How to say goodbye

by MyssieB9

I am rereading and rewriting some chapters, correcting mistakes and everything, so forgive me, I hope you enjoy it. Chapter 1 totally new and more explanatory.

Just give a try...

Notes
English is not my first language, so forgive my mistakes. 
It's my first time here, I'm still not sure how to proceed.

They aren't mine i just torture them for free (Do not sue me, I'm poor).
"I hurt myself today
To see if I still feel
I focus on the pain
The only thing that's real"
(Hurt-Nine Inch Nails)

Hi, thanks for reading!
To understand it better, my omegas are intersexual, that is, they have both male and female organs, that's how I explain Mpreg. There is no 'heat', but there is alpha dominance and omega submission. I'm fixing many mistakes yet, be patient with me. Please let me know your opinion about it.

"What have I become
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know
Goes away in the end"

No one messes with the town of Sergeant Voight and comes out unscathed. No one but him.

"What are you going to do about the fireman?" Olinsky asks as the Intelligence office quickly empties, only he and Voight are left behind.

"Nothing. Matthew Casey is no longer my problem."

"Is it okay if I say that's a good decision, Hank?"

Voight breathes deeply, Justin's death still fresh in his mind.

"It's time to move on, old man." Alvin concludes. "I hate dealing with firefighters and all that shit."

Voight agrees, Alvin never questioned his orders, but he noticed the old detective's disgust to have to deal with this particular case.

"I talked to Erin, she's in the hospital with a witness." Alvin takes something out of his pocket, a paper with some names. "One directly linked to Adres Dias. Very close to him."

Voight tilts the nearest body to Alvin, as if they were sharing a secret.

"How close to him?"

"As far as we know is his partner, at least he is one of them, Adres has many affair out there, but this one seems to be the closest one."
"Partner, huh? Like a couple?"

"Married and everything." Adres Dias has been the 'callus on Voight's foot' for months, he quickly took over the streets of Chicago with drugs and contraband weapons.

"A man?"

"An omega man, you must have seen some out there, Hank, they are everywhere."

Voight shrugs, not that he's looked at any omega lately. "Not my type."

"Well, he's one of them. Two kids, he's living in Chicago for over 10 years, something tells me he and Adres do not get along so well."

"Two children?" Voight would never have imagined someone like Adres Dias being a father. "How's that?"

"I don't know, but he's in the hospital now, told the cops it was a street fight, but he got worse for sure."

"Did he say anything about Adres?"

"Not that I know, but Erin is there now and, she can make him talk."

"What else do we know about this Omega?"

Olinsky takes the paper from his pocket and reads the names written there.

"Antonio Dawson, 38 years old, two children, was born in Chicago but was out for almost 8 years, possibly living in Colombia."

"Can we get him here, for a small conversation?"

"For taking a beating in the streets? I find it difficult, he didn't do anything wrong."

"8 years living in Colombia with a drug dealer is enough for me."

"Whatever, but he's in the hospital now, they won't let us bring him in."

"We have our means."

"I wouldn't count on that, Hank, it's election time, all these minority support groups would love a good reason to fall on top of us."

Voight hates politicians, but Alvin is right.

"A friendly conversation then ..."

Alvin looks at him in disbelief. "How much do you know about omegas, Hank?"

"What should I know?"

"Well, he cannot be interrogated by an alpha, it's the law, we both are alphas here. Omegas tend to be intimidated by people like us around them."

"It makes it easier for us to work, does not it?"
"No. He just talk to us if he wants to talk to us, that's the rule."

"Who created this stupid law?"

"It's new times, people like him have civil rights in most countries right now. Welcome to the new world, Hank."

"Huh." Voight scratches his head, a migraine threatens to strike soon. "What else should I know about omegas, Al?"

"Nothing in particular, don't yell at them, don't touch them unless they ask for it, this can be considered harassment, and God knows how the Internal affairs would love to get your ass on it."

"We have more than one way of treating this omega without which they may know."

Alvin doesn't respond, but it's obvious he doesn't agree with that, again.

"What?"

"I don't know, Hank, I'd hate to threaten someone with two kids to take care of. The man did not do anything illegal here, maybe it's not the case to take him to the river and drown him for it."

"Huh." Voight does not say, but he cannot force Alvin to keep following his requests, man has proven his loyalty many times before.

That is not the case here.

"I met someone else."

"Who?" Voight is surprised by this new information.

"Someone." Alvin won't talk more than that.

"An omega?"

"You can say it." Alvin shrugs. "Don't ask anything else."

"So you and Meredith ...?"

"Long story short, but yeah, we're done, finally."

"Is that why you don't wanna me to talk to this omega Dawson?"

"Not exactly, but give me some more time, I can find out more about him, and if he's hiding something, we'll take him for a ride, so he's all yours, Hank."

Voight agrees.
"And you could have it all

My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt"
Disturbed

Chapter Notes

I like the idea that Voigt is a corrupt cop. He is able to use any means to get what he wants, at the same time, he is a loving and protective father with Lindsay. I like that balance. Dawson's in trouble.

Three months later...

Voight stood by the door frame, looking at Lindsay as if watching a small work of art. He could not help but admire her.

She's been working on identifying suspects in a gun smuggling case. Just an ordinary day on the Intel.

"I know that face, who destroyed your dreams, Hank?" She asked, he move closer to her desk. The intimacy between them allowed for certain advances of her, without Voight barking at his face as response.
"Our omega man, Antonio Dawson. Do you know where I can find him? I haven't heard about him since he left the hospital."
"Forget it! He won't cooperate."
"Maybe I can persuade him."
"Really? And how are you going to do that? Going to his house and showing all your 'alpha domain' on it? Believe me, he doesn't need it, Hank."
"Well let me decide that."
Lindsay took a small book from the drawer of her desk and wrote the address.
"Don't try anything against him, Hank. He's just an omega trying to take care of his kids."
Voight took the paper and left the district.

The address was a few blocks from the harbor, a quiet neighborhood, most of the residents were Latins and their descendants. It was a violent place until the Latin gangs settled in, they prefer to
keep the police away. They made the neighborhood safe for themselves. Voight had some informants in the area, but no one really relevant in that case. People call Adres of 'Pulpo', or Octopus, because they say he has several arms around, all the time.

Adres was feared over there. No one in his right mind would speak against him. Voight was losing his temper with this case.

The house was empty, Voight waited outside for a while, but no one came to him. "Hey, boy, come over here."
A boy who was playing basketball at the neighborhood sports field approached him.
"What's your name?"
"Brian." The boy replied staring to Voight.
"Well, Brian, do you know someone named Antonio Dawson?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you know where I can find him now?"
"Should I know, sir?"
"You look like a smart boy to me! Now, let me ask you again: where is Mr. Dawson?"
"Is he in any trouble?"
"I don't know, is he?"
"My father doesn't like him."
"Can you tell me why your father didn't like him, Brian?"
"He's different from us. A stupidy bitch."
Voight looked around, some older boys were around, suspicious of Voight.
"Do you know where he is now?"
"Hey Diego! Come over here." Brian called for another boy, so the boy came up to them, a small kid, brunette skin, black hair.
"Your father, where is he?" Brian asked him.
"Who wants to know?" Diego did not stutter, he was a tough guy for his age, Voight thought.
"The white cop here." Brian pointed his thumb at Voight.
"Diego? My name is Hank Voight, I'm an old friend of your father's."
"My father has no friends, sir. Are you a real cop?"
"Well, I'm one of the good ones. I wonder how he is, can you help me to find him?"
"Diego!"
Voight saw the photos Lindsay brought with her, knew it was Antonio, crossing the street to meet them. He grabbed the boy's shoulders to steer him away from Voight.
"Diego, come with me." He said.
"Let me guess, Antonio Dawson, am I right?"
Antonio looked around suspiciously. In the photos, Voight saw that he was no more than a mass of purple and battered. Personally, Antonio was smaller than expected, fair skin, brown eyes. He had large cheeks, an almost childlike trait, Voight thought.
"What do you want with my son, sir?"
"Actually, I was looking for you, Mr. Dawson."
Antonio looked around again, they are was the focus of attention now, he could see people looking from the houses' windows.
"Not here." Antonio almost begged to Voight. "Let's talk inside."
Voight looked at the house, an old set built in the 1970s. Aged, dusted, on the side wall a greenish
stain of mold, some dead flowers on a parapet. It would have been a beautiful house sometime. He
stood in the small foyer waiting for Antonio to return.

Antonio came back after a few minutes with a mug in his hands, coffee to Voight. "Can you explain
why you were questioning my son, sir?"

"Sergeant Hank Voight, Chicago PD. Can I call you Antonio?" Showing his badge and accepting
coffee.

Antonio looked at him in confusion. "Diego is just a boy, you can't talk to him without me being there. I'm his father."

"Diego did nothing. I came for you. What can you tell me about Adres Dias?"

Antonio took a step back, he knew Voight was watching him.

"I haven't seen him for a long time. I can't help you."

"Antonio, unless you've lied about what I expect you didn't, our friend Adres sent you to the hospital
less than three months ago. Did the injuries cause damage to your memory?"

Antonio looked at his own feet, Voight's husky voice churned his skin, avoided looking directly at him.

"You can't interrogate me. I am..."

"Stop this! I don't care about your gender identity! I don't give a shit about it! We are two adult men
talking friendly here, but if you'd rather I can take you to the district and discuss it with a dozen alpha
around you. What do you want me to do Antonio?"

Antonio took a deep breath.

"Why now? It took me 10 years to rebuild my life, Sergeant Voight. Tell me why now? I didn't do
anything wrong."

Voight looked at him more closely, Antonio's lips trembling.

"What can you tell me about him?"

"I met Adres in high school. Before all the gangs stuff. He's the father of my kids. I haven't seen him
in more than 10 years, since we broke up. A few months ago he came back, acting as if nothing had
ever happened. Eva and Diego are confused, they don't remember him. That's all I can say about him, Sergeant."

"What kind of relationship do you have with him now, Antonio? Still married one?"

"No one leaves Adres, Sergeant. No one."

Voight took one of his presentation cards out of his pocket and handed it to Antonio.

"If you change your mind, my cell phone stays with me all the time. I can help you Antonio. You
can call me." Voight returns the mug and walks to the door to leave. "Thanks for the coffee."

"Can you leave my kids out of it?"

Voight stopped before leaving. "It depends on you, Antonio."

"Sergeant..."

"I can help you, but I need you to help me here. Adres may not be as patient as I am."
"He would not hurt his own children, Sergeant Voight."
"I hope you're right about that, Antonio."

Voight left the house, reaching the street he noticed a bearded man watching his steps, Adres bit the bait.

Lindsay watched as Voight jotted something down on his desk, since he had come back he didn't say a word.
"What?"
"What did you do with him, Hank?"
"Nothing." Not looking at her.
“I know you want to get Adres, we all want to, but risking a family father sounds very cruel even to...
Voight looked up at her, Lindsay fell silent.
“Come on, say it. Even for me? Is that what you think of me, Erin? Do you think I chase defenseless poor? This man, Antonio Dawson, is wrapped up in the neck with Pulpo, I don't care if he's just omega with kids, I don't give a shit! If I have to put him in jail, I'll do it without thinking twice!"
Lindsay left him alone, he didn't see her for the rest of the day.
Olinsky was standing beside him, Christ! He didn't even see the man coming. One of man's qualities, his description as well his blind devotion to Voight.

"Our Omega, Antonio Dawson."

"Yeah, what's about him?"

"He's clean, not even a parking ticket. He don't have a car either. Nothing in his name."

"I know that. The guy is almost a saint." Voight barked impatiently.

"But not his little seed of evil." Olinsky placed a file on his table, Voight picked it up and read.

"Diego Dawson Dias, our future client." Alvin said. "The boy is a problem maker."

"I met him a few days ago."

"The kid have more trouble than he can handle, and he not even have 14 years old."

"Vandalism, theft, gang member. It seems that a fruit didn't fall too far from the tree. How did you get that?"

"I have a friend who has a friend who owes me some favors."

Voight scratched his head. As much as he wanted to get Pulpo, Diego was only a boy. That was unethical even for him.

"The boy is very lucky! Every time he was arrested, the same judge judged his case, Donald Krueger." Olinsky said as he searched for something inside his coat.

Voight looked at him with a grimace. "Should I know who it is?"

"I didn't expect you to know Judge Krueger, he is an active supporter of omegas rights, and he isn't on our pay list."

"So, little Dawson vandalizes private property, poor daddy Dawson cries in front of the judge, and the marginal walks away from it? I've seen this movie before, it doesn't end well."
"Maybe it's good to bring the kid, what do you think?"

Voight looked through a glass wall that separated his room from the rest of the office. Lindsay was at her desk. "No, it's just a damn troublemaker, must be another way."

"There's more."

"What?"

"Dawson has a sister." He finds what he was looking for, a toothpick.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Al?" Voight looked at the parked ambulance in front of the 51 Fire Department.

"No."

Olinsky bit down the toothpick and shook the edge of his cap. That made Voight remember how he hated work in disguise with this freak.

"Gabriela Dawson, 32, an beta paramedic." Olinsky said looking at his watch.

"This girl, it's not the firefighter's girlfriend, is she?" Voight remembers her when he was in the battalion threatening Casey to change his report on the accident that Justin caused.

"Lieutenant Matthew Casey, yes."

Voight took a deep breath, life sucks! "You know I can´t talk to him, do you know that, Al?"

"Yes, I know. Do you think I'm stupid?"

"So, Olinsky, what the hell are we doing here?" Voight asks impatiently.

"I thought you missed our missions together." Alvin gotta a smile on his face, Voight grunted. "Calm down, boss. Antonio works nearby."

"Where?"

"There". Pointing to the end of the street.

There was an early stage construction two blocks ahead, a building. Voight looked at the properly identified workers in yellow vests and orange helmets. Antonio was one of them.

"I do not know many Omegas, certainly none that works with construction." Olinsky murmured biting his toothpick.

Voight cell phone rang, he looked at the screen, unknown number. "Send Burgess to look around. I need to check this out."

An fat policeman with a funny mustache stood by his car when Sergeant Voight arrived. Some boys invaded a local market and got caught. Nothing that deserves the attention of an intelligence officer
like Voight, but he came.

"Diego Dawson". Voight recognized him, the boy didn't look away from him, petulant. He bent to look closely at Diego. "Does your father know where you are now, Diego?"

He doesn't answer.

"They are your friends, Diego?"

Still no answer.

"You know what, Diego, I'm your best bet now. I suggest you talk with me, I usually do not offer a deal twice."

In Voight's car, Diego looked less petulant and more like a rebellious boy.

"How did you get my number?" Voight asked as he led the boy home.

"The card you left with Antonio".

"Your father." Voight pointed.

Diego shrugged. The mockery with the father was obvious now.

"So he won't call me, right?"

"No. He won't."

"You know why?"

"Antonio is a coward! He's a fucking coward!" There is hatred in his words, not just mockery then.

"He sounds me as a good man."

Diego laughed as he watched the movement of the street as Voight drove.

"Do you wanna talk about it?"

Diego was silent. Voight stopped at the traffic lights. "If you called me, you better do my time worth, boy!"

"That's what you do, is not it? You free people, do business with traffickers, and gets pay for it."

Voight parked the car quickly. "Where did you hear that?"

"Everyone knows!"

"So you called me to make a deal? What can you give me, the candy you stole there?"

"No. You want Pulpo, don't you? Antonio will not talk to you, he'll never talk to anyone, just make a deal, with my dad."

"How old are you, Diego? 13?"

"I am 14 years old!" He shouted indignantly.
"Do you know who Pulpo is?"

"He is my father. I know who he is, I know what he does. You can work with him too."

"I don't know if you're brave or stupid boy." Voight started the car and drove to Antonio's house.

Diego looked at his house apprehensively.

"Get out of the car!" Voight ordered him.

"Could you...?"

"I should! You know the future of little shits like you? I know and it's not good, boy! If you're lucky, you end up in the morgue! Stop trying to be a bad guy and start being a man! If I catch you on the streets, your father will not set you free, can you hear me?"

Diego looked at him, a little startled now. Voight knew he was intimidating. "Can you hear me, you little shit?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to get out of the car, get into your house, be polite to your father, go to school and don't talk, walk or breathe near these thugs! If you've ever heard about me, you must have heard the whole story. Don't test my patience again!"

When Diego got out of the car, Voight punched the panel angrily.

The next morning Diego woke up with Antonio sitting next to his bed.

"Dad?"

Antonio was staring at the floor that wasn't a good sign.

"Something wrong, dad?"

"Your coordinator just called me, you were suspended Diego. Three days ago. This is very strange to me, because you said you were at school yesterday."

Antonio's voice was low and calm, Diego was really in trouble.

"How did I just come to know about it today? And where have you been all these days, can you tell me?"

"I was..."

Antonio closed his eyes tightly, a tear rolled down his cheek, he always ended up crying when he was nervous. Diego hated to see it.

"Please don't lie to me!" He looked Diego in the eyes.

"Dad... It will not happen again, it was a stupid accident..."

"Accident? Do you call threatening someone else as an accident?"
"I'm telling you, it won't happen anymore. He started, can you believe me?"

Antonio got up and walked through the small room, he rubbed the back of his neck without stopping. "You're lying to me Diego! God! Are you ... Tell me, Diego, did I make such a mistake with you? I did the best for you not to be ...?"

"Like Pulpo?"

Antonio stopped walking, his skin was so tight suddenly. "What?"

Diego got up from the bed, picked up his shirt on the floor, dressed quickly when he found it, leaving the room.

"Diego!" Antonio followed him into the kitchen. Eva was having breakfast there, Antonio's youngest daughter was ready to school.

"Diego, come back here! I'm talking to you!"

"No, Dad, you're crying like a bitch! That's all you do! That's how you handle it, Dad! With me, with Eva! Cops come here and all you do is cry!"

The slap came unannounced, Eve was frightened, Antonio never hit his son before, he regretted doing so, and Diego kept his face turned towards Antonio's hand tightened.

"You never talk to me like that again, are you listening? I'm your father and ..."

"Pulpo is my father! You're just the prostitute he used!" Diego spat his hatred on his father.

Antonio wiped his eyes with the back of his right hand. He was already called this, sometimes on a daily basis, but coming from Diego's mouth, it hurts like hell. Before he could recover, Diego disappeared through the door.

8:00 p.m. Gabriela answered the door, it was Antonio, standing there in the hallway, with red eyes, a backpack over the shoulders.

"Hey." She hugged him, Antonio started to cry again, he was tired. "I brought some clothes for him, it's cold and... I know he won't come back home tonight so..."

"Come in, please."

The smoke disappeared from the mug that Gabriela placed in front of him on the table. Antonio has his arms crossed sitting in her kitchen.

"He's with Matt now, don't worry. When it all calms down, I'll take him home, Antonio."

"Is this going to calm down? I have a feeling it will never get easy, every new day it's worse than the previous, Gabby."

"Don't say that!" She put her hand over his on the table. "He is only a child, he is in this terrible phase, but it will pass. Soon he will become an adult and see things in another way."

Antonio forced a smile. The mood was better now.

"Eva?"
"She's with her friend Vanessa, she's gonna spend the night there."

"Wow, is she old enough for that?" It puts a smile in Antonio lips. "12 years, she's almost a woman!"

"Please don't say it so loud, she's still my little girl."

"Children grow up fast, Antonio, get used to it."

"Oh, I hate you!" He drank the coffee from the hot mug.

"If it helps, you're still a beautiful man!"

"Thank you, my sister thinks I'm beautiful, it's a good start!"

"You are, deal with it. There must be a lot of alphas behind you now."
"Yes, well hidden back there." Antonio laughs, has not been on a date for years, is even believing that he is invisible. He put on his coat to go home.

"On here." Gaby handed him an envelope, Antonio let out a heavy sigh. "Take it!"

"Gaby, I can't ..."

"I'm giving it to you, Antonio! Take it!"

"You can't... I don't want ..."

"Okay, I don't spend that much, it's not like I have children to spend it. Accept, buy something for you, for Eva."

Antonio was reluctant to accept it, so Gabby tucked it inside his pocket.

"Don't be like that, you're my only brother, let me take care of you sometimes."

"I'm the big brother, I should be taking care of you." His voice came out weak and full of remorse.

"Don't be like that! I'm an adult girl Antonio!"

"I'll give it back, okay, once ..."

"Take your time."

"Okay, bye, baby." He kissed his sister's head.

"Goodbye Antonio."

Antonio hated Chicago's long winter, he was a summer person. The constant cold irritated him. It rained most of the afternoon. his feet were frozen inside his boots. He just wanted to get home and rest.

Damn by day!

He always took care of his children on his own, it was difficult to keep everything in order. He gotta a bad job, the bills were piling up everywhere and he could barely keep the freezer stocked lately.

Eva was a teenager always needing new shoes and Diego always got involved in problems, paying the lawyers got too heavy for him.
He took a bus, was too cold to walk, just want to come home and fall in his bed, fortunately tomorrow will be saturday and he can rest.

He didn't notice the man walking very close as he headed home, too tired to realize someone was following him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for the mistakes, they're all mine. I need to know if this is understandable. This story has more than 20 chapters and I need to know if it is going well, because I am a crazy and anxious person.
Late at night, the sound of the bell woke him up, Antonio turned on the lamp, and looked at the clock by the bed. 02:00 in the morning, this couldn't be good.

He stood up wearing only his purple pajamas top and underwerp.

Maybe Eva had nightmares again, possibly Vanessa's mother was bringing her to home because she was crying, which would definitely end her nights out.

"Baby, we talked about this..."
Before he could react his body was pressing against the corridor wall for a body larger than his own.

It took less than a second to find out who it was. Pulpo has come back.
"Did you miss me, princess?" That heavy voice, the strong spanish accent, the smell of whiskey and cigarette. No doubt, the only one to have nightmares tonight was Antonio.

With just the street light illuminated the room, a window was open letting the icy night air invade the place. Antonio was sitting on Adres's knees, his back to him, staring at the floor of the room. Even his heart was beating slower to control his breathing. Adres just pulled him to the couch in his lap, no punches yet. He smoked a cigar and ran his fingers through Antonio's clothes.
"I'm wondering where are my children Antonio? Papa came from so far away and the lovely children aren't here to greet me?"
Antonio swallowed. "They are with friends ...
"Friends? Oh I see, teens! You blink your eyes and they fly like free birds!"
Antonio tried to move and leave his lap. Adres gripped his hips firmly.
"Where are you going princess? I thought you'd be happy to see me here, a little excited maybe, who knows?"
"What you're doing here...?" He whispered.
"Well, that's my house too, my children, my partner, do you remember that, Antonio? I'm your partner! Everything you have is mine too." He picked up Antonio by the neck and put on itself over him, using the cigarette to burn the his arm.
"Did you talk to police Antonio?" I think my message wasn't clear enough last time, is it? I'm surrounded by incompetents! I told Ernesto to teach you something and he sent you to the hospital! I hope he hasn't damaged you too much Antonio! That idiot loves to see blood, but know the rules, bitch, no hospitals, no police!"
About three months ago, a man from Adres came looking for him, Antonio recognized Ernesto. The message was simple: Pulpo still owned him and knew where and how to find him. Ernesto used his fists to make it clear to Antonio. A police officer found him in the hospital, her name was Erin Lindsay but Antonio said nothing to her.

For all intents and purposes, he fought with a stranger on the street, nothing more. Then Hank Voight came into his life, as if he didn't have enough trouble.

"Please stop that!" Antonio felt his arm burn.

"Is your hot sister still a paramedic? She could take care of you! She's done this before, has not she?" Antonio shuddered to hear his sister's name, Pulpo used her to blackmail him a few times in the past.

"Does Hank Voight's name mean something to you, Princess? You talked to him, didn't you? Why was Diego in his car yesterday? A friendly tour? Better start talking to me, Antonio, I have a lot more where it came from!"

Adres kept his hand on his neck, it hurts but Antonio tried not to react involuntarily, he knew the routine and went through it countless times before.

"You need to shave, Antonio!" Adres laughed. Antonio was stiff with tension, even he Adres touch his private parts. "And here too!" He squeezed it, Antonio moaned painfully, closing his eyes and trying to keep his mind, it would soon be over. He just need to be calm.

Pulpo has never been gentle before, never cared for him or his pleasure. Antonio was just a piece of meat in his hands.

"Do you know the undercover cop out there?" Pointing at the open window. Antonio made a confused grimace, he didn't know about it. Again, Hank Voight's name crosses his mind.

"Oh, Antonio, you're so innocent, never teach you anything, mi corazón? All those years, we went together and you didn't learn that talking to the police is a betrayal, I can't tolerate, not even from you, damn it!"

Adres ran his hand over his thighs, Antonio moaned involuntarily again.

"You thought that this corrupt cop would protect you from whom Antonio? From me? I am your husband and you are my beloved omega, Antonio, do you remember that?"

Antonio was panting, he faild to keep his mind and panicked.

Adres kept talking low and this was scary.

He could never predict Adres's next move, silence was his only defense now.

Adres took off his underwear, pushed Antonio's legs apart, lay down between them, Antonio kept his eyes closed, he was forced to feel it, but not to see it.

"My sweet Antonio, how I missed my home!" He whispered into Antonio's ear making him forget how to breathe for a while.

A forced kiss under the shower, Antonio was shaking uncontrollably, the water was getting cold, Adres was rubbing his skin until it turned red and irritated, Antonio was trying to protect body with his hands, but not fighting against it.

"You're filthy Antonio." Adres pushed him against the cold wall and kissed him until Antonio lost the air again. He just wanna woke up from this nightmare.
Curled up in his robe sitting on the bed, he's still shaking, not just for the cold. Adres smoking beside him, calmly.

Relieved that his children weren't in home tonight, Antonio just wish that Adres to finish soon and left for good. But then, Hank Voight talked to Diego? Why? He's been panicking again.

Pulpo was beside him on the bed with the best smile of satisfaction on his face using his right foot to push Antonio's back, a humorless game. "You better talk to me, Antonio, what does Hank Voight want with you? What did he want with Diego?"

Antonio said nothing, panic left him speechless. Pulpo pulled at his hair, twisting Antonio's body. "You can do better than that, bitch! Start talking or you'll regret the day you shake your ass to me."

"I don't know. why he came to Diego." His mind could not process anything now.

"Is there an intelligence agent coming after a kid like Diego?" Adres released him, Antonio fell on the bed, the alpha laughed. "Did you create this kid well, huh? What did he do? He was delivering drugs on his bike?" He mocked, tightening Antonio's leg firmly, a new bruise covered his skin.

One more time, Adres covered his body with his own, Antonio was sore, it hurt twice as much more now. Another painful knot.

"Look at you!" Adres slid his fingers over Antonio's belly, his skin a little flaccid, result of two pregnancies, stretch marks that cover the bottom where the skin stretched to accommodate his babies. "You're old and flabby Antonio! You're disgusting!" He said thumping his belly, Antonio winced in pain.

Antonio's hands trembled as he poured coffee into Adres's mug. The Sun will rise soon, he didn't sleep not even one minute since Adres has arrived.

His whole body ached, his legs could barely keep him on his feet. Turning to the sink he picked up another mug to pour more coffee when Adres stopped right behind him, Antonio froze. "I went to Colombia for a while, Antonio. You know how things work there, don't you?"

Antonio used his hands over the sink to keep his body up. His belly ached from the punches he received it. Adres was still standing on his back, he could feel his breath against his neck. "It's a small country, hot-blooded people, they still ask where 'El perro' is! There's even a small reward for those who find him."

Antonio closed his eyes, a silent tear trickling down his cheek to the chin. "You're famous there, Antonio! Did you tell our kids about your fascinating career in Colombia?"

"Please dont..."

"Please, what, Antonio? Tell me. What do you want from me, bitch?"

It was precisely here, at this point in history, where Antonio leave any vestige of dignity that still remained in his body. It was the most painful and inhuman part, It was here that Adres proved his point, Antonio was just a cowardly whore. This is where all the real shitt really began.

Gathering all his strength, he turned facing Adres, trembling hands touching the face of the man that raped him a few minutes ago.

Antonio forced a smile, kissing Adres's lips. "I'm yours ... Your omega, would you send me to them?"

"You are?" Satisfied with the sudden change of Antonio's mood.
"I am." He kissed his lips again, had to be convincing now. Adres grabbed him by the waist and sat him on the counter of the sink, standing between his open legs, kissing Antonio hard, tightening his neck until it hurts.

"Why would I hand you over, my dear, when I can do the service myself?"

Antonio never doubted that.

Adres quickly unzipped his pants, pulled Antonio's robe and entered without any preparation. Antonio moaned loudly, hurt by the previous attack. Fast thrusts, without love, without care. Adres's dick was no wonder, but Antonio is aware of the damage it can do. He's had enough of this shit before, luckily Adres didn't delay to cum. If Antonio annoyed him during sex, Adres could take out the dick off with a knot and tear him into the process, he'd done it once and Antonio did not want to repeat the mistake.

Fortunately too, his knot didn't take much this time, and soon after, he felt the hot liquid trickle down his groin. Adres moved away from him, Antonio stepped off the counter, closing the robe.

"Wow, did you miss that, Antonio? I bet you do, you cock slut."

Antonio prayed with all his might, he wanted this man to leave his house. Leave him alone. Leave his family in peace. He already had what he came for.

Adres walked to the window and looked out at the street. He picked up a cell phone from his pants' pocket and check up something on the screen. A strange smile crossed his face while Antonio tried to steady himself in the other corner of the kitchen.

"This is not a safe neighborhood like before, Antonio, but you did well to come here, it's discreet. The lady across the street, she's very kind. You should learn something from her, princess." Adres returned to where Antonio was trying miserably to keep his trembling legs firmly on the floor.

"Talking to the police is not very smart, not that I expected smart decisions from your hormonal head, but you've been better, maybe some time in Colombia won't hurt you." He took Antonio's chin and forced him to look at his face. "Do you know what happens when a police officer comes very close to people like me, Antonio? When he starts to do a lot of questions?" Antonio did not answer, Adres released his face and turned away from him. "Two choices, baby, or he loses his head and, god knows how they lose easily, or, I like that type more, they get into the game. Your friend Hank Voight still has his head over his shoulders, so you know that Is he in the game, right?"

Antonio looked at the floor, there were small drops of blood there, he did not realize was bleeding. Adres kept talking, could hardly hear him, his heart pounding too hard to hear anything else.

"The car standing at the end of the street it's a undercover police officer, did you know that? The silence of that good cop cost me only $100.00. All I had to say was that I missing my kids, and he been quiet all night long. What do you think that it will happen to you Antonio? Omegas' Rights? Forget it, they have never done anything for you before. You are nothing more than a womb for those people. A ugly and disgusting womb. Do you think that Hank Voight will protect you? Look at your eyes and save you from your dangerous husband? You are ridiculous, Antonio!" He come back close to Antonio. "I'll be in the country for a while, Antonio, it's time to the kids to know who I am, what I do and how they're going to do it after me."

"No!" It was instinct that made he shouted, was despair. His children were the only reason why Pulpo still had some power over him. He would not allow them to become his henchmen.

"What did you say, Antonio?" Adres walked over to him and held Antonio tightly by the neck again. "And who's going to stop me now? If you forgot, let me remind you who's the bitch here. Who's supposed to keep the mouth shut, no matter what. Are you listening to me? I know all your footsteps Antonio, I know who gets in and out of here, I know where your sister lives, where the fireman she fucks lives in. I know all about you, I know how to put you in prison, Antonio. Don't forget it." He reached into his pocket and took out some notes of money and throws it over Antonio's head.
"For your services, whore."
Kelly Severide arrived there one hour after Antonio called him up, he had a small package in the hands. "Here."
"Thank you." Antonio didn't look directly at him and tried to keep his arms close to his body.
Severide entered his house.
"You're going to tell me what happened or..."
"No."
"You keep me awake after a 24 hour shift, make me the cross the city to find those pills, and won't tell me anything? Come on, man! What's the problem saying you found a hot guy and forgot to use the damn condom?"
"I didn't do it." Going to the sink to get a glass of water and take the pills.
"Well, you're taking pills now, something has happened. Who's it? Do I know him? Man you finally had a date!"
"Severide ..." Taking the pill, Severide sat down at the table. "You can't tell anyone, okay?"
"What? Don't tell me it was a married guy!"
"No!"
"So it's no problem, you left had some fun, sex so what? Blind date...What, tell me!"
Antonio went to the window and looked in the direction of the car parked at the end of the street. The lady across the street was standing by the gate. Adres mentioned her before leaving.
"Does anyone know you're here?"
"No, I didn't say anything. It's not like I could tell anyone who needed to buy pills for a friend."
"Did you see if someone followed you?"
"No, Antonio, what's going on?" He was getting worried now.
"Adres was here."
"What? When Antonio?"
"This morning. You can say it was a 'blind date'..."
"Shit! What ... What he done to you?"
"I am fine, I mean i will be..."
Severide got up and walked over to him, locked Antonio by the shoulders forcing him to look into his eyes. "Are you alright?"

"You can’t tell Gabriela, okay?"

"Don't you think she'll find out on her own?"
"I need ..." Trying to pull away from him, Severide held him tighter.
"Antonio, look at me. Adres's gonna kill you if you don't do anything."
"And what am I supposed to do? Go to the police? You know how this works, I don't want my kids to find my head in a trash can, Severide."
"There must be some other way. I have a friend in the police, maybe he..."
"No! You will not say anything, please, Sev."
Antonio managed to pull away from him, going to the sofa and sitting down.
"Do you need to go to the hospital or what?"
"No, i am alright. No hospital..."
"Antonio ...
"Eva and Diego must be coming in. Can you keep this just between us?"
"Sure, but promisse me you gonna call me if he come back here."
"There's a policeman watching from across the street, Sev, he's working for Voight and Adres at same time."
"What?" Severide went to the window and looked discreetly. "One of Adres's men?"
"That's what Adres said."
"What does Hank Voight wants from you?"
"He wants to get Pulpo, I'm the shortest way to him." Antonio laughed at his own bad luck. "But i don't know really, he must be working for Pulpo too."
"What are you going to do?"
"I can't run away like before. My kids, they have school, friends here, it's not like before."
"You know who Hank Voight is, don't you? He's the most corrupt cop in Chicago, he tried to destroy Matt once."
"I didn't say anything to him."
"He will not leave you alone, Antonio. You have to do something."
"I need these pills and hope my body rejects whatever comes from Adres, that's what I can do now."
Antonio got up and went to the bedroom, Severide continued following him around the house.
"And if not, what if your body does not cooperate? What are you going to do, to have another son from that jerk?"
"I don't even want to think about it." Gathering the sheet and covering the bed. "And since when you have friends in the police?"
Severide shrugs. "It's just a guy with whom I drank a few beers, I don't know if he's reliable, but he's a good guy."
Eva came home, Antonio heard his voice through the front door.
"Not even a word about it, okay?"
Severide raised his arms to surrender.

Voight arrived at the scene as soon as possible, his team was already there, photographing and questioning possible witnesses.
"Marlon Johnson, known in the streets as Rev. Drugs dealer spent two years in prison. He was under Narcotics investigation."
He heard Olinsky's description as he approached at the crime scene. Rev was beheaded, his head was on the kitchen table, his body lying in the living room. There was a lot of blood on the floor.
"Witnesses?"
"Nobody. I'll take a look around, Hank."
"Al"
"Yes?"
"That's revenge, we're not dealing with an amateur here. Whoever did this was very angry."
"We've had a case like this for about 8 or 9 years ago." Olinsky said in a low voice.
"Our friend Pulpo is back in town." Voight concluded. "Antonio?"
"Coulson spent the night in front of his house, nothing suspicious."
"It doesn't make sense, so many years out and he won't see his own kids."
"Maybe Antonio is not lying, may he broke up with Pulpo." Olinsky concludes.
"Nobody breaks with Pulpo, unless you want to end up like our friend Rev here. Where's Coulson?"
"At home, I think, he's been on the night shift." Olinsky wrote down something in a small pocket book, Voight had given up on bringing him into the 21st century. He was an old school cop. "Who's with Antonio now?"
"Burgess."
"Tell her, if Antonio gets a visit from Pulpo, we'll get him."
"Yes, Hank. Oh, the boy, Diego, he's with Gabriela, it looks like he got off Daddy's house." Voight knew that there were reasons for this, the boy was a pit of rage against Antonio.

Late in the afternoon Voight saw Coulson on the police department.
"Officer Coulson."
"Sergeant?"
"Come over here. You spent the night in front of Antonio Dawson's house, right?"
"Yes, sir."
"Something suspicious?"
"No, sir."
"I hear his son had some problems. Did you notice anything about the boy?"
"No sir. Nothing's wrong there."
"OK, thanks"
Olinsky reached his hands on the pockets, both sniffing something wrong there.
"Son of a bitch!" Voight just nodded his head in agreement.

Antonio was lying on his bed when heard the kitchen door being opened, he got up and went to check, it was Diego. Antonio sighed in relief.
"Hi Dad."
"Hi son."
"I'm so sorry."
"I know." Antonio smiled, finally the day ended well. Diego has come back home.
He should know it!

Antonio's life never made any sense before Diego been born. He was just a displaced omega wherever he went.

Was on the verge of destruction, a one-way path to hell, alone, and plunged into drugs and alcohol.

He couldn’t even remember what brought him closer to Adres in the first place. Maybe it was his loneliness, Antonio could not stay much at his own home, his father hated the sound of his voice, hated his presence.

Adres was a young alpha without limits, he dragged Antonio through the city, practiced small robberies, smoking marijuana, irresponsible boys. It was Antonio's first kiss, he loose his virginity in the backseat of Adres's car that year, his first knot.

He knew now that should have escaped when Adres started selling drugs, in that time he thought it would be a phase and soon he would return to himself. It was one of those stupid things about Alpha marking territory.

When things got worse at home, he said good-bye to his little sister and followed Adres to Colombia, bad decisions were part of him. He was in love.

At first it was an adventure, a new country, a new culture. Everything was so new and fascinating. The thrill of running away with someone, Adres was completely insane, Antonio laughed at his madness, getting high all the time.

Suddenly there was no more reason to laugh, Adres's unable to stay in a job for more than two weeks. He was a dealer full time now.

Antonio learn that isn't a phase, so a random marijuana cigarette became routine to relieve the pain, and alcohol became mate of hot nights. Sex was better this way, without pain, without his active presence, just his body. Adres liked to hurt him, that's the only real shit.

Adres went out with other people, Antonio did not agree with that, a relationship is between two people, right? He does not seem to be enough for Adres anymore.

In the best of days, Adres would leave him and fetch a girl to fuck, while Antonio bent over with a
drink in a bar. Then he returned to Antonio, smelling like his last alpha conquest.

Adres began to be violent with him, then came the first punches, offenses and finally the rapes, but now Antonio is unable to make decisions and think correctly, Adres has power over him, so the relationship seems consensual.

He was in Colombia for 4 years, which started as an escape from a violent father and became a continuous nightmare. Marijuana gave way to very fast cocaine, Antonio was addicted, he didn’t work anymore. Adres became a recognized drug dealer, joined the Colombian Cartel.

Antonio was out of control, Adres kept him high all the time. He was no longer a person, it was a body abandoned by the soul. Skinny, sick and addicted. Adres was Antonio’s only contact with world, he went from worse to worse. It was no longer an Alpha-omega relationship, it was anything but healthy, and the boy who never drank in school was not sober for more than four hours in the last week.

He did not even notice when he got pregnant, Adres hates condoms and Antonio was too high to demand anything. Sooner or later, this was supposed to happen.

He confused the first symptoms of gestation with hangover, wasn’t a very smart man after all. Despite he was in his early twenties, but it was all new and scary. His body was changing, he went through rehab alone in his room. Every muscle in his body ached with drugs, the instinct to protect his baby was greater and he went through it. Adres completely ignored his belly, ignored his efforts and went deeper and deeper into the drug business.

Antonio was unable to leave him. Adres was aggressive, but, Antonio knew how to handle, it seemed stupid to accept someone saying how bad you were, or laughing at your worries, but, Antonio grew up in a similar environment, his father was like this. At the end of the day, Adres was his alpha and he accepted. Adres continued to collect lovers on South America, spent thousands of dollars on jewelry and luxury cars for his girls. Antonio ate little, Adres hated fat and even if he felt hungry he had a diet imposed by his alpha.

Gradually Andreas stopped returning to the small apartment they share. He spend weeks out without any explanation. Antonio knew what kind of business he’s doing and would rather not question. One day, he just stopped coming back. The bills were still paid for him, Antonio was still under his emotional and financial control.

Sporadically Adres would come or send one of his men check him.

Panic attacks began almost in the middle of gestation, Antonio could not explain, his heart's race so fast that his chest buckled, his hands trembled without him being able to control, in a second his body was covered with sweat. When he told Adres about it, he called him an addict, Antonio believed him, many years of drug abuse have a price. He barely left the apartment on this moments.

The police began to surround Adres, they went to Antonio’s apartment, asked many questions, they searched but Adres has doesn’t lived there anymore. Antonio was taken into custody, the officer did little of it, called him of several names, disqualified Antonio as a human being. He laughed at his position as "first lady." Antonio stayed there, listening to hours, never said anything. He remembered his father, the old man always hated the omega, made sure to repeat this every day, he would have laughed if he had seen Antonio now, alone, scared and pregnant in an interrogation room.

Antonio finally understood that this wasn’t love, it was not even a life. He had to leave. Leave Adres
in the past, had to plan it well, Adres was dangerous. He was already known as Pulpo, the octopus, his arms were everywhere now. Frightened over the panic attacks, he was willing to leave Colombia as soon as the baby came into this world. He still did not know how, he would think on the way. Couldn't go home, his father would not accept it. He had to find a safe place for his son away from Adres.

Adres was suspected in a murder charge, but Antonio was alienated from the outside world, barely watching TV. He stopped tracking news when Adres was arrested for the first time about a month ago. The bastard spent less than a day in jail and left there with new gang members. Sometimes he came to see Antonio, complained of his tiresome expression, his new mass of fats. He came to remind Antonio who pays the bills, after all, Adres kept this apartment. He was the good alpha.

Luckily, once his belly began to grow, Adres did not want sex with him, Antonio was relieved. "Hey, what's the matter with you?" Adres asked when he comes one day.

"Nothing."

"Don't mess with me, Antonio, you stupid bitch!"

"The cops were here last week, Adres."

"Yeah, what do they want?" Adres searched for a drink in the refrigerator, there was only water.

"What did you say to the cops?"

"I didn't say anything." Antonio shrugged.

"Are you sober now? What the fuckin 'cops wanted here?"

"You, they were looking for you, Adres."

Without much chance, he decided to go, he was 7 months pregnant. A neighbor offered help, Antonio did not use to talk to her more than a hello in the hall, many of his neighbors knew who he was, and feared Adres. The son of this lady was a driver from a private company with a route to Brazil, he could leave Antonio at the border, from there he would go to Manaus and then return home. It was not a good plan, but Antonio was not known for having good plans, after all, but was determined to leave Adres and this place forever.

About six hours after the escape, he was found shortly before crossing the Brazilian border, Adres's henchmen killed the driver and took Antonio back to Colombia.

"I thought they had kidnapped you, corazón." Adres was sitting in a comfortable armchair in his house, Antonio didn't know about this place and, there were many things about Adres that he didn't know anymore. His henchmen brought him and threw him to the ground, weak and tired, he didn't try to get up.

"What happened in your head Antonio? Do you think you can run away with my son?" Antonio put his right hand under the base of his belly, a strange pain began to radiate there.

"Answer!" Adres shouted, Antonio was socked. "Is that what you thought?"

Adres got up and went to him, knelt down and held his hair, forcing Antonio's head back.

"Let me say one thing, corazón, no one, absolutely no one can leaves me, can you hear me?"

Antonio moaned as the pain grew stronger, Adres looked at him as he examined his body covered with dust and insect bites. "What? I didn't even touch you, bitch!"

"Adres ..." he whispered huskily, crying, he didn't even notice when began to cry.

"No, you don't cry now! That was your idea, you could have stayed home, but decided to go into the woods with my son!" Adres's voice was low again, that was even more frightening. "If anything happens to this boy, you'll be the one to blame, Antonio."

Adres got up and walked away from him, one of his men was waiting for his orders. "Take him home, make sure he doesn't do anything stupid!"

The man grabbed Antonio by the arm and lifted him off the ground, Antonio moaned.
"Oh, I almost forgot, what a fool I am, the driver, what was his name? Armando, your friend Armando, let's say he lost his head, Antonio, literally," Laughing. "I know his mother is your good neighbor, she had a pretty ugly package today, I hope you know how to handle it, and Antonio, if I were you, would keep my mouth shut tight."
"What are you talking about?"
"The box with Armando's head, remember? It's full of fingerprints, guess whom?"
"What...?"
"Everywhere, baby, all i have to do is a phone call. I bet your neighbor would love to testify against you."
"You wouldn't do that"
"You have no idea what I can do, mi corazón."

He was bleeding, the man who brought him home was named Ernesto, stood in the room, watching he moan and cry.
"Please, I must go to the hospital." He begged.
"Be quiet!"
Antonio slept from exhaustion, he barely moved for fear of hurting his baby any more.

Two days later, the pain stopped and the bleeding subsided. The man in his room left, Adres had given his message, no one else would help him. The good lady on the other side of the hall would not give him any other kind word.
"Burn in hell, you damn omega."
He heard her mutter in Spanish on the hall one day. Nothing more fair, because of him, she received the son's head in a box.

The baby, who had little activity during the entire gestation, was now agitated, eager to be born. On Sunday night Antonio felt that he had changed his position, was pressing his bladder more. Monday at 06:00 in the morning, Adres arrived Antonio had slept little, was uncomfortable.
"What are you doing here?"
"Did you think I'd let you go through this alone, Antonio? What kind of Alpha do you think I am?"
"The kind that hurt his omega. Blackmailing him," Antonio replied.
"Well, if you want, I can drop you here ..."
"No, I need to go to the hospital. It will not be long." Antonio feared Adres, but nothing would change his situation here, so he was grateful for him to come.
"Are you in pain, princess?"
Antonio nodded yes, Adres kissed his head and left the room.

Antonio didn't know what he was planning to do, but he was not in a position to protest, contractions were coming quickly.
"Did you choose any name for it?"
"Yes," he murmured in a painful contraction.
"And what would it be?"
"Diego"
"So it's a boy?"
"I don't know." Breathing heavily.
"Any special reason for this name, Antonio?"
"No, it's just a name, Adres."
"Do as you wish."
"Are you going to take him from me?"
"What, why would I do that? Do you think I have time for a crying boy? You'll take care of that brat!"
Adres sat in the room drinking beer while Antonio walked through the small apartment to ease the pain. He knelt against the bed and breathed, holding himself in that position helping during the next contractions. Adres kept looking at his watch. He looked bored.

"You got nothing better to do ...?" Antonio said from one breath to another.
"I'm the father. Unless you've shaken your ass to another one, this brat is still mine, so I'm staying here."
"Do you want to be a father now?" Antonio rocked his hips on his own shaft, this relieved the pressure. In a quick movement, Adres was behind him holding his neck.
"I'm losing my patience with your mouth, Antonio." Antonio took his hand to push away, "You better start showing some respect for your alpha or you'll regret it, i promise." Antonio moaned, another contraction. Adres let he go.
"What are you going to do? Cut my head off?"
"If that is your wish, Antonio, I can help you in this case."
Antonio stretched his arms out to the floor and stood on his knees, he was pushing.
"You know, I like you, Antonio, I really like you, it's how many years together? Six? We even have a child now, a baby from our love."
Antonio pushed harder, this was his worst nightmare, being helpless with this man.
"I need help, Adres."
"No, you're omega, omegas are doing this for hundreds years. It's like taking my knot, only bigger, princess."
"Adres, please."
"Just stop complaining and push the child out. Very easy, now shut up"
Antonio was not sure he could do this, but there was no choice but to do it.
"Please don't hurt us, please."
"You learn fast, that's why I like you, that's the only reason I'm going to relieve."

Diego was born in the General Hospital of Bogota, Antonio could not get away from the little one, eager to protect him. When exhaustion got the better of him, he ended up sleeping.

He woke up confused looking for his son. He tried to get up, a strong hand held him in place.
"Hey, where do you think you're going?" It was Adres. Antonio lay down again, Adres.
"Where is he, where is my son?"
"They took him in for a diaper change, the boy was stinking."
Antonio breathed, less tense now.
"I know you must be tired and sore right now, but I have an deal, Antonio. I would like you to think about it."
"What kind of deal?"
"A good one, for both of us. You stay here, like my sweet omega, in my house, a bigger, handsome place! The boy will have the best, good food, good schools. All that money can give, my money, Antonio. I don't want you to go back to that apartment."
"This is not a deal, Adres."
"Oh yes, let me finish, you have no job, you are far from home, no one is going to welcome you here, this is my country, princess, i'm the alpha here. Just I can give you everything. All you have to do is behave like a princess."
"What if I don't accept? What happens to me and my son?"
"Well, there's more than one way to convince you, Antonio, don't forget that. I knew a little girl in Chicago, you must know her too, she will be a pretty girl soon, I know that."

"Leave Gabby alone!" Antonio tries to get up again, but Adress pushes him back against the bed causing more pain.
A nurse brought Diego in, apologized, and handed it to Antonio quickly. Diego grunted against Antonio's chest, he was hungry. The nurse leave them alone again.

Antonio removed his sweater and brought the small mouth against his swollen nipple. Diego sucked his nipple. Adres made an annoying noise.

"Look at this, our little miracle"

"What about Gabby...?"

"That's not your problem, princess, just keep her head over her shoulders, i don't wanna leave my little hijo without a family."
Severide parked next to the firehouse, got out of his car, and stumbled across Olinsky.
"What do you want here, Alvin?"
"Good morning, Lieutenant! I just came to say hello to a friend."
"Do you have any friend?" He walked away from him.
"You hurt my feelings, Kelly. After everything we've been through. Can we talk for a minute?"
"I'm late. Talk while we walk."
"Antonio Dawson, what can you tell me about him?"
"I can't help you."
"You were at house two days ago, after buying contraceptive pills, do you wanna tell me about it?"
"Are you stalking me?"
"If you're involved with suspects, I am. Do you wanna tell me?
"It's a free country, I can visit friends, right?"
"Your friend in question is being investigated for international drug trafficking. You don't want that on your record, lieutenant."
"Are you threatening me, Alvin? I thought this was Voight's style, not yours."
"I'll do what I can." Olinsky shrugged.
"Okay, listen." Severide used his size as an advantage over Olinsky. "I don't care about threats, I don't give a shit. Don't waste your time here." He walked away from Olinsky.
"He's in trouble, isn't he? Maybe I can help, Kelly."
"Really? How? Interrogating him and his son? Stay away, you have no idea what you're talking about."
"Tell me, I really want to know, Kelley."

"You really want to know, Olinsky? Ask around, you're good at it, and stay away from me!"
Severide entered the firehouse, leaving Olinsky standing outside.

"Are you okay, dad?" Diego came from his room ready to go to school, saw Antonio crouch with his
"Yes." Rubbing his hair back. "Can you take Eva up at school and bring her home today?"
"Yes, no problem."
"And, stay here with her, I don't want you to leave this house until I get back, okay?"
"Is everything okay, Dad? It's because of that cop, did he scare you?"
"No, it's not... just do as I asked you, okay?" Kissing his head. "It's alright, Diego"
Antonio took his coat and went to work.

Frightened, he tried to think of what to do, there was no friend who could help him. No safe place to go. He could not involve Gabriela and Severide in this situation, they would get hurt. His head ached.
It was almost two o'clock in the afternoon, when his chief warned that there was a man looking for him.

All Antonio's blood ran cold in his body, sweating beneath his fluorescent yellow vest. A small panic attack threatens to happen now. He pulled the sleeves of his cloak over his wrists, a nervous tic and went to the chief's trailer.

"Antonio Dawson"
The hoarse voice filled his ears, it wasn't Pulpo, but Hank Voight.
"Sergeant?" Closing the door on his way inside.
"I guess I wasn't very clear the last time we talked, Antonio, I can help you."
"You could start by not letting me lose my job."
"Your boss is an old friend, don't worry about it."
Antonio laughed, so it was true, Voight bought the silence of the others. "I wonder... what kind of friend you are"
"His daughter, some boys took her one night." He laughed when he realized he was explaining his actions "Let's just, say they won't take anyone else"
Antonio crossed his arms over his chest, he had to get out of here. "Is that how you do things, Sergeant?"
"If I have..."
"You spoke to my son, didn't you? Diego's in a lot of trouble, but he's a good kid, you can't talk to him, Sergeant."
"I didn't talk to him, I found your son and I took him home safe. You have my word."
"And why should I believe you, Mr. Voight?"
"You don't have many options now." Voight took a picture from his pocket, went from Rev's corpse, showed it to Antonio. "It's the signature of the Pulpo, isn't? I know he's in town, Antonio."
"I can't..." Moving away from the image, he don't wanna see it. Voight looked at him, Antonio was pale, his hands are shaking.
"Fear." He said at last.
"What?"
"You're afraid of him, so you keep your mouth shut." Voight concluded. "That's how you keep yourself alive."
"I can't help you, Sergeant Voight, I must go back..."
"I can protect you and your children, Antonio. Just tell me what I need to do."
"Leave me alone, sergeant, that's all."
"Is that what you told him? To leave you alone, Antonio?" Antonio left the trailer and returned to work.

Olinsky took off his coat and put it on the chair, Voight watched his movements, was alone in the office.
"You know what? In my time, all you had to do was change your voice tone and all the omegas in the place obeyed. They were docile, fragile. My grandfather used to say: Give them power and see what happens!

Voight waited for him to finish his little sexist explosion. "Finished?"
"Basically, yes," Olinsky sat across from him. "Were you any luckier than me?"
"He is afraid. Antonio's afraid, he knows Pulpo"
"He should, Pulpo is a psychopath"
"Antonio will not accept our help until he trusts us"
"Help?" Olinsky took the notebook from his pocket and wrote something there: "You're not discarding him as a suspect for being omega, are you?"

"He's different." Voight was immersed in his assumptions, did not notice the smile on Olinsky's lips. "Different from who, Hank?"

Voight was silent, Olinsky wisely did not provoke his anger.

Antonio was eager to get home, he look around to see if had not been followed. He unlocked the door and get inside, took off his coat.
"Diego, Eva!"
"Here dad," Eva answered from the room. Antonio went there. His heart missed a beat, sitting on his sofa was Adres with his daughter.
"Hello Antonio". Adres smiled at him.
Antonio was completely paralyzed. Eva was showing her drawings to Adres. The girl had a huge talent for traits.
"You have a lot of talent, doll, your father must be very proud of you"
Antonio felt the panic attack again. He had been at the edge all day.
"Can you let me talk to your father alone, doll?"
"Yes" Eve went to her bedroom, leaving Antonio alone with Adres.
"Beautiful girl Antonio, we did well."
"What are you doing here?"
"I told you I'd come back to meet the kids, didn't I?"
"Where's Diego?"
"I was also questioning this, he wasn't here when I arrived"
Antonio's whole body shook.
"I think this kid needs rules, Princess. A firm hand"
"No, please ..." Sitting on the other couch, facing Adres.
"Come on, Antonio, you can keep your dignity better than that. Find the boy, he should know how to behave like a man"
"He's just a boy!" Antonio murmured.
"Find him, tomorrow he will meet some new friends"
Adres left the apartment. Antonio clenched his hands trying to stop the trembling.
"Eva, we're leaving!"

Severide came to the front of the firehouse, his name had been called, someone was there to see him.
"Antonio?" Surprised to see his friend there that time of night. "What happened?"
"Can you keep the boys here for a while?" Antonio looked so desperate, Severide had never seen him like this before.
"Antonio ..."
"Please, I won't be long, Sev, maybe a for a few hours..."
"I'm on duty, I can't stay with them all the time."
"Just, keep them safe, I'll be back soon"
Severide looked at Diego and Eva, standing behind Antonio, looking confused. "What you're going to do, Antonio?"

"Adres is in my house, I have to do something or he's going to get my kids. I can't let that happen, Sev."
"And how are you going to do that?"
"Voight came to me today, I think he can help me ..."
"Voight? You know who he is, right?"
"I don't have many choices, Severide. I need to take care of them."
"I ... Look, talk to Olinsky, he's an idiot but he will not hurt you."
"Is Olinsky your friend?"
"You can say that."
"Okay, I'll ...I'll be back soon, okay? I love you guys." Antonio said goodbye to his children.
"Come in, there's some chocolate in the kitchen" Antonio's two children entered the firehouse.
Severide looked at Antonio with concern. "Voight's not the best option, Antonio."
"I can't leave Adres anywhere near my children, Severide. I have to do something."
"What kind of thing?"
"A deal with the devil."

Voight was finishing up some reports, everyone had gone home, he was not in a hurry. There is no one waiting for him at home anyway. His phone rang, he picked it up.
"Voight" He identified himself as he always does. "Antonio?" A faint smile of satisfaction crossed his lips.
Damn cold night! Voight's hands' frozing 'cause he never put gloves. Who did he think he was? He was already 52, he shouldn’t be freezing his ass on the street at this time of the night.

The place was that, Antonio would find him here, an old Catholic church, the only one open 'till late night in the winter.

He didn't like churches, wasn’t that kind of person. He rather have a bar and a beer, but whatever, not his choice.

He sat there on one of the empty benches looking at the altar. Some homeless people use this place as a shelter at night so he wasn't alone at all, in case Antonio is setting a trap to catch him, which he didn't believe.

Olinsky was waiting a few yards away, complaining about the cold through radio. "He's not coming, boss." Olinsky's voice through the radio. "What were you waiting for? Omegas are unstable, always so hormonal and ... I bet he's in bed with his alpha while we freeze here."

"Shut up!" Voight barked back. "The man in blue, second bank on the right. Do you know who he is?"

"I don't have a good angle here, Hank, but I bet he's not praying. Tell me, you trust that little omega?"

"He's not in a position to lie, Al."

"Maybe you should use your alpha domain on him, Hank. Omegas don't lie when they're under pressure."

"You know this is against the law, don’t you, Al? You told me before. Why have you changed your mind now?"

"Do we play by the rules now?"

"We always do" Voight stifles a laugh.

“You’re unbelievable,” Alvin mutters. "This is suicide. This may just be a trap, Hank." Olinsky spoke again on the radio, Voight grew more irritated, Olinsky was not usually so reckless but he seems particularly grumpy tonight.
"As far as we know, they are married! Not even my ex-wife would be such an idiot" That was the end of the conversation. Voight turned off the radio, his right hand slid up to his gun, he was on alert, Antonio was late, this is not good. The whole situation was bad.

A few minutes later Antonio sat down beside him. He didn't say a word, just looked at the altar for a moment. Voight perceived that his body was shaking, his hands were twisted in his lap, so nervous. "Are you religious, Antonio?"
"I used to be, a long time ago, you?"
"No, I'm not. Never was, I guess."

"I like it here, the priest doesn't care about genders. We're all the same, in these benches." Antonio explained in a low voice.
"Are you cold?" Voight doesn't know what it was, but he had the strong impulse to leave him comfortable.
"I am fine, Sergeant."
"Do you wanna pray? I can assure you that my soul is far from being saved, Antonio. Don't make me waste my time here."
Antonio shoved his hands into the pockets of his jacket. "You said you can help me, can you still?"
"Yes"
"My children, I must take them out of the city, keep them safe." Voight was staring at him now, Antonio's lips were purple by cold. Damn it! His clothes were not even good for the winter.
"I need to know more than that, Antonio."

"There is an arrest warrant against me in Colombia." His voice was low and choked. "The details are there, the crime has not been judge yet, maybe they want to take me back."
Antonio took a deep breath, looked at Voight quickly. "There are things about me in the past that could be ... I wanna keep my children safe, but i hope they don't learn anything about my past, Sergeant Voight."

"You are a witness, you are not being judged now."

"I'm tired, Sergeant. I can't run away for the rest of my life, my children deserve more than this. They deserve better...

"We can make a deal ..."

"You know Pulpo, right? You know what he does to informers, it won't be any different to me. Just tell me you can keep my kids safe, that's all I wanna hear."

Voight could not stop thinking of ways to get Antonio safe from this. His mind was trying to protect the omega.

"I say, I testify, whatever it is, just keep my children safe."

There's a lot of desperation behind that request, Voight can feel it. Antonio knew what his fate would be if he defied Pulpo, but he was willing to accept to keep his children safe.

"I can't protect them anymore Sergeant Voight, I did what I could." Antonio shrank on the bench, Voight looked around. He was a clever fox, he felt everything around.

"Someone has followed you, back there, the man with the blue hood Do you know him?"
Antonio was careful, but Pulpo managed to find him. "No, I don't know." His shaking hands are
together now, he's praying. "If anything happens to me, please take them out of town, to a safe place."

"If you're lying ..." Voight threatened.

"Can you help my children, Sergeant?" He said quickly, almost crying, he gotta leave fast.

"Do you trust me, Antonio?"

"I don't have many options. I know how they call you on the streets, if someone can protect my children, that's you."

"My fame continued with me, so did you come to me because you think I'm corrupt, or because I'm an alpha?" Antonio did not answer. "What makes you think I don't work for Pulpo, then?"
Antonio's heart throbbed even more, he wondered it before he entered.
"Because if you were, I was already dead on the way here. or bleeding into a bin. I know what Adres is capable of, Sergeant Voight, he would not let me get here."

"He came to you, did not he? He was at your house."
Antonio just shrugs. "I wrote everything I know here, places, photos, names ... that's all you need"
Antonio handed him a pen-drive. This was much more than Voight wanted; Maybe going to church is not so bad. "I'm not good at writing things, my hands hurt sometimes, sorry."

Voight doesn't know why Antonio is apologizing for, but then he sees his hands, bruised by the hard work in the building.

"I'm a bit outdated, I have not been with him for 10 years, but, Adres is a man of routine."
"You know he'll come after you, don't you?" Voight says, he is still trying to find out where Antonio's loyalty is now.

Antonio looked at the altar, there's a huge cross with a few candles around it. "Do you have any children, Sergeant?"

Voight had, Justin, his son, dead for almost 1 year, his most painful wound. He din't say it to Antonio.

"I always hated myself for being born omega, sergeant, nothing is allowed for people like me, we are just tolerated, I don't have civil rights like most people do, I can't have a good job, I can't even have a car. I thought I wasn't strong enough until I gave birth, I never had anything before them. They're all I have."

Voight listened intently,

"To keep my children with me, I married him, accepted everything that he wanted." He slid a hand over his face, scaring a tear "They're the only good I've ever done, no matter what happens to me now, just keep them away from Adres."

"Where are they now?"

"With a friend."

"Come with me." Voight got up and left the church. Antonio follows him.
From the moment he delivered his children to Severide, Antonio suspected he would never see them again, he made a dangerous bet trusting Hank Voight, and now he was following this man on a dark, cold street. If Voight were as they said he was, this was his last stupid decision in life. He could not do anything about it now. Too late to return.

Voight stopped abruptly before they reached the other side of the street, Antonio stopped right behind him and Voight took off his coat and put it on his shoulders. "You're shaking, Antonio." It was the first time Antonio felt his perfume, accepted the comfort of the jacket without saying anything.

"You could be killed there, man!" Olinsky barked as soon as they got to the car where he's waiting, Voight opened the door for Antonio to enter the backseat.

"The man with the blue hoodie, do you think you can handle it?"

"I was not in the military for nothing, Hank." Olinsky took a good look at Antonio, an eyebrow raised. "Alvin Olinsky." He introduced himself without much excitement. Antonio frowns, the name Severide gave him before.

"I need your apartment for a while." Voight wants to get out of here as fast as possible, he would talk to Al later about this behavior.

Olinsky looked at the rearview mirror, Antonio looked even smaller wrapped in Voight's jacket. "It's not clean."

"I can handle this, now our man there ..."

"Right." Leaving the car and going to church, Voight passed the driver's seat and started the car.

"Where are...?" Antonio wanted to know. Voight smiled. "Don't worry about it". Driving away from that place.

Voight stood in the hallway until Olinsky called again, "Hank."

"How is he?"
"A little wet now."

"Go home and keep your eyes open, Al." End of conversation.

Voight entered the apartment Olinsky bought when he separated from his wife for the first time a few years ago, but he never lived there, he still lived in the garage of his old house. It was dark and empty, just a sofa in the living room, no one came here for months. He found Antonio lying on the couch, his eyes closed, asleep. He was exhausted. Voight felt the alpha movement inside his mind, trying to protect him.

He was always a man with total control over his instincts. He never believed that shit, and stayed away from such emotions.

He was married for over 15 years before his wife Camille died. Since then, there was no one, he worked hard and had no time for love. He was a lone wolf.

He never felt this need to protect anyone but his son Justin, and now he was there, sitting on the floor of Olinski's apartment producing soothing pheromones for Antonio. He picked up his phone and dialed, two rings and was answered.

"Erin ...?"

Antonio woke up, it was still dark outside, he had slept wrapped in Voight's jacket, afraid, he got up.

He entered the kitchen, or what should have been one, was quite disorganized. Voight was leaning against the counter drinking something from a black mug.

"Coffee or something like that? Al was never good at taking care of a house."

"No ... Sorry, I fell asleep on the couch."

"You were tired, how do you feel?"

"Good."

"When did you get a good night's sleep, Antonio?"

"I have two teens, I don't know what sleep is."

"Take some rest, we'll have long days from now on." Voight warned.

"I need to go back, my children ...

"They're not in the fire department anymore."

"What?" Antonio approached him. "Where are they?"

"Pulpo will not come to you now, so he could try something against your kids. I had to put them under protection."

"They are well? I can see them?"

"For now, it's best to stay off the radar, Al picked up your pursuer, but he may have already warned Pulpo. They are safe now, trust me."

Antonio went back to the couch and sat down, Voight accompanied him, sat next to him and smelled
him for the first time, Antonio smelled good.

"You're safe here, Pulpo won't touch you again, Antonio"

Antonio wasn't so sure about it, If Pulpo wanted him dead, his days were numbered now.

Voight felt drunk, Antonio's scent was making his skin tremble.

"Tell me, Antonio, do you know how to use a gun?" And then the devil was open to make deals.
Antonio woke up on the couch, wrapped in Voight's jacket, the Sergeant was sitting on the floor with a gun in his hand. He hasn't slept enough since they arrived at Olinsky's apartment. Antonio rubbed his hands nervously.
"Are you alright?" Voight noticed his nervousness.

"Yes. I've never been so far from my children." Holding tight the jacket around his shoulders.

"Anxious?"

"A little."

"They're fine, Antonio, and so are you."

"You didn't sleep yet, Voight, you're must be tired." Antonio knows he hadn't slept enough, so he got up and went upstairs, picked up a clean blanket, led him into the living room, and placed it on Voight's shoulders. "Nobody knows about this place." Voight murmured, "You're safe here"

"I know, thank you Sergeant."

It's only for a few days."

"Do you need to leave, Voight?" He asked, doubting the answer.

"I'm not going anywhere, Antonio." Voight closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Voight made the coffee. They ate in silence.

"It's better to stay with the bed, you're not well, Antonio."

"No, you didn't sleep at all too, Voight..." Voight slept on the floor for just over two hours.

"I'm fine, I don't usually sleep much." What he didn't say was that Antonio's scent did not let him sleep, driving him crazy.

Antonio woke up alone, Voight left a note saying that he would return in a few hours.

In an empty street on the other side of town, Voight called Olinsky.

"Voight?" Olinsky's voice echoed across the line.

"How we are?" He had not left the car.

"We have a bomb in our hands, Antonio wasn't kidding. We're working the pen drive, there's a lot of information here, Hank."

"Any sign of Pulpo?"

"No. How's Antonio?" Voight hung up. He gotta get back to Antonio, something told him to come back soon, but before, he would pass in one place.
The apartment was silent when he returned, put the bags he carried on the sofa, checked the kitchen, no sign of Antonio. He went to the room, nothing.

"Shit!" He took his gun and went to the bathroom, Antonio was there, sitting on the floor, completely naked, shaking, under the shower.

"Antonio?" Voight grabbed a towel and placed it on his back, Antonio's skin was cyanotic cold. Voight looked at him, searched for injuries, nothing. He looked into his eyes, Antonio's brown eyes were fixed in terror, having a panic attack.

"Antonio, I'm here, breathe slowly," Voight breathed to show him how to do "That's it, breathe in. You're well, you're safe here."

Antonio took a deep breath. Voight rubbed his shoulders, he calmed down.

"Come, it's freezing here." Voight pulled him out of the bathroom.

Voight was preparing lunch when Antonio came into the kitchen wearing some of the clothes he had brought, everything he had were were left behind.

"Um, I hope they are your size." Voight smiled, bought a smaller number than Justin wore. Blouse, trousers and flannel shirts, which he used to buy for his son when he was a teenager.

"It must have been expensive." Antonio was embarrassed.

"No, it was not. You didn't bring anything, it's better than sleeping in my jacket."

"Thank you."

"Sit down, let's eat" The mood was embarrassing between them.

"About that..."

"You do not have to explain." Voight continued eating. "Do you like meat?"

"Yes, sergeant I..."

"Since when does this happen?" Voigh finally asked.

"Just before Diego was born." It calmed down for a while, but with Adres back in his life, the attacks also returned.

"Did you tell anyone about this?" Voight really was interested.

"No." Actually he spoke to Adres about it, was mocked and never spoke again.

"You had a panic attack, Antonio. You don't have to be ashamed."

"You think I'm weak, don't you?"

"To have a panic attack? I can't even imagine the terror you've gone through, Antonio. I've seen tough men crying before, don't worry."

Antonio finished the meal, got up and began to wash the dishes. "When can I see my children?"

"We need to put Pulpo in prison first."
"You know, I'm going to jail too?"

"You're collaborating, Antonio, that counts against the prosecution."

"My sister, she needs to be protected."

"I know, but you must know I can't get close her, right? Her boyfriend ..."

"I know, even so, Pulpo knows her. He could ..."

"I have two men looking after her and the fireman." Voight got up and set his plate in the sink.

"Do you trust them, Sergeant Voight?" Antonio asked looking into his eyes. "I mean..."

"If you are referring to police officer Coulson, he's already in provisional custody, Antonio, I know that Pulpo was at his house, he didn't report it, he's not one of my men anymore"

"Did you know?" Antonio refers to the fact that Voight knows about Adres was being in his house.

"Not immediately, but yes, I knew."

"He pay people, Sergeant Voight. Just like ..." He shut up.

"Like me Antonio?" Voight asked quietly. His expression was quite calm.

"I'm sorry." Going back to doing the dishes.

"I like honesty, Antonio, don't be afraid to hurt my feelings."

During the night, Voight woke up with Antonio's groans, went to the room, he was hyperventilating again. Voight sat down next to him on the bed, grabbed his shoulders and hugged him, he didn't know what else to do.

"Tell me, what can I do to calm you down, Antonio?"

Antonio was desperate, Voight held him tightly, which helped, his scent soothed Antonio. The alpha 'thing' again.

That's how they woke up, bodies rolled up in bed. Voight got up first, Antonio was still asleep.

That was insanity! He felt nothing but the urge to arrest Pulpo, but now there was an uncontrollable desire to protect Antonio too. To sniff him, to hug him while he slept. Protect him from anything.

Before Antonio woke up, he was convinced it was just chemistry. He had seen other omegas in his work before, none of them had activated that need in him.

"Good Morning!" Antonio's voice lifted him from his thoughts, he was surprised for the first time in years.

"Did you sleep well, Antonio?" Antonio sat down beside him on the couch.

"Yes, you, Sergeant Voight?"
"Hank"

"What?"

"Call me Hank, I always call you Antonio, nothing fairer."

"Sure, Hank."

"I have something for you." Voight pulled a gun from his waist and handed it to Antonio: "I want you to shoot anyone who crosses that door."

"Hank, I ..." Antonio frowned at the request.

"Do this for your children, Antonio, stay alive for them." He said in an alpha command voice. "I need you to stay here and don't leave. I gotta go to the police station, there are a lot of things I need to sort out, and maybe I'm too late."

Antonio felt the command invade his mind, he would do what Voight asked him now. Voight knew that.

"I want you to be okay, no panic, no fear. Take it straight in the head, I'll deal with the body later." He surely will. Voight got up and put on his coat to leave the apartment.

"Hank?" Voight turned to look at Antonio.

"Don't use that voice with me again, please."

"If it's to keep him safe, I'll use it. I'll be back as soon as I can."
Chapter Summary

“With shortness of breath, I’ll explain the infinite
How rare and beautiful it truly is that we exist”

(Saturn- Sleeping At Last)

He couldn't explain this feeling, it was like an empty space, a need to be close, touch, hear and Voight has never felt this before. Antonio shaking naked on the bathroom floor did not leave his mind all day. He was anxious to the point that his body was shaking too. He needed to focus, analyze the case, find connections, and, Antonio, no! He was not here. Focus. 1, 2, 3, the phone rings, he is too impatient to hear what they said. The evidence provided by Antonio was being analyzed. At Voight's request, only his team works on this case.

1,2,3, a call through the radio, the press reported Rev’s dead. He takes a deep breath, needs to know if Antonio had another panic attack, need to know bout him.

"If you do not calm down, you will have a heart attack.” Erin warned, entering his office.

"Any news?” Biting the back of his right hand, a new nervous reaction.

"No, the feds are coming, we need to move Antonio and the kids but they might want to talk to him.”

"Out of the question! The deal was clear, Antonio stays out of inquiries.”

"I really appreciate that, Hank, but you know they can ask for it.”

"How are the kids?”

"Well, the girl is a bit shy, the kid is a mini alpha project, but, everything under control. What about Antonio, how is he?”

"He is fine.”

"Is he as anxious as you are?” Looking at him closer.

"What do you mean?”

"You seem to be about to be afraid, I've never seen you like this before, Hank.”

"I am fine.” Voight got up and went to Burgess's desk, needed to keep his mind busy.

He didn't leave the police district today, none of them left. They were investigating a cold killer, none of them could walk alone for now.
The day has come to the end when he received an unexpected visitor, the man was waiting for him in his office, Alvin was there too.

"Lieutenant Severide, may I help you?" He glanced at Alvin in the corner of the room, the detective looking uncomfortable with something.

Alvin makes a sound with his throat. "Severide is an old friend." Explaining why he's there.

Severide stood up to greet him, they met once during Voight's attacks over Casey, they weren't friends and maybe this was not a friendly visit.

"I know you're hiding Antonio somewhere, Sergeant Voight." Severide went straight to the point, didn't want to prolong this visit.

"And how are you so sure about that, Lieutenant?" Alvin, Hank needs to talk to him later.

"That's what he said when he left the kids with me. He said he was going to make a 'deal with the devil', which is you."

Voight laughed at the comparison. "Are you his friend, Lieutenant?" He realizes that Severide is also an omega, something he would not have noticed at another time, that explains a lot about Alvin being in the room.

"Yes."

"Huh. I thought he had no friends." He definitely needs to talk to Alvin about it. "Are you an omega like him, right?"

The question seems to bother Alvin, Severide just nods. "Just tell me if he's okay, your men came and took the kids if anything happened to Diego or Eva."

"They're fine, all of them. We're investigating Adres Dias, Antonio is safe." A glance to Alvin again. "But I think you know that, too."

For some reason, Alvin didn't talk to him about the friendship between the firefighter and Antonio, anyway, Alvin needs to explain how this 'friendship' between him and the firefighter really works too.

Severide got up to leave.

"Lieutenant." He stopped, looked at Voight again. "What can you tell me about Antonio?"

"He's a good man, Sergeant Voight. He made bad choices, all related to Adres, but he escaped."

"We've been taking care of him. You've been to his apartment a few days, don't you?"

"Yes. Adres never accepted... he still frightened him. Antonio was always afraid to report even when..."

"What, even when what?" He needed to hear the rest of this sentence, Severide was sorry he had spoken it. "Whatever it is, tell me, and I swear I add to the prosecution more charges against Pulpo."

"He raped Antonio. He call me in the morning, ask me to bring some pills, he was afraid to get pregnant again from Adres." Severide say it fast. "Antonio was not allowed to go to the hospital or the police, no matter what, he could never go, if he was, everyone would know what was happening. Now, unless Antonio put his own life and his children in danger, he would never let anyone know..."
what Adres done to him all this years."

Voight's blood boiled in his veins, the mere mention that Adres hurting Antonio was driving him crazy. His violent temper threatened the surface. Olinsky realizes and tries to keep Severide away from Voight.

"Come with me." He said to Severide and the fierman follows him out. "I'll be right back, Hank." He takes Severide away.

"WHAT?" He shouted back. Olinsky raised his arms in peace.

"Don't scream on me again, man." Alvin says quietly.
"You didn't tell me you knew Lieutenant Alvin! What else I must know about it?" For the first time in years, Voight feels that his friend is hiding something.

"That's personal, Hank."

"That's part of an investigation, Al, nothing's personal here."
Alvin looks around, does not want anyone else to hear. "He's my guy ..."
"Your informant?"
"Not."
"Your...?"
Alvin doesn't respond, he has no explanation to give to Voight, his loyalty does not have to be proven.

"I thought you'd like to take a look at this." Erin says, she came shortly interrupting the conversation, Alvin seems grateful for that. "It was a security video of the street where Rev lived, Pulpo was spotted in the area a few hours before Rev being found beheaded."

"We have enough to an arrest, let the feds know."
"Voight ..."
"Yes?"
"You smell funny" Erin say it.

He stared at the building for a while before entering, searching for possible followers, kept the gun in his hand as he reached the floor of the apartment. He tapped softly on the door.

"It's me, Voight, i bring some beers." he announced as he opened the door, after all, Antonio has a gun and orders to shoot. Everything was clean, overly clean. "Antonio?"
"Here." Antonio replied from the kitchen, Voight approached. The scent of home-cooked food mixed with Antonio's scent, made Voight breathless. Antonio was on the stove cooking.

"Did you clean the place?"

"I've had all day, it's not like I have anything else to do, Hank."

"Huh, how are you?"
"I'm fine, any news from my kids?"

"Yes, they're fine."

"Do you think I'll be able to see them anytime soon?"

"Hope so."

"I hope you like my food, my son Diego hates it." He says without humor.

"Kelly Severide came to visit me today, he's worried about you, Antonio."

"Did he say anything?"

Voight shakes his head, he didn't want to have to talk about it.

"Do you need to go to a hospital or something?" He could not take his eyes off him when Antonio served the table.

"No, I'm fine, Hank."

"We can find a doctor for you ..."

"I'd like to eat and ... Can we eat now?" He says, avoiding any attempt by Voight to keep talking.

Voight just agrees. "I'll be right back." Voight headed for the bathroom. He washed his face, looked at himself in the mirror "Old idiot!" He murmured to himself before returning to the kitchen. He found Antonio leaning against a chair, pale.

"Antonio?" Approaching him, Antonio was breathing very fast.

"I'm sorry," his voice sounded weak. "I couldn't get me ..."

Voight held his hands trembled and pressed them against the chest. "Don't apologize, you're fine, I'm here." Without thinking twice, he hugged him, rubbed his back. "There's nothing wrong with being afraid, but, I'm not going to let anything get to you, I promise"

Antonio calmed down slowly. Something in the scent of Hank made him calm down.

"Are you ok now?" Hank looked into his eyes.

Antonio looked into his own hands, Hank keep them on his chest, he turned away from Hank, too embarrassed closer to him.

"Looks delicious!" Hank looked at the food on the table, didn't know what to say now. "Beer?"

"I don't drink, Hank, I mean, I'm an alcoholic, so ..."

"No need to explain yourself, Antonio."

"I should have talked about this to you, but ... I hate to think about it, and Adres has never been very kind to me."

"You're safe here..."

"I already know what they do in the hospital, a social worker comes and tries to 'save me' from my shit, but the next morning I have to get back to work and deal with it on my way. Severide should
not have talked about it."

"When Pulpo' s in prison and you and your kids are safe, you can find help for that, okay?"

Antonio just nodded.

"Maybe the feds want to talk to you soon." Voight said looking at Antonio sitting down to eat.

"Do you think they wanna send me back to Colombia?"

"No. You're an American citizen, they just want to press you for more information."

"I gave everything I knew, Hank, I don't have anything else."

"I know, let's get this over with, Antonio."

"You will be there?" Antonio was not looking at Voight now, just at the table in front of him. "I mean, when they want to talk to me, are you going to be there?"

"Yes, I will. I need to know everything you can tell me about Pulpo, this will make things easier for you."

Voight noticed his breathing accelerating again, approached Antonio and took his shoulders. "I need you to stay calm, I'm here and I'll be there for you, Antonio"

He held Antonio's chin gently and lifted his head, Antonio's eyes looked tired, huge dark circles around them.


"You have no idea how strong you are, do you?"
Eva

Chapter Summary

"That the universe was made
Just to be seen by my eyes."

(Saturn- Sleeping at Last)

The fatigue hit Voight and he fell asleep on the couch after dinner, woke up at dawn was covered and warm. He went to the bedroom and watched Antonio sleep. Something in his mind screams for him to go to bed and hug him, it was insane, he would surely be charged for harassment, damn! at any other time he would accuse himself of this. He barely knows Antonio, cannot act like an intimate friend.

He had to keep him under surveillance and keep this alpha bullshit out of his mind. He back to the living room, went to lie again when he heard Antonio mutter and returned to the room, he was having a nightmare. Voight sat down and hugged him, Antonio calmed down. They said nothing to each other.

There was a strange connection between their bodies, and Voight kept his nose buried in Antonio's hair, breathing in his perfume, Antonio smells like home. A new and delicious scent, he felt nothing like it.

Antonio felt Voight's arms around his body, it was good, safe and scary. Less than two weeks ago was willing to arrest him, now hugged him after a nightmare. It was so confuse.

"You woke up early." Voight came from the bedroom, closing his belt. Antonio was doing the breakfast.

"Sorry, did I wake you up, Hank?"

"No, it's okay, don't worry." Voight sat at the table for coffee, Antonio accompanied him

"I don't know how you like your coffee, then ..."

Voight laughed, it had been so long since someone had made him coffee. "You had another nightmare last night, didn't you?" Antonio looked away, ashamed.

"It's nothing, Hank, just bullshit."

Voight held his hand. Antonio was surprised by the gesture. "If it scares you, it's not bullshit. Was it with Pulpo?"

"All my nightmares are related to him."

"He won't hurt you."
"Adres used to call me 'weak' when I cried or had nightmares. He laughs and say how stupid I was. Now, my son Diego thinks the same about me. He gets angry when sees me crying."

Voight took a sip of his coffee, it's good! "Kids" he murmured and Antonio smiled.

"Do you have kids, Hank?"

"One, Justin."

"Is he like you?"

"An alpha? Yes, he was."

"He died?"

Voight sighed, he didn't want to talk about Justin yet.

"Sorry, sorry." Antonio tried to correct his rudeness, The silence lingered for a few minutes until Voight spoke again.

"Kelly Severide, what can you tell me about him?"

"Why...?"

"It's okay, he's the one who came to me. Can we trust him?"

"Yes, Severide has been my friend for years, but I don't want to get him in trouble, Hank."

"He's an adult, he knows where he's getting involved, Antonio. Tell me, can we trust him?"

"Yes, he is a good man."

Voight shifted in his chair, looking at Antonio. "How are you so sure? A few days ago you told me that you had no friends, now a trustworthy one comes in. What has changed, Antonio?" Voight was on a cop interrogation mode now.

"Pulpo would kill him without a second thought. Kelly is a good person, he just tried to help, so i keep him away from all thi shit." Antonio got up, going to the sink with his back to Voight. "Last time I call him, I needed a favor,"

"And what would that favor be?"

"Some remedies, just that." Antonio felt his face blush. "I couldn't go to the hospital, so I asked him to bring me some meds. Personal stuff..."

"Nothing is personal here, Antonio. I need to know everything that happened." Voight's voice left no room for doubt now, Antonio shuddered. He managed to avoid this conversation yesterday, but he could not do that today.

"You want to know what he did to me because you want to get him on all the crimes he's committed or why you don’t trust me enough Hank?"

Voight stays in silence, so Antonio took off the T-shirt he wore to expose his bare back.

Hank looked at his marked skin, he had not seen the day he pulled Antonio out of the bathroom
'cause he was worried about warming him up. They were deep and ugly scars.

Some recent bruises as well, a brand of burn in his arm too recent.

"One for every attempt to stay away from him, if I denied anything to him and if I tried to denounce him again." Antonio's voice was low and choked by tears. "Trust me, rape wasn't the worst thing he do for me."

Voight didn't know what to say, he was increasingly tempted to kill Pulpo with his bare hands.

"When he was arrested the second time one of his men came to visit me, I was expecting his third child, the baby simply could not resist it, forcing me to bury my own child was his way of keeping me silent."

Voight regretted having forced Antonio to talk about it.

"Severide found me as soon as I arrived in this country, I was hurt and sick, he took care of my children and me. Do you want to know what kind of friend he has been to me? He helped to pay for the house and help me with my kids, is the only father they know. He has been the best thing that happened to me for many years."

Antonio said it all without looking back, not facing Voight.

"You want to know what kind of person I am, Detective? Do you want to know if I ever fucked him? Is that what you're thinking now, Hank?" He put on his T-shirt back.

Voight feels a sore on his throat and remains in silence, Antonio turned to look at him, his eyes were red.

"That day Severide came to bring pills, Adres never used condoms on me, I haven't taken contraceptives for years 'cause they are expensive. I can't have any disease, i have kids to care on and, i can't have any other kid too, so...Severide just come to help me." Antonio scratched his hair nervously.

"Adres is not the kind of man to ask, he just comes and takes what he wants, but there is nothing in this world that makes me have another son from him." He said with all the determination that was in his body, Adres had dominated his choices long enough.

Voight got up, took the gun he had given Antonio and put it into his hands.

"Shoot to kill i will do the rest"
Antonio felt the first contractions early in the morning, they were still weak, nothing to worry about. He had bigger problems to deal with now. They were in a car with two more men from Adres, the police had invaded the house and they had to flee. Antonio kept Diego in his arms all the time.

He was big and heavy, the baby has grown a lot in the last two months and he had to endure Adres jokes about his funny walking way. Getting pregnant again was never in his plans, he had had enough of the first pregnancy, but again, Adres didn't need his consent for anything.

The trip seemed to have no end, Diego was restless with fatigue, Antonio felt the sweat trickling down his face and bit the inside of his cheeks as the pain hit him. Adres continued to talk about traitors and revenge. Antonio needed to vomit.

Taking a deep breath was all he could do now. He prayed to get wherever Adres was taking them soon, he couldn’t give birth in a car in the middle of nowhere.

Something in his mind tells him to be quiet about the symptoms of childbirth, whether fear or shame was enough. Diego squirmed in his arms, making him feel more pain. The nausea was the worst part; he needed to make a stop or going vomit inside the car.

"Please, I need ... Stop the car"

"What now, Antonio?" Adres replied impatiently.

"Please" he asked again.

Adres parked on the edge of the track, Antonio got out of the car with Diego at his side, he put the boy on the floor and leaned as far as his belly allowed, there his lunch was gone. Diego watched curiously. Adres did not leave the car; one of his men came down just to smoke.

His throat ache with the effort to vomit, his whole body creased, another contraction, Antonio put his hands on his belly and moaned low.

Diego fell asleep next to him in the back seat, Antonio was wet with sweat and Adres’s henchman by the side looked at him angrily. Antonio was delaying the escape; they could be arrested because of him. When they arrived at Cartagena he could no longer hide, he was moaning involuntarily. He had spent all the day on the road in pain.

Adres parked, it was dark Antonio could not see where they were, Adres got out of the vehicle, opened Antonio's door and pulled him by the arm. He groaned in alarm, his body almost collapsing
on the ground.

"What ... Adres ...

"Keep an eye on the boy" Adres ordered one of the men in the car as he dragged Antonio to the side of the road.

As far as he knew, Antonio could be murdered right there, there was nothing to stop Adres from killing him. He let himself be dragged through the bushes, it was a hot autumn night, the silence was only broken by his own painful groans.

"What's your problem, Antonio? In a time like this! What fucking dad are you?" Antonio felt his body hit the ground; he did not want to go through this here, not now, not in the middle of the road. His baby thought differently, was ready to be born.

Adres pulled his pants down, Antonio moaned, he could not even speak now. Before he could gesture for Adres to stop, he was already pushing again, his body knew what to do that did not mean it hurt less. The sky was ridiculously starry tonight, was all he could see lying on the ground. His body ached, Adres was swearing in Spanish, he could barely hear. His hips tipped up and her baby slipped out into Adres's hands.

"Please, do not hurt him" he pleaded before fainting.

Antonio woke up a few moments later.

"At last, princess," Adres said somewhere in his mind. "Your daughter is hungry"

Antonio looked around for his baby, Adres held the small package in his arms.

"Here, take her"

She? He had a girl!

His little daughter was quiet, he caught her. Adres moved away, Antonio lay alone on the floor of a road with his newborn daughter in his arms. He did not think it was possible to feel as much love as he felt for Diego, but this little person in his arms proved how wrong he was. It was his and only his girl.

Adres returned shortly after, sat down next to the fire and lit a cigarette.

"Girl, hn? What are you going to do now? Open a sewing hall in this place?"

Antonio did not answer.

"I'll tell you something, Antonio, if there's anything more useless in the world than an omega is the women"

Antonio pressed his daughter to the chest, until then he was the only target of the idiocy Adres said, to his surprise he was good with Diego, as much as possible for someone like him. Seeing his been daughter attacked like this made Antonio feel disgusted by this man.

He pulled back his shirt and lifted his undershirt, guided his daughter to the right nipple, the milk dripping there in delicate white drops.

"Where's Diego?" His voice was hoarse, the throat ached.

"Sleeping. Let's spend the night here, tomorrow we'll continue"

"Where are we going, Adres?"

"Disappear for a while until everything calms down"

"I can not run away with two children, Adres. I need medicine, food, clothes for them"

"No, you do not have to"

"Adres..."

"I said you do not have to," Adres shouted, making the baby cry. Antonio shook the girl to calm her.

"Do not test my kindness, princess! I'm being kind to you here," Adres got up and walked around Antonio. "You're an omega shit, do you really think I want a daughter?"

Antonio hugged the little girl tightly.

Two children, he had two children now, homeless and an unstable and dangerous partner. Diego met his sister early in the morning; Antonio was covered in dust and fetal fluid when he
introduced them.
"This is your little sister, Eva. You're a big brother now, Diego."
Chapter Summary

"Let's just take our own time
Stay with me though the night"

(Safe With Me
The Co)

"Are you nervous?" Voight asked as he stroked lightly Antonio's back. The man was pale looking at the building of the police district.

"I'm fine..."

"It's okay to be a bit nervous, feds use it in their favor, the more nervous you get, the more mistakes you're going to make, I'll be there, don't worry."

"Do you think I can see my children later? Eva has many nightmares, I'm worried."

"They're fine." Voight searched for a parking spot.

"I know, it's just ... You would not understand."

"It's this omega binding thing, is not it? I'll see what I can do."

Antonio took a deep breath, his hands were cold.

"Antonio, about your alleged crime in Colombia, we are still investigating, I wish you don't talk about it yet."

"Don't you think they already know, Hank?"

"If they knew it, you already been in jail now, they couldn't prove anything against you, just focus on Pulpo now."

"Are you asking me to lie, Hank?"

"No ... I'm just offering an alternative to dealing with the feds, you don't need any more trouble now. Let's deal with one shit at a time here."

Voight and he entered the district; Antonio kept his covered face wearing a cap Voight gave him. All the time the sergeant kept the distance between him and Antonio as short as possible, sometimes his right hand lay on his back, it was clear that he was marking his territory.

"Antonio?" Erin came to greet him as soon as they entered. Antonio couldn't remember her name.

"Erin Lindsay, we met at the hospital."
"Yes, of course. Forgive me"

"You look very good, Voight really take care of you." Voight was going to kill her later.

"Yes, he did it." Antonio smiled.

"Where's Olinsky?"

"I don't know, I did not see he today, hum Hank, they are waiting." Erin pointed to the interrogation room. Voight looked at Antonio.

"Are you ready?"

"I think so"

Voight clutched his hands and squeezed it, Antonio shivered. "I'll be there, if you want to stop, just tell me and I'll get you out of there, okay?"

Erin was shocked by Voight's behavior, he rarely knew the first names of people, and now he seemed so close to Antonio, so protective.

The two policemen in the room waited in silence. Voight opened the door and Antonio walked right behind him. The men introduced themselves; Agent Morrison and Agent Williams so the conversation began.

"Say your name, please," Agent Morrison asked.

"Antonio Garcia Dawson"

"Where did you born, Mr. Dawson?" Morrison asked again. "Tell me you age too."

"Detroit, February 22, 1980, I got 38 years old now."

"Can you tell us about your relationship with Mr. Adres Dias?" Agent Williams asked this time.

"We were partners, we have two kids..."

"Sergeant Voight said you're willing to cooperate, do you know this is against your alpha, Mr. Dawson?" Morrison moved in his seat.

"He's not my alpha, he's never been."

The agents exchanged glances between them. "I thought you said Adres is the father of your children, Mr. Dawson." Morrison looks at Voight.

"He is, but we have never really been mated. He had no hormonal dominance over me."

It was Voight's turn to look at him in surprise, they didn't talk about it yet.

"The only way Adres can control me is by violence and threats against my family. There was never any emotional connection between us, just physical"

"Thank you for clarifying Mr. Dawson." William's voice was calm and soft, he was the good cop, Antonio deduced.

Voight spent the next few minutes watching Antonio's mouth move without hearing any words
forming. He was lost in thought, Antonio was perfectly handsome, strong, safe, and resilient. Even though he looked so fragile and tired, he was a natural force and Voight loves it. He was in serious trouble.

He answered the questions calmly, Voight watched him thrust his hands into his pockets more than once to hide he was trembling.

The subject was about Adres most of the time, until one of the agents took an envelope from a briefcase that was on the floor and shows it to Antonio. They were photos of the man who tried to save Antonio once, the driver who risked taking him to Brazil. His body and head in a box. Antonio turned pale, he had never seen those pictures before.

"What can you tell us about it, Mr. Dawson?"

Antonio closed his eyes and felt the urge to vomit. Voight looked at the photos.

"Mr. Dawson?" The agent Morrison insisted, Antonio felt a tear run down his face. He was on the verge of panic, Voight realized.

"We stopped here today," Voight announced to the agents' surprise.

"Sergeant Voight we ..." Williams try to continue.

"I said that's enough." Voight raised his voice.

"That's not your decision, Sergeant." Agent Morrison was unsatisfied.

"You're in my city, in my neighborhood talking to my omega, I decide things here, come with me Antonio." Voight pulled him out of the room.

Erin saw them in the corner of the office small kitchen, Antonio hyperventilating and Voight massaging his shoulders slowly, tenderly.

"Breathe slowly, I'm here. it's okay, Antonio."

Antonio breathed when Voight talked to him, was calming down. Erin was silent, watching unnoticed by them.

"How are you feeling?"

"They know ... Hank, they ...

"They can't prove anything, can you hear me? Nothing! Pulpo killed that man, not you!" Voight grabs his face and forces Antonio to look at him. "You did well there. They can’t do anything against you, Baby."

A soft kiss. Voight didn't resist, he wanted to kiss Antonio for so long now, touch his lips and feel his skin. Antonio didn't step back, could not resist, grabbed Voight’s blouse with his fingertips and pressed his forehead against his lips when the kiss over.

Voight kept his arms around his waist, feeling his scent until Antonio's stiff body relaxed against his.
"Do you want to try to go back there or do you want to go home? You choice here, Antonio."
Voight said in his softer tone, which he only used with Camille or Justin.

"I'm a mess now, can I see my kids?"

"I'll ask someone to bring them here, okay? You can wash your face, I'll make you some coffee."
Voight kissed his lips again, a quick kiss so intimate as the last one.

Erin brought Diego and Eva, Antonio hugged them as if he had not seen them for many years, Diego remains distant. Voight left them alone in his office.

Erin watched Voight talk to the federal agents, he sounded furious with these men.

"What's wrong with him?" Erin whispered to Olinsky, the detective had just arrived in the district. Olinsky stopped and looked at Voight. "What ... Oh ... I have an idea." Voight watch Olinsky with a strange look on his face, they still needed to talk, but not now with Antonio here.

He just took Antonio home at the end of the day, thought it best to keep him in the district all day. Antonio tried to disguise the crying by looking out the window of Voight's car, saying goodbye to the children was very difficult for him. Voight took a different path, he wanted to calm down Antonio.

"Do you wanna see something, Antonio?"

It was a calm, cold lake. They could see the city lit up down and watch the landscape.

"It's beautiful." Antonio cringed in his coat. Voight approached him and hugged him in the back, squeezing Antonio's chest with both arms. "Man, i love Chicago."

"My son Justin, he liked to come here when he was a little and hyperactive boy, Antonio, he couldn't keep his mind focus for more than 2 minutes." He laughed at the memory. "He loved Chicago too, I loved that kid, he was everything I had." It was the first time Voight talked about Justin with anyone, his nose was sunk in Antonio's black hair. "He was my whole life, I brought him here sometimes, we looked at the lake in silence, it was the best part of my day."

"If they send me back to Colombia, I will never be able to look after my children, Hank."

"They won't." Voight turned Antonio's body around and left him in front of him. "You can trust me, Antonio? I promise, you'll have a head full of white hair because of these boys. You can have others if you want, I promise!"
Antonio smiled. Voight kissed him again. "Come on, you're freezing out here."

Voight took him home. Antonio slept in his arms tonight. No nightmares.

Severide's blue eyes was worried about this meeting at Molly's, he asked for a beer and stood by the counter waiting. He didn't like Olinsky calling him, he just came 'cause wanna hear from Antonio.

"Two, please." Olinsky appeared at his side, catching him by surprise.

"Shit, can you stop doing this, Alvin?"

"Sorry, did you wait long?"

"What do you want? You shouldn't call me, I already said that."

"Just to see your pretty face, babe." Alvin had a fucking grin on his lips, Severide drank his beer impatiently. "Come on, I like you Kelly, when are you going to believe this?"

"When you stop being a fucking weirdo!"

"Okay, I'll take that as a compliment, Kelly. I like to be a 'weirdo'."

"Don't call me like that." Severide was very annoyed.

"That's your name, is not it, Kelly?"

"You can get right to the point, I have a lot to do. How's Antonio?"

Olinsky took something out of his pocket, a cigarette. "He's okay, Voight is taking care of his safety personally. I have never seen him like this before, Kelly. This alpha/omega thing caught him up."

"What do you mean?"

"Antonio is an omega in danger, Voight is showing teeth, marking territory around him."

"Damn it! Is Antonio accepting this?"

"He is not in a position to face anything now, Pulpo is enough to deal"

"Do you think Voight can force on him?"

"No, Voight is not like that, he would not hurt Antonio, not like that" Olinsky lit his cigarette.

"Erase that shit!" Severide ordered.

"Worried about my health, Kelly?"

Severide kept his worst look of contempt. Some men in the corner begin to speak loudly, Olinsky observes them.

"Are the boys okay?"

"Yes" Still watching the men in the corner. "Do you want to get out of here, Kelly?"

"What? I said it was not a date, Alvin. Does your wife know where you are now?"
"Ex" Al took a long sip of his beer. "Ex-wife."

"Is it really? As far as I know, you still live with her, in the same house."

"No, I live there because of my daughter. Why are we talking about my ex-wife?" Alvin says, bored. "What do you know about that alpha link? Is Voight in danger?"

Severide laughed, not believing at what he heard. "Danger? What do you think Antonio's going to do, seduce the good cop Voight? Using exactly what Al, omega power?"

"Well you..."

"Do you even listen to yourself, Alvin? Antonio had a lot of alpha shit, he doesn't need it! He doesn't need Voight!"

"I'm sorry, I don't understand this dynamic, it's complicated and Voight is acting like a wolf around him. We're a team, we care about each other. You're a fireman, you understand that, besides, he asked for Voight's help."

Severide ordered another beer. A woman passed by and looked at Severide, checking him out, Alvin noticed.

"Are you committed today?" Alvin scoffed.

"Maybe I have. Any problem with that, Alvin?" Severide replied, "As far as I know there's a wife waiting for you at home"

"I'm here, Kelly, I'm not the alpha stallion you want, but I'm here with you."

"Who told you I want an alpha? I don't need one!"

"That's what all omegas want, is not it? A stallion alpha."

Severide get up to leave, Alvin grabbed his arm. "Hey, I'm sorry, it was a stupid joke, sorry. I just want to have a little drink with you, it's been a bad week, Kelly" Severide's sit down again. Alvin looked around, checking if anyone can hear them. "I miss you"

"You saw me last night, Alvin."

"It's not the same thing, I miss you."

Severide smiles, another sip on his beer. "Your boss, Voight, he doesn't like me, right?"

"Voight is beside the point. He doesn't rule my personal life."

"He must think I'm 'home breaker' or something."

"Who cares what he thinks, Kelly? I talked to Lexi, she understands that i'm divorcing from her mother. I told her about you and me, she doesn't care about us."

"There is no 'us', Alvin, never existed. Did you tell her you tried to make me one of your informants, Al? You're miserable liar, Alvin!"

Alvin took his glass of beer, did not look at Severide's eyes. "I deserved it, I understand you're furious ..."
"I would be, if you mean something to me, but you're just a corrupt cop who used me to harm Casey."

"No, not really."

"If you came here to get information about something or someone, we're done, Alvin."

Severide got up to leave, one of the men at the corner of the table came up to him, a tall, strong man. "Hi doll"

Severide was accustomed to deal with assholes like this, he was an handsome omega and that kind of behavior was a curse he had to live with. There was no time to think, the man was on the floor, Olinsky over him immobilizing it.

"You better say sorry buddy, he's not your doll!"

Olinski was over 50 years old, the way he pinned that man, make Severide surprised.

"Apologize now!" He insisted, holding the man by the throat. The friends who accompanied him kept a safety distance.

"Sorry ..." The man said at last. Olinsky released him.

"Come on, let's get out of here. Kelly." Olinsky led him out of the bar.

"Al, stop!" Severide walked away from him. "I can handle this kind of shit!"

"I know you can!"

"So what was that, do you think I need a defender?" Severide was talking loudly now.

"No, you don't have to. I'm a cop, it fucks me out." Severide had to laugh at their situation.

Olinsky's car was parked a few feet from Severide's apartment, he knows that Severide shares the apartment with someone else, a friend, but he never came into his house.

Severide's right foot rested on his shoulder, the backseat of the car was tight for two big men like them. Severide was lying down, legs apart and Olinsky between them.

"You're wetting the bank, Kelly."

"Shut up!" Severide grunts with his eyes closed as Olinsky sucks and licks his little pussy.

"If I had known you would be so wet, I would have killed the bastard" Olinsky slides one finger over the edge, but he doesn't thrust, just plays around.

"I told you to shut up!" Severide shoved his head. Olinsky laughed and came back between his legs. Severide hates anyone touches that part of his body, so he will not waste this moment. "You smell so good, Kelly, I'd love to fuck you"

"And risk you having a heart attack, forget it old man." Olinsky laughed, "I would die mired in you. Deep within you."

"Are you keep talking or suck me?" Although he is annoyed, Severide is almost cum as well. They never talked about it, it was just physical need.
Olinsky slid his tongue through Severide's wet pussy again, the moisture produced there proved have an incredible taste, Al licked and kissed it, Severide moaned. Then a finger slowly, as far as Alvin knows, Severide is still a virgin, he would never let his pussy been fucked. Then he goes slowly, sticking his finger slowly, Severide doesn't complain, but moves his hips against the intrusion.

Then one more finger, it's tight and it hurts, Severide moves away and Alvin just watches, he moves his fingers slowly appreciating the delicate and wet skin.
"What are you doing?" Severide moans, they are inside a car stopped in the street.

"Can you relax a little, Kelly? I'm not going to hurt you."
Alvin pushes his fingers further and puts Severide's cock in his mouth, the fireman cover his face with his hand as the detective sucks his cock. Alvin's thumb plays through the fireman's pubic hairs until he finds the little hole just below his cock, he leaves Severide's dick wet and uses his lips to lick it up. Severide grabs the bench, is trying to contain the moans, but the sense of pleasure is pushing him to the edge.

It won't take long for him to cum, and it is a wet mess. Suddenly the scent of Severide turns into a taste, a strong taste, manly taste, everything that should keep Alvin away, but that actually, attracts him even more.

Alvin's face is red and moist with Severide's fluids, the firefighter is ashamed.

Al cleared his cleft and thighs, kissed his thigh before pulling away from him, there is a little blood between his fingers, he doesn't let Severide see it, his alpha inside is proud. Severide pulled on his pants and tidied up his shirt. Al looked at him in the rearview mirror, he's still blushing and panting.
"You know I'm divorced, don't you? I'm not a traitor, Kelly. I'm not lying here."

"And I'm not a damn girl to you stick your fingers in, Olinsky!"
"Wait, did I hurt you, Kelly?"
"Fuck you!"

"So beautiful with such a dirty mouth!"

Severide nods his hands. "It doesn't change anything between us ..

"So there's a 'we' now?" Alvin is still smiling, that makes Severide even angrier.

"No, get out of here!"

"This is my car, Kelly."
Disgruntled, Severide gets out of the car. He takes a few steps feeling the moisture between his thighs staining his pants.

"Shit!" He turns back to Alvin, a raised finger pointing to the alpha's face. "I swear I'll kill if you put another finger in ... I swear it, Alvin!"

Alvin watched him walk away, satisfied and excited with the scent of Severide on his skin, on his mouth.
He was at home! After 6 long years living in Colombia, Antonio was finally back at his house.

It was scary to return here, he didn't plan anything, just took his kids and ran away. Adres was in jail again, it was his only chance.

There was no luggage or money for the taxi. Nowhere to go beyond the airport. His son Diego was inconsolable, tired and cold. Eva was crying in his arms, she needs a diaper change.

"Please stay here. Daddy's here, okay?" Diego nodded yes, he held Eva on his little arms, Antonio needs to pee, went into the little hut and took off his pants, he was bleeding.

The pain was no longer as strong as when he embarked in Colombia, but it still hurt. He felt weak, gotta a fever.

There was no money. Adres never allowed him access to any money, he controlled every step of his life. One misstep and Antonio would do away with a few fractured bones.

Now here he was, with two children in his arms and nowhere to go.
"Do you need any help?" Antonio shrank even more in the corner of the hall, he was about to faint, Diego slept with his head in his lap, Eva was awake on his shoulder.

"Hey buddy, need some help here?" The man insisted, Antonio wanted to ask him to stay away, but he couldn’t, he was at the limit of his strength.

"Hey!" He listened before he passed out.

The left eye never returned to normal after Adres punched him, the eyelid was slightly lowered. He rubbed his eyes, noticed the bandage on the back of his hand, an IV at his side. He sat down as fast as he could, was in a hospital. There were other patients around him, he was wearing a white hospital gown. Fear takes over his body, he gotta get out and find his children.

"Calm down, you're safe here, Antonio."

A woman's voice caught his eye, he turned around to look, a pretty lady with gray hair. "Do you know my name?" He read on her nametag; Nurse Rosie Walsh.

"Finally you're with us, Antonio. You're on Chicago Med, we know everything here" She laughs "How do you feel?"

"My children, where are they?" His throat ached, dry.

"They're fine, your friend took them to eat." The woman started checking her blood pressure. Antonio was too exhausted to argue with her, just stood still as she examined him.

"There are some people here who want to talk to you."

"Who?" Antonio sat down again.

"Social workers, they talk to all the patients here, don't worry."

"No," he simply said. "I don't want to talk."

"We tried to make contact with your family, but we didn't find anyone."

"Where are my children?" He asked again feeling the world spin around him, dizzy.

"I'll bring them."

The second time he woke he found Diego's huge brown eyes staring up at him.

"Dad?" The boy hit his face with his little hand. "Wake up, Daddy!"

"Hi, I'm here." He was relieved to see his son, "Where's your sister?"

"Kell," Diego said, pointing at the man sitting in the chair beside the bed with Eva in his arms. Antonio sat down, he recognized the man from the airport.

The man had a good physical structure, fair skin, short black hair, tight blue eyes. Eva looked calm in his arms, this was strange, the children knew no other people, Adres kept them hidden, there was no
contact with the outside world.

"Hi, I'm Kelly Severide, I'm glad you woke up, how do you feel?"

"I'm fine, thank you."
Severide got up and walked over to the bed, handed Eva over to Antonio. "I tried to feed her but, I think she prefers you to do it."
Antonio held his little daughter, Eva was 8 months old now, he tried to wean her when he became pregnant again but he couldn't. He was under a lot of stress and couldn't break that bond. It was instinctive to try to keep her daughter safe, breastfeeding was the only comfort he could give her.

Most people felt uncomfortable with an omega breastfeeding, not Severide, he just seems curious. Diego jumped in his arms and Severide held him up, excited with his new friend.

"Antonio, that's your name, right?" Severide asked, Diego playing in his arms.

"Yes" He had no reason to trust this man. He really did not trust anyone now.

"All right, Antonio, the doctor who examined you said that you had an abortion a short time ago ... That explain the blood loss. I can't imagine how someone with two such lovely children is feeling after that."
Antonio did not answer.

"Forgive me, I don't know you and you don't know me, but I wanna help, Have you been in a fight recently? The doctor said that this was the cause of the abortion" Severide used a friendly tone of voice as if talking to a bruised child. Antonio shrank back into bed, holding Eva to his chest.

"Okay, do you need me to call someone?"

"No" Just looking at Eva sucking his nipple, there is no more much milk left.

"If you don't want to go home for some reason, you can stay with me until you feel better"
Antonio looked at the strange man, did not believe in goodwill or good intentions for long.

"We are well."

"Well? You were bleeding on the airport floor with two kids. I really don't know if it's 'well'."

"I appreciate your help, but we're fine now."

"If you don't trust me, I can take you to the shelter, you must find a place there."

"Thank you"

Antonio was dismissed the next morning, Severide was there to pick him up. "How are you feeling today?" he maneuvered the car from the hospital garage.

"I'm fine, Severide." Eva slept in his arms, Diego was watching the city through the car window.

"I know you don't wanna my help, but I must insist, these shelters are bad for children, I know, I've been there many times, I volunteer at Omega Rights."

"I appreciate ..." Eva woke up and cried loudly, Antonio tried to calm her down.
"Are you running from someone, Antonio? Your partner?"

"You don't wanna get involved, trust me."

"Technically I'm already involved. I'm a big man, I can handle it."

"I can't involve anyone else in the mess I live in, thank you, but it's not safe." Eve calmed down, sniffing his chest.

"The man you're running away from, was he the one who caused your baby's death? Is he the father of your children?" He nodded in silence. "Is he here in town?"

"No," he finally responds.

"So don't be afraid, he can't hurt you. Do you want to go to the police?"

"No, no, not the police!"

"Okay, okay, don't worry. Do you need anything, clothes, food, money?"

"You helped a lot, thank you, Severide."

"I could be in your place, you know, I'm omega too, I'd ask for help." Antonio was surprised, he had not realized that Severide was also an omega, he didn't look like one.

"Your face ..." he said and Antonio ran his hand over his face to clean it up, "You're seriously injured, I'd say you had a car accident." Severide explained in a softer, more amused tone, Antonio laughed. "You can stay in my house, for now."

"Your partner may not agree, you don't know me, children make noise ..." Antonio did not understand the stranger's sympathy.

"I don't have a partner, it's just me, my apartment is not very big, but I work a lot, I never stay at home, you can stay there until everything is settled."

Antonio felt old-fashioned, knew no independent omega, Severide was very handsome and could easily be mistaken for an alpha. He didn't trust Severide yet, but he didn't have many options now, could not spend another night on the street with two children.

That's how Antonio came to stay at the house of young fireman Kelly Severide. It was a safe place, small and cozy, the children were happy there. It took more than two weeks for Antonio's body to heal completely. He had nightmares, panic attacks, Severide was willing to help him.

He did not say much about what happened in Colombia, it was painful to relive all that. The beating that Adres's henchman gave him before he managed to escape was not the worst thing that ever happened to him, but he didn't talk about it too. Antonio was willing to leave all this shit in South America.

2 months later…

"What's her name?" Severide asked when Antonio told him about his sister, they were in Antonio's little room.

"Gabriella Dawson."

Severide had the feeling of hearing that name before, but he didn't tell to Antonio.
"Have you thought about looking for her?"

"I can't. I ran away for a long time, it's not fair to show up now that I'm broken, Sev. Besides, Adres may try to hurt her, it's better for her that I stay away."

"And the rest of your family, where are they?"

"I don't know. I have lost contact a long time ago. My father and I have never been very close, the old man used to hate the ground where I walked in." Antonio laughed at the bitter reminder. "Being away from him was one of the reasons I ran away."

"This man, Adres, you used to like him a lot, didn't you?"

"I didn't have many friends at the time, the first person who gave me attention took me to bed. It wasn't love, it was not healthy. He became obsessive, violent. I needed to get my kids out of there. He was still laughing, but it was one of despair and sorrow."

"Do you think he'll look for you here in Chicago?"

"Of course, but I didn't know where to go, going back to Chicago was another of my stupid ideas."

"Here is your home. An abusive relationship doesn't define who you are. This man is just an idiot for not caring for you and your children, Antonio."

Antonio sighed, Eva slept peacefully on the bed and Diego watched TV in the living room.

"I know we're bothering you now, I'll find somewhere else to stay"

"Hey, I never said that. You and the children are welcome, I'm never at home anyway. Stay as long as you need."

"I don't wanna you have troubles because of me, Severide. Adres is a dangerous man."

"I will not put you and the kids on the street because of him. I have some friends in town, I can see if I can get a job for you if you want."

"Yes, I would be very grateful."

At last Antonio's luck seemed to be changing, Adres was just a bad memory in his nightmares less and less frequent now. He had a job too, worked in the kitchen of a restaurant, was not the best job in the world, but could already split the accounts with Severide and could rent a place for him and the kids soon.

"Do you really wanna do this?" Antonio smiled as he saw Severide standing in the kitchen. He wore the sexiest leather jacket in the state, Antonio had to admit.

"I invited you, didn't i? Come on, it's going to be fun, Antonio." Severide insisted.

"I don’t know I'm not good at ..." He blushed.

"First dates? Well it's not a date, we're two free friends at night."

Antonio agreed, Severide had insisted on a night out, Antonio was unsure, Eva was very dependent on him yet, the one-year-old girl only slept in her father's arms.

"We can come back early and Mrs. Wilson can take care of them"

Mrs. Wilson was a kind neighbor, Severide had known her for years, was one of the few people Antonio trusted his children to.
Spending so many years under the power of Adres made Antonio into a reclusive person, Severide was quite the opposite, he wanted to encourage Antonio, but the night away proved disastrous, an alpha was insisting on talking to them since they arrived at the bar, Severide told him to stay away, but he did not seem to understand.

"That's the reason I've never been with an alpha"

"Never, Sev?"

"No, they're stupid, we don't need them at all, you knew we could do insemination? we don't even need to be around them anymore."

They were together at the drinks counter, Antonio asked for water, he has not drank any drop of alcohol since Diego was born.

"I have good news, I am officially in the fire department."

"Congratulations!" "You worked so hard to achieve this, I'm so happy for you Severide!"

"What are the dolls celebrating?" The unwanted alpha was behind Severide, Antonio was getting anxious about his presence there.

"Get out!" Severide ordered in a serious tone.

"I love nervous figures," replied the alpha, Severide lost his temper and stared at the alpha.

"I told you to leave!"

Antonio got up and intervened between them.

"Sev, never mind. Let's get out here."

"Wow, I had not thought of that, you two together, two Omegas dolls? That's very exciting! I have a huge knot here for you both."

"Come on, Sev, let's get out of here." Antonio took his friend's arm to take him outside.

"Can I watch it? Which one of you likes to open your legs?" This was the last drop, Severide punched the man's face, Antonio tried to hold him, other customers came and they managed to push Severide away

"Stay away, you pervert!" Severide screamed as he was pulled out of the bar.

"Ouch!" Severide moaned as Antonio cleared the cut above his left eye. They were back in the bathroom of Severide's apartment. The night was a disaster so far.

"Shiii, crybaby"

"Slow down, I need this eye, Antonio!"

"You should have thought of that before getting into a fight"

"You want me to let that idiot say that about us?"
"He could have hurt you, Sev"

"I told you, I'm a big guy, he had no chances" The silence took over the small space, Severide watched Antonio's hands, they were shaking, he had noticed this before today, it was a nervous reaction. He takes his hands. "Forgive me, I ruined your night." Antonio was red and unresponsive

"Hey you don't have to be scared just because he's an alpha. He has no authority over any of us, Antonio, Alfas aren't better than us"

"I don't wanna problems, Severide, I just want to be quiet and take care of my children in peace."

"Is that what you're going to teach them, Antonio? Run whenever someone offends them just for what they are?" Antonio pulled his hands away from him.

"You have no idea what you're talking about, Severide."

"I think I know, I also take care of these little ones, I don't wanna them to become cowardly adults." Severide barked back at him.

"I'll get them." Antonio left the bathroom, Severide followed, grabbed his arm and prevented him from leaving the apartment.

"Forgive me, I lose my head with this kind of asshole. I don't wanna fight, we was supposed to be celebrating today."

"All right, Sev. I'm really happy for you"

"I know, that's why I wanted to celebrate with you." Severide grabbed his chin, slid his thumb over Antonio's lower lip and kissed him.

A moment later, Severide was lying on Antonio's naked body, the room was dark, only the sounds of the kisses were heard. He pushed Antonio's thighs and slid his hand between them very slowly, looking for his little slit.

He was wet was an omega, after all, ut his penis was painfully hard. Severide had done this before, he refused to be penetrated by an alpha, he was active and preferred omegas and girls.

Sex between omegas was not so common, but it was no longer taboo, there were many couples of omegas now.

Antonio had never been with another omega before, he looked down to watch Severide's penis, anatomically they were smaller than that of an alpha, he felt dirty. He did not know what he was doing there.

Severide kissed his chin, his neck, his nipples. Antonio stopped breastfeeding for little more than three months, his nipples still soft and delicate. Severide kissed them, felt Antonio's body tremble. He stroked Antonio's little cock, it was flaccid. Something was wrong.

"Do you want to do this? Do you want to continue, Antonio?" Severide's voice sounded hoarse and sexy. Antonio denied it. He did not want. He's not ready for that yet. He thought he could, but he was wrong. Severide stepped back and sat on the bed, did not expect that answer, but he respected him. Antonio lamented having denied, his mind processed a thousand ways to please Severide, if he wanted sex, Antonio had to give it to him, after all he was living in his house. His previous
experience told him to just give what the other wanted.,

"I'm sorry." Antonio tried to touch him, but ended up more still in bed. His whole body trembling.

"Don't apologize for not doing what you don't wanna do, please."

"Severide I ..."

"You're beautiful, Antonio, I'm sorry I should have respected you." Severide smiled, Antonio got up and searched for his clothes that were scattered on the floor. "Where are you going?"

"I gotta go ... my children ..."

"It's two o'clock in the morning, Antonio, they're asleep."

"I need ..." Leaving the room.

Severide stand up completely naked and went to him, looked into Antonio's eyes, there was fear in them and he feels disgusting to himself, the reason was clear to Severide now. "Forgive me, I thought you wanted to, too. Are you afraid of me, Antonio? I'm not like him, I'm not going to force you to do anything."

"I need to leave, please let me out"

"Damn it! Do you think i wanna rape you?" Antonio tried to escape him. "Do you, Antonio? Talk to me, I can't..."

"I don't know, okay? We are both ...Omegas, this makes no sense to me!" He did not finish, Severide let him go.

"I'm so sorry, Antonio."

Severide found Eva and Diego in the living room watching TV, Antonio was in the kitchen, he spent the last two days on duty at the fire station and they hadn't spoken after that night.

"Hi." he said as he came in, the smell was good.

"Hi." Antonio was embarrassed, he didn't know what Severide would do, the man proved to be a good friend, but he was not sure if he was welcome in his apartment anymore.

"Are you hungry, Sev?"

"Yes, the food in the Fire House is terrible. How are the children?"

"Well, they're good"

"Antonio I thought a lot and ..."

"I'm going out, I found a place and ..." Antonio said quickly, Severide was surprised. "You don't need to..."

"What? Antonio, this is ridiculous, you and the kids are safe here, you don't have to leave!"

"I need this ... I said I would leave as soon as I could pay for a place, and now I can ..."
"And who will take care of the children while you are at work? Please, Antonio, you don't have to go."

"Severide does not think I can ... I can't do this and ..."

"Are you referring to another night? " He said softly, did not want the children to hear them."
Because if that's it, I don't wanna you to think it's going to happen again, I messed up, Antonio, but I'm not Adres. I'm not going to force you, I'm not a damn alpha! That's exactly what I've avoided my whole life, if someone goes to bed with me it has to be by will, not by force."

"We can talk about it later, I need to feed the kids." Antonio went out to the room where his children were.

"He slept," Severide warned when he returned from the bedroom, he was responsible for putting Diego in bed. Antonio was taking care of Eva in the living room, she was already sleeping in his arms.  
"Thank you."  
"Have you decided to stay?" He stand near the kitchen door.  

"I don't think it would be good for any of us if I stay," Antonio said quietly.  

"I promise I'll never touch you again, Antonio"  

"You did not force me, Severide, I put myself in that situation. I thought if I did not, you'd hit me or something," Antonio confessed.  

"Never ... I would never hurt you! I know you have no reason to trust me, but I'm sorry, I'm not a rapist, Antonio."  
Antonio smoothed Eva's black hair.  

"I thought I would not be able to love her, I thought it would be easier if she were not born."  
Antonio felt guilty for not wanting his daughter during the pregnancy. "Diego was my fault, I was so stoned, I don't know when and how he was conceived, but I know exactly where and how Eva was conceived, every dirty detail, and sometimes, I close my eyes and keep seeing it." Antonio was crying openly now, "I didn't want another child, I couldn't have another child. Adres was getting more and more violent ...I had married him when Diego was born, he said that he would come after Gabby if I didn't do it, he was my owner."  

Severide listened intently.  

"I couldn't barely feed myself and Diego, he would not let me go out to buy food or go to the hospital, she was born and there was nothing for her, but I could never hate her, Sev, not even for a second, even when I think of how she was made, I can't hate her. Adres... never wanted her, he blamed me for it, never cared about Eva... Four months after she was born, he ... He wanted another child, a boy this time, it was just to remind me who I was, to show me who was in control." Antonio put his daughter on the couch next to him.

"After a while, there were no more options for me, I would wait there for him to finish, so I would deal with blood and wounds later. The night he was arrested, I was in a hiding place with two children and five months pregnant. Adres thought that I would testify against him, so he made sure to send me a message. My unborn baby couldn't resist, I had to protecting Diego and Eva, all I could do for my boy was to bury him before ran away."
"Antonio ..." Severide tried to say something, Antonio sniffed and swallowed the tears. This is the first time he talks about this with Severide.

"I don' want to be with anyone in the next few years, I don' think I want to be with someone else again, I don' even know what to do if that happens. I haven't had consensual intercourse for more than 3 years, before that I was too drunk to know if was consensual. I couldn't even remember when was the last time I had an erection, SEveride."

Severide didn't know what to say to comfort him. "I'm sorry, Severide. I'm not good at relationships, I'm not good... If you want me to stay I really need to know if you understand me. I am grateful for everything you have done for me and my children, but I can't stay if you want more than just friendship between us. God, you're a handsome man and I'd love to be with you, but I can't... "

"Antonio listen to me." Severide sat down beside him on the couch. "I promise I won't do anything, I want you to stay here with the kids, I love them. I understand, I swear."

Antonio understood that he had made the right decision to trust Severide when Eva's first word was: Dad, that's how she called Severide when he got home on Friday morning. Severide kept her in his arms as he danced with her through the living room.
Voight woke with an immense pain in his left arm, he was getting too old to sleep spooning. He got up slowly, trying not to wake Antonio and willing away his erection. Creeping into the bathroom to wash and change, he laughed at himself for being so happy at this early in the morning. He came back into the bedroom to see Antonio stirring from sleep, crossing the room and stroking his hair off his beautiful face before dragging himself away to make coffee.

Antonio comes into the kitchen as Voight is pouring himself a cup. “You know what they say about cops? They can’t make a decent cup of coffee.” Antonio’s laugh lit up the room, his first real laugh since he couldn’t remember when. “Hope you like it.” Voight says as Antonio takes the offered cup. A spark passing between them as their fingers touch.

“How are you feeling this morning?”

“I’m okay, thank you Hank. Do you know if I’m going to have to talk to the feds again?”

“Probably. I just hope Pulpo is behind bars first.”

Antonio goes into the living room and sits on the sofa, Voight follows him and finishes his coffee.
“The first time we spoke, I didn’t think you would have the courage to go through with this. You surprised me Antonio, sometimes I enjoy being wrong.” Voight was proud of him.

“I didn’t think I could do it either, but I’ll do anything to protect my children. You said there were police officers protecting my sister. Are they still there?”

“Yes. She will stay under our protection until we get Pulpo. She’s safe Antonio. and so are you here with me.”

“Gabby and my children are all the family I have left. Adres knows that.”

Voight takes a seat next to Antonio and in the most comforting voice he can manage tells him. “We will find him, he will go to jail and he will never be able to get close to you again. I promise.”

“Severide needs protection too.”

“Don’t worry about him, Olinsky is watching him.”

“I did this Hank, I put the people I care about, the people I love in danger.” Antonio looked so sad, eyes brimming with tears, he was fighting to hold them back.

Voight puts their coffee cups on the nearby coffee table, gently placing his hand on Antonio’s face and turning him. Looking deep into Antonio’s eyes, it felt like Antonio was staring into his soul. “Adres did this. You’re stronger than you think Antonio and together we can end this.”

“I just want to go home, be with my children and take care of them. God, I miss them so much!”

“It will all be over soon, you’ll be with them. Back home and dealing with the wonders of parenthood.” The two men share a chuckle.

“Don’t remind me, I was already losing control of Diego before all this started again. I can’t imagine what he will be like now.”

“If you wanted, I could help you with him. Show him what an alpha should truly be. Kind, compassionate, protective of his family.

“All the things Adres never was.”

“Exactly. I need to go, will you be okay for a while?”

“I’ll be fine Hank.”

“Remember, aim for the heart or the head.”

“Not funny.” Antonio chuckles and jokingly shoves Hank out the door.

Voight's good mood did not last long, as he reached the police district, his rare smile disappeared.

“Hank.” Erin gets his attention as she walks into his office and closes the door. "Shouldn’t you be with Antonio?" Voight noticed the tone of irony in Erin's voice, his good mood was truly gone now.

"He's safe." Hank dismisses, getting back to the mountain of paperwork on his desk.

"I saw you two yesterday, Hank, I saw you kiss him"
Voight stopped what he was doing and looked at her.

"What you saw..."

"I'm not a child, Hank. Honestly, I don’t care who you date, but in this case it's out of the question"

"Are you telling me what to do?"

"How can you even think about having something with Antonio? I know you told the feds that he's your omega. What were you thinking?"

"I’m not discussing this, Erin"

"Well I need to discuss this with you, Hank." Erin was nervous. "Antonio was a victim of all kinds of violence, he is not psychologically apt to make decisions about relationships. Hank, it is not consensual, I saw him in the hospital, he wants and needs to be protected and not to be pushed into another stupid relation..."

"Do you think I'm going to abuse him? Is that what you think of me? You think I'm an abuser, Erin?" He was mad now. Erin turned to leave the office knowing this conversation wouldn’t end well.

"No, I don’t think that about you Hank. You’re a good man and the best father I could have asked for. But you’re an alpha and Antonio is an abused omega, his natural instinct will be to find an alpha who can protect him. How does that sound consensual to you?"

Voight knew she was right, he needed to be professional here. He had to find a way to silence his inner alpha.

For their safety, Antonio's children were placed under surveillance in a safe house, two of Voight's most trusted police officers stayed with them full time.

"Uncle Kelly!" Eva ran down the stairs and straight into Severide's open arms. Alvin stayed silent, watching the loving interaction.

"Hey princess, how are you?" Severide hugged the girl. "Are they taking care of you here?" Eva nodded, a smile nearly splitting her face as she held onto Kelly as tight as she could.

Diego was in the living room, sitting in the corner, sprawled out over an armchair. Alvin walks over to the sullen teenager.

"Bored?"

Diego did not answer. He was a typical frustrated teenager.

"You don’t have much to do here, do you? Do you miss school?"

"What is he doing here?" Pointing to Severide across the room talking with Eva.

"I thought you'd be happy to see him. I know he was like a father to you and your sister"

"That bitch is not my father"

"Hey! Watch your mouth boy! Your sister likes him and he helped you, your sister and your father. What's the matter with you?"
Diego shrugged, the boy had serious attitude problems.

"Aren’t you going to ask about your father?" Diego did not reply again, "Well, he's fine by the way and believe it or not he misses you, although I have no idea why."

Severide looked out the window of Alvin’s car, they were parked next to his building.

"Would you like to come inside?"

Alvin was a little surprised to say the least, it was the first time Severide had invited him in.

"Listen, I'm not asking you to sleep with me, I just, I don't want to be alone right now." Severide explained without looking at him.

Severide's apartment was large and cozy, he shared it with a colleague, Alvin had met her a few times.

"Do you want something to drink?"

"I'm still working." Alvin looked around, his hands tucked into his pockets. "You have a beautiful place here."

"Thank you and thanks for letting me see them, those kids are the closest thing to a family I've ever had"

"Huh, so you and Antonio ...?" Alvin asks sitting on his comfortable couch.

Severide laughed. "Is that a problem for you?"

"No, no, I just ... I'm sorry." Alvin gets up to leave not wanting to fight with Kelly.

"I'm sorry, Alvin. Stay please. I tried Alvin, I tried, but he did not want anything with me. Antonio was hurt and no matter how I tried, he was never comfortable with me, I finally accepted that he was my best friend and just that. "Alvin stopped by the door, "I know what you're thinking and I know what people think about two omegas together and I don’t care"

“I said nothing. To be honest, I find it very sexy”

Severide scolded him with a frown.

"It should not be worse than being with a married man. Does Meredith know you’re here?"

“I have no idea. We don’t talk anymore”

“Maybe she’s just upset with you, because you're here now and not at your home with her, and we are…”

“We?” Alvin approaches him. "So ‘we' means something now?"

"Alvin, I'm not a home wrecker. Believe me, I don’t want to destroy your family."

Alvin grabs his face and kisses his lips.

"You cannot destroy something that no longer exists, Kelly. Meredith and I have nothing in common"
but our daughter. I wouldn’t be here if there was someone waiting for me at home. I’m not like that.”

Kelly Severide had the softest skin Alvin had ever touched in his life. There was no feminine trait, he was all masculine, his beard rough against Alvin’s own stubble. That should keep Alvin away, he was never gay, but it was the opposite, it kept him connected. Desperate to touch him, to smell him, to kiss him until his lips were numb.

The bed was spacious, giving the two large men plenty of space to roll around. Severide groaned as Alvin licked his wet slit, a fetish he knew and appreciated. Alvin had true worship of this part of Severide's body.

"Don’t be a tease, Alvin." Severide groaned.

"What do you mean? Do you want to..?" Alvin was still dressed while Severide was completely naked.

"We're here, aren’t we?"

“Kelly, I need to hear you say this is what you want.” Alvin wanted Kelly more than he’d ever wanted anything, but he needed to know that Kelly was sure, that he really wanted this.

“I want you inside me, Alvin.”

"May I... Last time you swore to kill me if I put my fingers..."
"Oh shut your mouth, Al!"

With Severide's consent, Alvin covered his body with his and kissed his lips. He had waited so long for this, Alvin stood and removes his clothes, taking a moment toadmire Kelly's body. Severide got irritated at how long it was taking and moved to help Alvin undress.

"You're beautiful, so beautiful!" Alvin kept looking at him.

Severide blushed "Stop it"

Alvin was between his legs. "Do you have any condom?"

“Not for Alphas”

“I am clean”

"Alvin I ..."

"What, did you change your mind?"

"I don't usually fuck men, I've never fucked an alpha ... I've tried a toy before, fingers, you know, but ..."

"Do you really want to talk about toys now?"

"What, you're jealous of a rubber toy, alpha?"
Alvin’s body reacted by being called an alpha; it was a primal instinct of superiority and dominance. His omega recognized him as Alpha and that was maddening. He was lying there on top of that incredibly beautiful man.

"Do you want me to stop?" Alvin wondered if Severide wanted to continue.

"No." Severide pulled Alvin's hips and slid them between his thighs. "I'm on suppressors, I'm clean too"

"If it helps, I've never been with an omega. I'll take care of you, Kelly."

"And there are no toys for that, right?" Severide smiled, was nervous, not accustomed to being so passive, not that he was inexperienced, far from it he had been in more relationships than could count. The difference with Alvin was that it would be the first time he'd give in to an alpha. "Just do not have a heart attack over me, old man"

Severide slid his hand between their bodies until he reached Alvin's stiffened limb. "Wow!" His reaction made Alvin laugh, his cock as big and hard as stone.

"Do you like this, Kelly?"

Severide was red with embarrassment; usually he was the leader of the dirty talk. "You know how to use it, Alvin? That can be very dangerous" he teased. Alvin kissed his lips.

"I'm good at shooting and you're well wet, it will not hurt."

Alvin slid very slowly, inch by inch into Severide until he felt it was deep in his body, that sensation almost made him cum. Calming his breathing, he began to move gently. He bent down and bit his nipple, Severide moaned, he continued biting and licking the nipple was hard between his lips.

"Holy shit I'm in, I'm ... I'm inside of you" Alvin muttered, his eyes closed, satisfied.

"Yes, you are ..." Severide was trying to get used to this new sense of invasion.

"It's all right?"

"Yes"

"That's so good, Kelly, you're so good!"

Olinski was a handsome mature man, his muscles were still steady, his goatee tickling Severide's neck where his head rested. His impulses were gentle but firm.
Severide could not hold it for long, he had already cum, his penis was covered by his own cum and now Alvin touched that sensitive spot inside him and made him cum again, an omega ejaculation, he had heard of it, but had never experienced it before. His slit was soaking wet, his body trembling with spasms.

It was not long before Alvin's knot formed Severide felt his skin stretched, it was painful, he tried to pull away and Alvin held his hips.

"Shit Alvin that hurts!"

"It's okay, it’s fine, it will not hurt. Can you relax for me baby? Just breathe”

Alvin kissed his face, stopped moving, stayed there smoothing Severide's face.

"I need you to relax; I need you to trust me. It's okay; I'm not going to hurt you, Kelly."

Severide closed his eyes, took a slow breath, and relaxed. He had already cum, his body was hyper sensitive, he felt the knot swell and force space inside him.

Alvin was kissing his shoulders; Severide had a thin layer of sweat covering his body. He was lying on his side with Alvin tied behind his back. The position was best until the knot came down. Severide was still, trembling. Alvin was worried, the haze of orgasm had passed, the reason was back in his mind.

"Are you okay, Kelly? Talk to me."

"Just don’t move" he asked with tight lips "Damn!"

"I'm sorry."

"Is it for this thing we're made of? To be knotted up like dogs? This is what being an omega means?"

"Is it that bad?" Alvin had a disappointed tone in his voice. Well, he was disappointed; they had not talked about the possibility of that happening. He did not imagine Severide would detest it this much.

"Not bad it's just ... Painful"

"Relax, it's almost ending"

"Have you done this before, Alvin?"

"Once, I was newly married and ... It happened"

"I thought Meredith was a beta"

"She is, so we never did it again"

"It's so weird, we're talking about your ex-wife while you have your dick deep in my..."

Alvin laughed his body moving and Severide moaned loudly.

"Such a dirty mouth Kelly!"

Alvin kissed the back of his head, felt the knot diminish, almost coming out. "Have you ever thought about having kids, Kelly?" He slid his hand down his side to his belly and landed there. His skin
was slightly swollen, his belly full and hard, Alvin felt proud, his sperm filling the inside of Severide, keeping him full and soft.

"Puffft, no! Why would I think of that?"

"You looked so close to Antonio's kids, I thought you might want a child."

"It's different, they were babies when they came to live with me and I guess I got used to them. Not every omega wants a child, Alvin."

"I'll ..." Alvin got up slowly, he looked to see if all was well, there was some blood mixed in the semen dripping from Severide's cunt.

"Do not tell me you're looking at my ... Damn!"

"I just need to know if it's okay. How do you feel?"

"I need a shower."

"Stay here, I'll be right back." Alvin got up and went to the bathroom and returned shortly afterwards with a damp towel. "Can you spread your legs so I can clean it?"

Severide obeyed his body too sore for him to complain. Alvin cleaned his thighs gently, like someone who does a painstaking job and needs all the attention.

"You're an old pervert Olinski"

"Are you in pain or something? Do you want me to do something to get better?"

"I'm fine, I just hope I'm not sore tomorrow, I have to work"

"Do you want to go out to eat something? I hear there's a new place in town and ..."

"How is your divorce process?"

"What ...?" Alvin asks, turning his head from the sudden change in conversation.

"You said you were getting divorced, how's it going?"

Alvin did not expect this and took some time to say something, Severide got up and walked away from him.

"I knew it!
"Kelly, wait ..." Alvin tried to stop him, to explain himself, Severide was a strong man; He pushed Alvin down on the bed.

"Get out, Alvin!"

"You need to hear me, Kelly, we're separated and ..." Alvin tried to approach, Severide was furious.

"I'm getting divorced, the process is slow and I have to think about my daughter ..."

"Get out now!"

When Alvin left, Severide sat down on the floor beside the bed, mourning for him to lower his guard. Hating yourself for being a stupid omega!

Alvin had been living in the garage of his house for more than two years, it was the way he found to be close to his daughter. He adapted the place to be a home, was not a picky man, just wanted a place to sleep and be quiet after a long day. Today was one of these days, he just wanted to sit in the dark, in silence.

Severide's scent was on his body, the feel of his fingers on it, his lips. He wanted to stay there with him, take care of him and know if he was all right.

"Do you have any idea how humiliating this is, Alvin?" Meredith's voice echoed through the small
room, she was sitting by the door in a dark corner.

"What are you talking about, Meredith?" He did not want to talk now, especially with her.

"You were supposed to pick Lexi up from her friend’s house tonight and you never showed."

Damn it! He completely forgot. He got up, to go get his daughter.

"Where are you going?"

"To pick up Lexi, where is she?"

"She's sleeping, it's 11:00 PM, I had to go get her! All this because you were having fun with that damn omega!"

Alvin turned to look at the ex-wife in the eye.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not stupid Alvin! I know about your case with this ... This freak"

"Meredith, you better get out of here or ..." he asked keeping his voice calm.

"What, Alvin? What you going to do?" Meredith got up and stood beside him. "What are you going to do? Does your daughter know you're leaving her to find a dirty omega?"

Alvin just stared at her, knowing Meredith enough not to get caught up in her madness.

"I need to sleep, I've had a shit day. Can you leave me alone?"

"You stink like him, Alvin! You were with him, weren't you? Meredith shouted, she used her hands to push at Alvin's chest.

"Please... “He took her hands, tried to keep her calm.

"Mom?" Lexi was standing in the doorway, looking at them, "What happened, Daddy?"

Meredith stopped trying to hit him, looked at Alvin with hatred in her eyes, it was not over yet.

"Dad?" Lexi was frightened.

"This isn’t over, Alvin!" She muttered so Lexi didn’t to hear.

"It's nothing sweet cheeks, we're just talking. Can you take your mom inside? She's a little upset right now." He kindly asked his daughter.

Lexi took Meredith home.

"Forgive me baby. I had a long day"

"All right, Dad. Sleep well!"

Kelly arrived at the fire house the next morning, he hadn’t slept well and was in an awful mood. He should have known better than to trust an alpha, they were all liars after one thing and he gave it to
him. He felt like an idiot. The one thing he swore he would never do and he did it anyway. His steps were slow, his body still sore in places from last night.

“Morning Lieutenant.” Herrmann greeted, how anyone could be that cheerful in the morning with so many kids was something Severide would never understand.

“Wow, you look like hell. You alright Kelly?” Herrmann was the kindest and most family man alpha Kelly had ever known. His hand was on Kelly’s arm, stopping him from moving, but a gentle enough touch that he could pull away. The comforting gesture made Kelly want to burst into tears, but he wasn’t ready to talk about this so he just sniffed and said he was fine. Heading to the locker room as fast as possible to change out and try to focus on the day ahead. Hopefully it would be busy enough to distract him.

Chapter End Notes

I’m so happy and grateful to my sweet Breathing_Destiel_97 for everything!
The rain continues at night, not only the cold of this city now the rain also irritates Voight, despite the time, he is still in his office.

He thought about going back to the apartment, but he was reluctant to assume he just wanted to see Antonio, talk to him, smell his scent.

Erin was right, he's completely involved with the omega. It was almost 1:00 in the morning, when the silence on the radio was broken by Olinsky's voice.

"Voight." He replied.

Alvin was already at the scene when Voight arrived, a patrolman in the area found a fallen body beside a dumpster.

"What we got here, Al?"

Olinsky write something in his notebook wet by the rain, his face red from the cold. "He was beheaded, Voight." It was the kind of coldness a long-time cop had. "Officer Monroe found the body there, his head was found there, in the trash," he explained.

"Any ID?"

"Mike Alvarez, a drug dealer. I arrested this guy last year, he was an idiot but he wasn't violent at
Voight approached the corpse on the ground, bent over to see it better.

Police sealed the perimeter, the incessant rain still washing the blood on the ground. The sound of someone vomiting caught his attention, the cop who found the body was reacting badly.

Olinsky shouted, "If you vomit here and contaminate the scene, I'll kick your ass!" Monroe's partner escorted him out of the scene "Newbies!" Olinsky murmured.

"Pulpo?" Voight murmured, only Olinsky heard.

"His favorite way to do. We have a witness this time."

The witness was a prostitute who frequented the place, the girl was wearing the worst possible clothes for a cold night like that. She was in shock.

"This is Nadia, she works on the area." Olinsky introduced her to Voight.

"Hi Nadia." The girl was shaking non-stop. "Call Erin, ask her to come and talk to the girl." Voight looked around, some building around the alley should have cameras installed. He asked one of the guards to check it out.

"It wasn't done here, they killed elsewhere and brought the body and dumped here," Olinsky said.

"He's sending a message, Al. Pulpo is not afraid of us and he wants us to know that." Mike Alvarez was a damn drug dealer, a social outcast, someone Voight would not think twice about eliminating, but he was not worth behead, a shot would be quick and cleaner, this was a hate message, meant to scare someone.

Voight stood up giving room for forensic expertise to examine the corpse, they had just arrived on the scene.

"Sergeant" One of the experts called, he handed a paper to Voight, a note that was in Alvarez's pocket, Voight picked it up the paper wet from the rain. He paled as he read.

"What is it?" Olinsky was by his side, Voight showed him, it was written "Antonio Dawson" on the piece of paper.

"He may have put a price on Antonio's head, some of our informants may know." Olinsky picked up his phone, there was a message on the phone that he didn't see it before, from Meredith. A shiver ran through his body, he must call her later.

Voight took one last look around the scene, bit his lower lip, his face expressionless.

"I'll talk to them, I need you to do something for me, Al."

Antonio held the gun pointed at the man's head as he entered the apartment.
"Always ready, I like that."

"What do you want here?"

Olinsky laughed, he was too old for that shit. "I'm the Agent Olinsky, Voight sent me here."
"How I should know?"

"I think you don't remember me, but this apartment is mine, we met in the church a few days ago. Can you put the gun down, Antonio?"

Antonio lowered the gun. "Sorry." He looked down the hall, Olinsky came in and closed the door. "Voight didn't say you'd come." Of course Antonio was waiting for Voight.

"He's investigating some clues, asked me to come and check you out. What's that smell? Damn! This place never been so clean before!"

"Are you Severide's friend, right?"

Alvin frowns. "You can say that."

Antonio collected his things Olinsky was in the hallway eating from the dinner Antonio had prepared to Voight.

"Where are we going?"

"Another safe place, don't worry. You cook well!"

Antonio asked no further questions while Olinsky drive on the rainy night.

"Your boy Diego, he's very tough guy, isn't he?"

"Did you talk to Diego? Why?"

"It was an friendly conversation, not an interrogation, don’t worry. Severide wanna see them, it's always nice to have someone you know around. I hope you don't mind"

"No, I don’t care. Severide is good for them, when no one was there for us, Severide was."

"He doesn’t not like alphas much, eh? You know why?"

"No, I don’t know. Severide is different, he doesn't submit to anyone. He's not a traditional omega, I guess."

Olinsky decided not to stop in the intersection, he made no stop all the way, the traffic apparently was calm, but he was still a cop scortting a witness. Antonio just stares out into the dark streets.

"Submit? I haven't heard that word since ... Well, a long time. Does anyone still submit to anything?"

"Only if you are an omega."

"It's new times, Antonio. People are no longer classified by gender."

"Nothing has changed Agent Olinsky, and I can guarantee this for you"

"You and your friend Severide look good ..."

"We don't have the same basic rights that alphas and betas have, we can't buy or barter without authorization, we have no political representation, and even if we are qualified, most of us will never
have a decent job."

Olinsky turned the car abruptly, he kept both hands on the steering wheel, watching the dark road ahead.

"And even if we find a good job, no one is willing to pay for maternity leave, we can have children, but we can't take care of them. There is not much difference from the time we had to submit to the alpha's will. Can you imagine to submit yourself, whenever an alpha increases the tone of voice against you?"

"Forgive me, I didn’t mean to sound 'alpha macho' or anything like that."

"You're an alpha, that's all. Tell me Agent Olinski, how many omegas work in the police force?" Olinsky had no idea "How many of the cases you witness are about omegas threatened, raped, beaten, and murdered? How many of them are solved?"

"I don't know much about omegas, Antonio. My parents were betas, they never talk about it. My ex-wife is a beta, my daughter is a beta. I really know little about this."

The silence inside the vehicle was uncomfortable, Alvin slowed down the car, they were already off the perimeter of the city.

"My grandfather was an Alpha, he used to hate the omegas, was an 'old school' man, that believed the omegas were evil creatures. He used to tell me to change my tone whenever I spoke with an omega, it's a bad excuse, i know, but it's the truth. "Alvin confessed," We have omegas in danger almost every day in the police station, Antonio."

Antonio and Kelly seemed so far removed from this stereotype that they passed by betas or even alphas easily. Alvin thought of the huge list of omega cases he worked on, most of them skinny junkies who showed up at the station.

They would do anything for a little attention, there was no self-respect, and they were rags without self-will.

He remembered the jokes in the locker room after closing a brothel full of omegas once, a paramedic who refused to help a young omega after a bar brawl, and many other stories. To be honest, he never thought of any of this until he met Severide. His alpha was dormant for so long, never appeared to any of them. There was simply no reason to be emotionally involved in any of these cases before.

Antonio looked outside, a house appeared at the end of the street.

"What place is that?" Olinsky parked in front of the house.

"Voight bought a few years ago when Camille was sick, nobody knows about this place."

"Camille? Voight’s wife?"

"Yes, you are very special to him, otherwise he would never bring you here, it's his sanctuary."

"Special? No, there's nothing special about hiding someone."

Olinski got out of the car, the rain has stopped and the cold was intense now.

"He's not hiding you, he's making sure you stay alive, Antonio."

"I'm just the 'omega in danger here', Agent Olinsky."
Olinsky was determined to keep his mouth shut forever.

Severide took a shower after an fire call, they had rescued four kids from a collapsing home, their parents were working when the side wall of the living room collapsed. The children were scared, but well. He spent a lot of time under the shower, to his disgust his body was still leaking Olinsky's semen and he hated this feeling.

"Are you okay, Severide?" Gabby was sitting next to him. He finished drying himself and sat down slowly, it hurts.

"Did you get hurt?"

"No. I'm fine."

"Are you sure? Do you want me to take a look?"

"I'm fine, Gabby, thank you." He left no room for her to insist, Gabby gave up, she looked the other way, they were alone in the locker room. "Did You talk to Antonio?"

"No. I have not seen him since...In a while."

"Do you think he did well in denouncing? I hate Adres, but Antonio has put a target on himself."

"I think he was tired of being afraid."

"I don't trust Voight, none of them really. Last night I saw one of his men in front of my house. I don't know if I feel safe or mad. He should have spoken to me before making any decision."

"He didn't plan none of this, Gabby. Adres came back and he had to do something, it wasn't a planned decision at all."

"I know, I still wish he talk to me more about it. Voight is a dangerous man, we know what he's capable of."

"There's good reason for him to never talk, you and Casey had problems with Voight before. Believe me, he's the only one crazy enough to try to stop Adres."

"I'm his sister Kelly, I should know what's going on, not to be wake up with the police at my door taking my nephews away, I don't even know where they are now."

"He just wants to keep them safe, Antonio would not risk you or the kids, you must trust him now."

"I'm an adult, I can decide for myself, I could have helped, Kelly."

"Really? And how would you do that?" Severide was impatient with this conversation.

"I don't know, we could think of something together. He's so selfish!"

"Adres needs to go to jail, then Antonio will be free. Neither you nor I can do anything about it."

"Let's be realistic, Kelly, Adres runs a cartel, runs a whole country. No matter how much Voight is willing to put him in jail, what power does he have?"
Severide gets up, he was not willing to argue with anyone today.

"What is he going to do now?" Gabby continued.
"Do you have any idea what he's been through all these years, Gabby? You don't know what you're saying." Severide put on his uniform shirt, he never wanted to go home so much as he want now, he was exhausted.

"So tell me, because do you seems to know. You and Antonio have this strange and confused relationship, you could have talked to him, Kelly, he would listen to you."
Severide took a deep breath, Gabby was a good person, she was just upset with this situation, he couldn't blame her.

"We're friends, I could not tell him to be quiet, not after ..." He shut up, Gabby get up and faced him.

"After what, Kelly? Say it!"
He would regret it later, but since he had begun to speak he had to finish it.

"The night Adres returned, he sought out Antonio, he raped him, threatened to kill him, threatened you, the children, Antonio went mad."

Gabby was speechless, the shock on her face was noticeable, Severide looked into her eyes, he would end this conversation now.

"Do you really think Voight wants to put Adres in prison?" He says.
Voight was not known for his number of arrests, but for the high number of bodies found during his investigations.

Camille's house was lovely, Antonio didn't know her, but being there he could see her things, he was sure he knew her.
A little chest pain, he's there at the house of the woman that may have been Voight's great love, in any another situation that would be embarrassing.

Olinsky checked the place, looked for any suspect object, the windows, door locks. "There are two bedrooms upstairs, you can choose one" He said.

"Will Voight come?" Antonio knew his face was red now.

"At some point, I don’t know when."

"You can rest, I'll settle down here."

"Thank you, Agent Olinsky" Alvin just nodded, he needed to rest too.

The icy morning found Antonio curled up in the bedroom bed that must have been designed for Justin, he did not dare sleep in Camille and Voight's bed, it didn't seem right.

He was coming out of the bathroom when he heard voices from downstairs, went there.

“Dad!” Eva shouted at the sight of Antonio coming down the stairs.

Antonio had not seen them for more than four days, he's so happy that he didn't notice Voight standing in the living room too.

Alvin watched as the old friend interacted with the little family, Voight was being kind to those boys, smiling to Antonio, so he picked up the phone and checked, there were more messages from
Meredith there, he didn't read any.

"Thank you for bringing him here, I couldn't trust anyone else, Al."

Alvin nodded, Antonio was chatting with the kids in the kitchen as if nothing was happening.

"Are you going to tell him, Voight?"

Voight had his worst expression on his face now, his alpha was struggling to surface.

"Erin talked to Nadia, she didn't help much, was doing drugs so all she saw was a black car. " Voight said as he approached him. Witnesses did not always help, especially if they were drugged.

"I'm going to check the neighborhood surveillance cameras, some of them must have filmed the alley, if we can get the license plate, that's a good start. " Alvin write something on his notebook, Voight looked at Alvin, he looked tired and a little out of his usual calm.

"Go home, Al. Talk to Meredith, she seemed a little frustrated when she called me this morning." Al sighed wearily. "I didn't know things between you and her were that bad."

"It's not the end of the world, Hank. Meredith is acting like a crazy bitch."

"She's a woman losing her 20-year-old partner to a handsome young omega. She's right to be crazy right now. I don't blame her."

They were talking in a corner of the room while Antonio and his kids were in the kitchen eating breakfast.

"Did she say anything?" Alvin never talk about his personal life, he had never talked about Severide with Voight before.

"A few things, I never imagined that, I thought you hated omegas..." He turn arund his attention to Antonio. "What's going on between you and that fireman, Al?"

"If I tell you that I was wrong, that I don't hate them. I just don't know enough about them? Just like you, Voight"

"Listen, you're a good husband, a great father, don't throw it away now, just for a curiosity, Al."

"I did what I could do, Hank, I bought the house she wanted, on the neighborhood she chose, the car she wanted to drive, which cost me nights of work, mortgages, anyway Meredith was never happy with me, there's nothing there to throw away, Voight. My marriage ended many years ago, Severide has nothing to do with that."

"And how is Lexi reacting to that?"

"I don't wanna her to be forced to choose a side, Hank. Is not fair." Alvin was a grown man, he owed no explanations to anyone, but Voight was an old friend after all. "Meredith is furious, she should not involve Lexi or Severide in this stupid behavior, and with all due respect, I want you to stay out of my problems."

Alvin felt a shiver run through his skin, it was a alpha being questioned by another alpha, this could not end well. His relationship with Voight was so good and long because they both kept their alphas under their skin, they didn't need to dominate, and that was starting to crack.

"We're dealing with a lot of shit here, I need you, Al. You're the man who covers my back. I would
like to say that this will get better, but it won't. If you really want to keep Lexi out of this, stay away from the firefighter. Please take care of your family, there will be time for the rest later. This is our fucking priority."

"That’s your fucking priority, Voight. We’re all here protecting your omega. Severide is my problem, not yours." The conversation quickly went into a passive-aggressive tone.

They respect each other and the instinctive alpha was never as obvious as it is now. Voight felt the strong urge to growl, to attack his old friend. It had to end here.

"Rest, I'll meet you in the district later." Voight closed the matter, they would not enter into a discussion here now.

Antonio was watching Voight when Alvin left, he brought a mug of coffee to him. Voight watched as Alvin got into the car and drove away fast, he had never seen his friend so broken before.

"What happened, Hank?"

"Two idiot old alphas arguing about who has the biggest dick, that's all." He accepted the coffee mug. "Thank you."

"So are you going to tell me what happened so we could be here?" Voight smiled, just looking at Antonio made him relax and, lowered his guard what was dangerous for someone like him.

He told Antonio about Alvarez, Antonio listened intently, the children were upstairs.

"My name? Do you think this Alvarez was looking for me?"

"We don't know, it could be a Pulpo's strategy. A message, the way he tells us that he knows we're getting too close, you're safe here, and he won't touch you again."

"Diego and Eva can stay here with me?"

"Yes, they will stay here with you now. There are two cops in the house next door, they are reliable."
Antonio shrink in the corner, he was confused, yesterday Voight was being affectionate and now they weren't even friends.

Voight felt disgust for himself, seeing Antonio so lost that made him want to hold him in his arms, Voight went to him and took his hands, Antonio's shaking.

"I'm sorry ... I shouldn't ... I can't do this, Antonio, you're an incredible person, a perfect omega, I can barely keep my hands off yours, but I can't force you, I don' wanna you do anything against your will, you're free to choose, I'm not Pulpo."

"No, you're not. You're a real alpha, Voight."

Voight ran his hand through Antonio's black hair.

"I need you to think carefully, don't make any decision because your hormones say you have to do it, Antonio. I'll be here to protect you and your children, but you don't owe me anything."

It was Antonio who started the kiss this time, slowly, delicately. "Don't tell me that my head is full of hormones, please. I am able to make my own decisions, Voight."

Voight's hands were around his waist; Antonio slid his fingers over his jaw line.

"You've had alpha this shit before, I don't wanna you to go through this again, Antonio."

"I know ..."Voight's skin was covered with freckles, Antonio studied each of them. "You need to rest, Hank"

"You too, Antonio, did you sleep well tonight? Did you have nightmares? I brought your children so you don't have to be alone anymore."

"Thank you, Hank"

They were hugging each other in the kitchen. Voight's hands held Antonio close to his body, he sniffed it. "I could not stop thinking about you, Antonio, I wanted to be here all night, and I don't wanna stay away from you. When I saw your name on that note, I just wanted to go after Pulpo and kill him with my own hands so he could never touch you again."

Antonio kissed his lips again, Voight gripped him against his chest and the kiss turns into a tight hug.

Across the room, Diego watched them.
"please don't go away
Cause I need you now
And I'll hold on to it
don't you let it pass you by"
(Innocence- Avril Lavigne)

"Waking up I see that everything is ok
The first time in my life and now it's so great
Slowing down I look around and I am so amazed
I think about the little things that make life great
I wouldn't change a thing about it
This is the best feeling"

Voight told him that he did not care about this house, that he had kept it all this time just to keep it, but it was not abandoned as Olinsky's apartment, on the contrary, it was clean and organized, as if someone living there had left today morning to go to the market or work. Some frames decorate the walls, Voight the wife and her son, a beautiful happy family. Antonio feels like an intruder.

The room of the couple was a true sanctuary, the presence of Camille can be felt in the air. He couldn't help wondering if Voight feels the same, if he misses her, if he thinks about her, it fills him with inexplicable envy.

His chest tight at the thought of his situation with Voight, they were nothing of each other. No reason for him to behave like a jealous bitch.
"Hey baby, what are you drawing there?" Antonio sits next to Eva in the living room while she draws. "I can see?"

Eva likes to draw landscapes, Antonio often spreads her daughter's drawings around the house, he is proud of her talent: "It's just a place I saw on the road, Dad."

"I think it's amazing! We can put it in a frame and hang it in the living room. What do you think?"

"Do you think we're going back home, Dad? I miss my friends."

"I don't know, baby. Voight is trying, we're safe here for now."

"Do you really trust this cop, don't you, Antonio? Or did he promise you something in return for betraying my father?"

Diego's voice invaded the living room, Antonio watched his son as he walked through the room to where he were with Eva. It's the first time Diego talk to him since Voight had brought them so Antonio gave him some space, Diego was an explosive person, and Antonio had no desire to argue with him.

"That's what you're doing, is not it? Delivering my father to the police, being such a cowardly rat."

"Diego ..."

"Are you fucking him, Antonio? Did you become the Voight's bitch?" Diego was on his side now, his pose challenging, intimidating.

"Can you come upstairs and stay in there, Eva?" Antonio ask to his daughter.

"Is everything all right dad?"

"Yes, don't worry baby. I just want to talk with your brother."

"Don't you want her to know, Antonio? What's your problem?"

"Diego, what are you talking about?" Antonio tries to remain calm, the last time they argued he beat Diego, he didn't want this to happen again. "Since when do you call the 'Adres' a father, Diego?"

"That's what he is, is not he? Pulpo is my father!"

"Go Eva." Antonio felt his stomach turn, Diego stood in front of him. "Diego, he's not ... He's never been a good father, okay? He is not who you think he is."

Eva left them alone in the living room.

"What he really is, Antonio? Is he worse than this cop you're having sex with?"

Antonio got up, was losing his temper with his son's behavior. "Don't say that again!"

"And what are you going to do, hun? Are you gonna cry? Does my father know that you're cheating on him like that, Antonio? That's why we're hiding here, so you can behave like the omega slut you are? I saw you rubbing it with him in the kitchen, Antonio, is that how you persuade him to kill my father?"
"Diego, I'm still your father, don't talk to me like that."

Antonio trembles in anger, shame and fear, he had no idea that Diego was around when he was with Voight in the kitchen.

"And how do you want me to talk to a bitch like you?"

The slap struck Diego's face, this time Antonio didn't regret it, Diego deserves that slap.

"You want me to stay here and watch this shit, Antonio? My dad can be arrested because of you and do you want me to be quiet about it?"

"Adres was never your father, Diego, he never loved any of you, he is a criminal ..."

"Because of you, Antonio! YOU ran away and never let him take care of us, and now you join the police officer to finish him off." Diego was openly accusing him now. Antonio didn't know what to say, he didn't think Diego would cultivate this wrong image about him. He did his best to keep Adres away from his children and he failed, so the little boy he tried to defend became a small alpha aggressor and didn't even call him a father anymore.

"You don't know what he's capable of, Diego, he's not the father you want, son. He's a dangerous man."

Protect Diego from Adres was the main reason Antonio faced his alpha, he could not let his son have this wrong opinion about his father.

"You know who Hank Voight is, do you know what they say about him on the streets, Antonio? Surely he works for some of my father's enemies and he's only doing it for money! Fucking you for money!"

"Enough! You'd better be quiet, Diego."

"What are you going to do, Antonio? Ask your 'boyfriend' to fix me? Maybe he'll put me in the river, like he does with the others. He is a criminal, Antonio!"

"I know some people who would love to hear you repeat that."

Voight was standing near the front door, Antonio gets pale, Diego looked at him with contempt and left, leaving the moods between them.

"Hank, I ..." The smell of fear was infesting all the place; Voight responded by trying to calm him down. An omega in fear cause anguish in the alpha, Voight was ready to tear the throat of anyone who was a threat to Antonio now.

"I just came by to leave it to you." Voight put some paper bags on the couch. "Are you alright?"

"I'm sorry, Diego is ..."

"Don't apologize for him, you didn't do anything wrong, Antonio." Voight said quietly, he was calm.

"He hates me" Antonio collapsed in tears, he was firm stand in front of Diego, but was in tatters now. "He thinks Adres is the father he needs ... He hates me."

"Antonio baby, your son is an arrogant kid, he doesn't hate you, he's just being an idiot."

"Don't call him an idiot, Hank, please." Antonio asked in a whisper, trying to control his own nerves.

"I'm sorry." Voight approached him carefully, touched his icy hands. "Don't cry, please. I promised
to help you, right? I'll do it, I've dealt with shell heads before. Not a big deal."

"He doesn't know what Adres can do, Hank. He was very small when we ran away from him. I should have gone somewhere else...I should have been smart ..."

"Don't do this to yourself, Antonio, you did your best, don't let your stupid son do this to you now."

Antonio wiped away his tears, was tired of being weak. "What's in the bag?" He try to change the focus of the subject.

"Some clothes, it's cold outside and I thought you and the boys would need it. I hope they serve, I don't know how to buy girls clothes so Erin did it."

"You don't have to spend money on us, Hank."

"I'm an alpha, Antonio, I need to provide for you, I need to know you're safe and warm."

Antonio stepped away from Voight. "I'm not your omega, Hank. You don't have to do that."

"I know, Antonio but I promised I'd take care of you and I'll do it."

"About what Diego said, how much you heard?"

"Don't worry, I've heard all this before, It didn't hurt my feelings."

"How much true is that, Hank?" Antonio knew that Voight was considered corrupt, but knew nothing about murders. "And how does he know about this?"

He heard Voight take a deep breath a few times.

"Do you want to know if I'm allied with any enemy of Pulpo or if I put corpses down the river, Antonio? Do you want to know if I kill people, if I'm a killer, right?"

Antonio couldn't look at him now, he knows that Voight is getting upset.

"I'm the one everyone turns to when the whole system fails, that's what I'm Antonio! That's all you need to know about me, that's all the truth."

"Hank, I thought the problem with Casey was an isolated case, some alpha bullshit ..."

"I didn't even get close to the firefighter, Antonio, it was an act of desperation, I would never do anything against him. I'm not allied with any enemy of Pulpo, if I were, I would not make you go through this, I did some threats before, but I would never put you or your children in danger."

Voight speak loud, scaring Antonio. "If someone went down to the bottom of the river, they put themselves there. They're not innocent!"

Antonio was silent, Voight grabbed his shoulders from behind, sniffed his hair, his head resting on the back of his neck.

"I need you to believe me, I'm not Pulpo, Antonio." Antonio remains in silence, Voight moved away from him. "I need to come back, you'll be okay? Antonio ..." His scent made Voight's shiver, he was one of the reasons for his fear now, the truth hit him painfully, he was the only threat here. "I'm not going to hurt you, I'm not that kind of man, listen, I wish this was different, I wish I had met you before, I'd love to go out with you, to make things right, the mistakes I made were for protect the people around me, baby, and I will do the same for you, to keep you safe. I'm not a hero, Antonio. I
don’t believe in this fucking regeneration.”

"Don't do that, Voight. Don't kill Adres." Antonio asked in a firm voice.

"What?"

"I need to have some control of my life again. I cannot leave my son believing that I am the 'bitch' who told you to kill his father, besides, you told me you were not like him, so don't kill him, please."

"Antonio, your son needs a firm grip, he's ..."

"Don't go near him! Diego is my problem, not yours, Hank."

"Antonio ... I won't protect Pulpo, even if you ask me to do it, I won't! Can you imagine what he would do to you if I let him go free? You're the one I'm supposed to protect."

"Just don't kill him, Diego would never forgive me. I can't live like that, Hank."

"Are you worried about him, Antonio? Are you worried about your husband's life?" Jealousy was evident in Voight tone. "Are you afraid the 'corrupt cop' gonna kill your 'dear husband'?"

Voight was full of poison; Antonio hadn't seen him like this before. The hoarse voice sounded furious and dangerous now, he was in alpha attack mode, terrifying Antonio.

“He is not…” He tried to defend himself. "I don't care about his life, Voight, I just can't handle my son's hatred. Diego and Eva are the only reason I survived, I can’t lose them." Antonio was panting, the panic take all of him, and the whole scene took him to the limit.

A threatened omega would never face a furious alpha, Antonio instinctively approached Voight and tried to reach him with a trembling hand, need to calm him down.

"When you came to me, you knew that I would take him and make him pay for everything he did to my city. Nothing has changed, Antonio, if you have repented, you better go back to your home and continue your fucking life."

Antonio tried to control his breath, a cold shiver ran down his body. "Are you asking me to leave your house, Hank?"
Voight left without answering, Antonio was alone in the room, and, before he could follow Voight, Alvin was on the door to hold him inside the house.

"You'd better let him cool his head, trust me."

Nature has a strange way to protecting species, which has existed for thousands of years, creating in the alpha an instinctive desire to protect his omega. A pregnant omega had to be kept safe, no matter how. It must be protected and fed to be able to give birth to the new generation. But, the same nature failed with some people, instead of providing and caring, made some alphas truly predators, unable to care for and protect their own children. Adres was one of these predator, he had the need to control everything around, if something or someone ran away from his control, he eliminates it, no matter who and where simple as that.

Antonio is at the other end of the rope, his own instincts subjugate him, he was born to be a follower, not a leader. He was aware of his position in the world; he heard the news about omegas murdered every day, the police cared little for them, and they were so low in the food chain that their existence was irrelevant. Omegas should be kind, protect their children, obey without question, that's what everybody expect from them. There was not even a law to protect them against sexual violence, no jury in the world would condemn an alpha for having sex with an omega, consensual or otherwise, they would never be judged for it.

Before Adres came into his life, there was his father, an old alpha who never knew how to deal with an omega son. Antonio was punished for any reason in childhood, that made him an insecure teenager; he spent days locked in the basement, his mother did little to defend him, she blamed herself for giving birth to an omega. When Antonio was 16 his father lost his job, it made things worse at home, Antonio was kicked in every step he took and he no longer knew how to breathe without disturbing his own father.

Adres offered him a whole new world, a new perspective, a little high esteem, he said things that Antonio wanted to hear; nourished his ego. Antonio felt wanted, handsome, useful. He was affectionate at first, a savior for the miserable life Antonio had until then. Antonio mourned deeply for having discovered too late that the brilliant smile of that young alpha hid sharp teeth.

All the freedom of the beginning of the relationship had vanished like smoke; Antonio was a prisoner of nature and violence again. With one small child in his arms and another one in his belly, he was unable to make choices; Adres decided how and where he should live, what he would eat, and how he would live. The house where Adres brought him when Diego was born was his captivity and he was lucky that it was not yet his tomb. There was no escape plan anymore, he had learned his lesson; Adres would kill anyone who would help him. The affectionate alpha disappeared completely and gave way to a sadistic psychopath, the Antonio left eye never gets properly healed before being punched again, Adres felt pleasure in torturing him, frightening him, keeping him in a state of constant panic. And at the end of the day the only blamed was him; because he had put himself in this situation for believed in the romantic bullshit Adres offered. This love became the reason for his nightmares now.

Colombia, 11 years ago.
The heat of summer leaves Diego angry he cries, Antonio gives him a bath to ease, his belly already prevents him from going down by the side of the tub, and it was tiring to stay like this. They were alone in the house for a few days, Adres rarely came home now; a crying son and a pregnant omega were not attractive to him. He kept Antonio under constant surveillance, afraid of what he could do against his children, Antonio just obey his wishes.
He put Diego in bed, it was late and he was tired, just wanted to sleep, his back ached and the baby was getting heavy, too hyperactive. He was taking a shower when heard the bedroom door being open.

"Princess, I hope it's clean and fragrant, I'm here for you." Tonight, his nightmare has returned from vacation; Adres was inside the bathroom before he could say anything. His rough hands ran down Antonio's bare back.

"Did you miss me, Princess?"

"You scared me." Antonio tried to keep his voice calm, his heart racing; he hung up the shower and grabbed the towel to cover his body.

"You're fat, Antonio!"

"I'm pregnant; the baby needs space, Adres."

Adres had that smile Antonio hated on his face. He was covered in dust and there were blood stains on his blouse. Antonio did not even want to know where he came from.

"Come on, Princess, you do not have to be shy with me. Are not you happy to see your husband at home?" Adres pulls the towel up, so Antonio slides, he holds him and kisses his mouth, and Antonio does not react. Adres was never aggressive during Diego's gestation that did not mean he would not be aggressive now, Antonio was naked and vulnerable inside the bathroom, and he needed to protect the baby.

"Are not you happy to see me, Antonio?" Adres looked at his body; Antonio was just a prey being watched by the predator.

"I need to get out ..."

"Why, we have not done this in the bathroom for so long, I'm wondering if there's space enough for my knot inside of you. Hold the wall, princess; you do not want to fall, do you?"

"Please don't hurt our baby." He could do nothing more now than appeal to the alpha's paternal instinct not to hurt the baby.

Adres's hands turned him over, Antonio clutched the wall, a fall now would be fatal to his baby. Thick fingers tightened on her sensitive nipples. Hurt, Antonio moaned.

"Excited, bitch? I'm all here for you."

He wanted to scream for help but no one would come to help him. Adres was his alpha, his owner, no one would get involved. He prays not to get sick, Adres never wore condoms, he was lucky he did not catch any illness until now. As if physical and mental humiliation were not enough, Adres still had a dozen lovers around him; models, actresses without much success, all women, to whom he supported and gave expensive gifts. Antonio was his omega toy; the alliance he forced him to wear was the only gift Adres ever gave to him. As long as he did not touch Diego, Antonio could endure all this humiliation.

He knelt on the bathroom floor while Adres pumped his thick knot inside him, it was painful, he tried to relax, his knees hurt, and Adres did not care. It takes more time than he wished to Adres to leave his body. The cold tile in the bathroom was a relief to his scratched and aching skin, he was on the floor, the shower was on at some point and the water was flowing down his shoulders, he could hear Adres speaking Spanish in the bedroom. His body ached, he could barely move, his eye was swollen, a punch perhaps, he did not remember exactly. This was not the first time Adres had raped him, Adres doesn't need his consent and he simply take what he wanted. This is how things works with Adres.

"Damn, Antonio! That was great! I should have done it before, you're so tight now!" Adres celebrated, only a sick alpha would put a six month old pregnant omega on his knees on the wet floor, only to knot him up and show who's in charge. All Antonio could do was wait until Adres go away, his right hand slid over his belly, he tried to calm the baby; he prayed in silence for Diego not to wake up, he could never stand his son seeing that.

He got up slowly, when Adres finally finished and left the bathroom leaving him there on the floor,
his left hand was under the belly, his other hand holding the wall to keep from falling. Blood dripped from his forehead, Adres banged his head against the wall a few times, and to his relief he did not even touch her belly. He dried himself and left the bathroom, needed to check Diego.

"I already said we'll be there, hombre, don't piss me off!" Adres shouted into the phone, Antonio went to the wardrobe to find something to wear. "Princess put on your best clothes, we're leaving."

"Adres please, I'm tired; I cannot leave Diego alone."
"Ernesto is downstairs, get ready, I will not speak again." It was no surprise when Adres squeezed his arm and murmured in his ear: "Behave yourself Antonio, or we'll have another little talk in the bathroom."

It was early dawn when the car pulled up in front of a shed; they were far from the city. Adres kept talking on the phone all the way, one of his henchmen drove. Antonio tried to keep the panic under control; he had no idea what Adres was planning. The place was silent, Antonio had difficulty getting out of the car, his body ached, he noticed other men there, Adres holds his arm and drags him inside the shed, Antonio stumbled twice, it was dark and he was not well. The shed was an old tissue factory abandoned for years; some looms were still there, rusty. The place was dark; Antonio could hardly walk without bumping into rubble wreckage lying on the floor. Adres pushed him against an iron bench and he fall sat down.

"Enjoy the show, princess!"

When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, Antonio could make out the silhouette of other people there, there was a man tied to a chair, he kept his head down, there were spots darkened by his chest, blood. Beside him a tall man held a wooden bat.

Adres approached the man tied up on the chair.
"Hi, Carlos, I'm Pulpo."
Adres was a sort of celebrity among the criminals; he was feared for his coldness. No one in good conscience would rise against him. Wherever he went, there was a small army ready to protect him. He was never alone.

"I heard you were talking to the cops, Carlos, I wonder what kind of conversation this was. Do you want to talk to me?"
Antonio barely managed to hear the man's response; he'd never seen Adres in action before. "And you know what Pulpo means? It means; Octopus, do you know why they call me that? My 'tentacles' are everywhere, Carlos. Nothing happens without my knowing."

Sitting on an iron stool in a dark corner of an old shed, Antonio watched as the man was tortured to death. Hyperventilating and in panic, he barely moved, Adres was the one who beheaded the man before Antonio's eyes; he was covered in blood as he returned to where Antonio was.
"I told you, princess, no one betrays me, and no one leaves me!"
Adres knelt down in front of him, his bloody hands clutching Antonio's knees. "I had to do this, Antonio, this jerk was challenging me, no one defies Pulpo, do you know what I mean? You look beautiful like that, Antonio; all mine," Adres rubbed his dirty fingers over Antonio's belly. "So full with my son, you cannot blame me for wanting to fuck you right here, princess."

"No, please." He begged.

He kissed Antonio messing his face with that man's blood, Antonio was paralyzed; Around them, the Adres henchmen dragged the body out.

"You know where to put this shit." Adres gestured for them, took Antonio by the arm and forced him to his feet: "Let's go home, princess, I'll take care of you."
"This innocence is brilliant
I hope that it will stay
This moment is perfect
please don't go away
I need you now
And I'll hold on to it
don't you let it pass you by"

Around 10:00 PM, Erin Lindsay arrived, Antonio was in the living room, sitting on the couch alone.
"Hey, are you okay?"
"Yes."
"And the children, where are they?" Erin had a soft, sweet voice, Antonio liked her.
"Asleep, there is not much to do here, they sleep early."
Erin came over and sat down on the couch beside Antonio. "Do you mind if I stay here tonight?"
"No, Voight sent you here, Erin?"
"It's part of the job, and I wanted to come, he didn't have to convince me."
"He's furious with me, isn't he? I shouldn't have said anything I said."
"Voight needs to lick some wounds now, he will come back, don't worry, Antonio."
"He wants me to leave his house, I tried to talk to the cops out there but they didn't help much. I don't know where we are, but If you give me a ride, I can go back to my house today."
"Don't even think about it! You don't leave here until Pulpo is properly in jail, Antonio! I don't care if Voight is furious or not, you don't leave!"
"He was very angry when he left." Antonio was calm, his face sad and tired. "We had a stupid discussion, that's why he don't wanna see me."
"I've known Hank for over 15 years, he's very tough, but he also has a huge heart, Antonio. He's doing everything he can to capture Pulpo and keep you and your kids safe. I barely believed when I knew he brought you here, this place was kind of a refuge for him and Camille, you must be very special for him."
"Things between us are very confusing now, I don't know how to proceed."
"You don't have to do anything that you don't wanna Antonio, Voight has many flaws, but he will not leave you alone on this mess."
"Can I ask you a favor?
"Yes of course."

"I found a place so safe, not a single tear
The first time in my life and now it's so clear
Feel calm I belong, I'm so happy here
It's so strong and now I let myself be sincere
I wouldn't change a thing about it
This is the best feeling."

Antonio is sitting on the bathroom floor, Erin leaning against the door, the test-stick on the sink, this wait is always the worst part of the process.

"I took the next day pill, Severide brought them in. I couldn't get out and buy a test since...I can't ask Voight to bring me one."

"You don't have to explain yourself, I'm not judging you, Antonio."

"I know it's too soon to have a clearly result, but I need to know as soon as possible."

"If it's positive, you can interrupt it, Antonio. No one is forcing you to keep a child without your consent. Things aren't like that anymore."

"I failed, Lindsay, I failed with my parents, Gabby, my children, my best friend ... They are all in danger because of me."

"Don't say that, you're doing well, Antonio, you're doing the right thing."

"Can you check on the result?" He asks her shaking his trembling fingers.

Erin goes to the sink and looks at the result. Antonio makes a strange noise with his teeth, anxious.

"Negative, you're not pregnant, Antonio."

"I'll bring some more tests, so you can do them in a few more days, just in case."

"This innocence is brilliant
I hope that it will stay
This moment is perfect
please don't go away, I need you now
And I'll hold on to it
don't you let it pass you by"
Antonio was on the sofa, didn't sleep in Camille's room, Erin was too tired to try to convince him that there was nothing wrong with sleeping in that bed.

Rough and cold hands touched his face. Antonio woke up startled; it was Voight, sitting in front of him.

"Forgive me, stupid idea. I didn't want to wake you, but I didn't want to let you sleep alone again."

"There's a gun under my pillow, Hank." Antonio responds, trying to calm down.

"And you could shoot me and it would just be my fault. I'm sorry. Why are you sleeping on this couch?"

"Lindsay's in the bedroom, she was tired, I'm fine with the couch. It's good you're back, Hank."

"And where would I go, Antonio?" Voight kissed his mouth, Antonio turned his body on the couch to have Voight between his thighs, and Voight lay on top of him. "I don't wanna fight with you, never again, Antonio. Forgive me for what I said before, I should not ..." The alpha was satisfied, he would die happy between Antonio's thighs.

"Alright, I shouldn't have talked about Adres too."

"How's Diego?"

"I don't know, he doesn't wanna talk to me, Hank. I tried, he just don't..." Antonio was visibly upset about this situation with his son, Voight wanted to help but didn't know how.

"Children are hard, Antonio. You're a great dad, I never doubted that."

Antonio looked away, his face was swollen with tears, Voight inclined his head to look at him, "Hey, what is it?"

"I did the pregnancy test, Hank."

"You did? And then?" With so much going on, Voight had forgotten this detail, and was annoyed to realize that Antonio was worried about it, he should asked before.

"I needed to know. I wasn't sure if I should talk to you."

"Why not? I'm here with you, with or without a baby, I'm here, Antonio, Pulpo will never know about this baby."

"I am not..."

Voight smiled relieved, he didn't even realize the fear he felt from the possibility of a positive result. Unconsciously, he slid his hand over Antonio's belly, stroking slowly. Antonio was touched by such a loving gesture. "I know you don't want to have another child from Pulpo, and that's understandable, but if it was positive, nothing would change for me, I would not roar or anything."

Antonio's lips were a temptation, Voight wanted to squeeze into them, there was no more smell of fear or anguish in the air, just relief, security, safe house. "This is not the kind of alpha I want to be for you, baby. I know we've had a bad start, and I'm sorry for that, but I wanna here with you."

"There's something I need to ask before things get this way, Hank."
"I won't promise you anything, Antonio, if Pulpo comes near you, I will not think twice. You know he deserves no mercy. I'll do anything to keep you and your kids safe, and if it means killing Pulpo, I won't think twice."

"I must ask you to be careful Hank, Pulpo is dangerous and completely insane."

Voight kisses his mouth, Antonio worried about him makes his alpha gets thrills excited.

"And...One more thing..."

"Yes, I will improve with Diego, he just need guidance..."

"It's not about that."

"What is this about?"

"I'm so grateful to bring me here, it's a beautiful house, my children are safe ... I do not want you to think I'm ungrateful, please."

"Let me guess, Camille?"

"I'm so sorry." Antonio sat down, ashamed to touch this subject.

"You didn't have to apologize, I brought you here because it was the only safe place I knew for sure, I wasn't here for years."

"I feel like a intruder."

"You are not. Camille was an incredible woman, you would have liked to meet her."

"I don't know if she'd think the same. I'm a problem to her husband now."

"She was kind, delicate, in fact, she would love to help you, she was the only thing right in my life, Antonio. I would be in mourning for the rest of my life if I hadn't met you."

"I'm sorry for your loss, Hank." Voight hugs him and pulls Antonio to lie down over his chest.

"Do not think about it, come on, let's rest." Voight hugs him "You need some sleep, baby."

There was nowhere else in the world where Hank Voight wished to be but here with Antonio lying on his chest, listening to his breath, smelling his scent, feeling the warmth of his body.

"Voight..."

"Yeah..."

"What's with the 'sappy names'?"

"Baby isn't a sappy name, Antonio, so you're my baby." This must be paradise, he thought before to finally sleep.

"It's the state of bliss you think you're dreaming

It's the happiness inside that you're feeling

It's so beautiful it makes you wanna cry"
Chapter Summary

"And I tend to close my eyes when it hurts sometimes
I fall into your arms
I'll be safe in your sound 'til I come back around"
(Someone You Loved
Lewis Capaldi)

"I'm going under and this time I fear there's no one to save me
This all or nothing really got a way of driving me crazy
I need somebody to heal, somebody to know
Somebody to have, somebody to hold
It's easy to say, but it's never the same
I guess I kinda liked the way you numbed all the pain"

Severide left the firehouse at 7:30 in the morning, tired and thinking about to sleep for the rest of the day, but his plans began to go wrong when he saw Alvin’s car parked on the sidewalk in front of the firehouse.

"You must be kidding me!" He tells himself, was not in the mood for it now. "What are you looking at?" Sounds ruder than he had planned, but he was really angry.

"For a while, I forgot how handsome you are." Alvin said without taking his eyes off him.

"Does this cheap gimmick work with someone, Alvin?"

"I don't know, did it work for you, Kelly?"

"What do you want here, Al?" Severide shrugged, he was tired of this situation with Olinsky.

"See you, to know how you are."
"I'm tired, I just want to go home and sleep, I had a bad shift so..."

"I need you to understand my situation with Meredith ...Let me explain it to you, Kelly..."

"And why should I understand? I don't care, Alvin, I don't want to be a part of this whole shit drama."

"I know you're upset and there's a reason for that, but if you hear me, Kelly... I didn't plan any of this, I didn't plan on falling in love with you ..."

"How can you say that when your wife is waiting for you at your house? I'm not your lover, Alvin, not like that!"

"No, you're not, and I would never ask you to do this, Kelly, you're much more than that. My marriage's over long before I met you, and there's nothing to do to fix it."

"I gotta go home, Alvin ..."

"I don't want you to think I took advantage of you that night, Kelly. I'd be happy to be there with you, I'm not an aggressor nor a rapist...Damn it!"

"I'm 36 years old, Alvin, I know how to defend myself from alphas like you, don't worry, you didn't rape me, we just made sex and..."

"I don't know anymore..."

"What?"

"I don't know how to handle it any more, I don't know what to say or what to do so you can't be angry with me, I don't know how to convince you what I'm feeling is real, Kelly" Alvin said, almost desperate.

Severide watched the coffee cool in the mug, but did not drink, they were sitting in Severide's kitchen, and the silence between them had lasted for a few minutes.

"I started a 'toc-toc' joke about 10 minutes ago, you should have an answer." Alvin says.

"I don't ... I'm not good at jokes." Severide got up and throw the cold coffee into the sink. He came back and sat in front of Alvin. "How's Antonio? How's he doing?"

"He's fine, he and Voight are having this weird time between them, and I don't know how they're going to sort it out, but it's not my business either."
"What do you mean?"

"There's something going on between them, I just don't know what to say. Voight is not good at sharing feelings, that's all. Maybe they can fix it, you know? Voight has so many problems that he cannot handle and Antonio... Well, Antonio needs help for sure. Voight's help."

"Can I talk to him?"

"Who? Antonio?"

"Yes, is that possible?"

"I'm afraid no, I'm sorry."

"I'm not one of the Pulpo's men, Al. I'm not a threat. Antonio is my best friend..."

"I know you're not. Antonio is well protected, it is not about him, is with you that I care the most. This Pulpo killed two persons under our eyes, he's not joking, Kelly. I don't want you on his radar."

"I am fine..."

"I said no, I'm sorry. This is not negotiable."

"I'm a well-trained firefighter, Alvin. Pulpo won't get me."

"I know." Alvin held his hand over the table, to his surprise Severide did not move away from his touch. "I know you can defend yourself, I know you're a great man, a born hero one. Look at you; you can walk into a burning building to save people you don't even know, I would not do any of it, but let me take care of things a bit, let me believe I'm being a good alpha for you, Kelly, please."

"Keep him safe, Antonio is..."

"Important to you, I know." Alvin never disguised the jealousy he felt about Severide's relationship with Antonio.

"He's innocent, Alvin, that's what you do, is not it? You protect innocent people."

“Yes, that’s my job and right now my job is to keep you safe."

"At this point, Adres already knows about me, Antonio used to live with me for years, he must know about it."

"One more reason to keep you out of this shit. I cannot let anything happen to you. Kelly." Alvin grabbed both his hands now. "This has nothing to do with you be an omega, Kelly, it has to do with the fact that I cannot even imagine what I would do without you. If Pulpo comes near you I don't know what I'm capable of."

Severide pulled away, letting go of his hands. "And you? Who's protecting you, Alvin?"

"I'm a stubborn old man, I have some toys too."

"Do you really trust on Hank Voight?"

"I know you don't trust him and you have your reasons for that, but he's one of the best cops I've ever met, his methods aren't the best but they work, they work in Chicago."
"He's tried to hurt Matt, one of the best firefighters in all Chicago."

"Bad decisions, believe me when it comes to your child you're capable of any stupidity."

"Are you like this, Alvin? Do you intimidate people to getting what you want?"

"I have my share of guilt, I'm not a saint, Kelly." Alvin let out a long sigh, it would be difficult to have Severide's confidence. "Do you want to try that dinner now?"

"It's 9:30 in the morning."

"I'll get you at 8:00, okay?" Alvin gets up and kisses Severide's head. "So ... We're having a date?"

"I didn't say yes."

"You didn't say no either. I'll see you tonight, Kelly."

Alvin leaves his apartment and goes to the police district, he gotta a date tonight.

"Now the day bleeds into nightfall
And you're not here to get me through it all
I let my guard down and then you pulled the rug
I was getting kinda used to being someone you loved"

"Are you leaving, Dad?" Lexi saw her father straighten his tie, Alvin never dressed like that.

"Yes, I have a date." He decided not to hide to her about Kelly, there were enough secrets between them.

"Mommy knows it?"

"Lexi, your mother and I have nothing to do with each other."

"She will be upset, Dad."

"I know and, believe me, I'm sorry about it, but she'll understand sooner or later."

"Is it with that handsome firefighter?"

"Yes."

"At least you have good taste." Lexi approached Alvin to help him with the knot of his tie. "You look handsome too, Dad."

"Thank you, my love, I won't be long."

"OK, have fun!"

"Love you, baby." He kissed her face and left.

Kelly opened the door, Alvin's standing in the hallway, wearing a black suit, beret, and carrying roses in his hands, he laugh, had the slight hope that Alvin would not come, yet he was ready and waiting for the detective anyway.
Alvin was silent for a minute, Severide took his breath away. "Damn, you're so handsome!" Alvin looked at him from top to bottom, Kelly was wearing jeans and a black shirt, nothing special, but so gorgeous.

"For me?" pointing to the roses in Alvin's hands.

"Yes, I hope this is not strange, I didn't know what to bring to you, so I brought roses." Delivering the flowers to Severide.

"Alright, they're beautiful. Thanks, Alvin." Alvin was less nervous now that he found out that Severide was much more accessible than he was in the morning, that's good.

Severide went to the kitchen to find a vase and put the roses. Alvin follow him looking around the apartment; once a policeman, always a policeman.

"Where are we going?" Severide asks as he fills the vase with water.

"I saw this place downtown a few days ago, looks good."

"I must warn you that I eat a lot, I'm not a refined type, Alvin." Severide left the vase with the flowers on the counter, drying his hands in a dishcloth. "Can we go now?"

"You're ..." Alvin looks at his eyes; Severide was perfect, all neat and fragrant to him, Alvin could not resist and kissed him. "I'm freaking out here, Kelly, you smell so good."

"I thought we were going out to eat."

"We're going, I'm just distracted by you."

"I swear, Alvin, if you start treating me like a damn girl I'll kick your ass from here."

"How can I say you're handsome without offending your manhood, Kelly huh, tell me and I'll do it."

"Start by stopping with those bad compliments, it's not the 70's, Alvin, get over it. Now come on, feed me, I'm hungry."


"I heard that, Olinsky."

"I'm going under and this time I fear there's no one to turn to
This all or nothing way of loving got me sleeping without you
Now, I need somebody to know, somebody to heal
Somebody to have, just to know how it feels
It's easy to say, but it's never the same
I guess I kinda liked the way you helped me escape"

The restaurant was pleasant, piped music, good food and a scary romantic mood, not the kind of place Severide would choose, but it was not that bad.

"Bourbon?" He asked when he saw Alvin choosing the wine.

"Do you prefer beer?"

"No, that's all right for me." Laughing.
"What?"
"I don't know, maybe I'm surprised, Alvin, that's all."
"Because I prefer wine?"
"It's just that I realized that I know nothing about you, that's it."
"All you have to do is ask, Kelly."
"Ask? For an Intel agent? That's sounds a little ridiculous, don't you think?"
"It's not an Intel agent here, is just a man with the most handsome omega he's ever known."
"What a tacky!" Severide sneered, he looked at the menu and chose his plate. "You're paying, aren't you?"
"I invited you, it's part of my 'tacky' charm, I'm paying for whatever you want."
"By the way, i am a man too, and yes, i do prefer beer."
"I'm glad we're making progress here. Any questions?"
"How was it?" Severide puts the menu back on the table.
"What?"
"You said your marriage was over years ago, how did it go?"
"Meredith and I got married young, I was a patrol cop that time, we had a normal life, time passed, my career took up all my time, many shifts, many hours away from home. I became a stranger in my own house."
The waiter brought the wine, served Alvin, Severide would not accept.
"One day I woke up and nothing made sense, it was over." He says in a frustrated voice.
"Forgive me this is none of my business, Al."
"Go ahead, ask, if this will make you more comfortable about me I don't care. I do anything to you trust me, Kelly."
"I'm..."
"No, you're not. I can smell it from a distance, I know you do not trust me, you do not feel comfortable with me or any other alpha around you. I know that you have reservations against alphas, but I'm not a danger to you, Kelly."
"I already said that I can defend myself ...!"
"And I believe you, I need you to believe me now back."
"And why, Alvin, why would I believe you? I saw what you and your boss has done to Casey, I know what kind of dirty game you play on the streets ..."
Severide was talking loudly, the other persons on the restaurant were looking at them, Alvin remained calm.
"Do you feel better now?"

"No, I shouldn't have come, I'm sorry."

"Do you wanna to go home, Kelly?"

"No, you wanted to come here, excuse me I'm being an idiot now."

"A handsome..."

"Don't go there, Alvin"

Alvin held up his hands in surrender. Embarrassed, Severide remained silent for the rest of the dinner.

"And I tend to close my eyes when it hurts sometimes
I fall into your arms
I'll be safe in your sound 'til I come back around"

"I have a friend, his name is Herrmann. He's an alpha, and probably the only person I trust around the world, other than Antonio." Severide said as he walked out of the restaurant and into the cold streets of Chicago.

"Should I worry about him?"

"No. Herrmann has been my best guy for years, he helped me get through so many shits, you have no idea, Al."

"I was beginning to think you had some kind of gender bias or something like that, but I just realized that your hatred is personally against me."

"Don't be silly, I don't hate you, Alvin. It's just ..."

"What, my profession? My age? My ex-wife?"

Severide shrugged. "None of this."

"So?"

"Did ever it crossed your mind that maybe I don't like having a knot in my...You know, down there?" He can't even say the word. "I just don't want to, I don't like it, that's all."

Alvin did not respond, he follow Severide back to the car in silence.

"Alvin, listen I suck at relationships, I'm a shit in monogamy, I've never thought about being with an alpha before. It's all new and ..."

"You don't have to explain yourself, Kelly. I appreciate your honesty."

"I almost got married once, i mean i really like her." Severide began to speak as soon as they got to the car, Alvin listened. "We got engaged and all, Renee was the closest thing to a relationship I've ever had."
"What happened then?"

"She cheat on me with one of my friends." Severide laughed at the memory, Renee was in the past, was no reason to suffer anymore. "I moved on with my life, it was the best."

"I'm so sorry."

"I don't, a few days later Antonio came to live with me and I became the 'uncle Severide', there was no time to think about Renee. But since then, I have had no serious relationship or ... "

"Why are you telling me this, Kelly?"

"Because I was a jerk back there, I'm sorry. I don't usually judge people that way."

"I have your pity now, it's more than I had before."

"It's no pity, Alvin, I don't wanna..."

"You don't want me around, Severide, I get the message. Just promise me you'll be careful, stay away from any person related to Pulpo or Antonio, I know it's difficult but it's necessary. You have my number, you can call me any time. If I cannot come, someone from Intelligence will."

"Alvin..."

"It's okay, you must be careful, I mean outside on the streets..." Alvin parked in front of Severide's building. "Thank you for the company tonight, Kelly."

"No, don't say that, Alvin."

"I like you, Kelly, and I respect your opinion, I cannot force you to want to be with me or have to deal with my alpha factor."

Severide was surprised, Alvin had insisted so much and now he was finally giving up.

"I'm not good at relationships, Alvin. I'm just trying to..."

"I cannot help you in that issue, if I was good my marriage would not have ended and I would not be here now being an old idiot."

Severide stared at the quiet street that night. Alvin did not look at him, kept his hands firmly behind the wheel.

"Alvin ...

"I promised my daughter I'd be home soon, Kelly." Severide got out of the car and got in his apartment, feeling stupid for everything that had happened. Herrmann poured him a beer; the movement at Molly's was weak tonight. Severide could not stay home after Alvin left; he went to his friends' bar.

"For now the day bleeds into nightfall
And you're not here to get me through it all
I let my guard down and then you pulled the rug
I was getting kinda used to being someone you loved"

"Who kicked your balls, kid?" Herrmann asked watching Severide sit by the counter at Molly's.

"I am fine." He is an omega, has no 'balls', but he hates correcting bad jokes.
“Who was the lucky girl who turned you down?” Herrmann laughs, he’s a good friend and bolder enough to say it.

“I can’t...”

“Come on, kid, it’s me Herrmann, you can spit it out.”

Severide looked around, did not want anyone listening to his intimacy.

“I met an alpha ... A male alpha.” Trying to regain some dignity.

“You what?” Herrmann said louder than he wished, luck the music’s loud and nobody listen.

“Shut up!” Severide yells back.

“Dude, since when?”

“A few weeks. It’s nothing, I just ... We go for a dinner and, it doesn't worked. I don't know why I'm so upset, I don't even like him, it's over anyway.”

“Then why the long face? Oh, don't tell me that you ... Dude! I never thought that day would come, Kelly Severide is in love!”

“No I'm not.” He was already wondering if it was a good idea to come here today.

“I've known you for a long time. You're the 'Severide' the terror of girls and omegas around. I've never seen you spend more than 2 minutes with someone. What's with that alpha?”

“I don't know ... I hate these ... Sorry, it's not personal, and Alphas are authoritarian and spacious, they think we are inferior and all that shit. I would never accept orders from an alpha, I'm not like that.”

“So that's it, hn? Let me tell you one thing, I'm an alpha, you're my lieutenant, an omega, i follow your orders and that never been a problem between us. I trust my life on you everytime we have a fire call, and this make us equal, Kelly. No matter if i'm a alpha and you're an omega, i follow you through the fire because you order me and i trust in you.”

“It's different, I was born to be a firefighter, that's my job and I’m good at it.”

“You were born omega, there is no way to change that.”

“You're telling me to behave like one, is that it?”

“I just said there are no rules, Kelly, if you like him, just go there and enjoy it, not every alpha is a potential aggressor. Some people don't care about this gender division, my mother was an omega and she was the toughest girl I've ever met, just like you.”

“I let my guard down and then you pulled the rug
I was getting kinda used to being someone you loved”

Sunlight invaded the room, Severide woke up a little confused about what had happened last night and where he was right now, he had fallen asleep from exhaustion. It took him a few seconds to realize where he at Alvin's house, or rather, in his garage. Alvin's heavy arm was around his waist, lying on his side and as he tried to move, he realized that he was tied to the Alpha's knot.
"Shit!"

"Shhhh, relax, it’s okay." Alvin was kissing his shoulders tenderly. “Morning, baby.” Alpha's calm voice makes his body relax, he feels the skin shiver, it's the first time this happens to him.

“How...?”

"Something about pheromones, they're released during sex to make you fall sleep and relax you, that's makes the knot less ... Painful." Alvin explains. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, i'm fine, you?"

"Yes, it's almost over, I'm sorry I didn't want ..."

"I know, I came here, didn't I? I gotta go, can you pull out?"

"No, wait, I'm not going to hurt you, Kelly. It's okay, just relax."

"It's dangerous, Meredith can ..."

"It makes things easier, just relax, I'm finishing here. It hurts?"

"No." Severide murmured.

"What?" Alvin smiles, satisfied.

"It's not that bad, it's really good now. I feel ... Full.” He shake his hips slowly, feeling the knot move inside him. Alvin moves his hips too causing Severide to moan, he was too full, too sensitive.

"Do you like this, Kelly? Is that good?" 

"I'll kick you ... Wow. I'll..." The words come out of his mouth strangled, so he realizes that is just babbling random words. Moved by Alvin's body he lies face down on the bed with the alpha strapped to his back, thrusting into his wet pussy.

Severide stifles a groan as Alvin pulls him to his knees and gets even faster without getting out of his body, the alpha is touching something inside him making he lose himself in pleasure. "Alvin..." He murmurs, the husky sound of his voice excites Alvin even more. The alpha touches his hips until he finds Severide's hard cock between his thighs, he masturbates it slowly, Severide can only rub his face against the sheets inhaling the smell of the alpha whose fuck him so good.

"Here, touch yourself ..." Alvin asks, Severide obeys without saying anything. Soaked in his own fluids, he slides his fingers to the fully-filled pussy through the alpha's knot, stretched to the max, he doesn't linger over and falls on the wet bed, Alvin strokes his shoulders, gently kissing his skin.

Without words, Severide only allows himself to be pampered and adored, Alvin is gentle and masculine at the same time and he doesn't complain. Swinging his hips, he tries to reciprocate the alpha, and without any shame, he feels happy about it, for satisfying the alpha this way. He knows he's been a little fucking omega now but is not bad, not really bad.

"I'm a messy..." He finally says, the sheets below him getting cold from the humidity.

"It feels so good in here, Kelly, you're so hot." Alvin says gently to Severide's ear, his voice sounding like a soothing melody. "Just breathe slowly, I will not hurt you ...

“Did you used a condom, right Alvin?”
"I'm afraid no, I didn't have time to find one when you jumped on my lap."

"I'm so fucked up!"

"Was that a request?"

"No way, get off me!"

"You seemed to enjoy it until a minute ago.\" Alvin looks down, he had a nice view of Severide's ass. "Oh mine, that ass..."

"I gotta go to the bathroom.\" Severide was ashamed.

"No, you not.\" Alvin kissed his back. "It's not a real wish, your body is getting used to the knot. It's okay, Kelly, you no need to be ashamed. One day will not be so bad and you'll enjoy it."

"Not bad ... Not that bad.\" He takes over, embarrassed.

An exultant, irritating smile comes to Olinsky's lips. "I did well then, Kelly? Look at all this wet in my bed, this is incredible!"

Severide tries to close his legs but cannot, instead he can only squeeze Alvin over and make him moan, he likes it, likes to know he causes it to the alpha.

"God, you're so tight, Kelly."

Severide smiles, he would never let anyone say that to him and get away, but now it seems so hot coming from Alvin.

They were still in bed when Alvin's cell phone started ringing and he picked up the phone on the floor beside the bed. "Voight,\" he told Severide.

Severide was silent as Alvin answered the call.

"Olinsky"

Severide noticed the change in Olinsky's face, not good news for sure.

Alvin hung up the phone, he looked worried.

"What happened?"

"Pulpo sent us another message."

"What? Damn!"

"I have to go.\" Alvin was distressed; he did not want to leave this bed.

"Alright, you can pull out, just do it slow."

"No, I'm not going to do that. It's a corpse, it's not going anywhere.\" Alvin strokes his head, wipes the sweat on his forehead, and splashes a few kisses on his face. "Thanks for coming, you're all I wanted today."

"Cut the bullshit, Alvin, I'm the guy who most used that 'next morning talk' in the world, just let me
go, I'll go home."

"No, it's nothing like that. You're not a fucking one-night stand. Take a deep breath, can you do that? "Severide breathed slowly, Alvin pulled away from him, his knot had fallen, he got up and took a towel to wipe himself and clean Severide." You are much more than that, I will show you."

"I already said I'm not good at relationships Alvin, did not I?"

"Me too, maybe we've been in wrong relationships for life."

"I need the pills."

"What pills?"

"The next day pills, my suppressors aren't reliable. I do not want surprises."

"Huh, do you need money for them?"

"No! I have a job and a salary, you know that?" Severide said sharply.

"Sorry, I just wanted ... Forget it."

Severide took a quick shower in Alvin's makeshift bathroom, got dressed, and left.

"I'm going to call a cab."

"No, I'll take you. This is your day off, right? I'll take you home." Alvin hugged him, both hands clutching Severide's ass.

"I'm not your girl, Al…"

"No, you’re not. But I'll protect that ass at all costs, let's go, I'll pay you some coffee."

Two bodies this time; both with extensive criminal records, both beheaded.

Voight made a strange noise from his throat as Alvin's car parked near the scene of the crime; a chilly Chicago street, he saw the passenger in the car; Lieutenant Severide.

"Pulpo"

Alvin recognized the signature of Pulpo; so far he had eliminated competition in the city.
"What is he doing here?" Voight pointed at Severide, Alvin looked around.

"I'm keeping an eye on him."

"Alvin..."

"He's my problem, Voight. Can we focus here now?"

Severide stayed in the car watching. He was not inexperienced in crime scenes, but that was far worse than anything he had ever seen: cold-blood execution. Alvin and Voight surveyed the place, talked to people, questioned. He remained waiting in the car.

Alvin returned to the car as soon as the bodies were removed, he rubbed his hands to warm them.

"What the hell is that?"

"The reason I keep you away from all this shit. Are you okay, babe?"

"Pulpo...?"

"It's possible." Alvin started the car and pulled them out. "Do you have somewhere safe to stay?"

"My house?"

"I need you to keep your eyes open, Kelly. Anything suspicious you call me, I'll be there as soon as possible." Alvin slid his right hand down Severide's thigh and held, the firefighter was visibly tense.

"Antonio? Is he safe, right?" He needed to be sure about it again.

"You know Hank Voight? Pulpo has to be very insane to approach that omega. Voight is in bloody alpha mode; hunting."

Erin looked at the two alphas in the office, they kept a short distance between them, the mood was challenging, dangerous. She's never seen them like this before.

"Can we discuss the case here or are you going to skip one in the other's throat to mark territory? Pulpo is still loose, I know you're both trying to protect their omegas, but we need to resolve this issue now!"

Alvin and Voight looked at each other, they had been friends for more than 25 years, and they had never shown their teeth's one each other before.

"Alvin, Severide is safe, Chief Boden is keeping everyone on alert. Voight Antonio is protected, we need to get Pulpo now. If you're going to continue with that alpha shit, I'll have to do it myself"

"She's right," Voight finally said, "That's more important now."

"Okay, what do we have here?" Alvin looked at files sent by the police experts. "Jared Miko and Jason Parker, drug dealers, wanted in 6 states. Pulpo did us a favor."

"Anything else?" Erin was looking at a particular photo very carefully, Voight realized.

"This, one of the experts found along with them." She explains.
Voight looked; it was a picture of him with Diego, taken the day he took Diego home.

"He's been following us for a long time. Maybe he knows where we live, where Antonio and the boys are." Hank was furious.

"Hank." Alvin was looking at the photos. "He knows what we have, Antonio is a protected witness, he will not risk it, I think he will try to attack where it hurts the most; the problem boy."

Alvin was right, Voight punched the table he must to finish Pulpo before he reached Antonio or Diego.

"But now the day bleeds into nightfall
And you're not here to get me through it all
I let my guard down and then you pulled the rug
I was getting kinda used to being someone you loved
I let my guard down and then you pulled the rug
I was getting kinda used to being someone you loved"
"Six and three is nine
Nine and nine is eighteen
Look there brother baby and see what I've seen
Hidehey
Baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago" (Sweet Home Chicago- The Blues Brothers)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

"Since when, may I ask, Alvin?" Alvin was standing in the small kitchen of the office, Voight was making coffee for them. "You and Severide, how this happened?"

"I dunno." He is not interested in having this conversation with Voight.

"So you have this fetish for firefighters?" Alvin did not answer. "What? It's so hard to talk about it with your older friend, eh?"

"How do you feel about Antonio? Tell me, Hank."

Voight drank from his coffee and thought before answering. "I don't know, we're still in this weird dance."

"You like him, that's all." Alvin shrugs. "Is it that hard to talk about it, my 'old friend'?"

"Don't answer me with another question, old man." Voight sighs, this conversation is not going anywhere. "It's not that easy, Al."
"Omegas in danger are your fetish, Hank, I don't want to talk to you about me and Severide, it's not your business, so don't come and question me. I'm too old for that shit."

Hank said nothing else, went back to work shortly after.

"It makes no sense," Alvin said after a few hours sitting at his desk. Voight looked at him waiting for an explanation. "What are we doing here? We should be on the streets, like in the old days, talking to people, asking a few questions, Pulpo will not show up here and give in, we have to go and get that idiot out of the hole where he hid ."

Voight smiled, this was the Alvin he knew. He took out his gun and they went out into the street.

No one knew the dark alleys of Chicago better than Hank Voight, he can walk between the cocaine-rich guys and the neighborhood marijuana sellers, and both sides of this worlds knows his name too.

For some time he offered protection to some criminals, extra income, nothing personal just business.

"He's uncomfortable at Camille's house." Voight laughs, they were on their way to find some informers. "It must be one of those 'omega things' that I don't understand, but it's pretty cute too."

"Never use the word 'cute' again, it's senseless when you, Hank Voight, speak it, sounds like something sadistic and sick."

"Is the firefighter cute, Al?" He teased Alvin, "You and him ... Any plans?"

"No. Severide is independent, he likes where he is now."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but I don't decide anything for him."

"So you do not use 'that alpha voice' with him, eh?"

"No I don't." Alvin did not want to talk about it anymore, fortunately, they were near the home of an informant.

He glanced around Munoz's apartment, a pimp knowned for beat on his girls, the whole place stinking pissy and dirty.
Voight sat at the desk in front of Munoz, who needed a few punches to decide to calm down and start to speak.

"What do you know about Adres Dias?" Voight asked in his usual hoarse, aggressive tone. "Is he one of your customers?"

"Fuck! You broke my tooth man!"

"It was just a courtesy, now tell me what you know about Pulpo."

"You're in the wrong place, man. I know nothing about Pulpo. I don't work for any Pulpo!"

"I think you know, come on Munoz, we're all friends here."

"Nope man, I don't know anything about Pulpo, I'm clean man I have a job."

"Maybe a river walk might refresh your memory." Voight decided.
Alvin rummaged through some drawers; Anything they could use against Munoz would be useful now.

"Don't touch my things, man!"

Alvin continued his search, stopped when he found something, without any warning he advanced over Munoz and punched him until he was on the ground, only then Voight held him.

"Okay, okay, what did you find there, buddy?"

Alvin showed him; was a newspaper clipping with a picture of Severide in a story about a fire weeks ago.

"What does that mean, Munoz?" Alvin shout into his face.

"It's just a fucking newspaper, man!"

"Are you kidding me? I'm going to kill you!"

Voight intervened, Alvin was about to kill the man right there. "Let's take him to a walk."

"Am I arrested? Why for, man?"

"Shut up!" Voight screamed as he pulled him to his feet and dragged him out.

Severide was called in his office, there was a phone call to him."Severide"

Across the line, Alvin's voice seemed tired. "Are you alright?"

"Yes, what happened? Why do you calling for?" Severide looked around to see if anyone could hear him.

"Listen, don't hang up, I don't want you to be alone at any moment, are you listening to me? If you have to leave the barracks, don't do it alone!"

"What are you saying, Alvin? What's going on?"

"Just do what I say, okay? Tomorrow morning, when your shift is over, I'll be waiting for you, don't
go out by yourself, do you hear me, Kelly?"

"Are you giving me orders, Alvin? Fuck you, don't you dare!"

"Ambulance 61, truck 3 ..." The voice rang through the speaker, Alvin heard from the other side.

"Kelly ... it's not what you ...

"I gotta go." Severide hung up and went to the truck.

Voight approached Alvin, wiped his hands on a handkerchief, blood on his shirt.

"He is fine?"

"Yes, Munoz spoke?

"Nothing, Pulpo has an advantage over these guys; the fear of losing their heads."

"I also know how to play that game."

Voight watched Alvin walk down the hall to the garage where they held Munoz, he was in full alpha mode; Munoz would face the worst of the detective.

Antonio checked Eva, the girl was already asleep. Diego was in the room watching TV.

"Diego ... son ..."

"What?"

"I thought about making a cake, what do you think? You love cakes...

"I'm going to sleep." Diego got up and left Antonio alone on the living room.

Alvin stayed for a while inside the car parked outside his own home trying to keep his mind focused on what he needed to do, took a deep breath and rang the bell.

Meredith was sitting on the couch, Lexi sitting on the steps of the stairs; they heard everything Alvin said silently.

"We can't!" Meredith finally said.

"Meredith ...

"No, Alvin! We won't run away and leave it all behind now."

"It's only for a while, once we arrest Pulpo, you two can come back."

"No!" She was irreducible.

"Mother ..." Lexi tried to intervene.

"I said no, did the firefighter accept that, Alvin?"

Alvin did not want to argue with her, so he went to his daughter. "Can you stay with Aunt Lucy for a while, my angel?"
Lexi looked at Meredith; It was obvious she did not want to infuriate any of them.

"Don't use Lexi in your madness, Alvin!" Meredith yelled from the other couch.

"You can stay, Meredith is your choice, not Lexi! She's my daughter, you can't accuse me for trying to protect her."

"Protect? How dare you say that, Alvin?"

"Meredith ..." He kept his voice as calm as possible, his daughter did not deserve to see them argue again. "I didn't say he's coming after any of you, I just want to make sure you're all safe if that to happen."

"You brought all this shit to us, if anyone wants to kill the fireman or me and Lexi is all your fault, Alvin!"

"I'll call Lucy, okay?" He said to his daughter and left the house.

He locked himself in his garage lay down on the sheets and breathed in Severide's scent, it was soothing, comforting that made him fall asleep.

Antonio stirred again, woke up, they were lying on the couch.

"What is?" Voight's voice was even hoarser, he awaked when Antonio stood up.

"It's nothing, I'm going to the bathroom."

Antonio looked at himself in the bathroom mirror, his eyes were swollen, his appearance of constant fatigue.

"They are beautiful." Voight was standing beside him, scaring Antonio. "Your eyes are beautiful, Antonio."

"No they are not." He blushed.

Voight held his face with both hands. "They are perfect."

A soft kiss happened, Voight hugged Antonio and pressed him against the bathroom sink, he was excited, his hard cock rubbed against Antonio's hips, he reacted by rubbing himself back against Voight feeling the alpha's hardness, it was instinct, his body was in charge trying to please the alpha, do not let him get away, give up on protect him, Voight realized it and tried to pull away from him. "You don't have to do this, I'm not going anywhere."

"I'm sorry..." Antonio walked away from him, he felt that he had crossed over the edge, tries to compose himself.

"Don't apologize for that. I shouldn’t... Hey I want it okay, I want you so much, but not like this, none of fear or instinct, I need you to want me back, for real. Come, let's rest."

Voight massaged Antonio's back when they lay down on the couch, Antonio was uneasy. "Did you talk to Diego?"

"He's avoiding me. I don't know how to deal with him anymore, Hank. Adres is his hero now."
"He's confused, he'll see what kind of man Adres really is."

"And if that does not happen? What if Adres can find me and ... Kill me and take him away?"

"That will not happen, Antonio."

"He wanted it, Hank, from the first moment, Adres wanted Diego around and he never accepted Eva because he did not want women in his business, but Diego was his little boy. "Antonio tightened his fingers until his hands were white. "If I had stayed there, he would have turned Diego into one of his men."

"But you kept them safe, Antonio."

"He was going to kill me." Antonio confessed. "I knew what kind of business he was doing with Cartel, I was an witnesses. He kept my life when I got pregnant, I thought he was going to eliminate me after Diego was born, but he did not. For some reason he kept me alive. After that, he blamed me for Eva being a girl and everything got worse, I could barely get up to take care of her, I was so hurt and sore all the time ..." Antonio's chest was tight, he felt the air missing, it was difficult to breathe.

"Antonio babe, I need you to take a slow breath you're having a panic attack." Voight breathes slowly to show him how to do it, Antonio accompanied him and he calmed down slowly.

"Do you feel better, Antonio?"

Antonio wiped his eyes with his fingers, "I almost lost her ..."

"Pulpo is a psychopath, none of this is your fault, Eva and Diego are fine because of you. This bastard can't hurt you anymore."

"I can't let Adres anywhere near to my kids, Hank."

"He won't." He covered Antonio and held him in his arms, the day was almost dawn.

Voight woke up earlier, in fact, he always slept little. Antonio still slept on the couch, he went to the bathroom to wash his face, he heard the TV sounds, the noises came from Justin's old room, he went there and saw Diego sitting on the bed watching TV.

"Hnn, good morning boy." No answer, Voight looked around the room, he had avoided this room since Justin died, there were many memories stored there. "Antonio has not woken up yet, do you wanna coffee? I can do that."

Diego continued in silence, Voight was not exactly a patient person.

"You better answer me, boy, I'm talking to you!"

Diego confronts Voight, his brown eyes reddish with anger. "My father is going to kill you, Detective!"

"Diego!" Antonio's voice echoed through the room, he was standing at the door.

Diego left the room and locked himself in the bathroom, Antonio was in tatters again.

"Hank ... I don't know ... I don't know where he gets this ...I'm sorry..."
"I told you; never apologize for him, Antonio."

Antonio leaned against the wall, tired, Voight approached and embraced him. "When all this is over, let's get help for him, okay? We can talk to some psychologist, I don't know, a priest if you want." He tried to make Antonio smile. "We'll get help, I promise."

“A priest? Really?”

“We must try everything, baby.”

Antonio laugh, all the tension leaving his body, he relaxed into Voight's arms.

"You will be fine?"

"Yeah"

"I'll be right back." Voight kissed his lips and went to work. Antonio stood there staring at the bathroom door for a while before heading to the kitchen to make breakfast.

Severide said goodbye to his co-workers and went to his car alone ignoring Alvin's advice the night before, he was not the kind of person who was easily intimidated.

"What the hell...?"

"I'll give you a ride home..." Alvin was standing on his back.

"Al, I want to know what's going on."

"Not here. Let's go to your place."

"I'll go in my car."

"I'll ask someone to pick your car later ... You come with me, my car is right there."

"No chance, I won't let my car here..."

"Pulpo may be looking for you."

"What?"

"It's just a suspicion, but I'm not going to risk it. Please get in my car."

Alvin checked Severide's apartment while he showered, only stopped when he was sure there was nothing suspicious about the place. Severide had left the bath with only a towel around his hips.

"It's all right or we have a bomb here?"

"I guess no." Without looking away from the body of the omega.

"See? No reason for all this mess, Alvin." He was not worried at all.

"You saw what this man is capable of, Kelly. Please don't doubt that."
"Okay, sorry. I must rest, will you stay here?"

"No, I need to sort things out, a police officer will be on the outside, don't worry."

"I'm fine and how do you know Adres is after me?" Severide sits on his couch, Alvin sits down in front of him, his hand touching the omega knee.

"We arrested a suspect yesterday, he had a newspaper clipping with a story about you, Kelly."

"How do you know he's not just a fan? Firefighters tend to have fans." Severide laughs.

"In that case, I'm going to take his eyes off his face for having a picture of you."

"Jealous, hun?" Alvin fell to the ground on his knees, squeezing his body between Severide's legs, his hands caressing between his thighs.

"I would kill if someone came near you." Hugging him and kissing his legs, then he forgot his worries for a moment.

"Hey slow down, you don't have to work?"

"Shit, I know."

"Then go, I'm going to get some sleep."

"I may be a little late and we ... we can make some ..." Alvin slides his fingers between Severide's wet thighs, smelling soap.

"Man, we've been fucking like rabbits for the last two weeks! I'm not following you here."

"You don't like it?" Alvin grabs his right foot and kiss it, Severide moans unintentionally. "With a body like that you can't blame me." Alvin continues to explore Severide's thighs until he reaches his middle and rubs his fingers in the wet entrance.

"I never thought I'd say that, but I'm exhausted, Alvin. I can't do anything even if I wanted to." Severide complains but opens his legs wider, giving more access to the alpha.

"Do I leave you exhausted, Kelly?" Alvin was proud of himself, Severide pushed him away Alvin fell on the floor.

"Get out!"

"Um ... we're fine, right? I mean ..."

"Get out before I change my mind, Alvin."

"Okay, okay, I'll be around if you need me."

Severide woke again with the sound of the doorbell, he slept for two hours, annoyed at the unexpected visitor, he get up to answer the door.

"Alvin I swear, I'll kick you..."

“Can we can talk?” Meredith Olinsky was standing in the hallway, Severide knew who she was,
saw her once or twice before, and recognized her quickly. In less than a minute his body came on alert, all sleep was gone.

"Can i come in?" She insist.

"Yes, sorry, please come in."

She was a beautiful woman, Severide was in his pajamas standing by the door waiting for her to start talking.

"So this is where you and Alvin meet? Nice place!"

"No, this is where my friend and I live, ma'am"

"Oh, I forgot, when you both fuck like animals you use my garage!"

Severide felt his face burn with shame, he didn't imagine she would see them that day.

"Can I help with anything, ma'am? I've had a long shift and I really wanna go back to sleep." He said as kind as he could. Meredith sits on the couch, Severide has the impression that this conversation will be longer and disgusting than he imagined.

"Alvin surprised me, a man! You look a lot better than I remembered as well. Alvin has a good taste. I just did not think it would be an omega man, he always hated omegas. He knows some good jokes about your kind of people, you should hear him say it."

He tried not to react to the provocation, Meredith was a wounded woman distilling her anger and this was perfectly understandable. "Would you like some coffee?"

"Is there anything stronger? I don't want to have that kind of talk sober."

Severide serves a drink and sits in front of Meredith, he wait for her to start talking.

"Alvin and I got married very young, he was a cop full of ideals, he wanted to make this city a better place." Meredith took a sip of her drink, her voice low, cold. "He was an honorable man, Lieutenant. He was honest like no other one, perhaps life on the streets has hardened him, I’ll never know. One day I woke up and he was gone, my Alvin did not come home anymore. Hank Voight took all his time, they never parted and, heavens, I don't even want to imagine what kind of things those two were doing."

Severide bit his lower lip, he had no idea where she wanted to go with this conversation.

"I know he looks good to you, I know he's a good alpha now, but he's a Voight follower. He'll do whatever the boss says and then you'll be like me, Lieutenant: nothing. I did not tell my daughter about what you both did in my garage. It's so disgusting and low! "

“I'm sorry for that."

"I don't want her to know that her father brings the lover to fuck in our home!"

“We are not…”

Meredith laughed, "Who are you trying to fool? Does your battalion know you're dating a married man, lieutenant? Do they know the city's omega hero is just a slut?" Her voice was aggressive now, Severide gets up and walks away from her. "The man whom you're sneaking into in the middle of the night like a cheap slut is married Lieutenant! We're a family, we have a daughter and everything
was right you before you showed up."

"I think we've already finished this conversation."
Meredith gets up and puts her mug down on the coffee table.

"You may be having fun now, but you're going to end up pregnant and alone. That's what the omegas are for, is not it? Alvin used to say this all the time. I know what kind of person you are Lieutenant, I hope Alvin is wearing protection, I don't want to get any of your diseases when he comes back to consciousness and be my husband again."

Severide turned towards her, annoyed. "Please, leave."

"Omega whore." She murmured as she left, Severide closed the door and went back to bed, he didn't sleep for the rest of the day.

Voight mumbled something in a low voice, Alvin did not understand what he meant.

"Come again."

"The profession is the most important thing Severide have, am I right, Al?"

"Yeah." Alvin went back to work, tracking down some of Munoz's calls over the past few months.
"Why?"

"He's a hero, I can say that." Voight continued, "He's not like Antonio, he's not like any other omega we've ever known before, is that it?"

"Where are you going with that, Hank?"

Hank made a sound with his throat, he seemed lost in his own conclusions.

"I remember that guy on the police academy, his name was Jackson or something, he was one of the fastest guys in the world, the guy was really good."

"What happened to him?" Still confused about the direction of this conversation.

"There was no tolerance for the omegas in the corporation at that time, he was never hired, the guy was better than any of us and has never been in the police force."
Voight continues telling the story. "Some time ago someone set fire to a downtown building, I was there, Severide was there, everyone was talking about a brave man who helped evacuate the place before the firefighters arrived, I had to know who it was, it was him, Jackson. He didn't get a job for a few years, the guy should have a bright future in this city, and none of this happened simply because he was born an omega."

"And why are you telling me this now, Hank?"

"I don't know, just ... I can't stop thinking about it now. You will never control him, it will never be a fair fight between you two."

"I don't want any control over him. I don't need it."

"I've known you a long time Al, control is the basis of who you are, that's why your marriage is over, is not it? You lost control..."
Alvin stopped what he was doing and glared at Voight. "Are you a fucking therapist now?"

"No, I just want to get a sense of the shit we're getting into."

"Are you scared, Hank? That does not sound like you, besides Severide is a great pro, times change Voight."

Voight smiled, he was tired. He gets some drink, he needs some wisky.

"I'm 52 years old, I'm not a young man like before, I don't have all this time. After Justin died there was not much left to keep me up and now, this kid comes into my life asking for protection, I'm confusing things here."

Alvin sits down in the chair in front of him and takes a sip of the Voight's drink.

"You asked me about the two of us, I'm talking about it now. He's so cute and unprotected all the time, but that's just his nature trying to protect himself. Any other time he would never look in my eyes, Alvin."

"The 'cute' word again, I'm going to need a stronger drink to deal with this shit."

"I don't know what to do, Alvin, I don't know how to be an alpha for him when I know everything he's ever experienced in the hands of another alpha, he doesn't want me, he's afraid of me, he's just trying to stay safe by my side."

"I've never seen you get so involved before, why now, Hank?"

"I can be many things, but I was faithful to my marriage. After Camille there was no one else. Antonio is different, he is the opposite of everything I am, it is as if something kept me trapped to him, dependent on his scent, his body. This morning he reacted and I had to control myself not to drag him to bed."

"So who needs some control here, Hank?" Alvin teased, it was a conversation between friends, two people who trust each other, that was the only moment where Hank let his defenses fall.

"Erin was right, I should not have gotten so close, Antonio is looking for protection, it's just me who's looking for love here."

Alvin relaxed in the chair, took a deep breath, and slipped his hands into his pockets. "No fear of thugs, bullets, prison, murderers, but afraid of the little omega hidden in your house. You still surprise me Hank." He gets up and fix the beret over his head. "I'm leaving, I'm going to take Lexi to her aunt and take a look at Severide. Do you need anything?"

"No."

"Will you stay here?"

Voight raises his hands "And where would I be?"

"Don't you have a goddamn crisis right now, Hank. A lot of people need you here."

Voight nodded. Alvin went to the door and Voight called him back. "Alvin, you know we need to free Munoz, don't you?"

"Nobody's missing that idiot in the streets and Voight, go home! Nature or not, Antonio is still a witness under your protection and you don't have to be an alpha model, just be there and don't let
anything happen, that's a lot more than the other alpha did for him."

Alvin raises one eyebrow, Voight keeps that indecipherable grin on his face, he has spoken more about himself now than the last five years.

"Don't do this, Hank. Don't make decisions for him, Antonio is smart and if he wants to be with you, don't screw this up, this kid already had a lot of shit. Just for the count: don't talk about Severide again this is not open to discussion."

Voight smiles. "Roger that."

Three days later, when Severide left the firehouse, he found his car vandalized, they had written 'omega whore' in pink paint on his Mustang, he knew exactly who had done it.

Herrmann came right then and stood next to the omega, he knew better than provoke Severide now, he was furious.

“Oh, man…”

Chapter End Notes

The only reason I do not use 'omega heat' is that it takes away the decision power of the omegas and forces them to be dependent on the alpha's will, in this case Antonio needs to be hide and denounce his alpha that would not be possible if he had a heat, my omegas are intersexual. (I love heats, by the way).
Chapter Summary

“Where there is a flame, someone's bound to get burned
But just because it burns, doesn't mean you're gonna die” (Pink- Try)

What in the world would break a man like Hank Voight? He was a mountain of ice and anger, nothing like the lonely, broken man Alvin had left sitting in the Intel office some days ago.

He did not sleep much these days, none of them had, he kept circling in this investigation and that was undermining already Voight's dubious sanity. Alvin is worried about his friend.

In other hand, Lexi is safe and far from the city, Severide is sleeping quietly by his side, all is fine, Alvin repeated himself without stopping. He hugged the waist of the omega and tried to sleep again.

"You'll pay for my car," Severide mutters without open his eyes.

Alvin kiss his shoulder and tries not to smile in this situation, "I will, don't worry."

"And you're going to keep this crazy bitch away from me, Casey's asking questions."

"Yeah baby, just go back to sleep."

"You're not using any command voice with me, do you?"

"Damn it, Kelly, just sleep!"

"Don't give me orders, old man." He heard Severide mutter before falling asleep again.

Voight passed some orders to the police in the district and closed himself in his office, Alvin knocked lightly on the door before entering.

"You are scared" He said bluntly, Voight looked at him in surprise. "You can handle the worst of the
human being, you can kill and deal with a lot of shit, but that's different, Antonio is unlike anything you've ever known before."

Voight watched his friend sit in front of him, "And this scares the hell out of you, Hank, that's it!" Alvin concluded, Voight clenched his jaw, surprised and confused by the direction of this conversation.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Alvin."

"Yes, you know. You want to be good to him. From the moment Antonio came into your life, you did everything to stay with him, no night of games, no drinks, no visits to our gangster friends. Nothing!"

"I'm protecting him, that's my job." Voight tries to get back to work.

"You've been behaving like a newly married man since he came to your house. I've never seen you have a decent work schedule and go home at the end of the day."

"Is this conversation really necessary now, Alvin?"

"No, it's not." Alvin gets up to leave the room, "Life is a bitch, Hank. With the life we had... you're the bravest man I know and if that boy makes you wish to be better then do it. You deserve to be happy, man."

Voight says nothing, but Alvin knows what he wanted when he tried to vent a few days ago.

They are in front of a suspect's house when Voight resolves to speak again.

"He's a good man, I mean, he's a very good man, they've told him all his life that he's useless, and yet he's better than the rest of the people I know."

"Do you trust him?" Alvin was biting a toothpick as he stared out into the street.

"You want to know if I think he's going to run away as soon as we can get Pulpo, I don't know, maybe he'll leave and live his life, he deserves it. Even if I want to I can't force him to stay with me."

Alvin looks at Voight as if he has another head on his shoulders.

"You're in love, my friend!"

"Hun ..."

"I never thought I'd live long enough to see this day happen, Hank."

Severide is ignoring Casey all day, this is getting tiresome.

"I wanba talk to you, Severide." The captain warns him when he enters the Lieutenant's room.

"No time Casey." Severide continued to write things down in a book, he just wants Matt to leave him alone.

"Severide, I know you're avoiding me, but you have to tell me if someone is harassing you."
"Nope, nobody."

"I know it sounds like a bad joke, but that kind of behavior is unacceptable here."

"Matt, I'm fine. It was some idiot kid from the neighborhood."

"Are you sure? Because if came from someone in this house, I can find a way ..."

"Am I asking you anything, Matt?" Severide gets up and faces Casey. "Did I ask you to defend my honor or some shit like that?"

"Kelly ..." Matt tries to remain calm.

"Do I look like I need a defender?" Severide was tall, strong and always ready to strike, Matt stepped back defensively.

"I didn't say that, Kelly. Just ... I don't want you to think that this is tolerable here."

"And how are you going to do this? Defending the poor offended omega? Take care of your own things, Matt, I'll take care of mine."

Severide left him stand there and walked away, he knows that Matt will return to this subject soon, the man never gives up anything.

"You need to sleep a little." Voight said as he stroked Antonio's head slowly. They were lying on the couch, the television on showing the weather forecast.

"You too," Antonio replied in a yawn. "How was your day?" He tries to sound unconcerned.

"Like I've gone to hell and back." Voight looked around, the house had been quiet since Diego and Eva had finished dinner and went to the bedroom. "Do you want to get out of here?"

"What?"

The cold wind of Chicago punishes Antonio's skin, Voight does not seem to be affected, in any way he is accustomed to the ice.

"So what's there about this place?" Voight brought him to a garage a few minutes from Voight's house.

"Here" Voight slides his arms around Antonio's waist offering body heat. "Sorry, there's no heating here. It's my old garage."

"You're a man full of hiding places, Hank." Antonio tightened his arms to enjoy the warmth of his body.

"Maybe ... I've had to hide a lot over the years."

"I don't know if I like the way it sounds."

"It's not what you're thinking, I've been in the police for 25 years and not everyone likes me, Antonio."
"Okay, sorry, what did you want to show me here?"

"Oh sure, meet Lady Winter." Voight walked to the middle of the garage and pulled out the white canvas that covered a boat. Antonio laughs in pure surprise.

"Do you have a boat?"

"No, I built a boat. What do you think, Antonio?"

"That's... Sorry, I never imagined..."

"Do you think I'm one of those men who spend thousands of dollars on a ready-made boat?"

"No. I... it's cool, does it float?"

Voight laughed, work on that boat was what kept his sanity for a long time. "Come on." He extends his hand to Antonio to climb into the boat with him. "It's safe, I made the support myself." Antonio accepts the invitation and climbs the small boat with Voight. "So what do you think?"

"Will we take it to the river or not?"

"Yes, that's the idea. In two years, I'm retiring and this beauty will be my new home."

"I don't know if it's a good idea, I don't see a bathroom here."

"I will be a free man, as were the ancient alphas."

"Wild!" Antonio was so relaxed now, Voight wanted to see him this way more often.

"Yes, I thought you might want to come with me, away from this city, away from the cold, to wherever the sun appears every day." Voight hugged him again, a kiss on his icy lips, Antonio was completely in his arms now.

Antonio's white skin was exposed, Voight kissed his shoulders sliding his tongue to a hardened nipple, they were lying in the small boat, only Antonio was semi naked, his shirt was used as a pillow.

Voight descended to his belly and kissed, Antonio holds his head with both hands, Adres liked to bite and degrade his body; he is ashamed, close his eyes trying to scare away those memories. Voight reached the belt but did not open, he looked at Antonio wanted to make sure he wanted to continue.

Antonio doesn't open his eyes, he feels the cold hands of Voight slip down his hips and his body move at his side.

"Open your eyes, baby." The guttural voice whispered in his ear, he open his eyes to find Voight by his side, the brown eyes stared through Antonio and he really thought Voight could see his soul now, his fear, his insecurity.

"I didn't bring you here for this, Antonio."

Antonio nodded in understanding, this time it was he who kissed Voight, his thighs moved away and Voight lay down between them.

Antonio's pants lay at his feet now and Voight's body was his only protector against the cold, he
groaned as he felt Voight's tongue caress his small hardened penis, his thighs slick. Voight taking his fingers to his wet slit and strokes carefully.

"You are so pretty, Antonio!"

Antonio smiled, he was not accustomed to this kind treatment. He moaned and arched his hips when Voight took his penis to the mouth, he did not feel cold anymore, a hot feeling took over his body, that was good.

Voight had never felt anything like it, felt the taste of Antonio between his lips. He was a hard man, had never imagined be with his head between the legs of an omega and now he was wishing that this moment last forever. He felt when Antonio reached the climax, the sound that came from his lips was like the most beautiful song Voight ever heard.

“Hun… Hank…”

Alvin had told him that he could not explain his involvement with Severide, and now Voight understood his words, lay down next to Antonio and watched him taking deep breaths.

"I think Lady Winter is officially baptized, Antonio!"

Antonio's chest burst into laughter, he was embarrassed and happy at the same time.

They were satisfied, like two boys hiding from adults. Voight was unprepared when Antonio pulled him over his body and kissed his lips.

"You don't have to..."

"I wanna do that Hank."

Voight melts and straightens his body over his, the zipper of his pants was opened and Antonio's trembling hand reached for his cock. Voight reaches for his wallet and takes a condom, he does not even remember when he started to carry one, does not even want to think that got into a convenience and bought one like a stupid teenager.

Antonio groaned as he gripped his cock, Voight was big. Antonio helps him put the condom on, he puts his hand on Antonio's hand over his cock and gently pulls it away softly, leaving the omega confused.

"I do not want it to be like this, not here, not a fast thing. You deserve better than that, not a one night stand."

"Hank..."

"I don't wanna this to be a goodbye, Antonio."

"Is not a goodbye, Hank."

Antonio puts his hand on his cock again making him groan in pleasure. He slides his fingers along the organ and opens his legs slowly, Voight nestles between his thighs and. before he can regain his sanity, he is inside Antonio.

A hoarse groan echoes through Voight's throat, he does not move until he is sure that Antonio is comfortable, he slides his fingers along the omega's jaw and kisses his lips.

His hips pull back and back slowly, he was enjoying every second of it, Antonio closes his eyes
again, Voight bites his chin.

"Open your eyes baby." Antonio does it, Hank smiles satisfied.

It was hot, wet ... Voight could barely contain himself, with each thrust the wet sound excites him more and Antonio was soaking his pants, his balls. He drops a hand to his ass and squeezes pulling Antonio into his lap, Antonio moans painfully, in that position Voight's cock was sunk in him too deep.

"I'm sorry ..." Voight lays him down again looking at his face for signs of pain.

"It's okay ... Just too much, I guess ..."

"You want to stop?"

"No ... Please, I want ... I want your knot inside of me, Hank ..."

Hank could not resist any longer, the impulses increase in speed until his knot forms at the base of the penis, Antonio moans Voight realizes that he cum all around his dick, the walls of his pussy tighten around his dick and the knot becomes too big to be pulled out.

For years Voight had not given in to his alpha instincts, it was overwhelming pleasure. He pulls his blouse over Antonio to protect him from the cold, Antonio shrinks against Voight's chest feeling the alpha's scent, the knot was large, painful and at the same time very pleasurable. Voight wraps his arms around him.

"You're the best thing that ever happened to me, Antonio." Antonio kisses him. Voight rubs his shoulders to warm him. "Are you OK?"

"Yes." Antonio had no good memories of an alpha knot, Adres was never kind, he used to hurt Antonio during the process. At this point in time, Antonio trusts that Voight will not do the same to him.

Sleep takes over the body of the omega and he yawns, Voight's hand rest on his belly, and the flaccid skin shrinks with the cold touch.

"Sorry ... I just ... does it hurt?"

"No Voight, it's okay ..."

"I mean..." Voight laughs when he realizes that his instincts are dominating his mind. Antonio also notices and laughs.

"It's not the end of the world, Hank. My body is prepared for it, I just had to understand that. "

"I'm being an asshole, aren't I?" It's the second or third time in his life that he ties someone up, does not seem very confident about it.

"No, you're being cute and ... What?"

Voight laughs loudly, Antonio is confused now. "I am ‘cute’." Voight kisses his lips, biting his lower lip. "I think I'm done, I'll ... Is everything okay?"

"Yes, let me ..." Antonio pushes his hips up and allows Hank to slip out, the preservative was full and Voight needs to get up to get rid of him.
Voight helped him get dressed and stayed for a while hugging him on the boat.

"Are you coming?" Playing with a rubber band of hair on Antonio's wrist, he always had one around, Eva let them around the house, he'd pick up and put on his wrist to give her back, he'd done it since she was little baby.

"Where to Hank?" Antonio murmured, his nose buried against Voight's neck.

"Florida. I said I want to leave, do you want to come?"

"I don’t know Hank; I have so many things to solve and my children ..."

"Eva loved the idea."

"Did you talk to her about it?"

"Something like that, she made a drawing for me, a beach. I think she's as tired as I am from this damn cold."

"Eva is so easy to deal with, I wish Diego was like her."

Voigh holds him tight. "Justin was exactly like him. We argued all the time, I miss it."

"How can you handle it?"

"I cannot. Losing Camille was a hard hit, but she was sick and suffering, Justin did not. He was active, young and full of ideas and dreams. I don't know how to deal, just live one day after another and wait my life pass." Voight kisses his head, Antonio sits with his back to him.

"Diego and Eva are all that I love the most, I can't imagine my life without them."

"You don't have to imagine it, nothing's going to happen to them, I promise. Come here, let me smell you a little more."

"My smell?"

"Yes, your scent has driven me crazy since I met you." Voight kisses his neck tickling Antonio.

"Wild!"

"Alvin told me something some time ago that my scent had changed."

"That's good?"

"I think so, I don't complain about him smelling like the firefighter all the time."

"What firefighter?"

"Oh ... I thought you knew it. He and Lieutenant Severide are having an affair."

"What?"

They returned home, Antonio was quiet, Voight did not understand his reaction.

"What ... are you mad at what I said?"
"No Hank, none of that."

"So what is this?"

Antonio puts his hand on his waist and sighs. "Severide didn't tell me anything about it and Alvin… I mean isn't exactly what I can imagine."

"I think he did not have the time, it's all very confusing now, are you sure you're not jealous of him?"
Antonio points a finger at him, smiling.

"Don't picture things, Hank."

Voight shrugs.

"It's just ... Severide is the guy who hates alphas the most in the world, it's weird."

"Well, maybe he changed his mind, why not?"

"I'll take a shower, Hank."

"Can I join you?"

Antonio looks at the stairs, it was late the children should already be sleeping. "I thought you did not want to do anything hidden."

"Hun ... I'll make you some coffee, you're on the brink of hypothermia."

"I Can't sleep." Voight murmured against Antonio's ear, they were curled up on the couch again.

"Why?" Antonio mutters back, he is also having trouble sleeping.

"I don't want to miss it. I don' want to wake up and not be right here."

"It's not a dream Hank." Antonio is smiling. Voight buries his lips to his neck. "I need to talk to Diego ... about this ..."

"Yes, do you want me there?"

"No, I don't know how he's going to react, so I'd rather be alone. You don't have to go through that."

"Hey, don't say that, I said I'd help you ..."

"I know, just let me talk to him first."

"Okay, I'll be here if you need to."

"Your support is so sexy ..." Antonio kisses him, Voight smiles.

"Tell me more about it." Voight pulls him in for a longer kiss.

The phone rang for the first time since Antonio came to this house, the sharp sound of the touch made skin bristle. No one but Voight's team knew about him being here, who could be calling?
"Hello?" He answered his heart beating fast, something was so wrong.

"Hello Princess."

There was no need to identify it, even if he could live other lives after that, Antonio would recognize that voice anywhere.

"I know you're there princess I can hear your breath."
Antonio cannot hang up, his arms did not have the strength to pull the phone away from his ear, his chest hurt forcing the air inside and out and he felt cold.

"Are not you happy to talk to me princess? Well, I'm happy. I miss you Antonio, I don't want to stay away from you and my children anymore."
Adres speaks quietly, as if he were an old friend talking about trivial things.

"I know our last date was not so good for you princess, I'm sorry. We could fix things, fix our family Antonio. Tell your police friend that your husband is a little jealous so he better not sleep with you anymore on the couch."

"How ...?" Antonio managed to stammer, he felt the panic taking over his body and he looked around as if Adres could be nearby watching him.

"I told you: I am everywhere, doll. I am Pulpo. I have a message for you princess, if you do not stop with that drama and go home I'll eliminate those two policemen who protect you, this Voight is nothing to me, I can deliver his head by mail to you. Do you want this, princess?"

"No…"

"Then get your things and bring my son home or you'll start getting some gifts from the mailbox, my love."
The call was cut off and Antonio sat on the kitchen floor trying to breathe.

Diego spent the day in the bedroom, there were some Justin video games there, there was no internet or cell phones, Voight made sure to clean everything up before bringing the boys. Antonio is still pale and shaken when he enters the room where the son is hidden.

"How can you do that?" He managed to say, despite his trembling voice, Diego paid no attention to him. "How can you do this to me?"

"What are you talking bitch?"
"You're my son, I'm trying to protect you and ..."
"Protect? Fucking with cops? You're a fucking bitch!"

Antonio could not stand it anymore he cried, his voice hoarse screaming with his son.

"You do not know what you did! I'm your father Diego, I put you in the world, I took care of you! That bastard is going to kill us!"
"No, he will not! He is my father and will get us out of this place; away from that shit where you make us live."

Antonio was silent, something click in his mind. He had done his best to take care of his children and only realized now that it was not enough for Diego.

"Is it about money Diego? Do you think he'll take better care of you because of the money?" He is in a state of shock and prefers not to believe what he has just discovered.

"I'm not going to spend my life in that hole, Antonio. My father is rich and can give us a better life.
You don't have to work on that fucking construction ..."

"It's an honest job, Diego, what Adres does is wrong, illegal, he's going to jail soon and no one can help him."

"I don't believe you Antonio, Voight is corrupt and nobody will believe him, my father is a good man, he does what it takes to clean the streets of these damn drug dealers, don't you see it? He's a hero."

"Oh my ... When did you talk to him?"

"Every day, he's trying to get closer of us Antonio, he's good, I can't believe you tried to keep us away from him." Antonio was exhausted, he had no strength to keep fighting, everything had been in vain his fate was sealed. Adres would enter through the door and his life would end, there is no reason to keep fighting. He approached Diego and kissed his head.

"I'm sorry, son. I make a huge mistake."

He didn't cry anymore. But he wanted to do it. He just leaves the bedroom.

Severide huffed impatiently as Casey came back and stood beside him in the truck.

"Will you give me your hand to get me down?"

"No, of course not."

"Get out of my way, Casey!"

"What did I do to you? I mean, I've been trying to get close to you all this years and you're still being an idiot to me. What's the problem, Severide?"

Severide shrugs, indifferent. "I'm not much of a 'good guys fan' that's all."

Casey rolls his eyes, Severide continues to change clothes, they had attended to a call of fire principle, nothing serious.

"Has she spoken to you?"

"Who?"
"Gabby, she's going to Puerto Rico."

"Vacation, huh? You should enjoy it and get a tan."

"I'm not going."

Severide stopped and looked at him, Casey had a tired look. "Hm, I didn't know. I'm sorry. I thought things were fine between the two of you."

Casey shrugs. "Me too, a lot of things happened, I think some time will do us good."

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I thought about going out and drinking, what do you think?"

"Yes, we can do that."

Casey thanks him and leaves, leaving Severide to finish his clothes change.

Severide's Mustang is impeccably parked in front of the barracks, he smiles when he sees his car. Alvin's across the street. Severide goes to him.

"I hope you've talked to her about it."

"I said ... Okay, I'll talk. Meredith is out of town, she won't come near you again, Kelly."

"I hope so."

"How about breakfast?"

"You're paying, old man."

"My pleasure."

Casey was already at Molly's when Severide arrived, by his expression, he had already drunk a little too much.

"One beer." Severide asked as he sat down by the counter. "Hey, man."

"Voight's henchman..." He didn't look at Severide.

"What?"
"I saw you two together, this morning. Of all the men in the world, you're dating Voight's henchman!" It was a direct accusation, and Casey was too drunk to figure out what limits to overcome.

"You're drunk, Matt."

"And you ... you're a slut Kelly Severide!"

Kelly's hot blood and Casey's excess alcohol was not a good match, Herrmann and Vargas had to separate them and keep them away from each other.

With enough force on their wrists to cause damage, both ended up at the ER. Casey was coming back to himself slowly, his head aching and a cut decorating his temple with and blood curling the hair. Severide had a cut in his right hand, nothing serious he just came here to calm down Herrmann and get out of Molly's.

"What's the matter with you two?" Herrmann snorted in the hallway, they both looked ready to attack. "You guys used to be civil at least!"

Herrmann left them there waiting for the doctor and went to the front desk to deal with the paperwork.

"Mr. Severide?" The doctor called him, and Kelly followed him. "I asked for an ultrasound before prescribing any medication, I want to know how the fetal development is before you take any medication."

"Wait ... What?"

"Oh, I thought you knew. You're pregnant Mr. Severide."

Severide felt the whole world spinning around him, he did not know what to say or what to think, did not improve as he looked back and saw Casey looking at him in surprise.
"Is it enough to say I need you?  
Or am I just a little bit too late?  
Would you pick up if I could reach you?  
Or is it just a permanent mistake?"  (Permanent Mistake- The CO)

"I just came here because my partner Herrmann was going crazy! I just need some bandages and ..."  
Severide tries to explain to the doctor because, obviously, he does not know what he's talking about.  
"I took all those shit suppressors injections ...And the condom, damn it! This is not happening."

"I have some exams to show you, I'd like you to follow me to ..."

"No, just the bandage okay? I can't be ... That's ridiculous!"

Suddenly all the alcohol in Matt's blood stream evaporated and he was perfectly aware of the situation. He is paralyzed behind Severide and hears when his friend go crazy over the news.

"What the hell are you doing, Casey?"

He hears Severide saying, then realizes that he was rubbing his back, an instinctive gesture of support.

He takes his hand away and watches as Severide walks away with the doctor through the hospital corridor.

Casey spent part of the night sitting in the emergency room waiting room. So tired as he was, he couldn't leave and let Severide there, he did not see him after the omega disappeared with the doctor a few hours ago.

A small kick on his leg brought him back from his trance, he had distracted himself with the
movement of the place. Severide is standing beside him, his facial expression is the worst possible. Casey is not sure if it's safe to try to talk right now.

"What are you doing here so far?" Severide's voice reflects all his fatigue and frustration.

"I thought maybe you'd need a ride."

"Where's your car?"

Herrmann brought them to the hospital, none of them was driving last night. Casey scrubs the eyes. "Can we get a cab?" He offers soothingly to ease Severide's mood. "A baby, is this real?" He asks, Severide looks around, too exhausted to talk. "Look, Sev, I won't tell anyone ..."

"Let's get out of here." Severide gets up and Casey follows him outside.

The key was in the door from the outside, Casey was not sure if it was welcome to enter but Severide also did not send him away, then he enters. Severide fell on the couch, Casey sits down in front of him and watches the omega rubbing at the temples as if trying to ward off a headache. The injured hand wrapped in bandages.

"I'm sorry for what I've done back there at Molly's. I drank more than I should and ..."

"Shut up!"

"Fair enough ..." Casey sighs. "I can make coffee if you want ... No, not coffee. A juice, maybe ..."

"Just leave, Matt. I need to be alone now."

Casey gets up and walks to the door. "If you want to talk or, I don't know, anything you need... just call me, Sev."

"I don't want ..." Severide mutters without looking at him, Casey walk back to where he is sitting.

"I'm sorry for attacking you, I had no idea... I would never hurt you."

Severide can hear his regrets corroding Casey, the good Boy Scout would blame himself for ever if he had injured a pregnant person.

He had a bandage on the side of his head. "You're worse than me." Casey knows it, the taxi driver who brought them here has not stopped looking at him in the rearview mirror so he knows he's in a bad state.
"You have a good punch there." He smiles, Severide sits in silence, "How is your hand?"

Severide reaches up his hand and looks at the bandage, he did not even notice the bandage being made by the nurse, his mind was numbed. "I'll be fine..."

"Sev ... I know you're ...

"Please go away!"

Casey raises his hands in surrender: "I'm leaving."

He wake up sometime in the middle afternoon, raindrops streaming through the windowpane, a pleasant smell of food hovering in the air, he decides not to get up, does not want to get out of bed. Woke up again late at night, one arm around his waist, he turns to see it better, it was Alvin, he is awake.

"You were crying, handsome boy."

"No, i wasn't." He doesn't want to explain himself now. "How did you get in here?"

"Your friend ... I heard you got in trouble with Casey last night. What happened?"

"Nothing happened."

"Should I worry about your bar fights, Kelly?"

"No, I can solve my problems."

"Crying in bed. What about the tough omega you used to be?"

Severide sits on the bed, irritably. "He's got a knot and turned into a little slut! Are you staying all night, Alvin?"

Alvin raises his hands in surrender, Severide gets up and goes to the bathroom.

Alvin should have noticed the change in his behavior, but he didn't do it. Severide was good at hiding things, no one would know if he didn't want them to know it.

There was only one person he could not hide it.

"Are you sure you can go in there?" Casey asked when the rescue team arrived at the scene of the fire.

"I'm from the Rescue Team, Matt, I'm here for this!"

"Yes ... But you are ..."

"Get out of my way, Casey!

Later he comes to talk to the Captain."What was that, Casey? Since when do you get in on my job?"

"I just ... I was worried about you. I know you can do your job, Severide ... I never ..."
"Then don't come with that shit ...! I don't need your fucking worry. I'm fine!"

"Yes ... but, you need to think about ..."

Severide pushes him off, Casey unbalance himself and bumping into the wall behind his back.

"That's not your problem!"

Antonio sits down slowly, an annoying pain in his back insists on bothering him today. Feeling the cold ground beneath her feet, he entered the bathroom, Voight still haven't come home, he could barely look into his eyes this morning. Washed his face and gets surprised by Diego standing next to him so suddenly.

"When are we going to leave this place?"

"Soon," he replied.

"I want to meet my father, Antonio."

"I'm your father, Diego. I'm your only father."

"You know what I mean. He's going to find us, you know that."

"You should not have talked to him, Diego, you have no idea who this man really is."

Diego shrugs, "He's my dad, that's all that matters. This Voight will get us kicked out of here anyway."

"No. Voight is not like that, he's not like Adres."

"And what guarantees it? You? I don't trust him and, unlike you, I'm not a stupid bitch!"

Diego leaves, Antonio falls in tears.

Voight should have noticed that the situation had changed when Commander Ron Perry walked into his office. No good news for sure.

"He made an agreement with the prosecution. Adres Dias has a deal."

"What do you mean by agreement?"

"The Feds agreed, he will not be arrested, Hank."

"What the fuck are you saying?"

"He knows a lot and the feds are interested in what he has to say." Pulpo has many connections inside and outside the country, he will pay for his crimes, but not here, not now.

"No, no, no! This killer has to rot in prison, an agreement is not acceptable!"

"I'm sorry, Hank, it's no longer our jurisdiction. Was I clear here Sergeant Voight?"

Voight did not answer.

"That's what I thought, get your team back, we have other cases that need attention."
"We have a witness under protection now, you know that right, Commander?"

"If you're referring to Antonio Dawson, he's got no use for us, take him back home and advise him to find a good lawyer. As far as I know, he was an accomplice to Pulpo and not a victim." The Commander left without further explanation, Hank's truly furious.

Alvin met him at the river’s edge, it was late and the cold wind whipped their faces making them red.

"You know ... There's always the second option. The water is always deeper on this side of the river." Alvin said, Voight knew what he meant.

"I can't ask you to join in."

"One more, one less. It's just work."

Voight takes a deep breath. "I was with him ... I touched him, everything in me smells like him, Al. I called him to run away with me" he smiles from the memory. "He let me tie him, I never thought that would happen."

"What are you going to do, Hank?"

"I want to know how deep this 'Pulpo' can swim." Watching the peaceful surface of the river.

Antonio's hands tremble slightly, Voight hold them and squeeze between his. Antonio's body is cold and shaking.

"Is that possible, Hank?"

"Apparently yes, I don't know what he told to the Feds, but they're interested. I don't like that Antonio, for me I'd throw that piece of shit on ..."Voight stops talking, Antonio does not need this shit now. "Hey, I'm here and this bastard will not come near you." Voight grabs his face and kisses his lips; Antonio walks away and wipes his eyes.

"I'll.. I need..."

"Antonio, listen to me that does not mean we can’t get him, I can ..." Antonio stares Voight, in the eyes. "You're suggesting ... ? I can’t believe it!"

"If that's the only way to keep you safe, I will not hesitate."

Antonio walks away from him does not want to believe what he is hearing. "No, that's not how works for me Voight, I don't want any more violence, Adres needs to be alive to pay for what he did."

"The way you say that even seems like you want him safe." Voight did not hide the venom of jealousy behind his words, Antonio feels a chill run down his spine.

"I don't want any more dead, Voight. I don't want it on my conscience."

"And I don't want your death on my conscience, Antonio."
"Gabby and Severide already know that? They're safe, Hank?"

"Safe yes. I haven't talked to your sister and Alvi is going to talk to Severide. Maybe the Feds want to talk to you again. Do you think you can do that?"

"I don't think so, and even if I talk to them, it won't make any difference now."

Voight wasn't surprised by the response anyway. "I know you're scared of him, but I promise I'll be there."

"That's not it, I'm tired and I just want to go home."

"What are you saying?"

"I wanna go home, Hank."

"You will, as soon as we catch ..."

"No Hank, I want to come back tomorrow. I'm tired, I want to go back to my life."

"What kind of stupidity is that?" He was standing now, his mood darkening very quickly.

"That's not ... Don't yell at me, please." Antonio had given up on continuing to hide, pretending that everything would be alright soon. Bullshit! Adres had full control of the situation all the time. Voight was over him now, Antonio is trapped between him and the kitchen counter, he feels Voight's warm breath on his face. Voight is furious again.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Hn? After all he's done to you, Antonio, do you come up with this 'my life' story?"

"Don't touch me!" Antonio says, Voight stares at him for a long minute before he walks away.

"So that's it? Is this how you want to do it? Since when did you give up everything and decided to go back to him?"

"Hank, I didn't ..."

"Answer me!" Voight screams, causing Antonio to jump in fright. "Tell me, did you have fun making me the dumb here? Are you going to run back to him, Antonio? I bet you're looking forward to his knot up in your hole! "

"Hank ...!" Antonio tries to approach him and touch him, Voight pulls away abruptly. "I can't do this anymore... Listen to me, please..."

"This is not your idea ... You're not a coward like this Antonio! Tell me what happened? I don't believe you just changed your mind and decided to go back to that man." Voight practically begs for a response.

Antonio did not have one, he was speechless, Voight looked up the stairs, a finger pointed to the second floor, it was obvious now that Diego had something to do with it.

"That boy ... he's going to kill you! He's going to ..."

"No, Voight!" Antonio tries to hold him, Voight climbs behind Diego. He finds him in Justin's bedroom; Antonio arrives right behind him, his lips tremble, his right hand tries to reach Voight and keep him away from Diego. Voight did not enter the room. The alpha stands at the door watching
Diego, who is still lying down, not bothering with his look of fury.

He turns to Antonio who holds the gun gave to him, his trembling hand could hardly aim properly, but he held it, if Voight did anything against his son, he would surely shoot. Voight is disappointed and Antonio feels his skin burning, he holds the gun in his hand.

"Stay away from him, Hank ..."

"Okay, go ahead! I want you out of my house in the morning!" The look Voight gave to Antonio before he left the house made his skin all shiver.

The beer warmed in front of him, Severide rolling his fingers along the bottle with no interest to drink it.

"You could have called me I really wanted to go out for a drink." Casey's voice took him out of his trance, he snorted, just whom he did not want to meet today.

Before he could protest, Casey was sitting next to him.

"What are you doing?"

"Drink with an old friend." Casey responds naturally while beck to the barista to bring him a beer.

"We're not friends, Casey."

"Co-workers then, that's better for you?"

"Unbelievable," Severide threatens to get up, Casey holds his arm.

"Hey ... Wait just a drink, stay, Please grumpy boy."

Severide looks to the hand holding his arm, Casey let him go. He sits down again.

"You went well there today, I mean, with the rescue and ..."

"I'm trained for it, That's my job, Matt."

"I know, but with the baby and everything ..."

"Don't mention that."

"You know you have to report this soon ... It's dangerous and stupid to put your life at risk like this. We can have problems."

"We? This alien is inside me, and as long as I remember, you have nothing to do with it."

The barista brings his beer and leaves them alone again.

"That's none of your business, Casey."

"I mean work, Sev. I can't imagine you walking in a burning building with a baby."

"It's not a baby yet ... It's just a heap of cells."

"He gotta a heartbeat," Casey mutters without looking at him. Severide recalls that he and Gabby
had lost a baby not too long ago. "That's what I heard."

Severide scratches his head, Casey does not know how to stop meddling.

"Olinsky, he's the father, isn’t he? I don’t really like Voight's friends, but ... If he's your partner now, I'll accept and ..."

"He is not my partner and he doesn't know. I didn't say anything yet."

Casey makes a sound with his mouth Severide looks down at the tables at the back of the bar. “Why?”

“I don’t know…”

"Are you going to keep the baby or ...?

"I still don't know."

"I did not mean it to you that day ... I never thought of you as a ...

"Slut?" Severide laughs and Casey blushes with embarrassment. "I don't care what you think of me, Casey."

"I know."

"I gotta go," Severide gets up and straightens his coat, he notices when Casey notices his belly and it irritates him deeply.

"Tell him."

"What?"

"If you're going to have an abortion, talk to him first. Let him know, Sev, he has a right to know. Don't make a permanent mistake, Sev, you may not be able to fix that later."

Pointing a gun to the only person who made him feel safe throughout his life was not a smart idea. Voight did not come home the next morning. Antonio picks up his things and the policeman in front of the house takes them back to his old house in Chicago. The adventure ended and he did not know what to expect from now. Voight certainly hates him and he is alone to deal with Adres again. This empty sensation is already familiar for Antonio, that doesn't mean it hurts less. For a short time, he was fooled by the sense of security.

He believed that everything would be all right, but now, Voight kicked him out and it was over. In the end, he is no more than an adulterous prostitute, like Diego insists on calling him.

The old house was exactly as he left it that night, a little dustier perhaps, nothing that a good cleaning did not solve. He would do it later first of all he had to talk to his sister.

Gabby was going to Puerto Rico Antonio was surprised to know about it.

"I need to go." She did not go into details, Antonio felt guilty enough to go deeper and eventually find out that he was the cause of her breakup with Casey. Gabby did nothing to convince him
otherwise, even if it was not true. "I heard Adres going to be free, no charges will be made."

"Yes ... He always gets what he wants." Antonio rubs his face nervously.

"He wants you Antonio and he will not stop until he gets you."

Antonio knows that.

"Mommy's coming with me, it's not safe for her to stay here. Daddy's in Montana, you should get out of town too."

"I have nowhere to go now. They told me to hire a lawyer, Adres can say that I was his accomplice and they will believe him. I'm so screwed now ... "He laughs at his situation, a desperate smile.

"Find a place, hide. Adres must be furious at this mess with Voight and he will not let it go." She said coldly, he could feel Gaby's anger in the air around him.

"Can you take Eva with you?" He asks, at least he would try to keep his daughter away from Adres. "Adres does not like her and I'm afraid he might hurt her."

"Sorry, I can't risk Mommy like this. If Adres comes after us, I will not be able to protect them both."

The sister has always been sweet and kind to her nephews, but Antonio understands his position and he feels he has no right to ask her anything now.

"I'll see you again, Gabby?"

Gabby wipes her eyes, she was already crying when he arrived, "I don't know."

"Please take care." He tries to hug his sister, Gabby pushes him away.

"Don't do this! Don't come here acting like you're a victim! You caused this. You brought all this shit to us."

Antonio said nothing, he is paralyzed. Gabby have never accused Antonio directly of bringing Adres into their lives, she was always neutral in this entire situation. This was over now and Antonio lost the only bond with his family.

"You have no idea what we went through, our family ended when you disappeared and now you bring it to us ... Dad was right, you should have stayed in Colombia, Antonio!"

She is crying and screaming and Antonio does not know what to do to comfort her, a panic attack threatening to break the surface and he can barely look at her as she speaks.

"Forgive me ... Gabby ..." he murmurs, Gabby wipes her eyes again more calmly now that she has
said what she means.

"Mom must be here soon and I don't want her to meet you here. You better leave now."

"Okay," he sinks his hands into his pockets and looks at his sister one last time, Gabby is heartbroken, life is not being fair to her either, she lost a baby, the adoption process was painful and frustrating and now Matt is no longer with her.

Antonio wants to say something, but he doesn't know what and the best he can do now is to let her calm down.

When she closes the door behind him, he can only curl up and throw up on the street.

"You should answer the phone!" Alvin said when Severide answered the door.

"I knew it was you." He had slept so deep that he did not hear the phone ring, but he didn't say it to the alpha.

"Are you alright?" Alvin looked at him up and down as Severide folded his arms over his chest, uncomfortable.

"And why would not I be?"

"Your bad mood is becoming more and more obvious, Kelly." Alvin sits down on his couch.

"Have you come here to complain about my mood?"

"No," Alvin move on the couch, "Pulpo made a deal with the feds and he will not be charged with anything, he's a free man now."

"What?"

This was the first time he had vomited since he learned of the pregnancy and it was more for the news Alvin gave than for the gestation itself. Alvin waited outside the bathroom as he washed his face.

"Are you better now?"

Severide wiped his face and left the bathroom. "Where's Antonio?"

"Back at his house, I believe. The county will no longer protect him now that there's no formal charge against Pulpo."

"What do you mean, Alvin? He denounced Adres as Voight wanted and now he's alone to deal with all this shit?"

"Things got very personal between him and Voight and that's why I don't believe he'll be alone, Kelly. Voight wouldn't allow that."

"This is unbelievable!" Severide went to the wardrobe and reached for a coat, dressing it quickly.

"Where are you going?"

"I need to see Antonio."
"It's not a good idea, Kelly."

"That's why I need to go. Antonio is alone because you and your boss can't keep him safe!"

Alvin takes a deep breath he knows there's no use argue with Severide.

"I take you there."

Antonio was twisting his fingers anxiously he was on alert for the slightest noise around the house, had checked the locks twice and the windows, but he still did not feel safe enough.

He hide the gun Voight gave him under the bathroom counter, does not even know why he brought it, he would never be able to use it. Maybe because it belonged to Voight and all he wants is to have the alpha around him.

He can't control the tremble on his body now, Voight hates him, Gabby hates him, Diego hates him, he's so alone that he does not realize he's having a panic attack until the world gets dark around and he's lying on the kitchen's floor.

Awakes up still alone, his eyes swollen from crying. He stands down there on the floor until the cold forces him to get up, must do something for himself, to find another job and take the children back to school, dead or not, the life around continues and he cannot continue crying on the floor.

Severide sucked in the icy air holding his breath to try to keep his stomach calm and not vomit in front of Alvin, the nausea was now fierce with him, some nervous reaction, he thinks. They're going to Antonio's house.

"If I ask you to leave, you do it without questions, do you hear me, Kelly?"

"Damn," he exits the car and knocks on the house's door. Alvin thinks better to wait in the car.

The silent embrace in the room lasted a few minutes, neither of the two Omegas moved away from the other, Severide's larger body curled Antonio and kept his head against the chest. It was the safest place Antonio knew, the closest to a safe home he'd ever had besides Voight. Severide strokes his back and steps back to look at him.

"I missed you, Antonio."

"I'm sorry for dragging you down into this mess, Sev."

"You didn't do all this, Adres is the only one to blame, Antonio."

"He's free now, free to do whatever he wants with me and ..."

"Don't repeat that, we'll find a way and ..."

"No, I'm not going to hide anymore, he overcame Severide, as he says; he's everywhere, I can't fight against him."

"He has a deal, does not he? Maybe he'll stay out of trouble and leave you alone ...Sorry." Severide puts his hand over his mouth and runs to the bathroom. Antonio follows him, worried.
"Are you alright?"

"Yes, I went out with Casey yesterday and drank a little ... It's nothing," wiping his cheeks. He is not ready nor even want to talk about his pregnancy yet. "I shouldn't have drink so much."

"Are you sure? You look pale!"

"Yeah, just a hangover, do not worry about it." He tries to divert the focus from the subject.

"I've been with Gabby, do you know she's leaving the country?"

"Yes, Casey told me."

"She blames me, Sev, and she's right, I brought Adres and ..."

"She said that? What a selfish bitch!"

Antonio scolds him with his eyes. "Don't talk about her like that!"

"Sorry ... But where was she when your father beat you up and forced you out of the house? She never does anything to help you, Antonio."

"She is not to blame for what my father did, Severide. She was just a child."

"Antonio, my love ... Don't be that damn martyr! You don't deserve this shit, that's a lie you must stop believing. Your sister has acted like a princess while you passed the hell into your father's hands. She has nothing to blame you for."

Antonio swallows, doesn't want to argue, he is happy to see Severide again, so he tries to ease the tension of the matter.

"I heard about you and Olinsky getting closer to each other ... What about your aversion to alphas?"

"It's nothing, we fucked and now he follows me around, I still think the alphas are stupid. Make no mistake."

Antonio laughs. "I hope he's treating you well."

"Yes, as the prince I am." Severide puts his arm around his shoulders and pulls him into a hug. "You know, i'm his prince now...I knew you and Voight had a few good moments as well."

"I think I screwed up with him."

"You'll be fine, Antonio. You're strong and we'll get through this."

"I missed you Severide, but stay away from me, for your own safety. I'm a problem now."

"Have you not learned that I love trouble, Antonio?"

"I need to get a lawyer... I can't stand here waiting for him to come and hit me, Sev."

"I have a friend with I can talk, he helped me some time ago. He works with Omegas Rights, it's not expensive."

"I appreciate that. I don't have much money now."

"Maybe Voight might ..."
"Voight will not help me, he does not want to hear anything about me now and is covered in reason. He thinks I quit because I still want to be with Adres."

"Where did he get that from? Are all alphas stupid or what? Are you sure you want to stay here? It does not seem safe to me."

"There are not many places where I can hide from Adres, you know how he is, he will find me and it will be worse."

"Don't say that again, I can't believe you're accepting it without fighting, Antonio."

"I did what I could, Sev. I can only hope he really leaves me alone now."

"You know you can stay with me and ..."

They were still holding each other when Alvin coughed from the door, drawing their attention.

"Antonio," he greeted.

"Agent Olinsky."

"Kelly, we need to go back." Alvin was annoyed at the closeness between the two, Severide realizes that and hates it, hates Alvin believing owns him, has never allowed this kind of behavior before and would not accept it now.

"I'll be waiting in the hallway." He makes his presence clear, Severide is his territory and he will not accept competition.

Antonio laughed, he move away from arms Severide still laughing. "Somebody's jealous ..."

"Idiot!"

"Hey, don't blame him... I am a dangerous Omega and I can enter into a deadly dispute for you."

"Hey ... Go on, I like it when I'm the reason for a good fight like that. I'm not a piece of meat, Alvin!" Severide says in a louder tone for Alvin to hear from the other side of the door.

"Geez, I missed you, man!" Antonio feels relaxed for the first time since the night with Voight on the boat. Severide has that power over him.

Severide looks around the small room, the smile crumbling on his face. "I am not afraid of this animal and you and the children will be safe with me, Antonio."

"I can't put you at risk Sev. You're the only friend I have. I can't put you in this situation."

"And how are the children reacting to this?"

"Eva is fine, she doesn't know much about what's going on. Diego ... Well ... He only calls me a 'bitch' all the time now."

"This kid ... Do you want me to talk to him?"

"No, you've helped them enough and ... I'm okay, don't worry."

"Technically ... He's my son and I can try to intervene."
"Oh ... shut up."

"I can't wait for this shit to end and...There's something I need you to kno..."

Alvin opens the door and enters again."Time to go!"

"Alvin, I swear ..." He barks at Alvin.

"Go, we'll talk later, don't worry." Antonio says quietly, trying to avoid a fight.

"You'll be fine?"

"Yes."

"My offer is up, you still have the keys, don't you?"

"Yes, don't worry, Severide, I'll be there if I have to."

Severide approaches and kisses his face, Alvin growls in response. "Stop believing you deserve this shit. You don't deserve this, Antonio."

He says goodbye to Antonio and leaves.

They head toward Alvin's car, Antonio watches them from the window.

"Does he have the keys to your house? I don't have a copy of your keys."

"Just drive, Alvin!"

Antonio has a whole day ahead of him. He needs to go to his children's school, have to give some explanations for the absence of children in the last days. He has to find a job and stay alive and safe the greatest possible time. When he arrived at his children's school, he discovered that it was too late.

"What ...?"

"They were transferred." The deputy director who came to talk to him informs, he doesn't understand.

"What do you mean? I didn't ask for any transfer."

"Well, Adres Dias asked. He is the father, he has rights."

"He does not ... He has no rights over my children."

"Mr. Dawson, I suggest that you resolve your family problems and then look for us. For now, your children are no longer our responsibility."

"No ... wait, they've been studying here for years, you cannot just say they've been transferred. I did not authorize this ..."

"I'm sure the social worker has a different opinion from yours, Mr. Dawson."

The man, an obese and bald beta, puts his glasses on his nose and looks at Diego and Eva sitting at the end of the hallway.

"These kids are out of school for weeks," he says quietly, as if he were an old friend giving advice to Antonio. "Mr. Diaz explained to us about his problems with alcohol, he told us about his struggle to remain sober and you have our full support and solidarity, Mr. Dawson ... But if you continue to neglect the education of these children, you'll have trouble keeping your guard up."

Antonio feels a knot forming in his throat in front of the threat, the man does not hear him anymore, he leaves him there in the hallway.
Diego brings his cell phone to Antonio, he does not have to ask who's calling.

"Hello Princess..."

Antonio’s mouth moves, but no sound escapes. Adres's voice sounds vicious on the other end of the line.

"I know you must be surprised right now, but, I would not leave my kids in this dirty public school, Antonio. I'm paying for a good education for them, as a good father do."

"Why are you doing this...?" His heart beats so fast he thinks he's going to faint.

"I'm just taking care of them and I know you don't have much now. I know that you're broken and jobless, Antonio. I can give all they need now. They'll be fine in the new school. Diego liked the idea, he's excited to have new friends."

"You don't have that right..."

"You know what's most interesting, Antonio? You can cry and scream all you want, I'm the alpha here, I take the decisions! "

"No ...Not about that...They are my children ...

"I may be the bad alpha and dangerous blá, blá, but ... You are the careless and alcoholic omega that caused the death of one of our children!"

"This is not true!"

"I can make agreements for my crimes, Antonio... But you, no judge in the world would give to you their custody when know the details of your life. I'm the only one they'll have if you go to jail, Antonio. The evidences that I have, would put you for the rest of your life behind bars. "Antonio hears his laughter on the other side and his body begins to sweat cold. "Diego and ... What's the girl's name? Eva ... Ugly name, I shouldn't have let you choose the names."

"Please..." he begs.

"That's what I'm talking about, Princess; I love it when you beg for mercy. My dick's hard now, do you know that? That beautiful mouth of yours! I can't wait to fuck it like we did before, Antonio." Antonio squeezes his eyes closed, his stomach wrapped.

"Where is...?"

"There is a car waiting for them in front of the school now, just put them in. At the end of the day they will be delivered safe and sound back to you."

At this point in time, Antonio could only hope Address did not hurt his children.

He still held the phone close to the ear as his children boarded the car.

"Stop your crying, doll. Your eyes are already swollen and that makes your face look ugly."

Antonio drops the phone and turn around looking for Adres.

"I am everywhere, princess..."
Stand up!

Chapter Summary

"I've even seen miracles
I've seen the tears disappear
But still haven't seen anything that amazes quite like you do"
(You're My #1
Enrique Iglesias)

"I've kissed the moon a million times
Danced with angels in the sky
I've seen snowfall in the summertime
Felt the healing of the powers above"

The faint winter morning sun lit Antonio's room, he was already awake before the sun came up. His heart beats fast making his chest hurt. He doesn't move on the bed, a heavy arm wraps around his waist, so he stifles a moan on the pillow.

He doesn't cry anymore, but that doesn't mean he's not sad, disappointed, and worst of all, he's desperate and doesn't know where to go or what to do with his life now.

Strong arms wrap around him and the next minute he's on his stomach again and Adres is lying on him and hammering against his body until the white sheet turns pink with the semen-diluted blood dripping from his thighs. This is the life he get now ...
"You're taking like a champion, Antonio!"

The alpha's fingers slide under Antonio's thighs and reach his pussy, he pulls the sensitive skin hard, while his knot fills the omega's ass, making him moan in pain.
"Fucking cunt!"

Hot water trickles down his shoulders leaving his skin red and irritated, Antonio doesn't want to leave the bathroom ever again, he wants to curl up in the corner until his body is rotting with water, wants to get clean so desperately that hurts.
He wants to stick his hand between his legs and rub his insides until there is no sign of Adres's semen inside him, turn inside out and wash the flesh until that damn smell completely disappears from his body.

Hiding the new bruises under the sleeves of his shirt, he goes to the kitchen to make coffee. Eva is already there when he comes, she keeps her eyes fixed on him, knows he's falling apart. Antonio hides from his daughter's eyes.
"Good morning, princess!"

Adres's voice makes him squeeze his eyes closed, an instinctive gesture. Soon the alpha's arms are around his waist and Adres's mouth biting the back of his neck.
"You look beautiful today, princess, and smelling great too, the way I like it."
Antonio doesn't answer, Diego is ready to leave, he looks at his son, they haven't spoken since Adres came to live with them two weeks ago. Antonio no longer knows how to handle Diego's behavior.

"I'm going to take Diego to school. Can you take the girl, Antonio? I have some boy's stuff to talk to my son and girls should not listen." Adres says as if Eva weren't sitting in front of him and it wasn't his daughter either.

"Come on boy! You can sit on front today and, Antonio I can take a while tonight, this promoter Stone wants me to go somewhere with him." He kisses Antonio's head before leaves with Diego. "Behave yourself, Princess and I will be good to you tonight."

The black cap helps to hide puffy and irritated eyes as he walks down the street with Eva to the bus stop. The daughter does not stop to look at him but, she does not ask any questions, seems to know that this makes Antonio even more nervous.

They took the bus in silence, Antonio hiding his shaking hands inside his pockets. His eyes peering out the window, nervously.

"I miss him." Eva breaks the silence.

"Who, babe?"

"Hank, I miss him, dad."

Antonio misses him too. "Please, my angel, don't say this near to your father, okay?"

"You're my father, I don't know who that man is and I don't like him."

"I know babe, just don't piss him off, do you hear me?"

"He's hurting you, Dad. Send him away!"

"I can't."

"Talk to Hank, he'll help us."

"Things aren't so simple, my love, I wish they were ..."

"Hank would never hurt you or make you cry at night, dad."

Antonio takes a deep breath. He rubs the tip of his nose to avoid a panic attack. "How's school, my love? Do you like it?"

"No. I don't know anyone there and Diego has been a jerk with his new friends."

"I'm sure you'll have lots of friends soon."

"Can I see Uncle Kelly today?"

"I don't know if this is possible. Uncle Kelly is going through some problems and he's no longer a friend of Daddy's."

"Did you fight with him?"
"Not exactly, babe."

"He still likes us, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does. I'll see what I can do, okay?"

It's because of this man, isn't it? I think uncle Kelly doesn't like him either. "

"Why do you say that?"

"Hank Voight told me that. He told me to stay away from him too."

"When did he say that, Eva?"

"When I drew the beach where he wants to live, he promised to take me there someday. I like him. He should be with us, not this man, Dad."

Antonio falls in tears and tries to hide it from his daughter, but it is too late and Eva already knows what is happening. She holds Antonio's hand tightly as he struggles to ward off panic.

"We don't talk about Hank Voight or uncle Kelly at home, okay?"

"Okay dad, that's going to be our secret. Don't you cry, dad."

He leaves Eva at school and walks aimlessly for a while. Snow covers the streets and freezes his feet when he reaches the Chicago River, the cold wind whips his body, he watches the surface of the water and loses track of time, just wants to be alone for a while.

"If you're going to jump, you better do it fast, the colder the water, the faster death, hypothermia, you know."

Antonio returns to himself with the voice of Alvin Olinsky. The alpha is standing beside him, and he didn't even see him approaching.

"I won't..." Startled, he looks around looking for Voight or one of Adres's men.

"We're alone here" Alvin realizing Antonio's concern. "I was going to have some coffee and I saw you there. Come on, I'll buy you some coffee."

"I can't."

"You're getting attention here. Soon an entire rescue team will be here to dissuade you from suicide." Alvin explains patiently. "Man, you look awful!"

"I've seen the world from the highest mountain
Tasted love from the purest fountain
I've seen lips that spark desire
Felt the butterflies a hundred times"

Antonio follows Alvin to a cafe near the river. He keeps his hands shaking around the mug of hot chocolate the waitress brought. Alvin keeps his eyes on him.

"So your 'man' is back in town."
He narrows his eyes in disgust at Alvin's words. "Sorry, bad joke."

"Is that what you think? That I'm glad he's back?" Antonio pushes the words out, he wants to get out of here.

"No. I don't think that. I don't even want to imagine what he's done to you, Antonio."

"I am fine." He won't let this alpha mock him now, he was already humiliated enough. "What do you want from me?" Antonio swallows the cry, he will not collapse here. "Don't you think I've had enough?"

"You were alone by the river, that doesn't make a good impression, Antonio, that's why I'm here."

"That's not funny, Agent Olinsky. I know you don't like me, so leave me alone."

Antonio doesn't realize he's hyperventilating and losing control. He only notices when he feels Alvin's hands around his shoulders.

"Breathe slowly. It's alright, Antonio."

Antonio tries to get away from his touch and bumps into the mug, knocking it to the floor. "I'm sorry ... I need to get out of here!"

Alvin follows him through the streets, Antonio is beside himself. He crosses the avenue without looking at the cars and aimlessly. It takes a few minutes for Alvin to reach him and hold him against the side wall of a building.

"Hey, listen to me, Antonio!"

He is breathless and in a state of panic. Alvin squeezes him in his arms.

"Breathe with me. I know you know how to do that. Just breathe ... hun? Think about your children, Antonio. You need to calm down, they need you!" Alvin feels Antonio's body sagging and he calms down slowly.

They are silent for a moment until a punch hits Alvin's cheek.

"Shit!"

"Don't use my kids to control me like that again!"

"Ok, ok, I didn't know how to bring you back, man, you have a good hand there!"

"Excuse."

"Ok, don't worry, I'll live! Is there somewhere you want to go now?"

Antonio looks around, he has nowhere else to go, he just doesn't want to go home now, Alvin knows why.

"Come with me."
He knows Alvin's apartment. It was the first hiding place Voight used. He keeps his arms crossed on his chest when he returns to this place. Voight's scent is still in the air.

"Sorry for the mess, I moved in a few days ago, and I didn't have time to pack it. Sit somewhere."

He sits down on the couch and watches Alvin get in the kitchen.

"Do you want to try that coffee now?" Alvin shouts from the kitchen.

"Yes."

Alvin comes back with two coffee mugs and sits next to him on the couch.

"What was that back there?"

"I ..." Antonio blushes, embarrassed. "I have some problems controlling things."

"Your own nerves?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry for the punch, I wasn't thinking straight."

"Did you tell anyone about it?"

"No, I mean, Hank was the only person ..."

"Hun, I understand."

"Don't tell Severide, please. I already gave him a lot of my shit."

"He cares about you. Friends are for this; deal with our shit."

"No, I know he'll be better off not knowing what happened."

"I won't tell. But Voight..."

"Same for him, please Agent Olinsky."

"Alvin, that's my name."

"Alright, Alvin." Antonio doesn't look at Alvin directly, he keeps his eyes fixed on the coffee mug.

"Where is Pulpo now?"

"He must to introduce himself to Promoter Stone on a daily basis. I don't know what he does there. I
"Tell me again how someone like you ends up with a man like that?"

"What do you mean?"

"I've been in this job for over 26 years, Antonio. I've seen everything you can imagine, and even then cases like yours still surprise me."

"Cases like mine? What does that mean, Alvin?"

"You're a good man. I can't understand how you ended up in Colombia married to a psychopath like Adres Dias."

Antonio smiles, the coffee is cooling in the mug.

"I can't explain how it happened. One day I was serving as a church altar boy and the other day I was hiding weed in my sneakers. Things happen so fast when you're 17 years old. Adres was so different from the other alphas. He made me part of something, I've never been anything before him, I'd follow Adres to hell if he ask me to, Alvin."

"So he brought the hell to you."

"You can say that."

"You were young. That's understandable."

"I knew what kind of business he was doing, Alvin, I knew exactly what was happening when I followed him to Colombia. My life here was not worth staying for, my father hated me and he kicked me out when he found out I...That I had let an alpha tie me." He laughs from the bitter memory. "I'm not that innocent."

"I never said that, but, that doesn't mean you have to keep living like this."

"He's not going to leave me in peace. He doesn't love me or anything like that, it's just insanity. He's obsessed, and only will stop when he kills me."

"If I know Hank Voight, he will not allow it, Antonio."

"I don't want him to get involved anymore. Adres is completely insane, if he knows who Hank Voight is, he's going to kill him too."

"This is not going to happen, Hank is the last person Adres will face, don't worry about him."

Antonio sighs, he has to go back home soon.

"The 'freak,' my father used to called like that, a 'freak', I didn't know why but he never said my name, never let me have any friend. I've never been in a pool, no school parties tpp. My clothes were always bigger than me, I knew I should hide something that was in my body, I just didn't know what it was. When I was 16, an alpha boy approached me, I didn't realize what he was trying to do, then, I let him take a look on me, on the next day there were pictures of me scattered all over the school, so I never went back there, Alvin."

Alvin just listened, intent. Antonio was just venting. He needed it.

"Besides the condoms, I had no idea how to get contraceptives in Colombia, and, I was too drunk to
remember how to avoid getting pregnant." He says with no proud. "Diego, my son, is acting like my father used to be. He hates me, and I don't know what else to do about it. I thought that if I gave up denouncing Adres he would forgive me, but, he still hates me and I don't know what to do anymore."

"With all due respect, Antonio, your son is an asshole and only you can't see it."

"He's still my son, and I need to take care of him."

"Who's taking care of you when Adres is home, Antonio?"

Antonio doesn't respond it.

"I gotta go home." Antonio rises and walks to the door. "Can you ask Severide to visit Eva on her way out of school? She misses him."

"You can talk to him yourself."

"He's disappointed in me. I don't know if he's going to want to hear from me now."

"You know that's not true. Kelly loves you and, I hate it, but it's the truth, he would never be disappointed with you, Antonio."

"He better stay away now, just tell him to go see her, please."

"I'll take you away."

"I am fine..."

"He loves you, Antonio."

"Alvin, I already said there's nothing between Severide and me ..."

"I'm talking about Hank, he didn't give up on anything, and, he’s like a sniffer dog searching for faults in the deal between Pulpo and the prosecutor. He won't rest until he's put Adres in jail. I've never seen him like this before. He loves you, Antonio."

Antonio stood at the door, not knowing what to do next. "I'm an omega in distress, Hank Voight is a protective alpha, it's not love, Alvin, it's just chemistry and instinct."

"You love him, too."

"I didn't say..."

"I've seen him be a protector many times before, but what I'm seeing now is a man in love. There's nothing to do with chemistry or instinct nor be a cop."

Alvin gets up and walks up to him. "Stop blaming yourself for the shit that your father and Adres' has done to you done, this may be your last chance to be happy. Don't waste it."

"You don't understand, Alvin ..."

"I know that you're so scared that it's paralyzing your mind, I know you tried to be a good boy and, everyone around you just fucked up things for you, I know you're ashamed to be who you are, Antonio. I know that you're tired of looking weak because you're not!"
Alvin grabs his wrists and pulls the sleeves upwards, the injuries Adres caused there are purple and visible. Antonio's eyes are wide open and, for the first time, he's looking directly at Alvin's face.

"You din't deserve this. I don't know what they said to you about being an omega, but, it's all lie! You're not a freak, they are."

Antonio pulls his arms back and covers his wrists quickly.

"You don't have to be afraid of him. If your son blames you for that, he's as dangerous as Adres, and maybe, he'd better see what kind of man his father is. It's time to get up. You are not the worthless omega they said to you. Courage is part of your essence, Antonio. Don't you let he takes everything from you."

"He already done that, Alvin."

"I've even seen miracles
I've felt the pain disappear
But still haven't seen anything
That amazes me quite like you do"

Antonio slowly climbs the steps to Voight's office, he has to hold onto the railing so he doesn't give up and run away. Voight was surrounded by members of his team, he didn't notice Antonio standing at the corner of the stairs.

When Voight finally notices the omega there, Antonio feels his whole body tremble and, maybe, it wasn’t a good idea to have come here.

"Everyone knows what to do. I want you guys out there, now!" He barks at his team scattering them, 1 minute after the office is empty.

Voight walks up to Antonio without taking his eyes from him. Antonio is prepared for any 'alpha reaction' now, he deserves Hank's fury.

His heart is beating too fast again, he closes his eyes and waits for the worst

"Open your eyes, baby." Voight asks in his softest voice. Antonio obeys. Voight holds his hands and squeezes. "Do you forgive me, Antonio?"

"Hank ..." Confused at Hank's request.

"You bring me up when I'm' feeling down
You touch me deep, you touch me right
You do the things I've never done
You make me wicked you make me wild'
'cause baby, you're my #1"

Voight parks the car in a place outside the city limits, he checks if there's anyone around. Antonio is shivering in the passenger seat. Voight took him out from the district and bring him to this place without saying anything all the way.

When everything seems safe enough, Voight turns to Antonio and holds his neck for a kiss. Antonio
kisses back, Voight's icy lips feels like heaven for him. He closes his eyes and lets Voight's hands traverse his chest, his waist, until they reach his ass and press them between his fingers.

Voight caresses his face, "I missed you so much, Antonio."

"Miss you too, Hank. I guessed you hated me, Hank."

"Don't go back there, don't go back to him. Don't do this to me, Antonio ..."

Antonio doesn’t want to hurt Hank even more. He back to kiss Voight until he has no more oxygen in his lungs.

Voight's bench was pushed back for Antonio to sit on his lap. Voight's kisses made a trail from the neck to Antonio's chest. Voight raises his blouse and stops kissing him. Antonio knows that he is looking at the bruises all over his chest.

He holds Voight's hand and tries to remain calm, it is possible to see a whole storm forming in the eyes of the alpha. Voight would kill Adres for that.

"Get him out of me, Hank. I just want to smell like you."

“Oh Antonio...”

The storm is gone and Voight caresses his body again. Antonio moans unintentionally as Voight slides his fingers through his wet slot, he is surprised with the wetness there, last night with Adres there was nothing and, it was dry.

"All wet just for me, baby."

Voight spends a good amount of time stretching him, there is no need since Antonio is so wet but, he likes it. He likes to feel that hot sticky liquid between the fingers. He loves the way Antonio groans and writhes in his hands. His mouth finds one of his nipples and begins to suck them. Antonio groans in total surrender, Voight has found his weakness. He slides his tongue over the nipple. A slight bite and Voight feels Antonio getting even wetter and more relaxed.

All that Hank most wanted to do was lie down Antonio on his bed and lay down between his spread legs. He would lick his cleft until there was nothing left, he would drink it all. He promised himself he would do it someday. He caresses Antonio's narrow hips and hates seeing so many bruises covering the white skin, he grabs the hips as the omega unzips his pants and releases his hard cock. Antonio is touching his penis now, he never does it, Adres always makes him uncomfortable, is not the case here, Voight loves that.

Voight's hard dick is in his trembling hands and the alpha thinks he'll go crazy from that.

"Antonio ..."

"Give it to me, Hank, I need it now."

"Yeah baby, all yours..."

Voight hugs his waist and groans when Antonio guides the penetration, he doesn't move, waiting for Antonio to fit and move his hips so then he starts to move with Antonio in his lap.

"I shouldn't have let you go ... I shouldn't let he touch you, Antonio,"

"I'm here, Hank ..."
"Stay with me. Don't go back there."

"Hun, Hank." Voight's cock filled his insides making him feel full and satisfied. There was a faint burn in the canal, but it was not Voight's fault, it was Adres's fault. The bastard had no idea how to give pleasure to his omega.

His hips move faster and Antonio feels the orgasm tighten his skin, he falls over Hank's body and groans obscenely.

Voight feels Antonio's body pressing his knot and, even if he had no intention, the knot formed and attached them together. Exhausted and satisfied, he hugs Antonio, pulls on his jacket to cover him and massages his back to make him more comfortable.

"Forgive me, I couldn't control ..." Voight's hands kept stroking and touching Antonio's body.

"Um, it's so good, Hank." Antonio was lying against the alpha's body, very tired and content to do anything else. "I like that…"

"I love you, babe." Antonio was asleep when Hank declared himself and, no matter, Hank was pleased to finally tell him that. He would stay here forever with Antonio lying on his chest, so relaxed and docile. It was not long before he realized Antonio was asleep with exhaustion. Maybe he didn't sleep for so many days and now, Voight just wants to keep him here, safe sleeping in his arms.

A few minutes passed until Antonio awoke again, his black and, always tidy hair, all cover in sex sweat, Voight kisses it and smells his scent. He continues massaging Antonio's hips, doesn't want him to feel any pain later, just pleasure.

"Did I leave you talking to yourself, Hank?"

"No. How are you, Love? Feeling any pain?"

"I'm fine, Hank. Actually, I ain't felt this good since ... A long time." He raises his head to look into Voight's eyes. "You cannot love me, Hank; it would be the end of your life." He had heard Voight's little revelation before sleep.

"There is no life without you with me, Antonio. Tell me what I need to do so I never have to say goodbye to you again."

"I don't know, Hank."

Voight kisses his lips again, "You're so handsome, Antonio!"

"Do you think that...?"

"Yeah, I could die here." Antonio's thighs were a wet mess, he's still in Voight's lap and doesn't seems to want to leave. He is smiling and Voight loves to see him like this. The scent of semen permeates the air. Voight is a strong alpha and, his thick sperm trickles down the thighs of the omega increasing the mess between their bodies. They don't care.

"Don't say that! I'm not good at hiding corpses, Hank."

Hank burst out laughing as he had not been for a long time. "I love you, Antonio."

Antonio is in silent again, he is still shrunken under Voight's jacket.

"What is it, my love? Did I say something wrong?"
"No, Hank, you didn't, I just thought you didn't wanna see me again. I was a coward and pointed a
gun at your face ..."

"Forget it, Antonio; I shouldn't have threatened your son."

Voight feels his knot dwindle and escape from Antonio's body, he kiss him to compensate the lost
feeling.

"Do you still have the gun I gave you?"

"Yes, I hid it."

"Keep it close to you, if he ever touches you again, Antonio, I want you to shoot him. I'll be there
faster than anyone else ... Do you hear me?"

"I don't want to kill him, Hank ... I want him pay for everything he done."

"Listen to me, my love, isn't kill it is self-defense. I can't allow him to keep touching you."

Voight grabs his right hand and kisses his fingers.

"Tell me, did you sleep well the last few days, Antonio?"

Antonio knows he looks tired.

"You need to sleep and put your thoughts in order. Don't let Pulpo come into your mind."

Antonio frowned, he had already heard that today. Voight grabs his chin.

"What?"

"Nothing, it’s just getting cold here."

Voight combs his hair with his fingers, Antonio is getting cold again. "I need to warm you up,
baby." Antonio allows Voight to help him get dressed.

"That's better?" Voight closes the zipper of his sweater and hugs him again. He does not want to let
Antonio out of his lap. He wants to keep him there, warm. "These bruises ..."

"I'm fine, Voight ..." Antonio lies to him, he doesn't want Voight to know about the others Adres's
sexual perversions.

"If he touches you again ... I'll kill him with my own hands."

Antonio comes down from his lap and sits down again in the passenger seat.

"I don't want another alpha like him, Hank, I don't want violence ..."

"Antonio, I promise you, I've changed. I'm not like him, trust me."

Voight holds Antonio's face in his hands; Antonio is still blushed from post-sex heat. "I miss coming
home and finding you, I miss talking to you and ... I would do anything to wake up every day
looking at your beautiful face, Antonio."

"Hank ..." Embarrassed.

"I promise I'll do everything to make it happen one day, Antonio."
"Promise you won’t do anything stupid because of me, Hank."

"I won't. For now I need you try to sleep, you look so tired, my love."

"I've sailed in a perfect dream
I've seen the sun make love to the sea
I've kissed the moon a million times
Danced with angels in the sky"

Alvin Olinsky parked the patrol car by the side of the sidewalk; he is not a traffic cop but, this guy, he would stop with a smile on his lips.

"Something wrong, officer?" Adres had a fucking stupid grin on his face.

"A complaint. Can I check on your vehicle?"

"What kind of complaint?"

"Get out of the car!"

The other cop accompanying Alvin inspects the car and returns with a small bag with a powder inside. Alvin handcuff Adres against the car.

"You're under arrest for possession of drugs."

"What? This shit is not mine!"

"That's what everyone says."

"You put it there!"

"Get in the car, we're going for a ride."

"Do you know who I am, Officer ...?"

"Olinsky, at your service, get in the car!"

Sitting in his dark office, Voight waits for Alvin to return.

"Two days is the most we can hold him before the prosecutor comes." Alvin says when he finally comes back.

“Lock that idiot in the worst cell in town."

"Done."

For two days Antonio would be safe, long enough for Voight to decide what to do to eliminate Adres.
"You bring me up when I'm feeling down
You touch me deep, you touch me right
You do the things I've never done
You make me wicked you make me wild
'cause baby, you're my #1"
One Million reasons

Chapter Summary

“You're giving me a million reasons to let you go
I've got a hundred million reasons to walk away
But baby, I just need one good one to stay”
(Lady Gaga- A million reason)

"You're giving me a million reasons to let you go
You're giving me a million reasons to quit the show
You're givin' me a million reasons"

This is his first appointment with an obstetrician. He cannot even believe he scheduled this appointment.

Alvin commented something about him come to see Eva at school, he really wants to go but, he's stuck with this little alien and all the shit involved today.

Fortunately, that would be the only appointment before the abortion procedure. He is sure that he won't go through any hell pregnancy.

The nurse call his name, he follows her to the doctor's office.

"Kelly Severide, please sit down."

The doctor, an old beta, tells him about the procedure he will do next week and asks if he has any questions. He doesn't have any doubt.

A collection of blood for tests, urine to rule out infections, and a pelvic exam to give him nightmares. Severide always kept them from touching his birth canal. There were some humiliating exams he was forced to do by the time he entered the firehouse and after that, only Alvin touched there.

He closes his eyes and lets his mind take him away from there. The doctor is fast and the whole ordeal is over soon. Everything is good, it's almost finishing.

"Don't you wear your clothes yet, I want to do a final exam."

He lies waiting for more of this humiliation. The doctor passes an icy gel over his belly and begins the ultrasound. The next minute Severide can visualize a tiny cervical spine on the screen.
“What is that…?”

"That' Mr. Severide is your baby, can you see that? It's the legs and he's stretching them."

"He's so small." He says in a choked voice.

"He's only 3 centimeters, but he's growing up and ... Do you want me to continue?"

"Yes."

"Those are his hands, and he's moving them."

"Should not I feel it?"

"It's too early."

"It's a boy?"

"I can't say with just an ultrasound yet. We can do another exam if you want to know, or just wait."

"No, it's alright."

The doctor continues the examination Severide is no longer hearing anything he says. His eyes are fixed on the screen and the small image of his son. It's not a heap of cells, not an Alien too. It's his son waving and stretching his tiny legs.

"Do you want to listen?"

"Yes." He responds without knowing what the doctor is referring to. Suddenly a quick flush resounds through the room, is fast and uneven. "What is it?"

"It's his heart. It's normal to be quick in this period and ..."

A heartbeat! His baby has a heartbeat! He can’t kill him!

"You can change your mind about abortion, Mr. Severide. This is more common than you think. Don’t blame yourself for having doubts, that's part of the process."

"I just... I need more time, i think..." He gasp.

Kelly Severide, 36 years old, omega, firefighter, hero and father. He's going to be a father!
"If I had a highway, I would run for the hills
If you could find a dry way, I'd forever be still
But you're giving me a million reasons"

He spends the rest of the day listening that sound in his mind. Eva is happy to see him at the end of class.

"I thought you didn't like me anymore, Uncle Severide."

"Never think like that, my angel. I love you."

"I wish Dad were here. He's always sick now, he'd be happy to see you."

"I know Eva, things are complicated for him now, but, believe me, your father knows how to get out of this kind of situation. He's a very strong man."

"He misses you."

"I miss him too, baby. We'll see each other soon, and ... Everything will be fine."

"Can we have ice cream?"

"How about you tell me about the new school in the meantime?"

"Okay."

Antonio was at the door when Severide left Eva at home. He did not get out of the car, just watched the girl enter the house under Antonio's frightened eyes.

He wanted to stop and talk to Antonio, but Adres could be around and that would not end well so he leaves.

He sleeps early tonight. His body is heavy and he just wants to shrink in bed. Alvin is not there when he awake. Nothing too much, they are not a traditional couple. No obligation or fixed time between them, except that he wants to talk about the heartbeat and the small legs of his son.

Damn it! He still has to tell Alvin he's pregnant.

"I bow down to pray
I try to make the worst seem better
Lord, show me the way"
In the beginning, it was a simple occurrence, nothing they had not done a million times before; A woman called the fire department after a small fire started in her kitchen.

But this time, Severide hesitated, he managed to evacuate the second floor of the burning house and need to get out of there before the roof collapsed, but he hesitated and it almost cost his life.

"Severide!" Casey screamed before pulling him out and using his own body to protect him from falling. Severide had not even seen Casey come in and drag him through the window.

"Are you alright?" Severide overhears someone ask, but he is dizzy and too confused to respond. Casey is checking his equipment for blood or burns. Severide takes 1 minute to locate himself and respond. He looks at Casey is surprised by what he sees in his eyes, fear and concern.

"Are you okay, Kelly?" The captain asks again.

"Yes. Yes."

"Ambulance!" Casey shouts. In a few seconds, Shay stands beside him, checking on Severide.

"You too, Casey. Let me take a look at you." Sylvie asks.

"I am fine!" He can only look at Severide, who is still lethargic looking at the second-story window from where they fell.

"You okay, Casey?" He says when realizes the height of the fall that Matt saved.

Matt tries to get up, but his chest hurts and he needs to go to the hospital.

"Go, I'll see you as soon as we're done here."

"Do not go back inside, Kelly." He begs as Shay prepares to take him to the ambulance.

"Head stuck in a cycle, I look off and I stare"
It's like that I've stopped breathing, but completely aware

'Cause you're giving me a million reasons"

Severide came to the hospital as soon as he could, Casey had already been taken care of and was just resting in the infirmary. He was asleep when Severide arrived and did not wake up when the fireman sat down beside his bed.

There is a small cut on Matt's forehead, and Severide has never seen him so pale before, he stood there, watching him sleep.

"I'm still alive, Sev, so stop looking at me like that!"

"I'm sorry, did I wake you?"

"No. Are you okay?" Sitting on the bed.

"Yes. And you? What the doctor said, some broken bone?"

"Someone fell on me." Laughing.

"Dude, that was stupid!"

"I didn't think much, I just thought about the baby and ... Don't let you get hurt."

"Thank you."

Casey rubs his hands nervously. Severide tends to be hard on him and seeing him so docile leaves him confused.

"He is fine? I mean, the baby is fine?" He asks, afraid.

"Yes. Someone cushioned his fall." Severide smiles, his right hand unconsciously over the belly.

Casey smiles relieved. "Hey, if I have to use my body as a buffer for this kid again, you'd better not gain too much weight, Severide."

"It will not happen again. You were right and I shouldn't be there."

"What are you saying? You saved a lot of people there."

"And that almost killed you. I talked to Boden, I'm going to take a leave of absence, and then ... I'll see that later."

"You'll be in town? I mean, you're not going to disappear again, are you?" There is concern in Casey's eyes again.

"No, I'm not going anywhere, I'm just going to stay in the fridge for a while."

"That Fire House isn't the same thing without you there, Kel."

"I almost killed you there today, how can you say that?"

"I've had worse days. That's in my top 5 of perfect days."
"I hesitated, Matt." Severide confesses, he is no longer laughing. "I saw the fire and hesitated."

"We all hesitate at times, Severide. You're not the first."

"It's different ... I've never felt so scared before ... I did not know what to do, I forgot all the training ... If you were not there I and the baby ..." He swallows. "We would be dead now."

"You would have found a way out of there, and you would have done the same for me if you could."

Severide felt a tear trickle down his cheeks, "I've been an idiot with you for so long. You could have died there because of me."

"No, man, I have many lives to spare yet. Please, don't cry."

"I'm sorry, these hormones are driving me crazy."

Casey was released shortly after some exams. Some firemen came to visit him and cheered as Casey stepped out into the waiting room. Casey notices Severide moving away while the others surround him. He knows this sense of failure. Severide was heavy with the guilt of almost causing his death.

"I'm fine, Kel." Casey assured him.

"Let's go guys, I'll take you guys home!" Herrmann offers. Severide felt bad all the way. Stress must have triggered your body. Seeing Casey's shuddering in pain on the backseat doesn't help him feel better.

He feels his mouth swell with saliva and tries to remain calm and repress slowly. Casey realizes.

"Herrmann, stop the car now!"

"What...?"

He opens Severide's door before he can say anything and help him out of the vehicle. Herrmann follows him confuse. He has no idea what's going on.

"Take a deep breath, Severide. It's all right, you want to vomit?"

Severide just shakes his head, he's leaning against the car, eyes closed. He feels Casey's warm hands rubbing his back and this is oddly good. He tilts his body and vomits on the street, it makes his throat ache and he coughs.

"On here." He raises his head and picks up the handkerchief Casey is offering and wipes his mouth. Herrmann is looking at him without understanding what is going on here.

"What I'm doing with my life?" He leans back in the car and breathes the icy air of the night. Casey is by your side.

"That's a symptom, that's all. Do you want to go back to the hospital?"

"No, I'm fine." He looks around at the empty street that night, just the three of them standing there.

"I'm sorry ... That's disgusting!"
"No problem, come on, you need to rest."

Herrmann did not ask questions until he left Severide at home. Casey followed him to the entrance of his building.

"Are you sure you're feeling all right, Kel?"

"Yes, go away, Casey, I'll be fine."

Good old Severide is back and Casey smiles relieved.

"And if you say something that you might even mean
It's hard to even fathom which parts I should believe
'Cause you're giving me a million reasons"

There was a message from Alvin in his voice mail. He doesn't come over tonight, he's in the district dealing with some bureaucracy. Severide struggles against the urge to call back and ask him to come. He needs to talk to someone. He needs to vent and does not want to sleep alone today. He thinks about calling Antonio, but changes his mind when he thinks Adres can get angry and hurt Antonio because of him.

He does not want to spend the night alone, his thoughts and guilt are scaring him to death. He hates it. Hates hormones. Hates to have entered that house on fire. Hates to have put himself at risk. Hates to have hurt Casey. He hates Alvin for not being here now, and worst of all, he hates himself for putting his son in danger.

Casey's house is the typical suburb house. Severide never expected less of him. The American flag flutters at the entrance and a lovely garden to match. Some newspapers thrown in the door, Casey should not pick them up for days.

"Severide?" Casey is surprised by the early morning visit. Severide looks over his shoulder and sees the blanket on the couch, the TV turned on some stupid movie, and the medicine on the coffee table.
It doesn't help him to feel better.

"Sorry, I could not stop thinking if you were okay and ... Can I come in?"

"Of course, come in."

Severide has never been here before. They've never been one to make a friendly visit, though he remembers thousands of Casey's attempts to be around.

"Are you okay, Severide?"

"Yes ... I just ..."

He cannot control the crying. Casey is standing in front of him touching his shoulders.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

Severide is wavering feelings, guilt, loneliness, fear and guilt again. Casey is looking at him with concern.

"What you did there was stupid and you could be in the hospital now or in the morgue! Don't do it again, Casey, I could not live knowing that you risked your life just because I'm too stupid to know I should not be there. " He is very angry with Casey for not understanding the danger of the situation. He is angry and afraid to lose him. It irritates him and he needs to scream and make Casey understand that.

"We are a team, Severide. This is what we do when there is danger. We jumped without knowing if it will work or not. It was my decision and I would do it again if you or your child is in danger." That look in his eyes again, Severide feels warm and safe looking in his eyes.

"I woke up yesterday, determined to have an abortion and get rid of it. In the hospital, they told me that he had already formed his hands and he could stretch his legs, I didn't know his heart could be so fast, Casey."

Casey listens carefully. He reaches out and touches his belly. Severide stands still, it's the first time someone touches his belly knowing there's a baby there.

"I'm not a coward and I was not trying to kill him. I don't know what happened to me in there, Casey, I could not move myself."

"You don't have to explain yourself, Kel, we're all right here, your baby, you and i are safe."

Severide reaches out and touches Casey's face, there is a small cut on the other firefighter's forehead he slides his thumb over it. Matt closes his eyes feeling his skin shiver with Severide's touch.

Matt's bed is large and comfortable. Severide only realizes they are on top of him when he feels the blanket touch his skin. Casey is lying on him, kissing, licking and rubbing his lips over his skin. Severide sighs when Casey takes off her sweater and leaves some bruises on display. He turns his head not to look. Matt holds his chin and forces Severide to look into his eyes.

"I'm fine. Are you sure you want to do this?"

Severide doesn’t trust his voice to respond now. He pulls Matt into a hug and kisses his lips.

If someone told him that one day this would happen, Severide would surely be laughing, but here he is lying in the fireman's bed that he swears he cannot bear, but that is giving him the best oral sex
Severide has ever had.

Matt's hot mouth is around his cock. He can feel how wet he is now. His mind is moving away from the body and he just wants to feel and not think about anything. Matt raises his kisses and spends a lot of time kissing his belly. Severide has not gained any weight, on the contrary, lost a few pounds with morning sickness. Matt puts kisses on his navel, lightly biting the pubic hair along his belly.

Severide grabs his hair and groans as Casey slides his fingers through his wet pussy. Casey is looking at him while doing this, worried about any sign of pain or discomfort coming from the omega. Severide is on high, Casey knows where and how to touch, so he pushes him aside and invites Casey to lie down on him. Casey backs away, he doesn't want to put his weight over Severide. He waits for Severide to decide how to do it.

A submissive alpha! Severide notices this and lies over Casey's body. He tries not to put all his weight on Casey, he must be sore from their fall, his legs around the waist of the alpha and he, just him, guiding the penetration. Matt just holds his hips to prevent him from getting hurt and lets Severide do the rest. Severide sits on his cock slowly. Casey is big and thick, Severide can hardly wait for his knot.

There is no pain. No discomfort, Casey had worked well on stretching it and leaving it wet and horny enough. Severide swings his hips making the cock fit perfectly into his canal. Each movement is more pleasurable than the previous one. Casey's dick is making him touch the sky. He wants to scream now, all he ever hated was to see omegas behaving like tearful prostitutes and here he is, having an out-of-body experience because of an alpha penis.

Casey touches his chest slowly rubbing the nipples. He sits with Severide on his lap and starts kissing his nipples and sucking it slowly.

He looks at Casey, then something happens and clicks into Severide's mind, they are perfectly compatible! Casey's pupils are dilated and he looks only at Severide, as if he's the most precious thing in the world. There is nothing around, just him. Severide feels loved. Truly loved, and he knows that he had seen that look on Matt's face many times before, he just ignored it. Casey loves him.

He is not holding or guiding his hips, none of it. He's letting Severide do what he wants, in his time and speed. Severide has always been a top and he likes it. He likes to know he's in control. He decides what to do here. Casey caresses her belly again and warns that her knot is forming. Severide decides to stay and get it. He moves a few more times caressing Casey's chest and appreciates the knot stretching his bowels as he reaches the climax.

Casey's knot is big, thick and warm. Severide lies down on him, Casey's body is sweaty. He rests his head on his shoulders and closes his eyes taking advantage of the ride. He feels the alpha's hand caress his head gently.

"Are you okay, Kel?"

Severide moves his hips in response. He's impaled up to the stalk in alpha's dick and, that's the hottest thing he's ever done. No guilt. No shame.

Casey kisses her head several times, as if she wants Severide not to disappear in her dreams. Severide wants to tell him to stop and let him sleep, but, it's so good that he just likes it. Casey's arms are around him, one hand rests on his belly and stands there. Severide doesn't complain.

"You don't know how much I've waited for this, Severide."
Then he falls asleep, Casey's scent is forcing him to rest, he accepts and sleeps lying on the alpha's chest.

"Give me a million reasons

Givin' me a million reasons

About a million reasons"

He woke up with Casey lying on his arm. The firefighter didn't realize he was being watched and lay there, his fingers caressing Severide's navel. Casey's thumb slides into the belly button and back to the edge. It takes a minute for Severide to realize that Casey is trying to create some weird kind of connection with the baby, he laughs making his belly shake and Casey realizing he's awake.

"He's going to jump out."

"No, he will not."

"Actually, he's already jumping. It's not like before."

"How do you know that?"

"I just know ... Your hips are changing and ... your breasts are ..."

"Chest, I have chest, not breasts, Casey!"

"Well, you can call whatever you want. Your baby will not call by the names."

They are silent again. Severide needs to get up and go home.

"I need to go..."

"Please, just a little more."

"What...?"

"I just want that you stay a little longer here."

"Matt ..."

"No, I have not woken up yet ... I'm still dreaming and ..." He kisses Severide again. Severide pushes him away.

"Don't kiss a pregnant person in the morning."

"It's 11:00 in the morning. Can I kiss you again?"

"You never give up, do you?"

"I waited so long for you to let me touch you."
"Don't say that. You were married to Gabby."

Casey is speechless and her eyes dim. Severide regrets saying that.

"I'm sorry ... It must be difficult for you."

"I don't want to talk about it yet, Kel. Just be sure that I'm very happy right now. Nothing else matters."

Severide feels his mouth salivate with the onset of a new wave of nausea. Casey gets up and helps him sit down.

"I'll get you something for you to drink."

"No, Matt ..."

Casey disappears from the room. Severide goes to the bathroom to take a shower. His conscience awakens as he washes his body and a new wave of guilt invades his chest. He thinks of Alvin, although they do not have an established relationship, they still sleep together and Severide is pregnant with him.

Casey returns to the room shortly after Severide leaves the bathroom. The omega is wrapped in a towel watching a violin over a dresser in the room.

"Do you play violin?"

Casey had a mug in his hands, he handed it to Severide, it was tea.

"Sometimes. I don't play much lately."

"I never knew that." He takes a sip of the tea, ginger.

"There's a lot we don't know about each other, Kel."

The smile on Casey's face is the most sincere and loving thing Severide has seen in years. He had never realized that glint in his eyes before. All those years working alongside Matt and he had never looked into his eyes.

He leans for another light kiss on her lips. "I cannot give you what you want, Matt."

"You don't know what I want, Kel."

"I'm pregnant and that's more than I can handle now. Don't look at me like that."

"I've known you for over six years, Kelly Severide. I know the names of every person you've been involved with, and I've been waiting for the day you were here with me ... Do you really think I care if you are pregnant from someone else? "

Severide takes another sip of the tea. "I'm not looking for a father for my son. He already has one."

"I can be whatever you want, Kel. I don't care. I just need to be with you, to know that you are safe and well."

"Matt I ... I need to leave." Moving away from him.

"She knew."
"What?" Turning to him.

"Gabby knew that I ... She always knew. I promised that I would try to stay away from you and get over it, but ... I couldn't, so she left."

Severide thought Gabby was gone because of Antonio. There are tears in Matt's eyes now. He sits on the edge of the bed and Severide doesn't remember seeing the firefighter so sad before..

"I'm sorry, Matt."

"Did you tell him about the baby?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I wanted to make sure I wanted to keep or ..."

"And you have it now?"

"It's not so bad, I think I can do that."

"You'll be a great dad, Kel. I know that."

Severide approaches him again and Casey hugs him around the waist. His face against the omega's belly, he kisses and perfumes Severide's skin.

"He's a lucky guy, Kel."

The next few days, the newspapers printed Olinsky's face. The policeman is being charged in a murder case. Severide is sicker than ever.

"When I bow down to pray
I try to make the worst seem better
Lord, show me the way

To cut through all his worn out leather

I've got a hundred million reasons to walk away

But baby, I just need one good one, good one

Tell me that you'll be the good one, good one

Baby, I just need one good one to stay"
Chapter Summary

“So thank you for taking a chance on me
I know it isn't easy
But I hope to be worth it”

(Next to me- Imagine Dragons)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Oh, I always let you down
You're shattered on the ground
But still I find you there
And oh, stupid things I do
I'm far from good, it's true
But still I find you
Next to me”

No one threatens a member of Hank Voight's team and walks off to tell the story. He had to free Pulpo while dealing with Alvin's whole shit, and that was more than his violent nature could handle.

He would have put a bullet in the animal's head and thrown his body into the river if it were not to attract much attention to his team now.

Instead he watched as Pulpo exited the jail by the front door. He called two of his best men and gave strict orders.

"I want you two in front of Antonio's house. I want this animal to know we're watching over him, I don't want him to sleep without knowing I'm around. I want him to know that I'm everywhere now."

In the meantime, he needs to talk to someone.

Diego is with a group of friends in front of an abandoned building known by the local police as a point of sale of drugs.

Voight advances with his truck in the group of boys, they try to run, but a support vehicle chases them. He grabs Diego by the throat and throws him against the truck. This is not a friendly approach, it doesn't work with the evil seed that Diego has become.

"You better let me go, Voight!" The boy tries to appear menacing. Voight tightens his arms behind his back.

"Or what, Diego? Are you going to tell your father to get me? Go ahead give me a good reason to get rid of your father. That's all I need now!"

The cuffs barely fit in his wrists, Voight made sure to squeeze them and show the boy who's in charge here. He drives to the edge of town and drags him out of the car.
"Are you going to kill me here?"

"I should do it, kid and save the narcotics work! Thanks to Antonio that you're still alive!"

Voight barks back at him, his fury is all concentrated on the boy now.

"What are you going to do then?"

"We're going to have a man-to-man conversation, Diego, and I'll be very clear with you, I'll do whatever it takes to keep Antonio safe and that includes getting rid of you."

Voight forces him to sit on the floor. "Listen to me, and listen to me well, because I will not tolerate your shit anymore! You're going to go back there and keep your father's shit away from Antonio. You're going to behave like a man now! Do you want to some self-respect, your little piece of shit? You will start by showing some respect for the man who cared for you to this day!"

Voight leaves no space for the boy to speak. He's furious and decided to end up with all that shit. He goes back to the car and picks up something in the glove compartment. Diego is on his knees on the ground, Voight throws an envelope over him, some photos spreading across the floor. These are photos of Antonio taken by Erin at the hospital. The face of the omega is covered with blood and wounds.

"Do you hear me?"

Diego avoids looking at them. Voight grabs his head and forces him to look at the photos.

"You see that? That's what your father gets for trying to protect your ugly face, kid!"

A specific photo shows Antonio's neck covered by hanging bruises.

"That's what Adres does to people. That's how he treats Antonio. Antonio! The only reason you're still breathing now, you son of a bitch!"

Diego doesn't respond, which causes Voight to take the gun and point it at the face.

"You know my fame in the streets, it's only a matter of time before I bury your father, so you better walk in the line, boy. Do you fucking hear me?"

The barrel of Voight's gun is pressing Diego's cheek and fear appears in his eyes for the first time.

"Yes..."

“Yes?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“There's something about the way that you always see the pretty view

Overlook the blooded mess, always lookin' effortless

And still you, still you want me

I got no innocence, faith ain't no privilege
I am a deck of cards, vice or a game of hearts

And still you, still you want me"

Antonio needs to find a new job as soon as possible. He has bills to pay and children to keep, and, most important of all, he does not want any connection to Adres's dirty money.

Finding a job in a city like Chicago was not so easy for an omega. He has been in many places and talked to many people, but he has not had good news. He tried to get back to his old job, but the old boss did not take him back, claiming that Antonio was not professional when he disappeared without warning.

He knows the neighbors are talking about him as he walks over to the newsstand to buy the classifieds. This is not news, he knows what they say about him in the neighborhood, he was never welcomed here, they just tolerate him. As long as it comes down to ladies gossip, he wouldn't mind in deal with that.

Be that as it may, he is willing to find a job and regain some of his dignity.

He arrived home after lunch, everything was in a deep silent and remained like that for two whole days. No sign of Adres, and he is very pleased about it, perhaps the prosecutor has realized the mistake he made in making agreement with someone like Adres Dias and arrested him for his crimes.

He takes a long shower. Hot water leaves his skin reddish but relieves his muscle aches. He closes his eyes and imagines Voight's hands running over his skin, massaging his shoulders, touching him in places that make him horny. He slides his fingers over his dick, stiffens, massaged until he feels his slit heat up then put two fingers in there, imagining the big and thick Voight's cock filling him.

He has not masturbated for so long. He was never good at it, but he could not help it, just think of Voight and his body requires been relieved. It's something in Voight's perfume, in the way the alpha pronounces his name. In the way that Voight holds his waist while they make love. In the heat of the hugs when the thick knot fills his wet slit up. He likes it and miss more than he would ever dares say.

Satisfied and laughing at himself for his little sin, he washes his fingers and notes blood between them, doesn't hurt anywhere inside so it can't be serious.

He dries quickly and goes to the room looking for clean clothes. He doesn't have much time to think about it when he hears the front door being opened and closed.

"Diego?"

Diego had a strange look in the eyes, he looks scared.

"My father is back?"

"No. He did not come back. You should be at school! What happened?" He hates when his son calls Adres as his 'father.'

"Do you think something happened to him?"

"No, your father knows how to take care of himself, Diego, why are not you in school?"

"I ... I'm sorry, can I stay at home today?"
"Are you feeling anything?" Antonio runs up to him and checks his temperature. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing ... Are you okay dad?"

"What?" Antonio is confused by Diego’s behavior.

"We did not talk much lately and ... I've been wondering if you can make those cookies that you used to make when i was a kid."

"That will not get you out of the punishment you deserve, but yes, I can do that."

When Diego was a little boy he used to spend a lot of time in the kitchen with Antonio. The boy was hyperactive and Antonio had trouble controlling him.

Taking care of two children with the salary of a kitchen helper was one of Antonio's super powers. He knew how to do some miracles with the little money he had. Creative, he invented colorful and juicy dishes with the little of things he could buy in the market.

He did not eat more than once to keep his children fed. He used to cry in the corner of the kitchen at night after putting his kids in bed too. Diego was always demanding his attention and sad, Eva always crying and attached to him. He never had time to take care of himself. He never slept enough, never eat enough. His whole life revolves around his children.

Antonio is an alcoholic and has never been helped to overcome this. His only source of strength was his small children. Diego used to cling to his legs while he tried to leave him at school in the morning. Eva use to cry until he disappeared down the nursery corridor, making him feel like the worst father in the world.

Severide helped him as best he could, but Antonio never asked him for help. He felt ashamed to ask his friend for anything. Years after his return to Chicago, he reunited his courage and went to look for his sister, Gabby received him well and, for a while, Antonio thought there was no hurt between them. Everything seemed to be fine.

Despite all his efforts, the children grew up and Diego became an exact copy of all those who treated him as trash so, moments like this, with Diego sitting in the kitchen talking to him, were so rare. The boy seemed to hate him with all his might lately.
"I don't like there."

Antonio dries his hands and goes to him. "The new school?"

"Yes, Eva doesn't like it either. I don't know why we're still there."

"I thought that was your idea, Diego."

"Rich school? No way! I hate that place!"

"I know, Diego but, I can't do anything about it now."

"I'll talk to him. I like the old school."

"What happened to you today? You said you were tired of this poor place and wanted to get out of here."

"I don't want it anymore. Do you think he's coming back here?"

Antonio checks the biscuits in the oven. "Adres is unpredictable."

"I don't want him here."

"What?"

"He hurt you. I don't want him here anymore ..."

"Diego, what are you talking about?"

Antonio touches in the form of hot biscuits and burns his fingers. "Ouch ...!"

Diego runs to help him, Antonio is increasingly shocked by his son's behavior. "It was nothing, do not be a whining bitch ..."

Diego shuts up, Antonio is looking straight at him.

"I'm sorry ... I spoke without thinking and ... You're not a bitch, Antonio."

Diego walks away from him in shame.
The scent of cookies is all over the house. Antonio brings a full tray of them to Diego's room. "Ready to attack?" He hums as he enters. Diego hides something under the pillow, Antonio see it.

"What do you have there?"

"It's nothing, can I eat it now?"

"What are you hiding there, Diego?"

Diego tries to disengage but Antonio had already noticed.

"What's under the pillow, Diego?"

Diego lifts the pillow and shows him the photo that Voight shot at him. In the photo Antonio is covered by bruises and blood. He is in shock.

"Where did you get that?"

"That does not matter. That's why you made us to stay with Aunt Gabby for over two months, did not you?"

Antonio doesn't respond, he is shocked and ashamed.

"That's not fair, Dad. He cannot do that."

"Diego this doesn't b ..."

"An alpha should never treat an omega like this."

Antonio collapsed in tears, he never wanted his children to see him like this. He knows that Diego hates to see him cry so he leaves the room and locks himself in the bathroom.

Severide brought Eva home, Antonio stood at the door just watching his old friend leaves. Diego is standing behind him.

"He's upset or something ... isn't he?"

"No. He's just doing what I asked him to do."

"And what did you ask him, dad?"

"To stay away, it's not safe now."

"Is it safe for you, Dad?"

Antonio sighs, "We'll be fine."

Antonio puts his arm around Diego's shoulders and pulls him into a hug.

"You're going to school tomorrow, do you hear me?"

"Alright."

"Yeah."

"Oh, I always let you down

You're shattered on the ground"
But still I find you there
Next to me
And oh, stupid things I do
I'm far from good, it's true
But still I find you
Next to me”

Eva slept wrapped around Antonio's legs. Diego is napping on the couch next door. The TV is on but none of them are actually watching.

Antonio wakes with his back aching from the position. He rattles Eva to wake her up.

"Hey baby, wake up!"

The girl mutters but wakes up.

"To bed, baby." He repeats. "Diego."

Diego gets up and climbs the stairs toward the bedroom, Eva just behind.

"Brush your teeth guys, I'll check it."

Antonio checks the doors and windows, he looks at the dirty kitchen by the dinner and decides to clean up tomorrow. He's tired and just wants to go to bed.

He was ready to sleep when the door was opened and Adres came in.

"I'm back, princess."

Before Antonio could do anything, Adres lay down on him. He feels the foul smell of cigars and tequila all over Adres. He pushes Adres and walks out from under him.

"What are you doing?"
Antonio kicks Adres and tries to get up from the bed, Adres pushes him, Antonio falls and bangs his face against the head of the bed. He gets dizzy.

"I just want a little affection, princess." He gets up and walks over Antonio again.

Adres's hands grab his neck and tighten, Antonio's breath is gone. Adres pushes him against the wall, Antonio moves his arms trying to free himself. Adres throws him to the ground, Antonio falls on his belly over the floor. Adres kicks the side of his abdomen and lies down over him. Antonio feels his pants being pulled down and his ass been exposed. Adres forces anal sex. Antonio bites his lips in pain, he struggles to get rid of it and manages to crawl to the bed. Adres is beside himself and punches his face hard in the same place where Antonio hurted as he falls out of bed.

Adres turns him again and tries to penetrate his ass, Antonio resists and takes another punch.

"Do you really think the sergeant will want you after I tell him what I did with you, bitch?"

Antonio does not stop fighting Adres. He has reasons to fight and will no longer allow Adres to take the best of him again.

Adres penetrates with force, Antonio tries to muffle the groans. He doesn't want children to wake up and see it.

"Did you really think I was going to stay in jail, Princess?"

Antonio grabs the sheet and tries to get up again, his whole face is aching, and there's blood running down his lips.

"You're a stupid bitch, Antonio!"

Antonio manages to reach the lamp and hit Adres in the face. While Adres recovers, he manages to run to the bathroom and get the gun hid there. Adres came up to him and Antonio did not think twice before pointing the gun against him.

"A gun? Where'd you get a gun, you slut? Are you going to shoot me?"

Antonio keeps the gun pointed against him.

"You don't have the guts, you slut!"

"Shoot, Dad!"

The cry came from the corridor, was from Diego. The boy is standing looking with murderous eyes to the scene. "Do it, Antonio, shoot him."

"What are you doing out of your bed, boy?"

Adres is beside himself as he walks over to Diego. Antonio advances against him.

"Shoot him, Daddy!" Diego screams again.

"What's the matter with you, brat? I'm your father!"

"Stay away from him!" Antonio screams, Adres hesitates, he is too drunk to focus in any of them. He has his pants zip open and Antonio feels his face burn because Diego has to see this. His hands shake and he fears he cannot pull the trigger.
"Go away!" Diego pushes him, Adres resists at first, but Antonio has a gun and he doesn't keep fighting. "Don't come back here!"

When Adres left Antonio grabbed Diego and thanked the heavens for being well.

“So thank you for taking a chance on me

I know it isn't easy

But I hope to be worth it”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you! I'm happy for the comments. The main reason for my bad English is that I have limited vision and I can't see anything with my right eye. I use so many audios to help me, but some words are difficult for me. Thank you so much, you make my life so beautiful! <3
Demons

Chapter Summary

"I want to hide the truth
I want to shelter you
But with the beast inside
There’s nowhere we can hide"

(Demons-Imagine Dragons)

Everyone has secrets. Everyone lies and, Hank Voight is no different from the others.
He was born into a family of police officers, people with high standards and deep morals feelings.
He, well he is a flexible and practical man.
He has been working for the police for 23 years and has more experience with traumatized victims
than he ever wish. He has seen all manner of violence being done. He saw more fathers and mothers
crying over their children dead body than he could ever deal if he was an honest man. Countless
mothers have been in his office asking him to find the bodies of their missing children. Desperate
parents offering money so he would not arrest their fringe children.

“Break some rules, they’re just kids.” They used to say.
One single shoot end any subject. No papers, no judgment, just the old and good justice. He learned
to hide his feelings, not to get emotionally involved with anyone, because, that requires more
empathy than he can really feel for any kind of people.
“People come and go, there is always a new drama around the corner and no one needs to take any
of this shit to home at the end of the day.” He always says to his team
This is how he works; under his own rules. He only needs a good reason and a body would be dump
down the river. There was no remorse, he never killed any innocent. No one misses the human
garbage he deposits at the bottom of the river.
“Kids grow up and kill other kids.”
Then he lies. Lies to protect the few people he loves. He never gives up protecting someone under his command. No matter what they have done, what laws they have broken. His team is still the thin line that protects this city from the chaos.
"Tell me the whole truth so I can lie for you." That's his sacred rule. "Never lie to me."
Watching a practical man like Hank Voight sitting desolate in his office causes chills in his team, Voight's nature is too violent for all that creepy silence.

The indictment against Olinsky refers to the murder of Kevin Bingham, the man who killed Hank Voight's son. A witness claims to have seen the detective dragging Bingham's body. Alvin's DNA was also found in the man's remains.

A difficult case to be solved, Olinsky did not kill Kevin Bingham; he only got rid of the body. Hank Voight had killed him.

"What did your lawyer say?"

"I don't have good news, do you have any?"

"I'll tell the prosecution. I'll surrender, Al."

"Don't say bullshit, that's what they want from you, I can take care of myself."
"You did not kill Bingham, I did."
"You're out of your mind. Go home, take a shower and rest. It's exactly what I'm going to do. Tomorrow we talk."
"I cannot let you to pay for something you didn't do it."
"I've done a lot of things, Hank. Sooner or later we must pay for it."
"You're not going to jail, Al."
"It does not make a difference now. I don't have a career anymore and retiring is the only way out for this old man."
"What are you doing, Alvin?"
"I'm going home, man. Do the same."

Voight checks his phone for the fifth time in the last 10 minutes and sighs. No news of Antonio all day.
When his phone finally rang, it was Diego. Voight left the office as fast as he could.
Crossing the city at high speed just after Diego called, proved the omega's power over him. Voight is blind in fury and holds his weapon when he arrives at Antonio's house.
Diego answers the door and lets him in.
"He's in the bathroom. I did not let him bath, but I had to yell at him then ... Please help him."
Voight climbs the steps two by two until he reaches the hallway to find the bathroom door closed.
The alpha knocks on the door. "Antonio, it's me Voight. Open the door, please."
No answer, he knocked again.
"Antonio?"

Voight does not know exactly what happened, but Antonio deserves his best efforts now.
"Baby..."
Voight sits on the floor leaning against the door. He is exhausted and desperate to get Antonio out of here, but he cannot force the door and drag him out, is all Antonio does not need now.
"Are you listening to me, Antonio? I need you to open the door and let me help you, baby. That's why I'm here."
Voight begs, he needs to know how Antonio is.
"I know he hurt you and I'll kill him for it, but I need to take care of you now."

Voight reaches the cell phone from his pants pocket and sends a message to Erin. He needs to get the kids out of this house. The gun is still in his hand and his hard appearance is beginning to crumble. Desperate, he cannot help when the tears fell. Hank Voight is furious, worried and, worst of all; he is frustrated that he cannot protect Antonio as he should.
"Please don't make me break this door." He begs again.
Diego is standing in the stairs watching the alpha fall apart. Voight gets up and walks over to him.
"Where is he?"
Diego does not answer so Voight loses what was left from his patience.
"Where is he?" He screams. Diego looks around confused.
"I don't know!"
"You know and you're going to tell me where he is!"

"Diego..."
Eva's voice brings Voight back to reality. The girl is cornered, scared looking at him.
Voight returns to the bathroom door and tries to open it. "Please, open that door!"
Erin arrived shortly after receiving the message from Voight. Eva and Diego were taken to her car.
Voight remains trying to talk to Antonio. Erin had never seen him like this before, he was crying and begging. To see the alpha so defeated leaves her speechless.
Justin is dead, Alvin can go to jail and Antonio, the only reason for his sanity lately, is locked in a bathroom after been raped again. His life has collapsed, and he can't protect anyone around him. He's a useless alpha. He failed in the thing he always knew how to do well: protect those he loves.
"Are you okay, Hank?"
"Get them out of here. Find me in the hospital later." He orders and Erin leaves.
The silence in the house is scary, Voight sits down on the floor again and wipes the tears from his eyes.
"I screamed at your son now, can you go out and fight me, Antonio? I know how much you hate when someone talk like this to your boy."
Antonio does not respond.
"I can knock that door down, but I'd rather you open it and come talk to me."
The silence is killing Voight; he doesn't know how wounded Antonio is.
"I failed, Antonio, I failed and this ... It's my fault."

He gets up and goes to Antonio's room. Everything is a mess. Hank collects some clothes in his closet and puts them in a backpack he found in the corner of the room. He was still in the room when he heard the bathroom door open.

Voight goes there and finds Antonio sitting on the toilet. He is covered in bruises and blood, his body is shaking. A towel covers his legs and his white skin is getting purple by the cold. The gun is over the sink. Voight approach slowly, doesn't want to scare him more. He kneels in front of Antonio; the omega looks away in shame.

"I need a ... bath ..." he murmurs.
"You can't. We have to go to the hospital to do some exams, Antonio."

"I am fine... Don't let them see me like this. "He tries to hide his face.

"Just the two of us here, Antonio, we need to go to the hospital."

"No. I'm tired, Hank, I'm not going anywhere."

"Baby..."

Antonio leaned on Voight and stood up. He is naked and the toilet is dirty with blood. Voight swallows hard, he wants to kill Adres, sting his body and spread his pieces through the city.

"How this can be your fault...?"

He is hyperventilating and Voight needs to calm him quickly.

"It's all right, he's not here anymore."

"I need to wash ..."

"Alright, I'll help you ..."

"Hank...?" Looking directly at him for the first time.

"Yes, baby."

"He ruined me for you ..."

"What are you talking about, Antonio?"

"He ruined me ... He told me ..." Antonio is confused and talking senseless things. "My children, where are my children, Hank?"

"They're fine and safe, don't worry. Come on, let's clean you up."

Voight goes under the shower with him. Antonio's skin is cold and shaky. Voight scrubs gently by wiping the dry blood.

"He ruined me ..."

"Stop saying that."

"He'll come back and kill me."

"I'll kill him first."

Voight holds his shoulders tightly and forces Antonio to look up at him.

"I'm sick of it, you're staying with me now, Antonio and I'm not going to let you stay here anymore. I'm your alpha, are you listening me?"

"You can't say that, Hank ... I'm broken and ruined. I'm not a good omega ..."

"You're the best omega I know! Stop believing in this stupid lies."

"I'm ruined ..."
Antonio was crying and muttering words. Voight holds him in his arms.

"Why do you think that, Antonio? Why do you think you're not good enough for me?"

"No one can help me, Hank. He's my alpha and he's going to come back here and finish this ..."

"He's not your alpha, I am."

"No. You're good and ... I'm not your omega. I'm nobody's omega..."

Voight cleaned the bathroom and put Antonio's gun in a safe place. Antonio is lying on his bed wrapped in a blanket.

"I'll take you to the hospital whether you like it or not."

He sits beside him on the bed. Antonio is dizzy and tired.

"They will not help me ... I've been there so many times. I'm tired, Hank."

"Antonio, you've lost a lot of blood. We really need to go."

"I fought ... I hit him in the face."

"I'm proud of you, baby."

"He did not get what he wanted from me ... Not this time."

"That was very brave, Antonio." Voight caresses his wounded face.

"I had reasons and ... If he knew it I would be dead now ..."

Antonio can't keep his eyes open; he's too dizzy and too tired to keep talking.

"Antonio?"

Alvin meets Voight at Chicago Med.

"How's he doing?"

"Concussion." Voight says without looking at his friend. His eyes were fixed on the corridor where the doctors taken Antonio a few minutes ago.

"Are you going to report this?"

"Rules not apply here anymore."

"Hank, I can ..."

"Stay out of it, you already has too much shit to deal with."

"I can help you. Consider it as one last favor."

"No. That's personal now. I'm going to kill him with my own hands."

"You gotta talk to me, Hank."
Voight didn't answer.

Promoter Peter Stone tries to bar Voight from entering his office. The sergeant is not here to talk, he wants Adres and no one is going to stop him from finding him.

He has been in many places since last night. He made many threats. He made clear his intentions to kill Adres. He was known for always making the hardest decisions, but this was his alpha struggling and howling beneath his skin.

Antonio woke up in a hospital room. His whole body hurts and the muscles contract. He takes a few seconds to realize that's not alone in the room.

"Diego?"

The boy is sitting in a chair by the bed. "Are you okay, dad?"

"Yes ... where is your sister, dear?"

"She's at school, the cop took her, I did not want to go."

"We've already talked about this, Diego." He sits on the bed.

"I didn't want to leave you here alone, Dad."

"I'm fine, Diego, you need to go to school."

"He's going to come back, isn't? He's going to hurt you again and ... I caused it. I brought him back."

"Do not say that, son. Come here, give me a hug."

Diego goes to him and hugs him. Antonio sinks the nose into his son's black hair. He loves the scent of Diego's hair.

"You still smell like my baby."

"I'm not a baby, Dad. Stop it!"

"You're a baby to me."

Diego moves away from his arms. "We're alone to deal with him, aren't we?"

"No, son, he will not hurt you, you don't have to be afraid."

"I'm not scared, Dad, it's just ... How long will you take it? He's killing you, Dad."

Antonio struggles not to cry in front of his son. "We'll be fine, Diego."

"Everyone's gone, Severide, Aunt Gabby, we have no one, the police can't get him."

"Diego, come here."

Diego goes to him, Antonio pulls him into another hug. He squeezes the child's body against his chest.

"I love you, son."

He took a shower, grateful to be able to do it himself. Most of the time he has been in a hospital, he
needed help to do it. Upon leaving the bathroom, he finds Voight sitting in the same chair where Diego was sitting earlier.

Voight just stared at him, there was a shadow of death around his eyes.

"The doctor told me that you refused to take the rape test, why, Antonio?"

Antonio feels his face flush. "It's not necessary, Hank, he could not ..." 

"No? All that blood between your legs means nothing, Antonio?"

"Hank, I don't want to..."

Without a word, Voight gets up and goes to him. Alpha's hands around the hips of the omega. Antonio does not react. Voight has red eyes and white lips. He's not just him now. Antonio shudders.

"Hank ...

"I'll protect you my way, Antonio. No one else will touch you."

"What are you doing, Hank?"

Voight pushes him into the bathroom again and holds Antonio's body against the small sink. He doesn't give Antonio time to react. In seconds his teeth reach his neck and an electric discharge passes through Antonio's body.

"I'm going to tell you once, Antonio, I'm not going to let this happen anymore, and you're going to leave here and follow me to my house. From now on I'm your alpha and you'll be my omega!"

Antonio tries to move and pull Voight away, but the alpha holds tightly around his neck.

"I'm going to use everything I can to get rid of this animal, and if you don't listen to me, I swear I'll end up with you too."

"Let go of me, Hank!"

"No!" Voight screams. "That's the way you like it, is not it?"

"You can't do this ..." Antonio can hardly believe what's happening. This is not the Hank Voight he knows. "Please..."

"I'll take your kids out of that place and you'll never see them again! I'm sick of picking up your pieces while you protect this animal, Antonio!"

This was the only violence Adres never practiced against Antonio. He never bit him. He never created that bond with him. He never claimed him in the traditional way. Not that they were obliged to it, it was an old and almost senseless custom these days. Few omegas allowed to be claimed this way. This creates a hormonal bond between the alpha and his omega and makes them dependent on each other for the rest of their lives. Adres never bit him because he never wanted to be dependent on Antonio.

Antonio's blood is in his mouth and, from now on, the omega is under his influence and will do whatever Voight asks for. On the other hand, Voight would be connected to the omega for the rest of his life. He will love and protect him even against the omega's will.
Antonio did not have the strength to get up and run. Three alphas subjugated him today, he was beaten, raped, his son gave him orders and now, he was claimed against his will. This is more than he can deal. For the next two days, his body will burn in fever until Hank's hormones are absorbed and they become just one organism.

Alvin followed Voight to the outside of the hospital. The alpha simply left the building without saying anything. Alvin feared he'd done something stupid.

"What did you do, Hank?"

"I claimed him ..."

"You did what?"

"If that's the only way to get him away from Pulpo ..."

"Tell me, Hank, did he want to be claimed?"

“Don’t want to let you down

*But I am hell bound*

*Though this is all for you*

*Don’t want to hide the truth*

*No matter what we breed*

*We still are made of greed*

*This is my kingdom come*

*This is my kingdom come*”
Chapter Summary

"Break me down and build me up
I wanna be the slip, slip
Word upon your lip, lip
Letter that you rip, rip
Break me down and build me up"

(Whatever it takes-Imagine Dragons)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"I'm just a product of the system, a catastrophe
And yet a masterpiece, and yet I'm half diseased
And when I am deceased
At least I go down to the grave and die happily
Leave the body of my soul to be a part of me
I do what it takes"

He is burning in fever. His body is all covered in icy sweat. He wants to get up and stay under the shower, but cannot take a step out of bed.
He doesn't know what time it is and why he is still in the hospital. Someone is sitting next to him, but he cannot keep his eyes open to define who is there.

He's very thirsty. A painful contraction runs through his belly, he moans. The pain is acute and takes a long time to pass, at the end of it there’s wetness between his thighs. Maybe he's still bleeding, he can't see what it is.

"Antonio, how you feeling?"
"I don't feel good...I don't..."

He tries to reach out to touch who is calling his name. In vain, he cannot touch anything. He is falling and can't hold himself in anything around.

He needs to get up, but his body does not react.

"Antonio, I'm sorry for that."

Another electric discharge passes through his body. Hank Voight bound him against his will. He remember now.

"Hank." He moans softly and tries to pull him away. This can’t be happening. Not with him! Not Hank! He’s hallucinating.

He's exhaust and falls asleep again.

There aren't many couples bound up these days. There is no longer the old romantic myth of 'living and dying' for someone. Who wants to be bonded to only one person for whole life when there are so many other options?

A bond is much deeper than a marriage; it’s a hormonal and physical commitment. Antonio's body will want to be close to Voight, his mind will drive him crazy when they are away from each other and, eventually, he will disappear if Voight leaves him. A break now means death for both of them.

Antonio's body will be an extension of Voight's body. He will be the most docile and receptive side of him and, Voight, will be the force running through his veins. Two sides of a single organism. It looks romantic and all that shit but, there's no romanticism about being a slave to your own hormones and be forced to relying on someone else to live the rest of your life.

Adres would never do that to him. Not that Adres loved him and cared about his feelings, someone like Adres Dias would never have made a connection with Antonio Dawson. He would never make Antonio part of his body that way. Antonio never expected this from him, maybe in the beginning when he was young and stupid, but this time had already passed and he knew that Adres would put a bullet over his neck instead of an bond's bite.

Omegas are born solitary and die for another person, be for their children or their bonded alpha. This bond takes all the other options they might have.

After all, Antonio never had many options in his life. It would only be a matter of time until his only choice was taken from him.

Hank Voight would never let an alpha get the better of an omega. He was created to respect and protect the most defenseless gender, so he never considered getting bonded to anyone, not even Camille. In the end, that was the main reason why he survived her death.

Now, here he is, burning in fever next to the omega which he bound by force.

His skin burns and he wants to roar and attack anyone who approaches this room. Your whole body hurts and contracts in involuntary spasms. He couldn't stay away from the omega nor a minute in the last two days.

That's your alpha at his maximum state. There is no rational way to reach him now, not even the nurses dare to approach this room.

"I'm dying of thirst." He listens to Antonio mutter, quickly he gives him water. Antonio drinks the water offered, Voight touches his hair covered with sweat.

This is his life now, he knows he will do whatever Antonio asks him to do, and if he doesn't, the bond will torture him until he obeys. The bond is a two-way street where he commands and reigns
sovereign being a faithful servant.
Antonio's eyes are red with fever and his skin is pale and whitish. Hank wants to hold it and make
that pain go away, but he is the main reason of this pain.
Voight is not in better shape than him, maybe a bit more in control. Antonio suffered a concussion
soon after Adres had beaten him and his body was weak and suffering more with the fever.
Antonio's thighs are wet and sticky, his sweet scent is making Voight crazy, he wants to lie between
them and lick until he loses his head.
They are isolated in this room. No one comes in here unless Voight allows it, and he will not allow it
until the whole process is complete.

His mind, numbed by fever and by horny, tries to convince him that this was for the better of
Antonio. That will save him. He will not take advantage of this situation. Underneath this furious
alpha still remains the man in love and desperate to protect Antonio. He gotta save Antonio.
Antonio, the little omega who never knew his true ability and strength, the most courageous man
Voight ever knew; a fighter beneath the fragile and abandoned appearance.
His chubby cheeks are red from the fever, Voight caresses lightly and his own fingers are warm and
trembling. Antonio moans in response. Antonio's body is producing more lubricant to seduce the
alpha; it's how it shows he's ready for it. But, Voight does not touch him, he's not a damn rapist like
Adres. He stands by his side enjoying his hands, his scent. He hates himself more than ever.
"Why, Hank?" He's breathing shallowly.

"I'll do whatever it takes to protect you, Antonio." There's nothing else he can say now.
And then, Hank Voight succumbs to exhaustion after two days awake, his head hangs on Antonio's
bed and the world goes dark for him.

The next thing he sees is Antonio standing beside the bed. The omega grabs the bed to keep the
body erect. He looks unsteady, Voight reaches out a hand to help Antonio steady himself at his feet.
Antonio pulls his hand back.
"Don't touch me!"
Voight stands still while Antonio walks to the bathroom, on his neck the mark of Voight's teeth is
horribly red and there's blood on his hospital gown. He looks so frail. The bathroom door is closed
in a slam, he doesn't want to see or talk to Voight now. That hurts.

Alvin is in the hallway, biting a toothpick, when Voight finally leaves the hospital room.
"You caused a lot of confusion here with that attitude. You're lucky they did not use a dart gun on
you."
"Did you just make the joke?" Struggling to remain calm with an angry response.
"You need to improve your mood, man!"
"We have a lot of work now, let's get out of here!"
"Wait, are you going to leave him alone now?"
"He doesn't want to talk to me, besides; he'll be safer if we do our job."
"Hank…"
"What the hell…?"
"Internal Affairs was in the office yesterday." Alvin looked worried.
"We'll figure this out and they will not get you, Al."
"They did not come because of me. They came for you. It seems that forcing a bond with an omega
is against the rules."

"I did not ... I did not have any choices." He defends himself.
"I did not say anything, man, I didn't see anything."
"Then what are we waiting for?" he replied with a cold smile.
"Sounds good to me."
"Thank you, Al." Voight knows that Alvin had covered his back for the last two days.
"Do not thank me, you’re going to jail before I do."

"No one is going to jail here but, we're having a funeral soon." He raises the collar of his blouse, the fever is giving way and he feels better.

"Whatever it takes
'Cause I love the adrenaline in my veins
I do whatever it takes
'Cause I love how it feels
When I break the chains"

Chapter End Notes

Brief chapters from now on (easier to edit).

I thought about closing in 25 chapters, but my head already created 10 more chapters and, I need to see Antonio happy :)

Down on the ground

Chapter Summary

"Never let me down, never let me down"

(Depeche Mode)

"I'm taking a ride with my best friend
I hope he never lets me down again
He knows where he's taking me
Taking me where I want to be
I'm taking a ride with my best friend"

It was not love. It was never been love, but that doesn't mean there's no respect and concern between them.

Guilt and shame are eroding Severide's stomach, causing him a indigestion. He's never been good at relationships and now it's not different. Act by impulse is nothing new, only this time, he has exceeded some limits sleeping with Casey.

He is there for Alvin when the charges against the detective were made. He offers his arms when Alvin returns to him devastated. He never leaves anyone. He never leaves a friend in need alone. A friend. That's what Alvin means to him. Sex was good and everything, but there is no love or bond between them.

It's nothing like what he feels about Casey. The captain has not left his mind for a minute in the last few days.

Matthew Casey, with tired eyes, was seen sitting at the back of the city's forum, while a series of accusations were made against Olinsky. Severide doesn't talk to him, just shakes his head in acknowledgment of his presence. Severide will never tell him that, but Matt's presence makes him feel safe. It is his nature manifesting, he is a pregnant omega in search of safety. He will never repeat
it out loud.

It's not the kind of security Alvin gives him. It's something bigger, inexplicable. He's never felt like this before.
To his surprise, and relief, Alvin seems to understand and requires no closeness other than tight hugs when they're alone. Like good old friends.
"You met someone else, Kelly." He, simply, said without demanding a response. They were in Severide's apartment after one of Alvin's hearings.

"Alvin ..."
"You don't have to explain anything to me, we never talk about what kind of relationship we share, I cannot blame you."
"I didn't plan any of this." No reason for lies here.
"This is the grace of life, young man. Does he love you too?"
"I didn't say it was ..."
"I can see in your eyes that you're in love, and it's not to me ..."
"Stop it, Alvin."

"I had these same eyes once. I was young and the world was a very interesting place."
"Stop talking like that, you're not that old, Al!"
"I'm old enough to know that this must be the reason you're hiding your pregnancy from me."
Severide is pale. He did not think Alvin knew that.
"How do you know...?"
"I wouldn't have been a good alpha if I didn't know that my omega got pregnant and, you're not as good as you think in keeping secrets, Kelly."
"I didn't know what to do, Al. I was not sure if I wanted to have a child."
"And now you have?"
"I cannot hurt him. That goes against everything I believe in."
Alvin sighs. "I cannot guarantee that I'll be there for you both, Kelly. Things are very complicated for me now."
"You'll find a way and ... I know Voight will help you."
"This is beyond what Voight can do now. I can only hope that everything is fine and that I can see our baby grow."
"Don't say that."

Alvin holds his chin between the fingers. "Look at me. I couldn't be happier and proud to have a child with you, Kelly. This is a lot more than I ever dreamed of, but I don't own you, and you don't owe me anything. I knew that, sooner or later, you would find your real alpha and follow your life. I am not disappointed with anything here. I'm old, Kelly, I had a lot of chances to get things right, and i didn’t. You're free. Don't waste your time here."
"I know this game, Alvin. You act like you don't care and I ..."
"It's not a game, Kelly, it's not anymore. I can spend the rest of my life in jail and I don't want you around."
"I'm not going anywhere, Alvin."
"This is not your choice, Kelly."
"Are you dumping me off?"

"No, I'm just asking you to be happy, Kelly, stop acting like a stupid alpha! You're better than that, Kelly Severide."
"I don't need you to tell me what to do now ..."
"And when the baby comes, Kelly, what are you going to tell him about me? That I was arrested for murder or for being a corrupt cop?"
"I won't..."
"And how are you going to do that? You're a hero to this town. I won't let you put your feet in the state penitentiary because of me, Kelly."
"I told you I'm not going anywhere, Alvin!"
I've done a lot of things wrong, Kelly, and life has a funny way of getting things back to you. I cannot let my mistakes fall on you or someone I love. I need to know that you'll be gone when everything happens."
"What are you talking about, Alvin?" Severide looks into his eyes. Alvin holds his gaze. "You are not...?"
"I'm not innocent, they'll find out the whole truth soon and it will not be beautiful to see."

Casey patted the glass door separating Severide's office from the other offices. He was working with the fire investigation group. It was the safest place for him to work now.

"Hi, I was just passing by around and I thought I'd stop by and check on you ..."
Severide laughed at the cliché excuse that Casey was using to see him.  
"Come in!"
Casey looks around his office. "Air conditioning, hn? You're going up in life, Kel."
"Straight to the top. Take a sit, Casey."
Casey sits down in front of him. "How are you doing here? I heard it's better than in the truck."
"Never say that again, no place is better than the truck, my truck, the guys better take good care of it."
"Yes, they're taking care of it. No one wants to face Kelly Severide's bad mood when you get back."
Severide sighs, it will take a good time, to come back at active work.
"Hey, don't worry, the truck will be there when you get back." Casey smiles.
"I know, I've just been thinking about it."
"About what?"
"It will be difficult to return, no matter how much I want ..."
"Do not think about it now. You still have a lot of time."

Severide smiles again.
"I was wondering if you ... Well, we used to go out and drink ... Maybe, we ..."
"Like old friends or like in a date, Matt?"
Casey blushes embarrassed. "I did not think of ... I'm sorry, I ..."
"Okay, Casey, I'm just laughing at you."
"Don't do that!"
They laugh at each other.
"I'd like to, but, things are complicated now, and I don't want to sound insensitive, Casey."
"I understand, I ... I'm sorry for that."
"Stop apologizing! I would love to do it another time, just...."
"When you say 'another time' does that mean what I'm thinking that means?"
"If you want to know if I enjoyed fucking you and, if I want to do it again, yes, I liked it and I would love to do it again, but.."

Casey is red and can barely disguise his excitement.
"Yes?"
Severide rubs his eyes. "Sorry, Casey, it's not a good time."
"It never was. Between us, there never was a good time."
"And now it's no different. I'm pregnant with another alpha's son and yet ..."
"I don't care."
"I do! I don't want to be in the middle of it. My son doesn't have to be in the middle of it!"

He gets up and goes to the mirrored window. This situation is his own fault.
"Forgive me for..."

Severide did not finish the sentence, Casey is at his side holding his face and kissing his lips.
"Not you..." Severide steps away from him.
"I love you, and I'm tired of waiting for everything to be okay so I can have you. I can't fix the world, Kel, I cannot expect everything to be all right."
Severide walks away from him, he is speechless with Casey's confession.
"Not a good time, I told you ...I still don't know how my situation with Alvin will be solve and I need...Not a good time now."

"Will never be! You know he's guilty! You knew it right from the start!" Casey raises his voice, Severide frowns in response.
"What do you mean by that?"
"Kelly ..."He rubs his face and tries to regain his composure.
"You came here to accuse me, Matt? Is that what you're here for?"
"No, Kelly, no!"
"You better stay away now and ...."
"Kelly?"
Severide feels the body soften and falls sitting back in his chair. Casey is everywhere around him, worried.
"Kelly!"

He awake in a hospital bed. Antonio is sitting next to his bed. The other omega is wrapped in a larger black coat and has a red bruise on his face.
They had not seen each other for weeks since Adres came back, and Severide did not expect to find the old friend by his side when he woke up.
"What happened to your face?" He knows the answer but asks anyway.
"That's nothing. I had worse while Diego was learning to walk."
"Your excuses are so bad, Antonio!"
"They still works. How do you feel?"
"What happened?"
"Low pressure. It's not serious, but you scared Casey for real. He called me, he was desperate, and he didn't know what to do."
"Where is he?"

"Out there so scared that everyone thinks he is the father of your son. I thought it best to let you sleep. Do you wanna tell me about it?" He tries to smile but fails and his face keeps the concern expression.
"You've been busy with..."
"Okay, I'll let you rest ..." Antonio gets up to leave the room.
"No! I'm sorry, I ... Please stay."
"I didn't know if I should call Alvin, so I did not call."
"We're not together so it would not make a difference."
"I didn't know about that, How are you feeling?"
"Thirsty."
"I go..."
"No. Don't leave me alone now."
"Severide..."
"I don't want to be alone, Antonio."

Antonio felt himself being pulled into a clumsy, desperate embrace.
"I do not know what I'm doing anymore, Antonio. Alvin told me...he told me to stay away and ... I don't care! I knew he was not honest, Antonio. Why did I let this happen?"
"I don't know but, don't think about it now. You have to stay calm, Sev."
"I was an idiot, didn't I?" He wipes the tears from his eyes.
"I can't judge you. Don't cry."
"Damn, I don't know how I let this happen...
"Hey, stop it! It's okay, you'll be a great dad! I'll be with you, Sev."
"You wanted me away from you. What happened?"
"Severide, I couldn't let Adres know about you. If anything happened to you, it would be my fault. I had no idea you were pregnant."
"I couldn't tell you, you were in so much trouble I did not want to be another...
"You're my best friend, you will never be a problem!" Rubbing his back. "We are safe now."
"What happened?"
"It's nothing, Voight took care of everything and...
"Voight?"
Severide turns and pulls the collar of Antonio's blouse, there is a bandage covering the bite.
"Who... Who did this?"
Antonio tries to hide his neck.
"Voight."
"I did not think ...Did you agree to that?"

"That's not the point."

"Did he force you, Antonio?"
"No, not exactly, I don't want to talk about it, Sev."
"You smell like him."
"I know ... I feel ... He, all the time now ... I'm a bit of him now.
"We can find a way to get this out and remove..."
"I'm fine, Sev. I'm safe now..."
"Did he do it on your face?"
"No! Voight never ... Well, not that. Adres came to pay a visit and ... We fought."

Antonio came into the waiting room where Casey awaits anxiously.

"Is he awake? How is he?"
"It's all right, Casey, it happens all the time, stay calm!"
"Can I see him?"
"I'm sorry, he doesn't want to see anyone now. Give him some time and...."
Casey rubs his head nervously.
"Is the baby okay? Is he in any danger?"
"No, it's all right. It was a pressure drop, don't worry. He's being cared for, you better go home and calm down."
"I'm not leaving here!"
"Casey, I know Severide well. He's angry right now and, no matter what you do, he's not going to let you get close. Wait for him to calm down so you guys can talk."
Casey was about to reply but Voight came up, and, he didn't want to be around this man.
"Please, Casey..." Antonio begs. Nobody needs a scene right here, right now.
Voight didn't have that arrogant look he had before, on the contrary, he looked very worried.

Antonio watches the ex-brother-in-law leave the waiting room. Voight is standing behind him. Silence is embarrassing between them.
"Are you following me?" Antonio asks without looking at him.
"No. Diego told me you came to the hospital, I was worried. Is Severide okay?"
Antonio rubs the bite mark, it's scratching like hell today.
"Don't follow me around."
"Antonio..." He tries to get close and touch Antonio, he runs away.
"Leave me alone, Hank."
"Without losing a piece of me
How do I get to heaven?
Without changing a part of me
How do I get to heaven?
All my time is wasted
Feeling like my heart's mistaken, oh
So if I'm losing a piece of me
Maybe I don't want heaven"

(Heaven- Troy Sivan)

"This voice inside
Has been eating me"

The Internal Affairs team is turning Voight's life into a living hell; he's forced to answer hundreds of questions that are making him furious.
"There's something you want to ask me, go ahead and ask!" He barks back to them.

He is being coerced into join counseling for aggressive alphas, a beautiful word for sexual harassers. His job is also in danger now, he’s with little time to help get Alvin free of jail and has to deal with the accusatory looks that Erin is giving him.

His head hurts, Antonio doesn't answer the phone when he calls, still doesn't want to talk to him. Because of the bond, Voight brought him to his house, Antonio would be safe here and they would always be close to each other. He's overwhelmed at work and immersed in a lot of shit at home. Antonio doesn’t talk to him and Voight has to deal with the look of disappointment in the omega’s eyes, the worst part of all this mess.
As a precaution, before bringing Antonio to his house, he removed all of Camille's belongings from the place and stored them in the loft. He does not want to make Antonio angrier about having to deal with the ghost of the ex-wife around. He knows that the omega gets anxious when it comes to Camille. Voight thinks it's really cute to see him jealous. While collecting the belongings of the ex-wife, Voight realizes that he doesn't miss her much more. There is nostalgia, but it doesn't hurt like before.

Antonio did not say a word about the house. His gaze is indifferent. The kids, Diego and Eva, seem to be satisfied with the new house and Diego no longer resembles the rebel boy from a few weeks ago. He even talks to Voight now and agrees with a ride to school sometimes.

“How are you holding up?” Alvin asks more than once, Voight doesn't know what to respond to him.

He doesn't regret having created that bond. He would do it all over again, but Antonio's silence was hurting him, and he doesn't know how to gets close him again.

Voight doesn't suffer the effects of the bond as Antonio does, in fact he only feels colder than usual, one or another nightmare, nothing abnormal. Antonio hasn't talked to him about it, Voight worries that he's having the worst side of it all. Every morning he goes to work before he wakes up, wants to give to the omega as much space as possible. He calls several times during the day just to find out if everything is fine, Antonio barely answers his questions and hangs up quickly. Some days he don't even answer the phone.

Today is one of these hard days, he got up very early, his body sore from sleeping on the couch, but he would not force Antonio to share the bed with him. He took a quickly shower and was leaving when Antonio woke up.

"You can sleep in the bed if you want, Voight."

Voight stands by the door, Antonio wears a large robe as if he wants to cover his whole body, and he called him 'Voight', as impersonal as possible.
"Do you want me to sleep there with you or ...?"
"It's your house you should not be sleeping on the couch. I can sleep with Eva."
"Antonio ..."

He tries to get closer to Antonio, but the omega moves away until hits into the couch and gets trapped between it and Voight's body. Voight holds him by the elbows without squeezing. Antonio does not look at him. "I know you're upset with me, but continuing to reject me will not help that. I know it's starting to hurt, Antonio, just talk to me, let me take this pain from you."

Antonio looks into Voight's eyes and then the Sergeant understands the extent of his attitude: Antonio is afraid of him. It is not anger or deception, is the purest fear. Voight feels his stomach twitch. "I will not force you, I won't do anything unless you let me do, Antonio, you have my word." Antonio does not respond. Voight hugs him tightly. "You cannot be afraid of me, not anymore. I know you can feel me ..."

"I can't ..." Antonio murmurs softly.
"What?" Voight walks away and look into his face.
"All I feel is anger... I'm angry all the time now, Voight, I can't ... I do not want this!" He is crying and Voight hugs him again.
Voight is the one who is angry all the time, Antonio is just absorbing this from him. “This is not me, Hank…I don’t want to hurt my kids because I’m angry and….”
Voight never thought about the real side effects of this, he never imagined that Antonio could feel the rage that eats his bones for so many years. He believed that the bond was only physical and not mental or emotional.

"I do not want to feel this way all the time, Voight. My kids don’t deserve me to yell at them after everything they're going through because of me."
"You’re right baby, that’s not fair."

"Anger management?" Alvin laughs at the idea of Voight seeking help for his problem of self-control.
"If this helps Antonio feel more comfortable, why not?"
"He got you, did not he? This kid has you in the palm of his hand." He analyzes.
"Maybe I need to learn to control myself, after all."
"How does this have to do with Antonio?"
"He feels everything I feel. I do not want him to change or to go mad with such anger."
"Man, you're so screwed!"
"Did you and Severide decide anything about your son?"
"There's nothing to be decided, he's going to have this son, and if I'm not in a state penitentiary, I'll help. We're all adults here."
"You will not be stuck Al. Don't say that."
"There are no guarantees, Hank."

Voight comes home late, finds the kids in the living room watching TV. No sign of Antonio. There are security guards guarding the house, so there is no reason to think of the worst. Not wanting to scare the omega, he climbs the stairs slowly into the bedroom.
"Antonio?"
Antonio is standing in front of the window looking at the street. Hands tucked in the pockets. Some papers scattered on the bed.

"Divorce, Hank, he asked for a divorce." Antonio smiles before beginning to dry his tears. "He asked for custody of my children too, he's accusing me of adultery and... many other things written there. Can you believe that?"
Voight approaches him slowly.
"I talked to the lawyer Severide indicated, Adres can have custody of my children if he speak about my arrest warrant in Colombia. I can go to jail if I don't accept what he's asking for."

"And what is he asking for, Antonio?"
Antonio sighs then looks at Voight for the first time since he arrived.
"Me"
Voight's blood boils in his veins, he goes to Antonio and grabs his shoulders.
"He's not going to, you hear me? He will not get close to you ever again!"
Antonio is exhausted, not sleeping well, angry and hopeless. Adres is like a constant nightmare from which he cannot wake up.
"I want him dead, Voight. I want him damn dead. "
That gleam in Antonio's eyes that attracted Voight was no longer there. That almost childlike purity was gone, and Voight's afraid he would never see it in him again. This is not his Antonio, it's a furious stranger.

"Antonio, listen to me, those are not your words, that's not you talking, the bond..."
"Cut the crap, Voight. If you will not do anything I'll ... I don't want your damn protection! He already did what he could have done to hurt me and ..." This is not a panic attack, it's a anger attack. Antonio is not trembling and scared, he is angry and wants to hurt someone.

"Antonio?"
"You cannot help me! No one can! I'll do it myself!"
Antonio walks away from him, Voight holds his arm tightly.
"Where are you going?"
"This is not your problem anymore, Voight!"
"Antonio, stop it! You will not leave this house!"
"Did you really think that forcing me into a bond was going to save me, Voight?"

"No, I did it because it was right to do it, I'm going to protect you, Antonio!"
"And what are you going to do? Lock me in here while he rips my kids off of me?" That's what you promised to do that day at the hospital, right? Antonio's mind is confused and Voight cannot let this go on, he threw him on the bed, Antonio had never yelled at him before; he knows it's not the omega talking, then lies down over Antonio's body and holds his face.
"You're the only thing that matters to me, Antonio. You will not leave here to find Adres, can you hear me?"

The bedroom door is still open, Voight goes over and closes it, Antonio is still on the bed, he comes back and lies down over him again.
"You're everything I love most, Antonio, I can't lose you."
Voight does not go beyond hugs, he just wants to stay here and feel the scent of Antonio. He just wants to keep him calm and safe even if only a little.
His body moves as Antonio turns and lies over him. Voight tries to calm him down, but Antonio opens his jeans and, in a moment he is without his sweatpants, sitting on the hips of the alpha.
"Antonio ..."

Antonio doesn't listen to him, he holds Voight's penis and guides him to his entrance, sitting abruptly in him. Voight moans, still trying to control the omega's impulses, Antonio moves fast and the alpha is afraid to hurt him.
"What are you doing...?"
Antonio stops moving his hips and falls on him, crying. "I don't know, Hank, I don't know what's
wrong with me." Voight hugs him, stroking his back. "Shh, it is okay, my love. I'm here, I love you."

"The truth runs wild

Like kids on concrete

Trying to sedate, my mind in it's cage

And numb what I see"

Voight's cock is still inside him while Antonio cries over his chest, it's instinctive. Voight tries to pull away, but Antonio holds it. "No, it's okay, I want to do it."

Voight turns them and lays over him again. His movements are slow, loving. He wants to make love, not sex. He planned this for some time, making love to Antonio in a real bed. Here he is, lying between the legs of the omega on a pile of papers in his own bed. He walks away and descends kissing until he reaches the middle of his legs, Antonio groans, Voight kisses his small wet entrance. Antonio keeps his eyes closed and breathes lightly through his mouth.

The alpha slides his tongue in, where his cock was a few seconds ago, he licks to satiate his desire. Antonio groans and spread his legs to give more access to the alpha. Voight is all over the room and making Antonio sweat with the knot stuck where he belongs inside the hot body of the omega. The knot is painful and Antonio tries to move, Voight feels his discomfort as if it were his own. "What is wrong, baby?" He asks kissing Antonio's shoulder lying on his side. "I don't know. It hurts." "I'm sorry, my love. What can I do?"

Antonio pulls his legs apart and crosses one of them over Voight's hips, relieving internal pressure. "Do you feel better?" Watching the mark of his teeth on Antonio's neck healed. He wants to bite there again.

Antonio did not feel pain the other times they had sex, Voight makes a mental note about it to talk about later. "I hate it ..." Antonio mutters before slowly relaxing and falling asleep.

"What's wrong with my dad?"
"Hn?" He was sitting in the room immersed in what Antonio said before sleeping, about hating something, didn't notice Eva sitting next to him on the couch. "My father, he's not well, is he?"
"Why do you say that, Eva?"
"He's different. My father is the best person in the world and now, he screams all the time. I think he's scared Adres coming back, isn't he?"

"He's not feeling well, that's all."
"I miss him."
"Me too."

"Leaving?" Erin put on her coat. Voight was staring at her from the locker room door. "Yes, I have things to do."
"Someone special?"
"It may be ..." She has been avoiding him since Antonio left the hospital and came to live in his house.
"Erin, we can talk, you know that ..."
"About what, Hank?"
"Anything, we never need a reason to talk before."
"Things change, Hank."
"Erin, I know you're upset and ..."
"Upset? No, Hank, I'm furious and nothing you tell me will change that!"
"I know, I don't usually explain everything I do and, I hope you understand me someday, you know that"

"I told you to stay away from him from the start, Hank!"
"Too late for a speech, don't you think?"
Erin is leaving, Voight holds her arm. He wants to talk to someone.
"He's feeling things ..."
"What kind of things?" She turns her attention to him. Voight leaves his appearance difficult to break a little and shows all his concern with Antonio.
"Anger, my anger and these things are scaring him. He's not the same person anymore, Erin ..."
"That should happen, didn't you know that?"
"Antonio is the opposite of everything I am, he does not know how to deal with what I feel. I didn't think it would affect him that way. I ended up with what all good in him. I'm worst than Pulpo."
"Hank ..." Erin has never seen him so sad since Justin was murdered. She's sorry for him.
"I don't know how to help him." He recognizes its uselessness in this situation.
"I think you should ask for help or he will suffer a lot, and I know you don't want this, Hank."
"What kind of help?"
"Professional help, Hank."

The sign on the door says "Therapist." Voight smiles when he sees himself in this place. He had never sought help before, but he wasn't here for him, he was here for Antonio.
"Hank Voight"
The therapist stares at him for a few seconds before Voight sits down.
"Have you come here to talk about your behave, Sergeant?" She asks.
"No. I need to break a bond, is that possible?"

"This voice inside

Has been eating me

Trying to replace the love that I fake

With what we both need"
"Tried to walk together
But the night was growing dark
Thought you were beside me
But I reached and you were gone"

(Hymn For the Missing-Red)

"Where are you now?
Are you lost?
Will I find you again?
Are you alone?
Are you afraid?
Are you searching for me?
Why did you go?
I had to stay
Now I'm reaching for you
Will you wait? will you wait?
Will I see you again?"
"My hands are shaking."

"Put them inside your pockets, this will help." Voight responds without looking at Antonio's hands. He didn't hold Antonio's hands as he always did when it began to shake.

"What did he say, Hank?" Antonio can't avoid the anxiety, his right leg shakes without stopping.

"You need to calm down, Antonio!" The alpha is impatient with the lawyer's delay too.

"He didn't say that, Hank. Can I have full custody of my children?"

"There is no judge in the world to send these children to Adres, just relax!"

"This is an order?"

"No, that's advice, that's all it is."

"Are you still mad at me, Hank?"

"Why do you think I'm mad at you, Antonio?"

"You didn't come home last night, one thing leads to another."

They were in the hallway waiting to talk to Antonio's lawyer.

"You miss me, Antonio?"

"Yes, I should feel, should not I? That's part of the bond and ..."

"Do not return the question!"

"I don't ... forget it, Hank!"

"Say it!"

"No, I don't want to fight you." Antonio rubs his hands through his hair, he is embarrassed by his previous behavior and Voight knows that.

"Fighting is a good start to good conversation."

"Not for me, I don't want to fight, Hank. I hate to fight with you."

"Did you bring all the papers the lawyer asked for?"

"Yes." He rests his head on Voight's shoulder. "Eva has a presentation at school next week. I think she wants you to be there to watch."

"She said that?" Smelling the scent of his hair.

"Yes. Are you coming?"

"I don't know if that's a good idea."

Antonio's disappointed. "You know, I know I've been freaking you out for the last few days, but she's just a little girl and you're the closest thing to a father she's ever had, Hank, don't break her heart, please."

Antonio holds Voight's hand and puts his fingers in his.

"Please don't give up on us, Hank."

"Antonio Dawson!" The secretary calls, Antonio gets up and enters the lawyer's room.

"Are not you coming, Hank?"
Voight follows him to the lawyer's office.

The lawyer's office smells of cigarettes and old papers, Voight doesn't like this type of defender, they charge cheap and do a bad job, Antonio insisted on him because he is unemployed and that is all he can afford now. He doesn't accept any money from Voight, making the alpha feel how deep is Antonio's rejection of the bond between them.

Antonio has to appear convincing to the judge who will judge his divorce from Adres, he has to prove that he can take care of his own children. Adres will play dirty and make it looks like a bad and irresponsible father. He knows that.
"He can do that?" Voight asks surprised, it's amazing how Adres seems to have control of the situation even being who he is.
"Technically yes, he is still the father of these children." The lawyer explains.
"He never cared for them before!" Antonio loses his temper, Voight watches him.
"Besides the fact that you have bonded yourself to another alpha still being legally married, Mr. Dawson. The judge will not ignore that."
"He didn't do that..." Voight says. "He had no choice in this case, I'm the alpha who mate him against his will."

The lawyer looks at Voight in total surprise. "Are you willing to tell the judge, Sergeant?"
"If that makes sure Antonio can have his children, I will."
"I know people who ended up in jail because of that, Sergeant. You better be sure of what you're going to say to the judge."
Antonio is speechless watching Voight. "I can take care of myself, just keep this family together."

"I hate when you say that." Antonio watches the city through the window of Voight's car, they are coming back home after the meeting with the lawyer.
"What did I say?"
"That you forced me to bond between us. I don't like how it sounds. That's not all the truth, Hank."
"It's the truth, Antonio. I'm not going to lie to sound better."

Antonio knows that Voight is angry and worried about Alvin's possible arrest and, still willing to catch Adres, then he tries not to take much of his time with his troublesome life. He doesn't want to overload Voight more.

Voight leaves him at home, Antonio wants to talk, but the Central insists on calling Voight on the radio.
"Are you coming home tonight, Hank?"
"I have many things to do, Antonio." Voight responds without any emotion.
Antonio understands. "Of course, take care, Hank." Voight bends and kisses Voight's cheek. "Please, be careful."

Voight is always the last person to leave the office every night. He always stays up late solving problems. He doesn't want to go home and look into Antonio's eyes, he knows he will fail if he does, so he stays up late.
His heart beats fast as he sees Antonio climbing the steps of the intelligence office late at night. He barely believes his eyes.

"What are you doing here?" He asks, not very pleased with Antonio in his office at this late hour.
"I thought you might be hungry, so I brought dinner..." Antonio's voice sounds shaky and unsteady. He is no longer furious or screaming at Hank as before. He was once again the shy and gentle man that Voight met months ago. "Beside, we barely see each other lately. I miss you, Hank."
He puts the package on one of the tables, but Voight shows no interest in eat any food right now.

"How did you get here, Antonio?"
"I used the car that was in the garage, I thought you don't mind if ..."
"Of course I care! That was my son's car! Don't touch on Justin's things!"
Antonio pales, he did not expect Hank to be so angry for it.
"I'm sorry, Hank, I had no idea ..."
"If you scratch his car I'll ..."

Voight is silent, Antonio is curled against a table and looking at him terrified.
"Damn, you cannot drive at this hour, Pulpo is loose and ..."
"I know, I'm sorry, I don't ... I'm not good at thinking ..." He tries to smile, but there's no humor in it. "Is this your hiding place, Hank?"

Antonio looks around the office, a white board with some photos calls his attention, there is a photo of Adres and another photo of Ernesto fixed on it. A little below, there is a photo of him and his name written in red paint. Voight follows his gaze; he knows where Antonio is looking.
"Hm," he says, shaking his head.
"What?" Hank approaches him, Antonio is looking at the photo of Ernesto, the second in command in the Colombia's Cartel. Voight notices the change in his face, Antonio is scared and it is not only because of the abrupt treatment that Voight has just given him.
"Do you know this man, Antonio?"

Antonio shakes his head as if to frighten away a bad memory, he smiles.
"I know a lot of people, Hank."

He turns away from the white board and goes back to the table where the wrapping he has brought for Voight is.
"I made some ..."
"This particular man, Antonio, tells me about him." Pointing at the whiteboard.
"Hank, I already told you ..."
"Speak!" Voight screams, causing Antonio to jump out of fright.

Voight regrets at once, Antonio is looking at the package, short of breath. He should not have yelled at him like that.
"Just tell me what you know about him, Antonio."
"He ... Ernesto, he likes to torture people. He does the dirty work to Adres."
"Has he ever hurt you, Antonio?"

"You should eat before it gets cold and ..." Antonio is talking fast and opening the package, Voight holds his arm tightly.
"What did he done to you?"
"My son, Hank. He killed my son..."

Voight is sitting with his arms folded across his chest, looking at Antonio. The omega is sitting in
front of him, but he doesn't look at Voight's face.  
"Eva was only a few months old when it happened. Adres was arrested in Venezuela and I had no idea about it at that time. Ernesto came to where I was hiding and made some threats ..."

"What kind of threats, Antonio?"
"He threatened to kill Diego if I spoke to someone. I didn't, I swear, I ..." He wipes his eyes with the collar of the T-shirt he's wearing. "I would never let anything happen to any of them."

"The son Adres forced you to bury?" Voight reaches a box of paper tissues in the drawer of his desk and hands it to him. "Ernesto killed your son."
"Adres came back shortly afterwards, and he did nothing to help me, he just stood there, and looking and ... so I ran away as soon as they left."

"I want you to go home and don't leave until I get there, do you hear me, Antonio?"
"Will you come home with me, Hank?"
"No. Now go home and wait for me!" That was an order, no doubt.

"Is this our guy?" Alvin watches the man enter an abandoned apartment building. Voight bangs his fingers against the steering wheel; he's getting more and more impatient."Yes, Ernesto Rivaglia. He's one of Pulpo's trusted men. It was he who hurt Antonio and made him lose his baby. "He growls bitterly and feels the anger dominating his body. "What are we waiting for? Let's go!"
"No! You stay here and watch my back, i won't be long."
Alvin gets in the car while Voight enters the building. A few minutes later the Sergeant comes back, there is no emotion in his face and Alvin doesn't make any questions.

It's just another cold night in Chicago, Alvin and Voight are in the car standing by the river.
"Break the bond? Is that possible?" Alvin asks.
"It's not so common, but it's possible. I just have to make Antonio to accept some terms." Voight explains with his best poker face.
"And do you think he'll accept that?"
"He have no choices. As soon as we take Pulpo out of circulation, he'll have to leave."
"Tell me Hank, are you okay with that? I know you like him and ..."
The look on Voight's face causes Alvin to shut up.
"He hates this situation, Al. I won't force him live with me."
"I think you have a huge sore in your ego, that's all. You love him, don't mess up, man."
"It's time." Voight gets out of the car and looks around for observers. "I'll do it, you stay in the car." He takes Ernesto's body out of the trunk and, as fast as he can, he sinks it into the river.
"Fish food." Voight says when he returns to the car, he continues without showing any emotion, Alvin feels chills.

"I must say I'm surprised to see you back here, Sergeant Voight."

Voight observes his own hands, he knows he's being a coward with Antonio and can't even remember the therapist's fucking name.
Dr. Campbell, it's written on the door plate. Not bad for a second session.
Are you going to tell me what's going on or did you just come back here under pressure from the Internal Affairs, Sergeant Voight?"
"I did what you're told to do, and I've been a asshole with him.I rejected him and, I think he's feeling it. How much more do I have to hurt him until he decides to leave me?" He finally asks. "Is he going to feel any pain?"
"You told me you want to break the bond that you created, Sergeant. Are you sure you still want to do this?"
"I can't force him to continue. I made a big mistake, I thought it would be easier, but ... I can't be happy if he's losing his mind because of me."
"I've seen a lot of cases of adaptation, Sergeant Voight."
Voight doesn't like therapy, he's sure about it now.
"He's not a pet."
"I didn't say that, what I'm trying to say is that the omegas have simple, adaptable organisms, they may be perfectly what you want them to be, Sergeant Voight. You're the alpha here, use your command voice."
Voight gets up and walks to the door, he won't hear that shit anymore, before to leave he takes the gun off his waist and puts it where the therapist can see. He uses his lower, scary voice as he pointed the gun against the therapist's forehead.
"The simple organism that you're talking about, raised two kids and survived all his alpha's psychopath shit and he's certainly a lot smarter than you ever be. You better not cross my way again or you'll have to learn to breathe through a hole in your forehead! "

"Sometimes I hear you calling

From some lost and distant shore

I hear you crying softly for the way it was before"
My Girl

Chapter Summary

"On behalf of every man
Looking out for every girl
You are the god and the weight of her world
On behalf of every man
Looking out for every girl
You are the god and the weight of her world"

(Daughters- John Mayer)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I know a girl
She puts the color inside of my world
But she's just like a maze
Where all of the walls all continually change
And I've done all I can
To stand on her steps with my heart in my hands
Now I'm starting to see
Maybe it's got nothing to do with me"

Antonio woke up with the smell of coffee, washed his face and went into the kitchen. Voight was having coffee.
"Good Morning!"
"Good Morning!" Voight responds by looking at him.
"I didn't see you coming home last night... Hank ..."
"I didn't want to wake you."
Antonio goes to the coffee machine and picks up a cup of coffee for himself.
"Today is the day of Eva's presentation ...
"Use the car."
"I don't...Hank!"
"Antonio, I have a long day ahead ...
"I need to know what's happening to you ...
"There's nothing going on, Antonio."
"Hang on..."
"I'll be on the phone if you need me. Use the car! Call me if something happens." He puts the mug in the sink.
"I want to know if you can come with us. Eva would be very happy, Hank."
"I can't." He checks his wallet and puts a hundred dollar bill on the table. "You need money, don't you?"
"No, I don't need ..."
"Take them to eat. I'll see you guys later."

Eva tied her long black hair with her fingers and searched for a rubber band.
"On here." Antonio takes elastic from his wrist and hands it to her. "You have to stop letting them scatter around the house."
"How I am, dad?"
"Pretty, are you ready?"
"He's not coming, dad?"
Antonio looks at his watch, Voight has not arrived yet. "I'm sorry, honey, he must be very busy. Severide will be there, are not you happy?"
"Yes...But I wish Hank be there too."
"I know, baby."

He wipes some of the glitter on his face, this can mess up the car and he doesn't want trouble for it.
"Did you know that Uncle Kelly's going to have a girl like you?"
"You don't have to talk to me like that, Dad. I'm not a child anymore."
"Yes you are. Do not be in a hurry to grow up, please, Eva."

"He's not happy with us living in his house. I think we should go back to our house, Dad."
"We can't, Eva. It's not safe for us to go back there."
"Sometimes I think there's no place safe for us, Dad."
"Why do you say that, my angel?" He tries to hide his concern.
"Some girls at school, they said that Voight is a bad man."
"Don't listen to them, my love. Voight is surely a good man." He smiles, despite his concern.
"Does he like you, Dad?"
"I think so, but do not think about it now, Eva. Do you remember your lines?"
"I'm a butterfly, Dad. Butterflies don't talk!"
"The most beautiful butterfly, ever! I love you, Eva."
"Love you too, dad."

Severide laughed as he watched Antonio look back, for the tenth time since they had arrived at the theater at Eva's school.
"Are you still waiting for him to come?"
"I ... I'm sorry. I'm being stupid, aren't I?"
"No, it's okay, he showed interest and took care of you ..."
"I think he regretted binding me, Sev. I think he wants to get rid of me now."
"Don't be silly, if he wanted to get rid of you, you would already been at the bottom of the river!" He laughs.
"Was that a joke?"
"About Hank Voight? That's the truth."
Severide puts his hand on his belly and closes his eyes.
"Sev?"
"It's nothing, I need to pee, that's my life now."
"I'll go with you."
"No, stay here, it's going to start, I won't be long."

Antonio was sitting in the fourth row waiting for the play to begin. Diego was with some friends in the back row. He was looking back, maybe Voight would come.

"Waiting for someone, princess?"
All of Antonio's blood froze in his veins, he did not look away, he did not need to look to knows who is sitting next to him.
"What are you doing here?"
"I'm the father of this girl, aren't I? What's her name? It doesn't matter, I still pay for this expensive school."
"Go away!" He murmurs as his hands turn white, squeezing the seat back.
"And lose this show? No way Antonio, now behave like the princess that you are."
Antonio's stomach turns over and he can't barely pay attention when the play begins. His heart beats faster and he looks around searching for help.
"Your detective friend, he's gotten into my life, Antonio. I think he will not last long." Adres says softly, only Antonio can hear him.
"Are you going to tell me where you're living princess or do I have to hunt you around the town?"
"We're getting divorced, I don't have to ...
"Okay, and I'm taking the boys with me."
"No, you will not take them!"
"And who's going to stop me, Antonio? Don't make me laugh, you slut! I'll show to the judge the kind of bitch you are and..."
"Get out..."

Antonio looks to the side where Severide was sitting and finds Diego sitting there, his arm extended and, below the sleeve, the barrel of the gun pointed at Adres.
"What are you doing, boy?"
"Diego ..." Antonio is in panic, he doesn't know how Diego brought a gun along with him.
"Get out now!"
Adres does not want to draw attention, he gets up and leaves. Antonio is in shock.
"Are you okay, Dad?"
"How can you...?"
"He will no longer hurt you, dad, I will protect you."

"Boys, you can break
You'll find out how much they can take
Boys will be strong
And boys soldier on
But boys would be gone without warmth from
A woman's good, good heart"

Voight arrived late at night, he found Eva's colorful wings on the couch. He was going to go upstairs
and check Antonio when he saw Diego sitting at the top of the stairs.
"Don't you have school tomorrow morning?"
"You were not there! You promised to take care of and protect him, but you were not there when he needed you."
"Be specific, Diego."
"You lied, Sergeant, you did what everybody did to him, you lied and now you've abandoned him."
"What are you talking about, Diego?"
"He was scared and ... he trusted you, now you treat him like he's your slut!"
"I never..."
Diego tossed the one hundred dollar bill against him.
"Really?"

Severide washes his face and dries, he is tired and needs some more sleep. The problem is that his baby disagrees with that. He's been rolling on the bed for the last 3 hours without rest.
"What's going on there, huh?" He asks looking at his own belly. "Are you uncomfortable or what?"
He lowers the waistband of the shorts just below the navel and puts his hand on the small bump where his baby is.
"What is wrong?"
He's almost five months pregnant now.
"What, you don't like to stay in bed, so we have a problem here because I love sleeping, and in my profession, this is a luxury that I can't give up."
"You don't expect to have an answer, do you?"
Casey is standing at the bathroom door watching him. Severide covers the belly quickly.
"Don't scare me like that!"
"I'm sorry. I heard you talking and I came to see if everything is okay."
"It's just ..." He rubs his eyes with his fingertips. "This is getting bad, something is wrong."
"You're tired, Kel. Come and lie down."
"Not only that, I almost got wet early in Eva's school, I almost peed on my feet ...
"Do you want to go to the hospital?"
"I don't think that's the case ...
"So, what do you want to do?"
"Nothing is just ... I need to sleep."
"We can go to the hospital if you want ..."
"No, I just need to get used to it."
"And how was the presentation?"
"To be honest, I didn't see everything, I had to go to the bathroom four times and then Antonio wanted to leave quickly. I don't know what happened to him. He was so scared ...
"Scared how?"
"Frightened, he wanted to leave before it ending and Eva was very upset."
"Maybe he's being careful, Adres is still loose. He should not even be there."
"I don't know is just that all this situation ... I don't know what to think about it anymore."
"Hey, you cannot worry now, do not think about it too much."
"That's easy to say, Matt."
Casey approaches him, Severide tries to pull away, Casey holds him by the waist.
"You're worried about him, aren't you?"
"I don't know what you're talking about, Matt."
"All right, Kel. I know you're worried about Olinsky's trial."
"I do not want ..."
"He will always be a part of your life, Kel. That's perfectly understandable."
"No, I don't care what happens to him!" Severide walks away from Casey's hands and back to the bedroom, Casey comes right behind him.
"I already said that I don't care if ..."
"This has nothing to do with you, Matt! Alvin is where he deserves to be now, I don't care!"
"Did you at least tell him that's a girl?"
"No!"
"Don't you think he deserves to know, Kelly?"
"Well, he should ask then!"
Severide pushes the blanket to lie down, he moans with his hand on his back, before he can recover, Casey is by his side.
"Kel? What's wrong?"
"Nothing!" He lies down and covers himself. "Let me sleep!"
"Are you feeling anything, Kel?"
"My back hurts."
"Do you want me to do a massage?"
Severide turns sideways and raises his T-shirt; Casey's massages are always welcome.
"Are you sleeping here today?"
"Do you want me to stay, Kelly?"
"I don't tell you what to do, Matt, do whatever you want."
"If I stay that means we're in a relationship?"
"So you're paying half the rent."
"You're so romantic, Kelly."
Severide relaxes and stretches like a lazy cat. "I was very clear when I said I just wanted sex with you."
"Shhhh do not talk bullshit, there's a little girl listening."
Casey's hands gently massage his hips, Severide groans contentedly. He tightens the pillow as Casey alternates the massage with gentle kisses on his neck and shoulders.
"Do you feel better?"
"That's foul play, Matt."
"I couldn't resist, you smell so good, Kelly."
"Yeah...?"
"So sexy ..." Casey leans over him, Severide spread his legs away to snuggle Casey better. "You're so handsome, Kelly." Casey kisses his lips without putting weight on his belly. He feels when Severide moans and his legs relax, Matt feels the moisture between his thighs.
"Done?"
"No ... Matt, something happened ...
Severide is pale and breathless, Matt gets up quickly and looks for his phone.
"Matt ..."
"Calm down, Kel, it's okay, I'm here! We're going to the hospital!"

"On behalf of every man
Looking out for every girl
You are the god and the weight of her world
On behalf of every man
Looking out for every girl
You are the god and the weight of her world"
Chapter End Notes

Sorry, bad and small chapter, i'm with some problems with migraine here :(
Chapter Summary

"I'd spend every hour, of every day
Keeping you safe"

(Calum Scott- You are the reason)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"There goes my heart beating
'Cause you are the reason
I'm losing my sleep
Please come back now
There goes my mind racing
And you are the reason
That I'm still breathing
I'm hopeless now"

Severide is not sure he understands what they are saying. "Congenital anomaly," he has never heard it before, he doesn't know what it means. They continue explaining and there is still liquid leaking from his body, but there's mixed blood now. No one seems to care.

There is a little rush around him, quick footsteps, gloved hands touching and moving his body in uncomfortable positions. They talk about miscarriage and loss of amniotic fluid, he feels numb to what is happening and can only think about what he had done wrong so that happening to him.
He was on all appointments with the obstetrician, since he gave up abortion. He saw her through the monitor, he watched her moving and cried when he knew it was a girl, his little girl. He didn’t make any effort to put her in danger, but now, he blame himself watching the movement around this hospital bed.

He did not even notice when started talking to her, it was so natural that he didn't even realize what he was doing. There were many bunches of grapes in his refrigerator now, he hates grapes, and no beer for weeks. He did not even look at his old Harley Davidson parked in the garage of the building. His belly button is popped out and this is not so bad! His pants are tight and his coats do not close anymore, he does not care. All these changes were happening so naturally that he did not care anymore. A s long as she's safe and growing up, so it's okay!

And now, they say she's not okay! It is not developing; it is not growing as it should be. Her little legs do not move anymore, her heart is not beating at the right pace. What did he do wrong? Why she's not safe anymore? She should be safe and secure inside his belly. This should be the safest place in the world. He should not be bleeding now, it's too early. It's all wrong and out of place and he doesn't want to hear what they're saying to him anymore.

"She will never get the chance to be a normal child." Someone tries to console him, but he doesn’t want to hear any stupid speech. He does not want to be touched too. He just wants to get up and go home with his little girl safely.

Someone begins to tell him what kind of difficulties he would have if she survived: She would never walk alone and would not breathe without help. Her lungs would never work properly and she could choke at any moment. He would spend the rest of his life coming and going from the hospitals with her, without her getting any better. He wants to punch someone, is that kind of shit they say instead of trying to save his little girl?

Nature is only following its rhythm and eliminating a defective fetus. He can have other children and get on with his life. He cries. He doesn't want to hear any of this, he can take care of her, even though she may never be a normal child, he wants to take care of her. He can do that. He saves people, that's what he's been doing for a lifetime. He can do it.

Then he opens his eyes. Antonio is there by his side, arms crossed, eyes worried. A nurse injects something into his vein, it hurts.
"What are ... what are they doing?"
"It's okay, Sev. They're taking care of you."
Severide doesn’t have any choice here, his body is acting instinctively and the contractions begin.
"Where's Casey?"
"He's outside. Do you want me to bring it here?"

Antonio’s small, trembling hands land on his hair, he wants to push it away so he push his friend away and wish wants to be alone now. His daughter is dying and he wants to be alone with her a little longer. He doesn't want anyone here, doesn't want to hear any questions about anything, and most of all, he doesn't want to see anyone around him now. Antonio tries to help him sit down, he pushes him away again.
"No!" He says without thinking very well. “Don’t touch me!”

Antonio stands by his bed while a nurse helps Severide sit down, he wants to get up, but his legs are too weak to keep him standing. He reaches Antonio and holds him by the waist when Antonio comes back to him.
"What's going on, Antonio?"
Antonio caresses his hair damp with sweat. "I'm sorry, Sev. I feel ..."
"It hurts ..." he murmurs as another contraction spreads across his skin. "That hurts..."
"Just breathe, it will not be long."
Suddenly, the room floods in silence and Antonio's hands are no longer there, no one is trying to talk to him, nothing, just the painful silence ...

Voight brings Matt a coffee, the firefighter hesitates, but finally accepts it.

"I know we aren't friends, but ... I'm sorry, Captain."
"Thank you."
Alvin is not here, Voight had called him, but the detective was speechless on the other end of the line.
"He wanted this girl, not at the beginning, he hated the idea of having a child and now ... He did everything right, even dropped the rescue truck. That truck was the only thing he ever loved in life."
Matt says, Voight listens to him.
"All of us here lose one of our children and ... You're among friends, Captain."

Antonio waits outside while transferring Severide to a delivery room, he wants to stay with his friend, but he can not stay longer. He knows how painful it is, he's already in that situation and, worse yet, without medical help.
He is so deep in his thoughts that he does not notice Voight approaching him.
"Antonio ..."
Antonio closes his eyes, he is so overwhelmed and tired now. "He's in labor, they'll take him to ..."
He speaks quickly to clear his choked voice.
"Come with me."
Voight takes him to an armchair in the hallway and makes him sit down, he sits down next to him.

"How do you feel, Antonio?"
It's a stupid question! It is not him who is in pain pushing a dead baby out of the body!
"He's alone, I need..." "Casey’s by his side now. Talk to me, how are you, Antonio?" Voight insists on the question.
"I've had been worse, Hank, I'm fine."
"No, it's not. I didn't want to leave you in there with him because i know how..."
Antonio laughs, Hank's sudden concern is funny now.

"You said that you miss talking, I want to know how you are."
"This is not a good place for that, Hank ..."
Voight strokes Antonio's cheeks. He loves those fat cheeks of him.
"I know he came to you yesterday ... I should be there as you asked..."

"Where were you last night, Hank? Where have you been the last 4 nights?"
Voight walks away from him, he cannot talk about what he's been doing the nights he's out.
"You don't wanna talk, you're just ... I cannot do this anymore, Hank."

"You have to trust me, Antonio. Just trust me."
"And why should I? You say you love me and then act like you do not want me there. I sleep in your bed every night, and you do not even come home at night."

"You're the only person that I care about, Antonio, I thought you hated me because of the bond I forced over you and ..."
"Do not say that again! I already said you didn't force me, I wanted to be with you, Hank!"
"That's not true, my hormones are messing up with your head and ..."
"So mine are in yours! I let you tie me up, it was my choice too, Hank! It's like I'm a burden that you have to carry on because an stupid bond. That's how i feel now, Hank."

"It's not a stupid bond, but I can't insist on it if you hate being with me, Antonio."
"Shit, Hank, where did you hear that?"
"You said, I can’t keep you in my arms if that's not what you want, Antonio."
"You know what I want most, Hank? That the people around me stop making decisions in my name. I'm not a very smart person, but I can make my own decisions. My 14-year-old son brought a gun to a presentation at school last night, and I can only imagine what would have happened if he had not brought it in. My ex-husband is completely psychotic and justice does nothing about it. I can lose my two children and go to a prison in a distant country...My true alpha decides that i’m not good enough to be with, and my best friend is going through a painful miscarriage right now. Life has been great, Hank."

Antonio does not hide the poison in his voice, he is tired of omitting what it feels.

"I can feel you, Hank. I feel your anger, your sadness and ... I feel your fear, all the time."

"Antonio ... I don't want you to be like me."

"So, are you really thinking about undoing the bond, Hank?"
"I thought yes..."Voight tries to hold his hands, but Antonio gets up. "I thought I'd do it if I needed to keep you healthy." Voight gets up and holds him by the shoulders. "I would never hurt you."
"Do you still want to do that? Undo the bond between us?"
"No! I want you! I love you, Antonio!"
Antonio lets Voight embrace him and, as if it were magic, all anxiety accumulated in his body, disappears. It's all right now, his alpha is here. He breathes relieved for the first time in so many days. He feels safe again.

Severide groans and bites his lips when the contraction reaches a greater level of pain. Matt is by his side, holding his hand. He is covered in sweat and feeling cold at the same time. Matt mutters encouragements, Severide continues to push as the nurse told him to do.

"You can stop now, Severide." The nurse says, he relaxes the body and feels thirsty.
He does not know how long he's been here, or when the pain started to be unbearable, he just wants it to end soon. Matt gives him water that he drinks in small sips through a straw. Another contraction and he tries to turn and lie on his side, Matt helps him and then the pain turns to relief.
He sinks his face into the pillow and tries not to look at the nurse as she takes his daughter away from him.
"Kelly?" Matt calls but Severide does not respond, he continues with his eyes closed."Kel..."
"No, I don't want to see ..."
Matt wipes the sweat from his face. "Okay, Kel. It's over."

"If I could turn back the clock

I'd make sure the light defeated the dark

I'd spend every hour, of every day

Keeping you safe"

Antonio and Voight are waiting for news in the hallway when Matt comes up to them. He is shaken and cannot speak much, Voight holds him into a hug before it collapses into tears. Antonio knows that they have had many problems in the past, but at this time, none of that matters anymore.
"I'll go back there and stay with him."
"We'll be here ..." Voight assures him.
"Thank you."
Voight wants to take Antonio home, they had not slept much the night before, he just wants to take Antonio home and make sure he eats something and have sleep a whole night, but Alvin standing down the hall makes him change his mind.

"He needs you, Hank." Antonio says gently as if he reads Voight's mind.
"I'll talk to him, Antonio."

"I don't wanna fight no more
I don't wanna hide no more
I don't wanna cry no more
Come back I need you to hold me

(You are the reason)
A little closer now
Just a little closer now
Come a little closer now
I need you to hold me tonight"

Chapter End Notes

House rule: I suffer, they suffer too (Sorry, not sorry).
Chapter Summary

"Something's not right
Cause there aren’t many stars in the sky tonight"

(Lilly Allen- Something's not right)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We had forever
We never got it together
I waited for you
For you I made it better
They kept telling me that it was unlikely
All I had to do was keep you beside me"

Alvin opened the door to the hospital room without knowing what he would find on the other side, Severide showed no emotion, in fact, he didn't seem to care about Alvin's presence. He is sitting in the only chair in the room, downcast, his face makes everything visible and his body is swollen and sore. The nurses helped him take a shower and Matt helped him wear a blue hospital gown. It's not a pretty picture to see now.

"Casey let me in to see you, he's exhausted so he came home for a shower." Matt spent the last 36 hours next to Severide, he really needs a break.

"There's nothing to see here, Alvin." Severide sniffs, he looks at the bed. The detective stands by the door, looking at the fireman.

"I understand if you're upset with me, I deserve it ..
"I'm not ... I don't ... I just want to be alone, Alvin!"

"That's not a good idea, Kelly. There are a lot of people worried about you right now."

"I am fine!" He almost shouts at the detective.

"It's okay if you're not well."

Severide breathes deeply, his two hands on his aching belly.
"I do not need any words of consolation from you, so if you saw what you wanted, you could leave now."
"I'm not leaving, Kelly, Casey told me you have not eaten all day. Are you hungry?"

Severide tries to get up, but his body is still sore. Alvin helps him reach the bed and sit down there.
"I used to date a girl named Renee, she got pregnant and ..." He starts talking, ignoring Alvin's question.
"I was so happy about that. I didn't even think about the odds of an omega getting another person pregnant. I was so happy, Alvin." He says in a low voice. "My friend Shay... she told me something was wrong, but I didn't want to hear it. I loved Renee, she was so smart and beautiful, and I was the perfect man for her... I was walking and talking like a real father, but she lied to me and her baby was never mine." Alvin holds arms around his shoulders while Severide cries. "I wanted to be a father, Alvin ... I wanted to have a son and a family of mine. Please don't say that I can have another child, I don't want to hear this shit! " He wipes his eyes and walks away from Alvin. His body requires a little rest, so it lies down.
"I've always been awful in biology and I've never thought of how many different ways this shit can screw you in. I can't make a child ... I can't ... Unless I go through it again, and I don't think I can do it again because it hurts a lot." He lets the tears roll down his cheeks. 'I didn't even see my daughter ... I'm a weak and cowardly person!'

"There's something I want to show you, Kelly."
Severide hates the wheelchair, but he can't walk without losing his dignity yet. Alvin pushes the chair down the hall to the elevator. Severide doesn't know where they are going, but he doesn't ask any questions.
The top floor of the hospital has a solarium with city view. On cold nights like this, the place is empty. Severide watches Chicago lit by the streetlights. There aren't stars in the sky tonight. Alvin sat by his side.
Severide pulls the gray cloak over his still swollen belly, feels colder than ever felt before.
"When Lexi was born, I wasn't there to watch her first cry, I wasn't there on her first day at school. I never knew the name of the boy who took her to the school prom..."

Severide feels his hands freezing in the cold wind. "On here," Alvin takes off his coat and puts it on his shoulders. " I was never been by her side when she needed me. I failed so many times that ... I can hardly look into her eyes without thinking about it. I've never been a good father, Kelly, that's why I panicked when I realize you were pregnant"
"I'm not a therapist, Alvin ..." Severide grunts impatiently, he has no idea where this conversation is going.
"I thought I might fail again with our daughter, so I didn't know what to do, cause I couldn't fail again, Kelly."
"You think I was not scared? You're dead wrong, Alvin!"
"That's our difference, Kelly: I'm the weak coward here, not you."

"Don't start with 'how I need to be strong' speech, Alvin! I don't want to be strong! I just want ... My daughter here." Severide looks at the city again. "I wanted to tell you it was a girl, but I was so angry with you and wanted to punish you and ..."

"Cut me out of your life? I can't blame you for that." Alvin sighs. "Maybe it was a mistake, you know, me and you ..."
"Go away!" Severide says angrily, but Olinsky just moves his hands calmly.
"Since I met you, not a day went by without me wanting to change my whole life, my age, my profession, everything ... But I cannot. This girl was all that was left of me, Kelly, you and her."
"They said ... She would never be a normal child. I don't know what they mean ...I tried my best..." "It's not your fault, Kelly. It's not your fault, it's just one of those things that happens and no one can
explain."
"So why I can't stop thinking I could have done better, Alvin? I could have ..."
"No, you couldn't." Alvin holds his face Severide tries to pull him away, he still doesn't want to be
touched. "I know you did your best! Everyone in this town knows you've done your best. Blaming
yourself that way will not bring her back, Kelly."

Alvin points to a point in the dark sky and it looks like he can see something there. Severide follows
his gaze. "I was my mother's fourth child, she had three miscarriages before I could born, she used to
say I was her little miracle."He moves his hand as if drawing something in the sky. "She was a very
religious woman and believed that her lost children were angels coming home.I am not religious, but
I said the same thing to my daughter.I told her that these little bright spots are little angels that could
not be among us ".
"And ... did she believe it?"
"For a while, she used to sit on the porch for hours talking to those bright spots."
Severide looks at the sky without stars, he just wants to go back to bed and stay there alone. Alvin
gets up. "Each point of light means a life ..."

"Take me back inside, please"
"No, I haven't shown you what I want."
"What is it, Alvin? There are no stars tonight."
"Have more faith, Kelly. Show me more faith..."

"Something's not right
Cause there ain't many stars in the sky tonight
Something's not right
Cause I know that it's day but it's dark outside
And I feel a weight in my heart tonight"

Alvin maneuvers the wheelchair to the edge of the solarium, so that Severide can get a good view
from the hospital entrance, there were some people downstairs, gathered with candles in their hands;
"What is this? Who are those people?"
"A few years ago a kid was kidnapped from the school door, there were not many clues, and we
were walking around in circles, and after receiving the money, the kidnappers decided to burn the
captivity with the boy in. We arrived after firefighters controlled the fire I thought the boy was dead,
so you came out of the building with him in his arms.That was the bravest thing I've ever seen in my
life, Kelly. "
Severide cannot remember that particular case.
"The boy is well and has a good life because of you, Kelly. When the family knew what happened
to you, they decided to come here to see you."
"I just did my job. They don't owe me anything."

The lit candles formed a small constellation on the ground, Severide recognizes some of his co-
workers among them, Antonio and Voight are also there with candles in their hands. He is crying
without any restraint now. Matt is standing beside him and didn't even see him coming. With a huge
effort, he gets up with Matt's help and continues to stare at those people with candles in his hands on
such a cold night.
"I heard you didn't want any visitors, not even your comrades from the battalion come in. Isolation is
not a good idea, Kelly. All these people owe their lives to you.They begged to come here. You don't
have to be alone."
Alvin explains, Severide has no words to say, he's hugging Matt's body and watching the people
down there.
Alvin walks away in silence, he is no longer needed here.
"Al"
He turns to Severide.
"I want to see her ..."
"I thought you'd want to, Kelly."
"Can you do this with me?"

Matt thought was best to leave them alone now. This would be the first and last time they would see the daughter, he doesn't want to interrupt this moment. A heavy hand rests on his shoulder, Voight, Antonio's standing right behind him.
"I need to tell you how much I admire you, Captain."
"I didn't do anything, Sergeant."
"You're a great man, you have my respect, Captain. I'm going to take Antonio to rest for a bit, I'll be here if you need anything." "Sergeant ..." Voight stops and waits for him to speak. "Call me Matt, that's how my friends call me."
"You don't know how important it is for me to hear this, Matt."
Antonio says goodbye to Casey, he's too tired to stay.
"Tell him I'll be back tomorrow morning."
"Thanks for everything, Antonio."

"I waited for you
For you I made it better
They kept telling me that it was unlikely"

The small, fragile baby fits into Alvin's hands when the nurse hands her over.
She was wrapped in a green sheet, only part of her head is visible. Alvin takes a minute to remember that he isn't alone in the room, Severide is in bed crying like a child.
The detective walks slowly to him as if he is afraid to let the small packet down. Severide reaches out to embrace her. He sobs as he hugs her.
"Hi..."
The girl has thin, reddish skin, the nose and mouth are tiny and perfectly formed. Severide gently pulls the sheet up to find her tiny hands cold, he holds it carefully.
"I'm sorry ... I really wanted to meet you." He tells her. "Hey I'm the idiot who talked without stopping, I ... I'm sorry for the potatoes I know you hated ... I wanted to hear you say 'Dad', I dreamed so much about it ... But it will not happen, will it? You never gonna call me dad..."
Alvin is also crying, he sits on the edge of the bed and watches Severide take care of the little girl against his chest.
"We are your parents, my angel." The detective say it, stroking her little head. "This is your father, Kelly Severide, he doesn't know that, but he's the bravest person I know and you'd love to meet him. You'd love to call him dad."

Severide's face is wet with tears as he whispers to the little child. "I'll miss you, I'll never forget you, my angel."

"Look what pretty girl we've done, Kelly...

"Yes, she's so precious...We were not so good together, but ... Look at you, so perfect!" Severide sniffs, shuffles the baby in his arms. "Did she suffer?"
"No, they said no, it was very fast." Alvin says wiping the tears from his face.

"I'm sorry, Al. I feel ..."
"No, Kelly, don't say any of this, it wasn't your fault, I told you."

"Do you think she knows how much we love her, Al?"
"And why not? You told her that, didn't you?" Alvin strokes Severide's hair. "I'm sure you did ..."
Severide laughs, a little desperate for so much crying and pain. "I think she got tired of listening to me all the time."
"You're good at talking to babies, Kelly." Alvin clears his throat. "I think I need to take her back, they'll take care of...details."

"You gave her a name, Kelly?" Alvin asks.

"No. I didn't choose any name. I thought about to see her face first, but now, i don't know..."
Alvin holds the child's body and kisses her forehead before pulling it out of Severide's arms.
"Alvin?" Severide calls before Alvin leaves the room with their daughter. "Alvin...Please..."
"I must..."

"Just one minute more, please...Let me see her face again, please."

Alvin returns him the child.
"What was your mother's name?"
"It was Louise. Louise Olinsky."
"That's a good name for her, Louise Severide Olinsky."
Alvin is still crying, but there is a smile on his lips as well. "Thank you, Kelly."
"Can you bury her? I don't want Louise to end up in a bag of tailings. I'll pay for everything, but..."
"Kelly, I'll thake care her."

Alvin hands the small package to the nurse and stands in the hallway while she takes Louise away from him. Matt watches, and cannot feel anything but sadness for the old alpha. Alvin walks over to him, his face is deformed by crying. "Take good care of him. He's a good boy."
"I go ...
Alvin left without another word. Matt has the strange feeling that this was a farewell. Severide is lying down when he returns to the room. Matt wants to say something, but he sees
Severide rubbing his belly, he has been doing it all day, as if to relieve the pain. "Matt, I'm hungry."

"Something's not right
Cause I know that it's day but it's dark outside
Like the feeling of rain on a Summer light"

Chapter End Notes

This is so deeply personal.
Alright

Chapter Summary

"Sometimes the words well their just not enough
Afraid of feeling and in need of love
To make it allright, baby, I'll make it allright"

(Reamonn- Alright)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Wipe those tears away from your eyes
Just take my hand you don't have to cry it
I'll be allright
I'll make it allright
Don't let the world get you down
Reach for the love that's all around
It'll be allright baby we'll make it allright"

Antonio woke with a start, he had overslept. The house was quiet, which is not common for whose have two teenagers kids.

He found Hank in the kitchen alone.
"I missed the hour."
Hank sweetens his coffee, a satisfied smile on his lips. "Don't worry, you really needed to sleep."
"I'm going to take the boys to school ..." he says coming out of the kitchen.
"They're already gone to the school."
"What? Did you let them go alone?"
"No. I took them and then I went to the hospital."
"You did what?"
"I took them a ride. I did not want to wake you, Antonio. You almost never sleep."
"Thank you, Hank. You said you went to the hospital, how is Severide?"

"He's fine, he'll be released today."
Antonio breathes a sigh of relief, Severide had a fever in the days following his baby birth, this was making everyone worried.
"Matt took a few days off to take care of him." Voight says.
"Did you speak with Casey?"
"Yes, I thought that we can out one day, what do you think? Have a beer ..."
"Who are you and what did you do to Hank Voight?"
Voight shrugs. "Maybe it's my 'inner Antonio' trying to escape."
"What you mean?"
Voight puts one hand in his pocket while holding the coffee mug with the other.
"I want to consummate this and strengthen the bond with you ..."
"Hank ..." Antonio is confused.
"Once all this is over, I want you to marry me, Antonio."
"What?" He's completely in shock now.  
"I want you to be my husband and ..."
"Are you proposing me, Hank?"
"I know it's not a good time, but nothing has been as I planned, Antonio. I do not want to wait any longer and stay away from you. What do you say, Antonio? Do you want to be my husband?"
Antonio is speechless. Voight puts the coffee mug on the table then walks over to him and holds his hands gently. "What do you say me, Antonio?"
"Hank, I'm still married and this is so far from being solved ..."
"I know we're going to work it out, and when it's all over, I want to be with you, Antonio."

"What if it didn't end well? You told me that the bond would drive us crazy if we were separated, and I do not want anything to happen to you if I get arrested and ..."
"You will not be arrested, do you hear me?"
Voight takes Antonio's hands to his lips and kisses them.  
"I'm not going to let anything happen to you, Antonio. Do you want to marry me?"
"This is insane, Hank ..."
"I know, and I love it. I love you, Antonio. I need to go to work now, you have until the end of this afternoon to think and answer me." Voight kisses his lips and leave.

Antonio stands there in the kitchen, he don't know what to say.

The day passes slowly to Hank Voight, he thinks about to call Antonio, but decides not to do it. He wants to give him some space and ... Damn! He looks like an anxious bitch!

With Alvin away from work, only he and Erin remain at work until that moment.  Erín gets a call and goes to the locker room, Voight does not pay much attention, if it was something important, she would tell him for sure.  
"I gotta go."
"It's all right?"
"Yes, I have some things to do and, I want to check Severide."

"Okay, send him my best wishes."
"T'll. Bye, Hank."
He looks at his watch; it's too early to return home. Some reports need to be examined and he decides it's a good time to do so. Maybe it will help speed up the hours.
He is alone at his desk when Antonio arrives.

He gets up and Antonio stops right in front of him, his expression's worrisome and Voight begins to look for injuries in him.
"First thing: I have no idea why someone like you would want to marry someone like me, Hank."
"Antonio ...
Antonio signals to him to wait, he still hasn't finished speaking.

"Second thing: You can't say that and leave me waiting until the end of the day...

Voight moves his jaw, hands in his pockets, he knows that Antonio has him in his hands now, and he's dying to hear his answer.
"I'm just making clear some of the things between us and ... I accept, Hank. If you still have not changed your mind, I accept to marry you."
Voight lets out his breath, he had expected a different answer, Antonio had every right not to accept, but now he is so happy he can barely contain himself.
"You cannot scare me like this, Antonio, I'm an old man."
Antonio laughs, Voight hugs him tightly, some few quick kiss and a few muttered words between the snaps of their lips. "I thought you could leave early today and ...."
"What about the kids?"
"Erin will pick them up at school and stay with them tonight. I thought you would like the house just for us today."
" Hun, you both working behind my back! I would love that, Antonio Dawson Voight."

Antonio's white skin is covered with tiny pints and Voight counts each of them as he maps his body with kisses. Every bit of his body, every curve, the fine hairs on his armpit, his nipples shivering as the Voight's tongue slides over them, was making Antonio shiver in horny. Antonio has small shoulders, narrow hips, and discreet curves, to be honest there are places in his body where Voight would love to see more flesh and less bones under the skin.
He is sweating and biting his lips until it makes them red from the marks of his teeth. Voight never saw him surrender like that, begging for more and clinging to his body as if it were his only salvation.
The alpha cannot stop kissing him and sniffing his sweat-ridden skin. Voight is intoxicated with the scent and taste of Antonio's body. He will not leave it until he's satisfied. His body wants Antonio, his mind requires it. His knot forms a third time at the base of his dick and he's ready for it again.
"Hank ..." Antonio groans as he feels the knot again, his skin is sensitive for the previous orgasms and Voight's cock is playing in places he didn't even know existed. It's big enough to fill it; his belly is stretched with his alpha semen. He can feel it.
Antonio tilts his own body leaving his neck to show, he is presenting himself to the alpha, Voight wants to bite it again, but he hesitates, Antonio groans in frustration.
Immersed in a haze of pleasure, Antonio presents again as he presses Voight's cock inside the body. The alpha moans, it growls in truth. Antonio's scent is starting to make him dizzy and his instinct is in charge again.
Voight knows what Antonio's body is doing, he is trying to please his alpha, formalize the bond between the two. His omega wants be sure that he will never left him for any other. This is the only weapon he have to keep Voight around him, protecting and loving him, and that's why his body is doing its best to seduce the alpha.
Antonio never made love before meeting Voight, everything he knew about sex involved pain and humiliation, this is the first time he lets his mind off and gives himself up so completely. There is no pain and no discomfort, Voight knows this when he feels Antonio's hips shaking around his cock as if he wants to take him deeper, impale himself into it until they be one only body.
He's leaking his natural lubricant and perfuming the room, Voight is freaking out. He holds Antonio's little dick and squeezes between his fingers until he enjoys it in his hands.
On his knees in bed, he pushes his ass against Voight with eyes closed murmuring disjointed words from which Voight can only understand his own name, Antonio is a beautiful sight in his eyes. He's moaning when Voight leaves his body, there's semen running down his thighs and wetting the sheet,
Voight wants to lick it and start all over again. Antonio is a wet mess and he doesn't seem satisfied yet, he wants more, he needs more. He rubs against Voight like he's in heat, Voight loves it and his body starts to react again and he's ready to take it again when Antonio surprises him, the omega holds Voight's dick and guides it to his ass, Voight feels his urge, Antonio's body bending down and nestling his cock inside his tight ass.

"Antonio…"
He groans, burying himself more and more deep inside Antonio's body. Antonio moans back and curls his own spine, presenting himself again. His arms are trembling and barely hold the weight of his body, Voight's body is on his back and his cock is making Antonio shiver and groan loudly. On this moment, they are only one. Voight can't stand it anymore, he holds Antonio's neck and bites hard. The knot keeps the bodies together, Voight watches Antonio, the omega is exhausted beneath him, sweaty and panting. His body is a mess of sweat and semen, blood trickles down his neck where Voight bites. Voight kisses his face, the movement makes Antonio moan painfully.
"I'm sorry, baby..."
Antonio pushes his thighs further apart and pokes his butt, Voight has a beautiful view of his cock nestled there. He caresses Antonio's bottom, making him relax. "Mine." Voight says before finally falling asleep from exhaustion.

The shirt of Antonio's pajamas gets trapped between Voight's fingers, leaving the skin of his hips bared. Antonio's legs are wrapped around his body, Voight only managed to make him wear his T-shirt before falling asleep. Voight likes this, he likes to have Antonio lying on his chest after a night like that. He doesn't want to get up and have to get out of bed anymore. The outside world can continue without him. He doesn't even care.

Now he just wants to stay here and enjoy the deserved rest. His body is tired and he doesn't remember having had such a night in his entire life. Antonio's body is softly over his, Voight laughs pleased. They had sex until dawn and now, the scent of Antonio's hair is making his dick hard again, he doesn't want to wake him. They barely slept yet.
"Someone's ready again ..." Antonio murmurs sleepily.
"I'm sorry, it's your perfume."
"I do not wear perfume, Hank. It's your shampoo."
"My shampoo smells better on you than on me."
"God, you're still horny ..." Antonio smiles. "That should not be healthy at your age."
"What's wrong with my age?"

"Oh nothing ..."
"Says!"
"No way!" Antonio holds Voight's dick in his fingers and caresses it. "God, Antonio, you're getting terrible!" He moans kissing Antonio's head. "Don't you have to work today?" Pumping Voight's dick gently. "It's Saturday, I thought, oh shit, don't do that."
"Don't you like it when I do that?"
"That's not it, I ... Um ... I'm going to get stuck here. I planned to leave and ... don't stop!"
"I can help you if you want."
"God, you're a temptation, Antonio!"
"Don't you like it, Hank?" Antonio pumps faster. "Of course yes!" Voight grabs his shoulders and rolls over his body in bed so he lies down on him. "This is a dangerous game, boy!"
"Tell me more about this ..." He spreads his legs and Voight nestles between them.
Antonio’s red and fleshy lips drive him crazy, he wants to bite them hard, wants to leave them marked with his kisses. "We can play if you want ..."
"You want this, Hank?" Antonio says as he pulls off his t-shirt slowly.
Antonio's body on full display now, and Hank leans in to kiss, his tongue sliding through the thin lines of stretch marks in Antonio's belly, making him laugh. "Do not break the mood here." Voight says pretending to be serious.
"I'm sorry, I know it's difficult at your age ..."
"I'm going to have sex with you until you can't walk, Antonio. Then you tell me who's the old man here."

"Is that a promise or a threat, Hank?"

Voight caresses his face. "I love you, baby."
"I love you, too, Hank."

"I'll pick you up when you're feeling down
I'll put your feet back on solid ground
I'll pick you up and I'll make you strong
I'll make you feel like you still belong"

Chapter End Notes

haha sorry i need some dirty things after the last chapter.
Forgive my mistakes, please.
Drowning

Chapter Summary

"Long nights are gone with the river"
(The Sea- Haevn)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We float on the river of time

Hold steady, hold steady

The sea comes, calls the summer

Forced out the cold

Don't follow the change of the tides

Hold steady, hold steady

Storm for hours and rainy days"

Severide is in pain. He doesn't say that, but Matt knows. The way he moves whenever he gets up and the long minutes under the shower speak for him.

He's still wearing absorbents underneath his T-shirt, Matt saw him put them over his nipples. They don't talk about it. They don't even touch the subject.

Matt wants to talk about it. He wants to console Severide, but the subject always seems inopportune and too painful to be brought to light. Severide doesn't push him away when Matt hugs him in the bed. He doesn't complain about it. He doesn't make jokes, nor does avoid him as used to do before. Matt likes this, but he knows there's something wrong with this new behavior. One night he wakes up with Severide's sobs, he was crying.

"Hey, it's okay, Kel. Shh, I'm here ..."
He embraces him tightly and tries to calm him down. Severide cries until he falls asleep.

"I'm going back to work." Severide says as they eat a pizza in the corner of Matt's kitchen.
"When?"
"Next week."
"Are you sure about that? Don't you want to wait a few more days, until you feel better?"
"I'm better now, I won't wait any longer."
"Whatever you say, buddy."

Matt doesn't insist, he believes he can keep an eye on Severide while they keep working together. He just needs to keep this shipwreck safe.

Back to the squad after 5 months away, it would not be a walk in the park, for sure.
He is out of shape, gets tired easily, his body still has not fully recovered, and Matt is concerned that Severide is ignoring what happened, he has not said any other word about abortion since the day he held the daughter in his arms.
"I'm fat ..." He says one day after looking in the mirror for a long time.
"You are great!" Matt was lying on the bed watching him.

Seeing a man so handsome as Kelly Severide unsure about his own body makes Matt want to change places with him so Severide could see how handsome and perfect he is."You're perfect, Kelly!"

No, I'm not, you know what, I'm going out to run." 
"Kelly, it's 10:00 at night!"
"Are you coming with me?"
"No, you shouldn't go either!"
"I won't be long!"

Matt never thought of Severide as a vain's man or even concerned about his own appearance, but now, he is exercising compulsively and obsessed with food. He talks endlessly about the problems of poor nutrition and the dangers of industrialized products. Everyone around him are being bombarded with his new obsession and tired of his new eating habits.

Matt only listens when Severide talks and exercises without stopping. There has not been much intimacy between them lately. Matt respects Severide's space and forces no closeness beyond hugs in bed at night.

A dinner with Herrmann and his wife becomes an unpleasant event and hard to forget when their youngest son tries to climb Severide's lap and the fireman panics.

"I'm sorry.I'll talk to him." Matt apologizes to his friend's wife. Severide is sitting in the car when Herrmann tries to approach him.
"I'm sorry ..." Severide feels bad for having panicked and make the child cry in fear.

Herrmann smiles. "Children cry all the time, Severide. He'll be fine."
"I don't know what happened..."
"Hey, stop it." Herrmann looks at the door of the house where's Matt and his wife are still talking.
"We lost a child. It was the beginning of our marriage and ... It was very bad." Severide didn't know that.

"Don't let it destroy you, man.You're stronger than you think you are.You have a very nice guy by your side now."
Not talking about it seemed like the only rule between them now. Matt tried it all the way back home. He did his best to make Severide speak, but there was no response from the omega.
"We need to talk about this, Kell ..."
"I was afraid to bring him down, that's all."

"You know what I'm talking about."
"No, Casey, just don't."
"No, what ...?"
"I don't want to talk, just drive and ..."

"We need to talk about this, Kelly!"
"There's no such thing as 'us,' Casey! It was not your daughter!"
Matt is silent.

Trying to protect Severide is the most difficult and tiresome thing that can exist. The guy is a loaded and pointed gun ready to shot all the time. Matt is patient and understanding but has no direction and is afraid of hurting him even more.

The Commander Boden pregnant wife appearing in the barracks is not helping either. Severide smiles when he sees her, but quickly walks away and disappears into the locker room.

"Kelly, can you open the door?" Matt knocked softly on the door. Severide comes out of the bathroom, red eyes denounced that he's been crying, but he tries to hide it from Matt.

Matt waits for him to wash his face.
"I know what we should do: One night at Molly's! Just the two of us and a few beers.
What do you think, Matt?"

He is surprised by Severide's abrupt change of mood.
"What do you think? Like old times!"
Matt frowns. Severide holds his shoulders and kisses his lips as if he wants to convince him so bad. It was their first real kiss in weeks.
"What do you say, Matt?"

"You do not drink anything but beers, okay?"
"Okay, mom."
"Idiot."
Matt takes the opportunity to hug him and smell him. They keep hugging in the locker room until the fire alarm rings and they have to run.

One night at Molly's proved to be the biggest mistake Matt has ever made. Severide is drunk and flirting with anyone who comes near around him. The alpha begins to squeeze Matt's chest and he has to hold himself in order not to lose the control.
He is not been sober for days. He is drinking every night, sometimes he's not even come back home after a night out. Casey tries to talk, but he's losing his temper and starting to question Severide's safety.
Casey doesn't know how to help him, but he's there while Severide vomits without stopping in the next morning.
"This has to stop, Kelly! You cannot go on like this."
"Leave me alone, Casey!"

One night he returns drunk to Matt's house. The alpha was asleep when Severide lay down on top of him.
"Kelly?" He tries to get out from under, Severide is heavy and Matt doesn't want to hurt him pushing him down.
"Shhh ..."
"Kelly, stop it!"
"Let's try it like that now, I know you don't mind getting a little down."
"Kelly!"

Matt finally get rid of him and get out of bed. Severide's body sprawls over the mattress.
"Damn, man!"
"Language, Mr. Perfection!" He mocks, completely drunk. "Come on. Come back here, I'm horny."

"No. You'd better sleep."
"I'm horny ..."
"You are drunk, you don't need a fuck, just some sleep."
"I have a hard cock here for you."
"What?"
"You said you would do anything to stay with me, remember? I'm a top, Matt!"

Matt picks up a pillow, better sleep in the living room.
"I want to penetrate you, it's simple."
"That will not happen, Kelly!"
"Why not? That could be very good. You used to think I was an alpha, right?"
"Stay here, I'm going to sleep in the living room."
"Are you going to leave me here like this?"
"Yes, man, you're very confused right now."
"Because I want to fuck you? You should get used to it, I will not let anyone fuck me anymore."

Casey brings some yellow flyers and delivers to him. "What is it?"
"I've been researching. There are some help groups for alcoholics. I thought you could ..."
"I'm not an alcoholic, Casey!"
"You have not been sober for days, Kelly! You get drunk every night and ..."
"I don't have a problem with that!"
"Well, maybe I do! You're risking yourself and..."
"Maybe you shouldn't be at my house every night then."
"Are you breaking up with me, Kelly?"
Severide leaves him alone in the locker room.

Matt can smell other people's scent all over him, omegas, betas, never alphas. He knows that Severide is sleeping with other people and that is killing him.

He can't say anything about it. Severide is a free man and there is nothing else between them anymore.

Old Severide is back. Drunk, irresponsible and promiscuous. Herrmann tries to stop him from continuing drinking and does not bring another drink when he asks for it.
"Don't you think you've had drink too much, my friend?"
"What is this, an intervention?" So he went to drink somewhere else.

Commander Boden offers help with grief therapy but he doesn't accept. He refuses to talk to anyone about it. He's fine, the problem is no one believes him.

"You cannot help him if he doesn't want your help, Casey." Boden says, seeing Matt worried about Severide.
"I know."
"Stay close, he needs you. He just doesn't know it yet."

The girls love Severide. He's nice, handsome, sexy. He's never alone, Matt hates watching it. He hates to see Severide always suffering from hangover and surrounded by women all the time.

Commander Boden doesn't have the same understanding that Matt has for Severide's situation. He needs to do something about it. For the safety of his men.
"I heard you're having a lot of action these days, Severide."
"I'm fine, Commander, I'm dealing with this."
"And how have you dealt with everything that has happened to you since you went back to work, Severide? You high all the time. You're late every day, is that how you're going to deal with this, Severide?"

Boden's voice can be heard outside his office. Matt scatters the curious around ones, but stays to listen.
"Is this how you handle it? When was the last time you had a good night's sleep, Severide?"
"I keep doing my job, chief! That hasn't changed ..."
"How can I trust you when I know you're drunk on missions, Kelly?"

"I would never do that..."
"I've turned a blind eye to you working pregnant, but this, this is beyond what I can tolerate, Kelly."
"Please don't..."

"Go home now!"
"Chief ..."
"I said now!"
"I'm saying I'm fine, Chief!"
"Kelly." The Commander looks at the firefighter in the eyes, "Get over it. Your career depends on it."
Matt is standing outside the office when Severide walks through him and leaves.

Antonio's who answered the door, Matt was standing by the entry steps.  "Hi, can I talk to you?"

Severide is not sure where he's been in the last few hours. He doesn't remember anything, just that his head hurts and he is lying on the sofa in his house.

The doorbell rang on and on, he got up and answered. Across the door, Antonio looks anxious. "I hope you have a good alibi, Kelly."
"Why?"
Antonio walks away and Severide sees Voight standing in the hallway. "You have to come with me, Severide." The sergeant says bluntly.

"And all our lives we're told

The stream will take us home"

Chapter End Notes

I'm not dead :)

Antonio's hands drumming on his leg. Matt just rubs his face without knowing what else to say. "You know he would not do that, right?" He says finally. "Severide never..." "Matt...Please, calm down, Voight's gonna help him." "You know that, Antonio! You are his best friend and ... Damn! I should have gone with him home!" "You had no way of knowing that. Calm down, please," "He needed me and I ... I don't know what to do to help him anymore, Antonio." "That's not your fault ... Please, sit down. You're making me feel dizzy, Matt." Matt sits next to him in Voight's office. "Do you think he...?" "No! I don't think so, Matt."

Severide rubbed his eyes for the hundredth time since Voight had brought him in to be interrogated.
"I don't remember. I left the Fire House and ... I don't know, I drove for some time until ... Damn!"
"I need more than that, Lieutenant." Severide's car caused an accident. He was not at the scene when
the police arrived, now he's being charged for aid omission.

"You think I wouldn't remember if I'd hit my own car, Voight?"
"The cut on your forehead, how did it happen?" Voight asked.
Severide ran his fingers over his forehead, he didn't even know there was a cut there.
"I've been a firefighter my whole life, I would never leave anyone without help, it's instinctive."
"I think you've still not understood the gravity of this situation, Lieutenant." Voight explains. "I have
two women in the hospital, one of them is not well. Your car was at the scene of the accident and
you're drunk! I want to believe this is a hell's coincidence, but everything tells me you caused that
accident."

"I don't know where I was last night. I have no idea how I got home, Sergeant. But I didn't hurt
those girls. I wouldn't do that. I never...Damn it! I never could..."

A knock on the door, Lindsay. Voight gets up and goes to talk to her.
"The girl, Chloe James, is dead."
Voight watches Severide sitting in the interrogation room.
"This has just become an homicide charge, Hank."

Alvin is watching from a safe distance, he should not even be here. He is away from work until his
case is on trial, but Severide is someone who would always make him leave his house.

"I need to check some information." Voight told him. "But your boy is in trouble, Al."
"He's not my boy, but I'll keep an eye on him."
"Al..."
"Damned, Hank! He gave birth to my daughter, I can't put him in a dirty cell! Do me a favor, let me
stay here while he needs me."

Antonio feels his stomach ache. Voight comes up to them and explains the situation. Antonio sits
down again, he feels unwell.
"I'm not going to lie, he can be arrested and convicted if he cannot explain what happened last
night."
"Can I talk to him?" Matt asked.
"I'm sorry, Casey. He's a suspect now."
"Suspect? No, he didn't do any of this! Antonio tells him!"
Antonio cannot say anything, he tilts his head and vomits on the floor.
"Antonio!" Voight walks away not to get his shoes dirty, he yells for someone to bring a bucket and a mop so he takes a handkerchief from his pocket and helps Antonio clean himself. Antonio is embarrassed and out of breath, he hates vomiting. Matt is looking at him, worried.
"I'm sorry..."
"That's okay, baby. Do you need something?"
"I'm going ... I'm going to the bathroom."
He gets up and leaves the office.

Severide was left alone for a few minutes. He still doesn't understand what's happening, but he knows he needs to remember what happened the night before.
The sound of papers thrown abruptly on the table pull him out of his trance. Olinsky.
"Only one of us should be in this room, Kelly, and isn't you, i assure." Alvin says quietly.
"What do you want? I told everything I could remember. Alvin, I didn't do that."
"I'm not here as a detective, consider it as a friendly visit, I came to help."
"Why?"
"Because I can do this, without hurt you in the process, Kelly."

Antonio washes his face and takes a deep breath. He is blushed and panting. His trembling hands run up the waistband of his pants, he unbuttons it and takes a deep breath.
Voight is waiting for him outside when he comes out of the bathroom.
"Are you alright?"
"Yes. I'm sorry for ...
"Don't worry about it. Do you wanna go home?"
"No, I'm staying here. I can't leave Sev alone, Hank."
"This may take days to resolve, Antonio. You still look tired to me."
"I'm fine."
"I'm doing what I can, Antonio, but Severide is really in trouble now."
"He would never do that, Hank. I know him well, and Severide is incapable of hurting anyone."
"He's been through a lot, Antonio. Maybe he's not the good man you've met before."
"Don't say that, please help him."
"I will." Voight kisses his forehead, Antonio is sweating cold. "Your pants."
"What?"
"Your button is open."
Antonio smiles. What idiot! He closes the button on his pants.
"Are you sure you're okay, Antonio?"
"Yes, I'm just tired, Hank, don't worry."
Alvin walks silently through the small interrogation room.
"Where were you last night, Kelly?"
"I don't remember. In some bars and I was drunk ... I can't remember exactly."
"You'd better remember, the girl from the accident, she's dead, Kelly, you might be charged in a murder case."
"Dead?" Severide didn't know that yet. The news leaves him devastated. "I killed her? I killed that girl, Al?"
"Were you driving that car last night?"
"I don't know!"

Antonio fell asleep sometime and woke up on a small sofa in Voight's office. The alpha jacket was covering him. Antonio's stomach is still hurting and he needs to run into the bathroom again. Luckily, there was no one there to see him run to the bathroom.
This is just a nightmare! It's not happening!
He washes his face again and goes looking for Voight through the office.
Voight had gone out to check some clues, Matt was downstairs waiting for news of Severide.
"Hi ... Any news?"
"Nothing, they can transfer Kel to the penitentiary if Voight couldn't help him."
"He'll help, Matt. Hank wouldn't let any of this happen to Severide or any of us."
"You really trust him, don't you?"
"He's a good man, Matt, don't doubt it ever."
Matt watched the cops come and go around them without noticing them.
"I walked away, Antonio, he was freaking me out, and I put him aside. I should not have done it."
"Stop blaming yourself, please. I know how Severide can be difficult to deal with."
"You and him..."
"Oh heavens, don't ask that!" He rubs his aching shoulders.
"I'm sorry. Everyone said that, I thought ... Forget it."
"No, we never ..." Blushing.
"He tried ... He was drunk and tried me ... I would if he really wanted to. I do not mind, as long as he's happy." Matt confesses.

"How long have you been driving this car, Kelly?"
"Six years, I guess." Severide is exhausted. "I bought that car six years ago."
"Have you given anyone a ride lately? A girl, a man..."
"Some girls yes, but I can't remember any person in particular. The only man around me is Casey."
"You gave birth less than two months ago, your kid's dead ... We can claim postpartum depression, this can explain a lot of shit to the judge."
"I don't have this!" Severide complains. "I don't have any shit!"
"Oh, no? So we can plead alcoholism, the judge will be much more difficult in this case." Alvin snorted.
"I don't want to use my daughter for this, okay? Leave Louise out of this, Al."
"That's what you've been doing all these days, Kelly. You've gotten drunk and denied help. Don't you think you're using her for it?"
"What do you know about me, Alvin? What do you know about what i'm doing? You have no idea the shit I'm living! You don't even talk to me! Do not tell me drinking is bad because I know that."
"I know that our little girl deserved better parents!"

There is a silence in the room, only Severide's hasty breath can be heard now.
"I want a lawyer." Severide sighed sadly.
"You don't need one, not while I'm here."
"I'm tired, Alvin! I don't know what happened...I don't know what i'm doing anymore."
"We're going to find out, you're not going to jail."
"I didn't kill that girl, Alvin, I would not do that! I know what it looks ... I wouldn't do that."
"I know, and that's the only reason you're still here and not in a cell, Kelly."

"What? This must be a nightmare. It's not happening!"

Antonio and Casey are waiting in the hallway when Severide is transferred to another room. Alvin guides him without handcuffs. Matt runs to him.
"How are you?"
"I'm fine. You have to go back to work, Matt."
"I'm not leaving here without you, Kelly."
Antonio wants to talk to him, but he is so dizzy that he can hardly take a step without holding onto the wall.
"Antonio?" Matt turns to him when Alvin takes Severide away.
"I'm fine! I'll go outside for a bit."

Severide's car has a small GPS capable of keeping in his memory the last miles he has traveled. Voight is able to set up a route from there and find the cameras of the places he went through last night.
Alvin hangs up the phone, Severide is standing with both hands on his neck.
"You're free to go, Kelly."
"Hn?"

The coffee mug causes nausea in Antonio, the smell of the police district causes nausea as well. His stomach looks like a roller coaster today. He feels his shoulders still aching. His feet are cold and he wants very much to take an hot shower and sleep for a few days.
"Stolen?" He asks when Erin explains the outcome of Severide's case.
"Yes, he was drunk, the security cameras filmed everything. He drives a Mustang, car thieves love the classics. The assailants left him on the street, he must have taken a bus back home."
Antonio is relieved. Severide would not be accused of anything.
"Does Matt already know that?"
"Yes, he's with Voight now. Soon they'll release Kelly."
"Wow, that was so ... Damn! I don't want any more surprises for the rest of my life!"
"Not?"
"I have to talk to him and go back home. My audience is on Friday, and I don't even know how to proceed ..." Antonio stands up, Erin holds his hand.
"Tell me..."
"What?"
"I know that because of the bond with Hank, you can't have any panic attack, so how do you explain the symptoms you had all day long ...?"
Antonio sits down in front of her. There was no one else around them.
"I'm a little nervous, that's all ..."
"No, you're not."
Erin is a smart girl, Antonio spent the day in the office mixing sleep with an aggressive nausea. Everyone else seems to believe he's just nervous, she doesn't. He can't lie to her.
He looks at his hands on the table, pushes the coffee mug away from his nose.
"I'm pregnant."

"Like to go back to a simple life
Be as a child in the Promised Land
Wish i could sleep when night comes over me
Dreaming of flowers falling out of my hands"
"And you learn
What we feel now isn't pain
Just a scent of it is enough
Blinding me with grace"

(You learn- Takida)

"Break free from the fence
It's when you cry it all ends"

11, October, 2006, somewhere in Colombia...

"Open your legs, bitch!"
Antonio does not want to do this, he's in pain, he's hurt. There is blood running down his thighs and staining the sheets beneath him. Adres punched his ribs, Antonio cried biting his lips hard, he's short of breath, coughing, crying.

Adres gets up and button his pants, Antonio remains on the floor, lying on a dirty thin sheet.
"You better be quiet, if this girl starts crying I'll be very angry, Antonio!" He threatens as he reaches for a bottle of water and drink it.
Antonio is cold, has been locked in this room for more than two days. Eva sleeps peacefully on the bed. He doesn't know where Diego is.

He wants to get up and get out of here, but he can't do anything right now. Adres comes back and lies down on him again.
"No, please..." He begged. "Please..."
"We're not done here yet, Princess."

Eva woke up, her little eyes wandering around the room searching for Antonio. She is only two months old now. Antonio feels the nipples swell with milk, Eva is hungry, but he can't feed her, Adres is lying on him, raping him.

"Please, let me feed her."
"We're busy here, Princess. This damn girl must learn to wait!"
"Where is my son, Adres? Where is Diego?"

Adres grabs his neck and begins to suffocate him. Antonio tries to push him and get rid of him, but Adres is stronger and only stops when Antonio faints.

Breastfeeding was never so painful as now, not even when Diego started having teeth and biting his nipples, it hurt that much. Eva sucks on his small nipple in silence. Antonio is sitting on the floor of the bathroom in the hotel room where Adres keeps them hidden. Violent knocks on the door startle him. Adres has come back from wherever he was.
"Open the door, Antonio!"
Antonio resists, he holds his daughter in his arms as if he could protect her like this. The door has
opened and Adres invaded the bathroom. He smiles in a way that scares Antonio till death.
"Wasting your milk with this girl, Antonio!"
"She's hungry ... Please let me take care of her." He begs, unable to get up from the bathroom floor.
"Finish this soon!" He turns to leave the bathroom.
"Please tell me where Diego is ... Is he okay?"
"He's fine, I'm taking care of my son. Just worry about giving me another boy, Antonio, I don't want any other girl crying next to me!"

Eva falls asleep again, the little girl has no idea of the hell that Antonio is living locked in this motel room. Adres wants another son, and Antonio is suffering for it.
His body hurts, there is no place in it that doesn't covered by scratches or bruises.

25, April, 2007. somewhere close to Venezuela border.

Ernesto kicked his belly hard, Antonio lost his breath. He woke up in a pool of blood, Diego was holding Eva in his arms.
"Are you hurt, Dad?" He asks. Antonio rises slowly and looks around, they were alone in the old hut where they hid. Ernesto was gone.
"You ... Can you take care of her for me, my love? I'll ... Take a shower, okay?"

His legs can barely support his body up, he closes himself in the bathroom and turns on the shower. Moaning, he takes his clothes of, there is so much blood over it, he knows there is nothing to do to save his unborn child. Slowly, he goes under the shower, the floor becomes pink with his blood.

When the pain comes, he crouches and pushes, then he cries. He doesn't want to continue. It hurts. A bloody mass is expelled from his body and covers the floor with more blood. The pain continues for a few more minutes, he cries more. The bathroom door opens and Adres is on his knees beside him. He watches Antonio push until the baby's head is out of his body.
"Help me ..." He begged, immersed in pain. Adres reaches out and holds the little head, Antonio feels when the baby's body is pulled out. He faints.
When he wakes up again, he's still under the shower. Adres is standing doing something in the bathroom sink.
"Who would have thought it was a boy, Antonio!"

Antonio tries to get up, without support he falls to the ground again. Adres laughs at his miserable attempt to stand.
"You've failed again, Antonio, our son is dead because of your stubbornness!"

When he finally gets to his feet, walks to the sink, Adres had left. Inside the sink is his son, small and bruised. He doesn't touch it.
The fever begins shortly thereafter. The children are sleeping next to you in bed. The dead baby is
still wrapped inside the sink, he didn't have the guts to touch it yet.
The heavy rain of summer punishes the city. Antonio brings a small bag in his hands when leaves the
house and follows to the backyard. He digs a hole with his bare hands, the wet earth sticking into his
arms and his face as he wipes the tears from his eyes.

He buries his son there, in a small grave in a city forgotten by the rest of the world. On that day, he
decides that he cannot continue living like this, he discovers that Adres had been arrested. Desperate,
he asks for help at the American embassy, and two nights later, burning with fever and bleeding out,
he leaves back to Chicago.

"Bringing you the fire
I will love you
I will hurt you too
All we need is cover
From the no lovers
From the cold others"

This morning...

He takes a long bath avoiding the hot water. His head hurts and he is immersed in bad memories.
Nauseated, he vomits twice on the bathroom floor. The memories of that infernal time do not leave
his mind now that he knows he's pregnant. After the miscarriage he thought he could never get
pregnant again. Antonio loves his children, loves being pregnant, loves all the details of being a
father. Even if none of his pregnancies were welcomed or celebrated. He never received
congratulations for being pregnant, no one ever caressed his belly or told him nice things about it.
Adres used to laugh at him, mock his body. He has not told Voight about the baby yet. Their baby!
He doesn't want to hide anything from his alpha, he's just scared and digesting the fact that he's
expecting another baby. He just need more time and a little more peace of mind.

After all that Adres did to him, Antonio thought he was unable to get pregnant again. This baby is a
real miracle, he was made with love. Voight loves him. It was nothing like before. He has no reason
to be scared anymore.

"You have class today, you better get up Diego!"

The boy rolls on the bed. "I'm not coming!"
"Why not?"
"Today is the day of the hearing, is not it? I want to go with you to the courthouse."
"No, you will not go with me. Now get up and get dressed for school."

"You can't go there alone, Dad."
"Diego, I won't say it again! Get up!"
"Will Voight be there for you?"
"No, he's working and ..."
"He has to be there, dad!"
"No, he doesn't have!" Antonio pulls on his son's blanket. "Get out of there!"
"I hate that school! You said we could go back to our old school!" Diego stands up and walks to the
bathroom.
"Yes, I did, but studying at this school was your choice, remember?" Antonio arranges his bed.
"Besides, if all goes well, we will not have money for the next monthly fee."

Diego's room is a mess, Antonio makes a mental note to make Diego clean after school. The boy
comes back brushing his teeth and wearing a pair of pants.
"You smell funny, dad." He says with his mouth full of toothpaste.
"What did I say about smelling people?" Pointing a finger at him.
"That's rude."
"Right. Don't do that."
"I'm just saying. You smell like Voight now."
"Yeah, I'm using his shampoo. I need a new one."
"Too much information, dad."
"You asked for it. Faster!"

"He's a good man, right, Dad? Voight ..."
"Yes, he is."
"Can I visit Severide?"
Antonio looks at him in surprise. "What..."
"I know he lost the baby and ... I don't want him be mad with me anymore."
"And why he could be mad with you, Diego?"
"I haven't been very nice to him lately."
"Yes, of course, I can call him later ..." Antonio dries his eyes, hell hormones! "I'm sorry..."
"Okay, Dad, it's okay to cry."

"Dad?"
Eva's voice takes Antonio out of his trance. She came from the living room with the phone in her hands. "Hi baby."
"Are you okay, Dad?"
"Yes, I'm fine, Eva."
"Uncle Hank called, he wants to know if you're ready. What do I tell him?"
"Say I'm, but I'm going alone, okay? I'll take you guys to school."

He decides to go it alone, of course that Voight ordered that some policemen follow him, but he himself, respected the request of Antonio.

Facing Adres would not be easy. Antonio knows this, but he wants to do it. Adres humiliated and tortured him for so long that Antonio needs him to know that he is no longer the weak one that Adres knew. Antonio has changed, he is a strong man and will do everything he can to keep his children away from this man.

The lawyer gave him some guidance before the hearing. Adres didn't attend. This makes Antonio the only part to be heard and, he speaks. For two hours he speaks honestly about everything that passed in his husband's hands and the reasons that made him run away with his children. He speaks until his throat ache and he loses the voice. He speaks for all the times he didn't speak. For his children, for his dead baby, buried in foreign land, for all the pain he faced alone.

Antonio the only one interested in the welfare of their children, and with Adres's problems with the law, the judge decides in Antonio's favor. The custody of the children will not be shared, Adres's lawyer will have to appeal, Antonio notices the panic in the man's eyes, not even he should know where Adres is now. For the first time, he felt protected by the law. Adres will not take his children away, the nightmare is finally ending.

He just wants to find Voight and tell him the good news, he's a free man again.

"And you learn like a shadow flows in the rain
Like a foreign flame in the dark
Showing you the way"
Matt found Severide sitting at the back of the barracks, he came over and sat down beside him.

"Are we playing hide and seek now, Kel?"

"I've been here all day."

"You know what I'm talking about. I was at your apartment yesterday, you were not there."

"Like we were together?"

"I just wanted to see you. I thought maybe we could give another try and ... I really want that."

Kelly's speechless, closing his eyes, he tried to still his mind. "Those pamphlets you brought ... I've been to some meetings."

"You were?"

"Yeah. I've been thinking about it, and all the shit I've done." He sighed, biting his bottom lip. "I need some time to fix things and ... I want to fix things with you, Matt, but I need to be whole again."
Matt turned to look at the other man, Severide smiles with tears rolling down his face. "I can't ask you to wait for me, so it's okay if you don't want to."

"I do!"

"Matt ..."

"I do, Kel. I'm good at waiting for people. I want you whole, and I can wait until you be."

"That's not fair, you deserve someone better than me, Matt ..."

"And who would be better than Kelly Severide? You're all that I want, if not now, so I wait until you're ready and ... I love you, Kelly. Don't ask me to get over it, cause i can't."

"This doesn't seem to me as a fair deal, Matt. It may not be worth it in the end."

"You're worth it, Kelly. I don't want to hear you talk like that. Take your time, steady your feet again, so we decide what to do about it."

Severide hesitated for just a moment too long, examining him, then gave him a small nod. "You're an hell stubborn, Matt!"

"This keep me going. Besides, if there's a remote chance we'll be together, I don't want to waste it."

"I don't deserve you, man."

"Come on, let's go in, it's too cold in here."

Matt gets up and reaches out to help Severide get up. The two end up hugging each other like good friends.

"Is sex still on the table?" Severide asks with a smile on his lips.

"I never said it wasn't." Matt arms tighten around him. "Let's make it right this time."

Severide considered for a moment. "So, what's the plan?"

Matt frowned. "I'll tell you: no plans, no expectations, just stay clean and we can work with whatever comes."

"I'll fix it, Matt." Severide mumbled.

"I believe in you, Kelly."

Erin was waiting for Antonio outside the courthouse. She smiled when see him.

"So, you're my guardian angel now?" Antonio was glad to see her again.

"I know nothing about angels, but, Hank is freaking everyone out in the district. I thought to came and check you out."

"I should go up there and talk to him." Antonio puts his hands in his pockets.

Erin looks into his eyes. "How was there?"
"Well, he did not come, Erin. Adres did not come to the audience."

"That's good, is not it?"

"I don't know, he's the one who filed for a divorce, I don't understand why he did not come in. It doesn't look like something Adres would do. That's pretty weird..."

"He's a psycho, Antonio. Don't try to understand his attitudes."

"Even so, I can't stop thinking that something happened."

"Come on, let's get out of here."

The sound of the glass falling to the floor made Alvin take a step back before entering the Voight's office. The glass did not break with the fall.

"Control yourself, man!"

Voight rubs his impatient face. He takes the glass from the floor and puts it in his drawer again.

"Any news?" Alvin sits down in the chair in front of his desk.

"Erin went to find him. He's safe."

"Tell me again, why did not you go with him?"

"He didn't want me there. He thinks it would weigh against him, having another alpha around..."

"So you play by his rules now? He have my respect now." Alvin mocks.

"Make no mistake, Al. Antonio is quite strong, he just does not know it."

"It seems like a rule between them, omegas, I say. They never know how strong they are."

"Severide?"

"He's clean. I have not said that yet, but thanks for what you did for him."

"It's my job, you would do the same for Antonio."

"Some time ago, I would not have done it."

"We've changed, old friend, everything has changed. We play by their rules now."

Alvin touches the table with his fingertips. "I talked to the lawyer."

"What did he say?"

"I need $100,000 for the defense."

"We'll find a way."

"I also made my will, Hank..."

"Don't say that!"
"Please listen, I need to make sure Lexi will be supported if I ... If something happens to me."

"Nothing will happen to you!"

"Just in the case ...."

"How is our man?"

"Quiet like a sleeping baby."

"Let's wake him up."

Erin watches Antonio eat up a huge glass of strawberry milk shake.

"What...?" He asks with an funny milk mustache.

"You're so pregnant, Antonio!" She helps him wipe his mouth.

"Don't tell me, I've been wanting one of these all day."

Antonio looks around, some people walk near without paying any special attention to them.

"Do you think Hank has anything to do with the fact that Adres did not attend the hearing?"

Erin shrugs. "I don't know, Antonio. Hank is fierce in defending the people he loves, but he knows the implications in this case well. He would do nothing to harm you."

"I know Adres well, Erin, he would never give up without trying to drive me crazy, he would be happy to come and demean me in front of the judge."

"Are you afraid?"

"It's not fear ... Yes, it is. I can handle it, but then, if he knows I'm pregnant ... I don't even want to think about it."

"If there's one thing I've learned from Hank, no matter what happens, you have to trust him, Antonio."

Antonio finishes his milkshake and throws the glass in a trash can. "I have this strange feeling and ... Forget it, I should be happy, should not I?"

"Yes, you should. When are you going to tell him about the baby?"

"I thought I'd do it tonight."

"Do you need me to stay with your kids?"

"No, not that kind of night." Blushing "I would vomit on him if I tried."

"Too much information, Antonio."

"Damn, I can't believe I'm doing this again! Do you have any idea what it's like ...?"

Erin just laughs, she's happy to see Antonio so relaxed.
"Am I walking funny?"

"What?" Surprised by the question. "No, why?"

"It's something on my hips, they harden and I ... Well, I've never ridden a horse, but it's as if I've traveled the country on top of one."

"You are great!"

"A cowboy..."

"What are you saying?"

"I look like a pregnant cowboy!"

“I don't think you look like a cowboy.”

Alvin waited until Voight finished the phone conversation and came over to him.

"So?" He wants to know.

"Some bureaucracy involved, but Antonio did well at the hearing. The judge is convinced that he is a good father."

"That's good, is not it?"

They check around before entering the abandoned building. Alvin closes the heavy metal door behind them. The building is far from the city, few people come here. Great place to hide something, or someone.

"Yes, I don't even want to think about what would happen if he lost custody of his kids."

"So, what's bothering you?" Covering his face with a black hood, Voight does the same.

"I asked Halsted follow him to the courthouse, Antonio stopped twice on the road to vomit, he's doing a lot of it, maybe he's not telling me something."

Alvin smiles. "He sure is."

They end the conversation as they approach a man tied to a chair with his eyes and mouth covered in silver tape.

"Hello, Pulpo."
I'm sorry, the chapter is weak and short. I'm having trouble with migraine again and can barely deal with myself now. I'm so sorry. Severide and Casey end up here, from now on, they are just minor characters, Antonio and his baby are the focus now. I'm always making corrections and any suggestions are welcome <3
I'm the Fear

Chapter Summary

"Just don't call me a headcase on the run
I will take you to the next stop with a gun
Don't take that word in your mouth, you're spoiling the fun"

(The Fear- Takida)

"I will break you when your hands up prepare to fall
Crush your fingers and your head against the wall"

Voight waited for Alvin to return, the detective came back with his cell phone in his hand. "I have a guy on TV, he works on the news, it will not be long now."
"I want this drug on all channels, I want everyone to see."
"They'll see. What about him, Hank?"
"I can't kill him. Antonio doesn't want it."
"I can ..." Shrugging. "He'll never know."
"No, I don't want you involved in it, Al."

Adres Dias was speaking on national network. In a 9 minutes video, he talks about the flaws in the agreement made between him and the prosecution. In his usual debauched tone, he mocks the American laws, they never been able to stop him. He talk about the recent killings and beheading and boasted about having them done.

The video was recorded in a moving car, Adres had a glass of drink in his hand and it seems calm and chill. He talks about international drug trafficking and how he plans to install the Cartel in Chicago. For a few moments everything seems like a joke. A scene with an bad actor who can't speak English properly, but it's real. Adres does not see it being filmed. He talks in details about the settlement with the prosecution and calls Peter Stone an idiot. The video continues to displayed on repeatedly for the rest of the night.

Antonio was sitting in the bathroom vomiting for the last 20 minutes, regretting much for the milkshake he took a little earlier.
"Dad!" Diego yells from the bedroom.
"Yes?"
"Pulpo's is on TV!"
"What?"

"Kelly you have to see this! "Matt yelled from the hallway, Severide came quickly to the battalion’s TV room.

"What the hell...?"
"Am I making myself clear?

Cause i'm the fear."

"What do you want? Money? I can give you anything you want, just let go and we'll figure it out ..."
Adres says as he tries to release his hands tied behind his back.
Voight is sitting facing him, Adres can not see him, his eyes are covered with silver tape. Alvin is in a corner of the building, just watching.

"You're going to leave my city ..." Voight says in his darkest tone. "You're going to disappear and never come back here."
"Who are you? Do you know who I am? Ernesto send you here?"
"You're a coward, that's what you are, the lowest, disgusting rat I've ever encountered and your friend, Ernesto, is dead!"

Adres's blood drips from Voight's hands and runs down the floor, forming little red puddles around him. His shirt is covered with sweat from the effort in the hits. Alvin is standing against one of the walls, arms folded across his chest, just watching the small scene. Adres screams when Voight hits his ribs with a chain link attached to his hand.

Voight hits another punch on the side of Adres's face, forcing him to squirm painfully in the chair. He spits blood and parts of a tooth, Voight is still not satisfied.

They don't speak, there's no other sound in the building, except for Adres's muffled groans when Voight hits him. Voight's gun is on the ground, he will not spend a single bullet with this animal. He will kill you with bare hands, will pluck his organs and scatter them across the floor and walk over it. The alpha inside him is roaring and snorting, out of control. The image of Antonio wounded further increases his anger. He does not want a confession, he just wants to get this damn scumbag down in the worst possible way.
Alvin looks at the clock, almost 9:00 PM. They need to stop. Making no sound, he holds Voight by the shoulders and drags him across the building.
"You'd better go now."
"No, I did not finish here!" He growls back at Alvin.
"Go home! I'll take care of him."
Voight watches Pulpo tied to the chair, half awake. He's covered in blood, but still breathing.
"Hey, listen to me, that was not the plan, remember? Go home, I'm going to finish this."

"I can give you ... Whatever you want, just tell me your price." Adres murmurs with his mouth full of blood. Voight comes back to him, tilting his body and looking at him closely, he tightens his neck with both hands. Adres chokes, suffocates. Voight tightens his neck until he feels he is no longer resisting.
Alvin extends his arms in surrender, he spent the last hour trying to stop Hank from killing this idiot. At last, Adres's fainted on the chair.
"Go home!" He says in a firm voice.
Alvin drags him out of the building and pushes him into the car.
"Take a shower! Tomorrow we'll talk."
Alvin goes back inside the building and closes the metal door. Voight stands outside in the snow, he is furious and knows he would kill Adres if Alvin did not get him out of there.

He bathed in the police locker room, did not want Antonio to see him dirty with blood. He got dressed and went back to the office to pick up the phone he'd forgotten there.
"Still here?"
Erin was sitting at her desk in the shadows of the office. "Yes, I have some reports and ... there is nothing better to do today. What are you doing here, Hank?"

"My phone ..."

"I left Antonio at home. Have you talked to him yet?"

"Not yet."

"Hank ...

"Yes?"

"There is blood in your clothes ..."

He changed his clothes again, Erin was waiting for him in the hallway. "I'll wash it for you."

"Thank you"

"He is alive?"

Voight moves his chin without answering. "Come on, Hank! Antonio doesn't want any of this."

"He's not dead yet."

"The video is doing a lot of damage, Peter Stone has called here several times. He's going to want your head, Hank."

"He's going to have to come get it."

Voight never liked this damn prosecutor. "I did what you asked for, but you should go home and talk to him."

"I'll ..." Voight is still shaken by anger and hating himself for leaving Adres alive. He just wants to go back there and finish his job.

"You can't, can you? Kill Pulpo, you cannot do it." Erin's voice brings him back from his trance. "It's not your fault, Hank. It's no weakness."

"Huh."

"Antonio asked you not to do it and you didn't, that's part of the bond. You can't help it."

Voight does not respond, he leaves the office, just wants to go home. "Don't make me lie to him again. He doesn't deserve this. Don't ruin everything now, Hank."

Voight closed the door slowly as he entered his house. He doesn't want to wake Antonio. "Hank!" Antonio's arms around his body show that he was waiting for him awake. "I watched the news, I was worried!"

"I'm fine, Antonio." He doesn't move away from the hug, Antonio's scent is the best part of this day. He love his scent. Antonio always smells so good, his skin is always covered with a cozy scent. It's the smell of home, of love, he cannot explain. He relaxes in Antonio's arms, all the anger he feels is gone, and he just wants to stay here in his arms.

Sitting on the sofa in the living room, Voight listened intently as Antonio explained the facts about his divorce. "I thought ... I could only think of Adres and ..."

"Don't worry about him. He can't hurt you anymore."

He holds Antonio's hands in his. "How do you feel?"

"Well, it's going to take some time, but i'm okay. I feel like everyone knows the truth about it now. There's no way he can escape, Hank. He's going to jail, right?"

"Yes, he will pay for everything, as you asked."

"It doesn't even seem real, I cannot even believe it's happening."

"Can we set the date for our marriage now?"

Antonio blushed. "No rush ... We have other things to think and ..."
"What other things?"
"We need to talk, Hank ..."
"Are you sick?" Voight looks at him worried.
"No. Why do you think I'm sick?"
"You're vomiting and going to the bathroom all the time and ... Oh, you are pregnant!"
Antonio is silent, it did not occur to him that Hank didn't want to have another child.
"I'm sorry ..."
Voight is on his knees in front of him. His sore hands, always firm and ready to hit and shoot, are
now shaking holding the sides of Antonio's waist.
Antonio can hear Voight's quick breath, the alpha is looking silently at his still non-existent belly as if
it were the most sacred thing he has ever seen.
Voight stays in that position for some time, he says nothing. The right thumb slides smoothly along
Antonio's belly, without squeezing, it didn't use any force to touch. Antonio still does not know what
to expect, his heart is racing. Voight raises his T-shirt and sinks his nose into his skin. He is rubbing
his face against Antonio's skin, as if he wanted to smell the child inside.

Antonio does not stop him, he holds Voight's head gently with both hands. At that moment, he hears
Voight whisper a few words, he leans over to hear it and finds out that he is praying. Hank Voight is
saying a little prayer! Antonio knows he's not religious or something, but here he is, praying while
rubbing the face in his belly.

This makes Antonio cry, he did not imagine anything more beautiful in his life. Voight continues
rubbing his face against the pale skin and placing little kisses there, he is still immersed in his prayer
and, it does not take long until Antonio feels his skin wet with Voight's tears.
"My son ... you're giving me a son, Antonio."
"Are you happy, Hank?"

Voight was still on his knees, sniffing, kissing, adoring Antonio's belly.
"There's a son of mine here ... We made a son, Antonio."
"Yes, we did, Hank."
"Thank you." Voight repeats his prayer. "I'm going to be a father again ..."
"I'm sorry, I didn't tell you before, Hank. I needed some time and ... I didn't know if you wanted to
have a child with me."
"That's all i ever wanted, baby. You're the best thing that ever happened to me, Antonio. I love
you..." He kisses Antonio and puts another kiss on his belly before getting up. "I love you, my
baby."
"Hell is on hold, no time to worry"
Lovely days

Chapter Summary

"And the world is so beautiful tonight"
(Spanish eyes Back Street Boys)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"When I look into your Spanish eyes
I know the reason why I am alive
And the world is so beautiful tonight"

"I don't want to talk about it, Dad!"
"But you know we'll have to talk sooner or later ..."
"No way, Daddy!"
"Diego ..."
"I don't care, okay? That's none of my business!"

Voight hits Diego at the entrance, the boy leaves without saying anything.
"What happened?"
Antonio rubs his eyes. "I tried to talk about the baby again, but he didn't want to hear anything about it."
"Well, he's going to have to get used to it." He approaches Antonio and touches his belly. "How are you?"
"Good ..."
"I heard you in the bathroom this morning. Nauseas?"
"I've never been so sick before, Hank."
"Did you talk to the doctor about this?"
"In fact, I no longer have health insurance and the public clinic takes time to ... 
"You're not going to any public clinic! I'm going to take you to the doctor! You should have told me this before, Antonio!"
"I know, I'm sorry, you're in so much trouble with Alvin's trial, I don't want to be a problem anymore, Hank."
"You are not a problem! You are my partner and you are pregnant with my child! Nothing about you is a problem for me!"
Voight grabs Antonio's chin, gently. "I know you're going through a lot now, and Diego is not making things easy again, but I'm the father of this baby, and I'll be with you every step of the way, I don't want you hide anything from me. I'm interested in all the details. Do you hear me? You're not alone, baby... "

Three months later...

Antonio's skin is soft and white on his hips, his leg is bent over Voight's body. He is wrapped in the alpha's body, his arms around his chest. His breathing is slow and silent.
He is naked. Voight didn't want to wake him, he looked so tired last night. Besides, Voight is loving the view now. Antonio has been so shy about his own body, he hardly knows how much Voight likes to see him naked lately, see the small protuberance of his belly where their son grows slowly. He can't believe his own luck, Antonio is the most incredible person he has ever met. He loves every inch of his Latin skin.
Stroking the exposed skin of Antonio's hip, he slides down to his belly and rests his hand there enjoying the sensation.

"What are you doing?" Antonio asks without opening his eyes.
"Feeling the baby." Voight kisses his head. "Did i wake up you?"
"Hun Hun"
"I'm sorry, I just wanted to feel my son."
"You know it's not him, right? It's probably just my stomach."
"I don't care, moreover, I have a good view from here." Antonio's butt is in the air.
"You're a bastard, Hank." He pulls the blanket over himself covering his body.
"You did not complain last night."

Antonio laughs, he turns away from Voight and lies on his back. "I think the neighbors heard."
"I'm sure that." Voight leans over him without squeezing his belly. "I really loved hearing you yell, Antonio."
Antonio touches his rough face feeling his morning beard. "Me too. We haven't made love for so long, huh." There has not been much intimacy between them lately, Antonio suffered from nausea and cramps, so sex wasn't a priority. "Pregnant sex is so good, Hank." Antonio knows that now. "Sex with you is so good!"
Voight's smile disappears and there is a slight worry in his face. "Are you sure I did not hurt you?"
"I'm fine. I already told you that." Antonio spread his legs, making room for Hank to stand between them. "You were incredibly kind to me, Hank!"
Voight feels Antonio's wet thighs, he smiles, satisfied. He goes down to his belly, a kiss of reverence there. With one hand he raises Antonio's leg, using the tips of his fingers to separate his outer lips and reach the damp channel. Antonio moans.

The alpha's rough tongue makes Antonio squirm in pleasure. Voight slides down to reach the perineum of the omega and climbs up again licking Antonio's cock and sucking it.
"Hank ..."
"Tell me what you want, baby."
"You, Hank ... I want you inside me ...". Antonio moans loudly, they are alone at home, there is no reason to stifle their groans. Voight kisses his nipples, he's gentle and doesn't bite it. He knows that
Antonio's nipples are sore from pregnancy.

"I Love you, baby." Voight doesn't put weight on him, he uses his arms to balance himself. His movements are slow and gentle. Antonio is wet and leaking lubricant, Voight's dick slides in easily. Antonio lifts his hips and enjoys the feeling of being so full with his alpha's penis. Before the knot is formed, Voight helps Antonio reach the climax. He will not give him a knot. "Hmmm ..." Antonio groans through orgasm. "Hank ..." He complains the knot that did not come. "No, baby, I don't need ..." Voight gets up and goes to the bathroom, washes himself and comes back with a damp towel to clean Antonio. He sits between his open thighs and gently cleanses. "Hank ..."

"I'm satisfied, Antonio, don't worry." He cleans searching for blood or wounds. "Are you alright?"

"Yes." Stretching arms and relaxing. "Do you have to work today?" Voight never took a day off, he's always at his desk in the district, but lately, he's been spending more time at home. He just leaves for work after making sure Antonio is no longer in the bathroom throwing up. He arrives home as early as possible at the end of the day and spends his weekends at home, noting if Antonio is eating enough. "No, I'll stay here with you, I'll make the coffee."

"I'm hungry."

"I'm so happy to hear that, Antonio." Antonio lost weight in the last three months, he almost did not eat and left Voight very worried. Now, at four months, his appetite seems to have come back.

He prepares the coffee and returns to the room to find Antonio. The scene he finds in the bedroom leaves him breathless: Antonio is still lying naked, just a matted sheet on his legs. The bedroom is bright and the curtains open let the Sun come in. Distracted, he looks at the window without noticing Voight's presence in the room. His right hand on his belly, caressing lightly.

Voight is there on the doorframe, just watching in silence. Antonio's body is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen, the delicate curve of his belly leaves Voight feeling that he is the happiest man in the world.
It's cold outside, but he doesn't care anymore. Chicago's cold weather no longer irritates him as much as before. Antonio's hot body no longer makes him feel cold. Antonio lifts his chin and caresses a little below the navel, he stands still for a moment and Voight realizes that he is feeling the baby move. Silently, the alpha walks over to the bed and reaches out to touch it. Antonio holds his hand and guides him to the place where he feels the movement, it is the first real movement of their son. They share this moment in silence.

"Knowing all I have to do
Is to reach out my hand to you
Whenever I want to look in your Spanish eyes "

"I Love you, baby." Voight doesn't put weight on him, he uses his arms to balance himself. His movements are slow and gentle. Antonio is wet and leaking lubricant, Voight's dick slides in easily. Antonio lifts his hips and enjoys the feeling of being so full with his alpha's penis. Before the knot is formed, Voight helps Antonio reach the climax. He will not give him a knot. "Hmmm ..." Antonio groans through orgasm. "Hank ..." He complains the knot that did not come. "No, baby, I don't need ..." Voight gets up and goes to the bathroom, washes himself and comes back with a damp towel to clean Antonio. He sits between his open thighs and gently cleanses. "Hank ..."

"I'm satisfied, Antonio, don't worry." He cleans searching for blood or wounds. "Are you alright?"

"Yes." Stretching arms and relaxing. "Do you have to work today?" Voight never took a day off, he's always at his desk in the district, but lately, he's been spending more time at home. He just leaves for work after making sure Antonio is no longer in the bathroom throwing up. He arrives home as early as possible at the end of the day and spends his weekends at home, noting if Antonio is eating enough. "No, I'll stay here with you, I'll make the coffee."

"I'm hungry."

"I'm so happy to hear that, Antonio." Antonio lost weight in the last three months, he almost did not eat and left Voight very worried. Now, at four months, his appetite seems to have come back.

He prepares the coffee and returns to the room to find Antonio. The scene he finds in the bedroom leaves him breathless: Antonio is still lying naked, just a matted sheet on his legs. The bedroom is bright and the curtains open let the Sun come in. Distracted, he looks at the window without noticing Voight's presence in the room. His right hand on his belly, caressing lightly.

Voight is there on the doorframe, just watching in silence. Antonio's body is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen, the delicate curve of his belly leaves Voight feeling that he is the happiest man in the world.
It's cold outside, but he doesn't care anymore. Chicago's cold weather no longer irritates him as much as before. Antonio's hot body no longer makes him feel cold. Antonio lifts his chin and caresses a little below the navel, he stands still for a moment and Voight realizes that he is feeling the baby move. Silently, the alpha walks over to the bed and reaches out to touch it. Antonio holds his hand and guides him to the place where he feels the movement, it is the first real movement of their son. They share this moment in silence.

"Knowing all I have to do
Is to reach out my hand to you
Whenever I want to look in your Spanish eyes "
"Are not you eager to know the baby's sex, Hank?"
Antonio asks as they take the coffee in the kitchen. Voight nods.
"I don't care. I love what comes."
"Hank ..."
"I mean it, Antonio. Whatever it is, I already love it very much."
"I never knew the genders before giving birth. Diego and Eva were surprises."
Voight pours more milk into Antonio's mug. "You know, don't you?"
Antonio laughs, "Yes, I asked to the doctor when you left the room."
"I don't want ..."
"I will not say then."
"I'll get the boys at the fireman's house..." Voight stands up, Antonio holds his arm.
"I go."
"No, you won't ..."
"I need to talk to Severide, Hank, I will not keep this a secret from him any longer."
"Are you sure?"
"Yes, he is my best friend, I can't let he know when our boy is born."
"Are we having a boy, Antonio?"
"I never said that, it's a metaphor, you know, the baby, the boy, I never said it was a boy, Hank!"
Trying to mend it. "I did not ... I'm sorry ..."
"A boy ..." Voight is paralyzed in his chair, Antonio leaves him there and goes to Severide.

Severide answered quickly when Antonio rang the doorbell.

"Hi..." Severide holds him in a tight hug. "Come in, they're with Matt, they should not be long in coming back."

Antonio enters Severide's apartment.

"New car?" Severide saw him park in front of the building.

"Yes, Voight gave it to me. The other car was from Hank's son, Justin." Voight sold Justin's car, he finally got rid of some of his son's stuff. With the money from the sale, he bought a new car for Antonio, made a point of buying the safest car possible.
"Coffee?"

"No thanks, can we talk?"

"Sure, about?"

"I'm pregnant..."Severide's blue eyes look at him. He says nothing for a few seconds. Then he
smiles, making Antonio sigh with relief.
"Well, am I the father? Because I don't remember very well what I did while I was drunk."
"Shut up!" Antonio smiles. "I'm sorry, I should have talked to you before, but I could barely get out
of the bathroom."
"I don't miss that part!" He sits down on the couch and waves to Antonio to sit by his side. Antonio
sits down

Severide looks at him, noticing the slight bulge beneath Antonio's blouse.
"How much time?"
"Almost four months."
"Voight?"
"Yes."
"That's so ... Insane, but I'm ..." He approaches Antonio and touches his belly lightly. "I'm happy for
you, Antonio. You don't have to be afraid to tell me about your baby. Are you happy?"
"Yes, I am ... This is so new and strange, and I'm afraid to end."
"Do not think like that. It's okay now, you're okay. Your children are okay."
"I should have talked to you before ..." He knows that Severide is sober but feels guilty for not
talking to him after everything has happened.
"I would not have listened to you. I didn't want to hear anyone, Antonio. That's why I sank, and
almost lost control."

"I'm sorry, Sev."
"It's okay now, we're fine, and I'm going to be an uncle again!" Embracing Antonio and closing the
subject between them.

Matt did not knock on the door, he just walked in and sat down next to Severide on the bed.
Severide dries his eyes and tries to smile at him.
"I am a father, right? I have a daughter and ... I had..." He adjust his words.
"She will always be your daughter, Kel."
"Would she be proud of me, Matt? Do you think she would be proud of who I am?"
"Yes I'm sure." He puts an arm around Severide's shoulders. "Are you ready to talk about her now?"
Severide nods, he finally wants to talk about her.
Chapter End Notes

I have a little obsession with Severide.

When I finished this chapter, my laptop crashed and I ended up saving in Portuguese. I'm sorry, I fixed it, but it was strange to anyone who read it.
Voight hid the ring in his pocket when Erin walked into his office. She had some papers in her hands and realized that Voight had hidden something. "Something I should not see?" "It's nothing. What do you need?" "Um, I ... can I see?" "There's nothing ..." He sighs in surrender then reaches into his pocket and shows the ring to her. "It was my mother's wedding ring." "Very beautiful, Hank!"
"My father and she were married in the 1950's, my father was a young police officer without much money. He wanted to buy her a ring, but he couldn't afford one."

Erin sits down in front of him to hear him tell the story. "One day an old lady had been robbed. He didn't rest until he arrested the robbers. The old lady was so grateful that she gave him this ring, she said it was in her family more than 100 years. He ran home and asked my mother to marry him. She never took it off from her finger."

Erin takes the ring in her hands and looks at the delicate jewel made of gold with a thin line of white gold in the middle. "I don't remember seeing Camille wearing that ring."
"I never gave it to her." Voight reveals with some regret in his voice. "My father gave it to me when my mother died, he wanted me to give it to Camille, but I could never give it to anyone." He is not proud of it, Erin see the guilt in his gaze. "I loved her, but I never gave her this ring."

Erin gives him back the ring. "And it appeared in your pocket after so many years, or do you carry it like a lucky charm?"

"I asked Antonio to marry me."

"What? When did this happen?"
"A few months ago before I knew about his pregnancy."

Erin is surprised and speechless just looking at Voight as if he, mysteriously, had three heads now. "I'm sorry, I didn't want anyone to know before he was safe."
"I don't know what to say, Hank ..."
"Just say you're happy, you're all that's left of my family, I want to know if you're happy about it."

"He accepted?"
"Yes, he said yes."
Erin jumps up abruptly and hugs Voight. "Of course I'm happy and ... Damn! Antonio did not tell me about it!"

Voight smiles and, Erin does not remember when it was the last time she saw him smile like that. "I'm happy, Hank, I never believed it would work, you and Antonio are so different, but in some inexplicable way, you two complete each other."

"Someone is a real friend..."

Olinsky no longer works here, he has been away from work for a few months, even so, he comes sometimes. Voight doesn't care, he likes to have his friend here. Today, he came to collect some things on his old desk.
"A boy, huh? You must be very proud, Hank."
"I am. Antonio is doing well, and he is fat and healthy now ..." He says without being able to disguise the pride of seeing his omega carrying his son.

Voight's smile falls apart when he remembers Alvin's situation.
"Have you spoken to the Internal Affairs?"
"They try, but I have nothing for them."
"Alvin, I'll talk to them and ..."
"You also have nothing to talk to them, Hank. Don't get into it ..."
"We both know what happened ..."
"Nothing happened, they'll have to prove it. Now think about your son, how will Antonio stay if you get involved in this, Hank?"

"Someone said, it was meant to be. Different verse, same miserable song."

Severide threw the papers on the table. Alvin looks at him, as if there is no one else in the room.
"What does that mean?"
"Exactly what's written there, Kelly."
Severide rubbed his face, he had not noticed the other agents in the office when he entered and went
straight to Alvin's desk. "You're crazy, I don't want none of this!"

Alvin straightens his black cap and smiles back at him. "It's not optional."
"Alvin, I don't want any of this! I don't need ... I don't want to have to worry about your wife disturbing me."

"Ex-wife." He corrects. "She will not disturb you, Kelly."
"Oh really? I don't want to! Just redo this and ... Leave me out of this shit!"
He leaves the office furious.

Voight that, had watched the little scene from his office, come near him. "What was that?"
"He found out he's the legal guardian of Lexi, if anything happens to me."
"Huh"
Alvin is still looking up the stairs where Severide had left. "Damn, if only he knew how sexy he gets when he's mad!"
Voight looks at him with raised eyebrows, only someone like Alvin would make a joke in a moment like this.

"Somebody said "You can have another"
As if that would make it alright."

Winter was finally over, there was no more snow covering the streets and no heavy coats. People are returning to the parks and walking with their children and their dogs.
Alvin observes the tranquility of the river's surface, he had been working on the streets for so many years that now he does not know what to do with all the extra time he has.

"I saw you standing back there." He says without turning to look. Severide tries to hide the small embarrassment. "Sit here."
The fireman approaches and sits beside him on the bench. "I'm sorry..."
"For stalking me or ...?"
"For losing control there in the District."

"To be honest, I thought it was so sexy."
Severide would respond something rude, but he gave up and just smiles back.
Alvin rubs his hands on his knees. "I'm not going to change anything, if that's what you came for ..."
"I'm not the most recommended person for this, Alvin. Ask anybody about it, I always screw up everything in the end."
"Lexi is almost an adult, Kelly, she doesn't need another father. All she needs is to have someone there when things get bad and you're the best I know for that."

"No, I can't do that ... Besides, you have not even been tried. You can't go to jail and ..."
"I don't want to trust in my chances. If anything happens to me, I need to make sure Meredith is not going to drive my daughter crazy."

"And why do you think it will be any different if I'm there?"
"You're a natural protector, Kelly, you're always protecting people, I know you'll take good care of Lexi."
"Voight could do this ...
"It's not that kind of protection I'm talking about."

Severide looks at the river. Alvin stands up and reaches out his hand. "Come on, let's take a walk."
They walk for a time in silence. Just enjoying the view.
"What if she doesn't accept it and ... I can't force her."
"Don't worry about it. Lexi is the sweetest and kindest creature in this world."
"Maybe you should talk to her before..."
"Your guy, the captain, does he know that?"

"He's not my guy. No, I didn't say anything."
"Is that a problem between you two?" Stopping walking.
Severide shrugs. "Matt doesn't decide anything for me."
"Subject closed." Walking fast.
"No, Alvin!"

"Somebody show their true colors."

Voight came into his house through the garage, he tries not to make any noise while parking his car. Antonio's car is there, he goes to the trunk and tries to remove what he brought without making noises, he steps on Diego's skateboard and almost falls. Damn boy! He'll have a talk with him about letting his things around.

Holding onto the side of the car to avoid falling into any other trap, he puts his little gift in a corner, suddenly the light is on and Antonio is standing in the garage door. With his arms folded over his belly, he smiles at what Voight has brought: a child's bike. "Don't you think it's too soon for that?"

With a thin but proud smile, he explains: "I saw in a store and ... Don't say that, kids grow up fast and ... I can teach him to ride a bike soon."
Antonio uncovers his arms and rests both hands under the base of his belly. "Someone recognizes your voice ..."
Voight walks up to him smiling. Both hands on Antonio's belly, he doesn't lose any of the baby's movements when he is at home. "Daddy's here, baby."
"He didn't move once today, just heard you and started kicking."
"Hey, Daddy's here. Did you miss me, my little man?"

No one would believe Antonio if he said how much Voight is kind and affectionate. His expression changes completely when they are alone. "Have you eaten?" He hugs Antonio and guides him into the house. "Diego needs to clean this place up."

"Somebody always listened and call me by my name"
"Legal guardian? What does that mean?" Matt asks while lighting a cigar, Severide uses the truck to lean on.

"I'm not sure. Kind of a counselor, I guess."
"And you accepted?"
"He doesn't want to change his will and ... I have no idea what to do."
"Do you want my opinion?"
"Go ahead."
"In your place, I'd talk to her."
Severide makes a sound with his mouth. "And what should I say, hey Lexi, I'm the guy your father asked to give you advice and ... I don't know, hold your head when you get drunk. I'm the last person who could advise a girl."
"What if she was your daughter, Kelly?"

"Someone sat quietly by my side"

"A soda please."
Alvin smiles as Severide orders and then sits down next to him at the bar counter.
"Stalker..." he murmurs.
"Let's make a deal, Alvin, she has to agree to that."
"This is not a deal, Kelly."

"Did you tell her about ...?"
"Louise?"
Severide agrees without saying anything.
"She chose the place where we buried it and covered her grave with flowers."
"What...?"
"She always wanted to have siblings, and she was excited about it." Looking at his empty wine glass.

Severide is speechless, he doesn't even know where his daughter was buried. He guessed he could keep reminding her if he didn't see a grave, the pain would be even more real.
"I know you have problems, yet, you're the only person I would trust another daughter of mine, Kelly."

"...And someone shared my sorrow."
Chapter End Notes

The brave man experiences death only once...(just saying, but we have some death tags here)
Severide uses his hands to wipe the inscription on the small tombstone of a grave. Some sheets had hidden the name of the person buried there. The Sun had not yet fully arise, he left his shift before six in the morning. Without the leaves to cover it, the tombstone leaves the name on display: Louise S. Olinsky. Without any date or phrase of longing, just the name. He runs his fingers through the bronze letters, his stomach hurts. He does not cry. There is nothing to cry about.

Some yellow flowers adorn the place, a small plush bear was placed next to the grave. He closes his eyes and thanks whoever has put that bear there.

"My dad said you wanted to see me."
He gets up when he hears the girl's soft voice, Lexi Olinsky.
Lexi is small, thin, has long black hair. The hands behind her back indicate how shy she is. She has a small and delicate nose, Severide has seen those traits before, he remembers those small lips in another mouth. It would be pretense of his mind to try to compare Louise to Lexi, but he can only think of how the two would look like each other.

"I'm Lexi ..." She reaches out to greet him, Severide comes back from his trance and grabs his hand more tightly than he really want.
"Kelly Severide."
Lexi smiles. "I know."

Lexi bends down and arranges the little bear over the pit.
"He must have fallen in the rain."
Severide just watch, he doesn't know what to say now that she's here.

"I almost do not come here lately, college, you know, it takes a lot of my time."
"College?" He repeats as if she's too young to be in college.
"Yes, I wanted to get in early and graduate early." She explains, he shakes his head to concentrate again.

"Alvin ... Your father told me that you did it." He's referring the flowers planted around.
"Yeah, I like that color. Is that okay for you?"
"Yeah, I like it too."
"I thought she'd like yellow." She laughs at his comment. "You must think I'm an idiot, right?"
"No! Why would I think that?"

"She doesn't know what flowers are or even yellow flowers."
Severide smiles, he did not even think about it. "Yellow was my favorite color when I was a kid, maybe it's hereditary, I don't know."

"I brought the bear, it was mine and, I wanted her to have something, to know that she is not alone here."
Severide feels his eyes burn with tears. He never imagined that anyone else was suffering from his daughter's death. "Thank you." He murmurs before he collapses into tears.

Voight was in the kitchen when Antonio woke up. He kept stirring his mug with coffee, even though it was cold. Antonio reaches out and shows his finger with the ring.

"We have a fairy of the alliances here, by the way."
Voight smiled, the ring fit perfectly on Antonio's finger.
"Do you really think our son would be born without us being married, Antonio?"
"I never thought you were an old-fashioned man, Hank."
"Well I'm..."

"In that case," Antonio approached him and held his shirt, taunting him. "Maybe we should not have sex until we're no longer sinners."
"You wouldn't do this to me, would you?"

"I would ..." Turning away from Voight. The alpha holds Antonio by the rounded waist and puts it sitting on the kitchen counter.
"I'd go crazy and ..." He shut up, Antonio is no longer smiling, his skin is pale. "Antonio?"
"Not here." He down from the counter.
"What happened, Antonio? What happened?"
Antonio looks around, the children are still sleeping. "Adres used to... He hurt me like that ..."

Voight is confused, they haven't spoken about Adres for months. He does not even remember this damn name. Why did Antonio remember that now?
"Baby," he approaches Antonio again and grabs his shoulders. "It's me. I would never hurt you."
"I know, I'm sorry. I've had some bad dreams and ... I'm sorry, Hank."
"I love you, Antonio."

He hugs Antonio and accompanies him to the couch. Antonio sits down, Voight pulls his legs until
his feet are on his lap then he massages them.
"Do you want to talk about it, Antonio?"
"No. It's just a stupid nightmare."
"If it's scaring you, I'd like to know."
"No, it's okay, Hank, that's good!" He relaxes with the massage. "Where did you learn to do that?"
"I have many skills, Antonio."

Antonio leans as much as he can with his big belly on the way, and kisses his mouth. "How about
showing me some?"
Voight walks away laughing. "I thought that made us sinners."
"Don't use my words against me, Hank!"

"Do you think my father is going to jail, Mr. Severide?" Lexi asks as she wipes some dry leaves
from the boots, they are still sitting on the floor beside Louise's small grave.
"I don't know. You can call me Kelly, that's how your father calls me."
"It's a different name." She says without sounding sarcastic, just an observation.
"You have no idea what I went through at school cause that name."
"I can imagine."

Severide wipes his face wet with tears.
"I was there ..." He turns to look and Lexi continues, "In the hospital, the day she was born, I was
there. Those people with candles in their hands, they were talking so many good things about you.
My father had told me you were some kind of hero for Chicago, but I thought he was just being a
man in love and exaggerating things."

Severide tries to remember her face among these people, but he can't.
"People kept coming and asking about you, it even looked like you were a celebrity there." Severide
doesn't know that because he didn't want to see anyone in the hospital and, even many days later, he
kept avoiding people. "I don't even want to imagine your pain, but you've never been alone."

"I..." he finally says. "I did a lot of bad things after that day, Lexi, I've been drunk for days, and I've
hurt a lot of people, maybe I don't deserve what you done for me."
"You were suffering, no one can judge you for it."

"Even so, I ... I shouldn't have done anything like that."
"Are you ok now?"
I am trying. I go to one of these help groups, they make me talk what I'm feeling and, I'm not going
to lie, it has helped me understand some things."

"My father always tells me that we are lucky to continue existing after something bad happens to us.
Every day is a blessing."

Severide smiles, Lexi is really charming. He never imagined that Alvin could have a daughter like
her.
"You're different than I imagined, Lexi."
"I hope I haven't disappointed you, Kelly."
"No, you didn't disappoint me! Your father and I, we ... It was not meant to be, we are many
different and ... It would never work, but I would love if Louise to be like you. I would give anything to her be here."

"We're all dust from the stars. Have you heard about that, Kelly?"
"Yes, your father told me something similar back there in the hospital."
"He doesn't believe it, he says but he doesn't."
"You believe?"
"I believe in many things, blame my grandmother for it, but I don't have many certainties about death."
"But you brought the bear ..."
"I waited for her, my dad didn't want me to raise expectations about it, but I waited for her and ... I wanted her to know who I'm. That I'm the big sister and, probably i would ruin her social life , but that I would be there and be her sister."

"This is the most beautiful thing I've ever heard, Lexi."
"Do not kid yourself, Kelly, I do not want to romanticize death or anything like that, it's all a hell of a thing, and it hurts to keep talking like that, but we're still here and that's the most incredible thing."
"It's still the most beautiful thing I've ever heard from anyone. May I hug you, Lexi?"
"Yes ..."

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry i really need to talk about it.
It's my strange way to deal with my own pain :( 

PS: i have my reasons to keep Lexi Olinsky alive.
Show me Heaven

Chapter Summary

"If you know what like
To dream a dream
Baby hold me tight"

(Show Me Heaven-Maria Mckee)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"There you go

Flashing fever from your eyes

Hey babe, come over here and shut them tight

I'm not denying

We're flying above it all

Hold my hand, don't let me fall

You've such amazing grace

I've never felt this way..."

There's a new message on Alvin's phone.

"It's me Kelly, I just wanted to tell you, I meet your daughter ... You were right, Lexi's amazing, Alvin ..."

Severide's hips rise and fall in a strong but careful rhythm. His skin is covered in sweat and his hands
clutching the alpha's arms tightly. He bites the lips as he tilts his body back, riding the alpha's body willingly.

"I've been thinking ... I've never told you this, but ... It's not your fault, and maybe I wasn't fair to you after everything has happened ... With Louise..."

The voice continues to echo through the cellphone on the table next to his bed.

Severide grabs the sheets between his fingers, he is on his knees, moaning with the eyes closed.

"I've never been good at these things, I shouldn't have blamed you ... I just wanted to find an answer to what happened ... As you said, there is no answer."

He rests his head against the pillow, raising his butt to his alpha. The alpha's tongue slides through his hole, Severide groans, it's a strange and new sensation, but he likes it. The alpha uses the fingers to massage the canal, moistened and swollen by the sex round they had, he uses the omega's pussy lube to wet his hole. Severide wants this, he asked for it, he doesn't want to stop now.

His body submits itself to the alpha's will, and it doesn't resist to being penetrated. His breathing becomes heavy and noisy, he tries to relax and adapt to this overwhelming sensation. The alpha's hand is rubbing his back, massaging gently. He never felt this way before, his body is unconsciously presenting itself to the alpha. He would never let anyone else see him like this.

"I don't like being an omega, I'm not like Antonio. I don't like it ...I wasn't born for this."

He growls when the alpha begins to move, it hurts, but he doesn't want to stop it now. His knees are shaking and he falls on his arms again. It's so full, so complete, the alpha at his back pumped slowly into his ass, Severide puts his hand between his legs and reaches his wet, stretched, used pussy. It slides two fingers in and feels the thin membrane separating the two channels, the thick alpha cock is pulsing inside.

"I'm not like that..."

The thick alpha knot is forming, he can feel it opening up space inside his body. The alpha walks away, Severide holds him, he can handle it, he wants that knot so desperately.

He knows he's moaning like a needy omega now.

"She doesn't think you're a bad dad, Alvin. She loves you and you did an amazing job with her."

The alpha is lying against his back, breathless. Severide tries to find a good position to not feel pain and fails, it hurts, and at the same time, he would do it again. His mind is disconnected from reality and he just rubs himself against that knot and feels the alpha moaning satisfied. His thighs are wet and messy with semen and lube, but he doesn't care.

"I wish things were different between us..."

Alvin hangs up the phone.

Severide closes his eyes, he wants to sleep, but he knows he won't be able to sleep now. Matt slides his hand down the side of his body.

"Is everything okay, Kelly?"

He just nods yes, his mouth is dry and he doesn't want to talk.

"That was amazing..." Matt whispers in his ear.

Severide smiled and gave up staying awake.
Antonio is awake, sitting on the bed leaning on piles of pillows and stroking the base of his belly. Voight is watching him with half-closed eyes.

He has been this way for some time, his eyes lost in the bedroom's darkness, distracted.
"You know I'm good at ripping people's information, are not you, Antonio?"
Voight murmurs not to scare him. Antonio turns his head to look at him, even in the dark, Voight can see he smiling. The smile that would make him walk a thousand miles just to see.

"It's nothing, go back to sleep."
"Nightmares again?" Sitting on the bed while turning on the lamp next to it.
"No. It's alright, Hank."

Voight rubs his eyes with his palms. "You have to learn to talk to me, baby."
"It's okay, it's bullshit. Don't worry."

He sighs, tired. "Did you wet the bed again?"
"No!" Antonio laughs, holding his belly. "You promised never to talk about it again, Hank!"

"I'm not talking, I just want to know why you're up at 2:00 in the morning." Antonio is silent, Voight can see the wrinkles of worry on his forehead. "What is it, baby? Is he hurting you or ...?"
"No, he's sleeping, I can tell cause he snores like you ...
"Antonio!" Demanding a better response.
"There's something wrong."

Voight is standing up in less than a second and checking on Antonio. "What's wrong? Any pain?"
"No, the baby is fine! It's something else, I don't know what it is ..." 

Voight looks at him, confused. "Like what?"
"I don't know, my chest is tight and I can only think on bad things happening."
"Don't think about it then."
"I can't help it, Hank."
"You're anxious, that's normal."
"It's more like a foreboding. Something very bad is going to happen, I can feel it."

Voight can only look at him, Antonio's cheeks are red and his eyes are scared.
"Sorry, I think it's the hormones, that's all."
"No, Antonio, I don't know how to help you in this, but I'm here baby. Nothing's gonna happen."

He touches his cheeks gently. "Nothing's gonna happen to us, baby" 
"Hank, this thing with Alvin ... You have nothing to do with it, do you?"

"Why are you asking this, Antonio?"
"I don't want you to go to jail, Hank, I need you here with me. We need you here, Hank."
"No, Antonio, I have nothing to do with it." He lies. He hates lying to Antonio, but there is not much he can do about it now. "Is that what's bothering you now?"

"I don't want anything happen to you, Hank."
"Nothing will happen to me, Antonio, just think of our son and leave the rest with me, okay?"

Fear dissipates from Antonio's eyes, only someone like him to believe that Hank Voight is an innocent man.
"Oh god...!" He rubs the side of his belly. "He woke up."
Voight smiles, breaking the tension in the air. He rubs Antonio's belly affectionately. "Are you trying to say something, my boy?"
"He's saying I'm not really going to sleep tonight."
"Come on, boy, go back to sleep."

Antonio stands up, Voight accompanies him. "Where are you going?"
"He likes to walk so I need to walk a little, then he sleeps and, let me sleep."
"Since when?" Surprised.
"A few nights, I just need to walk to the living room."

Voight laughs as he discovers this little quirk of his son.
"I'll go with you."
They go down into the living room, Voight keeps a hand on Antonio's back as they come down the stairs.

He can't stop looking at it as Antonio walks slowly to the corner of the room, he holds both hands on his hips and hums quietly. The alpha sat on the couch, just watching.

Voight is accustomed to seeing everything and, not to be moved by anything, but to watch Antonio humming to his baby to sleep, leaves him breathless. It's almost sacred.

How could a man like him be so lucky? He has no idea. If Antonio had turned his head and looked at Voight that moment, he would have seen a defenseless man sitting there on the couch. Not the brave alpha or the tough Sergeant, just a man in love, nothing more. Antonio's hips are moving slowly, he doesn't even realize he's doing it. It's instinctive. Immersed in the moment, he forgets that Voight is there, watching him.

Gradually a soft song invade the air, he didn't even notice Voight turn on the radio. The alpha's hands are entwined over his belly as he hugs his back.
"Dance with me, Antonio."
"I don't know how to dance, Hank."
"Just keep doing what you was doing, it was the sexiest thing I've ever seen."
"I was just trying to make him calm down."
"It was beautiful!"

He turns Antonio and hugs him against his chest. At a slow pace, the two bodies begin to move around the room. Voight keeps his nose in Antonio's hair, smelling his scent. He smells sweet now, Voight thinks it's because of the pregnancy.
"It works, he slept, Hank."

"So, does he make you dance and sing to him every night?" He asks quietly, almost whispering. There's that smile again, Antonio does not know what Voight can do to see that smile on his face. He kisses Antonio's thick lips. This must be heaven. He would die to protect this moment.

"babe I need your hand to steady me
 I'm not denying I'm frightened as much as you
 Though I'm barely touching you
 've shivers down my spine
 And it feels divine
show me heaven

Cover me

Leave me breathless

Show me heaven please"

Chapter End Notes

I have some problems with translation, i don't know why some chapters are in Portuguese, i'm sorry for that :p
Chapter Summary

"Se quedó ahí
Se quedó hasta el fin
Se quedó ahí
Se quedó en el muelle de san blas
Sola, sola, se quedó"
(En El Muelle de San Blas
Maná)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Ella despidió a su amor
Él partió en un barco en el muelle de San Blas
Él juró que volvería
Y empapada en llanto ella juró que esperaría
Miles de lunas pasaron
Y siempre ella estaba en el muelle esperando
Muchas tardes se anidaron
Se anidaron en su pelo y en sus labios"

"She slept." Antonio returned from Eva's room and joined Voight in the living room.
"So, she's not little girl anymore?” He asks as he opens the arms to Antonio to sit beside him on the couch.
"Shhhhh, she's already embarrassed enough. My little girl is growing.”
"That should happen, right? Get ready for the next step."
"What step?” Watching the TV.
"Boys!"
"Oh, don't tell me! I'm not ready for this!"

Voight buries the nose in his hair, smelling Antonio.
"She's lucky to have you, Antonio. We're all lucky to have you in our lives."
"Do you consider it lucky to have an omega parent who can barely keep them, Hank?"

"You're doing a good job with your kids. No one can say the opposite about it."

Antonio is silent watching some movie on TV. Voight looks at him as he begins to murmur a song, his hand rubbing the side of his belly.

Voight tilts his head on the couch and hears the soft music. He doesn't interrupt, he knows that Antonio is trying to calm their son.

"My grandmother used to sing for us when we were kids." Antonio explains when he notices Voight looking at him.

"The song you were singing to him?"
"Yes, but I can't remember it well, just the rhythm, besides, it's in Spanish."
"I'd love to hear you sing again, Antonio."

Antonio sits in Voight's arms, his back hurts, but he does not want to leave here.
"It call 'En El Muelle de San Blas'. I don't know if I can remember the lyric. The baby doesn't mind if I sing it wrong. I've tried other songs, but he seems to like this more."
"What does the song say?"

"It's about a young couple, he set off for a trip at sea the day they married. The bride swore she would wait for him, and she stayed on the beach dressed as a bride for many years, he never came back to find her. People told her that she should give up. They tried to persuade her to leave the beach, but he never left." He sighs. "I think my abuela missed my grandfather who stayed in Puerto Rico. He didn't want to come here with her."
"And she came anyway?"
"Yes, she was a tough woman, but deep down, she waited for him to change his mind and come find her."
"Has he changed his mind?"
"We never found out about that. Shortly after she left, he disappeared from town. No one else saw him. People used to say that he dies in the ocean trying to find her."

"She seems to be a strong person, Antonio"
"Yes, she was. Gabby and I spent a lot of time with her when we were kids. She was very religious, Hank, she taught us how to pray too."

"Do you still pray, Antonio?"
"Not much, I've never been good at learning things. I took Diego and Eva to church a few times, but I couldn't keep them interested. I used to like when i had their age. I used to go to church a lot. I preferred Sundays, there were always weddings on Sundays. Do you pray, Hank?"
"After many years, I prayed when I heard that you were pregnant. Since then, I've been praying that everything will work out for our son. Do you like weddings?"
"Who does not love marriages? So one day, I realize that people like me cannot get married in church."
"Times have changed, Antonio."
"I'm too old for this, Hank."

Voight holds his hand where the golden wedding ring is. "Tell me about it."
"It's different, we're both old men and ..."
"Are you giving up marrying me, Antonio?"
"No! I'm not, but I don't know how it works these days."
Antonio shifts his position, Voight rubs his back, and Antonio smiles enjoying the massage. "There are no rules about that. We can do whatever we want, Antonio."
"You're right, I'm sorry, I'm tired and I'm not sleeping enough."

"Do you want to try to go back to bed now?"
"Yeah, he fainted, i guess."

Voight lies down beside him on the bed.
"Who taught you, Hank?"
"Huh?"
"Pray, who taught you?"
"Camille."

Antonio lies down beside Voight's chest.
"How does music end?" Voight asks.
"She went crazy alone in the port of San Blas." Sleep finally caught up with him, and he fell asleep with his head on Voight's chest.
"Huh."

Voight arrived home on time, he was surprised by the silence. Diego and Eva were not home.
"Antonio!" He called, but there was no answer.

He went upstairs to the bedroom. "Antonio?" The bed was messed up, he went to the bathroom, Antonio was sitting in the bathtub, naked, there was blood between his thighs. He was pale and weak.
"I fell ... Hank, I slipped and ..." He tries to explain.

Voight kneels beside him, he's panicking, watching Antonio down there in the tub. Antonio's trembling hands are on the belly.
"He's not moving, Hank ... Please don't let him die." He begs.
Voight picks him up and takes him back to the bedroom.

Antonio woke to the quick sound of a heart. He opens his eyes and realizes he's in the hospital. A light touch on his belly makes him turn his face and see Severide sitting beside his bed.
"Hi ..." He forces the words out of his dry throat.
"You're huge!" He says, relaxed, but his expression is of concern.

Antonio tries to smile, but his belly hurts. "It's all right?"
"Yes, it is. It was just a fright, and you're forbidden to take a shower by yourself from now on."
"I ..." He cries with relief and guilt. "I almost killed him, didn't I?"
"No, it was an accident, Antonio. It wasn't your fault."

"Where's Hank?"

Matt found him sitting alone in the hospital Chapel.

"Voight." He said before sitting down by his side, Voight said nothing. "He woke up, you should be
there with him."

Voight growled low, rubbed his eyes. "I should have been there. I knew I should have come home when ... I felt, I knew there was something wrong."

"You had no way of knowing that."
"I felt like there was something wrong, but I thought it was stupid, I didn't listen to my instincts. I never felt so scared before."

"It's all right now, the baby is not in any danger. You need to go back and stay with him."

"I don't deserve him, Casey. I don't deserve Antonio."
"What, why do you think so?"
"I'm not a good man, and he deserves someone better than me."
"Does he agree with you, Voight?"
"I didn't tell him that... Antonio is the best thing and ... I'm not good enough for him."

"I never thought we were going to have that kind of talk, god! I never thought we'd have any kind of talk, and he we are...People change, Voight. You have changed."

Voight looks at the altar. His hands were together as if he were praying.
"I've known Antonio for many years, he would not agree with you now, Voight."

"I'm afraid he doesn't know me good enough, Matt. When he meets the real Hank Voight, he'll change his mind."

Severide smiles at the baby's heart beating sound, Antonio tried to smile, but he only managed to cry even more. The doctor left a few minutes after.
"He's fine. This baby Voight is a tough little man." Severide celebrates.

Voight stood at the door of the room, listening to the fast sound of the beats. Severide stand up to leave them alone.

Voight approaches the bed where Antonio is.
"Hi."
Antonio was frail and frightened, he could hardly look Voight in the eyes.
"He has a strong heart, doesn't he?" Voight holds his hand in his. "It's a beautiful song, don't you think, love?"
"I shouldn't have ... I hurt him ..."
"That's not what I heard. They told me you were the only to get hurt, Antonio. You used your arm to
protect the baby."

"I'm scared and ... You think I'm weak, don't you?"
"No, I don't think so, you're the bravest man I know, and you're doing well, it was not your fault,
Antonio."

Voight sits beside him on the bed and caresses Antonio's face. "I want to marry you."
"You already proposed, Hank, I said yes."
"I want to say now, in this room, I don't want to expect more, Antonio, I want to do it right now."

The chaplain of the Chicago Med was summoned, and to his surprise, it was not to give an extreme
unction but to a marriage. Severide and Casey were there to witness, Erin was rushed called and
Olinsky arrived shortly after.
Antonio was in a wheelchair when Voight took his hand and promised him eternal love and
faithfulness. Excited, Antonio couldn't say anything.

"I'll never let you alone on the shore, baby."

In the small hospital room, only Antonio understood the reference made by Voight.

"Llevaba el mismo vestido
Y por si él volviera no se fuera a equivocar
Los cangrejos le mordían
Su ropaje, su tristeza y su ilusión
Y el tiempo se escurrió
Y sus ojos se le llenaron de amaneceres
Y del mar se enamoró
Y su cuerpo se enraizó
En el muelle"

Chapter End Notes

Not dead!
This song is not so old, but it's one of my favorites.
"I take it by your silence
That I'm free to walk out the door
By the look in your eyes I can tell
You don't think I'll be back for more"
(No Freedom- Dido)

"I'm standing here in silence
The world is in front of me
Holding you in my hand
And seeing as you'd see"

Antonio shuddered as Voight slid his hand down his hip, he moved back a little and impaled himself even more on the alpha's dick. Voight smiles, his hand continues to explore Antonio's body, touching his belly, his nipples shivering horny under his touch. The silence of the room was broken only by the soft sounds Antonio made with his mouth as Voight pushed gently against his body, penetrating slowly, without haste.

Daylight broke through the horizon and rushed into the room as they lazily made love.

Voight avoided giving him a knot, he didn't want to hurt Antonio, but the doctor assured that, if it was done carefully, there was no danger indeed. Antonio just laughed at his concern, his chest melted in the face of his alpha's care.

When the knot formed, he left Antonio as comfortably as possible, made him cum in his fingers and hugged him so that they were just one body.

The buzzing of Voight's hoarse voice made Antonio move to look at him.
"What are you doing, Hank?"
"He likes it when you sing. Did we wake him up?" Voight explains as he pulls the blanket over
Antonio's shoulders.
"I don't know, he's very quiet now. You're going to make me sleep if you keep buzzing like that."
Yawning
"That's the idea, you almost never sleep."

"I'm fine. It would be weird if I said it was very hot?"

Voight sighs satisfied. "And why would it be weird?"
"I don't know. I've never been good at talking about it, you know, sex."
"I can't agree with that, you've been quite vocal lately."

Antonio gives him a nudge. "I mean it. I like it, Hank."
"That's great, baby. I want you to tell me what you like."

The knot gives way and Voight steps away slowly, he sits before to get up, Antonio holds his arm without moving too much.
"Please stay." Missing the contact of his body.
"I need to get a towel to clean you, Antonio."
Voight goes to the bathroom and washes himself, he returns to the room with a towel in his hands.

Antonio is still lying on his side with a pillow next to him to relieve the weight of his six-month-old belly. Voight watches the scene for a moment before sitting on the bed again.

"Open your legs, baby." He asks huskily.
Antonio blush with embarrassment, but obeys and lie down on his back, spreading his legs.

He feels the warm towel touching his skin gently, Voight does a thorough and delicate work, his eyes are fixed on the spot being cleaned.

Antonio smiles, he knows what Voight is looking for. "I'm fine, Hank."
"I like to look." Without diverting his attention.
Antonio lifts his head and looks at the clock by the bed, it's 5:45 in the morning.

Voight finishes his cleaning job and throws the towel on the floor. He lies next to Antonio and kisses his face.

"What else do you like, Antonio?"
"Whatever you do, Hank, I like everything."
"Huh!" Demanding a better answer than that. "What else, baby, what do you want me to do?"

"I like lots of things, I just ... I've never been able to do much before. I like to be touched, I love it when you do it. I love sex, Hank. I love it when you have sex with me. This is more than I ever thought I could have." Antonio stares at the ceiling for a moment. "I could never ask for much, just pray to not bleed a lot and not tear in process."

Voight is silent, he doesn't want to feed this subject. "That time is over, baby."
"I like pregnant sex, it's so good! I thought everything had to hurt and bleed, but it's nothing like that, I feel so horny when you touch me ... I'm wetting my underwear around you like an dirty teenage boy." He laughs at himself.

A satisfied smile is born on Voight's lips and he burst out laughing.

"I said I was good at getting information from people."

"Oh, shut up!" He turns his back to Voight again and tucks the pillow under his belly.
"Hey, don't be mad." Voight hugs him and kisses his neck. "I love you, Antonio."
"I hate you." He mutters, closing his eyes to sleep.
"No, you do not hate me, I like to touch you baby, you're the best thing that ever happened to me, you and our little man here." Embracing his belly with just one arm.

Antonio turned his neck to look into his eyes. "We're on the same page here, aren't we, Hank?" Voight frowns in confusion. "About sex?"
"No! About ... You know everything about me and ... We're building a family here, I don't want secrets or lies. I know there are many things that you can't tell me, but I want to think we're doing it right. No secrets or lies between us..."

Voight undoes the smile, he didn't see it getting so serious. "No secrets, I promise."

Antonio smiles relieved, he believes in Voight. He believes Voight will never hurt him. Tired, he settles to sleep some more. He doesn't realize that Voight is watching him with a frozen expression in his eyes.
"She is my daughter." Voight says without thinking of his words.
Antonio turns to look at him again. "Who?"

"Erin, she's my biological daughter." He explains. Antonio opens his mouth a few times, but says nothing. "I kept this secret from Camille, but I can't keep it for you."

Antonio sits down slowly on the bed. "She knows this?"
"No, I never told her. It was a mistake, Antonio. Her mother, Bunny, was one of those women who ... Anyway, I never said her. When I heard she was on town, I brought her to live here with my family. I gave her everything she needed and kept Bunny away from her."

Antonio was quiet, he rubs his navel in circular movements with his fingertips.
"Say something, Antonio."
"I'm sorry, I ... I knew she was special to you, I just had no idea how much, Hank."

"Well, now you know." He holds Antonio's hand on his belly. "I have three sons."

"Have you thought about telling her?"
"Sometimes. Bunny and I have a deal, she stays away from Erin and I don't say anything about it."

"This 'Bunny' ..."
"Don't think about her, Bunny is not worth it."

"I don't know what to say, Hank."
"Just say that everything is fine and that you still love me."
"Of course I do. I just ... I'm glad you told me about it."

"Come and get some more sleep."
Antonio lets himself be pulled into a hug and tries to sleep again, it's early and they still have a few hours before the day really begins.

"Hank?"
Erin called him, Voight was distracted in his office. "Huh?"
"Alvin's lawyer is here, you said you wanted to talk to him."
"Yes I want."

They walk together to where's the lawyer is waiting.
"Can you do me a favour?" He asks her.
"Sure."
"Antonio still hasn't bought anything for the baby, and I know he's just avoiding spending my money. Can you convince him to go out and buy some things?"
Erin rolls her eyes. "And you're asking me this because you think I'm a consumerist or ..."
"Because you're the only person I trust to be with him now."
"Okay, I'll talk to him."

Voight talked to Alvin's lawyer and then to Alvin himself.

"They don't have much, just a bag of bones in the morgue." Alvin said, confident and calm.
"Still, they will come in angry and we'd better be prepared."
"I can handle it. It would not be the first time."

"I'll speak to the Internal Affairs, if necessary, Al."
"Do not even think about it. That's exactly what these vultures want, a confession of yours. We will not give it to them."

"You can't go to jail for me. You did not kill Bigham, I did."
"I would have killed if you hadn't. Do not repeat that, I can take care of myself, Hank."

Voight shifts in his chair, he doesn't know if he can protect himself and protect Alvin from jail.

"Antonio ..." Alvin says. "He needs you here. You're going to be a dad, man. Don't do anything stupid now!"

Erin met Antonio at Voight's house, he wore a large Cub's T-shirt she suspected belonged to Justin. "Hi." He wave in embarrassment, was in the kitchen with a huge bowl in his hands.
"I knocked at the door, but ... What is this?"

"Oh, you will not want to know." He keeps the bowl in the refrigerator, he knows he'll want to eat it later. "I've been eating some pretty disgusting things, so ..."
"As long as it's not something that was in the evidence room, it's fine."

"Please don't give me any ideas."
"I still have the keys to this house, I don't know why, but Hank never wanted them back."
"No problem, you're family."
"Just let me know when i can't come in. You know, the sex thing."
"Don't worry, you can hear that from the outside."

"Damn, Antonio!"

"I'm honest, all those hormones made me a whiny bitch."

"Hank will pay me for it. Nice shirt by the way."

"It's the only one that fits me right now. Hank let me use some of Justin's things, you don't mind, do you?"
"Of course not. Knowing Justin well, he'd be happy to see you like that. But maybe it's time we went out and bought some things for you and the baby."
Antonio smiles, he understood the reason for her unexpected visit. "Hank sent you here, didn't he?"

"Yes, he sent me here, and unless you want an embarrassing baby shower, you'd better come with me."
Antonio looks around the kitchen, desolate. "I haven't been out much from home ..."
"Okay, but this little Voight is in need of clothes and diapers."
"We can do this over the internet, right? People do this all the time now."
"No. Not me."

"I don't even know what to buy, Lindsay, Diego and Eva had few things, I have no idea what I could buy for this baby."
"We can go out and find out. What do you think?"

"Okay, but promise me one thing."
"What would it be?"
"My hips ..."
Erin rubs her hands over the face. "You're not walking funny!"
"Good."
Erin watched him disappear down the corridor walking with hard hips.
"A little bit maybe." She murmurs to herself tilting the head.

A few hours and many bags later, Antonio is exhausted. He doesn't want to take another step. Erin insists, and he ends up following her to another store. She swears that this is the last one.

"You should answer the phone when your mother calls!"
The annoying voice surprises them, Erin and Antonio look at the blond woman standing in the store hallway.
"I'm busy." Erin replies without paying her any attention.
"I can see. Who is ...This?"

The blonde approached Antonio, invading his personal space. Before Antonio could say anything, Erin intervened and stood between them.

"Stand back, Bunny!"
Oh, Bunny! That's Bunny! Antonio looks at her, curious.

"Who is this, Erin?"
"No one you should know. Come on, Antonio." She pulls Antonio away from her.
"Oh, that's Antonio?"
Antonio stops and turns to her. "You know me?"
"The new conquest of Hank Voight, who wouldn't know?"

Antonio feels uncomfortable, Bunny is looking at him from top to bottom. "At least he has good taste. Where are you from, Antonio? Mexico? Costa Rica?"
"Enough, Bunny!" Erin says impatiently.

"I'm from Chicago." He responds calmly. He will not let this strange woman annoyed him.
"I bet you know some interesting tricks, Latinos always know good tricks!"
"Bunny!" Erin is furious now.
"We're just getting to know each other, Erin, I love Latinos! Tell me, Antonio, how 's Voight treating you? He usually discards people when he doesn't want them anymore."
Erin drags Antonio away from Bunny.
"What's the matter, girl? If he can open his legs for Voight, he may well know who he really is."

"What does she mean?" He asks, feeling a small twinge of pain in his belly.
"Do not listen to her." Erin walks quickly trying to keep Antonio away from her mother. Antonio stops, he feels the pain increase. "He's your mother, isn't her?"
"I would not say that. Are you okay, Antonio?"
"Yes, it's just ... I'm tired."
"Alright, we can go home now."

They were already in the parking lot when Bunny reached them again.
"Erin, I want to talk to you!"
Erin opens the door for Antonio to get into the car and puts the bags in the back seat.
"I do not have any money, Bunny!"
"Why do you think I want your money?" The woman pretends to be offended.
"Is not it what you always want? Why would it be any different now?"
Erin gets in the car, Bunny grabs her window.
"The I. A. called me. They want me to testify against Alvin Olinsky."
Erin stops trying to start the car and looks at her mother.
"What did you say?"

"The truth, Voight killed Bigham, it was not Olinsky!"

"Try to think of a world
Where you could stay
And these safe hands could go
Take your heart above the world
Wherever I choose to go

No love without freedom
No love without freedom
No love without freedom
No freedom without love"
Chapter Summary

"You can win the fight, you can grab a piece of the sky
You can break the rules but before you try
You gotta love someone"
(You Gotta Love Someone- Elton John)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"When you're gonna play with fire
You let someone share the heat
When you're on your own and there's no one there
To cool the flames beneath your feet and baby
You can win the fight, you can grab a piece of the sky
You can break the rules but before you try
You gotta love someone"

It was a long, tiring day in the court. Alvin's trial has begun only two days ago and Voight is already exhausted. The DA is making a fuss, and Voight is getting impatient. He cannot do anything to help, Alvin has forbidden him from getting involved, he is sure he can get rid of the prosecution without Voight's help.

At his side on the bench is Antonio, silent, pale and behaving strangely. Nothing had happened, and yet, Antonio is distant and too quiet.

Voight has a lot to deal with now, and discussing hormones with Antonio is out of the question, he can settle this out later.

Severide is present in court, he and Lexi watch in silence.

"Are you alright?" He asks Antonio when they leave the court.
"Yes, I'm tired, just that."
"Are you sure? You've been acting weird lately, Antonio."
"It's just tiredness, I'm fine, Hank."

He tries to hug Antonio at night in bed, looks for his body, needs to smell him, but Antonio is not there. Frightened, he gets up and goes to look for him.
He finds Antonio alone in the baby's room, he has spent a lot of time here in the last few days, Voight doesn't care at all, he is preparing to receive the baby, this is absolutely normal.

Antonio has a little blue elephant in his hands, he is sitting on the floor with his legs crossed. Voight comes over and sits down by his side.
"Can't sleep, baby?"
"He doesn't sleep at night, you know that." He says with a sad smile on his lips.
"Do you wanna do something?"
"No, I'm good here."
"You did a good job with this place. It's very good!" Voight watched him paint the walls and straighten the crib, he offered to help, but Antonio didn't accept any help.

Antonio presses the plush little elephant between his hands, he does not look directly to Voight.
"Do you think Alvin did that?"
"Why are you asking me this now, Antonio?"
"They said a lot of things in court today, I just ... Do you think he's guilty, Hank?"
Voight is silent, he looks at his own whitish hands.
"No, he didn't do any of that."
"Then who did it? Who killed that man, Hank?"

Now he is looking to Voight, directly in his eyes and waiting for an answer.
"I did. I killed Kevin Bingham, Antonio."

Forgetting his enormous belly, Antonio rises from the ground quickly and walks desolate to the bedroom window, he rubs the elephant against his chest.
"How can you ... Hank, that's ... god!"
"I should have told you before, Antonio." Voight says quietly. "I didn't want to lie to you."
"Before, Hank? Before I married you, or before I became pregnant with a child of yours?" He says, his voice sounds hoarse and desperate.

Voight gets up and tries to approach him, Antonio walks away from his touch.
"Antonio, listen to me, I need you to calm down. I can tell you everything, but I need you to be calm."

"God, you're a cop, how can you kill people like that?" He says quietly, he doesn't want anyone else to hear.
"I'm a good cop, never doubt it, Antonio. I respect the laws, Antonio!"
"How can you say that now, Hank?"
"The system ..." He tries to hold Antonio's arms, but the omega does not want to be touched. "I did a favor to this city!"

Antonio is breathing quickly, his hands shaking, Voight knows he is hyperventilating. He begins to pace the room from side to side, waving the elephant in his hands, ignoring Voight's attempt to explain himself.

"You have to let me explain it, Antonio!"

"There's no explanation! I can't believe this is happening again and..."
"Antonio!" Antonio continue murmuring disconnected words without hearing him. Voight grabs his arm and forces him to stop. "I'm your husband, you have to let me explain!" Voight is losing control and letting the alpha crawl his skin.

Antonio's brown eyes are fixed on Voight now, waiting for an explanation to make him calm down. Voight lets go of his arm and leaves him free to move away. "So, as my husband, Hank, can you tell me why you're letting your friend be tried for a crime he didn't even commit?"

He's waiting for Voight explanation now.
"He killed my son, Justin." He tries to calm himself and send the urge to growl away from him. "I was out of my head, and Alvin took care of the rest."

Antonio never knew the full story, he knows that Justin had been murdered, but never questioned much.
"I'm not proud of that, but he deserved it, Antonio."

Voight never regretted what he did, he would do it all again, but he would have been more careful. "It was a long time ago, before I met you, and I had nothing to lose at that time, Antonio. I never thought I would have another child ... I never thought I could fall in love again."

Antonio is frowning, Voight can hear his thoughts. "I always tell my children to be true people, to never lie! Don't do stupid things! And here I am again, living another lie."
"That, between you and me, is not a lie, Antonio! I love you and this will never change! I'm not a killer, Antonio, I didn't kill any innocent people, this animal deserved what he had, I can assure you."

"What will happen if you go to prison, Hank?"
"I'm not going to jail, Antonio!"
"What will happen to Alvin, Voight? What's gonna happen if he gets convicted?" He keeps his voice low and sat on the floor again, Voight walks to the window and looks at the quiet street at this time of night.

"I won't let that happen."
"There was a corpse in the trunk of the car the night Eva was born ..." he says quietly. Voight turns to him, Antonio puts the elephant on the floor and crosses his arms over his belly. "I was holding my daughter while a body rotted just a few feet from where I was sitting. They deserved what I did to them, Adres used to say..."

"I'm not Adres, Antonio, I would never do that to you. Do not compare me to that piece of shit!" His voice sounds louder, but Antonio doesn't shake.

"You killed someone and broke the laws you should protect ... What's the difference now?" Antonio feels the sickness coming back hard, he needs to breathe slowly to avoid throwing up on the floor. Voight is looking at him, Antonio has not seen so much pain in his eyes before.

Voight waits for Lindsay to close the door before he begins to speak.
"Who?" Demanding a name.
"Bunny." She sighs, Voight gets up and picks up his gun. "Wait, Hank! It was an accident, she ..."
"There are no accidents with Bunny!"
"I know, but, wait! She was summoned to testify and ... You'd better do nothing now."
Antonio arrived in District 21 late in the afternoon, Voight had called him and asked him to come. As usual, he came in through the back, through the garage. "Hey, Daddy." Olinsky was sitting in the garage when he entered. "Ah, hello Alvin ..." Alvin approaches and hugs him, Antonio is unresponsive, they have never hugged each other before.

"Come on, man, give me a real hug!"

Alvin says, relaxed. Antonio returns the, still shy, hug. He looked down the stairs to Voight's office. "I need..."
"It was me who call you. It wasn't Voight, he doesn't even know you're here."
"Why?"
"I need to talk to you, Antonio."

They are alone in the garage, Antonio does not feel comfortable. "How's our little man?" Alvin pulls out a chair for Antonio to sit on. "Better than I, I guess." Sitting in the chair offered.
"You look great!"

Antonio doesn't feel great, he is getting fat fast now that nausea has stopped, his breast nipples are swelling and colostrum flowing all the time, his clothes are getting very unkempt and he needs to sleep more to eliminate the dark circles around his eyes.

"You didn't call me to say that, did you?"

"No. I didn't call you for that. We didn't start well, to be honest, I didn't trust you, I would have eliminated you without thinking twice if Voight asked me to do it, but he trusted you. He tried to protect you in every possible way. Do you know why? Because he is like that, he protects people, Antonio."

Antonio is even more uncomfortable with Alvin's sincerity. "He didn't kill Pulpo, he had a chance to do it, but he didn't want to disappoint you, he'll do anything you ask..." Alvin stretches his legs and wraps his arms around his body. "I know you know everything about Bigham, and I have to ask you not to get involved in any of it. Not you, not him, no one."
"Alvin ..."
"I'm not innocent, Antonio. The universe has a strange way of balancing things. Voight can't help me."

Antonio gets up, he is tired of this situation.
"Listen to me Antonio, do not throw it away now. You and that guy there upstairs deserve this chance. This Bigham took from Voight the one thing he loved, I would have done exactly the same thing. You would have done ... "
"No. I never..."
"You don't know what you can do until someone touches one of your children, Antonio."

"That's bullshit!"
Alvin gets up and touches his belly gently. "Do you know why the feds left you alone, Antonio? Voight did this, he dug up some skeletons and kept all the evidence against you away from prying eyes."

Antonio knows that Voight had done something to avoid he been arrest, he just didn't know what it was.

"You know what's going to happen to you if he gets arrested, Antonio? You can go into preterm labor and the baby will be under risk, do you want that to happen?"

Antonio move away from him again. "I can't agree to it. You're policemen, you should do the right thing and not ..."
"What? Tell me, Antonio."
"That's not right! I don't want to live with this and ..."
"I owe it to him, you have no idea. Hank Voight has saved my life hundreds of times over this years, and that's nothing, I can do that."

Antonio is silent. Alvin puts his arm around his shoulders.
"Now, go up there and stand by your man, he needs you, Antonio. Don't let him do stupid things! This town need a man like Hank Voight, Antonio." He pulls Antonio and kisses his forehead. "He believed you, do not disappoint him now."

"You've got one life with a reason
You need two hearts on one side
When you stand alone and there's no one there"
"To share the way it feels inside and baby"

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea how to say good bye to Antonio.
Chapter Summary

"You're in my head
Always, always
I just got scared
Always, always
I'd rather choke on my bad decisions
Then just carry them to my grave
You're in my head
Always, always, always"
(Always
Gavin James)

"Cracks won't fix and the scars won't fade away
Guess I should get used to this
The left side of my bed, an empty space

I remember we were strangers

So tell me what's the difference
Between then and now"

Voight's side of the bed is empty and cold. Antonio cannot sleep when he doesn't come back home at night. This is not the first night he spends alone after they get married, he and Voight barely saw each other after Antonio decided not to attend Alvin's trial. Voight spends more and more time in the office, this has left Antonio more and more lonely. He wants to talk and fix things between the two, but he doesn't know how to do it.

Voight is alone in his office, it's past 2:00 a.m. and he doesn't want to go home. He doesn't want to, and cannot deal with Antonio's eyes. He never gave anybody any satisfaction, but Antonio has that thing in his eyes that makes him feel like a monster. That's killing him.

One of them is standing in an empty office while the other rolls in bed unable to sleep alone.
The baby is restless, and Antonio misses Voight talking to his belly, calming their son. He misses to spend the nights with him, Voight's hands on his body. His smell, his voice, everything. Antonio still doesn't understand Voight's attitude, but he is so tired of being away from him that he is willing to forget all this, and stand by his side without questioning.

Voight is tired too, his body hurts demanding some rest. He feels his chest ache for not being able to touch Antonio, not be able to hug his belly and feel the baby move. There is no prayer that relieves this tightness on his chest, this lack that Antonio does in his life.

The house is steeped in silence as Antonio walks through it at night. The kids are sleeping. He stops at the door of the baby's room and watches, is almost ready and waiting for the new resident. A few months ago, if someone had told him how much his life was about to change, Antonio would have laughed. He was just a fucking man trying to survive. However, here he is, married and pregnant again, choosing furniture for his new baby's room.

Nothing that Voight done has an explanation, but he saved it, he kept his word and took care of him. He may not be a holy man, but he is the closest to a savior Antonio ever had.

A hellish headache and Voight decides to drink. A glass of whisky lies on the desk, he has nothing else to do here today, but he has no strength to get up and leave.

"What am I supposed to do without you?

Is it too late to pick the pieces up?
Too soon to let them go?
Do you feel damaged just like I do?
Your face, it makes my body ache
It won't leave me alone"

The 21st District never closes, there's a whole shift working all night to serve the population, so Voight doesn't pay attention when he hears footsteps on the stairs. Some police officer always comes to bring documents or the janitor comes to clean.

"You said you'd never leave me waiting in the shore, but you're doing just that right now."
Antonio's voice makes him get up from his chair and approach him.
"What are you doing here, Antonio?"
"I need my husband at home, Hank. His son won't let me rest when he's not home."

"You must not leave at this hour, it's dangerous ..."
"I don't want to be home alone anymore. I don't want to go on like this, Hank."

Voight returns to his desk and fills the glass with whisky again.
"Go home, Antonio, I don't want to argue with you."
Antonio approaches him, he will not leave without a good conversation.
"You told me that arguing is a way of settling things ..."
"That was before."
"What has changed, Hank?"

Voight does not respond, instead he sits down and drinks some more.
"Can't you tell me?" Antonio insists, he sits down in the chair next to Voight's desk. "Don't you want to fix this?"
Voight looks at him, there is a polar cold in his eyes. "There's nothing to fix, baby."

Antonio's lips move, but no sound escapes from them. He stands up, unable to believe what he has
just heard.
"Go home, I have a lot of work here ..."

"This is not working, Hank ... You're not going to dismiss me that way." There is firmness in Antonio's voice, he is not shaking or leaving. There is pain in his eyes, but he is not giving in.

"I can't change what I did, Antonio, and I can't force you to live with that either."

"And why does this feel like drowning? 
Trouble sleeping
Restless dreaming"

"That night, when I asked you for help, you didn't question my past ... You never doubted who I was. You never blame me for all the shit I put on myself."

Voight is quiet just listening to Antonio's firm voice, that makes the alpha moan, his little frightened omega is blossoming and becoming a strong and brave man. He's restraining himself to not hold him and kiss him right there.

"And, if for some time, I forgot to reciprocate your trust, I'm sorry, Hank ..."

Antonio sits down next to him again. "I don't want to go on like this, I love you and ... We're having a baby soon, Hank. None of that matters, I know you've changed and ..."
Voight gets up abruptly. "Don't fool yourself, Antonio, I'm still the same person."
"No, it's not ... You're good and ..."
"That's what you want to believe! "

"No, no, that's what I feel, I can feel everything you feel, and I know you're good..."

Voight catches him by the neck and pressed him on the side wall of his office. He coughs, scared.
"I'm no different from Adres, and you have not learned anything yet."
There is hate in his words and Antonio tries to get rid of the hands around his neck. Although he was frightened by Voight's action, he is not afraid, Voight doesn't frighten him anymore.

"Do it. If you're like him, do it." He's staring Voight in the eyes without hesitation.
Voight releases him, Antonio rubs his aching neck.

Voight rubs his face, nor does he believe what he has just done. He hurted Antonio.
"Antonio ..."
Antonio stretches his arm and keeps Voight away from himself, he's still panting, but he's not hiding or even shrinking in fear. "Don't touch me!"

"I'd rather choke on my bad decisions
Then just carry them to my grave
You're in my head"

Voight brings him a glass of water, Antonio is still sitting in his office, he drinks the water, his head hurts.

Abruptly Antonio gets up and leaves the office. "Where are you going?"
"Home, I'll be there for when you're ready." Antonio said coldly, and leaves.

"I know there's nothing left to cling to
But I'm still calling out your name
You're in my head"

The day dawned when Voight returned home. Everyone was asleep, he walked in silence to his room.

Antonio is lying down, but he is not sleeping. Voight kneels on the floor beside the bed. "I hurt you." He says with regret in his voice. "I'm so sorry." Antonio rubs the side of his belly slowly. "No, you didn't."

Voight moves to look at his neck, there is no marks there. "I should not..."
"I provoked you, Hank. I made you do it."
"No, baby, you didn't do anything, I ...
"You still love me, Hank?"

Voight touches his lips. "Like I've never loved anyone in my life."
"Don't leave me alone, I'd go crazy."

"I never ... I'm not proud of the things I've done, Antonio, and maybe I do not deserve you in my life."
"Don't repeat that, I'm not better than you, Hank. I think we're very broken and that's why we need each other."
"I want to be better, for you." He touches Antonio's belly. "For him."
"We can work on it. I don't want our marriage to end like that. I love you, Hank Voight."

Voight drags himself on the bed and lies next to Antonio. He can no longer avoid the tears, with his head in the hands of his husband, he cries. With no shame or restraint, he just want to be in Antonio’s arms. He's finally in home.

"You're in my head
Always, always
I just got scared"

<
Ordinary day

Chapter Summary

"No need to run and hide
It's a wonderful, wonderful life
No need to laugh and cry
It's a wonderful, wonderful life"
(Wonderful Life
Black)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Shh, you'll wake the dead, baby."

"Hmm, I can't, Hank... Do it again, please."
"You like that?" Voight tilts his body over his, without pressing his belly, Antonio is kneeling on the bed, the only position possible at this time of gestation.

"Oh, Hank, that's so good!"
"You're so good, Antonio, so good ..."
Antonio makes a strangled noise with his throat, Voight puts his hand over his mouth. "The kids are home, Antonio."

Antonio smiles, he is inebriated with pleasure. "We can tell them that you're helping me with dilation ..."

Voight slides a hand beneath his body and touches Antonio's swollen nipple making him moans again.
"They are soft ..."

"Yeah, damn! I come..."
"I felt it, baby."

Voight stops moving his hips and hugs Antonio's body, the skin of their bodies are sticky and wet from sweat. He holds Antonio's hips and guides him gently until they are lying on their sides on the bed. Voight's knot will keep them together for a few minutes.

Exhausted and panting, they remain silent, savoring the post-orgasmic fog.

Voight feels that Antonio moves next to him. "What is it, baby?"
"Cold." He is trying to pull the blanket over his body. Voight helps him and they cover up.
"Are you alright?"
"Yes, I'm kind of ... disgusting here."
"You're hot!" Voight bites his ear slowly. "So wet and tight."

"I'm so tired ..." Antonio yawns.

"It hurts, Antonio?"
"No, it's just ... very full now."

Voight smiles, satisfied.
"The baby has grown a lot in the last few days." Holding his belly.
"Yes, I can barely see my feet now."
"We have to choose a name for him."
"Do you have any favorites?"
"Not exactly. We can think about it together." Voight strokes his belly, "I was not there when Justin was born, I wanna be there this time."
Antonio smiles, "I thought you'd never say that, Hank."

Voight walks away slowly as the knot gives way, Antonio turns to face him.
"Can I sleep like this?"
"You smell like me, Antonio."
"I love your scent, Hank, besides, I'm so tired."
Voight hugs him, it will not be long until he hears Antonio snoring softly.

"Where?" Antonio asks when Voight massages his swollen feet, he awoke a few minutes ago, and they are still in bed. Hungry, he had a small bowl of noodles topped with chocolate syrup. Voight avoided commenting on that.

"Miami, what do you think?"
"I've never been there before ..."
"I knew there were a lot of Latinos there."
"Should that make me feel better?"
"No, sorry, I tried to make a joke."

Antonio thinks for a moment. "Are you really going to leave the Police, Hank?"
"Yes, as soon as this trial is over, I want to be close to my son, I'm old, and this may be my last chance to be a real father, Antonio."

Voight crawls over him, kissing his legs, his knees, until he reaches the middle of his legs and kisses his still flabby dick.
"Besides, I have a good reason to be at home now."

Antonio tries to close his legs, but Voight's head is already between them. He tries to reach out his hand and put the bowl on the bedside table, but she falls on the rug.
"I need to clean it, Hank!"
"We do it later!" Voight says that his beard tickles Antonio's genitals. "My time to eat, baby."

"You're a bastard, Hank Voight."
"I never said the opposite ..." He slides his tongue into his swollen slit. "That must be ... The best thing I've ever tasted."

The most difficult thing in the world was getting out from that bed and going to work, he wanted to stay home with Antonio. He has so many things to do and so many cases to solve. Taking a break would be irresponsible from him.
"I'll be back soon, love." He kisses Antonio's lips before he leaves.
Voight wakes up at night with Antonio moving. "Antonio ..." he murmurs, sleepy. "I'm going to the bathroom." Antonio reply. Voight goes back to sleep. He wakes up again and realizes that Antonio hasn't come back from the bathroom yet. Worried, he gets up and goes there.

Antonio is sitting in the toilet, eyes closed, as if he had fallen asleep. "Hey, baby, you cannot sleep here." Antonio opens his eyes, he is blushing with embarrassment. "Hank!" "What? I was worried and ... What's the matter, Antonio?" "I don't know, my belly hurts." "The baby?" Voight kneels in front of him. "No ... This is so embarrassing. I'm fine, can you leave me alone?" "You've been here a long time, Antonio. I'm not going to let you sleep in the toilet." "Go back to bed, Hank. You have to work soon." "I'm not going anywhere, I will not leave you alone." "It's just diarrhea, Hank. Can you leave me alone, please?"

"Has this ever happened before?" "Last week, please, this is so ...") "Within three months you'll push him out of your body and I'll be there looking, no reason to shame now, baby. That's part of pregnancy, is not it? Let me be a part of it." "It's not just ... I shouldn't eat everything he wants me to eat ... god, this is so embarrassing." "No, it's not, I'll get you some water." Voight comes out and comes back with a bottle of water. "Here, drink." Antonio drink it. "Can I at least take a shower by myself?" "I'll wait right here, Antonio." When Antonio left the bathroom, Voight was on the phone. "The doctor said to keep you hydrated and take you to the hospital if it don't get better." "Did you call the doctor?" Antonio laughs, incredulous. "You were sleeping in the bathroom, Antonio." "I know, but it's nothing serious." "Let the doctor decide that." Voight kisses his wet head. "I took a day off, and I'll be here all day taking care of you. " "You what?" "I'll make the coffee, lie down and wait for me, baby." Today, Voight did not go to work, he finally took a break and spent the day with Antonio. Nothing really matter today, nothing but Antonio.

The two of them were sitting in the living room, hugging each other on the sofa in silence. A laugh or another when the baby moves and Antonio's snoring when sleep get the better of him. "I like it." Antonio murmurs with closed eyes. "What?"
"You at home, I like it."
"You'd better get used to it, soon enough I'll be here all day."

"Are you really going to retire, Hank?"
"Yes. I'm tired, and Erin can stay in my place without problems."

Antonio sits down and looks into his eyes. "What about Erin? Are you going to tell her about ...?"
He makes a sign with his eyebrow. "I think she deserves to know she's your daughter, Hank."
"I don't know. It could bring Bunny closer, and I don't want that crazy bitch near my family. Are you hungry now, Antonio?"

"I'm so hungry now."

"Do you want to go out and have dinner with me?"

"Like on a date?"
"Yes, just you and me, what do you think? We can eat something light. Is your gut better?"
"Yeah, i feel better. Thanks for staying here today, I missed you, Hank. "
Voight pulls his body and kisses his face.

"Here I go out to see again
The sunshine fills my hair
And dreams hang in the air"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is the limit between intimacy and apocalypse, it's just an ordinary day...
They are fine and happy, but we know that nothing golden remains golden.
We are having a baby soon :)
Chapter Summary

"So tired that I couldn't even sleep
So many secrets I couldn't keep
Promised myself I wouldn't weep
One more promise I couldn't keep"
(Runaway train- Soul Asylum)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I can go where no one else can go
I know what no one else knows
Here I am just drownin' in the rain
With a ticket for a runaway train"

It all begin with a phone call of few seconds duration, nothing was said, on the other side just a tired breath and then hung up.
Antonio has won Voight's cell phone, the husband wants to make sure that he can always find him and talk to him. He has no idea who else can know this number. He ended up not worrying too much about it, and for a short time, he forgets that strange call.

It did not take long to repeat it, a few times during the next days, in every call, a different number appears on the screen. No sound, no voice, nothing, just the heavy breath.

Calls continued unabated throughout the day, he was getting impatient. The phone starts ringing as soon as Voight left for work and continues to ring all day long.
"Who are you and what do you want?" He yelled at the phone during one of these calls. No reply. "That's not funny!"

He spends all day at home alone, there is a policeman always guarding the perimeter around the house, but with the disappearance of Adres, the security was not so intense anymore.
The weapon Voight gave him is hidden in his closet, in a small safe, away from Diego's hands. He checked to see if he was still there, only he and Voight had the vault code.

Voight's house is quite safe, Antonio knows that if anyone tried to get in there, he would know. This kind of joke is not Adres's kind, Antonio knows that if Adres was around he would have invaded the house and caught him. It would be stupid of him to play this kind of game. The feds were looking for him, it would be foolish of him to show up here now.

Suddenly all the phones in the house were ringing non-stop, whoever was doing it, was trying to scare him. It could be Bunny, Voight said she was capable of anything to harm him, and she knows that Antonio is pregnant and where he lives.

"I know it's you, Bunny! Leave me alone!" He said on the phone on the next ringing.

He locks himself in the bathroom and covers his ears with his hands. At his side on the floor, the cell phone rings without stopping, he doesn't want even to look it.

The third time the phone rang, he answered, it was Severide.

There was something going on with Antonio, he never took so long to answer the phone before. When he finally answered, his voice sounded shaky and distant, as if he were scared. Severide didn't ask any questions, he decided to go there to see him later.

Alvin was in the Court's hall talking to Lexi, he spoke softly to her, touching her face gently. Severide watched standing a little behind them, he and Lexi were together at the trial. "He'll be fine." Lindsay's voice brings him back to reality. She's standing next to him now. "You don't know that."

"I trust."

Severide looked at his phone again. "You don't trust?" Erin insists on the conversation. "What, exactly, should I trust?"

"Anything that makes sense to you."

Lexi said goodbye to her father and came up to them, she greeted Lindsay. "Can we go now, Severide?" She asked. "Yes. See ya." Erin waves a bye.

The two leave the courthouse and walk to Severide's car parked on the street.

"Poor little girl!" Severide hears someone say, he and Lexi turn to a blond woman standing next to the car. "You're Olinsky's daughter, aren't you?"

Scared, Lexi just nods. "Oh, I'm sorry about what's happening to your father, honey! But, don't worry, we gonna help him." "We?" Severide asks, he has never seen this woman before. "Who are 'we'?"

"Oh baby, my name is Bunny, I'm an old friend of your father's."

Erin is coming toward them quickly, then the woman lowers her voice and says, "I'll tell the whole truth, it was Voight who killed this man and not Olinsky." As if this were a secret from her gossip group.

Severide and Lexi are silent, Erin grabs the woman's arm and drags her away from them. "Erin!" Severide tries to catch up her.

"Get Lexi out of here!" She scream back to him.
Severide rang the bell for a few minutes, but no sign of Antonio. Worried, he went around the backyard and checked the kitchen door, no sign of Antonio there too. If he was at home, and didn’t answer the door this was not a good sign for sure.

Severide prepares to break into one of the windows when Antonio appears at the kitchen door, pale and tired.

"I don't remember calling the firemen!" He has a strange smile on his lips.

"Oh, man, you're there!" Severide is relieved he does not find him fainted.
"Yes, I am, get in through the door, don't break my windows!"

He wears a huge black coat covering his whole torso, walking slowly with his legs apart, the worst case of pregnancy that Severide ever saw. He sighed when he sat beside Severide on the kitchen's table holding the phone on his pocket.

"Are you alright?" It wasn't so cold for him to be wearing a coat inside the house, but pregnant people feel colder, so he didn't say anything about it. His sweatpants have had better days in the past, and it was wide in the thighs. When he sat down, Severide noticed a tiny patch in his trousers between his thighs. Antonio was always fixing things, even though he now had access to Voight's bank account, he was still the guy who repaired clothes to continue using.
"Yeah, just give me a minute." He is tired and breathing very fast. "This baby weighs a ton."

"You look awful!" Smiling.
"I feel awful! My body is disgusting, and I feel tired all the time, now. I love my children, don't get me wrong, but this will be my last pregnancy. I'm too old to go through all this again."

"Have you give the baby a name?"
"Not exactly, we haven't chosen any name yet."
"Well, you'd better be quick, before he comes down through your legs!"
"Not funny, Kelly." Laughing too, "god, sometimes I think I'm not going to be able to push him out, this baby is getting too big for me! "

"Have you told that to the doctor?"
"Yes, my hips ache more now, I had difficulties with Eva, I almost didn't dilate, I hope everything goes well this time."

"You know there are other ways, right? C-section, do you ever hear about?"
"I'm good at doing the traditional way, just ... Sorry, you didn't come here to hear me cry about it. Tell me about you, How's Matt?"

"We're fine. You made me worried, early, on the phone."
"I'm fine...I was away from the phone, that's all. Do you want something to drink?"

"No, I'm good. I was in court with Lexi, Alvin's daughter. I thought you'd be there too. We have a lot of action there today." He says with sadness in his voice.
"My back hurts and i need to pee all the time...Besides, there's not much I can do there. What kind of action?"

"A woman appeared there and, I don't know, must be some crazy. She said she knows who killed Bigham, and that it wasn't Olinsky." Avoiding telling all the details.
Antonio looks in all directions of the kitchen, except where Severide is. "What she said?" He slides
his hands over his belly, nervous. He knows the woman could only be Bunny. Bunny's around them, calling him, trying to put Voight on jail. Hell bitch!
"Things, she say she can help Alvin. Do you know what she's talking about, Antonio?"
"I don't know, Sev." Antonio feels interrogated by his friend.

Severide looks into his eyes, Antonio is nervous and can't hide this.
"What do you know about this, Antonio?"
"Nothing! I don't want to get involved myself in this, Sev..."

"What did Voight say about it?"
"We didn't talk about it. We don't talk about his work here."

"Why not? Alvin is his partner and best friend since..."Severide folds his arms over his chest. "Oh man, you knew it! You knew that was Voight all the time!" It was not a question, it was a affirmation.
"No, I don't know anything about it, Sev." Antonio gets up and goes to the sink, he has his back to Severide. "I told you, I don't get involved in Hank's work."
"Antonio..." Severide gets up and goes to him. "You would not hide it from me, right? Are you lying to me, i'm your best friend!"
"No, i don't..."
"Look at me!" Severide asks. Antonio turns and looks into his eyes. "You would not let him go to jail if you knew anything about it, do you?" He is looking directly at Antonio and demanding a clear answer.

"No!" He moves away from Severide again. "I would not allow it, but I can't help anything, and Hank is doing his best to help..."
"Hank? Hank Voight put him in that situation in the first place. Meredith told me that Alvin would do anything Voight asked him to do. That's how it works between this two, Antonio! I can't believe you lied to me all this time, Antonio!" Antonio feels the contempt in his voice.

Antonio turns to him, and looks into his eyes for the first time. "Do you think Hank would be able to do that, Severide? I never lie to you about it!" He feels the worst of person in the world now.
"Come on, Antonio, you know him well! I know you think you owe him something, but you owe him nothing!"
"Yeah? He's my husband and..."
"Husband? No, he's the alpha who forced you into a bond, nothing more!" Severide yells at him. "Don't forget that he forced you to do so."
"You're wrong! He didn't force me into anything!" Antonio screams back, furious that he touches on this subject.
"That's a lie you told yourself before bed, Antonio! He's no different from Adres and..."
Antonio embraces his own body and shrinks on his own axis. "I know you're upset, but Hank is doing his best to help Alvin now, Severide."
"Who guarantees that? Alvin goes to jail, and he stays here playing alpha with you!"

Antonio keeps looking at his friend for a long time. He cannot believe what he's hearing from his best friend. "Where do you want to go with this, Severide? Do you want me to send Voight to jail?"
"This is your chance to help someone, Antonio! Alvin is innocent, you saw his daughter there in court, if you know anything you have to talk, Antonio! If Voight did it, he must pay, not Alvin!"

"Hank didn't do it! He saved me, he saved you, Severide! He helped us! You don't even know this woman..."
"He kill people, Antonio! He is a Killer, not a hero, and he's going to let Alvin pay for it!" 
"Please go away." He asks without changing his voice tone again. 
"Antonio ..." Severide tries to approach him, Antonio pushes him away, holding the belly. 
"Go!"

"No, I won't ... Listen, I'm sorry ..." Rubbing the face, regret. 
"Hank is my family, Kelly. If you don't understand that yet, please do not come back here." The phone start to ring again.

Diego noticed something was wrong when he saw Severide leave the house quickly. 
"Dad?" He had just arrived from school "Dad?"
Antonio was sitting in the kitchen, watching the phone ringing over the table. 
"Are not you going to pick it up, Dad?"
Antonio looks at his son and, impulsively, pulls him into a hug. 
"What's wrong, Dad? Are you feeling something?"

"No, Diego, i just...Can you bring me some water, please?"

Diego brought him a glass of water. Antonio was still sitting quietly. 
"What happened to the crazy bitch, Dad?"
"Who?" Taking the water."No, he didn't do anything. Don't talk like that." 
"If he made you stay like that, I'll call him whatever I want. Who was on the phone?"

"I don't know, some stupid idiot." He cried. Diego quickly hugged him. This was the first time his son had comforted him that way. 
"It was nobody, I just ... Sorry, I'm too pregnant, I guess."
"You look great, Dad. I won't let anyone tell you that you're not." Antonio smiled, his face wet with tears. 
"It's okay, don't talk about this with Hank, okay? He's seen me crying enough. It's nothing serious."

During the night the phone didn't ring once, Antonio convinced himself that was just an idiot trying to upset him and didn't say anything about it to Voight. Not even about Severide's visit, or Bunny, he still can't believe she get so close again. Voight said nothing about Bunny being in court, so he didn't raise the subject either.

Voight kissed him before leave to work, he promised to come home earlier today, so they can make the dinner together, Antonio stayed in bed a little longer. 
The day was going well, he had coffee watching the police car parked outside his door. He thinks about calling Severide and apologizing, but it can make things worse, and he doesn't want any of it. If Bunny is still around, this can be a problem and he must to tell Voight soon.

When the phone started ringing, he already knew who was calling. He has no idea how this crazy bitch got his phone number, but that ends today. Bunny must stop with this shit, he picked up the phone and walked to the door, asking the cop there to answer, inadvertently he touched the screen and answered the call. On the other side, a heavy voice called his name:

"Hello Princess..."
"It seems no one can help me now
I'm in too deep
There's no way out
This time I have really led myself astray"

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate Severide, he's doing the right thing (To the wrong person, but...)
Maybe a thief stole your heart

Chapter Summary

"Back then, this thing was running on momentum, love and trust
That paradise is buried in the dust"
(The Way It Was-The Killers)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I drove through the desert last night"
It is two in the morning and Antonio is away from home, walking alone through the empty streets of Chicago, going to the nearest subway. He is in no hurry, there is no reason to return home. The father must still be awake and ready to yell at him as soon as Antonio walks through the door, but he is tired and has nowhere to go tonight. Antonio has done this many times before, he goes out for a walk and expects his father to fall asleep so he can go home. He used to sit in the garage and wait for Dad to sleep. Lately he's out for a walk. Antonio's father is never happy to see him around the house. Today is just one of those days when the old man came home from work and kicked him out. No place to go and without any money, the 17-year-old just walks the empty streets, waiting for the time to go home.

"Hey boy!" Someone shouted, and then a body was hurled against Antonio's body. Both fall on the street. Confused and with a huge pain in his chest, he pushes the body away and tries to get up. "Get off me!"
Someone is still shouting in the back of the street while Antonio watches the other boy still lying on the ground.
"Are you alright?" Antonio asked.
The boy, another Latin like him, is laughing, maybe drunk.
"You saved me!" He says trying to stand up.

"I'll call the police, you fucking thief!" The voice screamed again, startling some lost cats in the empty street. The boy gets up quickly and holds Antonio by the hand. "Let's get out of here!"
Antonio doesn't have time to react, he is dragged down the street by the other boy.
"What's your name?"
"Antonio"
"Well, Antonio, my name is Adres, but everyone calls me Pulpo, you know what that means?"

"All of our plans have fallen through
Sometimes a dream it don't come true"

The lit cigarette was the only light in the immense darkness of the field, Adres was lying on the hood of the car parked on a vacant lot. Antonio knows it's him, few people drive a red truck at age 18. "I can smell you, Antonio." Adres says without looking at him. Antonio rubs his arms, it's cold here.
"No, you can't."
Adres loosens a cloud of smoke and throw the cigarette out.
"Yes I Can." He sits on the hood of the car and looks at Antonio. "What the fuck is this ...!" Antonio knows what he is seeing, he tried to hide his face under the hood of his blouse, but the bruised cheek is now in sight. Adres looks at the wound, he does not seem concerned, just curious about it, so Antonio tries to pull his curious hands away from his face.
"That hurts?"
"No."
"Your old man?" He asks as he lights another cigarette.
Antonio just shrugs, he leans in the car next to Adres. The starry sky catches his attention, he doesn't even know why he came here, maybe he just wanted to stay away from home for a while. He knows where to find Adres, it's as if his ways have always been crossing since the day they met in that dark street.
"You should fight back, punch him, right in the face." Adres says without showing any kind of emotion.
"He is my dad." Antonio smiled at the absurd suggestion, but he knows Adres is serious.
"Bullshit, he doesn't care about you." Antonio just shakes his head, he won't do it. Adres is not a friend, he is nothing. He's just a street drug dealer who crossed Antonio's path and stopped to give him some attention. Lately, he's the only one who talks to Antonio.
"You know what would be very good, Antonio? Kill him, so you could sleep at home."
"Don't say bullshit!" Antonio walks away from him and walks back into the street. Adres runs to catch him and holds Antonio against the fence.

"Hey, don't run away like this, I was joking, you don't have to leave, stay here tonight." Adres's hands are around Antonio's waist and, their mouths are very close, he can feel the minty taste of the young alpha's cigarette.

"You look good with this black eye and everything." Antonio realizes that he is being watched, which makes him more ashamed.

"What...?" Feeling stupid for asking.

"I want to touch you, can I touch you, Antonio?"

Antonio nods yes, he wants it. He would not have walked six blocks just to hear Adres's bullshit. Adres puts one of his legs in his and rests his head on his shoulder. Antonio feels his strong perfume, the first time that Adres embraces him this way.

"I like you, Antonio, I really like you." Adres whispers in his ear.

"You?" He feels his voice hoarse and breathless. Adres is sniffing his skin and biting his ear.

"Yes ... Do you like me, Antonio?"

"I ..." Antonio moans involuntarily, Adres is shivering in his body. Adres knows that. He turns and lights another cigarette, Antonio tries to recover and hide his erection.

"I like it, Antonio, do you have sex with anyone?"

"What?" Stupid again.

"You and I were at the same school, I saw your pictures in the hallway. You're the omega they were talking about."

Antonio feels his face burn, he left school as soon as his photos were scattered in the corridors, intimate photos, he knows who took them, but nobody did anything to punish the jerk. He did not come back there after that.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, Antonio. I found it very sexy, you have a very beautiful body! So you have an...Did you ever let anyone fuck your...How you call it? It's a pussy or...?"

"I gotta go." Pulling away from him again.

"You did not answer my question."

"Wich one?" He tries to hide his face again.

"Are you fucking someone or not?"

"No, I'm not..."

"Have you done this to anyone before, Antonio?"

"No, I never ..."

"God in heaven!" Adres raises his hands in thanks. "A virgin!"
"Back then, this thing was running on momentum, love and trust
That paradise is buried in the dust"

Adres is not afraid, he never hides from anything. He is neither shy nor cowardly like Antonio. He can do anything and never take a step back.
Antonio admires him, he likes to be around.
"Fear? And why should I be afraid, Antonio?" He asks one night as they lie in Adres's car. Antonio has his head on Adres's arm.
"The things you do, I don't know ... It scares me."
"You don't have to be afraid, I'll protect you, Antonio."

Antonio nudges his side with the elbow. "I don't want your protection."
"Okay, I can give you as much sex as I can then."

Antonio is silent, Adres pulls his face and kisses his head. "Hey, it's okay, I said it would be nice, didn't I? Take your time, Antonio."

Antonio feel comfortable in his position as the alpha's boyfriend. He knows Adres flirts with some girls, but he's sure it's just flirting and nothing more.
In a short time, Adres is the very air he breathes.

"Can it be the way it was when we met?"

Did you forget all about those golden nights?"

"Antonio!" Adres screams when Antonio crosses the busy boulevard, the traffic is intense and he has to wait to cross.

Across the river Antonio picks up the railing of the bridge. He is crying out of his mind.
"Stop there, Antonio!" Adres comes to him and holds him by the arms. "What are you doing, you little idiot?"
Antonio found Adres in bed with a girl. It had been a long day, he was exhausted from walking around town looking for work, his father punched him as soon as he got home and now this.
"What are you doing, bitch?" Adres held him in his arms until Antonio calmed down.
"Don't call me a bitch."
"Yes, do you prefer that I call you a princess?"
"No!"
Adres holds his shoulders and lies on it. "And what should I call you, Antonio?"
"I don't know. Who was she?" He asks still sobbing. "She...?"
"She's nobody, Antonio, just a bitch." He squeezes Antonio's chest. "It was fun, Antonio, nothing more."
"I thought ... Damn!" Antonio wipes the dirty T-shirt with street dust. "I need to go home and ..." 
"Spend the night with me, Antonio. I do not want another person, I want you."
"No, you do not want me ..."
"Stop running, I like you."

"If I go on with you (by my side)
Can it be the way it was when we met?"

Adres's car was parked on a street away from the city, the windows are blurred with perspiration. Inside, Adres is lying on Antonio's open legs. This time he does not ask for permission to touch him, he just touches his body without much care. Antonio did not complain, has smoke some weed and he was floating high.

He had never smoked weed before, his body was numb, he only moaned when Adres stroked his wet slit.
"Um, so soft! Like a girl, a princess, Antonio. That's what you are, a princess."

The weight of Adres's body is hurting him, but he says nothing about it. Adres bites his cheek, it hurts, Antonio tries to relax and enjoy.
"I want to fuck you, princess."
Adres holds his hips and penetrates his body all at once. Antonio groans painfully. Adres didn't stop, he continued until he felt Antonio's body adapt to him. Adres is big and his dick is hurting Antonio, there is blood in his pubic hairs, mixed with the condom's lube.

He holds Antonio tightly on the seat, doesn't allow him to move. His hips hit him hard, he moans and growls against Antonio's neck. "I'm going to knot you up, Antonio! I'll ..."
Antonio feels the alpha dick coming in and out from his slit, burning and aching. He tries to raise his hips to relieve Adres's thrusts, but this only causes more pain.

Gradually the pain subsides, and he feels his body reacting to the smell of the alpha. He doesn't want a knot, but doesn't have time to say it to Adres, they're already locked together, his slit is swollen and
sore around Adres's cock, it hurts, it burns, but he says nothing. Adres lies down on him and falls asleep. Antonio didn't come.

"Can it be the way it was? My heart is true"

Antonio's behavior changed radically, he was always quiet and receptive, despite the indifference of his parents, now he was drinking and smoking non-stop. Adres keeps him close and a glass always full in his hands. Antonio doesn't have a healthy vision of what love is, he lose himself with his messed feelings. Adres knows this, and uses it to keep him around. No need to lie, he was happy like that, Adres gave him the strength to face his father, the damned didn't touch Antonio since Adres happened to attend his house. He was not welcome, but he came anyway.

Adres helped him to sit on his lap."I said no..."
Antonio pushes Adres and tries to close his legs again. Adres has one of his hands inside his pants and the fingers touching Antonio's groin.
"Stop whining, I already said I will not hurt you!"

They were on the porch of Adres's friends house, during one of the parties promoted by him.
"Not here, Adres. Everyone is watching."
"I like that. Don't you like it? Everybody knows you're my omega, Antonio. Everyone knows I'm the one who fucks your pussy, princess."
"You are disgusting, Adres."
"I am? My cock is hard here, how about you use this beautiful mouth of yours and solve it out for me, Antonio?"
"Stop this."

"Let's get out of here, Antonio. Just you and me ..."

"Darling, darling (if we go on, can it be?)
Can it be the way it was when we met?
Did you forget all about them golden nights?"

The day dawned slowly, he was sitting in the front seat of the car looking at the orange sky. A cigarette between his trembling fingers, Adres snored in the backseat.

"You need to wake up, buddy."
He touches Adres's knees to try to wake him up. Suddenly, Adres's hot breath on his neck made his body shiver.
"Do you want to do this again, princess?"
"I have to go, Adres. I have a job, remember?"
"You don't need that." Adres bites his ear, Antonio pushes him against the bench again.
"I really have to go now."
"In that case, you can walk, bitch!"

Antonio stops, he turns to look at Adres in the eyes. The alpha is laughing.
"I'm kidding, princess. I'm going to take you to this fucking job."

"Elvis singing Don't Be Cruel and I wonder
If you feel it too it's like we're going under
Somewhere outside the lonely Esmeralda County line
The question of my heart came to my mind
If I go on with you (by my side)
Can it be the way it was when we met?
Did you forget all about those golden nights?

"Do you have some weed?" Antonio asks. Adres turns around and picks up something on the table beside the bed. Antonio tries to catch, but Adres holds. "Not for free, princess!"

Antonio knows that. Nothing is free with Adres, but he is sober for two whole days. Adres separates his legs and, with some spit, he uses his fingers to prepare it. Antonio moans.
"Can you do this slow?"
"I'm a gentleman, princess."
"Don't hurt me ..."
"Hurt? When did I hurt you, princess?"

He has no friends, there weren't many before, and there is none now. Adres doesn't like him to talk to strangers. He spends little time at home now that he has a job at a liquor store and a territorial boyfriend. He doesn't complain, Adres is the closest he's ever had to a relationship.

He was so tired of the solitude in which he lived before Adres fell on him. There are so many parties now, alcohol, weed... Sex at the end of the night, someone to take care of him, worry about him. Adres doesn't like his clothes, so Antonio no longer wears this clothes, he doesn't like that Antonio has a beard, so Antonio keeps his beard trimmed. He doesn't like so many things about Antonio and does not spare sharp comments. Antonio doesn't have any self esteem to defend himself, and always ends giving up, after all Adres knows best.

He has no job anymore, living with Adres in a bad apartment and being his personal and addicted bitch.

He is happy, he has a place to live and an alpha who loves him. He is happy, that's what he says every day to himself in front of the mirror.

Antonio's phone kept ringing for a while, he hung up the phone. The address was this, he parked and walked slowly to the door of the building. He looks around to make sure no one is following him, rings the doorbell.

One hand under the base of his belly bump and the other near the waist, the door is open, he comes in. The small apartment was full of garbage, the stench of dust irritating Antonio's nose. The place seems abandoned for years. The sound of a cough scares him, he turns and finds Adres standing by the door.

"I'm glad you came, princess."
"Darling, darling (if we go on, can it be?)
Can it be the way it was when we met?
Did you forget all about them golden nights?"

Chapter End Notes

48 chapters! My God! I need to have a life of my own! <3 This should have only a few chapters and, perhaps, a small series, but I mixed it all up and, I don't know when it ends anymore. Forgive the bad grammar and my little obsession in causing pain in Antonio.
"To be bold, to be brave.
It is the thinking that the heart can still be saved
And the darkness can come quick
The dangers in the anger and the hanging on to it."
(Nothing More
The Alternate Routes)

"Heroes don't look they used to, they look like you do"

"You look very good, princess."
Antonio is surprised to see Adres so debilitated, he is pale, the left side of his face is covered with ugly scars. His right arm was folded into a splint, and a cane helped him to stood on his feet.

"I can't tell the same about you." He said without stepping back and looking directly into the eyes of his tormentor.
Adres shook his head in disbelief, a mockery smile on his lips for Antonio's haughty behavior.

Antonio holds both hands close to his body when Adres slowly approaches him.
"Pregnant?" Adres looks directly at his baby's bump. Antonio walks away from him. "I could never imagine that. Who's this worm's father, princess?"

"That's not your business! What do you want from me?"

"Easy there, Princess, don't you need be so pushy, I'm a sick man. Look at me, I'm totally disabled."

Antonio takes a deep breath, he shouldn't have come here. It is ironic to see a man like Adres Dias, hidden in a place like this, the small apartment smells bad, there is no furniture and the windows were covered with dirty sheets.
"I don't have time for any shit, spit it out, Adres!"
"I missed you, Antonio, I just missed you. I'm your husband, can't I miss you?"
"Cut the crap! We are no longer married. You and I are nothing from each other." Antonio walks to the door, he will leave this place.

Adres holds his arm, in a quick gesture Antonio points the gun to his face.
"Ow, ow, calm down, princess, I will not hurt you!" Adres walks away from him, his two hands raised.

"Never touch me again!" He doesn't lower the gun.
"Okay, okay, can you put this gun down, so we can talk?"

Antonio doesn't give up the gun, he wants to shoot and end Adres right there. Something in his mind tells him to do it. Nobody would know, no one cares about this son of a bitch...That's what Voight would do.

"Please, Antonio..."
Adres's voice invades his thoughts, is he begging now? This is real? "Adres Dias, are you begging me to spare your shit life?"

"Okay, go ahead, shoot me! I saved your damn life, remember? I saved you from your father! The old bastard would end up killing you!"

"You saved me?" Antonio repeats in disbelief. "You beat me, you betrayed me! You raped me for six bloody years, and you really think you saved me?" He push the trigger.

Adres is shrunken, Antonio has never seen him like this before, a shiver of pleasure runs through his body. He's on control now.
"So, you came here to kill me, princess? Did you come here to revenge?"

Antonio shakes his head, he is not like that, Adres deserves to be punished, but he didn't come here to kill him.
"No, I didn't come here to kill you, you're doing it yourself, I don't need to get my hands dirty."

A sigh of relief leaves Adres's body, Antonio lowers his weapon, but keeps it in his hand.
"What happened to you?" He didn't really care, but he'd never seen Adres so broken before, whoever did it, managed to screw him.
"I don't know. I didn't see the bastard's face. He threw me into the river, two shots, he must have thought I was dead, but he wasn't that good."

How did you get my phone number? "Antonio has firmness in his voice, he leaves no room for fear. "I call to Diego's school, I told them about our complicated divorce process, it wasn't difficult."

Antonio squeeze his eyes to see him better. "You told them you're a wanted killer, Adres?"
"Details, princess. Sit down, there must be a chair somewhere here."
"No." Without moving any centimeter. "What do you want from me?"
"You look elegant, fancy clothes, smelling good. Where did you get the money?"
"That's none of your business!"

Adres smiles again and Antonio wants to punch his face.
"Times have changed, haven't, Antonio? At any other time, I would just look at you and there would be urine coming down your legs."

"You're free to urinate on your legs then." He says without being disturbed by the bad memory.
"What's changed, Antonio? This worm in your belly make balls grow on you? Who could say that, a drugged omega defyng me."

"Talk again about my son and, you will not have to worry about your balls ever again."
Antonio raises the gun in the air, he won't accept Adres talking about his son.

Aimed, Adres sits on the dirty floor with some difficulty. "You won't kill me, you would never do that, I know you, Antonio, you're too good for that."

"Times change, Adres."

"You know what, if I only knew how sexy you are acting like that, I would not have wasted so much time putting you in your place, Princess."

"You'd be dead from the beginning."
He turns to leave, he's already wasted a lot of time here.
"I need help." Adres says out loud, Antonio stops and looks back at him. "I need your help, Antonio, I'm broken and I need to leave the country."
"I can't help you."

"This ring on your finger it seems to be expensive. The car parked outside is a good car. You never had a good job, I saw the fucking construction where you worked. So who's paying for it, princess?"

Antonio feels scared for the first time, lucky Adres didn't even know details about him and Voight till now.
"Who is your baby's dad, Antonio?"

Antonio lowers close to Adres face. "A real man, not a jerk like you."

"He has any money? I need to leave this country, you have to help me, princess."

"I owe you nothing, do you hear me? Nothing! I don't care where you go, I won't help you run away!"

"You get so sexy shouting like an alpha, but deep down, you're just a cheap slut, willing to let me fuck your ass in exchange for drugs. You're lucky to be alive, princess, I saved your life!" He screams, losing control.

Antonio needs to be careful not to kill that bastard. He breathes slowly, the son is restless feeling his agitation.
"And should I thank you for that?"

"I never gave you the police. I never let them get you." Adres insists on charging, Antonio laughs,
"I've never committed any crime, I'm innocent, you know that."
"That's your word against the word of a poor Colombian mother. You know, Antonio, murder can give you 40 years in prison in Colombia. Can you imagine what the imprisonment for an omega in Colombia looks like?"

"You're bluffing."

"Maybe I'm bluffing, but no one but you and I know that, Antonio. I did a good job cutting off that man's head, everyone still thinks it was you." Proud of what he done.

"I don't care, you must be really desperate to look for me with cheap blackmail like that."

"I heard that there aren't no special cell for omegas there, you would be alone in a cell full of hungry alphas. Away from home, away from your children, being raped all the time, until your pussy is raw. Can you imagine that, Antonio?"

Adres tries to regain his composure and keep his voice low. Antonio imagines that he doesn't want neighbors to hear what he says.

"You know they still talk about you over there, El perro, they call you."
"That's not working, Adres. You killed that man, I'm not afraid of you."
"You should have, princess, I'm still an alpha and you're nothing! I can go to jail, but I drag you with me, Antonio."
"Do your best shot, Adres. You don't fucking scare me any anymore."
"And why did you leave your home, pregnant, just to meet me, Antonio?"
"I just wanted to see your face one last time, before the police took you to a dirty cell full of alphas. Can you imagine that, princess?" He hates this nickname deeply.

For the first time, Antonio could see the panic in Adres's eyes, a satisfied feeling arise inside him. Adres got up as fast as he could and ran to one of the windows covered with dirty sheets, he looked down the street, a dark van was parked in front of the building.

"You bastard!" He advances on Antonio and knocks him down, the hit was fast and Antonio didn't have time to dodge. Adres hit his chest with his cane. Antonio tries to protect himself with his arm and receives another hit to the wrist. The gun falls to the ground, Antonio drags himself trying to recover it, Adres holds him by the legs. "I'm going to kill you, you slut!"
Suddenly, Adres is taken off him, Antonio is still confused by the blows, but he manages to sit on the other side of the room, Voight is punching Adres non-stop. There are cops everywhere in the room, a blond paramedic is talking to him, Antonio doesn't understand what she is saying, he wants to know if Voight is well.
"Your baby..."
"What?" Looking at the paramedic.
"I need to make sure your baby is okay, Sir."

He was in the ambulance when he saw Adres being dragged into the police car. He shouted and kicked the police officers.
"I'm going to kill you, bitch!" He shouts at Antonio.
"He won't." The paramedic is talking to him, Antonio is still lethargic. "Can I see your hand?"
He extends his hand, sure enough there's a fracture there, but there's no pain.
"We're going to take you to the hospital, your blood pressure is a bit high, that needs to be checked. Okay?"

He doesn't respond, he's still trying to find Voight among the cops on the scene. The paramedic closes the ambulance door and asks him to relax a little.
"I'm Sylvie, by the way."
"Antonio ..." he says, his voice is not as firm like before. He allows himself to weep with fear and relief at the same time.
"All right, Antonio, you're safe now."

He was alone in the hospital room when Voight finally came to him. He has some bruises on his face from his fight with Adres. Antonio feels bad to see them. The alpha had red eyes, he was restless, and he couldn't hide his anger.
"Never again, Antonio, you never make such stupid like that again!" He rubs his eyes, cannot stop pacing around the bedroom.
"It was the only way to get him, Hank. I needed to do that." Antonio and his son are fine, only a slight lack of air due to the fall.
"No! You cannot put yourself at risk in that way, putting my son in danger, Antonio! That was the dumbest thing you could have done."

Antonio is silent, he knows that Voight is right about that. His left hand is bandaged, Voight looks on it, his eyes promise a storm.
"Did cross your mind that I might not have received your message in time? Could that animal be armed and shot on you?"
"Yes, and I was terrified, but you came and saved us, Hank."

Voight takes a deep breath trying to calm down, he needs to calm down. "Don't ever do this to me again, Antonio!"

"We're okay, Hank, I would never let him hurt our son. It's okay, can you calm down, please?"

Voight approaches the bed and touches Antonio's face, he lowers and sniffs his neck, he wants to make sure that Adres didn't touch him in any other way. Antonio quietly waits for Voight to finish sniffing him, he doesn't want to upset him even more, his scent must calm Voight soon.
"What's going to happen to him, Hank?"
"I don't know and I don't care!" He touches Antonio's belly as if to make sure everything is okay there.
"It's all recorded, is not it? He cannot accuse me of anything now."
"I need to talk to the feds, they're with him now."
"God, I can't believe this is over."

"He is fine?" Referring to baby. "What did the doctor say? Is he moving?"
Antonio holds Voigt's hand and guides him to where his son is kicking.
"Can you feel that? It's his feet. It's all right, Hank. Dad saved us."

Voight doesn't smile, he's still very nervous about it, but Antonio can see the relief on his face.
"I need to get back there, but I'll be back as soon as I can. Don't do anything stupid, Antonio."
"Baby..."
"What?"
"Call me baby, Hank, I'd rather."
"Huh." Too angry to laugh yet. He kisses Antonio's belly and walks to the door. "You gonna be the death of me, Antonio."
"Hank ..." Voight turns to him. "I could have killed him there, but ... He needs to be punished and pay for everything he done, in jail. Please don't do anything ... I don't want that on my conscious. Do you?"
"We are how we treat each other and nothing more
Tell me what it is that you see
A world that's filled with endless possibilities?
Heroes don't look they used to, they look like you do"

Voight walked through the front door of the hospital, he was in a hurry.

"Sergeant? Sergeant!"
He stopped impatiently. It was the blond paramedic who brought Antonio to the hospital.
"What?"
"Um, how is Antonio?"
"He is fine."
"Oh great!" Smiling.
"Huh, what's your name?"
"Brett, Sylvie, sir."
"Very well, Mrs. Brett, take that stupid smile out of your face, Antonio is a married man and you don't want to see his husband mad, right?"
"No sir..."
"I imagined."
"Oh, you can't hear me cry  
See my dreams all die  
From where you're standing  
On your own."
(Ben Cocks- So cold)

"It's so quiet here
And I feel so cold
This house no longer
Feels like home."

"Tell me i'm dreaming, right now." Alvin says when he opens the door to Severide.

"You have to improve your flirting, old man."

"It worked with you for a while so it's not that bad. What did you drink, Kelly?" Moving away from the door to let it in.

Severide is ashamed. "It was a bad day, Al." He says, as if that explains the smell of alcohol in his breath.

"It's been a bad day for all of us, Kelly. Do you need to call your counselor?"

"Just a glass, can we just leave it between us?"

Alvin serves him a cup of coffee, Severide looks at a mess around the room.

"Are you moving again, Alvin?"

"No, I sold the apartment, I don't need this place anymore."

"Why?" Severide looks at him. "Don't tell me you're really getting ready to go to jail, Al?"
"Then don't ask."

Severide rubs his eyes. "I know who killed Kevin Bigham, it wasn't you. Why are you letting them do this to you, Alvin?"

Alvin sits on the arm of the couch, he's so tired to talk about it. "Do you remember when you told me that you would give your life for a member of your team, Kelly?"
Severide just nods, he lives under that personal rule. "We, police officers, also have our own code of conduct, we protect ourselves, Kelly. That's how we do it."

"Going to jail for someone like Hank Voight? That's ridiculous, Alvin!"

"Is that what's bothering you, Kelly? The fact that it's Voight is disturbing you?"

"Is not fair ..."

"I could give you many reasons for this, Kelly, but you would not understand any of them, just ... Understand that I'm not doing anything for him that he wouldn't do for me."
The silence hangs over the small room, there is little light, only the street light invading the place, Alvin can hear Severide's gears working.

"Where is your firefighter?"

"I don't know, his ex-wife is coming back to the town and ... I don't know where that leaves me."

"He loves you, you're not out of the equation, Kelly."

"I don't know. I've spent my whole life avoiding relationships and, look, I'm so screwed involving myself with married men... Alpha men!"

"That's why you drank." Alvin ponders. "You need to be stronger than that, Kelly. He loves you, everyone can see it. This Gabriela Dawson means nothing at all."

Alvin was still talking when his phone rang, it was Voight, Antonio had faced Pulpo alone and now he is in the hospital.

"I gotta go, it's Antonio." He looks for his coat and puts it on. "You come with me?"

"Oh, when you told me you'd leave
I felt like I couldn't breath
My aching body fell to the floor
Then I called you at home
You said that you weren't alone
I should've known better
Now it hurts much more."

Voight is in the hallway when they arrive at the hospital, he is distressed, Severide has never seen him like this before.

"He is fine?" Alvin talks to him, Severide walks to the room where Antonio is, he does not enter, just watches from the door, Antonio sees him from the door and beckons for him to enter.

"I heard Adres hit you well, I came to see in how many pieces he left you." He says, no humor at all.
Antonio just waves a smile. "In two, me and the baby, thanks God. Thank you for coming, Sev."

"What stupid idea was that, Antonio?"

"I needed to do this..."

"I know, but why didn't you call me? I would have gone with you! We could punch that asshole together!"

Antonio smiles relieved, he wants to reach out and hug Kelly, but he's not sure if it's okay to do that.

"So he's in jail? Really?" Severide asks.

"Yes, he is, and I hope he never leaves. Where's Matt?"

"We're not anymore ... It's complicated, Antonio." Severide didn't say anything about Gabby returning to town or about the discussion he had with Matt about her.

Antonio looks out and sees Voight and Olinsky talking outside, he frowns. "You came with Olinsky?"

"Yes, he gave me a ride..."

"Old habits, eh?"

Severide shrugs, trying not to put too much emphasis on it. "It's just ..."

"Does Matt know?"

"He doesn't care, Antonio."

"I doubt that, Severide."

"Never mind, he's not my owner. At least Alvin cares ... "

"Sev ..."

"Can we just talk about the spanking you took?"

"I didn't take a beating, it was just a..."

"Man, you really have lost your mind."

"You caused my heart to bleed and
You still owe me a reason
Cause I can't figure out why...
Why I'm alone and freezing"

Voight looks at Alvin and back to Severide.

"What's the story?"

"He came to my apartment. Gabriela Dawson is coming back to Chicago, I think you should know."

"Huh." She is no problem for Voight now, but he appreciates the information.
"Tell me again how this little pregnant omega faced the head of the Colombian cartel alone and came back alive." Alvin asks incredulously.

Voight does not hide pride in his smile. "Antonio Dawson, baby."

Severide's attention turns to the heart monitor next to Antonio's bed, the familiar sound of a small, quick heart. "Is that his heartbeat?"

"Yes." Antonio sits on the bed and rubs his belly. Severide sits down on the chair beside the bed.

"Can I touch, Antonio?"

"Yeah ..." He pulls up his nightgown and lets Severide feel it. Antonio's skin is white, small stretch marks appear on his belly forming a kind of root along his abdomen. Severide touches slowly, just with the tips of his fingers. He smiles when he notices something about it.

"What is?" Antonio is confused.

"Your belly button jumped out." They laugh, Antonio feels the tears stream down his face with such laughter. It's okay to hug Severide again.

"Damn, how can this be so sexy!" Alvin murmured to Voight from the hallway, they were watching them chatting inside the room. He gets a confused look in response. "What, I have fantasies!" He defends himself.

"You need help, man!" Voight grunts back.

" *While you're in the bed that she's in  
And I'm just left alone to cry.*"

"Where are we going?"

"Your house, you must be really tired, slept the whole way." Alvin explained as he drove through Chicago.
"I've had two hell shifts, that's it. I'm fine" Severide looks at the street, it must be almost dawn now. "I don't want ..."

"What?" Not looking at him.

"I don't ..." He gestures with his fingers. "I don't want to go home, Alvin, my home..."

"And where do you want to go, Kelly? I can leave you at Casey's, if you want."

"No, I don't want to go there either."

Alvin parks, he looks at Severide from the passenger side. "Tell me where you want to go, I can take you there."

Severide looks at him, his eyes are swollen from lack of rest. Alvin shakes the wheel with his hands.

"You may regret it early tomorrow, boy."

"I can regret it for the rest of my life, Alvin."

"Oh, you can't hear me cry
See my dreams all die
From where you standing
On your own"

Alvin's hands placed Severide's hips in place, they were down on the couch on his apartment, tired, sweaty, and tied up. They are silent, Alvin breathing in bumps, a satisfied smile doesn't leave his lips. "Are you okay, Kelly?"

"Hun-Hun". Rubbing his nose against Alvin's neck, Alvin scrubs his sweat-soaked back.

"It's the smell, Your smell, Al..."

"What? What's wrong about my smell, Kelly?"

"Something, Alvin. I can't find it in any other place..." Severide swings his hips sinking further into Olinsky's cock.

"You're just confused, Kelly, I'm not your alpha." Olinsky's breathlessly, Severide is ridiculously sexy, he kisses Alvin's face and moves his hips slowly riding the hard knot inside him. Alvin hates to think about it, but he wonders how he learned all this so fast.

"We're good. This is so good, that should count."

"I'd love to believe, my dear, but there's nothing I can do."

Severide moves in his lap, which makes Alvin moan again. "You should, at last, like it. old man."

"You so good on it, Kelly."

"I learn it fast. I know how to take your knot like a champ, Al. Don't you think?" He jerks hard his hips, trying to cheer the alpha again.

"Damn, that's could be so sexy, if wasn't so cruel! "Alvin pretends to be offended. "You're an
incredible man, but I'm not good for you. I just have pain and uncertainty to offer you, Kelly. You deserve more than that."

"What do I deserve, Alvin? What can a person like me deserve? I'm not that good, I should be trying to fix things with Matt now, instead, I'm with other alpha knot stuck in my... Alpha, by the way, which I've always swore to hate and ... " He's silent, watching Alvin's face, there's sweat running down his face. "You gave me the only family I've ever had and, saved me from myself again and again..."

"Is this your way of thanking me, Kelly?" The smile on Alvin's face disappears, he's serious now. "'Getting my dick like a champ'"

"I don't use sex for this, Alvin."

Alvin smiles again, he slides his hand between them and squeezes Severide's belly. "Do you want another child, Kelly?"

"No, I don't want ..." Moving away from Alvin's touch. "That's not the thing..."

"It's completely understandable, but, you're looking for that in the wrong person. I can give you another child if you want, but I cannot give you what you really need. You don't know yet, but you need a home, Kelly. Someone to stay with you and after a bad shift. You deserve stability, a family, I could never give you this. You're angry for Gabriela return, but Casey, loves you, he won't leave you so easy, my dear. Staying here with me won't solve anything, it's not me that you want, Kelly. Don't be afraid to be happy, you deserve it."

"Why are we talking about it now? I like your knot, that's all."

Alvin smiles, he's smarter than that. "I'd love to deceive myself, Kelly, I'd love to make plans and promise you the world, but I can't do that."

"Alvin ..." Severide stops moving, the mood's sour now.

"No, listen to me, I would do anything for you, Kelly, but I can't. You would not be happy with me."

"You're dumping me of, Alvin, really?"

"No, I'm not. I love it and ... God, you're amazing! I never thought you'd look for me again." He strokes Severide's face with his fingertips. "I don't deserve you, Kelly."

Severide is silent until the knot down. Alvin takes a shower with him, they get dress.
"You can stay here and rest, if you want, I'll be back at night."

"I have some things to sort out and ... Thank you, Alvin."

"Don't thank me, Kelly, never. "He approach Severide and touch his face." Will you be okay? "

"Yes, I will, don't worry."

"I need to go, but you know where to find me, don't drink, Kelly."

Severide smiles. "It was for Antonio, was not it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Kelly." Moving away from him.

"It's because of him and their baby that you're doing this, is not that, Alvin?"

"No, it's not ..."

"You're in protecting Antonio from staying away from Voight, I understand now. You're acting like an alpha ...That's what alphas really do, they protect people who can't protect themselves, in this case, Antonio's baby."

"You really need to sleep, Kelly. I'll see you tonight."

"What if you do not see me?"

"So I will know you made the right decision, Kelly."

"Alvin..."

Olinsky stops by the door. "You deserve more than that." Severide opens his arms pointing to the apartment around, Olinsky just smiles, he's smarter than that.
"It's so quiet here and I feel so cold
This house no lounger
Feels like home."
Three weeks before...

Matt loves the scent of Severide's body, he loves to see him sweating and moaning during sex. He loves to feel him tight and wet around his dick.

He loves to clean it after the knot comes down and see him so full and stretched. He doesn't care when Severide is dominant, but he loves it when he lets himself be dominated, when he lets Matt hug him and kiss him during sex.

When he gives up himself in Matt's arms and lets himself be taken care of. When Severide allows him to be the alpha he is, this silent agreement between the two, omega reigning in Severide and allowing Matt to feel powerful around him.

"What are you doing?" Severide murmurs tiredly.
Matt have the head between his spread legs.
"Matt, this is ... disgusting!"
"No, it's not ... It's ... I love it, Kel...I've been thinking and ..." Matt says as he slowly bites his big lips. "You could live here with me. What do you think?"
No answer, Matt lifts his head and looks at him. "Kelly?"
"As a couple ... Or as friends sharing an apartment, Matt?"
Matt creeps in over Severide and looks him in the eye. "Like my boyfriend and ... My husband, one day."

Severide smiles, he never thought he'd be looking forward to such a proposal. He can't answer.
"What do you say, Kelly?"

Severide rolls on the bed and lies down over Matt. "I expected something more romantic from you, Casey."
"Do you want me to stay on my knees? My knees still hurt from last night."
"I thought you liked sucking me in the firehouse."
"And I like it! What do you tell me, do you want to live with me, Kelly?" He kisses his lips. "Do you wanna be my roommate?"

"Roommate with benefits, right?"
"Certainly." Matt groans feeling Severide's skin rubbing against his. "I'm hard again."
"Really? That's all for me?" Leaning over him making Matt groan louder.
"Is that a yes?"
"We can try and ... Oh ..."

They are perfect to each other, what could go wrong?
Everything, anything.

Last week...

"Another maintenance?" Severide says putting the glass of water on the counter in the sink.

"Huh? Not that I know, why?" Herrmann responds.
"This water tastes bad." Severide put his hand on his stomach, had been suffering from heartburn since last night.
"All right there?" Herrmann asks when he sees him curl around his torso.
"Yes, I must have eaten something that didn't go down well. Did you see Casey around?"

Casey was outside the Firehouse, talking on the phone. He gestured non-stop, Severide never saw him so exalted. He stands quiet, just watching him.

"Who was on the phone?" He asks when Matt finishes the call.
"A customer, I did some renovations at his house and ..."
"The truth, Matt." He demands, Matt is a lousy liar.
The Captain puts his hands on his waist and takes a deep breath, taking courage. "Gabby is coming back to Chicago."
"Gabby? When?"

Matt shrugs, he is not sure about the date. "Next week, I guess."

"And what does she want with you?"
"I don't know, maybe talk."
"Talk about what, Matt? Did you tell her you were seeing someone else?"

Matt doesn't answer, Severide steps away from him with his hands on his stomach.
"I can't believe this!"
"Kel, I'm going to talk, okay? I didn't want to talk on the phone ..."
"What, have you been talking to her over the phone? Since when?"

"We were married ... We never stopped talking, Kelly."
"And what is there to talk, Matt? Hun? Tell me!"
"Calm down, please." He notices that other firemen appear at the battalion's door to watch them discuss. "We can talk about this at home and ..."
"Seven months, Matt! You had seven months to tell her about us, but you didn't say anything!"

"Severide, I can ... Please let's talk and ..."
"About your ex-wife coming back to your life, Matt?"
"She's not ... You know what? I won't argue with you here." Matt walks away from him. "I never interfered with your conversations with Olinsky ..."
"It's different! I have no conversations with Olinsky, have with Lexy, and don't forget it was your idea, Matt!"

"Just give me some time to fix things, okay?"
"Then fix it, Matt!"

Matt beckons him to calm down as he walks away and enters the firehouse.

"It's harder and harder to get you to listen
More I get through the gears
Incapable of making alright decisions
And having bad ideas"

"What is this smell?"

It's the second time this week Severide complains about the smell in the battalion's kitchen.
"I don't feel anything." Herrmann answers from the other side of the counter.
"There's a dead rat in this place!" He insists covering his mouth with his hand. "We need to clean up this place up."

Matt was in his office when Herrmann came to talk to him.
"Hi, do you have a minute?"
Matt looks at him curiously. Herrmann enters his office.
"What's going on between you and Severide?"
"This is not your business, Herrmann ..."
"Yeah, I know, but ... Whatever it's been about, it's getting out of control, Cap."

"What are you talking about?"

"You'd better see for yourself, Casey."

Severide was rubbing the floor of the kitchen without stopping, some furniture had been dragged, other firemen watched it from a distance.
"What he is doing?"
"He's obsessed with the smell of the place ... I know Severide enough to know that he only goes obsessed like that when there's something going on."
"We're not well ..." Matt finally says. "Gabby's is coming back to town, and ... I don't know what to say without making him upset with me."
"Well, he's going to drive everybody crazy if you do not do something."

Matt approaches Severide. "Kelly?"
Severide continues to mop the floor without looking at him.
"Kelly, what are you ... It's all clean here, can you stop it, please?"

"Can't you smell that?"
"I don't think anybody is, Kelly. Can you please stop?" He asks again, gently.

"I can't, that smell is driving me crazy."
Matt holds his arm, Severide pulls away from him abruptly. "Don't!"
Matt looks around, they are being watched, this is not good.
"You know what, keep cleaning up as much as you want."

"What are you doing out here?" Herrmann approaches him, Severide is standing outside the firehouse.

"Nothing, I just ... That smell there..."
"What? You cleaned everything, there's no dead mouse!" Herrmann is getting tired of this story.
"I was talking about Mouch's food." He laughs.
"Dude, he'll kill you!" Looking to the starry sky. "What's the matter between you two?"
"I don't know, I think there's nothing left." He shrugs.

"Gabby is coming back and ... It has messed with Matt, I thought he had gotten over it, but I was wrong."
"Hey, are you giving up that easy? This is not the Severide I know!"

"And I can't see you here wondering where I might
Sort of feels like I am running out of time
I haven't found what I was hoping to find"
Severide finds Matt in the locker room, they have not seen each other since the previous shift when Severide clean up all the kitchen.

"Matt ..."
"Hi how are you?" Washing the hands.
"Well, I tried to talk to you yesterday, but I couldn't find you ..." Severide is not jealous, he's not one of those crazy people who control his partner's footsteps, he's just insecure now. Maybe he was attached to Matt more than he thought.

Matt is more and more distant, and that makes him insecure about their relationship. Severide had planned to move to his house, but Matt didn't talk about it again, so he decided to wait.

"Ah, I went out to dinner with some friends and ..."
"Which friends?" He really wants to know.
"Some friends from the ..." He sighs and closes the faucet. "Gabby's dad invited me to dinner, and there's nothing wrong with that, Kelly."
"I didn't say there was something wrong, Matt. Gabby was there?"
"No, just the two of us."

"And what did he want with you?" Washing his hands too.
"Talk, nothing too much."
"A lot of people want to talk to you lately." Severide ironize. "I raised his grandchildren for 4 whole years and he never invited me to dinner!"
"I know what it sounds like, but we don't say anything about ..."
"Do you know what's funniest? You call me to live with you and go to dinner with your ex-father-in-law on the same week, that's funny!"

"I know, Kel. Nothing has changed, I want you live with me, I just ..."
"What?" He turns off the tap and faces Matt.
"I just need to organize my life and ... I love you, Kel, but there are so many things I need to do now and ... It's not fair to put you in this situation."
"What are you saying?"

"I need..."
"What do you need, Matt?" He feels the tears forming in the corner of his eyes.
"I need you to understand me, and have a little patience now..."
"While you fuck your ex-wife's, is that what you want from me, Matt?"

"I didn't ... I would never do that to you, Kelly, you know that." Matt is trying to keep his temper and his voice low.
"Do what you want, I won't stay here to see."
"What do you mean, Kel?" Matt approaches him. "I'm just trying to do the right things and ...
"No, you're not!"
"What do you want me to do, Kelly? I'm trying to do the right things, I'm not like Olinsky!"
"What's about Olinsky, Matt?"

"I don't want to fool you ...
"He never deceived me!"
Matt raises his hands in surrender. "Can we continue this at home tonight?"
"No. No, I'm going out ...
"I can spend the night there and ...
"No!" He leaves the locker room leaving Matt there alone.
A glass of whiskey later and he knocked on Olinsky's door that night.
"Tell me i'm dreaming, right now." Alvin says when he opens the door to Severide.
"You have to improve your flirting, old man."

"Now it's three in the morning
And I'm trying to change your mind
Left you multiple missed calls
And to my message you reply
Why'd you only call me when you're high?"

Last night...

All the tension between them is making Severide sick, he can not hold anything in his stomach and the damn smell of the kitchen is pissing him off. Matt and he do not talk like they used to and it's driving him crazy, but he doesn't want to take any steps toward the alpha.

The meeting with Alvin was in the back of his mind. Matt would never know that, even if he did, Severide owed him no explanation now that they were apart.
It all went wrong, and he feels stupid for it. Kelly Severide has never been a man to make long relationships. He should know that everything would go wrong in the end.
The positive pregnancy test on the bathroom sink leaves him breathless and in a total state of panic.
“Somewhere darker
Talking the same shite
I need a partner”

Chapter End Notes

I know it got kind of corny, but it would not be fair not to develop it. I imagine Severide not knowing who’s the father of his baby is, but he knows :0 Don’t hate me please, i have everything under control :-*
Don't go away

Chapter Summary

"Me and you what's going on?
All we seem to know is how to show
The feelings that are wrong"
(Oasis- Don't go away)

Chapter Notes

Chicago P.D. started again (Yayyyy!) And that Voight speech saying he needs to keep Antonio clean, made my year worth it! Sorry for the spoiler.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So don't go away
Say what you say
But say that you'll stay
Forever and a day
In the time of my life
'Cause I need more time
Yes, I need more time
Just to make things right"

Voight left the Police District in a hurry with the phone in his hands. His car was parked at the end of the street, he drive fast toward the hospital.

Antonio lifts his head, eyes closed, quick and short breath. He is tired from the effort to vomit, a nurse helped him to reach the bathroom.

Voight brought a towel and helped him out of the bathroom floor.
"Do you feel better?"
Antonio wipes his face on the towel, he is sweating. "I've never had any Braxton-Hicks before, are you sure that's it?"
"Yes, the doctor confirmed, it will pass. Can you stand up?"
"Yes." He holds onto Voight to go back to bed, another contraction caught him off guard. "Oh God, that hurts!"
"Breathe, it will pass. Just breathe, baby."
Antonio puts both arms around Voight's shoulders and moves his hips sideways, this helps ease the pain.
"Better?"
"God, this is going to be my end. I'm sorry, I didn't know they were going to call you."
"I would have come anyway, even if it's a false alarm, Antonio."
"I can get the bed now, I can." He releases Voight and walks over to the bed. "Please talk to me, Hank, he always calms down when you speak, he already knows the sound of your voice."
"Are you comfortable, baby?"
"Comfortable is not the right word, but it's okay now. It's too early for him to be born, Hank."
Antonio says with anguish in his voice.
"Justin was born two weeks before the scheduled date, yet he was the healthiest baby in the nursery."
Antonio holds Voight's hand, he knows how difficult it is for him to talk about the son.
"Are you ready for this, diapers, sleepless nights?"
"I'm so looking forward to it, Antonio."
"You seem worried, how was it in court?"
"We don't need to talk about this, Antonio. You've had enough of this story."
"Hey, I'm your partner, right? We're a team, Hank."
"Yes, we are, Antonio." Touching his belly gently. "But, I need you to rest now, we can talk about this later."
"Are you going to stay here, Hank?"
"I'm not going anywhere, baby."

"Are you okay, Antonio?" Voight had woken up with Antonio's aching groan. It was late at night, and he had fallen asleep in the chair beside Antonio's bed.
"Yes, I need to go to the bathroom."
Voight helps him get out of bed and get to the bathroom. He helps Antonio take off his shorts and his hospital gown.
"Okay, I can manage from here, Hank."
"Any pain?"
"No, no pain, at all."
Antonio finishes and gets up, he notices a small blood stain on his shorts. "Hank..."
Voight runs off looking for a doctor.
Antonio's hands are cold, Voight rubs them gently between his own hands trying to comfort it while the doctor examines him.

The examination is long and invasive, Antonio is afraid of what the doctor can say.
Finally, the examination is over and the doctor reassures them, everything is okay with their child. Voight can finally breathe in relief.

The room was quiet and dimly lit, Voight lay on the bed with Antonio on his chest. The bed is narrow, but none of them wants to get away from each other.
"Are you still mad at me, Hank?"
"No."
"I put our son in danger, we could have died ..."
"It's okay, baby. Nothing happened."

"I want to go home, Hank. I want to stay with my kids."
"We're going, soon." Voight murmurs.
"I want to do it at home, Hank. The birth ... I can do it at home."
"Are you sure, Antonio?"
"Yes, Diego was born in the hospital, Eva was born on the side of the road and ... I want to choose this time, do it on my way, just the two of us."

Voight turns his head to look at him, raised eyebrows. "Both of us?"
"Yes. Do you think you can do it?"
"We can try, baby. Aren't you sleepy?"
"Yes..."
Voight kisses his head, Antonio falls asleep next. The fear was gone.

"I don't want to be there when you're coming down
I don't want to be there when you hit the ground"

Alvin was already drinking by the counter when Severide met him at the Bar. "The man I wanted to see on a night like this," Alvin says when he sees him sitting next to him. "What's wrong, baby?"
"How was it in court?"
Alvin shrugs. "They still want my head."
"I could go there and ..."
"No." Alvin had forbidden Severide and Lexi to go to court after the Bunny incident. "Everything is under control."

"I'm taking a license from work, Al." Alvin looks at him. "I'm leaving town for a while and..."
"Any special reason, lieutenant?"
"No, I just want to stay away from Chicago for a while."
"Does the firefighter agree with that?"
"He doesn't have to agree, we're not together anymore."

"So, where are you going, Kelly?"
"I don't know yet."
"You came to say goodbye to me?"
"No, I don't want to say goodbye or anything like that, Al. We'll see each other soon enough." He takes a deep breath. "I'm pregnant ... Again and, I know it sounds stupid, but I didn't plan and..."

"So that's why your need to smell me, smell an alpha close by. I'm happy to help with your pregnant protective instinct."
"I'm sorry, I didn't know I was pregnant that night ... I didn't want to use you on my omegas needs, Alvin."
"Oh, use me wherever you need! Did you tell Matt? He's the father, isn't?"
Severide shakes his head. "I didn't."
"Are you going to tell him?"

"I don't know yet, we fight, and it seems a desperate attitude to hold him. I can't force him to stay with me."

"He loves you."

"He's confused, and if he loved me, he wouldn't be."

"Do you love him, Kelly?"

"What?"

"You, Kelly Severide, do you love him?"

Severide is silent.

"Just answer..."

"Yes! But that doesn't make any difference now, Al!"

"So you're going to run away with his son? Where is that fair?"

"I don't want to tell anyone yet, I don't want to create expectations..."

"Why did you tell me, then?"

"I ... I don't know, Matt is the father, but ... I didn't know I wanted to have another child until you told me. I even stopped the suppressors, and I told him I didn't want to use condoms anymore. Al. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Are you happy, Kelly?"

What ... What kind of question ...?"

"Just answer yes or no. Are you happy?"

Severide looks down at his own belly. "I'm scared, Al."

"You don't need to be afraid. I think that you and your son will be all right."

"You don't know that ..."

"I always hope for the best, Kelly. You can call me an old fool, but I always hope for the best."

Matt learned of the license Severide takes, through gossip in the firehouse. He and Severide were no longer talking, he knows he should try to fix it, but he still does not know how to do it. He saw him by the firehouse, complaining about the smell, talking to himself, maybe he got drunk again.

"Hi, can I come in?" Severide opened the door for him, Matt walked in, there were suitcases on the couch. "You will travel?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about it for a while, it's the right time."

"And where are you going, Kelly?"

"I don't know yet ..." He goes back to his suitcases and finishes packing them. "I have no plans."
"When you come back?" Matt cannot hide the fear in his voice. "You're coming back, do you?"

"Of course, Chicago is my home, Matt."

Matt looks around, everything that belongs to Severide is no longer there. "I didn't see your Harley, there in the garage ..."

"Oh, I sold it, I don't need it any more."

"You sold it? You love that old thing!"

"I know, but it's not safe and ... I need money."

"You could have talked to me, I can help, Kelly ..."

"I don't need your money, Matt."

"Can we talk about this, Kelly?"

"We're talking about this, Matt."

"Don't! Stop it, please!" He holds Severide's hands. "Just stop fiddling with this bag, I need to talk to you. "I know you're upset with me for everything and ..."

"My life doesn't revolve around you, Matt!" Severide stops and looks at him, Matt is nervous, almost desperate.

"Don't do it, don't go out like that, Kelly!"

"It's only for a while, Matt. I really need to go out for a while."

"That's what you always do, run away when things get tight! Don't do it with me!"

"I'm not running away, you need this time as much as I do, Matt!"

"No I ... I know I said I needed to, but I don't want to stay away from you and ... It's not what I want, Kel."

Matt tries to hug him, Severide steps away from him. "Kelly..."

"I slept with somebody else." He says, bluntly.

"You what...?"

"I was furious with you for not being able to decide whether to stay with me or Gabby so I left and ... I had sex with someone else, Matt."

Matt sits down on the couch beside Severide's suitcase. "Who? It was an alpha, or one of those omegas girls you usually get?"

"Matt ..."

"Just say the name, I deserve to know, Kelly..."

"Alvin."

"Olinsky?" He repeats as if the name were poisonous in his mouth. "And was it good? Did you let
him knot you up, Kelly?" The desperation in Severide leaving gave way to anger in his voice.

Severide does not respond, he deserves to hear it. "I gotta go, Matt ..."

"That's the way you do, is not it? You act like a bitch and runaway after that!" Matt can be a calm and gentle person, but he is still an alpha and can be scary if he must be.

"You better get out of here, Matt."

"You and I had something good and then you go out and have sex with someone else the first chance ..." He is screaming and crying at the same time.

"I don't ... I don't have to explain anything to you! Who gave up everything as soon as heard about the ex-wife was you, not me!" Severide yells back at him.

Matt is silent, Severide rubs his face nervously. "I guess, it would not have worked out anyway, we're very different, Matt."

Matt just nods, he wipes his eyes with his palms. "Do you need a ride or something?" He offers, quieter and conformed to the situation. "I can take you ..."

"No, I'm fine ..."

"Can you call me when you get there, just to tell me everything's okay?"

Severide nods yes, he can do that. "Yes ...

"Take care, please." He approaches Severide and stops in front of him, but he didn't touch him. "I ... Kelly, I love you. I didn't want any of this and ..." He takes a deep breath and smells Severide for the last time. "Can we fix this somehow?"

Severide is surprised at Matt's request, he doesn't know what to say.

"Not now, maybe another time, when you come back and ..."

"You love her?" Severide asks, leaving Matt unresponsive. "Do you still love gabby?"

"You want to know if I still love the woman I married, and stayed for years, Kelly?"

"You do?" He insists on the matter.

"Yes, but not as you think. Gabby was, and will always be, someone important to me, but it's not love, nothing like what I feel for you, Severide. You were always the only thing I ever loved, even when we fought all the time and ... You already know that." He tries to smile. "Don't go too far, I might want to talk to you at night, and I need to know you're around."

Severide is speechless.

Matt helps him with his suitcases, downstairs.

"My phone ..." He had forgotten his phone somewhere. "And I left it at the firehouse."

"I take you there," Matt offers.

Matt takes him to the firehouse, the day shift is quiet and no one cares about the two of them out of their turn.

"On here," Severide finds the phone in his closet, it was off. There were some other belongings of him there, he took them out and stuffed them into his bag.

"Ready?" Matt asked.

"Yes." He shoves the phone into his pocket.

"This place is not the same without you, Kelly."

"Matt ..." He doesn't want to extend this farewell.

"This is your home, Kelly. It's your family, if you're having trouble getting sober, we can help ..."

"I'm sober, Matt, that's not my case."

"Oh ..." There's that desperate look again, Severide realizes Matt could have forgive him if he was drunk, but he wasn't.

Following Matt down the hall, he shrinks as he walks through the kitchen, the bad smell still there.
"Damn!"
"What is between you and this place? You should not vomit every time ..." He stops, shocked at what he has just realize. "You're getting sick ..."
Severide doesn't say anything, Matt is standing next to him, eyes wide in surprise. "God, you're pregnant, Kel!"

"'Cause I need more time
Just to make things right
Yes, I need more time
Just to make things right"

Chapter End Notes

Okayyyyy, let's be honest, I'm the queen of slow burning and ... I love it. Writing this has made me very happy.

PS: Antonio's 7 months pregnant and Severide just a few weeks.
Times are changing

Chapter Summary

"Put a picture in a golden frame,
But in the end it will be the same."
(Times Are Changing
Di-Rect)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Gonna give myself a fighting chance"

It's a beautiful day in Chicago, hot sun, few clouds, pleasant temperature and a promise of misfortune just around the corner, 'cause this is Chicago, off course. Voight is old enough to know that. He thinks he's must be ready for the worst no matter what.

Antonio left the hospital a few days ago and is taking care of his own things again, he put his house up for sale, even if Voight supports him now, money always helps. He is recovering well and, besides his injured hand and one purple eye, everything is fine.

Voight has a lot of work accumulated in the district now that he doesn't have to stay in the hospital all the time. At the top of the list is a detestable name, Adres Dias. Voight could interrogate him in cases of murders in his district. He's not going to do it today, maybe next week, he needs to focus on Alvin's defense now.

He was heading for the Police District when his phone started ringing, Olinsky.
"Go on, buddy." He found Olinsky in the District garage a few minutes after he called.

Olinsky was sitting in a dark corner of the garage. "They'll arrest me ..." Then misfortune turned the corner.
"What are you saying?" Voight approaches him slowly. "Who said that?"
"I've been in it for 30 years, Hank, I still have some contacts inside. I need you to do me a favor."
Voight sits next him and notices the whiskey bottle besides him on the floor. It's nearly 8:00 a.m. too early for that.

"I need to know that Lexi will be protected and ..."
"You'll take care of her, Al ..."
"She needs to stay safe, and Severide also needs to be taken care of."
"What?"
"They're all that I love and ... I need to make sure they're okay when I'm not here, Hank."

"You're not going anywhere, Al."
"Let's face it, Hank, I'm still not in jail because you scared all those witnesses, otherwise I'd be arrested."

"We can..."
"No, we can't Hank. Meredith always told me that following you would be a no-return road to hell."

Voight knows that, he's been on this road a long time.
"I don't regret it, Hank, I would have done it all the same if I had another chance."

"I'll take the blame if something happens, Al ..."
"No, it would be the stupidest thing in the world, Hank. Severide told me that I was protecting your son, and maybe I am, if you walk away now, everything we fight for will fall apart, including your boy. Don't waste your chance, man."

"I won't let it go that far, Al."
"Yes, you will. For our sake, you will. I can go through this, I can handle hell, Hank. We'll go through this and ... We'll meet on the other side, we always do."

Voight bites the inside of his cheek, his hands are tied here. Hell can wait for his soul a little more.

"You can't save everyone, Hank."

Voight picks up the whiskey bottle and drinks straight from the bottleneck, maybe it's not too early to drink at all. "What do you want me to do, Al?"

Alvin Olinsky was arrested the next morning, he was with Voight in the district, and even with thirty years of work in the Chicago police, he was handcuffed in front of his co-works colleagues. It was the first time Voight had faltered in front of his team.

Alvin is a convict now, he's being pressured to speak against Voight. He didn't.

"I'm going to hire a better lawyer and ..." Voight said when he was able to talk to his old friend alone.
"I don't want this, Hank, just make sure you pay my bail, that's all I'm asking for, we've gone through worse and we've outgrown, this is no different."
"I appreciate your loyalty, Al, but this ..."
"Just do as I asked, Hank."

"Everybody is in a separate zone
All together but we're so alone

Ooh, the times are changing."
"Hi, I know you're busy, I just want to know if you okay, Hank." Antonio said on the phone, Voight was oblivious to what was happening around him. "I didn't see you today ... Is everything okay, Hank?"
No. It wasn't okay, but Voight chose not to answer.

For the second night in a row, he didn't come home.

"I asked you not to come here." Alvin said as he saw Severide waiting for him in the prison visitors' room. The fireman pressed his fingers to the table.
"You don't give me orders, Al."

"This is no place for you, Kelly, just go away!"
"It's place for you, Al? Damn! Why don't you just tell them what they want, and then leave this place?"
"You don't understand, Kelly."
"What I don't understand, tell me!"

"How's your baby?"
"What?" Severide is confused by the abrupt change of subject.
"You're back in town because of me?"
"Don't do this to me, don't change the subject. Don't do it, Al! Don't sacrifice yourself for him, Hank Voight doesn't deserve any of this."

"Kelly, please, I love you and I know you're just trying to take care of me, but it's okay, I'll be fine."

"Love?" Severide is surprised by the inopportune statement.
"Yes, I love you, boy. I'm happy to see your beautiful face, but I don't want you to come back here. You need to take care of yourself now, take good care of your baby. I'll go through it and everything will be well soon."

"Meredith, told me that you only would be loyal to Voight. No matter what happens, Hank Voight would always be the most important person in your life. I thought she was just trying to pull me away from you, Alvin, but she was right. You always stand by him, no matter how stupid it is."

Severide says calmly, conforming to the situation.
"Tell Lexi that I love her, Kelly." Alvin gets up to leave.
"What do I say to myself, Al?" He wipes his eyes. "What do I say to myself when I get out of here?"
"That I love you very much, Kelly. Like I've never loved anything in the world. Just keep waiting for the best, Kelly..."

Voight had been late for visiting hour in prison and wasn't allowed in. Severide was on his way out when the two of them meet each other.
"Lieutenant?" Voight calls him, Severide tries to avoid him but Voight follows him. "Did you talk to him?"
"Yes, I did." He says trying not to vomit over Voight.
"And how is he?"
"You really want to know, Sergeant, he's stuck here in his place! He's innocent and you know it!"

"Please calm down." Voight asks when see Severide turn pale.
"You should be in jail, not him!"
Antonio slept deeply, Voight come home late and didn't want to wake him up. He walked to the kitchen and poured himself a shot of whiskey. Alone in the living room, he looked at the pictures hanging on the wall, had taken the photos of Camille, leaving only those of Justin and Alvin, among other friends.

Maybe it was the drink on his empty stomach, or the anger built up in his chest, the desperation in his thoughts, he doesn't know what it was that made him stand up and punch the walls until there were no more hanging frames left.

"Hank!"

Antonio's voice made him come back from his anger attack, Antonio was standing by the couch, bare feet, hands raised, trying to get closer to him.

"What happened, Hank?" Antonio has a painful pressure on his chest, the same feeling that left him sleepless a few months ago, he doesn't know how to explain it, but it hurts like a knife ripping his flesh.
"My best friend is in jail and you ask me what happened, you idiot?"
Antonio's raised eyebrows speak for him. "I know, but breaking the house won't help ..." He tries to be comprehensive in the face of the situation.
"This is my fucking house! I can break whatever I want!" He says kicking the broken frames on the floor.
"Okay, I'll let you breathe a little, Hank."

The bail was denied, Alvin would have to remain in custody until the end of the trial, the prosecutor accused him of intimidating witnesses. On the same day, he was transferred to a maximum security prison.

Voight spent the rest of the day collecting favors from old friends. The old Voight was back in town, lying, extorting, threatening. He's running out of time, a cop trapped with dangerous thugs wouldn't last long.

"Hank..." Antonio found him in the garage sitting on a pile of old boxes. "Are not you going up?" Voight breathes deeply, he doesn't want to lose his head with Antonio again, he doesn't deserve this.
"He was my patrol partner. We were 25 years old and a fucking lifetime ahead."
Antonio leaned against the wall to listen.
"Now he's in prison, and I can't do anything to get him out of there."
Antonio wants to hug him and tell him everything will be fine, but he can't do any of it, the ground around Voight does not seem safe yet.

"You need to get up and take a shower, Hank. Take a rest."
"I can't. I'm going out." He says walking out the street.
"Hank!" Antonio calls in vain, Voight doesn't even look back.

Severide answered the door, he was asleep when Antonio arrived.
"Hi, can I come in?"
Severide nods, he's still sleepy and grumpy. Antonio looks around, his bags are still scattered around the room.
"Coffee?"
"No, I don't ..." he says pointing to his belly. "You shouldn't either."
"Did you come here to tell me this, Antonio?"
"I was worried about you, Sev, you traveled and said nothing, that paramedic who works with you, Sylvie, she told me that you're pregnant and ... She didn't want to say, I kinda forced her, she has been very kind to me."

"Nice to know that I'm the subject at your gossip club." He says filling a mug with coffee. Antonio takes a deep breath and tries to keep a smile on his face. "Pregnant, huh? I never thought we'd be pregnant in the same time, Sev."

"You came to give me the pregnant dress code then? The black eye looks good on you, but it doesn't suit me! "He mocks Antonio's swollen eye.
"What is your problem? What am I missing here?"
"My problem? I'm not the one who fucks with a killer and likes it!"
That subject again. Antonio rubs his back, it hurts like hell lately. "Okay, I didn't come here to talk about it."
"Then why did you come here, Antonio?"

"I don't know ... I thought we could talk and ..."
"He's in a cell now, you know? The same damn cell where Voight should be!"
"Don't say that!"

"And why not, Antonio, don't you want to hear the truth? Hank Voight is nothing more than a murderer!"
Antonio is silent, Kelly throws the mug against the side wall of the apartment, scaring Antonio. "There's an innocent guy in jail while you protect a murderer, Antonio!"

Antonio walks to the door, it was a huge mistake to have come here.
"Your father was right about you, Antonio, you're nothing but a fucking coward who loves bandits! You deserve all that shit Adres did to you."

Antonio had lost focus for a moment, Severide had never said anything like that before. Without thinking twice he grabs one of the lamps by the side of the couch and hurls on Severide. The firefighter dodges quickly. "You'd better not cross with me again, Severide!"

Voight is losing his grip, he knows it, he's on a one-way road with no return. He's exhausted and screaming with everyone around him, every minute counts, and Alvin cannot stay in jail any longer.
In his place, Alvin would have done something to help him. In fact, he no longer knows what to do, all his attempts have been empty promises, no one really cares to do anything. He doesn't have friends in this damn town!

Antonio just watches while Voight loses his mind, he is showing his true colors now, and Antonio doesn't like what he sees. He was around, wanted to help in some way, but Voight wouldn't allow it. He insists on keeping Antonio away from this mess, doesn't know if for protection or fear of him discovering the huge pit of lies and cheating that Voight really is, the man who can make hell wait for him, but can create a hell and burn everyone around him too, even those he loves.

He doesn't realize that everyone around him is losing their mind too.

"You can't save everyone, Hank. You can't..." He watches Antonio's round belly as he lies down beside him.

"What are you thinking, Hank?"
"I made an insurance for the baby, and another one in your name, Antonio."
"Why?" Antonio doesn't like how it sounds. "I don't need any insurance, Hank."

"I love you, Antonio." He kisses Antonio's belly and gets up to leave.
"Don't leave me talking to myself again, Hank!"
"I have to go."

"No, Hank!"
"I have something now, Antonio."
"It's 10 at night, for god's sake! Where are you going?" Antonio loses his composure, Voight looks like an ice's statue in front of him.
"I have business and ..."
"What kind of business? Why don't you talk to me, Hank? For god's sake, let me help!"

Antonio gets out of bed and follows Voight around the house.
"I won't be long." Voight grabs his coat and walks to the door.
"Don't do anything stupid, Hank!"

There's an officer in front of him, a superior. Voight begins to talk about the night Kevin Bigham was murdered, but he doesn't allow it to be recorded until he's sure Alvin will be released from prison.
He knows he can go to jail for the rest of his life, but now he doesn't care. He may never be able to see Antonio and their son again, but he must do something to help the one person who has been with him all his life.

He was still talking when his phone rang, Alvin had been attacked in jail.
Voight arrived at the hospital as soon as Alvin was brought in, pale, covered in blood. In desperation he tries to hold his friend's hand and ask him not to die. Not now, not like that.

"I could wait until the day I die,
For something real that I can't deny"

Chapter End Notes

I'm using poetic license on everything here, forgive me the fans of the show.
PS: Sorry to hurt Antonio again (No, i don't really sorry!)
It's 3:00 in the morning and i'm here, please be nice and let me know what you think about it.
"Stop thinking about the easy way out
There's no need to go and blow the candle out
Because you're not done
You're far too young
And the best is yet to come"
(Lullaby- Nickelback)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Well I know the feeling
Of finding yourself stuck out on the ledge
And there ain't no healing
from cutting yourself with a jagged edge

I'm telling you that
Take it from someone who's been where you're at"

"Hi, my name is Kelly Severide..." The few participants in the meeting respond with a welcoming "hi". Severide had never spoken on the help group before.
"I'm sober now, but I failed a few days ago." He wet his lips with his tongue and continue. "I went out and drank, and I'm not proud of that." He looks up and watches the people around, there is no judgment or reproachful look in none of them. A sigh of relief leaves his lips, he didn't expect that kind of understanding from anyone else. "I'm ...I was in a relationship with an incredible person and,
I was doing well, without alcohol for 5 whole months. Three weeks ago, we broke up and, I know that's not a good explanation, but I ended up in a bar.

The small room at the back of the community center, where the meeting takes place every Thursday night is silent, everyone is paying attention to what Severide says. "I didn't call my counselor, I thought I would not have to do this."

He puts his hand on his belly, a sad smile adorn his face. "I didn't know I was pregnant."

Severide looked to sideways before crossing the street when he left the meeting, his car was parked a few feet away.

"Kelly ...

Severide looks back, Matt is walking up to him. "Matt?"

"I need to talk to you, please." Severide puts his hands inside the pockets of his jacket, they haven't seen each other for more than a week.

"You were there...?" Moving head toward community center. Matt smiles shyly.
"Yes, I wasn't sure if you wanted me to come, so I left before you finished. You spoke well, Kel..."
"I hate public speaking ..." He says, at this point in time, he's happy to see Matt again.
"We don't ... We need to talk, don't we?"

Matt approaches him, he is eager to touch Severide. "You look beautiful, Kel!"

Severide smiles, the comment doesn't annoy him as usual. "You too, Matt."
"I thought you were out of town, you didn't answer to my calls, I was in your apartment so many times and nothing..."
"I'm sorry, I needed to spend some time alone, besides, I barely get out of the bathroom these days."
"Are you alright?" Looking at his belly. "The baby is good?"

"Yes, he is fine." Worried Matt is the cutest thing Severide has ever seen. "I didn't travel, you were right about me running away every time things get tough."

"I shouldn't have said that, Kelly."
"You were right, Matt, I've been doing this all my life and nothing's gets better."
"We can fix this, Kelly. I don't want to end like this, our son deserves we try our best."

"Really?" Damn hormones that make him cry. "I'm a mess, Matt."
"I love this mess. Even when I get lost in this mess, I still love it."

Matt touches Severide's face and wipes a tear from his cheek. Severide closes his eyes taking advantage of the feel of Matt's touch.

"Do you still love me, Matt?"
"Always, Kelly." Approaching to kiss him. "You love Me?"
"Yes, I love you." He lets Matt wrap him in his arms.

"So just give it one more try

With a lullaby"

Matt arrived at the clinic late, he was still in his uniform and covered in soot, had been trapped in a fire call. He asked the receptionist about Severide, she pointed him out to find him.

Severide was in one of the examination rooms, calm and with a smile on his face.
"Hi, I'm sorry, I got stuck ... How are you?"
"Well, the exam hasn't started yet."
Matt breathes in relief, he doesn't want to miss it. "Haven't you seen him yet?"
"No. Do you want to know the sex, Matt?"
"I can?"
"Yes, it's your son, Matt." Severide laughs at the silly look on Matt's face.
"My son." Matt lightly touches Severide's belly.

Severide wakes up with Matt's sobs, it's late at night and they're in Severide's bed.
"What is going on, Matt?"
"A boy, Kel. I'm the father of a boy." He never had problems in demonstrating his emotions, being an alpha never took away his sensitivity. Severide sits down, he smiles, hugging Matt against his chest.

"Don't cry, okay? I'm already crying enough for both of us."

"Oh, honey here comes a lullaby
Your very own lullaby"

"You talked to her?" Severide asks as soon as Matt walks through the door.
"Yes." He says carefully. "How are you, Kel?" He kisses Severide's head.
"So?" Severide is anxious to know what Matt and Gabby had talked about.
"Nothing." Matt puts his purse in the corner of the room. "You are hungry?"
"Matt!"
"What?"
"I want to know..."
"There's nothing to know, Kelly, we don't need to talk about it."

"Why? I want to know what you talked about. What's the problem with that?"
Matt sits down on the table in front of him. "Kelly, listen to me, what Gabby and I talk about, has nothing to do with both of us, we don't need to talk about it, I don't want you to be uncomfortable around her."
"I am not...!" He smiles, tense. "What did she want with you anyway?"

"Our divorce has already been made official, Gabby is just a friend. I told her we were together and... I told her that I'm going to be a father, Kelly."
"You said?"
"Yes, I said, I have no reason to hide it from anyone. You are my family, Kelly. You and our son are
Matt was surprised to see Severide parked in front of the Firehouse.
"Kelly?"
Severide gets out of the car and walks over to him. "He was arrested, Matt. Alvin was arrested."

"And everybody's been abandoned

I left a little empty handed
So if you're ever barely hanging on"

Matt’s eyes are red with rage, his jaw tense. Severide is sitting on the bed, head down.
"You went to visit him in jail, Kelly? Why?"
"I needed to, Matt. I wanted to see him."
"And why, eh? Why did you need to see him?" Severide doesn't respond, Matt rubs his face. "What the fuck?"
"I don't know, okay? I just wanted to ..."
"You still like him, don't you?"
Severide gets up and walks away from Matt. "It's nothing like that, Matt!"
"So why does your need to see him, Kelly? Tell me!" Matt demands an answer.

"Can you calm down, Matt? I just went to visit a friend and ...
"This is not going to happen anymore, do you hear me? You're not going back there, Kelly!"
There are pieces of glass scattered on the floor, Matt observes, the lamp next to the couch is no longer there. "What happened here?"
Severide is leaning against the kitchen counter. "I bumped into him."
"Are you okay? Are you hurt, Kel?" Matt goes to him, looking for injuries.
"It's all alright." Severide pushes him away.
"Kelly ..."
"I have to go ..." He says going to the bathroom, the nausea is leaving him without strength today.

He's on his knees in the bathroom when he feels Matt's hands rubbing his back.
"Do you want to go to the hospital, Kel?"
"No ..." He stands up and washes his mouth in the sink.
"If you want we can go and ..."
"It's just seasickness, Matt, I shouldn't have drunk coffee, that's all."
"Are you sure?"

Severide looks at him, that look of concern on Matt's face again.
"Antonio was here and we had a fight."
"A fight?" That explains the broken lamp. "For what reason?" Frowning.
"He knows something that can get Alvin out of jail, but he won't talk;"
"Alvin?" He changes his expression, Alvin has become a delicate subject between them. "And what would that be, can you tell me?"
"Alvin didn't kill that man, Voight did."

"Kelly, this is very serious."
"I know, but he can't keep protecting a killer this way ..."
"He's not protecting a killer, Kel, he's protecting his partner. You know Antonio, he'll protect Voight, no matter what."
"Do you agree with that, Matt?"
"No, I don't, but put yourself in his place. Antonio has never had anyone to take care of him before, he's about to give birth, Kelly."

Matt gets up and leaves the bathroom.
"Where are you going, Matt?"
"I don't ... You know what, Kel? I can't hear you talking about Olinsky anymore, I'm so sick of it." He says quietly. "I'll see how Antonio is."
Severide couldn't sleep until he heard Matt coming home, he gets up and goes into the living room, Matt looks so tired. "Hi ... I thought you went to your house." He is happy and relieved that Matt is back. "I thought you were sleeping, Kel." Matt didn't want leave Severide alone. "No, I ... How's he doing?" "Fine, but he has enough problems now." He puts the keys on the table. "You should talk, that must stop, Kel." Severide agrees, he was sorry for his outburst with Antonio. "I told him that ... He deserved what Adres did to him, Matt." Matt looks at him in surprise, Antonio said nothing about it. "I said he deserved to be beaten and raped. How I could do that, Matt?"

"I don't know. You need to go back to bed now, I'm going to take a shower."
"Can you give me a hug, Matt?"
Matt walks over to him and hugs him. Severide was already crying. "I'm sorry, I'm not going to get involved and ... You're going to stay with me, aren't you?"
"Of course I'm staying, Kelly. I love you, remember? Deal with your behavior is part of our messy relationship." He kisses Severide's head. "I'm not going anywhere."

Matt answered the phone on the second time he rang, Severide was still sleeping beside him, he didn't want to wake him up. "Lexi? No, it's me Casey, Kelly's asleep, please speak slowly, where are you?"

"So just close your eyes

*Oh, honey here comes a lullaby*

Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry, i'm not okay again. Some days are hard to wake up. I have more chapters already done, but i need to stay okay to do it. I'm sorry :( 
I'm not giving up, i just need to fix my head. I'll be back soon.
Goodbye, my friend

Chapter Summary

"The human being can't live of hope, 'cause there is no hope at all."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"It was really nice to meet you, goodbye
It's high time I quit wondering why
Cause I have lost all that I can
From my side
When you think of me again
Know I tried"

"I'll survive, man." Alvin said before the doctors took him away from Voight, he was covered in his own blood and breathing hard. "I can do it, Hank."

Voight didn't have time to ask him to stand, he can't beg for him to hold on, they took him and he can't see Alvin anymore.

He waited for hours, alone in that hall. No one said anything to him. No news. No good news. A little after two o'clock in the morning, the swollen-eyed fireman, joined him in the waiting room, they didn't speak to each other, they just stood there waiting for any news.

Antonio and Casey joined them shortly after 4 in the morning. Lexi is out of town, she's on her way to the hospital.

Antonio is silent, staring at the ground, Voight knows he is praying, he has already seen him do this before. His small, restless hands around his belly, his lips moving as he did whenever Voight returned home, a quick and timid prayer. He looks so tired and sore, Voight knows it's been hard days for him too. He has been strong and constant alongside Voight, even when all Voight does is push him away.

The doctor who come to talk him didn’t give any details of what happened to Olinsky, he doesn't know who Alvin Olinsky really is, what he represents for these people in the waiting room, what he represents for this city, tonight, he was just a stabbed inmate, nothing more. There is nothing heroic about it. They did the best they could, but the inmate didn't survive, he would say that later in the doctors' rest room.

Severide was the first one to react, he sat on the floor, Antonio tries to approach but Casey stops him. Voight doesn't know what to think, what to say or what to do now.

It was only two days since he had been with Alvin in that cold jail room. Just two days ago he promised to get him outta there. He failed, miserably.

Antonio tries to hug him, Voight feels his pleasing perfume. He pulled him away, he doesn't want
that kind of mercy now, he's not a victim, he's the only one to blame for it all. He's the only reason why Alvin is dead now.

The fireman is there by his side, eyes swollen from lack of sleep and cry.
"I will find out who did this to Alvin, you have my word." His voice is low and hoarse, he is not sure if anyone can hear it.

"Your word isn't worth anything now, Sergeant."

Voight knows that.

Antonio talk to him, calling him back home, his trembling hands touching Voight, comfort words whispered against his chest, Antonio's arms surround him, his scent is everywhere again, yet Voight doesn't want to go to home. He wants no comfort, any kind of support. He doesn't want to touch Antonio with his dirty, cowardly hands. He doesn't want to hurt anyone else.

"Where are you going? Hank ...?"

"Forgive me while I lay here
But I have nowhere else to be
I figure when I leave this time
It's for keeps
And when I say good morning next
I'll lie, I'll lie
This is goodbye"

"Hank ...
He's leaving the hospital, he just wants to be away from this place as fast as possible.
"Hank!" Erin calls again. The look on Voight's face tells her everything she wants to know, Alvin is dead. "No..."
Voight approaches her and allows herself to be embraced by her. He breaks down in tears.
"I'm so sorry, Hank!"

Antonio approaches them a little after Voight leaves the hospital, he tries to follow Voight, but Erin holds him by the arm.
"Let him go."
"Then lonely lay the day
I can't remember you at all
And it's not easy to say that day
Has already come and gone
And all that remains is a place
Where you no longer are"

He has nothing now, Alvin was all he had. Alvin was the only reason in his mind, he would have been lost a long time ago if Alvin wasn't by his side, ramble, his mind is too tired to keep him sane...Not here. Not now. Not that way.

He accelerates the car until the engine gives way, running that fast to nowhere. The phone lying on the floor of the car rings endlessly, Antonio's name appears on screen a thousand times tonight.

"You can't save everyone, Hank."

There's a silence in the radio where Alvin used to call him on nights like that, his friend says nothing tonight. Alvin's voice is engraved in the back of his mind, a permanent tattoo from the only person capable of saving him from himself. He knows he's not thinking correctly, he knows he's burning in his own hell, without direction, he can't see nothing but bright spots ahead. Alvin's silent.

Alvin is like an ancient landscape, staring at him in silence, as Voight has seen him do it hundreds of times before. Brilliant in Voight's memory, in his past, but Alvin is no longer there, he is thousands of miles away, in another life, in another time, his voice is not real, he is not calling, he is not asking Voight to pick up the damn radio. He's not giving any advice on how to do things right, Voight has never been good at listening to him, he should have heard Alvin more. He should. He should have paid more attention to the things Alvin said sometimes, there was wisdom behind so much hippie philosophy.

Antonio's voice pops into his mind, urging him not to do anything stupid. What can be stupider than anything that has ever been done? What could be worse than letting your best friend die for a crime he didn't even commit? None of this should be happening. He should have protected his only friend.

The car finally stops, it has reached the end of the road and, there is no other place beyond here. There is no return, no detour back. Any prayer from Antonio to make him come home tonight will fail. Not even his son is driving him back down the road, he's on his own way to hell, ready to kiss the devil's face.
"You can't save everyone, Hank."
He can't save anyone, Justin, Camille, Alvin. He could never save them. Everyone around him got lost because of him, be around Voight was the only mistake they all made.

"One day I won't regret this
Oh how I want to believe that's true
Once I pick up my parts I broke on you
I'll get used to the idea
It's not you"

There's a girl crying somewhere, but he can't see her. There is a man sitting with his back to him staring at the starry sky, talking things he doesn't understand. Alvin confused him, maddened him sometimes. Alvin always faithful, talking about the sky and the damn stars. Alvin, who was by his side when they killed Justin, who consoled him when he gave up living. Alvin is a professional speaker and counselor, faithful till the end. He can't touch them, he can't come close. He can't console his best friend's daughter because he can't even console himself and prevent his mind from abandoning reason and seeking for revenge, wherever it may be.

He needs to find out who did this to Alvin, he needs to get his hands on the neck of who stabbed his best friend. Whatever it costs, he is loose in the streets, breaking doors, breaking noses, torturing, killing. No one can stop him, the alpha crawls under his skin and growls without stopping, he doesn't want any explanation or an answer, he wants blood, and he will have blood. Whoever did it will pay dearly, he promise that.

He blocks Antonio's image from his mind as he chases and knocks everyone around, he needs to do this. Antonio always makes him better, today he cannot be better, the worst of him needs to be in charge. Voight is hunting, he doesn't ask too many questions, just points and shoots. No one is safe tonight.

"I'll get used to the idea
It's not you
Not you
Goodbye"
Chapter End Notes

:(

(Greg Laswell- Goodbye)
Chapter Summary

"God, I'm fragile"
(Gnash- Fragile)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm sorry you saw me shaking

Stay with me for a day
I've got no one to hold me"

He drives aimlessly for a few hours, makes a few stops to vomit when the stomach demands, not pregnancy sickness, but a nervous reaction. A persistent colic didn't leave him sleeping well last night, he was pacing the house from side to side waiting for Voight.

"Antonio?" Erin greets him in the district, the place is hectic, many cops coming and going all the time. Alvin's death is still making everyone nervous. "What are you doing here?"
"You know where he is, don't you? Please just tell me he's coming back and ..."

Erin doesn't respond. "Come with me, Antonio." She leads him to a private room inside the district. "I don't know where he is, but of course he's coming back, Antonio."

"I don't know what to think and ... I need him here, Erin. I can't do this alone."
"You will not do anything alone, Antonio. Hank just needs some time alone to refresh his head and ...
"Some time? How much time?" He asks, confused. His trembling hands landed in his lap. He's going into despair. "Why doesn't he answer my calls? I'm going crazy and he doesn't care!"

He doesn't want to go home alone. He's so tired of being alone waiting for people to need him, Voight cannot even come home today, he may be very far away and ... What if he never come back?
What if, at some point, he decided that he no longer needs Antonio and his noisy children? Antonio was already been abandoned when pregnant before, this wouldn't be the first time. He parks on an empty street, his hands are shaking too hard for him to continue driving, the faint sun in the morning lights his face, he squeezes his eyes with his fingers.

He wipes his eyes and rubs his hands in his pants, tries to get himself together, but he doesn't go home yet.

"Antonio?" Gabby came to the door in surprise.
"Can i come in?"

Gabby's house was closed while she was in Puerto Rico, the whole place smells of mold and dust. "I was going to call you, but, I had a lot of things to solve yet, Antonio." She explains as she picks up her belongings and puts them in a cardboard box.
"All right, Gabby ... Are you moving again?"
"Yes, I'm going to stay in Puerto Rico, there's a good job proposal for me there." She points at his belly. "I didn't know about that."
"You would be the first to know, if I knew how to contact you." Antonio's voice doesn't hide a bit of bitterness, Gabby left him alone in Chicago.
"You know I could not risk Daddy and Mommy safety, Antonio."
"Adres's in jail, there's no more danger, Gabby. They're good?"
"Yes, and how are you?"
"Good. For how long you gonna stay in town?"
"Two days, I need to come back soon and..."
"Would you come looking for me, Gabby? Would you ask me how it all turned out? "
"Of course, Antonio, I'm your sister, i just... I heard you got married with Voight, so you're his partner now."
"Yes, i'm. Eva misses you, she always talks about you and ... I don't know what to tell her. Are you coming to say goodbye to her?"

Gabby stops to collect her things and sits on the arm of the couch.
"Antonio, I have no more reason to stay here, and things have changed. Eva is almost an adult now, she will understand it."

Antonio looks at the almost empty room around them, his hands still shaking, there is an annoying pain in his throat.
"I feel so alone, Gabby."

Gabby frowns, she saw the news this morning, she knows who Alvin Olinsky is.
"You have all these people around you, Severide, Voight, Matt, your children. You're not alone, Antonio."

"I don't have anyone now, Severide hates me and ... Hank went crazy with all this ... I have nothing but my children and this one ...

"I can't stay!" She gets up and goes back to packing. "This is just the melancholy of pregnancy, go home, take a shower and eat some chocolate, that will pass, Antonio."

Antonio feels ridiculous, he knows he is emotional, but this has nothing to do with gestation.
"I can call you, Gabby?"
"Yes, I'll let you know as soon as I have a phone number."
He takes a deep breath. "Can I give you a hug then?"
Gabby collapses in tears when Antonio asks for a hug. "You ruined everything, Antonio!"

"I know. I know." He hugs her while Gabby cries.

Gabby serves him a glass of water when finally calms down. "So, Voight disappeared?"
"I don't know where he is and ... He's all the time around the son, Gabby. He wouldn't do anything stupid now." Drinking the water. "It's Voight," She shrugs. "He's unpredictable."
"No, he has changed ... He ...
"I've seen this movie before, Antonio, I remember you coming home with the black eye and saying that Adres had apologized and ... All that shit that men do after they hit you."

Antonio is not proud of it. "It's different, Gabby, Voight is different."
"Can you even hear yourself now? Voight is the scum of this city and you, well you got pregnant with him and come to cry here when he leaves you behind? What did you expect, Antonio?"

"He didn't leave me behind ..."
"Oh no, and where is he now? Where is he while you weeps?"
Antonio doesn't know how to answer that. "Have you thought about how you will take care of three children, Antonio?" She continues. "You could barely take care of Eva and Diego before, you would have starved to death if Casey and I didn't gave you some money!"

"That's not true, Gabby, I've never asked you for anything ..."
"You'd better get a job and a daycare for this kid! I know Severide will be pretty busy to help you this time, he and Matt made a kid while I was away!"

So that's it, she's mad about it! Antonio gets up and walks to a bookshelf, there is a picture frame of Gabby surrounded by their parents there. "Can I have it?"
Gabby shrugs, she's trying not to cry again. "Thank you."
Antonio walks over to her and kisses her forehead. "Take care, love you Gabriela"

"I'm sorry you saw me breaking
But stay with me don't stray
God, I wish you would hold me closely
Don't think I don't feel the same"
Gradually the colic that he has felt all morning becomes a sharp and real pain, making him uncomfortable. He parks again and walks to the street, he is away from home and is getting late.
"Antonio?"

He just opens his eyes and watches around, the blond paramedic stands by his side.
"Hi ..." he mutters before bending down and throwing up in the street. The paramedic jumps back before Antonio's vomit hits her shoes. "I'm sorry." He begs, ashamed.
"Hey, it's okay, do you feel better now?"

Antonio wipes his mouth with his palm. Sylvie is looking at him with a worried look.
"Are you okay, Antonio?"
"Yes ..." He feels dizzy, had not eaten enough today, and started throwing up early. "I must to go home and ..."
"Let me examine you first, Antonio."
"I'm fine." he insists.
"Come with me, the ambo is right there."
"Not, I..." He feels a strange moisture between his legs, embarrassed, he tries to hide it, but she had already seen. To Antonio's desperation, the urine trickles down between his legs.
"Come on, I'll get you to help."

Sylvie helps him into the ambulance, she examines him, Antonio is deeply ashamed and with pain in his belly. "I'm sorry, this should not happen..."
"What's the problem with that, Antonio? It's all right, you just need some clean pants now."
"I'm old, my bladder gives way when he kicks it."
"Is he kicking now?"
"Yes."
"Can I feel it, Antonio? Where is he, can you show me?"

Antonio smiles, he knows she's trying to distract him, and it's working. He guides his hand to the side of the belly. "Here, can you feel it?"
"Strong! This kid is taking up a lot of space here, not surprising you can't hold the urine. Do you mind if I examine you now?"
"I need a shower."
"Believe me, you're fine, I've already been worse. Some pain, Antonio?" She asks gently.

"I'm better on my own
But I don't wanna be alone"

He comes back from the bathroom drying his hair in a towel, Sylvie is standing in the living room.
"Human again, thank you for accompanying me, Sylvie ..."
"Don't thank me. You have a beautiful house, Antonio."
"Thank you, but it's ... My husband's house, I didn't do anything here."
"He has good taste." An embarrassing silence forms between them.
"For houses, I mean." Sylvie corrects herself. Antonio smiles again.
"Do you want to see the baby's room?"

Sylvie looks at the room, there are many details in the decoration.
"You did all this?" Walking through the room.
"Yes, I have plenty of time on my hands and ... Voight is not the baby's room decorator type."

Antonio is standing by the door.
"It looks lovely, Antonio. Does the baby already have a name?"
"No. We haven't picked a name yet."
"He must be very proud of you, your ... Husband."

Antonio sighs, he had forgotten that Voight didn't return home for more than 3 days.
"I don't know where he is, Sylvie. I have no idea what he's doing now, and if he's going back home." Antonio says without looking at her. Sylvie approaches him.
"Why do you think he's not coming back, Antonio?"

"I'm not the type that brings people home, no one stays with me for long, I should have gotten used to it ..."
"Don't repeat that! You're an amazing person, Antonio."

Antonio wipes his eyes trying to hide his red cheeks. "I just peed in front of you, how can you say that?"

"I won't tell if you don't tell."

"You want to stay for dinner, the boys never eat with me and ... I'm tired of eating alone."
"Yes, I can stay."

"Cause I, I turn them all away
I don't wanna be alone"

Antonio cannot define what Sylvie is, he doesn't feel anything on her perfume and thinks it rude to ask.
"Beta." She says smiling as he puts the plates on the table. "I saw you looking at me, I'm a beta, Antonio."
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude." He said, returning to the kitchen and stirring the stove.
"You weren't rude, I don't care."

Sylvie taste Antonio's food. "That's great! Where did you learn to cook like this, Antonio?"
"I'm an omega, people expect me to know how to cook. Besides, I have two kids, you have no idea how hard it is to please kids these days!"

Wine is for Sylvie only, Antonio doesn't drink. The dishes are still on the table, but they have finished eating.
"And that's it, we broke up and I came to Chicago."
"Do you miss him, Sylvie?"
"Sometimes, but I'm much better now. And you, what's your sad story, Antonio?"
"I don't even know where to start, I'm good in collect shit and ... Right now, my husband is out of control, and I don't know if he'd going to be better... His best friend dead and all..."

"He's coming back, Antonio. He can't be so stupid to leave someone like you ..." "Sylvie ..."
"I'm being honest, he's coming back and everything will be fine, if not, we can always find another way to make things work."

She holds Antonio's hand on the table, so he realizes that he is not shaking anymore. Sylvie's hands are warm around it.

"Cause I'm fragile
God, I'm fragile"
I have this feeling that I have to finish this, people are getting bored, but I love it, and, even when I was doing only to myself I couldn't stop doing. Let me know if you want me to stop. ’Cause I think I have more 50 chapters ahead. :) Thanks to everyone that read it, you make me so happy! ;) Sorry for all my mistakes, they're all mine.
Antonio woke up with the sound of glass breaking, he looks at the clock by the bed, 2:45 in the morning. The blanket is thrown sideways as it maneuvers the body to get up from the bed.

He descends the stairs carefully, the light of the room is lit, Voight staggers between the sofa and the kitchen counter, a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other. He is drunk.

"Hank?" He calls, Voight sits on the couch, his head bent to the floor. "Hank?" Antonio calls again, Voight raises his head so Antonio can see an ugly bruise on his cheek, covered by dry blood. "What happened to you?"

"I am fine!" Voight ignores the concern on Antonio's face. "I've had worse."

Antonio walks up to him, but doesn't touch him. There's broken glass on the floor around Voight. "You need to go to the hospital!"

"I already told you I'm fine!" He shouts back impatiently. Antonio is frightened by his reaction. He steps back and steps on one of the pieces of broken glass on the floor.

He sits on the couch in front of Voight and tries to reach for his own foot and take out the piece of glass. The belly is an obstacle, and before he says anything, Voight kneels down and removes the small glass from his foot. Voight is silent, kneeling with Antonio's swollen foot on his lap. His hands
are sore and dirty, trembling a little, he slides his thumb over Antonio's foot, a caress almost imperceptible.

There is blood in his clothes, Antonio is not sure if he wants to know from where, or from whom, that blood comes from. He still wearing the same clothes he wore in the hospital 3 days ago. "Where have you been all these days, Hank?"

Voight won't tell him. He won't say anything about it. "Damn it!" Antonio pushes him and gets up trying not to put weight on his injured foot. "You can't do this to me, Hank! I stayed here for 3 days without knowing where you were!"

"I'm here now, Antonio." He responds in his cavernous voice. Antonio rubs his face, he is furious, and at the same time, he is so relieved that Voight is back home.

"Where have you been?" Again, no answer, Voight continues kneeling on the floor. He approached Voight, had asked the only question he did not want an answer to. "God...What did you do, Hank?"

Voight gets up and walks over to Antonio. "Where I've been and what I've done has nothing to do with you or our son, Antonio." He says, calmly this time. "Don't ask questions you don't want to hear the answer to, baby." He confronts Antonio, omega's lips are trembling, Voight wants to hold him and kiss him until there is no more breath in his lungs, but he avoids touching him, he doesn't feel more dignified to touch Antonio. "The things I have done...should be done, this city needs some justice, Antonio."

"Do you think he wanted it from you? Do you really think Alvin wanted to see you like this, Hank?"

Voight extends his hand to Antonio's belly, but he flicks away as if he had touched in fire. "I'll take a shower."
Antonio stands in the room, his chest tight. "I can't, Hank ... I don't want to live this way ..." Voight stops, his back to Antonio waiting for the rest of the conversation. "I'm tired of you walking away and hiding what you're doing! I'm your partner! You have to tell me the things, let me help you! That's how couples do, Hank!"

Voight moves his jaw, his hands tucked into his pocket. He tilts his head a few times before turning and looking at Antonio in the corner of the room. "That's the only reason I came back here. I'm protecting you, protecting my son. If you don't trust me, you're free to make your choices. I won't force you to stay with me. That's how I do the things."

Antonio opens his mouth but can't say anything. "Just let me bury my best friend before you continue with your stupid speech."

"I pull you in to feel you heartbeat
Can you hear me screaming
"Please don't leave me?"

Matt woke up alone in the bed, he gets up and goes looking for Severide. He finds the omega sitting on the porch of his house, he's wearing one of Matt's T-shirts, and Matt loves to see him wearing his clothes. "Hi ..." he said as he sat down next to Kelly. "What are you doing here outside, Kelly?"
"Hi." He wipes his puffy eyes. "I lost my sleep, I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you up, Matt. I just wanted to look at the sky a little."
Matt looks at the starry sky. "Are you alright?"
"Yeah, I just ... Forgive me Matt, I didn't want you to see me crying again."
"Cry as much as you need, Kel, Olinsky was important in your life."

"He knew this could happen, Matt. He knew and ... He was always saying goodbye to me, I hate him for it!" He cries again and tries to hide it from Matt.

"You don't hate him, Kelly, you're just upset." Matt rubs Severide's back. "You don't have to hide it from me. It's okay."
Severide looks at the sky starring at 4 in the morning. "You know what he told me that night when Louise was born? He talked about how death is just a metaphor, no one really dies, we just go back to the universe, like this small stars."
"And you believe that?"

"He was just trying to cheer me up, I guess. He was an old fool man and ... He was good at getting me up ..." He finally says it.
"So he's a star or something?" Casey asked.

Severide smiles. "How would the universe with Olinsky up there, Matt? He must be armed somewhere now, chewing a toothpick, wearing that horrible cap."
Matt smiles at him. "It's okay to miss him, Kel, I won't be upset or anything."

They stand silently watching the sky. Matt puts his arm around Severide's shoulder and pulls him against his chest.
"Do you believe it, Matt? Do you think he's somewhere now?"
Matt sighs, he kisses Severide's head. "When my mother killed my father, someone told me that his spirit should be remembered, so his life would have been worth it."
"And how did you do it, Matt?"
"I put stones on his grave for years, it's how the Jews honor their dead, but I didn't know that at the time. I would just gather stones around his grave, so he would know that I remembered where he was."

"Stones?" Severide frowns.

"They last longer than flowers. I'm not religious, Kel, I've tried for a while, but, I don't know what happens after the eyes close."

"So you just wait for the best, right?" He smiles, remembering Alvin's words.
"Yes. Do you want to come in now and try to sleep? The baby must be tired."
"Yes." Matt gets up and helps him get up, Severide hugs him.
Matt holds Severide's hand and pulls him into the room, Severide doesn't move, Matt looks at him, curious. "Make love to me, Matt."
"Kelly ..."
"Get this out of me, make love to me now, Matt."

Matt looks at him in confusion. Severide takes off the T-shirt inviting him to touch him. "Make love to me here, please."
Matt's porch is on the back of the house, at this time of night the neighbors cannot see anything going on there, or he expects them not to see.

"The floor is uncomfortable, Kelly. Let's go to bed."
"I'm fine here." Severide hugs him and pulls Matt over his body, he lies down on the porch floor and opens his legs to take Matt's body between them.

"I don't wanna hurt you, Kelly." Matt insists, resisting Severide's desire to have sex on the floor.
"You won't hurt me, Matt, I know you won't ...I wanna feel you here, i need you, Matt."

Matt is more careful than usual, Severide reaches orgasm with his alpha pushing gently inside him, unhurried, in love. He covers Severide completely with his body without putting weight on it. The starry sky is the only one to witness Severide's blue eyes watching the universe above.

"Hold on, I still want you

Come back, I still need you

Let me take you hand I'll make it right

I swear to love you all my life"

Severide have two small stones in his hands, Matt has seen him squeeze them between his gloved fingers several times since the ceremony began. He remained silent all morning, his eyes tight and swollen, but he is not crying anymore, just in silence. He kept the small stones in his hand throughout the ceremony. When Alvin's coffin was taken out of the church, he was stand behind, Lexi by his side.

No one expects Hank Voight to attend, Meredith and Lexi do not want him there. The coffin is carried to the graveyard, as the hearse runs down the street, Severide sees Sergeant Voight saluting in the distance. He had no right to say goodbye to his old friend. He feels sorry for the sergeant, maybe he has not measured the pain Voight is feeling, the old alpha will have to live with it for the rest of his life.
Before Alvin's body is buried Severide walks to the closed coffin and lightly touches the wood. Meredith moves, but she doesn't stop him. Severide bows and mutters, only he could hear himself. "I know where you are, my old man." He's not lying, he knows it. The two little stones stand over the coffin as he walks away. Matt watches from a distance, he and Alvin have never been friends, but he respects the detective's memory.

Severide steps away from the others, Matt follow him, an arm around Severide's waist. They leave the graveyard.

"Never make me put stones in your grave, Captain." Severide begs.
"Don't worry about it, my love, I have 9 lives, remember?" Kissing his shoulder.
"You'd better have it, I'm not going to raise this child by myself!" In tears again.
Matt furrowed. "You're not going to, Kelly, we're going to raise our son together."
"It's going to happen, isn't it? It's not going to hurt like this forever, right?"
Matt holds his chin and looks into Severide's eyes. "No, but it gets better with time, I promise, Kelly." He kisses it again and wipes his face gently. "Things will get better."

"Long endless highway
You're silent beside me
Driving a nightmare I can't escape from"

Antonio didn't go to the funeral service, he isn't feeling well, but he didn't tell Voight, in fact, they haven't spoken since last night.

He is lying down when Voight returns home, red, tired, loosening his uniform tie. Antonio doesn't get up to welcome him, he is so tired and sore for another fight. Voight sits on the bed beside him.
"Can I stay here with you?"
Antonio nods, Voight lies down next to him, hugging Antonio's body as if it were his unique salvation.
"Don't leave me, Antonio..."

"Hold on, I still want you
Come back, I still need you
Let me take your hand,
I'll make it right
I swear to love you all my life
Hold on, I still need you
I don't wanna let go
I know I'm not that strong
I just wanna hear you saying,

baby "Let's go home"

I just wanna take you home."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sooooo much for all the support! I have the best comments in all the world! <3
All I want is

Chapter Summary

"When you said your last goodbye
I died a little bit inside"
(Kodaline- All I want)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"All I want is nothing more
To hear you knocking at my door
Cause if I could see your face once more
I could die as a happy man, I'm sure"

This is the second sleepless night, with just naps for short periods. Antonio is tired, his whole body hurts, he is anxious and ready to burst into tears at any moment.

He had suffered in his earlier pregnancies, fear, abandonment, pain. He thought that this time everything would be fine, but he is not fine, nothing is right. Voight is not well. This reflects on him, the bond between them intensifies the sensations and he is reaching the edge.

The bandaged foot still hurts, and he's limping because it. Diego commented something about shards of glass in the living room, but he ignored it, he is so alienated and tired that he doesn't even try to explain anything to his son.

Voight left early for work, he said goodbye to Antonio giving a kiss on his head, he promised to return at the end of the day.

"But if you loved me
Why did you leave me?"

Severide didn't move away from the 51st Battalion this time, he is doing administrative work and
avoiding the kitchen as if it were hell itself. He's not so sick as he was before, but the smell still bothers him. He's been spending every night at Casey's house since Alvin's death, the smell of the alpha always calms him.

"Hello ..." Matt knocks on his door before entering inside the small office. "Bored?"
"To the death, now I know why firemen don't have children." He relaxes in the chair, his arms over his head, a small part of his belly is on display. There is no much volume yet, nothing that indicates a pregnancy at all, he hasn't gained any weight yet, but for Matt, it is the most perfect view in the world.

"Don't say that, he can get upset."
"He still can't hear me, Matt." Severide smiles as he notices Matt's gaze on him. "Stop it!"
"What? I'm just admiring my son." He kneels beside Severide and lightly touches his belly. "Are you comfortable there, boy? Are you asleep now? Can you move to Daddy?"
"Matt ..."
"Shh, it's a personal conversation here, Kelly, between me and my boy." Severide is silent watching Matt talk to his belly, he knows he will start crying at any moment. Matt has been an incredible partner, patient, caring, and an extremely considerate parent. Severide saw him making renovations around the house after he complained about the lack of security for a child, there is a small wooden crib in the garage, Severide pretended not to have seen Matt working on it.

"Kelly?" Matt calls him, Severide comes out of his trance.
"Hun?"
"Did you hear what I said?"
"I thought it was a personal conversation down there." He wipes his eyes.
"I asked if you're okay."
"Yes, I'm fine, Matt."
Matt is worried about Severide returning to work just one week after Alvin's death. He stands up and kisses his lips.
"You know I don't care if you want some time to ..."
"I don't need it, Matt. I'm serious, I'm fine here."

Matt looks into his eyes for a moment, he is looking for cracks in Severide's stubbornness, so he smiles.
"Did you talk to Antonio?"
"No, I didn't talk to him."
"I'm a little worried about him, I heard some news about Voight, nothing good."
"Nothing good comes from him." Severide gets up and walks away from Matt. "I don't know what the fuck Antonio sees in him."
"They're bonded, Kel. Antonio will not abandon Voight, no matter what you say."
"Well, then maybe he deserves all this shit!"
"You're not serious, are you?"
Severide takes a deep breath. "No, I don't think so, I'm sorry, I should not say that."

Matt rubs his head, he doesn't want to argue with Severide.
"Just talk to him, all this must be hard for him, too. He doesn't have a lot of people around, Kelly. No family, no friends, all he has is you and the kids. Don't be so hard on him."

"I'll call him, okay? I'll go talk to him."
Matt approaches him and kisses him. "That's my man, did you hear that, son? We're proud of you, Kelly."
"Stop talking for him, that's weird."

Matt was about to respond, but the emergency siren sounded and he needed to run, Severide held his hand.
"Kelly ..."
"Be careful, Matt."
Matt nods, he will be careful. Severide is alone at the station. Or he thought he was, made a little trip to the kitchen and found Sylvie sitting there.
"Not you...?"
"No, there are two ambulances there, and they don't need us."
"Hun." He opens the refrigerator only to close it quickly. "God."
"Something wrong?" Brett looks at him.
"Yes, my biology." He moves away from the kitchen. He comes back. "Have you talked to Antonio, Brett?"
"Sometimes, why?"
"And how is he?"
"Big, swollen, insecure, pregnant. Don't you talk to him?"
"Not recently, do you think he's okay?"
The blonde shrugged. "I don't know, he doesn't seem like the kind of weak person, but nothing is going well for someone about to give birth."

Severide sits beside her at the kitchen table.
"Let's just say I said things to him, bad things and, I know I shouldn't have said it, it wasn't true, I didn't mean to hurt him."
"And you want to apologize to him for that?"

"I don't know if he could forgive me."
"That's your chance, there's a call from him, I'll pick up the ambulance."

The house is silent when the two get there, Brett parks the ambulance, Severide rushes to the house and knocks on the door.
"Antonio!" He still knocking on the door.

The door is open, he enters and goes to search for Antonio.
"Severide?" Antonio is lying on the sofa in the living room. "What...?"
"What happened?" Severide approaches him examining his body. "What are you feeling?"
"It's nothing. What are you doing here?" Antonio tries to maneuver the body and sit down. "Sylvie?" Surprised to see her.
Brett shrugs, a childish smile on her face. "I needed a reason to come here. You and Severide need to talk. I'm sorry boys."
Severide breathes, partly relieved, and part annoyed at her little lie.
"I need to come back, talk to each other, please." She leaves, leaving the two alone.

Severide brings water to him, Antonio is still seated, he is pale and with his foot still bandaged.
"What happened to your foot?"
"I stepped on a broken glass, it's nothing, Hank cleaned."
"And where is he now?"
"I don't know ..." Antonio doesn't want to cry now, but he can't help it. "Since the day Olinsky ... He hardly stays at home, I think he's sorry he bonded me and ... I don't know what to think, Sev."

"Hey, why do you think that? He loves you and ..."
"No, he doesn't love me ... He's an alpha, Sev, he was just trying to protect me, I must have confused everything and forced him to stay with me."

"Bullshit! He loves you and everyone can see that, Antonio."

Antonio stops trying to control the crying and starts crying in front of him. Severide can only hold him and try to comfort him. They stay like this until Antonio stops crying and calms down slowly.
"I suck, am I not?"
"No, you're great! I'm feeling your baby kicking me here."
Antonio smiles, he wipes his eyes and walks away from Severide. "He's restless and he has not turned yet, it's less than 15 days away, and he doesn't want to turn around to help me deliver..."

"He's going to turn around, just be patient, you're doing well, Antonio."

"What about your baby? How is he?"
"He is fine." Severide couldn't hide his smile of pride as he speaks of his son. "He's a good boy."
"I'm happy for you and Matt, Sev, for real, I'm very happy that you two have understood each other and ... Will be parents and ..."

"Do you forgive me, Antonio? For all the bullshit I said, I shouldn't have said anything of that, can you forgive me?"
"You didn't say anything ..."
"You didn't deserve anything Adres has done to you. Your father, Adres, Gabby, I, we were all wrong about you, Antonio. You're one of the bravest man i ever know, Antonio."

Antonio hugs him again. "Okay, Sev, it's okay. I'm sorry for Alvin, i'm sorry..."

"I know, Antonio, i know. We all sorry, but, there's nothing you could do about it, i know now. Al
choose his own path and, he's somewhere else now."

Antonio frowns. "What?"

"See, you brought out the best of me
A part of me I'd never seen
You took my soul and wiped it clean
Our love was made for movie screens

But if you loved me
Why did you leave me?"

The garage is a complete mess, the tools are scattered on the floor, and the boat that Voight had built so hard was nothing but a heap of wood on the floor. It is late at night and the place is totally wrecked down.

Antonio walks slowly through the tools on the floor, he goes to the back and finds Voight sitting on the remains of a wooden bench.

"Hank ..." It was not difficult to find Voight here, Antonio knows that few people know this place. His heart beats fast, it was here they made love for the first time.

Voight doesn't look directly at him, still sitting quietly.

"Hank, come with me, let's go home."

"I did some things, Antonio, to some people, now they want to get me, and there's nothing I can do about it. It's not safe for you to stay with me."

"What ... what did you do, Hank?" Antonio asks calmly.

"I can't let the people who killed Alvin get away, I had to do something about it."

"Did you kill anyone, Hank?" Antonio keeps the calm in his voice, although he is already trembling. Voight just looks away and moves his jaw without saying anything. Antonio sits on the wood on the floor without much care.

"Our son will be born in a few days, I need you, Hank. I don't care what you did, I just ... I need you with me now."

"I'll be there for you guys, but I can't keep you with me now, Antonio. It's not safe."
"God! What are you doing with us?" Antonio is starting to lose his temper. "Why are you doing this, Hank?"
"I can't leave these people free as if nothing had happened, Antonio. They killed Alvin ..."
"What about me, Hank? What about our son?"
"I will not leave you helpless, I'll keep you and the baby ..."
"I don't want your damn money! I want you there with me when he's born and ... You can't leave me now!"

"I won't leave you, Antonio, I'll be there, but things can get complicated, I've been away from work and many people are angry right now."
"Away? When?"
"Some days ago."
"And you didn't tell me anything? Why?"
"I couldn't."

Antonio looks around, all destroyed, Voight must have spent some time discounting his anger in this place.
"Let's move from here." He says.
"What?"
"You always say you want to leave Chicago, come on, Miami, Los Angeles, I don't care! We just left!"

Voight looks into Antonio's eyes, there is a hope mingled with despair within those huge brown eyes. He still cannot understand how someone like Antonio Dawson can love him.
"We can rebuild your boat and ... The baby still needs a name, Hank, I don't want to do it alone again, I can't!"

Voight holds him in his arms, Antonio is hot, he smells like ripe fruit, orange blossoms, safe house. Everything Voight loves most. "I know it's all bad now, that you miss him, but it's going to be alright, Hank. I'm here with you, I love you."

Their bed is the holiest place for Voight, he knows no better feeling than being in it with Antonio in his arms. Antonio is lying down, naked, his hands covering his large round belly, Voight watches him for a moment, wants to keep that image in his mind, Antonio, his Antonio, sweet, brave, passionate Antonio.

Taking care not to hurt him, Voight lies down beside him on the bed, Antonio turns his back, raising his leg to give access to his body and closing his eyes while Voight kisses the nape, his shoulders. There is no hurry, and even if there were, they would not do it quickly. Voight kisses the full extent of Antonio's skin, smelling it, biting lightly on his nipples, perfuming his belly. No hurry.

Voight has never felt so close to someone like that, someone he cannot just walk away and not think about it. Someone who insists on being by your side even when he wants to escape from himself, someone who believes in him when he is not able to trust in his own actions. Someone who gives himself to him the way Antonio does.

There is blood on his hands, blood on the streets, he spared none of them, there was no mercy, and he still hadn't finished his work hasn't yet found Alvin's killer, but he's very close to that.

There is no safe rest or home for him now, and he will not risk anyone else he loves. Placing a kiss on Antonio's forehead, he goes out into the streets again. Antonio is sleeping calmly and protected in his bed, there is a deep pain in his chest for leaving him so, Antonio has no idea of the danger that Voight means to him now. Before leaving he looks at their son's room, the loaded gun is at his waist ready to be used again. He won't stop now.

"When you said your last goodbye"
I died a little bit inside
I lay in tears in bed all night
Alone, without you by my side

But if you loved me
Why did you leave?"
Stand by me

Chapter Summary

"With you I know I belong
When the story gets told"
"Stand by me- Shayne Ward"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Nothing's impossible
Nothing's unreachable
When I am weary
You make me stronger
This love is beautiful
So unforgettable
I feel no winter coat
When we're together
When we're together"

"We can buy one, you know that, don't you?"
Severide said when he saw Matt rubbing his head around the cradle he was building in the garage.
"No. No way, I can make one, and my son will not sleep in those cradle without any security."
Severide shrugs, he's in a good mood. "All right, Daddy, build one."

Matt smiles, he loves when Severide is in a good mood. "Daddy, hun? I'm a daddy, Kel." He say it so proud.
"Unless you don't want him to call you like that, Matt."
Matt points at him, pretending to be serious. "Don't put ideas into this kid's head! I'm his daddy, Kelly!" He approaches Severide and hugs his waist. "I'm his daddy."
Severide laughs, Matt acting like an alpha protecting his territory is making him horny lately. "Do you like being a daddy, Matt?"

Matt kisses him until Severide steps away from him, searching for air.
"Any doubt, Kel?"
"How about you show me that upstairs in bed?"

"I can do this." Kissing Severide again.
"Yes, I know you can, Matt."
"The cradle too."
"I never doubted that, Captain. But how about showing me your other tools up there?"

"Naughty boy, huh?" Matt doesn't know if are the hormones of pregnancy, or just sexual desire, but Severide has incited sex between them frequently, he loves it.

"Did I ever tell you that seeing you working is very sexy, Matt?"
"How sexy, Kelly, can you tell me?" Matt tucks his hands under Severide's T-shirt and caresses his nipples, "They're hard."
"Not the only thing hard now." Severide rubs his hips against Matt, so the alpha can feel that he is excited.

"All this for me, Kelly?" He reaches down one hand to Severide's groin, caressing it over his jeans.
"Yes, Matt ..."
"I love it! I love you, Kelly."
"Show me how much you love me, Matt."

Severide is a big man, he never appeared to be an omega, small and fragile like Antonio. He has definite muscles, strong arms, thick thighs. He is bigger than Matt, heavier than Matt. Being pregnant didn't take away his masculinity yet, but Matt is not intimidated, he surrounds Severide with his arms, holds him firmly on his lap, until he feels him give in and moan with pleasure. It was a slow process until Severide allowed himself to be taken this way, but it was worth every second of Matt's effort.

Severide has his face on Casey's shoulder, his eyes closed, breathing slowly through his mouth. He is sitting on Matt's lap, legs crossed around his waist, sweaty, exhausted, satisfied. Matt holds it, they are still moving slowly, Matt's knot is all inside him, hot, demanding space. Severide is in a trance, seizing the moment.

Matt caresses his shoulders, his arms, his waist, he puts a few kisses on Severide's shoulders and bites slowly, Severide shudders.
"Matt ..." He moans without opening his eyes. "Are you going to bite me?"
Matt pushes his face away and looks at Severide, his brows furrowed, they hadn't talk about it yet.
"You want me to bite you, Kelly?"
"I ... I ... It's going to hurt the baby..."
"Do you want to be mine, Kelly?" Matt pulls together all his willpower to not bite him.

"I am yours." Severide groans as he feels Matt's knot go deeper into his channel. "All yours...We don't need..."

Matt holds his waist and pushes Severide further down, deeper, as if the alpha in him wants to show to the omega who is in charge here, but he doesn't hurt him, he would never do that.
"I want to be your partner, Kelly, I want to bite you so badly." The alpha in Matt is trying to create a bond between them, but Matt manages to keep him under control. "You're mine, just mine, Kelly."
"The baby, Matt, if you do it, the baby will ... Please put me down."
Matt turns it over on the bed and stands over him.
"Don't you want to be my partner, Kelly?"
Severide raises his head and looks at him, his eyes on Matt.
"I'm your partner, Matt, I don't need to be bitten to prove it."

"But you were presenting yourself to me..." Matt says, confused by the mixed signals Severide is sending.
"I'm horny, Matt. I can say anything now." Severide responds angrily.
"Anything?" Matt doesn't hide the disappointment in his eyes.
"Damn, how did it end like this? Leave me ..." He tries to pull away from Matt, the alpha holds him in place.
"I'm not done yet, I don't want to hurt you, Kel." Matt tries to calm him, despite feeling rejected.

When the knot come down, Severide rushes to the bathroom to take a bath and leaves Matt alone in bed.

"Will you stand by me
Hold on and never let me go
Will you stand by me
With you I know I belong
When the story gets told"

The next morning, Matt woke up alone, Severide had already left for work. He avoided Matt throughout the day, at night he decided to go to his own apartment, Matt decided to give him some space, Severide hormonal is even more complex than the normal one.

He had considered talking to Severide about creating a bond, but after he found out about the baby, he thought it best to wait a little longer.

He found Severide in the locker room, had just answered a call of fire, and was tired of the cold shoulder he had been receiving for the past two days.

"Kelly, I want to talk to you."
"Not here, Matt, the people in this place know more than I'd like about both of us."
"You are avoiding me!" Matt loses his temper.
"No I'm not!" Severide yells back at him.
"Okay, okay, I'm not going to talk about it anymore, we don't need this and..."
"You don't understand, do you?"

"So tell me what I don't understand, Kelly!"
"I will not put my child in danger because you have decided to be the alpha of the relationship!"
"Hey, I'm the alpha of this relationship!"
Severide smiles, petulant, that makes Matt angrier still.
"Look, I don't even know why we're fighting! Can we just forget all this shit, Kel?"

Severide watches Matt covered with gray, that makes him back off a bit. "I don't want to fight, Matt, but I don't want to be forced to anything."
"I won't force you. Why do you think I would force you?"

Severide sighs. "Because I can tell you I want it. When we're having sex, I feel like I'm out of
control, and I can say I want it, but I can't do it Matt. Not yet!"
"I would never do that without you being sure, Kelly. That's not how I want to build our family." Severide looks at the floor, he feels his face blushing for his previous behavior. Matt approaches and holds his hands.
"I'm not going to do anything you don't want me do it, Kelly. I would never hurt you or our son. I'm sorry if i act like an stupid alpha, i just want to be with you and...You're right if we get bonded now, all the process can hurt the baby and, i could never forgive myself if i do something to hurt any of you."
Severide lets himself be hug, Matt smells like smoke. "We're yours, Matt, me and the baby, never doubt it."

"This love won't fade away
And through the hardest days
I'll never question this
You are the reason
My only reason"

Severide smiles when Antonio get out of the car with difficulty. "I hope I have a little more dignity than that."
"Believe me, pregnancy has nothing to do with dignity, Sev. It is a painful and humiliating process. Without any dignity."
"Good mood, huh?"
"I do my best."
"You're going to explode, man!"
"Your time will come too, and I will be there to laugh at your way of walking."
"I didn't say anything about your walk, Antonio."
"I know you thought of that."
"No, I never thought of that at all."
"Don't lie to me, I'm already quite miserable without your lies."
"Oh, that was personal."
"Is anyone looking at me?"
"Who?" Severide looks around the hospital parking lot. "It's just the two of us here."
"Good, because I think I need your help."
"For what?"
Antonio opens the zipper of the blouse and Severide can see that his shirt is wet around the nipples.
"That's...? Oh, man!"
"I pee on myself too, no dignity, i told you!"
"Do you have another blouse?"
"Not. Don't look at them, it's weird, Severide!"
"Okay. Wait, I have one in the car."

Severide goes back to his car and takes a fireman's shirt for him, it's the only clean piece available.
"On here."
Antonio scratches his eyes smiling. "It's from Matt's, is not it?"
"I'm sorry, it's the only one I brought."
"Fine, if you don't mind."
"Go ahead."

"I need to find a bathroom now."
"What time is your appointment?"
"I'm late, to be honest."
"Come on then."
"Thanks to come with me, Sev, I know you hate hospitals."
"Don't worry about it."

The doctor came to see him quickly. Antonio did some routine exams and an ultrasound. The doctor didn't seem confident that the baby would turn, he suggests a c-section.

Severide had accompanied everything in the corner of the room, he realizes the sadness in Antonio for Voight not being there with him in his possible last consultation before the delivery. "Are you alright?" He holds Antonio's hand. The doctor leave them alone.
"Not." Antonio smirks, he's trying not to cry. "But I'll stay, right? Isn't my first time..."
"Yes, you and the baby will be fine, Antonio."
"I don't want any cesarean, I can do it. I don't want to! That's not what I planned." He breaks into tears.
"We can talk to the doctor, Antonio."
"No, nothing is like I planned, nothing is right, he should be here with me, I shouldn't go through this alone again, Sev."
"You're not alone, Antonio, don't say that."
"So why I'm here smelling like your man, Sev? Where's Hank?"
"I don't know, I'm sorry."
"I wish he was like Matt sometimes."
"Like Matt?"
"Yeah, a family man, but he is not and, he don't care about me or about his son."
"This isn't truth, Antonio. You know that, he has been an asshole now, but he loves you. On his own wrong way, but he loves you."
"So where he is now, Sev? Why he isn't here with me? He don't even know his son is in the wrong position. We talk about do it at home, but he don't even know that I can die if I try to do it! He don't
know what's going on with us."

Severide didn't know what to say.

"I don't want to have this child alone, Sev. I don't want ...That's so bad and, i 'm not so young anymore. Why things can't be easy for me, Sev?"

"I am blessed
To find what I need
In a world losing hope
You're my only belief
You make things right
Every time, after time"

Casey was in the garage, repairing the cradle when Severide come back home. The omega has tears on his eyes and he's biting his lower lip.
"Kelly, what happened?" He gets up and goes to him worried.

"I want to be your family, Matt."
"You're my family, Kelly." Matt holds his face and forces Severide to look at him. "Me, you and the baby, we are a family."
"Do you want to marry me, Matt?"
"What?" Matt did not expect that.
"Do you want to marry me?"
"Kelly ...
"I'm proposing, and I want to marry you for real, if you want me too."
"Kel, until yesterday you didn't want to be my bonded partner ..."
"I know, and I still don't want to make a bond, not if it's putting our child in danger, but I want you, I want it, a family. Do you want to marry me?"
"Will you stand by me
Hold on and never let me go
Will you stand by me
With you I know I belong
When the story gets told"

Chapter End Notes

I'm using so much images and GIF, sorry, but my head work better like that, and my cousin don't watch the show, so the images help her to know how they are.
PS: Let me know what you think, or i will keep torturing everyone :* (Yes, that's a threat!)
Antonio woke up early, he slept sitting on a pile of pillows now, the baby is too big to let him sleep a whole night. Voight was sleeping beside him. Antonio didn't see him come back home last night. Swollen and heavy, he goes down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

They hardly even talk to each other lately, Antonio still couldn't even tell him about the baby's position. He just waits for Voight to keep his word and to be there when the baby is born. He prays for Voight's fury to pass soon and they can get back to normal. This is the closest of a family that Antonio ever had, he doesn't want to lose any of it now.

So, Antonio doesn't ask any questions. He doesn't judge Voight's attitudes. He doesn't question what Voight does on the street, just wants him to come home safe at the end of the day. That's all he's praying for.

Hank Voight is not the kind that can be controlled or monitored, so he just waits for the day that Voight comes back to him. Today seems to be that day, finally.
"The boys already left?" Voight comes from the bedroom, closing his belt.
"Yes, they went on a school trip,"
Voight sits down with him on the coffee table. "Calm day then?"
"Not while I have to carry this one." He says pointing to his own belly.
Voight looks at his belly. "Are you sure there's only one in there, Antonio?"
"Yes, absolutely! I was at the doctor yesterday, Hank."
Voight had totally forgotten about that. "Antonio ...
"Just be there when it happens, Hank ... I need you to be there."
"I'll be there, baby. What did the doctor say?"
"He's sitting, that's not very good, he may not turn around, and then I'll have to do a C-section."

"And how bad is that?"
"I don't know, I never did one, it's just that, I had planned to do it here at home ..."
Antonio is visibly disappointed, Voight wraps his arm around his shoulders.
"It's going to be all right, baby, we can always try again."
Antonio laughs. "Absolutely not, Hank! This is my last child, for sure."
"Huh, I always thought about having a team ..."
Antonio kisses him, they didn't kiss each other for days.
"I miss you, Hank."
"Yes? How much do you miss me, Antonio?"

Antonio opens the buttons of his shirt with one hand, the other slides up to Voight's zipper and undo it.
"Do you want me to show you or ..."
"Show me, baby."
Antonio smiles, both hands around Voight's neck now.
"I thought you didn't love me anymore, Hank."
"That's not possible, Antonio."
"God, I miss you so much."

Antonio is heavy and tires easily, Voight helps him undress as he guides him to the living room sofa.
Antonio lies down while Voight kisses his body.
"What?" Antonio asks when Voight stops kissing him.
"We can do it?"
"Yes, it's okay, we can ... You want it?"
"Yes! I want to! You are all I want, Antonio."

Voight kisses his swollen nipples, he sucks slow, Antonio groans. All the tension of the last days vanishes and Voight belong to him again.
He moans loudly as Voight slowly penetrates, he is wet and very excited. Voight can feel him squeeze around his cock.
"I love you, baby."

It was long days before Voight came back to him. Antonio thought that he would never see him like this again, so passionate and gentle again, the tears now are of relief, of joy.
"Why are you crying, Antonio?" Voight had stopped moving, worried.
"I ... It's nothing, Hank. It's all right now."
Voight smiles, he had never seen anything so sublime as Antonio's face.
"You're the best thing in my life, Antonio. Don't forget that, baby."

They are hugged on the couch, sweaty, happy.
"I'm going to get the boys to skate today, it would be nice if you came."
Voight smiles, looks like something a family would do on a Thursday night.
"Are you sure you should not rest, Antonio?"
"I'm fine, maybe next week I can't even get out of bed, so I want to stay with them a little more."

"I only want to be here when you're by my side"

Oh I believe now, I'll love you 'til I die
You will sing me to sleep, you will hit me awake
It's a perfect life, a perfect life"

Voight had Internal Affairs behind him, he must show some results fast. With so many unexplained deaths and his behavior after Olinsky's death, he is being pressured to face some sleeping demons.
He got his job back and accepted a dubious deal to keep Alvin's pension for Meredith and Lexi. He hasn't find Alvin's real killer, but he's still hunting.

It was an anonymous denunciation, one of Voight's informant who gave the clue. Voight was shaking when Erin handed him a small photo, a photo of Alvin Olinsky found in the cell of a known convict, Adres Dias.

The bastard was in the same prison Alvin was, before been killed. At no time did Voight consider this possibility, because Adres never met Olinsky face-to-face, there was no possibility of him knowing that it was Olinsky who shot him.

Unless someone has given him this information. But who?
"Who gave it to him?"
Erin has no name in mind, Voight has, but he don't want to believe that he may have been betrayed in this way.

Adres has that damn smile on his face when Voight enters the interrogation room.

"Sergeant...!" Pulpo's still laughing, Voight holds his head and presses against the table.
"Where did you get this picture?"
"What photo?" Pulpo pretends to be surprised. Voight releases him and throws the picture on the table. "Oh this picture! An old friend, I knew they killed him, very sad, didn't it, Sarge?"

"Don't make me waste my time here, Pulpo!"
"Oh no, I don't know anything about this picture." He repeats, cynically.
"I think you should know I don't play by the rules. Don't try me."
"Neither do I, Sergeant."

"Who gave you this photo?" Voight yells.
"I think we both know, don't we? We know who does anything for me, Sergeant. I know who shoot me down, Sargent. I know he was the cop who catch me."
Voight confronts him, both alphas roaring inside them.

"I said, he does anything for me, I just need to snap my fingers and he comes running. Make no mistake, Sergeant, Antonio is still my bitch."

Voight leaves the room furious, he kicks some closets in the hallway, his chest hurts, he wants to kill this asshole, to end it, as he should have done a long time, but Antonio would not allow it. Always protecting him, always trying to keep him alive. How did he not see this before? How can he be so blind? Maybe they've been lovers all this time and Voight never knew. He made a mistake with Antonio! He is nothing but a liar! Maybe this son is not his, this son may be Adres's, and he believed in all this lie all this time.

To Voight's despair, it wasn't difficult to find the name of Antonio among the visitors of Adres in jail, just one visit, a little more than 1 hour long, enough time to deliver Olinsky to the enemy. Voight had never considered this, in no time, he never suspected Antonio. His omega has some explanations to give to it.
Antonio is with his kids on a skating rink, he wants to make the most of the time he have before the baby is born. He is standing by the side lane watching the two skate.

"You should be resting."

Voight's voice takes him out of his trance, he smiles when he sees his alpha approaching.

"I promised them they could come."

"Huh." Voight stand by his side. "Are you alright?"

"Yes." He snuggles against Voight and enjoys his alpha's smell. "Glad you came, Hank."

"Let's go home."

"We just got here, the boys are having fun."

"I need to talk to you, Antonio."

"We can talk later, Hank, just enjoy this time."

"When you went to see Pulpo in jail..."

"What?" Antonio turns away from him in surprise.

"I know you've been in prison to see him. Don't lie to me!" Voight says quietly, there are many people around. "What did you do there?"

"Hank, I never..."

"I said, no lies, bitch! What did you do there?"

"Hank, it's not what you're thinking..." Antonio looks around, people don't seem to hear it. Voight is snorting like a furious animal.

"You lied to me, Antonio! You and your lover killed Olinsky, and I swear..."

"I'm not, let me explain it, Hank..."

"You were protecting him while you let me eat you, bitch? You used me to keep your lover safe, Antonio!"

"Hank!" Antonio tries to stay calm but is starting to hyperventilate, this is the first time in months that this happens. "No, Hank..."

"I hope you had fun with my dick on your ass, because now I'm going to break up with you two, you hear me, slut?"

"Don't talk to me like that, Hank."

"And how should I talk to you, Antonio, huh? How we supposed to talk with a lying traitor? Or like a knot slut?"

"I never betrayed you, Hank. You're my husband..."

"Oh really, is this son really mine, Antonio? Or is it all part of the show? I'm not your husband..."
anymore, Antonio! I don't want you anymore."

Antonio reaches out to push Hank away from himself, Voight grabs his arm and pulls him, Antonio unbalances and almost falls to the ground.

"Hank!" He is surprised and frightened by Voight's action.
In less than a minute, Diego is beside them, he pushes Voight away.
"What are you doing? Take your hands off him!"

Diego pushes Voight away, the alpha doesn't react, he is gasping with anger, but doesn't react against the boy. Antonio clings to the grating of the skating rink and tries to take a deep breath and keep calm.
"It's all right, Diego." He tries to calm the child, the bruised fist near the belly. "Let's go home!"
"No! I don't want you in my house anymore! You and your children can leave my place!"

Antonio closes his eyes, he will not cry now.
"Are you kicking me out of our house, Hank?"
"You'd better not be there when I get back!" Voight says very close to him, he didn't need rise his voice.

"He has nothing to live for, nothing left to say

He's locking all the doors to keep the older wolves at bay"

Sylvie opened the door for him, Antonio was standing in the hallway.
"Antonio? What happened?"
"Adres, he ... He did it, he destroyed everything. Hank thinks I betrayed him ... He kicked me out of the house."
Brett hugs him.
"Come in, where are your kids?"
"Down there in the car. Can we stay the night here, Brett? Tomorrow, I'll leave, I just, I have nowhere to go now."

Brett made tea, Antonio came back from the room rubbing his right fist where Voight had injured him.
"They slept?" She asks filling a mug with tea for him.
"Yes. Thanks again, I don't even know what to say Brett ..."
"Don't say anything, what about your wrist?"
"Is nothing."
"Let me see." She holds Antonio's wrist. "You'll need to bandage, stay here, I'll be right back." She leaves and returns with a first aid box. Antonio lets her bandage his wrist.
"Thank you."
"Not for this, I should take you to a hospital, but I think you've had enough excitement tonight. Do you wanna tell me what happened?"
"Voight thinks I lied to him and, he's furious now."
"And you did it, Antonio?"
"You open up when you had me in your hands
Slipping far away with the world at your command
You sing me to sleep and then you hit me awake
It's a perfect life, a perfect life"

Chapter End Notes

I said ANGST on the tags, may i should say: SUPER ANGST?
Why i gave up to make a series, because i'm a crazy anxious bitch! (I do what i fucking want, no, I'm just kidding! I'm just crazy) I just update without the series tag. Sorry.
PS: I was sleeping when i edited so, lots of mistakes. Forgive-me.
"Hello
Can you hear me?
Am I gettin' through to you?"
(Kiss the Rain- Billie Myers)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Keep in mind
We're under the same skies
And the nights
As empty for me, as for you"

Antonio woke up in the middle of the night, he was on Brett's couch and the baby is kicking hard his ribs. The wrist hurts, a painful memory of Voight. Antonio tries to get up but the wrist does not support his weight, he falls against the couch. He checked his phone, no calls from Voight, nothing. Voight doesn't want to see him or hear from him now.

He needs to fix his life soon, but everything is so messy now that he doesn't even know where to start. Antonio is accustomed to all this shit, but that doesn't mean it hurts less. His father used to accuse him of being a bitch, and to be rubbing on the neighborhood's boys, Antonio used to be beaten by this boys, none of them ever showed any interest in him, yet his father said things about it, called him a whore. He could never defend himself, after a while, he realized defending himself was a waste of time, no one believes him. Voight was different, he was his husband, the father of his son, and yet he threw Antonio's away at the first chance.

He sits down with some difficulty and gets up, suddenly a sharp pain hits his belly and he has to sit down again. Breathing quickly, he tries to stay calm until the pain passes. Both hands around the belly.
"Not now, please..."

He stretches his legs and tries to relax, another pain, very fast this time, he bites his lips until the pain passes away.
"This isn't a good moment, baby... Your father isn't here ...!"

He gets up and goes to the bathroom, afraid, he takes off the sweatpants he wears to sleep and looks for blood, but there's no blood. He washes his face and goes back to the couch.

He doesn't want to wake up Brett, this may just be just a false alarm. He had two false alarms before that, and he didn't want to create a case again. The baby is in a bad position, he won't be able to bring it to the world naturally, maybe it's just the stress causing this pain.

Suddenly he feels the baby moving down to his pelvis, he is fitting. Instinctively, he pulls his legs apart and tries to relax, this may take hours to actually happen.

He lies back on the sofa, breathes deeply through his mouth, another pain, much more real this time. Okay, this can't be an false alarm. He is definitely in labor.

From so many bad days, the baby chose the worst of them to come to this world. Voight kicked him out from home, Antonio has nowhere else to go, his house is still for sale, he has to find a new place to live and a job, so many things... He knows he'll have to stay in a shelter until he can go back to work, he hates shelters, but he can't afford for a hotel's room, and he doesn't want to bother anyone else. Voight probably will not take him back, he doesn't believe in Antonio and that hurts.

Another pain, further down this time, he feels the baby's head fits, this is going too fast.

He sits, breathes more slowly. He looks at the clock but cannot tell what time it is. His phone is beside the sofa, he looks on it, tries to call Voight, but he cannot remember his number and can't even find his agenda, maybe his pressure is low. Whatever it is, Hank doesn't want him anymore, he'll renounce the bond soon and make Antonio crawl away, as his father did, as Adres did it. He is more alone now that he knows how to be touched by a real alpha and not just be raped and thrown away. Hank will not be there for him when the baby is born, he doesn't even believe that he is the father of this child.

He gets up again and walks to the window, it's raining outside, but it wasn't last night, it's not even winter yet. He tries to remember what day it is today, but his mind is confused about the date.

"Congratulations, Antonio! You don't even know the day your son will be born." He says to himself. "Can you forgive me, my little one?" He rubs his belly affectionately. "I'm a fucking father, but I love you, I swear."

He stays for a while watching the street until another pain causes him to return to the couch.
"Are you alright?" Brett's soft voice scares him.
"I'm sorry, did I wake you?"
"Don't worry, Antonio, is it time?"
"Yes, I think, sorry, I think this whole situation made things faster." He can't help the little gulps of air that escape from him as tears stream down his cheeks.

Brett approaches him, Antonio puts both arms around her shoulder and slowly swings his hips.
"God, that hurts!"
"We need to go to the hospital."

"What's new?
How's the weather?  
Is it stormy where you are?  
Cause I'm so close  
but it feels like you're so far"

Antonio doesn't remember the way to the hospital, he doesn't remember how they got here. He 
breathes deeply when another pain hits him, he is sweating and his body softened. He is wet from the 
rain that he doesn't remember having taken, wearing clothes that he doesn't remember wearing.

"I'm sorry. Sorry, for this mess, Brett ..."  
"Don't repeat that, it's okay." Brett caresses his hair damp with sweat. "Breathe, it's okay, Antonio."  
"That should not be happening now, what did they say? I don't know if I still have a health plan..."  
"Calm down, Antonio, don't think about it now."

Antonio sits down on the hospital bed, reaches out his hands until he reaches Brett's hands, his face 
shrinks into a grimace full of pain.  
"Not yet..." He's not ready for it yet. "This should not be now, Brett. Voight should be here ..."  
"Relax, Antonio, I'll get someone to help you." She left Antonio alone.

Antonio uses the headboard to get up, he walks to the bathroom slowly, there is this strange feeling 
that the baby is almost coming down his legs. He looks at the clock on the white wall of the room 
and can not tell what time it is. Confused he approaches the clock, but still can't know what time it is. 
A nurse enters the room, she helps Antonio to the bathroom.

"Please, what day is it today?"  
The nurse looks at him as if Antonio were crazy to ask that.  
"I don't know what day it is."  
The nurse cleared her throat impatiently. "Vamos, vamos, no tengo toda la noche."  
Antonio looks at her, confused, he had done nothing to irritate her. Is she speaking Spanish with 
him?  
"¿Vas a orinar o no?"She asks pulling Antonio's clothes, he tries to keep them, doesn't want to be 
touched by her.  
"Can I have some privacy, please?"
She leaves, leaving him alone in the bedroom. He can swear he has seen this woman before, 
somewhere else. In Colombia, maybe, but he is not in Colombia now.

He urinates, there is no blood. His water has not broken yet. This is his fourth son, it should be 
easier, right? Nothing has been easy in Antonio's life. The pain leaves him breathless, he can barely 
get up from the privy by himself, but he didn't ask for help.

The door opens again.  
"I asked for ..." He stops when he realizes it's not the nurse, it was Voight. "Hank?" Antonio doesn't 
know who called him, he doesn't remember being able to call him. Maybe the health insurance folks, 
he doesn't know. Maybe he's here to make sure no one more penny is spent on Antonio and his 
bastard son. "I didn't plan on that, Hank. I swear, I didn't think he'd be born now...Please, i can't pay 
anything, you know that..." He doesn't know what to expect from Voight now, there is no sign that 
he has come to console him through childbirth. He is not here to comfort him or hold his hands, he 
should know that from the beginning. Alphas never comforted him before, that's no different now.

Voight keeps his hands in his pockets, his face hard. 
Antonio walks to the bed trying to keep his dignity. He lies down and pulls the sheet over his 
legs. "Are you going to stay here until he's born, Hank?" No answer. "It's all right, this can take a 
while, my water has not yet broken, you can rest if you want, that's okay, Hank..." Voight says
nothing, Antonio turns around and tries to stay calm, he didn't expect to see Voight here, not after their last fight. "You're his father, Hank, I haven't been with anyone else since we became partners, but you don't believe me, do you?"

Another pain, too fast to be a contraction. He writhes. "There's something wrong. There's something wrong ..." He repeats to himself. "It's not like this..."
In a minute Voight is by his side, holding his shoulders. Antonio holds onto him until the pain subsides. Voight is here, but he doesn't smell like usual, Antonio can't feel it, his hands are cold on him. He can't smell his alpha perfume. "Something's wrong..."

Suddenly, there is no more pain, nothing. Antonio rises and walks about the room from side to side. Voight just watches him.
"I've never been there! I've never ..." He doesn't even know why he's trying to defend himself, but he needs to do it, keep Voight calm until the baby is born and safe enough.
Voight turns to answer, Antonio raises his hand to Voight shut up. It's the wrong move, he backs up a step, if Voight tries to hurt him here, he is helpless and in great pain to fight off any attack, but Voight doesn't even try to fight back, he stands still, just enjoying the sight of Antonio squirming in pain.

"I wasn't in any prison, I wasn't even close to Adres after he was arrested, I don't know why he said it to you or why you believed him and would not listen to me." He rubs his spine up and down without stopping. "I'm not lying to you, I've never done it. I love you, Hank. This is our baby, we made it together, remember? Don't let anything happen to him if ... I can't take care of him, you need to be here and... "

Voight says nothing. Antonio feels the baby move in position and needs to breathe more slowly. This baby is a huge, and it will not be so easy to bring it to the world.
"You can't treat me like that, I don't deserve this shit right now." He's in tears again. "I didn't...Oh, god!"

The pain increases at a frightening speed, a doctor comes to see him, Antonio lies down on the bed again.
Voight stands by, just looking. There is so much anger in his eyes that Antonio just wants to calm him, but he doesn't know how to do it.
"What time is it?" Antonio murmurs. "What Day is Today?" There are no answers, Antonio holds the doctor's hand. "What Day is Today?" He repeats, his hand is getting out of focus, he can't see his own fingers. "What is wrong with me?"
The doctor pulls his legs out tightly, Antonio swallows dry, he feels the doctor's fingers touching his slit, it hurts, he tries to push it away, but the doctor reaches into his hand hard. "What are you doing?" Antonio tries to hold him. "Hank!"

He fights to get rid of the doctor, he doesn't remember this doctor, the man is hurting him, he is tearing his skin with his bare hands, Antonio pushes him hard and manages to get up, blood is running down his thighs, his legs are wet with blood, his clothes, the sheet, all covered with blood. "Hank!" Voight is leaving, the doctor is holding him by the arm. "Hank!" Voight leaves him alone again.
"I said I'd get you, princess!"
Antonio wakes up scared, his hand on his belly, he had fallen asleep a little, on Brett's couch, there is no pain, nothing, it was just a dream. He picks up his phone and looks at the screen, 4:15 in the morning, no missed calls. Voight will not look for him. He believes Antonio was with Adres and he hates him now. Antonio is alone again. He feels fear invade him and he can't sleep anymore. His mind is starting to break.
"Hello

Do you miss me?

I hear you say you do

But not the way I'm missin' you"

Across the town, Voight is on his knees in a bar bathroom vomiting up his guts. The chest hurts from the effort to vomit, he is alone in this dirty bathroom. He had been drinking for the last few hours, from one bar to another, seeking explanations for Antonio's betrayal. For the lies he believed, for thinking Antonio was really his partner.

How could he have been deceived in this way? How could he believe Antonio loved him? How can he create a bond with this traitor? How can Voight scream at him, even hurt him? How can he love this traitor so much? How he can call Antonio a traitor without even letting him speak? His mind is in a break down.

He shrinks around himself, breathing slowly. The phone's screen lights up, it was Antonio's number. The blond paramedic was down the hall when he got to the hospital, he ignored her. Voight doesn't remember how he got here, he's wet from the rain, but he doesn't remember being in the rain. Antonio was alone in the room.

Voight wants to approach and touch him, but he can't touch him. His hands don't obey his desire. Antonio is in pain, Voight hates seeing him in pain. He doesn't forgive Antonio for his betrayal, but he doesn't want to see him suffer either. Even though he has helped kill Alvin, Antonio is still his partner and is giving birth to his son, he needs to do something to fix all this shit. There is so much pain and fear in Antonio's eyes that Voight just wants to calm him down, protect him, keep him safe, but he doesn't know how to do it.

"I've never been there! I've never ..." Antonio says, he's shaking.

Voight wants to respond, tell him that it doesn't matter anymore, he's sorry for what he did, but he can't say a word. He tries, his mouth even opens, but nothing comes out.

Antonio keeps talking, he just wants to touch him, to help ward off this pain. The room smells like Antonio, his omega is giving birth to his son, because this son is his and no one else, he knows that. He shouldn't have said otherwise.

The doctor comes to see Antonio, he asks about the day, Voight doesn't know what day it is either. The doctor opens Antonio's legs and starts working there, Voight can see him pull Antonio's skin
hard. Antonio is moaning.
"That's what sluts deserve, is not it? You didn't cry as long when he fucked this child in you!"
Voight tries to take Antonio away from the doctor, but his hands can't touch him, he can't help him. Antonio is crying and Voight can't do anything.
"He lies to you, it's not your son, Sergeant!" The doctor responds smiling. The Pulpo's smile. Antonio calls him back, he's bleeding. Voight is useless here, he can't protect Antonio in no time, he can never keep him safe. His hands are useless. He's am useless alpha.
The bathroom door of the bar is opened and someone yells something to him, Voight wakes up, he was sleeping on that place. All the alcohol in his bloodstream made him numb, it was almost morning now.

He looks at his phone, no missed calls, no one tries to find him. No calls from hospitals or Antonio, it was just a fucking nightmare.

He takes to the streets under the heavy rain that punishes Chicago tonight, he has many things to fix now.

"Cause I'm

Tryin' to explain

Somethin's wrong

Ya just don't sound the same"
Chapter Summary

"Hit me like a ray of sun
Burning through my darkest night
You're the only one that I want
Think I'm addicted to your light"
"Halo- Beyoncé"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Remember those walls I built
Well baby they're tumbling down
And they didn't even put up a fight
They didn't even make a sound

I found a way to let you in
But I never really had a doubt
Standing in the light of your halo
I got my angel now"
Matt wakes up alone in the huge hotel bed, he looks around, Severide is standing near the window, looking down the street. He is shirtless, Matt loves to see him like that, so at ease. He gets up and goes to him.

Severide relaxes as he feels Matt's arms surround his waist from behind. "I thought you would not wake up, Matt." He mutters, trying to sound serious.

"Well, it's not every day you receives a proposal of marriage from the most hot guy in this entire city, and have the best sex night of your life." He kisses Severide's neck, feeling it shiver. "Your breast are... Sorry, i didn't mean this way." He avoids touching Severide's nipples, this is still a delicate subject between them. To Matt's surprise, Severide says nothing, he just looks down at his own belly when Matt puts his hands around it.

"We are good." Matt hides his face on his back, Severide can feel him smiling. "What...? "I can't believe it, I'm going to marry the hottest guy i ever know, and we're having a child! This is frighteningly incredible!"

"Are you happy, Matt?"

"I guess I've never been so happy in my whole life, Kel."

Matt turns and they face each other, the smile on his face crumbles as he notices the worry in Severide's eyes.

"What ... Something wrong, Kel?"

"I'm going to do the tests to find out if the baby is normal and ..."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. I was waiting, and actually I was just ... I didn't want to do this, Matt." He says, finally.

"Hey, don't be sad, he'll be perfect!"

"What if he's not, Matt? What if something goes wrong and ..."

Matt holds him by the chin and forces Severide to look into his eyes.

"Listen to me, nothing's going wrong! It's okay, he'll be a big healthy boy, Kelly."

"I can't go through this again, Matt."

"You won't, okay? We're having a healthy and pretty blue eyes baby, like yours, Kel."

"What if...?"

"There's no way that baby be less than perfect, Kelly. No matter what happens, he's our son, we'll be together and take care of him, do you hear me?"

Severide looks less scared now, Matt caresses his face.

"Don't be afraid, we'll be fine."

"Will you come with me tomorrow, Matt?"

"I wouldn't miss it for anything. Besides, I hate to leave you alone with those nurses. I hate the way their look at you."

Severide smiles, "I'm pregnant and ..."

"You're engaged! I want they know that! Cause you already taken and..." Matt hugs Severide and kisses his lips. "Your husband is a very jealous guy sometimes."

Severide smiled back at him. "Sometimes?"

"All the time, I'd say. Don't blame me, you're the hottest guy I know, and soon you'll be my husband, I need to protect what's mine."

"I'm yours?" Severide teases, biting Matt's lips.

"Absolutely."
"So you're mine too, Matt?"
Matt looks into his eyes. "Always, Kelly, from the first day of training, I could barely take my eyes off you."
Severide smiles, that was more than 15 years ago.

Matt holds him by the waist. "I used to love that your old Harley's shirt, and the way you were biting your lips. You and Andy looked like two punks back then."
"You're being exaggerated, Matt."
"No, I swear, I didn't know you were an omega, and I thought I would never see you again. When I got to 51st and saw you there, I became the happiest man in the world."
"You never said anything." Severide is surprised by his revelation.
"A lot of things happened, and a lot of people happened. I got used to you always avoiding alphas, I couldn't force anything, so i just waited for a better moment"
"A better moment?" He's in tears. Damn hormones!
"Our moment, Kelly. Me, you and this little guy here, Our little guy."

Severide hugs him. "Don't make me cry, Matt."
"Don't cry, Kel, it's okay. I love you, my Lieutenant."
"My Captain."

"Can we go back to that big bed and ... You smell so good, Kelly. I'm going crazy here."
"Come on, stallion, but don't touch my breasts again."
"Since when do you have breasts, Kelly?" Smiling.
"Just don't!" Pointing a finger at him.

"Are you going to tell me how you discovered this place?"
Severide lies down on the bed again. "Huh ..."
"I want to know?" Matt sits next to him.
"I used to drink in the hotel bar, I had never been in any of this rooms, Matt, I was hoping for a special moment ..."
"And this is the time?" Matt doesn't hide his smile. "Am I special to you, Kel?"
"I asked you to marry me, Matt. That should be implicit ...."
Matt shut him up with a kiss. "I'm your special date, that's all i ever want to hear from you, love."

_It's like I've been awakened_

_Every rule I had you breaking_

_It's the risk that I'm taking_

_I ain't never gonna shut you out_"

"I hate hospitals." Severide says while they wait at the obstetrics clinic. He hits his foot on the floor, nervously.

"It's all right, Kelly, there's no reason to worry."
"And if ... And if he's not normal and ... I don't want to, I can't, Matt."
"He'll be normal, Kelly. You need to calm down, love."
"I read that this exam can cause abortion ..."
"Less than 0.1% risk, you'll need rest after that. It's going to be all right, Kelly. It's totally safe."

"Do you come with me? I mean, there inside..."
"Yes, I'll go inside with you." Matt holds his hand, Severide is shaking.
"I want an abortion." He says without looking at Matt.
"What?"
"If he's not a normal child, I want an abortion, Matt. I won't keep it if he has no chances."
"Don't think about it now."
"I need to know if you agree."
"Why are we talking about this now, Kelly?"
"I need to know if you ..."
"I know what you're thinking, Kelly, but we don't need to talk about it now. I promise we'll talk if it's necessary, but not now, baby."

"Everywhere I'm looking now

I'm surrounded by your embrace

Baby I can see your halo

You know you're my saving grace

You're everything I need and more

It's written all over your face"

Severide takes a deep breath while the doctor performs the amniocentesis, the needle penetrates his skin until it reaches his uterus, he shudders. Matt is by his side, holding his hand, the presence of his alpha, is keeping Severide calm. They have already done some other exams today, and both are tired and anxious about the results.

There is no pain, only a strong pressure when the needle reaches the uterus, Severide closes the eyes and tries to relax. Matt holds his hand tighter, he's here, everything will be fine. The doctor takes the amniotic fluid sample and gives Severide some instructions.

He needs to be rested for the next 48 hours. He wears his clothes and follows Matt down the hall to the exit.
It's almost 2:00 p.m. when they get home. "Hmmm."
He moans when a cramp goes through his belly. Matt is by his side and helps him to sit on the couch.
"Are you okay?"
"Okay, that's supposed to happen. I just need to go to the bathroom, Matt." He gets up and goes to the bathroom.

Matt waits outside, Severide is in the bathroom more than 20 minutes.
"Are you okay, Kel?"
"Yeah."
"Can you open the door, please?"
The door opens and Matt enters the bathroom. Severide is sitting on the edge of the tub, Matt sits on the toilet lid.
"You want to talk now?"

"I'm bleeding."
"How bad, Kelly?"
"Not much, they said that would happen."
"Do you want me to take a look?"
Severide shakes his head. "It is not much."
"I need you to tell me if it gets worse, okay? You'd better go to bed." Matt gets up to leave the bathroom.
"Matt, I haven't changed my mind ... About abortion, if he's like ... Louise."
Matt takes a deep breath. "Okay, Kel, we'll do it if he doesn't have a chance."

"Forgive me ..." Severide murmurs.
Matt approaches him and hugs him. "Why? Nothing happened." Matt wipes the tears from Severide's face. "You need to calm down, this will do harm to our son, Kelly."
"Are you going to hate me if I ruin everything now, Matt?"
"Never! I'll never hate you, Kel." He looks into Severide's eyes. "What happened with Louise, it wasn't your fault, Kelly. Nothing that happened was your fault!"

Severide cries, Matt holds him in his arms until he calms down.
"I wanted her, even if she never ... That's so selfish!" Severide is leaning against Matt's chest on the bathroom floor.
"No, it's not." Matt squeezes him against his chest. "She was your daughter, there's nothing wrong with wanting to be with her."

"Hit me like a ray of sun
Burning through my darkest night
You're the only one that I want
Think I'm addicted to your light
I swore I'd never fall again
But this don't even feel like falling"

Casey thought about asking for time off, but he has many responsibilities in the Firehouse, and he can take care Severide even though he's away. The test results will take 3 days to complete. They must wait.
"You have to stay in bed so don't get out of this bed, okay?"
"Okay, dad." Severide mutters drowsy.
"If anything happens I want you to call me, I'll be here as soon as possible, Kelly."

He kisses Severide's forehead and goes to work.

Matt has been strong and secure next to Severide, but away from him, he can let the concern show. He keeps the phone close at hand. He didn't notice the frightened look on Brett's face when he arrived, she seemed much more nervous than usual, but he can only think about his son and Severide, his mind is totally busy with it.

The day had barely begun when he was called by the Firehouse speaker. Sergeant Voight is looking for him.
"Voight?" He didn't expect to see the Sergeant here, even more so with such a desperate look on his face. He greets him. "Something wrong, Hank?"
"Is the lieutenant here?"
"No, he's at rest, pregnancy issues."
"I need ... Antonio disappeared, I don't know where he is, I thought he came to look for Severide..."

"No. We've been out of town for the last two days, we haven't seen Antonio since then."
"I don't know where he is...I have no idea where he is now, Casey."

"You know you're my saving grace"

Chapter End Notes
Not much time to edit, but I hope everything is fine. Forgive me.
PS: this Severide's GIF are killing me!
Anyone hear the song? 'Cause i use the song as part of their story. Nothing is coincidence here :)
On the Road

Chapter Summary

"I just want you back
I'm running to your side
Flying my white flag,
My white flag
My love where are you?"
(Natalie Taylor- Surrender)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We let the waters rise
We drifted to survive
I needed you to stay
But I let you drift away
My love where are you?"

"You removed the tracker from your car." Voight says, in a low voice, when he finds Antonio sitting in their kitchen. "How did you do it?" Both are wet from the rain that doesn't stop falling since last night. "I've lived with a thug for more than 16 years, I know a lot of tricks, Voight." He responds without getting up from his chair. There's no emotion in his voice, that makes Voight's skin shiver.

Voight pulls out a chair slowly, as if at the smallest noise gonna make Antonio running away from him. He sits down slowly, still looking into Antonio's eyes.
"I've been looking all over town for you. Are you okay, Antonio?"
Antonio sighs, his hands on his belly. "I'm tired."
"I shouldn't..."
"I'm not what you think I am, Voight. I'm not a traitor. That's not how things work with me."
"Antonio ..."
"Please, shut up!" Antonio narrows his eyes, his fingers turning white around his belly. "Shut your
damn mouth, Voight! I'm so tired of your anger! All your behavior, acting as if nothing else matters.
I'm ..." He wipes his eyes with his palms. "All your alpha idiot attitude!"

He gets up and walks over to the sink counter. "And why? Why do you keep treating everyone
around you like your enemies? We're all suffering with your shit, Voight! Can't you see that?"

Voight just listens, he knows Antonio is right.
"I would never do that to you, Voight! I never ... God ..." He lost his breath. Voight gets up and
helps him sit down again. "I am so tired!"
Voight looks at him for signs of pain, Antonio is cold by the rain. "You need to lie down and take
some rest, you're all wet and ..."
"My house is still on sale, I can leave until the end of the week... I can't change Eva and Diego from
school now."
"You're not going anywhere Antonio, this is your house."
"No, Voight. This is not true, it's not working as it should, and I think we should..."
"Don't even think about it!"

Antonio lowers his head and pulls his legs out to better accommodate his belly.
"This thing between you and me, it never be easy. I can't handle your methods, Voight. I know
you're hurt because of Olinsky, but, life needs to continue, and if you can't handle that, I don't want
this anymore."

Voight feels his hands shake, he does not want to hear Antonio say that.
"I don't wanna be without you, Antonio, I can't promise you anything now, but I need to stand with
you, I love you, baby."
"What kind of love, Voight? You make love to me and kick me out in the same day, you don't even
let me defend myself. Adres will keep trying to get me, no matter where he is, he will always try to
hurt me."

"He will not hurt you, I promise you ..."
"Are you going to kill him, Voight? Is that what you're going to do?"
Voight looks at the floor. "No, I will not kill him, Antonio."
"I'm not protecting him, Voight, I've never protected him, but killing is still wrong, and I can't accept
that's your way to deal with people."
"I don't kill innocents, Antonio, they are never innocent."
"I don't care who they are, just don't do it."

"I can try to change some things, but I need you, I need to know that you're staying with me,
Antonio, don't leave me..."
Antonio rubs his eyes, his back hurts, he is sleepy, but he knows he won't be able to sleep now. He
feels Voight hold his hands, he checks Antonio's injured fist.
"I shouldn't have hurt you." He kisses Antonio's hands. "Forgive me, I shouldn't ..." He continues to
kiss Antonio's hands, their wedding ring is still there on his finger, he kisses it, grateful for Antonio
didn't take it out. "I can't live without you."

Antonio bites his lips, he looks Voight in the eyes.
"Adres hurt me so many times, he apologized and said dozens things. I always forgive and, I must be
the stupidest person in this world, Voight."
"Hank, call me Hank, please." Voight's eyes can no longer hide despair. "I'm not him, I may be an
idiot, but I'm not him, Antonio. I'll never touch you again if you don't want to, just don't go away."
"They closed some streets, I can't leave even if I want to leave now." Antonio tries to smile but he fails. "You can't keep pushing me out of your life, Hank, I'm still your husband, and we should share everything, not just the bed, I need to know that I'm a part of your life, that I'm not just the omega in danger you were curious about."

"I'm afraid ..." Voight says. "I'm afraid you'll leave me when you see what I really am, baby."

"And what are you, Hank? What are you hiding from me that I haven't seen before?"
"I'm not a good man, Antonio. I'm not ... You're the only good thing I've ever had in my whole life."

"We might disagree on some things, Hank, but that doesn't mean I'm going to run if you tell me what's going on. That's what families do, they stand together even when they don't agree with each other." Antonio holds Voight's face in his hands. "You don't have to hide anything from me, Hank. I'm not going to run if you growl, I can walk away for a while, but I'll come back if you'll let me in."

"Even if that hurts you, Antonio?"
"Even if it hurts me, Hank."

"No one will win this time
I just want you back

I'm running to your side
Flying my white flag,
My white flag
My love where are you?"

Antonio is balancing on his toes, Voight is holding him by the hips, he's not going let him fall, Antonio trusts it. "I'm heavy."

"No, you're not. Let me hold you, baby." Voight's hands are firm on his hips, Antonio feels his body warm again. Voight, his Voight is here, holding it tight. Voight's cold lips touch his, and a moan escapes from Antonio's mouth.

Antonio opens the buttons of his shirt slowly, Voight can't take his eyes off him. The storm outside continues. Voight touches his breasts, they are swollen, heavy with milk, the nipples are darkened,
feverish. He slides his fingers gently, Antonio's skin is soft, he smells like herbs and wet soil, Voight loves it.

Voight is sitting on the edge of the bed, Antonio standing in front of him, between Voight's legs. Voight kisses his nipple, his lips are around the areola, sucking slowly. Antonio shudders, he holds Voight's head on his chest. He tries to take his belt off, but Voight holds his hands, he wants to do it. Slowly Antonio's belt is undone and his pants fall down his legs.

Voight buries his face in Antonio's pubic hairs, sniffing him, kissing him, he holds him by the hips pulling his body against his face, he wants to drown in Antonio's body. The smell of the omega drives him crazy. Antonio is wet, more than usual, Voight uses his fingertips to separate his lips and put his tongue there. He can taste Antonio's taste.

"Hank ..."
"Yeah, baby?"
"I think he's fitting in ..." Antonio says, a smile on his face. The relief is visible on his face.
"He is?" He kisses the base of Antonio's belly. "Does that hurt, baby?"
"No ... Oh, God, he's coming down." Antonio bends over Voight and breathes through his mouth.
"God, I've waited so long for this."

Voight smiles, he can feel the baby's movements through Antonio's skin. He can stay up all night just touching Antonio's belly and that would be the biggest orgasm of his life.

He stands and hugs Antonio, the head of the omega rests on his chest.
"It's time?"
"No, but it won't be long now."

"Any pain, baby?"

"Hum-rum, this may take some time yet. Can we dance, Hank? Just like this... " Moving his hips, slowly.
"Do you want to dance like that, Antonio?" Smiling.
"Yes, that will calm him down. He's been moving hard since we started talking, Hank. He knows you're here."
"God, we're having a Latino dancer, Antonio..."
"The rain ..." Antonio looks out the window, the storm is getting worse.

"Don't worry, we're safe here and, I will not leave you alone, Antonio."

He rubs Antonio's back and kisses his lips. "You must be tired."
"A little."
He helps Antonio to lie down on the pile of pillows, he lies down beside him and caresses his belly.
"Can you hear me, little one?" Voight kisses Antonio's belly. "I missed you, my boy, but don't rush. Take your time, we're here for you."
"We have to choose a name, Hank. He may be here soon."
"I don't have any, you can choose, Antonio, I'm going to love whatever you want"

The news of the storm is not good, some points of the city are interdicted, Antonio is watching the news by the television of their room. Voight returns to the room bringing his dinner.
"Hungry?"
"Hungry." Antonio sits down slowly, Voight places the tray with food on the bed. "That's smells so good, Hank!"
"It's my specialty, steaks."
"The boys ate?"
"Yes. Eva is downstairs in the kitchen, Diego is locked in his the room, I think it's going to take more
than an apology for him to come back to me."
"Alphas." Antonio begins to eat, the TV still on. "All this rain, it's scary!"
"Yes, I'll go find some flashlights and batteries." Voight touches his belly. "Any news?"
"No, nothing, maybe he just changed his position." Antonio says, frustrated. He's getting anxious about the storm. "I'll call Sev," looking for his phone. "Maybe he knows the safe routes if we need to go to the hospital."
Voight goes to the basement to look for some flashlights, the risk of a blackout is higher on nights like these. The light goes out and Eva screams from the kitchen, he rushes over there to find her. "It's all right, Eva." He hands her a flashlight. "This should not be long."
"Where's Daddy?"
"He's up there." Voight picks up his phone and tries to make a call, but it is not working too. "You'd better stay in your room, Eva."

He tries again to make some calls, but it didn't work. Lightning cuts through the sky and a tree branch falls on the side of the house, Voight needs to get them out of here before something worse happens. The sound of falling objects upstairs makes him run there.
"Antonio?"
The tray with dinner is on the floor, Antonio is not in bed, Voight lights the room looking for him, he finds Antonio sitting in the corner of the room, his face is covered with sweat, he is scared. His two hands around the belly.
Voight kneels beside him. "What is it, baby?"
"I'm sorry ... I'm sorry...I tried to go to the bathroom, but I fell here. "
"Are you alright?" Voight helps him up, he holds him by the shoulders.
"Yes, just ...This is a bad time, is not it? I'm sorry ..." He repeats, confused.
"Why, Antonio, why are you apologizing?"
Antonio looks down, Voight follows his gaze, Antonio's pants are wet.
"My water ... It's happening, Hank."
"Now?"
"Yes."

"Whenever you're ready
Can we, can we, surrender
I surrender"
Chapter End Notes

So far, my favorite chapter
PS: Antonio's stronger than Voight, that's why he always can forgive, but hell's made for people like Voight :( 
I have a piece of you

Chapter Summary

Can I trust you?
Does your smile hide lies?
Can I jump in
And close my eyes?
(Tedy- Can I)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

To my sweet Jacy66

"Can you tell me that you'll be here

For all the little things?

Can I lay here

In your arms?

You'll never let me go"

The old power generator in the basement still works, Voight is relieved when the house lights come on again. Your hands are cold, trying to hide the fear he feels now. He needs to stay calm and take
care of his family, as a man, as an alpha! Cleaning his hands on the pants, he climbs the basement
stairs back to the kitchen.
Eva is standing by the stairs.
"It's all right?"
"Yeah, I made it work, we're fine now."
"Where's my father?"
"He's in the upstairs, I need you and your brother to stay in the room, okay?"

"Why? What's happening?"
"Nothing, it's okay, just stay in your room, your dad is fine."

Voight collects some towels and blankets and brings up to the bedroom. Antonio is standing, he has
already changed his pants, both hands on his hips as he walks back and forth in the bedroom. Voight
has picked up the dinner tray from the floor and threw one of the towels over the puddle of amniotic
fluid on the floor.
"How's it going baby?"

Antonio shrugs. "I didn't think this was happening today, it's going fast." This wait is the worst part.
"Did you fix the generator?"
"Yes." He goes to Antonio. "When you say fast, how fast does that mean?"
"I'm not sure." Antonio leans against Voight, both hands on his shoulders. "It will not be long, I
guess. Damn, he's huge, Hank, he's gained weight in the last two months...A lots of weight."

"Do you think we should go to the hospital?"
"Do you think we'll get there, Hank? Under this storm?"
"I don't know, I haven't been able to contact anyone until now, but I can turn on the sirens, and get
there in time."
"I'm fine, we can do this, Hank." He turns away from Voight and sits on the bed. Both hands on his
belly sides.
"Both of us?" Voight's voice falters, he is unsure about being able to do it himself.
"Yeah, it's okay, he fits, we can do that, Hank."
"Antonio, you said he is huge, if something happens ..."
"The streets are closed, Hank, I don't want to have another child by the side of the road. Hmmm,
God ..." Antonio leans against the bed, Voight is right behind him. "It hurts a lot."

"Promise me that if anything gets out of hand, you let me take you somewhere else."
"Don't worry, it's okay, I've done this before, remember? And I didn't even have a mattress. I don't
want to risk it under this storm, Hank."
"I know, Antonio, I just want you to be comfortable, but I don't know how to do it."
"Don't worry, I do most of the work, you just ... Don't leave me now, Hank."
"I'm not going anywhere, Antonio." He strokes Antonio's hair. "What do you need me to do, baby?"
Voight feels useless, he hates to see Antonio in pain.
"I should have noticed, Hank. My back started to hurt yesterday, I should have known I was in
labor."

"Since yesterday?" Voight feels the regret in the chest, yesterday he expelled Antonio from
home. "You should have told me about it ..."
"At what point, Hank? Before or after you put me on the street?" He says, there's no anger in his
voice, it's just an observation. Voight feels his chest ache now.
"Hmm." Antonio bites his lips, his eyes closed with pain. He kneels beside the bed, Voight with him.
"This is so bad ..."
"What is bad?"
Antonio smiles, Voight is letting fear appear on his face. "What he's already doing to you now, and
he's not even born yet." He gets up again and walks around the room, rubbing his back.

"I'm glad to know that my despair makes you happy, Antonio." Antonio is calm, he hasn't made a loud sound or cried, Voight is surprised to see his courage.
"That's not it, Hank, I've never had an alpha to help me before, that's new to me, too." He breathes deeply through his mouth. "He doesn't have a name yet, Hank. He's almost here, and we didn't picked up a name."

"Do you want to pick one now, baby?"

"Alvin ..." He stops and looks at Voight in the eyes. "What?" Voight moves his lips, he is paralyzed.
"His name may be Alvin, I like it... If you don't mind, of course."
"You don't have to do this, Antonio..."
"I like it. I like that name, and it means a lot for both of us."
"No...Alvin's perfect!" Voight cannot help but stare at him, in love. "You're amazing, Antonio!" He holds Antonio's face and kisses his lips. "I love you, baby."

"Yes, I ... Ow ow ..." He bends down again, the pain reaching a critical point, but the contractions are still spaced out, this may take all night to really happen.

Voight helps him sit on the bed again. Antonio is sweating and his hair starts to sit on his forehead
"My kids, where are they, Hank?"
"I told them to stay in their room."
"Okay, I need to get up now and ..." Antonio closes his eyes, another contraction. "Too fast!" He murmurs to himself.

"What do you need me to do, Antonio?" Voight asks, he is no longer hiding the fear he feels now.

"I need to get up and you can help me with the dilation." He says, in his best calm voice.

Voight smiles, all the tension in his face explodes in this smile. "I can do this, Antonio. Now, how about getting up off the bed and dancing with me?" Voight tries to distract Antonio. "I knew our Alvin loves when you dance for him, baby."
"Without music?" Antonio stands up holding Voight's hands. "We need some music here."
Voight grabs his cell phone and "En la Muelle de San Blas" starts playing, Antonio laughs.
"I like this song." Voight defends himself with a grimace. "If my son likes it, I like it too."
"You're unbelievable, Hank!"

"Would you give me the honor of this dance, Antonio?" He holds Antonio's hands and holds him in his arms.
"I'm heavy, Hank."
"You're perfect, so perfect!" Voight kisses Antonio's mouth. "Are you listening to this, Alvin? Your father is the most perfect person I know."
"Don't tell him that, Hank."
"Why not?" Hugging him and smelling his hair damp with sweat. "You are, Antonio." So they begin to dance around the room, stopping for Antonio to take some breathe. Slowly and gentle. Voight holds one of Antonio's hands in his chest. "Is this good?"
"Yes."

"We're really having a Latin dancer here."

Antonio is with his eyes closed, his head lean against Voight's chest, he is tired. "I want to sleep so much ..."
"You can sleep, baby, all the breaks will be good now."
"I don't want to miss it, Hank."
"Lose what, Antonio?"
"You. I don't wanna you lose your mind, Hank. Everything is fine, just don't leave me now."
"I'm not going anywhere, Antonio, I'm not leaving you alone, trust me, baby."

"All this rain, I don't wanna risk getting stuck somewhere along the road. I've done this before and, I can do it now, he's turned..."

Voight helps him lie down again and pulls the blanket over his legs. "I know you want to do it here, baby, but I need to know there's going to be help if I have to, and I need to know that you and Alvin are safe."

"I don't want to go to any hospital, Hank." Antonio tightens the sheet between his fingers. "I can do this here, Hank, it's okay."
"I know, but I need to know that nothing will happen to either of you two."

"It's all right, Hank, we have everything we need here and ... At least once, I'd like to choose how to do it."
Voight is silent, he holds Antonio's hand over the sheet.
"Are you okay, Hank?"
"Yeah, baby, I'm with you."

"Do you want to lay down here with me?"
Voight lay down beside him in bed. "How are you?"
"I am fine. Can you... You know, when you touch my breasts, it helps."
Voight looks at him, Antonio's cheeks are blush. "Do you want me to touch your nipples now, Antonio?"
"I know this helps with the contractions and ... And it feels so good when you do that thing with your fingers, Hank. Besides, they were never as full as they are now, I hope our son is very hungry."

Voight gently massages his nipples, holding gently between his fingers, Antonio groans, a smile graces his face.
"Are you afraid, Hank?" Voight looks away, fear is not a familiar feeling to him. Antonio caresses his face. "It's okay, Hank. I feel scared all the time, but it's not so bad when you're around, Hank."

"I'm here, baby."

"He's your son, Hank..." Antonio says sleepily.
Voight hugs him, a gentle kiss on his face. "I know, Antonio, I know."

Outside the rain goes on, here only the sound of Antonio snoring can be heard. Voight watches him asleep, so calm and soft, Gradually he falls asleep too.

"Can I love you?
Would it be alright? Can I wait here
When you say goodbye?
Cause I've been hurt
Can I try
To just believe
You'll never let me go?
Say you need me
By your side
And I will hold your hand’’

Voight wakes up with the sound of a thunder, the room is lit by the flash of lightning. He stands up, Antonio is still sleeping. The storm had grown in intensity, he look outside from the window.

The cell phone in his pocket is still not working, it's 2:00 A.M, they had slept for almost 3 hours, waking only for short periods during contractions. He covers Antonio and goes to the kitchen, dinner is on the table, but he can't eat now, he collects the dishes and puts them in the sink, he can wash it later.

"What's happening to my dad?"
Diego surprises him, he is standing in the living room. "He ... The baby is being born and ..."
"Now? Aren't you going to take him to the hospital?" Diego is altered, Voight cannot blame him.
"He doesn't want to go, Diego. He wants to have the baby here in our home."
"And why would he want that?"
Voight shrugs, he doesn't know either. "I don't know, but I have to respect his desire." Voight doesn't even want to think about everything that Antonio has spent in hospitals before, to wish for a home birth this time around.
"Is that safe?"
"It wasn't before, when you and your sister were born, at least now it's his own choice." Voight looks at the stairs, he needs to get back to Antonio. "Go to bed, kid."
"You can't give me orders, Voight."
"It's not an order, just ... Do as you wish, boy. I don't care." He climbs the stairs.
"You said that this child is not your son ..." Voight stops and looks at the boy again. "Why did you tell him that?"
Voight sighs, he hates himself for saying so. "I was angry, and angry people say stupid things."
"He didn't betray you."
"I know that." He goes back up the stairs.
"I talked to him ... With Adres, I talked to him, not Antonio."

Voight goes down the stairs, he is furious, Diego doesn't back down, he faces Voight.
"Olinsky may have been murdered because of you, boy!"
"That's not possible! I told him to stay away from Antonio, but I never said yours friend's name!"
"And how did he get that picture?"
"I don't know, I gave him nothing, he's lying, that's what he does better, he lies and hurts Antonio! I couldn't let him get close to him again."

Voight rubs his eyes, this story gets worse and worse. "Does your father knows about this?"
Diego looks at the floor. "No, he doesn't know."
Voight wants to know more, but he remembers Antonio and decides to leave that conversation for later. "This conversation is not over yet, Diego!" He needs to concentrate and think only about the birth process now.

"Till the end of time Say you'll listen
When we fight
That you won't shut me out
And walk away
Won't you tell me that you'll stay here?
So we can talk it out
Then you'll smile at me
And hold me tight
Can I love you?
Would it be alright?"

Antonio woke up in the middle of a particularly painful contraction, he only has time to tilt his head out of bed and vomit. He wipes his mouth with one hand, Voight is by his side rubbing his back.

"Feeling better, baby?"
"I've mess the ground again." Antonio's voice fail. "This is getting close. What time is it, Hank?" He looks at the window, making sure it's still raining.
"2:40."
"I need a shower."

Voight helps him undress and get into the tub. Antonio closes his eyes and relaxes with his head on the side of the tub. Voight makes small shells with his hands and throws water over his belly.
"They're getting close." Antonio says without opening his eyes. "The contractions, it's coming down and ... It's going well, is not it?"
"Yes, baby, you're doing great." Voight whispers in response. "I'm so proud, Antonio."
"Hmm-mm." Antonio sits down slowly and moves his hips. "Hmm"
Voight rubbed his shoulders until he relaxed again. "Okay?"

Antonio just nods yes. "I've forgotten how much it hurts."

"Huh, are you comfortable?"
"Yes." Antonio slides his fingers to the base of his belly, he is trying to reach the slit between his legs. "Can you help me, Hank?"
Voight sits on the bathroom floor. "What do I have to do, Antonio?"
"You can look and ... I need to know if it's okay." Antonio opens his legs as much as he can inside the tub.
Voight looks between his legs, he doesn't know exactly what he's looking at, but everything looks fine and in place. "What am I supposed to see here, baby?"
"Your fingers, put your fingers, Hank."

Voight does what he asks. "Down there..." Antonio groans, this is uncomfortable. "Until you find the cervix and ... Oh god, slow down."
"I'm sorry. I found it."
"Okay, okay, just tell me what you can feel, Hank, open your fingers."
Voight does as he asks, he withdraws his fingers and reproduces the movement for Antonio to see. Frustrated, Antonio moans.
"Oh God, this will take a while." He's tired and his stomach doesn't seem willing to cooperate. "I hope you have no commitment for tonight, Hank." He says smiling.
"You two are my only commitment, Antonio."
"Help me out of here."

Voight helps him, Antonio is caught by a contraction in the process, so he squats again until the pain passes. "Oh, baby, don't delay."

"Cause I'm so through with all the pain And the loneliness it brings

Cause every time it's all the same

And I'm ready to give in

So can I love you?

Would it be alright?"

Antonio breathes through his mouth in a slow rhythm, his eyes closed, his hands trembling holding Voight's arms. He is silent, just moving his hips from side to side. Voight can only look at him, following his movements with his eyes, watching as his skin chills with each new contraction, yet he keeps silent, doesn't want to frighten his kids on the other side of the corridor. Antonio has no idea of his own strength, he has no idea of the fear that Voight is feeling now, this time, the fear doesn't seem to affect him.

"Our .." Voight just whispers, he doesn't even realize he said it.

Antonio lifts his head and continues to breathe through his mouth.

"Our son ... We did it, Antonio. Me and you and nobody else."

Antonio stops breathing through his mouth and looks into Voight's eyes, and there is the fear he has tried to hide in the last few hours..

"No, Hank, don't go there! I need you now."

Voight starts to cry, Antonio hugs him.

"I almost lost both of you, Antonio."

"No, you didn't, I'm here."

Voight's face is contorted by crying, he wipes his eyes and tries to compose himself.

"This is the most incredible thing I've ever seen, Antonio. My son ... Our son ..."

"Hey, don't break it now, I'll need you, Hank, i need full of you."

"You're all that i have left now, Antonio."

"Say you need me By your side
Voight brings water to Antonio. "Drink it, Antonio." He guides the glass to the mouth of the omega, Antonio drinks. "How do you feel, baby?"
"Okay, Hank, I'm alright." He sinks his face into Hank's chest, sniffing at it. "Your smell... It's good!"
"My smell help you, baby?"
"Yes." His voice sounds muffled by Voight's skin. "You smell good, Hank."
Voight opens the shirt to give him more access. He feels Antonio smelling his skin as he rubs Antonio's shoulders.
"What's day is today, Hank?"
"November 1st, baby." He responds smiling.
"It's a beautiful day, don't you think? A good day to be born... Alvin 'hit the nail on the head"
"Yes, he did it, Antonio." It's still night, but Voight says nothing.

"Can I love you?"
"Would it be alright?"

Antonio began to cry some time ago, he is frustrated and in pain. On his knees on the bed, he uses gravity to help. Voight is also exhausted and very worried. Outside, the day has dawned a few minutes ago, Voight could hear sirens and the sound of cars in the street, the rain has finally ceased. It's been 7 hours since the beginning of labor and Voight begins to doubt whether his decision to respect Antonio's wish was the correct decision.
"Do you want to walk a little, baby?"
"Not!" Antonio screams, impatient and ends up crying even more for this. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry."
"Don't say sorry, Antonio." Voight strokes his hair, he knows how tired Antonio is, It's okay to cry and speak louder now.
"Why did not he come down? Did I do something wrong?" Everything had started so fast, but it stopped progressing at some point, and the baby seems to be standing halfway down the slope, Antonio is angry and frustrated with it.
"No, baby, you're doing everything right!"
"Why he was not born yet, Hank! It hurts so much!"
"I can take you to the hospital, Antonio!"
"Not!" He screams again. "No hospital!"
"Baby, we need help..."
"No! I don't want anyone else touching me..."

Suddenly, something makes sense to Voight. "Is that what you're afraid of, Antonio? Afraid someone will touch you?"
Antonio doesn't respond.
"I'll be there with you and..."
"No! You're never there with me, Hank! You're never around when I need..."
"How can this be true, Antonio?"
"I don't want!" He says, closing the subject.
"Let me try to talk to someone at least, I can try talking to Severide or that blond paramedic... Baby, we're not making progress here."

"I need..." Antonio walks away from him. "I need to walk, Hank."
"I help you." Voight helps him to get out of bed, Antonio groans and before he can take a step, he feels something run down his legs. Voight follows his gaze, there is blood between Antonio's thighs.
"Should that happen?"
"I'm not sure, Hank..."
"I'll take you to the hospital now, Antonio!"
"I need ..." Antonio sits down on the bed again. "I need to push, Hank." Voight looks over the bed, there is a lot of blood coloring the sheet, Antonio is pale and trying to stay on his knees as he pushes the baby out.

Voight searches for his phone and tries to dial your trembling hands cannot hold the device, Antonio groans louder, blood drips down his legs and soaking the sheet even more.
"Hank!" Antonio lies down, he is panting and crying at the same time. One of his hands tries to touch the middle of his legs again, it stops when he feel what he's touching, the baby's feet. "Oh..." Voight has never been so scared as now.

"Can I wait here

When you say goodbye?"

Chapter End Notes

I have to say, i was in panic about this chapter. I thought it was easy, but there are so many details and my memory is so bad! I must have written and re-written this a dozen times. I searched all over the internet and found nothing about Antonio giving birth, so I felt even more lost.
I have a partner in crime now, my dear Jacy, thank you to be more anxious and evil than I, beautiful girl! And thank you for making me keep writing (I gave her my phone number and now she's my conscience <3)
PS: Do not judge Antonio by his choices, he is a victim of abuse and his mind tries to protect him from further abuse. He just wants to be safe.
Chapter Summary

"I need you before I'm too old
To have and to hold
To walk with you and watch you grow
And know that you're blessed"
(Elton John- Blessed)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hey you, you're a child in my head
You haven't walked yet
Your first words have yet to be said
But I swear you'll be blessed
I know you're still just a dream
Your eyes might be green
Or the bluest that I've ever seen
Anyway, you'll be blessed"

Antonio's lips are open, humming softly, breathing slowly. He's still on his knees in bed, leaning over Voight's shoulders. The silence in the room is only broken by the muffled sound of his groans. Only an old Voight shirt covers his naked body,
Voight is worried about the blood staining the sheet, Antonio moves his hips slowly, blood has stopped flowing through his thighs, but he is still very pale. "The ambulance is on its way, baby." Voight says, he rubs Antonio's wet hair. "You're doing well, Antonio." He finally got help on the phone.

"I need ...." Antonio pushes, weak and tired, there is not much progress, he is frustrated, he's holding Voight's hand so hard that his fingers are white. "Isn't working! Why not working?"

"Breathe, Antonio, Breathe with me, baby, it's alright!" Voight tries to reassure him, even though he himself is in despair.

Another wave of anxiety makes Antonio's body shudder, Voight checks the phone again, less than one minute away between contractions. Antonio sits on the bed and pushes during the contraction. He's covered in sweat.

"Hmmm, he should not be like that, he should have turned."

"Alright, baby, you're doing great!"

"I need to vomit!"

"You can do this, Antonio, it's okay!" Antonio tilts his body and vomits on the floor, Voight rubs his back. "Okay, baby."

"They say ... the third and fourth son are easier to be born ... I hate who said that." Voight dries Antonio's face with a towel, Antonio smiles. "They always chose what they wanted to do ... It's was never my choice"

Voight agrees. "He's Dawson-Voight, he makes the rules, Antonio." Antonio sinks into his lap in another contraction, this time he feels the son descend a little further down the canal, finally some progress.

Voight helps Antonio get his hands on the bed so he can check on the baby. He brings Antonio more water, Antonio drinks slowly.

"Baby, listen to me, baby's almost here, we need to do this fast, okay? I know you're in pain, but we need to do this."

"Okay."

He's trying to hide the desperation he is feeling, but his hands are shaking. Antonio sinks his face into the pillow, leaving his hips up. Baby's feet are out, Voight can see them and touch them. His attention turns to Antonio, he is humming a song, his voice muffled by the pillow. He comes to hear.

"What did you say, baby?"

"I'm tired."

"I know, Antonio, but he's almost here." Voight takes Antonio's hand. Antonio feels the bones of the hips give way, the baby's head is the most difficult part, he feels the skin tear in the process. "I've never tore it before, not even with Diego ... It hurts."

He says, feeling the burn in his pussy, he knows he's tearing.

Baby's position is not helping, Voight needs to try to keep him calm until the ambulance arrives. He holds Antonio's hand and guides him to the son's feet, the baby moving his feet.

"Can you feel it? It's our son, Antonio, he's kickin..."

Voight keep his hand under the baby's feet, supporting him, touching his son, and this is the most incredible sensation he has ever experienced. Antonio has his eyes closed, breathing through his mouth, sweating, red, exhausted. Beautiful! Strong! His small narrow hips are at the limit of their strength, his trembling thighs trying to balance the body. Voight has never seen anything so brave in his entire life. He has never loved anyone so much as he loves Antonio right now.
"And you, you'll be blessed

You'll have the best

I promise you that

I'll pick a star from the sky

Pull your name from a hat

I promise you that, promise you that

Promise you that you'll be blessed"

Another contraction, longer this time, and part of the baby's body slides out.
"Oh God, this is ..."
"Amazing!" Voight says for him.
Antonio keeps his head on the pillow, Voight rubs his back. "You are incredible, my love! I love you."

Voight tries to help him sit up, Antonio pushes him away.
"Don't touch me! Don't ..."
Voight walks away with his two hands raised, Antonio holds his belly and cries. "I'm sorry, I ... Damn!"
"I know, baby, I know ..."

"Where is this ambulance?"
"There are a lot of people needing help, Antonio, a lot of trees have fallen ..."
"Call Casey ... Oh God, why is it hurting so much?"

"I said I could take you to the hospital, Antonio."
"No, not hospital, it's okay ..."
"Tell me why don't you want me to take you to the hospital?"
Antonio is silent for a few minutes until the contraction passes.

"I had a dream, Hank ... A nightmare ..." he says, panting and moving his hips slowly. "I was afraid to be real ..."
"What kind of dream, Antonio?" Voight touch his hips.
"I was in a hospital and you ... I was alone there..."
Voight looks at him curiously. "I would never leave you alone, Antonio."
"Yes, you did. You're going to walk away from me whenever you suspect I might have betrayed you."
"I was wrong and ..."

"No matter what I do, Hank ... At the end of the day, it's just me and my kids alone."
"Why are you saying this, Antonio?"
"I don't ..." Antonio shrugs in another contraction. "Because that's how things work ... with me. No one stays with me ...
"No, I won't ... Never say that again, baby!"
"Hmm, I need ..." He lies down on his back and tries to rest a little. "I need to rest, i'm so tired ..."

"Just rest baby, i will be here with you."
"Don't go away, Hank..."

"I'm not going anywhere, my love. You're everything I love most, Antonio."

Antonio breathes deeply, the rain has passed, the daylight floods the room.

"It's a beautiful day, is not it?" He says looking at the window.

"It was a really bad night, the firefighters had a lot of work, but yes, it's a beautiful day now." Voight informs, distracting Antonio.

"Is Severide all right?"

"Yeah, Casey wouldn't let anything happen to him, don't worry."

"Here we..." Antonio lifts his body and gets to his knees again, he pushes with the new contraction and the baby's body slides into Voight's hands. A big boy with strong lungs.

Voight holds him in his arms as Antonio lies down again. "Hey, you did it, baby! You did it!"

Voight kisses his head. "Our son..." He wraps the baby to keep it warm.

"He is fine?" Antonio asked.

"Yes, baby, he's perfect!" Voight keeps the child in his hands, the baby is fine, all the little fingers in the right place, his hands shaking as he holds his son.

Little Alvin is covered in vernix and muttering unsatisfied to have been taked from his comfortably nest. "Hey little boy..." Voight kisses Alvin's small head. "You know who I am, don't you? I'm your father..." Alvin's small brown eyes watch Voight curious, he is no longer crying, just grunting, Voight's voice seems to calm him down. "That's right, we've talked so many times before ... Do you want to dance with me later, my boy?"

Antonio just watches, he is exhausted, Alvin closes the small hands in fists and takes to the mouth.

"He must be hungry, Hank." He holds out his arms to hold the child. Voight helps him lift the T-shirt and puts the baby on his chest.

"Hey, are you hungry, little one?" Antonio helps him find his nipple and presses with two fingers to help him get it. Alvin picks up without too much difficulty and begins to suckle. "Slow down, my little one, there's enough milk here, don't worry." He murmurs sleepily. "Welcome, Alvin. I love you, my son."

Voight lies down beside him and pulls a blanket over them. The sound of baby sucking is the softest music he's ever heard in his life. Antonio is growing paler, and Voight needs to keep him awake until help arrives.

"He looks like you, Antonio, beautiful like you."

Antonio caresses the son's face, Alvin has big cheeks, like yours. His hair is golden like Voight's hair, and he has small brown eyes.

"He's huge! You did a great job, Antonio. I love you, my baby."

The umbilical cord is still binding the baby to Antonio, Voight tries to keep them warm. Breastfeeding is accelerating the expulsion of the placenta, Antonio lies lower and moves his legs again. Voight helps him to push until the placenta is expelled.

They were still talking as Diego and Eva entered their bedroom.

"Is this my brother?" Eva goes to bed to see the baby better. Diego stays away, the blood is making him nauseated. Voight collects the dirty sheet of blood and leads to the bathroom.

"He's red, he's not like us." Eva says.

"Good, but he's one of us now." Antonio smiles, he is yawning with fatigue.

"Can I stay at home today, dad?"
"No, Eva, you have to go to school. Besides, the baby and I, we need to sleep."
Eva kisses Antonio's face and leaves without complaining. Diego is still standing in the corner of the room looking at Antonio.
"Don't you want to meet your brother, Diego? His name is Alvin..."
Diego approaches, like an animal in a corner. "It's disgusting...
"No, he's just a little dirty, and you were like that, too."
Diego looks closer, Alvin is sucking. "When Eva was born, you found her beautiful, you were so happy to be her older brother."
"She was cute."
Antonio smiles. "Alvin's cute too."

Diego looks around, Voight is still in the bathroom.
"Did you forgive him, Dad?"
"We're going to work on it, Diego, you too."
"No way, I don't want to stay here...."
"Diego..." Antonio changes Alvin on the chest. "Son, we are a family and..."
"You better let him rest, boy, whatever it is, you can expect him to recover." Voight says bluntly.
Diego leaves.
"Don't talk to him like that, Hank."

"You need to rest now." Voight is beside him in bed. "Hungry boy, eh?" Caressing his son's cheek. Antonio smiles, too tired to stay awake for any longer, he closes his eyes and his head lands on the side of Voight's shoulder, he falls asleep.

The sound of the Ambulance siren took Voight out of his trance, they finally arrived. He looks at Antonio, he sleeps, still breastfeeding Alvin.
"Wake up, baby, it's not over yet." Voight moves him slowly, Antonio doesn't react. "Antonio!" He removes Antonio's baby and puts him to the side of the bed while examining Antonio, he is not responding. "Antonio!" His body is soft and your skin is white like the sheet beneath it.

"You, you'll be blessed
You'll have the best
I promise you that
I'll pick a star from the sky
Pull your name from a hat
I promise you that, promise you that
Chapter End Notes

Reasons for the delay in updating:
1- I am depressed again.
2- I wanted this to be special, but in my current state, this is the best I could do. :(
3- I've been sick most of the week and could barely think straight.
4- I still love doing this, I just can't think straight. Forgive me, please.
'Cause inner demons just won't go away

Chapter Summary

"Angels don't give up on me today"
(Inner Demons- Julia Brennan)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"So angels please, hear my prayer
Life is pain, life's not fair
So angels please, please stay here
Take the pain, take the fear"

The damp soil moves under Voight's feet, soiling his shoes with mud. In the distance, an angel silently observes the field of the dead. It's raining again, he doesn't care. His clothes are wet and heavy, he doesn't care about about it either. In the right hand, a badge between the fingers. He walks slowly, he walks alone.

He doesn't remember the last time he was here, and he hates to be here now. Justin had been cremated and Camille had never wanted a funeral. Small yellow flowers decorate the ground around some gravestones, some flags, wet candles, photos, everything that relieves the guilt and longing of those who stand alive. The dead ones, doesn't have memory to keep. They don't care about anything.

He lifts his head and watches the gray sky, raindrops hurt his face. He walks a few yards further on to one of the tombstones.

A deep breath to create courage and then your voice finally escapes your throat. "I was there when they took you ... I was. I couldn't say goodbye, but I ... I would never let you go alone. Meredith hates me more than ever now, but she and Lexi are fine, I'm taking care of them. Your fireman also hates me, but he's doing well. He's getting married, but I think he told you that, right? "
He kneels in front of the tombstone and touches the letters written on it. "I hunted one by one, I've killed more people in the last days than I can even count, and I'm not proud of it, but I know you'd do the same for me, old friend."

He smiles, not a cheerful smile, just a smile. "Can you hear me or am I going crazy for good?" He looks at the next grave, Louise Olinsky. "Your daughter, can you see her now? Are you in a better place or the hell is it like they say?"
Voight tightens the badge between his fingers. "My son was born, I am a father again, Al. He is perfect, and has big hands. He has your name, god, I hope he never uses those ridiculous berets that you wore." He wipes his eyes with his palms. "I don't deserve them, I don't ..." He slaps his hand on the tombstone. "Antonio lost a lot of blood because he was afraid I would leave him in the hospital." He shakes his head. "And now he's in the hospital and I can't stay with him, the nurses, you know? They said I'm aggressive and ... I don't want him to wake up alone."

He rubs his head. "I should be there with him, but I'm here talking to a tombstone, all your hippie shit must have infected me." He puts the badge in front of his face. "I know how much it hurt in you when they took it from you, that's why I kept it. Can I have it, my friend?"

The cemetery is silent, only the sound of rain can be heard.
"If you can hear me, don't let anything happen now, I can't lose him, Al. I can't lose nobody else."

He shakes his head as if his sanity threatens to disappear once and for all.
"I don't talk to the dead, I just ... I need to know if you'll forgive me, Al. All those people I killed, they weren't to blame more than I. I'm the only blamed here."

"Angels don't give up on me today
'Cause the demons they are there, they just keep biting
'Cause inner demons just won't go away
So angels please, hear my prayer
Life is pain, life's not fair
So angels please, please stay here
Take the pain, take the fear"


Voight is sitting in the hospital's small chapel when Matt finds him. His wet clothes form a small puddle under the seat. He senses Matt approaching. "The nurses won't let me stay there." He explains before Matt asks, he rubs his face. "Thanks for coming, Casey."
"How is he?"
"Better now, but we're still waiting for him to wake up on his own."
"It was a difficult night for all of us. Can I see the baby?"
Voight takes him to the nursery. Little Alvin is just waiting for Antonio to wake up.
"Which one?" Matt asks.
"The one with the white hood on the left corner."
"Wow, it's a big boy! Alvin, hun?"
Voight smiles proudly. "Yeah, he's the biggest baby here." His smile crumbles, he is tired and worried. "Antonio chose the name, I did not ..."
"Alvin is a good name, I like that. He was a great man, Hank."
"I can't lose anyone else, Matt. I can't lose Antonio now,"
"You're not going to lose him, Hank, don't even think about it."
Voight collapses, he cries without any fear, Matt offers one shoulder for him to lean on until he calms down.

They sit in the hallway while the doctor examines Antonio. Matt brings coffee for both of them. "It was the most incredible thing I've ever seen, I never imagined that I could be a father again. Losing Justin destroyed me, Casey, I lost control, I lost all desire to continue and ... If Alvin wasn't there, it would have been much worse."

Matt just listens.
"And then Antonio came and, when I realized it, I was already asking to take care of him. I've done so many things wrong, I know it's only right that they take everything from me now, but I'm nothing without Antonio. I love him, he's my strength, my base, my family."

"He'll be fine, I've seen Antonio come out of worse situations, he's a born fighter."
"I accused him of betraying me, I said things about our son and ... I deserve all this shit, not him."

"No one deserves this shit, Hank." Matt looks at his still-gloved hand. "I've spent the last 24 hours pulling out people from homes and cars flooded ... And all I could think about was if my son is going to be a normal kid. Severide ran the tests, we're waiting for the results. I'm selfish shit, I'm not?" Matt confesses.
"For wanting your son to be okay? This is not selfishness, Casey. Welcome to the world of parents, you're never going to sleep a whole night again."

Voight still has the Alvin badge in his hands, as if it were a lucky charm. "Antonio told me he didn't want to do it alone, he doesn't want to take care of another child alone, now I know what he was feeling."

"They say it won't be hard, they can't see the battles in my heart
But when I turn away
The demons seem to stay
'Cause inner demons don't play well with angels
They cheat and lie and steal and break and bruise
Angels please protect me from these rebels
This is a battle I don't want to lose"

Severide is standing in the kitchen, it's 11 in the morning and Matt hasn't arrived home yet. He saw
the news about the storm, could only hope for everything to be fine. A huge relief washed over his body as he heard the door open and Matt's heavy steps down the hall. To his surprise, Matt is still in uniform, this never happens, he always change it in the firehouse before returning home, he is dirty too. He is tired, Severide can imagine the hellish night he had.

Before saying anything, Matt hugs him, hard, nostalgic. He smells like smoke and dirty water, but Severide doesn't push him away.
"Are you okay? Is our son okay?" He asks eagerly.
"Yeah, we're good, what happened?"
Matt doesn't respond, he kisses Severide, his hands around his waist.

"Okay, man, now you're scaring me, what happened?"
"I was worried, did you see the news?"
"Yes." Blushing "But I slept most of the time, this relaxant really knocked me down."

"The whole city is in chaos and ..." Matt walks away from him with his hand on his head. "We've been working since yesterday and...
"What happened, Matt? Who's hurt?"

"Antonio gave birth, it was in the middle of the night and, they couldn't leave their house, Voight helped it."
"That's good, is not it? Are they okay?"
"The baby is fine, but Antonio is in the hospital, he has lost a lot of blood and is under observation now."
"What?"

"I need to go there!" Severide hurries to change clothes, Matt holds his arm.
"No, you're not going anywhere!"
"What...?"
"You just did an exams, heavens, they pierced your womb, I won't let you out of here!" Severide looks at him, he doesn't believe what he is hearing. "Since when do you decide where I can go, Matt?"
"I'm not deciding anything, Kelly! There's chaos out there, and you can get an infection if it comes out like that."

"He's my best friend, I need to know how he is."
"And you're my fiancé, I need to protect you, and our son ..." Matt approaches him slowly. "I'm going to take a shower." Matt kisses Severide's forehead and walks off to the bathroom. "Ah Kel, the baby's name is Alvin."
"So angels, angels please keep on fighting
Angels don't give up on me today
'Cause the demons they are there, they just keep biting
'Cause inner demons just won't go away"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all the amazing comments, i love you guys. From the bottom of my heart.
I'm sorry to keep hurting Antonio :( (I'm a bad person)
"When all is lost
There is always a way
When all is lost
There is always a light"
(Renato Russo - A via láctea)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

"But don't tell me that.
Today sadness is not fleeting
Today I got a fever all afternoon.
And when night comes
Each star will look like a tear
I wanted to be like the others
And laugh at the misfortunes of life
Or pretend to be always well
See the lightness of things with humor"

"I thought I might find you here." Matt said when he found Severide standing next to Antonio's bed in the hospital.

"I'm sorry, I wanted to come and see how he is." He whispers to Matt. He just sat there quietly watching Antonio for the last hour.
"And how is he, Kelly?" Matt watches Antonio's pale face, he is breathing slowly.

Severide shrugs. "They're treating the bleeding, but...I don't know, he doesn't react, nothing, Matt."

Matt looks around. "Have you already met the baby?"
Severide looks at his feet. "No, Voight is with him and ..."
"You can meet him, you know that, don't you? Voight wouldn't mind ..."
"It's not about Voight."
"So what is it?"

"I'm not in the mood, Matt."
"Mood? It's your best friend's baby, you have to meet him."
"I know, but ... This whole shit, Antonio would have called me if I had not been a complete idiot with him lately."
"It was raining, no phones, and you were at rest. There was nothing you could do, Kelly!"
"What if ... What if he dies, Matt? I was a coward to him!"

"He's not going to die, Kelly. Don't think about it."

Matt approaches him and kisses his head.
"His name is Alvin, you don't mind?" Severide asks.
"It's not my place to care. It's their son, I don't mind. Is that what's bothering you?"
"No. It's just ... Something he told me ...
"Who?"
"Alvin"
"What did he told you?"
"About waiting for the best, I don't know where the best of it is, but maybe that's a good sign, is not it?"

"Tomorrow is another day
I don't even know why I feel this way.
Comes suddenly, a sad angel next to me"

Voight watched his son, little Alvin was crying in the crib, was making him desperate. 
"Lieutenant?" He is surprised to find Severide at his door so early. 
"Can i come in?"
"Yes, please come in."

The house was messy, Voight picks up a few pieces of clothes that were scattered around. "Sorry for the mess, I haven't stayed much here and ..."
"It's okay. Where are Eva and Diego?"

"They should be at school, but with all that going on, I thought it best that they stay with Lindsay until Antonio comes back home."

"Can I see the baby?"

Alvin's crying could be heard from the room. Voight points the direction, he looks terribly tired. "Yes."

Severide stood at the door of the room for a moment before entering. Alvin was crying non-stop. Voight was right behind him, eyes tired. 
"I can...?"
"Yeah, of course."
Severide goes to the crib and picks up the boy in his arms. 
"Hey, you ... What's wrong, boy?"

Quickly, Alvin stops crying. Voight breathes a sigh of relief.
"He's been crying non-stop for hours, I've changed diapers and ..." He is visibly exhausted. "He doesn't sleep much at night and, this is the third night without Antonio ..."
Severide looks into his eyes, Voight needs to rest.
"I can take care of him while you sleep, Hank."
"No, I need to go back to the hospital and ..."
"I've just come from there, he's still not awake, Voight. The baby needs at least one parent to be well and rested. Go rest, I'll take care of him."

Voight is too tired to argue, he nods and goes to his room.
"It's just the two of us, Alvin. Let's have some fun. Just me and you, I'm uncle Severide, I'm your best uncle, by the way, Alvin...." He walks with the baby in his arms to the armchair and sits down slowly, without taking his eyes off of little Alvin. "They'll tell you that I'm a little, well, hard to deal with, and good, true, sometimes ... But I'm a nice guy." He tucks Alvin against his shoulder, the baby remains silent. "I should have come to see you before, but I'm not an easy guy to deal with, I told you that, right? I was afraid of ... So many things." He checks the baby's diaper, it's clean.

"You know who the coolest guy I know is, Antonio, your dad. He wasn't too smart trying to get you here, but he's the coolest, honest guy I know." He sighs through his mouth, eyes wet with tears. "I miss him." He looks at the baby, Alvin is looking back at him. "You miss him too, don't you? He's bad now, but he will come back, he has to come back."

He arranges Alvin in his arms. "Do you know why your name is Alvin? I can tell you about it..." He looks at the bedroom door. "I think your other dad will tell you but, I wish you knew my side of the story too." He strokes Alvin's belly. "You've calmed down because of my scent? I smell like Antonio, don't you think? Don't tell Voight, he can be annoyed. He's struggling, isn't he? I wanted to be angry with him, but I just can't. All this mess, you'd never understand, but your parents are good, they're great men, they're just a little hard sometimes. You gonna be okay, little one, I can promise you that."

He slides his finger down Alvin's face, noticing his resemblance to Voight. "I have a baby too, that's why you smell me. I have two actually, that's the part of the story that I can tell you. He has only a few months, but he already kicking a lot. You can be friends one day, just like your father and me, but don't be stupid, don't make the same mistakes i did. Just be a good friend and hope for the best. You're a little star, you know that? I know it sounds stupid to have this conversation now, we never meet before, but I missed you, Alvin ... I ... I know you can hear me, please don't drive me crazy ... You said that you didn't believe in the stars, but ... I know you were lying about it, and you ... God, I'm sorry, little one."

Alvin continues looking at him, as if he understood what Severide is saying. He dries his eyes and tries to smile.
"That was the most sincere conversation I've had in months. I ... I'm happy to meet you again, Alvin."
He keeps Alvin in his arms until the baby falls asleep. "You were very brave, little one, very brave!" He puts Alvin in the cradle.
Voight wakes hours later, he didn't realize how tired he was until Severide mentioned it.

"Don't give me attention
But thanks for thinking of me.
When all is lost
There is always a light
When all is lost
There is always a way
When all is lost
I feel so lonely
When all is lost
I don't want to be who I am anymore"

The house was in order and Severide had made the dinner.
"Hi, I ... I'm sorry, I slept ..."
"No problem, he slept too. I made dinner, you look hungry."
Voight looks around, one hand on his neck, he doesn't know what to say. "I didn't think it was so hard ..."
"Everything will be fine, Antonio will be back soon, and everything will be fine." He says without much firmness in his words. He wants to believe it too. Just wait for the best.

Voight sits down to dinner, Severide prepares to leave.
"Can you stay a little longer?" Voight asks. "I didn't see Antonio today, and I don't want him to wake up alone."
Severide agrees.
"I know we're not friends, but this is the closest to hell I've ever been to ..."
"I'm not judging you, Voight." Severide responds.
"I know how much you hate me for everything that happened to Alvin ... But, I need to tell you that no one hates me any more than I do myself ..."
Severide sits next to him on the table.

"I don't love you, but my best friend does, and it's time to give some credit to Antonio's choices, if he loves you, I can live with it, besides, Alvin chose his own destiny, he would never exchange places with you, not even for me or Lexi. I can't blame you, you couldn't have saved him, Voight."

Voight looks at the dish for some time, there is a scary silence around. "He was scared ... Antonio was afraid that I would abandon him in the hospital. That's why he wanted to do it here, I should have made him go to the hospital..."

Severide would answer, but the electronic babysitter sounds with Alvin's crying, so he gets up and goes to see the baby.
"I can stay the night if you need to." He said on upstairs.
Voight just shakes his head. He is very grateful for this help.

Voight doesn't hide the disgust in his face as he sees Diego sitting in the hospital entrance.
"What are you doing here, brat? Where's Erin?"
"I ran away." Diego has not slept well either. "I need to see my father."
"He's out of touch." Voight responds impatiently. "Go home!"
"Please, I just want ... I just need to say something to him."
"He can't hear you."
"I need...Please."
Voight looks around. "You have two minutes, after that you do what I say, do you hear me?"
Diego humbly agrees.

When they reached the bedroom, Voight was surprised by the movement of nurses around Antonio's bed. Frightened, he approaches quickly, Antonio is with his eyes open, finally awake.

He looks scared, the little brown eyes go from side to side trying to understand the situation, he only calms down when see Diego's on the room.
"Hi son." His voice sounds dry and his throat hurts. "Where is your sister?"
Diego looks at Voight before answering, as if asking permission to speak to his own father.
Something is wrong.
"She's fine, Dad." Voight's heart is racing, he wants to approach and touch Antonio, but he stands at the side of the bed.
Antonio sighs painfully. "Come here." He reaches out to receive the son. "Thank you for taking care of him, sir ..." he's talking to Voight now.
Voight doesn't know what's going on.

"I feel so lonely
When all is lost
I do not want to be who I am anymore"

 Severide came home in the morning, he was tired and weeping. Casey didn't make any questions, he didn't want to irritate him any more.
"How about taking a shower and getting some rest, Kelly?"
Severide makes a sound with his mouth. "He remembers nothing, absolutely nothing, not even his own son."
"They said it might be temporary, let's hope he gets better, Kelly."
"This can last for months, Matt. Alvin is losing weight, this industrialized drug is not good for him! I'd like to help and ... I don't know what to do now, Matt!"
"You're worried about feeding him, that's perfectly normal." Casey tries to be understanding.
"'Cause am I an omega? No! I'm worried because he doesn't remember and ... That can affect and ... What?" He asks as he sees Matt looking at his body.
"That ..." Matt points at his shirt, it's wet. "Your milk."
"But don't tell me that.  
Don't give me attention 
And thanks for thinking of me."

Chapter End Notes

Renato Russo was a poet, feel free to know his amazing work.  
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qk2mT4Nfes
"I'll be good"

Chapter Summary

"My past has tasted bitter for years now
So I will deny and face
Grace is just weakness
Or so I've been told
I've been cold, I've been merciless"
(I'll be good- James Young)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I thought I saw the devil, this morning
Looking in the mirror, drop of rum on my tongue
With the warning to help me see myself clearer
I never meant to start a fire
I never meant to make you bleed"

Antonio sits on the hospital bed when he sees Severide entering the room, trying to look a little better, because he knows he's miserable and bloated. He is sore, and stand sit down still is difficult.

"Hi, did I come to know if you remember me?"
He smiled. "Not funny. Pregnant, huh? Did I lose you become a real omega? "He tries to smile but is very tired and ends up making a grimace of pain." You're huge! " Severide looks at his own body as he approaches the bed. "That's what everyone says all the time. How are you, Antonio?"
"Better, a little sore and dizzy, but I'm better." He is very pale and a little tremulous.
"Thanks God, you gave us a huge scare! I heard you have some brain damage, what exactly can you remember? "
"It's easier to ask what I've forgotten. I know most of things, but there's a lot of information, and I get
lost in them."
"Take your time. I had several concussions over the years in the fire department. You'll be fine."
Antonio looks around. "Is Hank Voight there?"
"I didn't see him."
"He left here quite furious, I don't remember him much. He seems to be disappointed and there's nothing I can do to change that."
"You don't have to try so hard, just relax and wait until everything comes back to normal."
"But what if..."
"We're all here to help you, Antonio."

"What kind of relationship did we have, Sev, Voight and me?"
Severide shrugs, he holds Antonio's hand, the one with the wedding ring. "I don't know how, but you fell in love with him and ... I don't know the details, Alvin is the result of all this mess. You just woke up and, don't push yourself that way."

"I remember you, Severide, my children ... But he, it's as if he had been erased and, no matter what I do, there's nothing of him to grab me in. Where's my sister? " Frowning, trying to remember her.

"She's living in Puerto Rico now, it's been some time since she moved there, Antonio."
"Oh, my sister leaves me..." He tries to keep this information in mind.

"Nobody misses her, you know that." Severide says, as gently as possible.
"So the father of your son, who is he?"
Severide takes a deep breath. "Long story. We can talk about it later."
"Do I know him?" Antonio insists.
"Yes, you do. But I didn't come here to talk about me. "Severide sits beside his bed." Your baby, do you remember him, Antonio? I mean, Alvin... "
Antonio looks away, his lips tremble. "Alvin ..." He repeats. "I ... I should want to see him, right?" He asks, unsure. He has been up for more than six hours and hasn't yet asked to see his son.

"Yeah, but he's home now because he's smarter than you and ... Do you remember him?"

"I would never forget a child of mine, Sev." He confesses. Severide stares at him in shock.

"You know about him then?"
Antonio shakes his head from side to side. "I almost killed him."
"What are you talking about?"
"I can't take care of another child ... I can't do this, Sev..." Antonio's voice sounds confusing and he seems to be far from here.

Severide gets up. "What the hell are you talking about?"
Antonio signals to him to calm down. "I'm not ... I couldn't remember him when I woke up, now I know about him and ... God! I don't know anything else, I don't know who Hank Voight is and, I need to ..." Antonio tries to get up but he gets pale and lies down again. "I don't know how it was done, I don't know how I got rid of Adres or who the hell is Hank Voight, how could I have a son like that?"

"I don't know, but he's here and he needs you! You can't just decide that you don't want to see your own son, Antonio, that's not how you do things!"
"And how do I do it, tell me! Because in this moment, I have no idea what I can do!" Antonio screams, he feels his belly ache. "Oh that hurts ..." He says holding his belly, there is blood on the sheet between his legs. "Oh crap..."
"I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
Yeah, I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the times that I never could"

Matt sits down next to Voight in the hallway, there is not much information on Antonio's situation now. Doctors are contemplating a hysterectomy.

"I ruined his life." Voight murmurs.
"No you didnt..."
"I ruined ..." He repeats, as if he doesn't hear Matt.

"He could be safe somewhere else if I hadn't ..." He rubs his eyes, tired. "I ruined everything for him ..."
Severide is a little away from them, standing at the end of the hall.

"He doesn't even know who you are now, so what difference does it make?" he tells Voight, but without approaching.
"What do you know about that?" Voight barked. "What did you say to him before that happened?"
He gets up and walks over to Severide, Matt holds him by the shoulders.
"No, Voight!"
"What are you accusing me of, Voight?" Severide doesn't move away, he confronts Voight. "He would break at some point." He says without flinching. "And now, he's rejecting the baby because he has no idea how it was done!"
Voight moves his jaw, but ends up pulling back and away from them.

"My past has tasted bitter for years now
So I will deny and face
Grace is just weakness
Or so I've been told
I've been cold, I've been merciless

But the blood on my hands
Scares me to death
Maybe I'm waking up today"
Voight's small eyes were the first thing Antonio saw upon waking again. He tries to move but he is immobilized in bed.
"No ..." Voight asks him gently. "Don't move, Antonio."
"What happened?"

"You had another hemorrhage, they tried to stop and ... I'm sorry."
"Why, what happened?" His throat hurts.
"They almost removed your womb, Antonio. You're still hemorrhaging, and I almost lost you again."
Antonio closes his eyes, his body is beginning to tingle. "Where is he?"
"Who?"
"The baby I had ... That we had, where is?"

"Antonio ..."
"Where is the baby? Can i see him?" He has empty eyes, Voight feels the skin shiver.

Voight brought Alvin up to him, but Antonio didn't reach out to hold him. He just watches his son without touching him.
"You don't have to do this now, Antonio."
"He looks like you ..." Antonio noted. Voight looks at the baby, proud despite everything.

They watched the baby asleep for a long time, but Antonio doesn't touch him. Voight's worried. Antonio's gaze is no longer empty as before, there is enormous pain and guilt in them. He keeps his eyes over the baby. "How long have we been married?"

"Four months."
"I should love him, right? I carried him and gave birth, but I don't..." He says, distressed. "He's my son, and i can't...Please, take him from here."
Voight approaches him, but avoids touching him again. "Alright, just rest, you still haven't fully recovered. You need to rest, Antonio."

"I remember him ..." He confesses again. "I just don't ... I can't touch him..."
" He's our son, Antonio."
"I don't know who you are ... I'm so sorry." He sobs. "I don't know how we did it, but I ..." He swallows dry. "Can you leave me alone now, please?"

"For all of the light that I've shout out
For all of the innocent things that I've doubt
For all of the bruises that I've caused and the tears
For all of the things that I've done all these years"

Severide took the third bath of the night, his clothes are getting wet with milk and the absorbents ain't containing the flow. Matt watched him in the bathroom, he tried to massage, but Severide complained of pain.
"He doesn't want the baby." Severide says, without Matt asking anything.
"No, he's just going through a bad time right now."
"No, he told me. Before ... He doesn't want to, I don't know what it is, Matt, but he doesn't want Alvin. Something's wrong."
Matt looks at him in confusion. "That's not possible, Kelly. We both know Antonio, he would never do that."

Alvin has not stopped crying for a minute since Voight and he got home. Voight tried to feed him, he
rejected, the sharp crying is leaving the old sergeant in despair.
The bell rang a second time, furious, Voight answered, Severide is standing on the front steps, he says nothing, just opens his coat and shows the wet shirt around his nipples.
"Please, let me help."

Voight watches Severide guide Alvin's mouth to his nipple, some unsuccessful attempts before Alvin picks up the small nipple. Severide caresses the baby's head, calmly.
"That's it, kid, you know what to do, don't you?" He whispers to the little one.

"It's instinct, he cries and ... Well, I have enough milk here, let's not waste it." Severide explains, blushing.
Voight sighs in relief, at least his son is no longer crying.
"They told me it could be postpartum depression ... It can get better in a few days or he can never be the Antonio we know again." Voight informs. Severide keeps looking at the baby. "I can't force him to accept the baby, it would only make things worse."

"We," Severide says softly. "We should have paid more attention to this, he has endured so many things for so long. I don't know how he has not broken before."

"He probably can't have kids anymore, and I don't know how he's dealing with it, because he doesn't want me around. My omega don't want me around him."
Severide looks at him, there is so much pain in Voight's eyes. "You made him fall in love once, don't give up yet, Sergeant. We should both stop screaming at him, we're all he's got, and he's the most important person for both of us." He set Alvin on the other nipple. "And most of all, we can't hate each other forever, Voight"

The soft sound of Alvin sucking at Severide's nipple made them both silent for a moment.
"Is that safe, i mean, you...?" Voight finally asks.
"I don't know, but I can't make him hungry. Alvin is ..." He looks away, averting his gaze from Voight. "I love him."
"I know." Voight smiles, he understands it.

"But the blood on my hands
Scares me to death
Maybe I'm waking up today"
Antonio looks at the bedroom door, he is sitting in the wheelchair next to the bed, it's been two days since he almost died, he still feels too dizzy to walk. Voight stands there, one hand raised, as if asking him to be calm.

"My name is Hank Voight, I know you don't know me right now and that you're scared of all this, but I'm your alpha, your husband, your son's father, and I really want to take you home with me, Antonio."

Voight approaches him slowly, as if approaching a wounded animal.
"I'd like to take you home, your children's are missing you, I miss you. Let me take care of you, baby."

"Antonio, this is our home."
Antonio looks around, confused by so much new information. "I can't remember ever been here before."
"You'll remember, it's only a matter of time and ..." Voight grabs his shoulders and guides him into the bedroom. Antonio stops at the bedroom door. "Just try to get some rest."
"Do you sleep here, too?"
"Yes."
"Could I ...?"
Voight looks at him. "You can have the bed, I'll sleep downstairs if that makes you feel better, Antonio."

"Yes I would like that." He is tired and sore. Voight just nods and walks to the bedroom door.
"Where's the baby?" He asks holding his aching belly.
"Severide is with him, until you're fine. Don't worry."
"Can I go back to my real home?"
"I don't think it's possible, you sold it a few days ago."
"Why would I do that?"
"Because this is your real home, Antonio. There is nowhere else to go."

"I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
Yeah, I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the times I never could"

Chapter End Notes

PS: I'm sorry (Not really, but sorry, i'm an happy person, i don't know why i make so many angst things)
Chapter Summary

"When you feel so tired but you can't sleep"
(Coldplay- Fix You)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"When you try your best but you don't succeed"

When you get what you want but not what you need

When you feel so tired but you can't sleep"

Matt woke to the soft sound of Severide's voice, he was whispering something. Lazily, he opens his eyes and finds Severide sitting beside him on the bed with Alvin in his arms.

"What are you doing?" He yawns looking at the bedside clock. "Too early...."
"And this is Uncle Matt in the morning, Alvin." Severide talks to the baby. "Creepy ass, huh?"
Matt sinks his head into the pillow again. "I bet you've already taught him some dirty words."
"He's sucking all my milk, he better know how to speak like me."
Matt strokes Severide's belly lightly. "What did the doctor say about that?"
Severide sighs, the exams he's done have pointed out that his and Matt's son is completely normal and healthy. "It's okay, I have to stop if it starts having contractions."

"Any news from Antonio?"
"I talked to Voight last night, he's not reacting yet, he doesn't want to talk." Severide sighs. "He didn't ask about the baby."
"That must be difficult for him, too."
"I know, but ... The baby needs him, I can feed him, but I'm not his father, Matt."

They are silent for a moment, Alvin makes little noises as he feeds.
"That hurts?" Matt looks curious.
"Not if he gets it right, and this kid here knows how to do it." He replies proud.

Matt sits quietly, watching the scene. Severide is holding Alvin's tiny hand and making funny faces. "I never thought ... Oh forget it." Better not to talk about Severide's fragile masculinity now.
"Well, let me tell you, I'm good at it! My breasts are full and it's the best milk in town, is not it, Al?"

Matt smiles. "Is that so? Any chance you can let me taste it?"
Severide smiles, feigning surprise. "Definitely, we're both bad influence on this kid!"

Matt sits down beside him and touches his free nipple. It's hot, heavy. Severide just watches. Matt's lips curl around his nipple slowly and he begins sucking gently. Severide relaxes his body against the head of the bed, one arm holding Alvin and the other around Matt's body.
"And the tears come streaming down your face
When you lose something you can't replace
When you love someone but it goes to waste
could it be worse?"

He needs something for the pain. Anything that calms the pain in his pelvis, his breasts and his guts. But he couldn't get out of bed for more than two days, the short walk to the bathroom is all he has done, and not even the food that Voight brings to the bed is capable of encouraging him. They didn't speak to, Voight says things, asks questions, but he doesn't respond, he just lies there, breathing slowly with every pang of pain in his empty womb.

He asks questions about how Antonio feels, tries to approach, but Antonio doesn't respond, not even touches the food tray at the side of the bed. 
"You need to talk to me, baby." Voight almost begs for an answer. Antonio doesn't want to talk, doesn't want to see him, doesn't want to be touched. "At least take your meds, Antonio."

There was an orange pill refill beside the bed, he ain't taken any yet. His trembling hands reach the refill and he drops one in the palm of his hand and swallows quickly.

In a few minutes the whole world ceases to exist and Antonio falls asleep deeply, there is no pain, no fear, no bad memories or Voight around.

Several hours may have passed or even days, he doesn't know. The room is dark when he wakes up. His body hurts again, he sits down slowly on the bed, his feet touching the cold floor. He has the feeling that his insides will fall from his body as soon as he stands up.

Everything is very quiet. He leaves the room, his pajamas are dirty, he needs a shower, but he doesn't want take any bath. Leaning against the walls it descends to the lower floor of the house. The tv is on and Voight is asleep on the couch. There are no children around, no baby crying, so he knows the baby is not here. He doesn't want to be alone with this man, but he doesn't want his children to see him like that.

He doesn't like this house, it's all so strange and unfamiliar, it's not your home, and this man, it's not your man, doesn't mean anything to him.

The needy omega dies inside Antonio's chest. He's just hoping to improve soon, and be able to get out of this house. For now, one of these miracle pills may can help forget all that.

"Tears stream down your face

When you lose something you cannot replace"
He's taking all the medicines they tell him to take now. He's doing exams and more exams and they never tell him the results. Voight is always by his side, a painful reminder that he doesn't know who this man really is. Worst of all is the constant apathy, he feels almost nothing now, no pain, no fear, any will, not even to rise and see if his children are fine. He feels nothing, absolutely nothing. Neither cold nor hot, his clothes are dirty and even so, he doesn't exchange them, Voight tries to force him to take a shower, but he just shrinks even more on the bed, the alpha gives up.

"You need to react, Antonio." Voight says as he brings the tray with dinner. "I don't know how, but we have to go through this and ... Take care of our son. Severide and Erin can't stay with them forever."
"Your daughter..."
"What?"
"Erin is your daughter ..." He repeats, mechanically. Voight sits beside him on the bed. "Do you remember that, Antonio?"
"No, I just know that, but I don't know who she is."
Voight looks at him, Antonio's eyes are eerily empty.

"Huh." Voight stands up. "Please eat something, Antonio."
Voight left the room, he didn't even realize that the orange pill refill at the side of the bed is almost empty.

"And high up above or down below
When you're too in love to let it go
But if you never try you'll never know
Just what you're worth"

Severide lightly touched the door before opening it. Voight is sitting in the rocking chair that Matt has made for, Alvin sleeps peacefully in his arms. He stands there for a moment just watching, until he realizes that Voight is looking back at him.
"I'm sorry, I just ..."
"It's your house." He looks at the son again. "He's so calm now."
"Yeah, he's a good boy."

Voight takes a deep breath. "Thank you for all you're doing for us, Lieutenant."
"You don't have to thank me, Hank. How is Antonio reacting?"
"He's not. He doesn't eat or let me help him in any way, I'm afraid he needs more help than I can actually offer."

"You're all he has, Hank. He needs you."
"I'm not giving up on him, just... maybe I should accept that I cannot solve everything and ... If he never goes back to being as before, I may have to give up Alvin's guard... "
"Don't say that."

"Antonio is all I have too and ... I can't leave him." He says looking at the son's face. "But I don't want Alvin to forget me. I can't lose both of them."
"Lights will guide you home
And ignite your bones"

Suddenly the agitation came, all his muscles tremble, his lips dry until they hurt, he feels his whole body throb.

Severide answers the door after the doorbell has been played non-stop for almost three minutes. It's late at night and he's not expecting anyone.
"Hey, I'm ..."
Antonio is standing in front of the house, trembling, wearing only his pajamas and with a fixed stare on him.
"Where is he?" He asked.
"Who?"
"My ... My son, he's here, is not he? I can see him?"
Severide just looks at him, Antonio seems to be dopey or something.
"Did you came alone here?"
"Yes ...I don't know how I got here, I just ... It's one of the places I could remember. where is he?"
"Calm down, you don't look good, Antonio."
"That's Matt house, hun, did Matt get you pregnant? Damn! He was married to my sister!" He says very fast. "Why don't you told me?"

Severide just beckons for him to calm down. "You don't look good, Antonio." Looking to his clothes.
I'm! I'm! They found nothing in me and ... Where is my son? Why are you hiding my son?"
"I'm not! Calm down, I'll get him, okay? Just wait here."
Antonio walks up and down the small room, he looks like a maniac. Severide goes to the kitchen and picks up his phone, he's afraid Antonio may be having a psychotic outbreak.
"Where is he?"
He listens to Antonio ask and his footsteps to the room where Alvin is sleeping.
"Antonio!" He drops the phone and goes after him. Antonio is standing by the small crib, looking at his son.
"He's mine, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's yours ..." Severide approaches, he doesn't know what Antonio is planning to do.
"Antonio ...
"Then why don't I want him? Why can't i love him...?"
"Antonio, you're sick and ...
"No, I've never been like this before, I never abandon my children, I'm not like that!"
"I know, everyone knows, but you have to take care of yourself and get back to normal ..."
"Are you going to give him back to me if I ask you to do it?"
Severide cannot answer, he is already clinging to the baby.
"You're stealing my son!" Antonio screams, scaring Severide, but Alvin doesn't wake up.
Severide takes a moment to react. He tries to stay between Antonio and the crib.
"Antonio, you're not acting normally and ... Where's Voight?"

Antonio looks at his son again. "I'll take him with me, I can take care of him."
"No! You can't! Look at yourself, you can barely take care of yourself now, Antonio!"
"He is mine!"
"I know he's yours, this is not going to change, but you need to get back to normal ..."
"You're stealing my son, Severide!"
Severide rolls his eyes. "Listen to me, let's go into the living room, I'll call Voight, he'll pick you up."

Antonio rubs his face with the back of his hands, his skin turns red. "I want to hold him."
"Okay." Severide grabs Alvin in his arms and hands him over to Antonio.
"He's big! I think he can't be mine, I'm not that big. He doesn't smell like me. He smells like you, Severide." He says, confused.
Severide just listens without getting away from them. "You're going to have a baby soon and ... I don't know how to do that."
"You'll be fine by then." Severide says apprehensively. "I'm not as good with kids as you are, Antonio, i'm gonna need your help too."
"I'm good?" A smile appears on Antonio's cracked lips. He walks over to the rocking chair and sits down with Alvin in his arms. "I'm not good."
"I'm going ... Don't leave here, okay?"
Severide returns to the kitchen and picks up his phone, he dials to Voight, talks quickly and returns to the room where Antonio is with Alvin, but Antonio is no longer there. Alvin is in the sleeping cradle, the front door is open.

"Tears stream down your face
I promise you I will learn from my mistakes"

Captain Matthew Casey has had a long day, he is tired and his head hurts, for the first time in years, he rolls his eyes when the alarm bell rings. A man is standing near the Chicago River, a passerby called the fire department, maybe a suicidal.

It's late at night, just one police car is in place, Matt gets off the fire truck and walks over to the cop. "What happened?"
"I don't know, he's standing there in pajamas, we couldn't talk to him." The policeman informs, by the way he shrugs, makes it clear that he doesn't want to deal with any suicide tonight.
Matt asks Herrmann for support and slowly approaches the man standing on the bridge.
"Hey, buddy ..." he says slowly, still approaching the man. "Can we talk?" No answer. The cold wind of Chicago is freezing Matt's face, he doesn't even want to imagine the desperation of this man standing there, dressed only in his pajamas. "We can talk, my friend, I know you don't want to do this and ... Can you hear me?"

Still no answer. Matt comes a little closer. "We can solve it, whatever it is that's disturbing you and ... Can you tell me your name?"

The man continues looking at the surface of the river, without moving. Matt is a few feet from him and getting closer, he can see Herrmann on the other side, prepared if the man jumps.

"Okay, I'm coming over to talk to you, okay?"

Matt approaches and suddenly stops to see the man more closely. "Antonio?"

"Lights will guide you home
And ignite your bones
And I will try to fix you"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all mistakes.
"Turn down the lights, turn down the bed
Turn down these voices inside my head
Lay down with me, tell me no lies
Just hold me close"
(I Can't Make You Love Me
Dave Thomas Junior)

"Here in the dark, in these final hours
I will lay down my heart and I'll feel the power
But you won't, no you won't
Cause I can't make you love me, if you don't"

Matt approaches slowly until he can smell Antonio in the cold wind. The smell of despair.
"It's me, Casey, do you remember me, Antonio?" He signals to Herrmann to keep his distance. Antonio looks around. "You're my brother-in-law ..." He did the best to ignore Matt. Matt smiles, that's a good start. "Yes, I was ... Gabby and I ..."
"She left because of me, did not she?" Antonio's voice sounds like he's drunk, but Matt cannot feel any alcohol smell over him.

"Your fault? No, it was nothing to do with you, Antonio, it wasn't your fault!" He says, gentle but concerned.

"She was upset with me for some reason ... Everything would be different if I had not come back and ruined everything. I should have protected her, that's what brothers do, is not it?"

"Gabby doesn't have to beprotected, Antonio. She knows how to take care of herself. None of this has anything to do with you or ..."
"I miss her, but I ... I miss all my family, Matt."
"Do you want to get out of here so we can talk better, Antonio?"
Antonio looks back at the river. "I don't know where I am. I don't know where to turn now. I looked for help, but ... When I arrived in Chicago, I tried to talk to someone, nobody wanted to deal with me... I was sober, Matt. I've been sober for 13 years, and people told me that I was still creating problems. I'm nothing, and I don't even remember if I have somewhere to stay tonight."
"I can help you, Antonio, but I need you to move away from the edge of the bridge." Matt almost begs. "I can help you, do you trust me?"

"I'm not crazy ... I'm not ..."
"I know you're not crazy, Antonio. Let's talk about this, okay?"

Antonio rubs his eyes without moving from the edge of the bridge. "I'm tired! I ruin everything around me ..."
"You didn't ruin anything, Antonio. Can you hear me?"
"He should have killed me ..."
"Who, Antonio?" Matt frowns. "What are you talking about?"
"Adres ... He promised that he would kill me and ... He should have done it, because I'm doing it myself now."
"Don't say that, let's talk, please."

"What kind of father abandons his own son ...?" He asks, ignoring Matt's request for him to get off the bridge. "The guy who needs help, I have no idea what you're going through now, but just let me try to help you, Antonio."
"You cannot. No one can! I know what they do when omegas go crazy, they take their children, and they put him somewhere he can never leave. I've seen it, Matt, I've seen people like me disappear and never come back ..."

The cold wind punishes Antonio's body, but he doesn't seem to feel it. Matt gets close enough to touch his arm. "We need to get out of here, Antonio." He looks around, Herrmann is watching them both there. "Not a good place to talk, are you coming with me?"

"I can't go back, I don't know where to... I try and, my head hurts. But i know he's going to hurt me...The last time I was with an alpha, he ... hurt me so bad."

"It's alright, can you come with me and get out of here? It's very cold out here, Antonio." Matt insists. "No one will hurt you, i promisse you."

"I lost control, Matt..."
"It's okay, Antonio, we can help you."

"It's my fault, is not it? I should have left when ... When he ..."
Matt tries to remain calm, Antonio seems to be doped. Gabby had already told about Antonio's problem with alcohol, but that's not the case, he's doped up with something else. "My father, he was ashamed of me and what I am, he never wanted to see my children ...That's all I am, a shame! I've ruined everyone's life and ..."
"Antonio ...
"They don't need me, Matt, I've ruined everything!"

"I know your children, Antonio, they love you, they need you!"

"I'm so stupid, I can't even touch my baby ...
"Please, Antonio, come with me, let's talk and solve this ..."
"How? How can this be fixed, Matt?"
"I don't know, but we can find a way, trust me."
"I am a mess..."
"No, you're a great man, and one of the best people I've ever met." Antonio smiles, he doesn't believe Matt. The cold wind makes his body tremble, but he doesn't moved yet.

"Can I hold your hand, Antonio?"
"What...?"
"Let me hold your hand." Casey reaches out and holds Antonio's hand. "You're freezing." He knows that Antonio will not jump as long as he holds his hand.
"Matt..."
"Don't do this, don't leave your children worried, Antonio." Matt continues to hold Antonio's hand firmly. "We can handle it and you will hold your son soon, I know that."

"He is lucky, have you and Severide ... Take good care of him, Matt."
"We taking care, but now, I need you to come down with me, you are freezing, Antonio." He holds Antonio and pulls him down.

"I was not going to jump, I just ... I don't know what's going on, Matt." He says, his voice weak.
"Please, help me..."

"You can't make your heart feel something it won't"

Antonio opened his eyes when Brett asked him to do so. He is wrapped in a thermal blanket and, before she could examine him properly, the ambulance door was opened and Voight entered.

"Antonio!" Voight's hoarse voice scares Antonio. Brett tries to stay between the two.
"Please, Sergeant, wait outside!"
Voight didn't move, he was looking at Antonio, his eyes were red.
"Out!" Brett orders again.
Voight obeys, Casey is outside the ambulance.
"Let her do her job, Voight!"

Voight paced up and down in exasperation.
"Did he say anything?"
"He needs to go to the hospital, Hank!" Matt doesn't answer to his question.
"No, he can't! He's going home with me ..."
"He needs help, Hank!"
"I know, I'm doing this! I let him sleeping for a minute and ..." He rubs his eyes. "I don't know what else to do!"

"They can help him ...
"No, he can lose custody of his children if they know he has become suicidal!" Voight yells back at him, frustrated.

Matt takes a refill of meds from his pocket and shows to Voight. "I found it with him, it's empty. He told me he's not sober anymore, Hank."

Voight had let this little detail pass, he walks desolate."God..."
Casey approaches him and tries to calm him, Voight doesn't move away when Casey hugs him.
"Calm down, everything will be fine..."
The ambulance door was opened again and Brett came over to them and took off his gloves. "He wanna see you." She says, annoyed.

Voight walks away from Casey and wipes his eyes. He walks slowly to the ambulance.

Antonio is still sitting on the stretcher wrapped in the thermal blanket. "What ... what happened, Antonio?" He asks quietly, doesn't want to fight or scare him even more.

"Why were you standing on that bridge?"

"I don't know ..." Antonio murmurs. "I don't know what ... I don't want to feel this way anymore. I want my children and ... Please let me go home."

"You're home, Antonio!"

Antonio runs his hand through the hair, impatient, his hands are shaking, he looks for something in his pockets, Voight can see his hands move under the blanket.

"Looking for this?" Voight shows the orange refill to him." You took how many of these in the last few days, Antonio? "

Antonio doesn't answer, Voight throws the refill at the ambulance floor. "You're getting high!" Voight screams, but he regrets then and tries to calm down again.

"You need to come with me ...

"You're my alpha, in the end, I'll obey you ..." Antonio murmured without looking at Voight.

"It has nothing to do with being your alpha! It never had! I am your husband! I need to take care of you!" Voight holds Antonio's hand.

"I don't know who you are." Antonio says, looking into Voight's eyes. "Most of the time, I don't know who I am either..."

"You're sick, you need help, I can't let you go that way. Let me take care of you, babe."

"And why would I trust you, Hank Voight?"

"Because I ... I need you. I need to know that everything is fine with you, I can't live without you, Antonio."

Casey watches Voight leave the ambulance holding Antonio in his arms.

"Voight!"

"I'm going to take him home!" He says without stopping or looking back.

"Morning will come and I'll do what's right
Just give me till then to give up this fight
And I will give up this fight"

Antonio fell asleep in the car seat while Voight drives. He wakes up with Voight's hand on his face.
"Wake up, babe." Voight whispers.

Antonio looks around, he does not know this place.
"Where we are?"
Voight puts his hands on the steering wheel and looks through the rearview mirror.
"This is a hospital, Antonio, you need help. I can't let you get hurt."

The day was already dawning, Voight gets out of the car and opens the door for Antonio to get off.
"I'll take care of everything, just stay here and stay healthy."
"Are you abandoning me here?" Antonio asks incredulously.
"No, I would never do that, but I need to keep you well, I can't do this alone, we both need help, Antonio."

"I don't want to ... Take me home, I want to see my kids!"
Voight hold his arm. "They don't need to see you doped now. Do it for them, Antonio."
"I've been to places like this, they've never helped me before ..."
"Things are different now." Voight drops his arm and puts his hands in his pockets, he is tired. "You have my word that everything will be all right this time."

He nods toward the door of the clinic. "They're waiting for you."
Antonio takes a few seconds to respond. "What if I never remember who you are? I remember how this works, my body will demand for yours so ... I just don't want another stranger touching me and doing things ..." He murmurs.
"I'm not a stranger, Antonio. But if you never remember who I am, I won't force you into anything. You are free to do as you wish. You have my word, babe."

"Cause I can't make you love me if you don't
You can't make your heart feel something it won't"
"I'm just making sure ... Do you still want it?"

"But of course I want to. Nothing has changed. Do you?"

"God, I'm a very lucky man, huh?"

"What happened today?"

"Nothing, I just ... I missed you."

"Do you wanna...?" Severide spread his legs.

"No, I just want to stay here with you both." He says caressing Severide's belly.

Severide looks at him. "You want to talk about this, Matt?" Severide knows better than anyone how bad a day can affect Matt.

"No. I just want ... Is he moving?"

"Yes, it started yesterday." Severide says smiling. "Lazy boy!"

"Don't say that!" Matt feels the movement under his hand. "This is amazing!"

Neither wanted to extend the conversation, so Matt fell asleep.

"Turn down the lights, turn down the bed
Turn down these voices inside my head"
Chapter Summary

"Oh the past it haunted me
Oh the past it wanted me dead
Oh the past tormented me
But the battle was lost
'Cos I'm still here"
(Sia- I'm still here)

I'm fighting a battle
I'm fighting my shadow
Heard fears like they're cattle
I'm fighting a battle, yeah
I'm fighting my ego"

The principal twisted her lips at the sight of Sergeant Hank Voight standing in her office, his name appearing among Diego's contacts if Antonio couldn't answer, he should do it.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Dawson ..." she insists.
"Mr. Dawson-Voight is not available now, as you may know, we had a child and the whole process was traumatic, he is recovering." Voight says without taking his eyes off Diego in the corner of the room.
"Well, in that case ...
"In that case, I'm the one responsible for Diego, is there a problem with that, ma'am?"

Diego followed Voight to the car parked across the street, neither of them saying anything. The drive
home was made in absolute silence.

Voight sat in the back of the garage, next to the little bike he'd bought months ago, quietly, just watching his own trembling hands. Diego waited for him to scream and talk over and over about his behavior, but none of that happened, Voight didn't say absolutely nothing, he's spitting fire in silence.

"I didn't hit that kid ..." He says, he had gone down to the garage to get his skateboard.

Voight smiles, a disbelieving, sarcastic smile, he rubs his face, his fingers white and trembling. "Do you always lie like this or are it's just for me?" He asks, without any emotion in his voice.

"Look, he called my dad a freak, I couldn't let him out like this..."

"I don't care." Voight says, he gets up and leaves the garage.
"What do you mean, you don't care?" Diego follows him into the kitchen.
"Do what you want." Voight answers him. "I don't care!"
Diego looks around, Antonio would be crying and freaking out now, saying something about Diego being wasting his life and blah blah, but he isn't here now and, no one seems to care what happens to him at school.

Voight is looking for something in the kitchen cabinet.
"You're responsible for us, don't you?"
"You're 15, you're pretty big to take care of yourself, Diego." He says without looking at Diego, is distracted looking for something.

"What do you mean, Voight?"
"That you know very well what you are doing, you can handle your own choices."
Diego pulls out a chair and sits down, he didn't expect for that.
"Are you going to tell my father about this?"
"Antonio has a lot to deal with now, he doesn't need your shit, kid. Fix your own shit!"

Diego doesn't answer, Voight finds what he's looking for, a small pot.
"He's coming back, isn't he?"
Voight opens the pot and dumps the contents into the bin.
"Yes."
"He is fine?"
Voight looks at him, it's the first time in more than two weeks that Diego asks about Antonio.

"Does that make any difference to you, boy?"
Diego shrugs, he is bravely trying not to show interest.
"He will." Voight responds, he throws the pot into the sink. "He has to come back."
"What if ... What if he doesn't come back? Are you staying with us?"
Voight hadn't even thought of the possibility of Antonio not coming home.

Diego shrugs, he doesn't want to show that he cares, but his stubbornness is beginning to crumble.
"I mean, we have no one else but you and ... Aunt Gabby's gone and my grandfather would never want us around."
Voight looks at him, it's the first time Diego talks to him that way.
"There are a lot of prisons in this town, Diego, I'm sure you'd be better off with one of them." He says without showing any mercy for Diego. "That's how boys like you end up in jail."

Diego takes a deep breath. "Do you think I'm just like my father?"
"No, I don't think Antonio is that stupid!"
"I'm talking about Adres. Everyone thinks I look like him. I think ... That's bad, isn't it?"
"Pulpo is a criminal, you're just an idiot boy pretending to be one."

Voight leaves the kitchen and walks into the living room, he has to pick up Eva at school and go to Severide to see his son. 
"He said he would come to Antonio, if I didn't go to him ..."
Voight turns to look at him, Diego keeps his head down. "He wanted me to come to him, but ... They wouldn't let me visit him, so we just talked on the phone."
"The photo, how did he get that picture of Olinsky?"
"I don't know, I gave him nothing."

Voight returns to the kitchen and sits in front of Diego. 
"What you two talked about?"
"Nothing important, he said things, but he was lying and just wanted to know about Antonio, but I didn't say anything."
"You should not have talked to him, Diego. There's a reason why Antonio tried to keep them away from Pulpo."

"I know, but he's my father, and in a way, I'm just like him, I'm an alpha, and I usually scream at my father like he did, but I don't want to be like that."

Voight agrees, but he doesn't blame Diego, he has acted like an animal with Antonio either. 
"He cries and I want to hurt him, as if everything was his fault, but it's not, I know that."

Voight knows that feeling. Diego rubs his eyes. "I said so many things to him, I believed in Adres, he was good for me. It was so bad to be the son of the neighborhood joke, the boys were always talking about Antonio and laughing, I couldn't respect him ..." Voight just listen to him. "I know he was doing the best, he had so many bad jobs, the money was never enough, and my aunt had to help us, but he was doing everything to keep us safe, I know that."

"Huh." Voight lifts his chin expecting Diego's conclusion. 
"I wanted something better, get out of this place, Adres told me that I could go out if I could convince Antonio to go with us, he said so many good things, I just wanted to leave." He decides not to hide his tears anymore, he couldn't even if he wanted to. "I believed him and ... I didn't understand why Antonio didn't want to come back, until the day you showed me those pictures, I didn't know he did that to Antonio."

Voight gets up without a word of comfort and goes to the garage, time to pick up Eva at school. 
"Clean the garage!"
"What?" Diego asks, confused. 
"That's your punishment, clean the fucking garage, I want that place clean when I get back."

"Lost youth where did we go wrong
I'm fighting for me though
I'm lighting the long way home"

Severide made funny noises with his tongue as he brought Alvin into the room where Voight was. 
"I'm sorry, I hope I'm not bothering you."
"No, it's okay, I don't mind. Here he is." He hands Alvin over to Voight.

"He's huge..." Voight murmurs with a smile on his lips, Alvin is the only one capable of making him
"Yeah, he's gaining weight fast. "He rubs his empty hands over his belly, the son is restless today.

"If he goes on like this, he'll be able to go home soon." Voight says without paying attention to Severide's reaction, the pregnant omega gets pales and holds tight around the belly.

He stands aside, watching Voight whisper to his son, then he sees Eva in the corner watching him. "What about some chocolate, Eva?"

Severide used to give her chocolates without Antonio knowing. He tries to keep her busy in the kitchen while Voight cherishes his son, but he himself cannot stop looking at them. A strange sensation tightens his chest; he is jealous. He knows that Voight is the father of Alvin, but his instinct makes him want to keep the boy just for himself.

"Uncle Sev?"

He comes back when Eva call for him. "I'm sorry, Eva."
"What is wrong?"
"Nothing, I just distract myself. How about telling me about school? Some nice boy there?" Eva responds, but he just shakes his head without paying attention to her, he is watching Voight swaying around the room with Alvin in his arms.

"I'm fighting a battle

_I'm fighting my shadow""

Matt found Severide sitting in the rocking chair in the bedroom with Alvin on his chest. He just notices that Severide is crying when he bends down to kiss his mouth.

"What happened, Kelly?" He asks, worried.

Severide holds Alvin as if someone is trying to tear him from his arms. Matt looks at the baby. "Something wrong with Alvin?"

"Not." Severide responds, his face wet with tears. "I ... I can't let he take Alvin from me."

"Who? Who's going to take Alvin, Kelly?"

"Voight."

"Kelly, he's Alvin's father ..." Matt says quietly. Severide only tightens his arms around the child. "I know..."
"Oh the past it haunted me

Oh the past it wanted me dead Oh the past tormented me"

It was late at night when Diego returned from the garage, Voight was sitting in the living room. The boy tries to walk past him unnoticed. "Diego," Voight calls him, Diego walks to him. "I cleaned it up, okay? I'm tired."
"Go eat something."
"I'm fine, I don't want ...
"Go!" Voight orders, Diego just obeys. As the boy eats, Voight goes to the garage.

Everything was in order, the floor is clean. Some boxes stacked in the corner catch his eye, he has been avoiding these boxes for months.

"I didn't know what was in the boxes, I didn't look it..."
Diego's voice drives Voight's back a little, the boy is standing at the door. "Huh." Voight touches one of the boxes and opens it slowly. "Come see." Diego approaches him. Some photos and papers. "What is it?"
"My life." Voight says.

"Oh the past it haunted me

Oh the past it wanted me dead

Oh the past tormented me

But the battle was lost

'cos I'm still here"

Diego looks at the photos one by one when Voight hands them over, they all show a normal, happy family.
"Your son?" He asks when he sees a picture of a smiling boy.
"Yeah, his name was Justin."
"I know, Antonio talked about it."
"What did he say?"
"That we shouldn't ask about it, you could get angry and ...
Voight smiles, he can imagine Antonio saying that. "I hadn't touched those photos since I put them
"And why did you put it here?"
"I don't know." He shrugs.
"What happened to Justin, Voight?"

"Oh the past it haunted me"

Voight's empty gaze makes Diego's skin shiver, he's not a cowardly boy, but he knows Voight is on edge with him, so he doesn't expect an answer, but it comes anyway.
"He was a good boy," Voight says between one breathe and another. "He was my boy, I thought I was protecting him when in fact, I was destroying him. This is the worst feeling a father can feel." Voight shows another photos to Diego.
"He was a little idiot like you. I couldn't even count how many times he got in trouble, but I was there all the time, cleaning his dirt."

Another photo between Voight's fingers, some memories of something that doesn't exist anywhere but in those boxes. "I did everything I could to help him and put him on the right track. He was doing well, he was a good kid ...He was doing the right thing." Voight pushes one of the boxes away, he doesn't want to see it anymore.
"He died trying to save a friend, I would never let him do that if he knew he could end shotted in a trunk." Voight's voice is choked.

Diego waits for him to compose himself. Voight collects the photos and puts them in the box again. "Leave it there." He gets up and walks to the door. "You'd better go to sleep, there's plenty to clean in this house, and you're up for that." He says, there is no anger in his voice, he is just informing him.
"I'm so sorry..."
Voight stops, but he doesn't look at Diego.
"For your son and your friend Olinsky, I'm sorry, Voight."

Voight shakes his head, he dries his eyes.
"He did what was right, did not he? It was what you taught him to do, so it was not your fault ..."
"Diego ..."
"I don't want to hurt my father, I just don't know how to do the right thing, Voight."
Voight looks at him, Diego is still sitting on the floor beside the boxes.
"That's why I'm here, kid."
Diego wants to say something more, but Voight leaves, at least now he knows that Voight cares enough about them.

"I'm winning the war now
I'm winning it all now
Watch tears while they fall down
I'm winning the war now
I win against ego

Cast light on the shadow's long
I'm winning from ego

I'm lighting the long way home"
Chapter Summary

"We'll do it all everything, on our own
We don't need anything, or anyone"

(Chasing cars- Snow Patrol)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If I lay here, if I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?"

Matt helped Severide sit down on the chair in his small office.

"Are you sure you'll be fine here?"
"Yes, yes, it's only a few hours a day, I need the job."
"I already told you that you don't have to ..."
"I know, but I like my job, Matt."
"Okay, okay, I'll be right next door if you need me."

He's taking shorter shifts in the Fire house, so he could take care of Alvin and not feel so tired.

Matt spends most of the morning watching Severide moving into his cubicle, anxiously rubbing his back, his belly, and massaging his breasts.
"I need to go home." Severide enters his office.
"What?"
"I need ..." He nods to his own breasts. "Now!"

Matt looks around, he cannot leave the fire station now.
"I'll." Severide says as he walks to the door. "I'll be right back."
He leaves before Matt says anything else.

"Kelly!"

Matt spends the rest of the afternoon worried about Severide driving under the snow.
"Where is he?" Herrmann questioned, Matt shakes his head.
"Don't know ..." He goes back inside the firehouse.
"Are you guys keeping the Sergeant's boy?"
"No. It's only for a while, until Antonio comes back."
"Does Severide know that?"

"I don't quite know how to say how I feel
Those three words are said too much
They're not enough"
It was supposed to be a simple job, just to go to the kitchen and get an apple, but nothing has been simple to do lately, so Severide tried not to curse when the apple fell from his hand and rolled across the floor. Bending down to pick up the apple on the floor is out of the question, the belly would never let him bend, he has breasts now, and he's been a poor management of his own body. He was still staring at the apple on the floor when someone pick up it.

"Mouch ..."

The old fireman walks over to him and hands him the apple. "Thank you ..." Severide forces himself to say it.

Mouch has a stupid smile on his lips. "I never thought I'd be more agile than you, Lieutenant." He brags.

"No, that's temporary, do you hear?" Severide looks around, "When did you get here?" He looks over Mouch's shoulder and sees the truck parked in the fire department's garage.

"Right now." Mouch responds.

Severide had not seen Matt walk past him. "Where's Matt?"

He finds Matt in the locker room, the captain was taking a shower.

"Hey Matt" He calls before invading the small shower space. Matt tries to hide something, Severide realizes. "What happened?"

Matt had been injured, an extensive bruise covering the underside of his torso. "It's nothing, it's okay, Kelly."

Severide looks at the bruise for a while, Matt can feel the guilt emanating from him, he has been sitting safely in the fire house while Matt ventures outside.

"Kelly ..."

"How did this happen?"

"It's nothing, it's okay." Matt holds his face, Severide is wet from the shower. "You're getting wet." He says touching Severide, trying to distract him from his concern.

Severide looks at him, a smile on his lips. "In more ways than one."

"I like that." Matt kisses his lips.

"You want to do this here, Matt?"

"It would not be our first time. I miss you..."

"It's just ... It's kind of crowded here." Severide smiles. "Did you go to the hospital?"

"I'm fine, Kelly, it was just a scratch." Matt's voice sounds muffled against Severide's skin.

"We should be together ..." Severide takes off his coat.

"We're together ..." Matt helps him take off his T-shirt.

"I mean, out there all the time..."

"We are, Kelly." Matt holds his face. "I don't want to see you worried, I'm fine, this is my job."

"I know, but now it's different, we have two children and ..."

"We have one son, Kelly, just one!"

There is no longer any climate, Severide collects his clothes and leaves the bathroom.

"If I lay here, if I just lay here
Would you lay with me
And just forget the world
Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Matt hesitated. He hesitated to enter in the burning building, that's the second time it happens, he's sweating, even in the cold Chicago wind, he's sweating.

Hands trembling close to his body, he have a job to do.
"Are you alright, Captain?" Herrmann saw him hesitate. "Yeah ..." Matt takes a deep breath. "Lets do this."

Severide shifted his position again, nothing seems to leave him comfortably lately. "What's your problem, kid?" He says to his own belly, gets up and leaves the cubicle where he sat for the last hour.

He's on seven months of gestation, big and heavy, the skin of his belly itches and makes him impatient, he walks to the firehouse's kitchen, he is alone, all the others had left to answer an fire call. He looks around, reaches into his blouse and scratches his belly. A satisfaction smile appears on his lips, this has become his secret pleasure lately. "Are you okay?" Mouch's voice invades his little moment of weakness, again. He stops and tries to disguise, he didn't even notice the ambulance parking on the garage, Matt's truck is just behind.

Severide just nods, Mouch laughs, but doesn't insist and goes to take a shower. Matt lingers to get out of the truck, his hands still shaking and his face is pale, he leaps from the seat when Herrmann touches his shoulder. "Do you need to talk, Casey?"

Matt looks at Severide, standing near the kitchen door, and nods his head. "It's okay, I need to talk to Severide." He moves away from Herrmann and walks to his omega. "Hi Kell." He holds Severide's waist, touching his belly in the process. "It's all right?"

Severide takes some time to speak, he is looking at Matt's face, as if they hasn't seen each other for months. Matt is dirty and there is a small cut on his left cheek, he had cut into something as he left the burning building. "What happened?" Severide is worried.
"Nothing, everything is fine." Matt shrugs his shoulders, his hands tightly around Severide. "It's all right." He says it again.

"Let's waste time chasing cars
Around our heads
I need your grace
To remind me, to find my own"

Severide stays in the room with Alvin more than usual tonight, Casey is trying to read a book in bed, but his mind continues to distract him. He puts the book aside and go to check out Severide. The omega is sitting on the couch with Alvin pinned to his chest, a small white blanket covers the boy's face as Severide feeds him.
"Did I wake you up?"

"No. I didn't sleep at all." He sits down next to Severide on the couch. "How is he's doing?"

Severide pulls the blanket and Matt looks at Alvin's sleeping face, the small mouth still attached to Severide's nipple.
"That's his new favourite way to sleeps." Severide informs, smiling.
Matt sighs, his hair is messy. "We need to talk about this, Kelly."

Severide gently pushes Alvin away from his nipple and puts the boy on the couch beside them. Matt watches his nipple dripping, and helps him close his shirt. Severide holds his hand.
"It's okay, we can talk and ..."

"He's not ours." Matt says, bluntly. Severide steps away from him.
"I never said he was ours, Matt, But he needs us... I just can't leave him now!" He defends himself.
"I know, but ... You're holding on and this can be dangerous. He needs to get back to Voight."
"No, he needs me now!" Severide gets up with some difficulty. "It's okay, I can take care of him. I can do this!"

"And when our baby is born, what are you going to do, Kelly? You can't take care of two babies!"

Severide doesn't say anything.

"All that I am, all that I ever was
Is here in your perfect eyes
They're all I can see, I don't know where
Confused about how as well
Just know that these things will never
Change for us at all"
Hermann poured him another drink, Matt rubbed his head. "Do you want to talk now, Matt?"

Matt sighs. "I don't know how to handle things anymore ..." "Severide?" "We're going to have a child ... God! I don't know why, I'm panicking."

Herrmann sits before him. "You'll be a great father, Casey."

Matt is not so sure about that. "I'm scared, that's it, hell and..."

"That's completely normal." Herrmann tries to calm him, after all, he has 4 children at home. "Is that the reason for your hesitation? I saw you thinking twice before enter that building..."

Matt moves in the chair, he doesn't want to talk about it. "That's not weakness, Casey, I've thought about it a lot, you're going to be a dad, and you're just worried about your family, there's nothing wrong with that."

"I know, but Kelly is confused and ... I don't know how this can work."

"Hormones, my buddy. I still don't know how to handle them either, besides, you always knew that Severide is a force of nature."
Casey came home, the day had not yet dawned. He walks to the kitchen, everything is quiet. Severide is not there, his stuff is not there either, nor the things of Alvin, Severide has gone.

"Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden
That's bursting into life"

Chapter End Notes

Just a small chapter to say: Merry Christmas everyone!
Chapter Summary

"Ma chandelle est morte  
Je n'ai plus de feu  
Ouvre-moi ta porte  
Pour l'amour de dieu"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

10 years ago...

"Au clair de la lune  
Mon ami Pierrot  
Prête-moi ta plume  
Pour écrire un mot  
Ma chandelle est morte  
Je n'ai plus de feu  
Ouvre-moi ta porte  
Pour l'amour de dieu"

Two months ago, Antonio decided to move out of Severide's apartment. He found this small apartment closer to work and celebrated when a gentle lady from the neighborhood volunteered to look after Diego and Eva while he works. All right, he's doing well.

Christmas came faster this year, he just realized it when Severide came into his apartment carrying a Christmas tree. Diego loved it, Eva is still trying to catch the little lights, he has to keep her under constant surveillance around the tree.

He had avoided to celebrate Christmas when he was living in Colombia, but Diego already understand some things and ask so many questions about everything, he couldn't help it any longer, so he hoped the Christmas bonus would help, everyone is celebrating, he would be a fucking father
if he could not celebrate with his children as well. He can do it!

Something changes when he decides to go to his parents' house. He grew up in this neighborhood, so he knows where to walk, even after so many years the streets still looked the same. The blue house at the end of the street has ornaments of bright lights, there is a car parked on the sidewalk, he supposes it is from his father, the old man likes old models. There are no flowers at this time, and even his dog's barks cannot be heard anymore. He wonders what they did to his dog after he left, on that hot spring afternoon. Better not think about it.

With slow steps, he approaches the house and observes, there is music playing and people through the window.

Antonio hasn't seen any members of his family since he returned to the Windy City, he avoided making any contact with them, didn't want Adres near them, but he is already in town for four years, feels safe enough to approach them again. He misses them, his mother, his sister, his father nor so much, but he is tired of being alone and wants his children to know his family. He did not expect to be welcome here either. He cannot approach the house and knock on the door, so he steps back and goes down the street.

But he couldn't get very far, had been seen by someone in the house. Then all Antonio's plans to have a nice Christmas were down to nothing.

"Au clair de la lune
Pierrot répondit
"Je n'ai pas de plume
Je suis dans mon lit
Va chez la voisine
Je crois qu'elle y est
Car dans sa cuisine
On bat le briquet"

His trembling hands cut tomatoes, Antonio is distracted and scared. He worked quietly, and said nothing all that morning, even when the manager announced that there would be no Christmas bonus, as he would use the extra money to make some renovations. Antonio said nothing. There are two new locks on his door, the windows are sealed and he keeps a light on in the hallway, the two children sleep with him. Fear is back, being a devil around him, he just wants to keep everything safe. He just wanna be safe.

The shelter receptionist did not take a second look at Antonio, the tired-looking omega was not the only one there waiting for help. A social worker came to speak to him shortly after, Antonio spoke of his fears, poured his heart into that little blue room, the man just nodded, as if he had heard all this before. Antonio left, with a pat on the back and some condoms on his hands, as if that was what he needed the most.

Severide is still the only one who visits him, he has a copy of the keys and, it is not uncommon for Antonio to find him lying on his sofa in the morning. He doesn't care.

"You need to get out, Antonio! Meet some other people." Severide repeated.
"I am fine."
Severide sits on the couch, Diego is playing around him. The boy inadvertently bumps into Severide's leg.
"'Sorry dad." He says innocently to Severide.
Severide is surprised, Diego had never called him that, Antonio does not know what to say.

"Au clair de la lune
Diego fell asleep on his arm, Antonio wakes up with the sound of the door being opened. Eva is sleeping next to him on the bed. He pushes Diego gently and gets up.

The little Christmas tree that Severide insisted on bringing, is flashing his little lights in their room. Severide is standing in the kitchen, a beer in his hands.

Antonio is already accustomed to his friend's nocturnal arrivals.
"What?" Severide asks with a shrug.
"Nothing, man, just ... Don't scare me like that."
"You gave me the keys. Where are the boys?"
"Sleeping." Antonio sits down on the couch, he is still frustrated. "Diego hates me."
"He's 6, don't know what it's like to hate someone, Antonio."

"Yeah? You should have seen his eyes today, he's disappointed in me. I think he knows he will not have any gift this Christmas."
"Don't be so hard on yourself." Severide sits beside him on the couch. "You're doing your best." Antonio smiles, he doesn't feel that way, but that's fine. "No luck tonight?"

"Yes, I was really lucky ..." Severide smiles. "A beautiful blondie ..."
"Oh please, no details!"
"You asked for it."
"And where is she now?"

Severide leans over and rests his head on Antonio's shoulder. "I don't know. She was beautiful but ... I just wanted to go back and ... I don't know what's happening to me."
"Maybe you're prepared for a healthy relationship ..."
"Don't say anything else!" Severide pretends to be offended. "Don't even think about it."

Antonio laugh. "I said maybe, just maybe."
"No, I'm fine." Severide snuggles better next to Antonio.
"You should not be somewhere else tonight? I mean, it's Christmas and ... You should be with your family, Severide."
"I'm."
"I'm serious, Sev."
"So do I. I want to be here tonight, can I stay?"

"You don't have to stay ..."
"I want to!" Severide closes his eyes. "I want to stay."
"Severide ..."
"There is no one else ..."
"What?"
"In my house, since you and the kids moved out, there's no one else there. I don't want to be alone, that's all."
"And your parents ...?"

"I don't know, my mom has a new guy, and my dad, well I never know where he is."

L'aimable Lubin  
Frappe chez la brune  
Elle répond soudain  
Qui frappe de la sorte?  
Il dit à son tour  
Ouvrez-moi la porte  
Pour l'amour de dieu"
They sit in silence watching the snow through the window glass. Antonio murmurs something, but Severide cannot hear.
"What...?"
"I said, do you think it could get better one day?"
"It's going to pass in the summer." He says playfully.
"Not the snow, but ..." He wipes his eyes. "I'm talking about life, my life ..."

Severide is silent. Antonio sobbed softly.
"You better stay in Diego's bed then, he doesn't even use it." Antonio pushes him to his feet.
"I can stay?"
"Yeah, sure, but I need to sleep now."
Severide gets up and holds Antonio by the arms. "I'm sure it will get better, you deserve better, Antonio."

"I talked to my father, Sev. I went there and...I didn't dare to knock on the door, but somehow he saw me and... He said many things and he doesn't want me around ..."
"Oh, man ..." Severide try to touch him, but Antonio walks away from his hands.
"He told me to stay away, didn't even want to meet my kids...He called them little Adres bastards and... He told me to stay away from his house, otherwise he'll call the police and take my kids from me."

Severide tries to hug him again, this time, Antonio doesn't move away. "He's just an old idiot." He should have realized something was wrong by Antonio's eyes, but he couldn't even imagine something like that.

"I've been at the Omega shelter and I talked to the social worker, he told me to stay away too, I have nothing to prove that they are my children, and if I try anything, Adres can find out where I am and come to find us here." Antonio's in dispair. "He can't take my children, Sev! They are all I have!"

"Hey, he won't, okay? He can't do that, he will not get close to you, Antonio."

"Au clair de la lune
On n’y voit qu’un peu
On chercha la plume
On chercha le feu
En cherchant d’la sorte
Je n’sais c’qu’on trouva
Mais j’sais que la porte
Sur eux se ferma"

Antonio brings an extra blanket and puts it on Diego's bed, where Severide is lying down. Severide pulls him, Antonio balks and falls on him.
"Stay ..." Severide begs.
"No, Eva is going to wake up, and I need to be there for her."
"She is fine." Severide hugs him, Antonio stays with him.
"You drank, didn't you?"

"No, not so much. I was at the firehouse and ... There's this new alpha guy there, his name is Casey, he's an idiot and ... The guy's good in everything he does." He sinks his nose into Antonio's hair.
"Alpha, huh? "Is that a problem?"

"No, it's just that the guy keeps trying to show that he's an alpha! It's annoying."

Antonio raises an eyebrow curiously.
"Pffft, don't even think about it. I don't want any alpha around me."
"You might want a family one day, Sev."
"I have one. Diego calls me Daddy, that's enough."

Antonio takes a deep breath, Severide wraps his hands around his body.
"It's dangerous ... it can be very dangerous if Adres finds us, Severide."
"I can take care of myself." He closes his eyes. "Don't worry about me."
Antonio sniffs, he has his face sunk in the pillow.
"If something happens to me, I'd like you to stay with them. You can adopt Diego and Eva, so Adres
will never pick them up..."
"Nothing's going to happen, Antonio. I must be very drunk because a few minutes ago you didn't
even want me here, and now you're asking me to adopt your children."
"You're the only person I trust, Severide, I know you'll take good care of my children. I mean...Not
like i'm looking for a dad for my kids, i just... I researched, and they cannot get them out of here if
someone adopts them, even if they deport me back to Colômbia, they'll be safe here. Adres... He will
never touch them again. "
"Antonio, this is so much more than I can handle now, I'm drunk, man! I'm the cool dad, but ... I
don't know if I'm prepared to be an real dad."

"I'm not asking you to be their father, Severide, I just need to know that if anything happens to me,
they'll be safe and well here." Antonio defends himself.

"So you want me to be their step dad? But you don't want to have anything to do with me, where
does that make sense, Antonio?"
"I don't ..." Antonio walks away from him. "It's not you, Severide! I don't want anything with
anyone else, I thought it was already clear between us."

They are silent, Antonio sits on the narrow bed, Severide is looking at him.
"Sorry for asking that, Sev..."
Severide doesn't respond, he just gets up and leaves Antonio's house.

"Dawson!" The manager shouted again as he dropped another tray over the sink where Antonio
was washing the dishes. "Come on, Dawson! It's Christmas, don't make me waste any more time in
this place!" The manager murmured before leaving the restaurant kitchen, Antonio said nothing.

He rubs his hands together to warm them when he leaves the restaurant, it's late and the streets are
empty, he had not bought any gift for his children. Not that he had forgotten, or anything like that,
there was simply any money for it.

Feeling frustrated, he walks to the train station. He is balancing himself to pay the bills and cannot
afford for toys now.

He heard the voices of his children before entering the apartment, there was still a flight of stairs to the door. Frightened, he speeds up his steps and opens the door, only to find his kids sitting on the floor, surrounded by torn wrapping papers and gift boxes.

"What...?"

"Look what Daddy gave me." Diego runs to Antonio and shows a toy cart. Severide is standing by the Christmas tree, smiling. "I guess ... that's what a father does, is not it?"

"Sev ..."

"It's okay, I thought a lot and I can do it, Antonio. If it's to keep the boys safe, I'll do it, no problem."

Antonio shrugs, Eva is crawling around him now. "This is very serious, I understand if you don't want to do and, I know you don't want to have children and ..."

"It changed when you came to live with me, I like these brats, I can't explain, but I like them and I don't want anything to happen to them."

"If it all gets too complicated, promise me you'll stay away and ..."

"Come on, Antonio, I'm a responsible parent." He bends down and picks Eva off the floor. "Tell Dad how cool this is, Eva."

Antonio smiles, he finally lowers his guard. "You don't know when to stop, do you?"

"That's what we do, is not it?" He puts Eva back on the floor. "We help each other when no one else cares."

Antonio looks at the toys scattered on the floor. "Where did you get all this?"

"It's Christmas, let's just enjoy it and, being a normal family, okay? Can you relax a little, Antonio?"

"Au clair de la lune
Pierrot se rendort.
Il rêve à la lune,
Son cœur bat très fort"

Last night...

Voight puts the papers on the table, Casey observes them but doesn't touch it. "He didn't run away, he's just doing what he promised to do. He's taking care of Antonio's son, my son, I trust him." Voight tells Matt calmly.

"What? What kind of promise, Hank?"

"For some reason, Antonio knew that only Severide would be able to care for his children, even unconscious, he knows they are safe if Severide's there for them. That's why he asked the lieutenant to adopt them. Severide is legally the father of Eva and Diego."

"Adoption?" Matt flips through the papers Voight has placed on the table. "And how come I never knew about it? Gabby never told me...Why Severide never told me about it?"

Voight shrugs. "It was an agreement between them, if something happened to Antonio, Severide would have custody of Diego and Eva, with everything that has happened to Antonio, he may feel obligated to take care of Alvin too."

Matt gets up, he scrubs his hands over his head. "I thought he was doing it for ... Olinsky."

"Olinsky is dead, Matt. Severide knows it. Maybe he's very emotional now, but he's just following his instincts and his fidelity for Antonio."
"I thought he was losing his mind and ... I would never think of it, I never imagined he could adopt Antonio's children. I mean, I know how close they are, but ... It doesn't look like anything which Severide would do."

"Olinsky once told me that, Severide is like a faithful dog, this was what he most admired in the lieutenant. You should know better, Matt. I know he may have lost control now, but he's still the best person to take care of Alvin until Antonio comes back. I'm sorry if this is interfering in your relationship."

"You knew it all this time, Voight?"

Voight raises one eyebrow. "Do you think I would leave my son with any one else, Captain?"

"Car toujours si bonne
Pour l'enfant tout blanc,
La lune lui donner
Son croissant d'argent"

Chapter End Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYLTc3tGdzc
I'll think about you

Chapter Summary

"I'll remember you
Won't you remember me"
(I'll think about you- We are the messengers)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I don't know where you're going
But I'll meet you there
I can't blame you for leaving
But it's still not fair
And when I don't know what to sing
I'd sing about you"

The door remains closed, but Voight knows there's someone inside, he knocks it again, so the door is gently opened, behind it, Severide's puffy eyes lurk the visitor.
"Can i come in?" Voight asked, a bit worried.

Severide gave a quick nod, he walks away so the Sergeant can come in. Voight looks around, the fireman's apartment is clean and heated, but Voight can feel fear and anxiety all around the place, Severide's scared.

He says nothing for a few seconds, Severide follows him silently around the room, like a good dog.
"He is fine?" Voight ask dryly.

"Yes, he is ..." Severide uses his arms to hide his trembling body. "Are you going to take him?"

"Do I need to do this, Lieutenant?" Voight asks, looking into Severide's eyes. "Tell me, Severide, what's going on?" He nods carefully, waiting for an answer.
"I did not run away with him, I just ... I don't want to stay away from him now, Voight ..."Severide blurs out.
Voight crosses his arms. "Should I worry in any way?"
"No, absolutely, I'm just taking care of him and ... Please don't take Alvin from me." Severide voices out one of his worst concerns.

Alvin's crying interrupts their conversation, Severide moves to fetch him, but Voight beckons him to stand still, he will pick up his son. Severide sighs, he's already crying too.

Alvin has gained weight, is blushed and healthy. Voight reaches out to take the child from the small crib beside Severide's bed.
"Hey, my boy ..." He holds the child in his arms and talks to him for a long moment, Severide remains silent in the room.
Voight finds Severide sitting on the couch, he is heavy and has one leg on the coffee table. "Please ..." Severide says, beg, before Voight says anything else. Voight takes a deep breath and sits down beside him.

"I need to get you out of this mess, Lieutenant."

"I'm fine ..." Severide says blankly, as if he could hide the whirlwind of feelings clutching his chest.

"No, you're not! Look around you, you're getting ready to have a child, and you need your Captain now."

"No, I don't need it! Matt doesn't want Alvin here, so I can't..."

"I'll take Alvin with me." Voight says, Severide starts crying again. "Listen to me, Severide, I need to do this. You need to focus on your son and get your head in order."

In silence, he watched as Voight caught Alvin in his arms and preparing to leave. "He may feel hungry and..."

"We'll find a way, don't worry." Voight assures. "I thank you for everything you've done, Severide, but Antonio will be here soon and having Alvin around will help him get well."

"I can..." Severide insists.

"I won't forbid you to see him, that's not why I'm doing it, but I can't drag you deeper into this situation." He looks to Alvin and back to Severide. "You'll always be his other father, but we need to fix things now, Lieutenant."

"Can I ... say goodbye to him, Sergeant? I'd like to talk to him a little, if you don't mind." Alvin sleeps peacefully in Voight's arms.

"Huh, I don't..." Voight hands the baby to Severide to handle.

Alvin was sleeping, Severide walks slowly around the room, holding him in his arms. "Hi, little boy ... It was really good, was not it? I mean, you and me here, it was the best time of my life and, I hope you remember me the next time we meet, Alvin."

Severide looks at Voight in the corner of the room. "That guy over there it's your father, he's a good man, I promise you'll be fine with him, and Antonio is the best person in the world, you gonna love him so much, like i do, my boy." Severide kisses Alvin's forehead, wetting it with his tears.

Voight tries not to give in, he has to do it. Taking a child from the arms of an omega sounds too cruel even to someone like Hank Voight, but Severide hands the baby. "Alright, he's been so nice and, you can call me if you need, I have milk left over and ..."

"Take care, Lieutenant." Voight leaves taking Alvin with him.
"Now I don't know what to do
Now that you're not here
I don't know how to love, don't know how to feel
But I don't to believe"

"I'll remember you
Will you remember me"

"I miss you every day, my house is empty without you here, Kel." Matt whispers on the phone, he knows Severide can hear it. "I really want to see you and, I dunno, we need to sort things out between us." Silence, but Severide is still on the line. "I miss our son. Is he kicking yet?" Matt smiles. "We did not pick a name, we have to do that, Kelly. I don't know what to say, Kel. You should have told me about the deal you made with Antonio. I don't care if you want to take care of Alvin, I just want to make sure everything's okay with you."

So Matt goes to Severide's apartment and knocks on the door, for the fifth time for the last four days. "I know you're there, Kel. Can you open it for me?" He fumbles his pockets searching for the keys, but does not open the door. "I'm not going to use my keys, okay? I want you to open the door. Please, Kelly, don't do this to me!"

No answer, he looks around, the hallway is cold and empty, he sits on the floor against the door."We were getting married, remember? I still want to marry you. God! I've never wanted anything so much in my life, Kel. You and our son are all I have, my family, you know that. " He bends his head against the door and tries not to collapse there. "I don't want to end up like this, I don't want this between us to end, not now, not ever, I love you, Kelly, I've always loved and it will never change, but now, I don't know what to do, or if I'm even doing it right. I figure out that you and I could be a family, We're good together, Kel."

It was not long before Severide opened the door. Matt feels relieved, he sighs, Matt gets up and looks at him, Severide looks very tired. "Kelly?" Once again the cold and silent treatment. "Come on, Kelly, you cannot ignore me forever! We must talk!" Matt said, just Severide's silence in response. "Listen, I know you're upset with me, but we really need to talk, and I'm worried about you and the baby." Silence again. Matt takes a deep breath, he's tired too. "Please..."

Severide walks away from the door and walks to the other room, Matt follow him. "You should not have gone like this, I was worried."
Severide sigh. "I know, Matt." He finally says. "I know, and I'm sorry, Matt, but I couldn't leave him, he needed me," Severide says, his voice is weak and low. "Voight took him away and, I want to be around, he might need me, I want to be there."
"I need you too, Kel. You're everything i have."

"I need to take care of Alvin..."
"I know, it's okay, Kelly, you can take care of Alvin, Antonio, whatever you want..."

Severide blinked slowly. "I'm not asking for your authorization, Matt. I don't need it! I just want you to respect my decisions."

Matt does not answer, Severide gets up from the bed and walks away from him. "I don't want an owner, I can make my own decisions, if you can't handle it, I think ... There is nothing else to be done between us."

Matt holds up his hands. "I didn't come here to fight, Sev. I want to fix things and ..."
"I don't want an alpha making decisions for me, Matt, that's it."
"I don't ... It doesn't have anything to do with being alpha, Kelly! I'm your fiancé, and this has to do with love and family, not with this fucking genders! I don't care if you're an omega, you always were stronger than me, Severide! I don't care, just let me be with you, that's all i'm asking you."

Severide's face makes sadness appear, Matt hold his hand and squeezes it between his fingers. "We can handle this and, sort things out, Severide."
"You still ... You still want to be with me, Matt?" Severide asks, unsure.

Matt smiles. "That's all I want, Sev."

Matt's callused hands slide along Severide's hips, and he helps him lie down as comfortably as possible. A moan escapes through Severide's lips as Matt caresses between his thighs, over his pants, the omega is incredibly docile now. He strokes Severide's belly lightly. "Sev?" Looking into his eyes.
"I can't lose you, Matt, I can't..." He stutters.

"You're not going to lose me, we're in this together, remember? I love you, Kel."

"You're going to get tired of me and the stupid things I do, Matt."
"No, i won't. Never doubt that, not for a single day. "Matt touches Severide's swollen face and kisses his lips." I love you."

Severide doesn't respond, Matt steps away from him and looks him up and down. "Do you still want to marry me, Kelly?"
Controlling the flames was not so easy and took longer than estimated by Matt. In a few minutes the flames had knocked over the walls of the house as if they made of paper.

"This is hell, man!" Herrmann grunts as he assesses the situation. "I need some vacation!" Matt doesn't respond, he's focused on releasing the location.

"Are you okay, Captain?" Herrmann insists. Matt just nods yes. "Is Severide all right?" Matt has been silent all day, he keeps scouring the place. Herrmann does not ask any more questions.

"Take everyone outside. Where's Mouch?" Matt loses contact with Mouch, he didn't thinking twice, back to the burning house searching for the other fireman.

"Casey, do you copy?" And the silence on the radio leaves Chief Boden in panic.

"And when I don't know what to think
I'll think about you"
Forgive me for the delay, my laptop stopped working. :P
Sometimes I feel bad for running away from the characters, but it's out of my control.
I'm sorry :(
When did it get so cold? Severide's arms are fluttering over his knees, his hands are cold, he is silent, as is the whole battalion around him in the small hospital waiting room. No hug or word of comfort, Severide usually avoids them when he is worried, so everyone has kept a respectful distance.

A few hours passed before a doctor came to speak with them, Severide was authorized to see Matt, Boden accompanied him. Severide stopped before entering the room, he could see Matt through the glass, but he stagnate as if he loses all the courage to proceed, Boden stops shortly behind him.

"Severide?" Boden asked, worried, he had seen Severide rub the side of his belly a few times before, Severide just turned to look at him, with his tiny red eyes.
"I can't..." There is no more cold, his hands are sweating, his face is covered with sweat.

Boden steps forward. "What do you can't, Severide?"

"I told him to stay away from me, and I finished everything between us ... It's not fair that he wakes
up and sees me there, he should hate me now."

Boden shifts his weight from one foot to the other, staring into Severide's eyes. "I don't know how that's possible, Severide. You're the most important person to Matt, he needs you now."

"I did everything wrong and ... Oh God ..." Severide leaned against the wall, Boden holds him back. "Severide!"

"Memories seep from my veins
They may be empty and weightless and maybe
I'll find some peace tonight"

Severide moaned softly as the doctor move his legs over the stirrup. He tries to pull the sheet and covers himself a little more, Boden is still in the room, this is so uncomfortable.
"Severide, do you want me to stay or ...?"
"Stay, please Chief."
Boden walks up to him and stands by his side. "I will not look, I promise."

"Nothing good to look there, Chief, I assure you."

Severide hates it, hates hospitals, hates feeling so fragile and vulnerable like now. He breathes through his mouth, anxious for everything to end soon.
The doctor says nothing, just checks something on his clipboard before getting up and leaving.
Boden patted his shoulder amiably.
"It was not so bad, was it?"

Severide tries to smile, but he fails. "Did he say anything? Is my son okay?"
"No, he just ..." Boden tries to find the doctor with his eyes. "He didn't say anything, wait, I'll ..."
"No, please, don't leave me alone, Chief, please." Severide swallows dry.
"I'm not going anywhere, Severide."

Chief Boden pulls out a chair and sits down next to Severide.
"You must think i'm a stupid whiner, don't you?" Severide asks, Boden shrugs.
"And why would I think that of you, Severide?"
Severide rubs his belly, his legs still hanging over the stirrup.
"I do things and ... I'm not the smartest person in that house."

Boden smiles. "No, you're not."
Severide blushes, ashamed.
"But you're still one of the best people I've ever met, Severide, the bravest, most faithful friend anyone can have. I know it's been a hell of a year for you and Casey, but you're doing well, you just need let him hang around. You and Casey are good together, Kelly."

Severide smiles, relieved, Matt said something similar last night. 
"You think he still wants me around, Chief?"
"I never doubt that."
"He almost died last night because of me."
"He was doing his job, I would expect nothing less from Casey, Severide. Do not blame yourself now, you need to rest, and by your size, you gonna need to rest to bring this child into the world."

"In the arms of an Angel fly away from here

From this dark, cold hotel room,

And the endlessness that you fear

You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie

You're in the arms of an Angel;

May you find some comfort here"

Matt woke up slowly, his body is sore and possibly there are burns in some places, but he is alive. Someone is by his side, holding his fingers, he opens his eyes and sees Severide sitting by his side of the bed.

"You look like hell." He murmurs, his throat hurts, it brings a smile in Severide's lips.
"So do you."
"I think I've been there for a while." Matt still continues with a choked voice."How much time did I sleep? You look huge and your hair so grey...!"
"That's what happens when he changes position, The hair I blame you, but thank you, I feel like a sexy gray." Severide looks at the watch on his wrist. "A few hours, not dawned yet. You can sleep a little more, Matt."
"You should be asleep too, Kel." He says, too tired to keep talking and then he realizes that Severide is also in hospital gown and there is a IV support hanging from his hand. "What happened?"

Severide tightens his fingers around Matt's, trying to calm him down. "It's okay, it was just a fright and ... He's fine, Matt."

"Everyone is fine?" Matt asks, looking over Severide's shoulder. "Mouch is well?"
"Yeah, everyone's okay, don't worry, Matt."
"And you, how are you, Kelly?" Matt asks, not so confident that everything is okay. The smile disappears from Severide's face, he sighs. "I'm scared... I was so afraid of losing you, Matt."

"Does that mean you still love me, Kel?" Matt finally smiles. Severide smiles back."Damn, you're so stupid!"
"Yeah, we're both idiots." Matt reaches out and touches Severide's belly. "Daddy's here, it's okay, my boy."
"Wallace." Severide says.
"What?"
"You were right, we need to stop calling him boy, so if you'll agree, his name might be Wallace, Matt."

Matt is silent, Severide looks at him for signs of pain.
"Matt ..."
"This is happening, is not it?" There are tears running down his face. "You and me, this is working now, is not it? We are a family..."
Severide gets up and kisses Matt's forehead gently.
"We're good together, Matt. Don't you cry on me, you should be the alpha of this relationship, be tough, man!"
"I don't care, you're tough for both of us, Kel."

Matt holds Severide's belly in both hands. "I want to get married before he's here, Kelly. I want to marry you as soon as I can get out of here."
"Um, there's no party then." Severide smiles.
"I don't care, just get married and... we need none of this."
"My mother will be disappointed." Severide jokes, but he likes the idea.
"Marry me, Sev. That would make me the happiest man in the world ..."
"I do, Matt... But I will not be Mr. Kelly Casey. "He laughs.
"I can be Mr. Matthew Severide, I don't care about that."

"In the arms of an Angel far away from here
From this dark, cold hotel room,
And the endlessness that you fear
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie
In the arms of an Angel
May you find some comfort here"

Chapter End Notes
Please let me know if you still there :*
Inside this walls

Chapter Summary

"If you fall, I will catch you
I'll be waiting, time after time"

(Time After Time-Cyndi Lauper)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Lying in my bed
I hear the clock tick and think of you
Caught up in circles
Confusion is nothing new

Flashback warm night, almost left behind"

Hank Voight is very tired, he can barely keep his eyes open now. Hasn't had one single night's sleep in the last few days, even with the help of Eva and Diego, he cannot rest. Alvin cries and demands attention all the time, he is exhausted. He cannot see himself doing this any longer, not without a full night's rest. But he made no complain, he would never do that, he doesn't say a word.

Erin tries to help him, but he dind't accept, only he feeds and takes care of Alvin. At the end of the day, he doesn't want anyone else caring for his children, Eva and Diego included, they are his now, only his, no matter if he sleep only three hours at night or have to pick up Diego at school, and join Eva's teenage adventures, she's in Korean bands now and Voight has listen more songs on the last month that in his entire life, he even ventured into some choreography, but decided he was too old for it, but he is doing it, and loving every second with them. Like he never imagined it could happen.

He has so many things to say to Antonio, so many things have changed these days, there is a cabin in the yard, Diego built it, he and Voight worked on the boat, and it's almost ready again, Eva is in love with a boy from school, and Voight put an police officer to find out everything about this boy, Eva's gonna hate him for this, but he is very satisfied about it. He kept the house in order, the boys at school, Diego under control and, Eva joined the school theater group, Voight was in one of the his performances and applauded excitedly in the end.

Alvin is making funny sounds and trying to sit alone, and Voight think it's happening so fast, he has taken many pictures of him to show Antonio, so he doesn't miss a thing about their son, maybe he gonna needs this to not feel so guilty to not be around.

Everyone in the intelligence room are tiptoeing, the phones vibrating, whispers instead of conversations and electronic messages being used all the time, waking Alvin has become a passivent crime of capital punishment here, he has to take Alvin to work and divide his time between hunt bad guys and changing diapers, and why Hank Voight, can bring a baby to work, no one dares to say a word.
"Where are you going, Hank?" Erin whispers as he walks out with Alvin in his arms. Hank takes time to respond, he seems afraid about where he is going now.
"I'll pick up Antonio."

Hank is a man of his word, and for four long months, he kept it. No visit, no phone call, he didn't force Antonio to see or hear from him, he doesn't want to influence Antonio, nor force him to accept the bond between them. He wants him back, but it will not force him into anything.

"Sometime you pictured me
I'm walking too far ahead

You're calling to me
I can't hear what you've said

Then you said: Go slow, I fall behind
The second hand unwinds"

Alvin is quiet in the back seat, the boy likes to be in the car with Voight, it makes him happy. Impatient, Voight drum his fingers on the steering wheel every time he have to stop, he looks at his son in the rearview mirror, he smiles, his tiredness does not seem so obvious today, he even shaved and used perfume, Alvin is also perfumed. "Good impressions matters, boy!" He said when bathed his son this morning.

He arrived at the clinic at 5:00 p.m., a few minutes ahead of schedule, just to make sure there were no delays. There are flowers in the car seat, he knows it's tacky, but Alvin seemed to like them, and he wants to give Antonio flowers, he's tacky. Voight's wedding ring never left his finger, Antonio's ring is well guarded in the glove compartment, Voight made sure to bring it, maybe Antonio wanted it back.

But no single sound comes out of his mouth when he finally sees Antonio coming out of the clinic. He just cannot say a single word. He cannot even keep his breath properly, just hold his hand against the chest and keeps looking at his omega walking up to him.

Like a stupid teenager in love, Hank just stands there, breathless, watching Antonio, watching every detail about him, every step he take, until he is standing in front of him. For one second, he prays for Antonio to remember him. God, he must remember! Voight had promised to Antonio that he would let him go if he didn't remember him, but now, seeing Antonio's face again, he doesn't know if he will be able to keep his promise. God, he loves this man with all his heart.

Voight is scared, desperate about Antonio's reaction. He can hear his own heart racing. Hope can be a more dangerous feeling than hatred.

Antonio is clean, rested, a shy smile upon his pretty face, there is a certain flush on his cheeks, and he smells so good! He has lost some weight, but remains beautiful to Voight, perfect into Voight's eyes, unshaved, and Voight wants to touch his face and feel it against his skin, but he didn't do it, just nods and tries to hide his anxiety.

"Hank." Antonio says, finally.

"Antonio." And as if nothing else in the world matters, Voight smiled, relieved, in love. Antonio
knows who he is. God! He doesn't even remember how to breath now. "How's feeling?"
"I'm fine, Hank." Antonio seems calmer now. "I'm sorry for this mess."
"You were not to blame." God, he's nervous! "Do you want?"

"I don't know what happened to me, I lost control, Hank."
Voight shrugs. "We all lose one day. You look good to me now."
"I'm clean." He sees the baby in the car, Alvin is quiet. "He is fine?"
"Yes, he is perfect! We miss you, Antonio." Voight opens the car door, but Antonio does not seem to want to enter. Antonio smiles at the flowers on the bench. Voight feels his face burn, he's never been a romantic man before.
"They're pretty." Antonio says, but he doesn't pick the flowers.
"I never asked you if you liked flowers before, I'm sorry."
"I do."

Before anything else is said, Alvin protested from the backseat, Antonio looks at him over Voight's shoulders.
"You don't have to ..." Voight says. Antonio just nods, but he goes to his son.
"Hi, Alvin."

Voight watches Antonio approach Alvin, he doesn't touch him, only mutters words of comfort, the boy calms down, aware of the unknown.
"Can I go here with him?" Slowly Antonio stretches out his fingers and touches Alvin's face. "Hey, do you remember me, Alvin?"
"Of course, bab ... Antonio, whatever you want."

Voight gets in the car. "Do you want to go somewhere special, Antonio?" Voight watches Antonio trying to touch his son, he feared that Antonio would reject the baby again, but this is not happening.
"I want to go home, if you don't mind, Hank. I want to see my kids."
"No, of course not, they're looking forward to it."
"If you're lost you can look
And you will find me, time after time
If you fall I will catch you

I'll be waiting, time after time"

The way home is done in silence, Voight wants to ask, but he dreads listening to the answers, so he just drives while Antonio is distracted looking at Alvin without touching him.

To everyone's surprise, it is Eva who reacts badly around Antonio, she is in a complicated phase and gets hurts easily, Voight tries to ease the situation, but Antonio says it's okay, he has time to talk to her.

Diego exchanges a few words with his father and returns to the boat, now parked in the garage, Voight watches Antonio's eyes got wet in tears.
"Antonio?"
"I'm fine, it's just ... They don't need me so much now, I guess." He dries his eyes with the back of his hand. "Alvin's seems to be the only one that still need me."

Stepping slowly, Voight goes to Alvin's room, Antonio has been there most of the day, that's good. He stands by the door and watches Antonio holding his son, sitting in the armchair by the window. "I don't know if you can forgive me, Alvin, I never wanted to leave you. I'm not like that, I've lost my mind, I guess." Antonio whispers to his son. "I'm here now, I promise I'll never leave you again."

Alvin is quiet, watching Antonio curiously. Antonio slides a finger over his face. "We lost a lot of time, did not we?" He reaches for his own breast, empty now, his milk has dried. "I'm sorry, I was not here ..."

Voight waits for him to get out of the bath, Antonio comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a robe, his hair damp. Voight is sitting at the foot of the bed. "Do you want to talk now, Antonio?"

"I'm tired, Hank." He keeps some distance from Voight.
"Well, you can rest, you're home now, you know that, don't you, Antonio?"
"Yeah, thanks for everything you've done, I just need to adapt and ... I wasted a lot of time off."
"You needed it, Antonio." Voight gets up and walks over to him, Antonio walks a little farther away from him. "Don't blame yourself for it." Voight tries to hide his frustration. "I'll make the dinner, some barbecue..."

"I don't know how to make it work, Hank ..." Antonio whispers. "I have no idea how to fix this." "What are you talking about, baby?" Voight turns to him. "I don't know how I ended up here with you, I know who you are, but I don't know how it happened. I shouldn't be here."
"Do you remember me, Antonio? Do you know who I am, right?" Voight looks into his eyes.

"Yeah, I know who you are, Hank, but I don't know why I'm still here ... It doesn't make any sense now."
Voight takes a step back, in shock, he dreaded hearing this.

"I guess I shouldn't be here just for gratitude for you taking care of my kids, I can't do this anymore."

"Huh" Voight bites his cheek. "So you want to leave, Antonio?"
Antonio just agrees, he has nothing more to say.
Voight leaves him alone and disappears out the door. After all, he is a man of his word.

"After my picture fades
And darkness has turned to grey
Watching through windows

You're wondering if I'm ok
Secrets stolen from deep inside
The drum beats out of time"

Late at night, he returns, the lights are on, he enters through the garage, there are suitcases in the living room and Diego is sitting at the top of the stairs, through his swollen eyes, he has been crying. "You're not going to do anything? Are you going to let him out like this?" He questions Voight, almost accusatory. Voight says nothing, he don't know how to explain to a 15-year-old boy how life works. "Coward!" Diego walks away and Voight hears the sound of the door slamming shut.

He goes to the other room and watches Antonio talking to Eva, he cannot hear what they are saying, but he knows that they came to an agreement when Eva accepts a hug from his father, everything is
fine here.
Alvin is asleep in his cradle, Voight sits next to him without waking him up, he doesn't even notice when the door is opened and Antonio enters the room.

"Do you need anything, Antonio? Money?" He asks, worried. "You have rights, I will not deny them ..."
"No, i'm fine, Hank."

"Do you need some time or want a divorce, Antonio?"
Antonio sighs. "I want lots of things, Hank, but now I just need to rebuild my life."
"We have a bond and ..."
"I know there are ways to break this, I don't want to hold you any longer."
"I don't want to break this, I'll always be around you and the children."
"I appreciate that, Hank, but I don't know if that will be good. I don't want a bodyguard, none of that."

Hank sighs, he's trying to stay calm. "So that's the end?"
"You promised..."
"I know what I said!" He rubs his face impatiently. "But I love you, and I know you're hurt by all the shit I've done, but don't punish me that way, Antonio, I've lost too much ..."

"I'm not punishing you, Hank, I just need to solve my life and find my place, I don't know if I can do this if I stay here."

"Do you know where you're going?"
"Yes, I'm going to share an apartment with Brett until I can find another place." He stands near the door.
"Diego has classes in carpentry I can take him and Eva can go with me to school, I don't care." Voight tries to rationalize, even though he's broken now.
"I don't know if that would be good, Hank. I can do that."

"Can I see them at least?"
"We can try this, but I can't promise anything now."
"What about him, Antonio? Alvin is my son, too." He asks looking at the sleeping son in the crib. Antonio makes a sound with his throat, Voight looks at him.
"I can take care of him, Hank."
Voight gets up and walks to where Antonio is. "He's my son too!"

"I know, I'll never take him away from you, but I need to take care of him now and..."
Voight moves his jaw, he feels his face burn, so furious now, and at the same time he is so hurt by all this, a punch hits the wall next to Antonio's face, he couldn't control himself. Alvin's crying now.

"You said: Go slow, I fall behind

The second hand unwinds"

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to hell, Voight.
He's still there

Chapter Summary

"And how do we rewrite the stars?
Say you were made to be mine
And nothing can keep us apart
'Cause you are the one I was meant to find"
(Rewrite The Stars -With James Arthur & Anne-Marie)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You know I want you
It's not a secret I try to hide
You know you want me
So don't keep saying our hands are tied"

Erin found Voight sleeping in the intelligence room again, it was the third time this week that she find him there. "Hank?" She touches his shoulder. "Did you sleep here again?"

Voight does not respond, he sits down and rubs his face trying to wake up completely.

Erin slides her hand over the neck. "You have a visit." She gets up and walks down the hall, Voight is not expecting anyone at this time in the morning.

With his face washed and a mug of coffee in his hands, he walks to his office, Diego is standing looking at some photos on the table.
"Huh." Voight announces his arrival.
"Do you miss them?"
Voight looks at the photos, one from Justin and another from him and Alvin together.
"Antonio knows you're here, Diego?"

Diego shrugs. "He's very busy with Alvin, Severide, and that stupid therapy you forced him into."
"I didn't force him." Voigh walks to his desk and sits down. "That's part of our divorce settlement."
"So you're not even trying?"

"He's healthy, Alvin's too. What do you want me to do now?"

"I dunno, just ... I thought we were a family. Families couldn't broke like this."
Voight leans over and looks Diego in the eyes. "I'll be here for whatever you need, but I'm not going to force Antonio into anything, Diego."

"You're an alpha, do what an alpha would do."
"It's not the way things work, not anymore. Antonio is free to make his own choices, and unless he's drugging himself, I will not interfere."
"What if all this shit goes wrong and we never see each other? What if he find someone else, Hank?" Diego is talking fast now.
"Easy there, boy, I'm not going anywhere. If Antonio find someone else, it's not my problem, he is free to do whatever he wants to do." Voight hides the tightness in his chest, he doesn't even want to think about it. He notices Diego's looking at the photos again.
"He looked like a good kid." Voight just nods. "Do you miss us, Hank?"
Voight looks at the coffee mug on the table. "Is this what you want to know, Diego, if I still care about you?"
"No, not really." Blushing "I didn't create any problems at school these last few months, I don't know if that interests you, but I'm doing fine, the carpentry classes are cool."

"Huh" Voight moves his jaw. "That makes you a small responsible alpha."

Diego shrugs again. "Adres is in jail, there is no danger now, Antonio is safe." He smiles, "Can we finish that boat then?"

"Antonio must agree to that, Diego, he is your father."

"He likes you." Diego looks at the coffee mug on the table. "And I know you like him too, Hank." Voight just moves a little in the chair. "It's not that simple."
"Why not? He has nightmares and he's with Alvin in his arms all the time, I can smell him, it's just like yours. He misses you!"

Voight just watches the desperate boy. "First rule of being an alpha, Diego: Never force your presence, Adres did it, and Antonio was unable to stay away from him. I'm very proud of him for not backing down to me. He is much stronger than I am now." Voight thinks about the nights when he drinks until he falls asleep or just sleeps right there, in the intelligence room.

"I saw on the news that they are going to send Adres back to Colombia."
Voight bites his lower lip, he was against it, but he had no choice. "He's not coming back, Diego, Never again."
"He has many ways to do this, Hank. He likes to show that he's everywhere. But I can protect my family now, if you don't want to be with us anymore. "Diego says bitterly. He gets up to leave. "We gonna be fine, Hank."
"Hey, do you need a ride?" Voight offers.
"No, I'm fine, there are some friends waiting for me."
"Friends?" Voight asks suspiciously.
"Cool friends, Casey's folks, sons of a friend of his."
"Okay, let me know if you need anything, Diego."
"Yeah, I'll Hank."

"Diego...I care, okay? I care about you, Eva and Antonio, you guys are still my family."

"Fate is pulling you miles away
And out of reach from me
But you're here in my heart
So who can stop me if I decide
That you're my destiny?"
"What if we rewrite the stars?
Say you were made to be mine
Nothing could keep us apart
You'd be the one I was meant to find
It's up to you, and it's up to me
No one can say what we get to be
So why don't we rewrite the stars?
Maybe the world could be ours
Tonight"

"If you're going to grow up more, we'll have a good conversation, kid!" Severide grunts as he tries to lower himself to tie his shoes. "Tell me again, why am I doing this?" The belly gets in the way and he needs help to tie his shoes. "Okay, I can use them anyway, no problem." Tired he stretches his spine on the chair and tries to rest. "This is harder than entering a burning building, Wally." Both hands around the belly now. "You're almost ready, aren't you? Are you anxious to leave? I'm, but do not rush, okay? I like having you and me like that, but don't tell Matt, the guy is a little sensitive about you, he could be jealous." He sighs. "We're very lucky to have him, Wally, he will be such amazing dad, I promise you."

A knock on the door and then it's open, Antonio. "I heard you talking alone, is everything okay?"
"I heard you talking alone, is everything okay?"
"Yes, I was ... I talk to him without stopping, okay? You can laugh if you want."
"I will not laugh." Antonio comes up to him. "Need help?" He kneels and ties Severide's shoes.
"Hm, do you know how sexy's to see you that way, Antonio?"
"Damn it, Sev! You're a nearly married man, behave yourself."
"Just the truth, man."

Antonio smiles, he gets up and looks at Severide. "Are you ready for this?"
Severide takes a deep breath. "I think I am..." He looks at the door. "How's it out there?"
Antonio shrugs. "Some girls threatening to commit suicide, we had to tie Matt to not run away, but it's okay now. They're all waiting for you."
Severide looks over Antonio's shoulder, as if expecting someone else to arrive. "I'm going, this outfit is squeezing me." He straightens his shirt again, uneasy.
"Nervous?"
He try to keep up his best courage face, but it collapsed in a sigh. "I've never been married before ...
What if this goes wrong, Antonio? How am I going to explain to my son that I'm bad at maintaining relationships?
"You're not that bad, Sev! Matt will never let you give up. He loves you and, you love him back, nothing wrong can happen."

Severide gets up. "I'm getting married ... God! This is really happening!"
"Yes, it is. I thought it would never happen, but here we are, Molly's is full of firefighters, waiting for the grooms!"
"I still can't believe Matt agreed to get married here, this place is full of memories for both of us. I never thought of it and ... Damn, I wish Olinsky could see this, he would never believe it!"

Antonio is silent, then Severide realizes what he said. "I mean..."
"It's okay, Sev. I miss him too. We all do."
"He was an old idiot, was not he?"
"I used to be afraid of him," Antonio smiles. "But he was a nice guy."

Severide observes Antonio, he is very elegant wearing a suit. "You are so beautiful, Antonio!"

"I'm your best man, i take it seriously, Sev."
"It's okay for you, I mean, Voight be there too?"
"Yes, it is. Voight and I will not argue or anything, we're fine."
"Is he going to give you divorce?"
"I don't know, he has not talked to me lately. I'm respecting his space."

"Is it really over? I thought you two could get a deal or something." He straightens his hair.
"We did it, Alvin can stay with him whenever he wants, and Diego's spending a lot of time with him too. That sounds a good deal to me."

Severide sighs. "I wanted you to stay away from him, but ..."
"I'm just trying to rebuild my life, Sev. Voight needs that too, and we'll be fine in the end."
"Eva told me you found a good house."
"Yes, I'm moving this week, it's a good place."
"I'm happy for you, but I still don't think you should divorce so fast, Antonio. Voight is an asshole but, he loves you. He's a good man, the way he is, but he is, you know that."
"I don't want to talk about it now, Sev. It's your day, let's not spoil it with my fucking life, okay?"
Checking up his phone.

"Okay," He looks at himself in the mirror, the gala uniform barely hides his huge belly. "I'm going to explode."
"No, you won't."

"I can feel it. Are you okay?" Severide noticed Antonio looking at the cell phone for the fourth time since he arrived. "What's wrong?"
"I can't find Diego. He said he'd be with some friends, but I don't know where he is. He's not reacting well to our separation, he's one of the Voight's defenders now, can you believed it?"
"Well, maybe you should think twice and .... Ouch!" Severide sits down again.
"Sev?" Anto runs to him. "What's it?"
"Nothing, just a low blow. It's okay."
"Are you sure? I can call Matt and ..."
"No, it's okay, it was just a sore kick."

Antonio watches him closely, he's worried now.
"Don't even think about it, Antonio, I'm going to get married today, and this boy is going to wait."
Severide says smiling, trying to calm down Antonio. "Can we go?"
He gets up but another knock on the door interrupts them.
"Hi."
Severide's face lights up in a sincere smile. "Lexi?"

Antonio leaves them alone to talk. Severide cannot stop smiling looking at the girl.
"I was afraid you wouldn't get my message. Oh my God, you are so beautiful!" Lexi is wearing a red dress. "So beautiful, Lexi!"
"I wouldn't miss it for nothing! You look amazing too, Kelly!"
Severide shudders, besides Casey, only Alvin used to call him Kelly. Before he can recover, Lexi approaches and touches his belly. "I was so eager to meet you, Wallace."

Severide holds her in a tight hug. "Thank you for coming, Lexi."
"I brought you a present." She says in Severide's arms.
"You didn't have to ..."
She reached into her purse and pulled out a bracelet. Severide had seen that bracelet before.
"It was his, I was going to give it to you before, but I ended up saving it. He used it to have luck."

Severide doesn't know what to say, Alvin has always been a weird hippie and wore many bracelets, he never noticed them before tonight. Suddenly, he realizes he used to hold them while Alvin fuck him deep, squeezes them between his fingers later when they were naked. It's just an ugly, worthless bracelet that you can buy on the streets, but right now, he realizes that no amount in the world would pay for them. He cries.
"Sorry, I didn't think ..."
"No, it's all right, I just ... Hormones, I loved it. Thank you, Lexi. I miss him, I ... I won't forget him, I swear."
"I know, Kelly, you look so happy, he'd be proud of you."

She helps him put on the bracelet. Severide looks on it and extends his arm to see it better. "You too, doll. You look amazing!"

"I've never had a dance with my dad, can you save one dance for me tonight, Kelly? I mean, if Matt doesn't care..." She asks shy. Severide looks around, there's a record player in the corner, it was dusty, he had never seen it in the Mollys before. He checks if it is working, and to his surprise it is. With some difficulty, he bends down and checks the available discs. He gotta no idea who put it there, but he's so deeply grateful for it, he pick up one of the discs.

"Simon & Garfunkel? Surely it's something that Alvin liked." He smiles and reaches out for her.

"Dance with Me, Lexi."

"No one can rewrite the stars (Rewrite the stars)

How can you say you'll be mine?

Everything keeps us apart

And I'm not the one you were meant to find

(I'm not the one you were meant to find)

It's not up to you, it's not up to me, yeah

When everyone tells us what we can be (Tells us what we can)

And how can we rewrite the stars?

Say that the world can be ours tonight (Be ours)"

Chapter End Notes

PS: two weddings, one funeral...We almost there :) Sorry for all my mistakes.
Anywhere for you

Chapter Summary

"There's a hero in everyone"
(Anywhere for you- John Martin)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We can rewrite the story
Tonight we're forever young
Yeah, tonight we're forever young"

Kelly Severide would like to not to feel so tired, God! Just a dance with Lexi and he is already exhausted! His feet hurt inside his shoes and he'll make sure Matt gives him a good massage tonight because sex is definitely out of the question. Lexi left shortly, he is alone with the excuse of using the bathroom again, but he just wants to rest a little longer, and not let they see him start to panic.

He just wants to sit here until these damn cramps pass, and he don't wish to fucking vomit anymore. Footsteps in the back hall of the bar and Matt's scent invading his nostrils.
"You can't see me yet, it's bad luck." He screams with some acid humor. "Get out, Casey!"

Matt pace stand back a few feet from where Severide is sitting, only one wall separates them now.
"I was wondering if ..." Matt murmurs, unsure.
"If I had changed my mind about getting married with you, Matt?" Severide smiles, he can hear Matt's heavy breathing on the other side.
"Do you?" Matt asks, he's leaning against the wall now.
"No, I'm still here, are not I?" He sighs. "But maybe you should think better about it."

Severide can hear Matt's thoughts now, it's like he says; Not this again! But he says nothing at all, the silence lasts for a few seconds.
"Are you still there, Matt?"
"Always gotta your back, Kell."
Severide smiles, Matt's hand slides down the wall until he finds Severide and hold on it.
"Even when I don't deserve it?"
"Even so, that's how it works."

Another painful kick and Severide breathes deep to not start to crying. "Even if I break your heart, because, I'm good at it and ... You can get hurt, Matt."
"I know. And I don't care if you break my heart a thousand times, Kelly. At the end of the day, you're still the only one who can fix it."

Severide is silent, he squeezes Matt's hand.
"Before you, I wasn't even a complete person, Kelly, I was not going anywhere, now look at me, I'll be a father, and I have a family to come back to every day ..." Matt's voice sounds shaky. "I love you, Severide, you and Wallace."

Severide doesn't respond, Matt turns and goes to him, Severide is crying. "Sev? Something
wrong?" He kneels to look at Severide. "Not." Severide shakes his head from side to side. "No, it's just, I have the fucking biggest luck in the world, right?"
Matt smiles, relieved. "No more than I do, Kell."

Severide dries his eyes "I didn't write any vows, Matt."
"We don't need any."
"We need to, I want to do ... I want to do everything right."
"Well, we still have time if you want, Kelly."

"I promise you, I'll do my best as husband and father and ..." Severide begins, Matt tries to interfere, but he beckons for him to shut up and listen to. "I promise to always be by your side, and, even when I don't agree with you, I promise not to turn my back and leave you. I want to be a family to you come back every night, Matt, in one only piece, for God's sake...You know me better than anyone else, Matt, and still can love me. I think there's a part of me that still cannot believe how lucky I am to marry you."

Now it's Matt who has his eyes watering, he stares at Severide wordlessly. "Sorry, I should have written this ..." Severide feels his face blush.
"No, nothing like that, it's just ..." Matt caresses Severide's face, his eyes fixed on his blue eyes. "It's as if the whole universe was just in your eyes, Kelly. I've never seen anything so incredible in my whole life." He approaches and kisses Severide's lips. "Say that again ..." Severide asks when Matt pushes his lips away.
"Your eyes, Kelly, they explain me the infinite, I am so grateful to exist in this moment that, I would die happy now, just looking into your eyes."

"You can't die now!" He slides his hands over his belly. "This is forever, is not it?" Severide asks. "You will not find someone else and leave me alone to raise Wally, right Matt?"
Matt smiles. "Where did you get that from, Kelly?"
"That's what my father did to me. I just want to be sure. He needs someone better than me to take care of him. We need you."
"You are perfect, Severide! I'll never leave you alone, no matter how unbearable and stubborn you are, I'll be there every step of the way, that's my vow; I promise to love you in every moment of my life. You get what i said?"

"I do." Severide answer back.

Matt gets up and reache out his hand to Severide. "Come on, let's get married."

"Water." Severide says suddenly.
"What?" Matt gets surprised.
"I want a water birth, I had not thought about it yet, there were so many things I didn't have time to think ..."
"All right, Kell, you can do as you wish, I'll be there for whatever you decide."
"Right, water is good, it doesn't hurt so much. Easy for the baby..." Severide says to himself. "I'm so tight on this clothes, this shouldn't be good." Severide complains when he gets up, so Matt helps him take off his coat, leaving him only with the white shirt below.
"Better that way?"
"Definitely better." He takes a look around to see if he has forgotten anything. "And Matt ... Congrats, man. Seriously."
Matt looks at him, confused, he also takes off his coat. "For what ...?"
"You've just been chosen to massage my feet tonight, God, I really need it!"
Matt smiles, he'll be happy to do that.
"I would go anywhere for you"

"I have a surprise for you." Matt says holding Severide's hand.
"I hope it's your knot, damn it! I really wanted it today." Severide says, shameless. "But definitely no space here." He points to his own belly.

"We can talk about it, but it's nothing like that."

"What is it then?"
"Calm down, man! You'll see it."

The chaplain was quick in his words, Severide can no longer disguise the discomfort he is feeling, Matt can't hide the silly smile on his lips, he break up in tears when Herrmann raises a toast to the newlyweds, with a slight ironic tone about Severide being finally tied up, in the double sense of the thing.

"Through the pain and the heart aches
There's still love for everyone
There's still love for everyone"

Some members of Matt's team still has some restraint against Hank Voight, but he did not mind; he was never a man to care about anyone else's opinion anyway. And not even he would dare to create problems within the domains of the firemen, the Mollys is a sacred territory for these men. He stood in the corner of the bar drinking beer while the chaplain repeated the wedding vows. His eyes didn't stray from Antonio in no moment, he kept a respectful and safe distance, but nothing else in that room caught his attention, only Antonio, his Antonio. He avoided looking at Lexi, the girl didn't try to approach him either. Some sorrows never pass, he can't blame her.

Antonio is gentle and sits next to Severide most of the time, he was looking at Voight out of the corner of his eye. Voight picks up his phone for a second and there goes Antonio, out of his sight. Molly's back room is just for employees, there's a sign on the door saying that, but Voight comes in anyway. Sitting in a plastic chair, Antonio holds Alvin in his arms, shirt open, head tilted up, eyes closed. Voight makes a sound with his throat, thrilled with the scene, he brings a beer in his hands.

"I didn't know you could do this ..." Antonio's perfume is making him inebriated, the omega's sweet scent always made Voight's skin shiver.

Antonio just smiled, calmly. "It was a long process, but it was worth it, I've never stopped breastfeeding before...I needed to reconnect with him after everything I've done ... "
"You didn't do anything wrong, Antonio." Voight approaches slowly, he doesn't want to disturb this moment; kneels next to Antonio. "So, is your body producing milk again?"
"It wasn't so easy, but I read about it and decided to try, our Alvin here already had enough, it worth to try it. Brett helped me and ..." He trails off as he sees the murderous expression on Voight's face. "She supported me, Voight, that's all."
"I could do this, Antonio."
"You weren't there, so..." He shrugs his shoulders as if this is not a big deal.
"I could be if you had not run away from our home." Antonio just sighs, he watches Alvin sucking slowly, doesn't want to argue with Voight here. Voight scratches his mouth with his fingertips, he is observing Antonio's naked nipple without disguise, Alvin's making little funny noises while suck it. "So you and Brett ...?"
Antonio couldn't avoiding the smile, he doesn't believe what he is hearing now.

"Yes, because we omegas cannot live without a partner and ..."
"I didn't mean that, Antonio." Alvin finishes and looks at Voight smiling, he recognizes him, Voight's heart warms up at that little smile. "I miss you, Al." He looks up to Antonio. "I miss you too, baby." He whispers hoarsely. Antonio feels his skin shiver, he tucks Alvin against his shoulder. "How's therapy going?"
"Well, I guess, it's the best thing I've ever done for myself and for them. I didn't think you'd come in, Hank."
"I was invited, besides, I wanted to see you and Alvin."
"You can see Alvin whenever you want, I already said that."

"It's not the same, I wish you were home with me." He turns the beer bottle between his fingers.
"Our house is empty, Antonio."

"It's not our house. That's not how it works anymore, we're apart."
"I know, but I'd like you to remember how we were, I can't force you or bite you again, but I wish that was possible."

"I appreciate your consideration, Hank. Our bond is almost erased, and it won't take long to get undone." Alvin is starting to sleep despite the talk around him. "But, I know exactly who you are, Hank Voight. That's the problem now."

"What do you mean, Antonio?"
"I don't want to spend the rest of my life sitting at home while you play punisher through town, Hank, I'm tired of waiting for you to notice me and come home."

Voight takes a sip of his beer. "I can't promise you anything, Antonio."
"You don't have to promise me anything, I don't expect this from you, Hank."

Voight looks at his cold hands. "Do you still love me, Antonio?" It is the first time that Antonio perceives the fragility in the Voight's eyes. "Can you tell me that?"
Antonio tries not to look at him, Alvin moves on his lap. "That doesn't change anything now, Hank. Don't do this to us."
"Hey would you believe me if I said
We are here for a reason, now
This is our life
This is what counts
This is for us"

The guests were leaving, the Molly's hall gradually getting empty. Voight is still sitting in the corner of the bar, Antonio talks to Severide, the friend doesn't seem comfortable. A Spanish song begins to play and Voight approaches Antonio.
"Dance with me, Antonio."

Antonio accepts and slowly Voight leads him to the middle of the hall.

"I can't promise you anything, Antonio, but, I can love you for the rest of my life." Voight whispers in Antonio's ear. "I'll protect you, no matter what."
Antonio slides his arms over Voight's shoulders, he is smelling Voight's scent. "I can protect myself, Hank. I'm fine to do that."
"I know, but I'll be here, don't forget that."

"Heaven knows you're a dreamer
Don't hide it from anyone"

Severide's whole body hurts and he just wants to go home and have some rest. His eyes are still on Antonio and Voight dancing but he really wants to retreat.

Matt holds his hand tightly. "Are you okay, Kel?"
"Where's my surprise, Casey?"
"At home."

A hot bath and Severide hears a soft sound of music coming from the room. Rolling in his robe, he comes out of the bathroom and walks into the living room, Matt is playing Violin, this is the first time Severide sees him play. This is the most beautiful and delicate thing Severide has ever seen, and for the first time in all night, Wallace is calm down.
Severide is speechless in the corner of the room, just enjoying the soft melody Matt's producing on his violin.

He sits down on the couch next to Matt and feels the melody soothe the baby, he quickly catches up to sleep and Matt joins him on the couch.
"Oh God!" Severide only yawns in response. "We should be having sex, right? This is what it's honeymoon for."
"We have the rest of our lives for that. I like how we're doing now, Kell."

Severide relaxes, Matt extends the massage up to his ankles.
"Hmm, I love you." He yawns and strokes his belly. "You both"

"Hey, would you believe me if I said
We are here for a reason, now?
This is our life
This is what counts
This is for us"

Antonio's phone rang at 6 AM, on the other end of the line, Severide's tired voice; "We are ready."

"What?"
"It's happening, Antonio, Wallace is being born."
"I would go anywhere for you, yeah
Hold on tonight
For us
I would go anywhere for you"

Chapter End Notes

;)


Wallace Louis Casey

Chapter Summary

"Would you let me see beneath your beautiful tonight?"
(Beneath You're Beautiful (feat. Emeli Sandé)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You tell all the boys: No
Makes you feel good, yeah
I know you're out of my league
But that won't scare me away, oh no
You've carried on so long
You couldn't stop if you tried it
You've built your wall so high
That no one could climb it
But I'm gonna try"

Severide hangs up the phone and puts his hands under his belly, another contraction. Matt returns to the bedroom carrying a backpack in his hands.

"How's it going?"

Severide sighs, moaning in pain. "That kid better not make me wait so long. Oh, I hope our insurance pays for a plastic surgeon, I'm going to need one after that." Severide groans again, grouchy. Matt smiled, trying to ease the tension.

"You're perfect, Kelly! It's all here, we can go now."
"Okay, I need help getting down the stairs and ..." Severide notices the siren of the fire truck lighting the window. "You didn't do this ..."
"Sorry, Kelly, I'm nervous and I don't want to take any risk with you now."

"So you called the fire department?" Severide laughs at the situation. "Really, Matt?"
"Not just the firemen, our friends firemen. It's snowing outside, If something happen to you or Wally..."

"So what did you plan? I can't get in the truck."
"I'll help you, I just don't want anything to happen on the way to the hospital, Kelly, I wont risk my luck."
"Shit, Matt! You're going to make him another firefighter, aren't you?" Severide recoils in another contraction, he gives up arguing with Matt. "I swear, Matt, if this kid grows up to be a firefighter because of you, I'm going to kill you!"
"You're a firefighter too, Kelly. Don't forget that." Matt helps him out of the room. "Double influence."

"We have to change our shifts ..." Severide says, teeth clenched during another contraction. "We can't afford a nanny now, and I don't want anyone else taking care of our son." The water hasn't yet
broken, Severide feels the legs weaken with the pressure on his pelvis.

Matt realized then that Severide is muttering between contractions. "Ok Kel, let's talk about this later, okay?" Matt wraps his arms around Severide's waist and they walk to the front door. "Don't let him be born in the truck, okay? I don't want anything to happen to him, Matt, please." "It won't, I promise, Kelly."

Severide stops before reaching the door. "If it does, promise me you'll take care ..." "Please, don't repeat that! It's going to be all right, I can't think about anything different, we're doing this together, Kelly!"

Severide is silent, his hands on his belly, he is trying to remember how to breathe properly. "I don't want any drugs, okay? It's our son, he's going to do it, I don't want any drugs to induce, nor c-section, none of that Matt. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, my love, you choose how you want to do it, I got your back. Now, we gotta go."

"Promise me that, Matt." Severide grabs Matt's hand tightly. "I promise ..." Matt kisses Severide's forehead, he's sweaty and crying. Matt holds his chin and looks into his eyes. "Nothing is going to happen, it's our son, there's no way it cannot be perfect, Kel." He slides his hand over Severide's belly. "I'm so eager to meet this little guy, I can hardly believe it's happening."

"Me too."

"Please don't cry, Kel. I love you, you're my man. The strongest man i ever meet in all my life. I'm so proud of you."

Matt helps him put on his coat, Severide leans against him, another contraction coming. "I'm so happy, Matt ..." He mutters against his husband's shoulder. "I can hardly believe it, he's really coming."

"I wanna see inside Would you let me see beneath your beautiful tonight?"

"Please don't make me get into labor inside that truck! They'll see mine ..."

"Nobody's going to see anything, I'm your husband, I'm here to protect you." Matt smiles, he's still tense, but trying not to let Kelly see it. "I can be a scary alpha if I have to."

"Yes, my hubby, protect me, please." Severide smiles and they start to walk again. "Let's have our son."

Matt took his coat and opened the door, to their surprise, the entire 51º squadron was parked at the door, ready to help them. "Oh..." He didn't expect for that. "We have all the Squad here to meet you,
Wally."

"My legs ..." Severide whispers, surprised by the help of his friends. "Do not let me spread my legs in there, Matt! My alpha is going to protect me from you, you freaks!" He screams before getting inside the truck, Matt just behind him, Herrmann behind the wheel. Cruz and Capp help him settle into the back of the truck. Even chief Boden is here to help, Severide breathes slowly trying to control the rhythm of the contractions, he can feel strong hands massaging his back, he turns around and finds out that Chief Boden who is touching him gently. "Just relax, Severide, we'll get there in a minute."
"Thanks, Chief."

Antonio arrives at the hospital shortly after the firefighters, Severide is already being examined and Matt is going crazy in the hall. "Matt, what happened?"
"I ... He's furious with me, I couldn't calm him down." Matt says, his tone of voice is almost desperate. "He kicked me out from there."
Antonio looks down the hallway, he can hear Severide complaining to the nurses. "It's okay, I'll stay with him for now, just relax, okay? Do you wanna bring us some coffee? He'll calm down when the pain passes out, but it can take time, Matt, be prepared for the worst of Severide now."
"I know, but I hate to see him in such pain. I can't do anything to help."
"Don't say that, he needs your support, believe me, you're helping."

"I'm terrified, Antonio. Thank you for being here." Matt touches Antonio's shoulder, his hand is cold. Antonio comforts him. "Hey, it's your first birth, it's okay to be scared, but everything's will be fine, Matt."

"He will not let me go there and be with him, I don't know what I've done wrong this time."
"You got married with the stupidest guy in the state." Antonio smiles. "I'll go talk to him, okay?"
Antonio walks away from him with the slight impression that the alpha of this relationship may not be Matt.

"Would you let me see beneath your beautiful? Would you let me see beneath your perfect?"
Antonio walks slowly, following the slow rhythm of Severide, the doctor told them to walk while they waited for full dilation. It's been six hours since the onset of labor, Severide is impatient and keeping Matt away. "He wants to be here with you." Antonio says. "I heard you kicked him out of the exam room."
"I'm fine, there's nothing to see here, Antonio."
"As your best man, I must remind you that he is also the father of this baby, Severide." Antonio says,
"I know, but it's not happening yet, I'm not doing anything right now."

"Look at you, you've endured contractions non-stop since last night, how can you say you're not doing anything?"

"That's not so bad ..." Severide responds without looking at Antonio, he's lying about it.

"You bet it's pretty bad, but besides, why don't you want him here with you, Severide? And don't lie to me, I can drop you on the floor and it will hurt a lot!" Antonio tries to make him talk. Severide points to a chair in the hall, he sits down slowly, Antonio by his side.

"It's the way he looks at me now, like I'm going to break in half."

"He's worried about you, that's all. This is perfectly normal, he's yours ..."

"Alpha?" Severide interrupts him.

"I'd say husband, but that too. You have to let him stay here now."

"I thought you were going to stay with me."

"I will, but it's not fair to leave Matt out of this, Severide."

"He saw me do this once and, I don't want it to happen again." Severide murmurs.

"It's not the same, Sev. Nothing is the same, it's okay now, you have to let him join in."

Severide contracts in another wave of pain. Antonio helps him breathe until the pain dropped.

"I don't want him to think I'm weak and that I can't do that. I can, Antonio, I can take care of our son."

"Nobody said to the contrary, you're strong we all know that, but let Matt help you about it, Severide, you have no idea how important that will be to you both."

"I heard a voice say, please, don't hurt me
You've carried on so long
You couldn't stop if you tried it
You've built your wall so high
That no one could climb it
But I'm gonna try"

Voight brought coffee and handed it to Antonio, he was in the hallway watching Severide walking lean on against Matt's shoulder.

"I heard you convinced him without weapons, no dead bodies in the hallway, nice job, Antonio! Take it, it's decaffeinated."

"I didn't know you could have any humor left, Hank." Antonio accepts the coffee. "Thank you."
"I just said you did well, you're probably the only one he'd listen to."

Antonio shrugs. "He's not that hard."
"I've been able to deal with walls that are more accessible and less stubborn than this guy."
"Have you come all the way here to offend my friend, Hank?"
"No, I owe him a lot, actually I came to give some support."
"That's very kind of you." Antonio drinks the coffee. "Thank you. I know you've done the same with Diego, and I appreciate that."
"I'm not doing anything, he's a good kid, just a little confused."
Antonio is ashamed now, part of this confusion is his fault. "Thank you anyway, Hank."

"Stop thanking me as if I were a stranger, Antonio. Where is my son?" Voight says, a little annoyed at Antonio's formality.
"With Erin, Brett is on duty."
"Okay, I'll get it later, if you don't mind."

"No, of course not, but he might cry a little, he's been nursing a lot now that we've been able to do that."

"I've been thinking about retirement now, I should have done it before, but now with Alvin, it seems to be the right thing to do."
"That's good, Hank, I'm happy for you."
"I'll put that boat in the water, Antonio, I'd like you to come with me."
Antonio swallows the coffee. "I guess now is not a good time to talk about it, Hank."
"And when will it be?"
"I don't know, things have changed, I've changed. I don't mind being alone on the shore now, that's it."

"You really want a divorce, huh? Getting away from me is so important to you, Antonio?"
"You promised to respect my decision, Hank."
"And I'm doing it, but nothing will keep me from trying to stay close to you, baby." Voight nodded to the two at the end of the corridor, they had sat for a brief pause in the walk. "How's he doing?"
"Well, the water has not yet broken, if it does not happen in the next few hours, they can induce it, and he doesn't want any of it."
"Will happen." Voight says with some firmness and faith in his voice, Antonio looks at him curiously. "I mean..."

"I know what you mean, and thanks for saying that, I've forgotten how good it feels to have some faith, Hank."
"I ... Antonio, I'm here for ..."
Voight doesn't finish his sentence, Severide writhes and groans, his water finally broke.

"I'm gonna climb on top your ivory tower
I'll hold your hand and you'll, you'll jump right out
We'll be falling, falling
But that's okay
'Cause I'll be right here
I just wanna love"

Severide wakes up with the noise of the water around him, the room is immersed in a softly darkness, he keeps his eyes open, there are other people in the room, but he is so comfortable in that birth pool that he doesn't care to see who is around. There is no pain now, just a gentle reminder that
the labor is in transition. He moves his hips gently making little waves in the water, he is naked, but he doesn't care. A hand caresses his wet hair, it's Matt, he can smell him. "Can you hear that?" He murmurs, Matt approaches to hear it better. "Peace..." He had so little time to rest since labor began. "Just peace. Matt."

Matt smiled, relieved, he had watched over Severide's sleep for the last few minutes. "Yeah, it's perfect, huh? Just the way you wanted it, Kelly."
"No, it's better than that. I was so scared ... I'm sorry."
"I was scared too, Kelly, but you're doing so well!" Matt's voice sounds lower than normal, he's tired too.
"Tell no one that today is our wedding night." Severide smiles.
"I will not ..." Matt slides his hands over Severide's bare chest into a small shell, as if trying to cover them. Severide looks at him, only then he sees who is in the room, Antonio and a doctor, in the other corner is Boden, he doesn't care now, in fact, he feels safe with everyone around him.

"My alpha..." He closes his eyes taking enjoying Matt's touch, he doesn't care to be naked and being touched now, Matt will protect him from anything. Everyone else in the room are silent, Severide slips into another welcome nap.

13 hours since the first contractions and Severide is finally pushing, the warm water around him softens the pain, but he is groaning and squeezing Matt and Antonio's hands tightly. He hears the words of encouragement, but he cannot assimilate any of them, only concentrates on the pain and the strength he needs to do to bring his child into the world.

He feels the burn, the baby is crowning. "It's not the same ..." He repeats, disconnected.
"What, baby?" Matt tries to understand what he's talking about.
"Louise ... God, that hurts!"
"All right, Kel, you're doing so well!" Antonio cheers him up, but he can barely hear it.
"He is fine?"
"Yes, he's almost here, Kel." Matt replies. "Just a little bit, love."
"I am so tired."

"I know, love, but it's almost over." Matt enters the tub and kneels between Severide's open legs, he kept his word, only he would do it. Severide pushes again and feels the baby's head slide out, it hurts, he tries to breathe more slowly and concentrate, then a bluish flash crosses his mind, Matt's eyes.

The swollen, tired eyes of Matt, his husband, his alpha, his man, his love, his baby's daddy, so he thanked God for having heard Antonio's advice and Matt being here by his side. Matt is smiling and crying at the same time, he does it with his eyes and Severide can see the whole universe inside those pupils, he reaches out and tries to touch Matt, he needs to make sure he's here, that this is really happening.

"Say that again." Severide asks, Matt blinked quickly, confused. "That all the universe stand inside my eyes."
Matt smiles. "I wasn't lying, my whole universe fits in your eyes, Kelly."

"I've never ... I've never seen anything like yours before, Matt ... "He mutters moving his hips up and down, trying to help the baby out." Your eyes ... "
Matt is concentrating on Severide, Antonio walks away a little and observes the strange dynamics between this two, it is a moment so intimate that it doesn't seem fair that he is here. Everything seems so complicated between this two dorks and, at the same time, one would never live without the other. Matt undergoes the whims of Severide and Severide protects Matt from his solitude, at the end of the
day everything works between these two. Trembling hands intertwine and the glow of golden alliances can be seen in the gloom. Antonio tries to remain silent and just watch, there is a bond coming up and, he is not sure if he should be here now.

He looks around and sees Boden sitting quietly, he has a rosary between his closed hands, he stayed like this all the time like an apprehensive father watching his two children. A snap and he looks at Severide again, he is pushing and Matt leaned over him, in the pool, his mouth over Severide's neck, then he bites him. Severide moans loudly trying to relieve, but it's not the pain he's trying to relieve, it's a groan of pure satisfaction. Antonio watches everything without any reaction, this must be the most incredible thing he has ever seen in his life. He never thought to see Severide sound so submissive before, but he is smiling and happy despite the pain. "Mine..." Matt moans against his omega's neck, Severide just shakes his head, confirming it. Matt's eyes change their color, there is a dangerous glow in them now, his lips are dirty with Severide's blood, he is not the same person anymore, he is an alpha in full mode now, protecting his family from any danger, and Antonio tries not to seem a threat now, Matt is the alpha after all. He wonders if Voight had that same look the day he bit him.

"Tonight, see beneath your beautiful
Oh, tonight, we ain't perfect, we ain't perfect
Would you let me see beneath your beautiful tonight?"

With no warning, Wallace slides out, their son has born, Severide can only watch and listen to the baby, Wallace is placed on his chest, still dirty and complaining about the abrupt change of environment. Severide wraps his arms around him, the umbilical cord hangs over his now flaccid belly, Matt is touching him, kissing his face, repeating how much he loves him. The bond between Severide and his son can be felt around the room.

Suddenly, everyone around doesn't matter anymore, and he can only think of how lucky he is to have Matt and Wallace, the baby starts to nurse without Severide needing to teach him, and it does make him and Matt cry even more. They are so proud!
"Hi, I'm your father..." He introduces himself, and expects Matt to do the same. "Welcome, Wallace Louis Casey."
Matt is crying like a kid now, he had not demanded anything about the baby's name, Severide made him the happiest man in the world right now. The dangerous alpha gave way to the loving father again. Across the room, Boden makes the sign of the cross gratefully, everything's okay with his boys. Antonio watches Wallace suck, is a handsome bald boy, Matt gently wipes blood on Severide's neck.
"I'm sorry ..." Referring to the bite.
"Complete now." Severide says, he is so happy that his voice can barely be heard.

"You've built your wall so high
That no one could climb it
But I'm gonna try"

Antonio left the two alone, he saw Chef Boden walk up to his men and give them the news, they celebrated it, then Antonio noticed Voight sitting alone across the aisle.
"He is perfect!" He says with a smile on his lips, Voight breathes deeply, relieved. "I'm going home, they're tired and..."
"I take you." Voight gets up quickly. "You look tired too."
"No need, Hank ..."
"It's late, I'll take you, Antonio." Voight left no room for Antonio to protest. They walk together to the parking lot, Voight's phone starts ringing. "Voight"
Antonio notices from Voight's expression that something very bad has happened. "I'm coming."
"What happened?"
"Where's Diego?" He asks, walking to his patrol car.
"At home with Erin, why?"
"Pulpo has escaped from prison."

"What's this got to do with Diego, Hank?"

"He is missing."

"I'm gonna climb on top your ivory tower
I'll hold your hand and you'll, you'll jump right out"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, my laptop has broken so i couldn't keep posting. Now it's fixed. Thank to read, comment please, forgive all my mistakes :)


Voight holds Antonio in his arms. "Listen to me, it's okay, Antonio, we'll find him, I need you to calm down, babe."

"My son Hank, find my son, please."
"I will, babe, I promise. I won't let he mess with my family, I swear it."

"How can this be? How Adres can runaway like that, Hank?"

"I'll take you to a safe place."
"I want to be with you." Antonio says in a determined voice.
"I gotta to go to the district..."
"It's my son, Hank, I will not be hiding this time, it's me that he wants!"

"Antonio ..."
"I know where he usually hides, I can't leave my son in his hands!"
"And if I could let go of the hope, then maybe
I could settle for just being with you baby"

No contact had been made yet, Erin had a bruise on her right hand, Alvin in her arms, and Eva by her side. Antonio only managed to hug the children, desperate.

"I'm sorry, Antonio..." Erin is visibly shaken, Antonio knows she's is not the one to blame for this. "Did he say anything?" He holds Alvin in his arms. 'Why he took Diego?"
"No, I was with Alvin and ... Eva stayed in the room, he just took Diego and left." Antonio looks at Eva, he is grateful she's okay.

There were cops everywhere, Antonio stayed at the station watching everything closely, he doesn't want to miss anything, Diego needs to be found. Voight ordered searches throughout the city, but no one knows where Adres might be.

After a long search, Voight returns to the district to find Antonio sitting in a room far from the others, nursing Alvin while Eva sleeps beside him on a bench. Waiting for news is the worst part, Antonio is tired and too eager to sleep, Voight kept him in a ward of the district so he could keep him safe.

Antonio's tired eyes meet Voight, the sergeant sits down besides him.
"Please..." Begging for good news, Voight holds his hands, they are cold. Alvin sleeps peacefully on his lap.
"I won't give up, Antonio. Diego has to be somewhere. I'll find him, babe. I'll bring him back to you, Antonio."
Antonio had cried enough, doesn't have more tears on this moment. "Give him whatever he wants, Hank, just bring my boy back."

"That's not how I work, Antonio. Adres will not have anything, he doesn't do what he wants, not in my city."
"It's my son out there, in his hands, I don't want to know how it works, Hank! Just don't let anything happen to Diego!"

Voight just shakes his head, he's doing what he can here. "You need to calm down, babe, they need you here."

Antonio watches Alvin sleeping on his chest. "Diego was born so small, I thought it was because of the little food that Adres brought to me, so the doctors told me that he would be a great man someday." Antonio says, there is pain mixed with despair in his voice. "He always was an little alpha, Hank, uncontrollable, he always drive me crazy and I love it, I love Diego so much that it hurts just to think that something could happen to him, just because I was the one who let Adres alive... "
"You did the right thing, Antonio, never doubt about that. You're not like me, don't blame yourself for saving that asshole, we'll gonna find him."

"I thought we were safe now, I thought this nightmare was over, Hank."
Voight says nothing, he thought the same. "Your boy is very tough, Antonio, he can protect himself, trust me, Pulpo ain't gonna hurt him so easy."
"I thought we could finally have a normal life, but it will not end, not while Adres is alive. " Antonio strokes Alvin's face and pulls him gently from his nipple. "I don't want to live this way anymore, I can't live in this fear again. Adres must stop, i have to..."

Voight can read between the lines, he knows what Antonio means by that. Voight's skin shivers, he never thought to hear Antonio planning to kill someone, even someone so despicable as Adres Dias. "I will." Voight promise him. "Adres won't come back, babe."
"No, not you, Hank! I can't let you ..."
"It's not your choice, Antonio. If not me, who else could make him stop... "
Antonio looks at the sleeping daughter by his side. "I've dealt with Adres many times before, Hank, there's nothing he can do to me that haven't already done! I can...Do it."

Voight takes a deep breath, he hates to think about it. "You cannot stop him, Antonio, stay here and take care them, let me do my job, my love. Let me take care of you."

"Every night I lay me down  
Fold my hands and close my eyes  
Every night I pray for time  
One more moment, one more try"

Erin is on her desk, she looks exhausted, the guilt is eroding her inside, Voight can see that.

"How is your hand?" He ask her.
Erin looks at the bandage on the wounded hand. "I've had worse." She looks down the corridor where Voight came from. "How's he doing?"
Voight looks around, the rest of his team is on the streets.
"He doesn't blame you, Erin, don't think that."
"How is that possible, Hank? I should have protected Diego!" She rubs his head, Voight approaches her and kisses her head over her hands.
"You did what you could have done, don't blame yourself, now we have to find this kid!"

Erin wipe her eyes. "I put two cops in the hospital to look after Severide and the baby. I told Casey what happened, Severide doesn't know yet."
"Very well thought out, I trust you to help me keep Antonio whole, you're the only person I trust to do it, Erin. We need you now."

"Do you think he's going to do anything against the boy?"
"He would not be such an idiot, he has an advantage over us and will use that."

Voight's phone rings in his pocket, an unknown number, he pick up. "Voight."

"I want you to come back"
Alvin and Eva fell asleep, Antonio remains sitting in the room, he couldn't eat anything Voight brought him.
"Hey ..." Voight enters without making any noise, he is surprised to receive a hug from Antonio, long and tight. "You need sleep, Antonio."
"I can't! Please tell me you know where he is."
"No, baby, not yet, but we'll find him, I promise."

"Adres must want something, Hank, he doesn't have any other support here! I know he's going to try to leave the country ..."
"All airports are being watched, Antonio, he will not get through us."

Antonio steps away from Voight and looks at the children sleeping in improvised beds in that small ward of the district.
"He's going to make demands ... He wants me, not Diego, he will not stop until he's fulfilled what he promised me." Antonio knows Adres well enough to know that he must have a list of demands to make, that's how he does things. Certainly, he himself is on this list, Adres promised to kill him and will not desist until he do it. There's something Voight's not telling him, he can feel it.
"Antonio, listen to me, he will not come near you, can you hear me? No even a inch close to you!" Alvin wakes up crying, Voight walks to him and holds him in his arms
"Hey boy, everything's okay, my boy." He says, softly, to his son.
Antonio becomes even more impatient and leaves the room.

"And if someone out there is a cure for this shit
I'd give my all to get to it
Every night I lay me down
Fold my hand and close my eyes
Every night I pray for time
One more moment, one more try"

The members of Voight's team did not leave, everyone was there to solve this case, Antonio watched them, they looked so tired. Antonio knows some of them, he has already seen them guarded at his door more than once, but there was no interaction between them, just a respectful nod, after all, he is still the boss's omega.

They are discussing a possible blockade on the highways and one of them suggests to accept Adres's demands, after all it was the life of a little boy in danger. Erin tells him to shut up, so she sees Antonio in the corner of the room, she approached him.
"Antonio?" Looking at him "What you...?"
"What is he demanding to return my son?"
Erin is silent, everyone around as well.
"You have to tell me, what does he want to free my son, Erin?" Antonio demands an answer, he knows that Voight is hiding something from him.
"You. He wants you in return for Diego, Antonio."

"I'm thankful everyday
You're trying all the time
I know how bad it hurts
But we are on the line
That cannot let us burn"

"Do what he wants!" Antonio invaded Voight's office without any warning. "Hank!"
"No, I won't turn you in, Antonio!" Voight is still sitting at his desk. "I won't do it."
"It's my son out there in his hands! I can handle Adres, but Diego doesn't! He's just a boy! My boy, Hank!"
Voight gets up and walks over to Antonio. "I'm not going to accept this kind of negotiation, Antonio. That's out of question."
"If you love me, and care for me, you will accept and bring my son back, no matter what happens to me, Hank." Antonio says without looking away from him, defying him. "He can hurt my son, Hank!"
"He will not touch one hair of Diego, Antonio, nor over my corpse! You don't leave this place until I reach my hands over Adres."
"And what about my son, Hank? I wait until you hand me him in some corpse bag, God!" Antonio bows, his stomach is reacting to all the stress of the day. Voight tries to touch him, he pushes him away. "Where? Where does he want to do that, the exchange? Give me a gun, i can do it!"

"Do what, Antonio? Go there and let him kill you? We will not negotiate with this animal! We're not going to do it!"
"My son is with him, I won't sit here waiting until he hurts Diego!"
"You don't leave here, do you hear me, Antonio?" Voight holds Antonio's arm hard enough to make it hurts. "You don't leave here!"
"You can't give me orders, Hank!" Antonio tries to let go, but Voight holds him tighter.
"Yes, I can and I'll do it!" Nothing in the world would make Voight to put Antonio into Adres's hands again, he even doesn't intend to bring him alive to another cell, but Antonio is not going to participate in this, if someone is going to kill Adres, that someone is Voight.
Antonio is struggling to get away from Voight's hands, he's breathing fast. "I swear ... If something happens to Diego I will never forgive you, Hank!"
Voight keeps the grip on his arm and drags Antonio into the room where Eva and Alvin are sleeping, he pushes him inside. "Don't leave this room!" He locks the door.

Antonio's screams can still be heard, now Alvin is also crying inside the room, Voight feels his chest ache, he stays by the door for some time, undecided about his attitude. If lose Antonio, is the price to pay to keep him safe, he will pay it.
"We found him!" Erin came up to him, gun at the waist. "We know where Pulpo is!"
Voight looks at the door, still not sure what to do. "Stay here with him, don't let him leave!"
"Hank!" She protests.
"This is an order!"

"There's nothing I can say
From heaven down to hell
Is a short way"
Can you take me home to you?

Chapter Summary

"Mother, I have gone astray, oh
Sorry, but I've lost my way, oh
Everybody knows my name, here
But nobody really knows me"
(Mother- Ina Wroldsen)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

"If I close my eyes real tight
I can see what might have been
If I turn off all the lights
I can say I just pretend
Mother, I'm afraid, too far, oh
I don't know who else to call"

Severide slept for a few more hours, he is exhausted, Matt watched him through the sleep, Wally by his side, he hasn't left their side in no moment for the last three hours. In the corridor, there are two guard policemen. He said nothing to Severide yet, the omega is still feverish because of the bond between them.

Wallace moves and wakes up, Matt holds him up before he start to cry and wake up Severide. "Give to me ..." Too late, Severide is awake.

Matt takes the child in his arms and gently hands it to Severide. He checks Severide's forehead, he's still warm in fever.
"You have to rest, Kel. I can take care of him."
Severide looks at his son, a pale smile on his lips. "He's hungry... You need a break, Matt, you look like hell, going to scare Wally."

Matt smiles, the tiredness still couldn't make him fall sleep. "He's one of us, no so easy to be scared of anything. How are you?" He strokes Severide's sweaty hair, earns a sly look in response. "Any pain?"
"It's as if an entire building collapses over me. I don't know about you, but I definitely need a vacation now." He raises the hospital shirt and guides Wallace to his chest. "Did they say anything about the fever? I can breastfeed Wally, right?"

"They said if you can do it, don't worry." He watches one of the cops move to make a phone call. "We need to down this fever, Kel. They said you can have a shower, if you want, it gonna help with the fever."

"I'm fine, as long as it doesn't affect Wallace, I can handle it, besides, I don't know if I can get out of here, i just..." Suddenly Severide notices something around him. "What happened, Matt? Where's Antonio?"

Matt scratch his own face, he hates lying to Severide.
"He had to go home, take care of the kids, you know ...

Severide rests his head against the pillow.
"Do you know the best part about having a bond between us? I know when you're lying, Casey. What really happened?"

Matt sighs, doesn't want to talk about it now.
"Matt ..." Severide demands an answer.
"Adres has escaped from prison, he is somewhere now, the police are looking for him. Voight is looking for him."

"Is Antonio okay? Where is he?" Severide tries to get up, Matt holds him against the bed. "Who are these men out there, Matt?"
"Hey, lie down, he's fine, he's with Voight, these are Voight's men, they are taking care so Adres doesn't come near us."

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, besides, you will not be able to see Antonio now, Voight is keeping him safe. He and the kids are safe, Kelly." He lied.

Severide looks at the two men in the hallway. Wallace makes a funny noise, he tries to smile back to his son. "All that shit again, huh?"

Matt hugs him, this is his family, he will keep them safe, no matter what. "No one will come close to you or our baby, I promise."

"Will you stay here with me, Matt?" Severide reaches out and tries to hold on Matt.
"I'm not going anywhere, Kel." "I need you to finish what started through birth, Matt." He says touching the bandage over the bite on his nape. "You have to bite me again."

Matt approaches him again and touches the bite bandage too. "Are you sure, Kelly?"
"Yes. Did you regret doing it?"
"Never! I just don't want to hurt you more, you've gone through a lot of pain to give me Wallace."

Severide smiles. "It was not so bad, I think I can do it again in a few years."
"Really?" Kissing his lips.
"Yes, I think."

Wallace falls asleep again, Matt picks him up and puts him in the crib beside the bed. Severide accompanies him with his eyes.
"Do you think we can do this here?" He asks, Matt smiles with the proposal.
"I'm sure the nurses would kill me if I touch you now, Kelly."
"They cannot do anything, you're my alpha. My alpha husband."

"Do you want to do this now?"
"I want it so bad, if I wasn't a mess down there now, I swear I'd do it sitting on your lap, Matt."

Matt smiles in embarrassment. "We need to keep this conversation low now." He nods at Wallace.
"When we have a kid to educate, it can get messy."

"He still can't understand what we talk so..." Severide hold him again. Matt keeps his eyes on the two cops out there, something is happening, but he doesn't want Severide to notice. "What do you think about taking a shower, I'm sure in the bathroom we'll have some privacy."

"That would be a dream, I need help getting up and ... Where are you going?" Matt had moved away from him. "I'll get some towels and don't worry, I won't be long, Kel."
He takes advantage that Severide cannot see him and goes to one of the police, the officer informs him that Adres has been found, nothing more, Matt sighs relieved, then he returns to Severide.

Severide's body is still sore and soft, his belly a little swollen but limp, Matt helps him take off his clothes. "What did they say?" He asks as Matt turns on the shower. "Oh, I didn't say anything about sex or anything like that ..." He try to be funny. "I asked about the cops out there, Matt, I'm not stupid." Matt raises an eyebrow. "Can't I hide anything then?"
"I'm an omega who just gave birth, but I'm still a firefighter, and I'm still the same guy who knows you long enough to see how worried you are about it."

Matt sighs, useless trying to hide something from Severide now. "They found Adres, that's all I've been told." Matt pulls the bandage over the bite, it's healing, he will open it again in a few moments, Severide puts his hand on it and moans, is not pain, but Matt doesn't quite know what it is. Severide walks under the shower, the warm water touching his skin, eyes closed. "I hope Voight doesn't let him get away this time."
Matt doesn't respond, he take off his clothes and joins Severide in the shower. One of his hands beside his body, trying to hold Severide under the water.

"I wanna come home
Where the streets take me back to where I'm bound
Where my feet feels steady on the ground
I wanna come home"

"Mother, can you hear my voice? Oh
Calling through the dense white noise, oh
I've been chasing dreams and stars, oh
Along the way I lost my heart"
Antonio is awake for more than 26 hours, he can't sleep without knowing if his son is safe, and now locked up here, he can barely sit down to rest.

"Is Diego coming back, Dad?" Eva woke up and is sitting next to him in the small room.

"Yes, babe, he will." He tries to console her, but even he couldn't believe in that now.

"Why is he doing this to us, dad?"

"I don't know, babe, Please go back to sleep."

"Voight's here?"

"No, he didn't come back yet, Eva."

"That's why we're locked here, dad?"

"We are safe here, Eva, don't worry."

"Diego's safe outside?"

"If I sit alone real still
Sometimes I can feel you here
Maybe you could take the wheel
Trying get me out of here
Mother where you've gone astray, oh
And tell me I will be okay"

Erin brought coffee and a extra blanket to Antonio. She locked the door when come in.

"You need to get some sleep, Antonio."

"Voight has come back?"

"No, he's made a number of demands to turn himself in, Antonio. Hank is doing his best to bring Diego back to you."

"Let me out of here, Erin. I need to get out of here."

"You're safe here, Antonio. It's not safe outside now,"

"Then why am I arrested here while my son is outside with Adres?"

"You're not arrested, but believe me, if something happens to Diego, Adres will not have anywhere to go."

"Don't make me this kind of promise. You have no idea what it is to have a child in danger!"

Antonio says, bitter.

"Okay, i'm sorry, I don't know, but I need to keep you held in safe here while Hank looks for Diego."
"There's no such thing as security when Adres is free, he's going to kill my son! I have to do something, Erin."
"And what do you want to do, Antonio? Go to him and let him kill you? Voight is just trying to protect you."
"He cannot. He can never do that." Antonio is looking at a point on the wall, his eyes swollen with sleep and tears. "No one can." Antonio speaks quietly and slowly, like someone who gave up on all hope.
"You need to trust him now and ..."

"I do, and you know what, I always end up alone with my children in some kind of danger."
"It's different, Hank has changed, you've changed him, Antonio. He's not the same man you used to know."
"Not?" Antonio has a manic smile on his lips. "How do you know that?"
"I know Hank, I know him well enough."
"Are you sure of that? So you know everything he does, don't you?"
"I don't judge..."
"He told you about him and your mother, Erin? Did he tell you that you are his daughter? Do you really think you know who Hank is, Erin? Alvin is your brother ... He told me when i was pregnant..."

Erin takes time before saying something, long enough for Antonio to regret what he said.
"Erin ..."
"I know you're angry now, so I'll ignore what you said, but remember that, Antonio, if you got here it's because Hank is out there trying to keep you safe! You're right to be upset with me, I let him take your son, but never doubt that we're trying to fix things. That's our way of working, Antonio." She stands up and opens the door, one last look before leaving. "You'd better get some sleep."
Antonio gets up and tries to argue, but Erin closes the door behind her.

"I wanna come home
Where the streets take me back to where I'm bound
Where my feet feels steady on the ground"

The day's dawning when the door was opened again, Antonio had slept in a corner, Eva and Alvin sleeping beside. He opens his eyes and the smell of Voight invades his nostrils. It was Erin, smelling like Voight. She's upset, like Voight does sometimes.

"I always knew." She puts two trays on the table. "I brought you some food."
"I'm sorry, I ..."
"I don't want to talk about it now, Antonio, just eat."

"Erin ..." He stands up and tries to approach her. "I'm sorry, I screwed up ..."
"I said no! You need to eat."
Antonio looks at the door, it's open, Erin did not lock it.

"I shouldn't have said..."
"Hank doesn't owe me anything, Antonio. I don't want to talk about it anymore, not now, not ever."

Antonio just agrees.
A little commotion in the intelligence room, the two run up there, Voight is on television. He negotiate with Adres, and the killer asks Voight to negotiate with him personally, unarmed. Voight accepts.

"What he is doing?" Antonio asks with tight lips. "That's stupid!"
"That's what Hank does." Erin replies.
"Can you take me
Home to you?"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, short chapter, but i'm sooooooo happy with your comments, that i had to post it. Love you guys <3
Starting where the story ends

Chapter Summary

"I believe miracles come true
I believe in you
Here we are tangled up in fear
Never knowing if we're far or near"
(The CO- Two Steps Away)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Can you feel inside this is real
Can you feel
Here we are on the ground in our skin
Starting where the story ends"

The flames took over the building quickly when firefighters get inside, Voight's body was laying against one the side wall, Diego by his side trying to drag the alpha out, the boy holds a gun in his hands, confused he points to the firemen, he is trying to protect Voight. There is blood on the floor, a unidentified burned body upstairs, Herrmann found it.
"We have a officer down here!" Chief Boden calls on the radio. They took Voight out the fire, he is not breathing.

"1,2,3 ..." He is not breathing yet. "1,2,3 ..." There are no vital signs either. The paramedics began the CPR, oxygen masks are brought in, Diego is taken to another ambulance while they trying to save Voight. The firemen closed the perimeter trying to contain the flames, SWAT is still here, some reporters are crowding behind the yellow line.

Antonio left Erin's car even before it stopped in the street, only to see Voight's soft body being taken to an ambulance surrounded by paramedics and other police officers. "Officer down! We have an officer down here!" A paramedic screams for space to work. There is blood dripping from Voight's chest and his clothes are torn, Antonio stands, desperate watching the situation around. Voight is down!

"Dad!" Diego steps away from the ambulance and runs into Antonio's arms.
"Diego! Are you okay?" Antonio squeezes Diego against his chest, he does not want to let the son go. Diego reaches him in that clumsy hug, Antonio leans to see if his son is injured, nothing, Diego is safe, only his clothes were slightly burned.

"He saved me, Dad! Hank saved me!"

"You don't have to break my heart to make me see
You don't have to let this go to set me free"

Inside the ambulance Voight is injured, seriously injured. Erin is around him.
"Where is he? Where is Pulpo?" Antonio heard Erin asking, but her voice is so far away now; another cop says he was not found inside the building, there is an unidentified body, but they still don't know whether it is Adres or not. "There's no way he could have survived and passed us by."
The policeman complements.
"He did it, dad, Adres put fire and shot in Voight. He tried to kill us." Diego's voice seems trembling and frightened, Antonio holds him tighter. "He gonna be okay, dad?"

Antonio feels the ground around him move, he hears nothing more than Diego's quick breath, tight in his arms. The world around him doesn't make any sense, he is standing in the middle of the street holding his son, people run everywhere, firefighters, police officers, SWAT, confused pedestrians with the fire, police officers trying to keep the civilians safe and the perimeter clean, he can barely stay in position. A policeman comes to talk to him and tries to keep him away from the scene, Antonio wanna tell him that he needs to stay, he needs to know if Voight is well, he needs, but he has no voice to say anything. He could not put his thoughts together.
Voight is not reacting to the CPR. 'Hank Voight cannot die! He don't die!' He wants to say it to Diego, but he couldn't make any sound.
"Dad!" A paramedic wants to examine Diego, Antonio tries to cling to his son, he doesn't want to part with him again.
"He must come with me, sir!" The paramedic informs, Antonio slides his arms and allows Diego to being taked.
"I'm here, son." That's all he can say, he wanted to scream, but his puffing breaths felt on too short for that.

The confusion around him seems to disappear when he manages to approach Voight and see his face, he is pale, his eyes open glazed as paramedics work around him. There's blood on his face and an ugly cut on his forehead, Antonio feels his chest ache, Hank never looked so bad before, so fragile, so ... dead ...

Suddenly a hand on his chest pushes him back, he almost falls, Erin pushes him away from the ambulance, away from Voight. "Go back to the district, stay with your kids, Antonio!" She said when the ambulance door has being closed.
"There's something inside that's coming on strong
And it's time, time to hold on
There's something inside that's gone so cold
And it's time, it's time to move on"

Erin is shrunken in a corner of the hospital, Antonio doesn't know whether or not to approach her now, so he chooses to remain in silence like the others, in the other corner. Nobody told him anything about Voight's health, he doesn't feel entitled to ask, it's all his fault, if only he were smarter...


"Sylvie, she is taking they home now. They're fine, I know you're upset with me, but, i have to stay here, Erin..."

"Diego needs you, go home Antonio."

Antonio knows he deserves her cold shoulder now, but he is not about to give in. "I care about him, Erin, Voight's my ..."

"No, he's not. You made that clear to him, for all of us here. Go home, I'll keep you posted."

"Please stop!" Tiredness and tension forced Antonio to sit down, he is exhausted, some cops come and go exchanging information, the entire Voight team is on that emergency room, all of them deep in quietly disturbed. "Stop saying that, Erin."

"He took two shots, one struck vital organs, cannot breathe alone yet because of the smoke that he breathed while trying to save your son." She says, the hidden nervousness behind the soft voice. At no other time did she sound so much like Voight, she was as aggressive as he was.

"I'm sorry, that's not how it should end..." Antonio rubs his eyes, does not want to cry anymore.

"You do not have to blame me, I'm already doing this..."
"We won't live this way
We can't play it safe
We're two steps away
From the dreams we've always known"

"I told you that you don't have to stay here anymore... No one will blame you for it." She insists.
"I'm not leaving! He's still my..."
"Alpha? Don't worry about it, go home, stay with your kids, I'll have a cop to stand with you until they confirm if the body in the morgue belongs to Adres. I'm sure it was him, there was no way out of the building, Voight did not fall without a fight, he must have hit Adres a few times. You have to stay with Diego now, he needs his father now. You got what you came for, your son is safe."
"I never..." Antonio looks around, everyone is looking at him now, he rubs his neck over the spot where there was a scar from the bond with Voight. "I'm staying here." His voice sounds tremulous, but he doesn't back down. Erin takes a deep breath. "I never thought this could happen, Voight is all I have Erin, we're not together now, but that does not mean I don't love or care about him so, please, just let me stay here, okay?"

"The police might want to talk to Diego, you should go home and get him ready for more of this shit, even if Hank dies today, this ain't over yet!"

"He's not...! He can't!" Antonio screams, he looks around ashamed, his hands covering his face.

"I'd climb over walls to be with you
You're never alone
You'll make it through
I'll fight for the cause
I'll find the truth
This heart can make it
We will not move"

Erin walks away from him and goes to speak with one of the policemen there, she returns pale and a little frustrated. "They have not been able to identify the body yet, they need something to compare," Antonio agrees, he really wants to get rid of this situation as soon as possible. "Alright, we can do that." He feels his throat ache, tears get trapped in the corners of his eyes. "Adres is dead..." He does not believe what he says, it sounds surreal. "God! He's dead..."

"You know what that means, don't you?" She asks, Antonio wipes his eyes and looks back at her, confused. "Hank fulfilled his part in your agreement, Antonio, you're free to go."

Antonio breathes deeply, his hands trembling on his knees. "There's no agreement between us, that
was over for a long time, Erin. Don't talk like that's a bad thing, because it was not. I love Hank..."

"I was furious with him for getting involved with you. I told him to stay away, I thought I was protecting you, the poor omega beaten up in the hospital, but no, I was protecting him. I was protecting Hank." Erin says as she sits down next to Antonio, she is frighteningly calm now. A cup of coffee in her hands that he didn't realize she have before. "Voight has been in hell since Justin's gone..."

"I didn't want to hurt you, Erin. Hank trusted me and ..." He rubs his eyes. "I shouldn't have said anything about he being your father ..."
"It was no secret." She wraps her fingers around the cup of coffee. "I always knew why he was taking care of me, so I never judge his actions, I trust him, Hank always takes care of his people, he always took care of everyone ... Of me"

Antonio tries to say something, but she continues; "I always knew about Hank Voight being my father. Nobody protects anyone that way, Antonio. Voight had reasons, it did not take long for me to find out all about him and Bunny. He's smart, i'm smart too."

Antonio just stand there looking at his own lap as she talking to him.

"He loves you, and I didn't think he was capable of loving anyone else, not after Camille and Justin, but he loves you. In a way that only he could explain and, perhaps never make sense, but he has changed. I've never seen him so broken before, he's afraid to come home alone, so he slept in the district all these days."
Antonio did not know that.
"It's so tragic and funny at the same time, he never say it, but I see him trying to find excuses to call you and see you. Right now, I hate you for leaving him like this, but I also know it's not your fault, and I I still hate you, Antonio ... "She falls down in tears, Antonio hugs her.
"He'll be fine, Erin... He's Hank Voight, he cannot ..." He notices the tears forming in the corners of his eyes again. "I thought it would look good in the end, I didn't think ... He can't die, right? Hank Voight doesn't die like this..." Antonio couldn't finish his sentence, he touch his cheek and wiped away the tears.

"I can't lose him." She continues saying. "He may be a scary alpha most of the time, but deep down he is a good man, Antonio."

"He will not die, Erin, he cannot die! God! We have a small son he promised me to take care of, he gotta a boat, he built it. Hank has worked so hard on it, he has not yet put it in the water and, we will do it together ... He can't die!" He repeats as if it were a mantra.

"A boat?" She wipes her eyes as she looks at him as if Antonio had two heads now. "Hank has a boat? Since when?"
"I don't know." Antonio shrugs, a faint smile on the corners of his lips. "He really wants to put that thing in the water someday."
"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard!" She is laughing and crying at the same time.

"There's something inside that's coming on strong
And it's time, time to hold on
There's something inside that's gone so cold
And it's time, time to move on"

Laughter doesn't last long, Antonio sighs, is relieved that Erin finally stops trying to push him away. "I asked him to never leave me at the shore when we got married, it's a marriage vow I think." He tries to explain the strange metaphor between himself and Voight. "When I was pregnant, he pulled
me away and left me more than once, I was so angry with him, and you know, I was drugging myself all the time after Alvin was born ... He had left me in shore."

"He's not the easiest person in the world, but he's my whole family, Antonio. He's the only father I know, the only one I'd really like to have."
"I know, I never wanted to break it, Erin, forgive me if I was a jerk back there." "We were all jerks, it's been a long day."

"Do you think...?" Antonio sounds concern again, he can see the glazed look of Voight in the ambulance every time he closes his eyes, this is going to be hard to forget.
"No, Hank is hard to beat! They'd have to do better to knock him down." She tries to ease the tension and sound optimistic. "I need to blame and yell at someone, but I know that nothing in this world would have stopped Hank to go into that building and try to save your son."

"And I'll be eternally grateful to him for that, but right now, I just want to get in there and beat him for it ... for scaring me that way."

Erin looks at the phone, it is already dawn, they are there without news from Voight until now, everyone seems worried and tired, Voight's men remain in the waiting room, silent, Antonio heard one of them comment that he has never seen the sergeant knocked down before, he curve his head and says a silent prayer. All that day has been an emotional roller coaster shit and he just wants to see and touch Hank's face, make sure he's finally breathing alone, out of any danger.
"You know you're not going to do this, right? He's still a sergeant, and that can put you in a bad situation." Erin says interrupting Antonio's little prayer, he finally smiles. "Probably, but I think it's really time we got out of the shore and reached the sea, both of us."

"Mr. Voight?" The doctor's low voice made Antonio jump from the chair, he didn't even think about being called by Hank's last name. "Are you Mr. Voight?"
"I'm Antonio, Hank Voight is my husband, please tell me, how's he is doing?"

"There's something inside that's gone so cold
And it's time, time to move on"

Chapter End Notes

Forgive me for the bad grammar, I'm Sorry.
An unconventional way out.

Chapter Summary

"Yes, how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?"
(Blowin’ in the wind - Bob Dylan)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"How many roads most a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer my friend is blowin’ in the wind
The answer is blowin’ in the wind."

Severide grimaced as he slept, Matt realized it. Wallace's in his arms, it's his second day at home, and uneven baby sleep has left his both parents exhausted.

"Alright, we can do that." Matt ventured to change his diapers, he had done this before, but there was a nurse to help. "Okay, son, you don't have to cry, we're fine, see, it's not so bad." He finishes changing his son and holds it against his shoulder. "Yeah, we did it. How about a nap now, huh? About 2 or 3 days, what do you think, Wally?" They went back to Severide's apartment, it's safer than Matt's house, and the alpha doesn't want to take any chances.

He lies down next to Severide on the bed and keeps Wally on his chest. "He's tired, aren't you?" He sighs happily for the silence around. "Are you looking at him? He's beautiful, is not he? A whole meal!" He smiled. "Do not listen to this, Wally, and never, never repeat that! I'm a very lucky man, look how you look like him!"

Wallace fell asleep on Matt's chest and the alpha stood up to put him in the crib on the other side of their room.
"Hmmm." Severide moves and wakes up. "He is okay?"
"Yes, clean and all." Matt goes back to bed and lies next to Severide. "Are you alright?"
"My arm hurts." He shifts his position. "God, I was so tired!"
"Yes, you haven't slept at all for almost four days."

"It's not fair, you didn't sleep either, Matt."
"Yeah, but I did not go through what you went through, I'm fine. Hungry?"
"No, not really."
"You have to eat, Kell."
"Yes, I'll try." He sits on the bed. "Any news from Voight?"
"Antonio called, he still has not woken up, but he's out of danger now."
"That's good! And how is Antonio?" He asks pulling the T-shirt out of his body, it's wet.
"Worried, but he's fine. What do you want to eat, Kell?" Matt gets up, he's going to make their dinner.

"I don't know, I need a shower first."

"Do you need any help?"

"No, I can handle it."

From the bathroom, Severide hears the phone ring, Matt picks up and hangs up quickly. It's a quick shower, he doesn't want to leave Wally alone in the room, soon he'll wake up hungry. Drying his hair, he leaves the bathroom and returns to the room and looks for a shirt, they are easier to open and breastfeed. Wally is awake in the cradle, Severide grabs him in his arms.

"Hey, pretty boy!"

He opens the shirt and puts the child on his nipple. "A whole meal, huh? I'm going to have a long talk with your father!"

He listens to Matt's footsteps entering the room.

"It was a compliment, Kelly, and you should be asleep." He returns to the kitchen when the phone rings again, but he shuts off without answering, Severide comes right behind him he finds Matt a little bit nervous.

"What happened? Who was on the phone?"

"No one, don't worry." Stirring in the pots on the stove.

"Okay, here we go again." Severide smiles. "I can take it from you, Matt."

Matt sits at the table. "My mom, she wants to know if she can come and meet Wally."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I said nothing." He rubs his hair, Severide knows how much Matt's relationship with his mother is complicated. "I don't want to take him away from her, but I know how bad my mother can be."

Severide sits down in front of him. "She's your mother, Matt, she's Wally's grandma, it's fine she wants to meet him. I understand you're trying to protect our son, but she's still family, he'll meet her one day."

"There's a good reason I keep her away from us, Kelly. I don't want all this shit again."

"Fine, I trust you, but think about it Matt. God, i'm talking like you!"

"You know what? I'm going out and buy some real food, I hate your refrigerator!" Matt gets up and picks up his coat by the door.

"The idea of staying here was yours!" Severide defends himself. "I dind't even come here for
"I won't be long." Matt kisses Severide's lips and leave.
"Matt ..." Severide says before Matt closes the door. "Say 'hi' to her for me."
Matt tries to say that he is not going to talk to his mother, but no reason to lie.

"I don't want to leave you alone and ..."
"Get out of here! We need a break from you!" Severide says smiling. Matt rolls his pockets in search of his telephone.
"I won't be long, Kel...!"
"Get out!" Severide goes into the bedroom with his son in his arms.

"Yes, how many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind."

Voight's cold hand reached Antonio's fingers on the bed.
"If I had known I had to get shot to get you back, I would have done it before." The sergeant's cavernous voice echoes through the hospital room, he is floating on medication and moves slowly. Antonio wakes up, he had dozed off beside his bed.

"Never say that again, Hank. How do you feel?"

"A bit broken." Voight tries to sit down but realizes that his arms are contained at the side of the bed. "How long have I been gone?"
"Two days, I thought ..." Antonio rubs his eyes. "I thought I'd lost you, Hank. You were not breathing."
"Two days? It was just a shot, he caught me off guard, I'll be fine. How's Diego doing?"
"He's fine, a little scared, but he's fine. Thank you." Antonio really wants to thank Voight. "You saved him, Hank. I can never thank you for it enough."
"He was very brave over there." Voight stood lying down. "I appreciate your gratitude, Antonio, but
it's not necessary. I just did my job."

"Yeah, then he wants to be a cop now, God! I don't know if I could be more worried."
"He's 14 years old, he may change his mind yet."
"I don't even want to think about having another of my men working on it."
Voight smiles, his dry lips hurt, but he doesn't stop smiling for it.
"Am I one of your men, Antonio?"

"I," Antonio hold tight Voight's hands in his. "Do you feel good? Do you remember what happened, Hank?"
"Yeah, I'm fine. They need more than that to knock me down. How are you, baby, is Alvin okay?"
"Yes, everything's fine." Antonio hasn't slept well for more than three days, he's exhausted. "I can bring him here to see you if you want."
"I'd like to see him at home, Antonio."

"The doctors said ... You scared me so much! We didn't know if you would wake up."
"Hey, I'm here. I ..." He tries to move his arms again, but he cannot move much. "I'm stuck?"
"No, it's for your safety, you were restless last night. "Antonio takes Voight's arm and released it."
I... "He clears his throat. "I think we should try again, no pressure, just you and me. What do you think, Hank?"

"I think it's a good idea, babe, but don't do it out of gratitude, I wouldn't know how to live knowing you're just grateful to me. That's not how I want you, Antonio."
"It's not gratitude, Hank, it's not just that, these last two days I thought how much I would regret it if you died. I don't want to be away from you one more day."

Voight pulls Antonio's body against his, the omega has to lean over the bed to not fall over Voight. "Noo...!" Antonio doesn't want to hurt him.
"I'm fine. We can go home now? I don't want to waste time here anymore. We both need some rest, in our own bed, babe."
Antonio smiles at Voight's stubbornness. "I'm sorry to inform you, but you're going to have to wait. It was a bad shot, Hank, we almost lost you."
"I would die a thousand times if I knew that I would find you waiting for me with this beautiful face of yours, Antonio."

Antonio feels his face burn. "You're so high now, Hank."
"Could be, I'm lying? Your face was all I could think ...What's wrong, baby?" Voight strokes Antonio's hair. "What is it, Antonio?"
"I want to make it right this time, Hank. Without lies, without you disappearing from home, I want a family, a real family."

Voight looks at him, Antonio's eyes are tired. "Come here." He holds Antonio against his chest. "I promise I'll do my best." Their wedding ring is on Antonio's finger again, Voight smiles as he realizes this. "Do you want to marry me again, Antonio?"
Antonio laughs, Voight grabs his hips and squeezes his butt tightly. "Not so fast, old man, that may be too much for your old heart to deal with."

"Is not your birthday next month?" Antonio just agrees, he tries to get up but Voight holds him tight. "40 years? Not so young, huh?"
"Are you trying to conquer me, Hank? I must say it's not working."

Voight loosened his arms around Antonio and smiled. "You want to, Antonio? You don't have to answer me now, take your time. I want to do everything right and ... I love you, Antonio."
"We're already married, Hank. None of us have actually filed for a divorce yet."
"We can do this again, get married properly. What do you think, babe?"

"I think we should let your people out there know that you're awake and very, very high, saying nonsense things. They've been here since you arrived." Antonio gets up and leave to tells the others that Voight has finally woken up.

Erin is the first person to enter the room and the last one and to leave, she remains by the bed of Voight while he is greeted by the others. When everyone leaves, she stays there.

"Stop looking at me as if I could be dead!" Voight tells her without any emotion in his voice, Erin smiles. "I'm not dead!"
"In fact, it was so close, Hank."
"Can I have a hug then?" He asks, breaking the tension between them. Erin hugs him. "Was everything okay there until he shot me, that bastard!"
"You should not have gone in there by yourself." With no one in the room, they can afford to show some affection, Erin was relieved beyond fatigue.

"Where's Antonio?" Voight asks her.
"Breastfeeding." She nods in a direction to where Voight imagines he is. Voight sits with difficulty.
"He will be back here in a moment."
"What have we got from Pulpo's case?" It's the sergeant talking again.
"You should get rest, Hank..."
"What do we have here?" He repeat.
"It wasn't him. The body in the morgue, it isn't from Adres Dias, we don't know whose belong."

"Does Antonio already know that?"
"That's confidential information, nobody knows."
"Let's keep like this."
"He'll know, sooner or later, he will, Hank!"
"Not if I get there first. That's still confidential, Erin, no one else should know until I find him. Things between me and Antonio are getting better now, Pulpo will not get in my way again. Go home, take some rest, you look like hell, girl!"
"Hank ..."
"Go home! I am your boss and this is an order, not a request, Erin."

"So that's what happens now? Do you lie to him and pretend we're safe, Hank? That Pulpo isn't alive and..."
"He is technically alive, I beat him, he cannot go far. Let's keep the men in readiness, he's hurt and will not leave town. I need to sleep and so do you, so, get ou of here!"
If she doesn't agree, she doesn't say it anymore, she just lets Voight rest and leaves. In the corridor she sees Antonio, he and Sylvie are talking and both seem happy. Alvin is grabbing a lock of Antonio's hair and making a move with his small chubby fingers. Neither of them notices her presence, so she leaves.

"Yes, how many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky ?
Yes, how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry ?
Yes, how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all mistakes, please let me know what you think, this keep me going. ;)
I will stand by you forever

Chapter Summary

"I can be your hero baby.
I can kiss away the pain.
I will stand by you forever.
You can take my breath away."
(Heroe- Enrique Iglesias)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Would you dance
If I asked you to dance?
Would you run
And never look back?
Would you cry
If you saw me cryin'
Would you save my soul tonight?"

Severide arrived at the barracks at the end of the day, he was carrying Wally in the baby chair. Herrmann received him at the front door. "Hey, it's our big guy, and the little one!" He bends down to see Wally. "You're growing so fast, little man!"
"What did you expect, I'm a 'whole meal'!"
"What...?"

"Never mind, where's Casey?"

"In the back. Hey, what's the matter with you?" Herrmann rises and looks Severide in the eyes, the
omega looks very tired. "What's wrong, Kelly?"
Severide sighs. "I haven't slept much, Wally has Casey's same sleep routine, that's mean I must be up all night with him, eating, crying and cleaning. I'm his personal drive- thru." He says, there is a little of guilt in his eyes, he feels he should not complain about it, but he is exhausted and in a bad mood, and this doesn't help much.
"Babies are hard, man! But this is just a phase, it can get a lot worse afterwards, is not it Wally? Can I hold him?"
"Yes, I'll talk to Casey, don't even think about talking about being a fireman with him, Herrmann!"
"Copy that, Lieutenant!" He looks at the baby in his arms. "Have I shown you the place yet, boy? Hey Kelly, any name for his godparents?"
"Won't be you if you drag my son into that truck, man!"

"Hey! Don't talk like if being a firefighter it's a bad think for the boy!" Herrmann pretends to be offended by Severide's words.
"He already has two suicidal parents, I'll make sure he has more chances than the two of us in the future."

"You cannot protect him from genetics, Kelly! She's a crazy bitch! Wally here will be running to the fire before he can walk! It's in his veins!"
"Don't repeat that, Herrmann, it is better for him not to hear you."
"Did you see that, kid? Your dad over there thinks he can keep you away from us!"
"Don't make me, man!"

Severide leaves his son with Herrmann and looks for Casey. The Captain is not in the kitchen so he walks to the office, he's not there either.
"Damn Casey!"

Climbing all the steps up to the roof was not as easy as before, Severide's whole body ache and tremble, he reached out the place gasping. Matt is sitting in a folding chair, quietly. His mood is good now around Matt, as if only the presence of the alpha was enough to make him happy. He just wants to punch himself in the face for it. Damn bond!

"Matt?" He calls, Matt does not respond. Severide approaches him, Matt is asleep, his cap covering his face from the sunlight.

"Wake up Matt!" Severide touches his shoulder, Matt wakes with a start.
"Kelly? What you're doing here?"
Severide sits by his side, on the roof floor. "I don't know, I was at home and, all of a sudden, gave me this anxiety, I just took the car and drove here." Severide spits, as if were a shameful confession. "I was anxious to see you, and I didn't think long before I pick up Wally and came here." Severide is confused and embarrassed at the same time.
"Hey, I'm glad you came, I was counting the hours to go home too." Matt drags himself from the chair and sits down on the floor beside him, an arm around Severide's shoulders. "Anxiety? What do you mean?"
"I don't know, it's just ... I'm so tired and grump all the time, Wally doesn't sleep well when you're not there, I'm all swollen and... My nipples hurt."
"Still the sexiest man alive! We can hire a babysitter if you want, Kelly."
"With our salary?" Severide mocks. "We can barely pay the bills we already have, Casey! Out of the question!"

"We're not that bad ... I can have a few extra shifts and ..."
"I don't want any babysitter! I want to take care of our son myself, no one else! I just miss you home,
Casey, I need you to be in our home from time to time." Severide knows he's blushing now. "We both need you at home!"

Matt raises an eyebrow and a half smile on his lips. "Do you miss me, Kelly?"

Severide hits his elbows in the ribs. "I should not? You should not go back to work yet! I mean, Wally have just some days old, and... You're my husband"
"I know, but we have many reduction on the team right now, sorry, I should be there, in home, for you and for Wally." Matt look around them. "Where's Wally?"

"Herrmann." Severide rests his head on Matt's shoulder and relaxes in the sunlight. "Are you hiding up here?"

"Kind of that...Your hair is much grayer up here." He says, smelling Severide's hair, the omega just ignores his comment.

"Very clever!" Severide relaxes and Matt feels his weight over his shoulder. "It's so peaceful here." Severide pick up Matt's hand and holds it against his chest, he's doing a lot of that in the last few days.

"You cannot sleep here, Kell. It's uncomfortable."
"I'm fine here." Severide squeezes his eyes shut. "You smell good today, Matt."
"You too. Tell me, would you like me to be home now, with you and Wally, I mean, cause you're alone?"
"I'm here, are not I?" Severide opens his eyes and looks at him. "Do you think that's why I'm anxious? Cause I'm lonely with our baby?"
"No! I know you can do it all by yourself, but maybe... the bond..."
"Yes maybe, but raising a child is something we should do together after all." Severide closes his eyes again. "Yeah, i know, I'm a sticky omega." He laugh with that conclusion.
"I can handle it. Come on, let's go inside, your bed is still there, Wally will be pretty busy downstairs, you can rest for a bit."

"You never told me..."
"What?"
"About the meeting with your mother, how did it go?"
Matt rubs his nose over Severide's hair. "It didn't happened."
"What? Why?" Severide straightens his body and looks at him.
"I was there and she was there too, but I didn't talk to her. I thought about how my life was when she was around, Kelly, and I decided that, I don't want it for my son, not while I'm able to protect him."

"Matt, we can't protect him from genetic!"

"What...?"
Severide smile. "Just something Herrmann's told me earlier. We're going to ruin this kid so bad, Matt, you know that, right?"
"I know, but it was my decision. Thank you for letting me make up my mind about it, Kel." Casey says quietly.

"Are you happy, Casey? I mean, with me and Wally...?"

"I'm so happy and so scared! My life has never been so complete as it is now, and I'm afraid to wake up and find out it was all a crazy dream."
"It's not a dream, I have stitches in my...You know where, and they hurt, so I'm wide awake, Matt!"

Matt kisses Severide's head gently. "I'm sorry, you went through all this and, you're still worried if I'm happy, I should be the only one worried about you, Kelly."

"We're a couple, that's part of the package."

"I should be there for my family now."
"Casey, stop! I'm already being a hormonal bitch here, I don't need you for this!" Severide tries to look serious, but he ends up laughing. "Sorry, I've been a idiot."
"That's why I love you, Kelly."
"I love you too, Matt, now let's go back before those idiots ruin our son before we do it!"

"Would you tremble >If I touched your lip
Would you laugh?
Oh please tell me this.
Now would you die
For the one you love?
Hold me in your arms tonight."

The night is cold in Chicago, although it is still spring, the cold threatens to empty the streets tonight. Voight closes the door of his office after giving orders to his men, he left the hospital more than 4 days ago and hasn't yet located Pulpo, that is making him very nervous.

He rubs his eyes, a threatening headache is coming. The door opens again and he's ready to scream to whoever it was when finds Antonio standing right behind him with Alvin in his arms.

"Antonio?" He is surprised by Antonio's presence, although they are well now, he imagined that Antonio needed more time to accept his apologies. "Babe...?"
"Hi, we came to invite you to dinner." He says swinging Alvin gently over his shoulder.
Voight looks at them, he knows he can not risk his own luck and lose them again. Fear paralyzes him completely.

"Are you okay, Hank?" Antonio asks as Alvin salivates over his coat. "We can go?"

"Dinner?" Voight repeats as if he has not understood the question. The smile on Antonio's face falls, and he looks worried. "Sorry, I should not have come here. I was worried, you have not returned home since you left the hospital."
"I had a lot to do here, Antonio." He says looking at Alvin sucking his fingers. "I see." Antonio walks away to leave, Voight holds his arm, preventing him from leaving the room. "Wait, I want to have dinner with you. I'm sorry, I didn't know if you wanted me around yet."

"I want to!" Antonio responds quickly. "I want it, Hank! I've taken care of everything with the boys, the house is organized."

And for the first time since they met, he comes up and kisses Antonio on the lips, even though he knows his men can see them, he doesn't care anymore.

"Would you swear

That you'll always be mine?"
Antonio's body is pressed against their room wall while Voight attacks his mouth, hungry, almost aggressive. Antonio groans as he feels the alpha's long fingers tear off his clothes beginning with his pants. "Hank ..." He groans for air, Voight puts his leg between his legs, causing Antonio to rub against his thigh.

Antonio's underwear still covers what Voight is looking for, he slips the cloth over Antonio's hips. "Hank, wait ..." Antonio asks, but Voight is too high in his horny to hear it. "They're asleep, babe ..." he murmurs with his husky voice in Antonio's ear. "That's not it."

Voight stops and walks away to look him into his eyes, Antonio's lips are red and swollen. "What is it, babe?"

A pang of despair grips Voight's chest, if Antonio is returning to his perfect judgment and questioning whether they should continue or not? "I don't ..." Antonio points at Voight's chest. "I don't want you to get hurt, Hank, Just be careful ..." A smile of relief crosses Voight's lips and he kisses Antonio again, slower this time. "I'm okay, Antonio."

"I know, but you've been to the hospital for several days, I don't want to ..."

"Don't worry about me, baby, just think about what I'm going to do with you now." Holding Antonio's hands over his head, Voight begins to kiss the omega's body, slowly, enjoying every bit of skin. He kneels slowly between Antonio's legs, helps him get rid of his underwear once and for all, and begins to slide his tongue between the curves of his thighs.

It is Antonio's scent, the taste his body has, Voight is addicted to it, and if it were not for his knees to hurt, he would stay there for the rest of the night, licking, sucking, biting Antonio, until he felt his moisture cover his face, he would die here.

He stands up and holds Antonio's face in his hands. "I love you, baby." He doesn't wait for an answer, kisses Antonio again, the omega moans as he feels Voight's fingers slide between his legs and touch his entrance, he is wet by Voight's saliva and throbbing.

Voight slides a finger inside and then another, Antonio moans, it's the first time he has had sex since giving birth. There is no pain, but it is not like before too. Voight notices his discomfort and draws his fingers, he won't hurt him.

"We don't need..."

"I'm fine, just help me here ..." Antonio asks, Voight thinks for a moment before continuing. "I want to do it, Hank, it's okay."

"You don't have to do ...

"I'll hurt you if you stop it now, Hank!"
Voight smiles, sliding his fingers inside him again. "Bossy, I like that." He back to kiss Antonio's swollen lips.

Voight spent a long time stroking his swollen nipples, feeling the milk flowing between his lips, Antonio moaning softly through his closed mouth, his thighs are wet.

"Oh, I just wanna hold you.

I just wanna hold you.

Am I in too deep?

Have I lost my mind?

Well, I don't care you're here tonight."

That was making Antonio impatient, Voight continued to explore his body with no sign of haste now, the omega groans as he feels the alpha lie down on him in bed.

"We can just play and ..." Voight suggests, Antonio bites his lips. "Or not, I get it."

Antonio notices the indecision in Voight's gaze and smiles, it's so unusual that it's cute. "What is it now?"

"Do you have condoms here? I can't remember if there's any left."

"No, we don't use that any more, remember Hank?"

"I know, but I don't want ... I want to, but not now, Alvin is not even one year old yet ..." He fumbles over the explanation.

Antonio laughed at him. "I'm taking medication to prevent this, Hank, but thank you for caring. Nothing is going to happen, don't worry about it."

"Meds, huh?" Voight kisses his mouth. "So i can feel you bare, baby?" His cock is pressed against Antonio's thighs, the omega can feel it.

"You like that, Hank?"

"I like everything about you, Antonio." Voight rubs his fingers over Antonio's pussy, feeling the dampness, he's ready for it. "Every single detail about you."

Antonio opens his legs and accommodates Voight between them, the alpha holds his stiffened limb and guides to the entrance of Antonio. A slow thrust, opening space, forcing the flesh, making Antonio bite his lips again.

"It's okay, babe, it's me, I'm not going to hurt you. Just relax for me ... "Voight whispers in his ear. "You're so good, Antonio." Voight does not move, he has his cock all up inside Antonio's body, kissing his face and trying not to end it all so fast.

Antonio lifts his hips slowly, giving more space to Voight, the alpha then moves, slowly, until Antonio asks for more. Antonio shudders and tries to relax more, Voight holds his hands and lifts him against his body forcing Antonio to sit on his lap. "Shhhhh, relax, I'll take care of you, my love." "Hank ..." Antonio groans resting his head against Voight's shoulder, he is sweaty.

Voight touches his face, wiping the drops of sweat. "I know it hurts, babe, but it will pass, I promise."

They stay that way, together, until Voight feels Antonio move slowly, he glides over Voight's cock discreetly. Voight grabs his hips and helps him to move.

"Hmmm ... I love you, Antonio."
Without letting Antonio escape from him, Voight maneuvers them on the bed until they lie down again, Antonio is with his eyes closed, sweaty, moaning, Voight holds his face and kisses him. "You don't know how much I wish you, Antonio." Moaning, Antonio comes, he can't move his legs from Voight's body, all his body is shaking and soft.

It was not long before Voight's knot rose and he felt Antonio escaping from him. "Your call, babe ..." He mutters, lost in his own pleasure. Antonio stops moving and accepts. Voight's knot fills him and he feels the body soften on the bed.

Antonio has fallen asleep sometime, Alvin hasn't woken up, so he is not worried. But he wakes up alone, Voight is not there by his side. Dressing quickly, he leaves the room, there is music playing in the living room, he walks over there to find Voight holding Alvin and swaying slowly around the room, trying to make his son sleep.

"I can be your hero baby.
I can kiss away the pain.
I will stand by you forever.
You can take my breath away.
You can take my breath away.
I can be your hero baby."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay, sometimes I fight monsters bigger than me and I lose. Thank you for reading.
Ps: I love this Voight's baby GIF, I keep it on my desktop for months.
Antonio sits quietly watching Voight holding their son, Alvin is not about to sleep tonight.

"He may be hungry." Voight says without looking at Antonio, making him raise his eyebrows surprised to be spotted there watching them. "Is not it, son?" Voight's voice is soft, almost delicate,
Antonio smiles, approaching them.
"He's just being Daddy's little kid, Hank." Antonio knows the routine of his son. "Too late for a lunch, Alvin."

"Huh, it did not work, did it?" Voight raises Alvin on his shoulders. "Hey little man, what's wrong with dad's today?"
Antonio sighs, he is sleepy. "Do not spoil him, Hank. He's already a spoiled boy!"

"Well, he's a Voight, we'll do anything to see your boobs, baby."

"Oh, don't talk like that ... I'm going back to bed."
"Antonio, wait ..."

Antonio stops and looks back at Voight. "What?"
"There's something I wanna tell you and ..."
"If it's something about my 'boobs'..." Antonio rolls his eyes. "Keep it!"
"No, not really." Alvin whimpers in his father's arms. "I..."
"What is this? Maybe his diaper..."

"He's okay, listen to me please."

"You're scaring me now, Hank."

Voight tries to calm Alvin, he is gathering the courage to talk to Antonio. "I'm very happy to be back here with you... Our family..."
Antonio smiles. "Me too, Hank. Now give me that trouble maker, I'll put him in the bed." Antonio takes the son in his arms, Voight is watching him.
"Antonio, I..." Voight hates the fact that he just can't say what he needs to say now.
"All right, Hank, it's okay, go to bed, I won't be long."

"To know you
Is hard we wonder

To know you all wrong
We were"

Voight is sitting on the bed when Antonio returns to the room. 
"He slept." Antonio walks over to Voight and stands between his legs, his arms around the alpha's shoulders. "How about telling me you wanted to tell me down there, Hank?"
"I love you." Voight mutters, his voice muffled, he has his mouth against Antonio's belly, his arms around his waist. "You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I know, Hank, I love you too, but that flattery will not get you anywhere today if you don't tell me what's on your mind."

"Yeah ..." Voight lies down and pulls Antonio's body over his and hugs him to his chest. "I love you, Antonio." He repeats it.

"Hmm-hmm. Is that all you want to tell me, Hank?" Antonio is looking directly into his eyes now and it makes Voight shudder. "That you love me..."
"Absolutely, baby." Voight lied again.
"How much longer will we have a cop out there?"

"It's just for precaution, Antonio."
"Alright, if that makes you better. " Antonio murmurs. Voight pulls the blanket over them. "You'd tell me if it was something important, right Hank?"

"Yes." Voight mutters between clenched teeth. "Nothing to worry about it."

Antonio is silent, Voight thinks he is asleep, but then, he talks again. "Diego asked me where they're going to bury him."
Voight frowns, he doesn't plan to bury this animal.

"What did you say to him?"

Antonio takes a deep breath, Voight feels his weight change over his body. "Nothing, I didn't say anything. I..." He sighs again. "I had to keep calm not to tell him that I don't really care. I don't care, Hank! I don't even care if he has a coffin or not. That bastard can't hurt me now. I'm so happy he's dead, Hank!... God, I don't want to think about it anymore."

"Don't think about it anymore, Antonio." Voight strokes Antonio's hair. "I feel like I can breathe free for the first time, in a long time, Hank. I can't believe he's dead."
Antonio rubs his face against Voight's chest. "Am I a bad person for being glad he's dead, Hank?"
"No, baby, you're not."

"Thanks to you we're saved, Hank, me and my kids can have a normal life now, away from Adres' shit."
Voight remains silent.

Antonio lifts his body and takes off his shirt, now he has his naked breasts lying on Voight. The alpha looks at him in surprise.
"I thought you were too tired for this, Antonio."
"I'm." He says smiling. "But we're awake now and ... I thought I'd do something about it." He kisses Voight's lips. "I mean, we can do it, if you want and ..."

"Always want you."

"We're up here awake, I thought we'd use our time with something really productive. What do you say, Hank?" Antonio's voice is hoarse, sexy as hell.

"Like sex?" Voight provokes him.
"Like sex." Antonio kisses him again. "Do you think you can take another round, old man?"
"Old man? I was not the one who moaned last time!" Voight wraps his arms around him. "That's not fair, I have not had a knot in months."
"And was it good for you, Antonio?" Voight's voice strangled with pleasure.
"Yes, an thick, hot knot ... Whole inside me, Hank."

"I love your naughty mouth." Voight kisses him, Antonio walks away a little.
"Oh..." Antonio moves his hips, feeling Voight harden beneath him. "Someone seems very excited!

"It's not so hard when you have something so hot rubbing on me."
"Really too late to
Call so we wait for
Morning to wake you
It's all we got
To know me as hardly golden
Is to know me all wrong, they Were"

Three months later...

"I didn't say that, Kelly!"
"You doesn't seems happy, Matt."
"I just thought you should stay a little more at home with Wally. You do not have to go back to work now."

"I'm fine, I feel good and ready for the job. Besides, I need to get back, we still do not even have enough money to pay our bills."
"I can handle this, Kel."
"I know you can, but I don't want to depend on you, Matt. I can go back to work and take care of our son without problems. People do it all the time."

Severide stops walking and holds Matt by the elbow. "We can do this, Matt. It's okay."
"Okay." Matt is not convinced yet. "But you have to let me take care of you out there, do not take any chances, and, look at me, you're still suckling, that means no extra shifts, do you hear me, Kelly?"

"Yes, Captain!" Severide smiles, Matt pushes him back slowly. "Is this our deal, Matt?"
Matt walks away again, leaving Severide behind.
"No, it's the rules!"
"You make the rules now, alpha?"

"At every occasion
I'll be ready for a funeral"
At Every occasion once more

It's called a funeral"

Getting back to work with a young child at home is not so easy. Severide is dealing with new and intense emotions, he spends the night hugging his son, feeling guilty for leaving him in the morning. He's trying to hide behind a thin smile, but it's crumbling and Matt knows it. "Hey, go home, I'll talk to the Chief." Matt offers while rubbing the shoulders of his omega.

"No, I'm fine, I'm fine!"

The fire department is steeped in lethargy lately, Casey thanks to heavens for that, he doesn't want to see Severide out there yet.

"I heard you asked for a few extra turns, Captain." Herrmann says seeing Matt lonely in the locker room.
"Yes, I can, I mean, I need this."
"You just married a few days ago and you're already avoiding staying at home. What's the problem, Cap?"

Matt wants to yell at Herrmann and tell him not to be so curious, but he doesn't do that, just takes a deep breath and sits down on the bench in the locker room.
"I had to sell my house and share it with Gabby. Severide and I are living with Shay now, we still have bills to pay at the hospital from Wally's birth, so much accumulated shit." He confesses.

Herrmann sits beside him. "Is that why our guy got back to work earlier?"
"No, he decided to go back on his own, I can take care of us, but he's being stubborn." Matt smiles, stubbornness and Severide combine so well! "Severide doesn't need anyone to make up his mind, not even me."

"Everything will be alright, Casey. That's how adult life is."
"Tell me about it."

"Every occasion

Of I'm ready for the funeral

And every occasion
Watching Severide undo every time he has to leave Wallace in the daycare is destroying Matt, he blames himself for that. He should keep his omega safe and happy, instead Severide is less and less interacting with co-workers, he spends a lot of time in his office, anxious to return home soon.

"We can't be on the same shift. Someone has to be in home at night with Wallace." Casey says one day after they get home and find their fevered son. Severide just nods, his eyes reddened and swollen.
"We're doing it wrong, are not we?"
"What ...?"
"Being bad parents and..."
"No, we're not. We're doing our best to raise our son, we're not bad parents because of a fever."
"Then why do I feel like shit now, Matt?"

"You don't have to feel that way, Kelly, he's fine." Matt walks to the cradle of his son where Severide is bent and hugs him. "He's a good boy."
"God, I could never do this alone." He leans against Matt, grateful that he's home now. "I'm a mess now, are not I?"
"You can stay at home if you want, Kel, I have more shifts now and ..."
"No, you're right, he'll be fine. I'm going to get used to it and he too, I must do it, so he'll have a real home soon." Severide smiles, a few tears streaming down his face.
"What?" Matt looks at him curiously for the change of mood.
"We have not had sex yet. We've been married for three months, and we have not had sex yet."
"Is this funny to you?" Matt frowns, pretending to be serious. "Besides, you ... You did that thing in the bathroom the other day, that should count as sex, right?"
"No, it was just a blowjob. In fact, we just do diapers change and talk about baby products lately. Oh shit! We're so married, Matt!"
"Yes we are." Matt looks into Severide's eyes, a half smile forming on his lips. "We're married adults now!"
"You order supper, I'll wait for you in the room, like an adult." Severide walks away from him and points to the bedroom. Matt is still confused by his mood swings, but he's not complaining about it. "Seriously?"

After dinner, they were both sleeping on the couch, exhausted, no disposition to sex or even to move to bed. At dawn, Matt wakes up with the soft sound of Wallace's sucking, he sits down and watches Severide breastfeed on the other couch. He could not be happier to be an adult than now.

"I'm coming up only"
To show you down for

I'm coming up only

To show you wrong"

A smile graces Severide's face this morning. Matt would like to know the reason behind it, he's
leaving work and Severide coming in, they're in separate shifts now.
"So happy at that time? Share the good news with me!"
Severide sits across from Matt's office.
"I had an incredible night of sleep!" He celebrates, Matt grimaces as if envious of it.
"The whole night?"
"The whole night!" Wallace is still adjusting to his parents' new routine, he's been complaining a lot lately.

"Oh, I'm really mad about it. I hope he sleep all day long either."
"Going out?"
"Yes, I'm coming." Matt gets up and looks down the hallway to make sure they are alone, so he
bends and kisses Severide on the lips. "I'll wait for you at home."
"You bet."

"Kelly ..."
Severide looks at him, still smiling. "Yes?"
"You're okay, right? Are you ...?"
"I'm, Matt, I told you I'd get used to it, and I'm getting used to it, it's okay."
Matt smiles, relieved. "I love you, man!"
Kelly look around, a mischievous grin on his face now. "How about giving me a little more than
your fingers then, Matt?"
"What's wrong with my fingers? I thought you liked them." Matt responds, completely aroused.
"I do, but you know what, I'm a bit greedy now."
Matt kisses him again and a burst of laughter erupts from his lips.
"I'll give you a good reason to come home then, Mr. greedy."

Matt's phone rings and they separate, the number is unknown, he shuts off without giving much
importance.
"Where were we?"
"Inside me, I hope."
"I'm hard now, Kelly."
"I can feel that." Severide pulls Matt against his body and kisses his mouth. "Bathroom?"
"I ..." Matt's phone rings again, he looks, it's the same unknown number, he decides to answer.
"Hello, fire man." So gets mute and Matt just looks at the phone screen confused.
"Who was Matt?" Severide asks, he is no longer smiling.
"I don't know." Looking back at the clock he kisses Severide's forehead and leaves. "I'll get Wally."
"Matt?" Severide stands there, confused and horny.

"To the outside, the dead leaves

they all blow

Before they died
An entire building on fire, many seriously burned victims, men, women and children being evacuated, Matt came as soon as he heard the radio call, Severide's team was already at the scene of the fire. This would be the first serious fire call since Severide returned to work, Matt is worried.  

"Severide do you copy?" He called on the radio. "Severide report!"  
No answer for a few seconds and then the radio comes to life.  
"Matt? What are you doing here?" The voice is from Severide, Matt is relieved to hear it.  
"Where are you?"  
"Second floor, we're leaving. Who's taking care of Wally?"  
"He's fine, what's the situation in there?"

A few minutes later and Severide comes out to find him. Matt looks at him for injuries, he is not hurt.  
"What are you doing here, Matt?"  
"Forgive me, I was listening on the radio. Are they all right?" He's looking at the other members of the squad.  
"Yes." Severide does not insist on arguing. "Come and see this."  
He takes Matt to the first floor, there is a fully-burned couch there, Severide drags him and shows Matt what's left of a gallon of fuel.  
"Do you know anyone who keeps gas like that?"  
"An arsonist? Who?"

Matt's phone is ringing again, he tries to ignore it, but this has been repeated non-stop for almost a week, he walks away from Severide and picks it up.  
"You'd better stop ...!"  
"Fire man ...I gotta something for you."

"And every occasion  
I'll be ready for the funeral"
And every occasion, once more

It's called "the funeral"

And every occasion

Of I'm ready for the funeral

Every occasion

Of one billion day... funeral"

Chapter End Notes

I have the best readers in the world! We're almost there, let me know if you like it. Forgive my mistakes, I will do better next time <3 Please comment on your opinion. PS: I have many GIFS and just over 4 chapters to use, so I'll use them! :)
"When the night was full of terrors
and your eyes were filled with tears
When you had not touched me yet
Take me back to the night we met"
(The Night We Met-Lord Huron)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I am not the only traveler
who has not repaid his debt
I've been searching for a trail to follow again
Take me back to the night we met"

Antonio laughed to see the 40 candles on the small cake Eva brought to the table, he tries to hide the
embarrassment, but Voight and Diego are already singing 'Happy Birthday', there is no escape.

"You are late." He tries to pretend seriousness, but fails miserably.
"It's not fair, Dad, we only get everyone together now." Eva complains putting the cake on the table.
"Our family."
Antonio pulls his daughter into a hug.
"Thank you sweetie, I love you."

Alvin fell asleep as soon as Antonio finished feeding him, he is exhausted from drag around the
house all day, soon he will be walking alone, Antonio could not be prouder. He covers his son and
turn off the light as he leaves the bedroom.
The balcony light is on, he walks over there, Voight is sitting with a glass of whiskey in his hands, watching the night.
"Everything okay there, officer?" Antonio says from the door, his arms folded across his chest. Voight just smiles and Antonio swears he can count the lines around the alpha's eyes.

"I was thinking..." A feeling of guilt creeping up inside, he tries to ignore. Not time for that.
"May I know what?" Antonio approaches and sits next to Voight.
"Nothing, just... About retiring and having a quiet life. You, me and the boys, our family."
"Really?" Antonio has a gentle smile on his face.
"Yes." Voight wraps his arm around Antonio's shoulders and pulls him into a kiss. "We're not that young anymore, Antonio. Time is cruel to the olds."

"Speak for yourself, I'm not that old." Antonio says good-naturedly.
"Do you think 40 years is something young?"
"Absolutely! 40 is the new 30, have you not heard about that?"

Voight smiles again. "Huh, I bet Diego disagrees with that."
"Omega' and old' were the first two words that boy even learned!"

"My old." Voight kisses Antonio's cheek. "So, where do you want to go when we leave Chicago?"
"I'm fine anywhere, Hank. Eva and Diego want to live near the beach and you have that boat, I'm fine with that."

"Okay for you?"
"Yeah, I'm fine with that."
Voight puts the glass of whiskey on the floor and looks for something in his pocket. "I have a something for you, Antonio."
"Hank..."
"It's not expensive at all, I just... I should have given it to you when Alvin was born, but... Well, I'll give it to you now."

He takes a small package from his pocket and hands it to Antonio, the omega opens the package, there is a gold chain inside. Someone so incredibly simple and handsome that only Voight could be cunning enough to find and buy for Antonio.

"Let me help you." Voight helps him close the gold necklace.
"Thank you. I should ask the story behind it?" Absolutely everything about Voight has a story, the house, the engagement ring, the car, everything.
"There's no story, I was just passing by and I saw it in the window, I liked it and I thought of you, it's yours, just Antonio Dawson-Voight story."
Antonio holds Voight's cold hands in his. "Thank you, Hank." Antonio stands up and reaches out for Voight to get up too, Voight obeys. The two holding each other for a while, with no desire to move away from each other, so Antonio feels Voight getting horny.
"What?"
"I could not help myself, I was thinking of you on the beach, your body..."
Antonio bursts into laughter, Voight grabs him and watches him smile, this is the most incredible sight in the world. Voight sits down again, bringing Antonio into his lap.
"You look amazing, baby."
Antonio allows to be moved as if it were a rag doll, Voight kisses his lips, his neck. "You smell so good, Antonio."

"We've never done it out here, Hank."
"Do you wanna try, baby?"
"Are you going to tell me more about this beach?"
"I'll tell you whatever you want."

"Anything?"
"Yes, but I'll have to kill you later." Antonio stares silently at Voight. The alpha burst out laughing.
"Bad joke!"
"Yes, horrible Hank!"

"What do you want me to tell you, Antonio? Huh? That I love you? That you are unbelievably perfect for me?"
"I never thought in you as a sycophant, Hank Voight."

"I can be whatever you want, baby. Tell me what you want now?" Voight's voice is even more hoarse with horny.

"How about being my man? My alpha?"

Voight slides his hand under Antonio's pajama pants and caresses his wet pussy.
"I am your man, Antonio, but you're my man too."

"Hmmm Hank ..." Antonio tries to stifle a moan as he senses Voight sticks two fingers inside his body. His hips move against the intrusion. The alpha just looks, charmed at the sight of Antonio rubbing against his fingers. Antonio tilts his body against Voight's shoulders, he's beginning to sweat.
"You're alright, babe?"
Antonio looks up at him, his hair covering his face.
"This is good, Hank ..." Voight pulls the elastic of Antonio's pants down until it reaches the middle of his thighs, quickly opening the zipper of his pants and releasing his hard penis out.

Antonio go down from his lap and gets down on his knees in front of the alpha, Voight tries to hold him up, but Antonio is faster and grabs Voight's cock in his mouth.

"You don't have to..."

"I wanna, let me do it, Hank." Voight does not remember ever having experienced anything like this before, to feel Antonio's hot lips around his cock making him moan like an inexperienced boy, it's a unsettling feeling to Voight but he doesn't care on it. It feels so good.

Antonio had not shown interest in doing this before and Voight would never ask for it, he knows better than anyone that Antonio has bad memories to deal with and most of it is about being forced to do something he doesn't want to, watching him to do it now, with so much desire, makes Voight feel proud of his little brave omega.

Antonio swallows his alpha's cock, he tries to keep his mind focused on what is doing and nothing more, just on Voight, on his scent, his size. He pulls away Voight's thighs and snuggles between them with the alpha's penis still warm in his mouth. Not bad, no one is forcing his head down nor trying to hang him down, his body isn't hurt and he is not afraid of what comes next, none of it. It is only what he wants to do, nothing more, without submitting or being reduced to nothing as before. He can do anything now that his fears are appeased.

He rubs his fingers over his pussy, so wet that it's been dripping down his legs, spreading moisture up to his cock and instinctively start masturbating. He's so wrapped in horny that nothing seems to reach him. Voight thinks it's beautiful to see him like this. He is not trying to please Voight, but
himself, because he wants to, this is very exciting to watch.

Antonio likes a lot of things, but he could never really make them, now he's safe and can do whatever he wants. Slowly he feels the orgasm take his body, wet fingers sunk inside himself, his mouth full by Voight's cock as he moans and his body softens against Voight's legs.

Voight never thought of experiencing something so beautiful, never had something that intense before; Antonio blossom beautifully under his eyes was an unique experience. Voight is just a spectator now, while Antonio discovers himself, nothing more powerful than this moment.

The night ends on them bed, with Voight kneeling between Antonio's spread legs, wiping it, licking every last drop of his orgasm while fucks him gently and slow

"And then I can tell myself
what the hell I'm supposed to do
And then I can tell myself
Not to ride along with you"

"Matt, where are you going?" Severide asked. "Hey, it's Wally's day!"
"Hmm, I have a client waiting for me, you know, we need the money, Kel."
"I thought we were going home together today."
"Me too, but I really need to do this job, Kelly. I won't be long, okay? See you home soon."

Severide accelerates his steps to reach Matt as they leave the Fire House.
"Matt ... You okay?"
"Yea, just a bit od headache."
"Okay ..." Severide is not convinced, but he accepts Matt's word. "I'll see you at home then."
Matt stops and rubs his eyes, he turns to look at Severide, the omega is standing looking back at him.
"Sorry, I ... I won't be long, okay? We can order pizza tonight, what do you think?"
Severide smiles, he has been keeping himself in the postpartum diet faithfully, avoiding foods that harm his milk, but the smile on his face proves how much he wants a pizza now.

"I thought we were together in this weight loss project, Matt." It comes out unsure.
"I think you look great, I like your extra weight." Matt laughs, an unexpected change of mood.
"Now that was pretty offensive. I will pretend you didn't say that."
"You look great, Kelly, I won't be long. Can you wait for me at home, Kel? Don't leave until I get back, okay?"
"Matt, what's going on?"
"Nothing, it's nothing, I just ... Wait for me, okay?" Matt blows a kiss on Severide's forehead before getting into his pick up and leaving.

"I don't know what I'm supposed to do

haunted by the ghost of you

Take me back to the night we met"

"I can't delay, Severide is waiting for me." Matt said as he entered Sergeant Voight's office.
"And how can I help you, Matt?"
"We have an arsonist in town, I know you must have heard about it, Hank. Three well-burned victims."
"Yeah, I heard about it. Any suspects?"
"I ask you, Sergeant, someone you know may be our guy." He asks, voice faltering.
"I don't know what you're talking about, Captain."

Matt takes the phone from his pocket and shows it to Voight. "The same guy who's calling me and call me a man of fire."

Voight looks at Matt's cell phone screen for a while, the door to his office is closed and no one can hear them now.
"Please tell me I'm just paranoid ..." Matt asks.
"No, I'm sorry. We're looking for him now. Have a sit, Matt."
"Looking for? And why the hell do I just know about it now? You're risking us all here Voight! I can't let that happen." Matt shouts, Voight raises his hands to ask him to calm down. Matt is furious.
"We're working on it right now, Matt."
"Working? There's a killer on the loose, Voight! He knows where me and Severide lives! He knows where we work!"

"You are not in danger, Matt. Pulpo is alone and wounded, he is about to be caught, but he is not an arsonist, he may just be taking advantage of the situation. "
"Oh, really? And who guarantees me that? You? You lied about it, Voight! I can't leave my family's safety in your dirty hands!"

"Matt ..." Voight tries to calm down the Captain.
"If you do not do something about it, I'll do Voight! Three people are in the hospital now because of
your silence. My family's must be protected, if you can't do it, i will!"

"You'll be jammed yourself, Matt!"
"Does Antonio know about this? Does he know Adres is alive and well?"

"No one outside this room knows this and we're going to keep it that way, do you hear me?"

"Or what, Voight? I think I've made it clear that your threats doesn't work on me!"

Voight swallows hard. "Let me see your phone." Voight remains impassive,
"Keep this animal away from my family, make your fucking job right this time!" He managed to say, anger pervaded in his voice.
"Matt, let me see your phone." Voight asks again.

Matt leaves the office and down the stairs to the first floor of the district, Antonio is coming and they come crash each other.
"Matt?"
"Hi, I'm already leaving."
"What happened?" A little surprised to see Matt here. "Everything's okay?"
"Yes." Matt looks at the stairs and Voight is standing there, his eyes imploring him not to say anything.
"It's better to talk to him, Antonio, I think Voight has something to tell you."

"I had all and then most of you
some and now none of you
Take me back to the night we met
I don't know what I'm supposed to do
haunted by the ghost of you
Take me back to the night we met”

Chapter End Notes
Okay, i’m so sad that Jon Seda is leaving the show that i changed the end of this. (Sorry, not sorry!) The Author Regrets Everything*****
A predictable storm

Chapter Summary

"We don't talk enough
We should open up
Before it's all too much
Will we ever learn?
We've been here before
It's just what we know"
(Sign Of The Times-Harry Styles)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

" Just stop your crying
It's a sign of the times
Welcome to the final show
Hope you're wearing your best clothes
You can't bribe the door on your way to the sky"

Antonio really wants to believe in Voight's word, he struggles to do it, but deep down in his chest, he knows there's something wrong.

He accepts the vague explanation that his alpha gives him after the incident with Casey in the district. Although the voice screaming in the back of his head tell him to get away from Voight, he resists, will not give up now. He must be brave for himself. Alvin deserves it. After so long, he and Voight
deserve one more chance.

Voight is struggling, he knows it, he just let the subject dies for now. Can he really blame Voight for having doubts? So Antonio decided to give Voight' the benefit of the doubt for a while. But the world doesn't wait for him to pull himself together again...

It was something the postman brought that lit the red light in his mind; a letter without a sender, just a phone number and a word that haunted him for years: Princess. Voight would have told him if Adres was still out there, right? Right? Joke or not, he will not bet on that.

He tries to talk to Casey, but the captain does not answer back, Severide doesn't know what it can be, so he tries not to worry his friend. It may be just paranoia, nothing to worry about.

Since then, his gun has returned to his waist, he only removes it when he is near his children and says no other word about the policemen who follow him everywhere. He couldn't fall sleep nightmares are back, he spend the whole night checking his kids every twenty minutes, the chest tight with fear.

"You look pretty good down here
But you ain't really good"

Matthew Casey does not own a gun, he never gotta one, it's not his type. So Severide didn't know what to say when he found out a gun on captain's things.
"Kell, I'm leaving, I think Wally is not going to sleep now but... Kelly?" Matt has Wally in his arms when he gets to the bedroom, Severide is sitting on the bed. Something is terribly wrong. "Kelly?"

Severide's silence is not a good sign. Matt approaches him, a weird smile appears on the lips of the omega. "I brought your clothes from the laundry and ... I thought all the decisions about our house were taken by mutual agreement between the two of us, Matt." The gun is on his lap. "Since when do we have a gun at our home?"

"Kelly...I wasn't hiding it, I just didn't know how to talk about it, I swear."

"Alvin lied to me, all the time I think, but I did not care much, when I got involved with someone like him..." He shrugs. "He never promised me anything, Matt. I knew what kind of black hole I was getting into, but you ... You should not try to hide anything from me. I'm your partner in more ways than one now. I am the father of your son, your husband, your omega ..."

"I didn't mean to scare you, Kelly." Matt says softly, trying not to make things worse. "And how does this work for you? A gun, really? If someone is threatening you, I should be the first one to know, Matt!"
"It's nothing like that, no one is ... Calm down, Severide, I can explain. I just want to make sure nothing's ever going to happen to us."
"Does this have anything to do with Antonio calling non-stop lately?" He asks, sounding confused. "Kind of." Says in a lower, softer voice.
"Are you going to tell me about this now?" He asked, his voice significantly lower and rough.

"Can you give me that, Kelly?" Matt points to the gun at Severide's hands. Severide puts the gun on the floor, he gets up and grabs Wally from Matt's arms.
"Start talking, Casey!"
"You should have told me from the beginning." Severide lull the sleeping son in his arms. "Matt, this is very serious!"
"I know, but I wanted to know how real this was, so I talked to Voight, he confirmed everything."

"Does Antonio know that?"
"He must know by now." Matt picks up the gun and put it in his closet again. "He was in the district when I left, I told him that Voight had something to say, if he's smart he must have put all pieces together."

"You know how much Antonio trusts Voight, Matt."
"Yes and, I also trusted, but he is still the same as ever, nothing has changed. You and Wally are my biggest concerns now."
"I know, but Antonio is still our friend, Matt. We cannot leave him alone now."
"Let's not get into this, Kelly." He says instead. "That's not one of our problems."
"Excuse me? We can't let this maniac kill him!"
"Correction, we will not leave this maniac anywhere near our house, near us, Kelly, near our son, period!"

Severide gave a sad smile and leaned against the men's locker room, Matt is finishing dressing.
"There are two cops outside." He informs, Matt takes a deep breath, kicks the closet door. "Damn it!" He try to left but Severide holds his arm.
"It's okay, leave them there, Matt."
"They're Voight's men." He shut the closet doors.
"I know, I figured that out. Are you okay? We can't forbid him to put his men around."

Matt looks around. "Is Wally all right?"
"Yes, he is safe."
"Are you still mad at me, Kelly?"
"A little bit. It's hard for me to understand that you're trying to protect me, I'm not used to it, Matt. I like to be independent. Thank you for trying, though."

"I know, but you're the most important person to me, and I'm going to do whatever I can to keep you safe, Kelly."

"I see you're trying to protect me, but Antonio should be warned about it. Adres will not leave him alone, Matt."
"No. Antonio is Voight's problem, not ours."
"What's the matter with you? He's your friend too!"

"I can't protect him, I'm sorry, I will not risk you and Wally for this." Casey stated flatly, because it was the truth.

"We never learn, we been here before
Why are we always stuck and running from
The bullets?

We never learn, we been here before
Why are we always stuck and running from
The bullets?"

"Antonio, what are you doing here?" Voight received him in the district.
"We gotta talk, Hank." his stomach was heavy from anxiety.
Exactly what Voight feared, he had managed to escape from this moment since the conversation with Matt, he has a bad feeling about it.

"Huh, ok."

Voight closes the door to his office locking the door behind him. Antonio is focused on a photo on his desk, it's Olinsky and Voight hugging.
"I miss him." He says at last.
"Have you come to talk about Olinsky, Antonio?" Voight pretends to be jealous.
"No, but I miss him." A mirthless snort at that.
"Me too."
"I used to felt safe when he was with you, he cared for you, Hank. All those stupids things you two were involved...He kept you alive more than once, so i'm grateful, Hank.” He did not mention Adres's name, just waited for Voight to tell him the truth.

"We were a good team." Voight sits down in front of Antonio. "Is everything okay, baby?"
"What did Matt mean the other day? What's going on, Hank?" Antonio's eyes flick upward, settling on Voight's face. “I have a right to know.”

Voight swallows hard, he cannot keep hiding it. There is no getting away from this conversation. He didn't say anything.
"I suppose this has something to do with the cops in front of our house, the one that's following me everywhere, and about Erin avoiding me at all costs, am I right? I just don't understand why Matt is so furious with you. What did you do this time, Hank? There's something you wanna tell me?"
"I ... You have to trust me, Antonio." Instead of answering the question he huffing a nervous laugh. "I do. I swear, I just ... Don't leave me out this time, Hank. Just tell me, I need to know what you're up to so I can help you." Antonio repeated patiently.

"Huh, do you really think I'm involved in anything illegal, Antonio?"
"Prove I'm wrong, Hank. Tell me what's going on." He is pleading. "Just tell me that I'm wrong and that, nothing is happening right now, please, Hank."
"It's my job ...
"Gabby told me that you tried to blackmail Matt once, and I can understand that this is past, but if something like this is happening again ...
"Matt is my friend, Antonio, I think I've already proven that I don't do anything like that."

"I know our bond is weak now, but I can tell you that something is wrong with you, with us, I wish you trust me too, Hank. If there's something..." A hint of disbelief in his voice. Voight's phone starts ringing. "I'm really busy right now, Antonio." Glancing back over his shoulder with a frown.
Antonio raises his hands, he gives up keeping this conversation. Voight gets relieved. "Just don't ... Don't do anything stupid." He let out a small irritated noise, no further doubt that Hank is still lying to him.

"Antonio ..." Voight calls him before Antonio leaves his office. Antonio turns around then Voight holds him against the wall, holding on his hips. "I love you." stroking the back of Antonio’s head. "Don't ruin it, Hank. We're a good team too." He said with a sigh, hand coming up to scrub at his face in frustration.

"Trust me, omega, I'm taking care of everything." Voight says in his softest voice.

“I should go.” Antonio whispered.
“You really should. I won't be late tonight.”

"Just stop your crying We gotta get away from here

We gotta get away from here

Just stop your crying
"I knew you would come, princess."
Antonio tries not to be frightened when Adres appears in his window and puts his hands on the door of his car. "What is it, princess? Scared to see me?"
Antonio is working his breath not to panic, he can hide it well, looking through the windshield, he had misled the police officer who follows him a few blocks back, he knows it was a huge mistake. God, what on earth was he thinking…

"What do you want?" He says without trembling. Adres opens the door and enters his car. "What are you doing here?"
"Are not you happy to see me, princess? You look like you've seen a ghost."
"Get out of my car!" His annoying voice makes Antonio angry.
"Or what, Antonio? Tell me, will you hand me over to your detective lover? Don't forget that they let me go."
Antonio starts the car, needs to leave, this place, it's too close to his house.
"What do you want from me?"
"From you?" Adres laughs the way Antonio hates. "You're not the best thing now, Antonio, you're old and fat and ... Ah, I never really liked your disgusting beard, don't think I want something with you."

There is an abandoned warehouse near the exit of the city, Antonio parks the car, he's been silent the entire ride, but at least he wasn’t shaking anymore. Adres brought him here, Antonio just prayed that his car' locator is working well and Voight find him fast.
"Come princess."
"I'm not going with you!"
"That was not a request, bitch!"
Adres pushes Antonio out of the car and drags him inside. Adres is limping and Antonio realizes that he has lost weight, is no longer the strong alpha he used to be. Antonio could beat him in a fair fight, but there is not much justice here.

The old warehouse is partly empty, a table and a worn down couch and a few boxes around on the ground that was pretty much it. Adres pushes him Antonio needs to balance in order not to fall.
"I have some contacts, but I need to leave the country and you will help do it, Antonio."
"I do not..."
"Oh really? Well, you came here by your own free will." Adres advances over it and picks up the
phone from Antonio's pocket, he turns the phone on and a photo of Alvin appears on the screen. "Your son, hun? Tell me, Antonio, how many months has this little boy?"

Antonio is silent. "That's the son of that cop? Shit, Antonio, the guy tried to kill me! And Diego, pff... you son of a bitch, the kid is a whiner like you! I knew I should have taken him with me when he was little, I should have raised that boy!"

"What do you want from me?" Antonio feels the panic hitting him again, he tries to keep calm. "I will not hurt you, Princess, not much. I have to leave this country and you can help me. That your boyfriend, he will not come after me while you are with me, so you will help me."

"He will find you and kill you, Adres."
"Oh really? Let me tell you, princess, he had the chance three times and did nothing. What makes you think he's going to do it now?"

"Me. I've changed my mind."

The gun was with Antonio all the time, as Voight taught him to do. Adres did not search for it and, in a quick move, one shot's fired, Antonio's hands are wet in blood.

There is a smile on Adres's lips and Antonio tries to pull away from him and look around. "Have you come here for revenge, Princess?" begins coughing and wheezing.

Antonio looks at his own hand, dirty in blood, uncovering the wound, painless. Adres drags himself away from him, only then Antonio realizes that the gun it's is on the ground. The shot hit Antonio's hand and Adres's leg, he doesn't feel any pain yet, but he knows he gotta find quick help.

"You should be dead!" Antonio screams, losing control. His hands are shaking but there's no pain yet. Adres's right leg is also bleeding but he does not even seem to notice. "I am! I am, Princess." Adres is pacing back and forth like a maniac, picking up things and ignoring the gun. "Get this, come on! I haven't all day!"

If at some point Antonio thought he saw Adres insane, nothing was compared to that moment, insanity has always been present in Adres's personality, but perhaps now, it is the only trait left to him, he is bleeding on the floor and acting like nothing happen.

The gun is still where it fell, Antonio tries to recover it, but Adres kicks his face, smacks him around
on the head a few times so he blacked out after it.

He wakes up sometime later lying face down on the floor, his hands tied behind his back, he tries to move, only to realizes that Adres is lying next to him.

His whole entire body throbs, sore, he tries to get up, his pants are down to his ankles.
"You'll be good to me, bitch." Adres murmurs, Antonio feels his skin shiver, he moans unintentionally.
"Shhhhhhh, princess, you're going to be good to me, you're dirty whore!"
"What...?" Antonio is sure Adres's insane. He feels his head to spin and hurts, his hand hurt like hell, he had taken a sharp shot, just did not imagine it could hurt so much.

"You will do anything I want you to do, Antonio."

Adres gets up grab Antonio' arms and pulls him to his feet, kicking him in the chest with his knee when he gets up, the force of the hit threw his head back. Antonio bends over, coughing, a little bit of blood coming out of his mouth, he falls on the ground again.

“You’re going to do whatever I want no matter what.” Adres whispers into Antonio’s ear. He punches the omega a few more times in the head, so he is no longer strong enough to fight it back, tears obscure his vision, he is unable to breathe.

"Que pasa, ese? Who hit ya, bitch? You’re in pain?"

"We never learn, we been here before

Why are we always stuck and running from The bullets?"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all mistakes, i hope you liked, cause i loved to do it.
"And when the night is closing in
  Don't give up and don't give in"
   ( You're Gonna Be Ok
       Brian and Jenn Johnson)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I know it's all you've got to just be strong
And it's a fight just to keep it together
I know you think that you are too far gone
But hope is never lost
Hope is never lost"

Antonio's hand hurts, he tries to keep his eyes open, but he is exhausted and losing the battle. On the brink of unconsciousness he feels when his body's dragged and hit the floor, as heavy as lead, his back hurts, he moans, the face against the hard, cold floor, but he doesn't try to move, heavy boots on the side of his face, he fears a another kick, there's blood on the ground, he cannot say whose it is, both them are bleeding now. He's so helpless he can't fight against Adres, even when he's almost dying, besides, Adres still gotta a gun, for his own merit he is not crying this time.

"I can't say I was not a bit surprised by this, you used to be a crybaby bitch, what got into you? Fuck with that sergeant made balls grows on you, princess?"

He still doesn't know Adres's plans, fears that there are none, For now he is happy that the session of punches and kicks seems to be over. Adres's verbal offenses, he can ignore.

Without any warning, Adres holds his arm again and pulls the sleeve of his coat down, leaving Antonio's arm naked, he twisted it causing pain.

Antonio tries to pull away but cannot, the pain of a needle in his arm causes him to struggle with the rest of his strength.
  "Cállate, puta!"
Adres' shouts as the needle sinks into the pale skin of Antonio's arm. Horror filled Antonio's face.

"What do you gave me?" He asked in a low husky whisper, when Adres finally lets him free, his mouth is dry and feels like it's been stuffed with blood.

"Don't worry, princess, it's a good thing, it'll help you with the pain."
Antonio feels his body warm, the familiar feeling of being high. "What...? Fuck it! What in the hell did you do to me?" He gasps, his mouth salivating, and his body starting to shake.
"To the old days, princess, you used to like this shit, a lot."
“And what’s that supposed to mean?” Antonio blinked faster trying to focus.

Adres shakes a syringe against Antonio's face, it wasn't an answer to his question, but it answered so much more, heroin.

Antonio rubs his arm against his chest, his body quickly reacting to the dose of heroin applied. "I've never liked this shit before, but it's been a lot of help lately since your fucking cop got me." Adres sits on the floor next to him. "You remember how we used to had fun? You were a dirty bitch, huh? I have to say, I even liked you before, even with all your weeping shit. We could be happy in Colombia, Antonio, a beautiful happy family, but you made me come here behind your ass! You put us in this situation! You could been a good omega and stayed in Colombia ...We were happy, you fucked up everything when you fled to this town!"

Antonio tries to keep his mind clean, his lips are dry and his heart racing fast, his whole body shakes and itches, and he feels he can stand up, but he cannot, he hates this feeling...

"I was a king, and you could have been my princess, Antonio. I was good, I was very good ..." Adres's high, Antonio suspects that he has been drugging himself for some time.

"I was just your whore ..." He retorts before getting lost in the chemical haze and his body soften.

"You remember when we beat the shit out of your dad, huh? The old man never knew what hit him... We were great together."

Antonio takes a deep breath, he doesn't want to think about it.

"The good and sweet omega attacking his own father... Does your sergeant know that, princess? Does he know that you used to steal your Daddy's money to buy drugs? My drugs."

Antonio spent a lot of time trying to conceal this in the depths of his mind, every memory of his past hidden as deeply as possible to kept him safe and sane through all his damn his life.

"I know you like this shit,cause you’ve got that look on your face that says it, princess."

"I'm clean now ..." He doesn't know why he's trying to explain it to Adres, but he's been clean since rehab, he's done his best to that.

"And that's where it all ends, is not it a princess? Just you and me here ..." For a glimpse, Antonio can see Adres injecting heroin into himself, that damn never used his own shit before. The pieces were falling into place, there was no escape plan from there.

His mind is rapidly losing itself, he can only drag himself to a corner away from the alpha and vomit all the contents of his stomach on the floor before he sits against the wall his eyes flickering open and then closed again. He's curled in on himself on the floor when finally drifts into the darkness.

*Hold on, don’t let go*

*Hold on, don’t let go*

Antonio opened his eyes slowly, was sitting on the floor against the wall he feels his legs tingle, his eyelids swollen and wet for something he suspected it was blood. It takes a while to realize where he is, sitting on the hard ground, his mind is numb, everything around is numb and cold.

He doesn't know for how long was out like that, his back is cold and he can't get warm, he groaned inwardly, his mind was slowly back in full working order, and his hand hurts like hell. A noise at his side makes him try to move out his body then Adres is standing in front of him, a leg wrapped in an improvised bandage and the gun pointed to Antonio's face; he blinked his eyes open, trying to focus, feeling far worse now, he probably fainted 'cause next thing he knew, Adres was talking.
"Welcome back, whore," Adres' voice sending shockwaves straight to his head. "Next time you feel like fainting, i'll gonna kick your ass, princess." Adres warned, taking a step forward into Antonio's personal space.

Antonio groans loudly this time, he is in pain and too tired now. Adres doesn't look better, but that bastard keeps smiling. Antonio turn his face away from the gun.

"Why...?" He asks, his throat still raw, hissing to lean forward a bit and shift his weight. "What happens now?" Adres is completely insane and, Antonio never saw him lose control like this before, Adres usually plans his steps precisely, but right now, he seems to act on impulse. Adres shrugs. "Your question is about the heroin shot, or about why I still have not killed you?"

"What do you want from me?" The voice rough, a bad taste of blood in the mouth, he could only think about how long it would take until Voight finds him, or how long he can stay awake this time.

Adres drags himself closer to him. "You're so boring, Antonio. A fucking' boring bitch, but you know, I miss my old hooked bitch."

Some time passed without him being able to get off from the ground, Adres pacing back and forth collecting things, cursing and bleeding around. Antonio himself was filthy with blood and a small puddle formed on the floor beside his body.

"We're going to die here, Adres." Time is running out and both of them are losing blood. "We need help." He insists with his mouth growing dry.

Adres approaches him again and bends, his face very close to Antonio's.

"Worried about me already, puta?" He retorted, completely insane.

"You said you had a plan...you needed my help, right? I won't be able to help you if I'm dead." Antonio takes a breath, really wishes he'd had another heroine shot, too tired to reason correctly.

"I've changed my mind, bitch."

"You're going to kill me?" Antonio asks without stuttering, trying to keep calm enough so that his emotions wouldn't explode, he couldn't let that happen.

Andres raises his thick eyebrows and smiles. "Maybe..."

"He'll find you, Voight will find you." He says with utmost certainty.

"Do you still believe that, princess? I told you once that most of this city belongs to me, didn't I? Why do you think this 'Voight' is not one of them?"

"No..." Antonio said quickly, tears pooling in his eyes again. But then, Voight should be here by now, Antonio knows that.

"It was so easy to get to you, was not it? And where is he now?" Adres's pale, dry lips demonstrate how much blood he has already lost. Antonio feels when the alpha leans in and gets very close to him again. "Are you in pain, Antonio?" He asks, sadistic. "You have no idea how the real pain is."

Antonio wants to retort, but he is not in a position to do that.

"I know what pain is, princess! I know! Adres screams against his face, Antonio just closes his eyes in fear. "Look at me when I'm talking to you, perro!" Adres' dirty hands slides over Antonio's jacket until he reaches the buttons of his shirt. Antonio tries to pull him away, but Adres pushes the gun against his face with force, Antonio freezes, a button is opened.

"Tell me, princess, what is it like to be here with me again, eh? Which that I'm the one who's going
to kill you, Antonio?" Antonio does not respond.

Adres rubs his icy hand over his bare chest now, squeezes one of his nipples making Antonio moan in pain. His chest is bruising up and there's some spodge of blood around it. "You used to like this, slut! I bet you're all wet now..."

Antonio's puffy eyes turn to him. "If you're going to do this, do it soon!" He says without trembling, a desperate gesture of courage. "Just do it!"

Adres is silent, looking at Antonio surprised, but soon the sadistic smile returns to his lips. "Missing my way to touch you? What's the problem, the sergeant does not touch you right, princess? He knows how much you like me to bite your nipples while I fuck your ass hard, huh, tell me, Antonio? Did you tell him about the games we used to play together?"

"He never raped me, he's isn't like you, Adres."
"Rape? Where did you get that, princess? We were good together, really in love, were not we? Besides, he gave me you back, princess, so easy..."

"We're going to die here, so just do it fast!" His tone barely a whisper.

"What did you just say to me?" Adres smiled at Antonio's show of anger.

"Just cut the crap and do it fast!" He does his best to swallow the urge to vomit just thinking about Adres touching him again, he hates that idea.

To Antonio's astonishment, Adres turned away from him. "Don't be such an whore, princess. You make me easy when it gets that way."

Antonio smiled, tired and confused.
"What do you want from me, Adres?"

"Nothing, you're useless, but I will not make the same mistake twice, this time, I will not leave you behind."

Antonio shudders, he needs to get up from there but he can't trust his legs to hold his weight and keep his balance.
"What are you going to do with our children?" He whispered, wiping away the tears and ignoring the way his voice cracked.

Adres pulls back to look at him, his expression unreadable and then he shrugs. "Children? The boy is a coward just like you and the girl, well I never wanted a fucking girl. The other is not even my son, why would I care about these shitty kids, Antonio?"

"Leave them alone, I'm here with you, that's what you wanted, is not it?" Adres is no longer as powerful as before, nor does he have henchmen to do his dirty work, yet Antonio doesn't know if his children are safe.
"I already told you, Antonio, no one will be left behind this time."

Antonio swallows dry, he shudders again in pain as he tries to close his open shirt with his injured hand.
"Voight ... Is he one of yours?"
Adres swings the gun in the air, completely insane.
"You don't know, do you? That's the interesting part about you, Antonio, you never know who you should trust. You're so unfortunate, bitch."
"He's coming to find us ..."
"Wrong! He's sitting there now, earning time for me until I can do what I need to do!" Antonio
doesn't understand Adres's delay in killing him, but he keeps trying to buy time here. "Otherwise,
how do you think I'm still alive, princess?"
Antonio had wondered the same before the drug took him away but doesn't retort, so Adres
smiles. "Is pretty romantic, huh? Both of us here to die together?"

"You're bleeding ..." He points to Adres's leg.
"That is nothing, princess, I bleed out here for days before I could come after you, and look, I told
you, I'm everywhere, bitch. Why don't you believe me?"

"You're crazy, Adres...I don't I believe you." his own voice from far away outside of him. "Liar!"

"Just take one step closer
Put one foot in front of the other
You'll get through this
Just follow the light in the darkness
You're gonna be ok"

There seems no way to escape from this place, Adres is just bluffing and freaking out, Antonio
wonders why Voight has not found him yet, the time is running out dangerously.

The euphoria of Adres gave way to a wave of lamentations and groans of pain shortly after; Feeling
more stable now Antonio gets up from the ground, he is certain that there is a tracker in his car,
Voight already should have found him.

Unless Adres was telling the truth and Voight was on his pay list, which he was, desperately trying
not to believe.

His whole body is frozen and trembling, he can barely stand up right without stumbling. His injured
hand aching hanged by his side.

"You're shaking, princess, it's starting to show."

Ignoring Adres, he looks around trying to find a way out of the building, finding none, it was the
worst-case scenario. There is only one high window, he doesn't know if he can reach it, but he has to
try. Adres seems willing to die here, but he is not.

"I burned some things, Antonio ..."

Antonio looks at him, he is still trying to get out of here, Adres is sitting on the floor, there is a pool
of blood at his side.
"Some people ..." He chuckles, as if telling a joke. "That your firefighter friend, the one who fucked
your sister, he was there."
"Casey ..." Antonio murmurs, he was silent looking at his shaking hands.

"Casey ... That's it. The idiot is some kind of local hero, is not it?"

Antonio does not answer, Adres smiles, teasing him, turning the gun in his hands.
"The idea was to burn the bastard, but he was faster." He stops and points the gun toward Antonio
again. "Some people are very lucky."
"What do you want?" Antonio is exhausted from this situation. "Money? Shit, say it!"
"No, princess, I don't want anything, just stay here, you and me, like I promised it would be our
end."
"No, I'm not going to die here! I need to get out ..." Antonio wraps his hand around his other wounded hand in despair, Adres's insane laughter is not helping it. "Look around you, Antonio, no one will come here to save you. It's just the two of us for good." Adres is weak and shaken, he puts the gun on the floor next to his leg.

Antonio sees Adres thrust his hand into his pocket and take out a small control that he slides it between his fingers. "Do you know what that is, princess? There's a bomb in your car, and you will not believe how easy it was to put it there ... Right then ... Here comes the boom!"

The sound of the explosion made Antonio shrink, only the yellowish light of the fire can be seen inside the warehouse, for a second Antonio feels grateful for not being out there now, he runs to the door and tries to open it, in vain, Adres laughs even louder. "Fire in the Hole!" He screams, insane. The smoke from the fire begins to slowly invade the interior of the warehouse. "There are devices around this place, if someone tries to get in or get out they will blow it all away, Antonio, and even if one of your hero friends gets here, they'll all blow up. It will be a beautiful funeral, don't you think, princess? So you better save your energy, puta."

Adres doesn't get up from the ground for some time now, Antonio suspects that he does not have the strength to do so. Outside, only the sounds of fire consuming what was left of his car. The silence dragged on for almost a minute before Adres to speak again. "And you know what's most interesting? You'll never know if your sergeant was really one of mine. I have to tell you, that's the best part of it all." Grinning.

"I know your heart is heavy from those nights
But just remember that you are a fighter
You never know just what tomorrow holds
And you're stronger than you know
You're stronger than you know"
"I think it's over, Sev ...."

The voice message left on Severide's phone was from Antonio's. Some noise may be heard in the background.
"He lied to me again. It's all over, Sev ...I'm sorry, i messed up." A deep breath. "If something happens to me, please take care of my children." There was a long pause and then utter silence as the line went dead.

"Kelly..." Casey is standing at the door. Severide turns to look at him.

"Antonio's not answering me."
"Maybe he's busy."
"No, he ... He found out that Voight's lying, Matt."
"He'd find out anyway. That's what Voight does all the time."
"I need to talk to him." He gets up to leave his small office, Casey holds his arm.
"Kelly, we need to talk."
"No, we don't, Matt."
"Yeah, we do. You could lose your job over this, Severide!" Matt sighed in frustration.
"I can't sit here and leave him alone out there, Casey." Severide said in a calm but steady tone.

"You cannot..."
"Is that an order, Casey? Because if it is, you can..."

“Never mean it...” He countered. “But i know you, what do you want to do, Kelly?”

Before Severide could say anything the emergency alarm started to sound, they have to go, then they will sort it out later.
"And when the night is closing in
Don’t give up and don’t give in
This won’t last, it’s not the end
It’s not the end
You’re gonna be ok"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all mistakes, please let me know what you think :3
What have I done?

Chapter Summary

"And all my days have turned to darkness
Hell is leaving the light on"
(Oh, Darlin, What Have I Done- The White Buffalo)

Chapter Notes

I am definitely not dead >) Just unmotivated ;( I didn't kill anyone (Hallelujah!) But it's not my best chapter too > ( I am redoing the previous chapters and correcting many things. If anyone is still with me, thanks! Forgive me for the delay.

xxxx

"Oh, darlin, darlin
What have I done?
Well I've been away from you too long
And all my days have turned to darkness
And I believe my heart has turned to stone"

Antonio presses his fingers against the wood of the window and pulls hard, some wood falls, letting in the light from outside. Day was dawning outside, Antonio lost track of what time it might be. Across the warehouse he hears Adres laughing.

"What are you doing, princess? Trying to escape?"

Antonio ignores him and keeps trying to pull more wood from the siding that covers the window, he takes a deep breath, the smell of smoke in the warehouse makes him cough, he tries to protect his face with his jacket.

"I asked what are you doing, puta?" This time Adres's voice sounds much closer and Antonio is surprised at how quickly he has come so close, then the cold barrel of the gun is against the back of his neck.

"We're going to die here, Adres ..." He whispers back, his fingers still gripping the wood. "We should..."

"We're not going anywhere, bitch! That's the end!" Antonio feels Adres pull on his pants and squints when the alpha touches his body. "Are you still high, princess? I'm, i remember how you used to be
horny when you gets high... This is so interesting, we start here and we will end here in Chicago."

Antonio feels Adres's teeth on his shoulders, he cringes by instinct.

"Tell me, Antonio, did you really believe the sergeant would save you? You're still the same pathetic rubbish you always were! I'll do your children a favor by riding them of you."

Antonio feels the blood rush faster through his veins, so he turns around and hits him in the head with a piece of wood from the window.

The blows follow a quick sequence, Antonio is angry, Adres slips and falls, Antonio still hits his head twice more before falling exhausted.

He checks Adres's pockets for his phone, finds it, and turns on.

"Come on!" He begs as if this will make the device turn on faster. He enters the Voight number and waits. "It's me ..." He wipes his bloody nose and tries to keep his voice calm.

"Now I don't say anything at all
Well God don't listen to the noise
Now I'm left here all alone"

The silence in the office lasted only a few minutes, and then something was hurled hard against the wall and shattered in pieces all over the floor.

Erin was the only person who dared to talk to Voight.

"Hank, the fire department has already been warned, there is a burned-out car along the road."

"Is his car?"

"We don't know yet, but we have a tracker signal..."

"Find him!" Voight yells back at her. "Review this damn city if need be!"

"You said that ..."

"I know what I said!"

Erin doesn't back down, she's still standing there in her office. "We may have more people working on it."

"That's what he wants, to kill everyone around me!"

"Hank ..." She calls quietly. "Commander Perry is here."

"What...?" Voight had no problems with Commander Perry for months, this is the worst possible time for a conversation with the boss.

"Hank." The Commander enters his office and looks at the broken vodka bottle on the floor. "Hard day, huh?"

"Tell me about it."

He rubs his head, impatient. Erin leaves them alone.
"Looks like we have some problems here." The Commander sits at Voight's desk. "Then I'll be brief, the body in the morgue doesn't belong to Adres Dias, can you tell me who it belongs to, Hank?"

"One of his men, I suppose."

"Well, in that case did you know about this possibility?"

"What is this conversation about, Commander?"

"About your out-of-control behavior, Voight. I won't cover it anymore. You made this office a corrupt pigsty, but that time is up. Lying about Adres Dias's death was the end of the line for you, Hank."

"What you mean?"

"City hall wants your head and I'm giving it to them. I should have done that when Olinsky died, but I hoped that would change. "The Commander gets up and walks to the door. "Clean up this room and leave your badge on the table, you're fired Voight. Collect your shit and go home, if I catch you on the streets today, you go to jail! "

"Hank?" Erin call him as soon as the commander leaves his office.

Voight shrugs, he's fine. "I'm good. Forgive me for that, you were right, Erin."

"I know, I always am." She smiles trying to comfort him. "You know they'll come after you now, don't you, Hank?"

"I'm ready for them." He turns away from Erin. "Don't get sentimental now, girl. Just do your job, you're the boss now." He says without much authority.

She has no time to react, Voight's phone is vibrating on his pocket, on the other end of the line Antonio's voice, trembling and weak.

"It's me ..."

"I hear what the neighbors say
That poor boy has lost his way
And I let the others pray"

The burned down car was just the beginning, Matt makes some warnings about this place, criminals often use the place to dump bodies.

"Keep your eyes open!" The captain's voice echoed through the radio. "Severide ..."

"Copy that ..."

"Be careful ..." Then there was silence on the fire brigade radio.

"I have a bad feeling about this place, Captain." Herrmann muttered from the backseat of the truck. Matt kept his eyes around, he also had this feeling.

"Yeah? Keep it for you." Matt was the first one to come down and look around the warehouse area.

Voight has flanked the old warehouse in silence, he is alone and trying to keep his advantage here. Everything blows up when he hears sirens and lights on the horizon, firefighters.

"Get your people out of here, Captain!" Voight barks before Matt can react.

"Voight? What ...?"

"Antonio is in this building, Pulpo took him. Get your people out of here!"

Matt looks at the burning car, there's not much they can do now. "Where are the other cops?"

"This is my shit, I'll fix it."

"You can't do it alone, Voight!"

Voight does not respond, the captain beckons the other firefighters to stand away, he turns to Voight. "What you going to do?"

"Now I do my talking with a gun
And blood will spill into the gutters
And it will stain the morning sun"

Severide stepped forward, curious about Voight's presence here.
"What's he doing here?" Herrmann was also surprised.

Severide approaches where Matt and Voight are talking, both alphas are silent now.

"What is going on?"

Voight just sighs, Matt looks at Severide. "Antonio is in the building."

"What? What is he doing there?"

"Pulpo." Voight sums it up. "But he didn't make any demands this time, just caught Antonio and ..."

"We have to get him out of there." Severide says looking at the warehouse. "We have to..."

"We can't come in, just ... He can hurt Antonio if we do something." Voight answers.

"Well, he wouldn't be there if it wasn't for you!" Severide is impatient, Matt tries to hold him, but the firefighter attacks Voight. "You did it!"

Matt can hold him, but Severide punches Voight in the face before. In seconds, all firefighters are around them, ready to intervene.

"Alright! Alright! We've got a victim here and we're going to work." Matt resumes the lead while still holding Severide. "Can you do that or do I need to send you back to firehouse, Severide?"

Severide just nods, but he's still snorting in rage.

Voight clears his nose, there is blood on his fingers, but he can see it later, has other problems now. He picks up the phone and shows the screen to Matt. "He has traps around, the car was just a gimmick, he wants us here, so I assume he plans to kill as many...of us as possible."

"We are trained for situations like this, Sergeant, he won't kill any of us." Matt assures him.

"If he has guns ... I can't ask you to do that." Voight doesn't want to risk more people. "We have a bomb in the door building..."

"That's our job, Voight. Antonio is our friend too, just tell us what to do and we'll do it."

"Alright then, I'll come in."

"How many people in the building?" Casey asks.

"Only two, Pulpo and Antonio." Voight answers.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, he has no more henchman or money." Voight took care of all Adres's other henchmen. "I can guarantee."

"Voight ... We gotta your back here." Captain says, Voight is grateful for that. "Come on guys, let's open an entrance."

"Casey..." Voight calls him. "Pulpo can't leave this building." Voight makes that clear. "I can't fail to Antonio again."

Matt looks at Severide for a moment. "Do your work, i will do mine, Voight."
Severide rubs his nervous face. "Since when do you make deals with the Devil, Matt?"

"I don't know what you mean, Kelly." Matt walks over to the truck pick up the climbing tools. "You stay out here." Matt says pointing to Severide's chest, it was a command without a doubt.

Voight felt the ground tremble under his feet and tried to hold on to anything that keep him standing on the roof, the only safe entrance to the building. Through a crack he can see Adres on the floor, Antonio is out of sight.

"Over there." Matt is right behind him pointing to another body on the floor.

He slips between the roof columns and enters the building feeling his body sore from the effort, Matt stays on the roof, he holds the rescue ropes.

He walks slowly to where Adres is lying, the damned man remains motionless, dead, he looks through the smoke looking for Antonio.

"Voight!" Matt call him, he points to Antonio sitting on the bloody floor, the gun in his right hand, helds up against Voight.

" No..." A weak voice warns, Antonio. "No ..." he repeats weakly. Voight walks over to him.

"It's me baby, it's me ..." He takes Antonio's hand and pulls the gun to his waist. Antonio is in shock. "It's me, Antonio."

"I had to..." Antonio says through his teeth, he's pale and bleeding profusely. "I had to do..."

"I know, baby. I know." Voight leans in for a hug, but Antonio rejects it.

"Get out of here!" There is blood covering his clothes, staining his hands.

"I came to pick you up, Antonio."

"There's a bomb over there ..." He points to the door. "It's going to explode, get out of here, Voight!" He's out of his mind, Voight realizes that.

"I'm not leaving without you, Antonio!"

"You lied ... You lied ..." Antonio bursts into tears, he keeps his left hand on his belly and coughs painfully causing more blood to flow through his fingers.

"Come on, let's get out of here!"
"Not!" Antonio pushes him away he's in pain and confused. "They gonna arrest me ..."

"No one will arrest you, I promise!"

"Don't make promises, you idiot!"

Voight tries to lift him off the floor, it makes Antonio moan in pain, there are no exits on the first floor, they will have to climb to the roof.

"We must..." He doesn't know how to get Antonio upstairs, the omega is too weak to climb.

"Casey..."

"We're coming in, Sergeant." Casey warns on the radio.

"I hit him, I..." Antonio mutters, he is slowly losing consciousness. Voight holds him tightly around the waist.

"You did nothing wrong, Antonio."

"He was going to kill me, I know ..."

Voight uses the radio to ask for help, he kept Casey and his crew at a safe distance. "Antonio's injured, we need to get him out of there ... " He said through the radio, before he can get an answer Antonio pulls the gun from his waist and points it at him again.

"I'm not coming with you!"

"Antonio..."

"Get out of here!" Antonio shouts at the edge of his strength, his hand shaking holding the gun.

"What are you doing, baby?"

"I'm not your 'baby'! I'm nothing! Just get out of here, Voight!"

Voight raises his arms and walks toward Antonio. "Come on baby, I'll get you out of here ..."

"You lied to me! Lied! Because of you I'm here, Voight!"

"Antonio..." Antonio's eyes are red and puffy, confused and stormy, there's all sorts of pain inside them. "I won't hurt you, I promise."

"Make no fucking promise, Hank!"

The radio comes to life again in Voight's hand, it's Casey."Voight we have the bomb squad coming. We're ready ..."

Voight ignores and keeps his eyes on Antonio. "We need to get out of here, Antonio."

"And where are we going, Hank? To your ivory tower? To one of your houses so you can kick me when you're sick of me?" he screams.

Casey's voice calls over the radio again. "Voight, report!"

"You may hate me later, but let me get you out of here now."

"No ..." Antonio tilts his head. "I am so tired..." He just trying to stay awake and alert but he is not
listening properly, an ear trauma perhaps.

"Baby..."

"It will never end." Antonio moves his arm and puts the gun to his own head. "I don't want it anymore..."

"Antonio!" Voight screams using his worst alpha tone, but Antonio is too upset to hear him, he tries to hold him and two shots are fired.

Voight opens his eyes, he's on the floor, takes a second to try to get up. Casey is shouting over the radio, leaning on his elbows, he can sit down, has not been hit, Antonio is sitting with his back to him, moving his arms nonstop.

Quickly, he goes to Antonio, the omega is sitting on Adres's body, punching his face already disfigured by his punches. Voight holds him, regretted not checking if he was really dead before. He won't make this mistake twice.

"Alright, alright, it's over."

"I killed him ..." Antonio sobs, Voight holds him in his arms.

"We're coming inside ..." Casey again, he enters the warehouse through a hole in the wall, he runs to Voight and watches them.

"He is fine?"

Antonio is too pale for Casey's taste. Voight holds his face and looks into his eyes.

"Antonio, baby ... stay with me, okay?" He kisses Antonio's cold lips without bothering with the blood around him. "It's okay, baby, you did well."

"Let's get him out of here." Casey helps Voight lift him off the floor.

"Wait ..." Voight looks at Pulpo's body on the floor. "Ask your men to wait outside, I'll get him out
"He's dead, Voight!" Matt says.

"I won't bet on it anymore."

Casey doesn't agree with that, but he won't intervene, Pulpo deserves the ending he had.

"You can report it if you want, Captain. I don't care."

"I won't, Voight. Now let's get out of here."

"Can I stop at one?
Or have I just begun?

Take out the bodies that live
Oh, Lord, it gets me high
I think I'm gonna get my fill
Of taking lives"

Severide helps Voight, Matt is still examining the place, only the two firefighters entered the building.

"Let's get him out of here." Voight asks, Severide agrees, wrapping Antonio in a thermal blanket.

"The bomb squad must be coming ..." Matt warns.

Voight pushes Severide out with Antonio."Take care of him, please." He asks Severide, the fireman just nods. "I'll clean the place." He warns and holds Pulpo by the arms and drags to the back of the building. Two shots are heard and Voight returns with the gun at his waist. "He's not everywhere anymore." He says coldly, Matt swallows hard, he evacuates the scene as Antonio enters the ambulance.

"Oh, Lord, I don't wanna let my baby down
Well I just wanna give us something one of a kind

Oh, darlin, darlin
What have I done?
I've been a stray from you too long
And all my days have turned to darkness
Hell is leaving the light on"

"Captain ..." He approaches Casey. "Thanks for everything..."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Sergeant, I just did my job." Casey says gathering his tools.

"Can you handle them now?" Matt refers to the officers coming to the scene.

"It won't be the first time. Gather up your people, this has nothing to do with you."

Voight looked out and saw Matt step out of the truck window and wave at him, just as the rescue team left, the bomb squad disarm the bomb.
Voight offers no resistance when officers handcuff him and read his rights. Commander Perry is by his side.

"I told you Hank."

"And, ooh, oh, they'll hang me way up high
God himself will drop me from the sky
And let me swing a while

Oh, darlin, darlin
What have I done?"
"What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Chapter Summary

"Oh so, your wounds they show
I know you have never felt so alone
But hold on, head up, be strong
Oh hold on, hold on until you hear them come
Here they come, oh"
(Angel By The Wings-Sia)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Take an angel by the wings
Beg her now for anything
Beg her now for one more day
Take an angel by the wings
Time to tell her everything
Ask her for the strength to stay"

Antonio came to himself a few hours later at the hospital, Erin is sitting beside his bed.

"It's all right?" He asks, his voice rough and choked.

"Hank is under arrest." She reports bluntly. "How're you feeling?"

Antonio looks away at the white wall.
"He can leave, can't he?"

"I don't know." She shrugs, her expression tired. "There are a lot of people who want him in prison now." Antonio feels all of Erin's dislike for him now, he can't blame her.

"He can handle it, it's Hank, he can get out of it." Antonio tells himself.

"I wouldn't bet on it now, Antonio."

"Is it about Adres? He didn't kill him, I killed him ..."

Erin looks around as if to make sure no one will hear them. "Don't say that again!" Antonio looks at her, confused, she continues; "Hank did all this to protect you, in his weird way but he did. You better keep your mouth shut and fade for a while. We'll take care of him, Antonio."

"Erin..."

"No word on that or I swear I'll send you to Colombia in a black bag, Antonio!"

Erin left the room as soon as Severide arrived carrying Alvin in his arms.

"Hey, look who's here." The firefighter says without paying attention to the heavy mood around. "Eva and Diego are out there, waiting to see you."

"You can, you can do anything, anything"
sleeve. He does not seem willing to fight. Antonio just can't believe Voight is accepting it all without a good fight. He freaks out, but Voight can't hear him, he doesn't even try to defend himself making Antonio confused, he knows the alpha enough to know that he never gives up a fight.

Only a few friends remain with the sergeant, including Casey and Severide. Antonio and Erin are the only family he has, they will not leave him now. Antonio tries to keep his children away from public harassment, especially Alvin, the little boy still does not know what is going on around him, but Antonio wants to ensure that none of this affects their son.

Some reporters were in the hospital when Antonio was under medical care, but he declined to speak. Not even when they asked about Adres's body he didn't say anything, not because of Erin's threat, bringing Voight home is his only priority...

All his hope of taking Voight home has collapsed right before his eyes as the judge struck the hammer and denied Sergeant probation. He still had that hope that everything would end well, and that they could get through it together, but now he can barely breathe.

He didn't hear a word he was told after the cops took Voight out of court. The world spin around him and he can't react to anything. So he just sat there, waiting for the room to gets empty, until he had the strength to leave; It's all over, so he walks away.

"Look up, call to the sky
Oh, look up and don't ask why, oh
just take an angel by the wings

Beg her now for anything
Beg her now for one more day
Take an angel by the wings
Time to tell her everything
Voight opened his eyes but it was so dark he could see nothing around him, he's sitting on the cold floor, quickly feels his whole body hurt. His prison pants are wet, but he can't define exactly what is.

A foul odor makes his nose sting, something is rotting, but he cannot move, not without causing much pain, so he stays on the floor.

He's been surviving here for more than two weeks, and that's much more than expected of him. He is not stupid, he knows he can be attacked at any moment, if he is not dead yet it is because they have not decided the moment.

Well, that has just been decided, he heard some mutterings about it earlier, but it was not part of anyone's plans to help him, a knife buried in his chest seemed to be the most likely plan.

He can keep them at bay, but he is no longer a boy, they caught him alone in the cafeteria, he has some broken bones for sure.

Why he's still breathing and sitting on the floor of an empty punishment cell, that's a million dollar question. He is unarmed and surrounded by prisoners whom he himself helped to place here, and death should soon come now.

A yellow light illuminates the darkness, and footsteps around make his skin crawl, and he can only think how fast they can do it, but then nothing happens, for long minutes only your own breath can be heard; it must be part of their plan to scare him, to make him beg for life, he will not do it.

Hank Voight begs for nothing!

"Come here you cowards!" He growls, his voice even more guttural. There is no answer, not even steps around. It doesn't make sense, he doesn't even know how he got to this cell while the whole building burns. He wonders if Olinsky experienced this strange sense of doubt when he was in this place.

A sick laugh bursts out on his lips, much irony of fate that he be in the same prison as his best friend was and die just as he did. Damn irony!

Poetic justice perhaps, anyway, he deserves that shit!

Some time goes by, but he's not counting, just waiting for them to do something and then, his world goes dark again.

"I'm dead?" He mumbles again, not sure about being awake. "Those bastards must have hit my head, that's why I'm hallucinating now."

A smile is heard in the darkness, he knows that smile sound. "Somehow I always thought we would end up in a place like this," Olinsky says looking at the cell walls. "Or on a beach in Cuba, I guess, not sure."

He tries to focus on the person in front of him. "I'm dead ..." He concludes, after all because another reason Alvin Olinsky would be sitting in front of him?

"Not yet, but they can solve it soon."
"Do you think I missed you, Al? Is that why I'm hallucinating here?" Voight settles on the hard floor, his body protesting against the movement.

"Maybe. You should, I was a nice guy, Hank."

"You're dead." He repeats to himself. "You're dead."

"Yeah, I am. It's not that bad, Hank." Olinsky, or whoever that is, sits beside him on the floor. "Being dead is not so bad."

"Did you come to see me die then?"

"No, no desire to see it actually."

"So are you really here or did I go to hell?" He touches his head reaching for injuries, he must have been hit in the head at some point. "I'll find this out soon, Al."

Olinsky makes a noise with his fingers and straightens the cap on his head as he always done before, Voight can't see completely but he knows this movement so well, and misses it so much.

"Did I go crazy, Al?"

"Your sanity was never important to you, Hank."

"I'm talking to a dead man, I definitely freaked out, Al."

"Maybe, I don't give a damn." Olinsky responds calmly. "I even like your madness."

"I was there when they took you ... I was. Damn! It should have been me there. Not you, Al."

"We're all in the same place now, Hank." Olinsky shrugs. "You can't save everyone."

"I didn't save anyone."

"You were good, Hank. I can say that, you were one of the good ones."

"Is that why you are here now?"

"I'm not here, Hank. You're hallucinating."

"They wouldn't let me be at your funeral, but I was there ... Damn bastards!"

"I don't care about protocols, you know that."

"Everyone agrees it's my fault for what happened to you, Al."

"Not me. You would have protected me if you could, Hank, that's how we do things.""

"Huh." Voight tries to get up, but his body does not respond. "I killed them, the guys who did this to you. I killed them all."

"And that doesn't change anything about the fact that I'm still dead, Hank."

"The fault is mine..."

"The world doesn't revolve around you, man." Voight can see when Olinsky takes a toothpick from his pocket and puts it in his mouth, he smiles. "Old habits...So hard to find one of this lately."
"What are you doing here, Al?"

"Me? Nothing, actually, I have a lot of free time now. I thought I'd stay here while you give up on
everything."

"I'm stucked here ..." Voight says, as if that wasn't obvious. "I'm not a religious guy, so I'm not
expecting a miracle. Did God send you here to hear my confessions, Al? Or was the other guy?"

"God wastes no time with guys like us, Hank. Make no mistake, heaven is not for us, and I'm no
longer here to clean your shit, man."

"Then the devil awaits me ..." Voight tries to smile at the situation. "Tell him i'm ready."

"No one is waiting for you, not on the other side, man. It's not the end."

"I screwed up, Al. I fucked up everything i had."

"It wouldn't be the first time, Hank. You're going to have to do better than that."

"At least he's saved, Antonio is safe now. I kill that bastard..."

Olinsky laughs, just as Voight saw him laugh hundreds of times before. "Self sacrifice doesn't fit
you. We all know it was Antonio who killed that bastard, you let your turn pass, man." Voight is
silent, Olinsky throws his toothpick away. "Where's your sense of humor, Hank? Don't be a cranky
old man."

"He's safe...No one will hurt him again, not even me."

"You shouldn't speak for him, Hank."

"What's it like on the other side, Al?"

Olinsky shrugs. "We have no sources of brandy if you want to know."

"Maybe the devil needs a helper." Voight laughs. "You came to pick me up here."

"I don't know anything about that. I just thought it would be bad to be here alone."

"You were here alone ..."

"I heard the first time you said, Hank, that doesn't mean everything has to be that way."

"Are you going to be here when they arrive? That could be pretty bad, Al."

"I like a little action. Some things never change."

"Did you see Justin over there? God, I miss that boy!"

"No, I didn't see him."

"3 kids, Al, I had 3 amazing kids. You should see Erin now, she's so much better than I ever be!
Antonio gave your name to our son, Alvin, that boy is amazing!"

They can hear sounds from the other side of the wall, Olinsky gets up and walks to the door, but no
one comes. "It's not over, Hank."

"Huh?"
"This place can't end you, not like it ended me." Olinsky kneels facing Voight. "It's not over!"

"I'm in jail talking to a dead man, I'm sure it's over, Al!"

Olinsky smiles. "You're a pisser, man!" He holds Voight's shoulder. "I swear to god!"

"What ...?" Voight whispers in the darkness, Olinsky's weightless hand still on his shoulder. "I let you die, Al ..." He feels tears sting in his eyes, no shame in crying now.

"You don't have that power, you can't choose who dies or who lives. I'm where I should be, Hank, but not you, not now."

"Lexi hates me ..." Voight rambles. "Meredith hates me, your lieutenant hates me ... Everyone who ever loved you hates you."

"Lexi doesn't hate you, Meredith hated me too. Severide, well, he hates everyone, I think, but he knows you would save me if you could. I never hate you, Hank."

Olinsky has seen him cry before, so there is no reason to be ashamed. "I miss you, Al. Nothing's the same without you."

"If it makes you happy, we have eternity to talk to, but not now, man."

"Did you bring guns?" Voight says on hearing the alarms go off again. "They will kill me ..."

"No they won't, you will, Hank."

"I don't know how I can get out of here, Al ..."

"We've been in this situation before, remember? 1989, I think. It was fun."

"We have different memories from that time, you crazy man. This time they want my head..." Voight mumbles.

"Your head will be the last head they will have, Hank."

"Are you in peace, Al, with everything we do?"

Olinsky shrugged again. "I'm fine. I have a lot of stars to count on."

"I will die?"

"Everyone has dirty secrets in this city, and you know most of them, it's time to use it to your advantage, Hank, or they'll erase you from history without thinking twice," Olinsky says quietly. "You know what to do, man."

"I'm the only one who mess this city, Al."

"Then make the devil wait a little longer for your soul, Hank. It's time to charge some favors, man." Alvin shakes his head smiling as he walks to the cell door and disappears down the empty corridor. Then silence reigned again, no alarms, no screams, just the silence taking over the place, Voight can't breathe properly, then there are steps again, not as light as Olinsky's, Voight closes his eyes and hopes it will be quick.
"You can, you can do anything, anything"

Severide found Antonio in the district parking lot, his friend is lost in thought and somewhat desperate.

"Antonio?" He tries to hug him, but Antonio walks away.

"I ... He's ... God, he's dead, Sev."

Severide had known this since Matt called in, but the news of Voight's death still seems so unreal. He wants to ask how this happened, but this is not the time. Antonio tries to open the car door but his hands are shaking so bad and he can't it. Enraged, he tosses the keys away, Severide just watch, there's not much he can do now.

He can only hug Antonio and try to comfort him.

It was not long before the papers reported, in a sadistic sense of justice, everyone seemed relieved by Sergeant Voight's death in prison.

"Just take an angel by the wings

Beg her now for anything

Beg her now for one more day

Take an angel by the wings

Time to tell her everything

Ask her for the strength to stay"

Chapter End Notes

Not sorry, but wait a minute...
Chapter Summary

"We maybe a thousand miles apart,
But I'll be with you wherever you are."
(Lonestar-I'm already there)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"He called on the road
From a lonely cold hotel room.
Just to hear her say "I love you" one more time
And when he heard the sound
Of the kids laughing in the background
He had to wipe away a tear from his eye.
A little voice came on the phone
Said, "Daddy when you coming home?"

Antonio hired a team to help him pack Voight's furniture and store it in a rented shed. While the workers packed everything, he tried to calm down Alvin who was shouting.

"What's wrong, huh? You're clean and ... Are you hungry?" He's worrying about his son's undecipherable cry, he's been doing this a lot lately. "Hey, we can handle this." He sits in the armchair next to Alvin's crib and lifts his shirt, it's another instinctive act, since he no longer produces enough milk to satiate his son. "Alvin, can we do this?"

Alvin accepts the nipple offered to him, for a short time he calms down but it doesn't last long and he ends up biting Antonio's breast.

"Don't do this to me, buddy." He begs. Tired, he gets up with his son in his arms and goes to his room, is the only one that has not been packed.

There's a picture of Voight on the nightstand, he picks it up and show it to his son, Alvin sobs until he stops crying.

"You miss daddy, don't you? I miss him too." Alvin holds the picture and starts babbling a few words, Antonio puts it on the floor and goes to the wardrobe, he hasn't moved Voight's clothes from there yet. With his back to Alvin, he starts picking up his clothes, kneading some pieces against his nose, smelling Voight scent.

"Tho ..." He hears Alvin saying, but he's so comfortable sniffing Voight's scent that he doesn't pay
attention. Then he remembers that he is not alone at home and turns his attention to his son, Alvin is pointing to something in the hallway, Antonio takes his son in his arms and goes to check it, one of the working men wearing a blue jacket and black cap is down the stairs toward the kitchen, It's just a glance and he can't see the man's face.

"It's okay, Alvin, it's okay." He repeats, trying not to go crazy. "I'm so sorry."

Alvin keeps pointing at the man and crumpling the picture between his chubby little fingers. Antonio feels sorry for his son having to go through this.

"He said the first thing that came to his mind:"  

Erin arrived as soon as the change was inside the truck, Antonio was still checking some details, she didn't get out of the car, he come to her.

"Erin ... If you came for the house ..."

"It's your house, Antonio." She doesn't take her hands off the wheel nor the sunglasses.

"I won't sell if that's what you're thinking, I'm just ..."

"I told you, it's your house, do whatever you want with it."

Antonio takes a deep breath. "I wish we could be friends again, Erin."

"Don't ask me that. Not now. We can talk later, when things gets better."

Antonio accepts this. "Do you want to say goodbye to Alvin?"

"He won't remember that." She shrugs.

"We won't be back in town, Erin. I don't wanna be here anylonger."

"That's why I came here for, don't come back here, don't tell anyone where you're going either. Hank had a lot of enemies, they might still be around."

"Anything else?" He says, trying to end this strange meeting.

Erin takes her hands off the wheel and opens the glove compartment, pulls out a manila envelope from there.

"Hank left this on his desk, I think he wanted it be with you."

Antonio takes the envelope and opens it, they are drawings of the boat, Voight never finished it, below is a handwritten note saying: "I'll never leave you at the shore." A small map scribd on the side, he gotta no time to ask any questions, Erin start the car and drives away.
It's not so cold outside, but Antonio's hands are trembling even so, that's why he tries to keep them in his pocket, so he rub each other nervously, but it gets worst, 'cause it make them sore. His eyes are red and swollen, like he might been crying or just not getting enough sleep, could not be otherwise; his alpha is dead, Severide doesn't know how he's standing on his feet.

Almost a month has passed since Voight's funeral and they haven't spoken since that day, he hardly believed it when Antonio finally answered his calls.

Patiently, he waits for Antonio to start talking.

"Thank you for coming here, Sev..." Antonio finally says. "They love to skate, and I needed to spend some time with them." Antonio says, almost as if apologizing.

"Don't worry." He says kindly. They watch Antonio's children on the skating rink, Eva tries to teach Alvin how to balance on the skates, the little boy is already able to stand up beside his sister. "They're are good." He looks for Diego with the eyes, the boy is sitting across the track, his skates still on his feets. "How are they handling this?"

Antonio makes a noise in his throat, his voice is choked. "Eva has been the strongest of us, she helps me with Alvin when he can't sleep nor eat, he's been crying a lot lately, I can't calm him down sometimes." He takes a long breath of air. "Diego doesn't talk about it." He rubs his face anxiously. "He didn't want to go to the funeral ... Now we just don't talk anything about Hank anymore. I don't want to hide anything from them, just ... I don't know how to say that Hank is no longer here ... That he won't be coming back home anylonger." By the pallor on Antonio's face, Alvin isn't the only one not eating well.

Severide turns around when Eva yells at him from the middle of the ice rink, Alvin is balancing well. "How are you holding this up, Antonio?"

Antonio shrugs his shoulders. "I don't know, I'm fine, i guess, it's just ... I didn't see him, Sev, Erin took care of everything because I couldn't see him there, and even if I wanted to do something, she hates me so much right now that she doesn't even let me closer."

"Give her some time, everyone is upset now and ..." Severide sniff, he doesn't know what to say. He looks back when he sees Alvin waving again, the little boy's insisting on the gesture.

"He has seen glimpses of people like Hank, this is affecting him in some way." Antonio explains, yet Severide looks back reaching for someone. "I have to take him to a therapist or something."
"He's missing his father, this is perfectly normal."

"I know, but I'm a mess right now, I can't even help my own son."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, you've been through a lot, I don't even know what I would do if were in your shoes, Antonio."

Antonio wipe his eyes, his nose is red, he tries to breathe more slowly. 

"He left me a house and ... God, I have a boat now." He tries to laugh at it, but is shaking his shoulders about to break into tears, he takes a deep breath and keeps talking. "The boys are excited, they want to get out of this town."

"It's better ..." he says after a long minute of silence. "I'm fine, I'm ...Voight wanted to leave this town, I don't have any reason to stay here now that he ..." He can't finish this sentence. "I wake up and have so much to do, and then I have more bed space because he won't come home ... I pray that my children will always need me because they are the only reason to keep me getting out of bed every day."

Severide tries to hug Antonio again, but his friend walks away another time, so Severide realizes that he's only trying to stay strong, and would collapse if Severide hugged him.

"I don't know where to start..." He takes a deep breath and waves at Eva, Alvin waves back. "I don't want to be here anymore and ... He could have left there, Sev, but he left me alone here." He down on tears. "We dind't have time to say goodbye, Sev, me and Hank, we dind't say goodbye..."

"One day at a time, you can do it." Severide hugs him and supports his body, Antonio cries like a child, Severide holds him tight in his arms so he don't fall. He doesn't even notice Diego approaching and taking Antonio from his arms, Severide let he take him.  

"It's fine, I will take care of him." He says gently, Antonio still cries desolate. "Alright Daddy, I'll take care of you." Less than two years ago, this same boy use to call Antonio a "whining whore", now he's the one to comforting him. "It's okay, daddy. We'll be fine."

Suddenly Severide realizes why Antonio is still standing even with his dead alpha: Diego is an alpha, he has been supporting Antonio emotionally. He wonders when that trouble boy became a little 'alpha protector' of his father.

_I'm already there,
Take a look around.
_I'm the sunshine in your hair,
_I'm the shadow on the ground.
_I'm the whisper in the wind,
_I'm your imaginary friend.

And I know that I'm in your prayers,
Oh, I'm already there.

Severide hands him a bottle of water he bought, Antonio is calmer and a little embarrassed now. Diego left them alone again after Antonio assured to be fine.
"I'm sorry..."

"Don't even say that."

"We're leaving town in two or three days, I don't know yet, Sev."

"Do you have somewhere in mind?"

"Not exactly. Eva wants to know the mountains, Diego wants to go to California, I just want a place where they're happy." He shrugs. "We're not running away this time, so there's no hurry to settle down somewhere." With enough firmness in his voice this time.

"Are you coming back?"

"There's nothing for me here, Sev." He sighs. "Life goes on and we're not getting any younger. Hank took 30 years to decide to get out of here and now ... He'll live here forever."

"So this is a goodbye or what, Antonio?" He holds Antonio's hand tightly and squeezes so that he doesn't escape again.

"I don't know, all I know is I need to get out of here now, or I can never get over it."

"It's okay Antonio. Just make contact when you can, I'll be here whenever you need it."

Antonio smiles. "We had some bad days, didn't we?"

"It was more like a year's nightmare. I'm so sorry for what I said about him, Antonio."

"Don't apologize, Hank was a pain the ass sometimes."

"But he was also your partner, your mated partner. I should have respected that."

"We can't change what has happened, Sev. You've been there, taken care of Alvin when I freaked out, that's more than I could have asked of you."

"Look at us now, man, I'm a dad!" Severide tries to cheer him up. "I still have breast milk to feed a small battalion of ours!" He laughs at himself.

"So no more nights out, right?"

"Never again!"

"You and Matt...?"

"We're fine,...I don't even know how to say that, but I think I love this 'monotonous married life' we get."

Antonio looks at him with a raised eyebrow. "You do?"

"Yeah, I know it sounds ridiculous, but I like it. We have bills, diapers, stupid arguments, some sex between all this shit, It's good. You can say I'am a happy married man."

"You and Matt deserve to be happy, Sev."

"You also deserve to be happy, Antonio, no one in this city deserves to be happy more than you, my friend."
Antonio smiles, he doesn't believe it but Severide releases his hand and points to something in the sky. "If it gonna help you, we can we talk about stars ..."

"What?"

Severide smiles, he doesn't even know why he keeps repeating Alvin's bullshit, but it makes sense somehow.

"Said, 'I really miss you darlin'.

Don't worry about the kids they'll be all right.

Wish I was in your arms,

Lyin' right there beside you.

But I know that I'll be in your dreams tonight.

And I'll gently kiss your lips,

Touch you with my fingertips.

So turn out the light and close your eyes."

Alvin is impatient on his seat, Diego looks at the landscape and Eva listens to music while Antonio drives.

"Are we here?" Diego asks for the thousandth time.

"Almost." Antonio responds patiently. "I think, can i see the map again?"

"Are you sure where we're going, Dad?"

"Yes, Hank drew this map, I just want to know what's in this place for him to want to be here."

"He should be drunk, whatever." Eva complains looking at the desert landscape around them. "It's geeting dark again, we're lost dad."

The silhouette of the ocean forms on the horizon, Antonio is tired, he drove all night and his children sleep in the car. He looks for a place to park when Alvin wakes up and starts babbling rambling
words again.

"You have to be more specific, buddy."

He parks next to some shops and gets out of the car, he'll look at Voight's map again, it doesn't make much sense, it's almost deserted beach, nothing special here, just a few shacks around.

Alvin lets out a little scream scaring Antonio. "Don't do it..." He says, scared. Alvin is pointing now; "What?"

"I said I would never leave you at the shore, baby." Voight's hoarse voice makes him jump again.

"Hank?"

His body softens, he feels he is going to faint, in a second Voight's arms are around him.

"It's me, Antonio."

Voight is sitting beside him by the breakwater, Antonio still doesn't know what to say.

"Some people owed me favors, Antonio. I should be dead, but in Chicago the dead talk more than the living ones."

"So you ran away?"

"Not exactly, I stayed in town for a while, I had to make sure you would be fine."

"Have you been to Chicago all this time?"

"Yes, I didn't have a plan, not after leaving prison."

"Damn, Hank! We had a funeral for you."

"I know, but it was the only way to do it, Antonio, I couldn't risk you or the boys. So Erin took care of the funeral, she just wanted to protect you, Antonio. I left a map and waited for you here."

Antonio thinks for a moment. "You were there, in the skating rink, I thought Alvin was seeing things, a few days ago at home, the man on the stairs, was you, Hank?"

"I had to make sure no one would come after you, baby."

"Oh my god! I was there, I saw your coffin." He says quickly, hyperventilating. "They wouldn't let me see the body, they said it was an rough fight and they had hurt you a lot."

"Hey baby, it's alright, calm down, look at me, it's alright now." Hank holds his hand. "No one hurt me, I swear, Antonio."
"Alvin, he's not sleeping well, he's like me ... We can't be without you, and now ..."

"I'm here, Antonio. I'm not going anywhere, ever again."

"How...?" Antonio rubs his head, he does not know how to handle all this situation. He doesn't even want to imagine what tricks Voight used to escape, he doesn't want to hear any of it now, but he say it anyway. "I can't believe you did this to me, Hank!"

"I had no choices, honey, that was it or letting them kill me in prison. I'm so sorry. That's our chance, Antonio. No one will find us here. We're safe now."

"I don't know what to think. The kids ..." He looks toward the car, Diego is holding Alvin and looking at them calmly. "He knew it?"

Voight just nods his head.

"Did you put my son in your plan, Hank?"

Voight doesn't answer, he holds Antonio by the waist and whispers in his ear; "Hank Voight no longer exists, Antonio, my name is Jason. Diego did a good job taking care of you while I was away, but I'm here now, and I'll take care of you...I dind't envolved him, he's a smart boy, found out for himself.

"Jason?" Antonio says, listening the sound of the new name. "I'm married, Jason."

"And your husband would be an idiot if he didn't come back to you, baby."

"I should have guessed, they wouldn't break you down so easy, Hank."

Voight smiles. "You should know that by now, Antonio."

"Anyone else knows you're alive, Han...Jason?"

"It was my only chance, it had to look real enough." He sorry for Erin, Antonio can feel the alpha's grief.

"I thought Erin knew it..."

"No, I don't want to risk her, she's better off without me now. She'll be fine, Antonio. She's a strong girl."

"So what are we going to do now, Jason?" Still testing the new name.

"Did you like my boat last time, how about we put it in the water and find some island around here?"

"Is that your plan?" Antonio says surprised.

"There was never any plan. Besides, all I want now is to take you somewhere and take off all your clothes, Antonio, I need to smell me on you again."

He smells Antonio's neck, kissing the white skin. "I promise I'll only stop when I put another son on you ..."

Antonio laughs, but says nothing.

"I love you, baby..."
And Antonio believes.

"I'm already there,

Don't make a sound.

I'm the beat in your heart,

I'm the moonlight shining down,

I'm the whisper in the wind,

And I'll be there to the end.

Can you feel the love that we share?

I'm already there"

THE END...
Done!!!! Maybe a prologue someday, thanks for read. <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!