybe the midy had had her mate wrap her hands and then her mouth around her hard cock. How the Omega in her whined for both of them and begged for their mating bites. Her hand moved from her delicate breasts to the mating gland on her neck, throbbing under the pad of her fingers. She could only imagine Tobin and Christen’s teeth sinking into it. The area was swollen and itched for a mate’s teeth as her mini heat coursed through her.

Only being mated would complete the Omega. She needed them. As the thought swirled in her head, her finger dipped into her entrance to the first knuckle, drawing a gasp from between parted lips.

“What are you doing, princess?” Tobs asked. Even without touching herself, she could feel her knot beginning to form at the base of her cock. That had never happened to her before, not without her
sensitive member being at least stroked. Alex was going to be a challenge. The two Alphas would be having trouble in the coming weeks just keeping their erections in check being around the Omega, let alone being able to concentrate on the upcoming games.

“One finger...it’s in me and feels soooooo good.”

“Good girl,” Christen encouraged. A thought struck the forward, causing her to pause before she turned to her mate. “We’re gonna have to get her ready for us, hm Tobs?”

Tobin glanced at Christen, raising an eyebrow at her mate.

“She’ll be so tight,” Christen continued salaciously. “She'll barely fit me, much less you.”

Alex groaned, the imagery of the two Alphas cocks pushing her higher, winding her even tighter. She hadn’t been with an Alpha in so long, the two would literally tear her in half. The Omega knew they were packing rather large cocks, the bulge in their briefs having been on display numerous times when they changed in the locker room. To think that they had been flaccid at the time, she could only imagine how big the two Alphas would be when hard, fully erect and dripping pre-cum as they readied to enter her for the first time.

“Add another finger, Al,” Tobin rumbled. “Stretch yourself, just a little.”

Alex’s fingers were small. They were nothing compared to what her future lovers’ cocks would feel like, but they were long. Her index and middle finger plunged into the heat focusing on the front wall where her g-spot throbbed with every pass of her fingers.

“That's it, Baby,” Tobin encouraged. “You've been so good, listening to us.”

Alex whined, a high-pitched keening sound carved from want and desire. It was a primal sound that went straight to the Alpha's cocks, deepening the pit of arousal in their bellies.

“Alpha, please,” Alex panted, her harsh breathes clawing at her throat as she begged for her mates’ touch. She was so close, her need the only thing pounding into her head like the rhythm of a drum over and over again, calling for her to fall over the precipice.

Christen snarled, reaching a new breaking point. “Alex, no more teasing. Cum for us.”

The Omega arched as her fingers pressed up, curling into the rough spot just inside her entrance. Although never loud before, she let herself go completely, screaming her much needed release for her Alphas to hear and rejoice in.
Therapy Part 1

Chapter Summary

The team starts therapy and each player, in small groups, must share one secret about them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Okay, now this is going to be a safe place,” the therapist, Susan Garza, the wife of Alex’s doctor, said. “I’ve read your files and you all already know each other fairly well. I can tell some of you are uncomfortable being here and having to talk to me. So for today, I would like to mix things up and try a small group exercise that you all will do on your own and start a ‘real’ session tomorrow.”

The team, every single one of them, sat in a semi-circle on the floor, Christen and Tobin on either side of Alex. Jill had made it very clear that group therapy was not optional, though very few players put up any fuss about going. Most were happy to do a little team bonding, especially if it’d help their suffering teammate. Whatever it took to get Alex back to 100%, they would do it, no matter how many secrets they had to share or how many times they had to sing the stupid *kumbaya* song. They were a team, and they’d be there for one of their own in whatever way Jill and the rest of the staff thought would help the omega.

The therapist split them up into groups, telling them that their first assignment was to go off somewhere in the hotel, wherever they felt comfortable, and share one secret with their small group that none of their teammates knew about them. She also made it clear there was to be no inter-group mingling until after the exercise was completed.

Group one had Boxy, Moe, Lori, and Abby. Their group was quick to claim the pool area as their own, clearing out before the next group was named so that they didn’t lose the piece of prime real estate. Group two was Tobin, Hope, Pinoe, and Christie, who claimed the training room down the hall. Tobin had immediately tried to protest, arguing that she couldn’t possibly leave Alex. Despite the ‘intimate’ night before, they still weren’t mates. The threesome could be separated and unfortunately, that was exactly what was happening much to Tobin and Christen’s distaste. Christen of course was separated into Group Three with Ashlyn, Julie, Kling, and KO, who physically dragged Christen out of the room to the Snack Room. Group Four caused less problems. Naeher, HAO, Becky, Sydney, and Amy all were happy to share a secret with each other and they happily wandered off to the hotel lobby. Lastly, Alex, Whit, Ali, Lauren, and Carli were left for Group Five.

As each group left to find their own space, Group Five settled into the team meeting room that they were supposed to use for group therapy anyway. Both Carli and Lauren exchanged amused looks at the forlorn expressions on Tobin, Christen and surprisingly Becky.

Alex settled deeper in her chair, drawing her knees up to rest her chin on. She wasn’t exactly thrilled with sharing a secret, but she wanted to play, something that she knew would be withheld if she didn’t follow the directions given.

And, she wanted to make Tobin and Christen proud. The two Alphas had gone above and beyond for her, the least that she could do was put forth the effort to be the best omega she could be. *For
“So…” Carli said breaking the uncomfortable silence that had settled in the room. She was less than thrilled with sharing a secret, but she was going to be a team player. “Should I start?”

Lauren smiled, reaching out to the chair next to her, she gave Alex’s shoulder a squeeze and sent a smile Whitney’s direction. “That sounds like a good idea.”

None of them particularly wanted to share a secret. It was the reason they were secrets after all. If they didn’t mind the others knowing, then they would have already told their teammates. Carli took a deep shuddering breath as she closed her eyes not opening them again until she was done talking.

“I haven’t told my mates this yet, mostly because I don’t know how I feel about it yet, but coach…she said she wants me to think about becoming co-captain next year after Abby retires.”

Carli looked around the room, she hadn’t realized how good it would feel to get that weight off her chest. She wanted so badly to tell her mates, but they wouldn’t understand. Hope, well she would be happy for her, but she also might be a little jealous. The older woman was on the team longer than the midfielder. She just wasn’t captain material though. Kelley would be ecstatic, most likely not even understanding Carli’s reservations.

The young alpha was playing the best game of her life. She wasn’t sure if she was ready to handle the extra responsibility though. Could she be someone the other women looked up to? Sam Mewis and Steph McCaffrey had made it a game last camp to follow her around. It had just been a joke, but could she really mentor the younger girls? There were rumors about them taking on a seventeen year old to replace some of the retiring players. Carli wasn’t sure if she could be that leader to the newbies and vets.

Lauren stood up moving over to Carli’s chair and kneeling down in front of the older alpha. She tilted her friend’s head until they were looking at each other. “You listen to me Lloyd, I would be proud to call you my captain. You have worked so hard recently. I can’t think of anyone better to take over for Abs.”

“I don’t know,” she said uncertainly.

Alex let her own problems go, moving over to Carli along with Whitney. “You’ve always been there for me, and I know you always will.” Her hand rested on the alpha’s, showing her support, sending out her own calming pheromones along with her teammates. “You’ll make a great captain.”

“You’re mates are going to be so proud of you,” Whitney added.

“You think so?” Carli asked, for once the confident cocky alpha showing her vulnerable side.

“We know so,” Ali assured. She moved forward simultaneously hugging the now tearful Carli. The group held each other, Alex holding onto Lauren from behind as they couldn’t all fit into the group hug while their future ‘captain’ sat in the chair, the others huddled on the floor around her.

The room was quiet as they pulled apart, the others pretending not to notice as Lloyd whipped a few stray tears from her eyes.

Alex smiled, breaking the tension. “Does this mean we get to call you ‘Cap’ now?”

The group laughed. Carli shaking her head at the forward’s silliness. “There will only be one cap, and that’s Christie.”
Meanwhile across camp—

Christen picked through the available snacks moodily, her mind buzzing with the knowledge that not only was she separated from Tobin, but that Alex had neither of the Alphas with her. She knew Lauren and Carli would take care of her Omega, but it still felt being away from her for any length of time. The morning after their ‘phone sex’, the two Alphas had refused to leave Alex’s side, especially for practice. Jill had eventually had to call it a free day, missing some of her key players with the rest of them talking about the noise they had heard coming from the Omega’s room followed by the roars from the Alpha’s room that night. Not to mention Lauren and Amy’s cries of ecstasy just down the hall.

If the forward had turned around, she would have been even more pissed. Ash and Kling were watching her, smirks tilting the corners of their mouths. Julie and Kelley, both omegas, were making a little nest in the corner with some pilfered blankets.

“Come on, Press,” Kling tugged at her friend’s shirt gently, hoping that she didn’t spark the Alpha’s temper. “The quicker we get this done, the quicker you can get back to Alex and Tobin.”

The brunette forward huffed in agitation, following the defender to the area that the two omegas had claimed as theirs. Settling between the two other Alphas, Christen crossed her arms. Kling and Ash shared a look over the grumpy forward’s head, which she thankfully missed.

“I guess I’ll start,” Ash grumbled after several minutes of silence. The blonde ran a hand through her hair in thought. “Ali said that we need to start telling you guys anyway. I know a lot of you know that we went to Sweden and used to go vacation in Houston for no reason. Well I guess there’s no way to say this but come right out with it. We’re a complementary pair with Ella Masar and Erin McLeod.”

Kelley nearly fell face first on the floor as she scrambled out of the blankets. “Really? Oh thank god! I need go tell Hope.”

Kelley didn’t make it past the trio of Alphas, who immediately looped their arms around her waist and redirecting a now sulking omega back to the blankets.

“Why do you need to tell Hope?” Ash questioned warily. The USA’s top female keeper had a well known temper, and Ashlyn was all about staying on the right side of it, especially now that Hope was willing to share some tips with the blonde on getting better in the net.

“Because Hope thinks that those two are trying to sleep with Carli.” Kelley grumbled, running a hand through her hair. “And I’m tired of hearing about it.”

“How about you tell Hope after we’re done,” Julie advised, reading her Chicago teammates agitated body language and hoping that they could avoid a different kind of outburst. Christen probably would have been all to happy to end the little exercise and go find her mate and soon-to-be mate.

“Really?” Ash tried to figure it out, not finding any supporting evidence for Kelley’s claim. “Ella and Erin? Sleep with Carli Lloyd? Are you kidding me?”

Kelley immediately went on the offensive. “Hey, what the hell does that mean? Have you seen Carli?”

Ash rolled her eyes at the omega, who was making curving hand gestures followed by pointing to her groin and raising an eyebrow. It was no secret on their team that both Hope and Carli were packing. Most of the team were blessed in that department but Lloyd and Solo more so. How Kelley
managed to walk in the morning was often beyond many of their compressions.

“Yah, yah we get it, O’Hara,” the keeper said, shoving the now grinning omega playfully. “I meant that everyone knows how lost Carli is on the two of you. Plus, I haven’t heard any complaints from them, if you know what I mean.”

“Gross,” Julie said, wrinkling her nose as Kling and KO both high-fived the keeper.

“Tell me Ella’s muscles don’t feel amazing,” the Portland defender said. “You are so lucky. Ali, Ella, and Erin!! I can’t even find one.”

Ashlyn had a huge grin on her face. Telling her teammates had gone better than she expected. They all seemed supportive, even JJ, who was faking a disgusted face at her. The group had been there for her when she had gotten for Ali, and now they were there for her when she admitted to being in a polyamorous fourway.

“You have no idea.”

The group all laughed, even Christen, who was happy for her teammate, although still missing her own. She couldn’t wait until she could hold Alex in her arms at night, Tobin holding the omega from the other side. Ashlyn had found her completion, and no one, especially the forward, would fault her for it.

---Across Camp---


“Mine?” Moe said, her bikini on as they had all stopped by their rooms first. This might be an assignment, but that didn’t mean they all couldn’t have a little fun by the pool at the same time.

“Yah, come on,” Lori said tossing the beach ball they were playing with at her fellow middy’s head.

“Ok, ok,” she said, throwing the ball back, as she climbed in the surprisingly chilly pool water. “Jesus, you’d think that this would be easier to do.”

Morgan submerged herself for a moment, trying to get her bearings and figure out a secret that 22 of the noisiest people she knew didn’t already know.

A thought whirled out of the recesses of her mind and the omega popped up out of the water. “I wasn’t going to accept the senior team call up.”

It wasn't necessarily a deep, dark secret. But it was a secret that Morgan had tried to make sure didn't see the light of day. But this whole thing wasn't just about Alex, Tobin and Christen. This was about them, as a team, and being better. Not just for themselves, but each other.

“What? Why?” Boxxy questioned, horrified that they might have missed out on the young omega, not only as a player, but as a person.

Morgan lifted herself up out of the water to sit on the edge of the pull. “It was just one of those things, I guess. I was just really nervous.”

“And you almost didn't come to camp?” Abby asked, going back over her memories and trying to figure out if any of them might have been even slightly unwelcoming to the youngster.

“I almost didn’t come to camp,” Morgan confirmed. The midfielder leaned back, studying the clouds.
“What about you, Boxxy? What's your secret?”

----Group Four----

“Ok, I’ve got something I can share,” Amy offered. The group had been sitting around the with their Starbucks for over twenty minutes, half finished with their icy drinks. Though oddly the blonde forward had chosen not to get anything to drink, saying she just wasn’t feeling it, though the veggie wrap had been too much to resist.

“We think we might be pregnant again.”

The group was shocked, and then suddenly, they were all there hugging her asking her all sorts of questions. Amy was always careful with her wordage saying ‘we’ were pregnant, not wanting Lauren to feel weird. Female alphas sometimes felt odd, having breasts that would be stimulated to give milk when their omegas were pregnant, but yet not giving birth to a child without having the proper equipment below the waist.

“When will you find out for sure?” Becky questioned, worried about her club teammate. “And does the coaching staff know?”

“Of course the staff knows,” Amy muttered. “If Dawn isn’t on Alex’s case, she’s on mine. And we should find out for sure about the time that we hit the quarterfinals.”

“Congratulations,” Sydney said squeezing her so tight. “I hope you know our pact still stands. Next child you have you know it Sydney, no matter if it's a boy.”

Amy laughed. Happy to get the secret off her chest, more so with the overwhelmingly positive response from her teammates. Maybe the therapist had something going there, she definitely felt closer to the team at least. Though her secret was going to have come out sooner or later, luckily only Cap had been smart enough to put together Ryan’s slip-ups about being an older brother. Though Tobin was probably going to kill her for not saying something to her first, but still it had totally been worth it to see the surprised looks on Alyssa, Sydney, HAO, and Becky’s faces. Tobin would just have to get over, after all she still got the title of godmother.

Chapter End Notes

We were wondering if you guys could give us some suggestions for further 'secret' sharing. We are kind of stuck. And btw we wrote this a long time ago but forgot to post and wasn't sure why we hadn't got any secret sharing ideas...now we know. So if you want some continuing maybe you can help our 'stuckness'.

Secrets

Chapter Summary

Everyone shares their secrets.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Boxxy sighed. The group was looking at her. Lori already admitted to her retirement, making Moe cry about how life wasn’t fair and how she was losing such good friends. Though to be fair, the omega had been overly emotional recently. She had cried at breakfast too, when Christen had taken the last banana nut muffin.

“So you guys remember that time KO and Pinoe had lost us our Dawn approved cheat day during the Algarve Cup?”

The women nodded, none of them had let either woman forget about that incident. How the two thought they could get away with hiding the team van keys in their own hotel room and then not being able to find them after cleaning service had been through. It had been a nightmare, causing the whole team to miss an entire day of practice. The two pranksters never confessed, but the keys were found under their bed, condemning them both in everyone’s eyes.

“Well it might not have been so much them as it was me,” Boxxy said, her cheeks heating as she admitted to something that she hadn’t told anyone, afraid of both Kelley and Pinoe’s wrath more than anything. She had tried being playful, and it had gone so very wrong, so very fast. Turning what could have been funny, into one of the darker incidents in team history.

“I really thought you guys had planned Riley,” Pinoe muttered, shaking her head. She had hoped for a ‘dirty’ secret from their captain, but still, this was surprising. Too be fair, the blonde pixie’s own secret hadn’t been a very good one. Only Tobin had been too oblivious to notice the short time that ‘Wambinoe’ had been a thing. Cap and Hope, both vets at the time, were all too aware of their two teammates getting it on and subsequent breakup.

How Tobin had missed that was beyond them. The middy had probably been too busy trailing after Alex like a lost puppy. The omega would have both Christen and Tobin wrapped around her little finger before they knew it. When Tobin had to deal with her first shopping trip with her two widely feminine mates, the whole team would be ready with the camera.

“Hey, it’s hard to plan those things,” Cap said, getting slightly defensive. “Just you wait. Hope will be having a little one of her own one of these days soon, and Tobin too, eventually.”

Tobin grunted, bringing her knees up to her chin. “If I can ever woo Alex.”

Tobin didn’t like being mopey about the situation, but after years of pining for the omega and now her being just out of reach, it was starting to grate on the normally upbeat Alpha.
It didn’t help that Alex was theirs, but not theirs.

As long as Alex remained unclaimed in the physical sense, someone else could come and claim their mate. It was setting both Alphas on edge, though the intimate phone call the night before had certainly helped everyone’s’ disposition.

“You’ll get there, Tobs,” Christie squeezed the younger Alphas shoulder. “You just have to be a little patient.”

“I know,” Tobin grunted irritably. “It's just...sometimes she seems scared of it all - the heats and mating. And we're trying not to overwhelm her, but it's not like we can stretch courting her out to forever.”

Hope, the one no one thought would ever comfort a teammate other than her own mates, moved pushing Christie away lightly so she had access to Tobin completely. The tall woman took the Alpha’s jaw in one large hand, tilting her head gently until sad tearful eyes met her own hard stare.

“You listen to me Tobin Powell Heath,” Hope said, staring straight into the other Alphas eyes, making sure her message was getting across. “That omega loves you more than anything. Anyone with eyes can see it. She is as much yours and Christen as you two are hers. You can’t rush this.

“You remember what it was like for me with Kelley and Carli? I have been where you are. I know what you are feeling, and you need to not let your fears control you. It will drive you insane and hurt your relationship more than help, especially with Alex being so fragile.”

Tobin growled, not liking anyone referring to the omega as ‘fragile’, even if at this time it was true.

“Don’t growl at me, pup. And listen! You want Alex, well you’re going to have to sack up and wait for her to be ready. Focus on making the time now special because let me tell you, Kelley will not let us forget how we growled and stomped around, driving everyone crazy before she finally let us take it further.”

Tobin nodded. The two had been unbearable to deal with. She could only imagine what would happen to Alex if they let their heads get clouded like her teammates. They needed to keep their heads clear to protect the vulnerable Omega.

“Yeah, ok, Hope. I will do better. I promise,” the midfielder said, wiping away the tears she hadn’t realized were falling. A wet chuckle escaping at her own embarrassment, suddenly realizing that she was opening up to someone who wasn’t Cheney, ARod, Alex, or Christen.

Pinoe saw the sudden blush painting her fellow middy’s cheeks. The blonde pixie was good at one thing at least. She could always lighten the mood. “Ahhh, I see your game, Heath. We all knew about that one already. Don’t think that counts as your secret missy. I want something juicy from you still.”

Christie playfully slapped the beta upside the head, though she was pleased that Tobin was at least smiling now.

“Well…” Tobin started.

“What do you mean you’re kind of dating Sinc,” Kelley asked, incredulously.
“Well,” JJ drawled, a smirk curling the corner of her mouth. “When an Alpha and an Omega like each other, they sometimes meet up for coffee and other adult things...”

“I know that,” Kelley threw a bag of peanuts at the blonde. “How are you kind of dating Captain Canada?”

“We haven't really defined what we have.” JJ opened the bag of peanuts and started snacking. “We meet up whenever we're in the same town. And don't call her ‘Captain Canada.’ It's offensive.”

“No...” Kling started. “I see what Kelley’s getting at. Sinc is so Canadian that she out Canada’s Canada.”

“That makes no sense.” Ash tried to diffuse the growing situation, wondering when she became the adult here.

She had just admitted to foursome sex, and suddenly, she was the one mediating things. If only Ali were there, the blonde’s mate was always good at corralling Kelley when she got out of control.

“Kling, Kel, this is none of our business. Stop annoying JJ.”

JJ sent the keeper a grateful look, while the other two defenders snorted.

“Yeah, that’s not happening.” Kling shook her head. Finding out Captain Canada was doing their little cinnamon roll was shocking but to not get any details was just cruel.

“No, definitely not. She can’t just say something like that and not give us something.”

Kelley was starting to pout, doing the puppy pout that had gotten her more than her fair share of odd sexual favors from her two Alphas.

“Oh, ok,” Ash agreed. She was being the mature one, but even she had to admit, she was curious about what was going on. “How about this, we each get one question. Would that be ok, Julie?”

The blonde omega thought about it. She hadn’t told anyone about her something with Sinc. Not even her parents had heard about the Canadian. Sure the two had fallen into bed more than once, but there was something more. Sinc taking her out to play skee ball, making her breakfast in bed, and making her ‘Canada’s remedy’ to colds when she was sick. Things were just so complicated, from working in two different states to living in two different countries. Neither had talked about their growing feelings or even the concept of dating.

“Fine, but I reserve the right to not to answer.” She looked between the Kelley and Meghan, glaring in warning at the two. She knew they could be lewd, but she hoped that they wouldn’t ask anything about the sex, which although fantastic, was a private thing.

“How big is she?” The question flying from Kelley’s lips only seconds after JJ’s agreement to even allow them to ask her anything.

“What?” Christie asked, astonished that Tobin would have done something so unlike her.

“I didn’t mean to get drunk, and I was just so upset about Alex and things with Christen,” the alpha said, holding her hands up in defense. “Abby’s mom always said if I ever wanted to talk, I could just call.”
“Yeah, well, she didn’t mean when you were drunk off your ass in the middle of the night,” Christie growled.

Hope and Pinoe were too busy laughing to join their captain in scolding their teammate.

Tobin shrugged helplessly, more than a little embarrassed. “I know, Cap, trust me. Now I can't even look Mrs. Wambach in the face.”

“What I want to know,” Hope managed to gasp out. “Is what those two had done to get you so tied up in knots that you got drunk.”

“It was just after the Olympics,” Tobin rubbed her face for a moment. “Christen and I were getting pretty serious and Alex’s behavior was becoming a little... erratic.”

“Erratic?” Cap questioned sharply. Alex certainly wasn't the calmest member of the team, but she tended to keep her personal life quiet.

“Yeah,” Tobin shrugged, fiddling with the hem of her shirt. “It got so bad that Sinc came by the apartment one day after practice and talked to her for a long time.”

The group went silent, Pinoe no longer laughing and any sense of humor gone from Hope’s eyes. The group now wondering what Sinc could possibly have said, and even more, if this had been the start of what would grow into her heat suppression.

“Did you ever ask her about it?” Hope asked, her voice coming off with an edge. She wasn’t a fan of the Canadian, though to be fair, she wasn’t really a fan of anyone other than her mates.

Tobin shook her head. “I...I didn’t even remember that until you started asking about that night I got drunk. Alex got better, more like the old Alex, after that.”

“Do you think it could have...you know, started this,” Kling said, her hands gesturing to nothing in the air.

The midfielder just shrugged, the idea that Sinc might have known about Alex’s heat suppression and her crush on the Alpha pair was spinning in her head now, angering her normally calm inner Alpha. She trusted Christine normally, but when it came to her Omega, no one was safe.

Christie rubbed the young Alpha’s shoulder. “Don’t worry, so much. We’ll call her together and see if she can’t offer some insight into the enigma that is Alex Morgan.”

“Amy didn’t want dogs.” The words rushed out of Lauren's mouth so quickly that the midfielder blushed, but she couldn't take the almost oppressive silence anymore.

And true to a silent promise that she had made to Tobin, she was keeping an eye on Alex. The omega forward was slowly starting to tense up the longer this went on, withdrawing more and more into her chair.

“Amy loves Loki,” Whit muttered in disbelief.

And it was true, Amy did love Loki, almost as much as she loved her mate and child.

“Yeah, well Amy also thinks that he just showed up.” Lauren rubbed the back of her neck for a moment. “I got him from a family across town that was going to take him to the pound.”
The corners of Alex’s mouth curled at the edges. “Lauren Cheney, Amy would kill you if she knew
that.”

Lauren shrugged. “That’s why she is never going to find out, right?”

“If any of you dare tell Boxy, I will smother you in your sleep,” HAO threatened. “But…I
destroyed her lucky sock and secretly replaced it.”

“Fuck,” Syd cursed, everyone turning to look at the woman. No one had expected the curse to
come from the woman. “She really believes in that lucky mojo shit.”

“When did you do it? And how did you manage to get it to look like the original dirty, beat up one?”

Alyssa was impressed. Heather had obviously put a lot into her master ‘Sock Replacement’ Scheme.

“I don't really want to discuss it.” Heather mumbled, a faraway look on her face.

Ali considered her small list of secrets contemplatively. Both Alphas had already let go of their
secrets, which meant it was now the Omegas turn.

Of the three Omegas, she wasn’t newly mated or fragile, which meant that she should probably go
first.

“What about you, Hope?” Tobin diverted her attention to the keeper, hoping that she could ignore
the growing pit of rage in her belly for the Canadian captain.

“I'm going to propose to Carli and Kelley when we win.” Hope managed to keep her voice calm and
level, though a bubble of giddy excitement welled up in her chest. “I have the rings picked out and
everything.”

Tobin grinned, because honestly if there was one thing in the world that could distract her from her
own problems, it was the stupidly giddy smile that Hope got whenever she talked about her mates.

“Are you planning on retiring?” Cap asked seriously. It was a well known argument issue amongst
the team, when mates were separated by club play and it added strain to the bond. Hope, Kelley and
Carli were separated by an entire country during the season. And while they handled it better than
most would, it still caused them problems.

“I'm thinking I have another year, maybe two left in me.” Hope said seriously. “I might look into
getting my coaches license, but for the most part, I'd be happy to live with those two and start raising
a family.”

Pinoe surprised everyone, diving into to hug the keeper. “I’m so proud of you, Hope. I can’t say I
know someone that deserves a family more than you.” The Beta squeezed her friend harder.

Tobin smiled. “She’s right. And before Megan calls it, I get to be godmother to any future pups!”
“Ok, ok, here goes nothing you guys.” Ali breathed out deeply, looking down at the floor where her hands were picking at her socks. “I haven’t told Ash this, but I forgot to take my birth control when we last spent time with Ella and Erin. I mean, I guess I should have mentioned that they are our complementary pair. Not that that is the point, but I, well we, had a lot of...shared sexual experiences that week. It was—”

“Ali, you’re rambling, sweetie,” Whitney said, squeezing her fellow defender’s knee.

“Fine.” Ali finally looked her fellow teammates in the eye. “I thought I was pregnant for like two and a half weeks. And...and I wasn’t sure if it was going to be Ashlyn’s or Erin’s pups. And frankly I didn't care, because that just seems like it would be the best thing in the world, having their pups.”

Listening to others talk about their significant others had always been a strange feeling to Alex. But listening to Ali, talk about wanting her Alphas pups, was another thing entirely.

Mating and pups was something that most omegas eventually wanted, though there were always exceptions to the rule. It was just the way they were wired. And there was something about the look in Ali’s eyes, when she talked about her mate and her complementary pair, you could feel the love that she had for them.

Alyssa shifted uncomfortably, very aware of the states directed at her while she twiddled her thumbs.

“I don’t know if you guys remember, but when I first got called up, I was dating a girl named Cassie. She used to play soccer too at Penn.” She looked up noting that they were all nodding their heads, this making the cramping feeling in her stomach feel so much worse. “Well I used to write her poetry. Not like everyday, but at least once a week just so she would know that I...well that I loved her I guess or thought I loved her anyway. But I guess what I'm trying to get out is that when she broke up with me, she took all the poetry that I written her and shared it with a bunch of our friends and a lot of them just were laughing and making fun of me for it. It's the reason I don't talk with many people from college. I just... I was so broken after that. I couldn't believe she would do something like that.”

Tears flowed down the keeper’s face. Becky wasn't normally good at comforting anyone other than her omega and sometimes Kelley when she got overly emotional about some fight she was having with her alphas. Still the defender didn't hesitate to wrap her fellow alpha in her arms letting her cry until the tears became nothing more than sniffles.

“It's ok, Lys,” she whispered into the younger girl’s hair. “That won’t ever happen again. We will never let anyone like that near you again, ok? You're safe with us.”

HAO whipped the tears that had fallen from her own eyes. She hadn't ever been as close to the Naehler as some of the others on the team, but she still considered the girl part of her weird and wacky family. “I will totally kill her for you if you want.”

This earned a watery chuckle from the tearful woman.

“Hell girl, I'll even help you hide that bitch’s body,” Syd offered, not the first time having offered such a favor to a teammate.
“What about you, Squirrel?” Ashlyn laughed. “What big bad secret have you been hiding from your teammates?”

The Omega grimaced. She had long and hard about what she should share, but after Ash and JJ’s truth, she felt she had offer something just as good. She hadn’t planned to share this particular secret, but in truth, it had been eating away at her slowly.

“Ok, but you guys have to promise not to tell Hope or Carli.”

Kling clapped her friend on the back. “Oh no, what did you do, Kel?”

“Just promise, ok?” Kelley nervously played with her fingers, bending them until they started to hurt from the odd angels.

“Fine,” they are all agreed. “We promise.”

“We’ll we were all really drunk one night and...I may have used Hope’s old polaroid camera to take a picture of them, when they were naked and..Hope was tied to Carli,” Kelley winced as she said the last bit.

“Squirrel, you better have destroyed that picture,” Ash hissed. She could only imagine how pissed Erin and her would have been if Ella or Ali had done that. Not to mention, Hope had already had her privacy violated once; the nudes she had taken on her phone hacked and shared for all the internet to view. If Hope found out about this, Kelley would be banned from their room for the rest of the camp, if not longer.

The Omega groaned. “They just look so beautiful...I couldn’t get rid of it!”

“Please tell me you have it somewhere safe at least?” JJ asked, feeling like her friend was in some serious trouble on this one.

“Well ummmmm….about that, I may have misplaced it?”

“How did we not know you used to fangirl over Cap?” Alyssa asked.

“Well I managed not to squeal like you did,” Syd said, rolling her eyes.

Almost all of the new girls had sequeled meeting the Christie Rampone. She was a legend both on and off the field. Syd, though, was known for giving some of the newbies crap over their fangirl nature. She had particularly tortured Moe for two months when the Omega had fangirled over both Cap and Abby.

“None of you tell Moe.”

“You are seriously the worst,” Amy said, shaking her head. Glad she hadn’t admitted to her school girl like crush on Christie when she had originally gotten her call up. It was just a thing, loving Christie Rampone. How could you not love that icon?
“Ali kind of already knows this because we played on Tyreso at the same time, but I dated Marta during that time.”

“Wow,” Carli whistled, her eyebrows raising. She hadn’t expected her teammate to have dated the Brazilian. The woman was one hot Alpha. “That’s impressive.”

“That’s not really the secret though.” Whitney grimaced looking around. Her eyes met Ali’s. Her fellow defender had been there during the relationship, but she hadn’t known how close the two actually were. “I almost mated her. Like we were planning to until I went to play for the Houston Dash. We were taking a break since we were so far apart, and we both had needs so we agreed that we could see others and well that’s when Becky asked me out. I didn’t expect to like her so much, but I knew from the end of that date that Marta wasn’t the one for me.”

“Does Becky know?” Ali questioned softly, something about Whit’s shameful tone resonating against her own instincts.

“No,” Whit muttered, fiddling with her phone. “It’s never really come up, and after all this time, I can’t bring myself to do it.”

“I punched Ash in the face because she made Whit cry.” Becky’s voice was so serious that HAO and Syd almost thought that she was kidding.

Alyssa on the other hand, knew all about an Alpha's instinct to protect. Especially when newly mated.

“You broke her cheekbone!” They all remembered the injury Ash had had not to long ago, but it seemed ridiculous to think the defender could have done something like that to her teammate.

“She made Whit cry,” Becky reiterated stonily.

Finally realizing that Becky wasn't kidding, the two omegas exchanged glances, each making a mental note to never make Whit cry.

“You broke her face!” Alyssa almost shouted, shocked she would have done something so...so Alpha. Of course Ash had said that it was from a surfing accident and they had all had no reason to doubt her at the time. Knowing the truth now however changed things.

“Yeah, never get on Broony’s bad side,” Syd chuckled, mentally adding the woman to her list of ‘if I ever need help murdering someone’.

“Sarah and I are separated.” The secret slipped out of Abby's mouth so quietly that it almost wasn't heard.

“What?” Moe’s expression was lost, eyes wide with a hint of growing distress. The poor omega had received a ridiculous amount of bad news that day, and it was unbalancing her. “Why?”

“These things happen kid,” Boxxy soothed gently, one hand reaching out to pat Abby's shoulder.

Abby's marital problems may have been a secret for the newer players, but it was as plain as day to
those who knew the couple. The forward’s moods were so much more erratic as of late, especially after getting off the phone with Sarah. It was the reason the Alpha was currently paying US Soccer for a dent in one of the lockers, having let her anger get the best of her after one particularly rough practice.

“It's already getting better,” Abby agreed, despite the doubt that lingered in her mind. “Every couple has their rough moments and as soon as this World Cup is over, we can focus more on us.”

Moe shook her head nodding, though not able to stop the fear that coiled in her stomach. Ali and Ashlyn would definitely be finding the midfielder in their bed that night. She looked up to them, ‘the perfect couple’. They often held the Omega when things became to rough for the younger girl to handle.

She thought Abby and Sarah were so solid. If they could break up, then anyone on the team could do the same. None of them were safe: Lauren and Amy, Becky and Whitney, not to mention Hope, Carli, Kelley. The team always felt the tremors of every fight the threesome had; if they broke up, then the damage would be catastrophic to them all. The Omega didn’t even want to think about the latest couple. Tobin, Christen, and Alex were unstable as it was. What if they couldn’t make it work either?

“You guys know how I like to prank some of you?” Kling asked, smirking when she received the middle finger from both Ash and JJ, two victims of her most recent nefarious plot. “Well I was trying to play one on team O’Harli but—”

“Oh my god,” KO exclaimed, hitting the girl on the head with a pillow. “You are so lucky Hope and Carli didn’t kill you.”

“Oh trust me they were too busy doing something else.” The smirk on Klings face was absolutely filthy.

“What were they doing?” Ash questioned warily.

“They were KOing KO into the mattress.” Kling’s smirk only grew wider.

“What? Why don't I remember this?” Kelley questioned, not an ounce of embarrassment to her name.

“Well,” Kling drawled. “It's pretty hard to see when you're getting it from both ends.”

Ashlyn chortled while JJ made gagging noises.

“Wait when exactly did you do this?”

“Are you saying you get it like that so much you don’t know when Kling could have possibly seen you?” Ash asked, trying both to embarrass her friend and generally curious because if they did it like that all the time, she was definitely going to need to ask Carli and Hope for some tips on their stamina and technique. She and Erin had only done that once or twice, normally only when they were both in rut and even that had been a major stress to their systems, leaving the two Alphas with hangover like symptoms the next day.

Kelley actually blushed this time. “I don’t believe that’s any of your business, Harris.”
“Oh my god you guys! She totally does.” The tiny defender clutched her side already hurting from laughing so hard. She never knew her secret would result in such wonderful blackmail opportunities.

“You all are just jealous,” Kelley said, burying herself in the blankets they had brought, refusing to come up again until they apologized with an improv ‘silly sorry song’, something she often made her mates do when they upset her.

Alex blew a deep breath through her mouth, opening her eyes only when there was no air left in her lungs. “I guess it’s my turn.”

Nausea had settled firmly in the pit of her stomach, the closer it had gotten to it being her turn. There was no technique that would make the process easier. This secret, this tiny and broken piece of her psyche would have to crawl its way out of her throat, it was so shameful to the forward.

“Take your time,” Lauren looped an arm around the Omegas shoulders, drawing her into a side hug. “We have all day, if you need it.”

“I just…” the Omega choked on her own words. “I don’t even know how to say it.”

Ali moved to sit in front of the forward, placing her hands on the woman’s knees. “Alex, I need you to just listen to me, ok? Take a deep breath, and let it out. Now another deep breath, and out. Good good. Just focus on the feeling of my hands on your knees and Lauren’s arm around you. You are here with us. People who love you. No matter what you have to say, it won’t change our love for you. It can only help, getting out whatever you have to say.”

Whitney moved behind Ali, putting her head on her fellow defender’s shoulder. They had both done something similar for Ash time and time again as the Alpha was prone to both bouts of depression and intense anxiety. Breathing and feeling often helped in such difficult times. It seemed to help the trembling Omega before them as well as they all moved closer so their physical presence could be felt.

“Sinc was trying to look out for me.” The words scraped against her tongue, an almost physical reminder that even coming off of one of her greatest moments, she had been broken.

“What does Sinc have to do with anything?” Against her better judgement, Carli stopped the Omegas train of thought. The Canadian Alpha had promised Cap that she would keep an eye on the younger US players, something that all of the International team captains did as a courtesy.

“She was just trying to help.” Alex whimpered, curling in as tight as she could. “She set me up with this person. A friend of hers because I didn’t want to go out, as you all know now, because I was in love already, but my body seemed even more needy. It wanted an alpha’s knot. At the time I thought it was ok with just having any alpha’s knot.”

The Omega went quiet, her eyes looking far away. She was somewhere in her head at a different time and place, far away from her friends. This worried the players more than they cared to admit. Their Alex might just be more damaged than any of them had ever realized before.

“Al, sweetie, you’ve been denying yourself that for months now,” Lauren reminded her as several moments of silence passed, pulling her from her own mind with as she tightened her arms around the Omega letting her know they were still there. She did not get where this story was going, but she knew whatever it was leading to, she wasn’t going to like it. “Did Sinc know about all of this ,” she
gestured in the air, “that you were hurting yourself so badly?”

None of them could believe, nor wanted to believe, that their friend would not have told them about Alex’s condition. The Canadian forward was just too nice and thoughtful.

“I tried to take her knot but, my body, it just rejected it.” The phantom memory of gut wrenching pain echoed through her body, causing the omega to flinch. “Alison, the Alpha, took me to the ER. I was referred to an Internal Specialist and they put me on the suppressants. Alison wanted to tell Sinc, but I made her promise not to. It wasn’t her fault that I couldn’t take it.”

The shame filled confession was heartbreaking, a look at the damage done to the young woman.

“When did this happen, Alex?” A seething pit of rage built in Carli’s stomach. They had trusted the Canadian with their younger players, and it turned out that she hadn’t quite measured up to the job.

“Just after the Olympics,” Alex confessed. “Right after Christen’s first cap.”

Chapter End Notes

A: So everyone...I want reviewers to leave a comment voting which 'secret' they'd like me to write out in a one-shot. I'm only going to write one so choose wisely. Be specific it can either be them sharing their secret with their significant other or me writing out the secret in present time showing how it happened. However anything involving Alex's secret will be written about here so don't pick that one.
Gang Up on Sinc

Chapter Summary

Tobin and Christian find out the truth about their future mate and Sinclair is on the receiving end of a lot of angry Alphas.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lauren walked out of the room, her feelings jumbled in a mixed basket of emotion donuts. On one hand, she wanted to kill whoever had hurt Alex on instinct. The girl had wormed her way into almost every player’s heart. Lauren’s big bleeding heart was no exception, especially now that Alex was looking to mate one of the New Kids. On the other hand, she wanted to find out more before they took any action; she was one of the more sensible Alphas after all.

She had so many things flitting through her mind that she didn’t notice Tobin and Christian on the other side of the door until she ran into them. Carli, who had been following her out, crashed into her with a thump from behind. It was a four person pile up.

“Where do you think you two are going?” Cheney asked. Her eyes narrowed as the four allowed for some space.

Tobin looked her friend back in the eye, trying to stare her down. “Now that you guys are leaving, we are going to see Lex.”

“Oh no you don’t,” Carli said, grabbing the back of Press’s hoodie as she tried to sidestep them. “Alex needs some time to herself.”

“Why?” The growl rumbled out of Christen’s throat, her green eyes narrowed dangerously.

“She just needs some time,” Lauren spoke, her voice soothing. The duo were dangerously close to the edge. It was obvious that their link to the Omega was in full effect, allowing them to feel the emotional pain and sorrow Alex was going through at the moment.

Cheney didn’t doubt that she and Carli could keep control of both Tobin and Christen if it came down to it. But Alex was on the other side of that door, and the last thing that she needed was being crowded by the two Alphas. But even more so, she didn’t need an all-out Alpha war over who got to see her when. It would inevitably lead to the young Omega feeling even more guilty. “She had a rough time talking.”

There was a pause. Christen’s puppy dog eyes watched the door, her heart wanting to be on the other side with their future mate. Rationally, she knew the Alphas wouldn’t be keeping them from Alex unless their presence would only make things worse.

Suddenly Tobin spoke, her voice almost a whisper. Only with their Alpha ears were they barely able to catch it. “It...it didn't have anything to do with Sinc did it?”

“How did you…” Carli started, amazed and suspicious of how exactly Tobin knew that. Had her fellow middy not told them everything she knew about Alex’s sickness? If there was even a tiny bit
of information held back that might have saved Alex one iota of pain, then there was going to be hell to pay.

Lauren cut her off. “I think we need to talk to our lovely Canadian captain. Carli, why don't you take them to where the other vets are meeting?”

At the end of their respective meetings, Carli and Hope had sent almost simultaneous messages about needing the vets to talk to Sinc. Apparently, they both knew something was up. The Canadian obviously knew something about Alex they didn't. Fortunately, KO had accidentally been included in those messages. She was very helpful in suggesting to bring JJ along for the sole purpose of getting Christine to answer her phone. If it didn't come from the cute blonde defender, she probably wouldn't answer the American's call so close to a tournament for fear of them trying to psych her out.

The plan didn't originally include having Tobin and Christen there for the call. They were both too volatile, what with the prospect of protecting their future mate and feeling Alex’s torrent of emotions through their fledgling bond. Now, it seemed plans had changed.

“What about Sinc?” Christen asked, glaring at Tobin. What did her mate know that she didn't? They told each other everything.

Tobin's body language became stiffer, her eyes flicked towards Cheney and she jerked her chin left. It seemed to be a signal, for what neither Cheney or Carli knew, because Christen growled again.

“All right, you two,” Lauren started to herd the younger Alphas down the hall. “Let's have a team meeting.”

Carli manhandled Christen, following the two midfielders, mind turning over the information that she had and the information that she most likely didn't have.

And in that was the knowledge of Alex's trauma. Rejecting a knot was akin to a sexual assault - it was painful, a tormenting memory that included severe pain and often tearing and other trauma.

If Alex had hidden that since 2013, had suppressed her heats out of fear and pain, then she had a steep hill to climb before she was even considered sound again.

Lauren stopped, remembering what she had been thinking about when she first left the room. “Carli, make sure they get to the room and don't call Sinc by themselves. I have to talk to Amy. Wait for me to get there to start, ok? I think I can help Tobin and Christen’s mood a little.”

The group looked at her quizzically but she just waved them off as she took off to find her mate. Ryan was with the baby sitter today. Hopefully, Amy had not yet to pick him up. He would not appreciate being dropped right back off with the sitter. He already complained about missing his two mommas.

Lauren needed Amy’s help on this one. She might just be able to help Alex work through some stuff, and with any luck, keep Tobin and Christen from falling too far into the pit of Alex’s despair. Things could be fixed. Baby Horse was used to Amy, more so than the other two Omegas that had been left with her. Ali and Whit were nice, but they weren’t as close to the suffering forward.

Lauren stalked down the hall, following her bond to Amy. The forward was picking up trash from the snacks that her group had had during “story time”.

“Hey Babe,” Amy's bright voice cut through the Alphas building rage. “How was it with your group?”
“Not so good,” Lauren tugged her mate away from their teammates. Dropping her voice so that only her mate could hear her. She spoke quickly, “I need you to go to the conference room where we started this morning and help Ali and Whit. Alex's secret was a bit more involved than we thought it would be and she's really emotional.”

Amy nodded once and separated from her mate to head towards the conference room. ‘Emotional’ was the word that the team used when an Omega was so volatile that they might lash out against someone that they didn't know very well.

It was best if they were only around their Alpha(s) or another Omega that they felt safe with. Amy was that one for her.

Whit was fairly new to the team, and Ali had been out for about a year with her knee injury. Pia had often practiced the idea of housing people with the ones that they shared a position or close field relationship with, to foster a relationship between the two players.

Amy had grown close to Alex, and vice versa.

“Is there anything I should know?” The Omega asked.

Lauren hesitated before sighing. “She rejected an Alpha’s knot a little over two and a half years ago.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah, this just got deeper than we ever could have dreamed.”

“What do you mean, Tobin Powell Heath?” Christen growled. She was finally hearing what her mate knew about Sinc in regards to Alex.

“I just didn't remember, babe. I swear! I would have told you otherwise.”

“What did she do to her?” Christen was walking a fine line. She could feel Tobin's anger through their bond, fueling her own. And the aching, heart wrenching fear from Alex was just driving it up a notch.

“I don't know.” Tobin murmured honestly. “But I'm going to find out.”

Amy walked into the conference room and paused to assess the situation.

Ali was crouched in front of Alex, rubbing her knee gently, trying to get her to calm down. Whit hovered behind the other defender, painfully unsure of what to do. Both of the Omegas were as far away from Alex as possible, while trying to keep her from feeling like she had been left alone.

Amy walked forward, drawing the forward into her arms and lap, murmuring gently into her ear when the younger forward struggled slightly.

Hearing Amy's gentle voice calmed Alex down slightly.

In Alex's mind, Amy was safe. She was an Omega that Alex knew exceptionally well. And she was mated - although so were the other two - but with Amy, she was safe. She had always been safe.

Tears streamed down Alex’s face, finally letting the emotions that had been building up inside out. She was safe. She could fall apart now.
“Hey, babe,” Sinc said, her voice dropping an octave. A tone she only used with JJ. “Missing your favorite forward?”

The blonde defender winced. She should have warned Christine before the Canadian started talking. The others, especially the Alphas, already had their protective behavior on high alert with Alex. The room stunk of it. The last thing the Omega wanted was them going after her ‘booty call’ or whatever it was they had.

Hope let out a low growl. Christie, who was sitting next to the keeper and usually the one to keep things in control, did nothing. Her face showing her equal displeasure with Sinclair.

Boxxy snatched the phone from the Omega’s hand, her expression darkening even more as Abby ushered JJ out the door.

The Omega didn’t need to hear this.

“JJ?” Sinc’s voice softened with concern.

“No, Sinc,” Boxxy rumbled, continuing on before Sinc could interrupt. “We need to chat, and just so you know, you have all of the US vets here as well as Tobin and Christen Press.”

The more formal tone told Sinc that something was wrong. By unspoken agreement, the captains of the different teams spoke one-on-one so that everyone was on an equal footing. It was a concerted effort to keep the territorial Alphas calm if the subject of conversation was sensitive.

Whole group of Alphas ganging up on one indicated that a territorial or agreed upon line had been breached.

Right now, the U.S. Alphas wanted Sinc to be afraid, subconsciously trying to make the Canadian mimic Alex’s fear and uncertainty.

They wanted Sinc to feel hunted.

“About what?” Sinc tried to remain calm, something that was more difficult than it should have been, considering she doubted it was her relationship with JJ that the Americans were upset about. That left a very limited list of things that it could be.

And none of them were good.

“How about the fact that you let Alex suffer through heats unattended?” Carli snarled, eyes flashing dangerously. “Or that you felt her situation desperate enough to try and intervene, but didn’t see fit to inform anyone else?”

Christie growled a low warning at the midfielder, trying to keep the conversation at least somewhat civil. Hope growled back, low and dangerous, even as she wrapped an arm around the midfielder’s shoulders to draw her closer. Boxxy took a step back, conceding ground as she eyed Carli, hackles raising at the unexpected display of temper.

The keeper was as shocked as everyone else. The bond between the two alphas seethed with rage, and when prodded, a flood of new emotions came through. More of the white hot anger, a tinge of shame and a deep, overwhelming sadness.
Carli was the most reserved Alpha on the team. She wasn't prone to outbursts on or off the field, she didn't hold grudges and she generally kept to herself.

That Carli Lloyd was pissed enough to attack another Alpha that wasn't trying to poach on her mates, was a bad sign.

“Fuck,” Sinc cursed. She had hoped the whole ‘Alex situation’ would never come back to bite her in the ass. “Listen, I’m sorry. Alex...she had it under control when I last talked to her. She seemed fine. I trusted her to take care of it.”

Carli laughed, a cold and distant sound. “And you just thought it was fixed? She fucking rejected a knot. Your friend’s knot.”

Tobin and Christen gasped, this being the first time they had heard what exactly happened to Alex. The others had refused to tell them before the call for fear they would go off the wall.

Tobin’s intake of air, immediately turned into a deep rumble, starting in her chest and coming out as a low, reverberating growl. Christen was too shocked. Everything was being put into place in her mind. Alex’s hesitance. Alex’s heat cycle. Her lack of trust. Everything was so fucked up in a way that was almost damning their fate as future mates. Their timeline was blown to hell.

“What did you do?” Tobin’s growl amped up to a full snarl, teeth flashing dangerously as she spoke. “And why didn’t you tell me?”

Christine could hear the anger in her NWSL teammate. “Listen, I called Buelher, ok? She was the most senior player on your team at the time. She said she would get in touch with y’all.”

The emphasis on Sinc having been fine just passing the buck to Buelher boggled the midfielders mind. The Canadian should have told Tobin. She knew that the midfielder was Alex’s best friend, or was at least supposed to be.

Dammit, she had been the one that needed to know.

Buelher had been battling concussion symptoms and had barely been able to handle herself, much less Alex. No wonder none of them had ever heard of the incident. Buelher probably didn’t even remember Sinc’s call. Just to be safe, Christie left the room to call their old teammate, who they would later learn confirmed having no memory of Alex situation or Captain Canada’s call.

“What. The. Hell. Happened?” Tobin enunciated every word carefully, making sure that there was no room for misinterpretation. If Sinc had hurt Alex, Canada might just need a new captain.

“I set her up with a friend,” Sinc explained quickly. She had been on a team with hot tempered Alphas before. She knew when to call it quits and come clean with every little dirty detail you had. “I knew Alison from college. She’s a healthy, athletic unattached Alpha. And for a lack of a better term, Alex needed to be fucked. That’s what they both agreed too.”

Tobin paled with rage, silently vowing to have a little chat with Captain Canada the next time she saw her. Christen gripped her, nails digging into her arm as she fought her own building rage.

“You mean you basically forced her to have sex with a stranger?” Carli sneered, mind flashing back to Alex’s fear. “And you didn't tell anyone besides a defender with a concussion who could barely remember what day of the week it was?”

“No one forced Alex to do anything!” Sinc snapped, teeth actually clicking on the other end of the line. “She needed it! I offered someone that I knew she would be safe with. It's not like they just
went and fucked. Alison had pulled out all the stops, taking her all over the place for their date. Then well...you know.”

“You still could have fucking told us about her body rejecting your friend’s knot,” Carli pointed out. She understood things a little better but still wasn’t happy.

“She begged me not to. Have you seen that girl cry? She was a sobbing mess. And it's not like I didn’t do a follow up check, she set up a meeting with a therapist. Whether she went...I’m not so sure now.”

“It’s Alex,” Lauren interrupted sharply. “She didn't want it to become a big deal, she didn’t want to be a burden. And you didn't even bother to find out why she was avoiding a knot. You probably made her feel guilty that she would be taking attention away from everyone else's pursuits to worry about her. She felt pressured, like she had no other choice. So she did.”

“I wanted her to get better on her own,” Sinc tried, knowing that ‘yes’, she had messed up, but the Americans were blowing her part way out of proportion. She understood, one of their own was hurting, and they needed an Alpha to take their anger out on. “Because I knew everyone else was having there own issues.”

“Issues?” Boxxy questioned, trying to figure out Sincs reasoning. The Canadian was too kind to have intentionally screwed Alex over. She had to have had a reason.

“Rampone was across the country with children. Abby was across the country too, only she was trying to keep her relationship from going off the rails. And Tobin? She was too wrapped up with Christen to really talk to seriously.” Sinc explained, trying to calm down. She could understand the Americans rage. Hell, if it had been one of her players, there would have already been bloodshed.

“So you spoke to Alex?” Christen grit through her teeth, trying to create a mental timeline. “What tipped you off that something was wrong?”

Christine swallowed. “We agreed to go try a new bar before the Olympics. When I went to pick her up, she was agitated and distant. I, well, my Alpha noticed that she smelled different. Something seemed to have changed with her. She was overheating. When I asked her about it, she said she was having trouble with her heats. I should have known that the moment I walked in when my...little Alpha responded to the pheromones in the apartment.”

Tobin let out a roar. “What do you mean responded? You better not have fucking touched her. I swear I will-”

“Shut up before you say something you’ll regret, Heath,” Christine growled. “I never fucking touched her ok? There was a twitch, that was all, you know how Omega heats are for unmated Alphas. But I don’t feel that way towards your Omega, so calm the fuck down.”

Christen growled, but wrapped her arms around her mate. She could feel Tobin seething through their bond. “So what happened then?”

“She asked if I knew somebody that could help her out. She seemed uncomfortable about asking though, which I thought was just because she was basically asking me to set her up. I told her Alison was available. They had met before the Olympics and seemed to hit it off but nothing ever happened. Now though, I can see she was probably hung up on the two of you at the time.”

Tobin snarled viciously, eyes blazing with rage. Her instincts were divided - rage at Sinc for mucking about where she wasn't needed and shame that Alex felt she had to hide this piece of herself
away from her best friend.

Ranpone breathed through her nose, trying to reign in her temper. She nodded to Boxy.

“Alright Sinc,” Boxy swallowed her own anger down. This was a mess of everyone's making, but now all of the players knew the whole truth or at least what they hoped was whole truth. With no more surprises, they could fix this. “We’ll talk later. We need to calm Tobin and Christen down.”

“Alright,” the Canadian forward felt sick. “Keep me updated.”

“Wait,” Abby said, stopping Boxy from hanging up the phone. “We need to have a chat about something else.”

“What now?” the Canadian huffed.

Christie caught the forward's eye, understanding exactly what was going on. She pointed to Boxy and then at Christen and Tobin. The defensive midfielder got the message taking the two out of the room.

“What exactly are your intentions with JJ?” Christie asked, her voice as serious as it was before. It was time for the Sinc shake down, which before could have waited until after the tournament. Now, though, they already had her own the phone. Why waste the opportunity?

Julie had a special place in the older defender’s heart. She saw a lot of herself in the bubbly blonde and had even come to think of her almost as a kid sister, someone she and the other vets would go at any links to protect.

“Uhhhh…” Sinc mumbled, not expecting this turn in conversation. “Ummmm…”

Chapter End Notes

We Back! What you think?
Chapter Summary

A sleepy Alex talks to Amy and her future mates.

“Lex,” Amy whispered. “Just breathe with me.”

The older Omega put Alex’s hand on her chest, letting her feel every intake of breath as she let it in and then let it out again. The poor girl had started to hyperventilate almost as soon as the tears began to fall.

Alex struggled to draw her breath in evenly - her lungs burned and struggled to get the air she so desperately needed.

She knew that most of this was her fault. She was a grown ass woman; she should have never let it get as far as needing Sinc to help. She should have been an adult and handled it on her own, but the idea of it, seeking out someone who hadn’t been Tobin or Christen, had been impulsive.

And then Sinc had been there, concerned, but also quietly disapproving.

“I’m…” she gasped out as she tried to draw breaths as tears streamed down her face, tasting salt on her tongue as she opened her mouth. “I’m sorry.”

“Lexy Bear,” Amy soothed. “Nothing’s your fault. Or anyone’s fault for that matter. Not Tobin’s. Or Christen’s. Or even Sinc’s. It was just a bad set of circumstances in an even worse situation.”

Alex made a sound of disagreement as she looked away, not willing to believe the truth in her friend’s words. Amy grabbed her chin, turning her face so she was forced to look the older woman in the face.

“You listen to me, Alex Morgan,” Amy said, more firmly this time. “This woman. This isn’t you. You are strong and brave...and Alex fucking Morgan. You have made one mistake. Do you know what that is?”

Alex’s tears had stopped flowing, but her eyes still held them, waiting for the cue to let the next round fall. “I fell for a mated pair?”

Amy smiled bitterly. “No, silly. Those two love you. The mistake you made was not coming to me or one of the others. You need to talk to us. Be open. That’s the only way we can get through this. This weird little family of ours can’t survive without you telling us when something is bothering you no matter how small or, in this case, big it is.”

Alex curled further into Amy, hiding her eyes in the blonde’s neck. “What if they weren’t ready? I could have lost them. I could have lost everyone.”

“You’ll never lose all of us, Lex.” Amy punctuated the statement by pressing a gentle kiss to Alex’s forehead. “You’ll never lose those two loons either. You belong here, with us. And we’re here for you. We always will be.”
“Do you think it’ll all be happy one day, all of us?” Alex asked, her voice small.

Amy let her small smile form into something more real. “You want to know what I see for the future?”

Alex nodded, not moving her head from where it was tucked against the older woman.

“I see me pregnant, for the final time hopefully. Lauren and I want a big family, so at least five. A whole handful of little pups running around. Maybe even an adopted one or two. I see you next to me, pregnant with your second set of twins. You always did have to outdo everyone, Lexy,” she said, feeling the Omega against her chuckling. “Tobin is going to be better that pregnancy. For your first, she was nuts, constantly wanting you off your feet. Though, to be fair, she wasn’t as bad as Christen. She was a health food nut, and she could smell even the smallest bit of chocolate in your house. She also signed you up for every yoga class they had for pregnant Omegas. Then after the babies, the first set of twins, you and she took them to a Mommy and me yoga class together. Tobin went but she was too busy filming every little thing and posting it. I mean, I was bad with Ryan, but she was nuts.”

Alex giggled again, feeling lighter. “Tell me about the others,” she demanded, her voice almost excited now.

“Whitney’s first kid is an Omega girl, and Becky won’t let anyone around them, especially not the Alphas on the team. Poor, Ash. She basically cried when Becky wouldn’t let her hold her niece. Syd—”

“No tell me more about Ashlyn and what happens to her and Ali,” Alex begged. Her emotions were turning more into a mix of sad and remorse. It was coming through the bond, that much she could tell. She was desperate not to feel that way. She wouldn’t let whatever Christen and Tobin were feeling twist her own emotions. She was just starting to feel better, Amy’s soothing pheromones surrounding her like the softest, warmest cashmere blanket.

“Oh those two? They had a whole litter. All of them are put on a surfboard as soon as they can walk. And let’s not forget Uncle Kyle. Can’t you just see him giving all the little ones their first haircut.”

“And team O’Harli?”

Amy actually laughed at this one. “If my guess is right, Kelley is going to get pregnant after the next Olympics, if not before.”

“How many kids do they have,” the younger Omega asked, yawning.

“Four in total. Hope and Carli couldn’t keep her hands off Kelley, and we both know that Kelley just pretends to protest. She wants as many pups as they do.”

“That sounds nice.” Alex murmured, starting to relax.

She could nap, just like this - curled into Amy where she was safe and warm.

Amy hummed gently, relaxing back to give Alex a better position.

She knew Alex was probably exhausted. It had been a long week, and they were headed into their first game in a couple of days.

And with the Alphas all kinds of pissed off, a nap didn’t sound like a bad idea.
“Tobin, do you feel that?” Christen asked. Her eyelids were feeling heavy.

The midfielder was smiling. “You mean, Alex? Yeah, I think she’s getting sleepy.”

The two Alphas strolled down the hallway. There was no need to rush, not while Alex was this calm.

As they neared their original room, they paused long enough to share a kiss before separating.

Like Alex and probably the rest of the team, they were exhausted.

A nap sounded like a fantastic idea. And with the bond opened up, they could feel Alex’s contentment.

--- 3 Hours Later ---

Alex felt someone shaking her awake. “Honey, I need you to wake up.”

“Whaa-” The young Omega said, slowing waking up. She hadn’t felt that good taking a nap in a long time.

It was Amy waking her up, but her nose noticed something different. She turned seeing a lazy looking Christen. She was just sitting in the corner, her back against Tobin’s chest. The two were just sitting there, looking at her. The Alphas had gotten up an hour ago, changed into some sweats and gone to find their girl, knowing that they needed to talk sooner, rather than letter.

“Hey,” Alex said, her voice soft.

“I’m going to let you guys talk. Is that ok with you Lex or do you want me to stay?” Amy asked, looking straight into the other Omega’s eyes, searching for any signs of discomfort.

Alex shook her head. “Go. I’ll be fine.”

Amy offered Alex a small smile and sent a stern look to the two Alphas.

The message was clear: don’t fuck up.

Tobin huffed at the tiny blonde irritability as the forward bounced out of the room.

Christen ignored the New Kids by play, easing off her mate and heading towards Alex.

The Omega wasn’t raising her eyes from the floor, waiting patiently for whatever the Alphas had to say. She knew that they knew everything by now.

Christen scooped the Omega up in her arms, carrying her back to Tobin. Christen eased down, her back against the wall before settling the Omega against her chest.

They sat there for several minutes, just breathing in the scent of each other.

“I’m going to be up front,” Tobin finally broke the silence. “I’m probably going to hit Sinc in the face.”

“You’d better not.” Alex gave the midfielder a firm look over her shoulder. “She was just trying to
“That’s not why I’m going to hit her,” Tobin huffed, tugging on the forward until she was sprawled across both Alphas’ laps. “I’m thinking about hitting her because she should have told me instead of Buelher.”

Alex opened her mouth to argue when Christen interrupted.

“We know you asked her not too, Al,” Christen ran her hand through Alex’s hair. “But the point is that something was wrong, and she had promised to look after you.”

“We’re going to talk,” Christen tossed an unimpressed look at the midfielder. “Because it has come to our attention that there hasn’t been a lot of information sharing going on.”

Alex swallowed, tension building in her stomach at the mere thought of having to talk about this. But she knew, in her head, that it needed to be done. They were all adults here, and if they were going to proceed with this mating, then there needed to be some serious conversations.

“So what do you want to know?” Alex asked. Her chest hurt like she was going to have a panic attack, but Christen’s fingers tracing patterns on her wrist kept her grounded. She wondered vaguely if Amy had taught her that trick. It was something the older Omega used to do when Alex had had panic attacks in the past.

Alex’s feet were in Tobin’s lap. Her head in Christen’s.

The midfielder massaged a sensitive area on the Omega’s sock covered foot. Alex had taken off her shoes halfway through her original little share session. Some things about her future Alphas were starting to rub off on her already.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Tobin asked. She didn’t look Alex in the face. It was something that had been aching like a throb in the back of her mind since learning the Omega’s truth.

Alex’s mind swirled with answers, most were excuses. She went with the truth. “I was afraid.”

Christen wanted to sigh. For someone who was a fearless forward on the field, Alex was a shaking ball of fear when it came to emotions. “Why?”

“I was afraid that if I talked to you, I would tell you the truth.” The next words caught in her throat. “I was afraid that if I did, I would tell you how far gone I was on you Tobin. I had just started to like Christen too. So had you. If I said something, to either of you, I was afraid I wouldn’t be what you chose.”

And that was the problem, wasn’t it? Perception of a situation or imagined loss. Alex had cut her losses before she had even really thought about it, determined that it would hurt less if she did it to herself.

“You’re our choice, Al,” Tobin bent close to the forwards ear, so there would be no misunderstanding to her words. “Your smile, your heart - it completes us. Makes us whole again, better. We didn’t really know it then, not really, but our inner Alphas had an idea. And now that we have you, we won’t let you go so easily.”

“You're ours, little one,” Christen added gently. The older forward tilted Alex's face upwards. “And we'll do everything we can to make this easy on you, but there can be no more secrets.”

“How are we going to make this work?” The Omega asked. It was another fear that had been
niggling at her heart. She would be going to Orlando, Christen would be in Chicago, and Tobin would stay in Portland. There was no way they could be together during the NWSL season.

“Stop thinking how it’s not going to work,” Christen soothed. “Think of how great it will be. And during the offseason, we’ll all be in one place.”

“But that’s such a long time,” Alex said, her big doe eyes looking at the Alpha forward.

It was Tobin that spoke though, tugging on the Omega’s toe. “I promise we will miss you so much. I missed Christen so much last season, but you know what? We facetime all the time and during bye-weeks, we flew out to support each other.”

“And we were together during national team games during the regular season, which will be so amazing when we are finally mated and Jill has to go by FIFA rules and put us together in one room every tournament, every friendly, and most importantly camps. This time it’ll be you helping Toby find her missing cleats.”

“Oh thank the Lord, you can get your ass up to do yoga in the morning with Christen.”

Said Alpha swatted her mate, pretending to be annoyed. She knew Tobin wasn’t necessarily an early riser. She was more of a late bird. In that respect, they were total opposites. Maybe a cuddly Alex could encourage them both to spend more time in bed, both in the morning and turning in early at night.

Alex leaned against Christen, humming in thought.

It certainly wouldn’t be the same as constantly being in the same city or club as either of them, but they would be hers. Finally, after years of pining and wanting and dreaming, they would be hers.

And while there was some risk, wasn’t that worth it for the reward of finally having them - being theirs and them being hers?

“We’ll make it work,” Alex agreed, struggling to stay awake. They still needed to cover several serious topics, but she was so damn tired, despite her nap. “Can we go back to the room and lay together?”

Tobin looked to Christen. Both had small smiles on their faces. “Sure, whatever you want Lex”

Christen supported Alex while Tobin stood. The midfielder picked up the Omega, carrying her bridal style. Alex immediately nuzzled into Tobin's neck, allowing the Alpha’s soothing scent to wash over her.

Christen grabbed her mate and future mate’s shoes. Somewhere in their conversation Tobin had removed her shoes too. The forward shook her head. Those two were certainly a handful, but she wouldn't have it any other way.

Lauren had picked up Ryan from the sitter, but he had almost immediately found himself in one of his best bud’s company. Hope smiled at the little man. Lauren looked at the keeper questioning for a moment before the older Alpha whispered that she wanted to give the couple some time, knowing that Amy had gone to console Alex.

Lauren was grateful. She loved their son, but it was hard getting alone time with her wife during camps and especially so during tournaments. It did not hurt matters that Ryan was so fond of Solo and her mates, in particular, Kelley. Kelley and the little man were as thick as thieves, constantly
getting into trouble. It was cute. Lauren could see the longing look in the defender’s Alpha mates when they watched Kelley interact with children. It would not surprise her if Carli and Hope didn’t put a baby in that one sometime soon.

Speaking of babies, Lauren’s hand skimmed her wife’s bare belly. It was still flat. Soon though, it would be swelling with a pup. The midfielder’s pride swelled. She put that baby in there. It was the physical result of their love for each other. A very welcome addition.

It wasn’t confirmed yet, but Lauren knew. Mates could always tell before the scientific tests could.

“We’ll be able to confirm it after the tournament,” Amy reminded her Alpha gently, as if reading her thoughts, before snuggling into the bed.

“I can already tell,” Lauren pressed a kiss to her mate’s neck. “We’re having another pup.”

“Just one?” the Omega asked, knowing that some Omegas had large litters.

“Nope, just one. I can feel it.”

The two cuddled into each other, enjoying the closeness of their naked bodies. Soon Ryan would be an older brother, and they’d have a baby. First, though, they had to win a World Cup.
Chapter Summary

Alex tells Tobin and Christen what happened when she rejected another alpha's knot. Also, there is a development with the couple so....

“Shhh...we can’t talk about this now,” Christen hissed.

“She needs to talk to about this, so we are ready when it's time,” Tobin whispered back. They were trying to be quiet. Alex was sleeping peacefully between them. Since they had first taken a nap together, the three had become addicted, especially Alex. The Omega found that her body rejected sleeping alone. She couldn’t fall asleep unless they were there.

The first night, she had been stubborn, waiting until 3 in the morning to finally go to Tobin’s room where she was staying with Kling. She asked only for a sweatshirt. She had a fitful two hours sleep. The next night, she had stolen Christen’s Stanford hoodie. It smelled like the tan forward. She had gotten five hours of bad sleep that night.

She seemed to be doing worse. She went to the doctor who sent her to her therapist. The therapist knew the answer almost without Alex having to say something. The bond had grown. She needed her ‘mates’. The therapist had her wife, Alex’s special doctor change the Omega’s medicine, something different for the changing situation. It was something that would get Alex’s body ready for mating in a month, two if they were lucky. It wouldn’t be so hard on her body as her previous medicine. This would be less cumbersome, allowing the Omega to use more natural remedies such as touch and smell of her bonded.

It was recommended they share the same room. The same room became the same bed. Nothing more, just the three of them cuddled up on a queen. The two Alphas sandwiched the Omega for the last three nights. It was the best sleep Alex had ever had. She had never felt so content, the Alpha’s chest rumbling lulling her into sleep every night.

The rest had paid off. Jill had let the Omega practice a little. Now Alex was shooting to play in the first game, at least a few minutes. If her begging and pleading worked, she might just get her wish. Not a starting position, but maybe a sub in. She was happy for the first time in forever. She had her mates, having worked through some things with her. Every conversation led them closer.

“She isn’t ready,” Christen argued, her head peeking out from behind Alex’s.

“What is she not ready for?” the Omega asked, her voice gravelly with sleep.

Christen looked at the sleepy Omega guiltily, wishing that she and Tobin had waited to start this particular conversation.

“We need to talk about sex.” Tobin had no qualms about bringing it up to the sleepy forward.

Alex was doing a lot better - she was sleeping better, she felt better, and she was more relaxed than she had been in a long time. The only issue was that Alex still wasn't really eating any more than she had been. Food just didn't appeal to her.
Alex tensed, just slightly, the corner of her mouth turning down, her eyes flicking between the two alphas.

If the forward had been standing, she would have started pacing.

Alex cleared her throat. “What exactly about sex, Tobin?”

She emphasized the word sex. She was not scared of sex. No, she had had plenty in her college days. But the last time she had had sex was almost two years ago. Two years ago, since an Alpha cock had penetrated her. The last time she had touched herself was over a year ago. The ache between her legs had not ended since she had first seen Tobin and only intensified when Christen came into the picture.

How was she going to approach this? She did have anxiety about this. The therapist had wanted Alex to make a timeline of her activities over the next year. Most of it involved soccer, but she had put in special days, most of them involving Tobin or Christen. Christen’s birthday had been written in big red letters. Tobin’s was in dark green cursive. They both were highlighted and underlined.

She had shown the timeline to her therapist. Susan Garza had given her an assignment a day ago. Put in details on the timeline for their relationship. Alex had looked at it last night during her alone time - when she finished dinner too early and everyone else was still eating. She had written down one thing. ‘Mating - ?’ after the World Cup. The World Cup win and then mating. She knew she couldn’t put it off too long, and her inner Omega didn’t want her to. She was anxious though.

It had hurt so badly when she had rejected Alison’s knot. It had felt like she was being ripped in half. It had taken her over a month to get the hang of walking without wincing. Tobin and Christen were packing. She knew that. She had seen them in their underwear before. There was a lingering panic that felt like a hot coil in her chest, pressing like an elephant on her lungs.

Tobin and Christen saw the fear in their Omega’s eyes. Christen shot her mate a dark look. “I told you.”

“No... I am fine... let’s talk,” Alex took a deep breath. Don’t panic. She told herself. Just use your words. “I think this is good.”

“You're afraid.” Tobin pointed out. Tact was not one of Tobin’s attributes if she felt the topic of conversation was important.

This was very important.

“I'm nervous.” Alex corrected. “It's... been a while. And the last time I had sex, it didn't end well.”

Christen frowned, her eyes flickering. She was what Tobin and the others called a bit of a ‘bleeding heart’. She cared, so much and so deeply, about the experiences of her mates, that this was a topic she had avoided so she wouldn’t cry. But she had to know about this.

“Tell us about it.” Christen’s voice made the request difficult to hear.

“I don’t remember much,” Alex said, her fingers interlacing with both women. “I... my therapist says I block it out because it was traumatic. I remember Alison. She was tall, like Hope tall and kind of butch. She had short hair blonde hair. I don’t know why I was attracted to her.”

A growl rumbled in Tobin’s throat.

“Oh shut it, you knothead,” Christen threw over Alex’s shoulder. Now was not the time for jealousy.
The Omega was theirs now. “Go ahead, little one.”

“I…well we went to this really nice place to eat. It was really expensive, but she paid for everything. She even opened the doors for me. It was sweet,” Alex said, blushing at the memory. “She...she would have made a good mate.”

Christen growled this time. She couldn’t stop herself.

“Now who’s being a knothead?” Tobin smirked. Because she was the more aggressive of the two alphas, it was rare that she got to poke fun of Christen for being aggressive. Though to be fair neither even came close to how ‘Alpha’ Carli and Hope were when it came to Kelley.

“We went back to her place,” Alex continued, raising her voice just slightly to talk over them. Her voice hitched slightly, catching in her throat as a particular memory crawled out of the depths of her brain. “I...it hurt. At first, it was just the discomfort of it, which I could ignore. And then, when the knot started to form, I felt like I was being ripped in half. It burned and I began to struggle. That's when I... was torn.”

Tobin snarled, tightening her arms around the Omega possessively. Knowing that something like that had probably happened and hearing it from the Omega, were two different things.

“She stopped,” Alex continued in a soothing voice. “And she took me to the ER.”

Christen rubbed up and down the Omega’s arm. She could smell Tobin’s agitated pheromones. She pumped out as much soothing scent as she could muster. “Tobin, be calm. This is about Alex, honey.”

Tobin took a big breath in through her nose and blew it out through her mouth. “I'm sorry. Go on.”

Alex nodded her head, scooting closer to Tobin now that she too was release soothing pheromones. “I asked her to leave. I just couldn't face her anymore. She called Sinclair. She was really good to be about it.”

Tobin brought her hand up to cup the Omega’s face. “You promise she helped? Cause I will kick her and that other stupid what's-her-name.”

Alex actually smiled. “You know her name, Toby.”

“Hmmm Allesha or something?” The Alpha said, feigning ignorance.

“It's Alison, and I'll have you know she was very nice. In fact, I saw her at the bar a little under a month ago.”

Tobin and Christen both growled this time.

Alex wriggled deeper under the covers, rolling her eyes at the pair of possessive alphas.

Maybe if she ignored their growling they would realize that it's pointless. She was theirs. She wasn't going to give that up. Though, she’d probably wait to tell them that her therapist thought it was a good idea to seek closure with Alison before the mating. She was sure they’d take splendidly.

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Alex bounced into her chair, watching the rest of the team eat breakfast.

The forward wasn't even bothering with it - she was too excited.
It was game day.

This was not a scrimmage; this was the actual thing against Australia, who they should end up beating.

They had to beat them. This was the World Cup. Do or die, there was no try. This year and for the next four years after that, the trophy would be coming home with them. The golden emblem would be emblazoned on their jerseys.

“Eat up,” Dawn said, startling Alex. She had put a bowl of oatmeal and fruit in front of the Omega. “I heard a rumor you might get the some playing time. You'll want all the energy you can get.”

Alex’s face light up as her mates faces darkened. Christen was the one to speak however. “Is that really a good idea?”

Dawn wanted to laugh. Alphas were always so protective, especially in the beginning. Kelley had to fight her Alphas tooth and nail to get back on the field after she got hurt last time. It was no different for Alex. Tobin Heath and Christen Press were handfuls.

Alex ignored her mates, bouncing out of her seat and over to Syd and Kelley. If the two alphas weren’t going to be happy that she was getting field time, then she was going to go sit with the omegas.

The omegas heads bent in conversation, Amy joining them a few minutes later.

Tobin heaved a sigh, sharing an exasperated look with Christen as Amy coaxed the younger Omega to eat some apple slices.

It was going to be a long day.

Alex twisted her body in the seat, trying to keep her head still as Amy carefully weaved a braid into it. She was trying to keep her eyes locked onto Syd and Kelley, who were teasing the defender’s mates mercilessly.

She had missed this - the sense of family that permeated the locker rooms as they all got ready to go out there.

As Amy finished her hair, an internal clock dinged and Alex quickly retreated to her locker. She slipped her headphones on over her ears and curled into the cubby, closing her eyes as she began to walk through her pregame ritual.

Tobin and Christen watched her intently for even the slightest sign of discomfort. The Omega just sat there. Music pounded through her headphones, putting her in the ‘battle zone’ as she called it. She was told she might get time on the field. It was still up in the air whether that was true or not. Jill could be unpredictable once the game started. Alex wouldn’t even be going in until the second half when the starters were getting tired, but she wanted to be prepared nonetheless.

Up until the last minute, when Dawn signaled that the non-starters should head to the bench, she was sitting in her cubby, enjoying her headspace. Tobin was going out to the bench as well. She hadn’t been playing topnotch anyway, what with all the Alex business. Not that it mattered, she was happy to sit with Alex, though she did hope to be on the field when Jill put Alex in. Christen, on the other hand, had taken her fury, her anger, and her frustration out on the field. She was a beast.

Tobin and Christen stood the moment Alex finally stepped out of her cubby. They wouldn’t interrupt
her pre-game prep.

Alex was bending to tie her shoe when the alphas approached. Tobin held out her hand, helping the Omega up as she finished lacing her cleats.

“Want to walk out together?”

Alex eyed the lanky Alpha speculatively before nodding. Tobin smirked, tugging the forward towards the door.

If anyone had been watching, they would have wondered at the predatory gleam in Christen’s eyes or the presence of that smirk on Tobin’s face.

“So I was thinking,” Tobin's voice rumbled low, warm breath curling around Alex's ear. “That we should start a new pregame ritual for the three of us.”

The couple was just outside the locker room door, before the turn for the tunnel. Fans cameras would be sticking out in the tunnel; they had to do this here.

“Like what?” Alex said, biting her lip, a light blush dusting her cheeks.

Tobin and Christen looked at each other. “Well you might know but Tobin and I usually kiss for luck before the game. Just a peck.”

“And we were wondering if we could include you on that now that we are ‘intended’?” Tobin asked, a blush reaching her own cheeks.

“Ummmm…” Alex said, stalling. This would be their first kiss. The first time their lips touched. The air from her lungs was completely gone. It was sweet they wanted to include her, but she was beyond nervous...in a good way. She had been wanting this for a long time. “Ok.”

Tobin once again turned and looked at the other Alpha. Christen nodded. They interlaced their fingers as they moved forward as one. Their lips landing on the Omega’s cheeks, touching the corner of her pouty lips.

The two alphas retreated, watching with amusement.

The air left Alex’s lungs on an exhale. Something internal shifted in its axis, spun wildly for a moment and then righted.

It felt right. Her mouth open to protest...to say that wasn’t really a kiss, but Tobin was already speaking.

“Come on,” Tobin gently began to guide the forward down the tunnel. “We need to get to the bench.”

“You know,” Carli’s voice came up behind the forward. “That would have been an awesome step forward, if it wasn't so goddamn adorable.”

The gentle teasing caused Christen to shove the midfielder playfully, both staying in the tunnel for the starting XI walk out.

“Did you see that?” Christen asked. She was beaming. She had scored a World Cup goal!

Alex watched the other forward, adoration in her eyes.
“It was a good goal,” Alex praised the older girl gently, a light blush staining her cheeks.

In the crowded, excited locker room, the only one to notice the shift of exuberance to predatory on Christen’s face was Tobin.

The midfielder watched as the other Alpha prowled towards the Omega.

“I deserve a kiss for the goal, don’t I?” Christen questioned innocently.

Alex’s blush was in full form again. Luckily, the flush from running in the last minutes of the game made it almost unnoticeable. Alex took a breath. Amy was right before, during their last talk. She needed to be the Alex Morgan that she actually was and not this scared little thing she became.

Without warning she moved forward, her lips on Christen’s, her hands cupping the Alpha’s cheek. Full lips moved against a shocked mouth. The Alpha was shocked.

As quickly as it had started, Alex was pulling back. A small smile in place.

Unfortunately, they weren’t the only ones around.

“Hey, I got two goals?” Pinoe said. The Beta lifted Alex up in her sweaty arms. “Don’t I get a kiss from Baby Horse?”

Alex laughed and kissed the blonde Beta on the cheek, allowing Pinoe to carry her to the bus.

Christen still had a look of shock on her face as the others started to file out. Tobin’s mouth was agape, but quickly closed it as she realized that her mate had gotten a kiss and she hadn’t. She hurried after Pinoe and Alex. “Hey, I played a great game too!” she shouted.

The midfielder raced after the laughing pair, leaving a shocked, sputtering Christen behind.

Hope bypassed the stupefied forward, shaking her head in amusement at the antics that popped up on this team.

Usually Pinoe drug Kelley or Syd into the better of the mayhem that hounded the team, leaving Hope and Carli behind to pick up the mess.

It was a breath of fresh air for it to be Tobin and Christen caught up in the mess, instead of them.

Kelley was running to catch up to Hope. The defender turned around, moving backward as she went. Hope had stopped anyway to let her catch up. “Might want to up your game, Pressy. Looks like your Omega’s decided to play.”

Hope smacked her mate lightly on the butt. Kelley just yelped and smiled. This new threesome was certainly going to be interesting.

Tobin caught up to the Beta and Omega just inside the bus, panting lightly as she finally managed to separate the pair.

The Alpha cornered the Omega, still leaving the option for an escape.

“Did you need something, Tobin?” Alex chewed on the corner of her lip, flushing as the midfielder’s eyes zeroed in on the action.

“I...I, you kissed Christen.”
It was stupid. That was all that managed to come out of her mouth. She was still stunned and to be honest a little jealous that she hadn’t gotten a kiss of her own. She would score a hundred goals just to feel the lips of the Omega.

“Yah...was that not ok?” Alex asked, suddenly worried she had taken a step out of bounds by the way the midfielder was acting.

“No, no,” Tobin reassured. “But Christen got a kiss for scoring a goal. I deserve a kiss for having a good game too.”

“You think so, huh?” Alex hummed in thought, mind coming back to the last-minute footwork that Tobin had had to slow the game down. It had been impressive.

Alex reached forward, gripped the hem of Tobin's shirt, pulling the midfielder forward into the chastest of kisses.

Brief as it was, the air sucked out of Tobin’s lungs, leaving her confused and breathless when Alex pulled away.

The bus was suddenly loud with whistles and catcalls. Though those had quieted down with one look from Christie. Alex hid herself in Tobin’s neck away from the prying eyes of their teammates. It had felt amazing doing that, but she couldn’t help but wish they had been somewhere a little more private.

Christen had just gotten on the bus in time to witness the intimate moment. Her cheeks felt like they were going to burst from the smile that stretched across her face almost painfully. She noticed that Amy had her phone out. She was about to say something when the Omega pushed her towards the back of the bus where Alex and Tobin were, a whisper playing along her ear. “A picture for the wedding slideshow.”

If the tan forward could have smiled wider, she would have. Soon she was with her mates, making Tobin pull Alex onto her lap so she could sit next to them.
Kissing, Talking, and Heats

Chapter Summary

Alex and her alphas finally talk about getting a little too carried away.

Chapter Notes

A gift for all of you are having withdrawals after a beautiful day FILLED to the brim with women's soccer.

Tobin tried to think clearly, but with Christen pressed behind her and Alex pressed in front of her, kissing her like her life depended on it, it was a little difficult.

Tobin pulled away, brain fuzzy as she tried to get her bearings.

Immediately, she felt Christen slipping around her back. She was in the back suddenly, Alex’s back pressed into her front. Apparently, the Omega had become addicted to kissing them. This new development was just fine with Tobin and Christen, except it was making it difficult for them to go slow.

It was Alex who was going from zero to a hundred and sixty, instead of pacing like they agreed.

She had gone so long without kissing or fucking anyone. Before falling for the Alphas, she had had a very active ‘social’ life. She used to love the feeling of being knotted, the feeling of hot wet kisses trailed along the column of her neck. She hadn’t known how much she had missed it. It was like she was ready for everything, even if her inner Omega wasn’t. The kiss after the game had been the spark that had lit the desire within Baby Horse.

“Stop,” Tobin said, her voice hoarse. Her shorts were tented. This had escalated faster than it should have. Alex wasn’t ready, and neither were they to be honest. “Chris, stop.”

Christen whined, her lips still pressed against Alex’s.

Tobin wrapped her hand in the other Alpha’s shirt, tugging her backwards.

A disgruntled growl rumbled out of Christen’s throat.

“Stop,” Tobin snapped, her own growl echoing in her throat. “We agreed that we would all have to have a serious talk before this went even further. And we haven’t had it yet.”

Christen ran her hands through her hair. She was worked up. Her inner Alpha howling at the new development.

“Fuck,” she cursed, though she rarely let out expletives outside of sex or the soccer pitch.

“Tobin,” Alex said, her eyes wide, finally coming out of her daze. She pointed to the very large tent
in the midfielder’s pants.

Christen was wearing compression shorts so her erection was not as out as Tobin’s was with only a pair of shorts and briefs underneath.

“I’m going to go get some air.” Tobin scrambled out of the room, a blush coloring her cheeks.

Tobin slumped against the wall, running a hand through her tousled hair as she focused on her breathing.

“Problems, Tobin?”

Tobin glanced at a bemused Lauren and Amy.

“Little bit.” Tobin grunted.

“I thought someone was supposed to be taking it slow?” Amy teased. She was happy for her fellow New Kid, but was also concerned about them rushing Alex into anything before she was ready. Things could backfire for them with just one misstep.

Tobin shook her head groaning. “We were supposed to be, but you know how Alex used to be. When she wanted something, she went for it. At least before all these issues. Well apparently, she has missed kissing and touching. So, I decided to get some air.”

“You are such an Alpha.” The Omega shoved Tobin in the arm. “And seriously, how do you still have a tent in your pants?”

“Alex is hot.” Tobin said shrugging, trying to get every sexy image of the unmated forward out of her head. “She is even hotter when she is making out with Christen.”

Lauren clapped her on the back. “I’m going to give you some advice you once gave me. Just think of our coach having sex and that should do it for you.”

Tobin pushed her best friend. “You are the worst, Cheney.”

“Yeah, but it worked, didn’t it?”

Tobin looked down at her crotch. It was indeed back to normal. Her cock was no longer hard, her shorts once again flat. “Whatever.”

She left the two laughing in the hall, going back in her room to rejoin Alex and Christen. It was time they had a talk and maybe come up with some rules because if that happened again, Tobin wasn’t so sure she could stop herself, not if Alex said she was ready - even though she so obviously wasn’t.

Christen was sitting in the desk chair, looking a bit undone herself. Alex was sitting on the edge of the bed, a blush still coloring her cheeks.

“You good?” Christen teased, a smile tilting her lips as Alex’s blush darkened.

“Yeah,” Tobin settled onto the other bed. “And quit teasing Alex. It's not nice.”

“So, we need to have a conversation?” Alex cleared her throat.

“Yeah.” Once again Tobin’s hand carded through her messy hair. It was too hot, too humid in the room. They really did need to turn the temperature down in the room, maybe it was affecting them
Silence permeated the room, no one knowing how exactly to start this conversation. Alex finally sighed. “So maybe...uh I should start by saying what I’m comfortable with.”

“That sounds good,” Christen said roughly, she was still frustrated. The heavy scent of her arousal still hung in the air.

“Well I haven’t done anything with an Alpha or even an Omega or Beta in a really long time. With my mini heats, I feel the need to be close to you both. Though, I...I’m just not ready for sex.”

“That’s ok,” Tobin assured when Alex seemed unsure and stopped talking. She knelt in front of the Omega. “We are happy going as slow as you need.”

The Omega might have been willing to go all the way in the heat of the moment, but with a clear head, she knew that she was a long way from that point. They could still enjoy each other in other ways, just not sex.

“And it's not just Alex,” Christen said, moving to sit on the bed next to her fellow forward. “It’s been a really long time since I’ve had sex with anyone but Tobin, and...well I’m not normally the one giving in that situation. I need to be mentally ready to be gentle with you. It’s just been a while.”

“Not too long,” Tobin huffed. “Didn’t someone just want to be the top for their birthday?”

The Omega blushed hard. “Ok, ummm...I think we need to talk about likes and dislikes because you both obviously know each other’s.”

The Alphas looked at each other. Christen shook her head at the smirk still playing on the midfielder’s lips. “We can discover that as we go, Lex.”

Alex breathed deeply before she continued cautiously, “I don't like being pinned down on my front. Hands and knees is ok, but not face down.”

Tobin nodded seriously. “What about being tied down on your back?”

Blue eyes dilated and the heat ratcheted up another degree or two. Redness began creeping up neck again, the blush moving upwards until it reached her cheeks. “That's fine.”

“Blindfolds or earplugs?” Christen questioned, tilting her body a little closer to the Omega. New arousal was beginning to scent the air. It wasn’t just Alex’s either.

“Blindfolds, but no earplugs.” Alex rasped out.

They were going to need to be hosed off if this continued like this, Tobin thought briefly, as she felt her cock twitch in interest.

“How do you feel about wearing a strap-on?” Christen asked, cautiously. This had been one question she was hesitant to ask. She liked to give as much as she liked to receive and was nervous about how the Omega would take that. It was something she had learned to like in her dynamic with Tobin and was fearful of how Alex would look at her even if they did joke about it a moment ago.

Alex smiled taking Christen’s hand. “If it’s for special occasions, I don’t mind. We all have things we like. I wouldn’t judge you.”

The softer Alpha smiled. “Thanks, Lex.”
The group sat there in silence for a minute, basking in their love for one another.

“What else do you like, Alex?” Tobin asked.

“I like when you pick me up,” she said, blushing. “Not sexually, although that’s hot, but you stopped doing that a while ago when I scored in practice or games. I think it was because of all the Talex comments, but if we were real...it wouldn’t matter so much, would it?”

“Oh babe, you should have told me. I thought you didn’t like all the comments, so I stopped.”

“So we just got leeway to touch you even more,” Christen mused. “Score for us.”

“I like wearing your clothes.” The admission was spoken in a quiet voice. “Alphas are always approaching me, propositioning me. Wearing your clothes stakes a claim. It makes me feel safer.”

“You want to know a secret?” Christen whispered to Alex, smiling. “Tobin used to wear your clothes all the time before someone pointed it out to her. Your scent makes us feel calm, just as much as it makes you feel safer.”

Alex breathed a sigh of relief. “I like it when you surround me. In the locker room or on the bus.”

“Oh you can count on that.” Tobin's voice dropped an octave.

“I'm ok with saliva, semen and blood in small amounts. Other bodily fluids, absolutely not.” The conversation took a sharp turn for the sexual again.

“I second that one,” Tobin said wrinkling her nose. She knew way too much about odd sexual kinks because of Kling. They all did really. The short defender was way too open. Tobin swore Meghan was going to scar her own day with her oversharing.

“Same here, but uh...what about marking you?” Christen’s voice was hoarse. As an Alpha it was instinctual for them to want to mark their territory; Alex wearing their clothes was a part of that. It pleased them that she had already spoken up wanting to do so. Still, Tobin had given Christen numerous hickies and nips on her neck in the beginning before they were mated.

“I don't mind hickies, or teeth impressions, but not on my neck. The only marks I want on my neck is your mating marks.”

“What about your collarbone,” Tobin asked, a wide smirk playing along her lips. It was a trick she used to mark Christen in the beginning. The Omega didn't realize just how easy it was to see things on her collarbone when her shirt got moved during practice.

“Don't listen to her, Lex,” Christen said rolling her eyes. “That answer is no. Just as it should have been for us in the beginning. Honestly, some Alphas.”

Alex giggled loving the interaction between the two. “So the big question is, are you two going to stay the night with me...can you handle that? Because I could really use some time with you both after all of this. It honestly hurts every time we’re apart now that I, well we, recognized the bond.”

Christen nodded. “I think it's gotten stronger now that we've acknowledged it. What do you say Toby, do you think your little Alpha can behave?”

“Fuck off, Chris,” Tobin joked, throwing a pillow at her mate. “I can control myself just fine, even without your fancy yoga.”
“Yoga sounds fun,” Alex mused.

“Oh god, not you too.” Tobin made a whining sound. Although, it was just for show. She was happy Christen would have someone else to get up with her for early morning yoga.

“It’s relaxing,” Alex defended herself. “And it’s helped me for years.”

“Keep your yoga to yourselves,” Tobin grumbled.

Alex curled into the curve of Christen’s body, breathing in the relaxing scent of the Alpha. Tobin pressed in behind her, wrapping an arm around the both of them.

“Chris, turn off the alarm,” the midfielder grunted, curling tighter against Alex. Press had set the alarm for far too earlier, having set it the day before so Tobin would be able to go and get her and Alex coffee while Christen did her yoga. “It’s snuggle time.”

Alex groaned, it had been the first decent night’s sleep she had gotten in a while. But she noticed something odd though. “Are you always this excited in the morning, Toby?”

The Alpha in question blushed, attempting to move away immediately. Alex whined, putting her on Tobin’s hip, her body still pressed against Christen. “Don’t go, your warm.”

“Are you sure,” the Alpha asked, biting her lip. Christen had turned off the alarm and snuggled back into Alex. She was already lightly snoring. The woman could fall asleep at the drop of a hat.

“We’re going to have to get comfortable with this type a thing around each other eventually. Just...don’t try anything funny, missy.”

The Omega ended it on a joke, but Tobin knew she was just nervous. Though it did seem like she truly wanted the midfielder to come back. Tobin could smell no fear in the pheromones pouring off Alex, though slightly masked from the medicine. It still smelled sweet, like honeysuckle and lemons, but there was something distinctly chemical about it, almost artificial. There was only anticipation and if Tobin’s hearing was right, excitement at the way Alex’s heart thumped in her chest, her breath coming out slightly faster.

“Nope,” Tobin muttered as she settled back into the bed, ignoring her arousal. “No funny business.”

Alex disappeared just after the morning session. Because of the heavy schedule, most of what they did would be light, but her routine was even more streamlined.

She found herself in the media room, a DVD recording of the other Group D game queued up on the screen.

Alex settled into the chair and pressed play.

She probably wouldn’t be seeing much playing time. But the game of soccer was also a mental one, and she wanted to be prepared.

She was three hours into watching various tapes with multiple people walking in ranging from the coaching staff to the players. It wasn’t until Lauren walked in and asked her to talk that she took a break.

“What can I do for you, Cheney?”
The older woman sighed. “I need you to not freak out for what I'm about to tell you.”

Alex frowned, unease settling in her stomach like a lead weight.

“I'm not making any promises until I know what you're going to tell me.”

“Ok,” Lauren took a deep breath before she continued. She knew that she was about to upset some of the delicate balance that the team had regained. But she couldn't put it off any longer. Alex deserved to know. “I'm probably going to retire after this World Cup.”

Telling Alex was different than telling the rest of the team or even Tobin.

Lauren still remembered the timid, shy Omega that came in on the first camp.

Whenever they had been in the tunnel together, it had always been Lauren leading Alex out, Lauren soothing any unease. Lauren may have been a ‘New Kid’, but she was Alex's buddy.

Twelve wasn't a number to Alex. Not when Lauren was wearing the jersey.

Twelve was a best friend. A voice of reason. A quiet joke and an easy smile. A warning growl when Alphas from other teams got mouthy or handsy or a little bit of both in the tunnel.

Christen and Tobin may have been her future mates, but Lauren had been her light in the tunnel.

“Why?” the Omega asked, softly.

“I want to raise our family...Amy’s pregnant, and I just feel like my time with soccer is over,” Lauren said, shrugging. “I know this is hard, but it's not like we won’t see each other. Amy will come back to camp, probably after the Olympics, and there are some talks of coaching in my future.”

“You're too nice to be a coach,” Alex muttered, her face still drawn.

Lauren laughed. “Come on, Morgan. Don’t be sad.”

“Who will stand in front of me?” It was a tremulous question and Lauren internally winced.

“I don't know,” Lauren pulled the Omega into a tight hug, sighing to herself when slender hands gripped the edges of her shirt. “But I'll make sure that it's someone like me.”

“There's no one like you,” Alex snorted.

And it was true. No one could take Cheney’s place, not in the line or wearing the number twelve.

Cheney had been her lifeline, had towed her in before she got too deep in the water.

Cheney tapped the forwards nose, stopping her current train of thought. “None of that, Alex. I promise I'll make sure that it's someone good.”

“Someone deserving of taking the number,” Alex corrected. “Because no one can take your place. Not in the line.”

“I'll be sure to tell Amy you feel that way.” Lauren joked.

Alex rolled her eyes. “Have you told Tobin?”

The Alpha smiled sheepishly. “No, I wanted to let you know first, so you weren’t surprised when
Tobin comes to you. I know she won’t be taking it very well. Maybe if I can slip in the whole pregnancy thing, it’ll help her deal better.”

Alex shook her head and couldn’t help but laugh. She’d miss Lauren, but it would be twice as difficult for Tobin. The Omega knew that Lauren had told her now not just because it was going to be hard for the Omega forward to deal with along with her other emotions, but also to be there for her future mate.

“She is going to cry,” the Omega pointed out.

Cheney winced.

Tobin was definitely going to cry.

Tobin had cried. And whined. And now she was wrapped around her mates, sad eyes in full effect whenever she looked at Cheney. Christen was torn between looking exasperated with Tobin and sending her own sad eyes at Cheney.

Cheney for her part was ignoring both of the Alphas to the best of her ability. So far, she had read the same paragraph in her book three times and still didn't know what it said.

Amy and Alex, who had realized that they were going to have to be the adults in the relationship on this issue, were making faces at each other.

And people honestly thought the Omegas had the most difficulty adapting to changes in the pack setting.

“Cheney,” Alex whispered. She looked over at her future mates, they were both pretending not to be staring in her direction. “Go talk to them.”

The Alpha snorted. “She is being ridiculous.”

Amy tapped her lover on the back of the head. “Stop that. She is hurting, and so is Press because of their bond.”

“Yah, if that were true then why isn’t Morgan feeling it?”

The couple turned to Alex. The Omega shrugged. “I can kind of feel it. It’s like a weight on my chest, but with all the medicine and everything...well I kind of already felt like that so there isn’t much a difference.”

Amy took the younger woman in her arms, cooing softly. “Awe, don’t worry, sweetie. You won’t have to be on the meds much longer. Just through the tournament and then everything will be better, ok?”

Alex nodded enjoying being held by the Omega. There was a reason she was the ‘mama bear’ of their group, after Christie of course.

Amy looked at her mate, glaring. “Go talk to them.”

Lauren sighed. She knew her mate was right. She needed to Alpha up and go have a conversation with Tobin and Christen. The last one had ended in tears. The second one had ended in screaming. Hopefully, the third time would be the charm. Not to mention everyone was chilling in the room the hotel had set up for them just to ‘chillax in’ as Kling put it. Maybe with everyone around Tobin
wouldn’t make a scene, although that was doubtful.

Cheney walked away from the two Omegas, muttering about meddling.

Christen bared her teeth at the approaching Alpha in silent warning, almost growling when Lauren blatantly ignored her.

“I'm sorry, Tobin,” Lauren settled next to the lanky midfielder. “I didn't want to upset you.”

“You're retiring.” Tobin’s voice was raspy with emotion. “You're leaving me.”

“I'm not leaving you. I'm not leaving anyone,” Lauren assured gently. “I just...feel like that's what will be best for my family. Amy will still be here.”

Tobin glared harder. “I know she is pregnant.”

“Your point?”

“You'll both be gone,” Tobin whimpered, the anger no longer in her voice. She was angry though. She needed her two best friends now. She had just gotten Alex, but now she was losing Cheney and Amy, at least the later for a little while. She was a knothead more than half the time. Who was going to be there to kick her into gear when she unknowingly hurt Christen or Alex’s feelings?

“Tobin.” Lauren's voice softened. “It's not like we'll ever be far away. Not from this, not from our family. And certainly, not from you. Someone's got to keep you in line for Christen and Alex.”

“Promise?” Tobin questioned quietly.

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” Lauren completed. “Now, you two quit sulking and come help me with our Omegas. I think all of this Alpha business has driven them a bit crazy.”

Alex came out of her sleep, far too hot.

Christen rolled over so she was facing the Omega. She could feel their soon-to-be mate trying to scramble out from under the covers. “Baby girl, what’s wrong?”

“Too hot,” the Omega rasped.

Christen sniffed the air. The pheromones of Alex’s mini-heat immediately flooded her sense. “Shit, Toby. Toby, wake up.”

The midfielder groaned. She liked her sleep, and hated to be woken up, especially in the middle of the night. She started to ask in a not so nice way why she had been woken up when she too smelled the pheromones. Her inner Alpha howled.

“Lex,” she rasped.

“It's too hot.” The forward whimpered, too agitated to really grasp what was happening.

“It's ok, Baby,” Tobin wrapped an arm around the Omega's waist, drew her back firmly against her body as she steadfastly ignored the burn of her own arousal.

Christen helped adjust the Omega, slipping the Omega’s top leg back over Tobin's hip to open her up. “It's ok, Alex, we’ll do this just like last time.”
A little More

Chapter Summary

Alex and her to-be-mates get to know one another a bit one-on-one and then Alex has a request after a talk with Hope.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The older forward striped the shirt off of the Omega, pressing a hand just below her breast, trying to calm her.

“Just breath with me, sweetie,” Christen whispered, her face moving down so her lips were next to the Omega’s ear. “We are here for you. You’re not alone in this.”

Both Alphas’ cocks strained against their shorts, but they ignored their growing erections. This was for Alex. The heat pheromones in the room called to their Alphas. Inside they were howling to make the Omega theirs. It was clear that the Omega wanted them, but logic kept them back. They loved Alex too much to mate her just because she was in heat. They wanted to do things right.

“I can feel you,” Alex whimpered. She felt them both. Christen was leaning on top of her and Tobin against her side.

“Don’t worry,” the midfielder cooed. “This isn’t about us.”

Alex panted, her mind a mix of arousal and frustration.

“It's too hot.” The striker whimpered again. She felt like she was burning alive, despite having lost her shirt.

“I know, Baby,” Tobin soothed as she eased the Omega’s shorts down. “It'll be better in a minute.”

“Touch yourself,” Christen encouraged, pressing a kiss to the corner of the Omega’s mouth.

“But-” Alex choked.

“You have our permission,” Tobin encouraged. She wanted the Omega to help herself. They had done this on the phone once, but now it was different. There was an electricity in the air, crackling all around them.

“Help,” the Omega whimpered. Her eyes met Christen’s. The Alpha growled before looking at Tobin. She so wanted to help the Omega. Her Alpha was screaming at her to do so.

“We can’t,” Tobin tried. She was already having trouble controlling herself. “Lex, we don’t want to hurt you.”

“Not, not like that,” the Omega cried. “Just your hands...guide me, please.”

Christen groaned in the back of her throat, before she laced her fingers with Alex's, guiding the
Omega’s hand down below her panties.

The first touch of liquid heat burned into her skin, testing the Alphas resolve.

Tobin watched, eyes flicking between the joined hand and her girls’ faces. A ragged moan from Alex drew her attention, and Tobin pressed a kiss to her mouth.

Alex rocked her hips as fast as her awkward position would let her. It was the only way that she could control even part of the pace.

Christen apparently had ideas on what should be touched first, when all Alex wanted was to be touched.

For her own part, Christen was completely focused on making sure it was good for her mate, lingering just outside of the Omega’s entrance and paying special attention to the Omega’s clit.

The rough swipe of a thumb over the sensitive bundle of nerves was almost enough to make Alex scream.

“You like that, Lex,” Tobin hissed in her ear. Her head turned so she was facing her mate. Her eyes were black, arousal having made her eyes dark with lust. “Don’t enter her, yet. Make her wait until next time. Keep her wanting us.”

Christen smirked when Alex whined at the command. She doubled her efforts, roughly messaging the younger forward’s clit. “Fuck I want to taste her.”

The midfielder looked down at the Omega. “Would you like that, baby girl? Would you like Chris to eat your pussy.”

Alex moaned. Tobin’s dirty talk was turning her on more than she ever imagined. The gruff voice hissing pussy in her ear, sent a new flood of wetness to her core, drenching Christen’s fingers.

“Fuck, she liked that, Tobs. She is so wet.” Christen nipped at the shell of the Omega’s ear, voice rough with want.

“You'd like that,” Tobin spoke into Alex's ear, voice dark with promise. “Christen’s tongue on your clit, inside you, fucking you until you can't control yourself.”

In the daze of her arousal, the idea that Christen would fuck her in such a way was intoxicating.

“Please,” Alex begged, twisting her hips to get more friction. Her inner muscles contracted, trying to latch onto something that wasn't there. “Please, touch me.”

The Alphas looked at each other silently communicating. Suddenly, Christen’s hand was being removed from Alex’s tiny pink panties, leaving the Omega’s hand there by itself. The Alpha forward brought her hand up to Tobin’s face. “Taste,” she demanded.

Tobin immediately moved forward taking two of Christen’s fingers in her mouth and sucking with vigor. The tang of the Omega’s juices flooding her taste buds. She felt her cock becoming harder, straining harder against her sleep shorts. The Omega tasted better than she ever imagined.

“Do you realize how good you taste, Alex?” Tobin groaned as Christen’s fingers slipped from her mouth. Dark eyes flicked up, met her fellow Alpha. “Taste her.”

Christen pulled Alex's hand from her underwear, sucking on the Omega’s index friend, groaning at
the taste.

Alex watched the two Alphas with wide, desperate eyes.

“It would taste better from the source, don’t you think, Lex?” Tobin asked, her eyes never leaving Christen’s dark ones.

The Omega didn’t respond. She whined, her hips canting up in desire. She wanted them, wanted them to taste her. She needed to cum. It felt like her body was on fire. She couldn’t remember a time she had ever felt so totally consumed before and they hadn’t even really touched her. Christen had helped her play with her clit, but it had been light, lasting no more than a couple minutes of intense passion.

“Alphas, please,” Alex whimpered when they didn’t immediately move.

Tobin nodded to the forward. “You taste her first.”

Christen swallowed, easing the pink underwear down as she scooted down the bed.

The first look she had of Alex was breathtaking. Puffy, swollen pink flesh glistened, and Christen licked her lips.

The first swipe of Christen's tongue against her sensitive flesh caused Alex's hips to buck as her senses were overloaded. Pleasure crackled along her nerve endings, spots appeared in her vision. A keening cry crawled out of her throat.

Christen moaned at the direct taste, the light flavor exploding across her tongue. She looked up from her position, catching Tobin's eyes as she continued to swipe her tongue with casual gentleness over the Omega’s clit.

Tobin swallowed thickly, tweaking a pebbled nipple to drive the Omega higher.

Alex keened, pushing against the bed and Tobin, trying to find purchase to get some friction. An arm slung over her hips anchored them down, leaving Christen in control of the Omega’s pleasure.

The midfielder purred as her head moved down catching the hard nub between her lips, her tongue flicking across the soft, yet hard surface. Alex’s back arched. Tobin took more of the small breast into her mouth, her other hand moving to the left breast, giving it equal attention least it feel left out.

Alex moaned. Her heat pulsing through her like a pop song, ebbing and flowing to the inaudible tune her lovers were playing on her body.

“Please, so close,” she choked. She could feel the coil getting tighter in her lower abdomen. So close to the edge, she needed only a push to fall into their waiting arms.

Christen decided it was time to take pity on the slender forward. The Alpha flicked her tongue down, just a bit, adding a teasing pressure to the Omega’s entrance.

The phantom pressure was enough.

Alex's body tightened, a sharp cry echoing in the room as she finally achieved release.

Christen eased her ministrations, taking the panting Omega down gently.

The three held each other, Alex panting as her lungs gasped in each breath greedily accepting the much-needed oxygen. This was her second orgasm in less than a month. So long had she gone
without one prior to that, she had almost forgot the feeling of falling over the edge into a bed of stars; a super nova swallowing her into its warm embrace.

Tobin nuzzled her neck, her cold nose moving up and down the column of skin. She could feel her own breath against the already burning softness.

Christen too nuzzled the Omega, only rubbing her cheek on the toned thigh. It was an Alpha thing to want to rub their faces against their mate, wanting to feel them, know they were there and that they were alright.

Alex flinched as Kelley poked her below the ribs for the third time that morning.

“Come on, Al,” Kelley whispered to the other Omega. “Inquiring minds want to know. How good are they in bed?”

Alex blushed, focusing steadily on her oatmeal. Kelley had been bothering the striker about it since she had sat down. Unfortunately, the converted defender had had the misfortune of having been woken up by last night's activities.

According to Kelley, if you were that loud, your partner had to be doing something right. Kelley considered herself a bit of an expert on the subject, citing the heights that her own mates readily took her to.

“Stop it,” Alex muttered, swatting at the defender's hand. “I don't want to talk about it.”

She was still a little embarrassed about how needy she had been last night - and the begging. She was definitely embarrassed about the begging that she had done.

While she couldn't deny the fact that Tobin and Christen were masterful in the art of pleasure, she also couldn't deny that it had been frightening to be so easily controlled.

“Kelley,” Carli barked, sitting across the room with Hope and some of the other vets. “Stop bothering Alex.”

“But -” the defender whinned.

Hope turned around, one look shut the Squirrel up.

“Fine,” she muttered. “You're lucky they're here, but they won’t always be and I still want to know.”

Kelley left the relieved forward in peace, letting her eat her oatmeal alone. She had been surprised at finding herself actually hungry this morning, her belly rumbling loudly. Her cheeks had dusted pink as her Alphas laughed, making cooing sounds at the flat abs. Tobin even went so far as to talk to her obviously hungry stomach.

“Hey,” Tobin said, sitting down next to the woman she and Christen had helped get off the night before. “I brought you some fruit; thought it might go well with the oatmeal.”

“Thanks,” Alex whispered. The morning in the room hadn’t been awkward, but when they went down to breakfast things had got a little weird as Kelley made loud catcalls. Suddenly being back in the real world made everything more real for the Omega. She had engaged in sexual pleasure with the Alphas last night. They had seen her without clothes, and she still hadn’t seen them below the waist.
“Everything ok?”

“Ummm...yah you know just Kelley and stuff,” the Omega said, moving to take the offered banana. She pecked the midfielder on the cheek. They had decided last night to keep the PDA to a minimum in front of the team. Alex was still a little uncomfortable displaying such open affection, especially with how much Kelley and Moe liked to tease.

Tobin met Christen’s eyes. Something was off, but the forward shrugged, gesturing to the food. At least Alex was eating, they couldn’t really complain. They would just have to watch her. Make sure that it wasn’t anything. With any luck, maybe Dawn would pair at least one of them up with Alex for weight lifting later.

“What do you mean,” Alex asked, pouting harder as Dawn once again repeated that because she was on light duty she couldn’t lift weights. Her pout might work with her Alphas, but it wasn’t getting her anywhere with the fitness coach.

“Yeah, that doesn’t work on me, Alex,” Dawn cutting off the sting of her words with a smile. “Go knock a ball around outside.”

Alex looked back forlornly at her fitness partner before she slunk outside.

Alex eyed the three keepers warily. She adored Ashlyn, it was hard not to when the blonde was so much like an excitable puppy. Alyssa and Hope on the other hand had always been a bit more intimidating, even to Alex.

It was their presence, the overly confident, dominant Alpha attitude Hope exuded and the quiet stillness of Alyssa, that unsettled the slender forward. She could never get a read on her on Alyssa and well, Hope was as much of a moody mystery to her as she was to everyone else.

Luck was not on her side though, apparently, Alyssa and Ashlyn were going to work on drills together. Graeme felt that Hope should get in some practice with the Omega forward. It would be good for them both. Jill hadn’t spoken with Alex yet, but she had told the goalkeeping coach that she was looking to give the forward more time next game. The more time she could get in going one on one at Hope, the better for both players.

“Morgan,” Hope acknowledged, tapping the ball in the younger woman’s direction.

“Solo,” Alex said, nodding back.

The two worked. Alex taking turns kicking from different areas, but mostly at the PK position. It was an area they wanted Hope to work on. The Omega was getting more of a workout than she had in weeks. It felt good being back on the field, but still something was off. She couldn’t get her mind off the Alphas. They had loved her so thoroughly last night without them even getting completely undressed.

The forward huffed after the fifth ball in a row was easily deflected off the crossbar.

“Come on, Morgan,” Hope rumbled. “Calm down. You're a better shot than that.”

A flicker of unease tightened her stomach, but Alex took a deep breath to center herself.

She knew Hope. Hope was Kelley’s mate, and the keeper was well known for her no-nonsense attitude. The keeper was said to be a good person to talk to, because she wouldn't sugarcoat things.
Maybe she could ask Hope about the control thing.

“Hey, Hope,” Alex moved forward, planting her foot next to the ball before she sent it rocketing forward to the left of the keeper. “Can I ask you about something?”

Hope huffed, diving for the ball. From the ground, she looked up, eyeing the Omega with concern.

“Shoot, Kid,” Hope rolled the ball back to the forward, crouching down to be ready again.

“I...have you ever given up control to your mates. I know you're a really strong Alpha, but can Alphas do that or is that only for Omegas. It...it’s been a really long time since I’ve been in the game, and I guess I remember being more of a top in college, but I’m not sure.”

Alex shot the ball. It went soaring into the back of the net, only a few feet away from Hope. She could have stopped it easily, but the Omega’s question had thrown her off.

The forward’s hand went to the back of her neck, scratching the already pinking skin as the blush crawled up her face. Maybe she shouldn’t have asked the intimidating Alpha after all.

“Well, yah I think everyone does,” Hope cleared her throat, sending the ball back to Alex. “It is a part of being mates to give up control. Did...did something happen with them that you want to talk about?”

“Oh...uh...no it’s fine. Nothing...nothing to talk about,” Alex stuttered as she sent the ball careening over the net and into the bushes.

The keeper didn’t bother to get it. There was another bag of balls to the right of the net. She pulled out another ball and sent it to the Omega.

Alex kicked the ball a couple more times before Hope stopped the Omega. Each one had been off target.

“Listen, I know we aren’t exactly friends, and I’m sorry about Kelley teasing you. But sometimes it helps talking about it. As an outsider, I could give you some perspective.”

“You don’t have to,” Alex said as she shot the ball, easily deflected by Hope.

“Listen, I want the Baby Horse that can score on me without blinking an eye, and we know that isn’t happening with stuff on your mind. Talk to me. Tell me what’s going on in that Omega mind of yours,” Hope said. She knew the Omega needed to talk. Tobin had really been there for Kelley during the start of all the O’Harli business. The least she could do was lend an ear to Alex, and it didn’t hurt that it would help the team’s game, either.

Silence stretched between them for a few moments before Hope continued.

“Sometimes Carli is in control and sometimes it’s Kelley who runs the show. Sometimes Carli and I push each other's buttons and we have rough, angry sex and whoever gets in the other first, is in control.” Hope slowly rolled the ball back to the Omega. “And usually Carli and I team up to drive Kelley crazy.”

Alex swallowed, nerves tightening her stomach. “They touched me without even taking their clothes off.”

“Did it make you uncomfortable?” Hope questioned warily.
“No,” Alex shook her head, “but it felt like it should be different.”

“Different how?” Solo asked, the wind leaving her lungs as she dove for a ball, just barely missing it as it soared past her with a swoosh into the net.

“They want it all about me. So...I don’t know. I guess after it happened and then the stuff on the phone, it feels a little one side. And I mean it was nice, but I think my Omega is kind of angry that it didn’t get to reciprocate.”

The keeper wiped the grass off her workout shirt before throwing the ball back. Alex was bringing it suddenly.

“That’s normal. My...ok, this is personal and you know I don’t like sharing my business with people. My business is my business. But for you Alex, I’m going to tell you because I know you won’t tell anyone, even your mates.” Hope waited, watching the Omega nod. Alex refrained from kicking the ball. She wanted to hear what the keeper had to say without interruption. “For my birthday, they wanted it all about me. I was...well, how I was isn’t important, but just know I couldn’t move to offer anything in return. My Alpha was screaming. As soon as I was “free” I had to do something about it even though we were all exhausted. Something primal in me knew I needed to reciprocate.”

“So, it's normal?” Alex asked slowly, tilting her head in a way that reminded the keeper of Tobin.

“It is,” Hope assured. “Just like it's normal for you to want to reciprocate.”

“How do I talk to them about it?” Alex stepped forward, hitting the ball towards the net. It was more of a pass, than anything.

“You use your words, Baby Horse,” Hope rolled the ball back out to the Omega. “And I know it's not something you usually do, but you have to communicate.”

Alex nodded her head. “Ok, I think I can do that.”

Hope smirked. “Good, now show me what you really got before Jill comes out and makes you take a rest break.”

“I want to see you,” Alex said.

“Well we’re standing right here so…” Christen said, not exactly understanding what the other woman was trying to say. They had just finished practiced, sweat still clung to their bodies. They now had an hour break before dinner. It was just them.

The Omega took a deep breath. Her therapist wanted her to be more honest and open with her mates. Hope had told her to use her words. Maybe it was time to do that.

“I want to see your cocks.”

Chapter End Notes

Please review...sorry its been so long.

Osolonewsday: Also if anyone wants to write a normal or AOB story with me let me
know. I am looking to write some So'Hara and some other really random pairings like maybe Sam/Nikki or Alyssa with someone...if interested let me know (the peeps I write with now are more into Alex and Carli)... just message me on tumblr at osolonewsday2.
Exploring

Chapter Summary

Sexy times

Chapter Notes

Warning there will be oral sex...btw we back guys. The next four chapters are written so you are welcome in advance. And also this is being posted now to celebrate Christen and her amazingness with Utah (even though as a Dash fan its hard).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobin sputtered, her eyes bulging. “Ummmm...I think I heard you wrong, what did you say?”

Christen’s mouth hung open. No words came out. She knew what she heard. This wasn’t one of her sexy dreams. Not even Alex noticed as she pinched her own thigh to ensure that fact. Yes, it definitely hurt, this was real. Alex Morgan had just asked to see their cocks.

“You heard me, Tobin Powell Heath. I want to see your cocks.”

“You don’t mean that.” Tobin took a step back. “It’s too soon.”

“Don't tell me what I do and do not want, Tobin,” Alex snapped. “Just because I'm an omega doesn't mean that I don't know what I want.”

“Of course, it doesn't,” Tobin argued.

Alex snorted at the lanky midfielder, flicking a dark look towards a silent Christen. The omega stepped towards the other alpha, crowding her back against the nearest bed until her knees buckled.

Christen swallowed, trying desperately to control her body's reactions. But there was no way that she could have anticipated Alex's next move.

“May I?” Alex kept her tone gentle, slipping her fingers along the top of Christen's shorts.

The forward alpha stared at the omega with wide eyes. She didn’t even consciously recognize that she was nodding. She could only register Alex’s delicate fingers playing along her hip bone. The skin to skin contact was enough to send blood flowing south; the tent already beginning to form in her already tight shorts.

“Alex,” Tobin tried. She could see her mate getting hard, even though there was barely any room between Alex and Christen. The omega had the older woman trapped between her body and the bed. “We only just kissed. You don’t have to rush things with us.”

Christen could see the midfielder’s words sparked a blaze in Alex’s eyes. Still, Alex did not turn from the pliant alpha. The omega’s face moved towards the older woman. Alex’s breath ghosted
over Christen’s lips as she began to slowly nudge the shorts down.

Tobin watched, barely keeping in mind that she should not lose control as she watched Alex press a kiss to Christen’s mouth.

It was almost chaste, especially considering the fact that Alex was currently undressing Christen with a reverent gentleness at odds with her earlier demand.

The midfielder’s breath was coming out in harsh pants, her heart racing as the tip of her mate’s cock was just visible before her soon-to-be mate’s still clothed body pressed against Christen, covering Tobin’s view. A growl tickled the back of her throat. It was not one of warning. It was not one of anger. No, it was more a whine than anything else. It was one of need.

“Christen,” Alex whispered, as she pulled back. The air from her mouth hitting the other woman’s lips, only an inch apart from the alpha’s soft kissable lips. “Can I keep going?”

Christen knew she was nodding this time. It was the desperate “please” that slipped from her lips that she did not recognize. It did not sound like her. It was deep and rough. There was so much need in one little word. Something primal in her wanted the omega to see her long, thick fully erect cock. She felt like she was going to combust and only an inch of the base was exposed, the soft fabric of Alex’s shorts rubbing against it.

Alex flicked her gaze down, now watching as her hands moved the alphas shorts down. She could feel want coiling in her stomach as each inch of the alphas cock was exposed to her.

Finally, the shorts slipped down enough, freeing the half erect cock from its confines.

Alex’s eyes widened, want and awe burning into desire. “You're bigger than I thought you'd be.”

Christen growled, a low, rough sound as she watched the omega carefully trace along her hips with the tips of her fingers. Tan hands curled into the blanket to keep them still.

“Alex,” Tobin choked, hardening fully at the interaction between her mates. The midfielder took a deep breath, steadying herself. She tried her best with a lame joke to break the tension. “It's not nice to tease.”

Alex melodious laughter bounced off the walls, the thick tension in the air broken. “Oh Toby, I do believe you were fine to tease me as much as you could the night before.”

Christen groaned, taking the omega’s hands in her own. Her cock had only grown as it hardened under the younger woman’s gaze. “Do whatever you want, little one. This is about you. Touch me or don’t, I don’t care. I just want you to be comfortable.”

Tobin moved to sit on the bed next to her mate, but Alex stopped her. “Oh, no you don’t. You were not listening to me and my wishes earlier.”

“I was just trying to protect you.”

“Well I want you to learn to listen to me more. That was always a problem with our friendship. You always try to protect me, but sometimes you just have to listen to me. Now you're going to be punished. So stand over there while I... explore this with Christen until I tell you to come over her.”

“Lex-” Tobin whined.

“Tobin.” Alex replied easily. The omega didn't take her eyes off of Christen's body. “Go on now.”
Christen’s husky voice floated through the air. “It’s about Alex, not us, Tobin. Do what she says.”

Tobin huffed before she went to sit at the desk chair. There was no way she would be able to stand comfortably with her cock as hard as it was.

Alex continued to trace the contours of Christen’s hips, each swipe moving lower and lower.

“Can I touch you,” Alex whispered. She wasn’t going to explore Christen without absolute permission first.

Christen breathed in through her nose, trying to keep control. So far, Alex had barely touched her, and she felt like a pup going through her first rut.

“Whatever you want.”

Alex moved her right hand just a tad lower, combing through short, dark curls before brushing against the base of Christen’s cock gently.

“It’s been awhile,” Alex husked. Her voice was as thick as the alpha’s. She was turned on by this. The excitement coursing through her more powerful than the doubt and anxiety that had been clouding her so constantly in the beginning of their relationship. “Just ummm...what do you like?”

“Al, just explore, ok?” Christen whispered, her hand coming to rest on the omega’s cheek. “There is very little you can do wrong. Just uhhh…please be gentle. I am extra sensitive right now.”

“You are?” Alex asked, her eyebrows furrowing.

“You touching me, it’s kind of overwhelming,” the older woman admitted. Alex Morgan was touching her cock. She had fantasized so many times about just that. She wouldn’t have admitted it to Tobin in the beginning of their relationship, but she had had a crush on Alex for the longest time. Baby Horse was a powerful omega that called to many alphas. Christen felt blessed to have the superstar loving them.

Alex smiled gently before she focused on the task at hand.

The omega used a fingertip to trace a line from the base of the alpha’s cock to the very tip, continuing to explore.

She circled the very tip of the erection, spreading the pre-cum that was already glistening at the tip. Christen whimpered, pressing her head back into the mattress to keep her promise of letting the omega explore.

Alex followed the vein on the underside of the cock back down, before she wrapped her hand fully around the cock.

“You’re so thick,” she whispered, her fingers just touching each other. It was true. Christen had always known she had a thicker member. Another reason that she rarely got to be the top with Tobin. The midfielder was longer whereas the alpha forward was thicker.

“Th-anks,” Christen choked. All her mind now knew was pleasure.

“Can I... can I try something with my mouth?” Alex asked, biting her lip, nervous as to what the alphas would say even though she knew they wanted this as much as she did.

“Fuck.” The curse slipped not from Christen, but Tobin. She couldn’t wait any longer. Her thumbs
hooked in her shorts, pulling them down below her knees. Her cock stood straight, fully hard for her mate and future mate. “Please Lex. Let me join you. I... you don’t even have to touch me but let me sit next to Chris.”

“Ok,” Alex agreed absently, all of her attention focused on Christen’s wide eyes.

The alpha struggled to connect the dots between Alex's question and the answer that she wanted to give. Finally, the alpha settled for a silent nod.

“Use your words, Chris,” Alex requested, beginning to slide her hand up and down the alpha's cock gently. “I don't want there to be any misunderstandings.”

“Yes,” Christen groaned, eyes wide. “Please.”

Alex rewarded Christen with a bruising kiss before she moved down the bed.

“You're beautiful,” the omega whispered. “I know the media and tweets say that all the time, but here with you now, it's like seeing the sun for the first time. None of them know the real beauty they are missing.”

Christen smiled, a blush crawling up her cheeks. “You've got some competition, Toby.”

The fast and furious mood that had been set a moment ago, as Alex explored the alpha with her hand, broke with Tobin’s snort. “I'll always be the master of compliments.”

Baby Horse’s eyes sparked. “I love this.”

“What, us with our pants off?” Asked Tobin, making the omega giggle.

“No, I just never laughed so much or felt so...casual and I guess, happy with someone before. You know?”

“Awe, I was hoping you were talking about me without my pants,” Tobin joked, wiggling her eyebrows salaciously.

Christen and Alex just rolled their eyes at the silly alpha.

“We know what you mean,” the older forward whispered. Her hand came up, pushing some of Alex’s hair behind her ear. “But uh...you were saying something about your mouth and well, you know.”

This made Alex laugh harder than before. “My, my, who thought Christen Press would be such a horn dog.”

“Oh please, Lex. Your hand was wrapped around her cock a second ago. Even I'm as hard as a rock without being touched.”

“Oh, no,” Christian said as Alex awed at Tobin, feeling slightly bad for not having included the midfielder before. ‘I'm first, Toby. Don't pull that I haven't been touched business. Alex was just about to try something with her mouth and you're not taking that away from me or so help me God, I'll tell her about the frog in bed thing.”

Tobin sighed. “Fine.”

“Wait, I want to hear the frog story,” Alex said, suddenly curious.
“Al,” Christen whined as the omegas hand graced her cock. She felt like she was going to explode if someone didn't touch her soon.

An amused smile tilted the omegas lips up before she went back to the task at hand. She knelt slightly, the alpha’s hips on the bed with her cock standing straight at attention.

A gentle, feather light lick startled Christen from her pout, causing the alpha to moan.

Alex marveled at the comfort that came from giving Christen pleasure. Deciding to take it a step further after the favorable reaction, the forward sucked lightly on the tip.

It had been a long time since Alex had performed oral sexual on an alpha, and even then, she hadn't done it often.

It certainly hadn't been her favorite sexual act, but there was something about the fresh taste of Christen, the smell and weight of her cock in her mouth soothed a little broken shard of Alex's instincts.

Her tongue swirled around the tip, savoring the flavor of pre-cum, and wondering if when Christen finally came, if it would taste just as good. The alpha above her was moaning, while Tobin had moved to get a better view, her own hand stroking her cock lightly. She did not want to cum without at least being touched by Alex.

The omega took the tip in further as her hand worked the base. She wasn't going to deep throat today. She'd done it before, and it had been altogether unpleasant, making her eyes water like crazy. No, today was just exploring. Getting a feel what they were like, how they tasted and smelled. It was something her inner omega needed. This was making the beast inside pure contentedly for the first time since Christen and Tobin had helped her masturbate the day prior.

Christen panted as she tried to control her instinct to thrust her hips deeper into Alex's mouth. Her desire to allow the omega to go at her own pace was in direct conflict with her desire to cum.

Christen threaded a hand through Alex's hair, scratching her scalp gently. The omega pulled the cock a little further, sucked a little harder in response.

“Does she feel good, Chris?” Tobin watched the pair in front of her, gripping her cock a little harder. Her voice dropped an octave as she began to speak to her mates. “Fuck, Alex you look so fucking beautiful.”

The omega moaned around the cock in her mouth, sending shocks of pleasure up Christen’s member. The alpha couldn’t hold back. She had no time to warn the little omega. Seeing Alex combined with the warm sensation of the omega’s mouth finally touching her made her cum. On a normal day, she could last far longer. Not today. She came, spurts of sticky white cum shooting into the omegas mouth.

Tobin’s eyes widened as the Christen’s cum started to leak past the omega’s lips. She never thought there could be a hotter sight than seeing her women score a goal, one assisting in the other. She was wrong. The sight of Alex, Christen’s cock still halfway in her mouth, cum dribbling down her chin would be forever etched in her brain, keeping her heart warm and hands busy during the cold, lonely nights in Portland.

Alex eased her sucking, savoring the taste of Christen's cum and the weight of her cock in her mouth. Finally, the omega allowed the cock to slip from her mouth, running her tongue across her lips to get one last taste.
“Alex,” Christen’s breathless plea drew the omegas attention up. The alpha tugged gently on the back of the omegas head. “Come here, little one.”

Alex relaxed, moving up on the bed, accepting the gentle kiss that Christen pressed to her mouth.

“Jesus,” Tobin panted, stopping her own hand so that she didn't cum prematurely. “Fuck, the both of you are so beautiful.”

Alex moved to kiss her other soon-to-be mate. Tobin could taste her mate on the omega’s lips. A low growl hummed through her chest. She wanted more.

“Tobin,” Christen warned. Tobin hadn’t lost control in a while, but it had happened in the past. She, of course, had ensured Christen was willing first, but the midfielder had certainly lost herself in the passion of their love before. She could not lose control now, though. The omega was not ready, and neither were they.

Alex was still clothed as the alpha, minus any clothing on her lower half pulled the omega on top of her.

Baby Horse could feel the straining cock pressing against her thigh, it was slick with pre-cum. “Seems like you need some help.”

Tobin could only growl.

Alex kissed the alpha, not letting them get too far. She pulled back as the midfielder tried to nip her swollen lips. “No, no,” she chastised, as she slipped lower, her lower half slipping off the bed. Christen’s hand came to pull her hair back as she came face to face with Tobin’s cock.

Alex pressed Tobin's hips in place with a hand, the other wrapping around her length.

The alpha’s hips thrust slightly, a growl rumbling in her throat.

“Easy, Tobin,” Christen warned firmly. The midfielder was definitely the more sexually aggressive of the pair and had been known to be a little rougher than most alphas. In public, she was chill and laid back, but in the bedroom, she could be rougher and more aggressive.

Alex pressed the alphas hips a little harder, flicking her tongue out for a soft lick across the head of her cock, getting her first taste of the midfielder.

Tobin’s knot had already formed; she was ready to cum. She had been ready to cum when she had watched Alex exploring Christen’s lower body. She could only growl and whine. She needed to cum, but didn’t know how to express it other than pushing her hips up. Christen had to hold her hips, Alex’s hand not strong enough to stop the forceful thrusts.

Alex continued to lick the tip. Her tongue traveled the slit before swirling in a circle around the head. Her hand moved fast along the luckily slick shaft.

Alex sucked just the tip into her mouth, letting it rest against her tongue for a moment to savor the flavor.

Tobin whimpered, giving an aborted thrust of her hips. Heat flushed through her system as her pleasure rose. She tried to choke the words out, to warn Alex. Instead, something between a groan and a moan passed her lips as she came into the omega’s waiting mouth.
If you ever want to talk soccer or anything message me on osolonesday2 on tumblr.
Lauren watched Amy and Alex curl up in a corner. The tension that had surrounded the omegas during the last couple of days had relaxed, and now the two were simply enjoying each other's quiet company.

Across the dining room, Syd and Kelley were happily terrorizing Ashlyn, much to Ali's amusement. The other omegas on the team were just as rambunctious, giving Cap, Boxyy and Abby a run for their money.

Lauren was just fine on the quiet half of the room, thank you very much.

“She seems happier,” Lauren whispered. Tobin was leaning back in her chair next to the mated alpha, Christen happily snuggled in her lap taking a light nap.

“You think?” Tobin whispered back afraid of waking the alpha in her lap.

“I haven't seen that look on Baby Horse’s face in a long time. Trust me on this, Tobs. It's because of you two.”

The smaller alpha blushed. Christen wiggled in her lap, apparently having been unsuccessful in her attempt at rest. “She makes us happy too.”

“It's really good to hear that, Press. You have no idea,” Cheney said, nodding. Their omegas were slowly making their way over to them.

“Speak of the devil,” she said as Amy plopped in her lap, head immediately resting her neck under the alphas chin.

Alex settled on the floor, content to lean her head back against Tobin's thigh. She and Amy were both sleepy, but the room wasn't exactly conducive to getting sleep.

“Are you feeling ok?” Lauren questioned both omegas gently. Amy had become more and more exhausted as the tournament was wearing on, and Alex, well she had improved but was a long way from 100%.

Amy and Alex both grunted an affirmative, breathing in their mate and soon-to-be mates’ scents.
Christen frowned, a free hand drifting down to cup Alex's face. “Can you give us a verbal response, Al.”

Alex whined as her intended’s hand brushed against her face. “Too tired. Need sleep.”

“Is that how you feel too, Ams?” Lauren asked, her lips brushing her wife’s temple. Dawn had said all the travel and the quick pace of tournament play with all the new sights and smells to take in would be extremely wearing on the omegas, but they hadn't expected this. Alex was extra strained because of her medicine, Amy because she was growing another mini Lauren in her womb and having to take care of Ryan half the time she wasn't practicing. The boy loved both his parents but still was practically attached to Amy’s hip anytime he wasn’t with the nanny.

The fact that the change in the other omegas hadn't been as drastic was also mildly alarming.

“I'm sleepy,” Amy murmured, curling in tighter to her wife's body. “Fuss over Alex.”

Tobin snorted in amusement at the omega throwing her friend under the bus. Very few Alphas hovered like Lauren.

“Quiet you,” Lauren growled playfully. “It's not my fault that I'm worried.”

Christen frowned. Alex was usually pretty good about not falling asleep in the dining room. It presented too good of a target for the troublemakers on the team.

“Come on, Al,” Christen coaxed, shifting out of Tobin's lap and into a chair. “Come sit up here with us.”

The omega happily accepted her place on the warm lap, muttering a soft thank you before nudging her way below Tobin's chin, her nose pressed into the alphas scent gland, causing a shudder to transverse her spine.

“Careful there, Tobs,” Lauren whispered, the smirk never leaving her face.

The alpha retaliated by sticking her tongue out at her best friend, earning a punch in the arm from Christen.

The jostling caused Alex to whine, which in turn stirred Amy.

“Be nice,” the blonde omega chastised.

“Be quiet and still.” Alex pleaded.

“Be nice.” Amy reiterated. “And be quiet and still.”

The omegas curled back into their mates’ chest, ignoring the incredulous looks on the three alphas faces.

“Hey,” Tobin started to shift in her seat.

“Be quiet.” Amy snapped, a flash of teeth indicating that this would be their last warning.

“And still.” Alex grunted.

The alphas just looked at each other they certainly had their hands full with their omegas. Not that they’d have it any other way.
“Wake up,” Lauren whispered against the soft hair atop Amy’s head. “Sweetie, it’s time to go get Ryan from the sitter.”

The blonde barely stirred and Lauren sighed, noting that Tobin and Christen were also unsuccessful in waking up Alex.

The rest of their teammates had finally left the room, leaving them in quiet. And while they didn’t want to disturb the omegas, they didn’t really have a choice.

“Come on, Al,” Tobin coaxed, shifting the omega on her lap around gently. “Coach wants to talk to you.”

The brunette omega grumbled under her breathe at being disturbed before she finally began to shift to her feet. A slender hand ran through her hair and rubbed at her eyes. The omega wandered off, still half asleep.

Christen watched worriedly.

Alex being so tired that she couldn’t stay awake during meals was a little alarming to the darker haired alpha. The omega forward had spent her entire career making sure that she didn’t show any weakness, that being an omega didn’t make her weaker than her alpha teammates.

Jill nodded to them as they walked in, Alex’s hand wrapped in Christen’s as Tobin hand rested on the small of the omega’s back, guiding her into the room. She wasn’t surprised to see the three together. She had been getting very positive reports both from the staff and the omega’s therapist.

“Alex, please have a seat,” she gestured to the chair across the table. “I assume you are comfortable having Heath and Press here for our conversation even though it may involve personal details?”

The omega nodded her head. “Ummm...yeah, if that’s ok?”

Tobin squeezed her shoulder. The omega didn’t used to be so timid around their coach, but then again, she didn’t use to have to argue for every chance to step on the field. She worked hard off the field and was amazing on the field, it wasn’t exactly fair that her mental health was affecting whether she allowed to play or not. She was one of the best forwards they had.

“So, I assume you know why I called you in here today?”

“Yes,” Alex said, taking a deep breath. She really didn’t want to have a conversation. She was more hoping for a ‘your back playing’ and letting her out. “You’re going to let me start the next match, aren’t you?"

Jill was silent for a moment, making Alex’s stomach knot. Christen squeezed her hand, noticing the tension etching lines into the smaller forward’s face.

“Yes, but there are some conditions.” Jill took her glasses off, placing them on her makeshift desk.

“Ok,” the omega answered quickly, eager to get the start again.

“You have to continue to make forward progress,” Jill explained as she shuffled some of her papers. “You're still underweight and the medical staff would like that fixed, so we want you to try and eat
more at mealtimes. Have a snack during the day.”

Alex made a face, but nodded in agreement.

“And Dr. Garza needs to speak to you about the date you want your mating heat to take place.” Jill braced herself, knowing that this was likely to be the big issue for this meeting.

The alphas immediately bristled. Tobin’s hand fisted the back of Alex’s shirt, displeasure coursing through her. Christen, who was less practiced at controlling her anger, let out a low growl. Jill glared at the pair.

Alex could feel things beginning to take a turn that would not benefit her returning to the soccer field. “Ummmm...an actual date or an idea of when we might be ready?”

Jill sighed. Of course, the omega had caught her word choice. She was hoping to make the doctor deliver this bad news. “Listen, I know this isn’t a fair situation, and it’s anything but ideal. FIFA won’t let any of you play after the world cup if you don’t mate. Your heats, even under medication, could spell problems with other alphas on the pitch. Not to mention they’re afraid you’ll be too unstable, even your future mates as they now seem to have bonded with you. Every motion you feel will compel their actions.”

“And now USSF has a reason to stick its nose where it doesn't belong.” Tobin sneered. “They’re all Betas. They have no idea what goes into a bond.”

Alex flinched, just slightly, at the angry tone.

“They're worried about everyone's health, Heath,” Jill tried to explain. “And there has been evidence of such things happening before between bonded but unmated Alphas and omegas.”

“That's bullshit,” Christen snarled, tightening her grip on Alex's hand. “Tobin and I have always been fine. Alex is more stable then she's been in months.”

Jill shook her head. “Listen, I have already gone up to bat for you. I know how important it is to let a bond grow naturally, but FIFA has already bugded as much as they are willing to. You are lucky I was able to talk USSF down from the date they wanted.”

Alex couldn’t help herself. “What day was that?”

Jill bite her cheek. “When we make it to the finals, the mating would give you all a...boost in stamina or at least it should in theory. They wanted you to have that extra strength and the full connection of a bond for the final match. It took hours to just convince them that was not an acceptable timeline.”

“Fuck that, this is all unacceptable,” Tobin said, standing now, ignoring her omega’s hand tugging lightly at her shorts, trying to get her to sit back down. “They can't just treat us like cattle.”

Alex's shoulders slumped. Tobin may have been the more vocal of her alphas, but Christen was just as furious. It was there in the tension of her shoulders and the low snarl that rumbled through her body.

“Maybe Jill and I should discuss this part alone,” Alex bit her lip, tensing when both alphas gave her a stunned, betrayed look. “Please.”

Christen drew in a breath, standing and yanking Tobin with her. The midfielder had been shocked speechless by the request, but Alex needed a chance to work through this without the overprotective alphas hovering.
The omega could still feel the alphas through their bond as the two let the door fall shut behind them. Their turbulent emotions crashed like a wave through her, pushing and pulling her own feelings until she could no longer tell what she was feeling and what they were feeling. She closed her eyes, taking a breath of what was left in the room of her soon-to-be mate’s pheromones.

Jill watched the omega, looking intently for signs of how the omega was really coping when her alphas were not around, their protective pheromones often tempering Alex’s medicine-mingled natural scent.

“Are you alright to continue?” The coach asked, real concern lacing her words. Something Alex was not used from Ellis, who often seemed fake to her.

The forward shook her head. She could feel her soon-to-be mates through the bond. They were agitated. She took a calming breath, trying to ignore their feelings.

“Do you think you can come up with the date?”

Alex shrugged, fingers twisted in the hem of her T-shirt. “I was really hoping to play it by ear.”

“Alex,” Jill’s reproving gaze caused the forward to shrink further in on herself. “You’ve got to give me something to work with.”

“I’m leaning towards after the finals.” Alex offered slowly. “If it happens before then, fine, but I don’t want to rush it.”

“I am aware that this is a... precarious situation at best, but I would like if you would consider what UFFA said. I know I’m contradicting myself after I just argued with them about this point, but they do have a point. Your mating...it would be a boost for you and your mates. Just consider it alright?”

“Yes, I will.” The omega nodded, but couldn’t help feeling a little betrayed. She knew Jill was two faced, but this only proved it. This wouldn’t have happened had Pia been in charge. Too bad she was with the Swedish team. “Was that all?”

“Yes,” Jill said. “Remember eat more. We’d like to play you soon.”

“Yes, coach.” She walked off, needing a moment to herself.

Tobin and Christen weren’t waiting in the hallway when Alex walked out of the meeting with Jill. All things considered, it was probably a good thing; at this point, Alex knew she needed to settle down before she saw either of the two alphas again.

Alex headed straight for the media room. If she was going to calm down enough to work through this, then she needed something to distract herself.

And she couldn’t think of anything better than studying her next opponents.

Alex slipped the disk of Sweden’s game with Nigeria into the DVD player, cueing the game up to play.

She was so focused on what she was doing that she didn’t realize that she had an audience until she turned around to find Carli Lloyd watching her from the doorway, arms crossed over her chest and one eyebrow raised in question.
“Should I assume you are studying up on a game you probably won’t even get to start in or do you want to tell me the real reason you are here alone?”

“I suppose you wouldn’t go with the first one, would you?” Alex asked, her voice just on this side of hopeful.

Carli continued to stare, one eyebrow still raised. The omega squirmed in her seat. At first, neither said anything, staring each other down.

Of course, the forward broke first.

“Coach isn’t on my side.”

Carli snorted. “She’s no Pia, that’s for sure.”

Alex’s eyes widened. Did Carli Lloyd just say that about their coach. She was speechless. The midfielder snorted, moving to the chair besides Alex’s. “What did she do now?”

“USSF is pushing for us to mate before the final, when we get there.” Alex tapped the play button on the remote. “Jill agrees.”

Carli tilted her head back, studying the ceiling for a long moment as she tried to reign in a wave of alpha fury. She was going to need facts, before she flew off the handle or rallied the other veterans to the cause. “Can it even be scheduled like that?”

“Yeah.” Alex focused on the screen as the kickoff was whistled. “They would keep me on the meds until right before the semis, and then I would go cold turkey.”

“That puts you playing two games off meds.” Carli’s eyes narrowed. “Most of these teams have a lot of alphas, are they sure that’s a good idea?”

“It’s what they think would be the best option for the team.” Alex glanced at Carli, blinking slowly.

“Is that what’s best for you?” Carli asked slowly, easing around so that she could watch the forwards hands and face at the same time. It was the best way to really get an understanding about what the forward was feeling.

“I don’t know… I just don’t.” Alex shook her head.

The forward sat for a moment. She didn’t know what was best for her. She wanted the alphas and knew, at least now, that the alphas wanted her back. Would taking a knot be so bad?

“I think...I think mating with them when we get to the last game, it might not… well I don’t think I would mind.”

“You sure?” Carli asked, worried once again Alex was not as in tune with what she wanted as what she thought other people wanted.

“I’ll probably only know when I finally go off the meds. Don’t get me wrong, I’m nervous, like super nervous, but I want them more than I’ve ever wanted anything.”

Carli nodded. She understood. She had felt that with Kelley and Hope. It was something everyone felt about their mates. Though, to be fair to Alex, it was probably a more extreme need after denying herself for so long.

“Are you going to talk to your doctor about going off the meds?”
Alex nodded. “Maybe after talking to Chris and Tobs. I just hate the way those meds make me feel.”

“Do what’s best for you...always. Ok?”

“I will, Car.”

Alex didn’t go find her mates after leaving the media room.

Instead, she sought out the comfort of Amy, content to curl up and go back to the nap that had been interrupted for the meeting with Jill.

Cuddled up against the smaller forward, it was easy to ignore the tension thrumming down the bond as she sorted through both the conversation with coach and the one with Carli.

There were pros and cons to each side of the main argument, but Carli was right.

This was one situation where Alex had to do right by herself.

Which meant she had to come to terms with how she felt about finally having sex with both of the alphas.
Carli Lloyd had never been so furious in her life.

The actual *nerve*, the *audacity*, of USSF and Jill Ellis to demand that someone take a mate before they were fully ready. For a game!

It was wrong and awful and... just what in the hell was *wrong* with these people?

Alex was already backed into a corner, if this didn’t take...the forward could very well be hospitalized, where she would all but waste away, despondent and depressed. Unreachable by even Tobin and Christen.

This was why having betas in charge of alphas and omegas was a terrible idea. They didn’t understand what could happen. They didn’t have a frame of reference for this sort of thing.

And it was causing them to push.

And if they pushed too much, Alex was likely going to break.

“Meeting now,” Carli barked as she banged on doors. “Vets in my room, five minutes.”

“Lex,” Amy said, groggy. She remembered letting Alex in and them falling back asleep, but something loud and - oh yes, now she heard it. Carli was calling another meeting. “Lexy, get up.”

“Don’t want to-” the younger woman whined, burying herself in the pillows.

“We need to talk,” Amy said, shaking the sleeping girl’s shoulder.

“Don’t want to.”

“Nope, Carli is knocking on doors for a reason and I’m betting it's something to do with you so start talking, cupcake.”

Alex whined as she pulled herself from the last tendrils of sleep. She wanted to talk with Amy, but she also wanted to sleep. She felt exhausted. Her entire being wanted to just lie there. The nap hadn’t been as restorative as she had hoped. Nothing seemed to relax her body or mind when she wasn’t with her mates. It was like she was running a marathon that only ended when they were around.

“I think I want to go off my meds.”

Amy’s eyes widened, thankful for the darkness so that Alex couldn’t see her surprise. “What brought this on?”
“Jill pulled me aside for a conversation.” Alex curled up into the older omega’s frame, burying her face into the curve of the woman’s neck. “USSF has decided that it would give the three of us a much-needed boost in the finals when we get there.”

“Oh, sweetie,” Amy breathed, realization creeping into awareness. “You can’t do something like this just because someone else wants you too. You shouldn’t have to rush this because someone else wants you to. It’s not healthy, and it’s not right.”

“Would it be so bad, though?” Alex curled in just a little tighter. “I… I want both of them, so badly. And I hate the way the meds make me feel.”

“Lex,” Amy’s heart ached for the younger forward. “The meds aren’t permanent, but what you’re suggesting… you can’t go back from.”

“I do eventually have to come off of them.” Alex challenged gently. “I won’t be able to play anymore if I don’t.”

“You do,” Amy agreed gently. “But on your own timeframe, at your own pace and for your health. Not to guarantee yourself playing time.”

“You have to be safe and healthy,” Amy continued when Alex remained silent. “You have to do what’s right for you. If that means mating before the final, then great. But if there’s even an ounce of doubt, don’t. Baby, I don’t want to ever have to see you so strung out and heat sick again. No one does. So, you have to be ready.”

“But…” Alex sighed. “I don’t have any doubts, not about them. I want this, for us. I mean the mating... yes, I still have my reservations and I know the meds aren’t permanent. But it’s like being wrapped in three layers of bubble wrap. Every feeling, every sense is dulled. Now that I’ve found them, I don’t want to keep being in this kind of pain.”

“Wait… Alex are you saying you’re in pain even on your meds?”

“Yes... no... I don’t know. It’s a different kind of pain. Not even really pain. Before the meds, it felt like every muscle in my body was cramping. Then, with the meds, it was a dull ache; now, it’s like a pressure, a constant pressure on my muscles.”

“Where?”

“Everywhere. I mean I feel better, but I don’t think 100%, not that I can even remember what 100% felt like.”

“Lex, I think we need to go see your doctor.”

Alex looked at Amy, her eyes having adjusted to the darkness. She could see the firm resolution on the older woman’s face. There was no way she was going to get out of this one. “Ok, I’ll go.”

“Alex,” the doctor nodded her head. “I’m glad you came in.”

Amy gave Alex the ‘I told you so’ look.

“It seems your body is fighting the medicine. Which would explain why you have been having some of the more severe side effects. At first, we just thought they were normal, but now that you are
telling us about this *pressure* of sorts, we knew what to check for.”

They had done a rushed blood and urine test. Alex, apparently, not having drank enough fluids, had to sit there for a half an hour while Amy gave her cup after cup of water from the little drinking fountain.

“It seems your liver is working very hard to process the drugs out, meaning that you aren’t only experiencing the side effects but also not getting the full intended effects of the medicine. The ache is from the irregular levels - sometimes you have too much or not enough of the drug in your system.”

“What does that mean?” Amy had long since taken control of the situation. Alex was more than glad to let her.

“We’ve got a couple of different options. One is to switch to a different series of medications. They’re a bit harsher, so if we can put that off, I’d like to. The other is to start lowering the dosage incrementally so that Alex can play without being mauled, but it’ll start leveling off and the mating will have to come sooner, rather than later.”

“Why do we want to avoid the first option?” Amy’s eyes narrowed in concentration, completely focused on the doctor. Normally the doctor wouldn’t give information like this to someone that wasn’t the patient, but it seemed everyone on the team was responsible now for Alex’s care and the younger omega had insisted her friend stay with her during the exam.

“There are a lot of different factors; any appetite that Alex does have will be practically nonexistent, it eats away at the stomach lining because it’s more caustic. Migraines, severe nausea, vertigo, concussion like symptoms. And there is a good chance that her body will simply try to burn through it like it’s doing now. And if it does, it would kill your sex drive even more, which would make heats even more traumatic.’’

“I like option two,” Alex said, eyes wide in horror. “I mean it’s not like we didn’t talk about...well you know Amy, but it would be, well less of my exact timeline and more in line with US soccer.”

Amy shook her head. “I don’t like this.”

“Nope, nope, not going to happen,” Boxxy said, shaking her head. She had been the one that had seen Alex at her worst, helped her through those long doctor’s appointments in the beginning.

“Those meds are the only thing keeping her together.”

Cap shook her head. “If Alex feels like coming off them then we should listen to her. An omega knows her body.”

Pinoe snorted. “She’s been denying her body for god knows how long. I vote no on listening to anything along those lines. They shouldn’t be dictated by US Soccer. They need to get their heads out of their fucking asses.”

“Calm down,” Lloyd said rolling her eyes. “First, we are obviously not going to let US soccer dictate anything. And second, we need to consider what Alex *thinks* she wants. If she wants to go off these meds, alphas are going to be coming after her hard.”

It was a grim thought. Like most teams, Sweden was almost entirely made up of alphas. And Nigeria’s entire starting XI were alphas. Alex was already vulnerable.
It wouldn’t get any easier after the group stage either.

“I don’t like it either.” Carli tilted her head, eyes narrowing at Lauren, who was texting rapidly. “But this is Alex’s body. It’s her choice.”

“She doesn’t have a choice.” Hope argued, though it was more of a growl than actual words. “They basically told her she wouldn’t play.”

“Which is why we support her decision,” Carli rumbled right back. “Who are you texting?”

“Amy,” Lauren’s grim look was almost a neon warning sign. “She took Alex to the doctor. The decision was to start weaning her off the meds, for her health. She actually doesn’t have a choice.”

“Ok, that’s it, get Tobin, Christen, and Alex here now.”

“Lex,” Christen said, breathing in through her nose. Alex could tell through their bond that her mate was stressed. “Why didn’t you go to the doctor sooner?”

Amy rolled her eyes. This was a useless question. They had already talked to everyone about the visit with the doctor, albeit with Amy doing most of the talking. “We already covered that she couldn’t tell what a hundred percent ok is.”

“She still should have told us,” Tobin pouted, feeling a little betrayed. Why hadn’t she come to them instead of Amy?

Alex could feel their anxiety. She moved to sit between her mates on one of the queen beds. She took their hands. “I wanted to clear my head for a minute, be around Amy. You know how omegas like to be around other omegas. I was going to talk to you after.”

Noticing Tobin’s continued pouting, Alex nuzzled at her. She was getting used to showing affection, maybe not in front of the whole world yet, but in front of their friends, she didn’t mind so much. The alpha midfielder’s lips quirked at the corners. It was going to be hard to ever stay mad at the omega if she continued to use such tactics.

“Ok, gang. I think we need to talk about what this means for the team,” Abby Wambach said, taking the attention away from the three future mates. “We need a game plan on how to deal with the other teams’ alphas.”

“How to deal with them?” Alex’s eyebrow quirked up in question. “Abby, I’ve been like this a long time. Why does anything have to change?”

“Because teams go after you to begin with,” Lauren explained gently, pausing for a moment to consider how to explain the drive to consume an unmated omega. “And everyone on this team has amazing self-control, so it’s never been a problem with us. But they’ll know, Alex.”

“Know?” Alex’s eyes widened, and a glance at Amy showed that she was just as stunned with this information. “What will they know?”

“That you’re going to go into heat soon. The unmated alphas will become even more aggressive.” Hope resolutely did not blush. “They’ll be driven to prove themselves to you and each other, in the hopes of luring you away from Tobin and Christen.”
“I don’t want them.” Alex seemed almost terrified of the idea of being the focus of so many unmated alphas. “I only want Tobin and Christen.”

“We know,” Carli soothed. “And you don’t have to worry. We’ll be there with you every step, so that they can’t get to you. We will always protect you”

“Wait…what if I would have had to take any random alpha’s knot?” Alex asked, her own hackles raising at her future mate’s growl.

The alphas shared a look. Abby deadpanned, “We would have killed whoever touched you.”

Alex’s eyes widened. “I…”

“She’s serious, Al,” Carli said nodding. “We will protect you no matter what.”
Roughing Up

Chapter Summary

The USWNT play Sweden. Also some connecting between Alex and her mates.

Chapter Notes

*Warning - sexy times ahead*

Also the Dash won!!

Eighty-four degrees and partly cloudy. All in all, they couldn’t have asked for a better day in Winnipeg to go up against their old coach and her new team.

“This is going to be a rough one ladies,” Jill said, shaking her head. “We all know Pia’s style and how good the Swedish team is.”

The girls watched their coach from the sidelines as she continued with a pep talk. Alex’s focus was on Christen. The forward was getting the start today. Tobin might have to, but Alex was getting the distinct feeling that now that they were lowering her medication, they wanted one of her potential mates with her at all times. Alphas on other teams could be assholes during competition, especially when they came from cultures that either currently or in the past looked at omegas as lesser humans.

Alex had been referred to as a broodmare before by more than one international player.

She could already feel the heavy weight of Linda Sembrant’s stare as she watched the team warm up from the sidelines. Focusing on Christen was her best bet. It kept her focused and calm.

“It’ll be fine.”

“Of course, it will be.” Lauren gripped Alex’s hand, tugging her towards the tunnel to go back to the locker room. “We’ve got this.”

The forward nodded her head. Everything was going to be fine.

“You did good,” Alex whispered. She refused to sit with her future mates, instead spending time with her fellow omega. Amy had earned minutes in the World Cup.

“Still only tied,” Amy reminded her, albet trying to remain optimistic. They were most likely still going to finish first in their group.

“But you did really good, babe,” Lauren said, leaning over the middle of the bus to squeeze her mate’s hand. Normally, she would have sat next to her omega, but Alex beat her to it.
Amy shrugged, tugging the younger omega closer.

"Are you sure you’re ok?" Amy whispered into her ear, mind flashing back to the last play of the game against Sweden, and the foul that had knocked Alex off her feet.

Alex hummed, snuggling down against Amy.

"Lex," Amy presses on. "Are you ok?"

"Sembrant shot her mouth off, is all." Alex finally answered, shame flickered across her expression.

"I think she was just pissed to draw, but she’s been on my case since 2011."

"What’d she say?" Amy’s eyes narrowed, the blonde forward making a mental note to get the defender back.

"Just where she thought I should be." Alex hedged, avoiding Amy’s gaze. "It’s really not worth it."

Amy growled, low in her throat, sounding almost like alpha. "We are talking about this more later."

Alex nodded, silently thanking her friend for not talking about this now. Her future mates were looking back at them from the seats directly in front of them. Tobin’s pout firmly in place, as Christen’s puppy eyes made Alex want to kiss her. She held back though, playing with them just a little.

"Don’t pout at me," Alex smirked. "You don’t score, you don’t get a kiss."

"But I didn’t even get minutes!" Tobin complained. "I would have scored if I was in."

Lauren and Christen both snorted in bemused disbelief.

"What I would have! Or at least gotten an assist" the midfielder continued to claim.

"But you didn’t,” Amy teased, a smirk tilting her lips. Teasing Tobin was one of her favorite things.

"Yeah, Tobs," Lauren grinned wider. "You didn’t. So, you don’t get a kiss until we get back to the hotel. Them's the rules, supposedly."

"Supposedly?" Ash twisted around to look at them from the seat in front of Lauren. “And who has rules about kissing."

"Not kissing in general," Alex argued. "Just postgame kissing."

"Awe poor Toby and Press aren’t getting any love," the backup keeper laughed.

"Oh, you’re refusing to give these two knotheads kisses because they didn’t score?" Ali asked, leaning over Ashlyn to see the other girls. "Maybe I should do that with you, Ash? When you don’t get a clean sheet."

"Hey, no, no, no." The alpha keeper backtracked. "I’m not even playing so that isn’t really fair, babe."

"But you do for our club." Ali’s smirk widened. Ashlyn was imitating a guppy as her mouth opened and closed.

"That’s not fair!"
The defender hummed. “What do you think, Lex? Fair?”

Alex smiled. “Oh, yes. Very fair.”

Alex had barely stepped into their hotel room when Tobin pulls her back, tanned arms wrapping around her middle.

“Your scent is starting to change,” Tobin buried her face into the curve of Alex’s neck, drawing in a deep breath.

“Yeah?” Alex relaxed back, tilting her head to the side to give Tobin some more room.

“Yeah,” Tobin breathed. The barest hint of lips touched the side of Alex’s neck. “It’s subtle, but it’s there. Just a hint of pure omega and you.”

Christen wrapped herself around Alex’s front, enjoying the other side of Alex’s neck. The omega was in a state of bliss. Each of her alphas, so close, wrapped around her and teasing her scent gland with the tip of her nose. It wasn’t until she whined, her hips canting forward as the only indication of how much she was enjoying the attention.

Tobin’s lips curved as she pressed her lips to Alex’s quivering pulse. “Are you horny, omega?”

Alex could only nod, her words lost in her throat.

Tobin smirked against the curve of her throat, one hand pressing against the omega’s lower belly as she pressed her hips forward.

“We have to meet the team for dinner in about 30 minutes,” Christen warned, her hands settling on the omegas hips to hold her still.

“I just want a taste.” Tobin teased, voice rough with promise. “You got one directly from the source, Chris; it’s only fair.”

Alex whined, trying to flex her hips within the confines of the two alphas hands. “Please, alpha.”

Tobin shook her head, stepping back from Alex slightly to lean the omega against the bed. “But whatever do you want, baby?”

Of course, they would tease her. The forward wanted to curse. Of course, Tobin would get her revenge. Alex wouldn’t doubt that Tobin would be the more teasing of the two when it came to foreplay.

“I want you, Tobin.”

The midfielder hummed, a low growl originating from deep in her belly. “I do love the sound of that, but no, Lexy. I want to hear you say exactly what you want me to do to your hot, sexy body.”

Alex whined turning to Christen, a flush of both embarrassment and arousal coloring her cheeks. Tobin grabbed her chin, turning her gently back to face her. “Oh no, you aren’t going to get any help from Christen. I want you to use your words.”

Bringing her lip between her teeth, the super star pouted, looking at Tobin with large doleful eyes.
Tobin almost caved. It was a natural response when she had a pouting, wanting omega under her hands. But they had to communicate. It was important that there was no missteps or miscommunication at this point.

“Use your words, Alex,” Tobin pressed the omega further. “Use your words and tell me exactly what you want me to do. And then I can do it.”

Alex swallowed, throat flexing against the burn of embarrassment and arousal. She knew that tone. It was the tone that Tobin used when she absolutely would not budge from her position on something.

“I want you to have your taste.”

“And where should I taste?” Tobin wasn’t going to let Alex get off easy. She wanted her omega to tell them exactly how she wanted it. She was so bad about telling them how she was feeling or what she wanted normally, but not this time, she’d have to learn. Tobin was going to make her speak the words very clearly.

“My…”

“That’s it, baby,” Christen cooed, smiling as she pushed a loose strand of hair behind Alex’s ear. “Where do you want Tobin’s mouth. On your what?”

“My pussy!” She cried, the sound resounding off the walls. She didn’t have time to feel her embarrassment. Instead, Tobin’s fingers were already removing her shorts and underwear in one smooth movement, even as Christen gripped the hem of her shirt and pulled it off of her, Alex’s sports bra following the same fate.

“Such a good girl,” the alpha midfielder soothed, her lips connecting with Alex’s.

The kiss was just the right side of forceful, Tobin plundering the omega’s willing mouth as she pressed Alex back against Christen’s solid frame for support.

Tan hands guided one of the forward’s long leg over the midfielder’s shoulder, then wrapped around the omega’s leg in support, pressing her advantage as she settled in.

Tobin pressed a kiss to the bared navel, slowly moving down inch by inch to Alex’s dripping core.

The first taste was just as good as the one earlier in the week, richer and sharper, as Tobin sampled directly from the source. Alex’s keening whine drowned out Tobin’s groan of pleasure.

That was it, Tobin decided. That noise Alex made when she first got touched was her favorite sound from the omega. That little hitch in her breathing, and then the whine. Like she had never felt so much pleasure before. Tobin was going to make it her mission to hear that whine whenever she could, as much as she could.

Where Christen was hard angles, loud long moans, and strings of naughty Spanish, Alex was soft. She was quieter. Her moans subdued, choked back behind a gasp and a lip between a set of front teeth.

Christen marveled at the look of concentration on the omega’s face, her hands clinched hard into Press’s shirt. “Such a good girl, let Tobin take care of you.”

The whine was louder this time, throatier as her pleasure slowly climbed towards the peak. Her body arching under the onslaught of Tobin’s tongue.
“That’s it, Lex. Come for us.”

A low whimper escaped Alex’s lips as she peaked. The midfielder worked her slowly down from her release.

Tobin peered up at her mates from the floor, a smirk tilting her lips up, even as her thumbs pressed gentle circles into the omegas skin.

“Shh, Baby,” Christen pressed a kiss to the omega’s pulse point. “Shh, just calm down for a second, we have time.”

Alex drew in a ragged breath, trying to settle her racing heart and absentmindedly wondering if this is what it would always be like when they touched her.

Tobin rose to her feet slowly, tongue flicking across her lips, chasing the last bit of Alex’s arousal that she could, before pressing a soft kiss to the omega’s mouth.

“I want to take care you after we finish,” Alex whispered into Tobin’s ear.

The alpha gulped nodding her head. She was glad she wore her compression shorts to dinner, otherwise the whole room would know just how excited she was.

“You need to get more food,” Christen said, watching Alex spoon some salad onto her plate. “You need carbs.”

The omega’s face scrunched, lines forming between her brows. Her voice came out barely a whisper. “I’m still not feeling hungry.”

The alphas looked at each other, sighing. “Maybe we should take you to the doctors after dinner.”

Alex immediately shook her head. “No, no. I am sure it’ll come back soon.”

“If you don’t feel at least a little better by tomorrow night, we’re going to the doctor,” Tobin declared, her tone leaving no room for argument.

The forward rolled her eyes. “We’ll see,” she muttered, allowing Christen to put some potatoes on her plate before finding a table, the alphas taking the chair on either side of her.

“Move, Tobin.” Amy’s tone of voice was perfectly polite, but there was an undercurrent of steel that let the alpha know that she didn’t really have a choice. “Please.”

The midfielder narrowed her eyes, but the omega New Kid didn’t waver.

“You might as well, Tobs,” Lauren settled across the table from them. “I know that tone. You don’t have a choice.”

“Well that seems unreasonable.” Tobin snarked as she slid her plate and cup across the table before getting to her feet.

“Doesn’t it?” Lauren grinned at her fellow alpha. “But really, lesson number one of living with an omega mate is doing what the omega says, as long as it’s within reason.”

“There are rules to living with an omega mate?” Pinoe settled down next to Lauren, eyeing the two
“There are rules.” Carli agreed as she settled down next to Christen at the table. “There are so many rules.”

“So so so many rules,” Ashlyn agreed, sitting across from Carli. “Like not using their hairbrush. Or that you have to paint their nails at least every other week.”

The table turned to look at the blonde keeper. Lauren spoke up. “Ash, I think that’s just Ali.”

Ashlyn looked at Ali, shock clearly written on her face. “What! I have needs!”

“Well you will be painting your own nails from now on,” Ash said flicking a pea from her plate at her mate. Her cheeks flamed, embarrassment at all the things she thought were ‘omega things’ actually being ‘Ali things’.

“Then you can forget about me doing that thing you like so much,” Ali said, challenge obvious.

“Oh and what is that Harris loves so much?” Kelley asked, shit eating grin across her face.

“Yes, Ashlyn. What is it you like so much?” her mate asked, smirk firmly in place.

“I suppose I can continue to paint your nails.”

“Whipped,” the table said, almost at once.

Amy smirked, glad that Ashlyn had been able to provide her usual distraction at an almost clockwork precision.

“Lex,” Amy tugged the younger omega closer, her lips just above the brunette’s ear. “What did Sembrant say to you?”

Alex shrugged, swallowing the bite of food in her mouth. “It’s not worth it, Ams. The game is done and over with. And I don’t have to deal with her until the next game.”

“Has she always been like that?” Amy wondered if the Swedish national had always ridden the omega hard. And if she had, how they hadn’t noticed it. Very few alphas came after the omega New Kid, especially now she was mated to Cheney.

“Since 2011,” Alex confirmed softly. They had played against each other first at the 2011 World Cup and then the following year at the Olympics. Both times the young alpha had played a little harder than her teammates, fouling Alex at every chance she got. At first, the comments had been almost friendly, flirting. Then it turned more aggressive as Alex effectively tried to ignore her advances over the years.

Amy’s hand clenched hard. A surge of anger tightened along the bond between her and Lauren, drawing the alpha’s gaze. She didn’t know what had been said but knew that her omega did not get angry easily. The look in her eyes spoke volumes.

“Hey, Amy-” Lauren started only to be interrupted by Pinoe.

“Yo, Ams, stop whispering with Alex. We know you’re her omega protector, but you gotta let us enjoy time with her too.”

Amy’s anger turned on Pinoe. The menace in her glare was not well hidden as evidenced by the beta’s visible flinch. “You think I can protect her. Well you would be fucking wrong about that.”
Quiet descended over the table like a blanket, but Amy didn’t notice, too furious with Pinoe thinking things she didn’t know about.

“Amy,” Alex tugged the forwards sleeve, eyes wide.

A full-bodied shudder ran the length of the omega’s spine as she drew in a calming breath. “Alex, baby, they need to know.”

Alex shook her head, lips pressed thin in protest.

“Al,” Amy dipped her head as she whispered in the omega’s ear. “We can’t fix it, if we don’t know about it. Let us help you.”

“You all already help me.” Alex murmured back.

“Then let us help you with this.” Amy pleaded. “We can keep you safe.”

“It’s not a big deal.” Alex abandoned her food, curling her body into Amy’s, face turned into the curve of her neck. “It’s over and done with.”

“Until the next game.” Amy reminded with a low growl. “And then what? Next time, when you smell like Tobin and Christen, what would she do?”

“Ok,” Lauren said, feeling the anger ebb and flow still through her bond with Amy. “I think there is obviously something going on. Do you both want to go outside with Tobin, Christen, and myself and talk about it?”

Amy shook her head. “Al, I’m going to tell them.”

All eyes were on the omega forward as Alex buried further in her neck, trying to hide her face from the group. Christen and Tobin could feel the anxiety in Alex. Christen molded her body to their omega from behind, cooing softly in her ear. Tobin, on the other side of Amy, chose to pay attention to the words coming out of her fellow New Kid’s mouth. Something was wrong with her girl, and Amy was likely the quickest way to finding out what that problem was. One of these days, Tobin really hoped that Alex learned to use her words so that they didn’t have find out information second hand.

“It appears as though a member of the Swedish team does not respect Alex.”

“I know what that means for alphas,” Carli growled, eyes narrowing as she glanced between the two curled up omegas and Kelley, who had gone slightly pale. “But what does that mean for omegas?”

“It means that the alpha might not take ‘no’ for an answer.” It’s Ali that answers, her brown eyes immensely sad. “And without an alpha mate, there’s really no one to make them stop. Unless another alpha stakes a stronger claim. Sembrant?”

The last was a question directed at Amy, who nodded, one blonde eyebrow arching.

“Yeah,” Ali sighed, placing her silverware down. “I figured. She has a history of being an asshole.”

“I remember her,” Ashlyn growled. Ali and Ashlyn hadn’t been mated when they first played in Sweden together. Sembrant was one of the reasons Ashlyn claimed Ali earlier than planned. “What did she say to you?”

The eyes turned onto Alex, who continued to hide in Amy’s shoulder despite Christen trying to pull
her out of the safe little hollow she had found herself. “Baby, we need to talk. You need to tell us what she said.”

The anxious omega shook her head, whining as Christian carefully peeled her away from Amy. Alex continued to shake her head. “I don’t want to repeat it.”

Carli’s alpha growled in anger. “Alex, you need to tell us.”

“Little one,” Tobin encouraged. “We need to know.”

“I…” Alex started but stopped. Instead, she leaned her head close to Amy, whispering in her ear.

The older omega’s eyes widened, a surge of anger passing through her bond with Lauren. Her eyes closed as her jaw clenched, a vibration sounding close to a growl passing her lips as Alex leaned back into Christen, no longer talking.

“She...that BITCH said...I am not even sure I can repeat the exact words, but let’s just say it has something to do with Alex being on her knees and knowing an omegas place. As well as what a true mating would entail.”
The alphas get answers from the omegas.

Hope barely noticed the plate in her hands breaking or the sharp pain of the glass cutting into her palm. All she knew was the all-consuming rage of an alpha who needed to protect.

“And exactly how often does this happen?” Hope snarled, wondering if the American team was really the only group with such self-control.

All of the female athletes in the world, and they couldn’t be the only group to not fall into such behavior, could they?

And yet, they must, because even now, she could see the looks on the faces of the other omegas. Could feel the hint of shame and embarrassment humming down the bond she shared with Kelley.

“Canada is pretty good about things,” Ali muttered. “They all have a lot of self-control. Except Sesselmann and some of the younger players. But it’s not all bad. And England isn’t terrible.”

“And China and Japan are made up of betas,” Amy added nodding. She was almost always with her fellow New Kids and thus, didn’t get as harsh a treatment as the others. She did know what went on though. The omegas would seek each other out for comfort during particularly harsh meetings with foreign alphas.

“Let’s not even talk about Germany though,” Kelley said, her voice squeaking as she thought about the myriad of injuries and harassments she had faced with them, even after she had gotten with Carli and Hope.

“But you have to admit, Australia’s pretty nice,” Ali offered trying to help as she noticed the alphas growing into a fury. “They like cracking jokes, but they are more like the dads who make the awkward inappropriate jokes.”

“I want a list,” Carli said, standing up from the table. “And you,” she said pointing at her own omega mate. “We need to have a discussion.”

“I.”

“Now.” She growled.

The group was starting to disperse. After Carli, Hope, and a sulking Kelley had marched out, the others had decided that perhaps a little time to calm down was best.

“What kind of list could Carli want?” Christie Rampone asked as she, Boxxy, Abby and Chups stepped into the dining room, eyeing the agitated alphas warily. She knew that one of them should have been in the dining room; something important always happened when they were out of sight.
“And why is Kelley in trouble?”

Silence reigned across the room. Alex had buried herself back into Amy, ignoring the rage that pulled and thrummed across the fledgling bond. The other omegas in the room were eyeing the alphas warily, as if trying to figure out a way to discreetly escape without drawing the enraged alphas’ attention.

“Well?” A hint of alpha power thrummed in her voice, demanding a response.

“Apparently,” Lauren’s voice was tight with tension and anger, her hands gripping her sweatpants as she fought for a little bit of calm. “There are a couple of teams that don’t respect omegas. In this case, Sembrant, harassed Alex after the game.”

“How often,” Hope asked, wrapping her hand in a sterile cloth. It wouldn’t need any stitches, but it hurt like a son of a bitch, and she needed to focus on something other than the desire to strangle every alpha that had ever looked at her mate wrong.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Kelley replied flippantly, throwing her hair over her shoulder as she ignored her mates, looking around the room. “There is really nothing to discuss.”

“Kelley Maureen!” Hope growled. “How often do alphas do that to you?”

“Do what?” Kelley said, her nervousness fluttering through their bond. She really didn’t want to talk about this. Her mates were fiercely protective. Normally, she just brushed off the idiotic alphas, even now. Instead of openly challenging her mates on the field or trying to one up them, alphas would go after Kelley. Hadn’t they ever noticed that it wasn’t because she was spunky and small that she almost constantly getting laid out on the field?

“How often do alphas target you?” Hope stepped forward into the omega’s space.

“Target me because I’m an omega or to get to one of you two?” Kelley snapped right back. “At this point, I can’t even tell the difference because it happens all the time. It happens to every omega on our team at almost every game.”

“Then why are we just now hearing about this?” Carli softened her tone. The key to handling Kelley was to draw a hard line in the sand and then, give her a softer option. “Why did no one tell us about this?”

“Because it’s part of being an omega.” Kelley whispered, dropping her gaze even as Hope pulled her into a tight hug. The omega pressed her forehead into the alpha’s chest, eyes tightly shut as tears threatened to fall. “It’s been like that most of our careers, so most of us don’t pay any attention to it, especially if we’re mated. But most teams target unmated omegas like Alex really hard.”

“It sounds like they focus on Alex really hard anyway.” Carli growled.

“Yeah,” Kelley murmured. “We agreed not to tell you guys about our...well about what happens to us, because apparently on some of the youth teams, it ended in a brawl between the two teams’ alphas. But Amy was right...Alex can’t handle this right now.”

“You shouldn’t have to handle this at all,” Hope whispered, pushing a strand of hair behind the freckled girl’s ear. “None of you should. We won’t all out fight with them, but baby, we can’t let them treat you like this. It’s not right.”
“Especially if they are targeting you because of us,” Carli said, trying to stop her body from shaking. She felt like a failure of an alpha; it made her sick that this had been happening for who knows how long. How could they not have known?

“It’s not that often because of you,” Kelley tried to soothe.

Carli glared at her, accidently releasing some of her alpha pheromones. “Tell me the truth. How often is it because of Hope and I?”

The omega had no choice but answering truthfully, Carli’s alpha demanded her submission. “Every game. No matter what. They come after me because of who I am with.”

“Kel-”

“They think they can rattle you or Hope, if they rough me up or say something to me that they think I’d tell you guys about.”

A bang rattled the door and Carli snarled as she stalked over to the door, ripping it open ready to do battle with whoever was on the other side. “What?”

“Team meeting,” Abby growled lowly. “Now.”

“Alright.” Christie tried to keep her voice level as she watched her entire team. “Due to some information that has recently come to light about how other teams treat our omegas, we’ve decided to implement a new team rule.”

“As of right now, right this second,” Boxy stepped forward, drawing the gazes of her teammates. “There’s a new dynamic in play. From this moment, if alphas from other teams cause you problems, if they harass you or foul you or even smirk at you wrong, you are to tell Cap, Hope, Carli, Abby, Broon, or myself. This is no longer an option.”

“FIFA has rules in place for this very scenario.” Abby took over. “And I know that no one wants to ruin anyone else’s career, but this...this behavior is unacceptable. Every one of the omegas on our team has been subjected to this behavior. It’s time for a new world order. It’s time for the US as a team, to step forward and stop this kind of thing, because if we don’t, it will just continue. And that’s unacceptable.”

“This goes especially if you are unmated.” Hope’s voice vibrated with command. “It’s not that we want to humiliate you, but we can protect you. Especially if something is happening off the field. That way we can help you and we don’t end up blindsided by this sort of thing again.”

“We’re a team,” Carli picked up after her mate. “But more than that, we’re a family. And all of us, any of us, would do anything to keep that family safe.”

“Everyone but the omegas are dismissed,” Christie’s voice thrummed with a hint of alpha command. “So, if you’re not an omega, get lost for a little bit.”
“Each of you will be given a pad of paper and a pen.” Carli watched as Chups passed the items out. “You *will* list the alphas on other teams that harass you.”

Her gaze locked on Alex for a brief moment before moving to Kelley.

“Every single one of them.”

Abby studied Alex and Kelley’s lists carefully.

Amy’s list wasn’t really a factor, between hanging around the New Kids and having Lauren Cheney as a mate, no one wanted to really go after her. Syd’s list was similarly small, given that she was more likely to deck an alpha than submit or feel harassed by one.

HAO’s list was also ridiculously bare - she never really slowed down enough for opposing alphas to have a go at her. And either way, she had never been very far from the watchful eyes of one of the senior alphas.

Ali’s list mostly contained international players that she had worked with in the past. Ashlyn already knew about them and for the most part controlled the situation. The worst the defender got now was a wolf whistle or a comment about her strong thighs. Ali dealt with it like she dealt with everything - looking good, playing better, and not letting any alpha score on Hope or her mate during club games.

Morgan Brian, Julie Johnston, and Whitney Engen had always been under the watchful eyes of either Hope, Christie and Broon, or Carli and Lauren, either because of their positions or youth. Though, they would look into the two or three names that the younger players and Whitney had listed.

So, really, the team had only failed Alex and Kelley. A slight misstep on Ali, but she hadn’t been failed like the other two.

But that failure was almost crippling.

Two of the most vulnerable members of their team hadn’t felt that they could rely on the alphas to help them. Their lists had been a page long each and carried the names of players that the alphas wouldn’t have ever imagined going after their players. Some weren’t even international players, some were members of their own NWSL teams. How could they have missed this?

“Whit,” Becky asked, her hand come up to her omega’s cheek. “Are you sure these are all of them.”

The omega nodded against her alpha’s hand. “That’s all of them, I swear.”

The alpha looked into her girl’s eyes, seeing the truth there. “I still don’t like that even one was mean to you.”

Whitney kissed her fellow defender’s palm. “Baby, they were just being dicks about my changing scent when we mated and when I was with…well, Marta. Ashlyn normally leant me some of her clothes.”

Becky nodded, her alpha whining. She knew that Ashlyn had helped her best friend, scent marking
to protect her as a young unmated omega. She also knew about Marta, something she would rather not think about though. Whitney giggled at her alpha’s frown. She knew Becky didn’t necessarily feel threatened by Ashlyn or Marta, it was just because she was one of those very protective alphas. She was worse than Christie Rampone with her mate, Julie Foudy.

With Julie being so busy with her new career in media talking about women’s soccer and issues in general, Christie’s concern had all but quadrupled. Fans could be wonderful and what made playing worth it sometimes, but they could also be cruel in their words and violent in their obsessive brutality of tearing down the women over social media.

“I want you tell me if one of them even looks at you wrong during the tournament.”

“Baby.”

“Don’t baby me. I want you to promise, Whitney.”

“Alright, alright. I promise, just look after Lex, ok?”

“We will. You, omegas, can’t keep secrets like this from us, ok?” Becky stared into her mate’s eyes, begging her to keep this promise.

“I will, alpha. I promise.”

“Which one of them texted you?” demanded JJ, as she tried to calm down her girlfriend.

“Does it even matter? Why didn’t you tell me about the harassment?” Christine asked, not only concerned for Julie, but now, the omegas on her team. How many of the Canadian omegas had experienced this? She could only imagine them going after Carm or Josee? If they had even dared to look at Jessie Fleming, Sinclair would personally castrate them. The underage omega was off limits.

“It’s just a few comments here and there. You know how duchey the coaching staff is for Washington. They don’t control their players or their own mouths. It’s really nothing compared to what Lex and Kelley have been going through.”

“You shouldn’t have to experience any of it, J!” Christine yelled into her phone, barely noticing that Tancredi startled on the other bed, eyes widening in alarm at the captain’s tone.

“If you don’t calm down, I’m hanging up.”

The omega’s threat worked. The Canadian forced herself to breath in through her nose, pushing down her anger. It wouldn’t do to scare JJ. It would only serve to make her more frustrated in their next game. She couldn’t be mad with the entirety of the alpha world and have her girlfriend angry at her.

“Hello?”

“Did the alphas give you a hard time when you were on the team?” Christie asked, not waiting for so much as a ‘how do you do?’.

In her hotel room, Julie Foudy gulped. “Who told you?”
“You know I would never let another alpha treat you like that?” Abby asked roughly. She hadn’t meant to cry, but seeing the list, knowing that her wife had probably experienced the same thing. It didn’t matter that they were having marital troubles. It wouldn’t have mattered if they were divorced.

“Abs…” Sarah sighed. She didn’t know what to say. “We will talk about it in therapy, ok?”

Abby nodded, even if her wife couldn’t see. “You know I am sorry about everything, right?”

“I know, babe. We’ll talk soon. Don’t think about the past…focus on winning.”

“You are my rock, Sarah.”

“Why are you looking at me like that?” HAO asked, not liking the way some of the alphas were looking at her, a mix between pity and sadness. “They don’t pick on me.”

“Are you sure about that?” Naeher asked, hesitant to ask the veteran. She was newer to the team and didn’t talk that much. She still felt a desperate desire to protect the omega, even a tough one like O’Reilly.

“I swear if you sad sacks keep looking at me like that, I am going to scream. I am not being bullied!”

“But…” Kling tried.

“I’m throwing you across the room,” HAO said, advancing toward the small alpha.

“You feel safe, right?” Ashlyn asked.

Ali smiled. Unlike the other alphas, Ashlyn knew about at least Ali’s problem as an omega. Washington was rife with issues, but the team respected Ali. She proved she was a tough cookie and that she wouldn’t take their shit. Unfortunately, the ownership and staff were another problem.

“Yes, I do.”

“You promise?”

“Yes, now come here you big softy,” Ali said, bringing Ashlyn close as she pulled the taller woman into her by her practice shorts.

“Mmmmm…but” Ashlyn tried to speak against her omega’s lips.

“Less talking, more kissing.”

As a personal rule, Kelley didn’t keep much from her mates. It wasn’t in her nature to begin with, but both of her mates were so closed off in general, that someone needed to be willing to talk about their
feelings.

But how other alphas treated her was one of the rare secrets that she wished had never seen the light of day.

“It’s...it’s not a big deal.” Still, seated before her alphas on the hotel room bed, she was unwilling to concede her stance on the issue.

“It is a big deal.” Carli kneeled at the omega’s feet, one hand reaching up to cup a freckled cheek.

“My god, Kel, what if...what if one of them had hurt you?”

“But they didn’t,” Kel said, leaning into the hand. “They are rougher on the field, but here,” she gestured around the room, “you make it better. You hold me, and coo over every bump and scrape.”

“Kelley,” Hope said, kneeling next to Carli. “I know we don’t always take you seriously because you make jokes and prank people a lot, but we have to talk about this, as a family.”

“Some of these names, Kel,” Carli said. “You’ve played with them in club. You still play with them in club. We’ve shared meals with these people.”

“I don’t let them disrespect me off the field. I would tell you if that was happening.”

“Oh, so on the field is ok?” Hope said, temper flaring slightly.

“Yes! FIFA has rules, but they don’t mean anything. They don’t care about the omegas. They have the old-school mentality of sports being an alpha thing or a male thing.”

Carli shook her head standing up. “You know I was waiting for one name on your list.”

“Who?” Kelley asked, already knowing the answer.

“Tancredi.”

“She hasn’t said a word to me,” Kel said, smiling. She knew Carli and Tancredi didn’t get along, but the Canadian had never once come after the defender. It was one of the things that made Kelley like and respect her. The kindness Melissa showed Kelley in the few moments they had talked made the omega stand up for her the many times her alphas had gone on about her.

“Yeah, yeah I know. Are you sure?”

“Yes!” Kelley actually laughed. “You can’t use me as an excuse to punch her in the face. You’ll have to find your own dumb reason.”

“No one tells their mates,” Alex said, rolling her eyes as Christen pressed her into the bed.

“I don’t care. I asked why you haven’t told us,” the forward asked, her lips an inch from the omega’s.

Alex tried to reach up to Christen, closing the distance, but the alpha wouldn’t allow it.

“It didn’t seem important.” Alex averted her gaze. “And it’s not like it would really make a difference.”
“What do you mean?” Tobin’s brows furrowed in thought, even as her hands settled on the omega’s hips. “Why wouldn’t it make a difference?”

“Because FIFA doesn’t care. The coaches don’t care. The officials don’t care.” Alex groaned as Tobin’s mouth found the side of her neck. “Kelley and I have both gone to Tom and Jill, to referees and even to USSF, but nothing happened. So, we knew it didn’t matter.”

“It matters to us.” Christen presses a chaste kiss to the omega’s mouth. “And we’re going to show you just how much it matters to us.”
Call the Troops

Chapter Summary

The alphas plot and the omegas sleep.

“Ok, so what is the plan,” Tobin asked, throwing herself into a chair. If they asked her, this meeting was too damn early. She understood though, let the omegas get their sleep. The alphas had business to discuss. “We’d better have a plan if we’re up this early.”

“The first thing that we need to do is get a leash and muzzle put on Sembrant.” Lauren growled lowly. The alpha directed a hard gaze at Christie. “I’m serious, Cap. I want her punished. I don’t care how, but what she said to Alex? If that had been said to Amy, I’d have killed her.”

“You’re right,” Christie nodded. Her own mind going to Julie. Had someone said that to her omega on the field during the 1999 World Cup, she would have taken them out. No one touched her baby. Though they hadn’t been mated then, the need to protect had been there. And that need had only grown. What would she do now if someone hurt Julie like that?

To be fair, both Christen and Tobin already knew the next time they saw the Swedish alpha, she would be laid out flat on her back; refs be damned. Though, with how protective the team was of Alex, she might be laid out by a few of them.

“You still have Pia’s number, Cap?” Abby asked. The coach had a new number now that she lived in Sweden again. The forward hadn’t bothered getting the new one.

“Yah,” Christie looked at the gathered alphas. “I think it’s time we call her.”

“No,” Alex whined. As she heard yet another knock on her door. “Kel, get the door.”

Yet another omega, realizing that their alpha was gone had come to Alex’s door, instinctively knowing where their fellow omegas were. Alex’s room had turned into a gathering of sorts. All the omegas piled on to one bed.

“Christ in hell,” Kelley grumbled, shifting out from under the covers and heading towards the door. “Why can’t the alphas plot after the sun rises?”

“Because they wanted us to sleep.” Ali answered from the other side of the threshold. The defender clutched her own pillow and blanket as she walked into the room. “They really don’t get the fact that them calling a meeting this early means that we really don’t sleep.”

“Ok,” Kelley grumbled as she curled up tighter to make more room on the bed. “But I’m telling the staff that we need a nap. No way I can make it during practice without it.”

“Alex your foot is in my spleen,” JJ whined.

The unmated alpha grunted, moving her foot out of the way. Maybe more than four omegas in one
bed wasn’t a good idea. At least Kelley was small enough to curl up at the foot of the bed, legs hanging off the edge.

“She did what!” The alpha coach growled. She, unlike Jill, had never fallen in with what USSF wanted. Sweden was generally forward thinking about omegas. Of course, there would always be alphas that seemed to have the misguided opinion that being an omega was property to be owned. “I have to go.”

“What...wait,” Carli said, trying to stop their ex-coach.

“No, I need to have a word with my player.” Pia practically snarled as she hung up the phone. She had a Swedish captain to find, and then a wayward defender, it seemed.

“Lex,” Amy whined, as her fellow omega nuzzled into her neck. “I have to pee. Let me up.”

“Shhhhh,” Whitney complained, her eyes fluttering open at the noise.

“Alex,” Amy tried again. It only served for Baby Horse to burrow in deeper.

“Why are all of the omegas in your room?” Naheer addressed the question to Tobin, feeling distinctly unbalanced.

This whole situation with Alex had been eye opening in how far out of their depth both Kling and she were. They were some of the only alphas without a mate. They really hadn’t had any idea that, not only were the omega players so harassed, but how much more they relied on each other, as opposed to alphas.

“Because we all disappeared,” Ash whispered to her fellow keeper. “Yesterday was a big upset in their emotional balance, and then this morning, when we all disappeared, they sought each other out. Omegas that are really close do that sort of thing.”

“It’s one of the reasons Alex and Amy are practically attached at the hip.” Lauren agreed.

“We wouldn’t have even known about the harassment without Amy,” Hope said, nodding towards Lauren. “You’ve got a good, strong one there, Cheney.”

Lauren nodded, the corner of her lips twitching. “How’s Kelley doing?”

The keeper sighed, looking briefly at Carli, before looking back at Lauren. “We both know Kelley doesn’t do anything she doesn’t want to do.”

Tobin snorted, remembering the times Kelley’s alphas had tried to reign her in, trying to stop her from doing a prank or to keep her from doing something extra stupid like climbing the goal posts.

“We just have to convince her that it is in her and Alex’s best interest to tell us when some knothead starts something.”
“I think you’ll have better luck saving every PK for the next year than getting those two to start telling us everything,” Ash said, remembering how hard it was for Ali to talk about how alpha the coaching staff for the Washington Spirit got with her. They loved the team and the location, but there were a few individuals they could do without.

“That’s why you have to slowly teach them to talk about it more. Like I do with my kids when it comes to something like this. Reward them for telling you,” Christie offered.

Kling tilted her head. “Reward them? You mean something like ‘Oh this alpha did this to you, thank you for telling me, how about I do that thing you like with my tongue’.”

Ash’s large hand connected with the back of the smaller alphas head soundly. “It can, but generally no. And no, I’m not going to explain it to you until you have an omega of your own.”

Kling shrugged, taking the rebuke good naturedly.

Christie sighed as she considered the pile of omegas curled up together. “I’m going to go tell the staff that breakfast needs to be pushed off.”

“Breakfast?” Carli snorted good-naturedly. “Might want to tell them to push practice back too.”

If there was one thing that Tobin was supremely glad for, it was how well Amy and Alex got along. She would never understand the need for an omega to be supported by another omega. Alphas were honestly more solitary, most likely due to the aggression that they tended to have.

Sure, for the most part they were generally civilized. But most alphas were self-assured enough that they could go through life without really relying on another alpha for emotional support. And most often did, unless they mated with an alpha or formed a triad bond.

Omegas, however, sought each other out, finding comfort in the presence of each other, especially if they were in a new place or around a bunch of people. Still, she couldn’t help the slight flare of jealousy that she felt when she found Amy and Alex curled around each other again. She wanted Alex to find comfort in her and Christen. She would eventually, but for now she relied heavily on Amy, more so than what was normal.

“So, who’s looking forward to separating those two when this tournament is over?” Ash grinned even as dawning horror washed over the faces of Tobin, Christen, and Lauren. “Yeah, you three have fun with that.”

Ash managed to untangle Ali from the mass of omegas, though the blanket had to be abandoned. Hope tossed an almost too amused grin as she simply picked Kelley up, throwing her over her shoulder as she followed the blonde keeper out of the room.

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Later that day

Practice was cancelled in favor of a film day - they were set to watch both of the filmed games that Nigeria had already played.

It was the perfect opportunity for Christie to make another phone call to Julie.

The defender desperately missed her omega and recent revelations meant that she was going to have to have a long chat with the retired midfielder. She needed to get a better understanding of what
exactly had happened to her mate and was currently happening with her teammates.

“Hey baby,” Christie murmured as soon as the omega answered the phone. “Are you still in Winnipeg?”

“Yeah,” Julie drew in a slow breath. There was no doubt in her mind what this phone call was going to be about. “We should be joining the team in Vancouver in a couple of hours. FIFA wants us to interview a couple of the players.”

“Good, good.” The alpha blew a breath out. “That’s really good, because I think that we need to have a talk.”

“Christie,” Julie whimpered. She knew that she had hurt her mate, though it hadn’t been her intention. “It wasn’t so bad.”

“We’ll discuss it when you get here.” Christie growled firmly.

“Of course, Alpha,” Julie murmured, head tilting in a show of submission, despite not being in the presence of her alpha.

Tobin extracted herself from the bed carefully, easing Alex’s thin frame further back into Christen’s arms.

“Tobs?” Christen slurred sleepily. “Where are you going?”

“To talk to some of the vets.” Tobin pressed a kiss to first Alex’s forehead and then Christen’s. Another, lighter kiss was pressed to Alex’s cheek. “Baby, I’m going to take those emails and show the vets.”

“Tobin.” Christen arched an eyebrow, eyeing the tension that lined her mate’s frame warily.

“Ale’s said that she and Kelley both went to Jill and Tom, to refs and even USSF.” Tobin’s fist clenched at her side. “And I’ve got evidence that they did. Which means that people knew that this was a problem. And they did nothing for either of them.”

Abby was seriously beginning to wonder at the state of the world when something like this could happen under the noses of so many alphas. That betas, who were charged with helping omegas, had actually contributed to the systematic abuse of them.

Because the evidence was irrefutable.

Alex and Kelley had both sent emails to Jill and Tom, to USSF. They had occasionally been observed speaking quietly with officials at halftime before returning to the locker room looking disheartened.

Even skipping the step of actually speaking to one of the alphas on the team, they had followed all of the proper channels for action. They could file an action against them, but unlike physical aggressiveness, words were often an omega said, alpha denying it with no proof to move forward.

Even if USSF and the staff wanted to - which they didn’t - do something about the disrespect, they
couldn’t. The aggressiveness wasn’t even something they could officially do something about unless it was beyond a shadow of a doubt obviously deliberate and not an ‘accident’. Did they really mean to go cleats up into Kelley’s thigh, or completely miss the ball when tackling Alex? Of course not ref, it was an honest mistake the alpha would claim and the officials and USSF would listen even if the alpha’s claim seemed less than likely. No proof, no action. At least that is what Jill said when Abby and Christie had gone to her. It seemed that protecting the omegas were resting on their shoulders and their teammates’ shoulders alone. Official channels would be of no use.

“I don’t like this,” Christie whispered, shaking her head. A key part of their plan had involved Jill being willing to help or at the very least FIFA. How could they possibly protect their girls when circumstances were against them?

“We need to think of something.”

Christie had never felt more relieved than when she saw Julie checking in at front desk of the hotel. The omega turned and caught the alpha’s gaze.

A tension that had held Christie’s shoulders tight finally relaxed as she crossed the lobby and wrapped her arms around her omega.

“Alpha,” Julie sighed, turning her face into the curve of Rampone’s throat.

Abby tapped at her phone restlessly, debating on who she needed to speak to.

Usually this sort of thing fell under Christie’s purview, but the defender had mentioned meeting Julie in the lobby and hadn’t come back for an hour. She was obviously taking time to get acquainted with her mate.

They’d need to get Christie’s input eventually. However, there was no way that they were going to be able to keep the two mates apart any longer than was absolutely necessary.

“Did you come up with a list?” Boxxxy asked as she settled in the seat across from her.

“I was thinking Marta, Renard, Sinc, and Houghton.” Abby finally determined.

“Why not Angerer?” Boxxxy asked quietly. “She plays with Alex and Tobin.”

“Did you look at Alex and Kelley’s list?” Abby snapped. “Almost the entire German national team is on it. Do you really think that she would side against her teammates? It’s Germany, they’re not exactly a beacon of omega rights.”

“So, what do we tell them?” Boxxxy asked quietly.

“We tell them what we found out.” Abby simplified the problem. “And we tell them to talk to their omegas.”

“I’d have to talk to Ali, but Marozsan isn’t on either of their lists. She might be someone to talk to.”

“Jesus,” Abby groaned, rubbing at her eyes for a moment. “How did this get to be so messed up?”
“Because apparently, the behavior is so indoctrinated into the omegas to just accept this abuse that they didn’t know it was a problem.” Boxy leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes for a moment of rest. “But now we know. And we can fix it. We will fix it.”

“We have to.” Abby murmured, running a hand through her hair.

“I missed you so much,” Julie breathed, her nose pressed into the crook of her alpha’s neck, their bodies naked and flushed.

Christie canted her hips, smirking at the squeak it drew from the older woman. “I missed knotting you.”

The retired player chuckled. “You were always such a charmer.”

“I can’t help it,” the alpha said, hugging her mate to her. “You turn my brain to mush.”

Julie smiled. She loved Christie. She hadn’t expected to fall for the young alpha when they first met. Christie was only four years younger than her, but Julie had been on the USWNT for ten years before the alpha got her first call-up. It felt wrong, when the rookie had placed a gentle kiss on the veteran’s lips.

Thank goodness, Brandi Chastain had stepped in, stopping her from freaking out too much. She had told her there was nothing wrong with seeing Christie as long as kept it professional. They had, not even mating until after they had won a world cup, courting for practically two years before leaving a mating mark on each other’s neck or accepting Christie’s knot. How could they mate and spend most of their year across the country with different teams? It was the main reason, they had waited so long.

They had sex many times back then, but nothing could compare to sex after they were mated. It was something else entirely. It was like they were connected mind, body, and soul, knowing what the other was thinking without any words.

“How’s Alex?” Julie asked, not as the media personality, but as a concerned ex-USWNT player.

“Can we not talk about this when I’m tied to you,” the alpha coughed, already knowing that her knot was going to be shrinking much faster than normal with this sort of talk. She wanted to enjoy the afterglow a little longer before having to return to the world where Alex Morgan and Kelley O’Hara would be continually harassed by alphas without her and the other alphas knowing.

“Babe,” the omega whined, when she realized that Christie was canting her hips, her knot moving inside of Julie. It was an obvious ploy to silence her. She couldn’t help but not caring though.

Christie groaned, knowing that there would be no dissuading her mate.

There was something about the omega players of the US team. It didn’t matter what the gap was - age or status, how long they had played on the team or anything of the like. They all cared so damn immensely about one another. If it were happening at any other time than when Christie was knotted to her mate, it would have been heartwarming.

“It’s...it’s complicated.” Christie murmured, breathing in her mate’s scent. “And I have a feeling that between Tobin, Christen, and the rest of the team, we’re going to perfect the ability to hover. Around both her and Kelley.”
“How bad is it?”

Christie allowed her mate to settle further against her body before she asked her own question. “I could ask you the same question. Babe?”

“It was a different time. Women’s sports weren’t respected, omegas in sports certainly weren’t respected or even welcome. Don’t forget though, I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. Who do you think taught HAO how to lay out an alpha?”

“You will tell me if any player disrespects you.”

“Oh, babe. No one disrespects me now. It’s a different time, a different world outside of sports where old white alphas and unwitting betas run the show.”

“You promise?”

“Yes, now tell me how bad it is with Alex.”

Christie hesitated, biting her lip. “Worse than I could have imagined. Both her and Kelley...that list, Juls. It was so much more than I would have expected. They were alphas we have played with before, ones I respected.”

“You couldn’t have known.”

“But I should have, we all should have.”

“And you know now.” Julie soothed. “And now that you know, you can handle it.”

“I might be stopping several homicides.” Christie challenged. “God, Jules, there’s a good chance that we could end up playing some of those alphas. And now that we know what to look for? Dear god, the entire team might end up in jail.”

“Maybe not,” Julie almost grinned, despite her mate’s worry. “You guys have to remember; Alex and Kelley have been handling this kind of thing for years. Yes, you all know now and that means that you can help. But you also have to control yourselves.”

“We will do what needs to be done.”

Julie gripped her mate’s chin, making sure she saw her eyes. “You will be careful, understand? Do not let your alphas get out of control.”

Jutting her jaw, she said, “We will do our best, but I make no promises.”
Chapter Summary

The team plays Nigeria.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

There was something comforting about Lauren standing in front of her in the tunnel.

When she had been newer to the team and years younger, it had been because the alpha was more experienced. She was calm and collected. Her presence exuded what it meant to be an alpha, strength. Now, years and hundreds of minutes of experience later, it was because the alpha was acting as a shield, just as she always had. Even when she didn’t know it.

Behind Alex stood Pinoe, the hint of a grin tilting her lips up as she picked on Tobin. Alex couldn’t help but smile. Pinoe always joked around, even in times like this. She had a way of making everything a little bit lighter.

The others took things more seriously than the beta. Maybe they could just since the upcoming battle, the pheromones of both teams heavy in the air. The beta was blessed with not being able to smell.

Ali was leaning around Lauren, murmuring last minute comforts to all of the omegas like she always did when she knew that they were going to get roughed up more than usual. Though to be fair, that was in most games these days, especially during big tournaments. It was as though a carte blanche had been issued on all the omegas at the World Cup. It was an easy way to unnerve a team. Go after their omegas and rile up the alphas.

It seemed that was the other team’s plan. There was no mistaking the glint in the eyes of Nigeria’s starting XI. Alex was going to be their favorite target tonight.

This was going to suck.

Six minutes in, and Alex knew exactly how badly it was going to suck.

Pinoe and Ali had already hit the ground when Nigeria really started going after her.

The first foul clipped her from behind, a shove that spun her around as she lost her footing.

The Nigerian alpha smirked at her slightly. Just a slight twist that lets her know this was just the beginning. It wasn’t the alpha though that Alex focused on. It was her teammates surrounding her, Becky standing between the Nigerian and now wall of alphas. The ref hesitated, the whistle resting on her lips, but she didn’t blow it. There was nothing wrong. Only the general stink of alpha dominance in the air.

Alex coughed as Ali helped her up, both of their noses wrinkling. They were going to need to get
some Vicks to put under their noses if their teammates kept letting off such strong alpha pheromones.

JJ hit the ground next, just short of being thrown.

Then Tobin, who was subjected to a tackle that was just short of being a foul.

Pinoe, however, was actually fouled - a brutal slide tackle that sends the thin beta sprawling.

The second foul came ten minutes later, a crunching tackle that knocked the breath from Alex’s lungs as she got caught between the two center backs.

Abby and Carli appeared between them instantly, faces lined with fury as Lauren pulled the omega to her feet. A glance over Alex’s shoulder showed her that Broon had a tight but discreet grip on Tobin’s jersey to keep the midfielder in check.

It was the bench that drew her attention away from her soon-to-be mate. Christie Rampone was furiously talking to Jill, gestures well beyond constrained as she argued her case.

The benched omegas were seated as far from the Nigerian side of the line as possible, every alpha and Chups between them. Now they were leaning away from the arguing alpha as spittle began to fly from Christie’s mouth, the passion evident in her tone, which Alex could hear from the field.

Christen’s eyes locked on Alex, she completely ignored Christie. She only had eyes for her future mate. She nodded towards the omega, who nodded back, giving the thumbs up. Alex noticed Christen’s posture relax slightly.

Becky had finally let go of Tobin’s jersey as the midfielder trotted over to her omega, their teammates subtly moving between Tobin and the Nigerian player in case she got any ideas for revenge.

There was a low growl, a warning to the other team.

The beta ref raised her whistle to her mouth again, but Carli and Abby, whose arm was around Tobin, were already walking away.

Thankfully, Abby scored just before the half - a perfectly placed ball that came in from the corner kick. The shot could only be described as beautiful. They all piled on the alpha, whooping and hollering their joy. They only had a few minutes of happiness before the half time whistle blew.

The break consisted of Jill Ellis trying to rip the alphas a new one, demanding that they fall in line. Stony silence was her only answer. The team’s respect for their coach had waned.

When the second half started, Alex was ready with a pass that sprung her forward into a possible shot that DeDe saved. It was the very part of being a striker that Alex loved, at least until she felt a hand at her back that shoves her to the turf.

Alex had to hand it to the defender - it was so well timed that the shove got lost in the traffic.

It was the start of a brutal half as Nigeria’s fouls got more and more vicious.

Almost everyone was fouled, barring Hope, Carli, and Broon. Even Abby went down when she and Chukwunonye knocked heads.
Alex was only too happy to be subbed out in 66th minute. Her teammates had tried to keep an eye on the omegas, but they still had to play the game to win.

There was just too much to keep track of, so it was understandable when keeping an eye on the omegas fell by the wayside. Now though, she got to sit with her teammates and watch the rest of the game, wincing at every uncalled foul.

As soon as the whistle was blown, Alex was up, ready to shake hands and put this game behind them. Christen wouldn’t leave her side, even when it seemed like a Nigerian alpha just wanted to having a friendly conversation. Christen politely said she needed to go shake the others hands and that they might talk later. She wasn’t leaving the omegas side. There was going to be no chance of them saying anything untoward to her girl.

Alex handled it well, smiling. She didn’t mind the alpha’s presence. Tobin had often followed close to her during games with Portland back before she met Press. After meeting her mate, however, Tobin felt that her behavior was no longer appropriate, especially with the fans speculating on the nature of her and Alex’s relationship.

The omega would be happy to have Tobin close to her again and now Christen too. She wondered if she could convince Press that she was too cold? It was warm outside, but the alpha had her jacket tied around her waist. The omega couldn’t help but want to wrap Christen’s jacket around her. There was something about being surrounded in her alpha’s scent. It was protective and sweet at the same time.

As well as Alex was handling thing, Kelley was not. She was the complete opposite. She wanted to go off and do her own thing, shaking hands with the player and coaches. Hope and Carli, however, were her shadows now. Wherever, she moved, so did they.

The smaller woman’s ire was rising minute by minute. She appreciated their protection, but if Carli stumbled into her back one more time or stepped on her heels accidentally again, she was going to have a fit.

“Can you step back please?” Kelley hissed. She could literally feel Hope breath on her neck.

“I am just going to shake players’ hands, same as you,” the keeper replied lightly as she smiled and shook some of the bench players’ hands.

“How about you go over there and shake them then,” the omega retorted, her reply barely over a whisper as she kept her smile, outwardly appearing all good nature and charm.

“I’m good right here, thanks.”

Kelley heaved a sigh instead of screaming in frustration like she wanted to.

She wasn’t going to cause a scene, she would wait and really have it out with her alphas in the sanctity of their hotel room. She could already tell this new level of overprotectiveness was going to be absolutely draining.

“I’m going to walk with Alex and Christen.” The omega darted off before the keeper could do anything, joining the other two players as quickly as possible.
“Not bad out there, stud,” Julie said.

“I played ten minutes out there.”

“Babe, I’m complimenting you. When will you learn to just accept it,” Julie pouted. She had found her way onto the team bus. She wasn’t sure how. Maybe it was Christie’s pouting or Jill being so consumed with happiness at them topping the group. Whatever it was, she was grateful.

To their left Abby snorted.

Christie stuck her tongue out at the bigger alpha. “Mind your own business, Wambach.”

“Oh, but you did so well out there,” Abby teased, batting her eyelashes in faux swoon.

“I’m going to hurt you.” Christie’s eyes narrowed waringly.

“Children play nice.” Boxxy didn’t even look up from her phone, far more interested in texting her own mate. See really didn’t want to have to explain a brawl starting in the back of the bus.

Further up the bus, Alex and Amy had been corralled into separate seats by their mates.

Neither of them were happy about it.

“Stop pouting,” Lauren said, bouncing Ryan in her lap. “You can spend time with Alex later. I just want to spend some time with my mate.”

“We spend all our time together,” Amy said, taking their son from her wife. “Did you see how rough they were with her? Excuse me for wanting to check on her before Toby and Chris hole up in their room with her again.”

“We don’t hole up,” Tobin muttered, overhearing her friend’s conversation.

“You kind of do,” Kling chimed from her seat behind Tobin and Alex, Christen taking the seat in front of them, her body completely turned around.

“Excuse me?” The midfield alpha asked, glaring at the small defender.

“Oh, stop glaring, Toby. We both know you do that,” Alex smirked.

“Are you complaining?”

“About you two? Never!” Alex laughed, earning a wide smile from both of her future mates. They knew the omega liked to spend time with them, but it was always nice to hear.

Kelley scoffed at the preening alphas. “Just wait, you’ll find plenty to complain about them soon enough.”

Hope was glaring at Kelley. She was used to sitting alone. That had always been her MO, but since mating with Kelley, she had begrudgingly gotten used to the squirrel joining her on the bus. She always complained about it, saying the defender was too hyper and that she moved too much. The omega also wanted to snuggle, practically sitting in the keeper’s lap.

Now Hope was alone in her seat, and she wasn’t pleased.
“Be nice, Kel. They were only doing their alpha thing,” Ali said, looking at her own mate who was also glaring at Kelley. Somehow Kelley had gotten to the seat next to Ali before Ash could get there. It had only been made worse when the blonde had tried to physically make Kelley move. It was only when Kelley kicked her in the ankle and the low growl from Carli when she tried to exact revenge that made her choose another seat. “And stop glaring, Ashlyn. Just be faster next time.”

“Be faster?” Ash glared harder. “She was on your heels getting here.”

Kelley stuck her tongue out at the keeper before returning her attention to Ali.

Chups and Pinoe huddled in the middle of the bus, eyeing the alphas and omegas around them warily.

It wasn’t that often that they realized just how little they actually knew about alphas, omegas, and their mating. But today’s game against Nigeria had been eye opening.

It was one of the reasons Cap and Boxxy had been subbed in. The coaching staff had hoped that the two older alphas could calm things down.

It had, in a sense.

Not even Nigeria was foolish enough to challenge the five senior American alphas. Not if they could help it.

“Seriously, how many meetings are we going to have?” Lauren asked, having finally gotten Ryan down for a nap. She was looking forward to alone time with Amy, but of course, like always now, there was another meeting.

“Ok, let's get this over, what’s up, Lex?” Boxxy asked.

“Why do you assume it has something to do with me,” the omega asked, scrunching her nose.

Tobin grunted. “Yeah, it's not actually us this time. Wait...it’s not, right?”

“No, Tobito, it is not specifically about you,” Kling said, standing in front of the group. When the defender had come to their doors saying there was a meeting, no one had thought it was actually Meghan that had called this get together.

“Seriously?” Carli asked, already standing up to go. “Funny joke, Kling.”

“Sit your ass back down, Lloyd. We need to have a talk with you lot,” Chups said.

“What the hell is wrong now?” Hope asked, curling a hand in Carli’s shirt to keep her from lunging.

“That, right there.” Chups motioned. “I know that Pinoe and I are out of the loop on a lot of things. And Kling and Naeher are too because they don’t have mates. And we want to protect all of the omegas just as much as you do. We do.”

“But we’ve got to calm down as a team.” Pinoe took over. “Abby, you and Carli nearly got carded in that game. If that ref hadn’t been so damn scared of you two, you probably would have.”

“No one is just going to run over our players.” Abby snapped.
“And they were specifically gunning for Alex.” Carli added with a low growl. “And Ali and the rest of the team and yourself, Pinoe. That game was out of control in the first two minutes.”

“It was,” Pinoe agreed. “But the alpha standoff didn’t help.”

“We aren’t asking you to not stand up for the omegas. We are just saying not to be such knotheads about it,” Chups added. “I think, and forgive me for saying this Alex, but your pheromones are affecting some of the alphas now that you are coming off your meds. And I think as a team, we all need to realize that and start to make a conscious effort to calm down.”

The room was silent. They couldn’t argue with that. Their emotions had been elevated recently. A part of it was the pressure they all felt resting on their shoulders. The world was watching, expectations so high. This was their big chance.

Now mix that with Alex’s pheromones making them all protective knotheads. They could see the problem the betas and unmated alphas were talking about.

“You know, yoga is helpful for relaxing.”

Tobin’s face looked like a mixture between being constipated and about to cry. “Please...not more yoga!”

Pinoe’s smile widened. “Why Press, I think that’s a lovely idea. Team yoga!”

“No,” the alpha midfielder moaned. She was so close to never having to do yoga again now that Alex would be available to get her ass out of bed with Christen in the morning to do sunrise breathing meditation followed by yoga.

“Yoga?” Abby’s eyes narrowed dangerously. “Not happening.”

“Oh, come on.” Pinoe groaned. “We have to do something.”

“Yoga hurts.” Abby snapped back. “I still have a hard time believing people do it for fun.”

“Thank you.” Carli agreed, shooting a dirty look at the beta pair.

“Don’t think of it as yoga.” Chups scowled darkly at most of the alphas, who seemed to be of the opinion that yoga was a poor decision. “Think of it as severe stretching.”

“No. Happening.” Abby growled.

“We’ll think of something.” Christie interrupted. “But I know that I can’t make any promises. Especially if they continue to go after the omegas, Alex in particular.”

“But I think we can all agree to try and agree not to start a brawl on the field.” Abby added.

“That’s all we ask.”

“Alex,” Tobin whined, as the omega kissed down her neck.

Christen watched the two, smiling. She could already see their life in Portland. Alex used to be Tobin’s roommate anyway. It made sense that they’d spend their off season there. Even with Alex being traded to Orlando at the end of the season, and Christen still being in Chicago. Portland would
still be there home. Though, Christen might make the argument for California. Great surfing, both she and Alex went to school there, and wonderful weather. What more could her girls ask for?

“Stop whining,” Alex chuckled.

“You’re not making it easy.” Tobin could feel herself straining against her compression shorts. She wanted the omega so badly. “It’s taking all my self-control not to ravish you.”

“Well you won’t have to wait too much longer, stud.” The omega went back in to kiss the long expanse of the alpha’s neck, but a hand on her chest stopped her.

“What do you mean?”

Alex sighed. She knew they would need to have this talk. She had already talked with her therapist and Amy. As she was coming off her medicine, she felt more and more comfortable with her alphas. With them needing to come up with an exact date, she was leaning more and more to just go with Jill’s ‘suggestion’. It may not have been her original first choice, but it would give them the advantage in the final, and she loved her future mates. Being with them just felt right.

“I did the math.” Alex rested her forehead against Tobin’s shoulder, closing her eyes against her mates’ reactions. “Being weaned off of all the meds means that my full heat should hit right before the final.”

“Are you sure?” Christen automatically asked, one hand pressed in the omegas back.

“Yeah,” Alex drew in a deeper breath. “I did the math three times.”

Christen bit her lip. The joke of Stanford math classes verses Berkeley classes resting on the tip of her tongue. She held back. This conversation was far too serious for such light-hearted ribbing right now.

Tobin hooked a finger under Alex’s chin, raising her head so that she could see blue eyes. “Are you ok with that?”

“Tobin, I am so ok with it that I can hardly wait.” Alex leaned forward, pressing a gentle kiss to the alphas mouth.

Christen waited a minute before pulling Alex to her as well, wanting a kiss of her own. The omega was all too happy to oblige. She pulled back slowly, feeling Tobin’s hand on her lower back.

“You know we are… still going to have talk the logistics,” Tobin said, her face red. She rubbed at the small hairs on the back of her neck.

Alex laughed. “You know I’m not a blushing virgin. I know how sex works.”

Christen growled, lowly. “First, let’s never talk about you sleeping with someone else when we were literally just kissing. And second, she’s right.”

“How so?” Alex felt like they were being too protective again but still thought they were cute. If they wanted to take her through the intricacies of sex between alphas and omegas, then she’d sit there and blush prettily.

“Well there are three of us.”

“Oh.” Yep. That was a new one for Alex. Her cheeks flamed.
“Yeah, ‘oh,’” Tobin guided the trio towards the bed, settling them back against the headboard. “It would be beneficial to have some sort of plan going into this.”

“What kind of plan?” Alex hedged, twisting her fingers in the hem of her shirt.

“Who you would want to go first would probably be a good thing to know.”

Alex tensed at Tobin’s words. That really was one thing she was hoping would fall under the ‘wing it’ category. Mostly because she didn’t really know her own feelings on the matter. And besides, how could they talk about this without hurting anyone’s feelings. Her mates could feel her indecision and worry through their fledgling bond.

“Al, sweetie,” Christen laced the fingers of her hand with one of Alex’s. “Whatever you say, it won’t change how we feel about you. And it won’t hurt either of us. We want you to be safe and happy going into this. And part of that is being comfortable with how things are going to happen.

“I really don’t know if I even have a preference,” Alex shrugged, blue eyes wide. “I mean, you have more control, Chris, but Tobin would probably be easier because you’re thicker. And let’s be honest, it’s been a long time.”

“So, the plan is to wing it?” Tobin arched an eyebrow curiously.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments guys. We love them, really. See I kind of posted earlier like you asked...it's not been a full week.
Colombia

Chapter Summary

Colombia shows their true colors.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex wanted it to go on record that she hates playing Colombia.

They were absolute dicks. Normally, the rough housing and rude comments wouldn’t start until the frustration built into the game. Not with the Colombians. They started it in the tunnel.

Alex’s body was finally starting to feel like her own again. Unfortunately, it also meant her pheromones were starting to come out screaming ‘mate-me’. Tobin had barely left her side in the locker room. Christen had hovered during warmups. She could only imagine how her teammates would be on the field, probably flanking her any chance they got. She had to admit. Their protection was as endearing as it was very very necessary, as they all realized when the comments started.

“Yo puta, you need a real alpha. Come hop on my cock. I’ll show you what it is.”

“No, she want’s mine.”

“No, she wants my cock up the culo!”

A flush of embarrassment and shame crept up Alex’s neck. The first alpha, Velasquez stepped forward, smirk in place as she reached for the forward.

Lauren yanked Alex closer, a low growl building in her chest. “Back off.”

“Huh,” Lady Andrade sneered. “I guess the American princess is too good for her teammates. Maybe if she asks nicely, one of us will give her the deep dicking she needs.”

Abby dove around JJ, grabbing Tobin so that the midfielder didn’t start a brawl in the tunnel before the anthems were sang.

It didn’t matter though, not to the Americans. Andrade had sealed her own fate.

Lauren got carded for a foul on Rincon. The smaller alpha knew the reason. Rincon had claimed that Alex wanted her dick up the ass. It was probably a good thing that Lauren exacted revenge before Tobin could.

Pinoe caught her own card just before the half ends. Velasquez had started the tunnel talk and had been the one to make the aborted move towards Alex. The foul Pinoe exacted was crunching in exchange. Who would have thought the so called ‘Peaceful Betas’ could get it in with the best of them?
Alex had to admit, the red card foul from the keeper hadn’t been deliberate. For all the things she thought someone would get a red card for after a foul, that had not been one of them. It had played in to their advantage though.

In fact, the alphas had smiled at Alex when helping pull her up after the foul. They were proud of Baby Horse. She was playing like a rock star.

“You good, Lex?” Abby asked quietly, touching her shoulder.

“Yeah,” Alex brushed turf off of her shorts. “I’m good.”

Abby missing the PK set them back, but not a lot, because three minutes later, Alex got a pass in some space and the keepers cheated up off the line.

Her shot slot in like a dream.

It was Tobin that lifted her up in a post celebration hug. They hadn’t done this sort of celebrating in so long. The alpha had gotten careful after the fans had started to make comments. Now, however, she didn’t care. The omega was hers, and she wanted to celebrate.

It took more effort than she expected not to lay a kiss on her omega’s lips right then and there. Instead, she waited for the tunnel. As soon as the first half was over, she was kissing the girl right there, just out of sight of fans but in full view of the Colombians.

Was it petty? Hell, yes. Was she mostly doing it to prove a point? For sure. But the way Alex whined into the kiss made the talking to she would be getting from Jill, more than worth it.

Besides, Pinoe and Lauren were getting the ‘we’re better than this’ talk right next to her, so at least she wasn’t alone.

“You didn’t hear what they were saying in the tunnel.” Lauren finally snapped, stunning Jill into silence. “As it is, they’re pretty lucky to be breathing.”

“She’s right,” Abby scowled darkly, exchanging a glance Carli. “Colombia’s lucky we all have extreme self-control.”

“You all do realize that we have to be able to field a team to play the next game, right?” Jill snapped. “And I’d like to actually win the tournament. Now I’m going to be explaining to Gulati why two of my starters can’t even sit on the bench the next game.”

“Maybe you can explain why one of our own feels threatened in the tunnel before the game to him too,” Hope said, normally throwing her two cents in last, often leaving only her name and dissent in the coach’s mind.

“We all are aware that Alex’s situation is unique. I am sure that the other teams would not be experiencing this over sensitivity if she didn’t have heat pheromones.”

Abby’s mouth dropped. Did Jill Ellis just take the other teams’ side? Pia would be raging at this point, but not Jill. She got the job by not rustling any feathers and that was obviously how she planned to keep it.

“Now, I want a clean second half? You got that?”

The team nodded, not bothering to verbally respond as their coach exited the room. The rest of the squad started to trickle out. Alex got up from her seat to go, but stayed back when Christen’s hand
came to rest on her shoulder. “What exactly did they say?”

“I really don’t want to repeat it. Ask Lauren or Tobs.”

Christen nodded. She understood. From what she gathered, it had not been good. “Can I kiss you?”

“You don’t ever have to ask.” Alex leaned forward, pressing a kiss to the darker forwards mouth.

The kiss ended far too quickly for Alex’s liking, but there was a game to win and a tournament to advance through.

“Come on, Baby Horse.” Lauren tugged them just a little to separate them. “We’ve got a game to win and some Colombians to shut up.”

Alex couldn’t help but grin, pressing one more chaste, quick kiss to Christen’s mouth before walking out of the locker room, leaving Tobin with an expectant Amy and Christen.

“So, what exactly was said, Tobin?” Amy’s eyes narrowed in a flare of temper.

All game, her bond with Lauren had hummed with rage. The starting XI had been angry. Their emotions on the field were clear in their chippy plays. The words had obvious been bad to get the whole team to act that way.

“There was a whole lot said.”

It always felt good to shut another team down and knock them from the tournament.

It especially felt good when you scored on a team that had been harassing at best and predatory at worst. It was even nicer when the winning goal was scored by said victim of harassment.

Alex was more than an omega. She was a world class goal scorer, who could make another team wish they hadn’t showed up to play.

Christen and Tobin were being extra close to Alex, as was Amy. Though the omega forward understood the need for the alphas to be close to Alex, and thus let them sit by the omega instead. She had decided that Alex would need some serious TLC from her fellow omegas. Tonight, they’d have her. For now, the alphas could spend time with her though.

Kelley, after hearing about what went down, allowed her mates to pay her extra attention. She had felt their aggression the whole match, almost being drowned by the hatred thrumming through Hope. The keeper felt things so passionately.

Christie was already on the phone with Julie, needing to hear her omegas voice to calm down after she had been told what had happened in the tunnel.

Still, nothing compared to the utter silence that rippled across the bus when the coaching staff stepped onto the bus.

As far as the team was concerned, Jill Ellis had lost any respect that they might have had for her.

They would listen, because it was their job, and they would play to the best of their abilities because
they loved each other and the game. But they would stay as far away from the staff as possible.

Amy opened the door to the room Alex shared with Tobin and Christen with a bang.

“Go see Lauren or one of the other alphas.” Amy ordered the two stunned alphas.

“Wait, what?” Christen scrambled out of the bed on instinct. Even though they had only been cuddling, it felt like they had been caught by her parents.

“You and Tobin can go see the other alphas now,” Amy said sternly. The blonde nudged Tobin’s leg. “Get your shoes on, Tobin.”

“Are they still here?” Kelley bounced into the room carrying a box of snacks from the snack room.

“Yes, they’re still here.” Amy huffed. “Shoes, Tobin.”

“You do realize that this is our room, right?” Tobin asked as she rolled to her feet.

“Yes, yes, that’s nice Tobin. Now move it.” Amy demanded.

“I don’t see-” Christen started.

“Less chit chat, more leaving,” Syd said, walking in with her laptop. “Now, which movie are we watching tonight ladies?”

“I want to watch movies,” Tobin pouted, having caught the two mismatched shoes Kelley had thrown at her head. She wanted to spend the evening with Alex and Christen, cuddling. It had been all part of the plan.

“Then go watch some with the other alphas because it’s omega night!”

The alphas pouted as they were slowly pushed from the room. Amy doing most of the pushing, Kelley waving her hands widely as Christen backed up, least being hit by the flailing limb. Once the door was closed, all the omegas in the room, Amy turned to the stunned Alex.

“You up for omega night?”

A look of shock to glee crossed Alex’s features. “Yes!”

“Good,” Amy grinned. “Your choices are The Princess Bride or one of the Harry Potter movies.”

“The Princess Bride.” Alex cast her vote firmly.

“Cheney!” Tobin bounced into Amy and Lauren’s room, zeroing in on her best friend like a missile.

“Your mate kicked us out of our room!”

“She’s your friend too, Tobin.” Lauren reminded drily.

“Not when she’s kicking people out of their rooms.” Tobin snapped, pulling her hair back into a messy bun. “All I want to do is cuddle with Alex and Christen. And Amy is being completely
“You aren’t staying here,” Lauren said. Ryan was having a sleepover with Reese. If Amy was going
to be spending the night with Alex, then she might get the first full night sleep in forever. Amy was a
mover in her sleep, especially when she was pregnant. Not to mention her bladder was the size of a
pea. She got up at least once in the night, effectively waking Lauren or whoever she was rooming
with back in the day.

“We don’t have anywhere else to go.”

“Tobin, I’ve shared a bed with you before,” thinking back to their sleepover days talking about Amy.
“You get morning wood. If you think I’m letting you into this bed, then you are wrong.”

“What about me?” Christen asked, glad that she had been wearing more than her boxers and sports
bra when she was kicked out. She at least had on a pair of sleep shorts and an oversized t-shirt.

“You, Pressy, are more than welcome to stay.”

“What!??” Tobin cried, indignant.

“Sorry, Tobs,” Lauren stretched across one side of the bed. “But unless you have a different solution,
you aren’t staying here.”

“Your mate is the one that ran us out of our room!” Tobin challenged.

“You mean to tell me that an omega ran two confident alphas from their den?” Lauren teased back.

“It’s Amy,” Tobin whined. “It’s not like I could argue.”

“How about I sleep between the two of you?” Christen mediated, eyeing the two midfielders warily.
“Would that work, Lauren?”

Both of them were generally good natured, but you never know what might set an alpha off, even if
they were good friends.

“That would work.” Lauren agreed.

Tobin grumbled a few curse words under her breath as she waited for first Lauren and then Christen
to get settled into the bed before climbing in.

Abby scowled as she scrolled through her contacts.

Over the years, she had played for US Soccer and whatever league was actually working at the time,
she had accumulated the necessary numbers to get ahold of various international team captains. Just
in case there was a problem that needed their attention.

It was one of those things that you did when you were in charge of other teams’ omegas.

Boxxy, Cap, Abby, Broony, Hope, and Carli had the same numbers.

It was just one of those things.

And this was exactly the sort of thing that the list of numbers had meant for.
Because Ali and Syd and Kelley and Amy had said that while Colombia excelled at being dicks, and that they were generally among the worst of the international teams, the comments they had flung at Alex in the tunnel were not exactly new.

The other teams were generally smart enough to wait until they were on the field and away from the US’s alphas to start saying things.

If their omegas were being harassed, then other omegas were likely being harassed.

Abby finally found one that didn’t seem to be too traumatizing. Brazil had precious few omegas on any of their teams.

Abby hummed to herself as she waited for Marta to pick up the phone, listening to the ringing.

“Abby?” Marta’s accented voice reached her ears right after the click of the phone being answered. It sounded as though she had woken the Brazilian from sleep, sad at their loss the previous day against Australia.

“Yeah, hey. I need to talk to you about your omegas.”

Marta’s head tilted to the side. “What does any of this happen to do with my girlfriends.”

Marta was a particularly strong alpha, like Carli and Hope. Her alpha was one of the strongest Abby had ever met, meaning that it made all the more sense for her to be in a triad relationship. Unlike Carli and Hope or even Tobin and Christen, she had found love in the arms of two charming omegas. One short, blonde Swedish woman and one Brazilian she had met growing up in the soccer system there, not that she had been with either when she dated Whitney. Now though, they complimented each other perfectly.

“Not them, the omegas on your team. We think - no we know - that something is going with the omegas on international teams. It seems not everyone is being as friendly as they should to them.”

“You are just now figuring this out?” her accented voice snarked.

“You knew?”

“Brazil always protects theirs. It is part of our policy. Do you not have the same?”

“Honestly, it’s never come up before.” Abby sighed, running a hand through her bleached hair. “And you didn’t think that we needed to know this sort of thing?”

“I thought you knew.” Marta conceded the point. “Whit told me after she almost had a stroke about playing a friendly against Bayern Munich, but she doesn’t generally have very many problems with alphas. I had to scent mark her and leave a nice sized mark on her neck to keep them away from her. At least with those players, they respect a claim. Most alphas do, except when it comes to O’Hara of course. Then there’s Morgan being unclaimed.”

“Oh, for the love of god,” Abby groaned, also mentally congratulating herself for not having let Becky make this call. She would not have pleased with the information about her mate’s past. “Why is it always those two?”

“Because everyone wants to knock Solo and Lloyd off their games and Alex is a beautiful, successful, unattached omega. Even with Heath and Press panting after her.”

Abby groaned, a string of swear words slipping out as she collapsed back on her bed.
“Then what’s the deal with Colombia? Are they dicks to just our players or everyone?” Abby wanted to know if Jill’s standpoint had any ground.

The coach had had no right to say it, but it wouldn’t matter if the comment had any standing room.

Marta laughed. “Check the fouls against us last match, Wambach.”

The forward nodded. She got what the Brazilian was saying. Colombians were down right vicious. Some teams were just chippier than others.

The movie had ended over an hour ago, but the omegas were still awake, animatedly talking about this and that.

“You did not!” Syd cried, slapping Whitney’s arm.

“It was her birthday,” Whitney defended herself. “I thought it would be cute. She likes cats!”

“But you were waiting there naked in nothing but cat ears, whiskers, a pink collar, and a tail!”

“Wait! Wait! How did you attach the tail?”

“It...well. They sell these toys that go...well you know.”

The grouped laughed. Alex’s ears were red as she laughed with the rest of them, embarrassment almost at how much she now knew about her friends’ sex lives. As the laughter calmed, Ali looked to the star forward. “What about you Alex? You’ve be surprisingly quiet.”

“I...I don’t really have a lot to talk about. I mean, I told you guys about how amazing they were with their mouths, but for sex...well I talked with Tobin and Christen about it, but we haven’t yet.”

“Ohhh, you talked to them,” Amy asked suddenly eager to hear more.

Alex shrugged, a blush climbing up her neck. “There’s nothing really to talk about?”

Alex cursed as her voice rose in pitch at the end, placing a question where there shouldn’t be one.

“Al?” Amy reached out, snagged the other forwards arm and pulled her close, letting Alex bury her face in the curve of her neck.

Alex could confess to most of her insecurities, if she didn’t have to look at you. And one of her favorite confessals was the curve of Amy’s neck.

“We haven’t figured it out.” Alex mumbled, her face heating even more.

“Figured out what, baby?” Amy ran a hand through brown hair, trying to sooth her before the tension Alex was feeling had a pair of unruly alphas crashing the party.

“How to have sex.” Alex heaved a sigh, because that was an incomplete expression of what the situation was. “How to have sex with the three of us at the same time.”

“Oh, I can tell you all about it,” Kelley offered, smiling brightly. Hope and Carli hadn’t been her first pair of alphas by far. She had been a major frat daddy back in her party days of college. In fact, it was for the best she ended up with two alphas; not only was she a handful but she had some of the
kinkest sexual proclivities of anyone on the team.

“I don’t think she wants your advice, Kel,” Ali tutted. She knew just what a freak her fellow backliner was. From what she gathered of Alex and her alphas, they were going to need to start off with the vanilla basics. No fancy ropes and sex swings like the other woman would call a fun Friday night.

“Then give us your advice there, Krieger. We all know now that Ashlyn isn’t the only alpha you get down with.”

Ali glared. “First, it isn’t about getting down. We are a complementary pair. Secondly, I will be giving my advice because Kelley will scar us all for life with hers.”

O’Hara gasped, a look of faux offensive touching her features. “I resent that!”

“Shut up!” Syd said, throwing a pillow at the small omega. “Go ahead, Ali. What’s your advice?”

“Well, I was going to say don’t ever do what the pornos tell you that you should want. Or even what Kelley will probably tell you in more detail than you will ever want to know. You can’t take both of them at the same time for the foreseeable future, that’s even if you’d want to.”

“Wait why not?” Kelley asked, confusion written on her features.

“We aren’t all you, Kel. Some of us aren’t used to...well anything up that other way.”

Kelley glared as the others laughed. Even Amy chuckled jostling Alex slightly.

“Definitely not ready for that.” Alex had paled at the idea.

“Hey, easy there,” Amy murmured in her ear. “Breathe before you pass out.”

“Don’t rush it,” Ali continued, resolutely ignoring Kelley’s outrageous facial expressions and gestures. “We’ve all gathered that it’s been a while for you, Alex. And we don’t need to know an exact amount of time, but the last time that you tried to take a knot, it didn’t work out. Your body remembers that. Foreplay and communication are your two best friends.”

As it always did, when Alex thought back to that dreary night of terrible change, her body tightened with phantom pain. The memory of the brutally painful sex flickering across her facial expression in a wave of anxiety.

The other omegas could smell her distress, her scent changing. Amy pressed Alex in closer, cradling her head. “Shhh, sweetie, what is wrong?”

“Sor--Sorry, just remembering.”

The other omegas suddenly tensed, knowing exactly what she was referring to. They huddled around their most broken member, holding her close and cooing words of comfort. Alex shook her head after a while of letting the love surround her. “No, no, you guys. It’s ok. I know that it won’t ever happen again.”

“It won’t. Toby and Press love you,” JJ reminded the forward.

“And you don’t have to brush it aside. It’s something that is a part of you, that pain,” Ali offered, rubbing Alex’s hair.

“It just...when I think about it, I can still feel the pain.”
“That’s normal,” Kelley offered. Everyone turned to her.

“How do you know?” Alex asked, her voice soft.

“I… well party days Kelley was a dumb Kelley. I was drunk off my ass, barely able to see, and this alpha who was just as drunk was making out with me. She had already popped her knot when...I’ll spare you those details. I guess I wasn’t prepared for it, but it hurt like a son of a bitch. I didn’t reject the knot per say, but it felt like I was being ripped in two. No matter how drunk I was, I can’t forget that pain.”

“I... I had no idea,” Alex breathed. “Does it ever get better.”

“You’ll always remember the pain, but it hurts less over time, knowing that you have someone who will never hurt you like that again.”

Tears pricked the corner of the forward’s eyes as she threw herself at Kelley. “Thank you so much for sharing that with me.”

“If you need to talk, I’m here anytime, sweetie.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy game day
China Game

Chapter Summary

The team are forced to play the beta only China without Pinoe and Lauren. Alex takes the self-sacrificing route, and Kelley gets a tad bit injured.

Chapter Notes

Congrats to Utah for Winning...I may or may not have lost a bet that caused me to post tonight and because of wonderful reviewers of course...

“You’re not going to be standing in front of me.”

Lauren didn’t know that Alex could place that much betrayal into her voice, but she really didn’t like it directed at her.

“I know, bud,” Lauren rubbed the palms of her sweaty hands against her jeans. “But Ali and Kelley will be there.”

Alex crossed her arms over her chest, raising one unimpressed eyebrow. She was not happy.

Lauren really couldn’t blame her. The foul against Colombia had seemed worth it at the time, but now the idea of leaving Alex alone on the pitch was making it seem more and more like a poor choice.

There had been so few games where Lauren had been entirely unavailable. Alex was thrown completely off kilter. She was so used to the alpha in front of her. She was her rock.

“I want you in front of me.”

“I’ll be watching in the stands. And just think about it. China’s mostly betas; you don’t have to worry too much.”

“I still wish you were down there.”

“I know. But Amy will be on the field. Don’t you think it doesn’t kill me I can’t be in the tunnel with you both?”

Alex looked into Lauren’s eyes. She could see the pain and anxiety that the alpha had kept hidden. It had been there in the beautiful brown eyes this whole time. Lauren was good at acting brave for the others, but now that Alex was looking, she could see the truth. The alpha was more scared than she was. Her mate and unborn child were on that pitch. “She’ll be fine.”

Lauren nodded. “You’re going off meds, and Amy is pregnant. I would give anything to be there to protect you both.”
The omega rushed into her friend, hugging her tight around the middle. Hope who had been watching the interaction came up behind them. She patted Lauren on the shoulder and patted Alex on the head. “We’ll watch them for you, Cheney. Promise.”

“I think you’ve already got your hands full with that one,” Lauren grinned, pointing towards Kelley who was trying to ride out of the tunnel on Carli’s back.

Hope growled. “Kelley! Get off of her back!”

The friends laughed at their teammates. The midfielder hugged Alex one more time. “You got this, kid,” she whispered, letting go and walking off with Pinoe.

This was going to be one hell of a game.

Lauren was furious.

She wanted to know if the other international teams had meetings or perhaps sent out memos about the US. China had never been so aggressive in her tenure with the team. Both Lauren and Pinoe were in shock. This game, although not as bad as Colombia, was looking bad already.

Lauren growled as Alex was fouled again in the first ten minutes. The alpha winced as the striker rose to her feet, shaking off the stiffness that was growing with each bruising hit.

Lauren was torn between a wave of fondness and growing rage.

In a conga line of fouls, China would target Kelley, who would make the clear, and then Alex and then Amy. Still, Alex was getting double and sometimes even triple duty, because if she could, she would sidestep into the way of China and take the hit for Kelley and Amy.

It was as endearing as it was worrying.

China shouldn’t be using this much aggression. They were betas, for god’s sake. And yet they were toeing the line of dangerous play as well as most alphas did.

The first half ended with Lauren nearly snarling. Knowing that she couldn’t get back into the locker room now that the game had started, she settled, instead, for texting Dawn. The fitness coach was the only staff member that any of the team could still stand. The beta at least acted like she still cared, worrying over wounds. Still, some believed when it came down to it, Dawn would stick by her fellow beta’s side.

Lauren wasn’t so sure. At least, she sent back reassurances to the upset alpha until the second half started.

Five minutes into the second half, Alex took another hit for Amy. Only this one knocked her off of her feet and sent her tumbling.

The Chinese player was carded, but it wasn’t enough. Not for Lauren and not for her alpha and omega teammates yelling from the sidelines.

At least, Carli scored a minute later, but it doesn’t make up for what happened. With faces drawn on the omegas and betas and furious expressions on the alphas, they keep going. They knew what was going to happen. The play was going to get even rougher after they scored.
It was down on their half, when Kelley caught an arm to the face.

Blood poured out of her nose, Carli and Hope nearly lose it. Lauren’s hand clenched against her thigh. She watched as Hope was yelling something to Kelley on the sidelines. The team was playing a player down; the keeper should be concentrating on the field, but her eyes were on her omega. Carli too was distracted; her body made more contact with the opposing players now than with the ball.

The Americans started to calm down when the small forward turned defender came back on, but the Chinese were still desperate. Their fouls didn’t cause any more ‘incidental’ blood to spill, but it would surely leave some nasty bruises.

“Lauren,” Pinoe hissed, as Cheney watched both Amy and Alex go down this time, one right after the other. “Control your pheromones, people are starting to stare and for the love of god, stop **growling**!”

The alpha realized that she was letting her emotions get the best of her. No doubt it had a lot to do with Amy’s own frustrations strumming through their bond. Though to be fair, she probably wasn’t helping with her own anger. She nodded at the beta stiffly, uncurling her hands. “I’m going to go down to the locker room. I can’t watch this anymore.”

The team walked off the field stiffly. Lauren was on the field as soon as the whistle blows. Even though she wasn’t able to play, she was allowed to greet her teammates post game. She forwent going to Amy. She wanted to talk to Alex first.

The forward looked up at her from her seat on the ground, her body exhausted. Christen was standing to her right talking with JJ, her attention directed at the blonde but really with her future mate. She was waiting until they left the field before crowding her. Tobin was being far less subtle.

The midfielder was rolling the ball at Alex’s leg. She was facing the omega, sitting to her right with legs outstretched. Alex let her, knowing that Tobin was being a bit childish. The ball continued to bounce off her leg; they needed to stay out of each other’s space on the field, at least until they were mated.

“Alex.” Lauren was voice is gruff. The omega looked up at her smiling until she saw the look on her friend’s face, her shoulders immediately tensed. Lauren curled a tan hand into the striker’s jersey and tugged her to her feet. “I’m borrowing your mate, Tobin.”

Lauren didn’t give anyone any time to protest, yanking the omega off of the field and into the hallway of the tunnel where Lauren pushed the striker against the wall.

“Have you lost your mind?” Lauren snapped. “What the hell did you think that you were doing?”

“Protecting Amy.” Alex shrugged like it was a foregone conclusion. And for Alex, it was. Amy was her cuddly buddy, an ally when she most needed her. She wasn’t going to let the pregnant omega get hurt, even if there was an almost 0% chance of the baby - only the size of a pea - getting hurt.

“You could have been hurt.” Lauren snarled, sending a dark glare towards the door of the Chinese locker room.

“But I wasn’t.” Alex curled her hand into Lauren’s shirt when it looked like the alpha might go give the other team a piece of her mind. “And Amy and baby Cheney were safer.”
“Alex!” Lauren snapped her gaze back to the striker. “That’s not what this is about.”

“It is for me.” Alex finally snapped back. “You and Amy have been by my side this entire time. You’ve helped me in so many ways, Cheney. This was a way for me to give you just a little bit of peace, since you couldn’t be out there with us.”

The alpha glared, her gaze meeting Alex’s own. The omega waited, ready to argue this one out. Instead, Lauren surprised her, pulling the girl’s smaller frame into hers and sighing. “Please, never scare me like that again. I thought I was going to have a stroke watching them go after you.”

The women hugged, holding each other close. It was nice to have someone in her court that she so trusted besides her future mates, who must have been standing there for a bit as a cough finally broke Lauren and Alex apart. Tobin was standing there smirking. “You know, if you really want to thank my mate,” Alex’s heart fluttered at the words, “then you could name your next kid, Tobin.”

Amy snorted, walking by them. “Pshhh...we’ll leave that for your kid, Tobs.”

“No thank you, one Tobin is enough,” Christen said, smacking said alphas butt as she passed before pecking Alex on the lips. “Try to be more careful, little one.”

Alex nodded, accepting Christen’s hand as they walked together into the locker room. Tobin called after them, “Hey, Tobin Jr. is a perfectly acceptable name!”

Kelley almost sighed as her mates fussed over her nose again.

If anyone deserved to get fussed over, it was Alex, who had, somewhere between this game and the last, lost brain cells.

Kelley wasn’t stupid, she had seen what Alex had been doing for her and Amy. The defender had been cursing almost the entire time she was on the field. She had started cursing even more, and much more loudly, when they had subbed her out.

It wouldn’t shock the smaller omega if the forward had taken it upon herself to protect her teammates as much as possible in some twisted sense of thanks.

It was the sort of thing that Alex usually did.

“Can you breathe out of the left side?” Carli asked, turning her mate’s head to the side. She and Hope were crouched in front of her. She was sitting back in Carli’s locker room chair. They had encouraged her to come off the field at the end of the match, a hand on her back, a mate on either side when she shook hands.

Of course, her first world cup start had ended with a bloody nose. It was just her luck. “Yes, Car. I can breathe.”

“Does it feel broken?” Hope questioned. They had both been there when the omega was examined after the game and had been informed by Dawn that her nose was not actually broken. Still, the keeper had her doubts in this moment about the Brit’s credentials. It looked awfully bad, but then again, she was also looking through a mate’s eyes. Had it been someone like Tobin or Kling, she would have said it looked like a scratch and walk it off. She had had worse and so had Kelley, but not since being together, at least not in international play.
“No-” Kelley said, on the tip of her tongue some choice words, but she was saved as Jill called her over. It only took a couple minutes, but the defender came back with a wide grin.

“What?” Hope asked.

“She said I impressed her.”

Hope and Carli beamed with pride. “Of course, she did. You were great out there, baby girl.”

Kelley wondered, in a brief moment of spite, if she could bunk in one of the other omegas’ room.

It was unkind, but if Carli and Hope checked her breathing or refused to let her get something on her own one more time, she was going to lose her mind.

Kelley stormed down the hall, ignoring the frantic scrambling of her mates as she headed towards Cap’s room.

The older alpha was probably the only one that could get her mates to listen.

Per team policy, especially since Jill Ellis’s statements regarding Colombia terrorizing Alex, all of the senior alpha’s doors would be unlocked. Kelley barely paused as she pushed Cap’s door open, already talking a mile a minute.

“Yes, yes, right there, Christie,” Julie moaned.

Kelley’s eyes widened, her mouth dropping open. In front of her was Captain American fucking her mate, doggy style. Julie’s lip caught in between her teeth as her back arched, hands digging into the covers. Christie’s hands rested on the older woman’s hips, controlling the pace, which faltered as she heard her teammate.

“You dirty bastards,” Kelley chuckled. She moved further into the room, laughing harder as Christie scrambled for the covers, which had fallen on the floor. “No need to be modest now, Christie. You already flashed me when you went for the sheets.”

Christie’s face resembled a tomato. “Get out of here!”

“Nope, I need you to talk to my mates first, then you can go back to screwing Foudy.”

“What the hell are they doing?” Christie groaned, knowing that it was a losing argument.

“They won’t leave me alone.” Kelley groused, leaning her shoulder against the wall casually.

“Of course, they won’t.” Christie grumbled under her breath. She was beginning to consider having a mandatory class on things alphas did when their omega was injured or distressed. “Kelley, you started bleeding on the pitch, accident or not. You’re lucky that they didn’t kill the other player. At least, they let you walk off the field instead of carrying you.”

“I can get my own Gatorade or water, Cap,” Kelley whined.

“Christ,” Cap muttered. “Just go hang out with Alex or Amy, O’Hara. Or better yet, accept that your mates had a scare today and let them coddle you for a little bit.”

Kelley pouted. She was about to say something when her mates burst in, hackles raised at the smell
of another alpha’s den, a smell very close to sex in a room their mate was in. A mate that was injured with a swollen nose.

“Kelley, go with them,” Julie warned, hugging the comforter tighter. She knew that Carli and Hope were already on edge and being in a room that smelled like sex and another alpha weren’t helping.

“What if I don’t want to?” the omega pouted, pulling a growl from her alphas’ lips.

A snarl rumbled from deep within Christie’s chest, low and dangerous. A warning.

“Right,” Kelley straightened from the wall, turning and shoving her mates back towards the door. “Come on, you two, out. I’m not explaining to Jill why you three got into a dick measuring contest and hurt each other.”

Carli growled again, pulling Kelley close to her chest and stumbled backwards, Hope covering their retreat. Christie, knowing that her teammates were crafty and that she couldn’t lock her door, grabbed a ball from the end of her bed and jammed it against the door. Now the door wouldn’t open and the door was still unlocked. “Where were we baby?”

Julie shook her head. “Are you seriously ready to go again?”

“What do you mean again?” Christie asked, unwrapping the covers. “I never stopped being ready for you, baby.”

“You’re gorgeous,” Tobin said. “And you are stunning.”

Her girls were laying back on the bed. Everyone was undressed, but they weren’t going to have sex. Alex’s meds were still not out of her system, almost though. Any day now and she would be ready.

“I want to see if I can pleasure you both at the same time,” the hint of determination darkening Tobin’s eyes.

“And how exactly do you plan to do that?” Christen teased. She could see the uncertainty in Alex’s eyes. She knew that Tobin had a plan to get the omega as comfortable as possible with them before the omega’s actual heat hit full force.

It helped that their alpha hind brains were gearing them up, amping up their libidos in response to the omega’s changing scent.

“Well, Christen,” Tobin said, drawing out the other alpha’s name. “I’m left handed, and you said I could make you come with my eyes closed. Maybe I can make you cum with my left hand and my head between Alex’s thighs.”

Alex’s eyes widened as Press snorted. “You’re skilled, babe, but I doubt you can concentrate enough to make both of us cum at the same time.”

“Oh, I don’t know. What do you think, Lex?”

The omega gulped. “I... I don’t see the harm in letting her try if she wants.”

“And I most certainly do want to try,” the midfielder salaciously winked.

Tobin pressed a kiss, first to Christen’s mouth and then to Alex’s.
“Do you know,” Tobin grinned against the Alex’s mouth. “That tasting you is one of my favorite things to do?”

“Tobin,” the omega whined, hands coming up to grip the alpha’s shoulders. Not to rush the alpha but to ground herself. “Please.”

“Easy, baby.” Tobin nipped lightly over the blank stretch of skin where their mating marks would soon be. “I’ve got you covered.”

Tobin reached out, gripping Christen’s hip to draw her closer. Once Alex and the other alpha were hip to hip, she started moving down, kissing along Alex’s chest first and using her famed left hand skills to circle Christen’s nipple. Alex took a deep breath, pushing her chest up and into Tobin’s waiting mouth.

The alpha hummed, performing the same actions on both women. Circling each woman’s left nipple, one with her tongue and the other with her fingers before pinching them lightly. Christen’s hip thrust forward. Tobin smirked against Alex’s chest. Christen liked it a little rougher when it came to chest play. They were still learning Alex’s likes, but the alpha was trying to be gentler on their omega.

Tobin slowly moved further down Alex’s body to the skin just below her right breast. She pressed her teeth just a little bit harder against the tan skin.

The omega whined low in her throat, arching her body so that Tobin could have better access to her body. “More.”

Tobin blinked slowly, pressing a soft kiss to the abused skin.

It wasn’t the first time that Alex had asked for more, but the rasping tone was definitely different from the tone she usually heard.

“I think she likes that, Tobs,” Christen chuckled gently, turning her head to drag Alex into an open-mouthed kiss.

Tobin grinned against Alex’s skin, sucking a mark into the golden skin.

“More,” the omega hissed into Christen’s mouth. Tobin smirked, moving even lower, her mouth sucking another mark into the girl’s thigh, right under her hip. Her teeth found soft skin as Alex moaned into the other alpha’s mouth.

Tobin played a little more with the omega and alpha, alternating whose thigh she was kissing before getting to her favorite part, the tasting. Both Alex and Christen were unique in their flavor. She couldn’t wait to taste them in combination, eating Alex out after Christen came inside of her. She was sure that would be the peak of bliss. She could die happy.

Still, that would have to wait. She had a challenge at hand, and she wanted to complete it more than anything.

Tobin shifted Alex’s legs wider apart, sucking a dark mark into her inner thigh just below the line of her groin. Her left hand slid up Christen’s leg, to her cock, where she started her favorite stroke.

Christen’s hips jerked, just slightly, as she gasped into Alex’s mouth.

“Mmmmm,” Tobin moaned at the first swipe of her tongue, so uniquely Lex. She didn’t focus on the clit at first. She wanted to taste fully from the source, licking the inner folds and dipping her tongue just inside where the flavor was strongest.
“Delicious,” she whispered, letting her nose nuzzle against the little nub.

Her hand worked Christen over from bass to tip, going slower at the top and faster at the base. It drove her lover crazy. Now her movements were easier as the pre-cum lubed the way.

Alex whimpered at the next lick, body tightening on the short leash of sensitivity, her arousal ramped up as she could hear Christen’s pleasure with every stroke.

Alex raised a hand, tangling her fingers in Christen’s hair and pulling the alpha into a deeper kiss.

Tobin leaned back, watching the two for a long moment, her hand still working Christen.

The next swipe of Tobin’s tongue applied a phantom pressure to Alex’s entrance before traveling up to her clit. The midfielder circled the small bundle of nerves, dancing patterns that made sense only to Tobin.

“Tobin,” Christen groaned.

“You close, baby?” the midfielder asked, her face still buried in Alex’s wetness.

“Yes.” The two women hissed at the same time.

The older alpha redoubled her efforts, applying more pressure to Christen’s cock while applying a constant pressure in a series of long licks to Alex’s clit. In a matter of seconds, she could tell they were both on the edge. The alpha arched her back and moaned into Alex’s mouth whereas her omega counterpart started rocking her hips, forcing Tobin to use her one free hand to hold her down.

Christen came with a groan. Alex followed a second later with a low whine.

Tobin grinned, slowly easing both of them down before resting her cheek against Alex’s thigh to survey her handiwork.

“You know,” Tobin mused. “I think I’m going to make it my mission in life to see how loud I can make Alex cum.”

“We’ll make it a competition.” Christen panted against the curve of their omega’s neck, pressing another kiss to the younger striker’s mouth.

Alex whimpered at the very thought, a flush crawling up body. The omega twisted her hips trying to create space, a sudden rise of sensitivity making her skin itch.

Christen chuckled, noticing Alex’s movements. “I think it’s my turn for a taste.”
Stupid Alphas

Chapter Summary

Alex’s alphas get a little possessive.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Are you sure you don’t want to wear my jacket too?” Tobin asked for the third time. She was on the omega’s heels, following her as close as humanly possible.

Alex let out a low growl of frustration. “Yes, I am sure. I am already wearing your shorts and Christen’s shirt. A jacket won’t help.”

Tobin pouted, her jacket clutched in her hands. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, she is sure.” Kelley rolled her eyes. She thought it would be funny to see Tobin and Christen this way, much like Hope and Carli near her own rut. It turns out it wasn’t as funny as she thought. “No amount of your alpha stink is going to cover her heat pheromones.”

A blush colored Alex’s cheeks. Twenty-six years of life and the only place where heats were spoken about as the weather was at soccer camps with these girls.

“Come on, Al,” Amy tugged the omega along. If they didn’t start moving, they were all going to be running extra laps. “We’re gonna go to the omega side of the field to practice.”

“We’re not going to jump her.” Christen snapped irritability, tugging at her omega’s shirt lightly. Her alpha brain didn’t understand why their coach was segregating the alphas from the betas and omegas. They were going up against Germany, shouldn’t they be working more on the dynamic of the starters?

“I know, you won’t,” Amy agreed, though she was starting to doubt that after seeing a large hickey low on the omega’s neck. “But it’ll be easier on Alex if there’s a little bit of a separation from all of the alphas.”

“Yeah, Chris.” Kelley nudged her college friend further away. “She’ll be fine.”

“She would be just as fine with us,” Tobin complained, following Christen away, both dragging their feet. Alex looked after them, also pouting. She couldn’t help her anxiety. She wanted to be around her alphas. Still, she went with the omegas to practice.

Having the ball at her feet felt good. It was her happy place, centering her. Not to mention, she needed to stretch out her muscles. She was sore. It was all because of the game the day before. The Chinese players hadn’t been so gentle, bruising her upper torso and left calf.

Tobin and Christen, on the other hand, had been nothing but loving the night before. They had left a smattering of hickeys on her lower half, but they had been gentle. They wanted their omega to feel nothing but pleasure.
“How’s the nose?” Alex asked, passing the ball to Kelley.

The defender scoffed. “Not you too.”

“What? I was just asking a question.” Though the smirk on Alex’s lips said differently.

Almost everyone had heard about Kelley stumbling into Cap’s room. They knew she had found Captain America doing the dirty and why it all happened. It seemed like Tobin and Christen weren’t the only overprotective alphas on the team.

“My nose is fine,” Kelley retorted, rolling her eyes. She had had far worse injuries. A bloody nose wasn’t that big of a deal. “What about you, dumbass? A little sorer than normal after your stupid mission yesterday?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Alex responded primly, pretending she hadn’t heard her fellow omega.

“Liar,” Amy grumbled next to her. “And while Baby Cheney and I appreciate your efforts, please don’t do that again. I know China is a bunch of betas, but it was terrifying to see you go down so much.”

“I make no promises.”

They had agreed to a joint birthday on June 28th. With Julie not getting in to town until after her birthday and having to worry about the China game, Christie had wanted to postpone her fortieth birthday celebration. They had agreed to celebrate Boxxy’s thirty-eighth birthday at the same time.

After the Germany game would be Alex’s birthday, and Pinoe’s birthday would fall on the gold cup final match, if they made it that far. For now, it was about the two alphas. Christie and Boxxy had been there for Alex, and she wanted to let them know how much she really appreciated them.

Unfortunately, she was having trouble even getting out of her hotel room.

“Nope, not that,” Christen growled, already looking for something else in their various suitcases.

“What is possibly wrong with this outfit?”

The team had reserved a nice restaurant for their last day in Ottawa. It would only be them and the wait staff at the place. Still, Alex’s future mates were having trouble with the idea. Alex, in their opinion, was smelling far too delicious and was too vulnerable to other alphas.

“It’s too attractive.” Tobin licked her lips.

Alex would have grinned if this had not been the seventh outfit she had tried on. She was literally in a pair of jeans and Christen’s cream colored blouse. Yes, the younger alpha had style and taste, but the outfit was far from revealing.

“Look,” Alex sighed. “We have to meet the rest of the team in a couple of minutes. We need to go, and I’m not trying on anything else. There is nothing wrong with my clothes.”

“But you look so good.” Tobin wrapped her arms around the omega’s waist from behind. The alpha ran her nose along the line of Alex’s neck. The scent gland there was already swollen. With all the pheromones she was pumping out, how could it not be. “And good God, you smell even better.”
“Tobin,” Alex whimpered, leaning back against the alpha. She could feel Tobin’s hard cock press into the denim of her jeans. “We have to go.”

“Oh, I don’t know.” Christen pressed against the omega’s front, hands settling on the omega’s hips. She pressed a kiss to the pulse point of her throat. “We’ve never heard you scream in pleasure. Just these little whimpers and whines. We could get started on our little competition.”

*Bang Bang*

The knock on the door startled Alex, but the alphas steadied her, hands not leaving her waist. The haze of her pheromones was still at work on their alpha hindbrains.

“You are late,” Hope called through the door. “I also have your room key. Don’t ask me how Kelley got it, but I will use it if I have to.”

Alex whimpered as Christen started sucking lightly on her pulse point, just hard enough not to leave a mark. At least there better not be a mark or someone was going to be in big trouble, not that Alex could think of that in the moment. Her mind screamed for her to take the pleasure and forget the rest. Her brain was not as clouded as her alphas. She felt what she assumed were Tobin’s fingers sliding along her bra strap, getting ready to unsnap the clasp.

“We can’t,” the omega whined.

“Oh, but we can,” Christen cooed.

“I’m coming in,” Hope yelled, hoping that walking in would be enough for whatever was happening on the other side of the door to stop.

Her hope was dashed as despite trying to extract herself in embarrassment, the alphas were still firmly glued to their omega. Christen’s mouth attached to the left side of Alex’s neck, one hand resting very close to the junction between her legs. Tobin, on the other hand, was on Alex’s right, one hand under the back of her shirt and the other splayed over toned abs.

“Oh, hands up. I want to see hands.” Hope felt a headache beginning to form. Kelley may like to interrupt her teammates pre, post, and during sex, but her alphas did not take so much pleasure in coitus interruptus.

Tobin growled lowly, dark eyes flickering up to gaze at the keeper.

“I want to see your hands, Tobin.” Hope kept her voice level but firm. That was usually the best way to deal with this sort of situation. Or so Cap and Abby had told her. With their impending retirement, they wanted Hope to get some more practice. Though, the keeper thought that was bullshit. Still, she begrudgingly went along with it. It was Cap’s birthday celebration after all, and they all were starving. If Kelley tried to start another raid of the snack room, Dawn was going to find a way to tie up the omega. “Yours too, Press.”

For a long moment, neither of the alphas backed off. Hope readied herself for the inevitable fight that seemed to be just around the corner.

And then, like the miracle it was, clarity flickered across Tobin’s face.

The midfielder took a hasty step back, creating space before she drew in a deep breath. “Fuck. We need to get out of here.”

The alpha forward growled, her body still firmly pressed against the omega. Clarity did not come through her eyes. Tobin went to help, but Hope stopped her. “Oh no, you are just going to start right back up.”

The midfielder nodded, knowing that the keeper was right. It was only Alex that could bring Christen around. “Baby, please. I promise we can snuggle when we get back.”

The alpha shook her head, fighting the haze.

“Do this for me.” Alex pleaded, resting her hands on the alphas hips and giving a little shove. “I promise, we can snuggle when we get back.”

Christen finally stepped back, eyes still hazy from the swirl of lust and pheromones.

Hope reached out, grabbing the omega carefully. She pulled the forward behind her, backing out of the room. “You get to sit with Lauren and Amy, Baby Horse.”

“Yeah,” Alex gulped in fresh air from the hallway. “That works for me.”

Lauren took control of Alex as soon as Hope got her to the lobby.

She was less likely to be attacked by the girl’s soon-to-be mates, so it was the safer option. Plus, it gave Amy and Alex a chance to cuddle on the way to the restaurant. Tobin and Christian’s eyes did not leave their omega for a second, despite being forced to sit all the way at the back of the bus, seven rows of seats away from Alex.

Even at the restaurant, they were made to sit across from Alex, afraid that any physical contact would spur the alphas on. The argument that had ensued over seating arrangements had come close to blows between Christen and Abby.

Alex had to admit. She would have put her money on her alpha if it had come down to a fight. Christen was extra “feisty” recently, going as far as slide tackling Rapinoe during practice because she had thought the beta had made eyes at her girl. Of course, the beta hadn’t but that didn’t matter. Jill had made sure to let her know that she would be nowhere near the field of play against Germany after that little stunt.

No one was looking forward to that game.

“Ok, seriously Tobin,” Lauren snapped as they headed towards the bus again. “Quit glaring. If you two could be trusted to keep your hands to yourselves, then you could sit with her.”

“You keeping us from our mate isn’t the only issue, Cheney.” Tobin growled lowly, sending a dark glare towards Kling and Naeher, who were trailing the main group of teammates by a considerable margin.

It was obvious that both of the unmated alphas had hard-ons. It had almost started a brawl with Alex’s alpha. They couldn’t help how the unmated omega’s pheromones were affecting them. If they could stop their bodies’ reactions, they surely would have.

“They can’t help it, knothead,” Lauren said, smacking her friend in the back of her head. “And we
all know Alex is y’alls. No one is trying to stake their claim.”

Tobin acted like she didn’t hear her friend. There was no point. She didn't care. She didn’t like this. They were flying out the next day for Montreal. If the team thought they could keep the alphas away from their soon-to-be mate, then they would have another thing coming.

“Tobin, you have to let Alyssa onto the plane,” Christie reasoned.

“No, they can take other transportation.”

Alex wanted to scream. Her alphas were being complete idiots. She now understood why Kelley was always complaining about Hope and Carli, especially when she was in heat. Alphas were not ruled by their big brain but by the tiny one between their legs.

“Toby, come on. Christen has already got our seats.” Said alpha had already gone to claim the back of the private plane. She had made a little nest on the floor for after takeoff where they could rest together. She let Tobin play the ‘staking the claim’ game today, not wanting to also be banned from the final match.

“No.” The queen of nutmegs growled, stomping her foot in protest as she continued to bar the way onto the plane.

“I was just asking how she was,” the backup goalkeeper protested. If she had known being nice to Alex would have caused all these problems, she wouldn’t have bothered. At least, she was wearing compression shorts today; Tobin couldn’t see whether she had a hard-on or not.

Tobin growled lowly, scowling at the backup keeper.

“Alright, this is getting ridiculous,” Abby growled. The taller alpha walked forward, wrapping one arm around Tobin’s waist and hauling her up over her shoulder. “We’ve got to board the plane, Tobin. Alyssa, you and Kling stay away from Alex until this whole thing is over.”

Alex trotted onto the plane making her way to the trio of seats that housed her nest. Abby slung Tobin down in the seat next to the window, the thin alpha bouncing just a little bit. Alex curled up in her seat under a blanket, a chill running down her spine. Christen took the aisle seat, stretching her legs out to trap Tobin in.

“God save me from young alphas.” Abby grumbled as she headed towards her own seat, ignoring the snickers from the rest of the team.

Alex sighed as she settled across the bed in Amy and Lauren’s room. The curly haired alpha was distracting her mates with Ryan and giving Baby Horse the chance to have a breather from the alpha pheromones. The stink in their room was starting to choke her, making her cough with each deep breath.

“You know they smell good, but at some point, it's too much you know?” Alex asked.

Amy laughed. “Trust me, I’ve been there, especially when I was pregnant. I can already tell your mates are going to be trouble.”
“Oh no.” Her face went into her hands. “Don’t say that! I don’t want to even think about getting pregnant right now. They’re already enough of a nightmare as it is. It’s your turn to deal with overbearing alphas.”

“Trust me. When I start showing, you’ll see protective Mama Bear Cheney come out. I once stood on a step stool to get something off the top shelf when I was eight months pregnant. She had a cow!”

Alex couldn’t help the laugh that escaped her. It wasn’t a difficult thing to imagine given how protective their alphas were.

“Are you ready for your heat?” Amy asked, becoming serious for a moment as she settled on the bed next to the younger omega.

“Hmmmm.” Alex hummed, curling her body into the other omega’s. “We’ve got snacks and Gatorade and water.”

“But are you ready?” Amy pulled the blanket over the both of them, settling in for a nap.

“Yeah,” Alex breathed. “I am. I’m really, really ready.”

“Good.” Amy murmured into her hair as they settled in for a nap.

“... And she is going to start her heat soon?” The representative from USSF soccer asked Jill over the phone.

“Yes, sir.”

It had worked out better than they could have hoped. Alex didn’t know, but USSF had been prepared to force her hand if she didn’t mate before the final match. Jill had said it was her choice and technically it still would have been a choice. However, it would have meant serious consequences from USSF including making sure she was placed on the worst NWSL and cutting her allocation pay.

Jill had lied when she said she had gone to bat for her. The coach didn’t have a spine when it came to dealing with USSF. She hadn’t been their first choice for coach, but she was easy to control. She didn’t want to lose her job as head coach and was thus willing to do whatever they said, even if it wasn’t in the best interest of her players.

“Good,” the representative smiled on his side of the phone. Everything was going according to plan now.

Alex Morgan getting her medical needs taken care of? Check.

Alex Morgan mating other US soccer players? Nice bonus.

Alex Morgan going to into a massive heat that triggers the heats and ruts of the rest of the team? On track.

Getting the next generation of soccer stars thanks to said breeding? Pending.
Thank you so much to our readers for our 500th review!!!! Wow it just blows our minds how much you guys like this fic. Also would you guys be interesting in a fic like this but with Sinclair, Tancredi, and Alex set after the 2012 Olympics? Hope so because we already have 10k+ words ready.
For Alex, the day of the Germany game dawned too early.

The room was too hot. It was the first thing that Alex noticed as she climbed into wakefulness, wrapped in her mates’ arms and cuddled under the blanket. The omega twisted out from under her confines, panting at the heat in the room as she made her way to the foot of the bed and headed towards the bathroom.

She could feel the heat in veins, not quite at the inferno levels that heralded her normal heats but close, so close she could practically taste her own need. Her pheromones were thicker than they were before. No doubt the whole floor could smell her.

The omega turned to the shower, stripping her clothes off and turning the dial until the water was cool. She needed to kill off some of the heat.

She wasn’t in the shower for more than a couple minutes before she heard the curtain moving aside and a warm body pressing into her own. She knew immediately that is was Christen, not only by the smell, but the feel of her body. Both alphas were so different.

“You smell so good,” Christen husked, her body molding to the back of Alex’s. Her hardening cock pressed against the soft, wet flesh of the omega’s ass. “And feel amazing.”

“I’m not quite there yet,” Alex mumbled, turning her head to press a kiss to Christen’s mouth.


The alpha pressed a hand low against the omega’s belly, just a little bit of pressure, something she had seen other alphas do when their omegas were close to heat.

“What does it feel like?” The question slipped out before Christen could stop it. She couldn’t help her own curiosity. Ruts and heats were so different.

“Like I’m on fire.” Alex placed her hand on the back of Christen’s, lacing their fingers together. “And empty. God, it feels so achingly empty.”

“Soon, Lex,” the alpha murmured against the omega’s throat. “And then you will have our knots.”

“You promise?”

“I would promise you the world if I could.”
“Only an hour late,” Kelley said, clapping her hands in faux applause.

“Oh, shut up, O’Hara,” chided Boxy. “You just walked in yourself.”

The defender did her best to look ashamed. For some reason, Hope and Carli were feeling particularly randy this morning. Though, it wasn’t like they were the only ones late. It seemed like the whole team was just now making it down to breakfast.

“We told you all to be here an hour earlier than you needed to be,” Abby added darkly into her morning coffee. She, like the other alphas, were experiencing the early symptoms of rut. Unfortunately, unlike most of her teammates, her mate was not currently with the team.

Alex tried to feel embarrassed about the lack of professionalism, but she couldn’t bring herself to really care.

She took her normal seat next to Amy and began to pick at the offered food. It tasted far better than it had at the beginning of the tournament, but she still didn’t have the consuming hunger her fellow omegas felt with their impending heats.

Still, she had gotten the nod for the starting XI, so she had to eat. She wasn’t going to mess that up for anything.

Kelley extracted herself from her mates, taking a seat on Alex’s other side.

“Germany is going to suck.” Kelley whispered.

Alex’s grim acknowledgment was enough that the smaller omega knew she wasn’t the only one that dreaded taking the field. Germany had always manhandled her and Alex, for different reasons, but that didn’t make it suck any less.

“Just stay away from Krahn and Maier.” Kelley warned quietly. “They tend to rough you up even more than the others.”

“And you?” Alex asked, her voice low so that no one else would hear them. “The bench isn’t that much easier. They have to walk past you.”

Kelley nodded. She knew the sneers and low comments will be coming. If she got subbed in, she was going to be a major target. “Just take care of yourself.”

“You too.”

On the bus, the vets decided to finally ask Alex and Kelley about their lists. The girls had been weighing their options. They knew the omegas wouldn’t want to talk about the Germans but something needed to be done. The upcoming game had finally forced their hand.

“Back of the bus,” Christie ordered, moving Kelley from the front with Rapinoe. The omega begrudgingly moved, knowing full well that protesting would just lead to the alpha carrying her back there.

“You to, Lex.” Carli tugged the omega into the aisle, ignoring Tobin’s growl. The two omegas were led to the back of the bus.

As soon as they were seated, Abby produced both lists from her sweatpants pocket. “We need to
know if you two have a plan for this.”

“Stay as far away from them as possible?” Alex offered. “Suffer in silence?”

“Suffer in silence?” Hope growled lowly. The keeper hugged Kelley into her lap, arms wrapped around the omega. “What kind of plan is that?”

“The one that’s worked since we first got called up?” Alex snarked.

“Well, it’s not the plan anymore.”

Alex rolled her eyes, snarkiness clear in her tone. “Then what’s your plan? It’s not like you can form a box around us on the field.”

She didn’t like this. She was used to suffering in silence. She wanted to play on the field like she always did. If they were thinking about limiting her, then they had another thing coming. She hated the Germans as much as any of them, but they all needed to focus on winning.

“We are going to keep them off you as much as possible,” Carli promised.

“You can’t though,” the omega forward protested. “This is a physical sport, which is often one on one. You can’t be by my side every instance.”

“No, but we can keep you away from the roughest of them,” Christie said. She had been talking this through with Julie. There weren’t many options.

They couldn’t keep her on the bench. They needed her. Nor could they form a protective wall around her. That would just leave the field too wide open for the other team to counter. A wall would be at least two other players. It would be like playing nine on eleven.

They couldn’t do a tit for tat either. Of course, the yellow cards would be erased for the final match, but a red card wouldn’t disappear. They couldn’t afford to lose their starting XI. Their best option was shifting the omega around away from the alphas that targeted her, the many on the list.

“You plan to keep me in different positions on the pitch?” Alex scoffed. “Jill isn’t going to allow that.”

Carli growled. “Fuck Jill. She can’t stop us from moving you around.”

“Yeah, she’ll probably just pretend it was her idea if - I mean when - we win,” Boxxy added, not liking their coach any more than the others. Unfortunately, they didn’t know just how much Jill would take credit for that idea and believe it a key to their success in the future.

Alex sighed, exchanging a glance with Kelley. “What are you going to do for Kelley? All of y’all are worried about me, but Kelley’s gonna catch flack to.”

“We already know who’s starting.” Christie rested a hand on Kelley’s shoulder. “Abby, Boxxy and I will keep an eye on the Squirrel.”

Alex sighed again, something she seemed to be doing more and more often as of late. “I guess that plan works as good as any. Can we go back to our seats now?”

“Yeah, kiddo,” Abby agreed. “Go ahead.”

The alphas watched the two omegas walk back toward the front of the bus. Kelley wanted to chat with Alex some more, so she happily left her mates to talk with the other vets.
“Does anyone else think that was too easy?” Carli asked slowly.

None of the alphas replied, but the seed of worry was beginning to form in the back of their mind.

“You agreed to that plan pretty quickly.” Kelley accuses quietly.

“Yeah, well, we both know that plan won’t survive contact with the pitch.” Alex shrugged. “I’m more concerned about someone having your back than mine.”

“And I’m more concerned about you!” Kelley hissed. “You’re starting and you smell like that. I wouldn’t be surprised if someone tried to dry hump you on field.”

“Oh, shut it,” Alex snorted.

“I also wouldn’t be surprised if that was Tobin by the way she is looking at you.”

Alex looked over towards her mates-to-be. The look they were giving her made her feel like the choice steak at a Texas roadhouse. She blushed, moving to sit with them. She would be lucky if Christen didn’t try to run onto the field after the first foul.

Alex almost groaned as she walked back in the tunnel from the bus. She had forgotten her headphones on the bus after the absolute clusterfuck that was the senior alphas trying to protect her and Kelley. She couldn’t start her game day ritual without them. Luckily, the bus had still be where it dropped them off.

Alex had dealt with Germany for years without alpha intervention. She was more worried about Kelley, but that was how omegas were. They often cared more about each other than their own risk of being hurt. They were like family.

She was so focused on getting back to the locker room and her worry for Kelley, that she didn’t notice Krahn until she bumped into her.

The taller defender had had no problem pressing her against the wall of the tunnel, teeth bared in a vicious grin. “You smell delicious.”

Alex realized her mistake. She had broken the cardinal rule of being an omega almost in heat. She had separated herself not only from her alphas, but the rest of her pack.

The alpha’s nose nudged into Alex’s neck, scenting the smaller omega. Her own pheromones responding in kind, making sure that not only could Alex smell her but so would anyone else near Alex for the next hour. She would stink of Krahn.

The forward could feel the German’s cock pressing against her hip. One second it was there, her body feeling suffocated under the thick cloud of pheromones coming off the alpha, then the next the cocky alpha was across the room. Julie Foudy’s hand was around the German’s throat. “Touch her again, and I will kill you.”

She had to get something from her van, and instead of going back to the press box, she had gone for the tunnel. They were giving her time to talk about the 1999’s tournament during halftime with some
of the players, but she wanted to say good luck to her mate before she got into game mode.

So, she had been heading to the locker room to do not only that, but to also avoid Jill Ellis when she had happened upon Alex Morgan being pressed against the wall by the German defender.

The look of terror on Alex’s face had been more than enough to cause Julie to go into protection mode.

“Keep your hands to yourself, Omega.” Krahn managed to gasp, shoving the retired player away.

“Leave her alone.” Foudy warned again.

“Poor little omega,” Krahn sneered mockingly as she looked directly at Alex. “Without any mate to protect you, you have to rely on a tired old omega to do it for you.”

“She’s going to have them soon enough,” Abby growled, barely holding Tobin back. She was stronger than the midfielder, but she wasn’t strong enough to hold her back alone. Boxxy had a firm grip on the back of Tobin’s shirt.

Christen had three alphas holding her. She had almost given Naeher and Ashlyn a black eye trying to get at Krahn. The girl was practically foaming at the mouth trying to get at the Germany. Christie too saw red. Krahn had insulted her mate. It took both Hope and Carli to hold her back.

The whole team was standing there, the omegas behind their alphas. All the alphas, especially the vets, had their teeth bared, anger rolling off of them in waves. They couldn’t afford to start a fight before the game, especially because Krahn didn’t actually have hands on Alex, though by the way Julie was seething and Alex was whimpering against the wall, something had gone down.

“I’ll see you on the field, beautiful.” The German winked, before walking towards her locker room laughing as she did so.

Krahn has barely disappeared before the alphas relaxed their holds on the three livid mates. Alpha priority would have them check their mates first before they sought retaliation now that the perceived threat was out of sight.

“Al?” Christen paused before touching the omega, waiting until the omega looked at her. “Oh baby, it’s ok. We’ve got you now.”

Tobin and Christen both wrapped the omega in their arms, ignoring the stench of the foreign alpha. The omega buried her face into Christen’s neck, taking deep breaths to get Krahn's stench out of her nose.

“Jules?” Christie wrapped her arms around her own mate. “Julie, baby, what happened?”

The omega was shaking with rage. Christie could feel the thrum through their bond. It wasn’t just anger. It wasn’t just being pissed. It was blinding white hot rage.

The team was still standing back. The hallway was beginning to smell worse, making all of their eyes water. They could taste Julie’s rage and Alex’s fear just breathing in through their mouths. Kelley’s hands were buried in Hope’s shirt. This game was going to be worse than the 2012 Olympics. She could feel it.

“Lex.” Christen whispered, cradling her head against her neck. “We love you. We’re here now, baby girl.”
“Julie?” Hope asked, her voice thick. She couldn’t help the emotions going through her. That could have very well been Kelley instead of Alex. “What happened.”

“That bitch was pressed into Alex!” Her voice was shaking just as much as her body. “She was being vile!”

Abby nodded. “She is dead.”

“Don’t,” Alex whimpered. “You can’t take her out and get a red card.”

Pinoe nodded, even though she was angry as well. The little beta had never felt so much rage. “We need to beat them and then take care of it.”

“Back in the locker room,” Abby finally ordered. “No one, especially the omegas, goes anywhere alone.”

“Come on, Lex.” Lauren coaxed the uniformed omega out of the locker room and down towards the tunnel opening. “We’ve got you.”

The omegas wide blue eyes warily flickered around the hallway. Grim teammates settled around the omegas like a shield.

“Hey, hey, Lex.” Lauren soothed, touching the omega’s cheek. “What did I tell you the first time you got the start?”

“Huh?” Alex swung her gaze back towards the alpha, finding it helpful to have something besides the grey walls to focus on. “What, Chen?”

“The first time you got the start, what did I tell you in the tunnel?”

“That it would be alright.” Alex breathed, shoulders relaxing just a bit. “That it would be alright because you were right there in front of me. And on the field, you would be right there behind me.”

“That’s right.” Lauren nodded, placing her hand on Alex’s shoulder. “If you need me, I’ll be right there behind you on that field.”

The omega closed her eyes, taking in some deep breaths like her therapist had taught her. She needed to ground herself. She needed to be here in the moment, not in her fears, not in the final game, but here with her teammates. With each deep breath, she smelled more and more of one of her alphas. Tobin stood just behind her. Her lips quirked, knowing that Tobin would be glaring at Krahn, and Carli would be standing right behind her fellow midfielder, ensuring she didn’t take matters into her own hands.

Out of everyone, she could always pinpoint Tobin’s smell. Now it smelled slightly bitter, but still all Tobin. It was the alpha’s aggression that was bitter. It would be cloyingly sweet later when it was just the three of them.

Tobin’s smell grounded her. It was clearer than any other scent, even Krahn’s. It made Alex feel safe.

She opened her eyes again, seeing Lauren staring at her in concern. “You ok?”

Alex smiled her first real smile since getting off the bus. “Yeah, let’s go kick some ass.”
Chapter End Notes

Come on Dash and Pressy!
The time has finally come. Germany and the USA do battle.

Chippy was a word you use when a game has a lot of fouls, mostly unintentional. Some can be deliberate, but not all of the fouls.

If Alex was a betting woman, she would say every hit to her body was deliberate. Every last-minute tackle, every extra knock. It wasn’t just her it happened to though, especially with the team rotating her between the three top forwards. She liked staying central mostly; it was her position.

Alex could honestly say that every foul was meant for her. And despite the retaliatory fouls Carli and Lauren committed on her behalf, Krahn was making good on her word to ‘see her on the field.’

Every chance she, Maier, and Bartusiak got, they clipped at her heels, taunts ringing her ears and their hands lingering on her body as they fought for the ball.

Alex hated them with a passion.

“See little omega,” Krahn taunted after another well timed shove sent the American tumbling. “All you have to do is submit.”

Alex climbed to her feet stiffly, trying to shake loose the ache that was settling in her hip from the landing. The omega growled back. “Not to you.”

Lauren was next to Alex in an instant, a low growl humming in the back of her throat. There was murder in the American’s eyes. Alex put a hand on her friend’s stomach stopping her from advancing any further towards Krahn. “She’s not worth it.”

Cheney didn’t respond. She wanted to lay the other alpha out, but she’d wait and get a foul of her own in time. Krahn would pay for that one. The team had eyes locked on to the German alpha now.

Ten minutes. That was all it took for the next bad thing to happen.

Carli threaded a through ball between the seam of Maier and Krahn. It was perfectly weighted and curling into Alex’s path as she hit full stride in her run. She had just collected it when Krahn came flying in. The alpha was behind her, studs up.

The hit sent Alex tumbling over the ball, landing on her hip yet again. A strangled gasp of pain tore from her lips as she got tangled up with the alpha. Krahn’s greater weight meant that she ended up on top, pressing Alex face down into the hot turf. The omega’s eyes stung from the heat of the field and from the agony lancing up her side.

The German alpha was too slow getting up, making sure that she pressed every available inch into the omega beneath her. Alex’s whined, despite herself, as she felt the alpha’s semi-erect cock push
against her. Her inner omega hissed. This was not her alphas.

It could have been worse if Carli and Lauren hadn’t been there almost immediately. Carli actually snapped her teeth at the defender. “Last warning, Krahn. Back off.”

Lauren pulled Alex to her feet, tucking her close to her body. The forward sighed against her friend, her scent a comfort after being so close to Krahn.

“It’s ok, baby girl,” the alpha whispered close to her friend’s ear so no one else could hear. She was worried for Alex. The girl had been taking hit after hit, eventually it would lead to a serious injury.

Alex patted Lauren’s arm. “I’ll be ok.”

The Americans went to set up for the free kick Alex had earned. It didn’t amount to much, only to frustrate the Germans further. Between the pheromones and the pressure, both teams were fighting like it was an MMA fight where you couldn’t use your hands to beat your opponent bloody. They were just lucky no actual blood had been spilt yet.

The next play, it was Maier that caught Alex in transition, a body check that would have been better suited to a rugby match than a soccer pitch. It earned the American’s another free kick, and Maier got a yellow card and a warning from the ref. Alex shook the foul off not as easily as she had the others. Her hip was starting to get more and more bruised every time she landed on it. She walked towards the German goal a little stiffer than before.

It was Tobin that meets her this time, brown eyes sad and concerned. Tobin ran a hand down Alex’s side to her right hip, instinctively knowing where her omega was hurt. “You good, Lex?”

“Yeah, Tobs,” the forward sighed. “I’m good.”

Again, the free quick did them no good. Becky got a professional foul and her first World Cup yellow card less than five minutes later. The alphas clapped their teammate on the back, not in the least bit upset by the card.

The half-finished out with a couple of more fouls on either side, but it seemed like the referees have drawn a line in the sand. They were not going to call anything that wasn’t overt, even when Krahn and Maier were practically dry humping her on the field during the last play. At least, that was what Alex was going to call it, because it was either that or a mugging. Christ, Tobin and Christen had at least asked for permission before touching her so intimately.

The chippy fouls continued until the halftime whistle. Alex had never been so glad for the halftime whistle in her entire career.

Alex collapsed into her seat with a groan, clutching the bottle of water like it was a lifeline as Amy and Christen fusses over her.

“I’m going to kill her.” Amy decided, scowl firmly in place as she pressed a damp towel to a turf burn that ran the length of Alex’s left forearm. “Lauren, babe, you’re going to have to visit me in prison.”

“She’ll only have to visit you if you get to Krahn first.” Carli snarled. “Because I might just beat you to it.”
“No one is going to kill anyone.” Alex leaned her head back against Christen’s shoulder. “We’re going to win and shove it in their faces. That’s how you deal with players like Krahn and Maier.”

“Shove it in their faces?” Lauren arched an eyebrow. “I’m planning on shoving it down their throats.”

“Alright, everyone,” Christie tapped the omegas shoulder lightly, waiting until blue eyes met hers so that she could check their clarity before she continued. “Just take a breath and calm down. Coach will be here in a few minutes as soon as she gets done with that interview.”

“Cap, have I ever told you how much I love Julie?” Alex joked.

The older omega had swung an interview for the current coach in the hopes of saving the team a little exposure from the beta and her insensitivity. It certainly saved Alex from getting an even longer ass chewing than she was probably going to get.

Still, eventually the hammer had to drop.

“What the hell was that?” Jill Ellis couldn’t decide if she was more furious or impressed.

The fury was self-explanatory, at least in her mind. Her team was all over the place, more than that, Alex Morgan was all over the place. Back in the midfield, in the defense, up top where she was supposed to be to begin with. And the rest of the team was committing a ridiculous number of fouls.

Being impressed came from the fact that for all of the fouls her team had committed, Becky was the only one with a card to her name. Hell, Jill was considering herself lucky that she could still field a full team of eleven on the pitch, because if the game continued like it was, she had serious doubts about it.

“What was what?” Carli didn’t bother to affect an innocent tone. There was no point; too much had gone on during the first half for them not to get bitched at. At this point, she was much like Alex, resigned.

“What the hell was that foul-fest of a first half?” Ellis snapped irritably.

“That was Krahn and Maier going after Alex without any real repercussion,” Hope replied easily. She didn’t care what Jill had to say, she never had. Why bother trying to hide it now. “And that was us trying to protect her.”

“And why was Alex not up top, where she was supposed to be?” Ellis directed her gaze to the omega who was patently ignoring the coach.

If Alex was being honest, she just wanted to rest her eyes before the next half started. Because Christ, if she had to play most of the next half and deal with Krahn and Maier, she wanted a breather. And some Tylenol, because she could feel the throb of a migraine building behind her right eye.

“Because Krahn and Maier went after Alex every chance they got?” Lauren didn’t bother to keep the dissent out of her tone, which was surprising because she usually at least tried to be respectful. “And yeah, we get it. It’s part of the game. Them practically mugging Alex on the other hand, is not.”

“You have to let the referees do their jobs, and you have to do your jobs, where you are meant to be.” Ellis’s eyes narrowed warningly. “Alex, that means that you have to stay up top, so you can, I don’t know, score.”

Alex grimaced, nodding against Christen’s shoulder, taking the warning for what it was - stay up top.
or don’t play.

“The referees?” Hope sneered. “They have to actually be willing to blow the whistle.”

“They are calling what they think is fair. Now that is the last I want to hear of it.”

The alphas were glaring daggers, but Jill either didn’t notice or didn’t care as she started to go over their second half plan. Most of it involved players, mainly Alex, staying in position. It also meant - although she didn’t mention it - Alex getting majorly fouled by Krahn and Maier during the second half.

Christen had long since tuned out their coach. Instead, she whispered lowly to her soon-to-be mate. “You sure you don’t want to tell Jill to sub you out?”

Alex shook her head. She had the weight of a nation on her shoulders. Expectations were incredibly high. They had to win. “I’ll be fine.”

“Please come back to me in one piece.”

Amy had heard them whispering. “Or at least make sure they come back in pieces too,” she muttered darkly.

Alex giggled.

“Something funny, Morgan,” Jill asked, thinning eyebrow raised.

“No, coach.”

“Good. Now let’s get back out there.”

Jill was the first one out of the locker room. Hope was next, but she only went as far as the outside of the door to keep their coach busy, lest she came back looking for them. The team needed their own meeting.

“Alright,” Carli got to her feet, surveying the room. “We have to play smarter, not harder, ladies.”

“Becky is the only one with a yellow,” Christie joined in. “And the refs aren’t calling shit.”

“Meaning that if anyone, including Krahn and Maiar, go after Baby Horse, then we go back after them.”

Alex’s eyes widened. “We seriously don’t have to do that for me.”

“You are one of us,” Carli growled. “They mess with you, they mess with all of us.”

“Please don’t.” Alex shook her head. “It’s not worth it. We need everyone for the final.”

“They’re not leaving us much of a choice, Al,” Lauren studied the omega for a moment. “But I think we can all promise not to hurt them too horribly.”

“But if they hurt you, all bets are off,” Tobin growled lowly.
Krahn winked at Alex as they all head back out of the tunnel, smirk firmly in place.

Hope and Carli both sneered, far too many teeth bared in their smiles to be polite.

“Give them hell,” Christen whispered, squeezing the omega’s hand before turning to Tobin. “Protect her.”

Tobin nodded. “With my life.”

Christen seemed satisfied with the response as she didn’t say anything more before joining the others heading towards the bench. Tobin and Alex were left alone to make their way out of the tunnel. Alex was about to say something about Tobin’s game but stopped herself when Lauren joined them. She felt less anxious having both Lauren and Tobin with her. She missed Christen, she felt safe with her too, but she was stuck on the bench. She couldn’t do much about the rough alphas from there.

The roughness came out as soon as the second half started. The Americans and Germans alike were frustrated. It made their play sloppy. Within fifteen minutes, JJ got a yellow card that should be a red, and Germany got the penalty kick. The blonde omega was, understandably, wild eyed with devastation, blaming herself for what half of them have probably done before but in better field positions.

Partially as a stalling tactic and partially because the young omega looked like she was a second away from breaking down, Hope coaxed her to look up. The keeper soothed her, whispering comforting words as she made a mental note to contact Sinc as soon as the game was over. A little one-on-one time with her girlfriend couldn’t hurt.

The others took Julie away, allowing Hope to set up. The Germans had their chance to pull ahead.

In a gift that would forever be burned into every mind on the team, Sasic missed. The entire stadium was stunned into silence, immobile with disbelief. None more so than Sasic herself. And then sound returned and Hope put the ball back into play.

Alex was breaking down the center if the field, displaying the speed that made her such a dangerous threat to other teams for years. And then, Krahn reared her vicious head again.

The German defender side stepped into Alex’s path at the last moment. Alex attempting to step around the defender ended up with her being spun over the woman’s back and slamming into the ground with enough force to rattle her teeth. Her hip had gone from dull ache to white hot agony.

Lauren got to her first, shoving Krahn away and into the path of the ref who was already throwing a yellow card up at the German and pointing to the spot.

The Germans were incensed, but at this point, it didn’t matter. Lauren and Kling helped the omega to her feet. Broon had Tobin, who was flushed with rage and ready to attack. Carli had already picked up the ball, separating herself from the injured omega and Krahn. The more space the better as the midfielder might just shove the ball down the defender’s throat.

It takes several minutes for the staff to be sure Alex was ok and able to move correctly. By the time the ref cleared them off the box, Alex was limping just slightly and still breathing heavily.

Carli buried the penalty in the back of the net, just like it was practice. Tobin took that moment to hug Alex in celebration, at least it looks like it was in celebration to the fans.
The midfielder was taking a moment to check on Alex. “You ok?”

Alex smiled. “I’m ok.”

Tobin wasn’t just checking on her. She was scenting her a little, making sure the next time Krahn or any of the other Germans get close, they would smell Tobin on the omega. Alex frowned, pushing the alpha away a little. “I know what you are doing.”

Tobin tried to look sorry. “They are going to be angry and coming at you harder.”

The omega fought the smile threatening to overtake her face. She should be angry at Tobin for scent marking her, but in that moment, she found it incredibly sweet. She had lost the scent of her two alphas through the second half, making her own heat smell more prominent. It was like a warm blanket having Tobin’s scent on her again.

“Ask next time.”

Tobin nodded and trotted back towards their half. Alex could see that her alpha wasn’t really sorry, but she wasn’t either.

The rest of the game passed by, well not smoothly, but gentler than it had been. Tobin was subbed off in the 75th minute. Kelley came on for the alpha. On one hand, Alex’s chest ached. She wanted her soon-to-be mate close. Tobin had been particularly unfocused on the field though, trying more to protect Alex than to score.

Kelley made a good addition. Alex was happy to have her fellow omega on the field. She didn’t want the defender to get hurt by the Germans, but she had to admit getting some of the attention off of her would be nice. The forward’s hip was throbbing painfully. She doubted she could take another hit from Krahn and still be able to play.

They were just past the eightieth minute when Kelley came flying out of nowhere and buried her own free ball in the back of the net. The team went nuts, piling onto the small omega. Alex didn’t no longer felt her own soreness as she dove onto the pile with the rest of them. Kelley had done it. She had cemented their lead.

Alex had seen Krahn giving Kelley a hard time earlier when fighting for the ball. It was the perfect ‘fuck you’ to the German alpha. She had showed her exactly why omegas were valuable players. This wasn’t just an alpha sport.

Hope was screaming praise on her mate from the goal line. She wanted to run down the field with the others, but the Germans were trying to get things moving again despite only having ten minutes left to make a goal. Carli too was proud of their mate. She took an extra-long time to let go of the goal scorer.

The German alphas didn’t get another opportunity to target Alex after that. They had a hit on Kelley, but it was gentler compared to the treatment Alex had received. Perhaps they sensed their own demise now. Or maybe it was the smirk on Kelley’s face despite hitting the turf. She was on top of the world.

Alex was glad when Syd came on in the 93rd minute for her. She had been walking stiffly and glad for the short respite. Christen had a spot next to her, having moved Naeher over just to make room. Amy had then moved Naeher again to ensure she had a spot next to Alex. Tobin, being Tobin, just sat on the ground in front of her omega.

The game ended without much of a rest for Alex, but she was happy to pile on Kelley with the rest
of them in happiness at their win. They were going to the gold medal match.

Chapter End Notes

Let's go dash! Tell you what...if the Houston Dash wins tomorrow, we will post a new chapter after the game (or the next morning if we (mostly I) am partying too hard). If they don't then it'll take a bit more time like later in the week.

Also thanks to K for reading this over for us before posting.
Revenge

Chapter Summary

The American alphas have a word with Krahn and deal with Alex’s injury.

Chapter Notes

IF YOU ARE UNDER 18, PLEASE DO NOT READ THIS STORY OR COMMENT!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It took the American team close to an hour to finally get off the pitch and head back towards their locker room.

Kelley and Carli got the honors of interviews. Julie Foudy had wanted one from Alex, but one look from Christie, told her that it wasn’t a good idea. The omega trotted around the field trying to keep her smile from turning into a grimace.

Tobin and Christen hovered around her. At least, one of them was with her at all times. Some of their teammates tried to rotate them around. There was already speculation on fan blogs about their relationship of late. They didn’t need to confirm anything. That type of press could wait until after they had World Cup medals around their necks.

While Alex’s eyes were on the fans, some of her teammates walked closer and closer to the tunnel, greeting fans as they went. Christen caught Hope’s eye. She nodded to the keeper. She knew what they were going to do. Her alpha was torn. She wanted to go with them, but her instincts dictated she stay with Alex. It was clear that the omega was hurting. She favored her left side too much with each movement.

Christen had already asked if she was alright or needed to sit down. Her omega ignored the questions. Tobin was just as bad. She had physically wanted to carry Alex around. She had already tried to pick her up once. Perhaps that was why Kelley was trying to hover around them as well, making their attention towards Alex less obvious to the fans.

Before too long, the alphas that had been walking around the edge of the stadium were able to slip down the tunnel unnoticed. They needed to take care of something before continue celebrating with their teammates and fans. Their timing was perfect. Krahn had been watching Alex, at least they assumed it was Alex or perhaps Kelley she was looking at, heat in her gaze.

It was Hope that got to her first. “Oy, what the fuck did you think you were doing?”

Carli and Hope jumped forward, surprising the German as they each pressed a hand to Krahn’s shoulders. They needed her to stay put for this conversation. The alphas were incensed by Alex’s treatment on the field, not only because they felt strongly protective of the omega but also because it could have just as easily been Kelley taking those hits.
Hell, that had probably happened to her in the past before Hope and Carli knew about the situation. What had the German said to their girl back then? What exactly had she said to Alex when pressing up against her on the field?

“She’s an unmated omega.” Krahn snapped back. “Maybe a bit uppity, but that can be fixed with a firm hand. Besides, I can pursue whoever I want. So, get your fucking hands off of me.”

“She said no.” Carli snarled, almost seeing red. “And a little universal lesson - if they say ‘no’, they mean no.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t drag that sweet little ass around when she smells so good.” Krahn smirked. “Too bad that old omega stopped us earlier. We could have had some fun.”

“What the fuck did you just say,” Christie snarled. How dare Krahn talk about her mate that way! Julie Foudy was a soccer legend, not just in America or women’s soccer either. The alpha was extremely proud of her mate. “Watch your tongue before I remove it!”

Krahn laughed. “You’re just jealous you can’t have a hot young thing like Alex against you like I did earlier. Do you want to know what sound she makes when I pressed against her? How softly she whimpers?”

No one saw the slap coming, especially not from Amy. She hadn’t been in the tunnel when the alphas had gone to have a word with Krahn. The sound rang off the concrete walls, echoing for a minute before the noise of the enraged omega’s heavy breathing became the only sound.

“Don’t you dare talk about her that way,” Amy spat.

She was about to go in for another slap, but Lauren grabbed her wrist, stilling her hand. In that moment, Nadine entered the hall.

“What is going on here?” the German keeper barked.

Hope snarled back. “She doesn’t understand the meaning of no when it comes to our omegas.”

Angerer growled, though it wasn’t directed at the Americans as they first thought. Instead, she pushed past Hope and Carli, pressing into Krahn herself. “Which ones were you harassing this time?”

The American’s eyes widened in disbelief. They had not expected Nadine to fly at her own teammate in fury. A German player not defending her teammate’s vile behavior? It was an unexpected twist, something that left them more stunned than anything else.

“Who?” Angerer snarled, teeth bared in aggression.

“Alex.” Lauren answered when the German defender remained stubbornly silent. “She had Alex pinned against the wall and nearly in tears.”

“Return to your celebration,” Angerer advised slowly. “I will take care of this one. And anyone else that has been giving the omegas problems.”

“We have lists.” Hope provided helpfully, producing the two lists from the pocket of her jacket. “We snapped pictures, so keep them.”

The American keeper and Carli began to herd the rest of their teammates towards the opening of the tunnel so that they could join their teammates back on the field.
“Hey, Angerer,” Amy called over her shoulder, slowing down under even her mate’s guiding arm. “Krahn and Maier. Kelley told me that those two have never respected Alex or her.”

The German nodded in thanks before snagging her teammate by the arm and hauling her back towards their locker room.

Part of the reason the team had stayed out on the field was that they wanted the German team as far from them as possible. It also gave them a chance to interact with the American fans. Not to mention, it was proverbial middle finger to Jill and the rest of the staff who were trying to herd them back to the locker room.

Most of them were also really sore, none of them wanted to move very fast. Alex, in particular, had a feeling that she would be feeling this game for a couple of days. She, thankfully, had not noticed the alphas and Amy having a little conversation in the tunnel. The fans all wanted to talk to Alex Morgan. Everyone was vying for her attention. After signing things for some little girls, she finally walked over to the bench to grab a bottle of water.

“So, what was going on with your hip?” Amy’s question cut through the haze of victory and the mild pain that had been distracting Alex.

“I don’t think I tweaked anything; it’s just sore...” It was really starting to bother her though. It felt like the pain wasn’t in just her hip now, but in her lower abdomen. She was worried one of those hits might have jostled her internal organs.

“You sure? You’re moving a little slow.” Amy wrapped one arm around her fellow omega, half hugging, half letting Alex put some of her weight on her. The alphas flitted back and forth between the fans and checking on Alex.

Christen and Tobin had been the worst, having to be forced back to the sidelines away or further down from Alex. Their staring was starting to get noticed, not to mention Tobin trying to carry Alex. The alphas could feel the omega’s pain through their fledgingling bond. They knew she was hurting.

By the time they got to the bus, Tobin was trying once again to carry the omega. Christen carried their bags, rolling her eyes. She, at least, listened to Alex. The omega knew cameras and fans would be waiting for them to get on the bus. She didn’t want their future mating to be the story of the night. They had played too well for that.

“Come on, Al,” Amy tugged the omega down into the seat next to her, ignoring the glares from Tobin and Christen. “When we get back to the hotel, I want them to look at your hip.”

“What’s wrong with your hip?” Carli appeared next to them like a ghost.

“I think it got bruised with all of the fouls Krahn was throwing my way.” Alex admitted slowly, eyes widening when Hope appeared behind her mate, blue eyes darkening with rage. “But I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“Nothing or not,” Hope snarled. “You’ll be seeing the trainers as soon as we get back to the hotel.”

Alex nodded in agreement, her soon-to-mates had already told her as much. Honestly, her hip was really starting to bother her, a flaring pain that was spreading through her body. They were going to the gold medal match. There was no way that she was going to risk not being able to play because she didn’t get checked out.

Besides, she was pretty sure that after the game against the Germans, she would be lucky if one of the alphas didn’t carry her to the training room to get checked out.
Tobin was the one to insist to carry her. Alex had protested that she didn’t need to be carried, but Amy had proceeded to lecture her on staying healthy and letting her mates - well soon-to-be mates - take care of her. Instead of hearing more of the lecture, she had chosen just to let Tobin carry her.

Unfortunately, she had learned what a mistake that was when Tobin tripped on her untied shoes getting off the bus. Thank goodness Alyssa had been standing there for the midfielder to crash into.

“Nope, nope,” Carli said, shaking her head. “You are not carrying, Alex. We are not losing her for the final because you tripped. Hope carry her.”

“I can just tie my lace,” Tobin countered.

Hope was already lifting the omega out of Tobin’s arms. The keeper paused for a moment. She hadn't meant to just act. It had been her protective instinct. She looked to Christen, who just rolled her eyes, throwing her arms up into the air. It was obvious the forward would rather carry her mate, but she didn’t want to jostle Alex anymore than necessary now that she was in Hope’s arm.

“Thanks, Press,” Hope said sheepishly. It was bad form to act as she had with an another alpha’s mate. She couldn’t help it, her protective instincts had flared. Perhaps, Alex’s pheromones were bringing out the protective mother hen in her.

Alex sighed in resignation, long past accepting the fact that she had lost control of her life. Amy trotted next to them, eyeing the keeper like she might drop the striker. “How bad does it hurt, Al? On a scale of one to ten?”

“A seven?” Alex winced as Hope shifted her.

“A seven on the Alex scale is a nine on the regular scale.” Amy muttered to herself as the entire team trailed behind the starting keeper like little ducklings.

Dawn was almost amused to see the whole team enter the training room. She had been talking to the doctor about some of the pre-existing injuries on the team. She had been first amused to see them until she realized that they took up the whole room. “Ladies, can you give the nice doctor room to work?”

“The doc has room,” Syd snorted. “And we’re fine where we are.”

No one made a sign of moving. Dawn sighed. It looked like the alpha’s protective instincts toward Alex had tripled since taking the omega off her medicine. The pre-heat pheromones were making them all act like mother hens. “Fine, stay then,” the fitness trainer sighed. “As long as Alex is ok with that?”

She looked towards the forward. Alex nodded. Christen and Tobin were on either side of the massage bench Hope had put the omega on. Amy was by her head, left hand firmly clasped in Alex’s right. Lauren wasn’t more than two feet away, standing right behind the doctor, watching closely and listening attentively to every question.

“I’m going to lower your shorts Alex to look at your hip,” the doctor said. She was a beta. Someone that normally wouldn’t cause an alpha to feel threatened. Unfortunately, with Alex’s heat, Tobin and Christen were on edge. They couldn’t hold back their growls and slight posturing. Their forward movement toward the target of their anger stilled the doctor’s hand.

“Ummmm…” she said, unsure suddenly if she should proceed. “I am just lowering her shorts an inch.”
Lauren stepped in, placing her hand on the doctor’s arm before Tobin or Christen tore it off. “Why don’t you let them move the shorts down and then you can exam her. Is that ok with you two?”

The alphas nodded stiffly. Tobin supported the omega’s hips, and Christen tugged the omega’s shorts down just slightly. The omega’s hip was obviously inflamed - swollen and red, the dark purple of bruising already setting in.

The entire team growled at the sight.

“I’m calling Angerer,” Carli declared. “I’m going to kill them both.”

“You can’t.” Alex hissed as the doctor probed the injured limb. “You’ll get in trouble.”

“Then I’ll convince Angerer to do it.” Carli grumbled. “God, Alex, what if they had broken something?”

“But they didn’t.” The omega’s voice rose sharply as the doctor began to manipulate her hip a tiny bit. Tobin and Christen growled, but this time did not advance towards the doctor despite having murder in their eyes. They knew their soon-to-be mate was in pain but on some level, knew it was not the doctor’s fault. If it had been an alpha doctor though, there might have been blood.

Despite Alex’s protests, Carli still took a picture to send to Angerer. Something needed to be done before dangerous play turned into critical injuries. The omegas were being tossed around like they were rag dolls and having to deal with verbal abuse to boot. The response was immediate. All it said was ‘I’ll take care of it’. Lloyd was pleased. Something was at least happening. She’d have to send a thank you to Nadine later.

“I think you might have strained the hip flexor.” The doctor began to manipulate the hip a little more. “It’s possible that there’s a tear or fracture somewhere.”

“What about the final?” Alex rushed the question out before anyone else on the team could say anything.

Hope’s muttered a curse, and Lauren’s ‘damn it’ was heard around the room.

“I’d like you to not play.” The doctor responded dryly. Alex’s mutinous look made it clear that that wasn’t an option. “But I don’t think you or Jill would go along with that.”

“So, I can play?” Alex’s entirely too hopeful look was almost heartbreaking.

Someone was going to have to have a talk with the omega about her worth not being tied to being able to play. Still, a gold medal match in the world cup, none of them were going to tell her not to play if she could. There might be a talk after the game though.

“Do you need to take her in for scans?” Amy asked, the hand not holding Alex’s was petting the other girl’s hair softly, keeping her from panicking.

“Once we get to Vancouver, I’d like to take a look out it more closely, but that can wait for now.” As soon as the doctor said this, Alex’s alphas were already covering her hip back up and helping her up, a little too hurriedly in the doctor’s opinion. “Now I don’t want any stress on her hip. No strenuous movements and try to rest.”

The room knew what the doctor was really getting out. She was trying to say no sex. At least nothing too strenuous or adventurous like alphas and omegas could get up to.
“Can you elaborate,” Lauren asked, despite getting a vibe that sex would be off the table for Alex. She wanted specifics. Could Alex even train? Should they keep her from walking? A sprain could turn into a serious tear with just a little movement.

“She means it's missionary position only for our dear, Alex,” Kelley snickered. To be fair though, she felt incredibly nervous and uncomfortable. She worried for Alex. But when Kelley O’Hara was worried or scared, her mouth normally got her in trouble as she hid behind her humor and a smirk. Hope picked up her mate, throwing her over her shoulder.

“None of that now squirrel. Behave or I throw you.”

“Hope, put her down,” Carli sighed. She knew how her mates were. Kelley would start squealing and putting up a fight. Pretty soon the room would be a mess and the doctor wouldn’t be telling them anything about Alex.

The doctor coughed. “That’s not exactly what I was saying, Ms. O’Hara. I simply meant that she shouldn’t do something like running right now or carrying anything that might bump into her hip...or lift anything heavy as they can put strain on the lower back and thus hip muscles. Also ice would be helpful. It could cut down the swelling.”

“Harris,” Carli barked. “Go to the front desk and see if they’ll give us a bag of ice and either epsom salt or ice cream salt and saran wrap.”

The blonde keeper didn’t bother to protest, she took off towards the hotel’s front desk.

“Epsom or ice cream salt?” Alex asked warily.

“It lowers the freezing temperature of the water so that it can get colder.” Carli explained calmly. Alex didn’t typically get nervous about things, but you never knew how omegas where going to act when they got close to their heats. “It’s going to suck, but in the long run, it’ll help.”

Alex huffed, leaning back against her alphas and closing her eyes. She really just wanted to go to sleep and hopefully in the morning, her hip wouldn’t hurt.

“Can’t we wait until morning,” Christen asked, wanting to scoop up their girl and take her to their room alone. She just wanted to cuddle her better.

Alex shuddered, she wanted to sleep so bad, being close to her alphas was calming her, but it also made the pain in her hip that much more prevalent. All the muscles in her body were relaxing at Christen and Tobin’s closeness except those in her bruised and battered side.

“We really need to make the swelling go down, it might be too cold for it to be directly on your skin” Carli added, noticing the grim look on the alphas faces at being held off any longer at having skin to skin contact with their mate. They needed to feel her close to them, know they were protecting her somehow and keeping her away from harm after the shit show on the field.

They couldn’t help it. It was in their nature, especially with Alex going into heat. The need to protect. The feeling like they failed being written in smatterings of blue and red on Alex’s hip. They should have murdered Krahn for what she did to their omega.

Now, however, all they could do was surround Alex. Offer her the protection and safety their alphas were howling for. The omega forward was hurt, and she needed them.

“Perhaps one of you could lay behind her,” Carli added. “I know from experience with hip injuries, having as much support behind a person as possible can really help ease the pressure on their side.”
Christen and Tobin looked at each other, silently communicating.

“I’ll stay with her,” Amy offered automatically, the hand holding Alex’s tightening.

“Or one of her alphas could stay with her?” Tobin grumbled irritably.

The tension between the two New Kids rose, similar but conflicting desires causing one of the rare, small rifts between the three.

Tobin was just beginning to show her teeth, Christen’s hand going to her mate’s shoulder to stop her from doing anything when Ash bounced back into the training room, ice in her hand.

“Got everything.” The blonde seemed so pleased with herself that most of them couldn’t help but smile. Even the doctor grinned as she took the items.

“Alright, Alex, I need you to stand up.” The doctor prompted, ignoring the mistrustful look that the omega was giving her.

Tobin and Christen helped the omega to her feet. The doctor’s steady hands pressed the ice bag to the abused hip and used several layers of saran wrap to secure it into place. The moment the omega whimpered had her alphas flashing teeth, with Lauren’s arms digging painfully into both of their upper arms to keep them from doing anything stupid.

Amy bypassed them all, moving to help Alex stand. The girl was wobbling on her feet from the pain. Christen lifted Alex this time. Hope couldn’t afford to pull a muscle carrying Alex. She may have lost weight, but she still was an adult human. Alex whimpered into Christen’s shoulder. Tobin and Amy were hot on her heels, barking orders to ‘walk slower’ and ‘don’t jostle her so much’.

By the time, they got to the room they had only lost half of their teammates. JJ had been lost even before they got on the bus. Her own heat was triggered by the staggering mistake she had made on the field, almost costing her team the game. Thankfully, the ref had only given her a yellow, and the Germans had failed to capitalize on their PK, missing the net entirely.

Sinclair had taken her omega back to the hotel as soon as she could get to her. Foudy had been kind of enough to take them. She would have tried her luck with the team bus again and come back for the car later, but she understood the pair’s need. They wanted to get there as fast as possible. Chups would be displaced for the night. JJ and Sinclair needing the room, but Lori could easily find a room with her fellow beta. Pinoe wouldn’t mind sharing a bed, at least for one night.

Carli, who had been with Alex, had to drag Hope and Kelley away, knowing that despite feeling the need to protect the hurt omega further, she was in good hands and would only become more stressed the longer the whole team fusses over her. Both Kelley and Hope protested that they wanted to see Alex safely to her room. Carli didn’t buy it for a minute, at least not from her omega. The second that door opened, Kelley would be inside fussing over Alex and fluffing her pillows.

Kelley was exceptionally good at nesting. She would be wrapping Alex in all the blankets and trying to care for her. It was one of her more endearing qualities. Still, the omega forward had enough people fussing over her.

Syd too retired, as did Christie who still had not checked in with her mate. Julie was no doubt worried. The team captain should have been back an hour ago. She had not mentioned they were stopping by the doctors first. Hopefully, her omega wouldn’t be too mad at her for not letting her know what was going on.

The unmated alphas headed off to their room as well, knowing they would not be welcome by Tobin
or Christen to be anywhere near Alex. So too Whitney and Becky headed to their room. Becky had noticed a few tears trail down her omega’s cheeks when Alex was being checked over. It worried her to see her girl so distressed over what was happening to Baby Horse.

A handful of others continued to their rooms as well. In the end, it was only Ashlyn, Tobin, Christen, Lauren, Amy, and Ali that came with Alex into her room.

“Seriously guys?” Tobin grumbled as she watched the group file in.

The two-able bodied omegas scowled at the midfielder, curling up around the injured striker as soon as Christen put her on the bed. Amy even adjusted herself so that Alex was propped against her to ease the pressure on her injured hip.

“Dude,” Ash interrupted what she was sure was going to be the beginnings of a terrible argument. “Rule two of having an omega mate, if she’s been hurt, expect other omegas to stay close. Especially if they feel they couldn’t protect the other omega.”

The blonde glanced at the pullout couch and shrugged, starting the process of getting the bed ready.

“What the hell does that mean?” Tobin groaned as she covered the three omegas up, resigned to the fact that she wouldn’t be getting to cuddle with her omega.

“It means get over it, Tobs,” Lauren advised. “For now, the omegas are here to stay, which means we’re here to stay too.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading over K.
Chapter Summary

Does the title not say it all....bruises, beds, and breakfast...just read and see

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU K FOR EDITING!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christie stumbled into her mate’s hotel room, glad that Julie had been able to get a room in the same hotel as the team. She didn’t want to be separated from her mate for longer than necessary, not after watching Alex being harassed. Not after watching Alex get the hell knocked out of her for 90+ minutes. Not after listening to Krahn run her mouth about her mate.

The older omega was waiting up for her - pacing the length of the room from the window to the door.

Her head snapped up as soon as the door opened. Christie stepped inside and closed the door, opening her arms for a hug.

The omega was in her arms in seconds, the anxiety and worry she had felt thrummed intensely through their bond but so did the warmth she felt being in Christie’s arms. For a while, they stayed like that, enjoying the closeness.

“I love you so much,” Christie whispered into Julie’s ear.

Julie wanted to whisper it back, but she remembered why she had been pacing when her alpha came in. She stepped back away from the younger woman. “You ass, you couldn’t text me!”

“I-”

“I thought Alex had died or something!”

“She’s fine. I-”

“You could have texted me!” The omega said, a string of curse words following the statement. “What happened?”

“Alex took a lot of fouls,” Christie muttered as she guided them both towards the bed. The alpha began to strip, shucking her shoes and jacket. “Amy noticed that she was limping, and we all went to visit the doctor.”

“And?” Julie pressed, curling up against her mate’s frame as the alpha pulled the covers up.

“She strained her hip flexor.” Christie took a deep breath, drawing in the omega’s scent. “God Julie,
it looked horrible. And she was so worried that she wasn’t going to be able to play in the final.”

“What did the doctor think?”

“That she shouldn’t play,” Christie admitted. “But she figures Alex and Jill won’t go for it.”

Julie shook her head, burying in Christie’s neck. She didn’t like that she hadn’t been told to come downstairs, she needed to know how bad things really were. She wasn’t as close to Baby Horse as the other omegas that were still on the team, but Julie still had a fondness for the younger girl. “I want to check on her first thing in the morning.”

Christie nodded. “We’ll bring some fresh ice for her hip.”

Ashlyn grunted as she glanced at the clock. It was only just past three in the morning, way too early for someone to be knocking at the door again. Not even an hour ago Kelley had been at the door, at least she hadn’t wanted to talk. She simply moved past Ashlyn and onto the bed with the other omegas.

This time it was said omega’s alphas at the door. “What do you two want?”

“Is Kelley in here?” Hope grunted. Her hair had the ‘just got out of bed’ look. She hadn’t bothered to put on pjs, just walking out in her boxers and a sports bra. Carli at least had on a t-shirt.

“Over there.” The blonde pointed to the bed.

Hope sighed as she entered the room, walking over to the bed to study the pile of sleeping omegas.

Kelley was tucked into the outer edge of the pile, which meant that it should be pretty easy for Hope to get her and take her back to their room. The keeper stooped just slightly, easing one arm under the defender’s knees and one under her shoulders before trying to straighten up.

The only problem with that was that Kelley had wrapped her arms around Ali’s waist and was holding on like her life depended on it. Ali, in turn was tangled up in Alex’s limbs. The initial tug was enough to jostle Alex, who tried to shift away from the jostling in her sleep and whimpered when pain streaked up her spine and down her leg from her hip.

Tobin bolted upright from the desk chair, teeth bared as she looked for the threat. Seeing Hope, she growled. “Go away! You’re hurting, Alex.”

Hope sighed, letting go of Kelley. Her omega was a deep sleeper and like an octopus. There would be no removing her without waking everyone. There was still a sliver of space on the bed behind Kelley. She moved to get into the bed behind her mate.

“Oh no,” Ash said dragging her fellow keeper away. “The alphas are over here.”

Hope groaned as she and Carli joined the others on the barely big enough sofa bed. Five alphas on one tiny space that felt like it wasn’t even meant to be slept on. They were all going to have sore backs in the morning.

Oh, the things one did for an omega mate.
Christie and Julie were on their way to Alex’s room when they bumped into Abby.

“Have you seen Hope and Carli?” Abby asked, brows furrowed. “I wanted to talk to them but they aren’t in their room.”

“No one else is in their rooms either.”

Shannon Boxx came walking down the hall with her own little posse of Pinoe, Chups, Kling and Alyssa.

“Where the hell are they?” Christie groaned. The last thing she wanted to do was have to tell Jill that they lost most of the team.

The next room they checked was Alex’s, knowing that as long as the omega forward was ok, then they’d at least wouldn’t have to storm the whole building. If Alex was ok, then their work would be cut in half trying to find their missing teammates. The omega was too precious and vulnerable right now to be missing.

The next thing the group noticed was that the door was not closed all the way. A sock kept the door from completely closing. Julie moved to go into the room, but Christie growled. “Get behind me.”

The omega rolled her eyes but did as her alpha bid. She understood that if something had happened to the team and there was some sort of threat in the room, the alpha would want to be first.

Slowly they opened the door, first noticing the darkness of the room. The privacy curtains had been drawn to keep the light out. Christie entered first, then Julie who jostled with Abby to be in the next one in. They hadn’t expected the sight in front of them, illuminated by the little light coming through the open hallway door.

“Aww,” Julie cooed.

On the bed was Whitney who was playing big spoon to Amy. Amy had Alex’s head tucked under her chin, her hand resting on her fellow forward’s hip, and her index finger gently stroking the bruised skin in her sleep. On Alex’s other side was Ali and Kelley. It was hard to tell who exactly started out next to Alex as Kelley was on top of Ali, the two tangled together while still finding a way to be right next to the injured omega.

The pull-out bed on the couch was made up or made up as much as it could be when piled high with so many alphas.

They could make out the shocking paleness of Ash’s hair, and Carli and Hope were curled across the foot of the bed, looking painfully uncomfortable. There was a back facing them, but the curls indicated that it was actually Lauren. And Becky was collapsed on top.

Christen wasn’t even on the pullout anymore, having opted for the floor as the alpha in her cried out to be closer to her mate. She hadn’t been able to make it onto the bed. There simply wasn’t enough room. She settled for the floor between the bed and the door. The protector in her needed to know that her mate would be defended as the door wasn’t actually closed.

Tobin also wasn’t on the pullout, but in the desk chair, feet propped up on the desk as her head lolled back in sleep. She and Christen had snarled at each other, both wanting the desk chair so they could be close to Alex. Tobin had eventually won, only after Alex offered to let Christen carry her to breakfast and sit with her. Honestly, the omega had just wanted to sleep.
“Well, at least they didn’t run off.” Abby sighed, running a hand through her hair.

The tall alpha approached the pullout, gently shaking the shoulder of the alpha on top. Becky jerked awake, only being kept from falling off the pile by Abby’s strong hand. “Wha- Whitney ok?”

Abby shook her head. “When did you come in?”

“Four.” The sleepy alpha stretched, removing herself from the pile. “Whitney couldn’t sleep.”

Hope, who had been woken by the noise, also stretched, pushing away from the others. “Neither could Kel.”

Christie barely kept Julie from joining the other omegas on the bed. It was like a big nest, and every instinct Foudy had told her to join the others in surrounding Alex. She whined as Christie held her hand, keeping her from the bed.

“We need to get them up for breakfast, babe,” Christie reasoned. “It’s travel day.”

“Oh, that’ll be fun.” Tobin grumbled as she stretched, trying to get the kinks out of her back from sleeping in the chair.

“Can you imagine trying to take this group through the airport?” Christen snorted from the ground. She had woken the moment they had entered, but since they never approached the bed she didn’t see any danger to her future mate. She knew, logically, that the alphas weren’t a threat, but also knowing Alex was injured, she opted to stay where she was, close to the bed and therefore her girl.

“As terrible as it sounds, we don’t have a choice,” Christie said as she moved to the bed, starting to shake the omegas awake.

Tobin huffed a sigh, standing and cracking her spine as she started in on the pile of omegas as well. Abby, on the other hand, went for her fellow alphas. Everyone needed to start moving down to breakfast.

Julie eased closer, hoping to get a look at Alex’s hip before they all went downstairs. The gasp stilled the group’s movement.

“Babe?” Christie asked, concerned.

“I’m going to kill Krahn!”

The defender captain shook her head, watching as Julie pushed Ali and Kelley to the side so she could get closer to Alex. She grabbed her mate’s arm. “Do not climb onto that pile.”

“You don’t get to tell me what to do,” Julie growled, most of her anger misdirected to her own mate.

Christie was about to dig her own hole even deeper, but Carli stepped in. “She’s been taken care of.”

“I expect details later.” She went back to looking at Alex’s hip, who was finally coming into consciousness. The bruising on omega’s hip had gotten even worse, and the while the swelling hadn’t gotten worse, it hadn’t gotten any better either.

“Chris, please put me down,” Alex whined. They had refused to let her walk. She remembered promising Christen that she could carry her last night to get her to stop growling at Tobin, but she
hadn’t really meant it. She had hoped they would let her walk now that it was morning.

Amy had been the most concerned, next to her own mates, about her doing any further damage to the muscle. Apparently being a mom had trained her in the art of coddling.

“Are you sure these chairs won’t hurt your hip? They seem kind of hard.” Amy noted. It didn’t matter though, Christen had already sat with Alex on her lap as Tobin hurried to get them both a plate. She knew their preferences in eating as well as she did her own. She piled mounds of food on Alex’s plate, leaving very little left for the others.

“Tobin, you have to leave food for everyone else,” Ash complained, peering over the midfielder’s shoulder at the few less than desirable foods that were left. “Alex doesn’t eat that much when she’s healthy.”

“Alex is healthy.” Tobin snarled, teeth flashing warningly. “And she needs to eat more.”

“Ok, Alex needs to eat more.” Ashlyn agreed easily, holding up her hands in mock surrender. “But the rest of us need to eat too.”

Tobin hovered over the plates of food, eyeing her teammates warily as she skirted around them and headed back to the table where her mates were.

The table was bustling with omegas cooing at Alex, checking on her, and offering small comforts. If Alex hadn’t been sitting on Christen’s lap, the alpha would have found no room and been shooed away long ago.

“Hey, clear some room for me.” Tobin skillfully balanced five plates along her forearms and hands. She had wanted to get a little bit of everything, sometimes tastes and cravings changed close to heats and ruts.

The omegas barely paid her any head except to take the plates from her. Amy, to Alex’s right, started feeding the injured omega almost immediately. The rest of the girls helped themselves to the generous offerings on the many plates.

“Hey, I want to sit next to Alex. Move Kelley!” Tobin knew better than to try and move Amy. The forward would sooner take off her fellow New Kid’s hand than give up mothering Alex.

Kelley ignored her.

“I’m serious, Kel. Move!”

The forward turned defender acted like she hadn’t heard a thing.

Tobin huffed. She reached for the legs of the smaller woman’s chair and lifted. If Kelley wasn’t going to vacate the seat, then Tobin would just move the seat. She didn’t bargain on Kelley gripping the edge of the table, the muscles in her arms standing in stark relief.

“Knock it off, Tobin!” The defender snapped, swinging one arm back to hit the midfielder.

“Let go and move,” Tobin growled right back, giving the seat a sharp tug.

“Kelley!” Hope yelled.

“Tobin!” Amy snapped as the midfielder’s tug of war with the defender jostled the table. “Go sit somewhere else.”
Tobin growled lowly, dropping the chair back to the ground. She probably would have stood her ground, but the entire table of omegas was growling now with the exception of Alex.

Tobin cursed colorfully as she headed back towards the food and loaded a plate for herself for the second time. The pickings were far less welcoming as the first time around. All the best things had already gone to Ash and the omegas.

“Coming to join the rest of us?” Ash almost grinned at the displeased look on Tobin’s face.

Sinclair stood from her chair, letting Tobin sit close to her teammates. The Canadian wasn’t supposed to be there. Jill wasn’t going to be happy to see her, not that she had yet, thank goodness.

Christine’s team had already been knocked out of the tournament, and she had come to Montreal to watch her girlfriend play. It was fortunate she had been there. Julie’s surprise heat had shocked the team. The omega was still upstairs, completely knocked out from the night before, a fresh mating mark on her neck.

The Canadian was ready to go back up to her. If Carli hadn’t made her sit down for a few minutes, a chat between the two was long overdue, then she would be back upstairs, a fresh plate of food for her mate.

“Good luck,” Sinclair said, seeing her opening to finally leave. She felt for her fellow alpha, she did. But it was funny, how a group of alphas could be overrun by a handful of omegas.

Tobin didn’t bother to actually sit with the group of alphas, instead she grabbed Christine’s chair and drug it over to just behind Christen. The midfielder then went back for her plate, snatching two pieces of bacon off of Ashlyn’s plate for good measure. She didn’t care about not really being at the table. She just cared about being close to Alex, not to mention she could always just balance her plate on her lap.

Christen was on the other side of things. She was happy to have Alex against her. She had tried to take a bite of something Amy was passing to Alex and almost been stabbed in the eye with the fork as Amy bypassed the alpha’s open mouth. Christen’s stomach was growling.

She and Tobin were famished. It felt like they hadn’t eaten in days. They hadn’t really thought about it, as they were so concerned for Alex, but their own bodies were preparing to go enter their ruts. They were burning more calories in one day then they did playing a full ninety of soccer.

“The food is for Alex. Give her to one of us if you want food.” Amy glared. She was not going to hand feed Christen.

“Tobin?” Christen asked, looking back over her shoulder at her mate.

Tobin shook her head between bites. She mumbled around the food in her mouth. “Can’t, too hungry.”

Christen rolled her eyes. Of course, Tobin was too busy stuffing her own face. She turned to her college roommate. The alpha pouted. “Kel, help a Stanford girl out.”

Kelley scrunched her face, thinking. “What’s in it for me?”

“What?!”

“Fine, fine. Don’t have an aneurysm.”
Kelley slid her plate closer to the alpha so she could eat with her free hand. Christen sighed in relief, stacking a couple of pieces of bacon on a slice of toast before she began to eat.

“Have you eaten enough?” Amy worried over the injured omega. “I thought the doctor wanted you to try and eat more?”

“I’m full.” Alex responded, leaning back against Christen’s chest, her head resting against the alpha’s shoulder. “I kind of want a nap.”

“I want you to ice your hip some more.” Hope appeared behind them, eyeing the striker’s damaged hip like it had personally wronged her. “And I think the doctor should look at it again.”

Alex whined, burying herself in Christen’s neck. She just wanted to sleep. Her body felt like it was overheating and her hip was troubling her. Press knew she wasn’t going to get much of a breakfast in that moment, Alex needed to be taken care of first. The omega and Tobin would always be her properties.

“I can take her,” Hope offered.

Tobin was up in an instant, a piece of Ashlyn’s stolen bacon still half chewed in her mouth. “I can take her.”

“You’ll drop her,” Amy glared.

“No shoes today. No shoelaces to trip on.” Tobin pointed at her feet. Just socks. Normally, the team would have forced the midfielder back to her room instead of letting her walk around the hotel in socks. However, they had been a little preoccupied with Alex and the other omegas recently.

“Come on, Lex.” Tobin scooped the omega up. “We’ll have the doctor look at your hip and then take a nap.”

The omega nodded against her shoulder.

“Wait, I’ll come with you,” Christen was already starting to stand up. She had only had two bites of toast and bacon. It wasn’t nearly enough. She could feel her stomach growl in protest. The alpha couldn’t remember the last time she had been this hungry.

“Stay.” It was a command. What was more surprising is that it came from Alex. The omega hadn’t spoken all of breakfast, she had been half asleep. Her body preparing for heat took a lot out of her. It was different than for alphas. They needed to eat as much calories as possible to get energy. Omegas on the other hand conserved energy by basically hibernating the days leading up to their heat. They needed all the rest their body could get before their heat, which could last several days and often didn’t involve much sleeping.

“But Lex—” Christen started, she wanted to be there for the omega. She was physically drawn to the younger woman. She just wanted to be close to her, regardless of how much her stomach was yelling at her.

Alex interrupted her. “Stay here. Eat something. For me?”

Christen pouted, but the look on the omega’s face was firm. Between that and her stomach, she sat back down, pulling Kelley’s plate away from her and beginning to dig into the food. Christen would just have to shove as much food as possible into her mouth for the next couple minutes before joining them.
“I don’t like the way this is bruising up.” The doctor commented as she prodded the injured joint. “When we get done traveling today, I’m going to take you for scans.”

“What do you think the problem is?” Hope’s head snapped up from her phone where she had been texting Carli.

“I’m beginning to think a fracture,” the doctor explained, hands beginning to check the hips range of motion. “It could also be that the joint is more strained than I thought. I want the scans to verify it though.”

“Should we not get scans now?” Amy questioned. “If it’s that serious travel could exacerbate the injury.”

“No,” Alex hissed, the doctor stretching her hip in a way that made the soreness a sharp ache. “We can wait.”

“Alex, you could be seriously hurt.” Hope tried to reason. She knew she’d be hearing an earful from both Carli and Kelley if Alex was seriously injured and did not get checked out immediately.

“I can walk on it,” Alex argued. “And I played just fine afterwards. I just need to make it through one more game, and then I can take a break.”

“You are going to get it checked now,” Amy ordered. “Tobin, do you want to get the keys for the van from Dawn?”

Tobin nodded, already half way to the door.

Alex hissed, standing. “I said no, you guys. This is my decision and the doctor said it could wait.”

Tobin froze, halfway in the door. She wasn’t sure whether she should listen to Amy or her own soon-to-be mate. Said omegas were staring at each other, a silent battle of wills.

“You could really be hurt, Al.” Amy tried to convince the younger omega to go along with the scans. Every instinct in her body was telling her to protect and care for her fellow striker.

“But I’m not.” Alex argued. “Docs been good to us for years, Amy. I doubt she would let me get away with putting it off if she thought I was really hurt.”

The logic of Alex’s argument caused Amy to waver, and Alex pounced on it.

“We’ll get the scans when we get to Toronto, and I’ll ice it until then.” Alex reached out, tugging the other omega close. “It’s one more game, Amy. I can make it one more game.”

“That ice doesn’t do you any good if it’s not on your hip,” Carli muttered, grabbing Alex’s bags from her. The omega had taken the neatly packed bag of ice off her hip for all of two seconds. The rest of the team had eyes like hawks. If she wasn’t icing her hip, she was going to be called out on it.

“It was only off for a second.”

“Just put it back on,” Kelley advised. “She once tapped a bag of ice onto my shoulder with painter’s tape because she couldn’t find anything else.”
Alex snorted. “I doubt she has any of that on her.”

“Don’t count on it, Morgan,” Hope advised, smirking. “We always come prepared.”

“Besides, we have Saran Wrap and k-tape.” Lauren grinned at the disgruntled expression that flickered across Alex’s face. “You promised Amy you would ice your hip, Al.”

The omega heaved a sigh, pressing the bag of ice back to her hip as she watched the rest of the team load the bags into the vans. “I just want to help.”

“Don’t worry, Al.” Ash bounced by them with all of the energy of a golden retriever. “We’ve got it covered.”

“Yeah,” Tobin trailed behind the keeper, pausing to press a kiss to the omega’s mouth. “We’ve got it.”

Baby Horse huffed going to the front seat. If they were going to pick on her, then she wasn’t going to sit with them.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry its been so long. Works been kicking my ass.
Sex Scene

Chapter Summary

This is the big sex scene we have been waiting for.

Chapter Notes

PLEASE DO NOT READ THIS IF YOU ARE UNDER 18! I am especially talking to crafty_uswnt who I would ban from this story if I could. You are 12 and should not be reading this (and others should tell you this too). It creeps me out that you read this and I don't want to have to password protect/not post on here just because of you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Traveling and being shoved around by the omegas the whole time had finally worn a little too thin on Christen and Tobin. Luckily, Alex was alright. The hip was just very badly bruised. There was no fracture. Still, the alphas had not left their omega’s side since, finally not letting the omegas push them around. Normally, they would let the omegas have their way, because that was what they had all been taught. Their instincts to protect, however, were getting in the way.

“How are you feeling?” Christen asked, moving behind Alex. She couldn’t help but hover. Instinct was keeping her closer to the omega. It was like there was an elastic band between them. Every day the band had been getting smaller and smaller, but this afternoon made it feel like the band held them less than an inch apart. It was different with Tobin.

The other alpha was all teeth. She wasn’t even looking at Alex. She was in front of both Christen and Alex in the food line. She acted as if there was almost a perimeter around the omega that she didn’t want to cross. Instead, she moved around the perimeter snarling and flashing her teeth at anyone who got close to the trio.

When it was time to find seats, she had actually growled - yes, an audible growl - at a chair, as though it had personally offended her. In the end, she had moved it out of her way with her foot, at least that is what she would say later when accused of kicking and accidently breaking the hotel’s dining room chair.

Christen sat next to Alex, their chairs not even an inch apart. Their legs pressed against each other, the alpha’s arm around her soon-to-be mate.

Tobin chose not to sit; instead, she stood, plate close to her chest so she didn’t have to look at her plate while shovel random bites into her mouth. Her eyes were on the room.

Alyssa glanced around the room as she stepped away from the food table.

Unfortunately, the only empty seats in the entire room were at the table where Alex was seated. Alyssa wasn’t exactly stupid - there was a reason that table was mostly empty.
With Christen molded to Alex like a second skin and Tobin standing guard, it was exactly the sort of stressful environment that would make eating unappealing. It was no wonder that all of the other seats were taken. Not even Lauren was willing to brave Tobin’s aggression at this point.

It was, however, her only option if she wanted to sit and eat, instead of standing like some sort of heathen.

Alyssa sighed as she made a beeline towards the seat farthest from the omega, hoping that distance would be enough to make it through dinner with as little fuss as possible.

She almost sighed in resignation when Tobin’s furious gaze turned her way as she pulled the chair out.

“What are you doing?” The midfielder growled.

“I’m going to eat, Tobin.” Alyssa set her plate down, remaining calm, because someone in this situation had to remain calm. And it obviously wasn’t going to be Tobin.

“No.” And apparently, all of their college education had devolved back into one word answers.

Alyssa sighed unhappily. “I get to eat sitting down, Tobin. Manners is what separates us from the animals.”

“Move.”

Again with the one word responses. Alyssa’s patience was running thin. She was stressed. Was she going to be playing the next game? No, probably not even if an anvil fell out of the sky and took out Hope. She still felt the pressure. The pressure of succeeding. Mix that with the pressure of being a good sister to her very pregnant, ready to pop sister. Her nerves were on edge, and Tobin wasn’t helping.

“I am sitting here and eating,” Alyssa said a little louder than she probably should have. The whole time pointedly staring at the other alpha.

The room started to notice the altercation. Hope’s chair slid back, ready to intercede if something got out of hand. For a keeper, she was pretty fast. Though not fast enough to stop Tobin from grabbing Alyssa’s plate and throwing it at an adjacent table. Lettuce spun in the air for a second, before landing on both the other table and the woman unfortunate enough to be sitting there. Thank goodness, the backup keeper had gotten dressing on the side; a side that remained blissfully still on the table.

It was no longer just Hope that was up. Lauren, Carli, Abby, and Boxxy were standing between the two irate alphas.

“Knock it off, Tobin.” Alyssa snarled, standing up and leaning forward.

“Back off.” Tobin growled right back, her own plate dropping to the table.

Christen coiled up at her mate’s growl, instinctively using her body to shield Alex, who had tucked herself against the alpha.

“Tobin.” Lauren managed to grab the midfielders collar. “Calm down.”

“Move.” Tobin had never understood the concept of tunnel vision before, but if she had to describe it, this would be it.
Nothing else mattered to her other than the fact that an unmated alpha was near her omega mate. She didn’t focus on Lauren’s words or the older alphas that demanded her submission. She didn’t acknowledge the fact that Alyssa was her friend and teammate.

She just knew that Alyssa was too close to Alex.

And that had to change.

Tobin didn’t bother saying anything else, she charged; her collar still in Lauren’s hands. It didn’t matter. She had to move Alyssa now. The alpha had to get away from her mate.

Normally, Lauren would be stronger than Tobin. They hadn’t ever tried, but the older alpha believed she could take her best friend in a fight. Today, however, offered a different set of circumstances. Tobin had, what felt like, the strength of ten alphas. Rut hormones blazing through her at the smell of Alex’s own impending heat.

Thank goodness that Alyssa was quick, at least at ducking. Her head had been where Tobin’s hands were not two seconds before. A black eye or busted lip being the least of her problems in the midfielder had gotten a hold of her.

“Back up,” Hope warned, moving in front of her backup keeper. Pinoe, a beta, grabbed the back of Naeher’s shirt, urging her backward.

“Lauren!” Amy yelled, suddenly concerned for her own mate. She made to go to her alpha, but Ali grabbed her arm. If an omega got hurt in the tussle, all hell might break lose. The other alphas would be just as angered, if not more so than Tobin. Things could go from bad to bloody, really quick.

Abby wrapped an arm around Tobin’s thin waist, hauling her backwards. The midfielder was practically spitting mad, furious beyond measure and trying to get loose so that she could go after Naeher.

“Christ, Tobin,” Abby growled, stepping backwards so that they were closer to Alex and Christen in the hopes that that would calm her down. “Calm down. It’s ok.”

“Tobin?” Alex’s voice cut through the sounds of the scuffle that was going to get them all in trouble.

The omega was peeking over Christen’s shoulder, blue eyes wide and unsettled.

“Tobin, come here?”

The alpha’s head whipped around, her eyes on Alex. She could hear her mate, but still it felt like everything was still hazy in her head. It was the whimper that came from Alex a moment later that finally did it. Tobin gave one tug in the opposite direction that Abby wasn’t expecting and she was free. Instead of running at Alyssa, she went to her knees, not caring about possible bruising or rug burn as she inched towards her girls.

“Toby?”

“Babe,” Tobin breathed, her head on Alex’s thigh, hand on her arm, breathing her scent in.

Christen, who had been preoccupied with protecting Alex, felt dizzy at the change in emotions running through her mating bond. Tobin’s wave of desperation suddenly switching to a warm contentment. Alex too turned from worry to a different kind of warmth.

Her skin was getting hotter. Sweat collected on the omega’s neck. The cramping that had settled low
in her belly during the night, tightened briefly before liquid warmth spread throughout her body.

Her heat was here.

The shift in scent from almost heat to heat wasn’t as drastic as most people thought it would be.

But it was there, arousal hitting Alex in the gut with little thought or care that Alex was in the middle of a meal with her teammates all around her.

All that the omega registered was that her mates were right there next to her, but not in her. The agonizing emptiness that had plagued her heats for so long making her desperate.

“Please, Alpha.” the plea tumbled from her lips before she registered the actual thought of it.

Tobin didn’t think about anyone around them, partially rising to kiss Alex. Their lips meeting halfway, both wanting it as much as the other. Christen watched, eyes glazed, tongue peaking just between two pink lips. Both mates’ scents were so strong, she could taste them in the air.

“Back up,” Christie ordered to the alphas, knowing that any alpha, mated or unmated, would be seen as a threat.

“We can’t let them just mate here,” Kelley spoke, remembering the many times Hope, Carli, and her had lost the battle with their heats and ruts and engaged in semi-public sex. She didn’t want that for Alex, not her first time with her mates. Not with how painfully shy Alex typically was.

“Well what do you suggest,” Amy asked, feeling the effects of her teammates’ heat and rut. It was starting to trigger something in her as well.

Everyone was starting to feel a little hotter under the collar. Their pulses racing as sweat beaded on their brows.

Ali sighed in resignation, knowing exactly what needed to be done. The defender stood up, edging through the small crowd until she could almost touching Alex.

“Alex,” Ali kept her voice calm but firm, towing the delicate line of an order. “Alex, you can’t do this here. Come on.”

Krieger reached out, gripping the omega’s shirt and gave a light tug.

It wasn’t anything spectacular, but it was enough to displace the alpha and omega from each other. “Alex, come here.”

Luckily, the alphas didn’t seem to notice Ali, having only eyes for their soon-to-be mate. If Ali had been an alpha, well that would have been another story. Already, Tobin was moving to kiss the side of the omega’s neck while Christen took the other. Krieger would have to move faster if she didn’t want the forward to walk to her room half naked.

“Alex.” The right back tugged her shirt again. “Focus.”

Baby Horse turned her head, blinking at Ali. Christen had better access to her side of Alex’s neck, whereas Tobin was forced to adjust position.

“That’s it,” Krieger encouraged. She continued tugging on the younger woman’s shirt, encouraging her to remove stand up. “Yes, just follow the sound of my voice. This is really important. Just follow me.”
Some of the other omegas were watching Alex. Most had already left. Amy, pregnant and in a mini heat, was feeling the effects of all the hormones more than the others. Lauren was as well. They couldn’t have stayed and helped if they wanted to. Instead, they were glad Ryan was with the sitter. They needed each other now.

Hope and Carli had carried Kelley off. The defender legs wrapped around Carli’s waist, lips attached to the alpha’s neck, sucking deep purpling bruises. They would all need to put on concealer before breakfast.

Ali fought the arousal that coiled in her stomach, focusing on getting Alex back to her hotel room.

“Come on, Al,” Ali coaxed gently. “We’re gonna take you three back to your room.”

Like moths to flame, Christen and Tobin followed their omega, who was currently content to follow Ali.

“I’ve got a key, Kriegs,” Julie Foudy appeared over her shoulder, clutching the plastic key like a lifeline. “God, she’s going to send the whole team under.”

“I know,” Ali swallowed against the flush of arousal. “We just have to get them in their room and then we can all go on our merry way to getting fucked ourselves.”

Foudy snorted. “I could barely get away from Christie.”

Julie had convinced her mate to take their daughters to the sitter. It was adult time tonight. She only had a couple minutes before the captain of the team came looking for her.

They were the only ones left with the trio. Ashlyn, who practiced control on the regular as they did not want to be completely out in front of fans, had gone to great lengths to resist Ali in public. It was just who they were. They didn’t want people to know the truth about them, feeling the need to keep some parts of their lives private when everything else was so public.

With her control, Ashlyn had nodded and gone to their room. It was painful to be separated from her mate when she was in a mini rut, and Ali in a mini heat. Still, the alpha managed.

“Come on, Lex. Just a bit further.” Foudy pushed the elevator button. The time it took for the doors to open, had Christen up against the wall, Alex against her, and Tobin in behind the omega. It was an Alex Morgan sandwich.

“Ok, Tobin,” Julie gripped the midfielders collar, tugging her away from the omega. The midfielder had a firm grip on the omega’s hips, so it took a good yank to separate them. “Seriously? Come on, Tobin. If you knot Alex in the hallway, she will kill you. And we will let her.”

Ali took the opportunity to separate Alex from Christen, using her body to back the omega into a corner of the elevator.

Julie heaved a sigh as she followed the two alphas into the elevator. She had a feeling that no one on the team would be getting a lot of sleep once they got Alex settled.

The door closed, but the trio didn’t care. Alex was already being lifted onto the bed by Tobin, Christen softly stroking the omega’s arm. Up and down, a soothing pattern with her nails mixed with soft fingertip caresses.
“We love you,” Tobin whispered, her body hovering over Alex. “We love you so much.”

Alex blinked, her tongue swiping her bottom lip. “I...love. Need. You.”

Her mind was on fire. Just getting words out was a big ask at the moment. She could only think one word. “Empty.”

“Not for long, Lex,” Christen soothed. “We’re going to strip you naked and get you ready. And then we’re going to take care of you.”

Christen’s hands found the hem of the omega’s shirt, raising it just slightly.

“I’ve been thinking about this for a while, Al,” the older striker brushed her lips against the omega’s ear. “And I think we should start with your shirt.”

The alpha stripped the omega’s shirt, hands coming to rest on her belly. It clung to Alex’s body, sweat causing the fabric to stick slightly. The girl was hot, burning up. There was a reason it was called a ‘heat’.

“What do you think, Tobs?” Christen smirked. Sure, they all had abs, and most of their teammates did as well. They saw them all the time in the locker room. There was something different about abs on Alex Morgan, her chest heaving with lip caught between her teeth and pupils dilated. There was something very different about that image.

That image was reserved for her alphas alone. No one else would ever see her like this. Tobin growled. “You are gorgeous. There is so much I want to do with you. It’s like my brain is taking every dirty thought I’ve ever had and none of them compare to being here with you, with both you.”

The alphas’ eyes met.

“We are so damn lucky,” the midfielder whispered.

“I know.” Christen’s smile was one of pure bliss.

They were content, the room swirling with their pheromones, mixing and becoming something new. A new scent that was uniquely the trio.

“What do you think, Tobs?” Christen nipped lightly at the omega’s pulse point. “I think they need some attention. Don’t you?”

The midfielder grinned wickedly, tan hands gripping the omega’s hips to steady them. “I do.”

Christen sucked her bottom lip into her mouth, audibly popping it from between her teeth. She knew where she wanted to be.

Her mouth descended, lips taking first the pebbled nub of Alex’s left breast and then more. She wanted more in her mouth. The omega’s breasts were prefect, any more than a mouthful would have been a waste.
Tobin watched for a second, making sure that Alex was thoroughly distracted before she dipped her fingers below the waistband of the omega’s shorts.

“I can already feel you trembling, Al,” Tobin hummed. “I think you can make her cum just like this, Chris. In fact, I bet we can get started on our contest, right now.”

The striker grinned against soft flesh, teeth catching the nipple in her mouth and giving a light tug.

The omega’s hips jerked, a low whine crawling out of her throat. “Please, help. Empty’

“Oh, Lexy Bear, you are going to be screaming for us,” Christen husked, her mouth leaving the reddened nub to trail of a path of wet opened mouth kisses along the column of her fellow forward’s neck.

Tobin had still not removed Alex’s shorts. She continued to toy along the edge, letting her fingers dip down and return again. “Should I take off your shorts?”

The omega could only whine, hips bucking.

“Or maybe I should remove Christen’s shirt?”

The other alpha snorted, not even bother to follow along with Tobin’s game. Instead, she removed her own shirt, only removing her lips from the pale neck to get the fabric over her head.

“Christen.” Tobin’s mildly reproachful tone drew the other alphas attention, one eyebrow arched. “That wasn’t in the rules.”

“I want to get there tonight, Tobin.” Impatience colored the strikers tone, even as strong hands stripped the other alpha of her shirt. “I’m pretty sure Alex wants us to get there too.”

Tobin considered her omega, the dilated pupils and the flush that was slowly spreading across her body. She wanted them, badly. She could taste her arousal in the air. It was there, but the alpha knew it would be overwhelming when Alex’s shorts came off.

Slowly she peeled back the fabric of the omega’s sports shorts, taking the thin fabric of Alex’s underwear with them.

Christen growled.

Arousal always smelled different during heat.

Tobin wasn’t sure what made it smell one way or the other, desire and want and need all mixed together. It was richer, deeper.

Tobin knew it affected Christen, just like she knew that she had become impossibly harder, aching against the cloth of her shorts.

“You are beautiful,” Tobin husked.

“Please.” The omega’s hips tried to buck, the midfielder’s hands keeping them in place. “Need.”

“We know, sweetie.” Christen kissed their omega’s cheek before sitting up and looking at Tobin. “I don’t think she’s going to be able to choose who goes first.”

The older alpha swallowed. They had not discussed this possibility. It was always assumed that Alex would make the final decision. She looked down, not able to look at her mate. She wanted to be the
first one to take Alex so badly, but to be fair, the forward probably felt the same way.

Christen’s hand went to her mate’s chin, tilting her head until their eyes met. Unlike Tobin, she had thought about this. She had remembered her own first rut with Tobin. Words had not been plentiful that night. Her desires were shown physically not verbally.

“You go first.”

“What?” Tobin started, shock clearly written on her face.

“You have loved her for a long long time, longer than I’ve known the two of you.” Christen’s alpha was surprisingly calm. She had meditated on this decision, searching deep within. “This is the right thing.”

Tobin’s own alpha was howling in joy. Blood rushed to her ears. She couldn’t believe what her mate was saying this. Her mouth crashed into Christen’s. Their kiss wasn’t gentle like it normally was with Alex. It was animalistic. All teeth and tongue as the two battled with their lips.

It was only Alex’s whimper that finally broke them apart. Tobin laughed when she saw how desperate their omega had become, watching the two of them kiss.

The omega’s eyes were locked on them, mouth wide. One hand rested low on her stomach; the other between her legs, working furiously at her clit.

“Alex!” Christen admonished. “That’s our job.”

“Need,” the girl whined again. Her body felt like liquid fire. Only one part of her was different and that was the emptiness she felt just below her navel and down. “Fill.”

“We will, baby,” Tobin soothed, gripping the omega’s hand and removing it. “We just have to get you ready first.”

Christen tilted the omega’s head back, catching her mouth in a kiss meant to calm more than anything. “Let us take care of you, baby.”

The two alphas stripped as quickly as they could, sidestepping Alex’s wandering hands so that they didn’t get distracted.

Christen settled down on the bed, drawing Alex back to rest against her. “We’re gonna take such good care of you, Lex.”

Tobin studied the image before her, committing every detail to memory. She wanted this to be the home screen of her mind.

Christen was bent close to Alex, attempting to calm the omega with whispered promises of the pleasures she was about to be given. They were melded so closely together that it was hard to tell were alpha ended and omega started.

Tobin could smell them both. The trio’s scents were starting to combine. It was just the beginning though; their bodies and pheromones had not joined in the perfect ways yet. Kissing Alex’s taut stomach, she began the long slow path lower.

She wanted the omega as wet as possible when she entered her for the first time. No doubt, Alex would be indescribably tight, having withheld from sex both in and out of heat. Even before falling for Tobin and Christen, the omega forward could count on one hand the number of alphas she had
been with and on the other the betas/omegas she had encountered intimately.

Tobin was looking forward to working her open.

So, she started with one of her favorite pastimes.

The first swipe of her tongue went from entrance to clit, circled and swiped back down. Tobin eased the omega’s right leg up and hooked it over Christen’s thigh to give herself some more room.

Tobin rested her hand on Alex’s mid-thigh, thumb beginning to rub circles into the skin.

This was a marathon, not a sprint. And she wanted the omega as prepared as possible before she knotted her.

Tobin brought her focus back up to the omega’s clit, beginning to trace circles around the small bundle of nerves, bringing the omega closer and closer to orgasm in the hopes of providing her with a little relief.

She knew that Alex would probably not prefer marks, at least not in the morning after her heat began to ebb. Christen couldn’t help sucking a little mark onto the omega’s shoulder. By the way Alex moaned at the contact, she seemed to appreciate things slightly rougher than she let on.

Between the forward sucking her delicate skin and the midfielder’s tongue, dancing along her clit in a fast, constant rhythm, it took no time at all for the omega’s first orgasm of the night.

Alex’s inner muscle squeezed, feeling an increased emptiness there. She wanted to cum around an alpha’s knot, not around nothingness. Still she could not hold back her small cry as her juices flooded Tobin’s mouth. Her heat made her impossibly wet, each orgasm increasing her slickness.

Tobin worked her through the orgasm with a single-minded focus. Her free hand came up, one finger adding a phantom pressure to the omega’s entrance before easing in to the first knuckle.

It wasn’t nearly enough, Alex decided as she flexed her hips, trying to get more.

Tobin grinned to herself as she began to ease her finger in more and more in a rhythm that only she knew.

“More,” Alex rasped, one hand tangling in the hair between her legs.

Tobin pulled her hand back, curling her finger and dragging it against the omega’s front wall before thrusting back in with two fingers. This time she didn’t tease and go slow.

Her cock strained painfully against her shorts. She couldn’t concentrate on sucking Alex’s clit with the glaringly painful strain. The hand on the other woman’s hip slid down, pushing her own shorts down just enough to allow her cock to spring forward, free from its confines.

She sighed into the omega’s folds. She redoubled her efforts, her arm aching at the pace she set. Her tongue tried to keep up with the blistering pace, lapping at Alex’s clit before switching to a rougher more controlled swipe.

It wasn’t long before Alex was panting, her body molding against Christen’s.

“That’s it baby,” her fellow forward soothed. “Let go. Cum for us.”

Alex came around two fingers with a moan a relief, but still not what she was looking for. It wasn’t enough.
“Please, alpha,” Alex’s plea was choked and raspy, the need and want dredged in every syllable.

Tobin slid a third finger into the omega.

“More,” Alex begged.

Tobin shook her head. She wouldn’t add a forth, not yet at least. She didn’t want to hurt her omega. When Tobin did not do as she wanted she started moving away from the fingers. She didn’t want to be toyed with anymore. She needed something else.

“Baby,” Tobin whispered, trying to still her hips from moving backward.

“I. Need. Your. Knot.”

Tobin groaned, heat flushing through her body at the omega’s demand. She had hoped to prepare the omega a little more, though it seemed Alex wasn’t on the same page.

Three fingers would have to be enough.

Tobin moved up the omega’s body, nestling her cock against the omega’s pussy and gave a subtle rock.

“Tobin.” Alex’s voice had taken on a demanding note that neither of the alphas could remember hearing before. “Knot.”

“Once more, love,” Tobin rocked her hips in the same subtle movement. “Cum one more time, and then you’ll get my knot.”

Her cock nudged Alex’s clit, her three fingers continuing short, shallow trusts. The omega whined into Tobin’s shoulder, her head pulling to one side, giving Christen better access. The younger woman took full advantage immediately sucking on Alex’s mating gland.

It was enough to trigger a third orgasm. This time Alex gave a short yelp as the first wave hit her, her eyes screwing shut.

“That’s it,” Tobin soothed, kissing the crown of their omega’s brow. “Such a good girl.”

Tobin eased the omega through the last of her orgasm, removed her fingers. She brought the omega’s leg up to hook around her hips and guided the tip of her cock to the omega’s entrance.

The alpha took a deep breath and steeled her resolve. She could not lose her focus here, her control had to be absolute so that she didn’t hurt the omega.

The haze of the third orgasm was still clouding Alex’s mind, a tremble settling into the muscles of her legs.

The empty ache was still there, but the blunt head of Tobin’s cock against her entrance assured the omega that that ache would soon be soothed. She tried to buck her hips, but the midfielder’s hand kept them still.

Christen cooed, “Baby, let us take care you.”

Alex whined, still try to relieve the emptiness.

Tobin and Christen locked eyes, both knowing what Alex needed. “Slow,” the alpha forward instructed.
Tobin took a deep, steadying breath, before beginning to press her hips forward slowly.

Alex’s hips jerked, first up to try and get more, and then back from the sting of the stretch. A low whine caught in her throat.

“Easy, Lex,” Christen murmured into the omega’s ear. “Let us do it.”

Her hand stroked the omega’s thigh, distracting her from the slight sting that Tobin’s presence inside of her was creating. Her other hand went to Alex’s clit, thumb strumming the hard nub. “We’re going to take such good care of you.”

Tobin’s blood thundered in her own ears. She couldn’t hear Christen’s words or Alex’s whine, all she knew was the tight warmth around her cock. Still she controlled her movements. The one word repeating in her head, ‘slow’, kept her from driving her hips forward.

Inch by inch she moved, not allowing herself to drive forward.

It took several long moments, where Tobin had paused every time there Alex tensed, but she was finally seated into the hilt.

“Fuck,” Tobin groaned, hands clenching the bedcovers as she fought for control. “God, she’s so tight.”

Alex whimpered, pressing her face into the curve of her alphas neck, panting as she fought to relax and adjust, trying to ignore the instinct to rock her hips for friction.

Christen started to increase the pressure on Alex’s clit. She could tell through their bond, despite the overwhelming light of pleasure coming from Tobin, that Alex felt the sting. Christen just wanted to soothe her, which she was obviously successful at as evidenced by the lips starting to play along her neck.

Alex allowed herself to be distracted, sucking the soft skin below the alpha’s ear. Her body tingled. It was like having every nerve alight. She could feel Christen’s breasts pressed against her side, Tobin’s trimmed bush against her own groomed mound.

“More.”

Tobin opened her eyes, her fingers still clenched in the bed sheets. She needed to move. She needed to do something or she might explode now like a pup during their first rut.

“Nice and easy, Al,” Tobin stressed. “We’re gonna take it nice and easy.”

The first rock of Tobin’s hips was subtle, just a little bit of a press, before she pulled back a little.

The sting Alex had felt had eased, but the press and drag of Tobin’s cock erased it from Alex’s mind completely.

Alex’s whine was mimicked by one from Christen. The alpha hadn’t expected to feel so much through the forming bond. From both mates, she could feel the tingles of pleasure traveling up her own hard cock, tingles of ecstasy tapping along her spine.

“Fuck,” she hissed. She was going to cum if she didn’t find something else to focus on. Her mouth decided to enjoy Alex’s breasts, her mouth suckling the small nubs and littly nipping the the surrounding skin.
“Ahhh” Alex’s back arched.

“That’s it, baby.” Tobin grunted as she lengthened her thrusts. “Just get a feel for it. There’s not a rush.”

Tobin grinned to herself as she felt the flex of the omega’s leg around her hips, flexed her hips just a little bit harder.

Alex panted hotly against tan skin, teeth pressing lightly against the skin over the alphas scent gland.

“Not yet, Al.” Christen tried to distract the omega.

The omega mostly ignored her, however, as legs wrapped around Tobin’s hips. Her calves pressing hard into the alpha’s muscular butt, urging her to go harder, faster. She didn’t feel as empty, but she still needed something else. Her inner omega still craved two things. One only Tobin could provide and the other Christen, hopefully shortly after.

“Please,” the omega growled, sounding more alpha than either of her soon-to-be mates had ever heard.

Tobin keened, not realizing how hot Alex could be. She could already feel her knot starting to swell at the base of her cock. Her trusts were forced to become shallower, not wanting to hurt or tear Alex. Her knot needed to form inside of the omega.

A moan that tapered off into a whimper crawled its way out of Alex’s throat. “Alpha. Knot, please.”

Christen felt the flush that heated the omega’s body, the temperature and heat rising to scorching levels. Tobin’s thrusts shortened, quickened, a twisted grinding motion added at the end.

Alex could feel the impending orgasm dancing along her nerves like lightning, staying just out of reach despite Tobin’s cock filling her and Christen’s long fingers on her clit.

Alex’s teeth sunk into Christen’s scent gland, just below Tobin’s mark as the midfielder’s knot popped inside of her. Tobin’s teeth sunk into Alex’s neck, marking her and beginning the sealing of their bond.

Only Christen’s scream could be heard, the other’s muffled by their marking. She could feel pleasure coursed through her from her marks, feeling the emotions and physical releases of her soon-to-be complete mates. Until Christen knotted the omega, and left her own mark and Alex returned Tobin’s mark, the mating would not be whole.

There was always a delicate balance between a triad of mates.

Until Tobin’s knot shrank and they could complete the circle was completed Alex and Christen would be locked into an endless loop.

Christen weathered the extra influx of pleasure with gritted teeth and the thought that soon she would be the one tied to the omega. The heavy stress it put on the omega’s more delicate system was a different thing entirely.

It was as if her heat was both satisfied and not. She wanted her other mate, she knew something was missing, at least her inner omega did.

More. More. It whispered, as Alex sucked air between clenched teeth. Although she wasn’t getting the dual sensations like Christen, she was experiencing the pulsing of Tobin’s knot on her g-spot.
Every pulse caused her pussy to spasm, sucking the alpha’s cock impossibly further.

At least now she had some sense, unlike before. She could form a sentence instead of just words.

“I love you both.”

“We love you too,” Tobin smoothed Alex’s hair back from her face. The midfielder pressed a kiss to the omega’s mouth, coaxing the omega to deepen it until she could taste the copper of blood from the mating bite.

Christen grinned, leaning back against the bed as she watched her mates kiss, mind doing mathematical Olympics as she tried to figure out how much longer it would be until she was buried in the omega herself. At least, Tobin wasn’t in rut yet or things might be last longer and result in a little to a lot of shoving.

Hope and Carli had shared about their first rut when Kelley was also in heat. They had nearly come to blows over taking their omega. Taking turns wasn’t really an alpha thing during ruts. It was all, mine, mine, mine…

That was a problem for future Christen and future Tobin. Today, during their mating, would be different. The midfielder was all too happy to share with her alpha mate. Tonight was about Alex and completing their bond. Not that they couldn’t have a bit of fun too, as Tobin proved by canting her hips, knot pressing harder into Alex’s g-spot.

The omega moaned.

Tobin smirked. “You see that’s the sound I like to hear.”

Christen snorted.

Alex hit her alphas lightly on the chest. “Behave.”

Tobin’s grin stretched just a bit wider, her hands coming to rest on the omega’s hips, rocking her hips as she canted her own.

The pressure on her front wall pushed the omega to come with a gasping moan.

“God, I could watch you come all night,” Christen’s hand treks back down the omega’s body, tracing where Tobin and Alex were locked together to gather wetness before tracing circles around her clit. “In fact, I think that’s going to be my new hobby.”

“We still haven’t gotten her to really scream.” Tobin reminded with a wicked grin.

“I suppose I’ll just have to try then,” Christen smirked, going to kiss the other alpha’s lips while still playing with their omega’s clit.

Alex whined, the combination of seeing her mates kissing and the pressure on her g-spot and clit were enough to send her over the edge, albeit softer than the first-time Tobin popped her knot. She felt more at peace now, even though one of her alphas still needed to leave her mark.

It only took a couple more minutes for Tobin’s knot to shrink enough to safely remove herself from Alex. Normally, she would have gone another round, as all alphas were gifted with the ability to go more than once after their knots shrunk, but she knew Christen had been waiting patiently.

If this wasn’t all about Alex, Tobin might be tempted to take Christian’s ass while she took their
omega’s beautiful pussy. Alas, tonight wasn’t that night. It would be a fun idea for later, something Tobin was very eager to try, along with numerous other fantasies she had over the years.

Christen’s grin was almost feral as she surveyed their omega.

Tobin was getting a gold star for the evening, because she had definitely maintained control, which was a plus, in the grand scheme of things. Tonight, had been about giving Alex a gentle, loving experience to replace bad memories.

Neither of them wanted to ever hurt Alex.

But Christen almost couldn’t wait to see Alex spread it across their bed, covered in hickies and so strung out on pleasure she was almost incoherent.

She had witnessed it once but happening by her own cock? That was going to be something else. Slowly she slithered down the bed, she wanted a little taste, but her member was throbbing. There would be time to taste later. Taste the combination of the three of them after she was finished but now was time for something else.

“You still doing ok?” The forward whispered, her left hand gently moving a strand of sweaty hair from Alex’s face.

The omega smiled. “I feel more ok than I have in years.”

Christen settled between the omega’s hips, pressing a hard kiss to the omega’s mouth.

“Good.” The alphas hands settled on slim hips. The alpha shifted her body quickly, rolling onto her back and pulling the omega on top of her to straddle her hips. “Because I want you to ride me.”

The omega whimpered, a combination of Christen’s filthy demand and the pressure of the alpha’s thick cock sliding through her slick heat, brushing her clit and pressing tantalizingly close to her entrance.

She wanted to be filled again. She didn’t bother to play around, using one hand she positioned the alpha’s cock at her entrance. This time, she did not go as slow with the first penetration. She immediately hissed, sore from Tobin’s knot.

“Easy, little one,” Tobin admonished. She could see the pain by the way the omega’s eyes crinkled. “Easy.”

“Need Christen’s knot,” the omega hissed between clenched teeth as she pressed herself down. Heat flushing through her system as need welled up within her.

“Don’t hurt yourself,” Christen’s hands held the omega to a stop. “I’m not going anywhere. We have all night.”

Alex whimpered, collapsing forward so that she was resting against the alphas frame. Alex had known that Christen was thicker than Tobin, but she hadn’t known how much thicker until she was slowly rocking her body back and forth to fit the alpha all the way in.

“Easy,” Christen whispered. She wanted to rock her hips. She wanted to pump her hips. But this is why Tobin had not taken Alex in this position, Christen’s control was impeccable. She could and would stay like this as long as her omega needed. Despite her own desires, she had one focus...Alex.

They didn’t move. Alex needed time to adjust, just resting her sweaty frame against Christen’s.
Tobin took to drawing patterns with her fingers on the omega’s back. She wished she had her paints. She wasn’t very good at art or even crafts, but she enjoyed them. They were her form of meditation. Maybe later, when they were all back in Portland, she could bring them out. Alex and Christen would be her greatest masterpiece yet.

“You two are beautiful,” the middy whispered.

Alex finally rocked her hips experimentally, breath catching in her throat at the stretch and pull as Christen’s cock hit her g-spot perfectly.

“There it is,” Tobin grinned as she watched Alex’s expression. “She feels amazing, doesn’t she? That stretch pushing you to your very limits. I bet it hits you perfectly too, doesn’t it?”

Alex whimpered as her hips picked up the pace, reaching for a precipice that seemed too far away.

Tobin watched her mates as she settled between Christen’s legs and began to adjust them around her hips to create some more space. “Come here, Lex. Lean back against me.”

The coaxing hands guided the omega up from Christen’s body and leaning back against Tobin’s chest. Nestled against the stronger frame, albeit the same size, made Alex feel warm. Christen was inside of her and her other mate was behind her. They were so close, both feeling her.

When Alex regained her full strength and weight over time, she’d have more control, using her body to will her alphas. Today, however, she was a slave to her body’s desire. She wanted Christen’s knot, her mark. The alphas had to be her control today, protect her from injuring herself by taking too much too fast.

Tobin’s hips rocked, her body lifting in time with her movements lifting Alex off of Christen’s cock. She was not pulling out to the other alpha’s cock out or even to the tip. She only allows Alex to rise half way before rocking back down, slowly. Everything was slow.

The omega was going to be sore from Tobin. She was not going to make it any worse by going hard with Christen. They needed her for the game after all.

“Good girl,” Christen whispered. Her hands rose to Alex’s breasts, tweaking the hardened nipples.

Tobin worked the omega’s hips up and down the other alpha’s cock, watching as Alex’s focus was narrowed to the point where she and Christen met.

“That’s a good girl,” Tobin murmured into the omega’s ear. “Let me do the work.”

The omega groaned as Tobin allowed the strokes to get a little longer and added a little bit of a grind, turned her head into the midfielder’s throat. Her mouth found the midfielder’s scent gland and began to gently suck.

Christen and Tobin exchanged easy grins, Christen’s hand finding the omega’s clit and beginning to trace gentle circles, causing the omega’s hips to shudder. A choked sob tore past her lips.

The alphas’ eyes locked on each other, identical smirks on both of their faces. Alex was going to cry out for them tonight. They were going to make it happen. Christen’s the first one to start upping the situation, rocking her hips now to meet Alex’s body. Tobin began to guide Alex into stronger thrust.

Alex bit her bottom lip, trying to keep the scream at bay. The alpha’s knot was starting to form, hitting her g-spot. Her clit throbbed, Christen’s fingers like magic on the tiny nub. It wasn’t until
Tobin moved from Alex’s scent gland to her shoulder, biting into the tender flesh, that Alex let out her first real scream of the night.

Tobin was used to being to being rougher with Christen. Marking the other alpha, made her own alpha howl in pleasure. Biting Alex, wasn’t the same. She never wanted to hurt the omega. Still, her alpha purred at hearing her mate’s joint cries. Christen’s connection to Alex and Tobin was growing. She could feel their pleasure and pain, just like they could feel hers.

A particularly sharp thrust and Christen’s knot popped into place.

The stretch and pressure was enough to send Alex over the edge, her teeth sinking into the skin above Tobin’s scent gland.

Christen leaned forward finding the two with her arms. She snarled, teeth flashing as they relocated and she pressed her own mating mark into the the omega’s neck.

The bond stretched, pulled taunt between the three, before snapping into place, awareness flooding through them.

Chapter End Notes

Osolonewsday2: Hey guys. I'm having a hard time recently. I slept with a girl that is going through a divorce. We had been developing a friendship for the last month now. I developed feelings, which I told her about the day before. Now, she wants to tell all about this hot girl she went on a date with and how she cant believe someone sooo hot would even be near her. And it makes me feel like ugly crap. So I'd appreciate your support and niceness right now. I feel very unlovable right now.
Chapter Summary

The team omegas suffer mini-heats.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Are you ok?” Lauren asked, her nose swiping Amy’s swollen scent gland. “I wasn’t too rough with you, was I?”

The omega bite back a groan. Her mark throbbed under her mate’s attention. “For the last time. I’m fine and so is little Tobin.”

“You know I don’t like that joke.”

Amy grinned against Lauren’s shoulder in amusement at the alpha’s disgruntlement.

Jokes aside, she wouldn’t name her child after a teammate, even if it was their best friend. But it was fun to tease her alpha.

Lauren sighed, shifting her weight so that she could roll over onto her back, her omega resting on top of her. “I just want to make sure, is all. We all got rolled pretty quickly.”

Amy hummed in agreement, eyes flashing at the memory of surging hormones and heat. “I just hope that Alex is ok.”

“She’ll be fine,” Lauren assured her mate. “Tobin and Christen will take care of her.”

Kelley whimpered as her mates shifted against her again, groaning as the burn of hormones finally banked into a smolder.

“Kel?” Carli nudged her omega’s head to the side, teeth scraping across the swollen scent gland. “Are you alright?”

“Nuhhhhh,” the omega said, attempting to form words as pleasure coursed down her spine. Mating glands were especially sensitive during ruts and heats. For Kelley, it was almost as sensitive as her clit. If one of her mates sucked on it while fucking her, she would immediately fall over the edge into oblivion.

“I think we broke her,” Hope chuckled, moving some of Kelley’s hair off of her forehead.

Hope knew that their omega wasn’t easily broken; she could take whatever they threw at her and more. She was often the one pushing her alphas. The omega tried to act like an alpha, at least until she could get her way. She would dominate the alphas until they dominated her, which was just how she liked it.
“Going to need a verbal confirmation there, babe.” Carli nipped at the younger woman’s ear. She was the more concerned of the two. She knew Kelley was strong, but she was also an omega - their omega - and needed to be taken care of despite claims otherwise.

Kelley nodded her head, her head lulling against Hope’s shoulder.

“Babe,” Carli pressed.

“’M’ fine.” Kelley groaned, shifting her hips just slightly against her mates’ knots, tied to both of them as she was. “Feels good.”

“See?” Hope grinned in triumph. “She’s good.”

Carli snorted as she settled down on the bed, fingers tracing patterns on the omega’s skin. “Do you think they got those three back to their room?”

“They better have,” Hope sighed. “If they knotted her in the dining room, I may kill those knotheads.”

“And I’ll help you,” Carli pulled the covers up over them. Kelley usually got cold quickly after sex. Some omega’s, especially when going through heat - or an induced heat like now - experienced a drop-in temperature after knotting. Kelley was one of those, needing the physical body heat from her mates as well as covers. “But let’s take a nap now.”

“That sounds good.” Hope wrapped her arms over Kelley and around Carli, who snuggled against the omega’s back.

“Babe,” Julie whined. The Canadian had been staying in a different hotel, at least that was where her stuff was. Her body had yet to spend a night there. Instead, she had come to the American’s hotel. She couldn’t stay away from her new mate.

Moe, Julie’s roommate, had been displaced once again. She didn’t even bother leaving her stuff in the room. Instead, she had accepted her place as a permanent fixture in Pinoe and Chup’s room.

“Mmmhmmm?” Sinc asked. Her knot had begun to deflate, but her hips were already starting to rock again. Like with most new mates, she was insatiable. As soon as her knot was down, she was ready to go again.

“Hydration break,” the blonde omega rasped.

“What?” Christine asked, stopping her hips.

“If you’re going to keep doing that, I’m going to need to hydrate a bit,” Julie laughed.

The Canadian’s heart warmed. She loved when Julie laughed, especially during sex. She was a goddess in her alpha’s eyes.

“Besides, there are rules that say I have to check in.” Julie reached for her cell, mind contemplating who would be the best one to call.

“Rules?” Christine arched an eyebrow as she shifted on the bed. “What kind of rules?”

“Like having to check in if you’re not with a team member.” Julie tapped out a quick text before she
sent it to the all of the American veterans. “This whole thing with Alex has them all on edge, so they’re being extra careful.”

Guilt burned at the edges of the Canadians mind, despite the talk she and Carli had had, despite the clearing of air, she knew that she should have kept a closer eye on Alex back in the day.

As difficult as it was to get the stubborn and independent Alex Morgan to do anything, she knew that it had been her responsibility to make sure she was alright.

As an alpha and a teammate, she had failed.

She wouldn’t fail Julie like that.

Foudy groaned as she shifted against her mate, hand swatting at the offending phone that was blaring upbeat techno music at a shrill.

“Babe,” the omega whined.

Christie was dead to the world though. With the stress of what had been happening and Julie’s unexpected mini heat, the alpha had passed out soon after knotting and remarking her mate. The poor woman was exhausted, both physically and mentally.

Julie groaned, her alpha was half on top of her, not to mention still knotted in her. There was no way she would be able to reach the phone.

It looked like she was going to have to listen to it. But as soon as she got a chance she was changing that ringtone.

“What’s that?” Kelley murmured, hearing the chime and buzz of both her mates’ phones.

“Car, check that,” Hope grunted. There was no way she was moving.

“Why don’t you?” Carli growled, her knot having deflated enough to pull out of the omega’s ass.

“You’re going to be captain, you do it,” the keeper grumbled. Her knot had shrunken enough to pull out, but not completely yet. Kelley would feel it if she were to move.

“One of you answer it,” Kelley shifted a little, trying to ease the soreness out of her overtaxed body. “Please.”

Carli sighed and rolled over to snag the offending technology, reading the top bright screen. “It’s JJ. She’s letting everyone know she’s with Sinc, and she’s ok.”

“Good.” Hope buried her face in to the pillow and breathing a sigh as she tried to fall back to sleep. “Let’s nap just a little more.”

Kelley snuggled into the crook of Hope’s neck. “Interteam romances are so cute.”

The alphas grunted their acknowledgements, Carli was already curled back around the short defender.
“Now we just need to find Tanc an American player, then the triad will be complete.”

“Excuse me?” Carli growled, her eyes now fully opened, instead of the bleary half-open/half-closed they had been when reading JJ’s message.

“You know, we already have Erin and Ella, and technically Ella used to be on the team at one point so that counts. And now with JJ and Sinc, we just need Melissa to find someone and we’ll have the American-Canadian power triad.”

Hope groaned, already knowing that she was not getting back to sleep. Kelley was obviously awake, delighted by the idea of finding her friend a mate on the team. It also didn’t hurt that it would bother Carli. Egging on her mates was something the omega lived for.

“Let Carm date someone,” Hope suggested, feeling Carli’s frustration through their bond. Kelley could no doubt feel the emotions as well.

“Nah, it’s got to be Tancredi. She is like Christine’s best friend,” Kelley continued, not as oblivious to Carli’s feelings as she pretended. Part her, the omega part, wanted to get under her mate’s skin. The hunger from earlier was starting to seep back in, warming her core. She needed her alphas again. “Oh, I know! How about Moe?”

The midfielder growled low; it was a warning. “She better not.”

“Why not?” The faux innocence in Kelley’s voice not lost on Hope. The omega’s voice always pitched higher when she was trying to work an angle.

“Stop that, little one,” Hope ordered, squeezing Kelley. “You know you are just messing with Carli because you want to get fucked again.”

Both alphas could feel warmth through their bond. Kelley’s mini heat was starting again.

Carli’s frustration flooded out of her, a smirk playing along her lips. She should have known that Kelley was just trying to work her up. “You know all you have to do is ask, Kel.”

Ali moaned as Ash continued her slow, shallow thrusts.

It wasn’t their first round, but it was the one round where her mate felt comfortable enough with her control to tease her mate.

“Ash, Ash, please.” Ali panted, nails drawing red marks down her alpha’s back as she fought for some sort of control. “Fuck me.”

The alpha smirked. Her omega was in for a long night.

“Do you need anything?” the midfielder asked, nudging Alex’s scent gland. Their mating marks were still fresh on the omega’s neck. Normally, mates would go all night and day for several days on end. They didn’t quite have that time line. The alphas, after a brief rest for their mate, were ready to squeeze every moment they could reveling in their bond before joining the real world. One could not revel in sleep.
“M’ fine,” Alex hummed as she drew lazy circles on Christen’s abs. Tobin was up getting them all some water.

“How about some more ice for your hip?” Christen whispered, one hand tangling with her new mate’s.

Alex hummed absently in response, focused on tracing her abstract patterns into tan skin, hand circling lower and lower.

The fire in her blood had banked for the moment, but it was still there, simmering tauntingly along the edges of her awareness.

“Al, baby,” Christen tried to redirect the omega’s attention, groaning when the hand not in hers finally drifted low enough to wrap around her cock and began to stroke. “Maybe we should wait for Tobin.”

“Tobin’s right here.” The midfielder answered from the door, brown eyes dark with interest as she watched her two mates. “So by all means, continue.”

“I... I,” the alpha forward stuttered. “I think you need to be taken care of first.”

The omega gave a lazy smile. “But what if I want to take care of you first?”

Christen sputtered, trying to think beyond her omega’s hand wrapped around her cock. “Uh...I’m...Tobin, help?”

“She likes a little more pressure at the base, love,” Tobin approached the bed. “And twist your wrist just slightly at the tip. There you go.”

Alex followed the alphas suggestions, watching Christen’s face as the body beneath her hand tightened in pleasure.


The midfielder smiled, holding a bottle of water to Alex’s lips and tilting it slightly so the omega could take a drink. The movement of her wrist never stopped, her hand gliding up and down the firm thickness of her mate’s cock.

“I don’t think I could stop her if I tried,” Tobin offered, chuckling slightly. “And I don’t think you really want her to stop.”

Precum leaked from the tip of Christen’s cock. Her steadfast control failed as her hips began to jerk along with Alex’s movements, pushing her hips harder into the omega’s hand.

“Fuck.” Christen groaned. Her hips thrusting hard as her ass came fully off the mattress. How was she so close already? Not a second later, spurts of cum spilled from the head of her cock as she came, groaning the omega’s name.

Alex smiled in satisfaction. Leaning forward, she swiped her tongue across the tip, tasting her mates pleasure. The taste stoked the fire in her veins, familiar, burning arousal flooding her system.

“Alpha.” Alex groaned softly, bracing. Herself against the bed as she doubled over with want.

“I know,” Tobin soothed automatically. Tan hands found slender hips, careful of the bruised side. Repositioning the omega on the bed for easier access, she spoke, “We’ll take care of you.”
The midfielder’s fingers traced along the omega’s spine before dipping down the crease of her ass.

Tobin paused briefly at the puckered entrance, half tempted to stretch the omega open and enter her virgin entrance with one slender finger. Knowing that she wanted to talk to it through with her mates first, she decided against it.

So, she bypassed it until she could trace patterns through the growing wetness. Slowly she transversed the folds, finding the omega’s clit.

“We love you so much, Lex.”

“Harder,” Whitney begged, she knew through their bond what her alpha wanted. It was what she wanted too. She wanted to be the sorest one at breakfast tomorrow, feeling Becky long past the morning.

“I’ll hurt you,” the alpha growled, her inner desires warring with her need to protect.

“Maybe I want you to,” the omega groaned, running her nails down her fellow defender’s back, no doubt leaving deep scratches.

Becky froze mid thrust, eyes wide. “Whit...”

“Please,” Whit cupped her alphas cheek. “I want to feel you when we win the cup.”

Becky groaned, her hips snapping into a brutal, punishing rhythm.

“If that’s what you want,” Becky smirked. “Then that’s what you’ll get.”

Abby groaned as she stumbled out of her hotel room, bumping into the members of the team that were either unmated or didn’t have access to their mate. They had been ready to knock on her door.

“Oh good,” Boxxy smirked. “You’re the last one awake. You get to round up the others. Ellis wants the bunch of us down in twenty.”

Breakfast was ready. It was doubtful Tobin, Alex, and Christen would surface for the first meal of the day. Boxxy was already thinking about getting a tray made up and placing it outside their room. It was the least she could do, with what Alex had had to go through just to get to this point. Honestly, now the whole team could breathe a sigh of relief.

The rest of the team, though, would be expected at breakfast. The newly mated trio might be able to get off the hook for the morning, but Ellis would expect everyone ‘bonding’ as a team come dinner.

“No way. You aren’t making me go anywhere near those alpha dens.” Abby shook her head. “Make Jill do it if she wants it so badly.”

“Really, Jill?” Chups grinned. “You know what? After blaming Alex for all that shit earlier, maybe we should.”

“Children play nice.” Boxxy almost grinned at the mental image of Jill Ellis invading an alpha’s den.
“We need her until the end of the tournament at least.”

“Yeah, well then you better hope that they unearth themselves.” Abby snipped. “Because no way in hell am I going anywhere near those dens.”

Not even Christie made it down to breakfast by her own leave. Christie Rampone, Captain America, was just as irresponsible as the rest of them. How could she not be? A warm bed, the kids happily away with the sitter, and her mate in her arms, what more could she ask for?

“Someone has to go get them?” Ellis said, staring in disbelief between her staff and the few players that made it down to breakfast.

“Maybe you should go coach,” Kling offered, the smirk on her face not well hidden, despite the serious tone of her voice. “They’d be sure to listen to you.”

Jill paused, her eyes narrowing a fraction as she deciphered whether or not this was meant in mock or not. She evidently came to the conclusion that the suggestion was sincere. “No, no. I couldn’t possibly. I suppose letting them off one morning wouldn’t hurt. Wambach, make sure they get their food; enlist the others, but don’t just leave it outside. I need them at their fittest for the game.”

The coach turned to her staff. “Staff meeting in fifteen. We need to discuss tomorrow’s practice. It seems as if everyone will be a bit...tired.”

The staff nodded. Many looked like they had gotten less sleep than they had the whole trip. Perhaps they had been the unlucky few near the team’s rooms. The assembled players could sympathize.

The coaching staff trailed out, clutching cups of coffee like it was their only saving grace.

“So how are we going to do this?” Boxxy automatically turned to the matter at hand. “Coach is right, they do need to eat. God only knows how many calories they’ve expended.”

“Chups and Pinoe have the best chance of making it in and out of the rooms without incident.” Abby ran a hand through her bleached hair.

“I get why Kling and I wouldn’t be a good idea,” Naeher motioned between the two unmated alphas on the team. “But what about Morgan and Syd?”

The two omegas turned to the backup keeper, their expressions a mix of shock and betrayal.

“Definitely not,” Syd grumbled. “We’d be seen as just as much a threat as you two are.”

“Yeah,” Moe shook her head. “I’m not really interested in getting into a fight because another omega thought I was after her mate.”

“Wait a second,” Pinoe said, disbelief clearly written on her face. “You want Lori and I to do everything?”

“Well it is that or one of us getting a black eye,” Boxxy said, the seriousness of her tone negated by the slight smirk peaking at the corners of her mouth. “And I don’t think you want to be the one to explain that to our dear coach.”
“Open this door,” Pinoe banged on the door. It was her first room, Christie Rampone’s alpha den. She had begged off the new mating pairs in return for the rest, figuring numbers didn’t matter as long as she didn’t have to deal with a cranky Tobin and Sinclair. Last time she had decided to prank a new pair - Abby and Sarah back in the day - she had seen far too much of the alpha forward. Abby had been in such a state of bliss in her alpha den, she’d completely forgotten that hanging brain was not an acceptable form when answering the door.

“Go away.”

The beta couldn’t be sure, but she was almost positive that was Julie Foudy’s voice telling her to go away and not her teammate.

Pinoe considered the covered tray in her hands and heaved a put-upon sigh. “Open the damn door and take the food. Then I can go away.”

Silence answered her for a moment.

“Leave it by the door.”

Again, Julie Foudy’s voice answered her. And... was it a pitch higher?

Pinoe closed her eyes, counted to five and then called back. “I have to make sure you take it.”

“Leave it by the door.” That was definitely Rampone and the low growl raised the hair on the back of Pinoe’s neck.

“You’re expected at dinner.” Pinoe placed the tray in front of the door, walking as quickly down the hall as she could.

“Ummm...hello?” Lori called, her voice breaking at the end. Even the beta could smell the pheromones coming from behind the door, they were so concentrated. If she had been an omega or alpha, she would be struck into a miniature heat or rut for sure.

“Hey...guys,” Lori called a little louder. “Would you please open the door. I have food and need to hand it over to you. Jill’s orders.”

Still there was no answer. She honestly wasn’t sure if she expected one. Tobin, Christen, and Alex must be exhausted...at least she hoped they were exhausted. She didn’t want to think about her teammates having sex just beyond the door, hearing her telling them breakfast was delivered while enjoying each other intimately.

“Guys,” she knocked again, figuring that one additional knocking would be enough. They couldn’t say she didn’t try. She’d called for them three times.

Leaning down, she was about to put the food tray on the ground when the door opened. Tobin’s junk level with her face.

“Holy shit.” Lori scrambled back, tripping over her own feet and ending up sprawled on the floor in the hallway. “Why the fuck are you naked?”

“Why are you knocking on our door?” Tobin snarled in response.

“I brought food. Coach’s orders.” Lori tried very hard not to focus on the fact that Tobin was visibly
“Tobin?” Alex’s voice was pitched low and raspier than usual, rough with sex and arousal. “Come back.”

Christen appeared over her mate’s shoulder, a frown creasing her face. “What’s going on?”

“What’s going on?” Lori knew that her voice was reaching a level of hysterics, but she couldn’t help it. “I brought food. Why are you both naked?”

Not only were they both naked, they were hard, neither making any attempt to hide that fact. Christen could have at least stood behind Tobin fully and saved Chups the eye full.

“We are with our mate,” Christen purred, as if that answered the question. Lori noticed how both tilted their heads slightly at the word ‘mate’, displacing their new marks.

“Yeah so take this.” She shifted the tray towards them, not bothering to make sure they had it before bolting down the hallway. She didn't care. Her head was starting to ache from the smell. “You’re expected down for dinner.”

Pinoe eyed the door to the Lauren and Amy’s room like it had talked bad about her mama. After Caps room, she wasn’t sure disturbing the mated alphas and omegas was a good idea.

“Chen,” Pinoe knocked on the door firmly. “Arod, I’ve got food. And I need to know what to tell the sitter.”

A soft, panting moan was her only response.

“Fuck it.” Pinoe muttered to herself, placing the tray in front of the door. “I’m out.”

Chups was praying.

It seemed slightly ridiculous, but Tobin and Christen had answered the door naked and hard, and Becky had full on fucking growled at her through the door.

Calm, collected Becky.

She was praying to any god that would listen that Sinc and JJ were less traumatizing.

She was actually kind of glad that she was born an ordinary beta. This alpha and omega bullshit was stressful.

The beta was surprised at that she only had to knock once to get a response. It seemed this one might just go better than the last.

“What?” A disembodied voice called through the door. She recognized it as Sinclair’s. The Canadian was obviously still with JJ. A small part of her had hoped that perhaps the alpha had had business to attend and wouldn’t be in there. Of course, that had been a delusional hope. Canada had been knocked out. When country wasn’t calling, how could an alpha resist their new mate?
“I have food for you.”

“Leave it by the door, please.” This time it was JJ talking. That was something new for Chups. Normally, it was the alphas doing all the talking through the door.

“I can’t. Coaches orders say I have to deliver to you.”

“That’s not really possible,” JJ called back, her voice momentarily stutter on the last word.

“Why?” The beta asked, not understanding. This was the most pleasant delivery yet. Why couldn’t they come to the door?

“Cause were knotted, can’t get to the food unless you have the key, which by all means, please do enter if you do,” Sinclair said. Shame and modesty weren’t a thing with the Canadian.

Chups didn’t even bother responding, hearing the giggle turned moan of which, she could only guess, belonged to her teammate. She didn’t bother to set the tray down lightly this time, the orange juice could spill into the eggs for all she cared. She was so done with this alpha/omega shit.

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“Come on Hope, Carli,” Pinoe banged on the door harder. “Open the damn door.”

There was no response. Or, at least there was no response that Pinoe could hear.

She wasn’t sure which was better because Christ, this was not working out well for her. And based on Lori’s expression when passing each other when getting another tray from the kitchen, it wasn’t working any better for her either.

Pinoe was beginning to think that the two betas had been duped.

“Fucking hell,” Pinoe banged on the door hard enough for it to rattle in its frame. “Come on guys.”

The door was yanked open, and Hope Solo standing gloriously naked in the doorway. “What?”

The growl was as deadly as any Pinoe had ever heard.

“I brought food.”

“Fooooood!” Kelley squealed, rushing the doorway. She was also naked, though Pinoe wished, out of everyone today, she hadn’t seen the defender fully nude. Hickeys and teeth marks littered the omega’s body. Unfortunately, that wasn’t the worst part. Pinoe thought looking down might save her some of her teammate’s exposure. It made things worse as Kelley turned around Pinoe got a full eye view of cum leaking from a place she never wanted to even think of dripping out of her teammate.

Hope simply followed Kelley back into the room, not bothering to close the door. Pinoe was forced to close it for them. She should have known, out of everyone, that these mates would have no shame.

Her teammates could starve. She was done with this bullshit.

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Pinoe grimaced. After a pep talk from Chups, she was back in it for one last time. She approached Ali and Ash’s door, looking over her shoulder and making a face at her fellow beta. Lori just rolled
her eyes and motioned for her to hurry up.

After Pinoe’s experiences with the rest of her teammates, she wasn’t holding out a lot of hope for these two.

She was cutting her losses. To hell with what Ellis wanted.

She placed the tray in front of the door. Knocked firmly. “Food’s in front of the door, fuckers.”

And she walked swiftly down the hallway.

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Lunch rolled around and the dining hall remained conspicuously empty.

The teammates that hadn’t barricaded themselves in their rooms had called it quits and headed out for sandwiches.

Pinoe and Chups demanded that they be compensated because of their trauma, and after getting a rundown from the both of them, the others were inclined to agree.

“Seriously,” Pinoe sorted packets of sugar restlessly. “It’s like they hadn’t been fucking for hours on end. And mother of god, I want a team memo to go out. Wear clothes when you answer the door.”

Abby and Boxxy laughed. They both knew what they were putting the betas up for, though to be fair there really wasn’t a way around it. The omegas and alphas couldn’t go near those doors without triggering themselves into mini-heats and ruts. Or getting slugged in the face from territorial alphas.

“This isn’t funny,” Chups moaned, her head still hurting from the powerful pheromones earlier. Only when they were so concentrated would a beta be affected. “I don’t know how I’m going to be able to look at Christen or Tobin in the face again.”

“Please, it couldn’t have been worse than what I saw,” Pinoe moaned. “I’m scarred for life. I’ll never be able to sleep with another woman again without that terrible image in my head.”

The group laughed louder, knowing Pinoe couldn’t stay away from a nice female omega or beta. The girl was just as bad as the rest of them, she just didn’t have the natural instincts to back them up. She didn’t have the drive to protect, fight, and show off exactly what she might claim as hers as an alpha would. Nor did she have the desire to nest, cultivate, and also show off what is a part of her as an omega might.

But she would never be able to just stay away from a nice female.

“Do you think any of them will be down for dinner?” Naeher’s brows furrowed in concern.

“I’m not sure many of them know.” Pinoe admitted, taking a sip from her straw. “We typically ran out of the area pretty quickly. Informing them that their presence was required wasn’t really high on my list of things to do.”

“Pinoe.” Boxxy groaned.

“They were naked!” Pinoe yelped a little too loud, drawing the attention of some of the cafe’s other patrons. The beta hunched her shoulders and lowered her voice. “They were naked or knotted or growling. That is outside my purview as a teammate.”
Chapter End Notes

Thanks everyone for the support. We'll try to update more often... sorry its been a while. Our readers are great, and we love them (kisses).
“Toby, why is Lori glaring at us?”

Tobin hummed, her lips continuing to travel down Alex’s neck before gently sucking on the mating mark Christen had left the night before. Despite finally coming down for dinner, the mates couldn’t be separated, their affection on display despite being around their teammates.

“Tobin,” Alex whined. She was having a hard time focusing on the fact she had just asked a question and not what the alpha was doing to her neck.

Christen wasn’t contained any more than Tobin was. She had Alex on her lap. Both alphas had come down in basketball shorts, their still straining erections too painful for tight training shorts. They couldn’t help it. They had a new mate, who smelled oh so good.

Alex’s scent had changed, not only since stopping the medicine but since taking her mates. Everyone in the room could tell the pheromones were different. It always happened with new mates. Their scents changed, shifting so the world knew they were mated.

“Lori is just upset.” Tobin grinned against her mate’s neck, the faint pressure of teeth causing the omega to shudder. “She knocked on the door earlier and we may not have been as accommodating as we could have been.”

Naeher snorted in disbelief. “You’ve got that right, Tobin. And for future reference, clothes are a thing, an actual thing when you want to answer a door.”

“Why are we talking about clothes?” Amy was as blissed out as Alex, warm, content, and happy to curl up in her alpha’s lap.

“Because some of our teammates don’t know how to appropriately answer the door?” Pinoe’s voice hit several octaves higher than it normally would have. “And honestly, Christ, we all learned that clothes were important in Kindergarten. Use them.”

“You know,” Christie hummed absently, her own attention focused on the curve of Julie Foudy’s neck. “You guys seem to be unreasonably upset. It’s not like you were actually attacked.”

“You know,” Lori mused as she pushed her steamed broccoli around her plate. “I almost wish that we had been. That would have at least given us a reason to be traumatized.”

“Alex Morgan has been mated,” Jill reported. She had waited until seeing the evidence on her players’ necks before reporting. USSF had been breathing down her neck for confirmation.

“And the others?”
“They were similarly affected as we believed they would be.”

“Good, good,” one of the men on the other side of the telephone said. She could not see their pleased faces. She might have been disgusted with herself had she seen it. She should have been. Pia would never had acted this way, like a dog trainer, ensuring good breeding matches and favorable outcomes for future generations. Pia was a coach, she led and nurtured. Jill Ellis led, she did not nurture. She did not love her players, they were not her family. This was her job and title, nothing more.

“And what are the chances that we’ve secured the next generation?” This was Gulati, manipulative and egotistical bastard that he was.

Jill hesitated briefly. “Based on what other members of the team were saying, the chances are pretty high.”

“Wonderful.” Gulati practically purred. “Hopefully Alex Morgan is one of the ones that has been bred.”

Jill remained silent, mind whirring at the implications before shrugging it off. It wasn’t her responsibility.

Abby quickly blocked the door to the dining room.

“Oh no you don’t.” The forward starred her teammates down. “We’re having team time.”

“Team time?” Hopes brows furrowed in irritation. “The hell is that?”

“Bonding.” Boxxy gave the mated pairs a fierce smile. “So, everyone find a seat on the floor. We’re going to spend time together.”

“We see each other all of the time.” Lauren’s eyes narrowed, her arms wrapped loosely around her mate’s waist, one hand protectively splayed over the still flat belly. “We have been living with each other constantly for over a month.”

“Sorry.” Naeher didn’t sound particularly sorry at all. “But you’ve just entered the realm of too damn bad. Now everyone sit. Because we’re all going to spend time together as a team before we face Japan again.”

“We can do that tomorrow,” Carli pointed out, already stepping towards Abby, Kelley’s hand in her own. “Move out of the way.”

Hope was right behind Kelley. She was just as eager to return to their rooms. Carli normally put them all on a sex ban during important tournaments. The alpha midfielder hadn’t stopped them last night. She had been just as powerless to her omega’s heat as the other alphas had been.

It was often perceived that alphas had all the power. They had bigger muscles and were generally, though not always, taller. It was expected of them to provide for their omegas, taking that whichever way one might.

However, it was entirely false that they had the power. Omegas did. Omegas ruled from within, working their alphas in subtle ways. Sometimes through a touch, sometimes through a simple word. They were in control, however, most when they were in heat, when an alpha was desperate just to be near them. That is when they ruled.
“No,” Abby growled. “We need to do this now. We’re going to be in the right headspace practicing the next two days. This might be our last chance.”

The others were about to argue, but Julie Foudy stepped forward, a hand lightly placed over her mate’s chest to stop her from trying to glue herself to her omega’s side. “She’s right. You need to spend time together. We should leave them alone, Sinclair.”

Christie growled lowly. “You can’t go with her.”

Foudy’s hand came under her mate’s chin. “I can do whatever I please and don’t you forget it.”

“Babe,” the alpha whined.

“She and I are just going to go downstairs and have a drink at the bar, darling.”

“We are?” The Canadian asked, not clued in with these plans.

Foudy smiled. “Yes, I have to make sure you are good enough for JJ.”

“Hey!” Sinclair was offended. How many of these women were going to grill her on whether or not she was fit as a mate? It’s not like team Canada was going to grill- well maybe they would, but they would have been far nicer about it.

“Oh relax, I’m just joking.” The omega laughed. “I simply plan on letting you in on a few trade secrets. Dating a US women’s defender isn’t easy, you know.”

JJ watched her mate follow Foudy out into the hallway warily. “Why do I have the sudden feeling that this isn’t going to work out well for me?”

“It’ll be fine,” Christie soothed, eyes glued to her mate’s ass. “Julie won’t lead her astray.”

“Right.” Carli clapped her hands together and drawing everyone’s attention. “Team bonding. Let’s do it.”

“That’s a fairly gung-ho attitude when you didn’t actually want to do it.” Abby’s eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Few would realize just how crafty Carli Lloyd was outside of the pitch, especially because she was so serious about almost everything.

“The quicker we bond, the quicker we get to go back to our rooms.” Carli pressed her mates to sit on the floor, glaring at the rest of the team until they started to follow suit. “Obviously, y’all have made up your minds about this so the best thing that the rest of us can do is just accept it and get on with it because honestly, I really want to go back to our room.”

Tobin grumbled in agreement, propping herself up in a corner and pulling Alex down into her lap. Christen quickly curled up on one side of them. Lauren and Amy took up a similar position as Tobin and Alex on their other side.

“Do not make me separate you guys.” Boxy’s eyes narrowed at her teammates, teeth gritted as she did a quick check on where their hands were.

Thankfully everything was still above the waist. Tobin’s hand curled around the omega’s side, holding Alex against her. Christen was more content to simply rest her hand on omega’s shoulder, occasionally kneading the tight muscles she found there.
Lauren and Amy were much the same as were Ashlyn and Ali. To everyone’s surprise, it was not only Kelley, Carli, and Hope that needed to be separated - Kelley starting most things - as well as Whitney and Becky. The two defenders were uncharacteristically clingy.

It took Pinoe being physically pushed between the two for them to finally separate, though only the short distance of the blonde beta’s body. Their hands stayed linked behind Pinoe, despite the forward’s continued movement.

It was slightly harder to separate the trio. Trying to move Kelley by anyone, beta or no, would be seen as an attack, which would undoubtedly result in a fight. Hope and Carli weren’t ones to tolerate manhandling of their mate, well not when she didn’t deserve it. Sometimes throwing the omega over your shoulder helped a situation. Those were rare. Normally, the alphas took it upon themselves to handle Kelley, especially when she was being particularly difficult and pulling pranks on her teammates.

“You guys seriously have to keep your hands in appropriate places,” Boxxy reprimanded, her eyes on Kelley. The omega knew just how to get to her mates, exactly how to escalate things even when it wasn’t time or appropriate. She thrilled on the adventure and riskiness of it all.

“Kelley,” Moe warned. “Please don’t make me sit there with you guys.”

Kelley stuck out her tongue. She wasn’t threatened by the other omega. She knew her mates’ love was absolute. “You think that will stop me?”

“Ok, I vote we just get them a blanket,” Naeher chimed in, running her hand through her hair. This was not an easy day. If she had to see Kelley’s hand trailing up Hope’s thigh again, she was going to barf. “At least then we can’t see it.”

“Or we cannot do this now.” Tobin suggested hopefully. One tan hand absentmindedly traced light circles up her omega’s thigh.

“We are doing this,” Abby growled firmly. “Today. Right now. And I understand that not everyone is thrilled with it, but guys, this is our chance.”

Silence settled over the players, each of them exchanging glances with each other.

“We know this hasn’t exactly been a dream running,” Boxxy continued. “But we made it. And we’ve gotten some really good things that came out of this running, even if it was a little rough around the edges.”

Quietly, almost reverently, the players each began to talk about what they had gained.

Team unity had always been one of the things that had carried them through. They played as a team. They won and lost as a team.

But they were each individual players with wants and dreams and desires that sometimes got in the way of things. They got frustrated and temperamental.

But now, after therapy and mating and exposed secrets, they were even closer than before.

In the national arena, they played as one.
“Do we really need to talk?” Christine asked. She respected the older woman. She had played against the American legend. “Our room could really use a good clean, and I’d like to get that done before JJ gets back.”

Foudy laughed, signaling the bartender. “Oh Sinclair, you have so much to learn. First rule, don’t go clean that den of yours. It may look like a mess to you but not to an omega. That’s their nest. They have things in order, a chaotic order, but order nonetheless.”

The Canadian sighed, ordering a whiskey sour. It looked like she was in for a long evening. “Alright, what else do I need to know.”

How the team bonding event devolved into a friendly alpha competition, no one could be quite sure. Somehow, they had found a jar of maraschino cherries. Of course, then Kelley had said how she was still starving and could fit every cherry in the jar in her mouth. It devolved from there.

Now, the terrifying alphas of the USWNT were spinning themselves silly before attempting to juggle a ball for 30 seconds. Whoever had the most consecutive touches on the ball without it touching the ground won.

No one was winning.

Not even Tobin, who juggled the ball almost constantly when she was bored.

Having fully distracted their alphas, the omegas were content to watch from a corner of the room, as their teammates made fools of themselves.

“They do realize that they aren’t actually going to win anything, right?” Morgan questioned her older teammates in confusion.

“Probably.” Kelley’s eyes followed the lines of muscle in Hope’s ass and legs. “But Morgan, really, when an alpha wants to show off for you, let them.”

“It’s all a bit silly though, isn’t it?” Moe questioned. She was unmated, and like Alex, unaccustomed to all the alpha posturing and one-upmanship that went on.

Amy chuckled lowly. “Oh, it really is, but you better get used to it. Your own alpha will be just as foolish wanting to show off for you.”

“Oh, god no,” the young midfielder moaned. She was not looking forward to the day she met her mate. She could only imagine how foolish they would act after seeing her own teammates. One thing was for sure, she was never bringing her mate around her teammates. They were nothing but a bunch of idiots.

Alex shook her head, smiling. “But you got to admit, they’re kind of cute, right?”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Sinc slurred, her third whiskey sour enough to make her tongue feel uncomfortable when she talked. It was as though it didn’t belong, constantly getting in the way when she tried to talk. “Are you telling me the Christie Rampone couldn’t get it up?”
“Shhhhhhh,” Foudy giggled. “I’m not saying yes or no to that. Just…from my experience, stress or feeling inadequate compared to your mate’s accomplishments, especially early in a relationship, can cause an alpha to be rather soft when they should be hard.”

“Personal experience,” The Canadian snorted into her glass. “I think we both know what that means.”

“What I was trying to say that if JJ wins the world cup, you need to be ready. It could have…the opposite effect of what you’d expect. It can make you feel inadequate when compared to your omega.”

Christine considered the words that the older omega had for her, filing them away for review later.

Having a mate was so new to her that she wanted to make sure that she had all possibilities taken care of when handling the blonde defender.

“We’ll, at least they’re entertaining.” Ali commented as she watched her mate fall on her ass, dizzy from all of the spinning.

Amy hummed in agreement, eyed Lauren for a moment to make sure that she had her feet under her before turning her attention to Alex.

The younger omega was curled up into her side, content for the moment, as she always seemed to be in Amy’s presence.

“Are you feeling better?” Amy kept her voice low, just above a whisper as she shifted the younger omega further into her frame for comfort after she shivered. “How’s your hip?”

“Yeah,” Alex admitted slowly, blinking up at the other striker. “It’s sore, but bearable.”

“And the other part?” Kelley asked, the smirk playing on her lips, telling Alex exactly what she was referring to.

“Sore but,” Alex smiled wider than she had in a long while, despite the blush that crawled up her neck. “But really, really good.”

Ali squealed hugging her teammate. “Ahhhh, I’m so happy for you!”

Kelley was less than impressed. “Yeah yeah, but I want to know the dirty details. How were they in bed!”

“Kelley!” JJ reprimanded, horrified by her fellow defender’s lack of decorum.

“Oh no, missy. Don’t think you’re getting out of it either. I want to hear all about you and Captain Canada.”

“Not happening.” JJ drew herself up, eyes narrowed as she eyed the shorter woman.

“You all know how good Carli and Hope are,” Kelley pouted, arms crossed over her chest.

“Yeah, but we don’t want to know.” Amy stuck her tongue out at the other omega. “And honestly, no offense to Tobin, Christen, or Sinc, but I don’t want to know about them either.”
“Well, based on the fact that we all heard every one of you last night,” Pinoe plopped down on the floor in front of them.

Alex buried her face into the other omega’s neck, face heated in embarrassment. Kelley grinned smugly, exchanging a knowing look with Amy, who sighed in exasperation.

“Oh, come on,” Pinoe nudged the omega playfully. “You can’t hide the glow, Alex.”

A low whine vibrated in the omega’s throat, embarrassed not only at the attention, but also at the fact that they were discussing her sex life.

“You know, you’re alright, Foudy,” the Canadian slurred.

“Not so bad yourself, Sinclair.” The defender’s eyes had gone a little blurry. At least they didn’t have practice in the morning. Both women would be sleeping in long past noon. “You come *hiccup* to me anytime you need to *hiccup* talk.”
Alex’s Birthday. Will Tobin and Christen let the others spend time with the birthday girl?

Alex’s birthday fell three days before the final.

It was far enough out that they could get away with having a ‘Dawn approved’ sweet, and close enough that if there was any sort of practice, it was guaranteed to be a light work out at best.

If they did even that. They were all beyond exhausted anyhow. Running a marathon or putting in a full day of practice was nothing compared to what had gone down in their bedrooms. The physical toll their respective heats and ruts had took was enormous.

For that reason, Dawn had taken the reins of controlling team activities and was pretty much stressing that they all get as much rest as possible. Maybe get a couple of touches on the ball to keep them sharp, but that was it.

It meant that when the alarm went off, Christen was quick to shut it off so that the trio could continue to cuddle. The three had barely separated, not that Alex was complaining. Her favorite place was soon becoming lying in bed with her girls.

She thought it would be harder, having three of them in the bed, but it seemed to work. Now that they had mated, it wasn’t just spooning. Where Alex had been in the middle before, now she was on the bottom with Tobin half on top of her and Christen. It would be cute if it wasn’t for the morning breath.

“Ughhh...brush your teeth,” Christen whined, burying her face in Alex’s neck.

The omega shivered. Her alpha’s lips had grazed one of her marks, sending a chill down her spine. Her hips wiggled, not expecting her own arousal. Wetness pooled between her thighs. Since receiving her mating bites, her neck had become its own erogenous zone.

“Mmmmm...Al you ready to go already?” Tobin mumbled, her eyes still closed. Out of the three of them, she seemed to need the most sleep or at least, she complained the most about being tired.

“Perhaps we should give her birthday sex?” Christen husked, her tongue tracing the ridges of the now scar tissue that was Tobin’s mark.

Alex’s eyes shot open. She had completely forgotten. “Wait. It’s my birthday?”

Tobin snorted, finally opening her eyes fully as she pulled back to look at their omega. “You seriously didn’t know what day it was? I mean, I knew we were good but still.”

Alex shrugged, hips shifting again as Christen’s mouth migrated to the ridges of the new mating marks on Alex’s neck. “Christen.”

The alpha grinned to herself at Alex’s tone of voice.
There was a particular note that Alex’s voice hit when she became aroused. It was the point of no return sound. Somewhere between a whine and a catch, it rasped over every instinct that Tobin and Christen had to please their mate.

Christen and Tobin had become determined to hear that tone as often as possible. Still, there was a matter that they needed to address.

“Of course, it’s your birthday.” Christen scraped her teeth across the fresh marks, humming when Alex’s hips attempted to arch off the bed. “I think that means that we get to unwrap and enjoy you.”

“That sounds more like a present for you than me.” Alex gasped as Tobin shifted between her legs.

“A present for all of us then,” Christen husked into her ear, kissing the shell of the omega’s ear.

Alex panted, Tobin’s lips were traveling down her abs. “Wait. Wait.”

The alphas immediately stilled, worry in their eyes. Christen pulled back so she was looking their omegas in the eyes. “What is it, babe?”

The older forward smiled. “Its my birthday so I think it’s only fair I get what I want, right?”

Tobin’s head rested on her stomach. She kissed the tan skin. “Sure, love.”

“I want to watch the two of you, together.”

“Great present,” the omega panted. Her inner omega purred. Tobin and Christen had both eaten her out. Now that they could feel her emotions through the bond, they knew exactly when stars were exploding behind the omega’s eyes. She thought they were good before, but now, it was a whole new level.

The oral had been great. The thing that really got to the omega was watching her alphas. She had never seen them focus on each other. Up until today, it had always been about her, about keeping her heat sated.

Watching her alphas together, on the other hand, was a fantasy come true. It was the culmination of years of adoration, secret lust, and quiet, steady love.

Alex knew that when she was alone next season in Orlando, the image of Tobin and Christen together would be what she drew on for comfort.

“So, Lex.” Tobin’s light tone drew the omega’s gaze up from where she had been tracing the long, lean lines of the alpha’s abs. “Was it everything you expected?”

“It was more.” Alex smiled in contentment, curled up in the curve of the midfielder’s body. “When do we have to be down for breakfast?”

“In about an hour.”

“Good.” The omega snuggled in deeper, grabbing the covers and pulling them up to her chin. “That’s plenty of time for a nap.”
Becky groaned as she walked down the hallway towards the room that Alex, Tobin, and Christen were sharing.

The defender had been dispatched as soon as everyone on the team had realized that they hadn’t shown up, and probably weren’t planning on showing up, for breakfast.

Their teammates were completely understanding of the fact that they wanted to be around each other all of the time, but that didn’t mean that they could skip meals. Given how much sex new mates were prone to have, they would need the calories and carbs. Besides, it was Alex’s birthday. The two alphas didn’t get to hog the omega.

“Open up,” Becky called, her fist pounding on the door. “Please be fully clothed.”

There was resulting bang and giggle behind the door. Becky didn’t want to know what was happening behind there. In fact, she would rather not be standing at their door at all. The alpha wondered if she could go back downstairs and just claim they hadn’t been willing to come out. She could always send someone else up. Dawn would probably give them the room key if it came down to it.

“Come on you guys,” she called again, knocking on the door. “We want to at least make sure Alex is a little bit food before her birthday dinner tonight.”

Becky wished she couldn’t hear them through the door.

“Oh, a birthday dinner.” It sounded like Alex. “But I want to just stay with you two.”

“Sounds like someone is still feeling her heat.” That had to be Tobin. Becky could practically hear the midfielder’s leechous grin.

“Oh please,” Becky glanced heavenward. “Please do not let someone still be feeling her heat.”

“Mhm,” that was definitely Christen. “We’ll just have to check.”

There’s another giggle on the other side of the door, followed by a moan that definitely belonged to Alex.

“I’m out.” Becky retreated back down the hallway as quickly as her legs could carry her. “Someone else can come get those three.”

“Where are they?” Pinoe demanded as soon as she saw Becky returning alone. “I thought you were supposed to be getting them?”

“You get them.” Becky snapped. “Those three are still pumping out enough pheromones to take down an elephant. And Tobin and Christen were checking to see if Alex was still in heat.”

“How would you even check that with all those pheromones?” Pinoe asked, already munching on her bowl of cereal. She didn’t care if the others were trying to wait for the trio, she was starving.

“Yah babe, how would you check that?” Whitney asked, smirking.

“Shut up,” Becky muttered, sitting next to her mate and burying her face in the omega’s neck. She had to get the stink of her teammates’ pheromones out of her nose. The smell of Alex’s heat was still strong near the room. The hotel was going to have a hell of a time airing it out since the windows
only opened a quarter of an inch.

“Awe, poor thing,” Whitney cooed. “You want to get Dawn’s key to their room and go back up.”

The alpha pulled away from her mate, glaring. “Et tu, Brute?”

Whitney snickered along with the rest of the team. “I’m just teasing babe. I’m sure your future co-captain will be happy to go up in your place.”

Carli coughed. The coffee she was drinking going down the wrong pipe. Hope pounded her on the back, trying to help her mate out.

“I think we’ll see if they surface at lunch.” Carli said quickly.

“But Alex needs to eat.” That was definitely a smirk tilting Kelley’s mouth up. Carli’s eyes narrowed as she made a mental note to...thank her omega for that suggestion.

“Alex is a grown ass woman. So are Tobin and Christen.” Carli made sure she spoke slowly and clearly, staring her mate down. “If they decide they want food, they can drag their asses out of bed and get food.”

“Definitely.” Becky agreed as she stole a piece of fruit from Whit’s plate.

“Carli, stop being a baby. You have to go get them.” Hope didn’t want to make her mate go upstairs to get the new mates, but it seemed like there was no way around it. The trio had missed breakfast. They would need at least some sustenance. The team couldn’t just leave them until Alex’s birthday dinner.

“Why don’t you go then,” the midfielder growled.

“Because stinky cheese,” as Jill had been nicknamed, “didn’t make me a captain.”

“But you’re my mate, you should do this for me.” The whine coming out of Carli’s mouth sounded anything but like the usual confident, cocky alpha. “I don’t want to see that.”

Dawn had given Carli the trio’s room key. If they didn’t open the door for her, she was on orders to go in and retrieve them. With Alex’s heat all but ended, the alpha wouldn’t be seen as such a threat even if she would be entering another alpha’s den.

Carli wanted it noted that she had protested from the second that she had gotten the keycard to now. She was well aware of the fact that she and her mates had practically barricaded themselves into their home in the first month or so of their mating.

Yeah, they were in a tournament, but hell, let the three of them have some fun instead of dragging them out of their room. And if rumors were true, the three of them were going to be spread around the country next season. Let them have their fun before the NWSL season tore them apart again.

“Fine,” Hope finally took the keycard. “I’ll go get them, you big baby.”


“Oh no, you’re coming too, but I don’t mind being,” she paused, smirking, “your muscle, so to speak.”
Carli scoffed. “I should have known.” The midfielder shook her head. She loved her alpha mate, but she knew when something was amiss. Hope was angling for something. “I assume you’ll want something in return.”

“Perhaps if I did this very, oh so sweet thing for you, then you could do a little thing that I have been wanting to try.” A lecherous grin spread across the keeper’s lips telling Carli exactly what she was referring to. “It’s really not that big of an ask.”

Carli rolled her eyes. “You know how sore I’d be?” Hope simply raised her eyebrows. “Fine, do this for me and win me a World Cup medal and we’ll see.”

The keeper smiled. “It’s a deal.”

Hope eyed the door like it might have been her worst enemy.

She had been downstairs the entire day, so she hadn’t gotten a face full of the actual level of pheromones. Now in the face of it, she kind of wanted to retreat, but she had put her cards on the table, she really wanted that reward.

Still, her body responded to the smell, and Hope grimaced, just slightly.

“Alright, guys,” Hope pounded on the door. “You can open the door and come out or we’re coming in.”

“We are?” Carli sounded vaguely panicked at the idea. The pheromones were affecting her too, perhaps more than Hope. Her nose had been broken less times than the keeper. Maybe that was the reason her sense of smell was just better. She could always tell when Kelley’s heat was coming a week before Hope even started to notice the slight changes in pheromones.

“Alex does need to eat,” Hope reminded her mate. “And I suppose those stupid knotheads do too.”

The younger woman sighed. “Ok, so on the count of three. I’ll go in first and you follow. If they are in any compromising positions, we run. If they are nude, we throw something over them. If they happen to have clothes on, then we drag one of the alphas out. The other two will surely follow and at least the alphas won’t freak out as they would if we went for Alex.”

Hope nodded. “Ready?”

Carli gave one big breath, coughing at the pheromones. “Get the key ready. One….Two...Three!”

They were through the door, Carli first with Hope behind.

Alex was the first one they saw, dressed in a pair of shorts and a overly large t-shirt. The omega had obviously been on her way to the door.

“What the hell?” Tobin snapped, looming up from behind her mate, as she hopped into a pair of sweat, shirt still slung over her shoulder.

Hope didn’t have to see Christen to know that there was way too much flesh bared. It looked like they were going to improvise.

“We’re taking Alex to get something to eat.” Hope called as she scooped the omega up and carried her out the door on her shoulder.
There was a scramble behind her as Tobin and Christen tried to catch up with the two older alphas that were carting their mate down the hall towards the elevator.

“Fucking hell, Tobin,” Carli muttered, rubbing her arm. She swore the other woman had almost bit her. Of course, she couldn’t prove that Tobin’s face hadn’t accidentally ran into her arm when trying to get to Alex. Though, she did have a red mark on her arm as result. “Couldn’t you have gone for Hope?”

Both Christen and Tobin had come roaring down the hallway after them, not bothering to put on any more clothes. Their mate was being forcibly taken from their alpha den. That was all that they saw.

Perhaps, Hope’s idea of simply grabbing Alex had not been the best plan of action after all. Not that the keeper was almost bitten. Both alphas had gone after Carli, she was the easier one to run through to get to Alex.

“Awe, poor baby,” Kelley cooed. She nuzzled her shorter alpha. “It’s a battle wound, stop rubbing it. I like it.”

“You like Tobin’s teeth impression on my forearm?” Carli asked, snorting. Not that she was complaining about the attention, though she was half sure it was because of her own pheromones that Kelley was acting like this.

The new mates’ den still stunk of Alex’s heat. Hope and Carli had both in affected for the short time they had spent there. Hopefully, the hotel had beta maids because that room would take a while to air out.

“You know,” Shannon eyed the two younger alphas critically. Tobin and Christen were curled around their omega as closely as possible. “I think there’s actually a team rule about attacking each other.”

“Then they shouldn’t take our mate.” Christen growled, scowl directed at Hope and Carli.

“You do realize that Alex has to eat more than once a day, right?” Becky attempted to reason. She would place money on the fact that she hadn’t been this overprotective and possessive when she and Whit had first bonded. Not that her omega would agree with that statement.

It was almost like Christen and Tobin’s instincts had been thrown into overdrive. They just hadn’t had a chance to bring it back down to a normal level. The team really hoped that they found a normal level soon. Becky could only imagine this sort of drive on the field if someone actively attempted to foul the striker.

She could already see the blood that would be spilled, as frightening as that was.

“We were getting ready to come down,” Tobin protested, popping a grape into her mouth. “We were mostly dressed and everything.”

“Just eat your food,” Christie finally conceded. “Because honestly, you’re making my head hurt. Tobin and Christen, do not attack your teammates. Alex, remind them that you need to eat more.”

The omega hummed in agreement, content to focus on the fruit in front of her.
“Don’t you think we should spend time with the others?” Alex questioned. Tobin and Christen were already dragging her back to their room. She was tempted to put her foot down. The omega did not necessarily care about spending time with the team on her birthday. She was happy just enjoying her alphas’ company. However, she wanted to see if she protested if they would give in or simply carry her back to their room like some sort of Paleolithic cavewomen.

“No,” Christen growled, drawing the omega’s body close to hers as they finally reach their door. The area still smelled like them. The maids had likely stayed clear of the area despite not having a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign on the door. “We have something for you.”

“Something for me?” Alex eyebrows raised to her hairline. “You didn’t have to do that.”

Tobin frowned, stopping herself before opening the door. She melded to the omega’s back. “You deserve the world, Lex. If you think the little gifts we have for you now are the only birthday presents you will be getting, just wait until we get back home. Christen has been busy. Good thing we have free shipping with prime.”

Christen huffed but didn’t say anything as the two snuggled into Alex. Somehow, they made it into their room like that. It required a lot of shuffling and some fancy foot door holding by Tobin. It took a long moment for the alphas to finally separate from the omega. She smelled good, like warm cinnamon and cloves. They would probably never get enough of their new mate.

It physically hurt to stop touching her. Still, they had presents to get out for her. Tobin and Christen had bought a little joint present for the omega before the tournament. It was back when they were just friends and oblivious to Alex’s want for them.

Later, Christen and Tobin had gone out shopping once the courtship had begun. It was during those special ‘omega’ times their other teammates were always insisting Alex needed. They had been grumpy about being kicked out of their rooms but also secretly glad to have an excuse to go out without Alex. It wouldn’t do for their omega to see her presents before her birthday.

“You guys seriously didn’t have to get me anything. Having you two as mates is the best present I could ever get.”

Christen snorted, a distinctly unlady like sound. “You haven’t had to deal with Tobin almost burning down the apartment when trying to cook yet or her inability to ever put her dirty clothes in the hamper. Trust me, mating that one is no present.”

“Hey,” Tobin cried, smacking the other alpha’s arm. “You’re no walk in the park either or should I remind you that you sleep fart constantly?”

Alex giggled. She liked seeing them like this, so playful, so free in their love. She loved it even more now that she was a part of it. She had never felt so complete. She could literally feel their love thrumming through their bond.

The alphas pulled three presents from their suitcase. One was wrapped in wrapping paper, some silly cartoon cats were screaming happy birthday in big bold print. The other two were in neatly wrapped bags, though slightly wrinkled from travel.

“You really didn’t have to,” she chastised one last time. Her alphas only smiled, pushing the gifts closer to her. It was one of the few times they weren’t trying to get as physically close as possible. The two wanted to watch their omega’s face as she opened her present. “But I guess I don’t have a
choice, so which first?"

The alphas pushed the wrapped box towards her. She picked it up gingerly, testing the weight. She wanted to shake it like little kids did on Christmas with their many presents but managed to hold back. Instead, she carefully unwrapped the gift. She was the type that liked to save the wrapping paper so she carefully broke each piece tape before lifting the wrapping despite Tobin’s whining. Alex could already tell that unwrapping Christmas gifts together was going to be a challenge. The midfielder had no patience whatsoever.

Her mouth dropped at the gift. “Seriously?”

The alphas grinned and Tobin spoke, “We know it’s not official yet, but we both know you’re going to the expansion team. So, we both bought this for you.”

Christen took over the explanation. “We asked Ash what every good Floridian needs, and she said a pink lawn flamingo.”

Alex snorted with laughter, because of course Ash would want her to have a pink lawn flamingo. The keeper had waxed poetically on about having her own flamingo army if there was ever a women’s team in Florida.

“It’s great,” Alex giggled, arms wrapped around the body of the lawn decoration.

The striker finally set the flamingo down, a smile tugging at her lips.

“This one is a little different.” Christen cautioned her mate.

The forward blinked as she reached into the bag and pulled out a pamphlet and what looked like a ticket.

“Plush Paws Pet Salon?” Alex read the name off the ticket and arched an eyebrow at her mates.

“You two do realize that I don’t have a dog, right?”

“Yeah,” Christen blushed. “But we were talking, and we didn’t want you to be alone in Orlando.”

“So, we figured we could find a shelter or a rescue,” Tobin took over. “I know you’ve talked about getting a dog and have really wanted to get one for a while. We could go with you to find you a friend.”

The omega threw herself at her mates, hugging them to her. She didn’t even care that the dog salon pamphlet was getting crinkled. She was overcome with emotions. Her mates really wanted to take care of her.

It had been so long since anyone besides her family had acted like this towards her. How could she not see how much the alphas had wanted her before all this? They were always so good to her even when trying to keep their distance.

“I love you both so much.”

“We love you too, Lex.” Tobin murmured into the omega’s ear. “We love you too, so much.”

“Open up,” Christine Sinclair demanded. It was her last night with the girls. They would be kicking both the Canadian and Julie Foudy out. Jill had suddenly got strict with team only now that they
were almost to the gold medal match. “Everyone is waiting by the bus to go to dinner.”

The team had sent hundreds of text messages between them to the new mates, letting them know they HAD to be ready by six. There would be no leaving them behind. It was Alex’s birthday the team wanted to celebrate.

“Do not make me have to open the door myself.” Sinc warned darkly, brows furrowed into a scowl.

“Alright, alright,” Tobin opened the door, scowling at her club captain. “Dammit, I don’t remember you being this pushy in Portland.”

“You had more sense in Portland.” Sinc sassed right back, nodding to Press and Alex as they followed the midfielder into the hall.

“Rude.” Tobin grumbled as the group began making their way to the elevator. Her hand automatically seeking out one of the omega’s. Christen’s hand followed her example on the other side.

“Is that a new necklace, Lex?” Sinc questioned, the glint of it under the lights catching the alpha’s attention.

“Yeah,” one hand rose to touch the thin chain self-consciously. “Tobin and Christen got it for me for my birthday.”

The team clapped as the trio got on the bus, many wolf whistles accompanying the clapping. “Bout time,” Kelley yelled.

Alex immediately blushed; her alphas only smiled proudly. They didn’t care what their teammates wanted to insinuate had been happening all day in their room. Had they had celebratory birthday sex with Alex? Yes. Had the omega wanted to thank them for her birthday presents in a very intimate way? Yes, but did the team need to know that? No. Not that they probably hadn’t heard Christen loud cursing when Alex ‘thanked her’ for her birthday present. Who knew that Miss ‘Always in Control’ could lose control so completely.

Christen and Tobin knew better than to try to sit with their new mate. Amy looked like she was about to push Lauren, her current bus buddy, out of the way to get to her friend. Instead, they sat in back beside the other alphas. It was hard letting their omega out of their physical reach, but they saw her happiness at being surrounded by her fellow omegas. They settled for watching her, taking in the forward’s beauty as she smiled and laughed with her teammates.

Kelley’s eyes had narrowed on Alex’s necklace as soon as she walked on the bus. “Oh my god, did they get that for you? It’s absolutely gorgeous!”

It was a simple gold plate was engraved with their uniform numbers and a date from almost a month ago.

Kelley touched the delicate chain, grinning at her best friend.

“I’m so happy for you.” Kelley hummed.

The other omegas cooed over the necklace, hugging their friend and asking for all the details. The group giggled as Alex told them about the lawn flamingo. Ali rolled her eyes, knowing exactly
whose idea the pink thing had been. She already knew their home in Orlando would have an army of them in the front yard.

The alphas in the back took turns patting the new mates on the back. “She looks really happy,” Carli said, going so far as to give Christen a hug. She was proud of them, even prouder because the team dynamic could finally go back to normal.

“You sly devils, when did you slip out to get that necklace?” Lauren was genuinely curious. She didn’t think there was a time the alphas either weren’t hovering over Alex or asking Dawn to check her over.

“One of the many times your mate kicked us out of our room,” Tobin grumbled. She tried to sound angry, but the smile stayed on her lips as she watched their omega talking animatedly with her friends.

“You know you can blink everyone once in a while. Your girl isn’t going anywhere just because you’re staring,” Lauren teased the two alphas.

“What can I say,” Tobin sassed right back. “Our mate is hot.”

Dinner was a wonderful success - light and happy, like the team thought the omega deserved.

Finally, Abby stood up, glass in hand and got everyone’s attention. This was the last time out as team, with both friends and significant others, before the tournament. Even Sarah Huffman had come in early. Her hand had been laced through Abby’s before the alpha stood.

“I would like to make a toast,” Abby paused, waiting for everyone to reach for their glasses. There was no alcohol, at least for any of the players. Julie Foudy and Sinclair had gone for a glass of wine and beer respectively. “This is the best team the United States have fielded in years, and I couldn’t be prouder to be with you girls here tonight.”

“Here, Here,” Kelley cheered.

“And I wanted to give a special shout out to both new mates and old. You are just as much a part of the family as we are to each other, and we couldn’t have gotten here without your unyielding support.” The striker smiled down at Sarah. There was a hint of sadness in her eyes, but it immediately disappeared when she looked back up at the table, raising her glass. “Let’s go out and win a world cup, ladies!”

The girls all cheered.

They would win a world cup. It was their time!
“Breathe,” Christen whispered, her lips just under Alex’s ear. Her hand was in Tobin’s hair, massaging the soft scalp below. The alpha forward knew she wasn’t starting today. Jill had already told the team who would be in the starting XI, unlike all the other times she liked to leave it up to the last minute. Tobin and Alex would be getting the honors and also the pressure today.

They deserved the start. Christen’s pride flowed through their bond. Alex welcomed the fullness of her new mates’ emotions. She could feel their strength and love so much more acutely now that they were finally mated. Their emotions now felt like her own.

She was complete.

Kelley too was reassuring her own mates. Hope and Carli had been through countless tournaments. They had won Olympic medals. They had been to the World Cup before.

It should be old hat by now, but still, the last they were here on this particular stage, they had lost. They knew the pain, as fresh as if it were yesterday. There was still a hollow ache within both alphas. They were legends without the ultimate title.

“You’re going to be great, babe,” Amy whispered, her hand twisting through Lauren’s hair. She knew that calmed her alpha. Their son was the same. Ryan was upstairs with the sitter. They didn’t want him around the high emotions and pheromones. The room was tense enough as it was without a child running around.

All the nonstarters were focused on keeping the starting XI calm. While not necessarily high strung, they were all feeling a little wound up from this particular tournament. Not to mention the excess energy from the last couple of couple days. The sympathy heat had hit all the omegas on the team hard. Not to mention the small ruts the alpha fell into due to the sheer amount of pheromones.

The excess energy was nothing compared to the massive amounts of pressure. The weight of expectation and responsibility was not from carrying a nation, though that was just super fun. It came from each other. The veterans had all measured themselves on this world stage and fallen short. The newcomers would have to find out how they measured up today. Only three first timers were getting the start. For Meghan, Julie, and Moe, they were going to be experiencing the World Cup final not only for the first time but as starters.

And of course, it was fucking Japan.

Japan seemed to loom over them all like a damn specter, shadowing every touch on the ball and every minute of time on the World Cup stage, haunting the backs of their minds.

“It’s going to be ok, JJ. Just forget the last game. You can’t take that shit into this game. You have to be fresh,” Christie reassured.

Sinclair and Foudy weren’t allowed in with the team this morning. They hadn’t even slept over the
Julie and Christie stayed close to each other though. JJ’s mentor wasn’t starting, but her heart was beating just as fast as her teammates. She had won a World Cup before, unlike them, but she still felt the pressure. She felt it more acutely than the others. Her inclusion in the roster was already under criticism. Could they have chosen another player over her that could help them win this match?

“I don’t know if I can, Cap.” The young omega shook her head, the weight of the last game still sitting heavy on her shoulders.

Sinclair had helped her. She had loved her and comforted her when her heat had hit. Not to mention the aftercare. The Canadian alpha was amazing, taking care of her mate from the moment they were untied. Christine had gotten her a warm towel to clean her up before carrying her to the tub for a nice hot bath together.

The alpha had barely left her side. Seeing Christine pout as she was forced to leave their room the night before had been one of the hardest things JJ had ever experienced. She wanted so badly to spend the last night before the tournament with her new mate.

“Hey, you’ve got this.” Rampone pulled the defender around to fully face her. “I know you do. And you want to know something else? Take a look at your team.”

JJ sighed, glancing around the dining room. Everyone was focused on their own pre-game rituals, so engrossed in what they were doing that they didn’t seem to notice the two defenders looking at them.

“No one in this room or on this roster doubts you,” Rampone murmured. “And I bet you that if we go find Sinc and Julie, neither of them will either. And that is all you need to focus on.”

JJ couldn’t stop the slight grin from tilting her lips up as she watched Kelley start to stir Carli up. These were her teammates. These were her friends, her family. There was no other group of women she’d rather go into battle with.

“We’ve got this.” JJ said quietly.

“You’ve got that right.” Rampone agreed easily, nodding her head. They did have this.

No one listened to Jill’s speech. It went in one ear and out the other. She wasn’t saying anything new. They knew it was their time, and that we were going to win it. Jill Ellis wasn’t a part of the we anymore. We ended when she stopped having their backs.

Instead, they listened to their true leaders. Abby and Christie were their captains. They were the ones that had their respect. They were a part of the we.

“This is our chance,” Abby yelled, finishing their captains’ speech. She always yelled when she was trying to hype them up. It didn’t matter. They were already hyped. “This is our time.”

“It’s more than that,” Carli’s voice pulled everyone’s attention to her. She was to be their new captain when this game ended. She was taking the reins with Becky, at least until Jill got it in her head that Pinoe or Alex would look great with the armband. “This is everything that we’ve been dreaming of since we knew what it was, since we all knew that we wanted to play soccer. This isn’t
about our country or our family or our friends. This isn’t about US Soccer and its expectations. This is about us.”

There was a murmur of agreement.

“We pushed ourselves too hard, on the field and off, to not take this opportunity.” Christie looked at each of her teammates. “Japan will not beat us again.”

Cheers of agreement went up. They were going to win this.

The game started out quicker than any of them expected. USSF would later congratulate themselves, believing it had everything to do with the mating event the previous couple of days. Whether that was true or not, no one could say, but there was no denying the winning spirit the team had.

It wasn’t even three minutes in, and they were up by one. Pinoe drove a corner into the box low and hard. Carli had started her run so far out of the box that Japan didn’t even think to track her. It had cost them.

Two minutes later, it was a free kick, this time delivered by Lauren to Carli Lloyd’s perfect positioning that got the goal. The team cheered. They were starting to feel they could win this. Carli’s joy could be felt by her bond mates.

Kelley’s pulse was thrumming with excitement from the bench. Her mate had scored a brace. Hope wasn’t doing much better, thankful she wore compression shorts. Nothing was better than watching one of her mates score and then feel the resulting joy through their bond.

If they won this, she was going to give Carli such a night that the alpha wouldn’t be able to walk straight for a month. Amy’s mind was similar minutes later when Lauren landed her own goal. A little volley that was so calm and collected that it was the perfect nod to her entire career. Amy screamed, jumping with Christen and Kelley on the bench. Jill didn’t even bother to tell them to calm down. They were three up in the first fifteen minutes.

And then Carli made history.

She had the ball deep in their own half, turned and pushed up the field, freeing herself from her defender. It only took one glance up and, seeing Kaihori out of goal, decided ‘why not’?

She launched a chip that sailed over the retreating goalkeeper, just brushing the reaching fingertips and bouncing over the goal line. The entire team, on the bench and off, went ballistic.

Kelley could hardly contain herself. Her mate had just scored a hat trick. She wanted to run on the field and congratulate the midfielder. Hope wasn’t having much better luck. She too was ready for the end of the game, ready to reward her alpha mate. Tonight would be all about Carli.

There was still a lot of game left, but there was almost no light at the end of the tunnel for Japan. Ogimi, never one to give up and just as composed as Lauren, managed to sneak a beauty of a goal in past Hope. The hard-on obviously got in the keeper’s way. It was still a long climb left to go for Japan though. 4-1 was not an easy score to come back from.
The locker room was nuts. The door to the room wasn’t even closed, and Hope was on Carli, kissing her hard against the lockers. Kelley bounced eagerly beside them, as soon as the keeper pulled back for air, she was on the midfielder, kissing her passionately. The team looked away - at least most did - when Kelley’s hand began to travel to the front of their new captain’s shorts.

Jill was trying to get their attention. She wanted to give a halftime pep talk, but no one was listening. Everyone was busy chattering amongst themselves or doing a little pre-celebrating.

Amy’s hands clutched the front of Lauren’s jersey. The alpha’s head was tilted to the side as Amy’s mouth nipped at her mating mark. “Fuck, you are so hot. I’m so proud of my alpha.”

“Ams-” The alpha whined. Why would her omega do this to her? She was going to have to go back onto the field with a raging hard on. She’d have to go to the showers and change into compression shorts.

Amy pressed a harder kiss to her alpha’s mouth, tugging Lauren’s larger body closer.

It probably would have escalated, much like O’Harli, if Boxxy hadn’t been there pulling them apart.

“Come on guys,” Boxx soothed when Amy growled at her. “We still have half a game to play. Let’s calm down so we can play it.”

“Calm down?” Lauren snorted in amusement. “There’s no way Hope and Carli aren’t walking out of here with raging hard-ons, Boxy. Let the rest of us have some fun.”

Shannon shook her head. “We gotta get back out there, so hands where I can see them, missy.”

Alex, Chirsten, and Tobin were at least slightly more dignified. Press was pouting. “Now aren’t you two going to score any goals for me? I can’t let Kelley and Amy be the only ones celebrating their mates from the bench.”

“You want something to celebrate?” Tobin asked, looking at Alex. “Let’s give her something to celebrate.”

They were in the second half. Almost every American alpha on the field had a hard-on. Poor Lauren looked like she was waddling every time she moved. Amy had really done a number on her.

She wasn’t the only one.

The next serious play came with a free kick for Japan. The ball went up forcing JJ to challenge for the ball. There was no way she could just let the player she was marking go for it without her being right there.

The ball skimmed across her head, but she couldn’t get a concrete enough touch on it to change its direction.

Hope was not quick enough - mostly due to the package between her legs - to keep it out of the corner. In the end, it was credited as an own goal on JJ. The score went from 4-1 to 4-2.

It would have normally crushed the defender, but Hope and Broon were automatically there, checking in with her, letting her know that there’s no blame to be carried. They helped, but it was mostly Sinc’s warm encouragement humming through their bond that kept her head up.
It also helped that two minutes later, another American corner kick got tossed into the mix. It fell perfectly to Tobin’s feet, and all she had to do was place it in the back of the net.

There were a couple of changes after that on the field. Pinoe got a break, and Kelley stepped onto the field to play with both of her mates and help Kling shore up the left side.

Tobin was subbed out and Abby stepped onto the field, getting the armband for a few minutes.

Tobin grinned wildly as she took her seat on the bench, discretely squeezing Christen’s hand. She knew she was going to kiss both of her mates as soon as the final whistle blew. That was honestly the only thing that made this win better. All three of them would be together in front of everyone for the first time. All the alphas that had been sniffing around Alex would know that the omega was taken.

A few minutes later, Alex’s number appeared on the board. The omega breathed a sigh of relief as she stepped off the field, and Cap stepped on to it.

As much as she honestly wanted to finish game, it didn’t change the fact that she had had an unnatural super heat less than three days ago. She was tired, sore, and just drained from the whirlwind of a tournament and travel, not to mention everything else.

She was happy to settle onto the bench between Tobin and Christen and breath for a moment. Alex felt her mate’s pheromones surround her. Through their bond, she felt their happiness bubble into her own.

“You both did great,” Christen whispered, ignoring the smirking Ashlyn next to her.

Alex grinned. “Did you see Toby out there? I think someone really wanted to give us something to celebrate later.”

Tobin couldn’t hide her smirk any more than she could her blush. “I just wanted to make you both proud.”

The omega looked around. The cameras weren’t on them. She leaned over, placing a peck on the alpha’s check. “We would be proud of you regardless, alpha.”

A shudder ran through the alpha’s body at her omega’s tone, her member hardening. Tobin had learned over the course of this tournament that that tone heralded good things to come. Tobin hoped that she heard that tone for years to come.

And then it was there. The final whistle blew three sharp, shrill bursts and the game was over.

The United States had won. They were world champions.

Tobin gripped the back of Alex’s head, pulling her into a long passionate kiss before doing the same to Christen. She waited for the final minutes before showing her mates her appreciation. There was no way she could hold back her happiness, she had to celebrate.

“Whoooooooooo!” Kelley screamed showering the locker room in another spray of champagne.

The omega defender bounced on her heels. She offered the bottle to Hope. The keeper was already tipsy, but kept drinking whatever her mate offered her. Kelley was not one to be dissuaded easily.
Carli was already past the point of tipsy. Her shirt had come off, trying for her own Brandi Chastain moment, albeit not in front of the cameras.

Tobin was having her own little celebration. Crowded back against a bare stretch of wall, Christen and Alex took turns pressing the midfielder back against the wall, plundering her mouth with their own.

Lauren was in a similar situation. Amy would not let her mate up from her chair.

“Hey, hey!” Jill Ellis had officially lost control. There was no way she was going to be able to corral the team onto the bus if she didn’t offer them something better than the celebration that they were already having.

And somewhere between the field and the locker room, she doubted that she would gain control. Especially when most of the veterans were having their own celebrations in the locker room.

“We have to go back to the hotel room ladies!” Dawn called over the din.

Jill looked at her fitness coach. A couple of the women had actually looked over at her, unlike when she spoke. Ellis shook her head. “I’m going onto the bus. You deal with them.”

As soon as she was out the door, a raucous cheer birth forth from the few individuals that were not busing making out or being felt up. Kelley was humming and lightly singing the tune from the Wizard of Oz, “Ding-Dong! The witch is dead. Which old witch? The Jill-ous Witch!”

Dawn shook her head. “Ladies, if you get on the bus, you’ll be able to return to your rooms and not do this in front of your teammates. I’m sure many of you would like to continue on with your parties or even return to your families, right Abby?”

The alpha looked up from her phone. She may have problems with Sarah, but her omega was happy for her as evidenced by the kiss earlier and many texts she had received. She was eager to see her mate back at the hotel room. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Then help me separate them long enough to get on the bus. You too, Boxxy.”

Said alpha looked up sharply from her phone, dark eyes narrowed as she considered the betas words.

“Come on, Boxx,” Abby grumbled. “The quicker we get them separated, the quicker we get to our mates.”

The midfielder heaved a sigh and climbed to her feet, headed towards the nearest couple that was being handsy.

“Alright, Kelley and Hope, get off of Carli because the longer you two do that, the longer it takes for you to get her in bed.”
“Fuck,” Carli hissed. Her mind was too clouded with alcohol to care that they were on the bus. They technically weren’t doing anything that bad, but it was still impropriate.

Kelley was in her lap, kissing on her neck and very subtly pressing her hips down into Carli’s already tented shorts.

“Share,” Hope growled, as she nosed Kelley away from Carli’s neck so she could take her place, kissing along the long slope of tanned skin.

The others on the bus were in similar situations. Both Christie and JJ had absolutely refused to get on the bus without their mates. In the end, it was easier letting Foudy and the Canadian captain on to the bus than to argue with the now slightly tipsy defenders. The overflowing champagne and the high from their win was making them all a little bolder and a lot less inhibited, as evidenced by the loud moan coming from the back of the bus where the Pierce-Foudy couple were seated.

“You did so good,” Christen said as she pulled back from kissing Alex. She immediately turned to Tobin. Their omega was still dazed, and the midfielder wasn’t much better after watching the kiss.

“And you did great too.”

Christen’s lips met Tobin’s now. She moved between her mates as she lavished attention on them.

Alex loved watching her alphas together. She was officially labeling it her favorite show.

The omega whimpered softly when Tobin seemed to distract the other forward into not coming back to kissing Alex by palming the darker alphas cock through her shorts.

The angle was vaguely uncomfortable for the midfielder, but honestly, it was worth it. Not only was Christen moaning softly into their kiss, something that signaled that the other alpha losing her grip on her vaunted control, but she could feel Alex’s eyes burning into her skin.

Tobin had scored in a World Cup final.

They were World Cup Champions.

She and her mates needed to celebrate.

Others were just as eager to celebrate. Amy and Alex might be attached at the hip most of the time, but Amy didn’t even know where her fellow omega was. She was too busy whispering dirty things into her mate’s ear. Thankfully, their son was with the sitter in the team van and not on the bus around the mass of pheromones.
“I want you to put another baby in me, make it twins,” Amy husked, even if she knew biologically that that was not how it worked. She still wanted Lauren to fuck her like it would count. “I want you cumming in me all night.”

“Ams,” Lauren groaned. She was having a hard time not taking her omega right then and there.

“My strong alpha, I think you deserve a special treat for scoring, don’t you?”

Amy’s hand trailed down her lover’s jersey, coming to stop at the edge of her shorts. She wasn’t going to do anything untoward on the bus, but she wanted her alpha so hard she walked funny into the hotel.

“I... yeah, I do,” Lauren agreed. Her eyes on the hand at her waistband.

“I’m going to tie you down and ride you all night with both our medals around my neck.” Amy’s mouth moved from the alpha’s ear to nibble at her mating mark.

Lauren growled softly at the image in her head, her cock swelling more.

“You keep that up,” Lauren rumbled in Amy’s ear. “And we won’t make it back to our room.”

JJ straddled Sinc, mouth pressed hard to the Canadian’s, arousal and residual stirrings of heat pressing the defenders hips down in a grind.

Sinc was no better. Her strong hands guided JJ’s hips down into a circle so that they both got pleasure where they needed it and then up to start the process all over again. One hand rested on the defender’s thigh and each rise allowed the Canadian’s hand to push her game shorts higher.

She was hoping to be able to sneak her thumb to JJ’s clit before they got to the hotel.

The pheromones on the bus were pushing them all higher, hotter.

But none more so than Alex, who had gathered the courage, and the arousal, to reach out and lightly rub the length of Tobin’s erection through the soft material of her shorts.

The lanky midfielder’s hands on Christen faltered, pleasure fire working through her body.

“Alex?” Tobin’s voice shook.

“Yes?” The omega’s soft doe-eyes met the midfielder’s.

The alpha faltered. She wasn’t sure what to say. Instead, she reached out, grasping Alex’s other unoccupied hand and brought it to Christen’s lap.

Like Tobin, the alpha striker was straining through her shorts. Her self-control had slipped enough that her hand had found Tobin’s breast over her shirt in the process of kissing her senseless. She squeezed involuntarily hard when Alex’s hand began moving over her shorts. The midfielder stifled a moan, the rough treatment of her chest adding to her pleasure.

The omega smiled, hands gently rubbing the erections that she held, though when she neared the tips of their erections, she squeezed the tips gently, wrist giving a twist on Christen’s.

“I really want to watch the two of you together again.” Alex’s voice dropped to a soft murmur. “You scored in a World Cup final, Tobs. I think that Christen should get to spread you open and take you until you can’t move. And then I think it will be my turn. Do you think I should ride you? Or suck you until I’m full?”
Tobin moaned incoherently, willing the bus to get to the hotel faster.

“Which do you think, Tobs?” Alex pressed the question, speeding up her stroke on both of the alphas.

If she timed it right, they would both get some release before they got to the hotel. And maybe she would get to taste that.

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“Ash,” Ali moaned. She had not expected the alpha to carry her through the hotel, up the elevator, and into their room. “Put me down so I can get the door.”

The keeper smiled wide at her mate. “Knock on the door.”

“What?”

“Knock on the door.”

The defender looked questioningly at her mate, but did as she was asked. Why would she knock on their empty room?

She was shocked when it opened, revealing Ella and Erin behind the door.

The smirks in place on the other couple was more than enough to distract the defender from one keeper and redirect her attention to the other.

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Becky managed to get as far as the bathroom door before Whitney had her pressed back into the wall, already on her knees and pulling her shorts down. The older defender’s thick erection sprung forward.

“Babe?” The alpha’s thick voice pushed at the haze her omega was in.

Whitney was so proud of her mate. She couldn’t believe what had just happened. They were World Cup Champions. Becky may never have had a goal for her country, but she had been a big part of their World Cup drive. Without her, Hope would have had at least a dozen more goals against her.

“May I please you, Captain?”

Becky swallowed, her eyes blown wide in both desire and lust. She hadn’t heard Whitney call her captain before, especially not when she was on her knees asking to suck her cock.

Her hand tangled in the younger defender’s hair, guiding her forward slowly.

Whitney smirked, one hand coming up to cup the alpha’s sac, sucking the soft tip into her mouth with a hum.

The omega ran her tongue around the tip, easing more of it in her mouth as she tried to give her mate as much pleasure as possible.

Everything was going according to plan until the hand in her hair tightened for a brief moment, signaling that her alpha needed a chance to breath and gather her control.
The omega had just backed off of the cock in front of her when she was being pulled up from her knees. The alpha wasted no time in pressing her back towards the bed, sitting her on the edge.

“I think that I should get to be the one that pleases you.” Becky growled lowly.

Whitney’s hand ran down Becky’s shirt, tracing over the soft fabric of her jersey. “And how does my Captain plan to do that?”

“Yes, yes, so good,” Lauren moaned.

Amy’s hands were up in her own hair, sensually running her hand through the strands. She was determined to put on a show for her alpha.

“You feel so good inside of me.”

The alphas hands were tied to the bedpost, her feet in a similar position. She rarely gave over control to Amy, but today she was happy to do so. She felt like just feeling. Normally, she was driving to pull pleasure from her omega. Today Amy was pulling pleasure from her.

The omega’s hips jogged, loving the feeling of being on top. Lauren was so deep in this position. Being on top or being taken from behind doggy style meant that every angle was hit just right.

“That’s it,” Lauren managed to growl softly. “Take what you want.”

Amy moaned, grinding her hips down.

Christie snarled at the hotel room door, struggling to get the keycard in the slot.

Julie pressed up against her alpha’s back, teeth worrying the alpha’s earlobe, one hand tracing the edge of her mate’s erection through her shorts.

“I want you to fuck me.” Julie breathed in the defender’s ear. “I want you to knot me over and over again.”

The alpha gave one final snarl as she finally slotted the card in the door. With the little green light turning on, indicating that the hotel room was unlocked, she pushed down the handle with one hand. The other hand twisted behind her back, gripping her mate’s shirt in a tight fist.

She pulled Julie into the room behind her. Not willing to let go of the contact.

The omega’s hand continued massaging the front of her lover’s shorts. The bulge strained against the thin fabric.

“You want to be fucked?” Christie had turned around, a feral look in her eyes.

Julie squealed, her mate lifting her up before tossing her in one motion onto the soft bed.

The younger woman growled. “I am going to fuck you all night long, you won’t be able to walk for a week.”
“Promise?”

“That’s it,” Sinc cooed, as her hips bumped into her omegas. “Such a good girl.”

The omega was on her hands and knees, gold medal swinging between her two dangling breasts with each thrust of the Canadian’s hips.

Sinc was overflowing with emotions. She didn’t think when she had started dating JJ that she would be here, having seen her mate win gold in a World Cup in her home country. She felt like the luckiest woman in the world. Would she like to have won too? Yes, but watching JJ win was just as good. The pride in her chest that day couldn’t be contained. She had screamed so loudly for the US that she was pretty sure the fans around her thought she was a bit crazy.

“You’re a champion, baby girl,” Sinc cooed, her steady rhythm never faltering.

JJ whimpered, rocking back against the alpha.

Carli moaned, head tilted back, internally grateful that the desk in the room was the right height for her to lean back against, otherwise she wouldn’t be standing.

Both of her mates were in front of her, on their knees, mouths working up and down her cock. Occasionally their mouths would meet in an unhurried kiss at the tip of her erection.

Both of them had claimed that they were going to reward her for the hattrick. Though Carli was more interested in getting to main event instead of this teasing that her mates seemed to be stuck on.

Kelley, shifted so that she was more in front of the midfielder, sucking the tip of her erection into her mouth, tongue swirling around the tip before she slowly drawing more of it into her mouth.

Carli tangled her hand in Kelley’s hair, a subtle plea for release.

The midfielder could almost feel the defender’s smirk around her erection as she sucked a little harder, one hand coming up to cup her tightening sac.

Hope’s mouth pressed into the curve of her breast, sucking a dark bruise into the sensitive skin as Kelley pushed her closer to her release.

Carli moaned, deep and loud, when Hope’s lips moved to her nipple and were replaced by her teeth. Combined with Kelley’s mouth forming a vacuum over her cock, it was enough to send her over the edge.

It wouldn’t be the first time that night.

No, her mates had plans.

Carli would be cumming more times that night than ever before. She deserved it. The hat-trick legend wasn’t going to just remember this day for winning a World Cup gold medal. No, her mates were going to make this the best night of her life.
Tobin couldn’t figure out where she wanted to go.

Christen was seated inside of her, allowing her precious seconds to adjust to being so full.

The darker striker’s girth was a key reason that Tobin was usually on top.

But Tobin was being treated to a night of pleasure from her mates and that included Christen working her open and then pressing her claim home.

Though Alex was doing her damnedest to usher the midfielder’s pleasure along as well.

The omega striker was on her knees, mouth slowly working up and down the midfielder’s cock.

The dark alpha was slowly erasing Tobin’s control and balance, enough that she had to place her hands on the omega’s shoulders so that she didn’t fall.

“P… P… please,” the older woman begged. Her plea came out stuttered and moaned. She was doing everything she could to keep her eyes open and on Alex.

It wasn’t just the physical pleasure she was enjoying, it was the visual. So long had they been wanting Alex that it still amazed Tobin to see her like this, a sexual creature.

The omega may not have been a nymph when they started or even in previous relationships, but now it was like a switch had been flipped inside of her. Now having her mates, she wanted to be consumed by them. Their emotions were hers. Their love melded with her own.

She wanted to give each mate as much pleasure as possible.

It was how she had ended on her knees, the plush carpet fibers making impressions on her skin. Christen’s eyes had told her what to do. She had looked her omega right in the eye before pointedly looking at the spot in front of Tobin. Now, together they worked over their mate, giving and taking pleasure from her.

This may have been the first step into their relationship, but Alex knew it wouldn’t be the last.

And she couldn’t wait to take them, because she had her mates finally by her side.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about forgetting/being too busy to post. Here it is. Its been a great ride guys.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!