Facilis Descensus Averno

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Facilis Descensus Averno

by The_Trash_Can

Summary

Ciel is an omega, much to the disappointment of his father and to the knowledge of no one else. To get enough money to give both him and his mother the independence from Vincent that they desperately need, Ciel becomes a scent performer—that is, someone who is willing to pleasure themselves in front of alphas so that they may get off on the rare scent of an omega.

Sebastian is an assassin, living his whole life in the shadows until he slowly rose through their ranks. He has no need for scent clubs, he's a powerful enough alpha to have access to any omega he should want, but when his latest target is known to frequent one such establishment, Sebastian knows he can't keep avoiding them forever. He never understood the appeal until he opened the door and caught his first hint of THAT omega.

Notes

The fact that there are hardly any A/B/O fics in this fandom is a TRAGEDY that I needed to remedy! Here's an idea that I've been thinking of the past couple weeks!
Power is a heady thing, but then again so is the scent of an omega. Or, at least, so I've heard.

With the development of such technologies as scent blockers, an omega’s scent was getting to be harder and harder to come by. That’s when the development of scent clubs began.

I ready for my shift, slipping into a silk robe that feels crisp and smooth against my skin. I know that I probably look like shit, with dark half-moons under my eyes and a new bruise staining my cheekbone, but luckily it doesn’t matter how I look.

It matters how I smell.

The scent of an omega had become quiet the commodity, and Alphas—animalistic monsters that they are—seem to be willing to pay high prices to get off on the scent of one alone. While my image was kept hidden behind black curtains that barely allowed for the outline of my body to be seen, my scent was still able to permeate the room. This was mainly put into place for the safety of the omegas who performed. It wasn’t safe to be an omega in this world and don’t I know it.

I lazily walk onto the stage, hearing the roar of a crowd of Alphas just beyond the curtain, and get comfy on the king sized performance bed. Almost as soon as I lay down, the crowd goes silent, but I can still hear their heavy breaths and the room reeks with anticipation. Smirking to myself, I slowly untie my robe, letting it fall open for the clients to get a stronger whiff of me and that alone is enough to have some of the alphas release their load in a series of jagged moans. All omegas smell heavenly, but I smell good enough to make an angel willingly dive into their fall from grace.

I run my hands down my ribs, shivering slightly at the feel of my cold appendages—I’d have to remember to bring gloves next time—before slowly trailing a finger around my nipple. I let out a small moan, more for my audiences’ benefit than my own, before moving to the next one. The combination of the soft pleasure this movement provides and the cold makes my nipples hard in no time.

I absently think of how I have to meet Lizzie tomorrow for brunch as I my fingers slide up my neck, purposefully agitating my scent gland. How pissed would she be if I cancelled? I run my nails down my chest in thought even if I already know that there is no way in hell Lizzie will let me cancel after I cancelled last weekend. I’d blame her if I could, but she doesn’t know. If she did, I’d like to think that she would be understanding.

Slamming back into the present, I realize again where I am. I need to start focusing or the alphas will start to get agitated, and believe me when I say that there is nothing worse than an angry alpha. The club has a good size staff of body guards for the performers, but it still walks a dangerous line. An Alpha all sexed up and frustrated is a harbinger of violence. It’s time for me to get to work.

I feel the first hints of arousal manifest. Ever so slowly, my hand moves further and further south until it reaches the soft skin of my cock. I shudder at the first brush of attention and can almost see all the alphas in the audience shudder with me. Nothing smelled better than an omega being pleasured.

My fingers wrap around my length and slowly coax it to stiffness, pre-cum sitting like a pearl at the top of my shaft. I dip my thumb in it and bring it down, spreading it around my tip, carving a trail around its circumference, my finger nail just barely digging into the lip of my head. Warmth spreads throughout my hips as I continue to massage my dick while my other hand comes back up to pull
and twist at my hardened nipples.

Once I have pleasure in my system, it makes it easier for me to really get down to business. I focus on that feeling. I let it radiate throughout my brain and bones until pleasure is the only thing I can feel. I feel, therefore I am. Now that my body only knows pleasure, it’s time to make sure that everyone else knew this information as well.

Throwing my head back, I focus on releasing as much scent as I can. Scent control was, for the most part, a feature that only alphas could control. They used it in fights of dominance and to soothe their mates. Omegas were supposed to be the pure, honest ones who only ever smelled exactly how they felt. And while I definitely wasn’t lying about my emotions, I was definitely fanning the flames higher.

Having control, as limited as it might be, over this function was a lucrative talent in this line of business. In the past, I would only try to hide my scent as much as possible, doing things like standing under the rain of a shower for days during my heat, but once I figured out that your scent was something Alphas were willing to pay for and I could spread mine at will? Well, let’s just say that I picked a career choice that most people wouldn’t approve of.

My breath has picked up and pulses of pleasure spread down my body in time with my heart beats. I reach to the side of the bed, fingers dipping in a familiar cold and carry it back to my ass. Teasing at first, I spread it around my entrance before slipping a finger inside. If the alphas had seemed excited a few minutes ago, it was nothing compared to now. Numerous groans fill the room, harmonizing with my own as I slip a second finger in to my tight warmth.

The combination of my fingers moving inside and my hand jerking down my cock is enough to make me cum right there and then, but I know I have to wait. My audience may want me to cum, but they have to need it.

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I growl as I’m forced to re-visit my old stomping grounds. I may have grown up in this shitty area, but I didn’t exactly like to be reminded of that fact. I take in the sleeping homeless curled up on their cuts of cardboard, the stray animals running between alleys, before meeting the eyes of those whose bodies were on sale for the night. Turning away, I thank whatever deity, that abandoned me long ago, didn’t leave before making sure that my mother passed away before she had to resort to whoring herself out.

I continue to walk as the streets slowly clear of the forgotten things and people of the city, until I round a corner. Where I grew up, one escaped by injecting, drinking, or snorting whatever they could get their hands on. I had my fair share of all that too, but I was heading for something different. A place that offered a different kind of escape for those who could afford it.

I never understood the appeal of such an establishment myself—being a powerful alpha that had already experienced many omegas despite their low numbers—but my latest target is known to frequent this place in particular. While I’m not looking forward to being in the company of horny alphas, the bounty on this target’s head is too good to pass up.

Coming upon a nondescript building, I give the metal door a single hard knock. A slot slides open, the scratching metal grating against my ears.

“What can I do for ya?”
“One theta please, but a delta gamma will also do.”

A gloved hand came out, palm up, waiting for me to hand over the $500-dollar entrance fee.

Once given, the hand returned and the slot slammed shut. I wait a moment before the clicking of bolts sliding out of place, one after another, sounds and the door swings open. “Welcome to greek life, Sir.”

Stepping inside, I’m led down a hall before being instructed to walk down the stair case. With each step, the smell increases around me and I’m yet again reminded of where exactly I am. My agitation grows as I willingly walk into an area filled with alphas all screaming for dominance. I can’t fathom why any alpha would deal with this, let alone pay for this experience. Sure omegas smelled nice, but so do laundry sheets and I don’t pay hundreds of dollars to smell them along with hundreds of other people.

I finally reach the end of the stairs and find one last door in my way. Inside, I see large alpha bodies pushing and shoving, under the glow of the red lighting and think about how I could be curled up wish Ashes right now. I sigh and remind myself why I’m here, mentally pulling up an image of my target so that I’ll hopefully be able to spot him quickly within the mass of writhing bodies.

I yank open the door, irritation already settling into my bones before a new smell hits me. Rising above the smell of spent Alphas is something else. My first thought is flowers, with smell being so tied to memories as it is, but the scent is sharper than that of a bouquet. Some kind of fruit? But even then, any sourness is tempered by the softness of something else. Rain?

The smell goes straight to my cock and I suddenly realize the appeal of such an establishment.
Datura

Chapter Notes

Here's another short chapter because I'm just so excited for this fic!

Thank you so much to everyone that's commented!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The omega is close to finishing and my inner alpha has never been so riled up before. My heart rate increases as my jeans grow tighter. I need to find this omega. I need to make them mine. I start forward, pushing and shoving my way through the crowd of other horny alphas. Their pants and grunts have the beginnings of a growl rumbling in my chest. I want to keep this scent, this wondrous scent all to myself.

I fight my way to the front, having to fork over another 700 to be let into the exclusive area. Now I’m so close that I can practically taste the omega. Panting, my hand has a mind of its own as it undoes the button on my jeans and slides beneath my boxers. I grip my already hard length and the other alphas around me fade away. It is just me and this omega.

From my costly vantage point, I can just see their outline through the curtain. Petite frame, hands roaming all over, head thrown back. I groan. That neck, I want to sink my teeth into it. Claim this omega for myself.

If I focus, I can just make out the quiet moans and whimpers of an omega that needs an alpha to be able to pleasure them properly. Warmth pools and I think about the omega making those noises for me—because of me. The omega’s breath hitches, their scent rushing around me like dancing flames. It licks at the shell of my ear, nips at my neck, and wraps around my cock.

A series of mewls sound before the omega is finishing, their scent exploding through the room. I groan, spilling my own load in my boxers. Panting, I look up and I swear that the little omega is looking right at me, head cocked to the side. I give a little purr, chest rumbling for their benefit, and they stay only a second longer before padding back off stage.

Once the omega leaves, so does their power over me. I make a noise of disgust over the mess I made, wondering what the fuck just happened. I’ve never been effected by an omegas scent like that before. I haven’t cum in my pants since I was 14. Whatever the fuck that was, it’s time to continue with the mission.

Looking around me, I see that every other alpha has spent their load as well and my senses are completely overwhelmed with the scent of sated alpha. My nose scrunches at the sight of sexily clad employees passing around damp cloths for the patrons to clean themselves up with. I continue to eye the crowd, no matter how unsatisfactory I find the experience, until my eyes land on a familiar face.

“Got you.”

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I shudder at the sound of that purr. A rich reverberating sound that has my inner omega preening. I
hastily make my way off stage before the alpha can do anything else. My inner omega is not something that I like to acknowledge and I definitely don’t like when other people acknowledge it. I know I did a damn good job and I don’t need some fucking alpha’s approval for me to know that.

Tying the robe back around my waist, I head backstage.

“Excellent job as usual, Datura.” My manager comments, giving me a quick high five.

“Thanks Mey, see you tomorrow?” I reply, already moving to my dressing room.

“You’re headlining tomorrow, since it’s a Saturday, so I sure hope that I’ll see you.” Mey remarks, tucking short red hair behind her ear as she stares down at her clipboard.

I give a cheeky grin, before shutting my door behind me. The robe, yet again, slides down my body; but this time I don’t feel nearly as sexy. Just tired.

The cold is finally catching up with me, so I quickly slip into a pair of sweatpants and a sweatshirt. The clothes themselves are lined with scent blockers, but I take a quick acting pill too. You can never be too safe.

Leaving my dressing room, I give a quick wave to the next act, a blonde boy named Alois, before seeking out my favorite body guard to walk me back to my car. He’s an absolute dope, but I think that is in part why I feel so comfortable with him.

I find him leaning up against the back exit, waiting for me. “Hey Bard.”

“Hey kiddo, how was work?” He teases, opening the door to our private parking garage.

“Why? Interested in applying?” I give him a wink.

“If I had a scent that wasn’t completely mediocre, you know I would. As it is, I must remain a lowly security personnel.”

“I don’t know if Mey would agree with that sentiment.” I quip.

Bard glares. “You’re more trouble than your worth.”

“Maybe, but you like it.”

Bard grunts in response as we reach my car. I unlock it sliding in, about to close the door when I look back to Bard. His eyes are lingering too long on the purple stain across my cheek. It’s rare for him to lose his temper enough that the effects are left in such a visible place.

“Why do you stay?”

A simple question. Hushed enough that it doesn’t echo around the concrete surrounding us. “I can’t leave her, you know that.”

Bard nods slow, head dropping as he closes the door for me. I watch him walk back for a second, my mind lingering on his question. Of course I want to leave. Of course I would leave if I could. But like everything else in this world, freedom costs money.

Chapter End Notes
Okay, there's chapter two! Let me know what you think! Also if you have any sexy ideas for this pic, please let me know!

I would also be happy to do short dribbles for this pic, so hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutoootherworlds
With the help of nearly three cups of coffee I made it to meet Lizzie on time, but as soon as we sit down I order another cup because damn if I’m not exhausted. Conversations ebb and flow around us as I stir some sugar into my drink and Lizzie watches me with pursed lips.

“You have noticeable bags under your eyes.”

I look up from my cup. “Gee, you really know how to make a guy feel special.”

“I’m serious Ciel, have you even been sleeping?”

“I think I’d be dead if I didn’t sleep at all…or undead.” Lizzie gives me a hard look. “I know, okay? I’ve just been having some issues falling asleep lately, but it’s nothing for you to worry about.”

For Lizzie, I was just her average Beta cousin. One who lived an upper-class life with a seemingly perfect family. A father who worked in business and a stay at home mom. What more could you ask for?

“I just worry about you,” she concedes.

“And I worry about you, I mean look at that hairstyle.”

Lizzie throws a packet of sugar at my face, currently covered in concealer to hide the bruise. We continue to talk and chat over brunch, more like Lizzie caught me up on everything that had happened in her life while I shoved waffles into my face, but despite my initial reaction I was having a fun time. As stressful as it was, I was glad to have a friend like Lizzie who would drag me out to do things. Especially nowadays. With the sun streaming through the windows, warming my pale skin, and Lizzie talking excitedly about a boy in her art class, I feel myself slowly relaxing.

“How are your parents?” Lizzie suddenly asks.

I wince. “Good. Dad just left on a business trip, so it’s just me and mom right now.”

“I’m glad to hear it, I can’t wait for Christmas this year, seeing all the family!”

“Yeah…” I shove another bite of waffle into my mouth.

Lizzie smiles, before checking the time on her phone. “Well Ciel, it’s been fun but some of us have class to get to.”

“It’s a Saturday.”

“I could still have class.”

“You sent me your schedule, I know for a fact that you don’t.”
Lizzie huffed. “Fine then, if you must be like that I have lunch date to get to.”

“You’re going straight from brunch to lunch?”

Lizzie gives me an unamused look. “Food is the only thing I can look forward to in life.”

I snort. “So, who are they?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” She replies, haughtily flipping her hair over her shoulder.

“I mean, I did ask, which implies that I did have some level of curiosity.”

“Just for that, I’m not telling you.”

“Lizzie!”

“Nope, see you later, you ass.” Lizzie stands up, dropping a couple twenties on the table for her meal and a tip.

“Love you!” I call after her.

“Love you too.” She replies, flipping me off as she heads out the door.

I chuckle, and pay my half as well, before heading back home. I absently wonder if I’ll be able to get a nap in before my shift, but upon opening my front door and being assaulted with the smell of distress, that option goes out the window. I sigh, stepping inside and locking the door behind me, immediately seeking out my mom.

I find her in a pile of folded clothes. “Mom, what’s wrong?”

“Vincent just texted that he wants all his laundry done and put away by the time he comes back, but he comes back tomorrow, and I just had to sleep until nine this morning so now I have a late start.”

A wave of familiar anger flows through me, but I reign it in, reaching over to take my mom’s hand. “It’s okay, we got this.”

The rest of my day is spent helping my mom finish the ridiculous amount of laundry that Vincent left her. Part of me is tempted to do something, like cut small holes in it, but I know that will only reflect badly on my mom so I resist. I look at the clock, exhaustion clinging to me like an old friend, and sigh when I see it’s about time to go to work. My mom went to bed around 30 minutes ago, so I grab a snack and my keys before heading out.

Work is a shit show, as per usual on Saturdays, and all the anxious alphas make my skin crawl. Saturdays come with a special pre-show as decided on by the clients. They could vote to have me care for a baby animal, thus making my ‘motherly instincts’ kick in, have me eat a nice meal since alphas were very concerned with providing for their omegas, or any other number of ridiculous things. This would get the audience warmed up in way before the final act.

“What is it tonight?” I ask Mey, already slipped into my robe.

“Hot oil Massage.”

“Fuck yeah.” I reply. There were definitely worse jobs than getting paid to get a massage.

“Make sure you play it up.”
"I always do."

I head out on stage, trying to brush away my exhaustion. If I fall asleep during this massage, I won’t produce nearly as strong of a scent, so I need to keep awake. I lay myself down on the bed and get a whiff of a particular alpha. The same one as last night that purred at me. I’ll admit that his scent is better than any other I’ve encountered, but that doesn’t mean that he will win me over. No alpha will.

Our massage boy comes out, carrying a bowl of warm oil as I get myself comfortable. I wink at Finny, enjoying the blush that spreads across his face, before we both get to work. Carefully, he scoops out the oil with two fingers, applying it to my back in soothing motions. The attention feels nice, but coming from Finny it is not exactly a turn on. I close my eyes and instead picture someone else’s hands running over my shoulders. Maybe that alpha with the amazing scent. Just because it’s never going to happen in reality doesn’t mean I can’t fantasize a little.

I relax my muscles, my nerves starting to tingle as I picture the faceless alpha giving me all this attention instead of Finny. It immediately has the desired effect, and as I focus on my scent I can hear the alphas in the audience groaning. I’m getting so worked up that when Finny brushes over my scent gland I let out a moan, one I hadn’t even intended to. I would be embarrassed had the alphas not groaned louder in return. My thoughts quickly flick to all the tips I should make tonight, before I focus again on the hands on my skin.

I become pliant under Finny’s ministrations. When my limbs feel like limp noodles, I motion for Finny to head off backstage. I still need to be able to do my job after all. The oil provides an excellent lubricant as I surprise myself and my audience by going straight for my entrance. Imagining that alpha worked me up more than I would have thought, especially knowing that he’s in the crowd. I can no longer smell that single alpha with the overwhelming scent of all the others, but the knowledge is enough. I want to cum without even touching my dick tonight.

I work on finger inside, marveling despite the many times I’ve done this, at how smooth and tight I feel. Massage oil doesn’t work as good as Lube, but I enjoy the slight sting of pain as I work a second finger in. My other arm clutches at the sheets on the bed and I wish that I had something more satisfying to sink my nails into. Using this surprising burst of possessiveness, I focus on pushing my scent out. Hearing the reactions of the alphas alone is enough to make me cum right now, but what kind of performance would that be?

I curl my fingers inside me, sucking in a breath as I feel their pressure against my walls. I picture that it’s the alphas finger’s instead. The alpha that no doubt gets plenty of people to drop their pants for his scent alone. They would be bigger than mine, no doubt, longer and thicker and could probably easily reach my prostate whereas I have to reach for it. My inner omega, no matter how much I despise it, is necessary for this job and is loving this fantasy.

An alpha holding me down, stretching open, preparing me for what’s to come. An alpha who loves me and would protect me from all the ugliness of this world. An alpha who I could no doubt please with a scent like mine. My inner omega is a show off, and pushes the scent of my pleasure even further at this thought.

I hear the sound of alphas finishing all throughout the room and the scent of spent alphas only makes me feel more powerful. I grind into my fingers, alternating between scissoring them apart to feel that delicious stretch, and curling my body so that they reach deep enough inside me to hit the spot that send sparks flying up my spine. My toes curl as I ride myself, my poor cock left twitching and red, practically begging for my touch.

The pressure builds up inside me until its almost painful and I’m torn between pulling away and riding it over the edge. But of course, like the foolish person I am, I make the leap. Pleasure rushes
over me, my limbs shaking with the power of it. I cry out, head thrown back as if maybe the stars can help me understand what I’m feeling. Of course, the high can only last so long, and soon enough I’m returning to reality.

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With my most recent job done, his body to be discovered within a few days, I find myself drawn back toward the scent club. I could have an omega within the hour, but there was something about this omega that had me craving more. I found myself arriving early and paying the price for a premium spot to satisfy my curiosity.

My anticipation grows, along with my arousal as I hear that tonight’s preshow shall be a massage. While I don’t love the idea of someone else’s hands roaming over that omega, I have to admit that I am excited to smell the content, arousal wafting off of them. With a job just finished, I have ample money to spare, and I am looking forward to spending it tonight.

My arousal grows as I hear the omega take stage, but I am instantly put off. Exhaustion is almost radiating off of them. Omega’s needed the most sleep out of any of the secondary genders, considering how taxing it was to be so attuned to people’s emotions, and this omega was clearly not getting enough sleep. I don’t know what I expected, considering their line of work, but I found myself unreasonably put off by this. I still came, prompted by that amazing scent and the low keening they made, but not as hard as I had last night.

The other alphas around me seem relatively unbothered by this fact, but I doubt that most of them even took notice. The omega goes back offstage, leaving only a ghost of their scent behind, and I find myself drawn to follow. I need more answers. That’s what this is, a simple case of curiosity and nothing more.

This club was owned by fellow shadow dwellers, people who preferred to live their life on the wrong side of the law, and acquaintances of mine. You don’t live your whole life in the shadows without making a few connections, and someone with a reputation like mine had plenty of connections.

I make my way to the back of the building, a single glance at my tattoo has the guard letting me in. From there, I follow my nose until I’m led to the an otherwise plain door with a star hung on it. I look at the star and see the name ‘Datura’ inscribed there. I give a knock.

“Jesus Christ, Mey, I can only get changed so fast what do you want?” A muffled voice comes. We are in a relatively unpopulated area here and I am better able to pick up their scent. The sweetness seems to be linked to their arousal, whereas now their scent was like lemongrass and rain. Even without the sweetness it was still the most addicting scent I’ve ever encountered.

“That was quite the performance;” I say. “I must admit that I’m quite the fan.” My voice lowers at the end, turning into a quiet rumble that I knew from experience made omegas weak in the knees.

A spike of alarm reaches my nose. “I’m glad to hear it, but clients really aren’t allowed back here.” The voice comes out differently now, as if conscious that it should change its tone. A smart omega.

I part my lips when I’m interrupted by a hand on my shoulder. I turn and meet the eyes of another alpha slightly shorter than me with blonde hair.

“I’m sorry, but I am going to have to ask you to leave,” he says.

It’s obvious that I’m stronger than him, but I’m not willing to fight over this mysterious omega just yet. “Sorry about that, would you be so kind as to show me to the exit?”
The guard gives me a look, before making a motion to follow him back the way I came, as we walk I come across another familiar face, one I’m actually excited to see. “Mey,” I purr.

The beta turns and lights up when she sees me. “Sebastian?! How the hell did you get here?” Mey pulls me into a hug tight enough to dislocate a shoulder. “Don’t tell me you’ve fallen for one of my performers.”

“Maybe.” I reply.

Her eyes turn hard. “Nope. I’m sorry Sebastian, but these performers are under my protection. Feel free to sit in the audience as much as you want, but that’s all the contact you’re getting.”

My shoulders tense. “Come on, Mey. You know I can get omegas far easier than that, I just wanted to check up on you.”

Mey Rin levels me with a look, but I keep my face clear of any tells.

“And you thought I’d be in the dressing room of Datura?” She questions.

Damn, Mey is still as sharp as ever. “I have to admit that you have talented performers, who drew my curiosity, but it was nothing more than that.”

Mey snorted. “Oh Sebastian, you’re still as hopeless as ever.”

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me what you guys think, your comments fuel my writing!
“Ciel, get in here!”

Despite every part of my brain screaming at me to do the opposite, I make my way into my father’s office. “Yes?”

“As you know, some bastard has been trying to sabotage the company lately, which cannot be left unnoticed. I’ve hired a professional to figure out just who thinks they can get the better of me and be rid of them. Of course, I don’t trust this guy to snoop around my company alone, so you will accompany him on this mission.”

I blink. “What?”

“Jesus, can you not hear either? Fucking useless, I’ll get someone else to do it.”

Familiar pain hits my chest, it’s funny how words can hurt just as much as a hit. “No,” I sputter, “I can do it…I was just surprised.” Why though, considering everything else I’ve seen my father see and do, I don’t know.

Sharp blue eyes pin me in place like a butterfly put out for a macabre display. “I’d rather have it be you, considering the public expects you to take over the company after me, but only if you can be sure that you won’t fuck it up.”

I close my eyes, remembering how impertinent it is that I behave until the very end. How impertinent it is that he doesn’t suspect anything. “I won’t. I know all the employees by name and will be sure to be a valuable asset in this mission.”

“Good.” A knock sounds at the door. “That must be him.”

Alarm shoots through me. “He’s already here?”

My father gives me a wary look of condescension as he stands up from his desk, pointedly walking around me to open his office door. “Time is of the essence, Ciel.”

It personally didn’t seem like a good idea to have an assassin meet at my father’s office during business hours. Shouldn’t these sort of things be done in back alleys? Or in private board rooms? Basically anywhere else than in the complete open? I mean, there’s hiding things in plain sight and then there is tempting fate.

I tug at my tie, and try to mentally prepare myself to meet the killer for hire—a figure who was undoubtedly an overwhelming alpha. I have to admit that when I woke up this morning, I definitely didn’t see my day heading in this direction. My instincts beg at me to run from this increasingly dangerous situation, but I see my mom’s face, cheeks glistening with spilt tears as my father’s hand delivers his displeasure at her ironing of his collared shirts. For her, I will stay.
My father opens the door and I’m confronted with the scent of an all too familiar alpha. Heat stains my cheeks as I remember the last time I had contact with it. My father gestures for him to enter and I get my first look at the man behind the erotic scent. A height even taller than what one would expect from an alpha, broad shoulders, and obsidian hair that fell over his mahogany gaze like a lady in mourning.

“Sebastian, this is my son Ciel. He will be helping you with this mission, both providing information and making sure that you don’t stumble upon something you shouldn’t.”

A leveled gaze and a curl of lips in my direction, he offers his hand. “A Pleasure.”

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Today was the start of another job, and not a particularly interesting one at that. Vincent was like any other businessman I’d met in my line of work, and their sense of self-importance never failed to amaze me. The willingness to take another life, simply for their own monetary gain, when they already had enough money as it was, baffled the kid inside me who grew up on the streets. Then again, I’m the one actually getting my hands dirty, so I suppose that I don’t have much a high ground to stand on.

I make it to his office on time, despite another night at the club. Unfortunately, my little omega was not in the line-up last night, and though I tried to keep an open mind for the other performers, there was just no comparing them to the one I had smelled previously. It was like trying to compare the quaint charm of a lake to the overwhelming allure of the ocean. I was eager to get this job done so that I may better focus my attention on finding out more about that omega.

I give the door a knock and am greeted by Vincent several seconds later. He lets me in and I take a quick scan of the room, eyes catching on the other occupant. Slate hair curled around high cheeks, eyes like the heavens themselves glaring at me with obvious contempt, and a porcelain skin that contrasted his cherry lips oh so nicely. Vincent introduces him as his son. A true beauty, but even from where I’m stood I can’t get a whiff of their scent. A beta. And a weak one at that. His looks couldn’t be denied, being a more delicate version of his father, but with a scent like that omega’s still fresh in my mind, I had no interest in a mediocre beta.

Still, I hold my hand out and pull my features into a sultry smile, “A Pleasure,”

Sapphire eyes narrow as Ciel cocks his chin up. He returns the hand shake with a surprising amount of strength for a beta. “The pleasure is all mine.”

I raise an eyebrow at his cold tone, suddenly finding myself curious to see if my first impression of him was wrong. Keeping the two Phatomhives in my peripheral vision, I take in the rest of the office. It’s nice, if not a little ostentatious. Vincent Phantomhive was anything but poor, but he certainly wasn’t the richest man in the city. Looking at his office, though, you see a man trying desperately to prove the opposite. As far as I’ve seen, his only redeeming quality is his son.

I return my attention to the two men. “Where would you like me to start?”

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I just love when a shitty day gets even shittier. Truly, it’s what I live for—or, more accurately, the only thing that my life seems to consist of. The Alpha, Sebastian, was constantly testing me. He wanted to both establish his dominance and see where I fell in the hierarchy. However, try as he might, he wasn’t getting much of a read on me, much to his frustration if his scent was anything to go by.
He did have a damn good scent, and even a damn good body, but he was just as insufferable as any other alpha. I led him around the office under the guise of showing a new employee the works. It was supposed to be casual, but based upon the looks we get as we go by, the other employees can smell his frustration too.

“Can you calm the fuck down? You’re stinking the place up with that irritated scent of yours and it’s not exactly contributing to our goal of being inconspicuous.”

His head turns to level me with a look and suddenly all that alpha aggression is directed at me. While this would make pretty much anyone uncomfortable, an angry alpha is particularly terrifying to an omega. Every fiber of my body wants to drop to my knees in front of him and let out a low whine, but this isn’t the first time I’ve dealt with shitty alpha superiority.

“What did you just say?” A cold voice questions.

I clear my throat to get rid of the tightening that threatens tears and give him my best glare back. “You heard me. You may be an alpha, but you work for my father, and therefore you have to listen to me. If we just wanted an angry alpha to prowl around our office making everyone uncomfortable, we would have gotten one off the fucking street. Get it together, or you’re going to blow the job and then my dad will have both our heads.”

Lips twitch. “You’re feisty for a beta.”

I roll my eyes, continuing our tour. “I would say that you’re stupid for an alpha, but that actually makes perfect sense.”

The scent of anger raises again, but I shoot him a warning glance. He gives me a snarl in return, one that exposes his delightfully long canines, but his scent calms back down to a neutral one.

“Shouldn’t a trust fund baby like you be off vacationing somewhere?” He grumbles.

I snort, I knew that I wouldn’t be getting a lick of money the day my first heat started. “Shouldn’t a murderer like you be off in jail somewhere?”

We round the corner to an empty hallway and I find myself being thrown up against the wall, hand pressing into my neck. “You think you’re so much better than me? You think your own father hasn’t done worse?”

He’s close to me, growling in my ear, his scent almost overwhelming at this proximity. His inky hair brushes against my cheek as his hand tightens around my throat. My instincts can’t decide if I should be utterly terrified or completely turned on. I settle on being coy.

“On the contrary.” I choke out. “I know that my father has done worse.” Eyes the color of bloodlust flick to mine in question. “I also know that I’m better than you.”

Sebastian growls again, slamming me once more into the wall before storming off down the hall. I lay in a crumbled heap, watching him go. Whereas most people experience fight or flight, omegas just freeze. I hate this reaction just as much now as I did then, but at least he left before he could see that I had lost the ability to move.

Leaning against the wall while feeling slowly returns to my limbs, I wonder how in the hell I’m supposed to make it through the next couple of weeks.

Chapter End Notes
Question, comments, kinks? ;) hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
I manage to walk away from the little brat and make my way to a break room. I hate people like him. Entitled people who think they’re better than you just because they grew up with money. If I’ve learned anything in this life, it’s that money has almost nothing to do with merit. Hopefully I managed to teach the thing a lesson—I doubt he’s ever been handled so roughly in his life—or I have no idea how I’m going to kill my next target without killing him first.

When the little lord finds me minutes later I expect him to be trembling in submission, but he stands proud. Shoulders back, chin held high, he focuses those large blue eyes on me and it strikes me just how much this kid looks like a doll. A perfect porcelain doll who has never experienced strife in their life.

“We don’t have to get along—in fact, I suspect that we will never get along—but as I said before I expect you to treat me with respect and I will do the same for you.”

I raise an eyebrow. “A bold statement from someone who just pissed off an assassin.”

The head tilts slightly. “One would think that, in your line of work, you’d be able to handle a little boldness.”

I scoff. “Trust me, little lord, there is nothing that you could throw at me that would surprise me.”

The little beta narrows his eyes at my response before turning on his heel and heading back out into the hallway, not even glancing back to see if I am following or not. As much as I wish that could just stay there and wait to see how long it took him to notice that I wasn’t following, Vincent Phantomhive wasn’t exactly someone that you want to make an enemy of, so I followed the haughty thing down a series of hallways until we arrived at a small office, tucked away from any foot traffic.

“This shall be your ‘office’ while you work with us Mr.?”

“Michaelis.” I offer.

Ciel nods. “Well it seems to me as if you know more about this issue than I do, seeing as I only found out about your employment forty minutes ago, but I’ll offer the best assistance that I can.”

So, the little beta wants to play nice now. I pass him, making sure he gets a heady rush of alpha aggression before taking my seat at the new desk. I pull out the case file from my desk and begin lazily running my eyes over it as if I already didn’t have the thing memorized, just to make him wait.

Finally, after what must have been an agonizingly long time for him, I meet his gaze. “Where do you think we should start, Mr. Phantomhive? Who do you think would want to take down your father?”

“Logically, a good place to start would be his top competitor, a man named Charles Grey.”
I nod along, having already figured this information for myself. I theatrically comb through the papers in the file before I pretend to stumble upon a certain invitation. “Oh, would you look at this? An invitation to Mr. Grey’s annual office party.”

Ciel narrows his eyes, his little hackles starting to raise. “That would provide a good opportunity to search his office for the proof you need—”

“We.”

Ciel cocks his head, slate hair tilting to the side with his expression. “What?”

“We. You were assigned to help me. So it’s the proof we need to get.” I smirk, if this little brat is going to make my life more difficult I might as well have some fun with him. “Someone needs to distract Mr. Grey while the other person searches his office.”

“Maybe so, but have one of your lowlife friends help you. Should he be behind this, the son of his competitor showing up to his party uninvited is sure to raise some red flags.”

I smirk. “Just as I thought, but a young woman on the arm of her tall, dark, and handsome date shouldn’t stand out at all.”

***

It’s official. The universe hates me. There is no other explanation for why I would by standing at the side of an asshole alpha, that description being a little redundant if you ask me, dressed in a little black dress, red heels, and a blonde wig. Said alpha at my side looks entirely too pleased with himself for getting me to agree to this ridiculous thing.

We make our way inside, flashing our invitation to the doorman. The lobby is filled with the cities’ elite, holding glasses of champagne that would probably cost me a whole night of wages with a loftiness that suggests they have not a care in the world. Sebastian drags me right up to one of these circles of conversation, and immediately sets about getting on my nerves.

“Hello, my name Jeff Irwin, and this is my darling wife Emily.”

I give a tight lipped smile as Sebastian goes around shaking the groups hands.

“So Jeff,” one man begins, “how did you meet your wife?”

I open my mouth to give some quick lie, like we went to college together, but Sebastian cuts me off. “Oh, it’s quite the funny story really. See Emily here is terribly shy and she had a huge crush on me.”

I bite the inside of my cheek and try to look like I’m not planning a homicide.

“The first time she talked to me, she was so worked up, that she actually threw up on my shoes!” The gaggle of people give a hearty laugh, wetting their throats with another sip of champagne as they give me piteous looks. “After that, it took a lot of convincing on her part to get me to come around. They were my favorite pair of shoes you see.”

“How embarrassing!” One woman exclaims, her blonde hair shining brighter than my future as she lays a hand on my shoulder. “To think that you would end up happily married after all of that!”

With her wrist this close to me I am almost overwhelmed by the smell of her perfume, something meant to mimic the scent of an omega. In fact, almost all the guests at this party are wearing fake scents.
“Yes, I’m quite lucky.” I manage to spit out. “Say, dear, why don’t we go sample some of the champagne for ourselves?” With that I drag Sebastian away from the crowds, to a table covered in bubbly gold champagne flutes.

“What the hell?” I snap.

The alpha looks entirely too proud as he looks down at me, his lips irritatingly higher on the left than the right as he smirks. “I’m just doing my job, we have to convince these people that we are a real couple.”

I roll my eyes. “Let’s just get down to work.”

Sebastian smooths a hand over his slicked back hair. “Easier said than done, dearest. Look at Charles over there.” I follow his gaze to where a loud and intoxicated Charles Grey stands surrounded by a hoard of people. “He lives for attention and it is his own party, he isn’t likely to get easily pulled away from all this to some place where we can guarantee he won’t see his office.”

“Leave him to me.” I state. Sebastian may think that I’m a weak beta, but I have a few tricks up my sleeve. Besides, I have to be at work by eleven so I need to get this over with as soon as possible.

The alpha gives me a dubious look. “You’re not exactly trained in the art of distraction.”

“Oh I’m sorry, I forgot that you have a masters in assassination with a bachelors in distraction.” I snap. “It’s not something that someone needs to be trained in, a person just needs to not be a complete idiot.” I spare him a pointed glance. “You worry about finding the proof, I’ll give you exactly 20 minutes.”

With that I am heading off, hoping that Sebastian doesn’t dilly dally because his time starts now. I stride purposefully up to Charles Grey, bumping him just hard enough that he spills his glass of champagne down his white button up shirt.

“Oh no! I’m so sorry Mr. Grey, please allow me to help you clean up.” A part of me worries that he’ll be able to see through the layers of makeup and blonde wig, to see the son of his competitor, but as he meets my gaze with a polite smile, I know that I am in the clear.

He leads me to a bathroom in the back, not currently open to guests, and once the door shuts behind us I begin pushing out my scent. The effect is immediate. Charles, who had been reaching into a cabinet for a fresh shirt, freezes, and turns back to me with hazy look in his eyes. Luckily, the man isn’t a very powerful alpha, so I can remain in complete control of the situation.

“I’m so sorry,” I begin again. “Please let me wash that for you,” I slide the soaked shirt off his shoulders, and he lets me with no resistance. I take the shirt to the sink and run it under the water, focusing on increasing my scent as I do so. I look over my shoulder with hooded eyes and see Charles on his knees behind me. The poor man is practically drooling, with a rather painfully obvious erection making itself known in his dress pants.

I wash the shirt for several more minutes, before carefully wringing it out. I feel like I’m staring in my own weird porno, where instead of washing a car, I’m washing some guys’ shirt, but I suppose that’s the point. I toss another glance back to my captive audience and he has definitely been effectively distracted.

I hang his shirt on a towel rack, before grabbing him a fresh one. I modestly turn away while he puts his new shirt back on, because I’m a lady of class, and once he’s done he looks about ready to propose marriage right then.
Well propose or cum in his pants.

“You’re too kind miss, the spilt champagne was probably my own fault,” he stammers, brain overwhelmed with the scent of omega.

“Nonsense.” I say, eyes briefly flicking over to the clock on the wall. “Why don’t you go get us some fresh glasses and I’ll join you in a minute?” The dazed man nods happily, leaving the bathroom to fulfill my request. As soon as he leaves I go into de-omegamizing mode. I open the windows and turn on the bathroom fans. I peel off my current used scent blockers and shove them into my purse before grabbing fresh ones. I quickly apply those, then set about the task of practically bathing in my beta perfume.

I specifically didn’t use much of my scent, but even the little bit I used needs to be coated in fake beta pheromones. Once I’m sure that a person would have to be literally on top of me to smell my scent, I head to the cabinets beneath the sink. Step one: distraction, was done. Now it’s time to move onto step two: getting revenge on Sebastian. I search the cabinets until I find the small area dedicated to various medicines. I scan the boxes, before my eyes land on exactly what I was hoping for.

“Perfect.”

I grab what I need and then casually stroll out of the bathroom to one of the many tables of champagne. I pour step two into a glass and gently swirl it around as it dissolves, waiting for Sebastian to turn up.

I finally spot his head, sticking out among the crowd with his unnecessary largess and wave him over. “Here,” I say, handing him the glass of champagne. “You stand out without one.”

He nods, taking a large swig. “So, do I even want to know how a little bitch like you managed to distract Charles Grey for so long?”

My grip tightens on my glass. “You might want to, but I’m not telling. Find anything in his office?” I take another sip, and as excepted Sebastian follows.

“Nope, nothing. I highly doubt the man is capable of something that requires any level of intelligence anyways.” I watch Sebastian’s throat swallow as he punctuates that statement with another gulp.

“He isn’t exactly an evil mastermind, that’s for sure.” I finish my glass and set it down, watching as Sebastian does the same. No doubt he’s eager to leave and catch Datura’s show tonight, since his scent has seemingly become a staple in the crowd, but he is soon to find himself otherwise occupied.

“Well this has turned out to be a rather shitty evening.” Sebastian growls, frustration starting to build around him like a storm cloud.

“Calm down buddy, inconspicuous remember?” I remind him. “Besides, I have a feeling that this night might just get even shittier.”

“What?” He turns his handsome face after me and for a moment I lament the fact that such beauty is wasted on a man like him.

“Oh nothing, I’ll see you Monday Sebastian.” I give a small wave and enjoy the clicking of my heels as I walk away. I pause by the door to throw away several empty packets of laxatives, before continuing my way outside.
Poor Seb, you really shouldn't mess around with Ciel.

Let me know what you guys think! If it isn't Charles Grey who wants to take down Vincent, then who is it????
Some things come to light

Chapter Notes

Here is the update!! I am so sorry that it took so long! Thank you for all the comments and the kudos!! They are literally what actually got me to write this chapter! Special shout out to Stephanie who really made me want to get this out today! <3

“You mother fucker.”

The little brat in question has the audacity not to look up. “Talking to yourself again?” It drawls, continuing to flip through paperwork.

I growl low in my throat and release more of my alpha pheromones. He may not be an omega, but even a beta is bound to flinch at this level of alpha aggression. “Do you have a death wish? Because I would be happy to oblige.”

Blue eyes flick up to mine. “Some probono work? Look at you, the charitable assassin.”

By now, all the other employees look uncomfortable by the level of alpha aggression rolling off of me, a few even leave the room, but I can’t reign it back in. This little fucker needs to pay and I won’t let up until he feels uncomfortable. “I know what you did.”

“At twenty years of age I’ve done a lot of things, Sebastian, so you’re going to have to be more specific.” He has the audacity to look me straight in the eye with a leveling gaze.

My jaw muscles tense. “You put laxatives in my drink.” I spit out.

“I did no such thing.” He says in a clipped tone, collecting the papers he had been studying before standing up from his desk. “But you know Emily…” the brat sidles up closer to me, “just so clumsy.” With that he slams the stack of papers into my chest with a surprising amount of force. “My father isn’t the only Phantomhive you have to look out for.”

With that the measly little thing stalks away and despite the fury my alpha feels at being challenged by such a pathetic thing as that, another part of me finds itself pleasantly surprised. It would seem as if the little kitten has claws after all.

Despite the flash of fondness I feel for the brat for not putting up with my shit, I am still royally pissed. My night after the party had not exactly been pleasant and the fucker had even made me miss Datura who was scheduled to perform at the club that night. Surprisingly I find myself more pissed about that then the actual suffering my body went through. I am getting way too attached to this omega, but how could I not? Their scent would make an angel fall to hell, and this was just a fact. You don’t work in a scent club if you don’t smell anything less than extraordinary, so I might as well indulge myself a little while it still remains entertaining to me.

After I have reigned in my anger to a manageable level, I give the other workers a halfhearted smile, which they do not return. I suppose I am not doing a great job of remaining inconspicuous. I then make my way to my office where the haughty little thing is no doubt waiting for me. I browse the paperwork he practically attacked me with on my way there. It looks as if he has figured out our next suspect.
When I finally make it to my little out-of-the-way “office” the brat is already there, sitting in his chair with his legs crossed primly as a princess. I roll my eyes, but make my way to my own chair.

“So, The Undertaker. Who the hell is that?” I ask, deciding to bide my time until the end of this mission before I get revenge.

“Someone you go to if you want information.” The little kitten states, looking only slightly unruffled by our previous encounter.

“What kind of information, and why would he be after your father?”

“Any information you could possibly need to take down someone in the business world. If someone wanted to take down my father, going to the undertaker would be a good place to start.”

“So you think the undertaker is trying to dig up some dirt on Vincent?”

The beta shrugs. “Possibly. I know that they have done business before in the past, but I believe their last deal didn’t end so well.”

I raise an eyebrow. This could be a good lead after all. “What happened last time?”

“Don’t know, it was a couple years ago, I wasn’t as involved with the company then.”

And of course he goes back to being what I had originally expected; useless. “Anyway you could find out?” I press, gritting my teeth.

The beta checks its phone. “10:46, usually my father would be in his office right about now, but seeing as he is out for a meeting I might just be able to get in and see if I can find anything in his files.”

I gesture my hand in a way that says, “Get on with it then,” and the little thing hurries out the doorway. I turn my attention back toward the papers on the undertaker. A dealer in information, I’m surprised I’ve never met him in my line of work before. He must work exclusively with high class business men, an area I didn’t normally dabble in. My father was technically a business man and therefore I did everything I could to be as far away from that vocation as possible. Of course, it wasn’t exactly hard to avoid considering my upbringing. I didn’t exactly have employers knocking on my door offering me positions.

The undertaker however, seems to deal exclusively in this sort of thing. I take in the few grainy photos of him provided and commit his image to memory. An odd sort of fellow that would stand out in any crowd, I wonder how in the hell he manages to do any sort of secretive business. He has long silver hair, a gnarly scar going across his face, and if these few photos are anything to go by a sense of style that isn’t exactly discrete. He seems to take his nickname of ‘undertaker’ a little too seriously.

Who knows though, maybe Charles Grey hired this man to do his dirty work for him? That would explain the lack of evidence in his own office. And if Vincent and the undertaker have bad blood like Ciel suggested, he would be more than willing to help Grey. Or perhaps Vincent managed to piss of the undertaker enough that he alone wants to take him down. These Phantomhives sure do seem to have a talent for making one see red. In cases such as these—

My thoughts are cut off by the unmistakable sound of an explosion. What the fuck? I rush out of my office and run toward the scene of the commotion; Vincent’s office.

“Ciel!” I call brusquely. That little brat better not die on me now because I doubt that his father would be amused. Slowly, a little form makes its way out of the cloud of drywall. I should have
known that if the little thing had the audacity to look me in the eye after giving me laxatives that he would have the audacity not to die. My eyes roam over him, taking in his dirtied clothes and the gash on his forehead.

My heart rate increases, my alpha instincts triggered by the sight of him being injured despite the fact that he is a beta. Must be because he is so small. My instincts are confused. I shove them down as he limps over to me.

“Okay,” he starts, as if walking out of an explosion is just another Monday for him. “So, some new information has come to light.”

I look at him in disbelief. Explosions are no big deal for me, but this spoiled little brat is currently wiping the blood from his brow like sweat after a good workout. He returns my gaze, blood catching in the lashes of his right eye. I don’t know if it’s our proximity or the fact that I am actually looking at him now that he has blood dripping down his face, but for the first time I notice a slight discoloration in one eye. A slight mark of purple over the iris. Curious.

Realizing I have been studying him for a second too long I manage a reply. “Oh?”

“Whoever it is, they don’t want to just sabotage my father,” blue eyes flash. “They want him dead.”

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I ponder over my day while I get ready for work. One minute after I opened the door to my father’s office an explosion was triggered, right from his office chair. If it had been my father and not me, he would have sat down in his chair as he does without fault every time he enters his office. Someone clearly wanted to cause him some serious bodily damage if not kill him, and as much as I wanted to cheer to that, I knew that my father’s will was set up so that I wouldn’t get a lick of money as it was. So unfortunately, I guess I have to save his ass.

Tonight is a special promotion, only done once a year. For 1,000 dollars your name can be entered into a raffle. The prize? You get to actually touch the omega of your choice for two minutes. Of course the whole thing is supervised and they still can’t see us at all, considering they are both blindfolded and in a pitch black room, but boy do the alphas really fork it over for the chance. It’s for that reason alone that I let my name be one of the options alphas can enter their name in to touch.

I sip on a glass of wine as I wait for the lucky alpha to be drawn. Around me, several other omegas are doing the same thing. I relax while I can, basking in the scent of fellow omegas. Together, our scents mix softly and permeate the room with a sickly sweet smell. It might be too much for some, but to me it means safety.

The white wine is a pleasant burn down my throat and I enjoy the feel of the glass in my hands. We aren’t allowed to get drunk on the job, but a glass of wine is allowed to calm the nerves. And with the knowledge that some alpha is going to touch me, my nerves could use some calming.

Mey pokes her head in and I instantly know she’s there for me. The other omegas, sensing my distress, give me encouraging smiles as I stand and make my way over to her. She leads me into the pitch black room meant for this occasion and I feel better when I see Bard is stationed as my guard for tonight. One word from me, and he will launch into action getting the alpha the hell off of me.

There are some base line rules of course, no slipping your fingers under the omega’s underwear, bras and shorts for the girls, just tight nude shorts for me. No biting the omegas and especially no
claiming. And if at any point the omega feels uncomfortable, the whole thing is called off.

I stiffen as soon as I sent the alpha as they make their way down the hall. The universe must truly want me to suffer. The door opens, briefly letting in light and I take him in. No longer dressed up in his suit that he wears for the case, he’s wearing simple dark blue jeans and a white v-neck. The most basic alpha outfit I could possibly think of, but somehow he makes it look new. I’m not allowed to turn them away at first sight, so I resign myself to my fate at the door closes behind Mey and I am left facing Sebastian in the dark.

He truly does have a mouthwatering scent, like fresh soil after the rain and sticks of cinnamon. I try to focus on his scent instead of his identity as he slowly approaches me. I can’t believe Sebastian, that proud asshole, actually forked over a thousand bucks just to do this. The fact alone has me holding back a snicker. If only he knew who he had spent the entirety of his day with.

I expect him to be rough, as alphas usually are and especially an aggressive one like him, but when his fingers touch my waist they are so light that I almost doubt their presence.

“Datura,” he purrs. My skin instantly becomes dotted in goosebumps.

His fingertips move slowly over me in feather light touches and I find myself unconsciously getting closer.

“You smell like heaven itself.” He breathes into my neck.

He places soft kisses on my scent gland, moving up to nibble at my ear, and for some reason I allow it.

His hands move until they are stretched around my waist, and he gives me a little squeeze, fitting his hands around me with just a little pressure. I gasp at the feeling, before he releases me to stroke the back of his fingers up and down my ribs. “Too skinny.” He whispers to himself upon feeling the individual bones.

A snarky response makes its way up my throat, and instantly catches when he brings his hands to my face. He rubs his thumbs ever so gently over my cheek bones. I try to remember if anyone has ever been this gentle with me in my entire life. He holds my face as if I am something precious and I’m having trouble connecting these hands to the man who enthusiastically dug his thumbnail into the cut on my head just earlier today while pointing it out.

After he seems to be satisfied running his fingers over the contours of my face, he moves to my hair, leaning ii to give it a strong sniff. I can feel him harden against me in response and for the first time I’m not disgusted by this. He brushes my hair behind my ears, combing his fingers through it, and it feels so nice that I let out a small purr despite myself. Heat spreads across my cheeks in embarrassment and I feel the echo of that heat lower in my body. For once, I am needy for an alphas touch.

At my small noise Sebastian seems frozen for a moment, before moving his fingers to my lips. He gingerly holds my jaw in his hand while running his thumb over the bottom lip. I can’t help myself from giving his thumb a soft playful nip, having it so close to my teeth like this. Sebastian groans low in his throat as soon as I do this, and I feel heat sweep across my body at that sound alone.

Just when I am about to start begging for more of his touch, Mey pops her head back in informing Sebastian that his two minutes are up. He surprises me again, by not immediately leaving, and instead pressing the softness of kisses to the top of my head. I am left there in the dark, puzzlement the only description I can think to give my state of mind right now.
Bard clears his throat and I remember where I am. It is time to leave the room in order for it to be filled by another omega with their lucky alpha. I make my way back to my dressing room and put on my clothes in a haze. For once, a line from that bullshit play, Romeo and Juliette, makes sense to me. When Juliette is basically like, why the hell does this guy I like have to be the Romeo? Well, why in the hell does that alpha have to be the Sebastian?
A surprise bonus chapter for my amazing tumblr friend who is sick!!! It goes over the events of the two-minute touching, but this side from Sebastian's Point of view!

I wrote this instead of an essay, so I hope you enjoy!

My life has become this fractured thing. This dichotomy of who I am during the day and who I am when under the influence of Datura. Despite the day’s events, despite spending the entire weekend simmering in anger, waiting to unleash it, only to actually feel slight worry over the little brat when the explosion sounded, everything has faded into the background.

When I make it to the club, it seems as if a special promotion is going on, a raffle where patrons can try their luck at getting to touch the omega of their choice. I’ve managed to get to the club early tonight, seeing as Ciel left work early and therefore gave me permission to leave, so as soon as I buy and deposit my own ticket into the raffle for Datura I continue to wait nearby and stake my claim. Any other alpha that comes up, hoping to try their luck at two minutes with Datura, finds themselves facing a challenge from me—a challenge that any smart alpha backs away from.

Occasionally, a few brazen alphas try to challenge me on this, but they quickly learn of my superiority. I haven’t just fought before, I’ve killed, and holding back isn’t exactly a notion that I entertain often. Especially given the current stakes.

By the time of the drawing, my name is one of three slips in Datura’s box, the other two names having been able to put their tickets in prior to my arrival. Of course, should they find themselves being the lucky winner, they shall also find themselves the recipient of an ass-kicking provided by me.

A steady heart rate is crucial in my line of work. Nerves of any sort only disrupt the mission. The fact that I am rarely rattled has always been a thing of pride for me, but as my name gets drawn and I am slowly taken back to touch this omega who has captured my mind for weeks, I find my steely walls crumbling.

Mey greets me backstage, a knowing look in her eyes which I pointedly ignore. She places a blindfold over my head and ties it tight so that my lashes scrape against it with every move of my eyes. Backstage, it is a flurry of omega scents. All mouthwatering, but there is one that weaves between them that makes me want to drop to my knees. In a sea of soft flowery pinks and gentle yellow scents, Datura’s is a deep shade of purple. As alluring and enticing as the night sky.

Slowly I am led down a hallway by Mey, who will no doubt give me endless shit for this later, but as that scent grows I find that I don’t care. She opens a door and suddenly I am greeted by the scent that has tortured me so. Some omega’s scents are over-the-top, they attack you and squeeze around you like an overbearing great aunt. Datura’s however, is playful. I would think it shy, if it wasn’t so damn teasing. It strokes at my check, licks at my nose, and goes straight to my cock.

I hear Mey close the door behind me, and suddenly I am hit with the knowledge that Datura is in
front me. I take a step closer and can hear their soft breaths. I reach out to them and find my fingers brushing over the tiniest of waists. My hands feel much too rough to touch this petal soft skin, but nevertheless I marvel over it as I run my fingers up and down taut skin.

I feel a lack of any sort of undergarment around their chest and find myself surprised. A male omega? They are even more rare than their female counterparts and are therefore highly cultivated. Despite my surprise, the fact that Datura is male seems fitting. No ordinary omega could completely ensnare my mind.

“Datura,” I whisper, unable to stop the purr that accompanies his name.

Soft skin becomes dotted at my voice. I wonder if he’s cold. Omega’s are notorious for preferring warmer room temperatures. I bring my body closer, hoping to warm them with my natural alpha heat. Doing so brings me closer to Datura’s neck and a shudder rumbles through my body at my proximity to such a scent. The scent fills me with lust, but also some foreign emotion. The need to protect and to cherish.

“You smell like heaven itself,” I admit, for while I have never been into religion myself, I imagine that is what it feels like to be kneeling before your god.

I press kisses to the skin I find there, happy that he seems to be warming up. I make a path up to a petite, delicate little ear and can’t help but bring the soft flesh between my teeth for a taste. My hands stretch to wrap around their waist, and with only the slightest of pressure I am able to wrap them all the way around. I know omegas are supposed to be small but this is ridiculous. I let go of my grip to run my fingers over their ribs, and as I suspected I can feel the individual bones stretching at the soft skin that covers them.

“Too skinny,” I murmur. Was this omega not being treated well?

Trying to keep this new protective side of me in check, I raise my hands to cup his cheeks. I feel like a blind man reaching to memorize the face of his lover. My thumbs move over soft cheeks and a sharp jaw. Feeling the hair that tickles the tips of my fingers as the trace over cheekbones, I reluctantly let go of his face in favor of plunging my fingers into hair as soft as a cottontail’s. I brush the pieces away from his face, enjoying the sensation of the silky strands sliding between my fingers.

If his scent is anything to go by, Datura is also enjoying this, making me swell with pride. In fact, after several moments, the little omega lets out the smallest of purrs and I feel myself stiffen all over.

Feeling the need to touch the lips that just released such a heavenly sound, I drop my hands to trace the soft skin. I wonder if they are a deep red, or a vibrant pink. If Datura bites them when he gets nervous. As if on cue, the lips I am caressing pull back to give my thumb the smallest of nips. My breath freezes in my lungs and it takes every single ounce of self-control that I have to not cum in my pants right then and there. I groan low as I force myself to think of anything else, anything else but the omega right in front of me.

My mind flutters back over to the events of earlier today, and I try to instead focus on my irritation for Ciel. I can’t believe how unfazed the brat seemed over the fact that someone wants his father dead. I mean, I didn’t care when I actually killed my father, but that is not exactly supposed to be the norm. These thoughts, if only momentarily, bring me back from the brink of orgasm.

Once I have regained control, I try to figure out where my fingers should travel next, only my thoughts are interrupted by Mey coming back in and telling me my time is up. I want to rip her throat out for trying to separate me from Datura, but know that ultimately it would only make things more difficult. Deciding that Mey can wait another couple of seconds I turn back toward the omega in front of me and lean down to kiss the crown of his head.
“I hope you’re being treated well,” I think. “And if not, I’ll do what it takes to make sure that you will be.”

Like ripping a band aide off, I turn and make my way out of the room. My cock strains against the denim of my jeans and I curse myself for not wearing a more breathable fabric. Mey, as if sensing my need or just perhaps knowing from experience points me to the restrooms. I glance at her and she gives me a wink, before leaving me to jackoff in a bathroom stall like some fucking preteen.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THE AMAZING COMMENTS AND KUDOS!

If you have any questions, prompts, or just want to fangirl with me, please hit me up on tumblr!

@bookstakeyoutootherworlds
The Undertaker

Chapter Notes

I feel like this chapter isn’t as good, so forgive me!!!!

Thank you to everyone for all the amazing feedback! I’m having so much fun writing this!

“You want me to go alone.”

A dubious look meets an innocent one.

“Yes.”

“To see who is possibly the least mentally stable alpha in the world.”

A shrug. “You’re a beta, it’ll be fine.”

Eyes screw shut to reject what must be a fucking nightmare. “Any real reason you are feeling particularly vindictive today?” I question.

A smirk. “I’m always vindictive when it comes to you, little Phantomhive.”

And that is how I find myself currently standing in the doorway of the undertaker’s hideout. Somehow the idiot managed to bully me into doing this, claiming that the undertaker would be more willing to share information with a beta rather than another alpha. I try to remind myself of this logic as I ring the doorbell and am greeted by the chiming of La cucaracha.

The door flies open as soon as the song comes to its end. “Good evening.”

It’s 3 in the afternoon and I want death.

The man in front of me is how he is described and so much more. My eyes go straight to the long silver hair, much too long to be very practical and his hair dye costs alone must have driven him into the business of selling secrets. He wears a long black robe that scrapes at his ankles, but still manages to do little to hide what is underneath. A green, leather vest with a zipper straight up the middle that ends below the ribs and gold sequined pants. His alpha scent is practically exploding off of him and it smells strangely of mojitos. A not altogether bad scent, but it is certainly contributing to me desperately wanting a drink right about now.

“The young Phantomhive, what a surprise,” he drawls. “You’re pretty as they say.”

“I came here for information.” I state, trying to get down to business.

The undertaker signs dramatically. “Of course, that’s what you all want. No one stops by just to say hello anymore.”

I shift my weight to my other foot and wonder how in the hell I’m supposed to respond to that.

The Undertaker tosses his hair over his shoulder. “Well, never mind that. Society is on a rollercoaster
that only goes down, but I suppose there I nothing either of us can do about it right now.”

I continue to crave death’s warm embrace.

“Well, come on inside then. I’ll make us a cup of tea.” The undertaker disappears into his doorway gesturing for me to follow.

Inside it is a weird mix of Halloween decorations and eclectic charm. The undertaker strides into what must be his kitchen after instructing me to sit on an alarmingly orange chair. From my view point alone I can see an obviously fake skull, a belly dancers costume, and what appears to be an actual human fetus in a jar.

The undertaker returns with a cup, of what I quickly realize is boiled Gatorade, so I take a sip for the sake of politeness before setting it on the stuffed aardvark acting as an end table.

“What can I do you for, dollface?”

“First of all, my name is Ciel, though I think you know that already.” The undertaker lets out a laugh that could have just as easily been made by a hyena. “I’m here to see if you know who wants my father dead?”

“Besides yourself?” He questions, raised eyebrow stretching at the scar that runs diagonally across his face.

I swallow hard. “I’ll rephrase, who is currently and actively trying to kill my father?”

“Now you’re asking the right kind of questions,” he grins. “But nothing is for free.”

“Of course, what would you like to know in return?”

The Undertaker takes a long sip of his hot Gatorade and crosses his legs. “I’d like you to go to a specific location, and bring me back an item of clothing from the occupant. I need to know their scent.”

“Okay, what address?” I ask hesitantly. It certainly isn’t ideal, walking into a situation that I know nothing about, but I’ve heard some of the undertaker’s other requests and he is letting me off surprisingly easy.

He looks entirely too delighted as he pulls a sticky note from some pocket in his robe and passes it to my outstretched hand, it’s a look that tells me nothing good will come from this.

***

It’s 10 o’clock by the time I make it to the address in question. I’m tired, I have about 30 minutes before my scent blockers completely wear off, and if the emails I’ve received from my father today are anything to go by he is not in a good mood. I just need to get in, grab something that has even the tiniest bit of scent and then get back out. Once I give that to the undertaker I can go home and make sure mom’s okay.

The address takes me to the warehouse district, where unsurprisingly I find that it belongs to a warehouse. It’s about 2 to 3 stories tall with weathered and word brick walls. Tall glass windows, pitch black in the night stretch around the east and west side. The area doesn’t get nearly as much business today as it did 30 years ago, but there’s still the occasional business using a warehouse down here, so this makes my plan easier than I had originally thought.

I had been anticipating stealing a scented object from a place of residents, in which occupants were
likely to be around at this hour, but a work place? Everyone should have gone home by now and by the look and smell of things no one had been here in a while.

I watch from a nearby alleyway, just to make sure that the warehouse is empty before creeping up to the door on the side. One of Vincent’s favored punishments is locking my mom and I in our rooms, so I slide out my lock picking kit and make quick work of the old padlock. When the door swings open I am greeted by the smell of several omegas, which is an immediate red flag to me. Why would omegas be here? I continue to creep inside slowly taking notice of how, below their ostentatious scents, is another scent and once I make it to the next room it finally clicks.

Oh no.
Oh hell no.

This isn’t just a warehouse, if the fancy couches and modern kitchen are anything to go by. It’s a house. And not just any house but—

“Look who it is,” a low voice drawls out.

His house.

As Sebastian draws himself up from where he had been lounging with several omegas, a flurry of things pass through my mind. One being that the undertaker is completely trying to ruin my life, two being that I have just broken into Sebastian’s house and need to come up with a good reason quick, and three being that I probably only have minutes before my scent blockers give out due to the panic now building in my chest.

“What are you doing in my house?”

A valid question considering I have just shown up in his living room.

“This is your apartment?” I exaggeratedly look around as if I hadn’t known the second I got a whiff of his scent. “Yeah that makes sense.”

Sebastian’s look and scent says that he is quite unamused, so I go with the first lie that comes to mind.

“My father asked me to drop this off at this address.” I pull a folded piece of paper from my pocket and hand it to him. In truth, it is just my schedule for the upcoming week, but hopefully, since it is coming from me, he won’t bother to glance at it. “I had hoped to just leave it with your butler, but when the door was unlocked and no one came to greet me I decided to find you for myself.”

Sebastian curls his lips. “Yes, I used to have a butler to watch over my place while I was away on long missions, but he had wandering eyes and loose lips, so I had to take care of him.”

“It’s so hard to find good help these days,” I comment, purposefully ignoring his thinly veiled threat as I focus instead on getting out of here as soon as possible. “Well, your home has the same desperate, pretentiousness that you do and it’s making my asthma act up, so I’ll leave you to it.”

My eyes briefly flick to the scantily clad omegas currently eyeing us from the couch, before I turn on my heel and leave a bristling Sebastian behind. I take care to act like I’m not running out of the place, but as soon as I’m sure he can’t see me anymore I sprint to my car.

I tremble the whole drive home. I’m not sure if it’s with fear or anger. What the fuck is wrong with the undertaker?? He knew where he was sending me, how does he get off with this?
When I unlock my front door I know that my day is only about to get worse.

“Look who decided to finally come home, reeking of that alpha too, how nice.”

I meet my mom’s eyes across the room, see the red lines around them like eyeliner and know that she’s been crying.

“We were only working as you told us to.” I reply, looking at the bridge of Vincent’s nose.

“I didn’t hire him so you could fuck him.”

I wince.

“God I knew omegas were pathetic but you’ll let any alpha have a turn won’t you?”

“I haven’t let any alpha have a turn.” I spit out, knowing where he is taking this.

“So you like to claim, but I know you were practically begging it. I’ve heard you in your fucking heats before, you’re desperate for it.”

I snap.

“I was raped!” I scream. “Jesus Christ, just because you clearly haven’t been given consent a day in your life, doesn’t mean I gave mine!”

His fist crashes into my face. I’d always thought of pain like punctuation. Long drawled out pain like ellipses, throbbing pain like a semi colon, and his hits have always been like exclamation points. Violent and quick and loud.

I’m thrown to the floor by the force of it. I can see my mom start toward me but I give her a hard look. It will only get worse if she tries to help.

“Get out of here, I hate the sight and smell of you,” Vincent snaps.

I slowly pick myself up, a certain familiarity to the action that makes it even worse, before shuffling past him and back to my room.

***

I leave the house before either of my parents wake up and take care to avoid catching my reflection. It’s not as if I need to see what I already know. I have the Saturday shift, so I only need to throw on some clothes and scent blockers before I leave.

The office is dark and calm. The faint smell of coffee and printer ink surrounds me as I slowly go around flicking on lights. I pop a mug of water in the microwave, opting to have a cup of tea rather than coffee this morning and listen as the soft buzzing fills the empty space.

I take my tea back to my desk and get to work. The sun has just started to rise and it casts long rays of light across my desk. I watch the shadows of my hand as I write out the numbers for this quarter. Sometimes, after a night like the last, I need to remember that beauty still exists in this world.

The sound of the front door opening startles me out of my reverie. I brace myself, expecting it to be Vincent for round two, but instead another scent fills the room as footsteps make their way to me.

“What the hell happened to you? Run into a light pole?” Sebastian questions.

I glance up at him, knowing one of my eyes is currently surrounded by a smattering of purples and
blues. “Something like that.” I reply. “Why are you here?”

Sebastian pulls an all too familiar piece of paper from his breast pocket. “I knew that you would be.”

I sigh. “So you figured out I was full of shit?”

“I had my suspicions when you said the door was unlocked, because it definitely wasn’t. But they were only confirmed when the ‘important message’ your father sent me was just your work schedule for the upcoming week.” He drops my schedule onto my desk, where it does indeed state that I will be working today. “So, are you going to tell me the real reason you were at my house, or are you another person that needs to be taken care of?”

My mind is numb to his threat. I take a sip of my tea, finding myself relatively okay with the idea of him ‘taking care of me’. “It was the task the undertaker wanted me to compete. He gave me an address, told me to get a scent from its occupant, and bring it back to him. I didn’t know it was your address and I don’t know why the undertaker had me do this; if he knows of our relation or not.”

Sebastian gives me a harsh glare, mind calculating. Everything about him is harsh. His words. His behavior. His cheekbones. Everything except the way he handles me when he doesn’t even know it’s me.

“Well then, maybe I’ll have to join you on your next visit to the undertaker.”

“We can go Monday, I have a meeting at 10 which should last around an hour but I’m free after that.” I supply.

Sebastian seems wary of my attitude this morning and fixes me with a questioning look, eyes softening slightly as he takes me in.

“Sounds like a plan, I’ll see you then.” He states, turning around to leave as I go back to my work.

“Ciel?” I glance up, seeing him hesitate a few feet from the door. “Get some sleep before then, you look like shit and I don’t need you getting sick and drawing this thing out any longer than it’s already taking.”
“Oh my god you actually did it?”

Long silver hair gets tossed back as a loud cackle fills the room.

“What the actual fuck, Undertaker?” I yell.

“I thought I’d be funny!” More insane laughter. “And oh my god it was!”

“I could have killed him!” Sebastian snaps. “You don’t just send someone to an assassin’s house as a joke, the fuck is wrong with you?”

“Would you like a list?” The undertaker asks, wiping away a tear.

Sebastian throws his hands up in the air and kicks over the stuffed aardvark.

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “Do you even know who is after my father?”

The Undertaker takes another long sip of his hot Gatorade, which he offered both Sebastian and I upon our arrival, but I declined for the both of us.

“Your father has many enemies, who’s to say who is actually mad enough to kill him?”

“Goddammit.” I sigh. Not only are we not any closer to figuring out who is after my father, but now I risked revealing my true dynamic to Sebastian for nothing.

“You sure I can’t offer you two gentlemen any tea? Feels like the least I can do all things considered.” The Undertaker eyes Sebastian as he asks, running his fingers along the deep v-neck of his denim jumpsuit.

“You know what, it is the least you could do, I think I’ll—“

I give Sebastian a look that cuts him off and a slight shake of my head. He does not want the tea that the Undertaker is offering.

“I think that will be all, Undertaker. Let us know if you do actually hear anything.” I state, lightly pulling on Sebastian’s sleeve to get him to follow.

“Alright, bye doll face! You and Mr. Tall-dark-and-handsome are welcome over anytime.”
I toss a tight lipped smile over my shoulder before closing the door behind me to cut off the lingering scent of mojitos.

“Why didn’t we make that bastard give us any tea?” Sebastian questions, his form casting a shadow against the sunlight that beams down on us.

“It’s not tea, it’s Gatorade.”

“What?”

“It’s literally hot Gatorade, like Gatorade just microwaved or boiled or whatever the hell he does.”

Sebastian snorts, lips parting slightly into the hint of an actual smile. “He’s actually insane isn’t he?”

A small smile forms on my own lips in response. “I told you so.”

***

In the weeks that pass we fall into a certain familiarity. Since the Undertaker was no help whatsoever, we had to start from square one, and in a way so did our acquaintance. We became strictly professional.

Well, besides his weekly visits to the club.

Since this case was taking so long, Sebastian took on a few other smaller ones, leaving me to do most of the grunt work. But now, if I had to go someplace that was dangerous even for a beta, he would tag along. Though, how comforting his presence is remains up for debate.

The extra work does provide me an excellent opportunity to avoid my father, but I still worry when I leave my mom alone with him. I’m not sure why they got married in the first place. If it was socially advantageous. If the families wanted it. Or if there had been love there at one point, before it all crumpled apart.

A dried rose that stood as a reminder of the beauty that it used to contain.

Alphas were supposed to be made strong so that they could protect their mates. Omegas and betas who had the gift of bringing life into the world, but at the cost of not being as physically adept. This is the way it was supposed to be. Alphas were supposed to love their mates. Their children.

But, I guess that’s the thing about life. Nothing is guaranteed. And nothing hurts quiet as much as a fall when you expected to soar.

I alternate between working for my father, working to save my father, and working to save my mother and myself. Lizzie complains that she doesn’t see me often enough, but between my hectic schedule and her new boyfriend, Claude, there’s just nothing to be done. She settles for sending me random pictures that she has photoshopped my face on that she insists I reply to so she knows I’m still alive.

Today it is a price of trash that she found on the side of the road with the caption, “It’s you.”

I roll my eyes, about to reply, when Sebastian strides up to my desk.

“We’ve got something.”

I look up, eyebrow raised for him to elaborate.
“Security footage, from the day of the explosive. A car with a license plate not registered as one of the employee’s.”

I drop my phone in excitement. “Hell yeah! Can we trace it?”

“Already did,” he says, now pulling out a Manila folder. “Says it’s registered to a Gerald Rhodes, ring any bells?”

I shake my head. “Never heard of him, who is he?”

“Well the interesting this about him is that he passed away two months ago.”

I lean back in my chair. “That is interesting. Address?”

“He had a cabin around Lake Stella, and it seems as if his car has been seen at his residence in the past couple months as well.”

I process this information. Lake Stella is around 2 hours away surrounded by the woods. I try to think if any of Vincent’s competitors are known for frequenting the area.

“You know what this means,” Sebastian starts, interrupting my thoughts. “It’s time for a good old fashioned stake out.”

***

I can feel the bass pounding up my shin bones before I even enter the club.

Interesting.

They must be doing another one of their special events.

The bouncer nods at me as I pass, recognizing my face by now, and I choose to brush the information to the back of my mind to ponder about later.

Inside, the bass is coupled by a thrumming melody as sexy lyrics pour out of the speakers. The dance floor is filled with alphas moving their bodies in what could be described as dancing or fighting. Over the crowd hangs a series of cages, draped in thin fabric so that the occupant’s outlines are the only thing that can be seen.

And then there’s the scent.

A cloud of sinful omega pheromones hangs over the entire club like a fog. It mixes together so that various sweet scents become a bouquet. Below that, the smell of frustrated alpha is an assault to the senses as each one fights to make their dominance known.

But even with all of that I can still pick out his scent. The one that has made me become a regular at an establishment such as this. The one that drove me to seek out more and more omegas only to send them away when they paw all over me and they aren’t him.

The thrill of tonight’s game seems to be trying to guess which performer is which from the outline of their bodies, since the overwhelming stench makes too difficult to pinpoint which sweet scent belongs to which omega. I stride into the dance floor, my own scent enough to make a small path in the crowd part for me as I look for Datura.

I survey the cages. The first one is filled with an omega that is all curves. Her soft body begs to be touched as she rotated her lips and blows the occasional kiss to the crowd below.
The next had the body to preform, even if their scent was lackluster, they would still be able to make a killing. They drop low to the floor of their cage, highlighting the slope of their back before it gives way to an enormous ass.

Both of these omegas would normally capture my attention, but my cock thrums for someone in particular. I keep weaving my way through the crowd, the other alphas careful not to get in my way as I am no doubt releasing possessive dominance out of every pore on my body. I make it to the back of the room when I see him.

The petite figure moves around his small cage like he was put in there for a damn good reason. He throws his head back, exposing his long neck and runs his fingers through, what I know to be, silky soft strands. His hips gyrate and his small waist curves back and forth like the lashing tail of a feline. He is mesmerizing.

This close to him I can scent his smell emanating from the cage. It has an additional tang to it as sweat no doubt glints off of his bones in the pulsing lights of the club. I want to clean it off with my tongue. Collect the sweet scent and feel the ridges and curves of the body beneath. I want to devour him.

I step into the perfect spot for viewing my entertainment, and can tell by his slight hesitation, that Datura has noticed my presence. Much as I could scent him above everything else, I’m glad that he too is able to scent me. I make it clear that I am not here to dance, but to watch.

He continues his slight pause, before beginning the show for me. He wraps his hands around the bars and dips low, showing off every tantalizing form of his body. When he rises back up, I get the perfect view of that taut ass before he gives it a playful slap. I growl low in my throat, but find myself startled when other growls echo around me.

Other alphas, who I had blocked out upon locking sights with Datura, surround his cage, and everything that he does for me they get to see as well. I feel my canines elongate, my nails cut into my palms. How dare they lay eyes on him?

The alpha closest to me licks his disgusting lips as he watches what is mine and I lash out. My fist crushes into his face and I feel his nose break under my knuckles in a satisfying crunch. He drops down and I am turning to the next alpha, slamming him with a punch to the temple that immediately makes him lose consciousness and drop to the floor. I can hear the employees running to intervene, but my blood pulses hot in my veins, instincts screaming that this is right. Workers are trying to pin me back, but they are no match for an alpha of my capabilities and they fly off of me as I send another patron to the floor. The music stops and workers are screaming as alphas are growling and all of it gets lost over the pounding of my ears until a small whimper makes me freeze.

I look up and see Datura, his usual confidence gone, leaving him looking much smaller. Much more delicate. I then remember how alpha anger effects omegas. Their empathetic nature makes them great with people, but it also makes them highly attuned to other’s emotions. Particularly alphas, seeing the threat they possess, and I have no doubt terrified my little omega with my display.

I lock eyes with Datura, replacing my anger with the most soothing scent I can muster, before turning and walking back out. The employees who had previously been unable to rip me off the other patron’s, stand baffled as I calmly walk away. As my raging boner makes each step that much more impossible, I find myself just as baffled.
Okay, I am really excited about this chapter! I can't wait to see what you guys think!

The trees pass in a blur of green as the early morning sunlight filters through the branches. It etches shadows across Sebastian's handsome face and I've never hated it more than right now. We've been driving about an hour, after leaving at 7, having organized a cabin rental across the street from Rhodes' address. With me planning this little trip on a weekend my father was also out of town so that I didn't have to worry about my mom.

We ride in silence listening to the radio, when the familiar intro of Fergalicious comes on. I feel a mischievous grin grow on my face as I glance over to the unsuspecting Sebastian, before cranking up the volume on our rental car.

It may be eight in the morning, but I've had a hellish week and I'll be damned if I am not going to enjoy the fuck out of this song. With the music blasting so loud it becomes hard to think, I start to sing along. I allow myself to get into it, doing all the moves that Lizzie and I choreographed as children. Sebastian looks unamused in my peripheral as I make Fergie proud, but that's half the fun. I think he's about had it with my antics this early in the morning, but as soon as the "he's my witness" comes on he does the accompanying catcall and give me a wink, before breaking out his own dance moves to the song.

And somehow, through the power of a complete bop, two people who generally can only barely tolerate each other, are having a complete jam session. The cars we pass honk and give us thumbs up as we no doubt put on a ridiculous performance, but I don't care. I'm too busy being amazed by Sebastian's surprising knowledge of all the lyrics.

Sebastian's "Hey Stacy" has me throwing my head back in laughter.

Eventually, the song comes to a close and I roll down the window to cool down after my performance, a smile still hanging around my lips. The morning air brushes my face and lifts up strands of my hair, and I feel like a dog as I stick my head out the window to feel more of the wind's cold touch.

"Who'd have thought that you knew Fergalicious?" I call back to Sebastian.

"Who doesn't know fergalicious?" Sebastian quips.

"Still, there's a difference between knowing and knowing. As in, knowing all the lyrics." I briefly turn toward Sebastian, making my hair blow across my face and find myself surprised by what I see.

Sebastian's normally sharp eyes have turned soft. His hard lips curve in the hint of a smile rather than the angles of a smirk. He looks at me like I'm something he wants to look at. He looks at me the way I imagine he looks at Datura.

"If you stick your head out any further, your gonna fall out, and I will not be making a u-turn to scrape your stupid ass off the road."
With that, the spell is broken. In a demonstration of maturity, I stick my tongue out at him, before leaning even further out the window. The ground rushes by beneath me, and for a moment I let myself forget. I forget how my father, the person who is supposed to keep me safe from the world, is the very thing I’m most afraid of. I forget how dynamics define so much of who you are in society, especially mine. And I forget that I’m on a mission with an assassin who would gladly kill one part of me off if the chance presented itself, and kill for the other part of me if it meant he could keep me. For now, I’m just 20 year old kid. A kid reveling in the sun on his face, the smell of pine in his nose, and enjoying the simple pleasure of a road trip.

***

We roll into our rented cabin around 10. Sebastian unloads the car, since it is less likely any of my father’s enemies would recognize him while I put things away inside. I make the executive decision to get the master bedroom while Sebastian will sleep in the guest room, but I like to think that I make up for it by making the both of us sandwiches.

After our lunch break Sebastian gets to work putting up all his assassin stuff. I would have helped, but Sebastian quickly dismissed me after I came over with good intentions and ended up tripping and knocking over a scope that apparently is ‘expensive even to my rich ass’. I use this time to make myself comfortable. At home, my father won’t let me do any typical omega habits, so anything resembling nesting has always been a luxury that I was denied, but seeing as he ain’t here, I decide to treat myself for the weekend.

I pull out the extra comforter from the closet, enjoying the lingering scent of cedar that it carries with it and pluck some extra pillows off the couch. The bed looks like a fluffy cloud and I can’t wait to sink into tonight.

Once Sebastian has all his gear ready it’s a waiting game. We haven’t seen any movement in the cabin and the white car is nowhere to be seen. The boredom was about to drive me out of my mind so I suggested a friendly game of go fish while we waited.

“Have any threes?”

We sit cross-legged on the hardwood floor right in front of the window that faces the cabin we are watching.

Sebastian looks up at me from below his dark lashes. “You would make a terrible assassin.”

“Well it’s a good thing I’m not one then. Any threes?”

Sebastian sighs and gives his deck of cards a quick glance. “Go fish.”

I click my tongue and reach to grab another card. I flip it over to see what number I’ve got this time when Sebastian slaps it out of my hand. “Hey!”

His hand flies to my mouth to cut me off, so I sink my teeth into one of his huge fingers.

“Fuck!” He whispers, dropping his hand to inspect the wound.

I smirk, until I realize that cause of his actions. The white car is here.

I drop to the floor and crawl to the window while Sebastian moves to get a better view through his scope.

“There’s one person in the car, larger build. But I can’t make out anything other than that.” He
I squint, seeing the faint outline of a person at the driver’s side.

“Why are they just sitting there?” I question.

“Don’t know, maybe to wait out any lingering eyes.”

“Well, good thing you have lots of patience.” I state, moving away from the window to fetch myself a snack.

Sebastian stays glued to his spot while I absently munch on some cookies and add the finishing touches to my bed.

“They are moving inside.”

“Can you get any more details now?”

“Only that they are seemingly male, and seemingly an alpha based upon the build. They waited until dusk when it isn’t as easy to make out details, especially with all these trees.”

Sebastian curses, but I shrug as I pop another cookie into my mouth. I hadn’t expected to figure out who it was on the first day anyway.

Sebastian levels me with a glare. “That isn’t exactly a nutritious meal.”

I shrug again. “I’m looking to live a good life, not a long one.” Besides, my sweet tooth is off the rocker right now.

Sebastian starts the fire as the temperature drops along with the sun. And I cozy up to it as he makes himself some soup.

“Shouldn’t we, I don’t know, not have a fire or anything because people can see smoke from the chimney?” I ask, facing my palms forward to the flames.

Sebastian takes a seat on the couch behind me, soup in hand. “We’re trying to act like normal visitors, not like there is no one here at all. It’s too cold for a stakeout with no electricity and too difficult for an amateur like you to not be spotted.”

“Rude.”

We continue to chat as Sebastian finishes his soup, claiming that “assassins need real food” while I listen to him ramble. He is normally so tight lipped, but I suppose there is something about the night that makes you tired of holding onto secrets. However, I like listening to him talk. He has a nice deep voice that carries the soothing rumble of an alpha, as after a while watching the flames my eyes start grow heavy. I feel pleasantly warm, but exhausted, and my body is all stiff from the drive. Right now nothing sounds better than the bed waiting for me.

I pick myself up off the ground, deciding to grab one more thing before heading to bed. I shuffle my way back to the master suite before I realize what I had grabbed for my bed.

Sebastian’s jacket.

I wasn’t just making a bed.

I was making a nest.
The warmth of the fire has only grown even hotter the further away I am and I’m struck by what’s happening.

I’m going into heat.

All day spent in the same area as a prime alpha has sent me into a fucking heat!

“Motherfucker,” I breath. Based upon how fast my symptoms are progressing I have 15 to 30 minutes top before I’m totally gone. I’d leave, but an omega can’t exactly drive a vehicle while in heat and wandering into the woods in the winter doesn’t seem like a good idea either. Sebastian is going to find out my true dynamic unless I get him out of here fast!

I stroll back out to the living room, like I’m not about to have a panic attack, and find Sebastian checking his watch.

God his scent is already getting to me. I want to drop to my knees in front of him and beg for him to take me. I settle for sitting in front of the fire. This looks natural right? I had been doing the exact same thing before I got up. I take a deep breath in order to prepare myself for what I need to do.

“Eager to get back to all your Omegas?” I ask.

“What?” Sebastian questions.

“You were just checking your watch, so I was wondering if you wanted this to be over to get back to your Omegas.”

“They aren’t my Omegas,” Sebastian drawls, his soft eyes growing hard again.

“Really? I thought you seemed suited for each other.” I utilize every bit of knowledge I have gathered from growing up around my dad to be as cruel as possible, but a part of me breaks watching his lips become all angles again.

“And why would you think that?” He questions, voice taking on a dangerous edge.

“Oh you know, they just say that you look for someone who is like your parents.”

“What are you implying?”

His anger is now a tangible thing in the room and I can feel it like a physical pressure. I don’t want this alpha mad at me. How can I get him to forgive me? I feel a low keen start in my chest before I snap back out it.

He needs to be mad at me, he won’t leave the stake out otherwise. He won’t leave me in this situation otherwise.

“Just that your mom was probably similar, you grew up around 4th Street right?”

4th Street, otherwise known as the slums where people who were handed the short stick in life did what was necessary to survive. Be it selling drugs or selling their bodies.

“You don’t know anything about me or my mother.” Sebastian growls, his aggression making me curl into a ball that I try to make look as casual as possible.

“You’re right. I only know what’s in Vincent’s file on you. I was just curious. All those omegas, one would think you had a problem with your omegan Mom and took it out on them.”
Sebastian leans forward and I can see the glint of the fire in his elongated fangs. My temperature continues to rise and sitting this close to the fire is starting to become unbearable, but I don’t know if my legs can carry me right now. My whole body trembles and my vision is starting to blur, but I can’t have him finding out the truth.

“I would never hit an omega, only the scum of the earth would hurt one!” He snaps. “I may have grown up around 4th Street but my mother was a good woman who raised me right.”

“Until you were 13.”

I feel like crying.

“What?” Never before has a voice been so low, so dangerous.

“When your mother overdosed, she raised you until she left you at 13 to fend for yourself.”

“She raised me the best she could!”

“And the best she could do was making you drop out of school at 12 to work and then leaving you on your own?”

Before I can blink Sebastian is flying across the room and I am being yanked up. It doesn’t matter if my legs can support me or not, because Sebastian has me by my collar.

“Not everyone was born with the privilege that you were.” He growls, teeth nipping at my ear. I keep my eyes lowered, as if I’m embarrassed, when really they are filled with tears.

“You know what? Fuck this!” With that he throws me to the floor. I cry out as my wrist bends the wrong way upon impact, but otherwise stay silent. “No money in the world is worth dealing with this shit, I hope your father gets what’s coming to him.”

With that Sebastian storms out of the cabin, slamming the door behind him, but as I sit on the floor cradling my wrist, I feel anything but victorious.

***

The freezing air does little to cool my rage. I fucking knew the brat was an asshole, but it seems as if I had almost forgotten in the previous weeks. I’ve never been happier to rid myself of a case than I am now.

I hop in our rented car and start the engine. The little lord can find his own way back. Slowly, I reverse out of the snowy driveway, feeling the snow crunch under the tires. It probably looks suspicious to have someone leave this sleepy area at night, but that’s not my problem anymore. If Ciel thinks he’s so much better than me, then he should be well capable of handling it himself.

I finally make my way back into the highway after following the twists and turns of the small roads that surround the lake. Some people don’t like driving in the dark, but I’d always liked the night. Children are supposed to be afraid of the dark, but it only ever brought good things for me. The dark meant Mom was finally home. The dark meant it was easier to slip by unnoticed while I grabbed some food from a vender. The night is where I get the majority of my work done.

Ignoring Ciel, it is a nice night. The sky is clear and the moonlight glints off the ice crystals in the
snow below making them sparkle as I pass. The towering pines line the road like stoic soldiers, still in the calm air. Maybe I should go camping sometime here. Rent a cabin for myself, and maybe enjoy some hunting while I’m at it. I’ve always loved the outdoors, but with a job such as mine you need to live in the city. People are a fairly large component when your job is killing people.

After I have calmed down enough in the silence, I reach to turn the radio on. As music fills the car my thoughts drift back to Ciel. I can’t believe I almost let myself forget what a spoiled little brat he was. Then again, I think back to earlier in the day, he made it easy to forget.

He had been pleasant enough the past couple of weeks. His fellow coworkers seemed more than happy to help with the investigation if it was him who asked. He only ever seemed to grow cruel with me, and even then it’s like he was doing it on purpose.

Vincent was cruel without even trying to be. His words left his mouth like daggers and he didn’t even realize the damage they caused. Ciel was different though, he knew exactly what he was saying. He wasn’t careless with his words, but careful. He aimed them with a purpose.

I suppose that in addition to being cuter than his father he is also better at being evil.

While evil may be a bit of a stretch, especially for me to say, it does make me think. Ciel is only ever cruel for a purpose. It’s almost as if he consciously decides to be mean, but why would he do that?

I’m probably just reading too much into it. I’ve been spending too much time alone with the boy, so of course I want to humanize him. But if he is only ever purposefully cruel, why did he decide to flex his claws tonight? The day had been going well between the two of us. Surprising well, actually, but I noticed that he started to look a little off. I had been checking my watch to see what time it was, if perhaps he was just tired, but then he came back and decided to pick a fight.

He sat by the fire, even though I could see sweat gathering at his hairline, and continued to berate me. Was he trying to get me to leave?

I check my rear view mirror before flipping a u-turn. I don’t know what’s going on, but damn it all because I think I did exactly what he wanted me to.

It’s over an hour later by the time I finally make it back to the cabin. All the lights are off and the door is locked. Riffling around in my pockets I pull out my lock picking kit and get to work. There is an odd scent coming from inside and for some reason I start to feel panic well up within me.

I finally hear the lock click out of place and open the door only to immediately drop to my knees.

What?

How?

Datura?

Somehow the entire cabin is filled with the scent of Datura, but it’s stronger than I’ve ever smelled it. My cock is already hardening in my jeans as I look around for the elusive omega. What in the hell was going on?

Did Ciel somehow know Datura?

Not wanting anyone else to smell the sweet omega but me, I shut the door and re-lock it. I feel my canines start to elongate as I wonder what I’ll find as I go deeper into the house. Will Ciel be with Datura? Did he manage to buy the omega somehow?
I take a step away from the entrance and suddenly two things click into place. One, Datura isn’t only here but he’s in heat. Two, he’s very distressed. Is Ciel hurting him?

Wasting no more time I launch into action, following the scent to the master bedroom. I fling open the door and literally can’t believe my eyes. I’ve seen a lot of insane things as an assassin, but this?

In front of me, on the floor, curled into a ball lies Ciel. His perfect cheeks are flushed red and tears sit on top of his long lashes. This close, there is no mistaking it. The scent is coming from him. Ciel is Datura.

And he’s in heat.
Cliffs Edge

Chapter Notes

Oh my gosh I cannot believe the feedback I got on the last chapter!! Thank you so much! I want to be best friends with each and every one of you!!!

Without further preamble, here’s the next chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I can’t think. I can’t even breathe because the air is full of him. He perks up when he hears me and suddenly I’m met with the most beautiful blue eyes I’ve ever seen, full of tears.

“Why?” He chokes out, managing to push himself up from the ground where he had laid curled.

I drop to the ground in the doorway, my knees crashing into the hardwood, but I don’t even feel the impact. My heart races and my mind spins. When I turned around, having a hunch that Ciel was trying to get rid of me for a reason, never in a million years would I have guessed that the reason was this.

“Ciel, you’re—” I break off, not sure where I am going with that sentence. You’re an omega? You’re in heat?

You’re Datura?

Ciel shakes his head and lowers his lashes so that they cast shadows over the tear streaks down his cheeks. “No one’s supposed to know.”

He breathes heavy in front of me and I can tell the toll that just having this conversation is taking on him, but he moves until his back is propped up against the bed so that he is sitting up. I reach out again, moving closer but stop when pure terror seeps from the boy.

He curls up, arms tucked into his chest and looks at me with dilated eyes that plead at me to remain where I am. His distress is to be expected, I mean he’s an omega in heat in unfamiliar territory, with a somewhat unfamiliar alpha, but he isn’t just uncomfortable, he’s positively terrified. His breaths start to grow ragged, until I can almost hear the oxygen being dragged against his windpipe. His chest rises and lowers frantically like a small animal and it physically hurts to watch him suffer like this. Why is he so afraid right now?

Closing my eyes, I instead focus on trying to make my scent as soothing as possible. I think back to my mom. How it would feel when she would wrap me up in her arms in the morning, and how safe I felt when she would tuck me in at night. I channel those feelings of love and safety into my scent and work to keep any hint of lust from getting mixed in there. Slowly, trying to stay focused on remaining soothing, I make my way over to him. My mind is still drowning in confusion, but now my instincts have taken over.

“Shhh, it’s okay Ciel, I’m not going to hurt you. I swear.” I kneel right in front of him and grit my teeth at the sight of the tremors shaking through his body. Dark strands of slate hair stick to his forehead and I reach to brush them away only to feel my heart skip a beat when I feel how high his
temperature has already gotten. He needs to get help now.

“Ciel, I’m going to call your father okay? Then he can take you home.”

A parent is the safest option for an omega in heat, especially since I don’t know if he usually has a partner he spends his heats with. I think that this is the best solution, only Ciel seems to somehow grow even more panicked at my suggestion.

“No! You can’t call my father!” He yells. “Sebastian, please no! He can’t know about this! Please, you can’t tell him!”

Alarmed, I freeze in front of him as he grows practically hysterical. I thought omegas were supposed to find comfort in their parents when they were in heat. And wouldn’t his nest and things be at his house? I suppose Ciel has never seemed particularly close to his father, but even then his sheer panic is bewildering.

“Oh no I won’t. I won’t” I say, because what else am I supposed to do when an omega in heat is about to go into a full blown panic attack right in front of me?

Ciel relaxes slightly at my words, lowering his eyes back to the ground while I take the moment to study him. He looks so small in front of me like this and the way he is cradling his arm, it’s almost as if—

My mind goes blank. I think back to our fight. How in the heat of the moment I shoved him to the ground. The slight yelp he let out when he made contact with the floor.

I feel nauseous.

“Ciel can I see your arm?” The words come out slow and forced.

“It’s fine Sebastian,” he replies, pulling the arm in question even closer to his chest.

After all my talk of not hurting an omega. After yelling at Ciel for even hinting that I may not treat omegas right. I hurt the very one I had been obsessing over for weeks; him.

“Ciel, I am—”

“Don’t. I deserved it.”

I feel sick to my stomach.

“What would you like me to do?” I grind out, I can’t force him to show me his wrist and risk hurting him even more, and right now, as much as it pains me to think about it, his wrist is the least of him problems.

“Please, just leave me here.”

I let out a low growl that makes Ciel freeze. “I’m not leaving you alone here.”

“Please Sebastian, I only have a couple minutes left before the heat completely takes me, you need to go while you can.”

“I’m not leaving you alone in some random cabin with people who possibly want to kill your father right next door when you’re about to go into heat.”

“Sebastian,” he whines, but I only strengthen my resolve. Nothing could make me leave his side
right now. Especially since he isn’t only in heat, but injured, and at my hand no less. How could I leave him to fend for himself?

“Do you have any heat medication?” I ask.

Ciel slowly shakes his head and I curse to myself. Heats can get dangerous for omegas if they don’t spend them with an alpha or use medication to keep their temperatures under control. If he doesn’t have any medication on him and he won’t let me contact his father, then I don’t know what I am going to do.

A small noise, like a single raindrop, reaches my ears and I realize that Ciel, probably sensing my distress, has started to cry again as his tears splatter against the floor.

“Oh baby, no.” With flushed cheeks and big blue eyes, he looks like a porcelain doll and I’m overwhelmed by the need to comfort him. Slowly reaching out, I draw him in next to me, swallowing the bile that rises when I see his purple and swollen wrist. “I’m not mad at you okay, I just want to know why you went on this trip if you knew your heat was coming?”

Ciel uses the proximity to bury his face into my scent gland. The feel of his small nose brushing against my neck makes my already hard cock twitch, but I can’t think about that right now. Instead, the part of my mind that hasn’t been completely overrun by alpha instincts yet, wonders if he planned this. Omegas were always trying to find a suitable mate to breed with, and what better way to get me to breed him than to trap me with him while he’s in heat. As soon as the words leave my mouth though, I know they aren’t true.

“I didn’t know.” He mumbles against my skin.

How could an omega not know when their heat was coming? If he managed to keep his omega scent hidden he must be on a shit ton of suppressants, which should tell him the exact date, if not time, his heat was coming. Then again, I run my fingers over his back and feel the ridges of his spine. Malnutrition and stress could lead to irregular heats.

The denim of my jeans starts to grow wet and the sweet scent of omega only grows stronger. He’s starting to produce a lot of slick. I should really get him out of here, but my alpha side bristles at the idea of taking my outside while he’s like this.

“Ciel, I—”

“Alpha?”

I freeze as all the blood in my body rushes straight to my cock.

The little head nestled against me has pulled back and is now looking at me with a slight tilt, as Ciel’s hips start to roll against me.

I bite back a groan as my own hips buck against him in return.

Ciel takes my face in his small hands, now steadily grinding his body into mine.

“Alpha, will you take me now?” He asks, fingers starting to comb through my hair as he raises himself on his knees so that my face is pressed up against his neck.

I feel my teeth start to elongate at the sight of the pale stretch of skin. I want to sink them into the smooth column, mark him as my own. Show the world that this beautiful omega belongs to me. I can see his pulse fluttering just beneath the surface. The blue, delicate veins winding like branches, that
beg me to break them open. Make them blossom into a collar of purples and greens. And besides the
alluring sight, there is the smell. This close it feels like I am getting drunk off of it. It makes my body
hungry until all I can feel, all I can focus on, is the delicious friction caused by his pert ass rolling
over my cock.

“Ciel,” I groan. “We can’t.”

A hot tongue runs up the side of my neck. “Why not?”

I swallow hard. “You wouldn’t want this if you weren’t in heat.”

Ciel lets out a little laugh and I find myself absolutely taken by the creature in front of me. “I always
want you.”

My balls twitch, ready to explode from the mere sound of those words falling from such perfect lips.
God how long had I dreamed of Datura saying those words to me? And now here he is, more
beautiful than I could have even imagined.

But things aren’t that simple. He isn’t just Datura. He’s Ciel. He’s the son of the exact kind of people
I take pleasure in killing, and scents and dynamic are never going to change the fact that he’s a
spoiled brat. I pry myself away from him before I can do anything I’ll regret later.

Setting him gently on the floor, I stand up and turn around so that I am braced against the wall. I’ve
never had to hold myself back like this before. Previously, I had been given express permission from
omegas beforehand to take them during their heat and boy did I have fun doing it. I knew where I
stood with those omegas. Things were uncomplicated and I had always known that they were
omegas.

But those omegas weren’t him. Their scent alone didn’t have my cumming in my pants like a
teenager, obsessed for weeks. Those omegas didn’t have me itching to claim them as my own before
the foreplay even started. What if I couldn’t hold back? What if I marked him or hurt him even more
than I already had? I prided myself on my control around omegas, never understanding how other
alphas lost control, but suddenly I get it. And it terrifies. I could kill him.

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alphas lost control, but suddenly I get it. And it terrifies. I could kill him.

But being in heat with no alpha contact and no medication could also kill him.

I pound the wall, my thoughts spinning, my cock pounding, and my blood racing through my veins.
I don’t think I’ve ever been this hard in my entire life. Not when I had a foursome with three omegas,
not when I watched porn for the first time, and not when I first caught a whiff of his scent. Every
inch of my body is screaming to breed this omega, but I can’t risk it. I’ll just have to take care of him
in any other way possible. I should get him in a cold bath and hopefully that would help clear his
mind a little bit so I can see what he would like me to do.

Turning around to put my idea on to action, my breath hitches. I find myself groaning as my cock,
without a single touch from me, spends its load in my boxers. I would be more embarrassed, more
disgusted with myself if my brain hadn’t completely short circuited by the sight in front of me.

While I had been turned around, Ciel had stripped himself of his clothes. There, on the floor in front
of me, he presents himself. Head down, chest against the ground, his knees spread with his ass in the
air. His entrance is perfect and pink and dripping with slick as he holds his cheeks apart in the most
tantalizing offer I have ever seen.

I watch as slick drools out of his puckered hole and starts to crawl down his thigh. It glistens against
the pale skin and leaves a shining trail in its wake and before I can stop myself I’m diving forward to
catch it with my tongue.

Ciel startles at the touch as I groan, growing hard again at the simple taste. It’s like a ripe peach on a late summer afternoon, sweet and warm and perfect. I lick my lips, my tongue grazing my fully elongated fangs, before diving back to get more of the sweet slick from the source.

I take a long lap up the crease that separates two perfect globes. Ciel whimpers and pushes his ass back into my waiting mouth. The slick is hot and sugared against my tongue as I taste the ridges of his entrance. Feeling it pulse beneath me, I gently prod until it’s wrapped tight around my tongue. I moan, imagining the hot walls wrapped around something else instead.

Ciel bucks into my mouth and I pull away to once again admire the view. His cheek rests against the floor, so I can only see his soft profile, neck slim and taut as it leads to his sloping back. Like a crescent moon, his pale shape curves before rounding into the perfect ass right in front of me.

Before I can stop myself, I’m touching. The smooth skin feels like petals beneath my fingers, just as I remember from the brief moments I got to touch Datura. I circle his pinched entrance, spreading the mess of my saliva and slick around before slowly pressing a single digit inside.

Ciel keens and my alpha swells with pride. Slowly I pick up the pace, sliding in and out of his wet hole as he beautifully fucks my finger. When I add a second, Ciel moans loudly.

“Please Alpha, I’m ready! I want your knot!”

I freeze, remembering the situation I’m in. I can’t risk breeding Ciel because he isn’t in his right mind and what if I bind us together as mates? My eyes keep lingering on his unblemished neck and all I want to do is sink my fangs into and mark him as mine, but I can’t forget who we both are. Ciel would never be happy with me.

I add a third finger, hopping to satisfy him for a little longer, and use my other hand to grip at his little cock that hangs between his spread legs. Ciel gasps and squeezes around me and despite myself I feel my knot start to swell within my jeans. Goddamn I’ve never had my knot appear without it being buried in an actual omega.

I reach my fingers deep inside him, searching for that bundle of nerves, and when I give them a little curl and he squeals beneath me I know I’ve found it. I plow my fingers inside, brushing his prostate with every thrust while rubbing my hand up and down his cock. The noises that fall from his lips are music to my ears and they go straight to my ever hardening length.

Before long, his whole body is shuddering and his cum is being painted across the hardwood floors beneath him. Ciel starts to collapse to the ground but I snag him around the waist and pull him back to me. I can feel his pulse racing as he buries his head against my chest in post-orgasmic bliss.

There, with his lashes spread like feathers over his cheeks, his hair mussed to the side, and red lips parted slightly, he looks like my very own angel.

Maneuvering him so that he now lies bridle style in my arms, with his injured wrist resting on his chest. I stand up and carry his sleeping form to the bathroom where I hold him as the bath slowly fills up with cold water.

Ciel scrunches his nose when I place him in, but another brush of the back of my fingers against his forehead tells me that he needs to cool down. I get him to drink a whole glass of water, before I lose him to sleep, and I am left sitting there. Back against the wall, legs spread of against the tile, making sure that his head doesn’t dip below the surface as he relaxes.
I hope he gets a couple hours to rest, but with it being his first day of heat I know that he probably doesn’t have long until he’s taken by the heat haze again. I just hope that I’ll be able to bandage his wrist before it hits.

My cock remains hard against my jeans, but it can wait. As much as I want to breed him, I want to take care of him even more.

Whoever he is.

I mean, who is this new person? This half Ciel and half Datura. How can I fit both my feelings for them into something comprehensible to feel about one person? Just because Ciel is Datura, doesn’t mean he isn’t the same spoiled brat. And just because Datura is Ciel doesn’t mean he isn’t the same cunning and brave beta I was begrudgingly impressed by.

I ponder these thoughts before a small voice cuts me off.

“Sebastian?”

I look up at Ciel, who leans with his head on the side of the tub, eyes watery and beautiful.

“Yes?”

“I’m sorry.” The worlds fall from his lips like they were heavy things to carry.

“What?”

“I didn’t mean it. I didn’t mean any of it. I just needed you to leave.”

It dawns on me then what he’s referring to. Our fight. The cruel words he said. I was right, he only ever is cruel with a purpose, and I’m so glad that this time I was able to figure out why.

“It’s okay, Ciel.” I say, and it really is. As much as his words hurt at the time, I understand why he said them.

“It’s not. Keeping my secret shouldn’t have come at the cost of hurting you.” Ciel states, leaning back against the end up the tub, so that his head rests against the tile while his eyes flutter closed again.

I feel the question that has been plaguing me all night come to my lips. “Why is it a secret?”

Blue eyes crack open and level me with a rueful look. “That’s another secret.”

Chapter End Notes

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I leave Ciel briefly to strip out of my cum soaked boxers. Alone in the living room, my head spins. Ciel is an omega. Ciel is Datura. I just had Datura naked and spread for me. I rub my hands over my face, not sure how to feel about all of these revelations. I try to sort out my thoughts, but with the rich sweet scent of Ciel taking up the entire cabin, thinking is impossible. I shuffle through my bag in a daze until I find the pair of sweats that I had planned on sleeping in, the fabric tenting over my cock as I slide them on, now painfully hard since I keep ignoring it.

It’s well into the night by now and I can’t even make out the cabin across the way that we were supposed to be watching, but that hardly matters. I can’t believe Ciel would have me leave him in such a vulnerable state, knowing who might be next door, just so that I wouldn’t know his secret. Which begs the question, why was it a secret in the first place?

Still feeling that Ciel is too vulnerable, I push one of the couches up against the door and make sure that all the windows are air tight, stuffing towels and t-shirts against them when they aren’t up to my standards. I don’t want anyone else getting to catch a whiff of Ciel’s sweet heat scent.

Once satisfied, I make my way back into the bathroom, only to freeze in the doorway at the sight in front of me. Water drips down skin so pale and smooth that you could easily believe he was made of marble if it weren’t for the fluttering pulse beneath. Damp hair curls lightly around flushed cheeks and I’m stuck by the urge to touch it. To touch him. To savor this calm before the storm. My mouth is forming words before I even know what I’m saying.

“Ciel, would you let me wash your hair?”

Eyes slowly open as if it’s a burden to carry such long lashes. “Hmm? You don’t have to.”

“I want to.”

The heat seems to have taken all the fight out of Ciel and he concedes by turning to give me better access to his hair. I hesitate a moment before dropping to my knees at the side of the tub, my gaze finding strands of hair that look almost blue in the fluorescent light, before my gaze travels down his thin shoulders. Everything about him is so fragile and delicate.

I reach for whatever shampoo the cabin owners left for us and lather it in my hands, hesitating again before I finally reach down to touch the silky strands. As I massage the bubbles into his head, Ciel leans into the touch like a cat. I had always favored cats growing up, so I suppose it makes sense that I would be drawn to him as well.

I comb the locks behind his ears only to freeze when I hear a slight rumbling sound. A purr. Omegas only purr when they are truly content. Sure they can mimic the noise to get a reaction out of an alpha, but by the way Ciel’s cheeks start to pinken, I know that it wasn’t a conscious choice.
Knowing this, my alpha gives its own purr back, and Ciel keens at the noise. Taking care of an omega like this, making them happy, this is what alphas are supposed to do.

Once a crown of bubbles winds around the top of his head like the little prince he is, I use my hands to cup the water and pour it over his hair. My shirt and sweats get soaked in the process, but I hardly even notice when all my senses are overwhelmed with him.

Once I’ve rinsed him clean again, I go fetch a towel, and then lift him from the tub only to wrap him in it. Small head poking out with trails of water running down his delicate ankles, I can’t help but think how cute he is. I’d always admired Ciel’s beauty, only the visually impaired could deny that, but it had never really struck me how cute he was. Normally his mind was too sharp for me to notice anything soft about him. But here he was. Standing, wrapped in an oversized towel, looking at me with water-filled eyelashes and parted lips.

I clear my throat. “Let’s go get your arm wrapped.”

I pick him up again bridal style, to the muffled sound of protest from Ciel. He insists that he’s well enough to walk, but I could see how his legs shook just by standing outside the bath for a minute.

I set him on the kitchen counter, leaving his legs to swing gently in the air while I grab my first aid kit from my bag. Upon finding it, I bring it back to Ciel who watches me with glossy eyes.

“Can I?....May I?” I break off, recoiling, again, at the thought of what I had done.

Ciel, still way too smart despite being in heat, frees a single arm from his wrapped towel. I have to swallow back bile.

The wrist, so thin and small and frail, looks like a piece of china hand painted in purples and blues. It’s slightly swollen, and looks painful to the touch, so as gently as I can I take it between my fingers to make sure that nothing is broken. Ciel winces at my prodding, but otherwise remains quiet. After my assessment, I let out a sigh of relief that nothing is broken, but in this state he could injure himself even more. The pain of a sprained wrist forgotten in the need to be breed.

“What’s the prognosis?”

I look up to blue eyes that hold no anger or disappointment and it breaks my heart for some reason. It’s almost as if I want him to be mad at me for what I had done.

“Well geez, you make it look like we’re going to have to amputate.”

“Ciel—”

“Stop Sebastian, I wanted you mad. I knew what could happen.”

I bite my tongue and turn my attention back to my kit. I had been shot, I had been tortured, I had been bleeding out with nothing but this kit and my own two hands to patch myself up, but never had shuffling through it, looking for bandages, hurt quite as much as this. Upon finding a roll of bandages, I begin winding them around his wrist, including a couple of metal bars from my scope so that he can’t move it too much in his heat haze either. When I’m done I just stare. The thin arm, so frail, wrapped in a sort of makeshift cast that looks way too big on him, because of me.

Ciel taps my nose, an oddly affectionate gesture that lets me know it’s not long until he’s far gone again. “This is nothing, Sebastian. Trust me.”

Alarm course through me. “Nothing? What do you mean it’s nothing, Ciel? What have you-?”
“Alpha?”

No one word should make a cock harden this fast. Ciel’s eyes have glazed over and his pupils have grown so wide that only a ring of blue surrounds them, that flicker of purple in his right eye barely noticeable against the black. Looking at them, I don’t know if I’m strong enough to resist this again.

He reaches for me and I shudder at the feel of his light fingertips ghosting across my neck. I’m moving forward until my hips are at the counter and his legs are moving to wrap around me. By now, his towel has been long forgotten and it sits in a pool at his waist, exposing his chest to my eyes.

Ciel is slowly shifting his weight from the counter to me, and before I know it he’s in my arms, his whole body nuzzling against mine. His weeping prick is trapped between us, leaving strands of pearls across my shirt, making me lick my lips.

“Alpha!” Ciel whines as I place him back on the counter that he had just maneuvered himself off of, but he cuts off when I unceremoniously take him in my mouth.

Ciel tries to buck his little hips into my waiting lips but I keep a tight hold on them. I want to take my time with this. Languidly, I lick long strips up and down the sides of his member. My tongue changing from flat to curled as it moves along the stiff length.

I edge my tongue around his head, before sneaking up to the slit and lapping up the precum that has collected there. Ciel mewls under my ministrations and every reaction he has goes straight to my own cock as if it were being done to me.

He digs his heels into my back like the needy little thing he his and arches so beautiful above me. I continue to lavish attention on his dick but as he squirms around on the counter it becomes increasingly obvious that he wants more.

“Alpha, please! I need you! Inside!”

I back away from my treat trying to keep my focus, but at the sight of this omega, flushed, breathing heavy, sitting in a pool of his own slick, begging me, I lose control. Swiping two fingers across the puddle of slick, I bring them to Ciel, who happily takes them into his own mouth.

Bright eyes never leave my own as his tongue curls around the pads of my fingers, cleaning up every ounce of his own slick, mimicking what I had been doing to him just a second ago. My knees feel weak.

When Ciel pulls back, he has left my fingers noticeably wetter than they were before. “Stretch me,” he says plainly.

I have to catch myself on the counter.

I push Ciel down so that he lies flat on his back across the counter, with only his ass hanging off. I give his ankles little kisses and nips, before placing them on my shoulders for him to rest them. Then, taking Ciel’s instruction, I eye the entrance in front of me, glistening with slick in the light of the fire.

I massage the skin a minutes before I slide a finger in and groan at the sight of my digit slowly disappearing inside his wet hole. Ciel gasps at the intrusion and wiggles his hips to try and bring my finger even deeper.

“Patience.” I tell him.
Moving the digit in and out for several minutes, I then add a second, watching his skin expand around the latest intrusion. I give him a second to adjust before I begin finger fucking him in earnest.

I add a third finger and Ciel stretches me. “You take it so well, baby.”

When I curl my fingers to hit his little bundle of nerves Ciel cries out, tightening his ass around me and throwing his head back to expose his neck. I growl at the sight, standing up to get a better look at the flesh so beautifully presented to me. Now I can see the blue trails under his skin that sit like the veins in marble. Like a peach covered in raindrops, or flowers blooming in the night, his scent lures me closer. I brush my nose against his column, lips parting, before I’m flying back.

I almost claimed him.

My breath comes out ragged as Ciel slowly sits up to fix me with a questioning stare.

“Seb, come back. I feel so empty.”

His use of my name has me ready to rush back over and actually claim him this time, but I can’t. Ciel and I aren’t lovers, we’re not even friends. All of this is just heat pheromones driving us both crazy.

Tears start to fill Ciel’s eyes and they make me panic in the way that only a distressed omega could. “I’m so empty,” he says, tears streaming down his face, getting caught on his full lips.

“I know, baby. Hold on just a second okay?”

I look around the cabin for something, anything to help him. I thought I could handle not claiming him as long as I didn’t actually mate him, but apparently my fingers were too much for me. I had never even had the urge to permanently claim an omega for my own in the past, and now, just fingering is enough to have my alpha instincts raging out of control.

I sprint to the kitchen, opening drawers and slamming them shut again when they didn’t have anything suitable.

“It hurts.” Ciel has curled up in his side now, clutching his body and making his injured wrist dig into the hard tile.

Moving over to him, I pick him up like a flower in late bloom whose petals would surrender to time at the slightest disturbance.

“I know, I know, just hang in there a little bit longer okay?” I set him down on the couch, where he can curl up without hurting himself, before returning to the kitchen.

I check the cabinets, the fridge, the pantry, and there’s nothing in this goddamn place that can help him. Frustrated I return to Ciel, only to find him missing from the couch. Frantic, my eyes search the room until I find him, naked and beautiful, surrounded by all my equipment.

Panicked, I practically tackle the poor thing as he raises my long barrel pistol from the ground.

“Ciel, no those—”

I eye the pistol.

Ciel looks at me hungrily and I grow even stiffer at just the thought. Picking Ciel up off the floor and bringing him back to the bedroom, I bring the gun as well.

Ciel, apparently thinking that being brought to the bedroom meant he was finally going to get some
relief, lies spread eagle for my viewing as soon as we make it to the bed. Despite being male, and as thin as a stick, he has the most delicate curves characteristic of his dynamic. I wonder how I never saw it before. How he keeps it hidden so well.

Double checking that the gun is empty, I join Ciel on the bed only to pause. This is insane. This is insane, but right now my throbbing cock couldn’t care less.

Briefly making sure Ciel’s still stretched enough with my fingers, I collect the slick that runs down his thighs and coat the barrel of my gun with it. Pausing for one last second, I start to push my gun inside.

Ciel cries out. “Mmph Alpha!” As he stretches perfectly around the smooth metal. It’s an effort not to cum right there and then.

“You like that don’t you Ciel?”

I can’t help myself.

“Uhhh Yes!”

“You like being fucked by my gun?”

Ciel whines and tosses his head from side to side, riding my gun like he was born to.

“Fuck Ciel, you look so good.”

Ciel’s hands dig into the sheets, his back arching so that I can see the curve of each individual rib and it presses into his pale skin.

“Harder!” He pleads.

I oblige, moving the gun in and out faster and faster. He moves his hips, matching me move for move and I ache just thinking about him riding my cock like that instead of my gun. Watching his little cock bob with every thrust, dribbling with cum, I have to take him in my mouth again. A few licks, coupled with the thrusting of the gun, and Ciel is cumming down my throat.

The sweet scent of an omega climaxing fills the room, and before I know it I’m spending my own load, bucking my hips into the sheets.

Ciel looks utterly spent and beautiful when I return back to myself. I ease the gun from his abused hole and toss it onto a chair in the corner. I peel back the sheets, maneuvering an already dozing and plaint Ciel so that he lays under them, and tuck him in until only his head is peeping out of the covers. I turn to walk away, to sit on a chair in the corner of the room so that I can be there when the heat takes him again, but a small hand is shoots out to wrap around my wrist before I can move.

“Sebastian, would...you stay?”

I find myself nodding, knowing that this is a bad idea. Knowing that I should be good and keep space between us whenever he can afford it, but looking at him, nestled in his make shift nest, inviting me in, I just can’t say no.

I peel back the sheets once more and Ciel rolls over to make room for me. I slide in behind him, our bodies fitting together like two halves of a whole. Knowing that I shouldn’t, knowing that all of this would end as soon as his heat ended, I let myself enjoy this moment.
I wrap my arms around him, my forearm resting in the dip between ribs and hips, my nose nestled into the top of his hair, his back flush against my chest. It's a moment that I wish would never end, which is how I know that it inevitably will.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it while it lasts.....
The morning feels unreal.

I wake up with Ciel in my arms. In the night he had snuggled in even closer to me, no doubt seeking out my alpha pheromones, and now he lays half draped across my chest, his head tucked into my shoulder. His cheeks are flushed with pink and his hair, damp from the bath I gave him, curls lightly at the ends around his ears. The morning sun, coming unbidden through the cracks in the curtains that I had pulled tight the night before, streaks across his skin in rays of gold.

With him lying here, looking so deceivingly angelic, I finally understand his stage name. Datura. A flower as lovely as it is poisonous. As I look down at this sleeping boy in my arms, I can’t think of anything more fitting.

As he stirs, he scrunches up his face, wrinkling his nose in a way that makes my traitorous heart melt. He opens his eyes and I am greeted by two blue pools, one with a streak of purple, and they actually look decently coherent for the moment.

“Good morning,” My voice is hushed, as if any loud noise or sudden movement could shatter the peace of this moment.

Ciel, upon becoming fully awake, pulls away from me and moves to cover his naked body with the bed sheets.

“Good morning.” He goes to brush a stray piece of hair from his face, only to seem startled by the bandage on his wrist.

“What do you not remember?” I venture, sitting up.

Ciel tucks his feet under his legs and shakes his head. “Everything is a blur when I’m in heat.”

I nod, having heard this from omegas before.

“A part of me thought it was a dream.” The words are quiet, as if they aren’t meant for me.

“Why would you think that?” I ask, moving closer to Ciel despite myself.

Ciel seems embarrassed to have been heard, looking down as he bites his lip. “Quite frankly this whole thing seems like a dream.”

I raise an eyebrow, wondering why he’d think that, but knowing that I have more important matters to settle first. “Come on, let’s go get you something to eat.”

I help Ciel to the kitchen, after giving him a moment of privacy to put some clothes on, and sit him
down at the small dining table. “What did you bring for breakfast?” I ask, heading over to our stuff.

“Pancakes.”

“Pancakes?” I snort. “You brought stuff for pancakes to a stakeout?”

A lift of small boney shoulders. “They sounded good.”

Shaking my head, a smile on my lips, I open the food bin and sure enough there is stuff for pancakes. Taking it all back to the kitchen I get to work. Ciel has even packed himself a bag of chocolate chips, which he insists I put an ungodly amount of in his pancake.

As soon as its finished, I bring our pancakes over to the table so that we can eat together, almost laughing at the domestic picture this paints.

“You’re drowning it.” I comment, watching Ciel pour a very liberal amount of syrup onto his pancake.

Ciel grins deviously back at me. “Then let it die a watery death.”

“Jesus.”

Ciel only laughs and then begins to dig into his monstrosity. It’s definitely not the healthiest meal, but at least it was something. When he finishes, I go to pick up our plates and wash them before the syrup dries and sticks to them. When I come back to the table, Ciel looks contemplative; eyes down cast and lower lip caught between teeth.

“You didn’t finish your water like I told you to.” I state with a frown. It was all too common for omegas in heat to die of dehydration.

“Sebastian.”

“Don’t you Sebastian me, you—”

“Kiss me.”

The words spill from his lips and out into the open where I’m not sure who is meant to catch them. Surely not me.

“Ciel—”

“I mean it.” He states. “Considering everything else we’ve done, it seems kind of silly that we haven’t kissed yet. And I want it to be now. While I’m still me.”

“Ciel, if you’re worried that I can’t hold back, I promise that I won’t do anything—”

Ciel stands up and moves closer to me. “I’m not worried about that.”

“Then…”

“If you don’t want to, that’s fine. I understand that you’ve kind of been forced into this whole situation so—”

Our lips meet. One hand holds his jaw, the other his slim waist. His lips, parted in a rare show vulnerability, allow me to gently lick inside his mouth and taste the lingering sweetness of the syrup
there. He remains stunned at first, before he begins to meet my movements. Like waves crashing against each other, our lips move, greeting each other for the first time in curious and tentative brushes. I’m reminded of the first time I touched him. Back at the club. Blindfolded, and yet so enamored. I had imagined finally getting to kiss him, but I didn’t think at the time that it would be like this. That his lips would be slightly sticky from pancakes, or that we’d be in some cabin in the middle of nowhere, or that it would be Ciel.

But I did imagine that it would feel something like this.

Ciel pulls back first and I chase after his lips until a single word is breathed between us.

“Alpha.”

The sweet, pink-cheeked, moment has ended. I can practically feel a veil of red fall over the room as he nuzzles against my scent gland. His own pheromones growing stronger with arousal, lacing around the room. I groan when he nips at my neck and all self-restraint is broken. I know I promised him that I could hold back, but god. Who could hold back against this? I pick him up, tossing him over my shoulder.

“Hey!” Ciel whines.

I give his ass a smack, the slick already bleeding through his cotton shorts. He wiggles on his perch, but I am on a mission. I toss him onto the bed with a soft oomph, and then we are all over each other. Fingers grab at hair, at buttons, at skin. My shirt is removed and his fingers are running down my back. My hands are in that silky hair. Our lips dance together, fight against each other, make love. Mimicking what is to come.

Cile breaks away only to litter my neck in little bites, and I focus on getting his pesky shirt off. Buttons, taking much too long for my patience, come flying off as I rip the shirt open, exposing his delicate chest. I drop down to take a pert, pink nipple between my teeth. Ciel mewls above me, making me grin wickedly as I take the next one. I slowly move down his body, lavishing it with attention. I slide his pants down, revealing his smooth white legs, and my own sweet treat. I lick my lips in anticipation before an idea strikes.

I press a kiss to his hot forehead. “I’ll be right back, baby.”

He lets out a whine of protest as I run out of the bedroom.

I kick off my pants as I go, snagging what I need off the table before returning to the needy omega. He has propped himself up on his elbows in my absence, although even that seems to be a strain on him in this condition. I ease Ciel back down, lapping as his neck, his chest, his hips, until I am back where I want to be.

I pour some of the sticky liquid into my hand, rubbing it together absently before applying it to the drooling hole in front of me. Ciel flinches at the touch. I ready myself at the entrance, eyes on Ciel as I take my first lick. The taste of slick and maple syrup is almost sickly sweet, but the way Ciel throws his head back and gasps distracts me from the cavity I’m surely developing.

Curling my tongue, I climb up his body to give him a taste. Our mouths meld, sharing the taste of him and the syrup. My teeth run along the edges of his lips and Ciel grabs at my hair in response. Below me he looks wild. Eyes blown, flushed cheeks, and gasping breaths. I try to capture this image in my mind, knowing without a doubt that this will be the image getting me off for the next several months.
The heat of his lips brings my back to the present. His temperature is getting way too high. I need to start focusing again. My fingers find their way back to his perfect hole and he spreads so beautifully for me. Pumping in and out at a punishing pace, it isn’t long until we both find our release.

I go to grab a towel to clean him off so that he can hopefully get some rest, but when I come back, he is writhing around on the sheets. I rush to him, hand to brush against his forehead and I suck in a breath. He is still way too hot for having just been sated.

“Alpha, it hurts.”

My heart thuds painfully.

I jog to the bathroom, running a wash cloth under cold water. Why is he still in a heat haze? He should have at least had a half an hour.

Back in the bedroom, Ciel has turned onto his side, head pressed into the pillow. Heavy breaths rack his body as he tries to breathe through the pain.

“Ciel,” his name catches on my lips. I go to kneel by the bed, placing the cold cloth on his brow.

“I need your knot.”

The words fall into the open, and at this point I can’t deny the truth of them, but—“Not like this, baby. Not like this.”

Tears spill from eyes so big and blue it looks like the ocean is crying. “Why not?”

“I just can’t, but I’ll make you feel better.” My thumbs run over his fevered cheeks. “I promise.”

I get my gun again and lewdly piston it in and out. He is all curves as he writhes on the bed. Curved toes, curved hands, curved back. He screams when he spills his load across that pale chest, and that sound alone has me spilling my own load onto the sheets. I think that this surely has sated him, but when I come down from my own climax, his eyes are yet again pinched shut.

I run to the kitchen and get a class of cold water, propping pillows up behind Ciel so that he can drink it.

“Come on Ciel, take a sip for me.”

I press the glass to his lips, but he turns away, head shaking.

“It will help you I promise.”

With a little more force, I urge him to drink, but this time he flinches away so hard that the glass is knocked out of my hand, spilling the water all over him. Goosebumps spread across his skin, and shivers break out over his small frame, but his fever is still raging high.

He curls up in the blankets. A small form shaking beneath the dated print. Assassins are supposed to know what to do in every situation, but god, I’m helpless.

“Ciel?” I question.

He remains silent.

“Ciel?”
I pull back the covers. His cheeks have gone from pink to red, sweat pours over the contours of his face, and small gasps escape his lips. I brush his hair away from his face, adjusting the cold washcloth, but he doesn’t respond to my touch at all.

My heart thuds loudly in my chest.

Assassins aren’t supposed to feel afraid.

I hate to leave his side, but I can’t think of anything else. I rush to his bags, where they lie in the living room digging through them until I find his phone. I scroll through the contacts—please, please please—before I finally land on the one I want. Vincent.

***

The next hour is hell. I keep replacing the washcloth on Ciel’s forehead, keep brushing his damp hair from his face, keep trying to be as soothing as possible while I’m internally panicking, but all he does it get worse. When a small knock echoes through the cabin, I feel my hackles rise. Who the fuck is trying to get close to my omega while he is like this? I’m about to tear someone’s head off when I remember.

I open the door to a mild mannered beta, thanking Vincent silently that he didn’t send another alpha. I don’t know if I could stop myself then.

“Here is the medication.” She states, holding out a small bag.

“Thank you.” I reply curtly, promptly closing the door again and rushing to Ciel.

He remains unresponsive, but luckily an injection was made for such occasions. I try to find the meatiest apart of his body, feeling my anger rise when it is yet again brought to my attention how malnourished he is, before settling on the only place that has any fat; his ass. Grinding my teeth, I plunge the needle into his soft, unmarred skin and press down until all the medicine is gone.

Now it’s a waiting game.

I lay down on the bed and pull him against me. Arms wrapped tightly around his small frame. My heart thuds loudly in my ears and I bury my face into his neck, willing his temperature to go down and his scent to stop being so distressed. I’m not sure how long we lie like that. Ciel crushed against me, every inch of our bodies touching. It could have been minutes, but it felt like hours when I finally felt him stir.

“Sebastian?”

Relief washes over me as our lips crash together.

***

“You did what!”

I feel like I’m in a free fall.

“I called your father.”

I turn, foot kicking into the couch beside me. I want to yell. How dare Sebastian do that? I want to scream. Why can’t I catch a single fucking break in this world?

I want to cry.

But I do none of these things.
I feel my body sink into the couch. As much as I want to, I can’t blame Sebastian. In fact, I should probably be thanking him as much as it irritates me. He took care of me in my heat better than I could have ever expected. They days have blurred together, but the snippets I do remember are like something from a book. Those books omegas read. A fantasy life. What we dream of. But no one actually has an alpha like that.

I take a deep breath and close my eyes, steeling myself for everything that is about to happen over the next couple of days.

I open my eyes.

“Thank you.” I state. Sebastian looks startled by my words, probably surprised to hear me be actually coherent, considering it still took me two days after the medication to fully gain control of my own mind again, days mostly filled with resting on my part. “And I’m sorry.”

Sebastian stands to the side of me, packing up his bags. He drops what he had been doing to raise an eyebrow at me.

“I put you in a very difficult position and I ruined the mission for this weekend, setting you back on your work.”

“I don’t care about the work, Ciel.” He states, taking a step forward.

Now it’s my turn to look surprised.

“You’re Datura.”

The words hang in the air, an axe about to fall.

“Yes.”

“Were you ever going to tell me?”

“No.”

Sebastian throws his hands up, letting out a growl, and I feel myself grow defensive.

“Why should I have? It’s not like we were close, and you have to understand, no one but my parents and the people at the club know I’m an omega. It’s not something I go around telling people!”

I can practically see the anger melting away from Sebastian at my point. I understand why he’s angry, but we both know that he doesn’t have a right to be.

He drags a hand across his face. “The whole time, you knew it was me didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

I wince, preparing myself for him to lash out again, but Sebastian only cracks a smile. “That must have been quite the shock for you when your father introduced us.”

My breath hitches. He isn’t mad. My own lips, despite themselves, start to curve into a tentative smile of their own. “To say the least.”

Sebastian is now giving me a full blown smile and I feel all weird inside because of it.

“Oh, I have to ask. Why do you do it?” The delicate calm that had been newly built comes
crashing down at those words. “You clearly don’t need the money.”

I part my lips, to give the usual lie, but for some reason it doesn’t come. For some reason I don’t want to lie. I want to tell someone what my life is really like. I want someone to understand. I want someone to take me into their arms and tell me it’s going to be okay. That I’m going to be okay. I want to think that maybe it will be different this time. That maybe... he’s different.

I open my mouth, the truth clawing its way up my throat, when his voice spills across the room again.

“You do it for the attention, don’t you?”

Shattered glass.

“Oh.”

My heart feels like shattered glass.

“Um... yeah.”

I don’t know how many times a heart can break until the pieces just can’t be put together anymore.

Sebastian must see the look on my face, for he adds, “I don’t blame you. On the contrary, I think it makes total sense. Omegas need more attention for their health. So, especially since you act like a beta, it makes sense that you would seek out attention in some other way.”

He’s trying to comfort me, I know this. I also know that I could contradict him. Tell him how in the beginning, all the attention from the alphas used to make me sick. How for months, Mey would sit with me in the bathroom, holding my hair while I threw up for hours after a shift. How, in the dark of the club, all I could see was a different night. With different alphas. And only being in the dressing room surrounded by other omegas could get me to stop shaking.

But what was the point?

He clearly had his mind made up about me.

“Well, we should probably start heading back.” I state, standing up from the couch to grab my bag,

Sebastian hesitates only a second, before grabbing his own stuff and following me out to the car. The trees pass in a blur, but I hardly pay attention to them as I press my head against the window. I know what undoubtedly is waiting for me when I get home. But I also know that it won’t hurt more than this.

***

The next day I am surprised that I beat Ciel into work. He is usually all set up at his desk by the time I arrive. I look around the office for his petite frame and slate colored locks, but don’t see him anywhere. I wonder if he is still resting from his heat. He probably should be.

I head back down to the parking garage, ready to leave for the day since Ciel isn’t here, but freeze when I see Ciel’s car. I make my way over to it and slowly pick up on two voices.

“Thank you Michelle, sorry to bother you like this.”

“It’s no problem at all, Ciel. Be more careful next time.”

Be more careful? What was going on?
Michelle, a worker whose face I had seen a couple of times before around the office, walks back toward the elevators, giving me a little wave as she passes. Her heels echo around the concrete as I turn the corner and lay eyes on Ciel.

Click, click, click.

I take him in.

Click, click, click.

He is a painting of pain.

Click, click, click.

A once white canvas covered in purples and blues.

Chapter End Notes

Questions, comments? Hate mail? Hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Brown eyes so warm that they almost border on red widen when they see me. Of course, he’s the one who catches me looking like this. And boy do I know how I look. My face littered in bruises, my arm in a sling, I look about how I feel. Which is like shit.

“What happened?”

What happened?

Like strobed lights, the actions of last night flash before my eyes.

Whore

My own defense silenced by a hit that sent me sprawling.

Stop!

Trying to stand back up—having my head smashed into the floor.

Again, and again, and again.

He’s your son!

My shoulder popping as I’m yanked off the floor—the eyes of my father.

I have nothing to do with this omega slut

~

“Nothing.”

Nothing that I didn’t expect.
“Bullshit! Look at you!”

Sebastian takes a step forward and I take a step back.

“Nothing that you need to concern yourself over.” I elaborate.

“You think I’m going to accept that?”

The smell of angry alpha starts to fill the space and I visibly flinch. Why are alphas always so angry? Why is he always so angry? Sebastian, however, seems to notice for the scent instantly begins to back off, allowing me to breathe again.

I sigh. I know that I shouldn’t tell him anything, but I’m just so goddamn tired that I can’t do it. I wasn’t allowed to get any sleep last night because of the concussion, but I doubt that I could have slept anyway with the way that his words played over and over in my head. I’m just so tired.

“I suppose I wouldn’t accept that either.”

“So? What happened?”

Sebastian looks different like this. Earnest. Eyebrows slightly bowed in concern, hands a few inches in front of him like he wants to reach out despite himself. I hate it. I hate him.

“There was an incident at work. An alpha who got a little too carried away.”

The anger is back. “A little?” He gives a humorless laugh. “I mean, fuck Ciel, have you seen yourself?”

I’m not in the mood for this. “I do own a mirror, yes.”

“How can you be so cavalier about this?”

I shrug, forgetting my recently dislocated shoulder, and am quickly reminded by the pain that shoots darn my arm. I suck in air through my teeth. Sebastian starts forward, but comes to a halt when I level him with a hard gaze.

“Who did this?” He pleads. “I’ll tear them apart.”

For a second—only a second—I imagine telling him the truth. Setting Sebastian lose on my father. Wondering if he would even keep that sentiment, knowing that it wasn’t just some random alpha but the Vincent Phantomhive. But I can’t. Because after everything, he’s still my father. And even though it was so long ago, I still remember times when he didn’t treat me like I was the gum beneath his shoe. When he was proud of me. His only son. And because children will always love their parents just a little too much, I don’t want anything bad to happen to him.

Even if he wouldn’t say the same for me.

“I didn’t tell you so you could avenge me, or whatever,” I finally get out. “I told you so you would stop asking me questions about it.”

I make to turn around to get back in my car when his next words freeze me in my place.

“I deserve to know.”

I whirl around. “What?” My voice is cold.
“I—”

I throw up my hands when he begins to repeat himself. “God I am so fucking sick of alphas thinking they deserve the goddamn world!”

Now Sebastian doesn’t try to hold back his anger. It fills the parking garage like burnt charcoal, but I’m too angry to be afraid anymore.

“Excuse me for wanting to know who beat the fucking crap out of you!”

“Yeah, excuse you, because you don’t need to know!”

“And I say that I do. Someone needs to do something about this!”

I snap.

“You’re not my alpha Sebastian!” I scream, my voice echoing around the concrete.

Sebastian stares at me with wide eyes. We’re both frozen. A snapshot against the grey background of the concrete walls, the fluorescent lights shadowing our faces. The only movement being the rapid rise and fall of our chests. Standing like this, the anger bleeds out of me. I have nothing left to give. And when the anger is all gone, I’m back to being hollow.

“Just because you spent one heat with me,” I breathe, “doesn’t mean you have any claim to me.”

“You’re right.” Sebastian says after a long pause. “I’m sorry.”

We stand there, two pieces frozen on a chessboard because the match was forgotten. One black and one white. As different as they come, but once the fight it over, we’re just pieces. Too pieces in a game that we have no control over.

“I suppose it’s just as well that you caught me.” I state after a long while. “Supposedly our white car was seen at a pool supplies store, I was going to head over there and ask around so you might as well join me now.”

“You were going to head there by yourself?” Sebastian looks incredulous.

I give him a warning glare. “Yes. It’s just a pool supplies store.”

Sebastian gives me a dubious look but seems to concede. “Okay, but I’m driving. I don’t know how you even got here in a sling.”

I toss him my keys. “Fine by me, driving with this thing was a pain.”

We both slide into my car and Sebastian makes some comment about my height as he adjusts the seat accordingly to fit his huge size. I give a small glare in response and then we are sitting there in silence. He stares ahead into the sea of cars, absently feeling around the steering wheel.

“You must really like it then—your job.”

“Yeah.”

He turns to look at me, eyes somber. “Is it worth it?”

Is anything—when you have no choice?
I buckle my seat belt and don’t answer.

***

The pool store is on the other side of town. We ride in silence the entire way, only the soft drone of the radio filling the car. When we finally pull into the parking lot it’s a relief to be able to distance myself from him.

“I didn’t even know stores dedicated to pool supplies existed.”

“Why would you, it’s not like you could afford one growing up.” I can’t have him getting attached to me just because I’m an omega, and he already thinks I’m spoiled rotten so I might as well play the part.

Sebastian sneers. “And let me guess, you have a pool at your penthouse apartment that you have people maintain for you?”

“And one at our vacation home.” I march inside, not bothering to hold the door open for him.

“Hello?” I call out, eyes scanning the store and finding no one.

An older gentleman comes out from the back, probably surprised to see customers in the middle of fall. “Sorry about that, how can I help you two?”

Sebastian has finally joined me after pouting outside. “We were just wondering about someone who came in yesterday.”

The man narrows his eyes. “You guys some kind of cops?”

Sebastian snorts and I cover it up with a charming laugh. “No, we were just curious if you saw anyone in a white suburban come in yesterday.”

“Well I’m sorry, but if you guys aren’t cops I can’t give out any information on my customers.”

The scent of alpha aggression begins filling the room, a scent that I’m becoming all too familiar with these days. “It’d be a lot easier for you if you just told us what we want to know.” Sebastian growls.

The man looks affronted. “I can’t give out information on customers and if you don’t leave right now I’ll call the cops.”

I roll my eyes. Fucking alphas.

“Honey, please.” I make eye contact with a confused Sebastian. “Go look at the pool toys you know how the kids have been begging for new ones.” I begin cranking up my own sweet scent and see Sebastian’s nose flare in response. All aggression is swept from the air as he goes to the pool toy section like a good boy.

I turn my attention back to the man at the counter, batting my eyelashes. “Sorry about that, he takes everything as an insult to his alpha-ness.”

The man blinks, probably surprised that this seemingly average beta is now filling his store with the warm scent of an omega. “Th-that’s okay, I just can’t be giving out that sort of information.”

“Oh I completely understand, you’re a man of good principle.” He noticeably inflates at this compliment. “I knew it was a long shot anyways,” I add, looking exaggeratedly upset.
“Well I don’t know about that, maybe I can do something to help?” The man questions, tone completely changed from earlier. I catch Sebastian’s eye across the store, looking like he doesn’t know whether he’s pissed at me or if he wants to drop to his knees in front of me. I wink.

“Well, you see, my best friend is throwing me a party. Only they won’t tell me anything about it and when I saw his car here yesterday I worried that he might be throwing me a pool party,” I notice the man’s slight confusion, “They have an indoor pool.” He nods along vigorously. “Only I can’t stand the thought of having a pool party! After the last baby, I look like a goddamn tiger with all these stretch marks! I can’t go to a party looking like that! But if I knew for sure that he was planning a pool party than I could mention it and he would have to change the theme—you see he loves surprises—and if I already know then he’ll have to change!”

The man looks positively distraught, probably due to the amount of upset omega pheromones I’m releasing. “I think you look positively radiant.” I don’t right now, but it’s still nice of him to say so. It even makes Sebastian growl from his time-out in the corner of the store, adding to the performance, and making the man glance nervously in his direction. “But why can’t you just ask them to not throw you a pool party?”

I gasp. “And admit that not only my stretch marks are as bad as they are, but that I’m self-conscious about them? No way! I’d become the laughing stock of our mommy-and-me group!” Tears are coming to my eyes now. “It’s bad enough that I tripped on Alex’s toy truck on the stairs and look like I got hit by a bus, but this? I could never recover!” I’m practically wailing by now.

“Okay, okay, please don’t cry, it’s going to be okay!” The man begs. “They only bought some chlorine, no party stuff, so I’m sure that the party will be somewhere else.”

Chlorine? “Oh thank you, sir! Bless your soul! Just bless it! We’ll take one of every pool toy for our kids!” I turn to face Sebastian. “Honey, pay the man.”

With that I saunter out of the store and revel at the feeling of Sebastian’s death glare on my back.

***

I slowly put my jack on after my shift, the sling making it ridiculously hard. I’m lucky that Mey is as nice as she is. She took one look at me and declared that I would be doing the desert show. Alphas love ‘taking care’ of their omegas, so one of our unique shows is having an omega eat sweets so alphas can just breathe in their happiness. Mey knows I love sweets, but since I’m the most popular omega here I usually have to do the more raunchy stuff, so tonight was an actual good night at work.

I must look pathetic trying to get my jacket on, because Bard comes running over to help me slide one arm in while carefully draping it over my other shoulder.

“You need to get out of there.” He says from behind me.

I sigh. My coworkers here probably know more than anyone else. But they still don’t know everything.

“You know I can’t, not yet.”

I turn around only to look away as soon as I catch Bard’s eye. I don’t want his pity.

“Let me loan you some money.”

My gaze shoots back to his and I’m already shaking my head.
“No! You work three jobs Bard, I’m not taking any money from you.”

“I don’t mind, really.” He says, but he’s looking at me again with such pity that I can’t take it.

I grab his hand and pull him outside with me so that he can walk me to my car. I wonder if this is what family is supposed to be like. We walk for a while, the air cold and still around us until we finally make it to my car. We release hands and I unlock my it before turning back to face Bard again.

“I can’t, I just can’t. But thank you.” I stand on my tip toes to plant a kiss on his cheek and then slide into my car. I watch his silhouette disappear as I drive into the night and wish that I could care about him a little less, just enough that I could take his money and save myself.

Chapter End Notes

Hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Okay so when did this story get over 500 kudos?? THANK YOU GUYS SO MUCH!!! I Included a little bonus story at the end of the chapter as a little thank you!

I prowl the night like countless times before, the distant sound of traffic from a major street a block away echoing around me. The smell of rain and wet pavement is heavy in the air, the watered down streets illuminated with the orange glow of street lamps. It’s a nice night. It’d be a perfect night for a job. But that’s not why I’m here.

I am becoming far too acquainted with this particular street. With this particular establishment. But tonight I’m not here to see him. I’m here because of him. I can see it in my mind’s eye. I can see him. Delicate and broken. I’m furious…but who wouldn’t be? I think its everyone’s natural instinct to be upset when something beautiful gets tainted. Even if that thing happens to be a royal pain in my ass who chose this life for himself.

This time I don’t bother with the public entrance and instead head straight to the back. The alpha guard stationed there gives me some trouble, but he is in part to blame, so I don’t feel bad when I leave him slouched over to wake up in a couple minutes. Inside the smell of omega is heavy in the air, but I focus in on the singular beta in this place. Following the scent I arrive at an office at the end of a hallway and don’t bother knocking before I throw the door open.

The office is a mess. Papers everywhere, costumes everywhere, posters advertising the scent club covering the walls. Mey looks up in surprise. “Seb—”

My hand closes around her throat before she can continue. “How the fuck could you let this happen?”

She struggles in my grasp. “What are you talking about?”

I tighten my hand—her face is starting to match her hair color. “Datura.” I growl.

A couple guards come running in, probably after that poor chump outside woke back up, but Mey raises and hand and they stop in their tracks.

“Sebastian I can’t give you any information on him.” She chokes out, far too calmly for my taste.

“Oh so you can’t give out information, but you can let some alpha attack him under your supervision? Is this how you treat the omegas here?”

“Attack, Sebastian what—” Mey breaks off and then levels me with a somber look. “Sebastian, no omega has ever come to harm while under my protection and I do all that I can to make sure that no harm comes to them off of the premises as well.”

My lips part into a snarl and I’m about to call Mey out when she continues. “You can talk to Bard, if you’d like. He’s the one who escorts Datura to his car after every shift, but I can guarantee you that he wouldn’t let anything happen to him either.”
I let a low growl rumble in my chest before letting Mey slump to the ground. “Then let me see this guy.”

Mey takes a moment to collect herself, before gesturing for the guards to pass and leading me back down the hallway which I had stormed down earlier. Out here, the smell of omega is cloistering, but amidst the chaos, I smell him. Calming and sweet, like the rain from outside mixed with rosemary, the scent grows stronger as I follow Mey. I didn’t think he’d be working today. Not so soon.

“Come on Bard, I thought alphas were supposed to be strong.” Comes an oh-so familiar voice.

“Strong maybe, but I don’t know if strength is the key to this.” A gruff voice replies.

“Alois tied it, if you can’t get it untied then what use are you?”

“Hey I take offense to that!”

A soft giggling fills my ears and I swear that I and all the alpha guards surrounding me instantly melt. We turn the corner and I’m greeted by the sight of Ciel with his head tossed back, laughing as some alpha that is way too close attempts to untie a part of some ridiculous costume. Before I can help myself, a rush of my pheromones is filling the room and I let out a loud growl. That alpha needs to back off NOW.

Ciel, still with a sling around his arm turns to face me, “Sebastian?” but all I can focus on is the alpha that is way too close to him.

I launch across the room and pin the other alpha to the wall by his neck for the second time that night. I swear I can actually hear Mey roll her eyes behind me, but my focus is on the little fucker in front of me. My lips peel back to expose elongated canines as I growl in his face, my scent growing stronger still.

“Sebastian!” I can hear Ciel yelling my name, but it feels distant. The said alpha in question, who my brain is finally working out to be Bard, tries to hold out against me, but it’s obvious who the stronger alpha is. He tilts his head, exposing his neck in submission, but I want to teach him a lesson. I lean in to bite his neck, the bite of another alpha being one of the worst things that an alpha can be forced to endure, when something hits me in the head. I release the alpha, letting him drop to the floor ready to take on a new threat, but I’m only met by a positively pissed looking Ciel who holds a shoe in one hand and looks ready to launch it at me.

“A shoe, really?”

“Yes, really. You were about to bite my co-worker!” Ciel snaps, probably trying to give me his fiercest glare, but with his ridiculous circus outfit he only manages to look adorable.

I start to laugh. “What’s so funny?” Ciel looks close to murder.

“You just look so ridiculous!” I state.

The second shoe hits me in the face.

“Alright, alright. That was all very exciting, but the funs over now.” Mey calls. “Guards get back to your positions, Ciel, go get cleaned up and then deal with this stray. I need to go make sure the rest of the omegas haven’t barricaded themselves in the dressing room.” Mey shoots me a look and I give her a sheepish smile. She rolls her eyes.

Ciel stomps up to me, looks me in the eye, and then kicks me in the shin. “Ow, you little fucker!” I
curse, but Ciel only flips me off and continues on his way. Honestly, I don’t know why I went through all this trouble for him anyway.

Once he leaves it’s just me and Bard. He really is a pathetic excuse for an alpha. “No wonder you couldn’t protect Datura.” I bite out.

The alpha looks at me, with his stupid blonde hair and watered down blue eyes. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me. You let some alpha beat the shit out of him.” I feel my anger rising once again.

“Get your facts straight, I would never let anything like that happen under my watch.”

I study him. He seems to be telling the truth, and as much as I hate to admit it he seems to care for Ciel. “Then what did happen?”

Bard gives me a look similar to the one Mey gave me. “I don’t exactly know, and even if I did, it’s not my story to tell.”

I curse and kick the wall closest to me.

“Did you ever consider that he doesn’t want you to know what happened? Did you ever consider that you don’t deserve to know?” This alpha is walking on a thin fucking line.

“And you do?”

“Considering that I’m the one who helps him after he gets riled up by all those alphas, I’d say yes.”

Helps. This alpha ~helps~ Ciel?

“So don’t go throwing your weight around for a boy you don’t even know.” Bard growls, clipping my shoulder on the way out.

My stomach feels heavy in a way that almost keeps me from hearing him. I turn, sharp words ready on my tongue, but he’s already gone.

***

I end up having Alois untie me from the costume, seeing as he’s the one who tied me into it in the first place. I can’t believe that Sebastian actually showed up here. I mean, he’s showed up here plenty of times, but not like this. And not since he figured out that Datura and I are one in the same. I guess this is what I get for telling him it happened at work. Stupid alphas and their obsession with protecting omegas. Maybe we wouldn’t need protection if alphas weren’t such entitled assholes in the first place.

I change into a pair of leggings and a sweatshirt, gritting my teeth through the pain of slipping it over my head, before putting the sling back on. I hang the circus costume back up in our wardrobe before I venture back out to deal with Sebastian. I find him exactly where I left him, though Bard seems to have made his escape.

“Why are you here?” I ask, hoping that no one told him anything.

“Well I was going to defend your honor, but it seems as if there is nothing left to defend anyway.”

I narrow my eyes. What is he on about? “Well since you’re already here, we might as well talk about what happened at the pool shop.”
“Fine, but not here.” Sebastian glances to a couple of the other performers who have gathered around the door. Upon being caught, they scatter in different directions.

I sign. “Okay, but I’m starving so we’re getting food.”

Twenty minutes later Sebastian and I are sat in a booth at my favorite diner. My eyes scan the menu while Sebastian eyes me. “Sorry, but I’m not on the menu.” I state without looking up.

“As if I’d want you in the first place.” Sebastian responds.

“I don’t know, you seemed to like the taste of me just fine last week.” I give him a cheeky smile.

Sebastian glowers. The waitress comes by before he can say anything back, so I order a chocolate milkshake and some hash browns while Sebastian orders coffee.

“Black.” He tells the waitress.

“Just like your soul.” I tell him as soon as she leaves.

“Careful now, or I might just have to steal yours.” Sebastian says with a glint in his eyes.

Our orders come a second later and I practically inhale my hash browns before moving on to my milk shake.

“God, I thought omegas were supposed to be dainty.” Sebastian states.

I use my straw to blow whipped cream at his face. “And I always heard that alphas were supposed to be nice to omegas, but every experience with one has shown me otherwise.”

Sebastian shrugs, wiping the cream off his face with a long finger and then bringing it to his lips. “Maybe it’s because you’re not dainty.” His sinfully tongue comes out to lick the cream off of his finger. I wiggle in my seat, forced to remember how that tongue had felt on me. Sebastian gives me a smirk, seemingly aware of exactly what he is doing to me.

I force my eyes away and instead look at the mini jukebox that sits on all the tables and flip through the songs until I find one I like.

“Hey give me some money.” I tell Sebastian.

“Why should I? You’re the rich one.” He holds his coffee mug in two hands and looks way to confident in himself as he leans back, legs stretched out beneath the table.

“Because that little stunt you pulled back there could have easily cost me my job.” I snap. “And don’t act like you have it so rough, I’ve seen your apartment. The cost of lives must be very high.”

“Maybe its best if you do lose your job.”

I open my mouth to protest when he continues. “Oh that’s right, I forgot you were a little slut who likes when random alphas cum for him.”

I act before I know what I’m doing and suddenly Sebastian finds himself with a face full of milkshake.

“You’re lucky I didn’t have hot coffee of my own.” I spit, launching myself out of the booth and into my car.
I cry the whole way home and I hate every tear.

Bonus Story!!! (Maybe something that could happen in the future?)

Sebastian comes home late from work. Tired and pissed off. He hated when people made things more difficult than they needed to be, and now the guy was dead taking all of his information along with him. However, all thoughts of the day are cut off as soon as he opens the front door and is greeted by the overwhelming scent of chocolate. He sets his stuff down on the floor and slowly takes off his boots, wondering what Ciel was up to this time.

Padding into the kitchen he finds Ciel dancing around. He wears a pair of baby blue booty shorts, a white tank top, and knee high socks that he incorporates into his dance as he slides along the wood floors.

“What are you doing awake?” Sebastian asks with a grin.

Ciel startles, before a matching grin take over his face as well. “I’m making milkshakes.”

Sebastian gives him a dubious look. “At three in the morning?”

Ciel looks sheepish, a rosy blush blooming on his cheeks. “I wanted to wait up for you.”

Sebastian melts. “Love,” he says walking forward. “You didn’t have to do that.”

Ciel, however, skirts away from Sebastian’s approaching embrace. “Not so fast, I can literally see some blood that hasn’t dried yet on your shirt, you are not getting anywhere near me.”

Sebastian pouts. “Fine, I’ll go take a shower.”

While Sebastian leaves to take a shower Ciel grins deviously, running upstairs to set everything up.

When Sebastian comes out of the shower he nearly falls to his knees at the site in front of him. Ciel is spread out on the bed, whipped cream covering both of his nipples and his cock, with a maraschino cherry caught between his lips.

“I thought you might like this better than a milkshake.” Ciel purrs.

Sebastian growls in response, slowly stalking his way over to his prey. “You thought?”

He dips his head down to get a taste, tongue flicking some of the cream off a pink nipple. Ciel moans and arches into his touch.

“So perfect for me,” Sebastian breaths, moving to nip at the other hard nipple while Ciel squirms beneath him.

Sebastian moves to go lower to his next treat but Ciel stops him, tugging at his towel.

“I want to see you.”

Sebastian throws the towel across the room and Ciel’s eyes greedily take in his wet body. Not being able to hold back anymore, the two crash into each other. Sebastian, snatches the cherry from Ciel’s lips, breaking it with his teeth so that their kiss tastes of cherry and it flows down their chins. Sebastian breaks away to lap up the red trails that paint Ciel’s throat. Like this, all he can smell is the sugar, but just knowing that it is Ciel writhing beneath him is enough.
Sebastian’s tongue laps its way down Ciel’s pale skin until he gets to his final treat. He takes care to eat it all up, until Ciel’s hard cock is slowly exposed to him, twitching under his ministrations, though Sebastian refuses to use anything other than his tongue. Finally, he gets to Ciel’s sweet whole, puckered and pink and covered in cream. Sebastian laps at it like a dog until the flavor becomes less of whipped cream and more like something else. Sebastian takes another questioning lick before his head snaps up.

“You’re going into heat!”

Ciel giggles. “Finally figured it out, have you?”

Chapter End Notes

;) @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Thank you so much to every one you leave kudos or comments! I seriously read your guys' comments over and over they make me so happy!

I hope you enjoy this chapter, I had a lot of fun writing it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the fuck Ciel?”

A couple weeks had passed since getting back from the cabin and things had settled back into a somewhat normal routine. I only made contact with Sebastian when absolutely necessary and he gave me a wide birth, lest I seduce him with my slutty omegan wiles or something. The days were getting colder, but we are no closer to figuring out who has it in for my father. The most recent attempt on his life was poison in his cup of coffee, which we only discovered after he had let it go cold and then tossed it in the plant by his desk, which promptly died days later. Honestly the plant was probably doing more for the world than my father so it really is a shame.

I suppose a lack of urgency on the part of his two investigators may also be contributing to the fact that little ground has been made. He must have known this when he decided to team me up with a hired assassin, but he also knows as well as I do that if he dies right now, mother and I will get absolutely nothing. I think it’s his form of insurance-against me. Despite claiming how different we are since I am an omega, he clearly thinks I must be somewhat like him to think that I could kill him.

Sometimes I wish I could be more like him.

So I continue to help Sebastian search for his would be killer, and somehow all of these events have led me to this moment right now. On the street, walking with Sebastian to talk to the Undertaker, only to be stopped by Lizzy.

“I haven’t seen you in a month and it’s because you have some hot new boyfriend?”

I cringe. I couldn’t see Lizzy because I looked like I had gotten mauled by a bear, but I couldn’t exactly tell her that. “We’re coworkers.”

“And since when has your dad been hiring ex-Hot Topic models?”

I glance at Sebastian, with his all black ensemble and shaggy black hair. Lizzy might be on to something if his career in killing doesn’t work out. I open my mouth to reply, when Sebastian cuts me off.

“Oh HONEY,” a sharp flick of eyes lets me know that he has not forgotten about the pool store. “You’re so funny.” He sticks his hand out. “I’m Sebastian, pleasure to meet you...”

“Lizzy.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lizzy. How do you know Ciel?”
I wince as Lizzy shoots me a positively livid glare. “She’s my cousin.” I supply.

“And best friend.” She adds. “Or at least we were when I last freaking saw him.”

“Lizzy—”

“Aww, I’m sorry Lizzy, I didn’t mean to keep Ciel so busy.” Sebastian has turned on the charm now, flashing a pearly white smile and tucking a long strand of hair behind his ear. “So rest assured that he hasn’t been ignoring you on purpose, in fact we are actually on our way to meet with someone right now.”

“For business. Because that’s all we are. Coworkers.” I grind out.

Sebastian and Lizzy both shoot me dubious looks.

“Well, whoever they are, they can wait. You two will now be having lunch with me.” Lizzy states.

“Lizzy we really—”

“I don’t want to hear it. You get one cancellation per month, and seeing as I haven’t seen you all month you’ve used up all your cancellations for the entire year.”

I give Sebastian a pointed look, which he pointedly ignores. “I, for one, would love to have lunch. Where were you thinking?”

“A place just around the corner.” She states, already linking her arm through mine and leading me away.

***

This definitely isn’t how I expected my day to go, but all in all this might be better. I’m certainly having fun teasing Ciel. I had been up until four last night chasing down a wily target, and therefore was not too excited to deal with the Undertaker, so Ciel’s little cousin has come as somewhat of a blessing in disguise.

“So how did you two meet?” The little blonde steamroller asks, stabbing a piece of iceberg lettuce onto her fork.

“At work.” Ciel says flatly. “Because we work together and that’s it.”

An alpha waiter comes by to see if Ciel would like his water refilled and a little growl reverberates in my throat. Luckily it was low enough that only Ciel heard, but I need to get it together. Like this, I can’t even scent him. No one can. No one here knows he is an omega, except maybe his cousin, and yet I still feel the need to protect him.

God no wonder I stayed away from omegas in the past. What a fucking hassle.

“Mhmm.” The girl hums in response to Ciel’s past remark, oblivious to my blunder. “I don’t believe you for a second.”

Ciel drops his head into his hands, exposing the long slope of the back of his neck. I take another bite of my burger.
“So Sebastian, since you’re his “coworker” what do you do?”

“I take care of people.” Ciel snorts from between his palms. “You know help them out, take care of what needs to be done.”


I open my mouth to undoubtedly make it worse for Ciel when he abruptly stands up, check between his fingers that I hadn’t even noticed arrived. “I’m going to go take care of this, Sebastian and I really need to get going.”

I watch him walk to the register, my muscles stiff as his small form winds through the crowded room.

“God he never changes does he. He’s too nice for his own good.”

My gaze flicks back over to the blonde. “Huh?”

She looks amused. “Ciel, he’s too nice for his own good. I swear he’s going to get himself hurt one of these days.”

I don’t know where this niceness she is referring to is supposed to be because I haven’t seen it.

“He’s been like this ever since I can remember.” She looks somewhat wistfully at Ciel in the distance. “When we were little, our class was doing one of those ‘adopt a family’ things—where you bring in presents to give to a family in need—and ciel, when he found out that some kids don’t get presents, went back to his house and collected all his toys to give away. And I mean ALL of his toys. It was ridiculous. For months after he kept asking if he could play with mine.”

I blink.

Lizzy breaks her gaze away from Ciel and gives her head a little shake. “So, does he insist on paying for every date?”

“Oh, um—” I look down, unsure of what to say now. Unsure of what to think.

“It’s alright, I know Ciel doesn’t want me to know you guys are going out. I mean, I know he swore never to date an alpha, but I thought he’d know I’d never give him crap for going back on that promise. It never made sense to me anyways.”

“He swore that?” The needy omega who risked bodily harm just to get off by getting attention from alphas?

Lizzy nods, reaching to steal some of Ciel’s leftover fries. “Mhmm. Swore at 13 that he never would and he’s never broken that promise.” Green eyes meet mine. “Until now.”

My lips part. “Do you—”

A chime interrupts whatever it was that I was about to ask, her phone lighting up on the table with a new message. I stiffen when I see her background.

“Hey Lizzy, who is that you’re with?” I ask.

Lizzy, who had picked up her phone to start typing a response, flicks her attention back up to me. “Oh that? That’s me and my boyfriend! We should totally go on a double date sometime.”

My mind is spinning. “Yeah, could I look at it—”
“You ready to go, Sebastian?”

Ciel has returned, looking uncomfortable and pissed.

“Um, yeah.” I push out of my chair and grab my coat, Lizzy jumping up to see us off.

“She says, wrapping him in a tight hug that makes my hackles rise. “I just got a text about a party tomorrow, you have to come!” She spares a glance at me. “And bring your boy toy!”

“He’s not,” Ciel’s voice tight from his cousins overbearing embrace.

“Yeah yeah, I know. But you’ve been avoiding me forever!” She cries. “I miss you.”

At that Ciel pauses in his protests. “Okay, I’ll think about it.”

“Yay!” The blonde beta plants a huge kiss on Ciel’s cheek. “Just text me to let me know! I’ll see you soon!”

With that the girl is prancing it of here, attention solely focus on her phone again, leaving Ciel and I alone in the restaurant.

I turn to him. “I think we should go.”

Blue eyes give me a dubious look. “You want to go to a college party?”

“Her boyfriend, I caught a glimpse of her wallpaper, I think I know him.”

Ciel wrinkles his nose. “If he hangs out with the likes of you, this boy sounds like bad news.”

“We don’t hang out.” I state, voice taking a steely edge. “I guess you could say we’re coworkers.”

Ciel’s eyes widen. “Fuck.”

“Yeah.”

***

Alois and I sit in the dressing room, sipping on some white wine as we wait for the show to start.

“How’s your family?” He asks.

The wine warms my throat as I finish taking a sip. “Good.” I state, because no one ever wants a real answer when they ask that question. “How about yours?”

Alois shrugs. “Good.”

A silence falls over the room. I’ve never been particularly good at making small talk, especially with the other omegas. I know that I should get along with them, but I’ve always had to repress my omega side. Now I don’t feel like I belong with any dynamic.

“Ready?” Mey pops her head in, looking over at the two of us curled up in our robes.

I stand up. “Yeah.”

Tonight I wear nothing but a black collar. My nipples rub against the soft satin of the robe, peaked in the cool air of the back. I hope its warmer on the stage. I give a nod of good luck to Alois as we part ways, each of us going to different sides of the stage and to our respective cages.
The cages in question are like big steel bird cages, lined in a mesh, gossamer fabric. The alphas can see our outlines moving between the bars, but that’s it. It drives them crazy. Tonight in particular I expect an unruly crowd.

Finny gives me a hand as I step into the cage, the floor lined with pillows and blankets, and everything else I will need for tonight’s performance. Once I’m in, he shuts the door and locks me in the cage, sending a shiver down my spine. I hold my breath as the cage slowly starts to be lifted off the ground so that I may dangle above the alpha’s reach. I hear Mey announce Alois’ and I’s stage names and then its show time.

The alphas let out hollers as soon as the curtain rises, exposing the two cages. I let my scent slowly spill out. I give a little smirk as the Alphas all growl at the increased pheromones. I start with my nipples, already peaked from the cold, they are easy targets to tease. I pull and pinch at the skin, letting my head roll back at the soft pain. They grow even harder at my ministrations as the alpha’s breaths go ragged beneath me.

From there my touch goes lower. My fingertips dance across my skin, feather light in a way that makes tingles rush down my limbs and goosebumps break out over my skin. I circle around my navel a couple of times before finally reaching my target. My cock stands half erect and I practically sigh with relief once my fingers wrap around it. I start with slow strokes, just enjoying the attention, before I really start to get into it. By now a steady stream of pre-cum has started to dribble down the head, and I use it to make my motions easy, coating my length until the whole thing is glistening.

By now, I can feel my cock throbbing in time with my pulse, heavy and wanting. I trace my thumb around the head, letting out a low whine at the sensation. More pre-cum drips down onto my fingers so I bring them to my lips for a taste. To me, it just tastes vaguely sweet, but the alphas below go crazy. I swear I can hear some of them actually drooling.

All the alpha pheromones have started making my mind go hazy, but none of them smell as good as him. Despite this, I need to fight off the fog, and so I bring my hand back down to my length. Pain has always made it easier to stay above the haze, and so I dig my thumb nail into the slit at the top of my cock. I let out a hiss as the sensation, toes curling, as the alphas let out loud groans beneath me.

My cock is practically begging for release, but I am here to do a job, and so I leave it be as I reach around the cage for the jar of cherry lube. I don’t know why Mey insists that flavored lube is a necessity, but it is kind of fun. The lube has a slight pink tint to it as I rub it between my fingers, ass twitching in anticipation.

The alphas hold their breath as I lower my fingers to my entrance. I swirl them around a couple times, and suddenly my mind is brought back to a similar sensation. Instead of my fingers, it is his tongue that swirls around my entrance, lapping up the slick that had gathered there. I let out a keen, inserting one slim finger while wishing that it was his instead. Those thick, long fingers that could reach places inside me that I could never hope to. Eager for more, I add a second finger and then a third, but it’s not enough. Nothing can compare to the feeling of him. My back arches and I pump my fingers in and out, my fantasy coming to life. I imagine his scent, something that has always reminded me of a rain forest with its base like rich brown soil with notes of dark chocolate. I can picture it so clearly that it is almost like he is here…

My eyes open.

Fuck.

Not now.
Not tonight.

Mey’s voice rings out over the club once again. “We will now start the bidding on who gets to control the vibrators that will sit inside these little omegas.”

The bidding starts with Alois, since he is not as popular as me, but the whole time my heart is pounding in my chest. Fuck. What in the absolute fuck. He hasn’t been here since he came in guns blazing, accusing Mey of letting her omegas get hurt. Why did he have to come tonight? Did he not have enough fun torturing me in front of Lizzy today?

“With that settled, we will now start the bidding on who will get the honor of controlling the pleasure of the lovely, Datura.”

I pinch my eyes shut. Please don’t say anything please don’t say anything please don’t say anything. Please say something.

“5,000.” A hush falls over the crowd as an all too familiar voice calls out the highest bid this club has ever seen.

Mey pauses, no doubt surprised both by the bid and by who is giving it. “5,000, going once…going twice…” the crowd remains silent. “Sold to the alpha in all black.”

This can’t be happening.

“Okay Datura and Tuscany, you know what to do.”

Hands shaking, I grab the vibrator and bring it to my entrance. It slides in easily to my prepared hole, but I don’t expect anything else about this night to be easy. The music rises, base thumping through my bones, letting me know that the mic at my collar has now been turned on as well. The alphas got to be able to hear us as Mey always says. With that, I stand up and start to sway to the music, knowing that Alois has started to do the same thing in his cage across the way as well.

It begins slowly, but I still practically jump out of my skin. The vibrations tickling deep inside me just as I had been envisioning him doing only minutes earlier. With the lights lowered, leaving only flashes of red to light up the club, I can’t see him in the crowd, but I know he’s there. I’m all too aware of him. His scent floating up above all the others as I struggle to remain unaffected and keep my hips moving to the beat.

With the lights like this, I know that my shape can barely be made out, but I still feel too exposed. With the other patrons it never bothered me, but there is something about knowing that he is watching that makes me want to hide. Still, I don’t. I can’t let him know how he affects me. If anything, I’m going to be the one affecting him.

I start to get into it more, hands going up to run through my hair, ass dropping low. I jump when the vibrations kick up again, and then smirk. Surely he is only turning it up if he feels the need to even the playing field. We’ll see about that.

My cock bounces with my movements and I let my fingers drop down to play with it. I throw my head back and moan exaggeratedly at the sensation, only to actually moan when the vibrations quick up again, the vibrator designed to specifically give attention to that little bundle of nerves that he can seemingly reach so well, even when he can’t actually reach me.

By now my knees have started to go weak, but I can’t give him the satisfaction of dropping to the ground in ecstasy. I turn up my act even more and can hear countless alphas below me spend their
loads, but he is not one of them. The vibrations pick up again and I let out a high pitched whine, grabbing onto the bars of the cage to keep me upright. Using the bars to my advantage, and to keep my weight up, I arch my back and circle around, head falling behind me, exposing the outline of everything to those below.

By now my pulse is thundering in my ears and in my cock. I need to spend my release, but not until he does. Above the stench of all the other alphas I can smell that he is close. I try to pinpoint his location in the crowd and lock eyes with the closest approximation that I can make. Then, I do something that the performers are never supposed to do.

I speak.

My breath is ragged and I’m seeing stars from the effort of keeping my climax at bay, but I keep my voice as clear as possible as I call out.

“Alpha?”

Sebastian spends his load, along with any other alpha that had managed to hold on this long—some even coming twice, and so I let myself drop to the floor of the cage. Shivers rack my body as I cum across my chest, fingers shoved in my mouth to keep myself from crying out. When I return to myself, my chest is heaving and I’m being lowered down back stage.

“Great performance, Ciel.” Finny quips as soon as he unlocks the cage. “I’ve never seen you so passionate before.”

I take the robe that he hands me and quickly wrap it around myself. “Thanks.”

Chapter End Notes

Want to see something happen in the club, have a song that would be good for this fic? Hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds!
I'm sorry that this took so long to get out! Please forgive me!

However, I come bearing gifts! I commissioned @ciels-lingerie to do a piece of Ciel in his cage and it turned about absolutely STUNNING! Check it out here: https://ciels-lingerie.tumblr.com/image/174722200898

“Fuck you.”

I stand on the sidewalk, arms crossed as Sebastian pulls up.

“Hello to you too.”

“Why do you even come to the club, you’ve made it very clear how you feel about me performing there.”

“Why does any alpha come to the club?”

I shoot him a glare. “You can’t call me a slut and then pay to enjoy the very thing that you criticize me for.”

Sebastian shrugs. “Get in the car, we don’t want to be late.”

I sigh. Despite this being my actual worst nightmare, I slide in Sebastian’s black Camaro. Even in the best circumstances, I rarely go out partying. My father doesn’t think omegas should go to college so I work all day for him and then work the club at night, so most of the time I am simply too exhausted to go out partying. Of course Lizzy has dragged me to the occasional party, since she is going to college to be an elementary teacher, but only when she manages to get me drunk enough beforehand that I don’t care where I am. Now, I don’t have a choice.

I close the door behind me as Sebastian puts on his blinker to merge back into traffic. “You really think Lizzy’s new boyfriend is this Claude guy?”

Sebastian’s lips are pressed tight. “I can’t say for sure, but it definitely looked like him.”

I worry my lip. Lizzy doesn’t deserve to be dragged into all of this. Unlike most of my family, she is actually good. The kind of good willing to give all the money she has on her to someone on the street. I have tried for so long to keep her out of this, to protect her, but what if something happens to her now? What if she gets hurt because someone has it out for my asshole of a father? I would never forgive myself.

“Hey.”

Sebastian’s voice brings me out of my thoughts. I return to the car to see that we are now cruising down the highway. His face illuminated by the occasional glow of a street lamp as we drive by.

“Nothing’s going to happen to her.”
I’m startled. Startled by the words. By his sincere eyes.

He smirks. “Claude’s good—but I’m better.”

With that the spell is broken. I roll my eyes and slouch down in my chair.

“Nice to see you’re mixing it up,” I state sarcastically, glancing at Sebastian who is once again dressed in all black.

“It’s my signature color.” He replies with a wink.

My lips curve a little despite themselves.

“You don’t look half bad yourself,” Sebastian adds after a minute of silence. “Sure you want to wear that in front of a bunch of horny college kids?”

Sebastian’s knuckles are a little bit whiter around the wheel than they were a minute ago. I smirk to myself. I’m wearing a mesh shirt, blue as my eyes, that disguises nothing and black booty shorts. Normally I wouldn’t wear anything nearly as provocative, this outfit coming from the bundle of clothes I reserve for the club, but tonight, being with Sebastian, I knew I’d be fine for some reason.

“I’m sure.” I state, reaching to turn on the radio and cranking it loud enough for him to know that this is the end of this conversation.

I watch the buildings pass as we drive until slowly we make it to campus. We park a few blocks away from the party house in question and as soon as I step out the car I can already feel the bass blasting. We remain silent as we slowly make our way down the street lined with parked cars until we make it to the house with music and people coming out of the doorway. I tried texting Lizzy as soon as Sebastian parked, but she hasn’t replied, meaning that somehow Sebastian and I were going to have to find her in this mess. I look around the few people standing on the lawn hoping to find her while Sebastian goes up to the two makeshift bouncers.

“Sorry man,” A nervous voice comes. “We can’t let you in.”

“Sorry man,” A nervous voice comes. “We can’t let you in.”

“We’ll see about that—”

I roll my eyes, stepping in front of Sebastian to cut him off. “We’re together.” They may not know I’m an omega but a pretty face is still a pretty face.

The two college-aged alphas give me a very lingering appraisal, lips pulling up to reveal their long, lust-fueled, canines. “Alright then, you’re good.”

I move to go inside when a large hand grabs my elbow and tugs me back. “Nope, we’re leaving.”

I cock an eyebrow while the two bouncers look at us with matching confusion. I give them a sheepish smile, reaching up to grab Sebastian’s ear and tug his fat head down. “Not until we figure out whether or not my cousin is dating a freaking assassin.” I hiss.

I can see the muscles on Sebastian’s jaw clench, his scent filling the air over the smell of countless other alphas, sweat, and alcohol. “Not with you dressed like this.”

“This~, is exactly why we’re being let in in the first place.” I snap.

I flick him in the forehead before turning back around the face the makeshift bouncers. “Sorry about that, he gets a little too clingy.” The two nod along as I lower my eyelids, peering at them from my
lashes. “I think I might need a new alpha who treats me right.”

Sebastian growls in the background, sending a shiver down my spine, but I ignore him. He has made it very clear how he feels about me, so I might as well live up to his expectations. “Save a dance for us?” The blonde one ponders, his friend and him looking ready to duke it out over who will get to dance with me first.

“Come and find me,” I say with a wink, hoping I’ll be long gone by then, but still trailing a finger down the forearm of one as I pass by to head inside the raging party.

Inside, people fill every corner of the shotty-rented home. The wood floors are slick with what I hope is only alcohol and people bump and grind all around us. I’m not completely new to the college party scene, with Lizzy managing to drag to at least a few every year, so let me say that it is hard to stick out on a college party. You could be wearing a prom dress, you could be wearing a banana suit, you could be completely nude and no one would pay you any mind. Despite this, Sebastian sticks out like a sore thumb.

The guy is first of all huge. Way too tall with broad shoulders and lean muscles that would stand out anywhere, but his all black—I’ve definitely killed a man before—look doesn’t help anything. Not to mention that he looks ready to kill right about now too.

“Ciel—”

“Ciel!”

Sebastian is cut off by a high pitched, familiar voice and before I can even turn my head I’m being pulled into a very forceful hug. “I’m so glad you came!” Lizzy squeals into my ear, voice somehow louder than the music playing behind her.

“Hey Lizzy,” I greet, slowly trying to extract myself form her tight arms. “Where is this boyfriend I’ve been hearing so much about?” I ask, seeing no reason to stay at this party any longer than necessary.

“He isn’t coming until later!”

I let out a groan despite myself, making Lizzy give me a pout. “I see how it is. You didn’t miss me at all. You just wanted to meet my new boyfriend so you can disapprove of him and then tell my mother.”

I wince. I do have a history of using aunt Francis to get Lizzy away from some of her more~questionable~boyfriends, but only when she wouldn’t listen to me. “I’m just trying to look out for you,” I grumble. “And I do miss you, I swear.”

“Then prove it.” Lizzy’s eyes twinkle and my stomach drops.

Nothing good can come from this. “Lizzy I don’t—”

“You are going to take at least four shots tonight!” She declares.

“Lizzy—”

“I think it’s a great idea,” Sebastian chimes in. I give him a sharp look over my shoulder. His umber eyes tell me that he’s found a way to get me back. “I drove so Ciel has no excuse.”

“I knew I liked you!” Lizzy calls. “Come on Ciel, you and I are getting drunk.”
Six shots later and we still haven’t met Lizzy’s new boyfriend. Though, I find that I mind a lot less now. My hips move around to the music as Lizzy and I drunk dance together. We hold hands, occasionally twirling each other in maddening circles as countless bodies move around us. Occasionally I make eye contact with Sebastian who stands on the far side of the room, arms crossed, one leg cocked at the knee so that his boot rests against the wall. Despite that fact that he should be on the lookout for Lizzy’s boyfriend/possible killer for hire, his sharp eyes never leave mine. I find that I like it.

Lizzy and I continue to move together in the way that only best friends can, when someone moves up behind me and grabs my hips. I stiffen. The strong smell of alpha surrounds me and it smells wrong. All wrong. I can breathe. He’s moving against me but I’m frozen.

“What’s wrong, blue eyes? Shy?” The voice is against my ear, hot and wet and wrong.

My fingers are shaking. I want him away from me but I can move.

“No.” A voice comes, warbled as if I’m underwater. “He’s just picky.”

The guy is off me and I can breathe again. I look up to see Sebastian, his face hard and his lips tight. Lizzy has finally caught on that something is happening and moves to stand beside me. We hold hands as Sebastian angles himself in front of us.

“Oh, and you meet his standards?” The guy asks, some alpha with a meaty head and splotchy red neck who clearly must be some kind of an idiot.

Sebastian moves closer, his scent spiking ever so subtly, and even in my state I can pinpoint the exact moment the guy realizes he’s made a mistake. The crowd around us starts to move away, the scent of a dominant alpha demanding space. Even Lizzy clenches my hand tighter, surprised at the display of raw power.

The other alpha takes a step back. “I’m sorry man. I didn’t know he was yours.”

I bristle at that. I’m not anybody’s.

Sebastian takes another step forward. “How could you know, considering you didn’t even ask before you started rubbing up against him?”

The guy looks down, angling his neck in submission.

“Get out of my sight.” Sebastian growls. The man scurries away and I swear I’ve never seen an alpha look so scared. I like it. Sebastian turns back to me, his face instantly softening. “Let’s get you out of here.”

“But I never got to meet Lizzy’s new boyfriend.”

Lizzy gives my hand a squeeze. “It’s fine Ciel, he texted me a little bit ago saying he couldn’t make it, but we’ll go on a double date sometime so don’t you worry.”

“We’re not dating.” I mumble, but Lizzy seems to be ignoring me.

“Would you mind giving me a ride home?” Lizzy asks.

“Not at all.”
After we drop Lizzy off, Sebastian pulls a bottle of water from his trunk and insists that I drink it all.

“You’re going to thank me in the morning.” He comments.

The rest of the ride is spent in silence, my head spinning as I wait for myself to sober up. Sebastian had picked me up from the office, but I give him directions to my house, knowing I’m in no state to drive. When he pulls up my heart sinks. The lights are on. Dad’s car is in the driveway.

I gather myself and swallow hard. “Thank you, Sebastian.”

Sebastian kills the engine and gives me a weird look. “It’s just water.”

I sigh. It should be so much easier to hate him. “Not just for the water, for helping me with that guy tonight.”

“Oh.” Sebastian looks taken aback by this. “You’re welcome.”

I nod and give him the best smile I can, before facing reality. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Ciel.” He says my name softly, before turning the car back on, and moving to make a u-turn back the way we came.

I turn to head up the driveway, hoping I still have that hidden pair of clothes outside that I can change into, when I see that it is already too late. My father stands outside looking livid. Anger has always managed to turn his handsome face into something grotesque. All the veins pop out and his canines grow until he looks like something from a horror movie. Tonight his face has a red tint that lets me know he’s been drinking too.

“Father I—”

Crack. The back of his hand connects with my cheek. I can already feel blood filling my mouth where the flesh was cut open by a tooth.

“I don’t want to hear it. Coming back at this time of the night dressed like the slut you are.” I cringe. “You shouldn’t have come back at all.”

The same words shouldn’t be able to hurt over and over again. I move towards him, pleading. “I was—”

He shoves me back, and in my inebriated state I fall down the two stone steps that lead to the porch. I can feel my skin tearing as it skids along the concrete. My flimsy shirt doing nothing to protect it.

“Find somewhere else to sleep tonight.” He spits, turning back around, slamming the door, and locking it shut.

I sit on the ground probably looking as pathetic as I feel. I wipe bits of gravel from my stinging palms, tears finally falling from my eyes now that I am alone. I slowly pry myself off the ground, and try to get collected. It’s easy to grab the physical things; the water bottle, my keys, my cellphone, but I know from experience that it will take a while to collect all my thoughts. Hoping my phone has enough battery left for me to call Lizzy, I walk back down the driveway only to freeze in my tracks.

Sebastian.
“Let me kill him.”

I stand frozen, blood starting to drip down my parted lips. Sebastian had seen it. He’d seen everything. Sebastian, who had been standing deadly still since I first noticed him rushes into action again when the blood drips from my lips along with the drying tears. He rushes to me and gently, oh so gently, used the pads of his thumbs to wipe my tears, then the sleeve of his shirt to dap at the blood. A scent, oh so calming and oh so ~Sebastian~ wafts over me. It’s rain and warm chocolate and all the softness I’ve never had in life. I lean in to his touch before I remember who I am. Who he is.

“I’m fine.” I say, pulling away.

“Don’t.” Sebastian says softly. “Don’t lie to me.” I meet his crimson glare, eyes glowing with an anger unfathomable as he is so careful with me. “Not anymore.”

I shake my head, whether in refusal or exasperation I don’t know.

“Let me go after him.” Sebastian grates, taking my hands and carefully looking at my palms. “Let me cut off the hands that did this to you.” His anger is a tangible thing. I feel it in the air around me. Like lightning when a storm is too close. But I’m not afraid.

“You can’t.” I mumble. The tears come back to my eyes unbidden. Everything about this is so fucked up. I’m so fucked up.

“Please Ciel.” Sebastian looks desperate, one hand gently wiping at the tears that have started again, the other clenched in a fist by his side. “Tell me what to do. Tell me how I can help you.”

I look at the ground for a moment, closing my eyes and feeling the tears cling to my lashes. “I need a drink.”

“But—”

I look back up to him, see the barely checked anger, see him fighting it off. He meets my state before finally turning his head away.

When he speaks again it’s low and broken. “You didn’t seem surprised.”

Because I wasn’t.
I don’t tell him that though, instead I repeat myself. “I need a drink.”

Sebastian nods, looking pissed and miserable and then moves to scoop me off the ground, carrying me back to his car.

“Hey!” I protest. “I can walk.”

Sebastian’s jaw is clenched so hard I worry he’s going to chip a tooth. “Please...just let me.”

I sigh as I look at him. For whatever reason, he needs this. And even though I protested, my legs are so shaky that it would have been difficult to walk, though I can’t bring myself to thank him.

He places me gently in the passenger seat and then we are off. We drive in silence, with Sebastian constantly glancing to me as if suddenly one of my injuries might become life threatening. I ignore him in favor of looking out the window and ignoring my current predicament, my forehead pressed up against the cool glass.

We pull up to a bar in Sebastian’s neighborhood, and though I should probably protest, probably just leave and find some hotel to check into, I say nothing. Sebastian, oblivious to my thoughts comes around the car to open my door and makes as if to carry me again but I hold up a hand, halting him instantly.

“If you try to ~carry~ me into a bar right now I will kill you in your sleep.”

Sebastian gives me a pained expression, lips pressed right, but doesn’t argue. Instead he hovers by my side, hands out like I am him elderly grandmother on fall watch. I wouldn’t stand for it if I wasn’t so damn tired and slightly touched.

The bar is definitely a locals kind of joint. Inside 80s music plays, while a couple of people play pool in the far corner. I head straight to the bar and heave myself up on the bar stool.

“Vodka. Straight.”

The bartender gives me a curious look but then turns to Sebastian.

“Whiskey. On the rocks.”

The bartender leaves to make our drinks and then Sebastian fixes his gaze on me.

“Ciel we should clean those—” he’s referencing my hands.

“We can clean then with the vodka when it comes.” I state. Not in the mood to talk until I’m at least buzzing.

Sebastian shuts his lips but continues starting at me. I ignore him in favor of running my tongue along the slice in my cheek, wincing at the pressure. Sebastian must notice because he brings his hand to my cheek.

“Hey, don’t.” He admonishes, hand wavering millimeters from my skin, before he sees something in my eyes that allows him to make contact.

He runs his finger over the bruise as the bartender drops off our drinks. “Can we get some ice in a bag?” Sebastian asks him, not even looking away from me for a second.

The man looks at me, clearing seeing why such a request was made before nodding and heading to the freezer.
“Are you sure I can’t go back and kill him?” Sebastian asks.

“Yes.” I finish my glass in one go, promptly asking the bartender for another when he returns with the ice. I ease it onto my face, wincing at the cold. “That never gets easier.” I mutter, forgetting my audience.

Sebastian looks alarmed and pissed all over again. He bites out his next question. “Ciel, how often?”

I shrug, downing the next glass the bartender had brought over and then once again motioning for a refill. The man seems unamused. “Often enough.” I finally answer, looking back at Sebastian.

“When we got back from the cabin, and you...was that?”

The words are said carefully. Dangerously. I nod because what’s the point anymore.

“Mother fucker.” Sebastian stands up violently, making the stool topple over and kicks at the bar.

“Hey!” The bartender snaps. “Settle down or you’re out.”

Sebastian looks up at him with a snarl. “You don’t want to try me tonight, Jackson.”

I place a hand on Sebastian’s arm. “It’s fine, he’ll be good.”

The bartender, whose name must be Jackson, gives me a dubious look but turns back to his work when Sebastian slowly picks up the stool and sits back down, running fingers through his hair in a harsh way that makes me wince.

“Why?” He finally choked out.

I shrug again, the alcohol starting to get to me. “I’m an omega.”

Sebastian curses again. “You can’t stay with him.”

“Well tonight I’m not allowed to.”

I’m being cheeky. Sebastian gives me a pointed look.

I roll my eyes. “You think I don’t already know that?” I huff. “I’m working on it.”

I can see the gears turning in his head. “The club?!”

He practically shouts it. “Shhh!” I turn to nod politely at the people who looked up at the outburst before turning back to Sebastian with a humorless smile. “Look who finally figured it out.”

Sebastian looks sick. “I would be more than willing to help—”

“I don’t want your charity!” I spit. “Or your pity.” I add at his pained face.

“At least come and stay with me tonight.” He pleads.

I give him a hard look, my body hot from the alcohol and the ice cold on my cheek. “You weren’t even supposed to see any of that.”

“I’m glad I did.” Sebastian says swiftly.

“But how did you?”
“When we pulled up to your house, you should have seen yourself. I wish I knew then.” He curses again, taking a swig of his neglected whisky. “I decided to act like I was pulling away but after I flipped a u-y I stayed to watch.” He clenched his fingers. “I couldn’t get there in time.”

This whole night has been a disaster but at least he didn’t get there in time to stop Vincent. Nothing good could have happened then.

“Fine.” I state. “I’ll stay with you tonight only because I can’t let Lizzy see me like this.”

I ignore the obvious other option of a hotel.

Sebastian, who had had his head dropped between his hands, looks up. “She doesn’t know?”

I shake my head slowly. “No one does.” I level him with a hard look. “So if this gets out, I know exactly who to blame.”

“You know I’d never tell...but why can’t I?”

All the fight has left me now, replaced with the tingling warmth of vodka. “Things are complicated.”

I order another vodka for the road and then we are off for the short drive to Sebastian’s apartment. Unlike last time, his apartment is empty, devoid of other omegas. I give a hesitant stiff to see if any have been here recently but find nothing.

“As big as the apartment seems, it’s more of a loft so there is only one bedroom. You can sleep there while I take the couch.” Sebastian says, locking the door behind us while I take everything in. His apartment is nice, brick walls with big windows all along one side, if a little devoid of life. It takes me a second to realize what he’s said with all the alcohol in me.

“I’m fine to take the couch.”

“I know.”

Sebastian leaves it at that and then leads me to what is hopefully his bedroom. This day has been too long. I am ready for it to end.

Sebastian, upon reaching his bedroom, moves to a dresser against the wall. “Here, you can wear this.” He tosses me a shirt that must be his. “I doubt that’s comfortable to sleep in.” He gestures to the ridiculous clothes I’m still in. I had nearly forgotten.

Sebastian leaves the room for me to change and when I come back out I am swallowed in an old band t-shirt that covers my knees. Sebastian snorts at the sight, but indiscreetly looks pleased to see me in his clothes. I roll my eyes.

He looks like he wants to comment but my gaze stops him. “Let’s get you washed up,” he says instead.

I follow him to the kitchen where he silently pulls out his first aid kit and gets to work. I clench my teeth at the feel of the alcohol wipes across my hand, but Sebastian looks as if it pains him even more. Maybe it does. I don’t know how alpha instincts work. Once he’s done he leads me back into the bedroom and I collapse onto the oversized California king, the only bed that probably fit the idiot, and bury my face into the pillow. It smells like him.

Sebastian moves around to maneuver me under the covers, not getting much help from me, before going to turn off the bedside lamp. I catch his wrist.
“You don’t need to sleep on the couch.” I state. “I could use the company.”

The alcohol is talking.

Sebastian hesitates. “You’re drunk.”

A hard glare. “I said we can sleep together, not ~sleep~ together. It’s fine.” I return to burying my face in the pillow.

At that, Sebastian moves quietly about the room, probably getting into his own sleepwear, before joining me under the covers. My breath hitches. An alpha in the same bed as me. The familiar scent all around soon reminds me which alpha this is though, and my heart rate calms back down.

We sit in silence. Me, with my head in the pillow, Sebastian on his back staring at the ceiling.

“Do you need a charger or anything? To let someone know you’re here?” He finally asks.

“No one cares.” I mumble into the fluff.

“That’s not true.”

I turn my head so that I am now looking at him, only to find him looking at me.

“Only would be a fool to care about me.” I state. Lizzy might think she does, but she doesn’t know the real me. She wouldn’t care about him.

I turn onto my back to stare at the ceiling, my hands coming to cross over my stomach.

“Ask me.”

“Hmm?” I glance over at Sebastian only to find him still intently watching me.

“Ask me if I’m a fool.”

I pause.

“Sebastian, are you a fool?”

A slow smile curves at his lips, warm and soft, that makes his eyes crinkle.

“Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

As always let me know what you think!!!

Tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
The Sun Also Rises

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this chapter took so long to get out!!! You guys are seriously so sweet for all of the amazing support! I mean, just LOOK at this amazing fan art by @war-dancer!!

https://www.tumblr.com/blog/bookstakeyoutootherworlds

(I'm sorry if its not a direct link idk what I'm doing)

I honestly worried that I would forget about this fic after a couple chapters, but all the love has me so excited to write! THANK YOU

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the morning, just as I wake up, when I can’t even feel if I have to piss yet, I feel my chest tighten. Before me, lashes dropped over soft cheeks, hair glowing in the morning sun, and lips parted just enough for smalls breaths so be huffed out, is Ciel. For a second, I feel as if I’m looking at a painting. Something too beautiful to be real. Too stunning for me to reach out and touch.

But I ~am~ touching him.

He faces me, hand loosely curling in my shirt, while my arm rests over his side settling in the slope of his small waist. I practically snort at the perfect picture of it all—this domestic life which I had never before wanted—but a quick flash back to Ciel’s face reminds me of why he is there. Marring his cheek, a blight against a masterpiece, is a purple bruise blooming like the flower for which he named himself.

Rage, unrelenting and all-consuming like I’ve never felt it washes over me. My fist digs into the sheets at his back as I pull him closer to me, and ~fuck~. He’s just so goddamn ~small~. So small, and lovely, and smart, and sure he can be annoying as hell, but he’s also so goddamn kind that I can barely stomach it. Much too kind for someone like me. Much too soft. Who could hurt a boy like this?

A low growl rumbles in my chest—I knew exactly ~who~.

So why won’t Ciel let me end him?

My anger builds, and I want nothing more than to slit Vincent’s throat right now and return before Ciel even notices I’m gone, but that would be far too quick a death for the bastard. I’ve tortured men for far less than this. I want to make sure that whatever pain he caused Ciel, I return it tenfold.

My anger builds until I pick up on a scent that instantly calms me. I briefly wonder if it’s raining outside, before I realize that its ~him~. Like a window left open to the rain, his scent slowly pours into the room and suddenly my fist is clenching for another reason. I had toyed with omegas in the past, enjoying them as any alpha would, but never quite understood their allure until ~him~. Until ~this~. And fuck me if I’m not starting to get hard right now.

My growing arousal is interrupted when those long lashes start to flutter. I snatch my arm back and clamp down on any less-than-pure thoughts, watching as his face scrunches up in the most adorable
way, before blue eyes open to meet my own. I can see a flash of alarm in the pools as Ciel struggles
to remember the events of last night and can tell the exact moment he remembers as he closes his
eyes for a second too long to be a blink, only to reopen them with a carefully neutral face.

“Good morning.”

The words are flat.

My chest tightens again.

“Morning.”

Ciel sits up, my too big shirt slipping down to reveal a pale shoulder.

Fuck me.

“Thank you for letting me sleep here last night.” He states, already sliding out of bed. “I’m sorry for
any inconvenience.”

“Incon—?”

Gone is any arousal. I launch myself out of bed, moving to cut Ciel off before he can leave the
bedroom.

“The only thing I’m ~inconvenienced~ by is the fact that Vincent isn’t 6 feet under somewhere.” I
growl, hands clenching around the doorframe.

Ciel’s eyes flash. “And you’re not alone, if you haven’t forgotten what your job is,” he snaps. “But
that is the end of your involvement in this matter.”

I distantly hear wood crack beneath my fingers.

“I’m in good company then!” I retort. “And if it involves you, then it sure as hell involves me!” My
voice starts to raise, making Ciel flinch and it just now occurs to me that he might be suffering from
all the vodka the night before, but how am I supposed to stay calm when he is protecting that fucker?

“We are not discussing this. I’ll return your shirt to you at work on Monday.” His words are clipped
as he ducks beneath my arm, too quick for me to block.

“There’s no way you’re leaving like that!” I call, following after him into the living room.

Ciel tosses me a look over his shoulder, the morning light streaming in through the large windows
casting him in a heavenly glow, contrasted by the devilish look in his eyes. “This shirt covers plenty,
seeing as it’s supposed to be worn by a giant.”

Cheeky brat.

“I wasn’t referring to the shirt, though you are correct that I also wouldn’t let you out in that either.”

Ciel raises an eyebrow at that, before realization spreads over his face. He takes a quick sniff of the
air before letting out a simple; “Fuck.”

The word is soft, though it represents a hard reality.

“I’ll go out and get you some scent blockers so you can get home safely.” I find myself saying. Ciel
looks up from where he had been hanging his head. I look him over. Those tired eyes, that bruised
cheek, that too prominent collar bone sticking out where my shirt falls off his shoulders, despite his best efforts to subtly keep it on. I make a decision. “But first, we’re having breakfast.”

Ciel gives me a bland look, switching the weight on his feet. “So this is a hostage situation?”

I feel a smirk pull at my lips. “Yup. Though I think I have something that might change your attitude.”

The bland look continues.

I shrug then, turning around, voice drawling out behind me. “Alright, I guess you don’t want any pancakes.”

I pause, waiting before risking a glance over my shoulder. Ciel is looking at his feet, lip pulled beneath his teeth, hands clenched in the cotton of my t-shirt.

“With chocolate chips?” He looks up to meet my gaze.

“I think I can make that happen.”

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“I don’t even know how you can stomach that.” I state as I watch Ciel drown his pancakes in just an unholy amount of syrup. It doesn’t matter that I’ve seen him do it before, it’s just not natural.

Ciel pauses, syrup between his hands and a streak of flour across his nose from a brief altercation the two of us had in the kitchen earlier. “You’re just jealous.” He states.

“Of what? Your future insulin costs?”

Ciel narrows his eyes and sticks out his tongue, but I find myself grinning. The kid just looks too damn happy with his sugary meal.

“Why do you even like pancakes so much?” I question, spreading an appropriate amount of butter across my own. We sit at the small kitchen table pressed against a far window, that I had only bought because it seemed like the proper adult thing to do at the time. I think this might be the first time that I am actually using it.

Ciel shoves a huge bite into his mouth, cheeks puffing out like a hamster. “Everyone likes pancakes.” He states. “The real question is why you ~don’t~.”

“I had all the ingredients didn’t I? I’m eating them now, aren’t I?” I take my first bite to prove my argument.

Ciel rolls his eyes. “Everyone has pancake stuff, it’s a basic necessity.”

I snort. “Okay, sure.” Maybe for normal people, but as for me I had only bought the ingredients recently.

“And you’re eating that pancake with the same enthusiasm as a five-year-old eating his broccoli.” Ciel adds, clearly not impressed.

“I like broccoli.”

Ciel pauses his fork in the air. “It’s obviously the best vegetable, but that’s not the point.”
I laugh as Ciel takes his next bite with added vigor. He sits, like he always does, with his legs pulled up onto the chair. Unless he’s in the office, in which case he sits like a normal human being, the boy either has his feet tucked underneath him or his knees pulled up to his chest. I find this strangely endearing, a trait that has seemingly carried over from childhood. My chest tightens again in way that is slowly becoming familiar—

Oh fuck.

No.

~No~.

I don’t want this.

I don’t want ~feelings~.

Ciel raises an eyebrow at me. “You okay over there?”


Ciel looks dubious, his mood turning sour. “You’ve seen it.”

I wince, nails biting into my palms where I clench my fists as the rage I had felt previously comes rushing back. I pick my words carefully, my voice low as I struggle to keep it together. “I know you said its complicated, but say the word and I won’t hesitate to make him pay.”

Ciel looks down. “Don’t tempt me.” It’s said in a whisper so low I almost don’t catch it.

I sit oh-so-still for a second before a choked out “Why?” escapes me. Why does he stay? Why does Vincent feel the need to beat his own son for something he can’t control? Why is the world so fucked up?

“My mom she,” Ciel breaks off. “She’s use to a certain lifestyle.” Ciel sets his fork down as if his appetite has been lost. It makes me angry all over again. “I can’t say I’m getting her out of there for the sake of her happiness, only to have her sleep on the streets. That wouldn’t make her happy.”

“Does she know?” My own food has been forgotten, everything inside of me says that I need to protect this omega in front of me, but short of killing Vincent, I don’t know how.

“That I work in the club? God no.” Ciel winces slightly. “She’d be horrified if she ever found out, but I needed a way to get money—and quick. I don’t want to give her any excuse to go back to him.”

~I’m~ horrified. “Why would she?”

Ciel shakes his head. “You don’t get it do you?” His voice takes on a bitter edge, looking up from where he had been looking at his lap, eyes sharp. “She’s pathetic because she can’t leave and I’m a slut because I work at the club, right?”

Guilt rushes over me like waves. “I didn’t—that was before—”

Blue flashes like lightening. “Before you knew the whole story? Why do you assume you know all of it now too?”

Ciel stands up, the legs of his chair screeching along the hardwood floor, and starts for the door. I
rush to cut him off yet again.

“Then make me understand.” I demand.

An eyebrow is raised, arms crossed, the air tainted with the scent of an upset omega and my own overwhelming guilt.

“You’re right.” I start, when it’s clear that Ciel isn’t going to speak. “I don’t understand. I’ve been an absolute bastard and I need you to make me understand.”

Silence.

“I just want to help you, Ciel.”

I wish I just fucking knew how.

Ciel juts his chin out. “Why?” He finally asks.

I sigh, hands coming up to tug at my hair. “Do you remember?” I ask. “The question you asked me last night?”

Ciel pauses, sharp eyes watching me before he slowly nods.

“And my reply?”

I can hear the clock on my wall tick for several seconds before a slow flush climbs over Ciel’s cheeks in response. He turns away, to hide the pretty blush, but I capture his chin in my hand.

“Don’t hide from me.” I say, searching his blue eyes when he won’t meet my gaze, noticing that small purple streak in the left.

Ciel huffs, breath ghosting along my wrist. “I do what I want.”

Suddenly, effortlessly, I find myself laughing. My hand slips from Ciel’s chin as I toss my head back, the sound of my laughter echoing off the brick walls. “You really fucking do, don’t you?” I finally say.

Ciel levels me with a hard look, but I can see the hint of a smile on his lips.

He opens his mouth to say something else, when a ringing fills the room. I startle, ready for a fight, but Ciel calmly goes over to his pile of clothes to dig out his cell phone.


My heart stops.

He’s quiet as the person on the other line talks. The scent of an absolutely distressed omega starts to fill the room and my alpha side grows restless. I’m by his side, releasing comforting pheromones before I even realize that I’ve moved.

“Oh, okay it’s going to be okay mom, I’ll be there in twenty minutes okay? Just hold on.” With that he ends the call, bringing his lip once more between his teeth to be abused, hands reaching up to pull through his hair.

I stand there, hands clenching and unclenching before Ciel finally looks up at me.
“My Dad’s in the hospital.”

Chapter End Notes

Damnit Vincent, way to ruin the mood!

As always, come talk to me on tumblr! @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long! This chapter is a little longer though, so enjoy!

Sebastian leans in, yet again, to give my neck another sniff. I swat him away.

“It’s fine, you dolt.”

Sebastian’s expression just then looks suspiciously like a pout. “I’m just making sure.”

I huff. “For the ninth time?”

“I’m just making sure!”

Now he’s definitely pouting. We sit in his car in the parking lot of the hospital and I have to admit that Sebastian’s behavior isn’t the only reason that I’m hesitating. What am I going to find in there? Countless times in my life, I’ve wished for him to be dead. Hell, countless times I was ready to do it myself. But now? The reality? I don’t know if I’m ready for that.

Sebastian must notice my turmoil as he waits for me to make the first move. In this car, this ridiculous fancy car, that smells like him and safety and everything that isn’t my father, I don’t know how I’m ever going to get myself to move…but somehow I do. I swing open the door and step out into the sharp air. I swear that it grows colder and colder by the day as we creep into late October. I wonder if it will snow soon. I wonder if my father will be here to see it. I shake my head as if to clear it and start forward.

It’s no use to have thoughts like those now. Sebastian follows a little too closely behind me for my taste, but I let it slide. This morning when I started getting ready to leave and noticed that he was getting ready as well, he made quite the point of expressing that he was not letting me go to the hospital to see ~him~ alone. That is until I gave him a sharp look and he asked nicely enough that I decided to let him tag along. Besides, everyone knows that when your father is in the hospital you bring your—assassin? patron? friend?—along with.

That, and he did go out to buy me some more scent blockers before we left.

Inside the hospital isn’t that much warmer, and the fluorescent lights paired with linoleum aren’t doing anything to help that, but I ignore my chills in favor of striding up to the front desk.

“Hi, I’m looking for Vincent Phantomhive.”

The nurse holds up a finger as she clicks around on the computer for a second. “He’s in room 312, Intensive care.”

The ICU?

My hands clench just barely. “Thank you.”
Sebastian follows me, remaining silent and so close that people must think he’s my body guard or something until we reach the elevator. As soon as the doors close, shutting us off from any prying eyes or ears, he turns to me, worry evident on his face.

“Are you going to be alright?” Calming pheromones are pouring off of him in waves by this point.

“Yes.” I snap. “Now can you stop with the scent? Some nurse is going to drag you away to be a therapy dog.”

He doesn’t have to know that I secretly appreciate it.

Sebastian hums at that. “Not today. Today I’m ~your~ therapy dog.”

He has the gall to give me a wink.

“Keep it in your pants, Fido.” I say, rolling my eyes and hiding a smile.

The elevator doors open, welcoming us to the organized chaos that is the intensive care unit. Nurses rush about looking calm and collected, while family members move about looking, less so. We follow the signs until we find the room number given to us at the front desk. Immediately I see my mom; a nervous, hunched figure, as she stands at the end of a hospital bed, biting her nails.

“Mom!”

She looks up and rushes at me, my arms already opening to receive her. She grabs at me, so hard as to almost be considered painful, but I don’t care. I bury my face in her hair, breathing in her comforting scent. The smell of baby powder and happier times. She pulls away just barely, to look at me cupping my face, eyes immediately coming to the bruise that lies there. She looks down, as if ashamed for the tears she has cried for the same person who did this.

“Don’t.” I tell her, giving her hands a squeeze.

She starts to lead me into the room, when she suddenly seems to notice Sebastian. “Who—”

I bite my lip, the hand that isn’t holding hers coming up to rub at my face. “Mom, this is Sebastian. We…work together.”

“Oh,” She looks startled, probably because I’ve never even mentioned someone from work before, let alone a friend from work. “You work for Vincent?”

Sebastian gives me a cursory look at that. “Yes, ma’am.”

She nods, finding this apparently acceptable, and together the three of us walk into the room where my father lies, looking like he got hit by a truck. One tube sticks out of his hand, another two out of his nose, and he has enough bruising to make even me, flinch. However, despite everything I feel relief at the sight of his eyes, as sharp as ever, watching the three of us come to stand at his bedside.

“Dad,” I start forward.

“What is he doing here.”

For a second I’m confused, until I remember Sebastian. Until I remember what exactly my father is like.

“I drove him here.” Sebastian states after I remain silent for a second too long. “It was easier to carpool seeing as he stayed at my place last night.”
I wince. Yeah, I should have never let him come. Vincent’s eyes narrow, in contrast to my mom’s, which widen slightly at this statement. Sebastian just looks smug.

“We went to a party with Lizzy last night, it got late,” I hastily explain, hoping my mom won’t put the dots together, or even worse, think something might have happened last night between Sebastian and me. “But onto other matters—what happened?”

Vincent’s lips pull themselves into a line.

“Oh it was just awful!” My mother begins, seeing as Vincent doesn’t seem to want to talk about it. “He was hit! In our own driveway, nonetheless!”

Huh, so the truck comment wasn’t so far off after all.

Tears have come back to my mom’s eyes, her throat tightening, I move back over to grab her hand. Tears spill down her cheeks as she cries as she always does, beautifully, and I hate that Vincent is always the one the cause them. I give her hand a squeeze as I turn to look back at Vincent, who has the nerve to look annoyed by the crying.

“So you were hit by a car?” I venture. He gives a sharp nod. “So what, neighborhood kid with a learners permit, or…?”

“What do you think?” Vincent snaps.

“Honey please,” my mom starts, wiping at her tears in an effort to give Vincent a pleading look to behave.

Vincent opens his mouth, eyes flashing with a scathing reply and I brace myself for the worst, when Sebastian cuts him off.

“He’s just hungry. Aren’t you Vincent?”

Its barely there. But I still catch it. The edge. A tone that leaves no room for question. I look to Sebastian and find his eyes on Vincent, his posture casual, but his jaw clenched. I worry at my lips.

My mom stops. “Oh—is that right?”

Vincent works his jaw, but a quick flicker of his eyes to Sebastian has him giving a ground out “yes” to my waiting mother.

She gives a quick little nervous laugh, happy to have the situation diffused. “Why didn’t you just say so?” She asks lightly. “Ciel and I will be right back with some food from the food court.”

She pulls at my hand, but I give Sebastian a panicked look. As if sensing my gaze, he takes his eyes off Vincent long enough to give me a quick nod, which I’m sure is supposed to reassure me, but somehow I remain worried as my mother pulls me out the door, leaving my father and Sebastian alone together

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I wait just long enough to be sure that Ciel and Rachel won’t be able to hear anything before I am launching across the room, hands going to Vincent’s neck. I stop myself just short of snapping his neck and feel an odd sort of glee at the way his face instantly begins to redden.

“I know what you did.” I growl.
The fucker has the nerve to hold my gaze. I give him a rough couple of shakes, the heart monitor in the corner beeping at a rate that is undoubtedly going to bring a nurse into here soon. I should care. An assassin’s job, first and foremost, is to never get caught. But somehow I think ending this particular life might just be worth all the years in prison.

“Give me one reason I shouldn’t kill you right now.” I spit.

I wait until he’s on the verge of losing consciousness, until the red of his face is starting to turn purple, before I finally loosen my hands enough to let him talk. He gasps in air between my fingers, coughing and sputtering, and overall taking way too long, before I give another warning squeeze. Finally, he meets my eyes again.

“Because he’ll never forgive you if you do.”

I freeze at that. Thinking over all of Ciel’s words. How he told me it was complicated. He was right when he told me that I didn’t understand, and I still don’t. And damnit, as much as I may want to, I can’t touch Vincent unless I’m sure it’s something Ciel wants. He’s been hurt so much. I don’t want to be someone who hurts him again.

I throw myself off of Vincent with a snarl, grabbing instead at the IV in his hand. I feel a rush of satisfaction as I dig the needle into the fine bones and tendons there, twisting it about as Vincent hisses in pain.

“Touch him again, and we’ll see if that threat of yours holds.” I growl on a particular vicious twist.

Vincent looks about ready to throw up from my ministrations when Ciel and Rachel return with the food. I grin at this, knowing that he is going to have to at least choke down a couple of bites in order for Rachel to be satisfied. Ciel flicks those blue eyes to me, the eyes of his mother as I now know, and asks me so much without saying anything at all. I give a somewhat sarcastic thumbs up in return, making Ciel sign in relief. Over the shoulder of Rachel he mouths, “thank you,” and I know, that despite how hard it was, I made the right choice.

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I knew Vincent wasn’t actually hungry when I was sent with my mom to go fetch food, but I didn’t think that eating would cause him this much pain either. Every bite seems to take an excruciating amount of effort and even more so in keeping the food down. So much so that I took several steps back, in fear that the meagre contents of Vincent’s stomach would end up on me.

Sebastian, the sadist, looks entirely too pleased at the moment and I have to wonder if he somehow had something to do with this. I decide to ask him about it later when Vincent finally pushes away the food, feigning a full stomach. My mom, bless her soul, frets over him for a few more moments, before finally accepting that he has had enough to eat.

“So what’s the plan, boss?” Sebastian asks, effectively negating any amount of respect the word ‘boss’ once had, as he gets to the matter at hand.

Vincent narrows his eyes in obvious irritation, but answers nonetheless. “Considering this is the 3rd attempt on my life, Rachel and I will be going into hiding for a little while.”

“What?” I cry out, unable to stop myself.

Both Sebastian and my father seem surprised by my outburst, but not my mom. Not my mom because she knows this is for her.
“Do you have an issue with my plan, Ciel?” Vincent asks in a tone I’m all too familiar with, one that has me flinching, and subsequently has Sebastian shooting daggers at him.

I clench my hands together. “It’s just that, you currently have a target on your back, surely bringing mom with you will only put her in the path of danger.”

The path of you.

“On the contrary, ~son~.” The way he says the word makes my skin crawl and I hate the way that after all these years he still has this much power over me. “Left alone, out in the open, your mother is sure to become a target herself, a way to lure me out of hiding. She will be much safer with me, no?”

I grit my teeth. The bastard knows exactly why I don’t want her to go.

Sebastian takes the moment to chime in again. “So Rachel won’t be safe in the open, but Ciel will?” His words take on that dangerous edge again.

Vincent looks bored. Looks cruel. “Oh Sebastian,” He drawls. “I knew your whore mother probably couldn’t afford to send you to school, but I thought that even you would be able to understand the basics of trading.”

Sebastian grows stiff. I know little of his past, but even I know that was a low blow.

“Something needs to have value in order to be used as a bargaining chip.” He finishes.

I suck in my breath between my teeth, my mother pulling me against her, a low ‘vincent!’ escaping her breath. And Sebastian. He goes still. Too still.

“Value?” Sebastian asks, his voice low. Angry alpha pheromones curl around the room and it’s like the gravity has suddenly gotten denser. It pushes and pushes until my mom is cowering and I’m barely able to stand against it. “You clearly don’t understand the meaning of value, seeing as you don’t seem to value your own life.”

“Remember what I said.” Vincent grits out, the pheromones clearly starting to impact him as well.

“Oh I remember,” Sebastian says, adopting a casual tone in contrast to the sheer power pouring off of him. “But I’ll also remember this.” He adds. “And I’ll remember last night.”

Sebastian stands up now and leans in real close. I want to stop him but I’m too busy holding my mother together under his onslaught. Now his voice is low, almost too low for me to catch it, but it reverberates around the room nonetheless. “And I’ll remember all the pain you’ve caused him so that one day I’ll be able to return it to you tenfold.”

The sheer anger rolling off at me is like a physical weight at this point, pushing at bones and grinding them together, to the point where I’m not sure I can stand it, when a nurse comes running into the room, finally picking up on the overwhelming alpha pheromones spilling into the hallway. “Sir you need to leave.” She declares. Sebastian, keeping his eyes locked on Vincent, ignores her until she turns her head to call out for security down the hall. I can’t breathe I can’t do anything but watch, until finally Sebastian straightens back up, and the onslaught of angry alpha pheromones finally stops.

“No need,” He tells the nurse. “I’ll be going.”

“Good luck in hiding, in your attempt to make yourself feel safe.” Sebastian tells Vincent as he makes his way out of the room. “Because I can assure you, that the second you think you are, the
second you let your guard down, I’ll be there.”

With that he pushes past the white faced nurse and into the hallway. I sit, stunned for moment before rushing after him.

“Sebastian!” I call, my shoes squeaking against this infernal floor. When I finally catch up to him, I expect anger and barely withheld rage, but am taken aback by the remorse I see instead. He turns to me, hands falling from where they had been pulling at his hair to reach for me, only to fall back to his side.

“Ciel,” he begins, his voice breaking off. “I’m ~so~ sorry. I didn’t mean to lash out like that, and you said it was complicated, ~I know~, but then he just goes and says things like that, while you still have the marks from his hands and I just—”

“Sebastian.”

He looks up, warm brown eyes meeting my own. We stand in the middle of a hallway, people moving around us, but all I can focus on is him.

“Thank you.” I find myself saying for the second time that day.


I bite my lip and look down. How am I supposed to put all these feelings into words? Yes, I’m mad at him for yelling at my father, for subsequently upsetting my mother, and causing a damn scene, but—but most of all I feel this warmth. It spreads through my fingers, and my toes, and up to my throat until I feel as if I can’t breathe. My father has told me all my life that I’m worthless. A worthless omega. And even my mother has never told him off for doing so, but now this…assassin? patron? friend?

Something more?
 Took it upon himself to say no.

“You stood up for me,” I say finally.

Sebastian looks at a loss for words and we stand there just looking at each other until I hear my name being called down the hall and turn to see my mother coming up to us.

“Mom?” I ask, worry creeping back into my voice.

“Could I bother your…friend here for a ride home?” She asks, hands moving to tuck her hair behind her ear, a sheepish smile on her face.

I stand there in shock. Shock that she’s not terrified of Sebastian after that. Shock that she’s not still with my father. “Um,” I turn to look at Sebastian, who still looks as if he needs a second to collect his thoughts. “Yeah.”

She nods. “Thank you.”

The car ride back to my house is a silent one. My mom sits in the front seat, next to Sebastian, after I insisted she have the more roomy seat up front, while I am crammed in the back. Sebastian, somehow remembering the directions to my house from last night, pulls up and turns off the engine. He walks my mom and I to the front door, which she carefully unlocks, eyes flicking between Sebastian and I.
“I’m going to go lie down,” She states as soon as she has it open. “Thank you for the ride.” She tells Sebastian.

He nods. “Of course.”

She gives a tight lipped smile before heading inside and closing the door behind her. Subtle mom.

By now the sun is low in the sky, casting everything in a soft purple light. It’s always been my favorite time of day. In this light everything looks more exciting, more enticing. And Sebastian? Well, he already was both of those things, wasn’t he?

“Ciel—”

Before he can even really start that sentence, my hands are on his collar, pulling him down while I go up on my toes, until our lips meet in the middle. His lips are so much softer than they looked and while they are still at first, for several seconds in which I start to doubt everything, they soon begin to meet my own with a fervor I’ve yet to have known. Hands burn into me like the stars as he pulls me closer, and for a second I don’t feel real. For a second the world stops spinning, and with it, my thoughts.

When we finally break away for air, Sebastian’s hands are cupped around my face, while my own are buried in his shirt.

“Thank you for standing up for me,” I whisper. “But don’t ever do that again.”

Sebastian looks like a man who finally found what he’s been searching for when he looks down at me just then and it makes me want to hide, to run until no one knows my name and I don’t know the language, but then I remember. I’m not supposed to hide from him. And maybe for once I’m okay with that.

“If this is what I get for threatening Vincent,” he begins, pupils blown wide, hands gentle but firm around my face. “Then no promises.”

I snort and give him a little shove. “Get out of here.”

I’m smiling as I turn to walk inside my house.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all of the amazing comments and kudos! I literally power-wrote this chapter in one day because of some nice things on tumblr today! Thank you guys so much!

@bookstakeyoutootherworlds
I'm sorry this took so long! For whatever reason this chapter was extremely hard for me to write and I'm still not completely happy with it, but here it is!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“And you say I have a sweet tooth.”

Sebastian looks up from his front door where he had been hauling in two giant bags of candy, his hair mussed from the wind and cheeks pink from the cold.

“It’s for the trick-or-treaters.” He says plainly.

“Ah yes, the friendly neighborhood assassin.” I comment. Sebastian rolls his eyes. “And you needed two jumbo bags of candy for these mysterious children who are trick-or-treating in the abandoned warehouse district?

Sebastian sets the candy down on the table by the door and hangs up his coat, a wry smile on his lips. “Well when you say it like that,” he muses. “But I’m not about to be that guy who doesn’t have any candy if kids do happen to stop by.”

“Alright, that explains one bag, but two?”

He smirks. “I figured I could feed the beast while I was at it.”

Now it’s my turn to roll my eyes. Somehow this is what my life has become. My dad, father of the year that he is, fucked off to who knows where taking my mom with him several days ago. I was then left with a very stubborn alpha and not a lot of other options. Sebastian insisted that I stay with him for the time being and I agreed because I won’t drag Lizzy into all of this and I clearly need more friends.

On that note, I don’t know what Sebastian and I are because we definitely aren’t friends. Friends don’t kiss each other breathless like that.

My thoughts are broken by a Kit Kat to the face.

I look up at Sebastian with a scowl.

“So are you going to help me with the trick-or-treaters tonight or what?”

By now he has moved from the doorway to join me on the couch, where I sit curled up in my favorite pajamas with a book in hand. It turns out that Sebastian has quite the collection of books, something that I was delighted to discover. The corner of the loft that I have dubbed the library is also where I’ve been sleeping. I was not about to steal Sebastian’s bed for who knows how long and sharing a bed with him when sober was also not something I was ready to deal with. I was fine to rough it in a sleeping bag, but Sebastian took one look at me on the floor and went out to buy a bed.

He bought an actual fucking bed.
I continue to scowl at him as I unwrap the Kit Kat. “Sorry to say, but you’ll be on your own tonight. Think you can handle all those trick-or-treaters by yourself?”

Sebastian raises an eyebrow. “Do you have plans with Lizzy?”

I break apart the two halves of the candy bar and nibble a chunk off. “Nope. I got work.”

“What?”

I take another bite and give Sebastian an unimpressed look as I chew.

“You can’t go to work.”

“And why is that?” I already know where this is going but the boy better say it’s because he actually can’t handle all of the imaginary trick-or-treaters or I am not going to be amused.

For, what is probably the first time in his life, Sebastian actually stutters. “I— you—”

I continue to look unimpressed as I finish off the candy.

“It’s not safe.” He finally states.

I roll my eyes and stand up, blanket wrapped around my shoulders like a cape. “It’s my job Sebastian. Besides, you’re one to talk. You’re an assassin for fucks sake.”

Sebastian trails after me to the kitchen, face scrunched and scent flaring in a way that I can only describe as frustration. “That’s different and you know it.”

I whirl around making Sebastian falter. “It’s different?” My voice echoes around the loft. “Why, because you’re an alpha and I’m an omega?”

The words hang there, a noose trailing in the wind, waiting to see whether or not Sebastian will step up to it and end this thing before it even begins.

“I just,” he bites his lip, hands coming up to pull at his hair. “I just worry for you.”

My heart clenches.

But my mind says that this is just alpha bullshit.

“You don’t have to,” I find myself saying, because it doesn’t matter whether or not I want him to.

Sebastian’s eyes turn sad. He reaches out, hesitating as if waiting for me to flinch away, but when I don’t he slowly touches my face, the pad of his thumb running over the remnants of my father’s anger.

“He’s not here.” I say, lips brushing against his palm.

Sebastian’s mouth twitches with a hint of emotion. “I should be telling you that.”

I shrug, slowly pulling away from his touch. I get where he is coming from. I don’t exactly have a great history of personal safety. But this is also my job. At the end of the day I don’t know what this thing with Sebastian is, but I do know that if I am ever going to get my mother and I out from under my father’s thumb, that I need to have money.

“How about this?” I start, the lie already sweet on my tongue. “I was supposed to be performing, but
some of the other omegas will be hosting private sessions; playing Halloween themed games with whatever alpha pays the most. I’ll ask someone to switch with me so that you and I can just hang out playing games all night.”

Even if I couldn’t scent it in the air, I’d know Sebastian’s relief at this proposition just by looking at his eyes. “Thank you.” He breathes.

I shrug again, turning around so he can’t see the lie in my eyes. Even if this thing with Sebastian turns into something, he needs to learn that just because he’s an alpha I’m not going to bend to his will.

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I don’t know what came over me today. I’ve noticed that I have started to become more protective of Ciel, but considering the circumstances, this seemed completely reasonable to me. He’s an abused omega, wouldn’t that make any alpha a little crazy? But today, when he mentioned having to go to work and I pictured him up there with all those alphas ogling him, something came over me. Sure, his safety is my number one concern, but that definitely wasn’t the driving force behind my outburst. Either way, I won’t have to think of it anymore because Ciel will be with me.

I pull into the parking lot for the club, surprised by how many cars there are. I guess Halloween is a perfect holiday for this sort of establishment and Mey is not the kind of person to miss out on an opportunity. I would have preferred to take Ciel here myself, but he insisted on going early and getting ready with the other omegas, and I wasn’t about to push my luck any further.

Inside, the club is packed with even more alphas than the parking lot had suggested. The air is crowded with the scents of various alphas all fighting for dominance, making me gag. I don’t know how Ciel puts up with this all the time. Not afraid to exert some of my own dominance, I let my own scent swirl around me and watch as people clear a path for me to get to the bar. These alphas may all think they’re hot shit, but none of them have actually killed someone before, let alone multiple someones, and they understand subconsciously that I am the true predator here. As unsavory as my job can be, it does have its perks.

I roll up to the bar and order a whiskey, propping myself against the counter to sip my drink and watch the spectacle unfold in front of me. Ciel had informed me that the performance will start first, then the bidding for alone time with the other performers, so I have some time to sit back and enjoy. Sipping the whiskey, I watch with curiosity as the lights lower and Mey’s voice comes on over the speakers.

“And now we have a very special performance for you all.” As she talks the scents of the omegas begin to fill the air, among them, Ciel’s. I have to fight for control over my body.

“Since the omegas will be mingling with some lucky patrons tonight, we can’t have you knowing who is who, thusly all the omegas will be wearing scent blockers. But before you can get too sad, we have placed items loaded with their scent around the club.” Mey explains.

I find this strangely comforting, knowing I won’t be alone with Ciel while his scent is on full blast. Even around the apartment he usually dons scent blockers, and as much as I like to pride myself on myself control, controlling myself around Ciel is a whole other matter.

“That being said, I would like to welcome tonight’s act, give a big round of applause for our masked beauty.”

The audience breaks out into cat calls as a spotlight beams to life on the stage. If I thought the alphas
competing scents were bad before, it’s even worse now that the omega’s scents are in the air and one is about to go on stage.

The crowd dies down as the first notes of a sultry song comes on over the speakers. Suddenly, a hand, small and sweet, is sticking out from the back curtain. It circles around and makes a beckoning motion as if the entirety of the club wasn’t already under its control. The hand disappears and is replaced by a leg, heeled in black stilettos, slim, and smooth. Even I find my breath taken by the sight of the limb.

As the beat drops in the song, the omega reveals themselves to the eagerly waiting crowd. Slim and petite, I’m surprised to see another male omega. I’m also surprised by how enraptured I am by them. Gaze crawling up his legs, they fall on lacy booty shorts, a corset exposing the omega’s oh so little waist, until they eventually reach a face covered, in part, by a masquerade mask.

The omega’s blonde hair gleams in the spotlight as they give the crowd a sultry smile that goes straight to my cock. I’m surprised. I’ve never been effected this much by an omega until I met Ciel, yet here I am feeling the need to claim this omega too. I’m strangely relieved by this. Relieved by the fact that Ciel doesn’t have all this power over me as I had previously thought.

Slowly, they saunter across the stage, heeled shoes striking the ground with much more power than their petite form would suggest. I’m mesmerized as they walk up to a steel poll and slowly wrap their hands around it. Before I can even appreciate what is about to happen the show begins. The omega kicks off the ground and slides around the pole once before landing again. A teasing start that matches the curl of their perfect lips.

The crowd is loving it, loving this omega just as I am. Their scents rise and in turn the omega grows even more coy. Giving us another twirl, they stop this time so that their perfect ass faces the crowd. Omegas have always been renowned for their curves, but this one’s ass looks good enough to eat. A little peach, firm and soft, just waiting to be devoured. My mouth waters just looking at it. Maybe I’m not as under Ciel’s spell as I had previously thought.

As the omega continues to perform I find myself growing harder and harder in my pants until I am beginning to shift around uncomfortably. The omega gives a saucy bow, exiting the stage as I wonder how the hell I’m supposed to meet Ciel with a full on boner.

“Alright everyone, don’t be sad! Our performer will be back after this short break! Along with an outfit change! That little ensemble you saw them in will also be up for auction!”

I find myself strangely compelled to participate in that auction, but remind myself why I’m here. I finish the rest of my whiskey in a quick toss back and ready myself to go join Ciel.

Mey has the rest of the omegas file out onto the stage, with Ciel at the end. Looking at him, he seems different. Perhaps angry? Maybe he’s pissed that I wouldn’t let him perform, but watching that other omega up their I’m glad I didn’t. I never would have been able to handle all the cat-calls shouted from the crowd had it been Ciel.

I watch as the crowd bids on the other omegas, females whose hair hangs in long lose curls down their backs. I enjoyed omegas like them in the past, but in the end their sweet scents and even sweeter personalities were too much for me. Clearly, if tonight is anything to go by, I have a preference for male omegas.
“And finally, this lovely omega. Let’s start the bidding at 1,000.”

Immediately, voices yell out from the crowd, making the number climb higher and higher. Ciel shifts around on the stage, looking smug, as his dark hair glints blue in the lights. I clear my voice.

“10,000.”

The crowd falls silent. Mey owes me one, so I doubt she’ll make me pay, especially considering I’ve already paid enough for this particular omega. However, even if she doesn’t, I just had a job this past weekend that paid particularly well. It’s amazing what someone will pay you when they don’t want to deal with it themselves.

“Sold, to the man by the bar!” I smirk at the other alphas that turn around to look at me. That’s right. I get the pleasure of his company tonight and all the other nights, because he lives with me. “That concludes the auction for now, clothes and masks will be sold at auction on a later date. Winner’s if you will go to the left you’ll find a room with your omegas waiting! And losers, don’t look too sad, because our lovely performer is back!”

The crowd breaks into wild cheers as the omega once again enters the stage. I find myself watching even as I move across the room to join Ciel. Now, the omega wears a leotard with thigh high boots and a cat mask complete with little ears. Any ground that I had gained on willing away my hard on before meeting with Ciel is ruined at the sight of this little omega turning on the heel of their boot to shake a little tail at the crowd. I swallow hard and force myself to look ahead where one of the workers is welcoming the winners into a back room.

Trying to ignore the image of that omega shaking their pert little ass, tail swinging, I focus on the omegas that wait for us in the other room, eyes roaming until they fall on Ciel in the corner. I quickly move to go ask what’s wrong, but Ciel turns on his heel and leads me to what must be our booth. As soon as the curtain closes behind us and I finally get a close look at him, I realize that this isn’t Ciel.

Rage and panic fill me as I get into this imposter’s face. “Who are you?”

The omega, who is decidedly not Ciel, smiles up at me, their eyes shaded by lace that covers the eyes of the mask. “Hmm, he was right, you did get mad.”

“Who are you.” I grate, voice lowering and scent flaring.

The omega reaches up to pull at their hair, only to reveal that it’s a wig. Blonde hair winks at me as I begin to see what’s going on. “Calm down, I’m one of Ciel’s coworkers.”

“And Ciel?” I growl.

“Out on stage, doing his job.”

I curse and swing around. The other omegas make a noise of distress as my anger reaches their noses, but I ignore them as I storm through the room and back into the main part of the club. The crowd is losing it as, who I now know is Ciel, circles around on the pole. The alphas are all filling the air with their arousal, turned on by looking at Ciel as he performs, and I want nothing more than to storm up on that stage and hide him away from everyone’s prying eyes. I fight my way to the front of the crowd, my scent enough of an incentive for most of the alphas to move out of my way, but when that doesn’t work, my fists are quite effective.

This close, I can’t believe that I didn’t recognize that it was him earlier. That smile, coy as ever, gives him away. The mask covers up those beautiful eyes and the majority of his bruise, with makeup probably covering the rest, but I know its him. Alphas all around me are yelling at him to come
closer, give them a whiff. My nails dig into my palms until I feel blood drip through my fingers. The other alphas, probably sensing how close I am to exploding, back off and quiet down, but one particular idiot, either doesn’t notice or is too drunk to care.

“Hey baby, why don’t you come here and I can breed you properly.”

My fist is swinging before I even register that I’m moving. The alpha collapses as soon as I make contact, but I am not about to let him get off that easy. Grabbing his hair, I slam his head into the concrete floor, my boot rising up behind me to kick him in the ribs. Other alphas move to hold me back, but quickly find themselves the target of my wrath as well. It’s all a red haze until a hand, much smaller than the others, grabs at my forearm. I freeze.

“Sebastian!”

I turn to look at Ciel, his form slightly taller due to his heeled boots. He waits a second before beginning to pull me through the crowd and after my confusion fades away, I let him. Before long, we are back stage alone in his dressing room.

“What the fuck?” He’s yelling. He’s mad.

But so am I.

“You lied to me!” I growl.

“Yeah, well you almost killed someone out there!”

The mask is off so I can finally see those blue eyes, storming like the sea during a typhoon.

My mind feels like a typhoon. “He said—”

“So?” He cries, ripping off that stupid blonde wig next. “They’re just words Sebastian, I’ve heard worse. That doesn’t give you the right to get physical with him!”

Like a pin to a balloon, Ciel’s words instantly make my anger deflate. “You’ve heard worse?”

Ciel sighs, dropping into a chair. “You’ve met my father,” he starts, “and that’s from my own family.”

My chest aches in a way that I’m not familiar with. I know I haven’t had an easy life, but over the past few days I’ve been confronted with a life so altogether worse than mine.

“You were supposed to be spoiled.” Ciel looks up to meet my eyes. “You were supposed to spoiled and easy to hate.”

Ciel gives me a wry smile. “Should I apologize?”

“For being you? Never.”

Now Ciel smiles for real, and my heart clenches in such a sweet agony. I’m about to ask if he’s okay, but before I can, Ciel is leaning forward and planting a kiss on the tip of my nose. I freeze. I’m used to people wanting me. Either because they want my body or because they want my money but I’m not used to this. This affection.

I open my mouth, to say something, anything, but before I can Mey comes barging in.

“What in the actual fuck?”
Ciel looks up, probably getting ready to cover my ass, but I give him a meaningful look. This is on me. “I’m sorry Mey, I fucked up.” I state, turning from Ciel to face her.

She pushes her glasses up her nose. “Yeah you did!”

I give a sheepish smile, Mey is an old friend, we grew up in the same neighborhood and right now she reminds me a lot of my mom. “I’ll make it up to you.” I state.

“Damn right you will. You’re going to pay me that 10,000!” She declares.

I wince. “Alright.”

“Ciel!” Ciel perks up behind me, but I move in front of him. Mey is an old friend, but I am not about to let her yell at Ciel.

She gives me a quick look, before continuing. “Go find Alois and thank him for putting up with your shit and then go home, I don’t want to see you until your next shift this Thursday.”

Ciel nods, and hops out of his chair, giving me a quick look before going to find, who I assume, is the coworker that pretended to be him for my benefit. I move to join him when Mey whips out an arm to stop me.

“You need to get your fucking shit together.” She spits. I bite my tongue, holding back a retaliation, but soon enough her eyes grow soft. “But I’m also do damn happy for you.”

I’m taken aback. “What?”

“As much as that boy needs someone like you, I think you need him more.” She states. Slowly, my muscles unclench and I’m reminded of why Mey and I were friends in the first place. “That being said, stop bringing your fucking drama to my club. I swear to god that I will hit you upside the head, I don’t care if you’re and alpha or an assassin or what, but I owe your mama that much.”

I snort. “Thanks Mey.”

“Yeah, yeah. Now go find that boy and make things right.”

I smile and go to do exactly that.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you guys think!

Hit me up on tumblr @bookstakemetoootherworlds!
It had been several weeks since the incident on Halloween—weeks where the colorful leaves that had once adorned the trees fell to the ground and became a crunch beneath my boots, weeks where the air grew sharp and scraped at my cheeks in the morning as if testing its new claws. Weeks in which I forgot that I was just an assassin hired to take out whoever wanted to take out Ciel’s father. Weeks where I forgot that he was supposed to be a spoiled brat and I was supposed to hate him.

Weeks in which I forgot that it had not always been like this.

I used to love my job. Loved the thrill that comes with grabbing death by the hand and giving him a twirl. My time spent at home was born out of pure necessity. I needed to rest, to strategize, to get more supplies. I don’t think I’ve spent as much time at home since I broke my ribs—an injury that demanded I rest longer than I preferred.

Now it seems like every spare moment that I’m not working, I’m at home, and even when I am at work all I’m thinking about is home. And what’s worse is I know it isn’t my loft that’s changed, but rather my attitude now that the loft has a certain occupant. Now I come home and the air smells of ~him~. Smells of apples at sunset and rain against the stars. I’ll come home, breath him in, and immediately seek him out.

Sometimes he isn’t home. He’s at work, or at the club, or with Lizzy—and I suddenly find all appeal my apartment held while I was at work gone.

But.

But sometimes he is home. He’ll be in his bed, laying on his belly, feet in the air, blue eyes scanning a book that he has yet again borrowed. He’ll hear the door click shut behind me and look up, smile cutting dimples into his dimples and I’m ~drowning~.

In the ocean of him I forget. I forget that just hours ago I had been beating a man senseless for information. That his blood is still stuck under my fingernails. That it will probably take a good 20 minutes of scrubbing to get it out again.

So it’s easy to see how it took me so long to notice.

Ciel normally acted like I was a randomly assigned dorm mate that he owed nothing to. Of course in the beginning he skirted around me, was overly polite out of some misplaced sense of indebtedness. However, that only lasted until I accidentally finished the last of Ciel’s favorite cereal and then all sense of civility went out the window. After that, Ciel made himself at home and went about his day
as if nothing had changed. However, several days ago I was about to leave on a mission that would take me away for a couple nights and Ciel was clingy.

“Why do you have to go?” He’d asked.

“It’s my job.”

It was hard enough to leave him as it was, but this was a longtime client of mine and I owed the man that much.

He hovered around close to me the entire time that I packed, looking restless. I’d be lying if I didn’t say that I enjoyed it, but I was concerned about the change in his behavior. I looked up at one point to see him worrying his lip, his scent distressed.

“Hey, I wouldn’t leave you if I didn’t think you’d be safe here.” I told him. The apartment was outfitted with a ridiculous amount of security measures, and since Ciel had moved in, scent blocking technology. I had even arranged with Mey to have one of the club’s bodyguards watch over Ciel the whole time I was gone—not that Ciel knew that.

“That’s not what I’m worried about.” Ciel mumbled.

I raised an eyebrow. Ciel wasn’t one for mumbling.

Now he huffed, his scent changing to exasperated. “Forget it.”

When I came back, Ciel was right at the door to greet me, and not so subtly breathe me in. The act alone practically fried my brain, so much so, that when I couldn’t find my favorite sweatshirt to change into, I honestly thought I was just losing my mind.

“Hey Ciel, have you—"

Ciel looks up from where he had been sneaking away with my coat, his face immediately flushing to a lovely pink.

Slowly, a flower unfurling to reveal petals as pink as Ciel’s cheeks, I feel a soft realization come to me. He’s ~nesting~.

“Don’t take that.” I find myself saying.

Ciel freezes and suddenly all that lovely color is draining from his face.

“I’m sorry, I—“

I rush forward, closing the distance between us, only to stop when Ciel flinches. My anger at Vincent rises yet again within me, but I force myself to exude calmness. Omegas are already extra sensitive around their heats, and considering what Ciel has gone through, he has every right to flinch.

“Why are you apologizing?” I finally ask.

Ciel’s throat bobs, his eyes down, scent wavering in the air and finally allowing me to catch the first signs of heat to it. “I was stealing your coat.” He begins. “I’m sorry, it’s instinctual, I hardly notice that I’m doing it, and you scent, I find it comforting, I just wanted to keep it around me, it’s purely dynamic mumbo jumbo and I should know better but—“
“Know better?”

Ciel blinks. “I’m not allowed to nest at home.”

Rage, unrelenting and a lot harder to swallow down consumes me. Not letting an omega nest? That was unheard of. They needed their nests to help cope with stress, the stress of being more attuned with the scents and therefore the emotions of others. Feeling the pain of everyone around them as if it were their own took quite the toll on a person. They needed the scents of those they trusted around them to counteract that. Not letting an omega nest? That was psychological torture of the worst degree.

“Ciel,” slowly I reach out to bring his gaze back to mine. “I don’t care about that, I simply meant that I didn’t want you using that coat in particular. It’s filthy. I just got back from a mission. It probably has blood on it somewhere.”

Ciel, needing no further encouragement, drops the coat to the floor. Now, holding nothing in his arms, he looks strangely lost.

“I would be happy to get you other things of mine for your nest though, whatever you like.”

Ciel looks up at me through his eyelashes. “I may have already taken some things.”

I laugh and feel the tension spill from Ciel at the sound. “I think I might have noticed that.”

Now Ciel has a shy smile. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” I tell him sternly. “Now, surely there are other things you want?”

Ciel still looks dubious, as if he is just waiting for the rug to be pulled out from under him. “Really?”

I keep my gaze strong and my scent true. “Really.”

***

A strange contentment fills me as I march from Sebastian’s room, my arms full of articles of clothing that have me basking in his scent. Slowly I get to work placing them just so around my bed.

“I’m going to grab us a pizza, you going to be okay here?” Sebastian calls.

“Mmhmm,” I say, not even bothering to turn around and risk losing the perfect layout I have planned in my head.

Sebastian snorts and says he’ll be back. I really feel like a deadly assassin shouldn’t snort so much. That being said, when he comes home and finds all the pillows and even some of the cushions missing from the couch, he snorts again.

“I should have known,” he states, a fondness in his voice that has my omega preening despite the fact that ~I~ want to die.

“I got your favorite flavor, cheese and spinach,” Sebastian states, finally moving from where he had stood in the doorway to set the pizza down on the counter. “But I have a little surprise for you too.”

I turn around from where I had been grabbing us a couple of plates. “Oh? Another bloody coat?”
Sebastian rolls his eyes. “Ha ha.”

I giggle, than catch myself. God I sound like all those air-headed omegas that need nothing more than a happy alpha. This isn’t me.

“It’s not big, but I think it’s slightly better than a bloody coat.”

Reaching inside his coat Sebastian pulls out a little stuffed rabbit. With grey fuzzy fur, a pink nose, and too big ears that flop over—it is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

“It’s for me?” My voice comes out so fragile that I hate it. I can’t afford to be fragile. Not in this world. Not when there are so many things willing to knock you down just to see you shatter.

“Yeah, I saw it in one of those claw game things in the pizza place. I thought it would make a good addition to your nest.”

An alpha...was helping me...with my nest?

“Ciel?!” Sebastian sounds alarmed. “Why are you crying?”

Huh. I hadn’t realized I was. “Stupid hormones,” I say, wiping my cheeks. I hate to be fragile. I hate it. But I already have my fair share of cracks...

So what’s one more?

Reaching out, I take the bunny from Sebastian’s outstretched hands, and immediately bring it to my chest. It’s soft and warm and smells like Sebastian from where it had been tucked in his coat for the drive home.

Before I can stop myself, I throw my arms around Sebastian. Surprised, he makes a low noise in his throat and then hesitantly wraps his arms around me in return.

“Thank you,” I breathe.

Sebastian settles his nose into my hair and I know he is taking a second to breathe me in, but I don’t mind because I find myself doing to exact same thing.

Too soon, I pull away from him, walking to the cabinet that has the glasses to put a healthy distance between us again.

Sebastian clears his throat. “So, um—what are you going to name him?”

I look at the bunny within my arms once more. “Bon Bon.”

“Let me guess, now you want Bon bons too.” Sebastian says, a wry look in his eye that has me focusing on opening the pizza box instead.

I scoop up a slice of the pizza, humming before taking a bite. “Well now that you mention it...”

Sebastian sighs. “Think the grocery store down the way delivers?”

***

Later, I sit on the counter, legs swinging below me with my new bunny in my lap, content and full. I play with the bunny’s floppy ears when a question that has been bothering me for a while works it’s way up my throat.
“Hey Sebastian?”

Sebastian looks up from where he had been nursing a glass of whiskey, ebony strands painting themselves across his sharp cheeks. “Yeah?”

“How come you’re so good with all this...omega stuff?”

Had he had a mate in the past?

I bite my cheek, instantly regretting the question as Sebastian makes a surprised face. I try to bury my scent as much as possible so that he can’t tell how embarrassed I am, but I can tell that that Sebastian picks up on it anyways, fucking assassin alpha.

“I don’t know if I’d say I’m good, but I guess it’s because my mother was an omega, and it was just her and I growing up.”

My lips part in surprise.

He curls his lips, but the smile reeks of bitterness. “Surprising, huh? Most omegas are married into wealthy families, I should have grown up with a silver spoon in my mouth like you.”

I pause. “What happened?”

Sebastian leans back, dragging a chunk of his gleaming hair behind one ear. “It turns out that her rich husband to be, already had a mate. An omega from a wealthy family that would have been none too pleased to find out that she had been cheated on. As soon as my father found out she was pregnant, he left.” Rusty eyes flick down to swirling whiskey. “It ~crushed~ her.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“Not your fault,” he says, taking a long swig of his drink. “So I guess you could say that it’s because of her that I know what can affect an omega.”

I nod along. It makes perfect sense. Even had I not been an omega, I would have known a lot about them just from watching my mother.

Sebastian finishes his drink and then turns to face me for the first time since sharing his story. “I may know that there are certain weaknesses that come with being an omega,” he begins. I swallow, everyone is always telling me that. That I’m weak. That I need to belong to someone in order to stay safe. “But she also taught me that omegas are ~strong~.” He adds. “Arguably the strongest of the dynamics.”

It’s this, more so than the fact that he let me use his scent for my nest, that he got my favorite flavor of pizza, that he got me Bon Bon, that has something inside me changing. A door that had always been closed, suddenly opening a crack.

***

“He’s holed up somewhere that it will be near impossible to get to him.”

“He can’t stay in there forever.”
“Maybe not forever, but he does have the provisions and connections to disappear for quite a long time.”

“He might have disappeared, but his son hasn’t.”

“Oh, I like the way you think. We use the boy to lure him out.”

“Not exactly...I find myself thinking that simply killing him isn’t good enough. I want him to suffer as I did. I want him to know the pain of losing someone close to him.”

Chapter End Notes

Hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds if you have a question or just want to chat!! I crave validation!
Brownies

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long! This chapter is more of a filler, but I hope you enjoy it nonetheless!!

Thank you to everyone who comments or leaves kudos! It means the world to me!

Slight warning for dark Sebastian in the very beginning!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I’d always found it interesting, the way people still flinch even if they know what is coming. The man below me sees the knife in my hand, sees me lowering it to his already battered skin, and yet his body still convulses as I press the blade hard enough into the skin to part it. Blood falls around the knife while I ask the man, yet again, who he is working for.

“No one!” He screams, head thrashing about since his limbs are currently unable to.

Irritation whips inside me, drives my hand to press deeper into the man’s flesh. “Come on, Rhodes—we both know that isn’t true.”

He squeals in a way that only a man being tortured can. It’s been an hour since I first started the process and the man is seriously starting to hurt my ear drums. I’d wear earplugs if I didn’t think that he might whisper an answer under his breath in a moment of weakness. Well, at least the job pays well enough to get me a nice hearing aid upon my retirement.

The man is still squealing when my phone starts to ring. Wiping my hands on my jeans, I look at the ID and feel my heart stumble in my chest. ~Ciel~. I hadn’t wanted him going out so soon to his heat, but he insisted that he knew the limits of scent blockers. If something has happened to him—

“Shut up!” I snap at the man who is really starting to eat away at my patience. I lean over to grab at his balding hair and give it a good yank, looking into his bloodshot eyes. “If you make a single sound while I’m on this phone call, I swear to God that Emily, the man’s eyes widen even further at the mention of his wife’s name, “will pay for it.”

Once I’m sure that the man understands, I turn away to answer the call, heart pounding in my ears.

“Ciel? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. Why are you whispering?” He questions from the other line.

“I’m on a job, are you okay?” I repeat, awash simultaneously in panic and yet relief at the sound of his voice.

“How fast can you get to Lizzy’s apartment?” Ciel asks instead, completely ignoring my question.

“What’s wrong?” My worry spikes.

“Nothing, I just need you to help distract Lizzy so I can steal some of her stuff for my nest.”
All the tension falls from my shoulders. “What in the actual fuck, Ciel?” I don’t know if I want to scream right now or coo at this absolutely adorable, if terribly exasperating, request. “You couldn’t have just asked her?”

“She doesn’t know I’m an omega remember? Besides, what else are you good for?” His signature teasing smile evident in his voice.

Yeah no, I definitely want to scream. “What part of I’m working don’t you understand?” I ask.

“People can die another day, Sebastian! Consider it a mercy and come help me!”

I grumble a series of complaints under my breath.

“If you come I’ll make some brownies for you later!” His voice sing songs, a tone much too sweet after what I’ve been listening to for the past hour.

“I’m not the one who likes sweets, Ciel,” I remind him, my lips twitching despite the fact that I am supposed to be annoyed by his interruption.

“Oh right, that’s me. Well then I’m making brownies tonight regardless.”

I snort. “Is there anything actually important you need, or should I just hang up?”

Ciel makes an offended noise on the other side of the line. “Fine then. If bribery won’t work, then I’ll have to threaten you instead! If you aren’t here in 30 minutes, I’ll replace all your whiskey with maple syrup!”

“This is the thanks I get for winning you a stuffed bunny?” I groan, already turning back around to eye the one thing that stands between me and an albeit, very demanding, Ciel.

“Bon Bon also loves maple syrup, so chop chop.” With that, the call ends.

I shake my head, smiling to myself as I slip my phone back in my pocket and turn to trade my knife for a gun. Slowly, my steps echoing off the concrete around us, I make my way back over to the unwilling participant of my little info gathering session.

“If you were listening in on that, as I suspect you were, then you know that now we have a time crunch.” I state. The man gulps. “So, if you want to make it back to Emily tonight, you are going to tell me who you work for in three seconds.”

I slide the safety off the run, raising it so that it is level with the man’s forehead. “One.”

“Please! I have a family!”

I roll my eyes at that—as if I hadn’t already known that bit of information. “Two.”

“I just help them launder money, I’m not even involved! I’m a good man, I swear! Please!”

Why does everyone seem to think that begging will work? Then again I suppose that, like flinching, it’s another one of those things that humans can’t help but do when faced with the reality of their own demise. “Three.”

“Gerald Thomas! Its Gerald Thomas!”

I lower the gun, pleased smile on my face.
“He hired me to make his funds look more legit.”

Fucking politicians.

“See that wasn’t so hard was it?” I purr.

The man seems nauseated, but looks up at me with such hope in his eyes that it makes me sick to my stomach too. “So you’ll let me go now, right?”

Before he can blink, the gun is back against his head, bullet cutting a whole through the stupid brains that got him in this mess in the first place. “Not quite.” I mutter.

Hanson Golding, Thomas’ competitor, hired me to both get this information from him and take him out. Rough day for Emily.

I bring my phone back out and call my cleaners; guys who specialize in making all of this mess disappear, which is good because boy did that guy make a mess. My god there is nothing romantic about death. I scrunch my nose and take my stuff to the back of the warehouse where a shower has been installed for just this purpose. I clean off and change into a new pair of clothes, before heading out, stopping only briefly to look at the now dead man as the cleaning crew rolls him up.

“If you make me late, I’m bringing you back to life myself just so I can kill you again.”

Trying not to look like a creepy dude who literally just killed someone, I make my way through the campus until I get to Lizzy’s dorm, Ciel having texted me the address right after he called. I look at the bright paper decorations covering the door and smile for a second before bringing my knuckles up to the wood.

“Yes?” A voice comes as the door slowly opens. “Oh! Sebastian!! What a surprise!” Ciel’s cousin immediately flings herself out at me, and I have to suppress every instinct that I have developed as an assassin to not throw her to the ground just then.

“Hey Lizzy,” I greet, taking in her mild beta scent and briefly wondering why Ciel would want her scent in his nest when he has mine?

“Come in, come in! I’m sure you’re just here to see your boyfriend, but I might as well give you a tour!” Lizzy opens the door wider, exposing an adorable looking Ciel, who sits with his legs hanging off the top bunk of a bunk bed, an oversized shirt falling off one shoulder and almost completely covering up the shorts beneath.

“We’re not boyfriends.” Ciel reminds Lizzy. I try not to take his tone to heart as I look around the pimped out dorm room, complete with fairy lights and posters of k-pop idols. It’s a slight change of scenery from the warehouse in which I had spent my morning.

“Ciel, I don’t care if you prefer guys,” Lizzy says in response, pursing her lips at her stubborn cousin.

“That’s not—”

“Okay! The grand tour!” Lizzy spreads her arms and gives a slight twirl around the room. “The bed Ciel is sitting on is mine, and below that is where Doll sleeps! We’re lucky it’s just us because some rooms have three roommates, can you believe that, THREE roommates in this small place! Yeah, I don’t think so!”
I make eye contact with Ciel, my favorite dimple starting to cut its way into his cheek.

“It’s really nice.” I say once I force my attention away from Ciel and realize that Lizzy has turned to me expectantly. She scoffs, brushing a pigtail over one shoulder. “Sure, pretend like you were paying attention to by room and not my cousin.” She states. My lips part to defend myself, but before I can get a word in edgewise, Lizzy continues. “But now that you’re here, you guys have to join me for 60s party this weekend!”

“A 60s party?” Ciel questions, leaning back on Lizzy’s bed to give her a dubious look. “Like the ‘90’s’ party we went to last semester?”

“That was one time—”

“I wore a scrunchy, Lizzy!” Ciel snaps, face wrinkled in adorable irritation.

“Okay if anyone should be embarrassed it’s me!”

Ciel snorts. “‘When are you going to play the ‘90’s music?’” He asks, voice pitched higher in an impersonation if his cousin. “‘The what?’—‘Isn’t this a 90’s party?’—‘Hahahaha NO!’”

Lizzy puts her hands on her hips, soft beta scent flaring ever so slightly, making me itch to put myself between her and Ciel.

“It was a slight misunderstanding on my part,” she admits, expression looking anything but contrite. “And it would have been fine too, had it been a regular night at the venue,” Ciel adds. “But noooooooo, it was an event for the Cultural Interest Fraternity!”

“You had a great time!” Lizzy declares.

“We were the only two white people there,” Ciel shoots back.

“So?”

“I felt like we were intruding!”

Lizzy throws up her arms at this and turns to look back at where I had been watching this interaction with amusement from the corner. “Make him go!” She pleads.

“Sorry, I don’t think you can ~make~ Ciel do anything.”

I see Ciel sit up a little straighter on his perch from the corner of my eye—my lips twitch.

“Well I guess you two are perfect for each other then!” Lizzy snaps. “You can be old hermits together.”

“I wouldn’t mind that, I like hermits…at least I like hermit ~crabs~,” Ciel chimes in. “I had one named Kalamazoo when I was five.”

“That was my hermit crab, Ciel!”

“Was not! I’m the one who had a Kalamazoo phase!”

“And who do you think taught you that word?”
The cousins continue to argue with one another, and while seeing Ciel being so at ease with someone is fucking with my mind, I remember that I had supposedly been summoned here for a reason. My second mission of the day.

“Lizzy, you never showed me the bathroom.”

Lizzy breaks off whatever retort she had been delivering to Ciel to gasp out loud and turn to face me. “You’re right! The grand tour is not yet over! Come along!”

Lizzy then moves to grab at my wrist and haul me out the door. My mission a success, I make eye contact with Ciel across the room and give him a little wink, not sure if I imagine the slight blush across his cheeks or not.

***

I place the few items of Lizzy’s that I took artfully around my nest. Because I had never made a nest before, I had never been too upset by the fact that I couldn’t. Now, however, I didn’t know how I was supposed to go back to life with Vincent when I knew how much nesting helped me. I wanted to be strong. Stronger than my dynamic. But I still knew that it would be hard. Everything about life with Vincent was definitely not great, but after this? This dream?

Yeah, it was going to be hard.

When we came back from Lizzy’s, I was starving, and Sebastian—somehow knowing without me saying anything—started to pull ingredients out of the fridge for what he explained was his favorite pasta dish. I can’t cook for shit, but I sat at the bar stools occasionally chopping something for Sebastian, who made sure that I knew the proper—safe—way to chop before handing me a knife and then complimenting me on what I knew to be mediocre work. We then sat down at his little table for two by the window and dug in. Me humming with every bite, because goddamn homemade alfredo sauce is good, while Sebastian watched me with an odd sort of pleased look on his face. I wasn’t so disillusioned in thinking that his alpha dynamic had nothing to do with, nothing to do with the way he looked at me as if I was worth something. But it was the way he looked at me as if I was something and not just some ~thing~ that had me thinking. Thinking that maybe Sebastian thought of me as more than just an omega, ~liked~ me as more than just an omega.

Had me thinking about asking him a question.

I sit up on the counter, bowl of brownie mix in my lap, while I slowly use a spoon to clean up the rest of the left over mix by eating it.

Sebastian shakes his head. “You’re going to make yourself sick.” He states.

“I’m fine,” I say, licking clean another spoonful. “I’m pretty sure I have immunity to salmonella at this point.”

Besides, brownies take ~way~ too long to cook and staring at them in the oven is torture.

“I don’t think that’s how it works.” Sebastian states, leaning up against the counter beside me, waiting with me for the brownies to be done despite the fact that he doesn’t even like them. I bite my lip. I suppose now is as good a time as any.

“Hey Sebastian,” I start, rotating on the cool granite countertop to face him.

Warm eyes glance up from where they had been watching the oven. “Yeah?”
I swallow, looking back down at the nearly spotless bowl in front of me, but dragging my spoon along the sparse lines of chocolate anyways. “Um, I know that this is a lot to ask, and that you probably have work and all that, so I probably just shouldn’t ask at all—”

I briefly look up, expecting to find some level of judgment on Sebastian’s face, but only finding cool patience, head tilted as he waits for me to elaborate.

I look back down.

“But, I was wondering if—” My voice catches in my throat. I clench my fists tight and force myself to take a deep breath. “ifyouwouldspendmyheatwithme.”

I look up to Sebastian’s shocked face and feel my heart drop.

“Forget it,” I state, hopping down from the counter, desperately trying to make an escape. “I shouldn’t have asked.”

Of course he doesn’t want to spend my heat with me. Not only is he probably busy, but he has already stated his opinion on omegas. Besides, he already had to unwillingly help me once, so why on earth would he want to deal with that again? I can’t believe I—

Suddenly I am being whorled around to face a black t-shirt that encases a deliciously broad chest. I had always thought that Sebastian had a swimmer’s build. Wide shoulders, ripped arms and legs, without being overly large. Muscles that were honed by real life practice and not in a gym. It all reminds me of how stupid I am for thinking he’d want to be with me, but at least looking at his chest is better than looking at his face—

Gentle fingers nudge at my chin, slowly bring my gaze up to his.

“Ciel, are you being serious?” He asks gently.

I bite my lip. Why couldn’t he have just let this go? Pretended he didn’t hear me like any decent person ought to.

Why did he have to torture me like this?

“Yes,” I breathe, because I don’t think I can make my voice any louder than a whisper when he is looking at me like that.

“But, I could lose control, I could hurt you.”

I glance down, unable to see the fake worry in those eyes. “I asked because I trust that you won’t.”

Why can’t he just tell me that he doesn’t want to? It would be so much easier than all this shit to spare my feelings. Unwanted tears start to well up in my eyes and I curse my damn body for once again betraying me. This is exactly why he is trying to let me down easy. He doesn’t want some hysterical omega in pre-heat on his hands.

I hear Sebastian suck in a breath, and once again try to pull away and escape, but he once again pulls my attention back to him. “Ciel, I’m not hesitating because I don’t want to spend your heat with you,” he explains.

The tears escape and drop gently down my cheeks. “You aren’t?”

His eyes have gone all soft and suddenly I forget how hard the world is.
“I’m hesitating because I want to make sure that it’s ~you~ that wants this, and not just your hormones.”

Now it is my turn to look surprised.

“That isn’t—” I break off, heart fluttering inside my chest. “I want ~you~ to spend my heat with me. Not just any alpha.”

Not any other alpha.

Sebastian’s scent flares and I’m overcome by what is, my first time, ever scenting an alpha being this happy. I’ve scented them being pleased, amused, smug, but this joy? This elation? My knees buckle beneath me, but Sebastian is there to catch me. To lower us both so that we are now kneeling on the floor.

“You’re absolutely sure?” He asks again.

Now I roll my eyes, a giddiness filling me that makes me want to laugh. “I’m sure.”

“You can change your mind, anytime throughout the heat, I—”

“Just kiss me.”

Finally, Sebastian listens.

Chapter End Notes

So yea that 90s party story really happened to me...

Find me on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds!
Before I’m even awake, the blankets that I had swaddled myself in the night before are being shoved unceremoniously off my body. I lie there panting for a second, feeling the familiar fever of heat crawl its way up my body. Under the tented blankets and fairy lights of my nest, the inevitable doesn’t seem as bad, but I know that I am still in for a miserable week...until I remember. I’m not alone in it this time. ~He’ll~ be here with me.

I turn my head to make for Sebastian’s bedroom to wake him up, only to find him already there, watching me, jaw clenched and eyes blown wide. I squeak.

“How long have you been there?” I exclaim, surprised to even see Sebastian so close to my nest when he was normally so good about letting me have “my space”.

“Around an hour or so,” he admits, shadows being cast under his sharp cheekbones from the yellow glow of the lights.

My lips part in surprise. “Why didn’t you wake me?”

By now my scent must be coming in waves, crashing into Sebastian and turning his steely resolve into sand. His scent is already sending me to war with myself. A fight between my mind which screams at me to get away from an alpha when I’m so vulnerable, and my body which is already coming to attention at the smell that is so uniquely Sebastian.

“I didn’t want to wake you,” he whispers, interrupting my thoughts. “You need all the rest you can get.”

I bite my lip.

“Is there anything I can get you right now?” Sebastian asks, seeing as I am too busy blushing to give a proper reply.

I shake my head, willing my body and my mind to obey me. “It’s not too bad yet.”

Sebastian wrinkles his brows at this. “You don’t have to wait ~until~ it gets bad, Ciel. I’m not going to give you a limited amount of help. If you need something, want something, just let me know.”
I blink. Is this what life could be like? As if answering my thoughts, Sebastian leans up on his knees to brush back a strand of hair caught against my forehead, and before I can stop myself, I’m flinching away from him.

I curse to myself as I watch Sebastian’s open expression shut so tight that I can practically hear the locks turn. My lips are moving to say something, anything, but he is already moving to leave me, and suddenly I am deathly afraid of being left. Before, my mind wanted to be as far away from the alpha as possible, but this isn’t just any alpha, it’s ~Sebastian~. I force my heat riddled limbs to ~move~ and I just barely manage to brush my fingertips against his arm and he walks away from me.

“Sebastian!” I cry, my voice sounding disgustingly desperate, even to me—especially to me—as I sit propped up on one arm in a nest that means nothing without him.

He turns to face me, but not before moving himself a good couple feet away from me. “It’s okay, Ciel. You’ll feel better alone. I get it. I’ll be in my room if you need anything.”

His words are so sharp where they used to be soft. They cut against me, against my eyes, until tears well in them.

“Please don’t go.” I say, pressed lipped and pathetic.

Sebastian’s jaw tightens. “You flinched when I reached for you, Ciel.”

“Yes, but—” I try to explain, but Sebastian is already turning away from me. It’s clear he won’t listen when that one action already spoke volumes. I guess I just have to do something else louder.

I lean over, ignoring the waves of nausea at being turned upside down, and grab a slipper shaped like a pig from beside my bed before throwing it at Sebastian. A smug, if weak, smile comes to my lips when I watch it bounce off his head. Sebastian turns around in surprise.

“I’m not afraid of you.” I declare.

A pause.

“But you are afraid of something?”

I collapse back into my nest, pulling Bon Bon to my chest. “Everyone is afraid of something.”

Sebastian remains silent at this before asking “Can I join you?”

My head jolts up in excitement and it must read on my face because Sebastian chuckles, some of the tension leaving his shoulders, as he comes to join me. I watch with crinkled eyes as he tries to maneuver his large body next to mine, carefully trying to not disturb any of the components of my nest. Finally, he nestles himself at my side and I take a deep breath. My nest is covered in things with his scent, but nothing is quite as good as the real thing.

“I like these,” He comments, giving the faerie lights a tap.

I manage a small smile as pride swells within me. “Thank you.”

We remain like that for a while. Two bodies pressed against each other in the simple pleasure of company. My heat is seemingly kept at bay just by his presence for now, so I try to calm myself down and just enjoy. Enjoy the fact that Sebastian is getting his scent all over everything. Enjoy the way the faerie lights make his dark strands of hair gleam. Enjoy the looks he gives me when he thinks I’m looking elsewhere, his gaze soft and wondrous like he is looking at something much more
important than me.

Finally, he says. “Growing up, I was afraid of running into my dad. Afraid that he’d see me in the street and somehow recognize me as the child he left behind. Afraid that he would see me, and see all his reasons for leaving in the first place confirmed.”

I turn my head so that I’m facing him. “He didn’t leave because of you Sebastian, he left because he was a shitty person.”

The heat has made me a little less eloquent than usual.

Sebastian doesn’t seem to mind though. He snorts and turns his head so that he is facing me as well. “I know that now.” He amends. “~Now~ I’m worried about what my mother would think of me.” He closes his eyes a second too slow to be a normal blink. “I don’t think many parents would be proud of their child being an assassin.”

I purse my lips. “You did what you had to. You survived. You made a good life for yourself. I think she would be proud of that.”

I suddenly realize that I am kind of proud of that too.

We fall into another silence. I know my scent must be overwhelming like this, trapped beneath blankets and in such close quarters, but other than a tent in his sweats, Sebastian shows no sign of being affected.

“I flinch because of what I have been taught to expect.” I state.

I can see Sebastian’s fists clench in my peripheral, but he keeps all anger from his voice when he asks. “Do you want to talk about it.”

I ponder this. I don’t. Not really. But want and need are two different things.

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“My whole life, I was raised thinking I was going to be an alpha.” I begin. My voice sounding so small compared to the secret that has grown so big. “My father was ‘sure’ of it, so I didn’t bother taking precautions.”

I pause at this, scenting a flash of spicy anger from Sebastian

“It was a couple days after my 13th birthday. My first heat hit me while I was in the train station. I didn’t know what was happening. Three alphas promised to help me. Took me to a private smoking room. Then attacked me.”

I can hear Sebastian suck in a breath next to me, but my mind is elsewhere. In a smoking room. In a train station. Where I am little and naive.

“I don’t remember a whole lot. The heat haze was strong, and while some may think I should be grateful for that, it’s almost worse. I can’t be sure that I never begged them to take me. If I didn’t ask them to do exactly what they did once my mind was so far gone to the heat that my body just wanted something to help it.”

I take a shaky breath.

“I do remember some things though. I remember saying no. Over and over again like a broken
record. And then pain. I remember pain.”

The warm trickle of tears down my temples brings me back to the present. I blink them away.

“Then the station manager came and they ran away and I went to the hospital and I thought ~finally~ everything is going to be okay. Of course then Vincent got there and well—” I shrug. “You know the rest from there, he was not too pleased with my dynamic.”

***

“Ciel,” I look over to see little sparkles of light moving down Sebastian’s face and it takes me a second to realize that they are ~tears~ that I am not the only one crying.

“I am ~so~ sor—”

“Don’t.” I stop him, an odd sense of peace coming over me. “It’s not your fault.”

“It wasn’t yours either.” Sebastian cuts in, voice sharp and dangerous.

“You’re right.” I admit. “I didn’t realize it at the time. Especially since I had people telling me the exact opposite,” Sebastian lets out a low growl. “But I get that now.”

I turn so that I am completely on my side, facing him, and reach to wipe away at the tears that dot his face like diamonds. “I don’t want this heat to be about what happened then. I don’t want my life to be about what happened then.” I tell him. “I asked you to join me because I trust you, and against my better judgement...I seem to be falling for you.”

Sebastian’s eyes widen and his scent does that weird thing again. All the spicy anger fades and gives way to sweet tangy elation. I smile, and practically feel my own scent wrap around his in return.

“For once, I just want a heat that I can actually enjoy.” I state, before pausing. “Think you can handle that?” I raise an eyebrow in challenge, feeling light despite the baggage of my past.

~Finally~ Sebastian manages to give me a smile. A small, but wicked thing, that has his canines digging into his lower lip. My breath catches.

Before I can comment, he rolls so that he is propped above me, careful not to put too much pressure that I feel trapped. “Ciel, I am going to give you the heat you deserve.” He states, leaning down to breathe against my neck before placing a kiss there.

My breath hitches.

“All your memories of past heats are going to be gone.” He places another kiss on my neck, this time closer to my scent gland. My chest rises and lowers in frantic pants. “All you will know is this.”

At that he pulls my scent gland into a gentle bite that has me throwing my head back. I let out a low whine and feel my cock grow instantly hard, slick flooding between my thighs.

“Jesus,” I gasp.

Sebastian pulls away to give me a look full of sin. “Not quite.” He says.

I roll my eyes, a smile threatening to take over my lips, when the sight in front of me makes me lose sight of myself. Like this—hovering so close and yet just out of reach, inky black strands lit gold beneath the lights, trailing down across his face, casting shadows over those umber eyes so warm they almost seem to glow red, muscles flexed as he holds himself above me—he’s the most beautiful
thing I’ve ever seen.

I can feel my mind slipping beneath the waves of heat.

I wiggle beneath him. The pain—the ~need~—going from tolerable to painful in an instant. I push my hips up into Sebastian, a small noise escaping me at the unrelenting hardness that meets me there.

“Ciel?” Sebastian questions, his scent growing aroused which only plunges me deeper beneath the waves. “It’s bad now?”

I nod, biting my lip.

“Okay, um. I’ll go get stuff.”

For once, Sebastian actually sounds nervous but I’m too out of it to appreciate it. He moves as if to leave me and my heat addled brain is ~not~ having it. I reach it to grab his arm, clamping down with a surprising amount of strength if the shock in Sebastian’s face is anything to go by.

“Don’t leave me,” I whisper, suddenly feeling crushed beyond repair at the thought of him leaving. Immediately, he is by my side again, fingers combing through my hair, soothing the headache that throbs beneath my temples.

“Baby, no.” He breathes, voice shaking. “I’ll be back.”

“No need.” I manage to gasp out, my heat getting worse and worse every second. “I’m on birth control and I definitely have enough slick to not need lube.”

Sebastian purses his lips for a second at that before another wicked grin comes to his face. “We’ll see about that.” He declares.

“What—“

Before I can finish that question Sebastian is slinking his way down my body. His fingers pause at the hem of my shirt, and when I give a quick nod, it’s gone. Suddenly those rough fingertips are trailing all over my chest. The soft swirls sending shivers down my legs and trembles around my tummy. He traces my ribs, murmuring something that sounds like ‘too skinny’ but before I can comment on that, those tricky fingers reach my nipples.

I gasp out loud, body arching off the bed.

“Sensitive,” Sebastian remarks, voice sounding coy despite the fact that his scent gives away his less that aloof feelings.

He circles those calloused finger tips around the soft pink flesh that surrounds the nubs, occasionally stopping to give them a flick. I am a panting mess beneath him.

“Sebastian...” I whine. “Now is not,” I pant, “the time for foreplay.”

Sebastian leans down over me, in a move that makes me think he is finally going to strip himself down, only to give a flash of elongated canines that goes straight to my already pulsing cock.

“There’s always time for foreplay,” he states, right before taking my nipple into his mouth.

That feeling. The feeling of his hot mouth, those soft lips, the sharp canines. It sends me right over the edge.
I cum gasping out Sebastian’s name, grinding into his knee, clenching at the blankets of my nest, and
suddenly all of Sebastian’s actions feel like carefully placed cards. A full deck. Standing tall. That
just came toppling down.

I’m so lost in my own world, so trapped beneath the layers of my heat, that I almost don’t catch it.
The slight growl. The increase of his own scent, filling my head and instantly making my body
desperate for more.

And I smile at the knowledge.

“Might as well well take off those pants now that they’re ruined,” I comment, an innocent look on my
face.

Sebastian looks at me with pure longing just then. “You’re trouble.” He finally declares.

I give a weak laugh. “You’re just now realizing that?”

Sebastian shakes his head before leaning down to place the smallest of kisses on the tip of my nose.
“We can’t all be as smart as you.”

My heart flutters.

Sebastian smiles down as me before sitting up once again and my eyes grow wide when I realize
what he is actually doing this time. Throat dry, the heat haze coming back full force after it
momentarily subsided, I watch as Sebastian first pulls his sweater over his head, revealing a chest
that looks like the sculpted body of a demigod, before his fingers drop to the waist of his pants. There
he hesitates, giving me a quick glance with hooded eyes, before the material drops away and his
generous erection is springing up, finally freed from its cage and already hard again.

“Oh,” I breathe. Never before had a dick looked so goddamn ~lovely~. It’s sheer size alone has me
licking my lips and squirming where I lay, the heat starting to pull me back under again.

Sebastian chuckles, his scent swelling with pride, and it is all too much. Any control I had is gone. I
~need~ that beautiful cock inside me right now.

“Sebastian,” I wine, feeling neglected even though he’s been right there the whole time.

Sebastian is instantly above me, worry in his eyes, as I absently realize that tears are streaming from
my own. “Ciel?”

For some reason that word sounds familiar and the sound of it on his lips makes everything so much
worse. My body responds and I’m left biting my lips through a wave of pain. “I need you,” I breathe.
“Alpha.”

The alpha above me —my alpha— responds in kind, scent flaring and causing another wave of
sweet torture to crash over my body. I gasp, taking gulps of that delicious scent. His hands are on me
now, a life preserver amidst the ocean of heat, and I cling to them, head rolling to expose my throat
as they climb down my body.

I let out a high wine, body flying off the bed when my alpha finally reaches my throbbing cock and
wraps his big hand around it, giving it an experimental tug. He pumps his fist up and down while he
lowers the other hand where my body so desperately needs it. Slowly, he runs a single rough finger
around my entrance, spreading the generous amounts of slick that lies there. I find myself panting
because there is simply ~not enough air~.
My head spinning, I let out a low moan when I feel that single finger slide past my entrance. I clench around the digit but it’s not enough not enough ~not enough~.

“Alpha,” I wine, my voice sounding foreign to my own ears. “I need you,” I sob. “I need your cock, I need your knot!” I beg. My body feels excruciatingly empty without it, I can’t take it anymore. Putting all my strength into the motion, I look up so that I am meeting a pair of warm umber eyes, tears spilling down my face and catching on my lips when I say, “Please.”

For a second, my crazy nose picks up what smells like heartbreak, but I quickly push that aside, focusing instead on the alpha who is so cruelly denying me.

“I know, baby.” He says, eyes glittering for some reason. “I know.”

I wine and wiggle, trying to push that single finger further inside me, to no avail. It’s ~not enough~. My body feels like it is turning against me and my alpha is doing nothing. I throw one fist to my mouth so that I can bite down on something to help with the pain, and don’t when my teeth break the skin there.

“But I don’t want to hurt you.” He continues. I want to argue that I am already hurting ~right now~ but he continues before I can find the will to mouth those words. “And I don’t want you hurting yourself either, so—” he breaks off looking away to pull my fist from my mouth, his scent wavering with complexities that I can’t sort it right now, before he looks back up to me with a layer of cold glass over his eyes. “STAY STILL.”

An alphas command. I shiver and feel myself go slack at the words, pleased to listen to my alpha.

I lay still as the finger inside me finally begins to pump in and out, the slick pooling around it until I barely feel when he adds a second. I moan loudly when those two fingers reach the depths within me and finally curl, hitting something inside me that has my vision whiting out.

“Sebastian!” I cry, feeling momentarily confused until I remember that’s ~his~ name. The name of my alpha. I roll it over my tongue, whispering it like a mantra as he scissors the two fingers inside me, stretching me so deliciously and yet still ~not enough~.

My voice hitches when he adds a third finger. “Please, Sebastian!” I plead, wiggling my hips again.

The fingers still within me, one hand coming up to yet again grasp at my cock. “What did I say about moving?” He questions, his voice a growl that has my heart stumbling.

“Not to,” I mumble petulantly, his voice helping to part the haze for me.

“That’s right, love. Now I’m going to add a fourth finger, think you can handle that?” He questions.

I nod frantically. Toes curling.

“That’s it baby,” he croons as he slides the next finger in. “You take me so well.”

I shudder at the praising words from my alpha, wanting to ride into his hand, but refraining since he bid me not to. Instead I gasp and pant, as he works the fingers deep inside me, slowly stretching me out. I am finally starting to adjust when the fingers are sliding out, leaving me empty. I feel a whine coming when a pair of lips are being pressed into my own. I open my eyes to find those familiar gorgeous red ones looking down at me with such softness that any protest dies in my throat.

“You did so good, baby boy.” He breathes, hands combing through the hair which had become plastered to my forehead. “Are you read for me?”
My eyes flick back down to his beautiful engorged cock that sits at attention between his legs and my whole body trembles in excitement. I nod.

“I need you to say yes, baby,” He states, thumbs now moving to wipe at the tears staining my cheeks.

I close my eyes shut, my heart pounding loudly in my ears, before I open then again to the adamant adoration in front of me. “Yes.” I breathe.

My alpha grins, his scent flaring happy and spicy all at once around me, before he is dipping down to place another kiss upon my lips. I lean up into it, fingers coming to tug at his hair before he pulls away to slide back down my body.

Stretching my legs out wide, he places a kiss on my toes, at the bone of my ankle, my calf, my inner thigh, before giving a big lick to my shaking entrance. He momentarily works his fingers in once again, making me want to scream, but then finally—finally— I feel his head at my entrance.

I clench my eyes as my body tenses, panic coming over me for some reason that I can’t quite remember. I brace myself for the pressure, the pain, but all the comes is a slight touch on my chin, coaxing me to look up.

“It’s okay, Ciel.” My alpha tells me. “It’s me, it’s Sebastian.”

“Sebastian,” I echo, and suddenly everything, every bit of fear and worry drains from my body. It’s ~Sebastian~ and I ~asked~ him to be here. He won’t hurt me.

“Yes, baby.” Sebastian states. “Now just relax.”

He gives me a small smile and I watch his face as he slowly slides into me. My body, well prepped both by nature and by him, accepts his length without complaint. His face is tense with restraint when he finally bottoms out, and as I feel no pain, no discomfort, only a glorious fullness, I realize that this is how it’s meant to be.

“Move,” I finally gasp out.

Sebastian, needing no further encouragement starts to plow into me with earnest and all that pain from before is washed away, replaced with wave upon wave of pleasure. My legs wrap behind Sebastian’s and my arms come up to twine in his hair. I chant a mixture of his name and alpha in a prayer as he worships my body, kissing and nipping all along the scent gland in my neck in a way that has me wish he would bite down for real. That he would claim me.

For a second I am so stunned by my own thoughts that the heat haze is lifted, at least until Sebastian finds that spot inside me once more—and then hits it again and again and again—and my mind is completely gone.

By now I am a blubbering mess, babbling away a string of nonsense while Sebastian continues to pound into me. At the feel of the knot slowly beginning to grow at the base of his cock, I can feel my own climax coming swiftly upon me.

“Claim me,” I state.

Sebastian’s eyes, which had been lidded in lust, widen and turn to look at me fully, and the weight of that gaze alone is enough to send me over the edge.

I shudder around him, walls clenching tight and moaning his name, breath hitching as he growls and
follows me, emptying himself within me while his knot plugs me up.

We lay there panting, as the waves of pleasure slowly disappear, taking the overbearing heat with them until it’s just a small ember within me. Sebastian rolls us, his knot still trapped within me, until we are both on our sides, my back pressed up to his chest while his arm is tightly wrapped around me. I feel myself smile at the protectiveness.

“Thank you.” I say, my voice finally sounding right as I come back to myself. The morning sun has begun to rise outside, casting our silhouette against the wall, a shadow of entangled limbs that seems to echo my entangled thoughts.

“Why are you thanking me?” Sebastian asks, breath hot against my neck while he draws patterns into my bare skin. “Surely I have been rewarded enough.” He adds, hips twitching to remind me of his cock which remains embedded inside me.

I snort, hearing the teasing smile in his voice. “Fine, I’ll keep my thanks then.”

Sebastian huffs, stirring the hair on my neck before resting his chin on top of my head. He hesitates a second before asking, “How are you doing?”

I can feel the deep rumble of his voice against my head just as clearly as I can feel the worry in it. I bite my lip. “I’m good, the heat has pretty much worn off for now.”

Sebastian hums in response, seemingly appeased by my answer, but this close I can feel that he is still too stiff, that his scent still has lingering hints of worry to it.

“~You~ did good Sebastian.” I continue, his fingers pausing their ministrations. “You were perfect.” I add, my voice quiet enough that I hope he won’t hear.

Only he does, stupid bastard.

I can feel the smile in his lips when he presses a kiss against my head, his scent flaring with pride. “Thank you,” he murmurs.

Now it’s my turn to huff. I roll so that my face is almost entirely pressed into the pillow and close my eyes, willing sleep to take me away. “Yeah, yeah. If I can’t give any thanks, then neither can you.” I grumble.

“Oh alright.” Sebastian concedes, his fingers picking back up where they left off.

I feel my body relax against his, with his fingers and the weight of his arm and the solid heat of his chest against mine, it’s not long before the strain of my heat catches up to me and I’m being pulled under, but not before I feel another kiss at the top of my head followed by a whispered, “Did you mean it?”

Chapter End Notes

SO???? What do you guys think????

hit me up on tumblr @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Falling

Chapter Notes

You guys.

Thank you SO MUCH for all the amazing feed back from last chapter.

I literally cried.

I'm sorry that this chapter took even longer to get out. Please blame my boss! Thats what I did anyway!

Please enjoy this filler, some what crack-y chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I cling to sleep. Cling to the fantastical dreams that it gives me. I don’t want to wake up. I don’t want to lose this soft feeling. I don’t want to lose him.

Slowly, reality tugs at my consciousness and drags me away from images too sweet to ever be true. Sunlight pierces at my eyes, but they remain closed in stubborn denial. I take a deep sigh of resignation, only to freeze. That scent. Unless it has somehow carried over from my dreams…My eyes shoot open to find myself, not in my bedroom, but in a nest. A perfect nest. His scent, like apples in the night and black tea in a mug and soft rain on dried leaves, catches my breath. My lungs are so full of ~him~ that I don’t want to let it go.

It wasn’t a dream.

And that means he actually asked me to claim him.

~In the throes of heat~ I remind myself bitterly.

Surely he didn’t actually mean it? I mean, it was in the middle of his heat. In the middle of us having sex, for fucks sake. Of course he asked for it. He could barely even remember that it was ~me~. I feel a pang in my heart at that, my arm tightening around Ciel to pull him even closer to me. He’s still facing away from me, back to my chest, soft breaths escaping his parted lips, curled into a ball that makes him look much too small and delicate. I start. How long have I been asleep? How long have I left Ciel in this vulnerable state while I took a goddamn nap?

Immediately, I launch out myself away from Ciel, careful not to disturb him, padding down the stairs to give the air a cursory sniff. I don’t smell any other alphas, but I am hardly about to trust my nose when it is still full of delicious, omega heat scent. I go to the front door first, opening it slightly to get a whiff of the hallway before closing it and locking it tight. I grab one of my sweatshirts from the coat rack, rolling it up and shoving it beneath the crack of the door to limit any of Ciel’s scent from escaping. Logically, I know that this is good enough to protect Ciel, seeing as I have set alarms all over the building, but my alpha side is not convinced. I rush over to the mail table, picking it up so that it doesn’t scratch along the floor and wake Ciel, before propping it up against the door.

There, I think with satisfaction.
I turn around after admiring my handiwork to look for any other potential points of entry. The windows on the entire west wall aren’t able to open and are bullet proof, a necessary precaution considering my business, but they are still wide open currently. No one should be able to lay eyes on Ciel while he is in heat. I quickly rush over to the remote for the blinds, only satisfied when they are closed as tightly as possible.

That leaves the emergency exit in my bedroom, another necessary precaution of the business. I stalk my way to the door hidden by a row of clothes in my closet to repeat the same process as last time. After checking that no scent lingered outside, I lock it up tight and slide the deadbolt into place. I then look around for something else to roll up under the crack beneath the door and settle on the sheets of my bed. Ripping them off, I bunch them up and shove them into the crack; I’ll pick my comforter off the floor later. I then look around for another piece of furniture to shove against it. I’m about to start lifting my dresser when the scent of distressed omega hits my nose like an upper-cut.

“Sebastian?” A soft voice calls, but I am already moving.

I’m at his side in an instant, hands running all over him checking for injuries, my heart breaking when I see tears in those baby blues.

“Ciel? What’s wrong? Are you alright? What happened? Are you hurt?” The questions come tumbling out of my mouth as I wait in agony for him to answer me.

“You were gone,” he says simply, already pulling himself back together.

I curse myself as I watch the sight. How dare I leave him? Physically, it’s very hard for omegas to not be near an alpha when they are in heat, but emotionally? After last night? To wake up alone and vulnerable? “Ciel, I am so ~so~ sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

Ciel sniffs. “Obviously.”

That answer, that is just so quintessentially Ciel, has my heart clenching in another wave of absolute love for this boy… and of fuck, I really am in deep aren’t I?

“So,” I say, running my fingers through those silky locks. “I’m sorry.”

Ciel, for some reason, gives a small smile at that; one that has my heart tying itself in knots. “I’ll forgive you, I guess,” he drawls, voice teasing. “but if you weren’t thinking, what ~were~ you doing?” He asks.

At this, I remember what I had been doing prior to this conversation and feel my hand come up to rub at the back of my neck. “Well—”

***

My arms wrapped around Sebastian’s neck, I survey the sight in front of me. I ~told~ Sebastian that I was fine to walk, but after one step on wobbly legs, Sebastian scooped me up and carried me bridal style to the source of his shame. A front door that looks like it’s ready to combat a swat team.

“Is there a zombie apocalypse I don’t know about?” I ask, finding it hard to be exasperated when Sebastian’s strong arms are wrapped around me and my face is tucked close to his scent gland.

Sebastian hangs his head, his scent wavering with slight embarrassment. “I wanted you to be safe.”
My heart stumbles at this and it suddenly occurs to me why they call it ~falling~ in love. “I suppose I can’t fault you for that,” I state quietly, feeling a blush up to my ears.

Sebastian chuckles, a low laugh that rumbles against me and makes me want to purr. “Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find plenty of other faults in me,” he states, moving away from the door.

“Like the fact that you don’t like maple syrup?” I ask.

Sebastian sighs. “I would personally contest that one, but sure.”

I grin, legs swigging as they peak out from a sweatshirt that Sebastian loaned me. “Or the fact that you wear all black—”

“For practical reasons that—”

“Or,” I edge, cutting him off. “The fact that you haven’t taken any rut medication yet.” I say, a self-satisfied smirk on my lips when I see Sebastian’s eyes widen. Alpha’s ruts are a lot easier to dispel with medication than an omega’s heat because, of course, everything is easier for an alpha.

“Fuck,” he curses. “How did you—”

“You pushed a table against the front door,” I remind him.

“Ah.” Sebastian purses his lips. “You got me there.”

I give a soft giggle.

“I was heading to the bathroom anyway, so I’ll go take one right now.” Sebastian states. “I thought I’d ask how a bath sounded?” Sebastian questions, moving us through his bedroom, where I take note of the bed with a stunning lack of any bedding, before we emerge in the bathroom.

“Sounds amazing.” I breathe, already fantasizing about how good a bath will feel right about now.

Sebastian gives me a small smile before setting me on the edge of the tub. I shiver at the feel of the cold porcelain against my skin as he starts the water and then goes over to pull a bottle of, what I assume are pills to stop a rut, out of the cabinet and pop one.

“Thanks for the reminder,” he says, turning back to face me, a serious look on his face. I can already tell that Sebastian’s current train of thought is about to go off the rails, so I open my mouth to stop him before he can begin.

“Don’t be.” I state. “You would have caught on eventually.” I tell him. “I trust you.”

And the weird part is; I do.

Sebastian looks taken aback by having his runaway train suddenly commandeered, and looks away to instead check on the bath. I watch as he checks the temperature of the water several times over the course of the tub filling and feel a strange emotion coming over me. An unfamiliar one. I know I haven’t felt it before, but something about it feels like a ~yet~. I haven’t experienced it ~yet~ and this is just a glimpse into a future that I desperately want.

Sebastian checks the temperature once more before adding some Epsom salts to the water. “This should help with any soreness,” he remarks, giving me a softly coy look and that has that feeling coming back stronger than ever.

It’s our first heat together, my brain is practically drowning with heat hormones, and I know better
than most that everything must come to an end. I ~know~ all of this. And yet, once the idea comes to my mind, I can’t get it back out again.

Because, hypothetically, if Sebastian were to claim me, then maybe I could feel like ~this~ every day.

“Ciel?”

I startle from my thoughts to see Sebastian looking at me with slight concern.

“Yeah?”

“I never got a chance to ask you earlier, but how are you?”

I blink. “I’m fine.”

Sebastian’s eyes narrow. “Ciel, you’re in the middle of a heat, I don’t expect you to be fine, so you don’t need to lie to spare any feelings on my part.”

I freeze.

Hypothetically, I remind myself.

Unable to stop myself, I reach forward until my hands are grasping either side of Sebastian’s face. I feel the scratchy stubble that grows there, run my thumbs across it, survey the humid drops of water from the bath that collect on the lashes that surround those unearthly eyes.

“Sebastian.” I state, my voice echoing around the tile of the bathroom. “This is—by far—the best heat I have ever experienced.” I tell him, catching and grabbing onto that flicker in his scent that makes me weak in the knees. “So please, believe me when I say I’m fine, because with you, I know that I always will be. That I’ll be better than fine.”

His scent flickers once more, but before I can try and understand it, his lips are on mine.

I’d never much liked kissing before Sebastian. It felt to me like such a violent act. Alphas and Betas, they were always looking to take something from me. And they kissed like that too. They kissed like they were stealing something from me, and when they left I could never quite tell what it was, but I knew something was missing.

Sebastian kisses like he wants to give me something. Like he has a secret that he can’t wait to share. And he wants to share it exclusively with me.

My breathe grow heavy under his ministrations.

His secrets are always different. Sometimes they are hushed words of pain or pleasure. But right now, as his fingers skim my ribs as he lifts the sweatshirt from my arms, his lips whisper words of love.

And that’s how I know that I can’t trust my heat melted brain.

Regardless, I let myself bask in the shared secret. Our lips breaking, only momentarily, for Sebastian to lose his own clothes.

My fingers explore his chest. Tracing the muscles and scars that lie there. Mapping out this life that has somehow led him to me.
Slowly, Sebastian is picking me up and lowering us both into the water. Here, our touches slow, change from desperate to tender. I can’t even seem to mind when I let out a long purr under Sebastian’s long fingers as they scratch at my scalp to lather shampoo into the stands that lie there. Even when Sebastian freezes at the sound and gives a low rumbling sound of pleasure in response.

I feel myself go boneless in the warm water, my heat slowly starting to creep up on me again. Sebastian washes me from head to toe, probably—definitely—giving every inch of me more attention than is necessary, but he quickens the pace when he undoubtedly starts to scent my heat making its return.

“We still need to get some food into you,” he murmurs, as he climbs from the tub to fetch the both of us some towels.

“Pancakes?” I ask hopefully when he scoops me up and wraps me in a deliciously fluffy towel that smells like him.

Sebastian gives me a small, exasperated smile. “You need some real food, Ciel.”

I huff as he takes the towel from my hands to quickly dry me off, but am placated once he helps me slip back into the sweatshirt that also smells wonderfully like him.

“I wasn’t aware that that food could be “fake”’ I remark, watching with hungry eyes as he pulls a pair of sweats up his perfectly sculpted body.

“Ciel!”

I slowly draw my eyes away from that gorgeous bulge in those grey sweats, to meet the face of a slightly panicked Sebastian.

“None of that!” He chides, shielding himself from me like a catholic school boy. “You need to eat.”


“Really?” Sebastian questions. “And it doesn’t involve maple syrup?”

I nod, “Yup.”

Sebastian looks at a loss now, not expecting this to be so easy. “Okay...then, uh, what would you like?”

I smile devilishly and point to that mouthwatering bulge again.

Sebastian throws his head back and groans. “Oh my god.”

He turns away from me and starts pacing the length of the bathroom. “Lord, give me strength,” he mutters after a glance back to where I’m sitting.

Seeming to steel himself, he marches back over to me and scoops me up. “Come on Ciel,” he says, but his voice is nearly lost on me as I bury my nose into his neck. I take a deep breath of the scent that lies there and feel my mind go fuzzy as a result.

“Hey stop that!” Sebastian chastises, struggling to adjust me now that I have gone completely dead weight in his arms.

I giggle, letting my head fall back so that I am watching everything pass by upside down. “You smell good.” I tell him.
“And you smell even better.” Sebastian replies. “But you have to eat.”

I remain upside down, but quickly start to feel nauseous at the sensation. I squirm around and let out a small “help” until Sebastian rights me back up.

“How about you watch something while I make us some food, how does that sound?”

“I’m not hungry, Sebastian!” I whine, pulling at the sweatshirt because it is starting to get way too hot.

“I know, baby.” Sebastian rests a hand against my forehead and curses to himself. “What would you like to watch?” He asks, really pushing the subject when I could care less.

I take a moment to fight back the waves of heat crashing over me, before I know exactly what I want to watch. “Harry Potter!” I shout.

Sebastian looks taken aback by my sudden yelling. “What?”

“Harry Potter Harry Potter Harry Potter!” I chant in different voices until I can’t remember why I’m saying it any more.

“Alright, I can make that happen.” Gently, he sets me down on the couch and I instantly collapse so that I am laying down, face digging into the cool leather of the sofa. “Do you need anything, Ciel?” He asks, brushing hair away from my face.

“I’m hot.” I state, because even if his touch feels so good and cool, I feel like I’m burning up inside.

“Okay, I’ll go get you a t-shirt and a cold wash cloth.”

Sebastian moves to leave and even though I reach out to stop him, he’s too fast. And now I’m all alone. I’m alone and I have to take care of myself.

When Sebastian comes back he freezes at the sight of me, his adam’s apple bobbing. It takes me a second to realize that it’s because I’m naked, having removed the sweatshirt—after much struggling—by myself.

“Ciel,” he groans.

“Why don’t you want me?” I ask.

“Oh Jesus.”

“Is there another omega?” I question, tears coming to my eyes at the thought.

~Finally~ Sebastian is at my side. “Ciel, no. Never.” He’s saying, brushing something cold against my forehead.

“Then why are you pushing me away?”

Sebastian works his jaw for a second before an idea seems to strike. “Because it’s time to watch Harry Potter!”

I blink, the tears slowing. “Oh yeah, you’re right. Harry Potter isn’t sexy. We’ll wait.”

Sebastian let’s out a long sigh. “Exactly.”
Sebastian gives me a soft kiss on the head before gently helping me into the oversized t-shirt, laying the clod wash cloth across my head, and then moving to put on the movie.

“I’ll be in the kitchen, making some...popcorn!” Sebastian calls once the opening credits start rolling.

“Excellent idea!”

The movie starts with familiar music and I find myself mouthing along to the words. At one point I look up because the scent of Sebastian’s contentment is so heavy in the air, only to find him watching me from the kitchen.

~His popcorn must be going well~ I think to myself.

Finally, he is joining me on the couch, allowing me to practically sit in his lap as I curl up next to him. Only, instead of handing me popcorn, he hands me a couple of scrambled eggs and a big thing of water.

I blink. “This isn’t popcorn.” I state

“You’re right, it’s even better.” Sebastian says, giving my nose a soft tap.

I shrug and dig in because he’s not wrong.

“Eat all of it for me,” he comments when I start to slow down half way through. And so I do, my omega jumping at the chance to please my alpha.

“And drink all the water,” he adds once I finish eating. I huff, but do what he says, seeing as he already finished his food long ago.

As soon as I take the last sip of water I am all over him.

Every inch of my body is in agony. I wiggle my hips, grinding them into that hard heat below me, but it’s not enough. I feel as if I’m burning from the inside out.

“Please Alpha,” I manage to spit out.

A low growl rumbles somewhere below me and suddenly I am on my back, glowing red eyes and elongated canines scraping at sinful lips, hovering above me.

“Tell me what you need Ciel,” he growls.

“You,” I gasp out.

A bruising kiss, a secret of desire, is pressed into my lips until suddenly the body from above me is gone. I’m about to look for him when I feel long fingers pushing the t-shirt up my chest. I whine when the rough palms slide against my hard nipples and arch into the touch, but the hands are already gone.

By now the pain is too much. It’s excruciating. Tears stream down my face until I feel a demanding tongue lick at the precum that threatens to spill from my cock. I gasp.

Slowly, the tongue becomes an entire mouth, hot and wet in a way that has me screaming. Screaming for him to stop. Screaming for more. Finally, I feel a digit wavering at my sopping entrance, until finally one finger becomes four that are pumping in and out of me, curling to hit that spot inside me that has my vision whiting out as I cum down his throat.
My alpha growls at the scent of my release before taking his time cleaning me back up. He laps at my cock first, before his tongue climbs higher. Slowly, he cleans my whole body, tongue lapping at my ribs, my neck, my cheeks, before finally slipping into my mouth. I greedily take everything he is giving me until it becomes not enough and too much again.

I am about to start begging for his knot, when I feel the soft press of lips against the tip of my nose. I look up into eyes like crisp red wine.

“Sebastian,” I breathe.

“Yes, Love?”

“I need you.” I state.

“You have me.”

With that, Sebastian slides his way back down my body. His fingers give another cursory stretch to my needy entrance, before he is sliding inside me. I arch into him, gasping at the sensation of all the pain melting into intense pleasure. It’s a feeling that I would gladly burn for.

And boy if that isn’t exactly what it feels like.

Sebastian begins to pound into me in earnest, the loft filled with the lewd sounds of leather soaked from my slick and our panting breaths. The flames continue to rise higher as I tumble down lower and lower. Like this, it’s so easy not to care, even if I have surely fallen so deep that these must be the flames of hell itself caressing my skin. Such a warm welcome. They ask how my fall was in slithering voices, nipping and kissing at my flesh, but I tell them not to worry. My decent into hell was easy.

And now I can spend forever with him.

“Claim me!” I cry out, opening my eyes to a pair of rubies that meet my own.

“Ciel—”

Ciel? Who is that? ~That’s you~ the flames supply. Oh yeah. I’m Ciel. And he’s Sebastain. Sebastian who let me stay here. Sebastian who gave me Bon Bon. Sebastain who checked the water temperature multiple times to make sure it wouldn’t be too hot for me. Sebastain who I…Love.

I’m not just falling.

I’ve fallen.

This knowledge pushes me over the edge and I cum panting out Sebastian’s name, purring when he follows suit and fills me with his own release. We lay panting, wrapped in each other, and I can’t help but think that if this is hell, then I am happily damned.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Sebastian

Tumber: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
I'm sorry this so late! (again) But school and work are kicking my butt! But enjoy this slightly long chapter! Even if it is a bit crack-y.....

Also check out this amazing art by Novamisu!!!!!!!!!!! https://novamisu.tumblr.com
THANK YOU

TW: mention of rape and abuse but no details! Literally just a quick mention!

My heat was close to ending and thusly I wasn’t nearly as desperate to be knotted as I had been in the beginning. But Sebastian seemed determined to change that.

“Sebastian!” I whine, shivering at the feeling of his breath at my entrance.

“Yes, Peach?” The bastard asks, looking up at me from between my legs, the pet name making my toes curl.

“Stop fucking messing about!” I cry.

“And where’s the fun in that?” he questions, dipping down to place a soft bite into my thigh, one to join the others that litter my collar, my chest, my ankles.

I moan at the feeling of his teeth across my skin, bucking my hips into his touch. If only he would place that bite on my—

“Please!” I beg, forcing my thoughts away from the image of Sebastian claiming me.

Sebastian places those big hands on my hips, pressing them into the mattress, forcing me to be still. “Ah, ah ah. Not so fast.” He chides, dipping his head back down to my entrance. “I may have been able to devour you,” he drawsl, finger swirling around my entrance. “But I want to ~savor~ you.” With that, his tongue comes out to give a long and languid swipe across my entrance, scooping up the plentiful amounts of slick that had pooled there. My breath catches as I arch into the touch.

“Mmm,” Sebastian breathes, head raised just enough so that I can catch his heated gaze between my thighs. “Delicious.”

I groan and throw my head back onto the pillow, unable to look at him any longer without completely coming undone.

Sebastian drops his head back down, thumbs needing into my hips as his tongue swirls around. “Tastes so sweet.” He comments, the words brushing against my skin. “So tart.”

I wriggle my hips, trying to get that tongue to go further.
“I just want to eat you up.” Sebastian states, tongue now moving to probe at my entrance.

I mewl at the sensation, at the knowledge that it is ~Sebastian~ who is touching me like this. Making me feel like this. Only to let out a whine of protest when he pulls back again.

“God, you sound so beautiful. You ~are~ so beautiful.”

My heart stumbles in my chest at those words, but before I can make my lips move, Sebastian is back between my legs, tongue starting to work inside me and shattering all coherent thoughts I might have had.

“Alpha!” I cry, mind desperately trying to keep up with everything that my body is feeling.

Sebastian growls from between my legs, sending little vibrations inside me. It’s enough to send me over the edge.

“I’m going to—”

Before I can finish that sentence, one of those cursed hand shoots out to wrap around the base of my cock.

Tightly.

“No you’re not.”

My mind and body are sent reeling.

“I want us to cum together.” Sebastian, my alpha, states. “Can you handle that?”

I frantically nod as Sebastian slides his way up my body, grip still tight around my cock.

“You’re so good, baby,” he tells me, lips coming down to meet my own.

I arch into the contact, lips desperately moving against his. He pulls away, scent loving and sweet, but eyes all fire. He nips at my jaw, my nipples, my hips bone. Adding even more bites across my skin. I love it. I love the fact that he’s marking me. That he’s all over me.

His teeth make their way back down my body until he’s between my legs again. This time, it’s his finger that pushes at my entrance instead of his tongue.

“Fuck.” He growls as his finger forges inside. “Look at how you open for me.”

I whine, unable to look, but also unable to feel anything else.

We both hiss as a second finger joins the first.

“You take me so well,” Sebastian groans, my omega preening at all the praise. “So perfect.”

Soon enough, two becomes three and three becomes four, until I’m a panting mess and Sebastian’s arousal is thick around the room like a humid day.

“Ready, Ciel?” He asks, lined with my entrance.

“For you—always.” I find myself saying in response.

Sebastian eyes flash for a second with something I can’t quite catch and then he starts to move and my entire universe becomes ~him~. He’s all around me and he’s inside me and it feels so right.
Because it is ~him~.

Sebastian bottoms out and then stays still long enough for me to adjust to his considerable alpha size, before I start to grow impatient with him and snap at him to start moving.

Then his hips are snapping, and mine are rolling, and we are both a panting mess—breathing each other’s names. I cum embarrassingly fast, but it’s okay because this time Sebastian is right there with me. His knot connects us together, so Sebastian rolls so that I am lying comfortably on his chest, listening to his heart rate slow down as mine does the same.

I measure how I’m feeling and am both relieved and disappointed when I don’t feel any more of the heat haze in the back of my mind. On one hand, I want my heat and all its discomforts to be over. But, as I’m lying on a warm chest, with big arms wrapped around me, and fingers combing through my hair, I realize that I don’t want ~this~ to end.

“Thank you,” I murmur, because the only reason that this heat was tolerable at all was because of him.

The hand in my hair stills. “Again with this thanking me after sex.” He comments. “I mean, I know I’m good in bed, but this just seems like a bit much.”

I huff. “You know it’s far more than that.” I breathe.

Sebastian remains silent for another moment before the hand in my hair picks back up where it left off. “I know.” He admits. “But I also don’t think you should have to thank me for that either.”

Tears, unbidden, come to my eyes. I squeeze them shut to keep any from falling on his chest, to hopefully keep him from noticing. But it’s just so damn hard when I’m faced with the realization of just how hard I want ~this~. This life.

Of just how hard I want him.

***

I don’t ask him about the claim thing. It’s unfair. All omegas want to be claimed during heat. And he doesn’t even remember asking.

***

“Oh god, 20 missed calls from Lizzy,” I groan upon seeing my notifications. “Think she’ll believe my phone was dead for—” I glance down at the date—“five days?”

Sebastian shrugs and continues drawing circles into my skin, the morning light spilling around his shoulders. “Just say you were with me.”

I ignore the way my heart flutters at the sight of him, reaching to pull Bon Bon to my chest in his stead. “Then they’ll be ~forty~ missed calls.” I say with sigh. “I need to go see her in person.”

“Okay, if we leave soon we might be able to beat the traffic.” Sebastian states, moving to get up from my nest, the blankets dropping to pool at his hips, revealing what is just truly, a ridiculously perfect body. So much power, and yet he stills instantly when I give his shoulder a light touch.

“Whoa there,” I chide. “I think its best if I go alone, lest Lizzy become convinced that you’ve kidnapped me and have been keeping me in a cage somewhere.”
Lizzy was prone to going straight to worst case scenarios.

Sebastian scoffs. “If anyone has been kidnapped, it’s me.” He states, giving me a glance that starts out innocent enough but quickly turns predatory. “But the idea of ~you~ keeping ~me~ in a cage is certainly one to be explored further.”

I give an unruly lock of his hair a sharp tug. “Pervert.”

“Ow!” Sebastian cries, rubbing at his head dramatically. “This is abuse.”

I roll my eyes. “You are literally a trained assassin.”

Sebastian, the bastard, keeps up the dramatics and pretends to wipe away a tear. “And yet here I am, in an abusive relationship.”

We both freeze, Sebastian looking at me with clear, wide eyes and parted lips.

“A relationship?” I venture, my heart doing that stupid fluttering thing again.

Sebastian looks down and then back up at me. “Is that what ~you~ want it to be?”

I freeze, eyes dropping to stare at my fingers as they nervously play with Bon Bon’s ears. I think that’s what I want it to be. What I want ‘us’ to be. But what if he doesn’t feel the same way?

“I wouldn’t...~mind~ that.” I state, eyes finally glancing back up to Sebastian, steeling myself for his rejection.

Now Sebastian raises an eyebrow, gaze turning amused, scent sweet and earthy. “You wouldn’t ~mind~?”

My ears burn. “I didn’t—”

Sebastian holds up a finger, cutting me off. “Then I guess I wouldn’t ~mind~ either.” He says, voice unnecessarily aloof.

I huff, tossing Bon Bon to the side. “Stop it! I’m no good at this!”

He smiles, canines catching on his lower lip. “I know.”

I glare.

“Because neither am I.” He adds in a placating tone, leaning in close enough that I can feel his breath on my lips.

Under the warmth of his gaze I slowly feel my exasperation melt away. I may not know exactly what I want, but I know I want him.

“I guess we can suck at this together.” I whisper half-heartedly, because when he is this close to me all my mind can think of is ~him~. His scent, his eyes, his lips.

Said lips crack into another smile. “Oh, I don’t know. I think we did enough of that this past week.”

I let out a cry of indignation and shove Sebastian away, disappointed when he barely moves an inch. “Pervert!” I declare.

“Maybe,” he concedes, still smiling way too much. “But am I a pervert that you wouldn’t ~mind~
going on a date with tonight?”

I still, my anger fading away yet again. “~Maybe~,” I copy.

“So then, I’ll ~maybe~ see you here tonight at 6?”

I’m grinning now. “Maybe.”

***

“Ciel, what in the living fuck?” Lizzy yells as soon as she opens her door where I am nervously pulling at the turtleneck I wear to hide all of the marks from Sebastian.

I wince. “Hey Liz.”

She pulls me inside and slams the door. “Don’t you ‘Hey Liz’ me! I thought you were dead!”

“I—”

“And then there’s the fact that I couldn’t reach your parents either! Like, Jesus! What’s a girl supposed to think?”

“That we were busy?” I try, because I can’t exactly tell her that I was in the middle of heat and my parents are god knows where avoiding someone who has it in for Vincent.

Lizzy gives me a sharp glare. “Too busy for ~me~? Yeah, I don’t think so bitch.”

I wince again.

“I’m sorry Liz, Dad got pulled into a work thing in Shanghai and dragged Mom and I along. We didn’t have any service.”

Lizzy studies me for several long seconds that definitely take years off my life until her eyes finally warm again. “Did you bring me anything?”

I let out a choked laugh of relief. “Uh yes, I forgot it at my house though.”

What the fuck does a present from Shanghai even look like?

“Ugh, it better be something good!” Lizzy declares, green eyes narrowed at me. “After everything you put me through!”

“It’s ~amazing~.” I state, because I obviously hate myself.

“Good.” Lizzy huffs, falling dramatically back onto her bed. “God, you are so lucky to have Vincent as your dad.” She says, legs kicking slightly from where they hang off the edge of the bed.

I freeze at that, thinking.

Thinking about the scar in my eye. The fist thrown a little too hard. The family ring forgotten about until it cut into my iris. My mom’s panicked voice. Thinking I would go blind. Having to be reminded of that incident every time I look in the mirror.

The fact that Lizzy doesn’t know about any of it and how I intend to keep it that way.

“Um, yeah.” I reply, hands opening and closing as if reaching for something that I will never get
back.

“I swear, I got the wrong sibling for a parent.” Lizzy continues.

And thank god you did.

Lizzy lifts her head up long enough to give me a questioning look, before she pats the bed next to her.

I pause for only a second before I move to stretch out beside her, staring up at the poster of Harry Styles that’s taped above her bed.

We lay like that for a while. Stretched out side by side, hands entwined, legs hanging in the air. It’s always times like these that make me wonder how she would react if I told her the truth. Would she treat me any differently? Would she stop looking at me like Ciel her cousin and instead look at me like Ciel the omega? Ciel the omega that is abused by his dad? Ciel the omega that got raped?

In some ways, I think her pity would hurt a lot more than Vincent’s hands ever did.

As if sensing my thoughts, Lizzy speaks up again.

“So, clearly I’m not the ~first~ person you saw when you got home.” She states, head turned to give me a knowing look.

I freeze.

“Missed your lover boy that much?” She edges.

“I—”

Lizzy gives me a playful smack on the arm. “Come on, Ciel. Don’t lie. I know betas don’t have as good of a nose as alphas or omegas, but even ~I~ can smell Sebastian on you.”

Damn. I was hoping she wouldn’t notice exactly because she ~was~ a beta.

“Well, what about you?” I question. “Still seeing that Claude guy of yours? I can smell him on you too.”

I wasn’t going to mention it, exactly because I thought betas couldn’t scent it, but if she could smell Sebastian then I could smell this Claude fellow too.

“Yes I am.” Lizzy states, looking haughty. “But we’re not talking about him, we’re talking about you.” She pauses for dramatic effect. “You and ~Sebastian~.”

Fuck. I was hoping she’d go off on Claude.

“He, uh, picked me up from the airport.” I lie, turning my attention back to Harry Styles.

Lizzy smirks. “So? Going to deny that he’s your boyfriend ~now~?”

“He was my Uber driver?”

I get another smack for my efforts.

“Ciel, why can’t you just admit that you like him? He is obviously crazy about you.”

I pry my gaze away from Harry to focus on a pair of green eyes. Eyes almost more familiar to me
than my own. Eyes that watched me get pushed into the sandbox in kindergarten. Eyes that sought out the kid responsible and then pushed him right back. Eyes that watched me with pride when I was the valedictorian our senior year of high school. Eyes that held no judgement when I then seemingly rejected all offers from colleges in favor of ‘learning the family business’. The eyes of my cousin and my best friend.

“I like him.” I admit in a whisper.

I think I more than ~like~ him.

“I KNEW IT!” Lizzy screams in response, springing off the bed.

My hands fly up to cover my ears.

“I FUCKING KNEW IT!”

“Why are you screaming?” I yell, my ears still covered as I sit up to watch Lizzy dance around the room, kicking over her roommate’s pile of laundry.

“Why am I screaming?” She asks, turning to give me an incredulous look. “WHY AM I SCREAMING?”

“Yes!”

“Ciel, this is the first time you’ve liked someone since William Curl in the third grade!”

I think back on that. William really was a cutie. Too bad he grew up to be a huge asshole.

“So?” I question, failing to see how that somehow called for my eardrums to be split.

Lizzy stomps over to me, hands clamping on my shoulders. “This is your first adult crush, Ciel! Your first ~serious~ crush. The first crush that you might actually have a viable future with!” She punctuates this by giving me a little shake. “We have to celebrate! I am talking about drinking enough champagne to forget why we are even drinking champagne in the first place! My roommate is visiting her family this weekend, so it’s perfect!”

I wince, already regretting what I’m about to say.

“I can’t tonight,” I mutter. “I hate a date with Sebastian.”

There is a split second where I think that the gods must have smiled on me and she didn’t hear.

And then that second is over.

“A DATE!”

My hands fly back to my ears.

“Ciel this is the first fucking proper date you’ve ever been on and I am just ~now~ hearing about this? Where are you guys going? What are you going to wear? Who pays? WHY THE FUCK AM I JUST NOW HEARING ABOUT THIS?”

“Liz!” I cry. “He just asked me about it today! Calm the fuck down, or I swear to god I will throw your present in the trash!”

A present that is currently nonexistent, but she doesn’t need to know that.
Lizzy gasps and snaps her mouth shut loud enough to make a noise. “You wouldn’t.”

“I would. You know I would.”

Her eyes widen, the both of us remember Christmas 2005.

“Fine.” She huffs, sitting back down next to me on the bed. “But I want it on the record that you suck.”

“Duly noted.” I mutter, wondering why in the hell the universe loves to punish me so much.

“But—” Lizzy ventures.

I groan and fall back onto her bed. “Harry, can you please save me from this hell?” I ask the smiling poster.

“Honestly, Ciel. And you call me a drama queen.” Lizzy grumbles, laying back down, but this time on her side so that she can stare at me.

“This is coming from the girl who said, and I quote, ‘I have on my read receipts just so people know when I’m ignoring them,’”

“First of all, I don’t need you to call me out like that. Second of all, don’t think you can distract me into forgetting what we were talking about.”

I sigh and fling an arm over my face. “~Fine~.” I groan. “No, I don’t know where we’re going, I didn’t ask.”

“You didn’t ask!” Lizzy cries.

I move my arm just enough to glare at her.

Lizzy gives me a sheepish look in response and makes the motion of zipping up her lips.

“But I thought I’d wear that blue sweater you gave me, because you said it, ‘matches my eyes’—”

“It does,”

“And those dark jeans that you say, ‘hug my ass’—”

“They do.”

I spare her another pointed look, but this time she just smiles.

“Alright. I approve.” She states. “There’s just one more thing I need.”

“Oh?” I question. “And what’s that, your majesty—Queen of Drama?”

Lizzy throws a pillow at me for that, but continues. “I need Sebastian’s phone number.”

I throw the pillow back at her and smooth my hair down from the static. “You just want it so that you can threaten him.”

Lizzy gives me a sly grin that creates quite the contrast with her low styled pigtails. “I guess you weren’t the valedictorian for nothing, huh?”

I scowl at her, but consider the request. Consider ~Sebastian~ trained assassin, Mr. Scary man that
he is, being threatened by ~Lizzy~, and start to grin despite myself.

“You know what? Go at it.” I say, picking up my phone to send her his contact.

“Yay!” She squeals.

I finish sending the message and check the time, feeling a small jolt when I see that it is just past four. “I better get going, Liz.” I state, sliding off the bed.

“Get going so that you can get ready for your DATE.”

I sigh, yet again, and look up at the ceiling. “The universe truly does hate me.”

“The universe may hate you, but I loooooooovvvvvveeee you,” Lizzy coos from the bed, attention now focused on her phone as she undoubtedly starts thinking about what to send to Sebastian.

“Yeah, yeah,” I mutter, shuffling my way out of the room.

“Bring my present next time!” She calls as I shut the door behind me.

***

“I refuse.”

“Oh, come on!”

“No!”

“Ciel, it’s dead. It can’t hurt you.”

Ciel gives me a flat look over the small two-person table that we currently sit at. “I wasn’t worried about it hurting me.”

“The what’s the problem?” I ask, distracted by the way the light from the candle, that apparently all classy restaurants have, catches in Ciel’s eyes.

“It’s a sea bug Sebastian! A. Sea. Bug.” He declares. “It’s not meant to be eaten.”

I roll my eyes at this, absently thinking about how I must have picked up the habit from Ciel. “It’s a lobster, Ciel.”

Ciel glances down at the plate of lobster that currently sits in front of me with disgust. “Sea. Bug.”

“People have lobster all the time!” I argue.

Ciel shakes his head at this, hair catching in that damn candle light. “It has a shell for reason.”

“Yeah! The reason being, it needs a defense mechanism against superior predators who know that lobster is delicious!”

“Or,” Ciel edges. “It’s a ~sea bug~ with a literal exoskeleton—”

“Defense mechanism.”

“Like any other insect.” Ciel shoots me a glare. “Besides, you don’t see chickens walking around with fucking body armor.”
I nearly choke at that. “Oh my god.”

“Because chickens are meant to be eaten.”

“Now is a great time to tell you how passionate I am about animal rights.” I reply with a smirk. “I’m actually thinking about becoming vegan.”

Ciel gives me another glare. “Besides the fact that you are, literally, trying to convince me to eat a lobster at this very moment—I’ve seen you eat an entire pig’s worth of bacon in one sitting.”

I shrug and pick up my wine glass, giving it a meticulous swirl. “It’s a recent development.” I tell him. “I want to be better for you.”

Ciel does his classic eye roll. “Better my ass.” He mumbles, grabbing for his wine to take an undignified swig. “Alright then,” he says upon swallowing, my attention still rapt on his delicate throat, memorizing how it moved. “If you’re bettering yourself ~for me~,” he pauses just long enough to give me a sharp look. “Then you won’t eat that lobster.”

I look down at the mouthwatering dish in front of me; all bright red, melted butter falling off to one side, steam still curling up and carrying the scent to my nose.

“Fuck me,” I mutter in turn, because I basically walked myself right into this.

Ciel wipes the smirk off his face to instead look aghast. “Why Sebastian! It’s only the first date!” he cries. “It’s my understanding that you have to wait until at least the third for that to happen.” With that he gives me a wink before taking another sip of wine, and because I must truly be a masochist it only makes me fall for him all the more.

I was worried, at first. About how tonight would go. I spent all day at Mey’s place trying to ignore how wrong it felt to be away from Ciel after spending nearly a week right by his side, while Mey went over the basics of courting. I knew that I had no fucking clue how to actually court someone, but Mey only made that all the more obvious.

In the past, I had only hooked up with people. In hookups, I knew where I stood. I knew that I was wanted for my looks, my body, my scent. But with Ciel, I have no fucking clue what he wants. If he even wants ~anything~. After everything he’s been through, I wouldn’t blame him if he did want nothing.

But then I came back to my loft and the entire place smelled like ~him~ and when I turned the corner he was there, wearing a sweater that matched his eyes almost perfectly, dark jeans that hugged his slim form, and a smile that made all my worries disappear. A smile that returned when I drove us to the place that Mey recommended and his eyes lit up in a way that made my alpha purr and my heart soar. A smile that turned shy when we sat down to order and he tried to order the goddamn cheapest thing on the menu, and blushed endearingly when I called him out for it and told him to order whatever he wanted. A smile that made me want to do everything to get it to stay.

Because he deserves everything.

And fuck me if I didn’t want to be the one to give it to him.

“What’s the matter Sebastian?” Ciel asks, breaking me out of my reverie. “Cat got you tongue?” he asks, lips tilted into a coy smirk.

And maybe it’s the wine or maybe it’s (probably) just how perfect Ciel looks in that fucking candle light, but I find myself blurting out. “I like cats.”
Ciel lets out a short little laugh. “What?”
“Cats.” I state, because I made my bed and now it was time to lie in it. “I like them.”

Ciel has an amused smile on his face now. “Alright.”

“They’re just.” I shrug. “Cute.”

“Cute.”

“Yeah.” I reach for my wine and take a large gulp. “What about you? What do you like?”

And thus, we spent the rest of the evening just talking about things we liked. I learned that Ciel liked dogs (because they were so loyal), and The Office (because who doesn’t), and cello music (because he was forced to play the violin). Ciel learned that I also liked The Office (because who doesn’t), and that I liked piano music (because my mom could play piano), and lobster (which I told him pointedly while ordering a different dish).

I had never been on a real date before, at least not one where I cared, but at the same time I knew that no other date could compare to this. Compare to the way Ciel’s eyes lit up with mirth as I told the waiter that I would like to order another dish. Compare to the way Ciel closed his eyes and gave a slight little hum at his first bite of the desert we ordered. Compare to the way he would try to distract me (that man over there has a gun!) while he stole an extra bite of said desert.

It was perfect.

At least until I got a text on my phone.

“Why is Lizzy threatening to cut off my balls and then make me play a game of dodgeball with them?”

Ciel chokes on his water.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone for all the support!!! I literally make the most ridiculous face every time I see I got a comment or kudos! (Like seriously, its ridiculous) I couldn't ask for better readers!!!!

Also sorry about the continue ~~ as italics, I tried the little trick for it, but I just have no idea what I'm doing

Tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
YOU GUYS ARE LITERALLY THE BEST READERS A GIRL COULD ASK FOR <3 <3 <3

Thank you so much for all the support! It seriously means the world to me!

Also, I'm sorry if this chapter has any mistakes! If you couldn't tell by now this work is un-beta'd so its a bit of a mess!

Time to slowly ease back into the plot!

“Do you have a masochistic streak that I should know about?”

I look at Ciel and find myself thinking that it is well and truly unfair how good he looks under the fluorescent lights of the Asian supermarket.

“No, it’s just been quiet lately—”

“Too quiet?” Ciel interrupts, a mischievous glint in those gorgeous eyes.

I try to give him a look of annoyance, but by his cheeky smile, I know that all that comes across is my blatant adoration for this boy.

“I know you’re saying that just to be a pain.” I state. Ciel gives me an innocent look as if to say, ‘who, me?’ before turning his attention back to the array of Asian spices. “But it has been too quiet.” I state, momentarily distracted by the sight of Ciel absently mouthing the names of the spices as he reads them. Damnit, this is not helping my focus. “I thought Vincent going into hiding would propel whoever is after him into doing something drastic to lure him out, but so far—nothing.”

And it doesn’t sit well with me.

Ciel shrugs, pulling a spice down to look at the ingredients, only to purse his lips when he finds that, yet again, all the information is in Chinese. “Maybe they gave up.”

“If they gave up, I’ll gladly take up where they left off.” I comment, making Ciel shoot me an unamused glance. “But that being said,” I continue. “Most people don’t just ‘give up’ on killing someone. If they were willing to take a life in the first place, they must have a good reason for doing so, and therefore aren’t likely to give up as soon as it gets tough.”

“I suppose you’re right, but the Undertaker?” Ciel asks, expression pained as if remembering his previous visits there.

“He’s crazy, but no one has their ear to the ground quite as much as he does.”

Ciel mutters something that sounds unkind about the undertaker and his ears, before placing the spice back on the rack and giving me a pointed look. “Enough about Vincent, which of these spices looks
like it could cost way more than it does? I promised Lizzy a good gift and she expects it tomorrow, which does not leave me enough time to get something online.”

“Does she even like cooking?” I question dubiously, thinking that it was quite unlikely Lizzy had ever had to cook something for herself in her entire life.

Ciel purses his lips. “No,” he admits. “But she does like showing off, so if I can pass off one of these off as some ‘rare delicacy’ in Shanghai, then she will be more than pleased.”

I know better than anyone that all of Ciel’s omega scent is hidden beneath layers of scent blockers, having checked them myself that very morning, but in times like this I swear I can almost pick up their phantom presence. Times when Ciel looks lost in thought, those blue eyes deeper than any ocean, plump lower lip pulled beneath teeth, hair tucked behind an ear—it’s as if his scent is there, curling around me, pulling me in again. The scent of rain and peaches and flowers that bloom in the night. Its irresistible.

But then again, maybe that’s just him.

I force my attention back to the shelves of spices, eyes passing over them until I see one with an all-black label and gold writing. I pick it up, double checking that it doesn’t have a lick of English on it, before showing it to Ciel. “Here, black and gold are classy as hell. No English means she’s none the wiser.”

Ciel snorts, eyes crinkling in a way that fucks with my heart. “God, I’m a terrible cousin.” He states, even as he adds the spice to his basket.

“Lizzy is lucky to have you in her life,” I tell him as he continues down the aisle.

Ciel shoots me a doubtful glance over his shoulder. “You’re just saying that because you don’t want to go to Claire’s later to find a pair of earrings to also be from Shanghai.”

“In my defense,” I argue as we get in line behind an elderly Japanese woman stocking up for what looks to be a homemade ramen, “I don’t think anyone over the age of 16 ~wants~ to go to Claire’s.”

Ciel turns to give me an absolutely blinding smile. “I know, it’s perfect. Lizzy hasn’t gone in there since she was 15. She’ll never know where the earrings actually came from.”

Before I can reply, we get called up the register where the cashier in question seems completely confounded by the two of us. To be fair, as two white men of comically different heights, we did stick out a bit, but Ciel pays this no mind as he whips out his card to buy the spices.

I let a comfortable silence fall over us until we get back to the car.

“Anyone would be.” I blurt out.

Ciel pauses buckling his seatbelt to tilt to look up at me with a question in the tilt of his head.

“What?”

“Anyone, Lizzy included, would be lucky to have you in their life.”

A couple seconds tick by, we sit in the car staring at each other, silent except for our breaths and the muted sound of traffic. And then Ciel is smiling, and abandoning his seatbelt, and leaning across the center to reach for me.

And we are kissing.
All of the elderly Asian patrons walking by be damned.

***

“Are you going to be weird about this?” I ask, hesitating to get out of the car as I survey Sebastian. His hands are tight around the steering wheel, but his scent isn’t as turbulent as it could be, so I take that as a good sign. “No,” he bites out.

I sigh. “That didn’t exactly sound convincing, Sebastian.”

Sebastian, still looking straight ahead and not at me, clenches his eyes shut and takes a deep breath. “It’s your job, and I know that. But I also know that it isn’t fair that you have to do it, and know that the only reason you are doing it is because of your piece of shit father,” he pauses, finally turning to look at me. “And I know that it must be terrifying for you to be around all those alphas.”

Now, it’s my turn to take a steadying breath. I excepted jealously. I didn’t expect this. I settle back in my seat, turning so that now I’m the one staring straight ahead.

“It’s not fair,” I concede. “But people like us know all too well that life isn’t.”

If it was, then the one man in my life who was supposed to protect me, wouldn’t be the very thing that I am most afraid of. If it was, then Sebastian wouldn’t have had to live a life in the slums, protecting his mother when the world should have protected him.

“That doesn’t mean it’s any easier to accept,” Sebastian mutters, scent watered down with melancholy.

“No.” I breathe. “I won’t lie to you and say I wasn’t terrified.” I admit. “At least at first.” I look at my hands and remember those first couple months. Shaking so violently I would make myself sick in the bathroom. Mey rubbing my back and telling me that I didn’t have to perform. That I could be her assistant or something. But I knew. I knew that I did have. If I wanted to make enough money to get my mom and I away from Vincent, permanently, then I needed more than an ordinary job.

“But,” I add, breaking myself out of my own reverie. “In a way, it helped. I couldn’t stand to be in the same room as an alpha before. Now, thanks to some, admittedly extreme, exposure therapy, I can.” I smile to myself at this. When I was 13, I never could have imagined this. Imagined sitting in a car with an alpha and feeling more than just fine—feeling safe.

I turn back to face Sebastian, a shy smile on my lips. “It’s because of this job that I was able to meet you.” I state. “Properly, at least.”

Sebastian smiles back and me, and I realize in this moment, just how surprisingly thankful for this job I am.

It gave me this.

“While I think it’s amazing that you see the silver lining in this,” Sebastian starts, reaching to brush a stray strand of hair from my eyes. “I still don’t think those other alphas deserve to smell your scent.”

I snort, rolling my eyes. ~This~ is what I expected. “Oh? And you do?”

“God no.” Sebastian states, making my smile grow even bigger. “But, for some reason, you seem willing to share it with me. So I’ll take what I can get.”
I laugh, feeling lighter than I ever thought possible.

“But you’ll be there right?” I ask. “I’m going on at 11.”

“Of course. I don’t plan on being at the Undertaker’s any longer than necessary.” He admits, both of us quickly glancing at the clock to see that it read 6:58.

“Then know, that everything I do tonight will be for you, and you only.” I state, watching as Sebastian’s eyes darken through my lashes, his scent turning sharper in the car as we both lean into each other.

“And the masses of other alphas?” He asks, tongue coming out to swipe at his lips.

“They don’t matter.” I assert, feeling the heat from Sebastian’s breath on my cheeks. “Because tonight, I’m going home with you.”

With that, the gap between us closes. His hands hold my jaw as mine tangle in his hair. I let myself get lost in it for a second, before I remember that I am going to be late for work. I give Sebastian’s lower lip a sharp nip, one that has him groaning as I pull away.

“See you tonight,” I call, hopping out of the car to run to work, a smile on my face.

***

Because I must truly be a masochist, I decide that the boiled Gatorade couldn’t possibly be as bad as I remember it to be, and so I take a cautious sip.

And immediately spit it back out.

“What in God’s name was that?” I yell.

The Undertaker, who had been throwing dirt into the fire to make it smell more ‘authentic’ turns to look at me, a crazed smile pulling at the scar that curves across his face.

“Something the matter?” He asks, pulling himself off the floor and once again revealing the ridiculous combination of neon booty shorts, thigh-highs, a crop top, and a skiing jacket.

“Yeah.” I state in a clipped tone. “What the actual fuck ~is~ this?”

The undertaker tosses his long hair over his shoulder before sitting down across from me and taking a long swig of his own cup. “Oh this? Well I ran out of Gatorade, so I just heated up the next best thing and added some blue food coloring.”

“And the next best thing was?”

“Tequila.”

“Yeah that sounds about right,” I mutter, turning to put down the cup of poison. Which is saying something considering I have truly been poisoned on several occasions in my life.

“You don’t like it?” He questions, bangs covering what is definitely a malicious glint in his eyes.

“~No~, can we just—” I shake my head, wondering how on earth I actually thought this was a good idea. I’m stuck here while Ciel is surrounded by all those alphas…no. I can’t go down that road. I know Mey wouldn’t let anything happen to him. But that fact doesn’t stop the way my skin itches at the thought of all those horny alphas getting off on the scent of him. Of what is mine.
Or what I hope to make mine.

I clear my throat. “Listen, you know why I’m here.”

“Not for a personal visit,” The undertaker laments. “Never for a personal visit.”

Yeah, Ciel might be onto something with this masochist theory.

“Stop serving me hot, blue tequila and then maybe we’ll talk.” The Undertaker sits up like an excited puppy at this, while I mentally groan to myself. “Now, what have you heard in regards to Vincent Phantomhive?”

“Don’t you have other jobs, Sebastian?” he drawls, re-crossing his legs in a manner that reveals way more of the man’s thighs than I ever wanted to see.

He was right though. I did have other jobs. But none were proving quite as tricky as this one.

And none were quite as important.

“I’m not asking about my other jobs, I’m asking about this one.” I grate.

“Hmm, yes. This one involves the Phantomhive boy. It’s easy to see why he would change things.” I clench my fists, unwilling to reveal anything that could be used against me to him. I’m not his only client after all.

The Undertaker studies me, and despite my well-practiced mask, whatever he sees seems to pull the man back to reality, or at least as close as he ever gets. “Honestly, I haven’t heard anything,” he admits. “Vincent vanished and seemingly so did whoever had it out for him.”

My jaw clenches. “I don’t like it. You don’t just give up on killing someone. Whoever they are, they’re planning something. And the fact that they are taking their time can’t mean anything good.”

The Undertaker sighs and takes another long gulp of his warm alcohol. “Tell me about it. It’s so much easier when they get sloppy.”

But they weren’t being sloppy. Not this time. No, they were planning things out very carefully.

The only good thing about all this planning, is that it meant whoever is after Vincent had probably figured out that Ciel, Vincent’s only son, was not the best leverage to draw him out of hiding. While he was the most obvious choice, a main factor to me offering him a place to stay in the first place, some digging would reveal that Vincent didn’t care about his son as much as the rest of the world would think. As much as he ought to.

At least one good thing can come out of Vincent being an awful father.

“I see,” I drawl, standing up. “Let me know if anything changes, will you?” I ask, placing a couple hundreds by my abandoned drink. I make my way to the door and shrug on my coat when the Undertaker’s surprisingly sober voice, reaches me.

“And Sebastian?” I turn to see a glint of those shockingly green eyes peeking out from behind silvery strands of hair. “Something, or should I say someone, has been surprisingly quiet of late too.”

I stand frozen, already knowing but having to hear him say it nonetheless.

“Claude.”
Fuck.

***

The club was busy tonight, but I didn’t mind. Not when I knew Sebastian would be here soon.

Never the less, all the other omegas were really giving me the runaround. Because I was the most popular scent performer, they seemed to think I could bestow some wisdom upon them. ‘How did you know you wanted to be a performer?’—when I learned how much money they made? ‘How do you move like that?’—I listen to the music? ‘How do you push out your scent like that?’—I just do? To say I wasn’t being much help was an understatement, but never the less all the other omegas crowded around me.

Even so, I took comfort in their presence. It was nice to be surrounded by other people who knew what it was like to live life as an omega. People who you could feel safe around. So I tried to be patient when another omega, Sieglinde, asked me question after question as I helped do her hair for the night—Alois, the only other male omega at the club and I, making knowing expressions at each other across the room.

Finally, all the other omegas had performed for the night and it was getting close to 11. I stood to the side of the stage, nervously pulling at the fringes on my outfit, when I smelled it. Smelled ~him~. Cinnamon and earth and whiskey.

I hate the way my heart stumbles at the fact.

“And now, alphas, the moment you have all been waiting for.” Mey’s voice comes on over the speakers. “Finally back from his heat—” All the alphas groan at that statement alone, the scent of their arousal spiking in the air, but even with all that I swear I hear a familiar growl.

It makes me smile.

“Datura!” Mey cries, curling the ‘r’ as I make my way onto the stage.

Tonight, a gossamer curtain covers the stage, red lights backlighting my form, so that I am nothing more than a shadow to the audience. Like exhaling a breath I’ve been holding for too long, I let me scent swirl out from around me and smirk when amongst all the groans, I hear the only one I care about.

I step up to my prop for the night. It’s something I have been practicing for a while now. And it only seems fitting that Sebastian is here for the night I debut it. Wrapping my hands around the soft fabric, I give the aerial silks an experimental tug, before I start climbing.

The crowd goes crazy and above all the chaos I can scent Sebastian; his surprise, his worry…his arousal.

I smirk as I make my way up, careful to keep my movements elegant. It’s one thing to just climb the silks, it’s another to make it look sexy.

Once I’ve reached a decent height, I start my first move of the night. Carefully wrapping each of my ankles, I lower myself down into the splits. Being held up by my feet alone, I extend my hands and hold the pose. Alphas throughout the crowd let out choked moans as they spend their release.

I can practically feel Sebastian simmering in anger at the knowledge that all these alphas just came for me. But ~he~ hasn’t. Not yet. And so: I don’t care.
From there, I roll to my right, the silks wrapping around my legs and pushing me into an even deeper stretch. I do this several more times, pushing my body to its limits, taking deep breaths as I hold still. Several more alphas lose their control.

But not him.

I unwind myself slowly, taking time to really put on a show. I may not be an expert yet, but I know how to put on a performance. Now, time to give all these alphas, including Sebastian—especially Sebastian—a run for their money.

Time for a drop.

A rather simple drop, to someone who was familiar with aerial silks, but it still looks death defying to those who aren’t. I set up the necessary wraps, prepped so that I am sitting wrapped up with the silks in my hands, almost like I am sitting in a chair. I wait for a moment, let the audience think that this is it, before I focus in on Sebastian. His scent is wavering, I think he’s onto me. Well, I better get on with it then.

I roll forward, falling out of my wrap and heading for the floor, before I extend my arms and catch myself. There I hang, arms spread, silks trailing behind me, suspended in the air like a fallen angel.

The rush of gravity is nothing compared to the spike in all the scents. The alarm, the surprise, and then finally the arousal. And through it all I scent Sebastian. Scent his worry and then his arousal and best of all, how he is begrudgingly impressed.

But unlike every other alpha, he still hasn’t cum, dammit.

I carefully lower myself back to the ground, feeling put out as I walk off the stage, only to be accosted by a pair of arms and lips pressing to my own, the scent of arousal so powerful it washes over me in waves that go straight to my own cock.

“Sebastian,” I breathe in between kisses, my head swimming as his hands roam all over me like they can’t possibly reach ~enough~.

“I need to be inside you,” he groans into my mouth. “Now.”

My breathe hitches.

“Can I?”

I find myself nodding frantically, by now just as desperate as he is. It’s not my heat. And maybe I don’t know exactly what we are yet. But it feels right.

Not wanting to break apart, but knowing that I can’t scar poor Finny for life, I grab Sebastian’s hand and lead him back to my dressing room. He growls at practically anyone that comes within three feet of me on our way there, but each low rumble only makes me that much hotter. Finally, ~Finally~, we make it to my dressing room and I find myself slammed into the door as soon as it shuts behind us, legs coming up to wrap around Sebastian’s hips so that we can grind our erections together as our lips fight amongst themselves.

“You didn’t cum for me,” I pout, when his lips leave mine in favor is trailing down my neck.

“Wanted to cum ~with~ you.” Sebastian groans in response, placing a particularly hard nip at my neck that is sure to leave a mark later.
My toes curl at the sensation of his teeth so close to where I desperately want them. “So get on with it.” I demand. “Lube’s by the makeup.”

Needing no further encouragement, I find myself being spun around and placed so that my hands are braced against the mirror. Classic glamour lights surround the frame, lighting up my wide eyes and flushed cheeks, capturing the slight ‘o’ my mouth makes when my shorts are unceremoniously shoved down and a slick finger finds its way to my entrance.

I close my eyes as Sebastian starts to push the first finger in, but let out a whine when it is quickly taken away.

“No,” Sebastian states, voice surprisingly authoritative seeing as he was a panting mess just seconds ago. “I want you to watch. I want you to see how gorgeous you are like this.”

I groan at that, but blink my eyes open, starting at the image of me like this. Looking wanton and desperate as Sebastian stands behind me, a devilish smirk on those glorious lips.

“That’s it,” he coos as he slowly slides the finger back in.

Watching myself like this, getting finger fucked as Sebastian slowly works his way up to four fingers, I’d be embarrassed if my mind wasn’t completely drowning in wave after wave of pleasure.

When Sebastian slides all his fingers back out, my breath catches in anticipation of what’s to come. I watch in fascination as Sebastian, face focused and flushed, guides his length to my entrance. He pauses and then, in the mirror, we lock eyes. Blue meeting warm brown. And then he is pushing inside me.

I throw my head back at the sensation, but quickly find my gaze drawn back to my own reflection. I look like a goddamn wet dream. Mouth parted wide, cheeks red, eyes blown. So this is what I look like while getting fucked.

“You like that don’t you?” Sebastian questions, voice so rough I almost can’t make out the words. “Watching yourself get off.”

And strangely enough I do, but not as much as I like watching him.

Above me, Sebastian growls, hair hanging down into his face as he plows into me, his hands gentle as they rub up my sides and grab at my hips. He looks like every stereotype of what an alpha should be. And fuck me if I don’t love it.

Sebastian hits that spot inside me and for a second, the vision of myself is gone, but when I return to the sight of Sebastian biting his lip above me, it’s too much to take. I spill my load all over my fancy costume, uncaring when I get to watch as Sebastian soon follows, his face a gorgeous mask of ecstasy as his scent floods the room.

Sebastian pulls out, the both of us panting as he gently turns me around and sets me on the counter to cover my face in small kisses. A few moments later, I come down enough to realize that our private moment together was not so private, the high whines of needy omegas coming from the other side of my dressing room door.

I groan and drop my head into Sebastian’s shoulder, who similarly seems to realize what’s happening as he tightens his arms possessively around me. God, did we learn nothing from the last time we messed around back stage?

Cursing my life, I’m startled by the sound of three loud knocks on the door followed by Mey’s
unamused voice.

“If you guys are done in there, I’m trying to run a business here.”

Yeah I can never show my face here again.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo??? what did you guys think??

I used to do silks so that part was super fun to write! I hope it made sense! If you have any questions, always feel free to hit me up on tumblr! @bookstakeyoutootherworlds

Also, special shoutout to Chromehoplite who definitely inspired the mirror sex!
“So Claude, a fellow assassin and your arch-nemesis—”

“I wouldn’t say—”

“Has been unusually quiet lately?” I finish, looking up at Sebastian from my spot on the couch.

I was so embarrassed after last night that Sebastian thought a movie might help distract me from the horror that was me getting thoroughly f**ked in front of all my co-workers and my boss. So this morning, after coercing some pancakes out of Sebastian, we popped in the second Harry Potter movie.

Sebastian looks up from where he had been playing with my toes, seeing as my legs are currently draped across his lap, and sighs. “That’s what the undertaker said.”

I worry at my lip. “Do you think he could be the one behind the attacks on Vincent?”

“With him, you never know.” Sebastian admits, for once a flicker of worry passing through his eyes. “I went into the business because I had to. He went into it because he enjoys it.” He pauses, mind lost in thought, the warm early afternoon sun casting his face in a gorgeous chiaroscuro to rival any Caravaggio painting. I watch, practically listening to the gears turn in his head as his scent grows increasing distressed, before he freezes, his whole body stiffening as he turns to level me with a serious look.

“You have to be careful, Ciel.” He declares, scent strong and unyielding.

I blink. “I am careful.”

With the life I’ve lived, I have to be.

Sebastian shakes his head, jaw clenched. “Ciel, I’m serious. Claude is…Well, the only way I can think to describe him is a complete psychopath.” He shudders, momentarily glancing down before glancing back up at me. “He enjoys killing, Ciel. He enjoys dragging out the process. Whether or not he’s after Vincent or up to something else entirely, I can’t—” He breaks off, voice catching. “I can’t stand the thought of him anywhere near you.”

Sebastian’s scent, tainted with worry, starts filling the room. It unsettles both my inner omega and me. I force myself to move, crawling over until I am sitting in Sebastian’s lap, straddling his hips, releasing a soothing scent as I nose at his neck.

“I’ll be fine,” I murmur into the warm skin there, shivering in pleasure when Sebastian’s arms come up to wrap around me. “I’m tough and I naturally don’t trust people, so I’m not so easily fooled.” I tell him.
“Besides,” I add, playfully nipping at his neck. “I’ve got you.”

Sebastian’s arms tighten even further around me, crushing me against his chest. “I just—” he grates out, voice low and rumbling against my chest. “I can’t bear the thought of anything happening to you.”

I freeze at that. At the honesty in his voice. At the way it makes my chest tighten. At the way his scent has changed so that it not only carries worry, but something else. Something that almost smells like...I pull away just far enough so that I can look into Sebastian’s eyes and find myself staring in wonder. Fuck, when did this happen? I mean, I knew things were changing, but when did they actually ~change~? When did he stop being a nuisance and start becoming this? Start becoming something that is so important to me?

I place my hands on his cheeks, thumbs rubbing at the stubble that lies there. “Nothing’s going to happen to me.” At least nothing out of the ordinary for me. “But you need to be careful too, okay?”

Sebastian’s lips pull into the hint of a smile at this, he turns just slightly to place a kiss at the heel of my hand. “Don’t worry about me.” He states.

“Someone’s got to.” I reply.

A simple statement, but to Sebastian, it seems to be so much more. His eyes immediately darken, pupils stretching until I can see my own eyes reflected back in them. That scent, that sweet and simple scent, from before comes back full force, and suddenly I find myself on my back, cradled in a pair of arms that should scare me, but don’t.

The rest of the movie is forgotten as we lose ourselves in one another.

***

Weeks pass and slowly, these feelings that had been so foreign at first, start becoming familiar. When Sebastian reaches for me, I no longer feel the instinct to flinch. No longer hesitate to fall asleep and leave myself vulnerable. No longer tip-toe around, just waiting for someone to lash out at me. A trained killer, and yet being with him is the safest I’ve ever felt.

Thanksgiving, a holiday that was normally filled with Vincent demanding impossible standards of food from my mom and I, was filled with a quiet comfort that I’ve never known. Sebastian bought a ridiculously small turkey, which I teased him endlessly about, and together we prepared the bird and a couple of traditional sides. After dinner, Sebastian put on some music while we cleaned. It started with me quietly humming along while I dried the dishes and ended in Sebastian taking my hand and waltzing us around the kitchen in the soft glow of the candles.

It was a kind of perfection I never knew existed. Or at least, a kind of perfection I never thought ~I~ could have.

It was the start of December now, and even though we were no closer to figuring out who had it out for my father, I was starting not to care. My mother, who I called almost every night to check up on, admitted that wherever they were, Vincent seemed too concerned for his own life to worry about making hers a living hell. And of course there was me. With Vincent gone, I was able to live here with Sebastian. To live this life that definitely felt too good to be true.

The two of us still had to work, with Sebastian hesitant at first about taking any jobs that would take him away from me, but I would placate him by spending the night with Lizzy anytime he had to leave town. Without Vincent breathing down my neck, I found that actually liked working in the
office. With him gone, the employees looked to me, and it turns out that I actually have a rather good knack for leadership. Sebastian says he’s proud…and I find that I am too. Proud of myself for doing so well at being a boss despite what everyone says about omegas.

Mey, after giving both Sebastian and I a lecture that made me want to crawl under a rock, complimented me on the aerial silks routine I did, and had me start teaching some of the other omegas how to use them as well. Thusly, the club was doing better than ever. Sebastian still insisted on being there every night I performed, and while I was initially put out by this, I found that I liked having him there. Liked being reminded that even if I was surrounded by a sea of horny alphas, I was safe.

The first time Sebastian referred to me as his boyfriend, I froze in place for so long that I didn’t realize Sebastian was starting to worry, calling my name and waving his hand in front of my face. The first time I referred to him as my boyfriend, Sebastian literally spit out the whiskey he had been drinking. An expensive one too as he lamented later. Lizzy laughed for nearly 20 minutes when I told her about both of these things later and scolded me for not getting them on video. But even with her complaints, all I felt was this warmth. The same warmth that Sebastian seemed to carry in his eyes when he looked at me.

As the days grew even colder and snow covered the ground, I found that the cliché was true; the holiday season is so much better when spent with a lover. All those Christmas songs about love, the ones that used to irk my jaded mind, now draw up a begrudging smile as I think about Sebastian. Think about how he looked with snowflakes caught against his dark hair. How, after seeing my eyes linger a little too long on the Christmas trees for sale, he bought huge one and helped me decorate it. How Sebastian had hung a ridiculous amount of mistletoe around the house so that in almost every room, he can stop me and demand a kiss, saying that it’s the law of mistletoe. A demand that I don’t mind indulging one bit.

It makes me sad to think about past Chistmases. To think of how I had been so unhappy for so long that I stopped even realizing I was unhappy. Its only now, when I compare the past me to how unbelievably ~happy~ I am now, that I realize just how sad I was for so long. How broken I was.

Only, the happier I am, the more scared I get. I had some cracks before I met Sebastian, I know I did, but if he is to fill them what happens when he leaves again? Will I completely shatter? My mom had always said that it had been good between her and my father in the beginning. That she had been happy. Was she as happy then as I am now? Is it just a matter of time before Sebastian changes too?

Giving your heart to someone is dangerous, for if they don’t keep it, they never give it back in the same shape that it was. It’s a risk, and one I’m not sure I’m willing to take. I was supposed to have learned from my mother. To have learned from her mistakes. But every time Sebastian stops, pretending to be surprised by the mistletoe hanging above our heads as he asks for a kiss, I find those lessons disappearing farther and farther to the back of my mind.

Then again, whether I’m willing or not, I’m starting to fear that it may be too late.

The past couple times we’ve had sex, I had to stop myself from asking him to claim me. It wasn’t even during my heat. Just me. Just me and him and it felt so perfect like that, that I wanted it to last forever. But we’ve been dating for what? A month? I can’t ask him to claim me. Even if Sebastian seems happy with me now, he made it quite clear that he doesn’t want an omega. And I have to respect that.

Even if I don’t want to.
All of these thoughts swirl in my head as I wait for Lizzy to pick me up. We are supposed to go to dinner tonight, our favorite thai food place. Sebastian has been away on work, but he’s coming back tonight and I can’t wait to see him. I also can’t believe that I’ve become the kind of person that misses their boyfriend after only two days.

The cold bites at my cheeks and pinches my ears, but it’s hard to mind when the snow glitters like stars in the lamplights and soft Christmas music plays around the business park. I smile as I see Lizzy’s car pull up, moving to get in the passenger side, only to stop short when I see a man behind the wheel and not my cousin. A man who looks remarkably like a knock off Sebastian. I tilt my head, waiting as the man rolls down the window and gives me a big smile.

“Hey, you’re Ciel right?” The man asks. “I’m Lizzie’s boyfriend, she asked me to come pick you up since her class is running a little late. Besides, I think it’s high time we meet one another.”

I survey him. The warm smile, I don’t trust, but this scent. It’s the same scent that coated Lizzy’s dorm. That’s been clinging to her for the past couple of months. So this really must be her boyfriend. He’s right. It’s high time we meet one another because I don’t trust this guy with my cousin. No guy is good enough for her, but especially not someone whose smile doesn’t reach their eyes.

Not an alpha.

Even if I’ve recently discovered that maybe not all alphas are bad.

I give a tight lipped smile in return and open the car door, sliding into the passenger seat and reveling in the heater that is blasting throughout the car. I hold up my hands to the vents, warming them as the man pulls away.

“It’s nice to finally meet you, Ciel.” The man states, face suddenly voice of any hint of a smile. “I’ve heard so much about you.”

“Same here,” I reply, suddenly searching my brain for anything she ~has~ told me about him because suddenly I feel like I’m missing something. Something big.

I freeze. My blood running cold despite the warm air.

“Hopefully all good things,” The man supplies, turning to look at me from the side of his eyes. “The name’s Claude.”

Chapter End Notes

Some good old fashioned Ciel getting kidnapped anyone????

tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Snatched

Chapter Notes

I am SO sorry this took so long! Finals are a bitch! Never less, here is a little gift for you all for the holiday season! Thank you for being such amazing readers!!! <3<3<3

Tw: for some canon typical violence!

Also, I'm sorry if this has any errors, it was written in one sitting and my brain is no longer working!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

My shoulders ache, my hands feel numb, and the side of my face throbs in a way that can only mean I am sporting a lovely bruise. I sit, back pressed against a wall by the feel of it, hands tied behind my back, and legs strapped to the feet of the chair. I open my eyes, the action more difficult than it should be—so the hit was harder than I had anticipated—only to find my sight blocked by a strip of black cloth that my eyelashes scrape against with every blink. A part of me recognizes that this is bad. That this is very, very bad. But my mind still seems lost—drugs maybe?

I shake my head, trying to think and find myself greeted by a wave of nausea—definitely drugs—as I force my mind to dredge up the memories of how I had come to find myself in this situation.

Slowly, I piece together what had happened.

I had been waiting outside for Lizzy to come pick me up. We were supposed to have a double date. Only her boyfriend showed up instead…

Her boyfriend Claude.

As in Sebastian’s Claude.

As in Sebastian’s arch nemesis and fellow assassin; Claude.

I got into the car and then it was almost as if Claude could tell right when I had connected the dots. I pulled at the car door, ready to take my chances jumping out and that’s when the hit came. A fist flying at me out of the corner of my eye, my head slamming into the car window, my vision turning fuzzy. And even through the black dots swimming in my eyes I could see that Claude was smiling. And with that smile, any resemblance to Sebastian ended.

Sebastian didn’t smile like that. Like the devil himself was pulling at his cheeks.

I renewed my efforts to escape. I made at the wheel; to honk, to crash us, I don’t know. I didn’t know then either. I only knew that I had to do ~something~, because I had gone and done the exact thing Sebastian told me not to do. It must have been around that time that Claude decided I was too much trouble while conscious, because the last thing I remember is a sharp pain in my neck and then nothing.

So I am definitely right about the drugs.
Slowly the fog around my mind starts to clear and the realization of what is happening becomes clear as day. I’m fucked. I am so thoroughly fucked. My heartbeat pounds in my ears, a countdown that I am all too familiar with. I had survived every zero before, survived everything my father could throw at me, but I’m not sure I can survive this.

Maybe my time has finally run out for real this time.

I bite my cheek. ~No!~ Now is not the time to give up. I may die, but I am ~definitely~ going to die if I give up now. I didn’t survive all of that bullshit just to die now. No. I refuse. I survived so that I could live a better life one day and I swear that if I end up dying just because Vincent had to go and piss off the wrong person then I am going to haunt him for the rest of his days.

It’s time to get my act together and survey the situation.

I start by wiggling my hands, testing the bonds and trying to get some feeling back into them. I’m surprised to find only simple duct tape there. My heart stutters in my chest. My father, the very being that got me into this mess, might just be the very thing that gets me out again.

Duct tape, a typical household object, made the perfect tool for my father. Whenever he needed me to be in my room and ~stay~ in my room—usually because he was beating my mother—he would whip out the duct tape. And duct tape, generally not meant to hold a human person, could be slipped out of through a combination of sweat and a constant stretching of the fibers.

I could do this. I could escape.

A door slams and the stench of alpha fills my nose.

If only I have enough time.

***

Christmas wasn’t usually a great time of the year for me. The snow made jobs all the more difficult and the cold made them just plain miserable. It was fine when I was a little kid, my mother always going out of her way to try and make the day special despite the fact that we couldn’t afford any toys, but after she passed, well I guess there is something to be said about spending Christmas with those you care about. I’m fine being alone the rest of the year, in fact I generally prefer it, but when capitalism just seems to go out of its way to celebrate the fact that people should be coming together on this one great day of the year, let me tell you it becomes a real bummer.

But this year, it felt different.

It felt so different.

And I couldn’t even pretend that I didn’t know why.

Ciel was in my life now and suddenly I got it.

Which makes me sound like I was the goddamn Grinch before, I know, but somehow I’m okay with that. Maybe my heart did grow three times as big, because I never knew you could love one person this much. That you could love ~anything~ this much.

Thusly, I had spent the day shopping for him.

I wanted to give him all of the omega things that he previously had to go without.
Walking around the omega section of the store, I must have looked exactly like the goddamn alpha in love that I was, because all the older omegas were practically swooning over me.

“It just makes my heart happy seeing a young alpha that so clearly adores his mate.” One elderly omega told me, her arm linked with another omega, who must have been her daughter by the looks of it.

I startled. Sure, young and unmated omegas usually threw themselves at me, but the older omegas tended to avoid me like the plague. I can’t blame them, seeing the threat that a young alpha poses, but usually their sweet scent always spiked with fear when I walked by.

And now they’re approaching me?

“We’re not mates.” I blurt out.

At this, the younger omega frowns, scent becoming less sweet as she instantly goes on guard, but her mother seems unfazed. “Oh?” She questions, eyes twinkling as her scent turns playful.

I’m immediately turn bashful beneath her knowing gaze. “Not yet, at least.” I mumble.

Now the older woman throws her head back in a soft laugh that seems to draw a smile from everyone else in the store. “That’s what I thought.” She clicks.

By now, probably done with her mother’s antics, her daughter starts to pull her away, making excuses about how they have to get back home. I give a polite smile as a means of goodbye, and quickly find my cheek being pinched by surprisingly strong fingers.

“Good luck.” The woman states.

I watch for a minute, feeling light as the two omegas leave, before continuing with my shopping. I walk down the aisles, pushing my cart, and grabbing anything that I think Ciel might like. A big fuzzy blanket? Add it to the cart. Some cute socks with cats on them? I’ll take five. A miniature owl that looks like Hedwig from Harry Potter? Absolutely.

When I check out, I don’t even look at the total. Ciel is worth every penny.

Even if I wouldn’t be caught dead admitting that to him.

Trunk completely full of an omega’s dream, I make one last stop before I am supposed to meet Ciel for our double date with Lizzy tonight. The shop clerk looks up in alarm when I enter, their soft beta scent flaring ever so slightly, and I’m reminded of the fact that Ciel thinks I wear too much black. Which, in addition to the fact that I am an alpha in a store that alphas rarely enter, probably has the poor man convinced that he is about to be robbed.

I try to make my scent as soothing as possible, not nearly as good as Ciel at manipulating mine, but it does seem to at least sooth the man a little.

“How…How may I help you today?” The beta asks, voice shaking.

“I’m looking for an engagement ring.” I state, my heart stuttering at the words being spoken aloud.

The man’s eyes widen in surprise. “An alpha like yourself, would like an engagement ring?” He questions.

I give a curt nod. I knew he’d likely be surprised, but I am more than prepared to go to another store if he can’t get over it soon. Alphas basically never buy rings for their mates, the practice usually
being done by betas, since they couldn’t claim their mates the way an alpha can. With an alpha in the 
relationship, a claim mark was all that was needed in the eyes of society to mark someone as theirs. 
Particularly if it was an omega. To the world, a claimed omega was nothing more than a belonging. 
But Ciel isn’t a belonging. And even if rings tend to only be bought by betas to show their mateship, 
they express a certain quality that I have always admired. Because just as much as I want Ciel to be 
mine, I am also ready to become his.

If…later…Ciel decides—with a clear head—that he wants to be mated…then I would be willing 
to…more than happy to…claim him…then.
The shop keeper, to his credit, quickly gets over his pre-conceived notions once he’s sees that there is 
a sale to be made. He shows me a couple different rings, some of them being way too feminine and 
others being way too gaudy, when at last I find it. And it’s perfect.

“That one please.”

***

“Well, well, well, don’t you look just ~delicious~ tied up like that.”

I freeze, breath catching in my throat. This close, the alpha scent is overwhelming. Like a weight 
pressing down on my chest, it brings unbidden tears to my eyes. I try to curl in on myself, but of 
course, being tied up like this I can barely budge.

Suddenly my blindfold is being ripped off as a hand clenches my jaw hard enough to bruise.

“I think it’s time we have a little chat, don’t you?” He growls, eyes boring in to mine as he forces me 
to look at him.

My body wants to freeze, to cry, to do ~something~, but I instead look him in the eye as I continue 
to work at my restraints.

“You and Sebastian Michaelis have been spending a lot of time together recently,” he muses. “But I 
don’t see any claim mark,” he adds, turning my head back and forth to examine my neck.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about.” I reply, hoping to stall long enough to work my hands 
lose.

Before I can brace myself, another hit is crashing into the same bruise from before, and fire is 
erupting down my scalp as my hair is grabbed in a tight grip.

“Stop playing dumb.” He growls, his other hand wrapping around my throat and squeezing without 
mercy.

I want to panic. But panicking gets you killed. So I have to keep stalling.

“Jokes on you,” I spit out through the grip around my throat. “I ~am~ dumb.”

I get another smack for that, but he releases me as he storms away. “Stupid fucking omegas.” He 
yells, kicking an old desk so hard that it flies into the wall with a big crash. I wince. Now I can 
finally see that I am in some abandoned office space, probably one of the many businesses that went 
under in the past year thanks to my father’s efforts.

“Nevertheless,” Claude drawls, turning around to face me again. “I don’t actually need you to 
cooperate, clever little Phantomhive.” With that he reaches into his pocket. I brace myself for a gun, 
or a knife, but instead see a phone dangling in front of my face. My phone.
“What do you think poor, sweet Sebastian is going to do when he finds out you’ve gone missing?”
He questions.

My heart sinks.

Claude’s eyes glint, and that same smile from before is back. “That’s right, he’s going to use this little device to track you down, and when he comes here all ready to save you and then finds you in such a state, he’ll be way too distracted to notice me.”

He throws my phone on another dilapidated desk and then reaches into his pocket, this time pulling out a dagger. He twists it around, pressing the pad of his finger into the tip as if checking the sharpness. “I’m thinking a knife to the back ought to do it, what do you think?”

I can’t talk.

I can’t breathe.

“Seems only fitting after all.” Claude continues, “Seeing as he did the same thing to me.”

“I thought you were after Vincent,” I whisper, mind whirling.

Sebastian wasn’t supposed to be a part of this. He was supposed to be safe.

He was supposed to be safe!

Claude stalks over to me, knife in hand. “Sweet, stupid omega.” He purrs. “My boss is the one after your daddy.”

“Your boss?” I choke out, alpha pheromones numbing my mind as Claude reaches out to cut open my jacket.

“Mmhmm.” Claude hums, ripping apart the buttons on my shirt until my skin is exposed. “But ~I~ am after a little payback for an old friend.”

I wince as the cold metal of the blade is pressed into the skin where my collarbones meet.

“And you, little omega.” The knife digs in, I clench my teeth. “Just happen to kill two birds with one stone.”

With that, the knife is dragged down my sternum, slicing through the thin skin there until I can see peeks of the white bone below.

The door slams again and I hear a new voice above the waves of pain. “Just what do you think you’re doing?”

Claude sighs, breath catching on my newly exposed flesh, as he stops just above my navel. “Looks like the boss is here.” He mutters.

With that Claude stands and exposes the owner of the voice.

“Alois?”

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for a not so happy chapter as a gift! I hope you will all forgive me!!!!

@bookstakeyoutootherworlds - tumblr
This chapter, despite the fact that I have been planning it since the beginning (or maybe because of that fact?) was extremely hard for me to write! So I hope it turned out okay!

As always, thank you guys so much for being such amazing readers! You seriously don't know how much I live for your feedback!

I stare in disbelief.

“How?—”

“I’m sorry, Ciel.” Alois starts.

As he stands there in front of me I could almost believe that my eyes were deceiving me. Alois looks so different like this. In the club he had walked around with a lightness that could only be found with a pair of shoulders free of responsibility. Bright mischievous eyes and a mouth that was quick to smirk and even quicker to laugh. He was the only other male omega at the club. The only other male omega I had ever met in real life. He showed me that it might just be okay to be a ~male~ omega. That the two were not mutually exclusive. He was always kind to everyone, if a little haughty.

And he was always kind to me.

Now he stands devoid of the colorful costumes of work, in a pair of worn jeans and a dark huddie, into which his hands are shoved as far as the front pocket will allow. His hair, normally my envy, looks like it hasn’t seen soap in days and a brush even longer than that. His lips look chapped from constant worrying and his cheeks looked flush with fever. He was always so lively at work. Now he just looks tired.

He looks sad.

“This was never about you.” He states.

I blink. “Alois, I don’t understand.”

And I truly don’t. Try as might, my brain can’t seem to match that the bubbly blonde from work is the same person as this shell in front of me.

But instead of answering, Alois turns his attentions onto Claude. “You’re taking too many liberties.” He states, eyeing Claude down with such boldness that I am almost impressed.

Claude lets out a dark chuckle. “Oh sweetheart,” he says, leaning down to wrap a hand around Alois’ jaw. “I got you your prize, now let me enjoy myself a little.”

Claude’s fingers leave dips of white where they grab onto Alois, but the blond doesn’t flinch. He stays staring up at the bloodthirsty alpha with complete apathy. “The job isn’t over yet, so you better remember who’s in charge here.” Alois states. Yet again, I am baffled that the boy in front of me is
the same boy who had to be bribed and cajoled into preforming in the same cage that I did, merely because it was going to be lifted off the ground.

Claude lets out a gruff sigh, but releases his grip on Alois, walking away with his hands raised in a mock surrender, seemingly placated for the moment. Alois, having never been as good as controlling his scent as me, gives away his true feelings as his omega scent becomes tart with fear, curling around him and spreading throughout the room, but he remains impassive as he watches Claude walk over to an empty desk and lean against it.

Alois watches Claude move with narrowed eyes before bringing his attention back to me. Where the force of Claude’s grip on his face couldn’t make him wince, the sight of my face prompts a quick inhale of breath from Alois.

“What would Mey say to a reaction like that?” I find myself saying. I don’t know if it’s because I was drugged, that someone I thought was my friend was responsible, or that I’ve been stuck in a chair for who knows how long but I’m just so tired. Too tired to care anymore.

Alois stops short, eyes dropping, hands twitching beneath the fabric of his sweatshirt. “No matter how ugly a costumer is, you cannot let it show on your face.” He recites to his sneakers.

My lips twitch. “Have you learned nothing?”

Alois stares at his feet a moment longer before he seemingly snaps out of it. With wild eyes he glances back up at me and strides over. “I might not have learned much about the scent-business, but I did learn everything I could about Vincent.”

My lips part. “What?”

If Alois was learning things about Vincent...he must have been learning them from me....how long ago did Vincent piss him off? Was it before we met? Did he start working there just to get close to me?

“Catching on, are you?” Alois asks, haughty attitude back as he looks down on me. “It was all too easy to get everything I needed from you.”

I shake my head, we may have talked but I was always careful to remain as vague as possible about my family life. “But—”

“I’ll admit, that you thought you were being careful, but doing simple things like asking you what ~your~ address was, knowing you lived with Vincent, made it all too easy.”

I’m at a loss for words. All my hard work. All the lying. Had it been for nothing?

We shared food.

Makeup.

Words of encouragement.

“But then your rotten bastard of a father just had to get spooked and run away, didn’t he?” Alois questions.

And I suppose, details about our life too.

“Didn’t he!” He screams, snapping me out of my reverie, having moved so close by the end that I
can feel his hot breath on my face.

“Alois, I’m sorry, I don’t know where—”

“Where he is?” Alois scoffs, pulling back to pace away from me. “Figures. Enough money can truly get you anything you want.” He looks back. “But you would know all about that, huh?”

“All about what?” Was this all about money? Was Alois holding me for ransom? Minutes have passed since Alois walked in and I’m still no closer to figuring out why he’s doing this.

If I thought he looked different before, the sneer Alois gives me now completely morphs his face. “Born with a silver spoon in your mouth.” He spits. “I bet your daddy has paid away plenty of your problems too.”

I blink. Are we talking about the same person here?

“Vincent?” I question, my voice coming out as shocked as I feel.

Surely with all his research, Alois knew better than that.

“~Vincent~.” He mocks. “God, is there a sugar daddy I should know about?” Alois’ eyes briefly flicker over to where Claude stands watching us. “Oh yeah, I suppose that’s who this Sebastian fella must me.”

Oh god. Sebastian. Alois knows all about him too. But even with all his undercover work, Alois still managed to not realize the most important thing about Vincent. That the only thing important to him is himself.

“Alois, you’ve got it all wrong,” I try to explain. “My dad, he won’t...using me against him won’t work.”

“Oh please, his perfect little omega boy? The one who lives with him? Who works with him? The heir to his corporate empire? The one that he makes where scent blockers just so he won’t get hurt?” He drawls.

“That’s not—”

“You know, I’ll admit that at first I was angry that I wouldn’t be able to see the look on Vincent’s face when I kill him, but this? Oh this will be so much better.” Alois stops his pacing and leans in over me, hands resting on the arms of the chair. “He took what was important to me. And now I’m going to take what’s important to him.”

“Alois.” I breathe. “What did he do to you?”

He pulls away, hands shoving themselves back into his sweatshirt. “As if you don’t know.”

“Alois, please!” I call after him. “Our friendship might have been fake to you, but it wasn’t to me.”

Alois stills.

“All those nights we spent talking before our shifts, doing our make-up, zipping up each other’s costumes...you might have only cared about Vincent, but I cared about you.” I state. “Please, just—what did he do to you?”

The world fades until it’s just Alois and I. Just Alois and the cracks that are slowly starting to spread throughout him.
“He took Luka from me.”

My breath catches. “Luka?”

Alois whirls around. “Luka!” He cries. “My brother!” The hands are back out. They pull at his hair. At his face. “He was my little brother. My family. My only family.” He mummers. “And your father killed him!” He yells, eyes flashing.

My father? I knew he was capable of a lot. Of beating his own wife. His own child. But murder?

“Alois, I—”

“You don’t understand?” He snaps. “Yeah, well neither did I when they told me that the guy who ~murdered~ my little brother, wouldn’t have to face any jail time!”

I can’t breathe. I can’t think.

“He was six, Ciel!” Alois cries, tears streaming down his face. “Six years old when your father plowed him down while drunk at ~eight~ in the morning!”

I’m shaking my head. “Alois, I’m so—”

“Sorry?” He screams. “You’re sorry?” He stalks back over to me and looks me dead in the eyes. “I had to watch my little brother die on the way to his first day of school. I had to hold him in my arms as he took his last ~painful~ breaths. And you’re ~sorry~?”

Tears spill from my own eyes now, dripping down until they sting at the cut on my chest.

“I know how little it must mean,” I say, voice dipping. “But I am! I am so, ~so~ sorry, Alois.”

Alois hangs his head. “The only comfort I could find, was knowing that the man who killed my brother was going to have to face the consequences.” He looks back up at me and the tears are gone. “Only he didn’t.” He spits. “Because that man was ~Vincent Phantomhive~ and he had enough money to pay his way out of jail.”

“Alois,”

The back of a hand meets my face.

“Shut up!” He screams. “Shut up, shut up, shut up!”

My vision is swimming.

“I’m going to kill you! Vincent is going to feel how I felt!”

With that he lunges at me, his weight knocking us both over as his hands go around my neck. Alois is screaming again, but it seems so far away now. Everything does. Until it all comes rushing back.

“Hey! You are not going to ruin this for me!” A voice is yelling.

I blink and see that the voice belongs to Claude, his arms wrapped around a struggling Alois. My brain is momentarily confused as to why everything is sideways until I register that the coldness against my cheek is the floor.

“He needs to be alive when Sebastian gets here! I won’t have you ruining that!” Claude is yelling.
Alois seems too far gone to care though. He thrashes around, looking more animal than human at this point, and I honestly I can’t blame him. I would want me dead too if I were him.

Claude growls, but even his alpha scent, filling the room to the point that I can feel the bile trying to crawl its way up my throat, can’t seem to stop Alois.

“Let me kill him!” He cries.

Claude sighs. “That’s it.” He picks Alois up and swings him over his shoulder, holding the still struggling body like a sack of potatoes, before looking me in the eyes. “We’ll be back, little Phantomhive. You better not cause any problems.” With that, Claude and a still yelling Alois, head to, what I can now tell is an elevator.

Leaving me to finally slip out of the duct tape binding my hands.

As shocked as I was, I had spent the entirety of that time pulling at the tape until it was loose enough for me to slip out. My arms protest as I swing them around to pull at the tape round my ankles. My hands shake so hard that it takes me several tries, but eventually, I’m free.

I’m free!

The world around me spins when I stand up, but I don’t have any time to recover. I have to get to my phone! I plow ahead, ignoring how the ground is bucking beneath me, and reach for my phone. With it in my grasp, I look back over to the elevator, only to see that my time has already run out. The Elevator and Claude are coming back up.

Fuck.

I look wildly around for an emergency staircase, forcing my legs to start running when I see a familiar green sign. I launch through the door, my feet pounding on the concrete stairs, the noise echoing around me, but I can barely hear it over the sound of my own heartbeat. Claude will undoubtedly be only minutes behind me, if that. I only have time to make one call. I can’t call the cops. I know Sebastian and I know that he will already have begun looking for me. He’ll beat the cops here. He’ll pay the price for doing so.

I can’t call the cops.

I’ll probably be dead before they could get here anyways.

I text Lizzy as I run, apologizing for standing her up. Stating my father whisked me away on another business trip that was so last minute I forgot to cancel with her. That I would be in touch in a few weeks. That I promise presents in her future.

Distracted, my foot catches on one of the stairs and I’m sent tumbling. Unforgiving concrete meets my body every step of the way down until I lay sprawled on the landing. I force myself back up, back down the next flight of stairs, fingers already scrolling through my contacts as I brace myself for what I have to do next.

Footsteps echoing around me, I hold my breath as the phone starts to dial.

Ring.

Ring.

“Ciel?”
I breathe.

“Sebastian.”

He sounds relieved. The world slows.

“Where—”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t at dinner,” I state. “I just couldn’t do it in person.”

One second passes.

One heartbeat.

“Ciel, do what in person? What are you—”

“It’s over, Sebastian. Whatever ~this~ is between us, it needs to end.”

Two heartbeats.

“I don’t understand—did something happen? This morning—”

I blink and somehow my cheeks end up wet. This morning seems like weeks ago, like a different lifetime. A lifetime in which I actually thought I could be happy.

I should have known better.

“My father called me.” I state, bringing an end to Sebastian’s useless questions. “My mother finally wore him down. I’ll be joining them in the safe house. Figured it was about time to end things anyways.”

I’m flippant.

Aloof.

I had been lying my whole life.

I just had to lie once more.

“Anyways?” He spits the word out like it leaves a bad taste in his mouth. “I thought we wanted to see where this would take us?”

“Where it takes us?” I laugh, the noise sounding flat in my ears. “~This~ isn’t going anywhere, Sebastian.”

“But—”

It’s not enough.

He needs to get ~mad~

Anger will cloud his judgment.

And so I know what I have to do.

“Why do you think I haven’t asked you to claim me?”

My voice is cold even as my throat burns.
There’s a long pause on the other line.

“I know I asked you when I was in heat.” I don’t know. I’m guessing. I’m hoping.

A breath confirms it all.

“But what omega doesn’t?” I continue, something unclenching in my chest as it becomes clear that my guess was right.

I take a deep breath, readying myself for the most important line of all.

“I don’t actually want you to claim me Sebastian, that’s why I never brought it up.”

“I see,” his voice comes low and wavering, the words slow as if they are too heavy to push out. “I guess that makes sense then.”

He’s understanding. ~Of course~ he’s understanding.

Damn him.

“Only ~now~ does it make sense?” I sound incredulous. I feel hollow. “Jesus, Sebastian did you honestly think that ~you~ could have ended up with me?”

The phone is silent.

I know he hears me.

I need to hurry.

“Even without the support from my family I am a high-class, male omega. I can have any alpha of my choosing. Why would I settle for you?”

“Settle for me? It sure as hell didn’t sound like you were ~settling~ this morning.” He growls.

This morning. More tears fall. The pleasure. The love. The happiness.

But it’s working.

“You know how omegas are, especially in the arms of an attractive alpha.” I offer. “I’m not going to deny that you are attractive, it’s why I slept with you in the first place.”

Surely if words had weight, I would be crushed beneath the weight of mine.

“Why you—” his voice comes hot and quick, before it breaks off again. Then it is stiff and cold. “I see how it is then.”

I can tell, even from here, that he is grinding his teeth around his words. He continues before I can.

“I guess I should just feel lucky that I got to spend any time at all with such a “high-class” omega then, right?”

The question is sarcastic, full of derision.

Sebastian always was so quick to anger.

“Exactly.”
It’s one word. So I can’t understand why saying it hurts so much.

“Well then, I won’t waste anymore of your time.”

With that, the call is ended.

The curtain closes.

I collapse to the ground.

One last lie does seem like a truly poetic ending to this tragic comedy of a life.

Chapter End Notes

OOF

Tumblr: bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the amazing feedback on the last chapter!

And!

An extra big thank you to @its-bat-bitch for the amazing art they drew of Ciel and Sebastian in the nest! I am so in love!! Check it out here: https://its-bat-bitch.tumblr.com/tagged/alpha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

-A few hours earlier-

The ring sits heavy in my coat pocket.

I’m not sure when to pop the question, but I know it probably won’t be for a while yet. Most omega courting periods are short, but Ciel isn’t like ~most~ omegas. I want to make sure that he feels completely confident and comfortable in his decision. That being said, I want to be ready. Ready for when the perfect moment comes. Because even if I don’t propose for months to come, I still have every intention of doing so.

God—fuck me.

I never thought I would be the kind of alpha to fall head over heels for an omega, and yet—here I am. But, like I said, Ciel isn’t like any other omega. For one, I didn’t know he ~was~ an omega when we first met. He certainly does a good job at playing a beta. But now, I want to give him a life where he doesn’t have to constantly hide his nature. A life where he can be exactly who he is. A life he deserves.

I know that I’m not good enough for him, I ~know~ that. But I am ready to dedicate my life to becoming the sort of alpha who ~is~.

I pull up the restaurant where I am supposed to meet Ciel for our double date with Lizzy. It’s some sort of Korean fusion place in Midtown. Supposedly, Lizzy had been nagging for Ciel to come here for months. As a self-proclaimed ‘foodie’, apparently Lizzy was always nagging him to come to new hipster restaurants.

I walk inside, eyes immediately finding Lizzy as she waves wildly at me from across the room. I smile, making my way through the crowded room to join her at the small table in the corner.

“Hello Sebastian!”

“Hey, Lizzy.”

“Back from your business trip?” She asks, taking a sip of her drink. I eye what is, undoubtedly, a cocktail.

“Aren’t you not 21 yet?” I question.
Lizzy sighs. “Not you too,” she says, giving a dramatic pout. “I swear, just because Ciel is a ~month~ older than me, he thinks he’s hot shit.”

I cough into my hand to hide a surprised laugh.

“And for your information,” Lizzy continues, tossing her blonde hair over her shoulder. “I’ll be 22 in less than a month, so you can hold off on calling the cops for now.”

In less than a month? Does that mean, Ciel just recently turned 22?

My mouth starts moving before I can stop it. “When’s Ciel’s birthday?” I blurt out.

Lizzy’s eyes widen. “He didn’t tell you?”

My heart thuds painfully in my chest as I shake my head no.

“Well,” Lizzy says, trying to school her face back into a neutral expression. “I’m not surprised. Ciel has always hated his birthday for some reason.”

My throat goes tight as I force myself to swallow. “Always?” I ask.

Lizzy reaches for her drink again, looking thoughtful. “Well, I suppose not ~always~. When we were really little he loved having birthday parties, but then one day,” she shrugs, “that stopped.”

My mind floats back to that time in Ciel’s nest. A couple days after his 13th birthday he had said. But what if it wasn’t a couple days after?

“Sebastian?” Lizzy’s alarmed voice brings me back to the present, where she is staring at me with wide eyes in stunned silence. It takes me a moment to realize that the whole restaurant has gone quiet. That everyone has stopped because of ~me~. Because I had started releasing an absolutely furious scent.

I give Lizzy an embarrassed smile, forcing my thoughts away from a 13-year-old Ciel. “Sorry,” I mumble, reaching for my water to take a big swig.

Lizzy gives me a pinched smile in response and I mentally curse myself for losing control like that. How am I ever supposed to marry Ciel if his best friend and cousin ~hates~ me? Lizzy, however, seems to take pity on me and quickly tries to calm my nerves.

“You don’t have to be mad at yourself for not doing anything, he wouldn’t have wanted you to make a big deal of it. He probably didn’t tell you, specifically because he knew you would try and do something.”

I mumble something into my water in reply, which must be enough of a response for Lizzy as she goes off complaining about how her boyfriend can’t make it tonight, but my thoughts are still on a little Ciel. A Ciel that’s even smaller than he is now. So innocent. So undeserving of the fate that was to befall him.

As Lizzy continues to ramble on, now about her classes, my thoughts slowly turn from Ciel in the past to Ciel in the present; Where is he? I check my watch again, frowning when I see that he is twenty minutes late.

Lizzy, being far more perceptive than I gave her credit for, interrupts my worrying. “I wouldn’t worry too much about it, Ciel is probably just working late again. Lord knows, Vincent works him too hard.”

I grimace, thinking of how Vincent was more than just a tough boss for Ciel.
“Come on, let’s order our food! I’m sure Ciel will be here soon!” Lizzy’s voice is cheerful, but I can tell that even she is starting to worry as the minute hand slowly ticks by.

Our food comes some twenty minutes later, and there’s still no word from Ciel. My heart dropping every time I check my phone only to see no messages.

“Ciel,” I mutter under my breath. “You better be okay.”

When it’s an hour later, I’ve had enough. I abruptly stand up, knocking over my chair, and cutting off Lizzy who has been trying to reassure me for the past half hour that everything is okay. But it doesn’t feel like everything is okay. It feels anything but.

“I’m going to go look for him.” I state.

“Sebas—”

Lizzy tries to call after me, but I am already gone, running out of the restaurant and quickly starting my car.

As I drive, I call his phone. Over and over, my heart catches on every ring, only to sink when the sound of his voice mail greets my ears instead of the boy himself. I’m swerving through traffic, making my way to his office, and not giving a damn about all the traffic laws that I know I’m breaking. Luckily for me though, or perhaps more lucky for any officers who would dare to get in my way, I don’t get pulled over and make it to the financial district in record time.

I pull my car up onto the sidewalk, ignoring the cries of a couple nearby pedestrians, and run for the building, only to curse when I find that it’s locked. I run around back, finding a utility door and making quick work of picking the lock.

For once in my life, I am thankful for my profession.

I run up the back stairs, two at a time, heart beat pounding in my ears in harmony with my boots upon the concrete.

Finally, I make it to his floor, swinging the door open and running to his desk. I search the thing wildly, hands flipping through papers as I look for anything to suggest where he might have gone, anything that would suggest the sign of a struggle, but there’s nothing. Everything is as it should be in surprisingly organized piles, considering how messy he is at home.

I curse again, hands pulling at my hair, the pain reminding me to stay focused.

I try calling again, breath catching on every ring, only to hear the sickening sound of Ciel’s pre-recorded message.

Fuck.

Maybe he went home?

I turn and make my way back down the stairs, each step jolting up my shins and I pound down the flights.

Surely, he’s at home, I tell myself as I get back into my car.

Yeah, he’s at home, his phone in the other room, and everything is okay.

~He~ is okay.

My knuckles are white around the steering wheel as I speed toward my apartment. His name echoing
in my head the whole way. Ciel. Ciel Ciel. He’s going to be okay. He ~has~ to be okay.

Tires screeching, I pull up to my apartment and jump out of the car. I haul ass up the stairs and burst through the door, heart feeling much too heavy when the only thing that greets me is a dark and only the lingering scent of Ciel.

I curse and punch the wall, my knuckles coming away from the bricks bloody, when I hear it.

The sound of my phone ringing.

My fingers are scrambling, moving so fast I almost drop it, but finally I am bringing the phone to my ear.

“Ciel?” I breathlessly answer the phone, begging, ~pleading~ for it to be him.

My heart is pounding so loud in my ears, I’m worried I won’t hear his reply.

“Sebastian.”

My mind is whirling, relief rising like a flush under my skin

“Where—”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t at dinner,” he states, making me blink. “I just couldn’t do it in person.”

Do it in person? I don’t—

“Ciel, do what in person? What are you—”

“It’s over, Sebastian. Whatever ~this~ is between us, it needs to end.”

My heart stops.

The ground bucks beneath me.

Surely, Ciel isn’t saying what I think he’s saying? Just this morning Ciel and I were happily wrapped up in each other. ~He~ was happy. I could scent the sweet smell of it on his skin. Surely, I must not be hearing things right.

“I don’t understand—did something happen? This morning—”

My mind is drowning in questions.

“My father called me.” He finally replies, a lifeline that just as quickly as it appears, becomes a weight tied to my ankles. “My mother finally wore him down. I’ll be joining them in the safe house. Figured it was about time to end things anyways.

My mind catches on that last word.

“Anyways?”

He makes it sound inevitable. More than that. He makes it sound anticipated. As if he had been planning this for weeks all while promising me the opposite.

“I thought we wanted to see where this would take us?”

My voice sounds pathetic to my own ears as the numbness that had been swiftly spreading
throughout me, freezing me in place, suddenly turns into a molten heat at that single word.

“Where it takes us?” Ciel questions.

He has the audacity to laugh.

“~This~ isn’t going anywhere, Sebastian.”

“But—”

I don’t know what to say, but I have to say ~something~. Telling him off or begging him to stay, I can’t let it end with me doing ~nothing~. I knew what we had was fragile, but I never imagined it would break like this.

Any thoughts I had been trying to collect are quickly dismissed by Ciel’s next question.

“Why do you think I haven’t asked you to claim me?”

My breath catches.

It’s the very thing I had been worrying over since his heat. The very thing that drove me to nearly every jewelry shop in the city because his ring had to be ~perfect~.

Perfect because anything less might not be enough to persuade him into saying yes.

But still, he ~had~ asked.

“I know I asked you when I was in heat.”

My breath comes back in a rush as he continues.

“But what omega doesn’t?”

I freeze at that. He’s right. And I knew damn well that omegas always ask to be claimed when in the throes of heat. Whether it’s their biological nature, or just another cruel twist of fate forced upon omegas, they were always driven to beg for a claim mark.

And even if an omega was in a healthy relationship where their partner would wait until they were clear minded before giving them a claim mark, they usually ended up mated to that person very early in the relationship anyways. A short courting period because alpha’s were possessive by nature and omegas were famously good at judging someone’s worth.

So Ciel has judged my worth after all.

“I don’t actually want you to claim me Sebastian, that’s why I never brought it up.”

And I had been deemed unworthy.

I clench my jaw. “I see,” I state, white hot ~anger~, as I now realize it to be, pulsing through me. “I guess that makes sense then.”

And it does make sense. I knew what this fucking world was like. It’s my own damn fault for thinking that he would somehow be different.

“Only ~now~ does it make sense?” He questions. “Jesus, Sebastian did you honestly think that ~you~ could have ended up with me?”
He sounds disbelieving and so very cruel

“Even without the support from my family I am a high-class, male omega. I can have any alpha of my choosing. Why would I settle for you?”

He sounds every inch the rich, upper-class omega that he is. But if thinks he can’t treat me like trash then I’m going to remind him just how much he enjoyed his time sleeping with the dogs.

“Settle for me? It sure as hell didn’t sound like you were ~settling~ this morning.” I growl.

“You know how omegas are, especially in the arms of an attractive alpha.” Ciel offers flippantly in return. “I’m not going to deny that you are attractive, it’s why I slept with you in the first place.”

My jaw snaps shut, nails digging into the flesh of my palms.

“Why you—” I want to yell at him. Call him out for being exactly who I thought he was when we first met. Maybe he had his silver spoon taken away by Vincent when he became an omega, but he still was born with one in his mouth. So even though I wanted to yell, to scream, I knew that he didn’t deserve my outrage. Because that’s exactly what he wants. To feel high and mighty over a pathetic alpha like myself who would dare to think I could ever be enough for him.

“I see how it is then.” I end up spitting out. “I guess I should just feel lucky that I got to spend any time at all with such a “high-class” omega then, right?”

The words burn in my mouth, whereas they seemingly came so easy to him.

“Exactly.”

He states, the word expected, and yet earth shattering all the same.

“Well then, I won’t waste anymore of your time.”

And I won’t waste anymore of my own.

With that, I hang up the call and throw the phone away from me, clenching my hands into fists.

White knuckles always seem to follow white lies.

But I ~can’t~ believe it was all a lie.

I can’t believe that I believed it.

Or maybe I just wanted to believe it.

Things go crashing to the floor.

I see them before my eyes, the contents of my mail table, but the sound comes to my ears as if from another room.

I look at my hands as they shake in front of me. Or maybe it’s the world that’s shaking. I can’t be quite sure when my eyes are blurry like this.

My hands drop back down to my sides before rushing back up to grab at my hair. Up and down up and down.

I believed him when he said he was falling for me.
I trusted him when I shared my past with him.

I loved him as he lay under me, so soft and sweet.

All the more blame to me, huh?

I knew from the beginning that Ciel was an asshole, but I frankly wasn’t worried about it because I knew that Ciel was completely out of my league. That I could never truly have him. Ciel may have not meant to ask me to claim him. But I meant it when I in turn didn’t. It was because deep down I knew we could never be together.

I look up and see a quaint table mocking me. Small and unassuming, pressed up against the large glass windows so as to give its occupants a lovely view of the world below. A table that was the perfect size for Ciel and me.

No fucking use for that any more.

In the blink of an eye, the table lies in pieces below me and I feel a rush of satisfaction. I suppose misery does love company, and my heart didn’t want to be the only thing that was broken.

Moving to the kitchen, I see the cake that I had bought for Ciel the night before for no other reason then I saw it. That I saw it and knew he would like it.

Chocolate frosting ends up splattered across the floor, the cake crushed beneath a boot.

Stalking past the door, I see a pair of Ciel’s shoes, lined besides mine as if they had any right to be there.

Ciel probably has countless pairs of shoes.

He won’t bother coming back for these—he even didn’t bother coming back for me.

With that, I grab the utility knife from my belt and stab it into the small leather form beneath me.

The blade pierces the floor board below and sticks, stubbornly remaining in the wood despite my best efforts to pull it out again.

I growl and shove myself away. I don’t need that fucking knife anyways.

In the living room lay scattered copies of the Harry Potter movies. The plastic discs snap easily in my fingers and lie like stars on the floor, twinkling in the moonlight that comes pouring through the windows.

I shake my head, mentally slapping myself.

That’s something Ciel would think!

It’s just fucking plastic.

I gives the shards one last stomp for good measure.

The bathroom has two toothbrushes, two types of shampoo (because someone is a picky little shit), and two towels.

All of which get ripped from where they had been perfectly situated and end up on the floor.
I stare down at the carnage and yet I don’t feel any better. The rage continues to crash against me like waves upon cliffs and nothing is making it better.

I throw myself from the bathroom and march upstairs. To the loft. To ~his~ room. There, I am overcome with his scent. It greets me like the moon; alluring, soft, beautiful, and yet—always out of reach.

I clench my jaw and swing a hand.

Not knowing what I had been aiming for.

Not knowing it would hit Ciel’s nest.

~His Nest~

So that tented blankets and bright fairy lights were sent collapsing to the ground.

I stand there. Chest heaving. Looking at the goddamn mess I make of everything.

I suddenly remember how Ciel was when he was making that nest. How he buzzed about the apartment, stopping here or there to collect something, his hands always slightly too hesitant as if expecting a backlash, before carefully adding it to his nest. The way he looked, and smelled, of complete contentment, as he lay in his hard work, feet swinging in the air as he studiously read one of my books. The way it felt to be allowed in with him. To be allowed to share his nest. To be allowed to share his heat.

Ciel was right.

It truly was a privilege.

I sink to the ground, hands coming up to press at my face, when something digs into my chest as I do so.

I reach within my coat pocket and feel my heart clench at the sight of the little box. A little box that, when opened, displays a single sapphire that glints bright in the moonlight. A stone that was the exact same color as Ciel’s eyes. Simple and breathtaking, I had thought it was perfect for him.

But I had thought a lot of things then, didn’t I?

Chapter End Notes

Okay! Sorry the angst train is still rolling! However, I want to thank you guys for...1500 KUDOS!!! OH MY GOSH! As a thanks, I want to write a little bonus chapter, so if there is anything you guys would like to see please let me know in the comments!

Thank you so much for being such amazing readers!

Tumblr: @bookstakemetoootherworlds
“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

The words echo around the concrete of the stairwell. I flinch as though a pair of curtains had just disturbed a dream.

But then again I suppose that’s what it all had been anyways.

A dream.

Being with Sebastian was just a dream that I knew couldn’t come true.

So I do the only thing that’s left. As heavy boots rush at me, explicitives crashing around the walls, I throw my phone down the next fight and watch as it shatters—with it any trace of my location, and any last chance of escape.

“You stupid whore!” The words are punctuated with hot flames rushing down my scalp as Claude grabs a fist of my hair to force me into looking at him.

I flash a grin that’s more of a grimace.

“What?” I ask loftily. “Did I just ruin your plans?”

“Bitch.” This word is spat in tandem with my head being smashed against the concrete. “I have other ways of luring him out.”

His words are nearly lost behind the ringing in my ears, but they make me smirk all the same.

“Sure you do—but none of them give you the same element of surprise that you so clearly need in order to beat him.”

Claude snarls at this, looking as if he wants to say something more, before grabbing my arm to drag me up the stairs, dislocating my shoulder in the process.

I hiss at the pop, the warm pain that pools there, a heat that turns scalding with every angry step Claude takes back up the stairs I had run down only minutes before.

I must have faded out because I’m slamming back into consciousness when Claude throws me at the
I crumple to the floor, by now less of a human and more of a bruise, and yet—as Claude stalks over to me, figure looming against the backdrop of the emergency lights—I can’t bring myself to feel any fear.

All I felt was…~tired~.

Tired and relieved.

Sebastian was safe.

If his reaction is anything to go by, Claude doesn’t have Sebastian’s phone number and therefore has run out of options for surprising Sebastian. He may know the address of Sebastian’s apartment, but showing up there with all of Sebastian’s security cameras is sure to give him away.

Without the element of surprise, Claude could not beat Sebastian. Claude may still use my death to taunt him, but Sebastian will be alive.

And that’s what mattered.

My thoughts are interrupted by a fist crashing into my cheek.

“What the fuck do you think you’re smiling about?”

The tang of iron coats my tongue and it takes me longer than I would have liked to pull myself together enough to look Claude right in the eye and smile a grin full of bloody teeth.

“Even my father can punch harder than that.”

Claude gives me another right hook for my trouble, looking satisfied when there’s finally just one of him in front of me again and the room’s stopped spinning.

“So it’s true, is it? Daddy phantomhive likes to beat his son because he isn’t the alpha he wanted.” He sneers, leaning down until his breath rubs at my face. “Looks like he couldn’t even beat a pathetic omega like you into submission.”

I spit a wad of blood right below Claude’s eye.

“Well you know what they say.” I explain, as Claude jerks back, rubbing at his face. “It’s takes an ~alpha~ to be able to make an omega submissive.”

In question to his dynamic, alpha pheromones—to the point that my throat starts closing up and my vision starts tunneling—fill the room.

I can’t breath.

I can’t see.

“Oh sweetheart,” Claude says, coming back over to drag what feels like the blade of a knife down my cheek. “I haven’t even ~begun~ your beating yet.”

I clench my teeth, but the knife doesn’t pierce my skin.

I relax slightly before I find myself screaming.
And screaming.
And screaming.
I can’t stop.
The pain.
My eye.
***
If I knew, going into this, that the end would leave me here—would I still do it?

I know the answer to that question and yet I still feel so hollow.

I knew I was nothing in the eyes of society—I knew that from the beginning. But it never bothered me. Well, I suppose that isn’t entirely true. It did bothering me in the beginning. When the other kids told me exactly that—that I was nothing. But even when they were screaming it in my face, I never actually felt like nothing.

Not until now.

I carefully reassembled Ciel’s nest to the best of my ability, before rushing back down the stairs without a backwards glance.

Drinking was my next choice of action.

It seemed like the logical thing to do. Whiskey had gotten me through everything else life had thrown at me so far. But as I drank, whiskey just became one more thing that was drowning me.

Slamming crystal against wood, I storm out of my apartment and head down to my shooting range on the first level of the warehouse.

Five rounds later, clicking the safety back on my glock before shoving it into the waist of my jeans, I still felt like shit.

Worse than shit.

Like nothing.

Because at least shit exists. At least it demands attention. To be moved. To be avoided. It gets more than an apathetic tone of voice and a bunch of useless memories.

I freeze as soon as the thought crosses my mind.

Useless.

Is that what they are?

Because while I do see Ciel sneering at the word “us” in my mind’s eye, I also see him smiling up at me. I see his blue eyes. Blue as the ocean and just as mysterious. His dimples like a frame to a smile that rivaled any masterpiece.

I had never been to a proper art museum. But I knew looking at him smile that I would just be disappointed.
I hear him, incredulous, asking “did you honestly think that ~you~ could have ended up with me?” But I also hear him purring, soft waves of contentment that filled me with a sense of peace like I have never known.

I was an alpha. An assassin. I had grown up in the streets. I had never had something important enough to ~cherish~.

I try to picture his face, apathetic and cruel, as he slowly breaks me apart, but all I can see is his face looking up from beneath me. His eyes sparkling with fairy lights, cheeks perfectly flushed, lips parted.

I want to hate him.

I ~should~ hate him.

And yet, I feel any anger that I may have had slipping through my fingers, leaving my mind alone.

As I stand there, my heart beat finally leaves my ears and leaves me in the kind of all encompassing silence that only comes from being alone. However, the longer the silence extends around me, the more I become grateful for it… because in the silence I can finally hear something in my my mind screaming at me.

I cock my head and focus on it. That tiny part of my mind argues that there has to be an explanation. A reason. Because when it comes to Ciel, he had never done something without a ~reason~.

I pull at my hair, searching my memory, because something about this just feels so goddamn ~familiar~.

With a sinking feeling in my chest I realize that I am such a goddamn ~idiot~.

The cabin.

The heat.

Datura.

Ciel.

All the heat of anger is replaced by the debilitating cold of dread.

This all felt familiar because this had all happened before. And like the fucking idiot I am I fell for the same trick twice.

I punch the wall, the impact barely registering even as my knuckles come away bloody. I rush up the stairs, cursing all the way, until the apartment door is slamming behind me. As quick as I can, I get my computer and check for Ciel’s location.

Slowly it loads. The green pixels making up a small satellite turning round and round all while I’m praying to god, to any god, to any being out there, that Ciel is okay.

The search comes up empty.

My stomach turns.

The only way the search could turn up empty is if Ciel’s phone is broken.
Not just off, but ~broken~.

Ciel-

Fuck.

Just then. Every alarm I’ve ever set up around this place starts going off all at once.

Could this possibly happen at a worse fucking time?

I tear back down the stairs, heading for the back door, after a quick look at my cameras showed someone who shouldn’t be there. Gun in hand, I swing open the door, and end up looking down the barrel at someone completely unexpected.

“Alois?”

***

I hear muffled noises coming from upstairs. I sigh, getting back in the elevator to restrain Claude again. Ciel may be a spoiled brat, looking for the attention that he never got at home by being a scent performer, but even then I didn’t want the kid to get tortured.

His death is nothing personal.

He is merely just another pawn in this game of life.

And Vincent had to learn that to play the game you first had to follow the rules.

The elevator doors open with a soft bing, but the two occupants of the room seem otherwise distracted.

I move forward when I see Claude land a punch that nearly takes Ciel’s head off, but freeze when I hear Ciel’s next words.

“Even my father can father punch harder than that.”

I blink, mind whirling.

“So it’s true, is it? Daddy phantomhive likes to beat his son because he isn’t the alpha he wanted.”

My heart clenches as I turn right back into the elevator.

Oh god.

Oh god.

Ciel was telling the truth.

What have I done?

How does this make me any better than Vincent?

I pace the elevator. I need to save Ciel, but how? I can’t call the cops without getting arrested myself and I can’t get arrested before I get vengeance for my little brother.
Sebastian.

Sebastian could save Ciel, but how do I let him know? I don’t have his address. His phone number. All I knew about the guy was that he was an assassin, who apparently is dating ciel, and is friends with…

“Mey!” I need your help!

“Jesus, Alois, what the fuck are you on about?” Mey asks, rubbing at her head while leaning against the doorway of her office. She was pulling another late night at the club to finish up paperwork.

Thank god.

“I need to reach Sebastian.”

“Sebastian?” Mey’s eyes narrow. “Why the fuck do you need to get into contact with Sebastian?”

“Ummm.”

“What sort of shit are you in Alois?”

“None!” I almost scream, cutting off with a wince. “I just need to talk to him. It’s urgent.”

Mey’s eyes widen, her mouth parting, “Ciel,”

“Urgent.” I reiterate.

Mey bobs her head and runs into her office, coming out a second later with a slip of paper in her hand. “Here’s his cell, if this number is still up to date, he changes it so frequently, and his address. But, Alois if there’s,”

I snatch the paper from her hand. “Thank you!” I call, already hurrying back down the hallway.

I dial the number on the paper, but after several anxiety inducing rings, it goes to voicemail.

I worry at my cheek.

Guilt, unbidden, threatens to take over me as I hop in my car, stopping only to plug in the address before speeding off. I can’t let Ciel die. I can’t. I can’t have someone else die while under my watch

Chapter End Notes

Do you guys hate me yet😊

But don’t worry! Things are moving along now! Sebastian at least fucking knows somethings going on! And alois! My boy also found out the truth!

Thank you to all you guys for being such amazing readers!

Tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
As a thank you for 1500 kudos (seriously guys, wtf) here is a little more info about how our boys spent the past thanksgiving as suggested by sashamossoo!

TWO DAYS BEFORE THANKSGIVING

“Should I leave you two alone?”

Sebastian looks up from where he had been attempting to shove a ridiculously large turkey into an orange Home Depot bucket.

“I’m marinating it.” He states with as much dignity as anyone currently squatting over a bucket, clutching a raw bird, can muster.

“Uh-huh.”

Sebastian sighs and turns his attention back to the turkey. “It’s a thing!” He grumbles.

I walk further into the kitchen, getting a better look at the situation, before hopping up on the counter.

“I don’t doubt that marinating is a thing.” I explain, legs swinging. “What I do doubt, is that marination via bucket is the standard process.”

Sebastian huffs, hair falling into his face, muscles straining as he pushes the bird, lower lip bitten—basically looking all around way to hot for a man currently fisting a raw turkey into a Home Depot bucket. “Maybe not the standard method, but the best method.” He counters, briefly giving me a glance. “You tell me what’s turkey sized and also cheap?”

My face scrunches thinking this over. “Fair enough,” I finally concede.

“Great, now will you get down from there and ~help~ me?”

I laugh and jump down, briefly wincing at the feel of raw meat, before pooling my strength with Sebastian’s to force the turkey in the bucket.”

“Honestly, Sebastian!” I huff. “Did you have to get such a big turkey for two people?”

1 DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING

“It’ll be easy,” Sebastian says in a ridiculous high imitation of my voice. “It’s just pie,” he continues, voice going flat, eyes narrowed in my direction.

I throw my hands up. “Then why the fuck is it called ‘easy as pie’?” I yell over the smoking husk of our failure.

“Maybe it's a joke?” Sebastian suggests.

“My life is a joke.”
Sebastian sighs and turns to tuck a lock of hair behind my ear. “It’s okay, Ciel. We don’t have to have pie.”

I huff, and blink tears from my eyes. I have no idea why looking at the charred piece of dough makes me want to cry, but when I think about how every year after thanksgiving dinner, after a tense night of pretending to be Vincent’s golden boy, how my mom would bring us all a slice of pie and I knew that I had made it through another year.

“It’s Thanksgiving, we ~have~ to have pie,” I state, voice little above a whisper for fear that Sebastian would hear the wobble in it. I look away, from Sebastian and my failure, kitchen lights rapidly starting to melt in my vision.

“Well where the fuck in the Thanksgiving manual does it say that?”

My head whips around at the outburst. Startled even more when I see the soft eyes accompanying it.

I blink.

“It’s less of a manual and more of a socially agreed upon canon, but—it’s there.” I sniffle.

Sebastian’s warm hands come down on my arms. “Ciel. It’s ~our~ thanksgiving. And we get to celebrate it however we want.”

I suck in my lip. “What if I ~want~ to celebrate it with a pie?” I ask, looking up as Sebastian through my lashes.

Sebastian gives my arms a squeeze. “Then we’ll try again or get a store bought one, but Ciel, you can have any desert you want; ice cream, cookies, brownies, whatever.”

I slowly raise my gaze back to Sebastian’s, shivering as his hands move up my arms until they are holding my chin. “Really?”

Sebastian dips down until his breath is dancing across my lips. “Really.” He states, with a soft kiss.

I melt into it.

“Thank god.” I breathe when we finally pull away. “I don’t even like pie.”

Sebastian chuckles before I interrupt his lips with my own.

THANKSGIVING

“Should we join hands?” Sebastian smirks, eyes glancing across the small table that is almost entirely covered by a giant turkey.

I clear my throat and begin in a pompous, priestly voice. “Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, I give thanks to thee for the creation of the Home Depot, without whom, none this would have been possible.”

“Here, here!” Sebastian cries, raising his glass of wine into the air.

I laugh, quickly raising my own so that we may cheers, before tossing back a swig.

Sebastian, eventually having to resort to using the utility knife from his work belt, cuts into the turkey
and slices us some meat. Accompanied by stuffing and green beans, it was a proper thanksgiving feast.

Even if the turkey wasn’t prepared by chefs hired by my father for the occasion, and the stuffing came from a box, and the green beans were a little over cooked—sitting there, nestled against Sebastian’s side as we ate ice cream and watched another Harry Potter movie, it was my favorite thanksgiving by far.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU❤️
Finally

Chapter Notes

I am SO sorry that this took so long to write!! I appreciate each and everyone of you for bearing with me!

YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I knew pain.

It had been a constant companion.

Always with me even when no one else was.

But I had never known pain like this.

I scream.

I don’t want to.

I want to be strong.

To show Claude that no matter what he does to my body, he will never take my mind.

But I am only so strong.

And it’s hard to keep fighting,

When you’ve given up the only thing worth fighting for.

Claude finally stops, chuckling as he pulls away. “That ought to do it.”

Pain had always been hot.

But if pain is like fire, then the pain I was familiar with was a firework.

Bright.

Explosive.

Quick.

This pain was like molten lava.

Crashing to the surface and destroying anything in its wake.

Destroying any sense of peace that I might have had before as a sudden, debilitating, realization takes over.

I can’t see out of my right eye.
“Finally realized huh?” Claude drawls.
It’s like there’s nothing there.
Nothing but pain.
“I was going to carve out the whole eye but then figured, why not just take the only part that matters?”
He leans in again. I flinch at the feel of his hot breath adding to the flames.
“Those pretty blues.”
***
Almost as quickly as my eyes register the fact that it is Alois trying to break into my apartment, my nose recognizes the scent of Ciel that clings to him.
Before he can open his mouth, before I can even finish thinking, I have the door closed again with Alois pinned against it.
“Where the ~fuck~ is Ciel?” I growl.
Alois flinches, a whimper escaping his lips.
A part of me feels bad.
He’s an omega and I am not pulling any of my scent right now.
But then I realize that the scent coming from him isn’t just of Ciel, but of Claude too.
I slam Alois against the door again, the outside of my forearm flying up to press against his throat.
“Where the fuck is he!” I scream.
“I’m sorry.” Alois sobs.
I slam him against the door for a third time, hard enough that his head smacks against the metal.
“You’re going to be if you don’t start talking.” I snarl.
“I didn’t mean—it was never—my brother—Vincent.” The boy hiccups through his words and suddenly my blood runs cold.
“You’re the one who’s been after Vincent.”
And he hired Claude to help him with the job.
Fucking fuck.
The boy nods.
“Then why the fuck is ~Ciel~ the one missing right now!” I yell, pressing my arm harder against his throat.
“Didn’t know!” He cries, voice stretched thin under the weight of my arm. “I thought getting Ciel would be a good way to get at Vincent! I didn’t know! God, and now—” he breaks off, eyes
glancing to the heavens as if they could spare him...and maybe they could have had he not taken Ciel. ~My~ Ciel. As it were, not even god could save him now.

“Tell me where they are Alois.” I growl, the sound reverberating around my chest.

Alois blinks, something seemingly snapping into place in his mind. He meets my gaze. “I’ll take you to Ciel if you get me Vincent.”

Alois is on the ground before I even know what I’m doing. Sprawled on the concrete while I stand snarling above him.

The sight should make me stop, but all I see is Ciel on the ground in his stead, with a far crueler man than me behind him.

“Do you know what I am? Do you think I’ll hesitate to kill you?”

Well I can be cruel too.

Alois slowly pushes himself off the floor, blonde hair a bright beacon in the rays of moonlight. “I think you can’t kill me until you know where Ciel is.”

I growl, dropping to the ground to grab at the hair that’s so different from Ciel’s. “You think I don’t have ways of ~making~ people talk?” I say instead, teeth bared. “People much stronger than you.”

Alois gulps. “I know you do.” He states, voice shaking. “But that takes time, and by my last estimate Ciel doesn’t have much of that.”

“You fucked bastard!” I snarl shoving him away from me. “Ciel is going to die if you don’t tell me! Do you have any idea the type of man Claude is? Is Vincent worth the death of an innocent man?”

My voice starts to taper at the end, throat closing in panic. What if I ~can’t~ get him to talk? I have no idea where Vincent is. And I don’t have the time to go about figuring that out.

“He’s innocent, I know.” Alois has the good grace to at least look slightly ashamed at these words. “And you want to save him.” He looks back up at me. “But his isn’t the only life Vincent would have been responsible for.”

My mind momentarily stills at this. Vincent could be capable of it. But soon enough my thoughts are catching on those blue eyes in front of me. Those eyes that are all wrong. They aren’t ~his~ blue. They aren’t his because he isn’t here. Because these watery blue eyes in front of me decided that revenge was more important than a life. Ciel’s life.

Ciel.

Please, Ciel.

Please.

Please.

Be alright.

***
Something wasn’t right.

Ciel had been acting weird for a while now.

And I thought Sebastian explained that fact, because a boyfriend ~would~ make Ciel act different.

But this text was the strangest yet. Ciel was my cousin and my best friend. I had known him all his life. And never had, in all those years, there been a typo in his texts. Let alone three.

With a dad as strict as Uncle Vincent, Ciel’s spelling and typing were meticulous. A favorite punishment of Vincent’s was copying the dictionary. Sometimes even I would be forced to do it.

I remember one time when we were seven Ciel and I had been playing tag inside, and in the midst of our game, we had broken an antique vase. Vincent, a towering authority figure stood over us, looming until Ciel started to cry. Ciel always ~hated~ being in trouble for some reason. Far more than the usual kid would.

He was so sensitive growing up I thought ~for sure~ he was going to be an omega. Because that’s the one thing I knew about omegas then. That they were sensitive. That they were weak. And I always wanted to be the one to protect him.

But I guess the percentage was always higher for him to be a beta anyways.

So I took his hand to comfort him as Vincent decided that our punishment would be copying 500 words from the dictionary. Any mistakes and we would have to start over.

Of course seven-year-old me whined and complained until my mom came to pick me up hours later having only written half of one definition. But Ciel he didn’t even hesitate. He just sat down, and with his chubby little hands started studiously copying down the words from a random page in a dictionary half his size. The pink of his tongue peeking out between his lips as he focused on writing the words in the clearest, neatest, print I had ever seen.

I should have known then that Ciel was going to be ~much~ better than me at school.

But that’s why, even when others found it odd, I had never questioned Ciel’s academic-like texts. They were a quirk that was just so ~Ciel~ I couldn’t help but smile at them.

So why, then, were there three typos in a text that seemingly explained his absence at tonight’s dinner.

Once is chance.

Twice is coincidence.

My fingers scramble, quickly tapping on his contact to call him.

The phone doesn’t even dial.

My chest tightens.

Maybe Sebastian knows more?

I go back through my messages, finding my earlier threat to the alpha. I call.

With every dial my chest tightens more until I get his voicemail and it’s hard to breathe.
So I keep calling and calling, grabbing my keys as I go.

***

“I don’t care what the fuck your little sob story is!” Now it’s my hands that are at his throat. “You’re going to tell me where Ciel is or I’m going to make you tell me.”

“And I’m sure you will.” Alois whispers around my grip. “Eventually.” A steady look. “But until then the clock ~is~ ticking.”

I curse. “I don’t even know where the fuck Vincent is!”

Alois looks bored. “That’s not my problem.”

I curse again, heartbeat thrumming in my ears. Blood pumping so fast it almost sounds like ringing. Like a phone ringing.

I sprint upstairs.

There, lying in the remnants of my anger, screen cracked, is my phone lighting up with the name of the person currently calling.

“Lizzy,” I breathe.

***

A part of my mind short wires at that.

I don’t even know why.

Sure, everyone had always told me they were pretty, but being pretty only ever got me in trouble.

But my body, only knowing that a part of itself was missing, didn’t know how to cope.

I start shaking.

Or maybe I’ve been shaking?

By now the stench of alpha feels like a physical thing in my nose.

Like bits of cotton to stop a nosebleed.

It suffocating.

And heavy.

So very heavy.

Under it I can’t move.

And yet I also can’t seem to stop shaking.

Tears leak out.

At least, in my left eye there’s tears.
On my right side I’m not sure if it’s tears or blood that’s spilling down my cheeks.

Maybe it’s all the better if I don’t know.

Claude reaches out, rough fingers coming to wipe away Schrödinger’s liquid as it spills down my cheek.

“Trembling little omega,” he coos in a perverse attempt at softness.

Huh, I must still be shaking.

“You fear does nothing to sway me,” Claude muses, hand pulling back, revealing rivulets of blood scattered by sparkling tears.

Both.

I never considered both.

“You see, I’m not as weak as your alpha.” He comments, fingers rising to his lips as his tongue darts out and starts to clean them.

I should be disturbed.

Mostly I’m confused.

He’s still talking?

Huh.

And I’m still shaking.

“Do tell.” I find myself muttering.

I must be insane.

Has the lava finally reached my brain?

Am I even still alive?

I’m still shaking.

I must be.

I remember learning, what must have been long ago now, that omegas are highly attuned to scents. It’s what allowed them to be such good parents. Bioengineered to be able to be so sensitive to scents that they can tell the slight differences between distressed: hungry, distressed: tired, and distressed: hurt.

But this advantage could also be a weakness. Because an omega’s olfactory sensors have far more impact on their brains than the other dynamics. And alphas, with their exceptionally strong scent glands, could (on rare occasion) actually damage an omega’s brain. In essence, alpha’s—with their scents alone—could make omegas lose their minds.

And you can’t exactly put up posters around the neighborhood for a lost mind.

I wonder if it’s already too late for mine.
A firework cross my jaw has my thoughts flying back into myself.

I’m still shaking.

And now Claude looks angry.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going? You’re not passing out on me.” He snarls.

God, I must be alive because I can feel his spittle against my face.

Don’t know if it would suggest I’m still sane though.

Because I’m still shaking.

And that’s not the best sign.

“Look who’s suddenly gone all quiet! What’s the matter, princess? Suddenly realized what it’s like to be in the presence of a real alpha?”

The new pain.

By now it’s my friend too.

Not a very good friend.

But I can’t imagine life without it anymore.

But as the pain remains ever present, I can feel my mind start to go.

It’s tired.

I don’t blame it.

Because I’m tired too.

And maybe I’m sentimental, but if my mind is to leave I would like to leave with it.

“I wasn’t passing out,” the words come out slurred between swollen lips.

It’s time to end this.

“What was that, princess? You want me to ~show~ you what a real alpha feels like?”

Images flash through my mind.

I’m 13.

And there’s so much ~pain~.

Then and now.

I can’t move.

But I’m shaking.

So I’m here.
“I ~said~,” I force myself to annunciate, split lips bleeding under my ministrations, “that I wasn’t passing out, I was falling asleep. I get it, you’re jealous of Sebastian, you’re going to kill me because of it, big whoop.”

Big whoop?
Claude growls so violently that I swear the world is moving.
Or maybe it’s still me.

“You know what, I’ve decided there’s something better then killing you,”
The pain, the shaking, my mind—it all stops.
No.
No no no no no no no no no
“That’s right, princess, I’m going to make you mine.”
The shaking is back
and it’s so much worse.
***
It feels like I’ve had too much caffeine. My heart pounds all over my body and yet I can’t seem to get any air.

Ciel.

~Ciel~
Lizzy called, worried, and I only make her worry more. But it was all for Ciel. She could get to Vincent. As quickly as I could I explained the situation and tried to have patience as Lizzy started sobbing on the other end of the line.

“I’ll call Vincent, explain everything, and he’ll get here as soon as he can.”

I hold in a growl. Explain ~more~ of the situation. Lizzy cries even harder on the other end of the line. I’m not sure if it’s my heart beating or the clock ticking at this point. But right when I am about to lose my patience, Lizzy’s voice, wavering but determined comes back.

“I got it. I’ll call Vincent, saying someone knows Ciel is an omega and is trying to blackmail him. If he is as truly against Ciel’s dynamic as you say he is, he’ll be here as quick as he can.”

“That—That could actually work.”

I’m breathless.

Alois is still crumbled on the ground.

“I’ll call you back.”

2 minutes had never been more agonizing in my life. All I see is Ciel. His smile, his eyes, his laugh. He’s just so ~good~. And I can’t help but feel as if this is all my fault.
The phone rings.

“Lizzy.”

“He’ll be there in 30 minutes.”

I curse. So much time! But it could have been way worse. He could have been in another country for all we knew. But I guess he didn’t want to be too far away from the one thing he cared about: his business.

***

Even with the body guard that he was ~specifically~ told not to bring by the ‘Black mailer’ Vincent was far too easy to capture. It was frankly a miracle that no one had managed to kill him yet. But even as he yelled and thrashed about, all I could see was Ciel.

We end up in my car, Alois holding a gun to a hog-tied Vincent’s head as I sped through the directions Alois shouted out. We make it to an abandoned office space when Alois tells me we’re here, the 15th floor, and whatever else he says is lost to the wind as I sprint to the building, eyes searching the deserted lobby wildly until they land on an inconspicuous door labeled “stairs”.

As fast as my legs will take me, I launch myself up.

His name echoing in my mind with every step.

Ciel.

Ciel.

Ciel.

I’m bursting through the doors.

“Ciel!”

And there he is, small frame hidden from view as Claude leans over him, canines poised to bite into the pale flesh of Ciel’s neck—his claim spot.

I move to pull my gun from my waist band, but Claude is faster, pulling instead at Ciel to use him as a human shield.

“Well, ~this~ is an unexpected surprise.” Claude drawls.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this wasn't the happiest chapter! But I think there will only be one more chapter of angst before we can start getting to the fluff again!

AGAIN, LOVE YOU GUYS! Writing this chapter reminded me of how much I missed writing so hopefully I'll be back to a more regular schedule from here on out!
Here we go:

TW: for a depicted suicide, it is not graphic, but if you are worried feel free to find me on tumblr or in the comments for more info!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I had hoped to draw this out,” I start, eyes briefly glancing to where Sebastian is disappearing from view. “But it looks like our time will be cut short.”

My eyes flick back to where Vincent lies on the seat, a sight that I had dreamed about for so many years. He sweats and shakes as I knew he would. Death doesn’t care about money, and therefore death didn’t care about him.

Just as he didn’t care about my brother.

My throat tightens, my eyes clenching shut.

“He was six.” I grate. “~Six~.”

Vincent just huffs around his gag in response, eyes flicking around rapidly for any means of escape.

A fucking coward until the end.

“He wanted to be a firefighter!” I find myself screaming, yanking him up so that we are face to face. “Six-years-old and he wanted to do more good in the world than you ~ever~ did!”

Vincent remains still, chest heaving.

“Say something!” I scream, reaching for my knife to slice the gag from his mouth. “Explain to me why you couldn’t even fucking stop to see if he was okay!”

Vincent spits away the gag and looks me dead in the eye as he growls. “I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, you fucking omega.”

I freeze for approximately one second, a second in which I realize the fatal flaw to all of my plans—that he never ~could~ understand—before I plunge the knife into his chest.

“This is what it feels like to have a heart,” I state through clenched teeth. “And this,” I twist the knife around, “is what it feels like to have that heart ripped out.”

He looks so shocked. Eyes glancing down at the knife in his ribs, at the blood there, as if he can’t believe it. I should probably feel shocked too.

I yank the knife back out and watch as Vincent falls to his side, blood pooling around his mouth, breaths growing raspy.

“Oh, and Vincent?”
A gurgle comes in response.

“That omega son of yours? He’s the only good you ever did in your life.”

Vincent chokes—and with that—his eyes go unfocused.

If he couldn’t remember my brother, I was glad his last thoughts were remembering Ciel.

***

Sebastian?

~Fuck~

He was never supposed to be here.

Why is he here?

***

I had never known anger like this.

I had never known ~fear~ like this.

“Lower the gun, or you can kiss his other eye goodbye.” Claude states.

His ~other~ eye?

I drop the gun. The air reeks with the stench of Ciel’s distress. I want to strangle Claude. To rip him apart, piece by piece, but all I can do is fucking ~stand~ here. Stand because any wrong move could have Ciel paying the price. And he’s already paid so much.

I let out a growl of frustration that echoes around the silence.

“Claude.”

The bastard has the gaul to smile.

“Now that the gun’s out of the way, I must say that this is quite the pleasant surprise! I had worried you wouldn’t be able to make it!”

I snarl. How dare he hurt Ciel and make light of it?

“Claude, let’s settle this like alphas and leave Ciel out of it.”

Claude tilts his head, finger raising to his chin in a mockery of thought. “Hmm, I don’t know. I was having so much fun with the omega though.” He drawls, stalking around the chair until Ciel is revealed. “You see?”

I look at Ciel as he looks at me.

Growing up, I had always heard the expression ‘heart break’ but it never made much sense to me. Hearts weren’t something that could break. Perhaps they could fail—medically speaking—but they couldn’t ~break~. But then again, anything can seem unbreakable before given the opportunity to break. A piece of China can sit on display for years, but as soon as you take it down to hand it to someone else, it almost seems inevitable.
And all around me I hear shattering.

Bruised and bloody, Ciel looks up at me with one eye. ~One~ eye. One eye because the other is closed with a trail of blood slipping from it.

I start forward before I can stop myself.

“Ah, ah, ah.” Claude’s voice stops me, as the red in my eyes clears long enough to see that he’s moved around Ciel so that he can hold a knife to his throat.

I freeze.

“Claude, please.” My voice comes out in a strangled whisper.

Ciel winces, scent flickering, as Claude digs in the knife to the pale stretch of Ciel’s throat. “Begging already, Sebastian?”

I grit my teeth. “Please, Claude. I’ll do anything.”

Claude quirks an eyebrow. “Anything?” He muses.

My heart, broken, trampled thing that it is, jumps in my chest.

“Sorry,” Claude jerks Ciel’s chin up, exposing his throat that much more to the blade of the knife. “I don’t think that’s going to cut it.”

From this angle, Ciel’s chest heaves, scent flickering between the pain he must be in and soothing hints of rain. Even now. Even ~now~ Ciel is trying to do the right thing. Trying to comfort ~me~ while he is at the business end of a knife looking like ~that~. Why is this happening? Why? Why?

“Why?” I croak out.

I couldn’t understand how Claude could do such a thing to Ciel. And I couldn’t understand how the world could let something so ~terrible~ happen to someone so ~beautiful~. But above it all, I just couldn’t understand why. Why would Claude even want to strike out against me in the first place?

Claude scoffs, “You hear that princess?” He asks, bending down to whisper into Ciel’s ear. “He wants to know ~why~.”

My nails cut into my palms.

Claude’s eyes flick back up to mine, a gaze eerily familiar to my own reflection. “Yes, ~why~ would I ever have a problem with the ~perfect~ Sebastian?”

He spits my name like a curse.

“So perfect,” Claude continues, knife still held just a hair too close to the skin of Ciel’s neck. “That you could ruin my life without even being there.”

“What?” The questions slips from my lips before I can stop it. Claude and I have never had an issue before. Of course, I didn’t like the guy because of his obvious psychopathic tendencies, but I kept things completely professional between us.

I’m about to repeat the question, when Claude opens his mouth and ends it before it can start.

“Did you ever wonder who your father was, Sebastian?”
The sentence floats through the air, held aloft by the dense weight of tension throughout the room. My father?

“What about him?” I growl, in no mood to talk when Ciel sits only feet away from me, injured and still in danger.

“See the thing about him is,” Claude hums. “He’s the same as mine.”

I blink. The resemblance, so uncanny, that if we were ever paired on missions, people would mistake us as...brothers.

“If that’s true,” I state with measured words, my mind still trying to catch up with the turn this conversation has taken. “Then why go after Ciel? Why try to hurt me through him?”

An edge of desperation colors my last words. Every ounce of my being is screaming at me to go to him. To protect him. To carry him to safety.

“The thing about having a brother that I had never met,” Claude elaborates. “Was that our father could always compare us, always use ~you~ as a way to point out my flaws.”

Claude snarls at the notion.

“‘Even your bastard brother, could hit a ball better than that.’” Claude mimics, voice a touch lower. “‘Your brother lives on the streets like trash, but even he makes me prouder than you ever will.’”

My lips part only to shut again. I want to scream. What the fuck does this have to do with me? ~I~ never actually did ~anything~! And Ciel especially didn’t, so why the fuck did he have to be brought into this?

But I stay silent. Nothing I say is going to win me any points in Claude’s favor.

Because this truly was never about me.

“And Ciel here,” Claude trails a finger down Ciel’s cheek. It takes every ounce of willpower I have not to kill him where he stands. “Makes you ~far~ too happy.”

The knife, where it had rest against the middle of Ciel’s throat moves to the side, to the crux of his jaw.

My mouth opens, I start forward.

“So if you took any hope of happiness from me…”

“No~”

“It’s only fair I do the same to you.”

The world stops. My heart in my stomach, Ciel’s scent like a summer rainstorm filling my nose in a final goodbye, my feet moving forward even though I am already too late.

~Too late~.

And yet.

Claude is dropping to the ground, knife falling from his hand.
My arms are crushing Ciel against me.

“Ciel, my love, my world, my ~omega~, please say something.”

“Alois,”

Mind whirling, I look to Ciel whose attention is focused over my shoulder.

I spin around, staring at the figure of Alois in the stairwell, gun in his hand as he slowly fixes Ciel with a sad smile.

“I’m sorry,” he states, eyes filled with tears that don’t fall.

“Alois,” Ciel’s voice cracks on the name, but the blonde simply shakes his head as he raises the gun from where it had been pointed at Claude, to his temple.

“He’s gone now.”

The words, so simple, so huge, are punctuated by a gunshot that I hear in my soul.

Ciel’s scent explodes around me in a kaleidoscope of grief and relief and pain and sorrow, before he suddenly goes limp.

Instantly my attention flies back to him as I rip through his binds, folding myself around him, my hand shaking as I dial 911.

“Please, Ciel,” I beg, looking down at his blood streaked face. “Please, please, please, be okay.”

***

My mind floats adrift in the universe. Flying past stars that put our sun to shame and planets with rings finer than any piece of jewelry. My consciousness sees nebulas, black holes, and alien civilizations.

It’s so quiet out here. So Peaceful. But lonely too.

I miss him.

I don’t even know who ~he~ is but I miss him.

But then again, I only need to wake up again to see him,

Right?

Because I have a sinking suspicion that my mind has a body as well, and bodies need to sleep.

I can picture my body in my mind now—feel it—but it feels different than I remember. It feels stiff and battered. I wonder what happened. Did I park it in a bad area? I should have just rolled the windows down rather than have them smashed like this.

Oh wait.

That’s cars.
A noise suddenly grabs ahold of my consciousness—ah yes, that whole body thing again—it has ears.

“Mr. Michaelis, we understand that you’re upset, but seeing as you’re not his alpha by claim we can’t let you stay here.”

A rolling wave of thunder answers the voice. “Just try to take me away from him.”

That’s funny, I didn't know thunder could talk.

I also didn’t know that thunder could sound so familiar.

It seems my ears are finicky things though, for soon enough they continue their slumber and let my mind wander away again. This time I visit Opportunity. I pat her head. Tell her she did a great job roving Mars. She beeps in response. It is well put.

Listening to Oppy, my ears seem to realize that they should be listening to something else too. Though, what they hear now is much more pleasant than before.

The voice that had roared like thunder now seems to blow like a warm breeze over my skin.

“I’m so sorry, Ciel.”

Ciel? Oh yes, I have a name.

“I never should have let this happen,” the wind dispairs.

It’s funny, I’d never known the wind to have such sentiments before.

Why is the wind so sad? What made him this way? I had seen the wind in many a different mood before, but nothing like this. The wind could be angry, could destroy everything in its path. It could be vindictive, could bring tears to your eyes. The wind could also be gentle, caressing your skin like a lover.

I want to ask the wind what has made it heartbroken of all things, when the sun itself takes my hand, folding it up in it’s warmth.

“Please, Ciel—please—wake up.”

Wake up? Why would I want to do that?

“I love you.” The sun whispers.

To be loved by the sun? Surely that was good enough a reason to open my eyes, even if one didn’t seem willing to fully cooperate.

My eye flickers open, the other seeming to be trapped under something, and even if it isn’t the sun, my gaze still seems to gravitate toward him.

“You love me?” The words come out like crumpled pieces of paper.

Sebastian, who had been bent over, holding my hand to his head as if in some sort of prayer, startles and instantly finds my gaze.

“Ciel!”
He starts toward me,

“You ~love~ me?” I repeat.

Sebastian stills, body thrumming with barely contained tension. “You heard? You weren’t,” he breaks off, looks at my hand where it still lays between his own, before giving it a little squeeze and meeting my gaze.

“Yes.”

I let out a breath I hadn’t known I’d been holding.

“I love you too.”

Sebastian’s eyes widen for the briefest of seconds, before his arms are flying around me, clutching me to his chest, scent exploding around the room like a firework, a stream of “iloveyouiloveyouiloveyouiloveyouresafeiloveyouiwontletanythinghurtyoueveragainyouresafeiloveyouiloveyou being whispered into my hair. I bury my face in his neck, basking in his words, inhaling the scent of whiskey and cinnamon, as I fight back tears.

It’s the happiest I’ve ever been in my life, and yet I still want to cry. I thought I was going to die. I thought I was going to die with Sebastian hating me. I thought I was going to die after I had finally found something worth living for.

~Someone~ worth living for, I correct, My hands clutching at Sebastian’s back a little tighter.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright! There we go!!!!

I SERIOUSLY considered ending the chapter after Ciel passed out, but decided that you guys had had enough of the angsty cliffhangers! Thank you for being absolutely AMAZING readers and sticking with me through all of that!

Find me on tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds
Blinking awake, the unmistakable white of a hospital room filtered in sunlight greets me. Like drops of rain, the memories come slow and unbidden, until suddenly I am caught in a downpour. The pain. The fear. The desperation.

I’m ~drowning~ in them.

And then I see him.

Slumped, practically over my legs, Sebastian looks every inch the angel before the fall. Thick brows furrowed even in sleep with long lashes casting shadows over his darkened eyes. He looks drained, and tired, and tense, but something in his mouth speaks of contentment. Something in his shoulders of relief. And looking at him I’m struck all at once at how he’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.

~“I love you.”~

The memory, soft, and tender, and precious, has me holding my breath. I had long given up on my life being a happy one. Had realized that, not everyone’s was. But looking at Sebastian, draped over me as if to protect me from the doctors of all things, large hand wrapped around my own, with the warm scent of cinnamon and clove in the air, I think, ~this~. This is happiness.

And maybe not everyone could have a happy life.

But dammit, I was going to.

***

Holding Ciel in my arms as he slowly slips back into sleep, I realize that ~this~ is what I have been looking for all my life. Always restless, always moving, always taking the jobs the furthest away after my mother died, I had never realized that all that time I had actually been searching.

Searching for this.

For him.

Covered in bandages, the fluorescent lights turning what little skin remained exposed a sickly blue, Ciel looks so fragile in my arms. But it is his strength that made me fall for him.

So strong for so long, I want nothing more than to make sure that he never has to be that strong again.
And somehow this person, this incredible, beautiful, intelligent, kind, wonderful, person, loves me.

I want to kill Claude and Vincent a thousand times over for what they did to him. Kill Alois for the part he played in Ciel nearly dying right in front of me.

But, with my throat closings at the memory, I force myself to look down at the sleeping boy right in front of me, reminding myself that he is safe in my arms. I can hardly believe the amount of adoration, protectiveness, and just love that wells within me. My arms tighten around Ciel, careful not to disturb him. For now, I guess, I can settle on just keeping his mental demons at bay by making sure no nightmares plague him.

***

“He’s…..dead?”

“Yes Ciel, he’s dead. It’s over.”

Surprise. Relief. Confusion. Disbelief. Happiness. Sadness. They all come washing over me. And then I am asleep again.

***

“God I wish I was the one that got to kill them in the end,”

I’d hardly been awake for five whole minutes before Sebastian is cursing out both Claude and Vincent—for, what I assume, isn’t the first time, but the first time that I’ve actually been awake for. I’ve been doing a lot of sleeping these days. And Sebastian, the stubborn fool, has been there every time I woke up.

“They are both so incredibly lucky that Alois was the one who did the deed,” Sebastian growls, all while gently fussing with my blankets after I had offhandedly mentioned that I was a little cold.

“Lucky indeed,” I murmur, watching the way Sebastian’s hands shake with barely constrained anger.

“And you.” I blink as Sebastian suddenly turns his intense glare on me. “You’re lucky that you’re so cute or I might have to kill you myself for what you pulled! How dare you try to sacrifice yourself like that!”

Sebastian sounds hurt, but I can’t bring myself to regret any of my actions. Sebastian wouldn’t even be able to be hurt if Claude had been able to get his way. And so even though I know that Sebastian is being serious, I can’t help but want to smile.

“I’d like to see you try,” I hum.

Sebastian levels me with a glare, but it’s effectiveness is somewhat ruined by the fact that he is currently tucking the blanket up to my chin. “You seem to forget that I’m a killer by profession.” He says gruffly.

The smile that had been sneaking up on me, now fully blooms across my face. “Hmmm, or I just remember that you’re an assassin who also happens to love me.”

I know I’m being cheeky, but sitting in the hospital, being really awake for the first time in who knows how long, looking like the undead, still surprised that I’m not actually dead, has put me in
sort of a strange mood.

Sebastian blinks, as if he hadn’t quite expected me to remember that.

“Which is lucky, because I also happen to remember saying I love you too.” I pause, looking at Sebastian as all his emotions seem to teeter on the edge. “Which I do.” I finally add.

For an alpha, Sebastian’s scent is nothing but sweet as it blooms all around me. Slowly, ever so slowly, Sebastian cups my face and leans in to place the softest of kisses to my lips. And sure I had just been through that absolute hell, and that which was my entire life before this was also kind of hell, and ~that~ me never thought anything good could come of my life, but now I have this. I have this I have this, And none of that matters.

***

“Ciel,” the voice is gentle, but I can hear the heat within it. “Don’t you dare feel bad for that man.”

I pause, wringing my hands in my lap, only stopping when my IV at the top of the right one twinges. “I don’t feel bad, I just—” I bite my lip. “Don’t know how to feel.”

“Celebratory?” Sebastian suggests, making my lips twitch.

“Are you to buy me some balloons and party favors then?” I ask, voice still rough from whatever tube they shoved down my throat during surgery.

“Love,” Sebastian starts, reaching over so that his thumb grazes my cheek. “I’d give you the moon and all the stars if you wanted them.”

Finally, he gets a smile out of me.

“Sap.” I state, despite leaning into his touch, my scent flaring just so.

“Careful,” He scolds, his own scent echoing mine in return. “I have a reputation to uphold.”

I snort. If only Sebastian’s fellow ‘coworkers’ could see him now.

Sebastian leans in, placing a soft kiss to the spot on my cheek where his thumb had just been. “I suppose you can feel something in addition to celebratory though.” He relents.

“How generous.” I mummer, missing his touch already. The omega in me finds itself more dependent than ever, desperately craving reassurance. Which seems to be just fine with Sebastian, whose alpha demands to keep me within site at all times. “But I wasn’t lying before.”

Sebastian resumes his soft strokes, this time on the hand without the IV.

“It’s been so long, it’s just—just hard to believe that it is really over. That he’s really gone...I feel like I’m just waiting for him to walk through that door and get angry over this latest debacle that I’ve caused.”

Sebastian’s hand clenches around mine, but his voice remains soft when he speaks. “You didn’t cause this Ciel, nothing Vincent ever did or said to you was justified.”
“I know that, and yet—I still feel all wrong I inside.”

Sebastian is still for a moment, before moving his hands from mine. I look up in question.

“Ciel,” He starts, fingers moving to softly run over the gauze that covers my arms and chest. “Just like these wounds, all healing takes time. But Ciel, it ~will~ get better.”

Tears gather in my eye for absolutely no reason. “How do you know?” I whisper.

“Because,” He states, wiping the tears from cheek. “You are the strongest person I know.”

I snort at that, but Sebastian’s gaze holds firm.

“And after everything you’ve survived, anything else life throws at you should be a piece of cake.”

I groan, the spell broken, “God, ~please~ don’t mention cake. These meds have me way too nauseous.”

***

The first bandages to be removed are the ones around his neck. The rest of the cuts on his arms and chest still too deep. I absently run the pad of one finger along the pink flesh, every inch of my body stiffening in barely controlled anger.

“It’s just a scar,” Ciel tells me, but looking up to meet that sweet face that’s only covered in more bandages, the feeling only gets worse.

I can barely speak around the gravel in my throat. “It will never be ~just~ a scar.” I grind out.

Ciel has been in the hospital for two weeks already, and yet still the nightmares came. You’d hardly know unless you were right next to him, but knowing my omega was hurt, I could hardly be anywhere else. But he was so strong, he wouldn’t scream, wouldn’t cry, but one look at his hands clenching the sheets in desperation, at his face scrunched up in pain, I knew.

And it killed me.

“Sebastian.” Ciel’s voice breaks me out of my stupor, along with his bandages fingers grazing along my cheek. I capture them in my own hand, bringing them up to kiss each little exposed finger tip.

“Please stop blaming yourself—you’re the reason I’m even here.”

My heart clenches.

“Exactly.” I growl. “I’m the reason you needed to go to the hospital in the first place.”

Ciel huffs, single eye narrowed my way. “Really? You’re going to pull this shit?”

I look down at the beautiful, broken, and bruised boy that I was meant to have kept safe. “I should have realized, Ciel.” I whisper, my voice breaking. “Sure you were lying, but it was me who so easily believed you.”

Ciel looks at his hands, picking at a loose piece of gauze. “I needed you to believe me, Sebastian. I needed to know that you were safe in order to face him.” My heart breaks all over again. Ciel glances up at me. “Besides, I wouldn’t beat yourself up. I’ve been told I’m a pretty good liar.”

In that ocean blue gaze there is the smallest flicker of flame and I’m struck again by just how
remarkable this boy is.

“P-pretty good?” I sputter.

Ciel’s expression slowly turns haughty in nature. “Alright, ~really~ good.”

I raise my eyebrow, slowly feeling my body start to relax as I realize that while there may be some cracks, my love is far from broken.

Ciel sticks out his tongue. “If you’re going to be that way, I’m just going to call myself the ~king~ of lies!”

I snort at that, but before I can reply, a soothing beta nurse lets herself in the room. As an omega, and a rare male one at that— (though the hospital staff had been thoroughly warned (threatened) by myself to not let that information leak—the hospital staff had become rather overbearing in their efforts to care for Ciel. I wanted nothing more than to take him home, hide him from the world where he was safe and protected, give him a million blankets, and nurse Ciel back to health myself. It had become so bad that I had to remind myself how the hospital was the best place for him at least once every 5 minutes.

“How was the food, Ciel?”

Ciel looks down at the barely eaten tray of hospital mush before turning to me, eyes pleading.

“Go right ahead, ~king of lies~,” I whisper. “Tell her how the food was.”

***

I look in the mirror for the first time since having the gauze removed from my eye and I almost don’t believe the reflection I see. Despite the fact that I can’t see out of it anymore, my eye looks remarkably good. The doctors did an amazing job, it’s just that now it’s...well...purple.

Or at least the iris is.

The doctor explained that is was scar tissue, but it looked more that a bad cosplay attempt. After the sheer agony of having Claude route around the soft flesh of my eyeball, I thought for sure that I was going to lose the eye altogether. But this? This almost looked...good.

And it seemed Sebastian agreed.

He stood behind me, arms falling over my shoulders to press me gently closer to him, form so tall that I couldn’t even see his face in the mirror, even though I knew his gaze was locked on the reflection of mine.

“You look ethereal.” He states.

I snort. “No one can look ~ethereal~ in hospital lighting,” I quip, even if I too can’t seem to draw my attention away from my changed appearance.

“Perhaps no one but you.” Sebastian replies, lowering down until his chin rests on my head so that we may both be seen within the glass.

My lips twitch. “I think you’re biased.”
“And ~I~ think you’re beautiful.”

I smile despite myself.

***

Almost a month later. A month of healing, of my mother and Lizzy crying dramatically over my hospital bed as they found out what happened, of Sebastian being unbearably attentive, I finally stand at the front door to Sebastian’s apartment.

“It’s not pretty, Ciel.” He’s telling me. “I didn’t take that call very well.”

Sebastian has the gaul to look embarrassed over the hurt ~I~ caused him.

“It’s okay, Sebastian.” I reply, squeezing his hand. “It’s nothing we can’t handle together.”

“Together?”

Even now, Sebastian seems surprised that I want to be with him. I want to scream at my past self, why did I have to be so cruel?

But at the same time, I know exactly why I had to be that cruel. And so, I level Sebastian with a smile. Time will heal his wounds too.

“Together.”

Unlocking the door, we walk hand and hand, back to the only place I had ever considered home.

BONUS:

“The Harry Potter DVDs? Really Sebastian?”

Chapter End Notes

So???? Do you guys forgive me for all of the angst?

also, I feel like an Iris wouldn't actually turn purple, but we are ignoring science in THIS HOUSE.

Thank you for sticking with me through this wild and LONG ride! You guys are the best readers a girl could ever ask for! I love each and everyone of you!!!!

Tumblr: @bookstakeyoutootherworlds

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