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## Character: Barry Allen, Iris West, Mick Rory, Leonard Snart, Lisa Snart, Cisco Ramon, Caitlin Snow, Eobard Thawne | Harrison Wells, Oliver Queen, Ray Palmer, Felicity Smoak, Sara Lance, Ava Sharpe, Amaya Jiwe, Zari Adrianna Tomaz, Nate Heywood, Kara Danvers, Wally West, Eddie Thawne, Hal Jordan
## Additional Tags: College Student Barry, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, a/b/o dynamics, Spanking, Knotting, Fingerfucking, First Time Blow Jobs, virgin!Barry, Loss of Virginity, Mick is still pretty much the same, Eventual Powers, Fluff and Angst, Begging, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Len is still pansexual, Falling In Love, Mentions of Pyromania and arson, Mentions of Death, Knotting Dildos, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Scent Marking, Mating Bites, Scents & Smells, Scent Kink, More Tags as this story progresses, Long-Term Relationship(s), Barry Meets Mick before he gets his powers, Bisexual Barry Allen, Poor Barry, Cinnamon Roll Barry, Mick is a burnt cinnamon roll, but he tries, Mick doesn't do emotion, Mick and Len are close friends, so many feels, Barry and all his hero friends knew each other before, Kind of canon stuff mixed in, but basically canon divergence, Omega Barry Allen, Alpha Mick Rory, Omega Leonard Snart, alpha ray palmer, Timeline, what timeline, Dom/sub, Dom!Len, sub!Ray, mentions of scat play, mentions of watersports, BDSM, Bondage, Sensation Play, Blindfolds, Safewords, Safe Sane and Consensual, Mentions of childhood abuse, mentions of abuse, Self-Harm, Additional Warnings In Author's Note, Mick Self Harms in chapter 7, Puppy Play, kind of Puppy Play, Collars, Miscarriage, Grief/Mourning, Child Loss, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Past Relationship(s), Past Barry Allen/Hal Jordan - Freeform

## I'm So Screwed

by **The_Utterly_Clumsy_Ninja**

## Summary

Mick Rory never really thought twice about being an alpha. He never had the desire to settle
down or take a mate. He was content to live his life, sleeping with whomever he pleased, stealing and starting fires. He didn't need anyone but himself. Until he saves a young omega with bright green eyes and a beautiful smile. Barry Allen is good and bright, shining into Mick's life and turning Mick's entire world on its head.

Mick Rory is so screwed.

Notes

So this is my first fic featuring Alpha/Beta/Omega dynamics so hopefully, it all makes sense. Some of the elements are non traditional in nature and I kind of just let the story run wild so let me know what you think in the comments below. X3 enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes
Altruism only leads to regret

Mick Rory never really thought twice about being an alpha. Alpha’s were portrayed as possessive, demanding and aggressive types of people, were protective of their mates and their pups. Mick could remember seeing pictures during sex education in school on the rare days he went. Pictures of a kind, nurturing omega mother with a stern, protective alpha father taking care of pups together. Alpha’s were supposed to take care of their pups and love their mates.

But Mick learned early that those were just fairy tales. Mick’s father had been an alpha but all that Dick Rory could offer his son were cruel words and harsh blows. Mick had learned to replace the sense of safety a father should bring, with the fear the scent an angry alpha brought out in a young pup. Mick hated his father for hurting him, his shaking omega mother for letting her alpha hurt her children. No self-respecting omega should let even her mate harm her children. The beatings left him numb, a blank mask with anger simmering beneath. He held no love for his family.

The only thing Mick really loved was the fire.

Ever since Mick could remember, he was mesmerized by the dancing flames his mother would light in the fireplace during cold winters. He would watch carefully as his father opened his lighter, turning the striker and flame shooting up to light the cigarettes hanging from the alpha’s scowling mouth. It didn’t take Mick long to figure out that he could create his own flames with stolen matchboxes he collected from his father on nights the man passed out from drinking so much.

Mick would sneak out to the rooftop outside his window, a glass jar, paper, and matches in hand. He could still remember the rush he felt when he struck the match against the side of the box, lighting with a scrape and a hiss as the flames lit up the end of the match. The paper was next, the flames easily engulfing it as Mick timed it just right to toss into the jar. Mick would watch the flames rise over the top of the jar, waving and cracking in a beautiful dance of light. He could sit there for hours just watching the flames.

After the fire that killed his parents, Mick found solace in the flames. He found comfort in watching his lighter glow and he felt better after letting it singe his skin. Mick hated himself for what he had done, a weak alpha that had run when he lost control of the flames he loved so dearly.

He grew up mean, hardened by the streets after his grandparents died. He did his best to hide his status in juvie, preferring that the other punks and wannabe criminals ignored him. After meeting Leonard Snart, saving the kid during a fight and Len paying him back by stealing his grandfather’s lighter back from the guards, the slip of a teen managed to convince Mick that he should use his status.

Len, an omega with more intelligence than anyone should have in their line of work, helped Mick learn to play up the part of an alpha. Len’s cold, dark demeanor was his shield. Len was smart enough to use his omega status, to manipulate people into underestimating him until they realized too late that Len had tricked them.

Mick found he liked when people would quake under the intensity of his gaze. The alpha gaze was only as good as the intensity of the alpha using it and Mick learned how to make even the strongest alpha fear him. Mick let them believe that Len held his leash and that made them respect Len all the more. As long as Mick got to burn things and fight, he let Len use his status to improve their notorious reputation. They were partners and had each other's back but contrary to many beliefs, Mick was not fucking Len.
But that didn’t stop the bastard from making Mick go to the pharmacy to pick up his cocktail of scent blockers, birth control, and heat blockers.

Not that Mick could really be forced to do anything but with their latest heist just days away from execution, Len was getting particularly demanding about having his heat blockers. Mick picked them up with relative ease and decided to look around the store for a few food items they needed to stock up on for the safe house before heading to the checkout. Mick was glad it was still early, fewer people in the store. Too many people made him feel suffocated. He hated crowds.

As Mick passed the pharmacy again to get to the checkout, his nose picked up the familiar scent of a very stressed out omega. The sweet scent was sharp with anxiety and irritation in equal amounts, making Mick look down the aisle he was passing. He stopped when he spotted a thin, lanky omega male. His left hand was clenched into a fist at his side, the other holding a prescription bag as he glared up at an alpha that had cornered him in the aisle.

The alpha’s scent dripping with hormones and musk. Another whiff of the air told Mick that the omega was close to his heat and Mick would bet his life that he was holding birth control and scent blockers in his clenched fist. The omega looked like it was taking all of his willpower to keep himself from looking down under the alpha’s harsh gaze, just bad luck he ran into this runt of an alpha.

“I said let me past, Tony. I just want to go home without any trouble.” The omega said to the alpha, apparently his name was Tony and the omega knew him. The alpha sneered, taking a step towards the omega and reaching out a hand to grab the omega’s arm. The omega winced in pain, dropping his prescription bag and pawing at the hand in an attempt to make this Tony guy loosen his grip. Fear starting to seep into Mick’s nose and sparking memories of Mick’s mother cowering on the floor.

“Oh I could take you back to my place and give you a proper knotting...come on, that’s all you omega’s are good for anyway,” Tony said as the omega tried to pull away without causing too much of a scene. “Just say yes Barry, don’t make this harder on yourself than it has to be…” Mick narrowed his eyes, parking his cart and stalking over. He grabbed the other alpha’s wrist, digging his gloved finger into a pressure point to make him loosen the grip. Mick’s scent poured over the area, making the omega, who was apparently named Barry, backup and cover his nose with his hand.

“Sorry...” Tony managed to squeak out, still staring up at Mick with pure fear in his eyes. Mick’s eyes narrowed, jerking the alpha to the side so he could properly look at the omega he had been threatening.

“Not to me,” Mick growled, the other alpha trying to back up as Mick gripped his wrist in a painful way. “Now you’re gonna apologize to him and scram before I decide to tear your arm off.” The omega met Mick’s eyes, mouth open to growl out a retort only to suddenly look terrified. Mick’s eyes and scent were intense, the mark of an alpha who didn’t make empty threats.

“S-sorry…” Tony managed to squeak out, still staring up at Mick with pure fear in his eyes. Mick’s eyes narrowed, jerking the alpha to the side so he could properly look at the omega he had been threatening.

“Not to me.” Mick said, voice low and deadly. The omega looked from Mick to Tony as the lesser alpha squeaked out an apology and Mick released him, watching Tony scamper off with his tail between his legs. Mick grunted and looked towards the omega he had just helped, reaching down to pick up the fallen paper bag. “Sorry ‘bout that, you looked like you needed a hand.” Barry shook his head, smiling happily when Mick handed him the bag.

“No, I appreciate it. I really didn’t know how to handle that and I’m glad you helped.” The kid said, eyes meeting Mick’s with a look of admiration. “I’m Barry, Barry Allen.” Mick stared at Barry’s face, observing his bright smile and how his scent had calmed, the fear clinging a little still but fading into a wonderful scent that almost made Mick’s mouth water.

“Mick.” Mick introduced himself simply, shaking Barry’s offered hand and not taking his eyes off
Barry’s, the kid met the gaze steadily as he released Mick’s hand. “It’s fine, alphas like that piss me off anyway. All talk until they meet a stronger one.” Barry nodded, sighing ever so slightly.

“Yeah, Tony’s been picking on me since we were kids and it got worse when I presented.” Barry revealed, shrugging when Mick raised a brow. “I’m a bit of a science geek...guess that’s not a very omega thing to do but I’ll be graduating college soon so it won’t matter.” Mick nodded, ticking off “of age” in his head. Age never really bothered him when it came to anyone but this kid looked like he was still in high school.

“Shouldn’t matter.” Mick replied, voice gruff and low but no longer threatening. This kid’s scent was oddly calming and Mick went back towards his cart. “I was just heading out. I’ll walk you to your car or whatever, in case that idiot comes back.” Barry smiled, walking alongside Mick and blushing fiercely again.

“You don’t have to do that. I have to take the bus back to my apartment anyway and I don’t want to make you wait…” Mick looked over at Barry, raising a brow and feeling his shoulders tense. An omega this close to heat on the public transit was just asking for trouble. Mick thought for a moment and gestured for Barry to follow him.

“I’ll drive you.” Mick said, voice leaving no room for argument as Barry blinked in surprise and smiled sheepishly. Mick felt his chest give a strange flutter, a feeling he figured had something to do with the omega’s scent and the fact Mick hadn’t gotten laid in quite a while.

“I…” Barry tried to say as they walked towards the self-checkout and Mick spotted how heavily it was raining outside now. He looked back at Barry as he rang up the groceries and the kid sighed in defeat. “Fine, but at least let me pay for your groceries.” Mick smirked, nodding at the deal and giving Barry a small smirk of approval.

“That works for me.”

Barry’s apartment was closer to Mick and Len’s safehouse than he would have liked.

Apparently, the kid decided that living on his own was important enough that he moved to one of the seediest neighborhoods just because the rent was cheap and it was closer to his school. Mick knew this neighborhood, knew that it was part of the family territory and didn’t know why the thought of the kid living here bothered him so much.

It was raining pretty hard when they pulled up and despite his protests, Mick led the kid up to his door. He watched Barry fumble with his keys after he pulled them out of his back pocket. Mick pretended his eyes hadn’t lingered on the small omega’s perky little ass.

“I would ask you to come in but you should probably get your groceries back home.” Barry stated, shifting his feet. “And your omega probably wants their birth control.” Mick raised a brow, impressed that Barry had noticed the prescription bag. He shrugged and looked Barry over again. The kid wasn’t heading inside, looking like he was contemplating something to ask but didn’t know how to breach it.

“Not my omega. Just a friend of mine that needs ‘em.” Mick said, hoping to throw out that he was not claimed if the Omega couldn’t smell it already. Maybe he was reading the signs wrong since the omega was so close to his heat. “Go deal with your little problem.” Mick went to turn away when Barry suddenly spoke.
“Do you...maybe want to get coffee sometime?” Barry asked, making Mick turn and gaze down at the little omega. His green eyes looked up at Mick hopefully, nervous but still confident. Mick thought for a moment, trying to wrap his head around why the omega would ask him of all alphas on a date.

It wasn’t odd for omegas and alphas to date before bonding or anything. Hell, there were even phone apps for it now. Mick considered it and noted how old the kid was. Of age but still much younger than Mick himself…

“Sure, though I’m more of a beer drinker than a coffee drinker.” Mick said, watching Barry’s face light up like Mick had just made his life with his answer. Barry dug around in his pocket, pulling out his cell phone. He opened it up and handed it to Mick so the large man could put his number in. Mick saved the number under his name, hesitating as he made sure it was his only personal phone number. Barry grinned and sent Mick a text so he would have his number.

“Text me and we can arrange a date between whatever you have off and my school schedule.” Barry said, his smile making Mick’s heart do that strange flutter again. Mick nodded and turned away to head down the stairs. Maybe his strange need to save a helpless omega hadn’t been such a bad idea after all.

“Thank god!” Len groaned from his desk, head perking up when Mick entered their safe house. “You took forever! I almost thought I would go into heat just waiting for you.” Mick rolled his eyes, used to Len’s melodrama when the omega was close to a heat. Mick tossed the prescription bag to Len before moving to the kitchen to put the groceries away. His phone vibrated in his back pocket and Mick set the bags on the counter.

Taking the phone out, he opened it up to check his messages. Barry’s number came up, a little message of “It’s Barry” followed by another one. The newest message read: “I have next Tuesday off and my “little problem” should be done by then. We can go get coffee or if you want, I don’t mind bars since I am twenty-one.” Mick put another tally into the positive category in his brain for Barry.

At least he wouldn’t have to worry about not being able to drink around the kid. Mick saved the number under the name “Doll” and responded with his answer. He asked if Barry knew about Saints and Sinners, the bar he frequented and where Mick felt most comfortable. Hopefully, the rougher crowd that gathered there wouldn’t scare the kid.

“You never use your personal phone.” Len’s voice said from the doorway of the kitchen, leaning on it with a glass of water in his hand and his pills in the other. “What did you get up to? Does it have anything to do with the omega scent clinging to you?” Mick grunted in response, putting their food away and pretending not to feel Len’s eyes on him.

“You never could resist a helpless omega but it doesn’t seem like you got laid…” Len drawled,
speaking more to himself than to Mick. Mick could hear the gears turning in Len’s head as the omega tried to piece together Mick’s day. “Did this pretty little thing catch your attention?” Mick grunted again, another text drawing his attention to his phone.

“I know that bar!” The message read “Never really been there since it’s kind of known for being a bit rough but since I’ll have a big strong alpha there, guess I won’t have to worry.” Mick chuckled with a small smile on his lips at the obvious, if not awkward flirtation. “Not that I can’t take care of myself…” came the next text that actually made Mick laugh.

“Oh my, you have it bad.” Len stated, drawing Mick’s attention to his partner once more. Mick growled softly in irritation at Len’s smirk. He didn’t need Len trying to scare Barry when there was nothing actually there. Just a small date, maybe some fun but Mick didn’t do strings.

“It’s one date just to get into some college kids pants.” Mick stated, hoping to cut off Len’s ideas on whatever he thought this was. “He probably wants to just fuck an older alpha then move onto something else.” Len nodded slowly, his grin showing that he didn’t completely believe Mick but knowing that he shouldn’t pry any further.

“Whatever you say, partner.” Len stated, taking his leave to go back to his plans. Mick huffed in annoyance and turned back to his task. And if it took him a little longer than normal because he was replying to Barry…

well, that was his business.

The next week flew by faster than Mick would have liked. The heist went off without much of a hitch, Len pleased by the amount they got for the loot from the fence and leaving Mick with enough money for his date. He had been texting Barry for the better part of the week, the kid seemed to not want to seem too clingy but still taking time to ask Mick about himself. Mick found he didn’t mind it too much.

He found out a few things. Barry was smart for one, taking courses on chemistry as well as criminal justice and Mick tried not to be somewhat worried about the kid wanting to be a CSI. That wasn’t the same as being a pig but it was cop adjacent enough for Mick to worry. He kept the conversation light, hoping they would have more to talk about on the date if he did. He had no idea as to why Barry would be remotely interested in him. Mick figured that this date would be simple and Barry would never want to see him again after a quick fuck.

That didn’t stop him from being nervous when Tuesday finally rolled around.

Mick sat at the bar, waiting patiently for Barry while nursing his beer. Barry was late by about ten minutes and Mick was feeling anxious. Maybe the kid had changed his mind? He was trying not to feel stupid for feeling the disappointment gathering in his chest. It wasn’t like it was that big of a deal.

Mick felt even more stupid for looking at least somewhat nicer than normal. Len had convinced him to let the omega pick out Mick’s clothes for the date. He didn’t look too bad, to say the least. A pair of worn jeans, his normal boots, and a clean shirt. Mick’s normal green jacket covered the gnarled and raised scars from his burns on his arms. Mick was still sensitive about anyone seeing those and didn’t want to scare Barry off with them.
Mick smelled Barry before he saw him. His nose picking up the sweet scent and making Mick turn. Barry was looking around the bar, hands fidgeting with the sleeves of his red cardigan. Mick let his eyes scan over Barry’s lithe form, taking in the tight black skinny jeans and white collared shirt with the top two buttons undone. The omega looked good and the bright grin he gave Mick when his green eyes landed on the alpha made Mick’s heart tug. Barry walked over, unaware of the looks a few other alpha’s were giving him. Unaware or uncaring.

“Hi, sorry I’m late…I couldn’t figure out what to wear…” Barry apologized, a slight blush dusting his cheeks and Mick smiled at him. The bigger man gestured over to the booth, grabbing the beer he’d gotten for himself and the rum and coke he had gotten for Barry. He was glad he’d had the sense to ask Barry what drink he preferred before the date.

“Guess I can forgive it since you look so good.” Mick said, the flirt rolling off his tongue. He smirked when it earned him another, deeper blush on Barry’s face. “You’re cute when you blush, doll.” Barry smiled shyly, clearing his throat and casting Mick a half-hearted glare with no heat behind it.

“Flattery will get you everywhere, Mister Rory.” Barry teased as the waitress brought them a plate of fries. He looked at Mick, asking for permission before the larger man nodded, watching Barry take one before reaching for his own. “So, I’m a bit rusty on first dates. Is this where we make the awkward small talk that leads nowhere?” Mick chuckled, reaching for the ketchup and putting a line of it on his fry.

“I don’t know, I’m a bit rusty myself.” Mick replied, eating his fry and making sure to swallow before speaking again. “I suppose I could ask you how your day went?” Barry nodded, leaning his elbow on the table and shrugging. He took another fry, eating it slowly and his eyes looking over Mick.

“Normal I guess. Spent most of it working on homework and trying not to get nervous about meeting you here.” Barry admitted, giving Mick another soft smile. “I don’t really get out much and I honestly was really nervous because I mean I don’t meet a lot of alphas who don’t just want to get in my pants...not that you probably don’t…” Barry blushed at his own rambling and Mick found it cute. He could smell the spike in Barry’s scent, nervousness heavy in it.

“I mean not that I wouldn’t want to...I mean I’ve never really...um…” Barry continued and Mick couldn’t help the laugh that escaped him. Barry was cute all flustered and Mick reached over to place his hand over Barry’s free one resting on the table. “Just ignore me...I ramble when I’m nervous and I know it’s annoying…..”

“It’s cute, Doll. just like the rest of you.” Mick reassured the omega. his reward for that comment an even deeper shade of red traveling down Barry’s neck. He briefly began to wonder how far down his body that blush could travel. “And I’m not going to do anything unless you want...although I will admit that your fresh off heat smell is rather tempting.” It was Barry’s turn to chuckle, his green eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Flattery again? Wow, I feel special.” Barry teased, his shoulders relaxing as Mick’s did. “Well, how about you tell me about your day to make me feel less awkward?” Mick nodded, taking a sip of his beer. He pulled his hand away reluctantly, letting Barry have his hand back so he could sip his own drink.

“Normal for me. Running errands for Len and trying not to kill him for being so damn needy.” Mick said, earning another laugh from Barry that warmed his heart. “I’m not kidding. If he wasn’t my friend, I would have killed him by now. God help whatever poor alpha finally marks his drama queen ass. He’s a living example that not all omegas are submissive little things.” Barry perked up at
that, nodding as if Mick had just given him another reason to like him.

“I sense you aren’t a fan of the whole Alpha, Beta and Omega social dynamics?” Barry asked, his eyes suddenly fixated on Mick. “To be honest, neither am I. My foster dad tried to teach me how to be a proper omega but it’s annoying having people think you’re helpless all the time or secretly wish for an alpha to come steal you away to be a baby-making machine.” Mick perked up, cocking his head as Barry rambled on.

“I mean...maybe one day but it shouldn’t matter my status. People should judge people based on who they are, not by some archaic secondary sex status.” Barry grumbled and Mick nodded, lifting his glass with a smile.

“I hear that. I may be an alpha but the last thing I want is to be in charge unless it’s in the bedroom.” Mick stated, taking another sip of his beer and leaning back in his seat. “Len’s my...business partner. He tells me what to do and I do it for the most part. Makes things simple. Sure, the whole alpha thing has perks but for the most part, I’m good to just do my own thing.” Barry smiled and Mick caught the small sparkle in his eyes.

“My friend Ray is kind of like that. He’s an alpha but you wouldn’t know it unless you scented him. He’s really friendly and nice, kind of submissive really.” Barry said with a smile, taking another fry. “I mean the alpha thing holds true for some people. My friend Oliver has the whole scary alpha thing down and Iris, my foster sister, she’s a classic female alpha but she prefers to date betas over omegas. I’ve met plenty of omega’s that get shunned because they don’t act submissive enough.”

Mick nodded, listening as the kid rambled on about the dynamics and the unfair nature of society. He found he liked hearing the doll talk about things he liked. The way Barry’s eyes lit up was something beautiful and it made Mick smile.

“Yeah, my grandad was a beta. Tough ol’ bastard and my gran was an alpha. They were married for fifty years and never once let the whole dynamic thing stop them.” Mick said, feeling comfortable enough to talk about at least that part of his past. “I figured if they did it even given the time they grew up in, I could manage to be my own man outside my presentation.” Barry cocked his head to the side and reached over to gently touch Mick’s hand, sparks of attraction going between the two.

“My mom...she was an omega and Dad was a beta. They were both really surprised when my mom got pregnant with me given how difficult it can be for an omega to get pregnant without an alpha but it worked.” He said softly, Mick picking up on the words he used. Barry talked about his mother in a past tense...

He wrinkled a brow and Barry bit his lower lip. “Um...my mom was murdered and my dad’s in Iron Heights for it...he didn’t do it but no one would believe me when I said someone else did it...all they saw was a dead omega and the beta holding the knife...I was twelve.” Mick felt his heart tug, brow wrinkling further as he squeezed Barry’s hand.

“Tough break, doll…” Mick said slowly, thinking on something...Allen...no way the kid could be related to...

“Wait...Doc Allen? Henry Allen?” Mick said suddenly without thinking, earning a confused look from Barry. “I know him. I shared a cell with him the last time I got locked up. He stitched me up after some runt alpha decided to make a show of trying to take me out. He’s good people.” Barry’s eyes widened and Mick suddenly realized the kid didn’t know about his record. Barry’s brow wrinkled and Mick pulled his hand away. He looked away, out towards the rest of the bar.

“Well, I’m glad he helped you so that I could meet you.” Barry’s voice said after a moment of
silence, the tone warm and gentle. Mick looked up and tried to figure out the emotion in Barry’s voice. “I already know about your record...well, some of it. I think my foster father worked one of your cases...Joe’s a police officer...” Mick’s eyes narrowed in distrust. Fuck, leave it to him to be swayed by a pair of green eyes that happened to know a cop. This was too much to deal with. Mick stood up, throwing some bills on the table.

“This was a bad idea.” Mick said, putting his wallet back in his pocket and turning towards the door. He ignored Barry calling his name as he took out his lighter to flick it open and shut. He shouldn’t have come here. It was stupid getting his hopes up for some college student that would end up being more trouble than he was worth.

Some of the other alphas moved out of his way, scenting his irritation and moving for their own safety. Most of the patrons at Saints knew not to mess with Mick or Len by now. Mick was known for his violent tendencies and his persona as a crazy arsonist didn’t help things.

Mick walked out of the bar, the cool night air doing little for the sick feeling in his stomach. He moved to keep walking when a hand grabbed onto his sleeve and Barry’s voice shouted for him to wait. Mick reacted, just barely managing to stop his reflexes from hitting Barry when the kid clung to him. He looked up at Mick with no fear in his eyes and determination inside those green depths.

“I don’t care about your record...or anything you’ve done recently.” Barry managed to say, making Mick blink in surprise. “...I don’t think you’re as bad as that...” Mick raised a brow, confused and getting more than a little irritated by that confusion. Barry still clung to his jacket as if he was scared Mick would run again before he could explain.

“Y-you helped me...with Tony and you’ve been nothing but gentlemanly tonight...Most alpha’s don’t listen when I start going off on social reform.” Barry stated as if that would help clear up what had made Mick run. “...um...really like you and I don’t want to chase you off because of something as silly as you being a criminal or me wanting to be a CSI or my foster dad being a cop...” Mick blinked at Barry, surprised by the omega’s words.

“I didn’t look at anything past the most recent stuff...Joe mentioned something about a recent heist and I happened to notice your mugshot...” Barry tried to find his next words carefully. “I don’t think you’re all that bad...” Mick jerked his arm, trying to pull it from Barry’s grasp. If the kid was looking to fix him or get him to set his life straight, he had another thing coming.

“I don’t need some whiny college kid sticking to my side and trying to change me.” Mick growled, his alpha side rearing its ugly head. “Best go get your “daddy” alpha urges worked out with someone else.” Barry glared up at Mick, defiance, and irritation in his eyes. The hand gripping Mick’s sleeve didn’t loosen.

“First off, that isn’t why I asked you out. I asked you out because I thought you were hot and the past week with all your texts made me want to know you more.” Barry stated, his voice firm just like Len would get when he was sick of Mick’s alpha attitude. “I don’t want to change you unless that’s what you want and I sure as hell don’t want you to walk away over something as stupid as thinking I’m only in this for sex. I haven’t ever even had sex!” Barry paused after that last outburst, releasing Mick’s sleeve to cover his mouth.

Mick blinked...the kid was a virgin...completely untouched by any alpha...Mick’s alpha side preened at that but he knew that could make things worse. Mick watched Barry’s face go red and the man looked towards his feet before he released Mick’s sleeve.

“I didn’t mean to say that...” Barry said, embarrassed now and Mick couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped him when the kid hid his face in his hands. “Yeah I know, laugh at the pitiful little virgin
omega…” Mick shook his head and looked down at Barry with a softer expression.

“Nothing wrong with holding out until you’re ready, doll.” Mick said with a shrug, watching Barry with careful eyes. “But I ain’t exactly the type settling down if that’s what you’re looking for. I’m more of a ‘hit it and quit it’ type of alpha” Barry peeked out from behind his hands and sighed. His shoulders sunk in defeat, the omega suddenly looking smaller.

“I...kind of guessed that but I wasn’t lying when I said I like you. I do want to see where this goes...” Barry said quietly, his hand going to one of his arms and rubbing it. “I guess if you really don’t want to see me again because of that...that’s fine.” Mick watched insecurity fill those pretty green eyes and he suddenly felt like the biggest asshole in the world. Barry looked so disappointed but not with Mick. It was like Barry was used to that kind of treatment and it made Mick irritated just thinking about it.

Mick took a step forward, hand lifting up to cup Barry’s cheek slowly. Green eyes locked with Mick’s brown and the omega relaxed. Mick wasn’t sure what to say or why he had made such a comforting gesture but he didn’t like seeing Barry so...defeated. They stared at each other for just a few seconds, Mick’s heart hammering hard in his chest when Barry’s heavy scent filled his nose.

Barry kissed him first, closing the short distance between their heights and pressing his soft lips to Mick’s. Mick blinked in surprise at first but soon closed his eyes to enjoy this. Barry was warm, his skinny body fitting against Mick’s large, muscular form easily. Mick wrapped his arm around Barry’s waist and pulled him closer. That earned him a squeak of surprise from the omega and Mick took his opportunity to slip his tongue into the omega’s mouth. Barry tasted good, the salt of the fries mixing with the alcohol and coke to barely mask Barry’s own sweeter taste. Barry’s arms wrapped around Mick’s neck and he moaned softly into the kiss.

Barry was panting when Mick finally ended the kiss, his lips tingling from the contact. Mick’s hand moved up Barry’s back and he smirked at the blush on the omega’s cheeks. The moments passed in silence, save for the sounds of the street and Mick’s racing heartbeat.

“Wow.” Barry whispered after a moment, looking into Mick’s eyes with the light of the street lamps reflecting in them. “That was intense.” Mick chuckled, squeezing Barry a bit closer. Maybe he shouldn’t give up on this just yet. The way Barry looked at him was making Mick’s heart melt without his permission and he let out a deep sigh.

“Okay, ground rules.” Mick said, conceding against his better judgment. “No labels or anything like that. We go out, have a few dates and whatever. Maybe see where this goes.” Barry nodded slowly, taking in what Mick was saying. The college student’s hands moved over Mick’s chest and sent sparks through Mick.

“As long as I get more kisses like that in the future, I’m ready to agree with those.” Barry said, chuckling softly as his long fingers played with Mick’s shirt collar. “And we should let each other know about heats and ruts. Make sure that just in case it gets to that point, we know what the other is okay with when we have clear heads.” Mick nodded, his chest feeling tight. He was nowhere near ready for Barry to see him at all during a rut. Not with how aggressive he could be and with Barry being a virgin.

“Also, I’m assuming that I shouldn't tell Joe who I’m sneaking away to go on dates with.” Barry said, half-jokingly. “At least not until we decide if this is something he needs to know about.” Mick nodded, hand traveling to Barry’s ass and resting his hand in his back pocket. Barry blushed, clearing his throat.

“How about, we go to the movies and make-out like horny teenagers in the back row?” Barry asked
and Mick let out a bark of laughter. He wasn't quite ready for the date to end either and kissing Barry again sounded amazing. Honestly, Mick felt more excited about that than he should.

“I like that idea, doll.” Mick replied, voice low as he dipped his head down to nip at Barry's neck, right over the younger man’s scent gland. “Best idea you've had all night.” Barry gasped softly, pulling away with a smirk and grabbing Mick’s hand from out of his back pocket to lead him down the street.

Mick should have realized then he was screwed the second he said yes.

Four months into whatever Barry and Mick were considering the thing they had, Mick realized how deep he had let himself get.

It was a normal Saturday, or at least what had become normal for the pair. Mick had woken up first with the sun. It was a habit he hadn't quite shaken from prison that he always managed to wake up just as the sun peeked through the window of Barry’s apartment. So, in the span of the two hours he knew he had until Barry woke up naturally, Mick took his time watching Barry sleep.

Barry was cuddled into Mick’s chest, sleeping soundly in his bed that was almost too small for them both to fit in but they made it work. Mick watched Barry’s chest rise and fall as he breathed, looking over the freckles and moles that decorated the omega’s skin like inverted stars. Barry liked to wear only his boxers to bed and Mick didn’t complain. It gave the alpha full access to Barry’s soft, pale skin, contrasting with Mick’s raised pink burn scars as he held the omega close.

The younger man was a notoriously late sleeper, his long arms curled around Mick and face pressed into the alpha’s chest. Barry smelled amazing first thing in the morning. His scent was still sweet and strong but somehow smelled softer, mixing with Mick’s scent that he would carry until he had to shower. Barry loved having Mick’s scent on him but couldn't risk Joe or anyone but Iris picking up on the heavy alpha smell Mick carried.

Iris was the only person who knew about them and Mick didn't mind. Barry couldn't keep anything from his foster sister and after meeting her, Mick decided he liked the alpha female. She had been wary after finding Mick sleeping beside Barry in his bed but after confirming that all they had been doing was sleeping, she took the time to talk to Mick while he made breakfast for the three of them. Mick assumed she approved since she hadn’t told Joe or threatened to do so.

Although, even Mick had to admit he was being more than a gentleman with Barry. They hadn't done more than share a bed and make out in the three months since that first date. There had been plenty more dates but Mick liked this. Hand holding and late nights in with movies. No expectations just...affection and romance. Normally that made Mick want to gag but Barry was just...different.

Mick would have stayed longer to let Barry cuddle him, admiring the omega’s soft face in sleep but he had a more pressing problem. Namely, morning wood and a full bladder. Mick leaned down, casually nipping at Barry’s scent gland before tracing his tongue over it. Barry shuddered and woke up just a little to grumble his protest. Mick smirked into Barry’s neck at the sound of the omega’s whimpers.

“Sorry doll, gotta drain the snake and you're wrapped around me like a python.” He whispered, slowly trying to wiggle from Barry’s grasp and the younger man grumbled again. The omega's grip
loosened and Mick reluctantly got out of bed. Barry rolled over onto Mick’s pillow, inhaling the scent before falling back asleep.

Mick let out a chuckle before heading to the bathroom. When he finished his business and washed his hands, Mick headed to the kitchen to make Barry his much-needed cup of coffee and start on breakfast.

Opening the fridge, Mick grabbed the carton of eggs, milk, and butter. He had taken it upon himself some time ago to make sure Barry’s fridge was full after the first morning waking up here to find it near empty. It wasn’t that Barry couldn’t cook but he just lacked the time and the patience to prepare things for himself. So Mick took it upon himself when he was at Barry’s to cook for his little omega.

After getting the coffee maker started, Mick started frying up eggs and bacon. He hummed softly as he prepared breakfast. He let the sound of the frying bacon and the smell of eggs be the thing to awaken Barry from sleep. It didn’t take long before Mick felt long arms wrapping around his waist and Barry’s mumbled greeting into his back.

“Morning, doll. Food will be ready soon and coffee should be done.” Mick said with a chuckle. Barry peeked out from behind Mick’s back, kissing him on the cheek before moving to the coffee pot. His hair was a mess, a still half asleep smile on his face but Mick couldn’t help but stare. Barry had thrown on one of Mick’s shirts and it hung off Barry’s lean form like a tent. Mick admired the omega possessively, eyes scanning how the shirt slipped off his shoulder as he poured his coffee, mixing in his creamer and leaned against the counter to sip the hot drink.

Mick lowered the heat on the stove, letting the eggs cook with a lid after finishing the bacon. He turned to Barry and watched the man steal some bacon as he started to finally wake up. Mick smirked, putting his hands on the counter on either side of Barry. The omega looked up, green eyes catching Mick’s gaze and smiling up at him.

“Can I help you?” Barry said, voice light and teasing. Mick leaned down and chuckled, kissing Barry lightly on the lips. Mick moved to rest his forehead on Barry’s, enjoying the smell of Barry filling his senses. He lifted his hand and let his calloused thumb rub against the omega’s cheek. The omega hummed softly, eyes closing halfway.

“I just like seeing you in my shirt. You look good in everything but damn if you aren’t a sight in that.” Mick practically purred, leaning down to nip at Barry’s neck. “My pretty little omega.” Barry’s scent starting to tinge with arousal as the omega let out a whimper at those words. Quick as lightning, Barry returned the possessive nip with one of his own on Mick’s neck. The alpha rumbled in pleasure as the omega continued to kiss down Mick’s chest.

“Doll, the eggs are going to burn.” Mick managed to pant out and the omega stopped, blushing furiously. Mick chuckled and went to get their breakfast put on plates. Barry went into the living room and sat on the couch. They normally had their meals here, seeing as Barry didn’t own a dining room table and the coffee table was just fine.

Barry was blushing and staring at his lap, looking nervous and fidgeting with his now empty coffee mug. Mick raised a brow, setting the omega’s breakfast in front of him before taking his seat. They ate in silence and Mick could hear that Barry was thinking about something. The way Barry hummed softly to himself, eating slowly and not at his usual first morning hungry speed. Mick tried to wait patiently for Barry to spit out what he wanted to say but when the alpha finally finished his food, he turned to Barry.

“Doll, what’s wrong?”
“I really want to give you a blowjob!”

They spoke at the same time but Mick still caught Barry’s outburst. The omega squeaked, flushing the deepest shade of red Mick had ever seen him blush and covered his mouth with his hands. Mick blinked in surprise and it took a moment for Mick’s brain to wrap around the weight of what Barry had just said. Barry wanted…Mick felt his heart skip when the weight of the realization hit him with full force.

“Well, why didn’t you say so before?” Mick asked, grinning like he had when Barry had given him a blowtorch earlier that month as a birthday gift. Mick had forgotten to tell Barry that his birthday had been the month before and the omega made it his goal to remedy that problem. Barry peeked out from behind his hands, smiling sheepishly.

“I’ve never...done it before.” Barry admitted and Mick nodded. “I don’t want...to mess it up or do something wrong. I just really want to make you feel good.” Mick blinked at that last statement, his heart fluttering with affection as Barry stared at him. Mick leaned forward, pulling Barry into his lap and kissing him.

Barry melted under Mick’s kiss, humming into it and letting Mick slide his tongue inside Barry’s hot mouth. The omega straddled Mick’s lap and wrapping his arms around Mick’s neck. The older man let his hands slide under the shirt Barry was wearing, rough fingers exploring sensitive skin. It wasn’t until Barry unintentionally pressed his ass against Mick’s hardening cock that the little omega pulled away from the kiss.

Barry moved slowly, nipping at Mick’s neck before making his way down the alpha’s body. The omega’s eyes seemed to cloud as he slid onto the floor and came face to face with Mick’s clothed cock pressing against his boxers. Mick watched intently as Barry licked his lips, those green eyes wide and Mick moaned softly when he caught a whiff of Barry’s arousal. He could smell Barry starting to get slick and it only made Mick’s hardness twitch with anticipation.

Barry leaned forward, nuzzling at Mick’s length with his nose and smiling when it earned him a soft gasp from his alpha. Mick watched with heated eyes as Barry slowly moved towards Mick’s boxers, guiding the hard cock from its confines with gentle hands. Mick could help the bark of laughter that escaped him when Barry’s eyes widened at the size of Mick.

“You don’t have to do this, Doll. I know it can be a bit much.” Mick reassured as Barry shook his head, coming out of his trance long enough to look up at Mick with a determined look.

“No, I really want to just…” Barry paused for a minute, letting his soft palm stroke up the shaft and earning a grunt of pleasure from Mick. “Talk me through how?” Mick nodded, his fingers moving up to comb through Barry’s soft brown hair. Barry’s breath hitched and he turned his attention to Mick’s hardness.

Barry leaned forward, pink tongue flicking out and giving the head a gentle lick. Mick shuddered and grunted his approval.

“Give the whole thing a good wet down so you can stroke with your hand.” Mick instructed, watching Barry obey and groaning when the omega’s tongue washed over his cock. After every inch of the length was coated in saliva, Barry slowly stroked up the shaft again. Mick’s breath hitched and he groaned in pleasure from the touches.

“Good little omega,” Mick rumbled, earning a whimper from Barry. “Now, slowly lick and suck the head while you stroke it. Don’t try to take in too much all at once since it’s your first time.” Barry nodded, leaning down to do as instructed.
“Yes...alpha.” Barry whispered tentatively and Mick’s heart skipped a beat. Fuck, hearing Barry call him that sent shivers down his spine and more blood flowing downward. Mick watched the young omega intently, taking in the sight of Barry between his legs to commit it to memory. He would be lying if he said he hadn’t pictured this before countless times during some of the ruts he’d had since meeting Barry.

Barry licked the head of Mick’s cock with a quick flick of his tongue, his eyes flicking up to Mick’s briefly before capping his mouth over the sensitive head. Mick let out a small gasp and his fingers involuntarily tightened in Barry’s hair. Taking this as a good thing, the omega traced along the slit with the tip of his tongue while giving the head a gentle suck. Barry swirled his tongue around the head before widening it to lick along the underside. Mick gasped and moaned when Barry began to bob his head in time with his hand pumping along the rest of the large length.

“Fuck, just like that...” Mick growled softly, smelling the scent of Barry’s slick getting heavier as he closed his eyes. “You’re doing a good job, doll.” Barry hummed in response, the vibration sending pleasure up Mick’s spine. Barry smirked despite the cock in his mouth, the mischievous glint in his eyes. Barry let his eyes go half-lidded and he let his tongue slide up the underside of Mick’s shaft, free hand moving from Mick’s thighs to slide behind him.

“Damn it, doll! That feels good.” Mick managed to say, panting harder now. The combination of Barry’s mouth and the growing scent of arousal in the air made Mick open his eyes. Mick’s eyes widened as he took in Barry’s flushed cheeks, the omega’s hand still moving over the shaft as his other had pushed his boxers away. The sight of Barry touching himself while giving Mick head was beautiful. He was the first alpha to ever see Barry this way, the only one who had gotten to experience what Barry looked like on his knees. Pride filled Mick’s chest and he growled possessively.

Mick swore when Barry pressed the tip of his tongue where the head of his cock met the shaft and dragging it to the slit. The heat was gathering quickly at the base of Mick’s spine and he was surprised at how fast his end was building. It had been awhile since he’d had anyone do this for him and watching Barry enjoy it so much certainly wasn’t helping. Mick growled, staring down at Barry and meeting the omega’s green eyes, clouded with pleasure as they stared up at him.

“Barry...I’m gonna cum soon...” Mick tried to warn, moving his hand to help guide Barry’s mouth away when the omega wrinkled his, defiance in his eyes. Barry moved faster, giving the head another suck and Mick groaned, head falling back as his omega threw everything he had into making Mick cum.

“Barry!” Mick managed to cry out just before he came. Barry sucked a little longer and swallowed as much of the cum as he could but found he couldn’t. He coughed slightly, still managing to whimper in pleasure at the taste of it but unused to the amount. Barry pulled away before Mick could finish completely, some of the cum still splashed over his face as he swallowed what he had in his mouth and letting some dribble from his mouth. Mick looked down, his heart skipping a beat at the sight of Barry still on his knees with his cum covering his face.

“Damn, Doll...” Mick managed to breathe out as he noticed Barry still fingering himself, licking the cum off his lips. Barry whined softly and Mick could see some of the omega’s slick dripping onto the floor behind him. He was surprised he had this much of an effect on the younger man.

“Mick...Alpha...” Barry whimpered and Mick smiled, shushing him and beckoning the omega onto his lap. He wasn't about to let Barry go unsatisfied after that amazing blowjob. Barry straddled Mick’s lap. Barry was blushing fiercely, his slick coating Mick’s leg. “I’m sorry...you don’t have to...” Mick wiped some of his cum that was still on Barry’s face, pulling the omega into a kiss.
Another growl escaped his throat when he tasted the salty bitterness of himself in Barry’s mouth. His hand traveled down Barry’s back, stopping to squeeze the omega’s ass and Mick smirked when Barry pushed into the hand. Mick roughly cupped one of the cheeks and earned himself a deep moan from Barry into the kiss. Barry pulled away from the kiss, panting and whimpering in need. He buried his face into Mick’s neck and mumbled something that Mick didn’t quite understand.

“Can’t hear you, doll.” Mick stated, nipping at the shell of Barry’s ear. Barry gasped, pressing back into the hand. He pulled his head up slightly, the deep red blush covering up to his ears and down his neck. He didn’t meet Mick’s eyes as he spoke again.

“I...could you maybe…” Barry started to say, pausing to take a deep breath before continuing. “Spank me?” Mick’s eyes widened and he took a moment to let those words sink in. Barry’s shoulders shook for a moment at the anticipation and in more than a little embarrassment.

“Y-you don’t have too...I understand if it’s a bit weird...I” Barry started to ramble before Mick silenced him by lifting his hand and smacking the omega’s ass right where Barry’s thigh met his perky ass. Barry let out a sharp cry, a mix of pain and pleasure that left Mick smirking.

“Like that, doll?” Mick teased, leaning down to suck a small mark on Barry’s neck. The omega whimpered and nodded, his face flushed for a different reason now. Mick grinned and spanked Barry again, earning another cry of pleasure.

“Yes…” Barry whimpered as Mick rubbed the spot he’d struck. “Please...Mick…” Mick gave into Barry’s soft begging, spanning a few more times and pausing to gently massage between the strikes. Barry’s sweet smelling slick was dripping even more now. The scent filling Mick’s nose and even though this wasn’t the first time Mick had been with an omega, somehow Barry’s scent was the most amazing thing he had ever smelled.

“Do you want me to touch you?” Mick growled, nipping at Barry’s ear. “Want me to fill you up with my fingers?” Barry nodded, gasping when one of Mick’s fingers brushed over his leaking hole. Mick’s eyes softened as Barry met his eyes. Need, lust and anxiety pooled in those green depths.

“Be...gentle, please...I’ve only ever used my fingers.” Barry mumbled, pressing his forehead against Mick’s. “Well, that and a small plug but your fingers are much bigger.” Mick chuckled, slowly circling his index around Barry’s entrance. The motion earned him another pleasure filled gasp from Barry and Mick slowly pressed inside the omega.

Barry was tight, almost unbelievably tight. Mick moved slowly to make sure he wouldn’t hurt the young omega. He held onto Barry’s lower back to keep his lover from moving back too quickly and hurting himself, slowly letting his fingers move into the tight hole. He pressed soft kisses to Barry’s lips to distract the omega.

“So tight around my fingers. You really are a virgin aren’t you, doll?” Mick teased between kisses and nipped at Barry’s lower lip. “Your mouth did such a number on my cock, I was starting to wonder...Guess I really am just this lucky.” Barry gasped when Mick pushed in a little further before slowly pulling out his finger out. He dragged his finger along the inner walls as he pumped in and out, picking up speed when he felt Barry’s muscles loosening.

“Mick...yes...please don’t stop.” Barry panted out breathlessly, tucking his head into the crook of Mick’s neck. His hot breath moved over Mick’s skin and the older alpha growled possessively. He liked the sound of his name being spoken by Barry in such an intimate moment. Mick slowly pressed in two fingers, taking his time so Barry could adjust to them. Barry whimpering slightly at the burn before gasping in pleasure again.
Mick wouldn’t do more than two for now, not when Mick knew this was likely Barry’s first time having anyone else touch him so intimately. The older alpha captured Barry’s mouth in another searing kiss, hoping to distract his omega from the burn of the stretch as he slowly started to work Barry open for two fingers. Mick took his time, slowly spreading and moving his fingers inside of Barry. He explored gently and slowly, stretching Barry open, moving along his inner walls, curling his fingers a certain way.

Mick took the time to listen carefully. He would look for every hitch in Barry’s breathing, where the omega would moan the deepest. Mick liked picking apart people he slept with and Barry would be no different. Although, Mick admitted that the sense of pride and satisfaction he got from hearing Barry’s moans of pleasure, listening to the omega whine his name or beg and knowing that Mick was the first alpha to see Barry come undone was nothing he had ever felt for anyone before.

When Barry finally came, his whimpers and moans sounded like music to Mick’s ears. Barry’s hips rocked into the alpha’s fingers, tightening around them and the omega ground against Mick’s lap. The sharp cry of his name from those pretty lips made Mick groan into Barry’s shoulder and neck, now covered in hickeys Mick hadn’t even realized he had left. Mick pulled Barry’s head up and kissed the omega harshly. The kiss swallowed Barry’s cries of Mick’s name, his eyes closing as Mick stilled his fingers inside Barry. He massaged inside the omega, coaxing the last final quakes of his omega’s orgasm from him.

It took a few more minutes for Barry to catch his breath, the rocking of his hips slowing enough for Mick to pull his fingers away. Mick smiled softly when Barry tucked his head back into Mick’s neck. Mick inhaled Barry’s sweet, freshly spent scent into his nose. They sat in silence for a few moments, just breathing and taking in each other’s mingling scents.

Until Mick felt wetness on his shoulder and smelled the salt scent of Barry’s tears.

“Doll...you okay?” Mick asked, hating how worried his own voice sounded as he pulled Barry’s face up. “Crap, did I hurt you?” Barry shook his head, letting Mick cup his face. Barry closed his eyes and took a shaky breath. Mick’s brow wrinkled as he waited for Barry to speak, wiping the tears from his omega’s eyes.

“I’m...not hurt...just…” Barry sniffed, chuckling at the concerned look on Mick’s face. “I’m happy…” Mick blinked in confusion, wiping another wave of tears from Barry’s face. He relaxed a little now that he knew they were happy tears but still wasn’t sure what had warranted them. What could he have possibly done to warrant happy tears from his little omega? Mick’s brow wrinkled suddenly. When had he started referring to Barry as “his” Omega?

“I know that...we don’t really have a label on this but I’m glad to have you in my life.” Barry said softly after gathering himself a bit more. “You’re so gentle with me and I know that all this slow stuff wasn’t what you wanted but...It makes me happy that you’re so patient with me.” Mick’s heart fluttered in his chest, the moments passing as he stared into Barry’s eyes. Barry looked at him with so much emotion. Admiration, affection, and happiness overflowing from him in waves. The small, soft smile on the omega’s lips made Mick’s heart warm and ache in his chest. The feelings Barry was stirring up inside of Mick were new to him, making him feel uncomfortable as they sat in his chest like a weight. He shouldn’t...He was getting way over his head with whatever this was with Barry…

But when Barry pressed his forehead to Mick’s, smiling down at him so brightly. Smiling at him like he was the most amazing alpha in the world...Mick felt his anxiety quiet for a moment. He sighed and wrapped his arms around Barry, trying to be content with just having the omega in his arms. He stayed quiet, worried he would say something stupid if he opened his mouth.
Mick was so screwed.
“You’re right,” Len drawled from his spot on the couch, his legs propped up on the back of the couch with his upper half laying on a pillow. “You’re so screwed.” Mick groaned from his lazy chair, glaring at Len as the omega thumbed through a magazine. They had settled in their apartment in the city, leased under false identities and hiding them from the prying eyes of the police. Mick didn’t mind the place, knowing they would leave it after the next heist to squat down in a safe house. Len always had a weird thing about actually living in a real place between jobs.

“What the hell am I supposed to do? He’s just a kid...I didn’t sign up for this shit!” Mick growled, lighting another piece of paper on fire and tossing it into the metal coffee can he had set up on the coffee table. He was anxious and irritated, the only thing calming him was the fire coming from the can. It traveled high with each new piece of paper, the lighter fluid on the bottom keeping it going. He hated having to keep it so confined but Len didn’t want Mick to burn the carpet of their apartment.

“I’m pretty sure no one signs up for love,” Len stated, not looking up from his magazine as he turned the page. Mick growled angrily at that word, the sound of it mocking with Len’s tone. He wasn’t the “Love” type. He was Mick Rory, arsonist, felon and top alpha. He stole things, killed people and fucked as many omegas as he wanted, leaving them begging for more. He didn’t play house and he most certainly didn’t fall in “love” with anyone...

But it seemed that Barry Allen wasn’t just anyone.

“Fuck!” Mick shouted, standing up after the flames died out in the can. He needed something bigger to burn, needed to work out the anxiety and fear building in his chest. He needed to release all the feelings jumbling around in his heart. Mick was confused and angry at himself. How could this have happened?

Mick stomped out of the apartment, leaving Len rolling his eyes at his partner. Mick could be such a hot head for someone that was so cut off from his emotions. He groaned as he thought about how long Mick had been so moody. Two weeks of him going off on the tiniest of things, losing his cool almost daily and his fire-starting behavior becoming an almost daily occurrence. Len had noted the string of arson-related fires that had gone up in old buildings outside of Central City in recent weeks and knew that's where Mick was most likely heading now.

Len didn’t know why Mick was so stuck on some cute little omega or why he couldn’t just dump the kid if the thought of being so domestic bothered him so much. It wasn’t like the kid could do anything to Mick. It wasn’t like Mick hadn’t done that to previous flings before.

An hour later, Len heard a knock at the door. He raised a brow and swung his feet onto the floor. It was too early for Mick to be back and neither Len or Mick had any friends that would come calling.
Len grabbed a gun from under the couch cushions, moving towards the door. He looked through the peephole and was met with green eyes and a very young face. If he hadn’t spent so much time looking up Barry Allen to gather info after Mick’s first date with the kid, Len would have shot him as soon as he opened the door. He didn’t take kindly to random drop in’s from anyone.

Len smirked, putting the safety back on his gun and tucking it into his back pocket to hide it from view. He opened the door, leaning on it with a smirk. Barry jolted when the door opened suddenly, looking at Len with a sheepish grin. He was holding a box from Mick’s favorite bakery and Len could smell the hints of the chocolate eclairs Mick liked.

“Hi...I’m Barry, Mick’s...a friend of Mick’s,” Barry stated, looking Len up and down with a blush dusting his cheeks. “Is he around...he hasn’t answered my texts in a while or come to see me and this was the address he gave me...I wanted to make sure he was okay.” Len raised a brow, taking in every inch of Barry Allen’s face and form. So this was the omega that had Mick so out of sorts. Len could admit, the kid was cute.

“You just missed him, kid,” Len said, watching Barry’s shoulders sink. “Not sure when he’ll be back. He’s having one of his weeks.” Len watched Barry sigh, holding up the box and motioning for Len to take it. He smiled warmly despite the clear disappointment in his eyes. Len didn’t return the smile, looking at the omega’s form with sharp eyes.

What could this omega be doing that had Mick so out of sorts? He seemed like a typical college student but Mick was at odds with himself over this kid. Len couldn’t quite put his finger on it. The kid was young, surely Barry didn’t expect an older alpha to keep him? Mick hadn’t said anything about money but if this kid wanted a sugar daddy then he should go for someone with a shorter criminal record.

“Okay, I guess I’ll just call him later. Could you just make sure he gets these? You don’t have to say that they're from me or anything...I just know he really likes them.” Barry said as Len took the box. “I know he doesn’t like the idea of me coming over to his place but I just...missed him.” Len nodded slowly, taking the box and keeping his cool gaze on Barry. The younger omega fidgeted for a moment as if readying to ask something else.

“You’re Leonard Snart, right?” Barry asked quietly and Len raised a brow. Did Mick talk about him? Mick wasn’t one to share aspects of his private life even with Len and yet, this kid knew about him? Len kept his thoughts to himself, giving Barry a quick once-over. Time for the first test.

“Why? Does Mick talk about me often?” Len drawled, smirking at Barry. “Worried I’m going to move in on your territory?” Len was used to Mick’s side omegas getting jealous of him, growling and spitting at him like cats because of how close he was to Mick. It usually didn’t take long for them to realize that Len wasn’t going anywhere and Mick certainly wasn’t about to choose anyone over Len. Len had taken to testing the omega’s that Mick brought around, poking at their jealousy until they made Mick choose. So far, Len had always made it out on top.

Barry caught Len off guard when he laughed.

“No, Mick made it pretty clear he loves you but more like family than a potential mate and I trust him,” Barry stated, smiling warmly at Len. The older omega didn’t let his surprise show through his cold mask but he was surprised. That was a first. “I just...I wanted to thank you.” Len’s eyes narrowed in distrust.

“For what?” Len stated, voice suddenly tense and shoulders ready for a fight. He was unused to praise and to hear it coming from a college student was odd. Barry had just met him what could he possibly have to thank Len for?
“For taking care of him. I know there are a lot of things Mick doesn’t want to talk about and I respect that.” Barry explained, shrugging and rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. “But I’m glad he has you at least, someone who’s known him for so long and makes sure he’s okay. I know he probably won’t ever tell me everything he’s been through but...I’m glad he has you to understand him.” Len blinked, watching Barry straighten up and counting the seconds that the kid stood in front of him before turning to leave.

“Oh and I threw something in there for you too,” Barry said with a wave farewell, unaware of just how off guard he had caught Len with the statement. “Mick said you liked the fruit tarts from that bakery so I got you one. Enjoy!” Barry disappeared around the corner, heading down the hall towards the elevator. Len watched him leave before he closed the door and walked over to the kitchen counter. He set the box on the counter, opening it up and looking over the fruit tart nestled inside the box. It was packaged separately to avoid touching the chocolate of the eclairs and Len found himself wrinkling his brow.

So that was Barry Allen…

Len took the tart, grabbing a fork from the silverware drawer and heading for the couch. He ate silently, focusing on the taste of a particularly sweet strawberry as he contemplated the situation he had just been in. Barry was sweet for sure, cute and Len could see how those were traits that would attract his friend to the college student…

Len ate slowly, nursing the food on his tongue as he mused over this new development. The kid was as innocent looking as they came and clearly adored Mick. That was two more positive checks in the box for Barry. Someone with eyes like that, someone who clung to hope so easily couldn’t possibly be a threat. The main thing weighing on his mind was that Barry was in love with Mick.

It was easy to see. The disappointment at seeing Len instead of Mick, the way he smiled sadly when he revealed Mick hadn’t called in a few days, the way he brought Mick his favorite dessert most likely in an attempt to apologize for whatever he had done to upset the pyro. Barry Allen was...a good person and Len knew that he had no business dating someone like Mick. The kid had a cop for a foster dad, was in school to be a CSI, had never so much as gotten a detention for anything besides tardiness.

It shouldn’t work but it did. Len knew that eventually, this would blow up in Mick’s face, that Barry would either fall from grace to stay with Mick or Barry would do the impossible and get Mick to go straight. Len had a good chuckle at that thought. Len knew better than anyone that a leopard couldn’t change his spots.

But Barry hadn’t tried to “fix” him from what Len had gathered. Any changes to Mick’s personality seemed to be on the alpha’s own terms. Even Len could see how much Mick had softened up since meeting Barry. Mick may not be ready to admit he loved Barry Allen but Barry Allen was well aware of his feelings for Len’s partner. Len groaned loudly as his brain finally landed on his plan.

Why was it his job to save Mick from his own stupidity?

Mick returned to the apartment, covered in soot and ash with the smell of gasoline and fire clinging to his jacket. His jacket was slightly singed but Mick had successfully worked out his aggression and anxiety out on some old buildings downtown. He walked into the kitchen for a beer only to spy a
box sitting on the counter. It was from his favorite bakery and Mick wasted no time opening it up.

Inside were four eclairs, Mick’s favorite dessert from the shop and he reached down to grab one. Taking a bite, he smiled at the taste of it. Where had these come from? Len would never get Mick desserts unless it was his birthday…

“Your omega brought them.” Len’s voice drawled, answering Mick’s question. Mick turned to find the omega with a towel wrapped around his waist as he stood in the hallway. He must have just showered and come out when he heard Mick returning. His scarred and tattooed torso was on full display, designs resting over his skin like a patchwork of his life. It was a mark of how much Len trusted Mick that he let himself get caught like that, vulnerable. Mick stiffened at the statement, that same feeling rising in his chest after working so hard to rid himself of it.

“He’s not my Omega.” Mick snapped, eyes narrowing in a heated glare. “Just a brat who’s more trouble than I bargained for.” The words felt wrong on Mick’s tongue, heavy and bitter. Len observed Mick coolly, taking in his partner’s defensive stance, hackles raised in irritation. Len tucked his hand under his chin and shook his head.

“That’s a shame. Well, then you won’t mind if I take a crack at him then.” Len stated, voice a mocking drawl. “He may be an omega but with those big innocent eyes of his, I’d gladly take him for a spin.” Mick’s fists clenched on the counter and his glare turned more deadly. Len never cared about status, had fucked around with other omegas, betas and alphas, pretty much was open to everything no matter gender or secondary sex. Normally, Mick didn’t care but the thought of anyone touching Barry, even Len, made the jealousy curl up in Mick’s chest like wildfire.

“Just try and see what happens,” Mick growled darkly, his face twisted in rage. “Barry is off limits.” Len raised a brow, huffing slightly. His act of pretending to be disappointed seemed to work as Mick turned back to stare at the box Barry had brought. He could smell the sweet scent that could only belong to Barry now, hidden before beneath the sugar and chocolate.

“Whatever you say, partner, shame though,” Len stated, giving a dramatic shrug but the grin he was wearing made Mick suspicious. "He’s a virgin and we both know how wonderful that first time should be.” Mick shoved another eclair in his mouth, chewing it begrudgingly and staring at the box. Barry had brought this for him and Mick wracked his mind as to how the kid knew he liked this bakery.

He vaguely remembered mentioning it after some thought. Just a simple comment about how the old couple that ran it liked him because of how many eclairs he bought at one time. He hadn’t stated they were his favorite but Barry had noted the statement and remembered.

“Did he...say anything when he came around?” Mick asked Len, his partner raising a brow at Mick’s hard but confused tone. “I haven’t talked to him in a few days.” Len rolled his eyes behind Mick’s back. According to Mick’s phone logs, which Len had checked after meeting Barry, the man had gone two and a half weeks without talking to the omega. No wonder his partner had been so moody.

“If you want to know then go talk to him.” Len snapped in his cool type of irritation. “All he told me was he hadn’t seen you in a while and that he wanted to check on you.” Mick went quiet, preoccupied with his thoughts and Len sighed heavily. The subtle digs weren’t working, better go to plan B.

“You’re the biggest idiot if you’re even thinking of letting that pretty little thing go,” Len stated quietly, getting Mick’s attention again. The large alpha glared at Len with his intense gaze in an effort to get his partner to shut up. After all these years, Len had grown immune to Mick’s alpha stare and met the large alpha’s eyes steadily. “That kid, he’s a score. We don’t let the big scores slip
through our fingers when they practically fall into our laps.”

Len walked towards Mick, uncrossing his arms and squaring up with the alpha. His blue eyes were intense and searching. He was taking in every detail of Mick, looking for one chink in the armor he was building around himself to shield him from the hurt he was expecting. Mick and Len were the same in that aspect. They had both learned to never let anyone in far enough to hurt them. Always guarded their hearts and minds with iron gates that no one could breach.

Len wasn’t always inside Mick’s walls, mainly because he didn’t push them. He could walk in when Mick let him and he would leave when Mick wanted him to. It was a testament to their partnership that Len was even allowed in sometimes. But Barry Allen, the young omega with a bright smile and a kind heart, had climbed over it and settled in before Mick could stop him. Mick knew that now and Len could see that it scared him.

“You, Mick Rory, are scared of some slip of an omega who has weaseled his way into your heart on his own merit.” Len state coldly at his partner, eyes hard with honesty and truth. Mick didn’t want to hear this but he needed to hear what he was denying said out loud. “You’re a coward if you’re going to push him out just because you’re afraid of what he might do to you but let me tell you something.” Len was practically in Mick’s face now, not an ounce of fear in his eyes when Mick glared down at him with clenched fists. He was coiled like a cobra ready to strike.

“I’ve made myself off of reading people and seeing their tells. That kid loves you for whatever reason and I could see it in his eyes when he was here.” Len stated lowly, eyes narrowed and body ready to fight. “And I am sick of watching you sit here and mope because you don’t want to admit that you’ve fallen. So either you get your head out of your ass and apologize to him or you find somewhere else to mope until you get over it because you are useless to me if you keep going on like this.”

The result Len expected happened. Mick pulling back his fist and punching Len in the face faster than the thief could react. He glared up at Mick from the floor, wiping the blood from his mouth as Mick stalked to the door. It slammed hard enough to shake the walls and Len wrinkled his nose. A shot of pain went through his jaw and Len groaned.

Mick didn’t listen to anybody. His stubborn streak was a mile long and Len knew he wouldn’t be able to get through to Mick but at least he’d given Mick something to think on. The alpha would do what he wanted when he wanted and that included figuring out his own feelings. Len picked himself up off the ground and moved to dress and get some sleep.

That omega better be grateful for what Len was doing for him if Mick got his head on straight again.

Barry sat on his couch his apartment, listening to the sound of the rain that was falling outside and staring at the pint of Ben and Jerry’s ice cream in his hand. Mick’s shirt hung off his shoulders, comfortable and warm. “Singing in the Rain” was playing on the screen and Barry was trying to keep his tears at bay. It was midnight now, Barry having awoken from a dead sleep with a familiar nightmare chasing him.

A man in yellow, his mother’s screams...blood and his father’s cries for help. Barry could still hear his mother telling him to run, of the lightning and the blur of movements. Barry sniffed, taking another scoop of ice cream onto his spoon in an attempt to quell the tears. It had taken him about five
minutes into being unable to fall back asleep to realize what day it was now.

March 18th. The anniversary of Nora Allen’s death and the day her pup became an orphan.

He shouldn’t be feeling this way. It had been almost nine years since his mother died but every year on the eighteenth of March, Barry would find himself on the couch watching his mother’s favorite musical and crying. The pain from his mother’s death usually lay dormant in his chest, not aching as it once had but always part of him. It was this day, every year that the wound cracked open and spilled Barry’s heartache out.

He would visit her grave later, alone. Sometimes Joe or Iris would come later in the day but Barry preferred to clear away the dead flowers without Joe there. It was hard for Barry not to be angry with the man for taking his father to prison, especially on this day. Joe had been a good foster father but Barry still held some resentment. He hated that he did but the omega couldn’t help how he felt sometimes.

He planned on visiting his dad. The sound of his father’s soothing voice always enough to keep Barry calm on this day. Henry still missed his mate just as much as Barry missed her. They couldn’t touch each other but hearing Henry’s voice would be enough. It had to be enough.

But for now, Barry would cry alone on his couch. The ache felt worse this time and Barry knew exactly why.

Mick hadn’t spoken to Barry or even come to see him in almost three weeks. The alpha’s absence from his life was weighing heavily on Barry, mixing with the hurt from his mother’s death to form a ball of grief that left Barry heart sore. The omega tried to wrap his head around what he could have done or said to upset the alpha but he couldn’t understand.

The last time they had seen each other, Barry had been so happy. They had been intimate with each other and Mick seemed so okay with it. He had been gentle, attentive and amazing. Barry felt his heart twinge as he recalled Mick’s soft smile, his large fingers moving inside of Barry and taking him apart. It had been amazing and Barry had realized there just how much he had fallen for Mick Rory right afterward.

But now, Mick was pulling away from him and Barry was left reeling. He didn’t know what to do, how to apologize or if he could do anything. Barry hated this, moving between anger and sadness. Why couldn’t Mick just tell Barry what he had done wrong? Barry wanted to fix it, wanted to discuss what was wrong and come up with a solution. It angered Barry that Mick was just ignoring him, making the omega wonder if he had truly mattered at all to the alpha.

Despite the hurt and the anger, Barry missed Mick desperately. The alpha’s scent still clung to the apartment, to most of his shirts. Barry had a small hoard of Mick’s shirts that the alpha had left over the last few months and had taken to wearing them around the house. Mick’s pillow still smelled like him, the empty bed feeling colder without Mick in it.

Barry watched large tears fall into his ice cream, swallowing his last bite thickly and setting the carton aside. Barry wasn’t a cute crier, his face would blotch with red and tears streaking down his face. Barry pulled his knees up to his chest and curled in on himself. God, he missed his mother, his missed Mick. Barry sobbed hard, his shoulders shaking as he reached for his phone. As he sniffed, Barry thought about calling Iris…

But he hit the speed dial for Mick instead. He sniffed harshly, trying to clear his throat so he didn’t sound so pathetic when he got Mick’s voicemail. Barry took a shaky breath before speaking after the generic, boring voice mail message was read allowed into this ear.
“M-Mick…” Barry managed, his voice shaking and weak. “I know you...I know that you don’t want to see me right now…” Barry took another shaky breath, unable to stop the soft sob that escaped his throat. Fresh tears plopped down onto Barry’s lap as he tried to stabilize his voice enough to speak again.

“For what it’s worth...I’m sorry if I did something wrong but please…” Barry sobbed softly, clinging to the phone like a lifeline. He was falling apart and he hated this, hated how weak he sounded but he couldn’t do this alone...he needed Mick right now and even if the alpha didn’t come...well then at least Barry had tried.

“It’s the anniversary of mom’s death and...I need you alpha. I don’t want to be alone...so please just...if you get this and care at all...please come.” Barry closed the phone and tossed it, curling into a ball on the couch and sobbing harder. He felt so weak and helpless.

He may have grown up but inside Barry knew he would always be that same cowering twelve-year-old that let his mother die.

Mick glared down at the beer in his hand. He had run off to one of their safe houses, an empty one that hadn’t been used for quite some time. Mick needed some alone time, time to think and drink himself into a stupor. He had already made his way through one six pack and found he still wasn’t drunk enough to forget his problems.

Well, one problem with a whole lot of fine print.

Mick was thinking about skipping town. Maybe heading back to Keystone or Star City to lay low until Barry Allen was nothing but a memory. Barry didn’t know what he was getting into by falling for Mick and if the alpha left then the kid would have a chance to really move on. Mick stared up at the ceiling and let out a sigh. His anger was calming with the alcohol and the quiet safehouse, his brain deciding to instead weigh him down with what Len had said.

Len was a good liar, honesty never something he used unless he needed to. Mick had never been on the receiving end of that silver tongue and despite wishing that his friend was wrong, Mick knew Len had been telling the truth. Thoughts of Barry Allen’s big green eyes, his sweet scent, and beautiful laugh filled Mick’s mind, his heart fluttering and aching in his chest. Barry, kind and sweet Barry, was in love with him of all the people he could have?

Mick didn’t deserve the soft looks Barry would give him. What could he offer the little omega? Barry was good in ways Mick had never seen. Mick was hardened by the street, grew up fighting and stealing everything he needed to survive but Barry wasn’t like that. Barry had watched his mother die, had suffered watching his father get locked up he still clung to hope that he could fix it. Barry was light in a dark world, a small flame glowing in a storm. Mick felt sick as he imagined leaving Barry alone, breaking that good heart. Maybe if Mick left then Barry would realize that he could do better. Barry deserved someone just as good and positive as he was, deserved someone who wasn’t broken…

Didn’t deserve someone who would hurt him...

Mick’s phone beeped, signaling he had a new voicemail and Mick dug into his back pocket. He didn’t even look at his missed calls before checking it, forgetting in the haze the alcohol left his mind
Clicking a few buttons and hitting speaker so he wouldn’t have to hold it up to his ear, Mick stiffened when he heard Barry’s voice carrying over the speaker.

“M-Mick…” Barry’s soft voice spoke, sending a jolt of pain through Mick’s heart. He could hear the sadness in Barry’s voice, could hear that the omega was in tears. Soft words begging for Mick to come to him, sobs escaping Barry’s voice with every breath.

He could hear the blame in Barry’s voice but the blame wasn’t for Mick, the words placing it on Barry himself. Mick clenched the phone in his fist. No, Barry had no blame in this, It was all Mick’s doing that he was pulling away. Mick listened to the message, his heart growing cold at the sound of his omega so broken. The sound of what his actions had done.

The words “I need you, alpha.” sent Mick to his feet before he could change his mind. Barry was hurting and Mick needed to be there. He didn’t know why he couldn’t just leave Barry alone, why he shouldn’t just leave Barry to cry and sever whatever this was between them. All Mick cared was that his omega was broken and alone, that Barry Allen had asked for him.

And Mick was going to answer.

Mick ran through the heavy rain to Barry’s apartment complex, getting soaked to the bone by the time he got to Barry’s apartment. Mick dripped just outside Barry’s door, huffing from sprinting up the stairs. Thunder rolled and the rain didn’t let up. Mick cared so little for how he must look, Barry needed him. Mick practically pounded on the door, having forgotten his key to Barry’s door at Len’s. Yet another piece of evidence that he was too far gone on Barry...

When the door didn’t open right away, Mick knocked harder and called out Barry’s name. His heart was pounding in his chest and Mick could feel it in his throat. What was he going to say? He had just run over here and hadn’t thought about what he would do once he stood face to face with Barry. The door swung open and Mick’s face hardened to hide his insecurity when Barry was standing there in front of him, green eyes bloodshot. His scent hit Mick at full force, the sweet scent tinged with the salt of Barry’s tears.

The omega was wearing one of Mick’s shirts, his face red and blotchy from crying and eyes growing wide when Barry realized who it was. Mick met those green eyes steadily, guilt washing over him. Barry looked tired and pale like this wasn’t the first night he had been up late. Barry looked Mick over, fresh tears welling in his eyes.

“Y-you came…” Barry managed as Mick stepped inside the apartment, looking guilty and dripping onto the floor. Mick looked down at Barry, looking him over and feeling guilt welling in his chest. Barry looked so broken and he had been here all alone. Mick had hurt this man with his actions and had almost left him to suffer through this day alone…

“Yeah, I did…” Mick managed to say, standing by the door and closing it behind him. Barry stared up at him for a moment and Mick waited for something. Anger, yelling or just...something that Mick could understand. Mick wasn’t sure what to say next until Barry’s arms wrapped around him and the omega sobbed into his chest. Mick stiffened for a moment, unsure what to do as the omega shook and cried. Mick slowly wrapped his arms around Barry, wet gloves moving up to comb through Barry’s soft hair.
“It’s okay, doll. I’m here...I’ve got you.” Mick murmured and let Barry cry into his neck. Mick’s shoulders relaxed for the first time in weeks, Barry’s scent filling his nose and Mick held him close. They leaned against the door with Barry clinging to Mick and listening to the pyro’s heartbeat.

It took a few minutes for Barry to calm down enough for Mick to pull away. The shirt Barry was wearing was soaked down the front now and Mick had dripped a puddle onto the floor. Barry sniffed and smiled up at Mick, eyes sparkling with so much emotion it made Mick’s heart hurt.

“You’re soaking wet. Let’s get you something dry, I still have some of your clothes around…” Barry said as he pulled Mick’s arm, heading towards his room. Mick followed after Barry slowly with his thoughts still tangling in his mind. Barry was acting like Mick had never left. Trying to care for him and Mick knew he didn’t deserve it. He wanted Barry to get angry, to scream or just...punish him somehow.

Barry left Mick in his room, running off to grab a towel from his bathroom. Mick shrugged off his jacket, letting it fall in a green wet lump on the floor. His shirt and jeans soon followed, his skin prickling as the cool air of the room moved over the water still covering him.

“I just cleaned all my towels luckily so…” Barry’s voice said, pausing as he entered the room. Mick turned to see Barry holding a green towel, eyes wide and mouth open slightly. He was staring over Mick’s naked form, distracted by the muscles and scars that covered Mick’s body. The words Barry had been about to say faded as he finally crossed the room to wrap the towel around Mick’s shoulders.

Mick wrapped his arms around the thin omega, pulling him close and inhaling his scent. Barry relaxed in his grip and wrapped his long arms around the alpha’s waist. His scent was a comfort, mixed with the stale scent of Mick from the shirt. Barry sighed happily into Mick’s shoulder.

“I missed you.” Barry stated softly and Mick felt the anxiety in his heart loosen. He pulled away slightly, crushing his lips to Barry in a searing kiss. One he hoped would show his omega how sorry he was, how much he had missed him too. Barry squeaked in surprise for a moment before settling into the kiss. His arms wrapped around Mick’s neck, humming softly when Mick pulled away. Mick buried his nose near Barry’s scent gland, eyes closing and clutching Barry like something precious.

“I’m sorry.” Mick murmured, the apology sounding odd on his tongue. He had never really been one to apologize for things he had done, regret an emotion he felt but never admitted to. “You didn’t do anything wrong, doll.” Barry’s shoulders quaked, a fresh wave of tears starting to coat Mick’s shoulder. It took a moment for Barry to calm, Mick’s heart still heavy in his chest.

“I think I understand now,” Barry said with a sniff as he gathered himself and pulled his head away from Mick’s shoulder to look into the alpha’s eyes. “You were scared.” Mick’s eyes must have given him away because Barry's green eyes softened with affection. His hands moved up to touched Mick’s face, caressing the alpha's face gently. There was understanding in Barry’s eyes now, as if those words had given him insight into Mick’s heart. With a smile, Barry leaned forward and kissed Mick lightly on the lips.

“Mick Rory,” Barry said between kisses, his voice light, and teasing. “I will say this as many times as it takes for you to believe me.” Mick’s eyes went half-lidded as Barry kissed him again, unused to this level of sappy affection but loving every second of it.

“I want you, you are enough for me.” Barry stated, his voice so sure and unwavering as the kisses deepened slightly. Mick’s arms tightened around Barry’s waist at those words. “I love you and I don’t need to hear you say it back.” Mick’s heart skipped in his chest when the weight of Barry’s confession hit him. Mick’s eyes flew open and he gazed down at the omega.
Barry’s eyes were full of confidence and love, so sure of his feelings. Mick didn’t know what to do with this. No one had ever wanted him like this, no one had ever touched him so tenderly or said those three words except his grandparents. Mick didn’t even love himself and yet here was Barry, standing here with him despite his own pain and telling Mick that he loved him despite everything he was.

“I don’t know how…” Mick murmured, searching Barry’s eyes for some kind of answer. “I’m not a good person, Barry. I’ve killed people and I’ve enjoyed it. I’ve broken everything I touch…” The implied words of “I don’t want to break you too.” that Mick couldn’t get out went understood as Barry pressed his forehead against Mick’s.

“That’s okay,” Barry reassured with a voice kind and loving in a way that made Mick’s heart race again. “I don’t pretend to know the things you’ve been through or the thoughts that run through your head but I believe that you are better than you think you are. If you could let me inside your heart just a little…” Barry took a deep breath, considering his next words carefully.

“You’re not afraid of what’s inside your heart and as long as I get to stay by your side. That would be enough for me,” Barry whispered, his hands warm on Mick’s face. “I don’t need anything but you. If you decide to stay, then that’s all I need.” Mick considered it, Barry going quiet as he let Mick think. He had been on his own for so long and he wasn’t sure how to stay in one place. But the helpless look in Barry’s eyes made him want to stay, he wanted to be a man that deserved the love in Barry’s eyes.

Mick said nothing. Instead, he led Barry to his bed and stripped the omega of his clothes. He pressed long kisses over every part of Barry he could reach, hands touching everywhere else. He took in Barry’s scent and the feel of his omega beneath him. They didn’t go further than that but Mick didn’t care. He wanted to commit every part of Barry to memory, wanted to feel every inch of the man beneath his hands. He wanted to fall asleep here and wake up with Barry in his arms.

He wanted to stay and maybe one day he would be able to believe those words Barry had said to him.
Mick honestly hadn’t thought about having to meet Barry’s friends and family.

Hell, he hadn’t even expected Barry to meet both of the Snarts at all but fate had dictated that Len somehow is able to insert himself into all aspects of Mick’s life. Where Len went, Lisa was sure to follow and Barry ended up hitting it off with Lisa during her birthday party shortly after Mick made up with Barry. Lisa approved, liking Barry’s “I don’t know you but Mick said you liked gold” type gift. She loved the little gold music box, crafted with a small golden ice skater inside that spun as it played music. With Lisa’s approval, Barry was cemented in the little “not” family Mick had with the Snarts.

Surprisingly, Mick knew the Snarts would be the easiest ones to introduce this new relationship too.

Mick was new to this whole “boyfriend” thing to be honest and it seemed that meeting Barry’s family was something Mick was supposed to do now. They had been together for ten months by now and even Mick was surprised they had made it this long without breaking the news to Barry’s foster dad.

The label was still new to Mick, almost strange when he used it. Barry loved calling Mick his boyfriend, his face lighting up whenever he called Mick that. He knew Barry was nervous about introducing him to his friends and even more nervous about introducing him to Joe. He was graduating soon though and wanted to introduce Mick to the important people in his life at a graduation party Iris wanted to throw.

Mick knew it was a bad idea but he would do anything for Barry.

So, Len and Iris came up with a plan for them. Mick didn’t anticipate Len and Iris hitting it off when they met. Both seemed too similar to really get along but after some discussion on journalism and current events that Mick really didn’t care about, the two were friends. Mischievous friends that Mick was not sure he trusted making plans together.

It wasn’t as uncomfortable as watching Lisa set her eyes on Iris. The beta’s mouth practically watered when Iris walked in, sharp blue eyes sparkling with interest. There was a match Mick desperately hoped would never follow through. Iris and Lisa as a pair was a scary thought.

So here they were, in one of the nicer safe houses that Len deemed expendable should Joe decide he wanted to arrest the criminals the second he met them. The clever omega had at least three escape plan ideas he had shared with Mick and knowing Len, he had at least six more contingency plans Mick didn’t know about. Mick had been in the kitchen all day, cooking food while Lisa and Len decorated with Iris. Barry would be bringing the group of friends and Joe.

Cooking helped Mick put away his anxiety and nervousness. Barry had put him up to grilling as a way to help him get the release of lighting fires but not completely burning anything to the ground. It
helped for the most part and combined Mick’s love for cooking with his love of fire. It was especially helpful today, with all the what if’s and possible outcomes that came with Mick inserting himself further into Barry’s life.

He and Barry had established their relationship but Mick was still so unsure of everything. He wanted to make this work, wanted Barry to feel comfortable and accepted by his family but...he was worried. He tried not to think too hard about it because all the paths his brain found grew darker and darker with each passing moment.

“Barry is almost here and Lisa wants you and Leonard to hang out in the kitchen for just a bit,” Iris said as she dragged Len by the arm into the kitchen. It drew Mick from his thoughts and he looked up at Iris, shoulders suddenly stiffer. “If this works out, it should be relatively painless.” Mick grunted his response and Iris took her leave. Len looked up at Mick and nodded, a silent conversation passing between them.

Len was just as nervous as Mick, making the pyro feel just a little bad. Len didn’t need to do this but he wanted to support Mick. Whether Len admitted to it or not, he did care about Mick’s happiness. Despite not being one to stick his neck out for anyone other than Mick and Lisa, he was taking a big leap of faith for Barry. Mick was grateful for it and reassured by at least having Len as a constant in his life.

“Your boyfriend lives in a warehouse?” A strange voice asked, drawing Mick’s attention to the sounds of people entering the building. Mick was stiff, muscles ready for a fight despite pretending to look busy. Len was doing the same, moving towards the table to rearrange some of the appetizers Mick had set up to take out into the living room so Len could make his grand entrance first. The shock of Barry being friends with Len was what the group was riding on to take some of the pressure off the couple.

“I think it’s actually kind of cool! I mean think about it, no real worry about destroying the carpet or anything!” A bright, optimistic voice sounded and Mick instantly knew that must be Ray Palmer. Mick had gotten a run through from Barry on all his friend’s names even though he would probably end up not remembering half of them. Len gave Mick a look, blue eyes already judging. Mick shrugged but his head perked up when Barry entered the kitchen.

He relaxed visibly, Barry walking over with a smile at Mick. He looked sympathetic but happy as he crossed the room to kiss Mick’s cheek. He nodded towards Len, the grin turning just a bit mischievous.

“You two ready to make some waves?” Barry said with a short laugh in his voice before looking up at Mick. “You okay? You don’t have to do this.” Mick shrugged, calmer now that Barry was here and giving him that look. He turned off the heat on the small kitchen grill and dusted off his hands.

“Might as well get it over with, doll,” Mick said, arm going around Barry’s waist and Len rolled his eyes dramatically. Len hid it well but Mick knew that Len was happy for him, he wouldn’t tolerate Barry being in one of their safehouses otherwise. The aloof omega held the tray ladened with vegetables and dip, along with pig in a blanket and several other little appetizers. He was standing still, waiting for the signal to enter the room.

“Hey, jerk! Bring out the snacks already, It’s rude to keep guests waiting!” Lisa’s voice said to Len from the living room. There was silence in the room when Lisa apparently came out of hiding, Barry snickering quietly behind his hand when Len smirked. There was a sparkle in Len’s eyes and Mick knew he was loving that he was going to be able to shock a crowd of strangers.

“That’s my cue,” The thief said and replying to Lisa with a call of. “Cool your jets, trainwreck or I’ll
be tempted to drop the tray.” Len walked out as he said this and it took all of Mick’s willpower to keep from barking with laughter when he heard a male voice shout.

“Snart! What the hell…?” Mick could only assume that was Joe and Barry took a deep breath beside Mick, hand reaching to set over the top of Mick’s resting on his hip. “What are you doing here???” Len’s voice drawled, sounding bored and smug at the same time.

“Well, this is my place,” Len stated as if it was obvious. “And since my partner wanted to throw his boyfriend a party, I simply gave them the space to use.” That was Mick and Barry’s cue to walk out, Barry holding Mick’s hand tightly in his own like a lifeline.

“Dad, if you could not kill Barry’s boyfriend’s best friend that would be great,” Iris said, smiling at Barry and Mick when they entered. She stole a pig in a blanket off of the tray Len was bringing to the snack table. The thief was grinning like it was Christmas from the look on Joe’s face, his love for dramatic entrances apparently fueled by the reaction. Mick watched Barry smile, slightly strained but still bright, at the group of friends and a man around Mick’s age that he assumed was Joe West.

Joe’s eyes were wide, dumbfounded when he saw Barry holding hands with Mick. A tall, blond man was standing beside him, smelling of dominant alpha. Mick made quick work of scenting out everyone. Blond alpha must be Oliver Queen, the intense one that Barry had mentioned on their first date. Beside him was a bright and smiling dark-haired alpha, Ray Palmer if Mick remembered right. A few others were standing there, but Mick was more focused on Joe. The alpha cop was openly glaring at Mick and the pyro met his eyes steadily.

“Everybody, this is my boyfriend Mick Rory.” Barry introduced, his bright smile hiding the anxiety Mick could feel coming from him. Mick nodded, looking everyone over as Len and Lisa moved closer to them in a guarded way. Joe looked from Barry to Mick, shoulders tense as a few moments of silence passed.

“What the hell, Barry!?” Both Oliver Queen and Joe shouted at the same time. Palmer jumped, catching Len’s attention with the movement and Mick saw just a moment of something pass before Len turned back to Joe and Queen. Barry squeezed Mick’s hand tighter and the alpha moved forward, putting his free hand around Barry protectively.

“Um...what’s wrong?” Ray asked, raising a brow at Oliver with a look towards Mick, the Snarts, and Barry. “Am I missing something…” A blond woman, muscular and smelling like a beta shrugged when Ray met her eyes. Len rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Well, I see our reputation precedes us, Mick.” Len drawled, his voice dramatic and distracting as he turned to Palmer. “I’m Leonard Snart, Central City’s most eligible omega, and most notorious thief.” Joe glared hard at Len, earning him a chuckle from the thief. Mick grinned, following after the opening Len had left for his introduction.

“Mick Rory, arsonist, thief and the guy who’s cooking your food so watch it,” Mick growled, earning a half-hearted warning glare from Barry. “What? Like I’m gonna let Len have all the fun, doll?” Mick added with a shrug when Joe spoke up, anger in his voice.

“And a murderer!” Joe growled, fists clenched at his sides when Mick shook his head.

“Sometimes. The doll doesn’t like it when I kill people so Len and me try not to now and days.” Mick revealed, hoping that would help and Barry looked up at him gratefully. He hadn’t been told that information and Mick actually turned a little pink at the admiration in Barry’s eyes. Joe, however, seemed unimpressed.
“Barry, can I talk to you in private.” Joe all but hissed and Mick glared at the alpha. Barry stiffened beside Mick and he could smell the tiniest bit of fear and dread in his scent. Mick growled softly, only loud enough for Barry to hear in the noise of Iris leading the others towards the snack table. Oliver didn’t move, instead, he looked from Barry’s stiffened shoulders to Mick’s protective stance. A quick look passed between the alpha’s and Oliver slowly nodded before moving towards the table with the others.

Well, that had been easier than Mick thought. Queen looked tough and Mick had a feeling he would be exchanging words with that alpha later but he was grateful the man didn’t want to fight in front of Barry. Mick’s boyfriend looked stressed out enough, making Mick wary of letting him go with Joe alone. He turned back to Joe with another glare before looking down at Barry.

“Want me to come with?” Mick asked, looking back towards Joe with narrowed eyes. Barry shook his head, moving to peck Mick on the lips and calm him down.

“No, I’ll be fine. Just try to relax and enjoy the party.” Barry stated, his smile strained as he pulled away to walk towards the door with Joe. The alpha glared at Mick when he smacked Barry on the ass as he walked away, earning a squawk and a slap on his hand from the omega. But the small wink at him told Mick that his omega hadn’t minded too much. He smirked at Joe before turning towards the party, hoping that it had pissed the man off.

Barry’s friends were all staring at him and Mick tried to take a deep breath. This wasn’t going to be easy and he really hoped Barry had something planned to reward him for the trouble later.

“Mick Rory is your boyfriend?!” Joe stated almost as soon as the pair was outside. “He’s a known criminal, Barry and you are going into a job in law enforcement now! Did you think about any of this?” Barry sighed heavily, having expected this behavior, he crossed his arms over his chest.

“Did you even think about what this will do about the job at the CCPD? I doubt Chief Singh is going to permit you to join the force if your dating Rory!” Joe continued, Barry wincing slightly at that. He had thought about it and even looked up information on this kind of thing. If they were mates, Barry could simply request to be taken off cases where Mick or Len were suspects. However, there was still a big “if” surrounding Mick’s stances on mating and Barry hadn’t even breached that subject with Mick yet. He didn’t want his boyfriend to feel rushed or pressured.

“I’ve checked on it and there isn’t a law against dating someone with a record and working with the police department,” Barry said firmly because it was half true. “And if I ask to be taken off a case because Mick or my friends are involved then I don’t have to say why. Even if I did what should it matter who I date. That doesn’t compromise my ability to do my job.” Joe’s brow wrinkled and he huffed in annoyance. He was getting that disapproving wrinkle that Barry had grown used to.

“Barry, he’s dangerous. I’ve seen his full rap sheet and none of it points to good things.” Joe stated, trying to remain calm. “What if he hurts you or worse?” Barry’s eyes narrowed at the implications behind Joe’s voice.

“Mick has been nothing but good to me. He isn’t as bad as you think he is.” Barry stated, growing more irritated. “He doesn’t make me feel pressured to do anything, he didn’t run when I said I wanted to be a CSI and he cares about me.” Joe rolled his eyes like he was talking to an oblivious pup.
“Barry, that’s just an act. I’ve seen alphas like him, I do every day at the precinct. As soon as he gets what he wants from you, he’s going to leave you broken and alone.” Joe said, his voice wavering as if he was trying to keep his tone down so he wouldn’t be yelling. “Barry of all the stupid ideas you’ve clung to this takes the cake. Rory is a dangerous murderer, I’ve got cases with his name on it and with evidence to back it up. He’s broken out of Iron Heights! I should be arresting him and his partner right now!” Barry did his best not to look away, his shoulders shaking. He hadn’t expected this to go well.

“Joe, can’t you just trust me?” Barry begged, voice quiet and calm. “These last ten months with Mick have been the happiest of my life.” Joe’s eyes went wide at the number of months Barry stated. The heavy alpha scent washed over Barry, anger, and anxiety heavy in a way that made Barry cover his nose.

“Ten months?! This has been going on for ten months and you are just now telling me?” Joe shouted, truly angry right now, his voice disapproving. “So all those times you said you were going to the movies with friends or were going to the bar? Were you out with Rory? Has he been with you for your heats?” Barry lowered his hands, clenching them into fists at his side. That was none of Joe’s business even if Mick had been with him during a heat.

“Sometimes yes, I was out on a date with Mick but I wasn’t lying!” Barry shouted back, trying not to let his frustration leak out into his scent. “And no, Mick and I already discussed that I’m not ready for him to help me with my heat yet and same goes for his ruts before you even go there.” Joe groaned in slight relief but he was still angry, shaking his head.

“But you still kept this from me?” Joe growled, voice lower now. “You purposely left me out of this part of your life…” Barry winced and gritted his teeth, trying to keep his head.

“Because I knew you would act like this and it was still new. We needed to figure out how we would and Mick wasn’t sure about the relationship at all. He only started using the term boyfriend after six months of dating!” Barry defended, trying to get Joe to understand. “He’s never really had a relationship last this long and he’s got some issues so we are taking it slow…” Joe was quiet for a moment as if thinking about what Barry was saying.

“Bare…” Joe said quiet, his voice tight with concern in a way that almost made Barry more nervous than his yelling. “I need you to be honest with me…Are you in love with him?” Barry blinked, surprised by Joe’s tone but he met his foster father’s eyes steadily.

“Yes,” Barry replied, voice strong and sure. “I am and I trust Mick. He’s...the best thing that’s happened to me in a long time.” Joe took a deep breath before his next question, eyes looking at Barry with a fierce look.

“Does he love you?” Joe asked, voice still quiet and Barry faltered. Mick hadn’t said those words yet and Barry didn’t expect him too. He knew why Mick had a hard time with those words and Barry was comfortable with that. He trusted that Mick loved him even if the alpha didn’t directly tell him.

“He hasn’t said that he does but...I know he does.” Barry stated, keeping his tone confident because he believed it. Mick showed his love by coming back to Barry when the omega needed him, by waking up next to Barry before making breakfast, by being gentle and understanding when they were intimate…

“What if he never says it? How can you be so sure he loves you?” Joe asked, his voice still quiet. “I know you Bare, I know that you want the whole romantic she-bang. You’re saving yourself for mating, you keep clinging to this idea of a perfect life. You can have that but not with Rory. He’s never going to be able to give you that whirlwind romance you think your parents had.” Barry
winced at the word “think” when Joe mentioned his parents. His parents had been so in love when Barry was young, kisses and hugs and pet names. A piece of his father had died that night with Barry’s mother and he told Barry that he was all he had of his mate.

Barry did want that at one point. A caring and loving mate, a mate that wasn’t afraid to love him or say that he was. That changed when Barry met Mick. Barry knew the moment Mick saved him from Tony that he was going to be Mick’s forever. As scary as the thought of Mick never loving him was, Barry trusted him. He trusted that Mick would always come back to him, trusted that Mick loved him even though he didn’t say it. He trusted Mick with his life, his heart and everything in between.

That was almost better than any love Barry could have imagined.

“I want Mick more than I want that,” Barry replied softly, meeting Joe’s eyes and then catching the scent of Mick from behind him. A large hand splayed over the small of Barry’s back, his alpha coming up to stand beside him. Joe glared up at Mick as the alpha moved beside Barry, the larger alpha ignoring him. He looked down at Barry, expression unreadable. How much had he just heard?

“If you were trying to make Barry doubt us being together, you’ve done the opposite West,” Mick snapped, eyes leaving Barry’s to stare at Joe. “Now, are you going to let my omega come enjoy his party.” Mick put emphasis on the word “my”, making Barry’s heart flutter and Joe sigh in defeat. He cast Mick a distrusting look but turned to Barry.

“Bare, I love you but you are making a mistake.” He stated, shaking his head. He took a deep breath and Barry tried not to feel disappointed when Joe pointed his thumb over his shoulder. “I need to leave...I need some time to adjust to this Bare.” Barry bit his lower lip, nodding slowly and Joe must have seen the look in Barry’s eyes because he softened.

“I’m not...leaving like that. I’ll always be here when you need me and you’re still like family to me.” Joe reassured, not paying attention to Mick’s eyes glaring daggers at him. “I just can’t be in there, pretending to be okay sharing space with criminals and pretending to be okay that one of them is your...boyfriend.” Barry nodded, feeling hurt in his chest but understanding what Joe meant. Joe needed to let this sink in, he needed to wrap his head around the fact Barry was dating a man he had tried to put away countless times.

“I’ll see you for dinner next Friday with Iris.” Joe said softly, turning away and walking back towards his car. Barry waited until Joe disappeared to press his face into Mick’s neck. The alpha wrapped his arms around Barry, setting his chin on the omega’s head and rubbing his back. Mick’s heavy, fire tinted scent calmed Barry. The scent of the smoke and gasoline barely masking the musky scent of his alpha.

Silence passed over them calmly. Barry didn’t want to speak, favoring the sound of Mick’s breathing and just letting himself feel the pyro’s fingers gently massaging his back. Mick was quiet too, respecting that Barry wanted to just stay like this for a moment. Barry wasn’t prepared when Mick finally did speak.

“I’m sorry, doll.” Mick finally murmured, jolting Barry and the omega pulled back to stare at Mick with wide eyes. Mick lifted a hand, cupping his omega’s cheek. “I know you say you don’t need to hear it...damn I hate this whole talking thing you want me to do.” Barry bit his lip, waiting for Mick to take a deep breath and for brown eyes to stare into his. He was patient for Mick, understanding that his boyfriend didn’t always do things the way other people could.

“I just have a hard time saying it...” Mick managed to say, wiping a stray tear from Barry’s cheek the young omega hadn’t even noticed filling his eyes. “That if I do...it will hurt more when you do leave.” Barry sniffed, tears starting to trail down his cheeks. Barry wished he could hurt whoever
made Mick think he didn’t deserve love, he wanted to punch anyone who made Mick doubt love so much he kept waiting for Barry to leave.

“I love you, Mick Rory.” Barry said softly, cupping his alpha’s face when the small bit of hurt that always crossed through Mick’s eyes when Barry said those words ran its course. Barry pressed his lips to Mick, kissing him gently. “I love your heart, your mind and everything in between and I don’t care if you never say it back.” Mick actually smiled at that, a chuckle escaping him.

“You’re such a sap, doll.” He teased playfully, hand traveling to Barry’s ass and giving it a squeeze. Barry pressed closer to Mick, heart feeling light and happy from Mick trying to communicate. Mick was always having a hard time communicating his feelings. Instead of talking, Mick preferred burning things or slamming a door in a fit of fiery anger. His attempt to talk about why he didn’t want to say those words, eased Barry’s heart more than the words “I love you” ever could.

“But I’m your sap.” Barry said confidently, smirking up at Mick brightly. Mick’s eyes softened ever so slightly, closing the distance between their mouths to kiss Barry in a way that almost left him breathless. It wasn’t until someone cleared their throat that Mick and Barry decided to separate to turn and see who had interrupted them.

“If you two are done, there is still a party happening.” Lisa stated from the door, earning a scowl from Mick. She leaned against the frame, grinning from ear to ear. Barry blushed and wondered how much she had heard. “And Barry, you may need to save the rest of the guests from Len and Ray. The rich boy mentioned something about the star wars prequels being garbage and my nerd of a brother got involved. They are talking super nerd now and won’t shut up.” Mick raised a brow, exchanging a look with Lisa. The alpha smirked and Barry decided that he wouldn’t even attempt to understand what was going on.

Instead, he let Mick lead him back inside the building to enjoy his party with or without Joe.

Leonard Snart was not a man easily won.

Even after presenting as an omega, he never let any alpha try to boss him around. They tried, so many had tried to tame the cool and aloof omega thief. While Mick would sleep with whomever he wanted in the days “BB” or Before Barry as Lisa put it, Len was more calculating.

Sure, he slept around but he made damn sure that no one would even accidentally mark him. He was always in charge, sometimes even resorting to tying down the alpha’s he chose to have his way with. Most didn’t mind it and if they did, they suddenly found themselves with either a gun in their face or a very angry alpha pyro tossing them out. Len didn’t joke around when it came to mating marks and his desire not to have one ever grace his body.

Mating marks meant pain, it meant a loss of freedom and Len liked his freedom. He chose alpha’s that would never want to mark him or betas that couldn’t and occasionally other omegas that were okay being dominated by him. Len may be an omega but he was anything but submissive in any aspect of his life, including but not limited to the bedroom.

So when Ray Palmer came to sit down on his couch, smiling like an idiot and introducing himself. Len couldn’t help but find himself intrigued. Palmer was an alpha, his scent wasn’t exactly well hidden beneath his clean appearance and a light dust of aftershave. His bright brown eyes, however,
and friendly attitude would almost make you think he was a beta if you weren’t paying attention.

But Len was paying attention and this Alpha had his interest. Palmer didn’t seem to see Len slowly taking in his jawline, the sharp blue eyes roving over his tall form and lean body. Len’s familiar smirk, cool and aloof was hiding the thought of getting this alpha on his back and those pretty hands tied around the wrist with blue silk ribbons.

Then the alpha mentioned Star Wars and Len’s eye fucking turned to actual intrigue and mutual interest. The conversation was actually pleasant, turning from nerdy topics that Len hadn’t revealed he remotely had an interest in except to Mick or Lisa in a very long time. He couldn’t help himself when Ray was being so enthusiastic about having someone to talk to when the conversation was struck.

“I’m actually surprised you would side with the Jedi, you would think a sith would be more in line with the whole criminal thing.” Ray said thoughtfully, munching on a carrot that he’d taken off his plate in front of him. Len raised a brow, leaning on the couch with a shrug.

“Personally I hate both of them for different reasons. the sith are too emotion based and although I do admire their prowess when it comes to evil deeds, their tendency to oppress others isn’t something I agree with. I’m a thief, not a dictator.” Len explained, sipping from the water bottle in his hand.

“For the Jedi take out the emotion, they are too goodie two shoes for my personal taste. Honestly, if I had to go with an order, it would be the order of the gray.” Ray’s eyes lit up and his grin made Len’s heart do a strange flutter. This man was like an excited puppy. Normally, people like this would have met the business end of Len’s glare but Ray was...odd.

“You would make a brilliant Gray! I mean you would probably lean more towards the Sith end but I can totally see you just going off and doing your own thing.” Ray said happily, his eyes doing this strange thing where they lit up. “I’d probably be a Jedi, not just because of the whole good thing but helping people is something I’ve always wanted to do.” Len gave Ray a look, noticing the bright light in his eyes.

“Hm, not really my thing.” Len stated with a shrug and Ray leaned on his hand, cocking his head to the side. “I like stealing things. It’s a rush, the thrill of the chase. And I am very good at it so giving it up isn’t really in my future.” Len waited for the rejecting squawk from Ray. People like Ray never really understood why Len did the things he did and Len was looking for a reason to deny his attraction to the man. Set up the test and wait for the alpha to fail. Len had his tests for that reason, so no one would attempt to make it past his walls.

Ray nodded slowly, brow wrinkled in thought. He hummed as the silence stretched, munching on rabbit food and Len tried not to feel disappointed by this. Sleeping with an alpha that was basically a human labrador was not worth it if he ended up with a lecture on turning to the side of good and cleaning up his act.

“You ever heard of security consulting?” Ray said after a few moments, drawing Len’s attention back up. “Basically, you get paid to go into tech companies, research facilities and anything that has stuff of value to steal things. It’s a rush, the thrill of the chase. And I am very good at it so giving it up isn’t really in my future.” Len waited for the rejecting squawk from Ray. People like Ray never really understood why Len did the things he did and Len was looking for a reason to deny his attraction to the man. Set up the test and wait for the alpha to fail. Len had his tests for that reason, so no one would attempt to make it past his walls.

“Trying to get me to change my spots, boy scout?” Len teased and Ray let out a laugh.

“I’m actually an eagle scout.” He replied, not catching the sarcasm in Len’s voice. “And I’m not saying quit stealing but this way you can play both sides of the field. I actually have my own company and we’ve paid people who do that quite a bit.” Len nodded and put his water down,
reaching for the bowl of peanut M&M’s sitting on the coffee table.

“Yes, Palmer Tech. I’ve heard of it although I’m more into jewel heists and breaking into museums instead of tech places.” Len replied, voice returning to his normal mocking drawl. “Maybe I’ll make an exception though, see what kind of things you get up to in your spare time, boy scout.” Ray’s cheeks turned pink, catching the obvious flirt this time. He cleared his throat and smiled at Len again.

“If you can get past my security then I might pay you for breaking into it.” Ray said, voice cocky and slightly smug. “I designed that system myself to be impenetrable. It’s top of the line technology and so far, no one else has managed to crack it.” Len nodded slowly, the gears in his head turning. It seemed that he would be heading to Starling City again sooner than he thought. If for nothing than to show the pretty scientist how nothing was impenetrable to Leonard Snart.

“Len, can you quit flirting and get your ass in here and help me with the food.” Mick growled from the kitchen, tossing Len a glare as he trailed inside with Barry. The omega seemed happy despite the lack of Joe, smiling brightly as he kissed Mick on the cheek. Len assumed that Joe had left and he was glad for it as long as Mick and Barry didn’t mind. Barry waved to Len before moving towards his friend with the blond ponytail. Len watched Mick steal a glance at Barry, his eyes lingering just a little too long on the omega. Len raised a brow at this. Something had changed and Len knew that it was big, Mick’s eyes softened at Barry and looking almost like…

“Just paying my respects to the more...interesting guests.” Len stated as he rose to his feet, casting a wink at Ray. The man looked down with a fierce blush on his cheeks that Len found he wanted to see more of. He chuckled, walking towards the kitchen and watching Mick roll his eyes. The larger alpha groaned and Mick shoved him into the kitchen.

“Yeah, Yeah. If you’re going to whore yourself out at least do it after Barry’s party.” Mick said loudly, making Ray’s head jerk up and he squeaked. “Watch this one, Haircut. He’s more trouble than he’s worth.” Len cast one more look at Ray, his grin reminding the tech genius of a Cheshire cat. He wasn’t sure he trusted that grin.

Ray didn’t realize that he was very screwed but Len would make sure he knew by the end of next week. After taking the man’s so-called “top of the line” security system for a spin.

Barry sipped the soda in his hand, happy that his friends had seemingly adjusted to Mick’s presence. He was talking to Sara, drinking a beer and actually smiling. It warmed Barry’s heart watching Mick interact with his friends. He loved watching Mick smiling and having a good time, finding things in common with people in Barry’s life. Mick was becoming a major part of Barry’s life and he hoped that soon everything would balance out into something peaceful.

“Barry,” A voice said quietly, making Barry look up and smile. Oliver was standing next to him, his usual dark, calm mask on his face. “Can we talk? I’m not looking to lecture you like Joe but...I feel like I should say some things.” Barry sighed heavily and nodded, walking with Oliver to the corner of the room to talk quietly. He had been expecting this from Oliver.

After meeting the man, Oliver had become quite a strong presence in Barry’s life. It was interesting to meet an alpha like Oliver, one who didn’t want to mate with him and kind of treated him like family. Barry had never had an older sibling but he got the feeling Oliver was as close to a big brother as he could find.
“Mick Rory is the alpha you mentioned to me a few months back?” Oliver asked, face serious. “The one who helped you at the store?” Barry nodded, blushing slightly. He forgot that he had called Oliver after Iris, gushing like a high schooler with a crush over his date with Mick and how excited he was. That was before he found out about his record and decided not to mention that to Oliver.

“Yeah, he’s the one.” Barry stated, trying to drink his soda and hide his blush at the implications behind that sentence. He hoped that was all Oliver wanted to talk about but those hopes went unanswered as the alpha began to speak again.

“You know being with him isn’t going to be a bed of roses and I’m sure that you already heard this from Joe.” Oliver stated, meeting Barry’s eyes with a look that held more concern than anger. Oliver may be intense but he was less prone to yelling than Joe. While Joe sometimes still saw Barry as that twelve-year-old pup, shaking and scared from watching his mother die, Oliver usually treated Barry with the respect of an adult. He would warn but not push.

“Think hard on this Barry, we both know you can do better than him. Someone who doesn’t think crime pays, someone you can raise pups with.” Oliver implored with concern heavy in his voice. “He’s wild and reckless from what I’ve heard. He may not change and then he will be nothing but trouble for you. You deserve someone that is just as good as you are and wants the things you want.” Barry nodded, listening carefully but still finding that it didn’t change his mind.

“Mick is a little rough around the edges but I love him and even though it’s taking a bit of work for him to adjust to this.” Barry said softly, looking back towards Mick. “Mick is trying and that’s all I need from him.” the man seemed to be recounting some story to Felicity Smoak, Oliver’s intended mate and how Barry had met Oliver. She was a tech genius and actually helped Barry during a reveal seminar he attended on an advance fingerprint scanning software.

“He’s a bit broken, seems a little off-putting and intense when you first meet him but Felicity said so were you.” Barry teased lightly, eyes soft as he looked at Mick. “Trust me, Oliver, Mick’s more than he seems.” Oliver’s eyes softened, lifting his hand to put it on Barry’s shoulder.

“Okay, I just hope you know what you’re getting yourself into.” Oliver stated, giving Barry’s shoulder one last squeeze and moving to go stand next to Felicity. Barry’s eyes widened when he actually watched Oliver extend a hand towards Mick to shake.

Barry watched Mick look warily at the hand, meeting Oliver’s blue eyes and narrowing his own. Mick wasn’t quick to trust anyone. But slowly Mick did take Oliver’s hand and the two alphas shook them. Barry let out the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding before smiling wide. Mick seemed to go back to telling his story, Oliver putting his arm around Felicity’s waist and nodding at details.

A few minutes later, Mick actually had the barest hint of a smile twitching on Oliver’s lips. Barry couldn’t help but smile at that, walking towards his boyfriend and joining the party again.

It was nice that at least one person was willing to trust Barry on this.

Mick hummed softly as he finished putting away some of the leftovers. The radio was playing softly in the corner, Mick has turned it to a station he liked rather than whatever music Lisa had on earlier for the party. The party had cleared out, leaving Barry, Iris, and Mick alone to clean up. Len had gone off to run “errands” but Mick knew better. He knew that Len was working on breaking into
something and had gone to get plans set up in one of their better-equipped safehouses. He had a feeling it had something to do with Ray’s tech company.

Mick couldn’t help but smirk. Len never really showed this much interest in anyone but Mick knew that Ray stating his security system was unbreakable would make Len rise to the challenge. Mick had his suspicions that it wasn’t just to prove the tech mogul wrong about his skills. No, Len wouldn’t have taken a tease like that so seriously and Mick knew this was more about making an impression.

It was about showing an alpha that Leonard Snart was not an omega to be trifled with. Mick just hoped that Len didn’t break the guy. Mick actually liked Ray or “Haircut” as he had taken to calling the man to his face. He didn’t seem like the hard business type you expect to see with a man who owned a multimillion dollar business but Mick was glad. Punching one of Barry’s friends was the opposite of what his omega would want.

Mick smiled when he felt arms around his waist and Barry’s hot breath on his neck.

“Hey doll, finish taking down all the streamers and junk?” He asked, getting a nod from Barry as the man moved to rest his chin on Mick’s shoulder. “Where’s little spitfire?” Barry nodded, watching Mick put a few burger patties into a plastic tub. He chuckled at Mick’s nickname for Iris.

“Iris headed out, it’s just you and me now.” Barry informed him, pulling away so Mick could put the food in the little fridge. “She said have a good night and try to behave. Which is Iris speak for please do not behave.” Mick straightened up, closing the fridge and turning back to Barry. He smiled as the smaller man slid into his arms, pressing Mick against the counter.

“Joe will come around and Felicity keeps texting me with her approval. I think she likes you more than Oliver.” Barry teased, nuzzling into Mick’s neck. “Thank you for being so amazing. I know that crowds make you uncomfortable.” The large alpha’s hand went to curl in Barry’s hair. The omega sighed in content, just enjoying a moment alone with his boyfriend. Mick relaxed when Barry’s arms slid into his arms, pressing Mick against the counter.

He wasn’t used to being such a sap. Doing things like meeting your boyfriend’s family and friends, throwing him a party and dealing with drama hadn’t ever been something Mick would have thought he would be doing.

The station Mick was listening to, some oldies station that played music from the sixties and seventies, started playing a familiar tune. Mick vaguely recognized it as a Captain and Tennille song his mother liked to play when he was young. It was soft and slow, starting out with the sound of running water and a gentle piano.

“I know this song! My mom liked to play it.” Barry said as he pulled back, smiling brightly up at Mick. He looked down at Barry, a small smile quirking up at how cute Barry looked.

“Mine too.” Mick replied simply as the music played. Barry watched Mick for a moment before that familiar glint of mischief appeared in his eyes, he was planning something. The omega drew away and took Mick’s hands, trying to pull him to a more open part of the kitchen.

“Dance with me?” Barry asked, pouting a little when Mick didn’t budge. Mick raised a brow and pulled Barry back. He wasn’t much of a dancer even in the safety of the kitchen with no one but Barry to watch him try to dance. Mick shook his head, pretending not to notice the disappointment in Barry’s eyes.
“I don’t dance, Doll.” Mick stated simply and Barry gave him a look. The lyrics of the song started to fill the room, Barry’s smile turning soft and he met Mick’s eyes. Barry hummed softly, getting a feel for the melody of the song before deciding to catch up with the lyrics.

“...no need to explain.” Barry sang softly, his voice sending shivers up Mick’s spine. “Just an open door, for you to come in from the rain...” He hadn’t heard Barry sing before, the little omega insisting that he wasn’t very good at it. Mick knew how much of a lie that was now. Barry’s voice was amazing, beautiful and mesmerizing Mick with its sound.

“It’s a long, long road when you’re all alone.” Barry continued to sing, slowly leading Mick closer to him and guiding the alpha’s hand to his hip. Mick let him with little fight, eyes soft as he listened to Barry sing for him. “And a man like you will always choose the long way home...” Mick let himself be led into a slow dance, Barry’s hands moving Mick’s where he wanted them.

“There’s no right or wrong, I’m not here to blame...” Barry moved closer, his scent filling Mick’s nose again and those pretty green eyes shining up at him with so much emotion in them. “I just want to be the one who keeps you from the rain.” Mick smiled, slowly swaying Barry like he knew the omega wanted, listening to his lover fall into a hum as they moved.

The music moved through the room and Mick settled into their slow dance, letting the moment happen slowly. Barry’s arms wrapped around Mick’s neck and let Mick spin him around in circles. Mick forgot to watch his feet but it didn’t seem to matter, all his attention on Barry’s face. The song started to flow out to draw to a close and Mick pulled Barry close, arms wrapping around him completely. Barry’s hand moved to cup one of Mick’s cheeks as he softly sang the final bit of the song.

“Cause I think of us as an old cliche,” Barry sang, his eyes gazing into Mick’s full of love and affection. Mick’s heart fluttered in his chest as they stopped dancing, his eyes watching Barry’s eyes close as he sang the last bit of the song. “But it doesn’t matter cause I love you anyway...so come in from the rain...” Mick stole the last of Barry’s breath with a deep kiss.

Barry gasped and melted into Mick’s arms. The alpha let one of his hands settle on Barry’s lower back while the other moved up to Barry’s hair. When they finally pulled apart, Mick pressed his forehead against Barry’s with a contented sigh. When Mick finally opened his eyes, he found Barry smiling at him in a way that made Mick’s heart feel so full it wanted to burst from his chest.

“I love you, so much.” Barry murmured, pressing another softer kiss to Mick’s lips. Mick reached up to cup Barry’s face, so caught up in the way his omega’s eyes shined. Barry Allen was the most beautiful thing Mick had ever seen.

“Love you too, doll.” Mick said softly, so quiet that Barry almost didn’t hear it. The omega’s eyes widened and Mick realized what he had said. His heart hammered in his chest from the realization that he did love Barry. Mick had known it somewhere in his mind but saying it out loud was different. After finally agreeing that there was something between them at all but it had been easier to bury the feeling away. If he didn’t say it then just in case Barry did decide to leave.

Tears filled Barry’s eyes and his arms wrapped around Mick’s neck tighter. The voices in Mick’s head quieted, the pyro instead feeling a smile on his lips. Barry kissed Mick hard, the happiness he felt translating perfectly and Mick felt it filling his chest. Barry’s smile was wide and so happy that Mick had said that.

“I know I said I didn’t need to hear it and I meant it but...” Barry said in between heartfelt kisses that set Mick’s veins on fire. “But I’m so glad you did.” The last kiss was deeper, Mick rumbling softly as his omega slipped his tongue into his mouth. Maybe he should rethink saying that more often if...
This was the reaction he got from Barry.

When Barry finally pulled away, panting and cheeks flushed. Mick chuckled and then gasped as Barry leaned forward to suck on his scent gland. Mick growled in pleasure, hands moving to Barry’s ass and hoisting him up into his arms. Barry yelped at the sudden movement before laughing and staring down at Mick. Mick leaned into Barry’s hand when one reached up to cup his cheek, the other keeping him steady wrapped around Mick’s neck.

“I guess now is as good a time as any to ask you something then.” Barry stated, making Mick wrinkle his brow in confusion. Barry’s eyes looked down, the blush deepening and spreading down his neck. The omega cleared his throat as he searched for the right words.

“I was going to tell you before we got all romantic but...I think I’m ready to…” Barry said, voice stopping for a moment as he took a deep breath. “Mick...I love you and...I want you to be my first.” The last words came out in a whisper but they made a shiver go down Mick’s spine. He stared up at his omega, expression hard to read as he thought about what Barry had told him.

“I hope you’re okay with my bed in this safe house because I don’t feel like waiting if you’re ready, Doll.” Mick said, voice half aggressive with want and half teasing. Barry laughed, nodding as Mick started to carry him out of the kitchen.

“I’m assuming you have everything we need?” Barry asked as Mick carried him into a space set up in the safe house for himself. There was a mattress in the corner, fresh sheets since Mick had assumed Barry would be sleeping here anyway. Mick deposited the omega onto the mattress, kissing Barry fiercely. A short nightstand next to the mattress that Mick reached for to grab knotting condoms and lube from. Barry was usually pretty slick but Mick wanted to be sure that there was no way he could hurt his boyfriend.

Mick pulled away from the kiss, Barry’s hands pulling his shirt over his head and Mick soon had Barry stripped of the shirt he had been wearing and those tight jeans he wore because he knew they drove Mick crazy. Mick’s calloused hands traveled up Barry’s sides, earning a breathy moan from the omega.

“I’ll be as gentle as I can,” Mick growled, nipping on the shell of Barry’s ear. “Gonna make you feel so good, doll.” Mick managed to slide his pants off, his cock already hard and wanting but ignoring it for now. He had a beautiful little omega under him that needed attention first. Mick pinned one of Barry’s hands to the bed, sucking a hard love-bite near Barry’s scent gland and earning him a keening moan from his omega’s lips.

“Mick…” Barry moaned out, his hips bucking up as his pale skin tinged pink from his body heating up. Mick growled possessively, kissing down Barry’s chest and taking his time to leave dark hickeys. It would be a long time before he staked his claim on Barry, he wasn’t ready yet but that wouldn’t stop him from leaving dark bruises from sucking and biting his lover’s skin.

“Shhh, just relax, doll. We’ve got plenty of time.” Mick stated, voice low and heavy with lust as he flicked his tongue over one of Barry’s nipples. The omega gasped, a whine escaping him as Mick leaned down to suck. Mick swirled his tongue around the sensitive bud, relishing in the sounds Barry made from the attention. Mick lifted his free hand and slowly ran his rough thumb over Barry’s other nipple.

“Mick...alpha…” Barry gasped, whimpering softly as the smell of his slick met Mick’s nose when the alpha pulled away. Mick growled at the scent, Barry was intoxicating and now that Mick didn’t have to keep himself from popping a knot just from the smell...the alpha was just glad that he wasn’t having a rut or he wouldn’t be this patient.
Mick’s fingers moved down, feeling along Barry’s ribcage and down his side. Mick scraped his nails over Barry’s hip bones and smirked when Barry started to whine again. His hands moved over Mick’s head and making the alpha suck just a little harder on the nipple in his mouth before pulling his head up to grin down at his omega.

“Alpha...please…” Barry whimpered, green eyes glazing over when he felt Mick’s fingers circling over his leaking entrance. “Please…” Mick moved his fingers inside Barry, two fingers sliding in easily with how much time he spent with the digits buried inside the omega over the last five months since that first time. Barry keened, his legs opening more to give Mick room between them.

“Please what, doll?” Mick teased, feeling a hint of pride over how wet Barry was already. “You’re gonna have to tell me what you want.” Mick liked to tease, dragging his fingers along the inner walls of Barry’s entrance. Barry pressed back towards the fingers only to have Mick’s hand lift from his wrist to hold his thigh.

“None of that, doll. I’m pretty big so I have to stretch you.” Mick ordered, his eyes intense with an alpha stare. “Behave, omega or I’ll stop.” Barry groaned in half frustration, his small cock hard already from all of Mick’s careful attention. Mick’s eyes went down to Barry’s leaking hole, observing it closely as he always did.

Barry’s small cock stood at attention just above his opening, Mick’s other hand moving to touch it as he slowly pumped his fingers in and out. Barry gave a sharp cry of pleasure and he pulled his hand up to cover his mouth to hide the words about to spill from his mouth. Mick smirked when his eyes flicked back up to Barry.

“Come on, doll. You know I like hearing you.” Mick said, stroking up the small length as he slid another finger inside the omega. Barry gasped at the burn, the attention to his cock drawing away any pain and his hand fell away from his mouth. Mick smirked when his eyes flicked back up to Barry.

“Mick...alpha...I want your cock...need it so bad.” Barry rambled, Mick’s fingers working slowly as they moved further inside, inch by inch and driving Barry’s body crazy. “I want your knot alpha…” That earned Barry a growl from Mick, his own cock leaking pre-cum just from thinking about how tight Barry would feel around it. The alpha set his jaw, trying to focus on what he was doing.

“You will, my pretty little omega. I’ll make sure my cock is the only one you ever want to feel inside you.” Mick growled, picking up his speed and spreading his fingers inside of Barry again. Barry’s eyes were clouded with lust as his hips moved towards Mick’s fingers, the sight of watching his omega fucking himself on his fingers making Mick’s already hot body shiver with need.

After finally stretching Barry open enough and draining his already shallow well of patience to a point Mick didn’t even think possible. Mick reached for more lube and the condoms, pausing for a moment. Barry was on birth control but Mick wanted so badly to feel Barry when he knotted him. But he wasn’t ready to father pups anytime soon, birth control wasn’t completely perfect and Mick was sure Barry wouldn’t want that after his first time either. He looked up and opened his mouth to ask Barry.

When Mick looked back up, a wave of possession and lust took him over. Barry was presenting, whining and moving back to press his leaking entrance against Mick’s cock. The smell was stronger now and Mick tossed the condoms. Fuck it, Barry had made him get tested when they started getting serious because Len had opened his mouth about Mick getting the clap once or twice. He was clean and hadn’t been with anybody but Barry in months.

“Need you alpha, want you to fill me up and breed me…” Barry whined, no longer aware of what he was saying. Mick grinned at those words, wondering how Barry would be in heat if he was so
needy outside of it. Mick lined himself up with Barry’s slick hole, groaning as he slid the head inside.

Barry’s eyes widened, a gasp escaping him at Mick’s size. He had seen it before but Mick wasn’t lying about how big he would feel once inside of Barry. The alpha growled at the heat of Barry. It took great effort on Mick’s part but he went slow, letting Barry’s tight muscles guide him in until he was fully seated inside the omega.

They stayed still for a moment, Mick noting the feeling of Barry’s heartbeat moving over his cock. He had never noticed that kind of thing before but going slow like this, wanting to enjoy the feeling of Barry made Mick finally notice it. Mick’s heart filled with love and affection. He leaned down, kissing along Barry’s shoulders as he waited for his omega to adjust to his size. After a few minutes, his omega was whimpering again with a wiggle of his hips.

Please, Mick, I need more.” Barry whined, looking over his shoulder and somehow making Mick’s cock twitch inside of him. Barry moaned deeply when Mick pulled out, slamming inside with a wet slap. “Yes, just like that!” Mick grabbed Barry’s ass in his hand and his hips found a rhythm easily. Mick slammed inside of Barry, growling at how tight his omega was and preening at how he was the first alpha to feel this.

“You like that, feeling my cock inside you?” Mick growled as he kept slamming into Barry and earning a whine from the omega. “You’re so tight for me and I’m the only one who gets to see you like this.” Mick leaned forward, pressing Barry further into the mattress and wrapping one arm around Barry. His thrusts inside of Barry went deeper now, tearing more desperate cries from Barry.

Barry was a mess beneath Mick, his skin flushed and body covered in sweat. Mick nipped at Barry’s scent gland. A claim had to be done during a heat but Mick knew that scent glands were filled with enough nerves to send pleasure through Barry’s body. The alpha’s hips were relentless, his teeth on Barry’s neck making the omega throw his head back and moan loudly. Mick loved the sounds coming from Barry, he loved screwing the little omega into the mattress and knowing he was never going to let any other alphas be privy to this display.

“I’m going to make sure everyone can smell me on you.” Mick stated, voice darkly possessive and he felt the omega shiver beneath him from the sound. “You may not have my mark but everyone will know who your alpha is…” Mick rolled his hips hard, dragging the cock along Barry’s sweet spot and pulling a gasp from the omega.

“Yes, I’m all yours, Mick...only yours…” Barry cried out, Mick’s growl vibrating through his chest. “So close, alpha…” Mick hadn’t expected Barry to last long, his omega starting to whine and mumble incoherently enough to tell the alpha it was time to stroke that pretty little cock. Mick’s knot was growing, starting to catch on the sides of Barry’s opening. Barry’s cries and his tight body doing more to Mick than he thought. All it took was a few flicks of Mick’s wrist to send Barry over the edge.

“Mick!” Barry screamed, his insides clamping down on Mick as he came. Mick’s knot swelled more, catching completely inside the omega and Barry cried out again as Mick came hard. The hot seed poured inside Barry, Mick’s cock twitching as he spent himself completely inside the omega. It wasn’t nearly as much as he would have during ruts but by the hoarse moans coming from Barry, the omega was hooked on the feeling of Mick’s seed inside of him.

“Alpha...alpha…” Barry whispered, hips giving small sputters as he rode the orgasm out. Mick pulled Barry to the side and they collapsed painlessly on their sides. Mick wrapped his arms around Barry, their bodies covered in sweat but Mick didn’t care. He pressed soft kisses over the back of Barry’s neck and shoulders. His knot was secured inside of Barry and would be for another half an hour at least.
They lay in silence as they caught their breaths. Mick could feel Barry’s heart pounding in his chest through the omega’s back, Barry coming down from his high with little whimpers and pants. Mick chuckled as Barry cuddled back into him. He sat up slightly, not enough to hurt Barry but enough for the omega to meet his eyes when Barry turned slightly.

“I’m so glad I waited for you.” Barry said affectionately, eyes shining with happy tears. ”I love you, Mick.” Mick’s heart skipped a beat at those words. He had never had anyone say that kind of thing to him. It wasn’t as if Barry was the first virgin omega in his bed but...Barry’s words were full of honesty and love.

Instead of trying to force out those words again, Mick leaned down and pressed his lips against Barry’s. Mick’s hand that was holding Barry’s hips in place so they wouldn’t try to tug away squeezed and Barry moaned softly. It gave Mick access to Barry’s mouth, letting his tongue explore the hot cavern for a moment until Mick had to pull away and take a breath.

“There’s plenty more where that came from, doll.” Mick teased, pulling away from the kiss with a nip on Barry’s lower lip. Lust flashed through those green eyes and Mick’s hips rolled to drag his knot around Barry’s entrance. “Just cause I’m locked in you doesn’t mean I’m done.” Barry smirked, his smile full of mischief and he narrowed his eyes.

“I wasn’t planning on sleeping anyway.” Barry teased, pressing his hips back and drawing a moan from Mick. “And you’ll need the practice for my next heat. No way am I ever going through it alone when your knot feels so much better than a toy.” Mick stiffened, letting out a pleasured rumble and he nipped along the shell of Barry’s ear again. Mick didn’t answer Barry with words. Instead, he answered by doing his best to reduce Barry to a mess of pleasure again and again until they either passed out or fell asleep.

Barry Allen was going to be stuck with Mick for a long time if the alpha had any say so in the matter.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is going to be more ColdAtom centric if that's something you're into. Stay tuned though, more FlashWave in chapter 5.

The song Barry is singing is Come In From The Rain by Captain and Tennille btw
Satin and Lace

Chapter Summary

Len decides to get Ray's attention and an agreement is reached behind closed doors.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so as you've probably figured out, my timeline is all over with this. Honestly, I don't really care all that much for Arrow so I'm kind of just ignoring it a little bit. I mean given this is an AU I feel like I can change a few things here and there. Enjoy and check the tags, I added more.

Leonard Snart was not an omega that took even the most unintentional of insults lightly.

Len prided himself on his ability to crack any security system, to make his way into places he shouldn’t be and make out with things that didn't belong to him. Ray had no idea what he had caused when he hinted that Len couldn’t crack the codes to his lab. Len wasn’t sure why he was so determined to show the tech mogul what he could do but Len decided to just go for it.

Getting the schematics he needed to make his plan was difficult but not impossible. Len wasn’t a hacker by trade but he knew at least a few good ones that owed him a favor and it just so happened that one of them resided in Central City. He was easy to talk to if Len had the cash and since Len had a good amount to his name, it was a piece of cake getting the hacker to cooperate. After collecting the blueprints, information on Ray’s most prized project and schematics, the rest of his time was set aside for planning.

It took Len almost three days to get his whole initial plan together before traveling to Starling City to make up the final drafts. He needed to observe the area, take in what the security guard schedule and make sure he left no trace when he left. He assumed that Ray, much like Barry, wouldn’t appreciate it if he killed one of the workers in his building so he had to make sure he triple checked the timing.

Len kept thinking about Ray the whole time he planned. Those bright eyes, smile and enthusiastic mannerisms. Len wasn’t sure why he was fixated on this particular alpha but he decided not to think too heavily about it. Ray was just a ray of sunshine and Len let his lips quirk up at the pun when it crossed his mind. Len wouldn’t admit it to Mick or anyone else but this whole situation was more than just showing up an alpha with a big ego. This was about showing Ray Palmer who was in charge, making sure that this alpha knew what Leonard Snart was capable of.

He set himself up in a safehouse in Starling, the only one he had in this particular city. Starling was a cesspool and not one that even Leonard wasn’t keen on staying in. He did find a small coffee shop that made good hot cocoa with just the right amount of mini marshmallows so he ended up going there in the earlier hours and it gave him a good view of the building. Since Queen Consolidated and Palmer Tech were sister companies, no doubt Queen’s doing, Len had a good idea of what he was dealing with.
The little coffee shop was quiet that morning, only a few people with little noise to interrupt the planning Len was doing. He had the heist planned for that evening and was looking over the information on the project he had targeted. Ray was developing some kind of exo-suit, something called the **Advanced Technology Operating Mechanism** or A.T.O.M suit for short. So far it seemed, judging by the notes his hacker had gathered from Ray’s personal computer, Ray had troubles getting it to work. Len didn’t care if the thing wasn’t functioning properly, all he cared about was taking some important component that would draw the alpha to him.

Len was absorbed by the tech talk, not understanding all of it but managed to decipher quite a bit of it. Ray really was a genius if these plans were any indicator. It seemed like the suit would have quite a few capabilities such as what appeared to be blasters, a shrink ray…

Len was so absorbed by the schematics that he barely noticed when a voice called his name. He looked up from his tablet, shoulders stiff and ready for a fight. He didn’t have a ton of enemies in Starling but Len had learned to be careful. Len pressed the button on the side of the tablet. Turning it off instinctually when he looked up. He felt grateful for that reflex when he realized who was standing in front of his booth.

Ray Palmer, smiling in all his glory. Len looked him over with cool eyes, taking in the man’s nice suit and well-groomed hair. He practically screamed: Rich Boy. Len tried not to be surprised that Ray had managed to sneak up on him and instead looked up at Ray with a look of annoyance.

“Leonard? What are you doing in Starling?” Ray asked, holding a cup of what Len assumed was coffee and raising a brow at the man. Ray had a brow raised in confusion and Len could feel his heart give the smallest flutter in his chest. Len frowned, squashing that urge quickly and instead staring at Ray with a cold, bored look.

“The city will fix those eventually, I’m sure they have bigger problems,” Ray replied, sipping his drink and Len fell silent, just staring at Ray. “They breed faster than rabbits.” The tall alpha slid into the seat across from Len and the omega tried not to groan. Great, just what he needed. He wasn’t sure why he didn’t reprimand Ray for sitting without being invited but Len gave Ray a look and let it be for now.

“Ah...do you mind? I’ve been meaning to talk to you since the party but I forgot to get your number and…” Len stopped the smallest quirk of a smile from reaching his face. Well, this was an interesting development.

“Did you know I sparked your interest?” Len teased with a light flirt. “I didn’t know I was interesting.” Ray turned a little pink and cleared his throat, adjusting in his seat. Len took a small bit of pleasure in making Ray squirm. Ray didn’t know it but he had given Len some ideas, ideas that the alpha would know about later.

“Well, the party was a little busy and I didn’t know if it was okay,” Ray revealed, making Len smirk as he lifted a hand to rub his neck. “You seemed...interested but I wasn’t sure if that was how you always are and I’m not the greatest at reading those types of things.” Len nodded slowly, eyes never leaving Ray.

Len’s sharp eyes were constantly observing and finding every bit of information they could. His nose could pick up on the subtle scent of Ray’s interest, something he hadn’t noticed before. Len didn’t want to get distracted from his reason for being in the city just yet but it was tempting to just be blunt with Ray now that he had this knowledge. Maybe his plan needed a tiny tweak, one that would benefit Len in a different way.
“I could give you my number but that will cost you.” Len teased lightly, this time earning a confused look from Ray. “I believe my cup of cocoa is empty and unless you have somewhere to be, another one might just get you my personal phone.” Ray was up like a shot, faster than Len had seen a man his height move. It almost reminded Len of an obedient dog. A few minutes later, Ray appeared with another cup of cocoa ladened down with mini marshmallows.

“You know sugar is really bad for you,” Ray stated, his preachy tone making the thief glare at him. “I’m just saying, it’s basically poison.” Len shrugged, blowing on the mug and taking a long sip to prove how little he cared.

“I like cocoa and if sugar is the thing that eventually kills me, I’ll count it as a blessing.” Len stated, holding out a hand and gesturing for Ray’s phone. It took a moment for the man to get what Len was implying before he reached into his pocket and drew out his phone. Len put in his number, sending himself a text and not giving it back before looking through the man’s contacts.

“You have the Imperial March as Queen’s ringtone,” Len stated with a smirk as he handed it back. “I approve.” Ray chuckled and took the phone back quickly, surprising Len with his speed. Ray clicked around on the phone, clearly setting Len’s new ringtone and then depositing it into his pocket.

“I mean, it is Oliver.” Ray said, leaning on his hand as he kept staring at Len’s face. “He’s a little intense but he’s softened up since Felicity. It’s good to see him actually happy.” Len nodded and sipped his cocoa, nodding towards Ray’s cup.

“So if you’re so anti-sugar, what’s your poison.” Len asked, setting his mug down and motioning at the to go cup Ray was holding. Ray let his shoulders giving a shrug, looking a little excited about Len’s question and the omega almost regretted asking.

“Grass-fed butter coffee with coconut oil. It’s all of the caffeine of coffee but it the butter helps it release slower.” Ray explained, watching Len wrinkle his nose at the thought. Butter...in coffee? Ray must have noticed Len’s look of somewhat disgust and he got a sparkle in his eyes that Len noticed was usually followed by an explanation about something.

“It’s actually really good for you if you add it to your diet right.” Ray said, eyes lighting up as he explained. “I usually have oatmeal with it and I’m good to go energy-wise for most of my workday. Just a tablespoon of butter and oil and blend it. It’s kind of like a latte that way.” Len shook his head, somehow letting his smile come through without his permission. Ray was odd but it was a cute type of odd. He quickly squashed that thought, letting his face return to its blank mask. Len didn’t think people were cute and he wasn’t about to go down that rabbit hole Mick had ended up in.

“This is the only shop I know of that will make it for me,” Ray provided, taking a sip of his weird health coffee. “But I also like that they offer gluten-free options and organic coffee.” Len raised a brow at the gluten comment. He noted that Ray must have an allergy or something but he also seemed the type to try whatever fad diet that came out. Len had learned it was better never to assume anything about people just in case, assumptions lead to mistakes.

“I’m allergic to gluten and it can be a little challenging to find places with options. Most people look at me like I’m an idiot or something when I ask about gluten-free options and I carry an EpiPen and medication just in case there is accidental cross-contamination.” Ray continued, rambling in his way and giving Len more information than he probably meant to. “I’ve gotten really good at cooking for myself as you can imagine. However, I do like the homey atmosphere of this place and…” Ray paused, suddenly turning even pinker around the ears.

“I’m rambling...sorry, that is probably annoying you.” Ray stated sheepishly, hand rubbing his neck
again. Len sipped his cocoa and gave Ray a shrug in response. He wasn’t much of a small talker so he didn’t mind rambling. Len’s dramatic tendencies, all of his banter, everything he ever said was always calculated and well thought out. He never did anything without a plan and that included talking.

“You’re fine, boy scout.” Len said with a light tease in his voice to hide his reassurance. “I simply prefer to either listen or pretend to so ramble all you want.” Ray looked over Len’s cool mask and chuckled again, his scent a little nervous.

“Slytherin or Ravenclaw?” Ray asked suddenly, apparently defaulting to nerd topics again to lighten the mood and hopefully engage Len. “You seem like you could be either.” Len raised a brow and he sipped from his cup again, setting it back down and giving Ray a cool stare. If the man wanted him to talk so bad, Len could do that.

“Which do you think?” Len said, tone somewhat condescending. “I’m guessing you’re a Hufflepuff with all your bright smiles and big puppy dog eyes.” Ray shrugged, his expression telling Len that his observation had been right on target.

“I mean Newt Scamander was a Hufflepuff and he was a magical creature researcher. Don’t even get me started on Bridget Wenlock and her arithmancy.” Ray said brightly as if used to people trying to fight him on it. “And for you… I mean Slytherin would be obvious with the whole thief thing but I think that fits more because you have this whole “I do what I want” thing going on.” Len chuckled at the observation and nodded.

“I’m a Slytherin and proud of it, not all of us are evil. We just follow our own rules rather than the rules of society to achieve our ends.” Len noted, sipping his drink again and watching Ray do the same. “Merlin was one so we aren’t all bad. Sometimes being shrewd and cunning gets you ahead in life.” Ray nodded in response, humming softly.

“Yeah, I get a lot of teasing for being a Hufflepuff. Nothing wrong with being loyal and hardworking and Hufflepuffs may be the most underrated but at least we accept everyone.” Ray said, his voice turning flirty. “Slytherins included.” Len stared at Ray, trying to figure out if Ray had just flirted with him using their Hogwarts houses. Len tried not to let himself think about how dorky but oddly hot that was to him.

“Well, someone has to keep you puffs from trusting everyone and endangering yourselves for the sake of others.” Len replied coolly, meeting Ray’s eyes and giving him a flirty smirk. Ray stared at Len, the flirting apparently working because he cleared his throat.

“Well, unfortunately, I need to get back to work…” Ray said, rising up from the seat. Len was suddenly aware his cup was empty now and that an hour had passed of them just talking. That was the longest he had ever been with an alpha that hadn’t resulted in taking them to the nearest bed and having his way. Len wasn’t sure how comfortable he was with that knowledge.

“But…would you like to see a movie sometime?” Ray asked, brown eyes hopeful and Len blinked up at him. Ray had just asked him out…on a date. The question caught him off guard and even though it didn’t show, Len was not sure how to deal with being caught off guard. “Maybe get dinner before or after?” Len considered Ray’s question, thinking it over slowly and then smirked. He rose, leaving a tip on the table and moving to stand in front of Ray.

“I’m busy tonight and then I’m heading home right after I finish my business.” Len replied, Ray’s eyes moving down and looking disappointed, he rubbed his neck again and Len was starting to think it was one of Ray’s tells. The disappointment in his eyes made Len finally decide on his new plan.
“That makes sense...sorry, I didn’t realize…” Ray started to ramble only to be silenced by a gloved hand cupping his chin. His eyes widened when Len guided Ray’s face to look at him, the man’s cocky smirk making Ray stiffen.

“But text or call me next time you’re in Central and I’ll show you how I have a good time.” Len stated, voice cool and smooth with implications. “Have fun working, boy scout.” Ray’s cheeks turned even pinker and his mouth hung open in surprise as Len removed his hand. The omega walked away, heading towards the door and giving Ray a wink when the man turned to watch him.

Len had a feeling he would be seeing Ray in Central much sooner than the man had anticipated.

One hundred and twenty minutes, thirty seconds.

That was the amount of time Len had at the start of his heist. Adjusting his janitor jumpsuit to keep his face hidden as he walked into the building. It had taken no time at all to make a fake name badge for Palmer Tech and the original janitor was more than cooperative when it came to a payoff. Len was almost happy to offer the man a good sum of money, an immigrant who needed a decent sum for his mate and pups to join him in the United States. Len wasn’t a bleeding heart but sometimes his plots had benefits to more than just himself.

He kept his face lowered, hat pulled down to avoid recognition from the cameras. The security guard at the front desk looked over his badge with a careful eye that even impressed Len, his sharp eyes lingering on the name Len had put. It was fake of course but Len had put the proper steps in place of crafting the identity. Honestly, Len was surprised by the amount of set up that identity took to have all the information he would need.

“Looks good, you replacing Manuelo then?” The guard asked, drawing Len’s attention up. “I heard he had a family issue. Didn’t know he had a mate.” Len nodded, attempting to keep this quick. He had a timetable to keep if this was going to go off without a hitch.

“Yeah, his mate and pups are coming to town soon.” Len said, voice somewhat friendlier than usual to avoid suspicion but not inclining the man to talk more. Len could smell the alpha scent on the older security guard but it was tinged with an omega scent. He was mated so Len relaxed a little more but still kept up his guard. Mated didn’t mean anything even if it was an older alpha in his fifties. The man smiled, handing Len back his badge and nodding.

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“That’s good, I know he’s been missing his mate something fierce and that’s been hard on him. I understand, don’t know what I’d do without my Irma.” The man said, smiling at Len with a fatherly grin. “You got yourself anyone special, son? I can smell you ain’t mated but a good looking omega like you must have someone.” Len tried not to grimace that the man seemed to want to make small talk.

“No sir, I’m not really the settling down type.” Len said, not wanting to seem suspicious as he calculated the time in his head. He was reaching one hundred and fifteen minutes now. “No alpha has caught my interest for some time.” The man nodded, still smiling warmly at Len. Len was trying not to feel anxious, the emotion not showing on his face.

“You’ll find someone. That’s what I keep tellin’ mister Palmer after his intended died.” The man continued, making Len’s ears perk up. “Murdered, the poor thing and right in front of Mister Palmer.
such a sweet little omega, Anna was. Mister Palmer was all sorts of in love with her but he was talking up a storm about this omega he met in central that he ran into today.” Len blinked, his heart doing that little flutter without his permission again. Ray had been talking about him…

“He looked happy and it’s about time he found someone to keep him from working so late. That boy could use a break, he’s too good to be alone. It’s good he’s putting himself out there again.” The guard said with a soft smile then waved his hand. “Ah, I’m talking your ear off. Go git your job done and I’ll see you on the way out.” Len smirked, tipping his hat and checking his watch. Damn it, he’d wasted ten minutes. Well, at least he had gotten some more information.

“That’s alright, be seeing you, sir.” Len replied, giving a half-hearted wave and turning the cleaning cart to the elevator. Okay, he was down to one hundred and five minutes. He could get this back on track. Len pulled his cap down, keeping his face hidden from the elevator cameras. The omega watched the levels go up and his mind traveling off the plan for just a moment to consider what the guard had told him.

Ray...was the settling down type of alpha. He had an intended mate at one point, a woman that he clearly lost tragically and yet he was interested in Len? Len wasn’t a man who did strings and unlike Mick, he wasn’t about to let himself fall. Mick and Len had similar habits before the alpha had met Barry but unlike Mick, Len was an omega and he couldn’t risk making a mistake when it came to anything involving alphas. He had learned early not to trust any alpha not to cross his boundaries and lines with Mick being the only exception.

While Len trusted Mick, he had earned that trust over the years. He was the only alpha that hadn’t hurt Len unless the omega earned it, hadn’t left him with scars on his body or his mind just to put Len in his place. While Mick and Len did have their falling outs. They fought, more often than not with their fists but that was how they did things. Neither of them knew how to communicate properly sometimes but they managed to stay close despite that. Mick was family, the closest thing to a brother Len had.

Ray was an anomaly. He smelled like an alpha but he didn’t act like it, the way he had been in the coffee shop showing this to Len. Ray had kept his stance as non-threatening as possible, never once using the commanding tone Len had grown used to alphas using or even a single intense stare. He was respectful and, for lack of a better word, warm. Ray wasn’t like any alphas Len had met. Ray was so simple and yet so complicated...it intrigued Len.

The elevator dinged on his floor, drawing Len from his thoughts. Len pushed the dark thoughts away as the elevator door opened and he pushed his hat down more. He would see what Ray was really like after this heist. Ray would no doubt show his true colors once Len took something he held dear.

Ray jolted from sleep, gazing around his room and trying to figure out what had woken him up. He rubbed his eyes and looked towards his clock. It was four in the morning, an hour before Ray normally woke up. Ray blinked away the sleep from his eyes.

He looked around the dark room, checking for anything out of the ordinary and letting his eyes linger at the empty space in his bed for just a moment. The tablet he had been staring at, drawing up schematics for another part for his suit. He wasn’t sure when he had finally nodded off but it felt like he had managed at least a couple hours of sleep at least.
Damn, he’d been having a good dream too.

Ray noticed his phone, lighting up in the darkness with a message. Ray rubbed his eyes and collapsed back onto his pillow. He reached towards his nightstand, grabbing his phone and letting a deep yawn escape his mouth. After letting his eyes adjust to the bright light, Ray swiped across the screen with his thumb with a grumble of irritation. He put in his pin reflexively and opened it up to view his messages.

Ray’s heart skipped when he realized it was a message from Len that had woken him up. He sat up, clicking on his messages. He hadn’t expected Leonard to really use his number or even really talk to him without Ray initiating first.

“Missing something?” the message read and Ray clicked to download the picture Len had sent him. He wrinkled his brow in confusion...what could Len be talking about? Ray was very confused until the picture fully loaded and Ray felt his jaw drop.

It was a selfie of Len, smirking in that way Ray admitted was very sexy on the omega. In his hand was the only working part of Ray’s ATOM suit, one of the gauntlets. Ray blinked at the photo for a few minutes and tried to work out how Len could possibly have a piece of his suit. The omega had specifically stated he didn’t typically steal tech.

The thoughts and questions circled in Ray’s head, trying to piece together as to why Len would do this. He decided it would be best to call Len since he had the man’s number. The man wouldn’t have sent Ray proof of stealing his things if he was planning on selling it, what kind of thief leaves a major piece of evidence like that?

Not a good one and Ray knew Len was a good thief. He may have done just the tiniest bit of research on the man, noting how Len hadn’t actually been caught since a few stints a few years ago. The phone rang twice before someone picked up. Ray could hear his heart hammering when he heard that familiar chuckle.

“Hello, pretty boy.” Len’s cool drawl came over the phone. “I see you got my message. What was that about your fancy security system?” Ray sighed into the phone and rubbed his face. Len was messing with him, of course. How could he not have assumed that earlier? Ray knew he should be irritated but he was more intrigued by this than angry.

“You just couldn’t resist making me feel like an idiot?” Ray said slowly, shaking off his tiredness. “Please give that back, it’s a very sensitive piece of tech. If you damage it in any way it could set me back years of work.” Len chuckled again as if amused by Ray’s mild panic.

“Calm down, Raymond. It’s perfectly safe with me and will be waiting for you in Central City.” Len’s voice stated, his voice a slow mocking drawl. “I told you I would show you how I have a good time.” Ray took a deep breath, not sure if he trusted Len but he would have to. It was kind of funny really, Len going through all this trouble just to prove to Ray he could...

“You know, you could have just said yes to the date I asked you on like a normal person.” Ray said with a small chuckle in his voice. “You didn’t have to go this far to get my attention.” There was silence on the end of the line and Ray wondered if he had said something wrong.

“Oh no Raymond, this wasn’t about getting your attention, I already have that.” Len practically purred, the low sound of his voice sending shivers down his spine. “And before you say it. I wasn’t trying to impress you either.” Ray wrinkled his brow again at that. If Len hadn’t wanted to impress him and hadn’t wanted his attention then why had the omega done this…
“Then why?” Ray finally asked, his voice sounding confused but not angry. He wasn’t all that mad that Len had taken a piece of his ATOM suit or even that he had broken into the building. Ray could work on upping the security later, Len breaking in showed Ray he needed to improve security even more than he thought.

“If you want to know why Raymond,” Len replied, his voice low and teasing. Ray tried not to shiver at the sound, practically purring when it said his full name like that. “Then make sure you come to Central soon. I don’t like to be kept waiting and I may forget if you take too long to get there.” God, that voice sounded so good over the phone, even when it was basically holding something Ray loved more than his own life hostage. Ray mentally chastised himself for even thinking that.

“I can be there tomorrow night but the way you say that makes me worry,” Ray stated, trying to make light of the situation. “Like I’m going to end up gagged and bound in a trunk or something…” Len actually laughed, not his normal chuckle. Ray tried not to let his mouth feel dry at that.

“Only if you want to be, Raymond. Until then,” Len teased, his voice staying light for one more moment before turning serious. “Tomorrow night by ten, meet me in the alley next to Saints and Sinners. Be a good boy and be on time…” Ray shivered at Len saying “Good Boy” and the phone clicked as Len hung up. Ray let out a breath, setting his phone on the bed and putting his hand over his mouth.

His face felt hot and Ray had no doubt that he was blushing. He couldn’t tell if Len had been serious with his last comment but Ray couldn’t help but wonder. Len was hard to read, a puzzle that Ray wasn’t sure where to start trying to figure out. With a small look down, Ray found himself blushing harder. He was hard from talking to Len, the sound of the omega’s cool but commanding voice apparently having an effect on Ray.

Ray took a shaky breath, looking over at the clock and noting it was almost four thirty. He wasn’t going back to sleep anytime soon. Ray considered taking a cold shower, hoping to calm his body that way. Ray groaned and moved his legs back onto the bed, leaning against the headboard. He might as well just do this. He was anxious about Len having a piece of his suit anyway and masturbation was a good stress reliever. Convincing himself of that lie was far easier than Ray thought.

Slowly, Ray ran his hand down his chest. He tried to picture the thin, gorgeous fingers of Leonard’s trailing down his chest. Ray’s eyes closed, focusing on Len’s face and biting his lower lip. Pushing away the wave of shame he always felt when he did this, Ray reached for the lube he kept in his bedside table. He pulled himself from his boxers and popped the cap off the lube with a squeak of plastic, putting some in his hand.

His cock was eased slightly after being taken from its confines, the cool air of Ray’s room doing little to help the need to be touched. Ray gasped softly as he gripped his hardness with one hand. Ray slid slowly up the shaft, starting out gently as he closed his eyes. Ray didn’t usually fantasize during these times, not since Anna had died and he usually only masturbated to relieve stress.

But this time, he let his mind supply Len’s voice in that sexy drawl, the voice low and commanding. Len was too dominant to be beneath Ray, too controlled. No, Len would be on top and riding. Ray whimpered softly at the thought of Len tying him up, the thought of his wrists bound to the bed while Ray writhed helplessly beneath Len.

Cold blue eyes, forcing Ray to look up at him. That voice switching between harsh commands and praise. Ray shivered as he thought about Len covered in sweat, sinking onto his cock but refusing to allow Ray to come until Len ordered him too. Ray’s hand picked up speed at that thought.
“Such a good boy for me,” the Len of his mind’s eye purred, those sharp blue eyes locking on Ray’s brown. Ray moaned softly at that thought, dragging his thumb over the head of his cock to gather the precum settling there. “I’m going to take everything I want from you, boy scout. Just keep being a good boy...”

“Yes...please...” Ray murmured out loud, hand covering his mouth to muffle his rambling. “I’ll be a good boy...” Ray’s hips pushed up slightly, his hand picking up speed. The thought of Len above him, riding Ray’s cock. He wondered what Len’s body would look like covered in sweat and smirking down at Ray as he begged...

Ray came suddenly and hard, a strangled gasp escaping his mouth. He slowed his strokes to coax the last bits of his orgasm out. When he finally pulled his hand away, he stared at it for several moments, observing the seed coating it. He normally didn’t cum that fast but then again, Ray never pictured being under an omega before. He took some tissues off his bedside table and wiped off his hand. Ray took a moment to catch his breath, his logical brain finally catching up with what he had been thinking about.

Ray turned red again, groaning and covering his face. He fell back against the headboard with a groan. He was an alpha, he wasn’t supposed to be fantasizing about an omega like this. Ray tried to be a dominant and cool alpha but he just couldn't be something he wasn't.

Ray gazed at the empty side of his bed, the slightest bit of pain filling his heart. Anna hadn’t cared that he wasn’t aggressive or bossy. Ray felt his heart give a squeeze at the thought of her, smiling at him and kissing him. Anna always had a way of reassuring Ray that he was perfect as he was.

God, he missed her so much.

He hadn’t dated much since Anna died, his heart wasn’t ready yet. Anna had been perfect for Ray. She was the first person to accept that Ray wasn’t a normal alpha, was calm when she found his secret stash of lacy underthings and didn’t tease him too much for his eating habits. She loved him and Ray was so helplessly in love, he had finally found someone who accepted every part of him.

When Anna died, it felt like Ray’s heart was torn from his chest. Suddenly, the world was quieter, the colors muted. He had been unable to save Anna, unable to protect her from being killed. He threw himself into his work and tried to make up for his mistakes. No one would ever have to go through this pain like he had; if he could prevent just one person from hurting like he did then Ray would be happy.

He wasn’t even sure what he wanted from Len. He was attracted to the man that was for sure and that led to asking him out. Something in the way the omega carried himself, the way he seemed to be so confident and calm. There was a storm brewing behind those blue eyes and Ray found himself swept up in it. It made his heart race and skin feel hot.

But Ray wasn’t really sure he was ready for a relationship yet. It still felt too soon to want that kind of thing with anyone, let alone a career criminal that Ray knew he shouldn’t be attracted to. Ugh, he always did have a thing for bad boys and Len was that and more.

The main question was what Len wanted from Ray. He hadn’t expressed interest in a date but he didn’t say no either. Ray wrinkled his brow in thought, Len clearly had some interest if all his flirting was any indicator. The omega could probably have any alpha he wanted or even anyone for that matter. Why get Ray’s attention? Ray felt his heart skip at the thought that Len found something about him attractive. Len didn’t seem like the type of person to show just anyone attention and the thought made Ray’s mind race.
“This is a bad idea.” Ray said out loud with a small groan.

Len was getting impatient but he wouldn’t show it. Leaning against the wall of the alley, Ray’s piece of tech safely tucked away at a nearby safehouse. He hoped that his plan would play out as he wished it to, getting Ray alone to ask exactly what the man wanted from him. Ray had already surprised Len with his reaction over the phone.

There hadn’t been a hint of the typical alpha rage Len knew to associate with alphas. If Ray’s scent didn’t stink of it at times, Len wouldn’t have believed the man to actually be one. It was truly strange and let Len know it was safe to go forth with the next part of his plan.

Ray springing that date question on Len had shown he was interested but how far was the alpha willing to go. Len didn’t do strings but he wouldn’t say no to sex. He had a feeling about Ray, his instincts telling him that Ray and Len might be able to come to an agreement of sorts.

Len thought back to his call with Ray just the day before. He had tested the waters, set the bait to gauge Ray’s reactions. He had caught the way Ray’s breath hitched when Len had hinted at tying him up and gagging him. Len smirked to himself, letting himself muse over that thought. Ray on his knees, hands tied up and his head between Len’s legs. It didn’t help that Ray was clearly affected by Len calling him a “good boy”.

“Why am I not surprised that you hang out in a bar that looks like it comes straight out of an old detective film?” Ray’s voice said, suddenly breaking Len from his thoughts and he looked up to smirk at the man. He gazed down at his watch, noting it was exactly ten and smiling. Right on time.

“Good to see you, Raymond.” Len stated, looking at Ray with a slow look over him. Ray looked almost too nice to be on this side of town. His shirt was clean, nice jeans and boots. Len could smell the soft alpha scent, so different from the usual musky scent of the alphas in Saints. It was clear that the man didn’t belong with the nervous smile he had on. Len shook his head, meeting Ray’s eyes.

“My gauntlet? I’d like to have that back.” Ray stated, still looking uncomfortable. Len raised a brow and pushed himself off the wall. How was this man an alpha? Len couldn’t even begin to wrap his head around it but he wouldn’t dwell on it. He walked towards Ray, eyes focused on the alpha’s.

“I’ll give it to you in due time, Raymond,” Len stated, watching Ray swallow when he moved closer. “But first, why don’t we discuss what I want from you.” Ray blinked, looking confused and then the look of realization of Len’s statement.

“Of course you want something,” Ray said with a hard sigh. “If it’s about my comment about paying you if you could break in, I suppose I can make good on it even though I was joking…” Len let out a small chuckle. He had considered that but decided to save that for just in case he was reading this wrong. Leonard did always have a backup plan.

“Actually, I had something else in mind for you boy scout.” Len said smoothly, snapping his fingers for Ray to follow him as he walked behind him. “Come along like with me…” Len leaned up, whispering his last words in Ray’s ear.

“Like a good boy.” Len felt Ray shiver against his will, the slightly taller man caught off guard by Len’s closeness. He turned and Len was already at the mouth of the alley with that sexy smirk on his face. Ray took a deep breath and seemed to consider this for a moment, Len barely stopping to stare.
before continuing to walk. Ray could follow if he wanted, Len didn’t really care. Ray sighed heavily and soon, Len heard footsteps following after him. Len smirked when he heard Ray speak beneath his breath.

“This is such a bad idea…”

Len had chosen the same safehouse Ray had been to for the party, feeling better about it since Ray had already been there. This way, if things went south he would have a good escape route. The alpha looked around as they entered, noting the piece of his suit sitting securely on Len’s desk. The thief went towards the desk and picked up the gauntlet before turning to Ray.

“Okay, you brought me here but you still haven’t explained what you want…” Ray asked, eyes flicking from the gauntlet to Len’s eyes. “You said you wanted something…what is it?” Len rolled his eyes, wondering how he hadn’t made his intentions fully clear yet. Ray clearly wasn’t stupid if his exo-suit was anything to go off of but the man was oblivious.

“Alright boy scout, let me be blunt.” Len stated, sitting on the couch and putting the heels of his boots along the top of the couch. “It’s clear you have a thing for me, you aren’t the first and I’m not stupid enough not to notice it.” Len leaned his elbow on the couch, propping his chin on his hand.

“What I want to know is what you want from me? I don’t do strings, I don’t date. Too much to deal with.” Len continued, eyes looking over the gauntlet as Ray stared at Len. He looked even more confused and his eyes were wide. Len could see in Ray’s eyes that he was attempting to connect the dots and Len couldn’t help but smirk, Ray was so innocent it almost hurt.

“I’m not really sure...I mean clearly, I’m attracted to you or I wouldn’t have asked you out.” Ray stated slowly, taking a seat on the couch. “I mean have you actually seen yourself? You’re gorgeous and confident and just...everything I’m not.” Len noted the nervousness and lack of confidence in Ray’s words when Ray added quietly.

“Why the hell are you interested in me?” The man clearly had some self-esteem issues despite everything to indicate otherwise. Len rose from his seat, his boots hitting the floor silently and he moved to stand in front of Ray.

The man’s eyes were cast down, staring at the floor and lost in thought. Len watched for a moment before hooking his fingers under Ray’s chin. The flash of lust that went through Ray’s eyes when he guided the alpha’s gaze upward sent a wave of satisfaction through Len.

“You have exactly what I look for in alphas I take to bed.” Len purred softly, catching the soft hitch in Ray’s breath. “You want someone to take charge, to take the reigns. I can see in your eyes how badly you want to submit to me.” Len swiped his gloved thumb over Ray’s lips, smirking when the alpha’s eyes stared up at him.

“A-alphas aren’t supposed to want that…” Ray whispered softly, eyes not leaving Len’s as the thief searched his every move with cool eyes. Len took in the subtle anxiety, the way Ray’s shoulders were tense and waiting for rejection. “But...I do...want that…I have for a while but I always pushed it away...I’ve always been into wanting to try...a BDSM type thing…” Len stared into Ray’s eyes as the man went silent and he let the idea mull around in his brain.

Ray was inexperienced but Len had been doing this kind of thing for a while. Only Mick knew that
Len had been a dom at the local BDSM club for a short time after getting out of prison but Len was trained and good at this. He enjoyed this type of thing, he liked the power and control but also the trust a submissive gave him. Being an omega made it difficult to find a partner, despite the scene in Central City being accepting sometimes old stereotypes were still held.

“Let’s start off with some basic discussion. If it turns out we don’t work as Dom and Sub then we can discuss money for your tech. I don’t want you to feel forced to do this unless you want to.” Len stated, pulling away to think, he hummed softly to himself as he mused. He could feel Ray’s eyes on him, observing him carefully with eyes full of wonder no doubt. “What do you know about being a submissive? what do you like?” Len turned back to Ray, standing with his arms crossed and eyes watching Ray’s every move. He observed the man’s facial expressions as he waited for an answer.

“I know some things, like about safe words and consent. I-I liked it when you called me a good boy...I like being praised.” Ray answered quietly, trying to get his words out. Len could tell he hadn’t really talked about this kind of thing a lot. “Anna...my intended...she used to praise me, helped me with some things I liked. Um...mostly light stuff like blindfolds and um...roleplaying and...I think it’s called sensation play. Where you play with different things on your skin...candles were fun when we tried them.” Len didn’t bother to hide his smile at that. Ray cleared his throat before taking a deep breath. There was no guarantee that Len would even be willing to do this but it was best to be as honest as possible.

“I like wearing lacy things and feminine clothes but only in the bedroom...I have a few things...I like being tied up and earning my...orgasm.” Len quietly listed these things in his mind: Orgasm denial, roleplaying, blindfolds, cross-dressing, begging. So far, Len was liking this idea for a deal more and more.

“Um, Anna once...put a collar and leash on me. She wasn’t always into being dominating but she agreed to lead me around the apartment sometimes and um...do things for her…” Ray bit his lower lip, voice catching. “I’m sorry...she died and I just...have a hard time talking about it.” Len didn’t let it show on his face but his heart did give a tug seeing the pain pass through Ray’s eyes.

“There was more I wanted to try but she had hard limits and I didn’t want to push...I loved her and Anna already put up with a lot from me. More than anyone had before…” Ray revealed and Len nodded, eyes looking Ray over. “She actually really enjoyed pegging and I loved it.” Len smiled at that, looking almost excited. It wasn’t unheard of for male alphas to try that but he hadn’t actually had an alpha who wanted him to.

“What are you wanting to try?” Len asked Ray, looking back up and swallowing thickly. Len waited for the man to gain control over the deep blush on his face, his eyebrows raising at just how nervous the alpha was. It was almost cute watching Ray squirm from talking about these things.

“Bondage, gagging, handcuffs, rough sex, body worship...um...I wanted to be forced to watch my...partner get off but not allowed to touch.” Ray listed off, wrinkling his brow in concentration. “Since you’re male I wouldn’t mind um...face fucking…” the last thing came out quiet and Len almost missed it. The omega raised a brow, watching Ray looked downward in shame.

“Eyes up, alpha.” Len ordered, watching for Ray’s reaction. The alpha looked up almost immediately and Len watched his back straighten at the command, the slightest gasp escaping Ray’s lips. “I’m not here to judge you. So far all the things you’ve listed are things that fit my needs as well. I like being on top, I like dominating and seeing alphas squirm for me. It’s a rush of power and control but it’s also a responsibility that I take very seriously.” Ray watched as Len walked back to stand in front of him.

“I have a hard limit on pain for myself and there are certain things I won’t do for subs. So don’t
expect me to do anything involving slapping you, hitting you or flogging you. I don’t mind using a riding crop over clothes but that’s it unless it’s for just running along your body.” Len stated, hoping to make Ray more comfortable. “All the things you’ve said are on my yes list. I don’t do anything with scat play or watersports.” When Ray looked at Len in mild confusion, the omega sighed heavily.

“Shit and piss.” The look on Ray’s face managed to pull a laugh from Len. The man raised his hands, shaking his head and looking very uncomfortable with that particular kink. He looked mildly mortified at just the thought of that kind of play.

“Not shaming here but that is a hard no for me too.” Ray stated, watching Len laugh and the blush on his cheeks getting a bit deeper. Len had a gorgeous laugh, deep and oddly warm giving the person it was coming from. “I don’t necessarily want sex all the time either. I mean we can discuss before and you don’t have to be there for ruts unless you want to. I don’t mind helping with your heats if you want me to.” Len raised a brow, that was a first. Most alphas were only in this for sex and eventually, they would tire of being beneath Len and then he would cut them loose. Ray paused, giving a shy, apologetic smile.

“I’m not looking to replace what I lost with Anna just...something to ease the ache I guess.” Ray admitted quietly. “You don’t seem like the type to want that either so...it feels safe.” Len nodding in understanding. He knew exactly what Ray needed now.

Ray was lonely. It was clear to see in the man’s eyes. He was a bright and gentle kind of alpha, nothing like Len had ever seen. From the way he talked about his intended mate and the way he was trusting Len with his vulnerable state, he wanted someone to explore with and maybe have a little fun. This Anna had been something special if Ray was still so hooked he didn't even want to look for another yet.

Len vaguely thought of Mick and Barry when he looked at Ray. It wasn’t exactly the same but the thief could see that Ray had loved that omega with all his heart. He wasn’t looking for love with Len, just companionship, and an easy give and take.

Len came to his decision with that thought. He could always cut the strings if this ended up being something different than he thought.

“I’m not looking for a mate and it doesn’t seem like you are either.” Len finally stated, giving an approving nod. “As long as you know that this is only for getting our rocks off and easing our desires a bit then I’m willing if you are.” Ray nodded eagerly, his eyes lighting up in that way Len was unsure how to respond to.

“You’ll need a safe word. Something simple will do.” Len stated, taking a seat next to Ray and picking up a pad and paper. “I’ll want most of this in writing, make sure it’s clear that we have an agreement prior and we can adjust it when the time comes.” Len was nothing if not meticulous in these things. So many things could go wrong with this kind of deal, things Len didn’t even want to think about.

“Just be aware that I have the right to sever this agreement whenever I see fit and the same goes for you,” Len added, jotting down some things to work through along with the things they had just discussed. “If you get too attached to me or end up falling for me, then I won’t tolerate it. I don’t need that and I don’t want that.” Ray nodded, biting his lip. He did like Len but...well, if a relationship was off the table then Ray would respect that. It might even make things simpler.

“Okay, I think I can do that.” Ray said after a moment of thought. “As for safe words, I like green, yellow, red. Simple and easy.” Len nodded, writing that down as he stared at the paper with a hum
of satisfaction.

“I’ll type up the official agreement but I believe we have a deal, pretty boy.” Len said with a teasing tone in his voice when he turned to Ray. “Did you want to try something tonight? Get your feet wet and see if we work in reality as well as we do on paper?” Ray squeaked, turning a little red and looking towards his lap.

“I-I mean I wouldn’t mind…” Ray stammered, voice nervous. Len couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped him at the hopeful look in Ray’s eyes. The man was adorable in a strange way, one that Len would let himself think for now. Len nodded, rising from the couch and beckoning Ray to follow him towards his room. He had a feeling Ray would want to start something if this worked out so Len had a plan in place just in case.

“As for aftercare, cause I’m not letting you go through a sub-drop without me there to help and I don’t want dom-drop either. Anything I should know prior?” Len asked as they walked towards the room with Ray trailing after him. Ray seemed to consider the question, as if not sure what to really say to that. It was nice that Len cared enough to make sure Ray would be okay after this.

“Um, at least maybe…cuddling after? It helps me feel less…” Ray trailed off, stopping himself from saying his next word but Len already knew what it was. Dirty. Len wondered why Ray was so terrified of his desires? Had someone said something at one time? Len himself had experienced that but then again, his skin was thicker than Ray’s. Len nodded and opened up the door.

“I can do that.” Len stated, not really one to like cuddling in general but if Ray was willing to do this, was putting trust in him in such a vulnerable act then Len could suck it up and cuddle the tall man.

“Just know, I prefer to keep as much on as I can for the first session depending on what you want me to do to you.” Ray blushed, remembering what he had on under his clothes.

“I...um...was a little nervous about meeting you so I may…” Ray struggled, looking around the room at the setup. “Have worn something under…” He could see candles sitting unlit on the bedside table, some handcuffs attached to the simple headboard to the bed, ropes hanging from behind the door and a riding crop hanging from a hook there. Ray’s mouth went dry as his eyes widened. Just the anticipation was making his body shake…

Len’s eyes lit up with a hunger, looking the alpha over like he was ready to pounce. Len sat on the bed, cool expression returning and he crossed his leg over his knee. Ray tried to calm his racing heartbeat as the man nodded in understanding.

“Then be a good boy and show me.” Len ordered smoothly, voice a low drawl that sent a visible shiver down Ray’s spine. “It’s okay Raymond, this is a safe space for both of us. I won’t do anything you don’t want. If you really don’t want to take off your clothes, just say your words and we’ll move on.” Ray knew he shouldn’t trust Len, the man was a criminal but the omega had gone through the trouble of asking Ray all those things. Ray took a deep breath and nodded.

Ray slowly reached down to the bottom hem of his shirt, trying to steady his breathing as he lifted it over his head. It wasn’t a very sexy motion but Ray managed to slide the material off and moved for his pants. When Ray was finally free of his street clothes and looked up at Len, he found himself looking down again. His arms came up subconsciously to shield the blue satin and lace underwear and bra.

“Now, Now, none of that, pretty boy.” Len stated, lifting his hand to gesture for Ray to lower his hands. “Let me see what my gorgeous alpha looks like all dressed up for me.” Ray shivered at the way Len called him “my alpha”. Ray knew it was all part of the scene but there was something about the possessive tone of Len’s voice as he gave the command and the hungry look in his eyes that
Ray lowered his arms, trying hard to fight the blush he knew was rising to his cheeks. This was the tamer of his favorite sets but he loved the way the cool satin felt under his clothes, how the underwear held his currently half hard cock snug against him. Len’s eyes roved over Ray, sharp eyes taking in every inch of the brunette’s form. Ray stood awkwardly, arms at his side and fighting himself to keep from covering up again.

“That’s a good boy,” Len practically purred, meeting Ray’s eyes and crooking his finger. “You look so gorgeous in that little number. Come over here for me.” Ray moved to walk over when Len shook his head, his finger moving down to the floor.

“Crawl.” Len’s cool order stated, Ray’s heart giving a thrilled skip and his mouth going dry. He smiled with eyes so wide Len had to fight to keep from chuckling at him. Ray obeyed easily and moved slowly to crawl towards Len. Len’s stormy blue eyes were fixed on Ray’s brown, occasionally flicking upward to watch his body moving toward him. Ray stopped in front of Len, still watching the man and waiting for the next order.

“You catch on quick, boy scout.” Len said, tone changing for just a moment as he gripped Ray’s chin. “Can I get a color, Raymond?” Ray was surprised when the omega’s voice switched tones. It was an almost gentle tone in Len’s voice when he asked that, making Ray’s heart flutter and his smile widened.

“Green...very much Green.” Ray replied excitedly, earning an understanding nod from Len as the omega switched back to his dominating ways. His eyes returned to their cool, cocky stare and Ray loved every second of them looking him over. Len contemplated his next move carefully. He wanted to keep this simple...

“Good, now let’s go onto something easy you know you enjoy,” Len stated, standing up and looking down at Ray. “Stay there and do not move.” Ray did as he was told, part of him wanting to move his head to follow Len but keeping his body still. His muscles shivered involuntarily in anticipation but other than that, Ray stayed perfectly still.

“On the bed, boy scout.” Len suddenly said and Ray did as instructed, another flutter of eager happiness in his chest. Ray crawled up and Len soon followed. The taller man watched Len straddle over him, taking his wrists and tying them carefully to the headboard before moving to tie Ray’s ankles.

Suddenly, Ray felt his body stiffen. He didn’t really feel comfortable being completely immobile like that with Len during their first time trying this. He didn’t like the nervous feeling in his chest, a chill creeping up his body. When Len touched the rope around Ray’s ankle, he jerked back in a panic.

“Yellow!” Ray stated before he could stop himself and Len was instantly drawing the rope back, turning his head to meet Ray’s eyes. “I...would rather my legs be free.” Len didn’t complain, just nodded and tossed the rope aside. Ray smiled happily, feeling a little more reassured now that Len had proven he would stop instantly at the safe word. It made Ray feel just a little more trusting of Len in this type of situation.

“That’s fine, pretty boy. I’ve got plenty of plans and they don’t need your legs bound.” Len soothed, giving Ray a smirk. Ray turned red, his heart pounding in his chest. This felt amazing, the anticipation making Ray feel giddy and happy.

Len slipped two fingers under the bonds on Ray’s wrists to make sure it wasn’t cutting off any circulation before looking down at Ray. Len let the smallest of smirks quirk at his lips when he met
Ray’s wide brown eyes, looking so cute with excitement. Len hadn’t expected to enjoy Ray’s enthusiasm this much, feeling himself getting slick from the alpha’s noises and reactions so far.

“Someone is excited,” Len stated, looking down at Ray's body and noting how hard the alpha was getting beneath his pretty underwear. “So well behaved, like a cute puppy I get to play with.” Ray whimpered at that, watching Len move along the side of the bed and the thief running his leather gloved hand along Ray’s thighs. Ray’s scent was getting stronger, Len spotting the front of his panties starting to soak with pre-cum.

“Oh, do you like being called that?” Len teased, moving to his bedside table and taking out a few things. “Do you like the idea of being my pet, boy scout?” Ray nodded, watching Len remove some things from the bedside table. A feather tickler, some sandpaper, a blindfold and a pinwheel-like instrument with sharp pins that sent a shiver through Ray’s body.

“Hmmm, you like this one?” Len stated, catching the way Ray’s tongue licked his lips when he spotted the pinwheel. “Wartenberg Pinwheels are my favorite to use. So many fun ways to use them.” Len lightly dragging the pinwheel along Ray’s side, earning a sharp gasp of surprise from the alpha when the metal lightly pricked his skin. The alpha squirmed when Len smirked at him, those stormy blue eyes darkening with lust.

Len reached for the blindfold and moved toward Ray. He wasted no time tying it around the man’s eyes, darkening the world for him. Ray let out a breath and shivered despite himself, all of his inhibitions starting to fall away under Len’s careful movements and cool voice. Len leaned down and Ray’s breath hitched at the feeling of the omega’s hot breath against his ear.

“Color?” Len asked, wanting to check up on his submissive before really diving in. Ray was almost shaking with happiness and excitement. The satin of his panties felt amazing, almost too tight on his hardness that was pushing against the confines. The scratch of the rope on his wrists driving his body crazy now that he was blinded, the toy Len was gently digging into his side now adding to the sensations.

“Green.” Ray practically moaned, the sound of his voice surprising him. He sounded desperate and needy. Ray felt vulnerable but ready to keep going, biting his lower lip when Len chuckled in his ear.

“Well then, my good little alpha...” Len whispered carefully with a nip at the shell of Ray's ear, gloved hand moving down Ray’s stomach slowly and drawing another gasp of pleasure from Ray at the sensation.

“Let’s get started.”

Chapter End Notes

This took longer than expected because I had to do a shit ton of research just to be sure I was portraying things correctly. Just so you know that while I am pretty educated about the BDSM community and do have friends in it, I am by no means an expert and I can’t in good conscience let you treat me as such. If anything in here sounds interesting, I advise doing more research before attempting anything in reality.
While I did my best to make this as realistic as possible and tried to reflect how a real Dom/Sub relationship should start out, ultimately this is fanfic and the characters aren't real so they can't get hurt.
The Calm

Chapter Summary

Four years have passed since Mick met Barry. Every day, Mick falls deeper in love and Barry couldn't be happier. Things have been more than amazing but Mick still has some trouble letting Barry all the way inside his heart. When the subject of mating makes Mick shut down, Barry has to find a way to understand just why his boyfriend refuses to take this final step with him.

Meanwhile, Ray is having his own problems of the heart.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the lovely comments on the last chapter! I always appreciate knowing that y'all enjoy reading my work so much.

Enjoy this latest update and be sure to let me know what you think!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The alarm went off with a high pitched beeping, jolting Barry from sleep. He slammed his hand into his alarm with a groan and opened his eyes. Blinking the sleep from them, Barry turned over to pillow his head on Mick’s chest. The alpha’s scent was a comfort and Barry felt his eyes getting heavy again from the smell. Maybe just a few more minutes, just enough to shake the sleep from his eyes. Barry’s eyes closed when Mick’s hand moved to stroke through his hair, just wanting a few more seconds of sleep...

“Come on, doll. You need to shower and get ready for work.” Mick chuckled, the sound rumbling in his chest and making Barry smile at the sound against his ear. “Especially after last night, my scent will be all over you.” The omega groaned, clinging to Mick when the alpha tried to get up.

“Five more minutes,” Barry whined and Mick shook his head. Barry felt Mick’s arms lifting him as he sat them both up with a small groan of complaint. Mick pulled Barry to sit up, sliding out from underneath him and getting out of the bed. The alpha placed a kiss on Barry’s temple when the man opened his eyes and rubbed them.

“I’ll go make you some breakfast and lunch, take your shower,” Mick stated when Barry looked up at him with eyes somewhat more awake. “If you’re late again, that captain of yours is going to give you an earful.” Barry rolled his eyes, tossing his feet over the side of the bed and standing up. He watched Mick move to throw a pair of boxers on but soon closed the distance to press his face against Mick’s back.
“Wouldn’t you rather join me?” Barry asked, hands coming around Mick’s waist and he kissed up his boyfriend’s neck. Mick grunted softly, making Barry smirk. “And your scent is always on me, you practically live here whenever you aren’t going off on wild heists with Len.” Barry ran his fingers along Mick’s hip bones and nipped at his alpha’s neck. Barry’s smirk widened when Mick sighed in defeat.

“Fuck it,” Mick grumbled, turning around to wrap Barry up in his arms and pressed a kiss to Barry’s lips. “Alright you win, doll. But you have to explain to your captain and West why you’re late.” Barry smiled brightly, leading Mick to the small shower. It was clear Mick practically lived in in Barry’s apartment. A grey, extra large towel for Mick next to one of Barry’s red towels, two toothbrushes in a cup by the sink, and some candles from when they took baths together.

Barry bent over and turned on the water, giving it a moment to heat up. Suddenly, he gasped in surprise when he felt Mick smack his ass and squeezed the firm cheek in his hand. Barry leaned his head back to meet Mick’s mouth that nipped at his neck and Mick’s other hand gliding up his stomach. The feeling of Mick’s rough, calloused hands on him made Barry curl his toes and bite his lip to hold back a soft moan.

“Stop, I don’t have time for a quickie today.” Barry whined and swatted at his lover’s hand. Mick huffed as Barry straightened up and turned to face his lover, throwing his arms around the alpha’s neck. Barry kissed the corner of Mick’s mouth and grinned up at him, eyes sparkling with affection.

“How is it you can still sneak up on me after four years?” Barry asked, nuzzling into Mick’s scent gland and inhaling Mick’s scent. The strong, musky scent was somehow tinged with something else. Mick groaned softly, guiding Barry back to get into the shower.

“You trust me too much.” Mick answered simply, closing the curtain behind them and bringing Barry under the hot shower water. “You should know by now that I can’t resist this pretty little ass.” Mick squeezed Barry’s ass in his large hands to make his point, drawing a soft gasp from the omega. Barry shook his head, leaning up and kissing Mick again before pulling away.

He pushed his now wet hair back out of his eyes, staring up at Mick as the hot water chased away the last of his tiredness. Barry knew he would still need coffee but this helped him wake up enough. He took a moment to admire Mick’s small smile, hand coming up to scrape his thumb along the side of Mick’s jaw. He loved admiring how gorgeous Mick was, water running down the alpha’s strong shoulders and muscled back. Barry tore his eyes away before turning to wash his hair.

Barry tried not to take too long but they ended up falling into the routine they normally did whenever they showered together. Mick grabbing the body wash to wash Barry, nipping and kissing at the omega’s neck whenever he could as he worked the soap over his skin in a heavy lather. Mick enjoyed taking care of Barry like this, washing his omega and massaging any sore muscles left from the night before.

Barry never complained. He liked feeling Mick’s large hands all over him, his alpha’s attention making his heart race. The touches moved between teasing and non-sexual in nature, guaranteeing that Barry would be thinking of Mick for the rest of the day. Barry pressed his ass against the alpha’s cock, teasing him with a smirk when the alpha groaned.

“Damn it, doll.” Mick growled, biting a little hard at Barry’s scent gland to make him behave. “You sure you have to go to work? Just say you went into heat early.” Barry laughed, feeling Mick’s arms wrap around his waist and pull him under the water.

“My next heat should be next week and Joe knows that so even if Singh did believe that I’m having a two-week long heat, Joe will not,” Barry explained, earning a disappointed groan from Mick and
he turned in the man’s arms. “Hey, just think about this. You have me all week next week.” Mick’s muscles stiffened under Barry’s hands, his face falling and the omega wrinkled a brow.

“Can’t, my rut is next week too.” Mick stated, looking up to meet Barry’s eyes. “I’m going to a safe house to wait it out.” Barry felt his heart sink at that thought. Since they had been together so long, Mick’s ruts and Barry’s heats had gotten closer together and sometimes they ended up aligning. The alpha had still refused to let Barry help him with his ruts beyond dirty pictures or phone sex, saying he didn’t trust himself not to hurt Barry or mark him by accident.

That didn’t stop Barry from wanting to help. He did everything he could to make sure Mick had something while he locked himself away. Barry would spend a week carefully compiling things that smelled of him so Mick could have them, taking new photos for his lover and once even sent him a sexy video that Mick still had saved to his phone.

“Maybe this time...we could do this together?” Barry asked, watching as Mick’s head jerked up. Barry’s heart sank as Mick’s face shut down, looking uncomfortable with the direction this was going in. The alpha’s eyes narrowed and he grunted his response. Barry knew that it was a clear no but he pushed a little anyway.

“It’s been four years, Mick,” Barry said as Mick turned off the shower, opening the curtain and walking out to grab his towel. Barry grabbed his own towel, drying his hair as he continued to speak. “Don’t you think that maybe it’s time to let me help you with a rut?” Mick shook his head, drying himself off and not meeting Barry’s eyes.

“No, doll. I don’t want to risk marking you by mistake,” Mick stated, his voice trying to make Barry drop the subject. “You’ve heard me on the phone. I can’t control myself.” Barry wrapped the towel around his waist, crossing his arms over his chest. He knew Mick didn’t mean to but when he talked about marking Barry by “mistake” it made his heart ache in his chest.

“What if I want you to mark me?” Barry stated, daring to dredge up yet another one of their old arguments. Mick’s shoulders stiffened like he was ready for a fight and Barry had to keep from wincing when he turned, eyes full of intensity. Mick normally didn’t use his alpha stare on Barry unless he really wanted a subject dropped and unfortunately, mating was one of the subjects. Barry kept his gaze steadily on Mick’s despite his instincts telling him to turn away.

“I said no,” Mick ordered and Barry glared at him. “We are done talking about this.” Barry narrowed his brow, own body stiff as he pushed past Mick into their room. Barry dressed silently, not even really paying attention to what he was putting on. He was fuming at Mick’s refusal to even talk about why he didn’t want to be mated.

Barry loved Mick and told him daily. He tried to be patient and wait for Mick to be ready, he really did but sometimes it felt like they had gotten stuck. Barry wanted to move forward, wanted to bear his alpha’s mark and let the whole world know he was taken by Mick. He wanted Mick to move in permanently and spend the rest of their lives arguing over what movie to watch after dinner. Barry thought that by this point, Mick would have wanted that too.

Mick didn’t say he loved Barry often, reserving it for special occasions to give the words more weight. Mick expressed his love in actions more than words, waking up Barry for work and making him lunch when he stayed the night. Mick was still gentle when they were intimate and never failed to make Barry quiver under his rough hands.

Barry pulled his shirt over his head as he let out a heavy sigh. It would be easier to put his worries to rest if Mick would at least tell him why. Barry hated that Mick just shut him out, didn’t even let him talk about it. Barry didn’t want to push Mick but it hurt that his boyfriend didn’t seem to care about
what Barry had to say.

Mick still didn’t talk much about his past. Barry knew that Mick’s parents died in a fire that he had started but the alpha refused to tell him anything else. Barry figured that whatever Mick wasn’t telling him had something to do with Mick’s refusal to mate with him. Barry had his own anxieties now after four years, most of them fed by people asking questions but also his own fears. Was he not good enough for Mick to decide to make this permanent?

After Barry got dressed, he found Mick in the kitchen wearing the robe Barry had gotten him the Christmas before last. A black one decorated in flames that Mick adored even if he never admitted it out loud. Barry let his eyes move down Mick’s body, admiring the rise and fall of every scar and muscle. He was cooking Barry an egg sandwich to take with him and the omega felt his heart squeeze when Mick didn’t even look up from cooking to meet his eyes. Barry poured himself a cup of coffee, mixing in his creamer and staring as it swirled in the mug.

The air was heavy with tension, Mick and Barry’s silence weighing heavily in the room. Normally, they would spend the morning talking and getting their fill of touches before Barry and Mick started their days. When they argued, Mick would go silent and refuse to even look at Barry afterward. Sometimes, Mick would disappear for a day or two with no contact. The first time it happened, Len had chewed Barry out for getting mad after three days with no word from Mick. The other omega then explained that if Mick wasn’t using his fists to end a fight then the alpha needed space to figure out his thoughts. Len was helpful in the early days in helping Barry understand Mick when the alpha wouldn’t tell the omega things.

Barry bit his lip and tried to think of what to say. He wanted to apologize but sometimes, he wondered if he was really asking too much of Mick. Mick had been trying since they had started dating. He tried to talk to Barry about what he was comfortable with, stole a little less and mostly stopped killing. His drinking had gone down and Barry knew that while he still lit fires, the instances of needing large blazes had become less. Mick had made progress and Barry felt guilty for being so impatient.

“I’m sorry...I know I shouldn’t push.” Barry said softly and looked up at Mick, watching him flip the egg onto the bread for him. Mick handed it to Barry without meeting the omega’s eyes and Barry felt his heart twinge. Mick continued to be silent, Barry finding it hard to know if the pyro was thinking or ignoring him. He looked towards the clock, groaning at the time and then looked back at Mick.

The alpha held out the lunch box that he had no doubt loaded with enough food to keep Barry afloat for the whole day. The omega felt his heart melt just a little and he took it silently. After a moment, Barry moved forward and kissed Mick’s cheek. The alpha’s scent was tinged with frustration and Barry felt himself deflate. Mick was irritated and there was no fixing this before work or he risked being later than he knew he would be already.

“I love you...maybe I’ll see you tonight?” Barry asked hopefully, smiling softly up at Mick. The alpha met his eyes this time, searching them. Mick sighed heavily and put a comforting hand on Barry’s lower back. The alpha nipped at Barry’s neck, comforting his omega more than he knew.

“Maybe. Just give me some time to think, Doll.” Mick said slowly, easing Barry’s heart a bit with the statement. Mick could be slow to think about things sometimes but Barry knew better than to push anymore now. “Now get going before I have to deal with West wondering where you are.”

“Okay, be good today.” Barry said as he headed for the door, trying not to feel anxious for the day. He hated fighting with Mick before work, knowing that his head would be occupied with thoughts of it all day. His chest felt tight as he rode the bus to work, his mind swimming as he slowly ate the sandwich Mick had made him. He almost wanted to cry but Barry didn’t want to explain why his
Barry was only eight minutes late to work, better than he expected. The precinct was busy and the crowds would be useful in hiding Barry’s attempt to sneak up the stairs to his lab. He didn’t need a verbal lashing at the hands of his captain, nor did he want to face Joe. His foster father would no doubt be able to tell Barry was upset.

But it seemed that luck was not on his side today.

“Bare, you’re late again.” Joe’s voice said as he came up behind Barry. The omega groaned, happy it was at least Joe and not Singh. Joe could at least understand Barry’s excuse, even if after four years he was still guarded about Mick. Barry sighed heavily and turned to Joe, giving him a half-hearted smile.

“Yeah...just had a bit of a bad morning.” Barry stated, hoping that Joe would catch the hint but the alpha rolled his eyes. Joe crossed his arms over his chest, smiling in a stiff way that he always did when he had to bring up Mick.

“Did your alpha have issues letting you out of bed?” Joe asked, not keen on mentioning Mick’s name in public since it wasn’t really known to the precinct that Barry was with Mick. Most could scent that he had an alpha but never really asked who. Barry’s face fell slightly and his shoulders deflated as he recalled his argument with Mick.

“No, he was the one pushing to get me up and moving but…” Barry started, trying to find the words. “We argued and he said he needed time to think.” Joe wrinkled his brow, gesturing to the stairs to follow Barry to his lab.

“What was the argument?” Joe asked, even though Barry knew he had probably already guessed the subject. Joe had listened to Barry many times about Mick’s reluctance to mate. Joe didn’t approve of Mick but at this point, he knew he couldn’t change Barry’s mind about Mick. All the alpha could do was wait for it to pass. Joe hadn’t accepted Mick into his life but he tolerated the man, that was all Barry could really hope for without Mick marking him yet.

“Mating again. Mick won’t even let me bring it up without shutting me out for it.” Barry said sadly as he managed to get up the stairs to his lab. “He just gives me his stare and tells me to drop it and I don’t understand. Am I asking too much after four years together?” Joe watched Barry take off his bag, putting it on a chair and looking at the pile of files on his desk.

“I told you before Barry, Rory isn’t going to settle down like that.” Joe stated just like Barry knew he would. Even after four years, Joe was still pretty adamant that Mick wouldn’t mark him. It was too permanent, too domestic for a hardened criminal. Barry bit his lip and tried to keep his mind from starting to wonder if it was true. Barry had to trust that Mick would want to mate when he was ready.

“I know, you say that every time Mick and I argue about this but I don’t care if he doesn’t want to just that he won’t talk to me about it!” Barry grumbled, tone exasperated. “Maybe set up a time frame or even have him listen to how it makes me feel...but he won’t listen at all…” Joe’s eyes softened, reaching towards the omega and giving his shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

“Bare, it’s been four years and he still won’t listen to you about it.” Joe said, his tone soft as if he was trying to convince Barry. “I know you say he tries but do you ever think that maybe his best isn’t what you need? It sounds like even though he tries, Rory can’t meet you halfway.” Barry looked down, feeling his heart give an ache at the possibility that Joe could be right.

“I-I don’t know, I still love him and I want this to work.” Barry said softly, letting his shoulders sink.
Joe nodded, taking a deep breath. Barry knew something was coming. Blunt but honest words that Joe thought Barry needed to hear.

“Sometimes, Bare, Love isn’t enough to make a relationship work.” Joe said, voice still soft as he released Barry’s shoulder. “I’ll let you work. Try not to let this affect you too much and focus on working, it’ll keep your mind off things.” Barry nodded, turning to his files and trying to focus. The door closed behind Joe and Barry found himself alone in his lab.

His heart ached in his chest, Joe’s words circling around inside his mind. Could the man be right? Maybe the love Barry felt for Mick would never be enough. Maybe they were doomed to fail and never end up mated, just another painful memory of lost love and regrets.

Barry tried to focus on his work, pushing the thoughts from his mind. He could deal with this later when he wasn’t handling dangerous chemicals and trying to solve crimes. His personal life would just have to wait.

Mick would have to wait.

“He knows I don’t like to talk about it,” Mick growled to Len, the omega pouring over some new plans for a heist he wanted to run in a few weeks. Len seemed oddly calm, calmer than normal and Mick knew it had something to do with Ray being in town for a few days. Mick wasn’t even going to pretend to understand what was going on there. Ray and Len slept together, that much Mick knew. He had run in on them once before and after that, he didn’t even want to think about what Len did to Ray behind closed doors.

“So why does he keep bringing it up?” Mick grumbled, flicking his lighter open and staring at the flame. His heart felt like a jumbled mess of emotion and Mick didn’t like it. He always hated arguing with Barry but the omega always had to keep bringing up the subject of mating. Anxiety and fear were creeping into Mick’s chest at just the thought of Barry being with him during a rut...

“Okay, how did the conversation go exactly?” Len stated, sounding bored but Mick knew that was just the omega trying to mask his concern. “Start with mentioning his heat and for the love of god don’t give me details on what you were doing. I still haven’t erased the last time I caught you with Barry from my mind.”

Mick smirked at that memory. Mick had exacted his revenge on Len for not warning him about Ray being over by “forgetting” the man was coming over to Barry’s apartment. Len had walked in just in time to see Mick with Barry bent over the kitchen counter, quite enthusiastically eating his omega out.

Barry had made him sleep on the couch for a week after that but it had been worth it to see Len attempt to hide his embarrassment with a snide remark before leaving the apartment with a slam of the door.

“His heat is next week so he mentioned spending it together but I told him, no ‘cause my rut is next week too.” Mick stated, grabbing a coffee can from the floor and placing it on the table in front of him. The metal was blackened around the edges, the label melted from how often Mick lit paper and other flammable items on fire inside of it.

“Then he said he wanted to try spending it with me. I told him I’m too aggressive and I didn’t want
to risk marking him.” Mick said, tearing some paper from a notebook he had lying on the table and tossing it in the can. “He said...he wants me to mark him. I...glared at him and told him to drop it.” Mick held up the paper, lighting it with his lighter and watching the paper burn in his hand. He waited until the last second to drop it in the coffee can. The flames flew up, eating at the paper and catching Mick’s attention. He kept feeding paper to it, letting the bright flames draw his anxiety out of his chest as they danced before his eyes.

“You used the alpha stare, didn’t you? Well, no wonder he was pissed, you know Barry hates when you do that.” Len drawled, still not looking up from his plans, drawing some lines in pencil on the building schematics. “That seems to be a pattern whenever this topic comes up.” Mick grunted in response, watching the fire as Len continued to plan.

Len may not be emotional but he understood how other people could be. It was helpful to Mick because sometimes, he had a hard time communicating how he felt to Barry or understanding why Barry felt the way he did. Len was helpful because he understood how Mick processed things and wasn’t afraid to be blunt if he needed to be.

“Mick, maybe it is time to consider telling Barry why you don’t want to mark him.” Len stated, still not looking up. “I mean four years is a long time. Enough time to work out that honeymoon phase, actually gets down to the nitty-gritty of who each of you are as people and lets you build off it. He’s been pretty patient, more patient than I thought he would be.” Mick stared at the flame, letting out a low growl. He wasn’t comfortable with this idea...

“Don’t growl at me.” Len snapped, finally looking up to spin his chair to face Mick. “Mick, I know you want to shield him but eventually the kid is going to have to know why. He’s shared everything with you and you’ve given him the bare minimum in return.”

Mick rolled his eyes, adding more paper to the fire and watching it burn. He didn’t want to tell Barry everything about his abuse because he didn’t need his lover’s pity. Mating meant Barry was stuck with him, that he was tied to Mick and what if something happened to the man because of it? Mick’s heart felt cold at that thought.

“You want to pretend you are keeping him at arm’s length still, keep that last little shred of independence but Mick you have been gone on Barry since you agreed to a date with him.” Len stated, crossing on leg over his knee and leaning back in his chair. “You’re worried he’s going to get hurt and then you’ll be left broken.” Mick’s eyes narrowed, finally tearing his eyes away from the flame. Len had seen through Mick’s wall again and the alpha hated it. Len’s voice was cold, ready to tell Mick something he didn’t want to hear.

“I’m going to say it I like had to four years ago.” Len said, voice hard and cold eyes locking on Mick’s. “Either decide if Barry is worth it or end it.” Mick rose to his feet, fists clenching at his sides in anger. He met Len’s eyes with his stare, glaring down at the omega even though he knew it had no effect on his partner. Len chuckled and smirked in that knowing way he knew made Mick’s blood boil.

“And we both know Barry’s hold on you is too strong for you to even think about leaving.” Len said, voice mocking. “So just go talk to him so you two can have boring make-up sex and I can get back to my plans.” Mick grabbed the coffee can, the flames had died out, and tossed it at Len. The thief dodged but when the can hit the desk instead, the still warm ashes spilled out onto his plans and onto the floor.

Len sighed, turning to wipe the ashes off the schematics only to hear the door slamming behind Mick. He groaned, rolling his eyes and trying not to care. He never understood why it was his job to play therapist to Barry and Mick’s relationship. At this point, he wished they would at least pay him
for his troubles.

"Rough day?" a familiar voice asked, making Len stiffen despite knowing who it was. He turned and was met with Ray’s smiling face, holding a drink carrier and what Len knew was a cup of cocoa. “We can reschedule our scene today if you don’t feel up to it?” Ray’s eyes were concerned and Len felt his heart flutter just slightly.

“It’s fine, you probably passed Mick on the way in.” Len said, turning in his chair when Ray walked towards him. “He’s just being an ass while I’m trying to plan.” The alpha handed Len the cup, smiling at him apologetically. Len’s heart gave the slightest jolt when their fingers brushed. He covered it with taking a sip from the cup and letting the hot cocoa wash over his tongue.

“Yeah I did,” Ray admitted, taking his own cup from the carrier and tossing the carrier in the garbage next to Len’s desk. “Let me guess, more trouble in paradise?” Len shrugged and set the cup down, scribbling something down with his plans.

“Just Mick being himself. I’m just glad Barry gets to deal with him now.” Len replied, vaguely aware of Ray nodding. “We can start after I finish this. I meant to have it before you got here but I guess you were eager.” Len smirked to himself, noting that Ray was early for their “appointment”. Ray smiled into his cup of tea and moved to the couch.

“I can wait. I came early to bring you a little pick me up anyway since Lisa said you were and I quote “Balls deep in planning mode.” when I talked to her earlier.” Ray said with a chuckle, sipping his tea and looking around the safehouse. Over the years, Ray had been allowed in a good number of Len’s safehouses and this was a new one. Len clenched his jaw at the mention of his sister. Lisa had gotten Ray’s number some time ago, making friends with the alpha and Len wasn’t completely okay with it.

“I wish you wouldn’t talk to her,” Len said dryly, scribbling away and calculating some time windows. “This is purely a business arrangement and our personal lives shouldn’t mingle.” Ray leaned back on the couch after setting his cup down. Ray took a moment, looking over Len’s hunched form.

“Should have written that in the agreement then.” Ray replied, watching Len’s head pop up and the man turned to glare at the alpha. “Hey, don’t look at me like that. We both know Lisa does what she wants and I didn’t even give her my number. She just got it herself.” Len groaned, Ray’s scent was distracting him and he rose from the chair.

“Remind me why I didn’t sever this agreement when that happened?” Len teased, moving to stand in front of Ray. The alpha looked up, brown eyes looking hopefully up at Len. “Between talking to my sister and showing up with my favorite drink, you’ve been quite the naughty alpha.” Ray visibly shivered and Len reached out to slip his fingers under Ray’s chin. Some kind of emotion flashed through Ray’s eyes, a soft one that left Len’s heart hammering.

“Because you enjoy the thrill of this too much.” Ray teased, returning Len’s smirk with one of his own. Ray’s was softer, less biting and full of warmth. Len chuckled and rolled his eyes, moving to walk around the couch.

“Get up, pretty boy and come accept your punishment.” Len said, his voice taking on that hard, dominating tone he knew would make Ray’s spine stiffen. There was a shuffle of Ray getting up, shoes scraping on the floor as he hurriedly walked towards Len.

“Yes, omega.” Ray replied, the low submissive tone sending a thrill through Len’s body and setting a smile on his face.
This was going to be fun.

Barry sighed as he packed up his bag to head home for the night. It was nearing dark and he was tired. His whole day, Barry had been distracted. He had passed out wrong files, missed lunch trying to catch up and almost ran the wrong samples that day. Barry was just glad it was over.

He clocked out and started to head down the stairs. Barry’s mind was still reeling from his conversation with Joe and his fight with Mick. Doubts had been circling in his mind all morning, logic and emotion feeling at war in Barry’s chest. Barry wasn’t looking forward to the long, lonely night at home. Whenever they fought, Mick wouldn’t come around for a day or two while he figured things out.

Barry’s escape, as well as his thoughts, were halted by the sound of Singh’s office door opening when he reached the bottom of the stairs and his name being called. Barry stiffened, not even attempting to hide. He turned only to see Captain Singh standing at the base of the stairs already. Barry took a deep breath and tried not to groan out loud. Just his luck that Singh noticed him leaving.

“Allen, my office now.” Singh growled, making Barry take a deep breath and he tried to smile but his heart just wasn’t into it. Barry didn’t bother coming up with an excuse, he just wanted to go home at this point. He loved his job but on days like this, he just wanted to crawl into his bed and wait for Mick to come back.

“It’s been a long day sir, can’t this wait until morning?” Barry asked with his fake smile in place. Singh narrowed his eyes, lifting his hand and pointing towards his office. Singh had a pretty powerful alpha stare but he never used it on Barry which the omega was grateful for since was the only omega in the precinct. Singh never treated him differently though, earning him Barry’s respect.

They entered the office, Singh closing the door behind Barry. The omega looked around the room, looking for any changes since he had last been in the room. He was in Singh’s office far too often than he liked but most times he could deal with the verbal reprimands. Today, however, Barry was too emotionally exhausted.

“Look, sir, I’m sorry I just…” Barry started to say when the captain pointed towards the chair on the opposite side of his desk. Singh took his own seat and met Barry’s eyes when the omega didn’t sit down.

“Sit, Allen and tell me why you were so distracted today.” Singh stated, giving no room for argument as Barry took a seat. “You’ve been mixing up files all day, your work has been sloppy and you’re normally well-done reports are lacking their normal amount of detail. Something is wrong and I can’t have your work suffering without knowing why.” Barry sighed in defeat, crossing his arms over his chest. The captain was usually pretty good at reading people, it was why he was captain.

“Um, my boyfriend and I had a fight this morning is all. I’m fine and I shouldn’t have let it affect my work. It won’t happen again.” Barry tried to defend, uncomfortable with talking about this with his captain. It was always a rough spot to be too close to anyone who might smell Mick’s scent on Barry and recognize it. So far Barry had gotten lucky, only a few close calls but Singh had dealt with Mick and Len both…
“What about if you don’t mind me asking?” Singh said, leaning on his hands and staring at Barry in a non-threatening way. “It looks like it’s weighing on you so I’m sensing that this isn’t the first argument.” Barry took a deep breath and considered what to say.

“We’ve been together for four years and Mi—my boyfriend refuses to let me be there for his ruts. He doesn’t want to mark me by mistake but...” Barry tried not to blush at the thought of telling his captain this. “I want him to. I love him and I’ve tried being as patient as I can...He’s had a rough life and I understand why he has these reservations but he won’t even discuss it!” Barry scowled at the memory of Mick’s glare that morning, frustration leaking into his scent.

“I mean if I so much as mention it, he tries to stare me into submission and just says “drop it.” but I want to discuss it and it’s frustrating that he doesn’t.” Barry said, the words pouring out before he could stop them. “He isn’t the best communicator and he does try but this subject is completely off limits and it’s the biggest thing that we should be talking about.”

Barry ran his hand over his face, trying to erase the tiredness from his eyes. He thought back to what Joe had said and felt the anxiety about Mick creeping up again. He wanted to believe that Mick would come around but what if Barry’s foster father was right?

“Joe said that sometimes love isn’t enough...that he thinks Mi—...I mean my boyfriend’s halfway is less than mine.” Barry admitted quietly, hating how insecure his voice sounded. “I love him and I want to believe that we can make it work but...I just don’t know...”

Singh nodded, listening to Barry carefully. Barry looked down when he finally finished talking. He was waiting for Singh to just kick him out of his office or tell Barry what the omega was used to hearing whenever he mentioned Mick. The captain leaned back in his chair and smiled at Barry.

“So, you and Rory have been together for that long? Color me shocked that you managed to get him to stay so long.” Singh stated and Barry froze. His boss knew about his relationship with Mick? How did the captain find out? Barry had tried to be so careful. The panic must have reached Barry’s face because Singh raised a hand to calm him.

“Calm down, Allen. I don’t care who you sleep with or plan on mating as long as you do your job.” Singh said with a small shake of his head. “You follow procedure and I was wondering why Rory and Snart have been so careful for the last few years. I just didn’t think it had anything to do with you managing to domesticate an arsonist.” Barry met Singh’s eyes and smiled sheepishly, like a kid with his hand in a cookie jar.

“So, you and Rory have been together for that long? Color me shocked that you managed to get him to stay so long.” Singh stated and Barry froze. His boss knew about his relationship with Mick? How did the captain find out? Barry had tried to be so careful. The panic must have reached Barry's face because Singh raised a hand to calm him.

“Yeah...Mick’s been working on his issues since we got together. I’ve gotten him to try talking it out rather than burning things, he still won’t go to therapy but he manages better now.” Barry admitted, feeling a little more secure for just a moment. “It’s taken a lot from both of us but we love each other. Mick even says that to my face sometimes.” Singh chuckled at that, his smile unexpected but oddly comforting. The alpha nodded, the room going silent for a moment.

“You want my advice?” Singh finally said after a few moments of quiet. “I’d say that getting any work from Rory means he thinks you’re worth it. The best thing you can do is make him listen. Tell him that it’s not the mating that has you impatient, it’s that he won’t tell you why and shuts you out when you ask.” Barry nodded and actually liked that advice. It wasn’t a request that he give up, just that he make his own voice heard.

“You want my advice?” Singh finally said after a few moments of quiet. “I’d say that getting any work from Rory means he thinks you’re worth it. The best thing you can do is make him listen. Tell him that it’s not the mating that has you impatient, it’s that he won’t tell you why and shuts you out when you ask.” Barry nodded and actually liked that advice. It wasn’t a request that he give up, just that he make his own voice heard.

“Joe has a point, don’t get me wrong but if it’s one thing I’ve learned, it’s that relationships aren’t just about being two separate people. It’s about bringing out the best in each other and sharing the stuff that isn’t perfect.” Singh explained, leaning forward again and meeting Barry’s gaze steadily. “Tell him that you feel unheard, that it feels like he doesn’t care enough to talk about it. Present it in a way
he will understand without feeling like you are giving up.” Barry nodded rapidly, suddenly feeling better about this. He felt like he had gotten some clarity and was surprised it had come from his boss.

“Thank you, sir...that actually helped a lot.” Barry said gratefully and turned towards the door. “I’m going to see about putting your advice into use.” Singh nodded and as Barry opened the door, he heard the man’s tone change.

“You have tomorrow off but try to be here in time for your next shift? I already have to lose you for a week and you have to fix the mess you made today.” Barry groaned at the order, mentally cataloging to come in earlier the day after tomorrow.

“Yes, sir…”

Mick hated when Len was right.

The omega was usually right, his abilities to read others in ways Mick couldn’t, could be both frustrating and useful. His habit of giving Mick ultimatums whenever it came to Mick’s indecisiveness with his own emotions. Mick didn’t use to be so wishy-washy but something about Barry made Mick reluctant to do anything sometimes. He didn’t want to risk losing Barry but at the same time, he hated hurting Barry with how much he just couldn’t say.

The conversation with Len did stick. Mick wasn’t about to let Barry go and Barry needed Mick to talk about something he tried to keep buried. He was still reluctant to admit it but he loved Barry and that still scared him. Mick had grown comfortable with being boyfriends, why couldn’t that be enough?

Mick knew that he needed to apologize at least. He had wracked his brain the whole day for ways to talk to Barry while he gathered up things for the best apology he could think of. He got together everything he needed to cook Barry his favorite meal, made Barry’s favorite dessert, got candles for the table, the whole romantic nine yards. Barry was worth a little effort.

Mick thought while he cooked, thinking about what he would say and figuring out how to explain himself if he needed to. He briefly let himself wonder when he had become so domestic as he waited for Barry to come home. But the thought of Barry’s soft smile and the possibility of hot makeup sex made Mick stop questioning it. He put the food out, knowing Barry would be home soon and quieted his anxiety by staring at the candles he had lit.

The door creaking open and the sound of Barry entering the apartment, Mick smirked when he could hear Barry trying to turn the lights on. Mick may have made sure that the fuses were turned so Barry wouldn’t ruin his surprise. When Barry entered the kitchen, Mick finally pulled his eyes away to look at his omega. The lights of the fire caught his green eyes and Mick rose to his feet.

“Hey Doll,” Mick said softly, not meeting Barry’s eyes when the omega looked up at him. “I...was an asshole this morning, wanted to make it up to you.” Barry looked towards the table, taking in the food and candles with wide eyes. He turned towards Mick and closed the distance between them. Mick smiled when Barry’s lips met his, the kiss warm and deep in a way that made Mick melt into the omega.

“I still want to talk but you’re forgiven for this morning...I’m sorry too.” Barry said softly, pressing his forehead against Mick’s. “Do you want to sit down and eat, maybe try to talk about it with the
“Fire burning? I know it calms you down.” Mick nodded, feeling his heart give a familiar flutter. Mick was grateful that Barry understood how fire eased his anxiety.

“Yeah...Let’s do that before I change my mind.” Mick said, releasing Barry to let him sit down. Barry stared at Mick from across the table, grateful that Mick had gifted him the table for their anniversary that year. Although was pretty sure he stole it.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, mostly due to Barry’s hunger from the day and Mick needing a moment to prepare what he wanted to say. It took Barry a moment before he had eaten enough to feel comfortable speaking. Mick felt his heart clench and Barry reached across the table to rest his hand over Mick’s.

“I can go first...if it helps.” Barry said softly, Mick met his eyes and watched the candlelight burning in the omega’s eyes. Mick nodded slowly, lifting his other hand and setting it over Barry’s. Barry smiled, having rehearsed what he was going to say the whole way home even before he knew that Mick would be there.

“I know that...you don’t like to talk about mating and when I bring it up, I can see how uncomfortable you get. I know you don’t want to tell me why but...Mick…” Barry started, trying to find the right words. “Mick, I don’t care if you don’t want to mate. What frustrates me is that you shut me down completely. I want to talk about our problems and when you just cut me off, it makes me feel like you don’t care how I feel.” Mick squeezed Barry’s hand as the young omega’s eyes looked down.

“I know you love me and I love you but I can’t stand it when you do that to me...It hurts.” Barry finally finished, biting his lower lip and finally looking up at Mick once more. “I can’t let you keep doing that, I need you to listen to me even when it’s over things you don’t like to talk about.” The alpha was completely fixated on Barry despite the candles all around him. He stared at Barry intently for a few more minutes before he turned back to the fire.

The bright light burned and moved as Mick breathed, that same bright dance of light he had always looked to for clarity and calm. Mick watched it closely and Barry waited patiently. Barry was always patient, always ready to help Mick because he saw something. What that something was, Mick would never understand. He just hoped that what he said next wouldn’t be the thing that finally broke this delicate balance.

“My parents were mated. Just after my old man got back from the war, everyone who survived ‘Nam was getting hitched everywhere. My old man was a mean old bastard. Always sitting in his chair, beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He never got up unless it was too…” Mick paused, taking a breath and watching the flame dance. “I can’t remember the first time it happened but I was young. I can still remember my mother cowering on the floor, her scent so scared when he’d hit her.” Barry's hand squeezed his hand and Mick was vaguely aware of Barry shaking.

“Mom would always say “Don’t play with fire, Mick. You know it makes him mad.” Everything she ever said to me was like that. “Why do you always provoke him, Mick.” I can still hear her crying in my head, the sound of him hitting her and the smell…” Mick said, eyes still fixed on those dancing flames and letting them draw his pain from him. “Dad wouldn’t hold back just cause I was a kid. I used to be covered in bruises and cuts when I did go to school. He would blame mom. “Useless omega, can’t teach her kid nothin’.” He would say how bad I was, an ungrateful piece of shit with every single slap and punch and kick…” Barry's hand squeezed his hand and Mick was vaguely aware of Barry shaking.

“One night, after I discovered that lighter fluid could make the fire bigger...I had just gotten my ass handed to me by my old man. I poured too much into the coffee can and I lost control of it…” Mick
confessed with a growl, shame rising up in his chest. “I ran like a worthless piece of shit and I watched it burn from the bushes...I don’t regret killing my old man, not one bit but my mother...She was just as scared as I was and I just watched her burn...heard her screams when she burned…”

Mick had never cried over the guilt in his chest, his father had beat the tears from him long before the fire. He had hardened himself to keep from shedding the tears and burned his skin to release the ache he always carried.

So when Mick smelled the salt of freshly shed tears, he knew it wasn’t himself. He turned to Barry and found his omega red-faced and tears streaming down his face. Mick blinked, his heart clenching with anxiety and confusion. Barry met his eyes, those green eyes brighter from the redness of them.

“So...that’s why? You don’t want to risk...becoming your father?” Barry said quietly, voice heavy with emotion and Mick looked away. “You’re worried that the longer I stay, that if we mate the more like him you’ll become?” Mick didn’t want his omega to see his weakness, to see how weak and worthless he had always been. Mick felt Barry’s hands pull away and the sound of Barry pushing his chair back.

The screech of the wood on the tile sent Mick’s head up just in time to feel Barry throw his arms around Mick’s neck. He buried his nose in Mick’s scent gland, holding Mick tightly and it took the pyro a minute to understand as Barry spoke quietly.

“Mick, I know you think you’ll end up just like him...that you’re going to hurt me with all your burdens. I know you are damaged but that doesn’t mean…” Barry said softly, pulling away slightly to cup Mick’s face in his hands. The alpha’s eyes were searching Barry’s for any sign of hatred or disgust but...no. There was only the same love and admiration that Barry always held for him.

“You are my alpha, mark or no mark.” He said comfortingly, thumbs stroking along Mick’s jaw. “I can’t erase the past, it’s part of you but I love every single part of you, I know that you won’t ever hurt me like your father hurt your mother. In these last four years, you never once hit me or hurt me even by accident. You aren’t your father.” Mick slowly lifted his hands, resting them on Barry’s hips and pulling the omega onto his lap.

Barry’s scent was calming. That sweet scent never seemed to get old and Mick would never get used to how his omega smelled pressed against him. Mick pressed his nose into Barry’s neck, nipping gently at the gland there and just letting Barry settle.

“There’s a whole lot of dark in me, doll. I’ve seen things and done worse things…” Mick said softly into Barry’s neck, holding onto his omega as if he was scared to let go. “If you mate with me then all people will see is me. They are going to know who you belong to and I’ve got enemies. What happens when something bad happens? What if I get locked up or if something happens to you? I couldn't take it if something happened to you…” Mick hated how weak his voice sounded at those words. But Barry just leaned forward, kissing Mick’s forehead in that affectionate way Mick had grown to love.

“Nothing is going to happen to me,” Barry reassured, his hands feeling so soft against Mick’s skin. “We don’t have to mate. I love you and as much as I would love to bear your mark, I don’t need it. I just needed to know why you didn’t want to and you told me. I’m so proud of you for talking to me even though it was hard.” Mick sighed against Barry, letting his omega hold him close.

“Love you, doll...” Mick murmured softly, letting the soft confession out. “You deserve better.” Barry pulled away, giving Mick a look and shaking his head. His smile, that gorgeous smile that made Mick’s heart flutter without his permission.

“I don’t want better.” Barry stated firmly, a slightly sarcastic tone when he said the word “better”
like he refused to believe anything could be better than Mick. “I want you.” Mick perked his head up just in time for Barry to press their lips together. The kiss started out slow, drawn out and Barry’s hands moved down Mick’s face and neck. They brushed over his collarbone, making the alpha’s breath hitch and allowing Barry the room to slide his tongue into Mick’s mouth.

Mick moved his hands, gripping Barry’s ass in his hands and drawing a moan from the omega. Barry pulled away from the kiss, hands gripping Mick’s shirt and getting off the man’s lap. He smiled mischievously and slowly drew Mick up to his feet.

“How about…” Barry said, pressing kisses to Mick’s neck and nipping at the skin with his teeth. “I let you knot me as many times as you can before we have to separate for our respective hell weeks?” Mick growled softly, reaching to lift Barry up into his arms.

“Sounds like a plan, doll…” Mick stated, kissing Barry’s throat and drawing a giggle from the omega. “But I ain’t gonna last till the bedroom, let’s take this to the couch.” Barry looked down at his lover with a smirk.

“Yes, alpha.”

Len’s hands carefully moved over Ray’s skin, guiding the hot bath water over the alpha’s skin. He was gentle over the raw skin, bruises and tight muscles. Len’s sharp eyes were watching for any discomfort from Ray and noting anything he would take care of after their bath.

The bathroom was silent, the alpha and omega just enjoying the bath after a long session. Len had Ray against his chest and his head pillowed on Len’s chest. Len chuckled at how Ray’s knees poked out of the water, the alpha’s eyes slowly starting to clear from their pleasure induced haze. Len’s hands continued to touch down Ray’s skin.

“You know, I’m glad we agreed on baths for aftercare.” Ray mumbled, turning his head to nuzzle Len’s neck. “It feels good, having you touch me after…” Len smiled, nodding at the slow sound of Ray’s voice. He was still coming out of subspace, mind feeling foggy but Len liked making sure the man took care of himself. It made Ray’s heart flutter from the contact, the careful attention.

Ray knew that the omega secretly liked the snuggling in the bathtub despite the omega’s complaints about the warm water. Len preferred the cold but the warm water was good for their sore muscles. Ray just liked being this close to Len, getting to touch the man like his heart ached to do. He would spend most of his time absentmindedly touching along the skin Len had kept hidden from him for almost two years into the agreement. Ray’s wandering fingers gently ran over a long scar that ran across Len’s collarbone and the alpha felt Len stiffen under him.

“Raymond.” Len growled, voice warning and uncomfortable. “Freeze.” Ray pulled his hand away, recognizing Len’s safeword and turned his head to smile apologetically at Len. He subtly exposed his scent gland, a submissive movement he only ever made with Len despite the thief being an omega.

“Sorry Len, I wasn’t watching my hands.” Ray apologized and Len set one arm on the side of the tub, letting the other come up and gently grip the hair on the base of Ray’s head. Len hated having his scars touched, particularly by Ray. When Len didn’t respond, Ray slowly lifted his hand from the water and touched the hand on the side of the tub.
“Please don’t be mad...omega.” Ray spoke softly and Len’s hand gently tugged at the hair it was holding. Ray smiled up at Len, watching the omega’s lips curl in that familiar smirk. He leaned forward, nipping at Ray’s scent gland. The way Ray called him “omega” was so submissive, especially for an alpha but he knew Len liked it when he submitted so easily to him. Ray met Len’s blue eyes and his heart fluttered again, the alpha biting his lower lip to keep from speaking.

“It’s been an hour, you still need more time?” Len asked, ignoring Ray’s submission to him and just how intimate this whole thing was. Ray wished he could pretend that he needed more time but he needed to get back to his hotel. Both of them had work that needed to be done, Len with his plans and Ray with his company.

“I’m good,” Ray replied, hiding his disappointment behind a bright grin. “We both have things to do and I’ll always see you in a month.” Ray was busy most of month and Len had a heat coming up soon. Ray was happy that Len trusted him enough to help with his heats. The alpha wasn’t possessive by any means but Ray would be lying if the thought of Len spending his heats with someone else didn't make his inside curdle with jealousy.

“True.” Len stated, watching Ray get out of the tub and grab his towel. Ray had a few things he always brought with him. Towels, toothbrushes and anything he would need. Len rose from the tub, Ray trying not to stare at the man's naked body when he grabbed his own towel.

“Make sure you eat tonight. We tried a lot of new things and your body needs the fuel to keep that big brain of yours working.” Len stated, wrapping his towel around his waist and Ray nodded. “And rest, sleep when you get back. At least for a few hours.” Ray smiled softly at Len, the words warming his heart no matter how clipped the tone was.

“If I didn't know any better, I would say you cared about me outside our contract.” Ray teased, earning an eye roll from Len. The omega raised a brow and lifted his hand. Cool fingers gently moved along a superficial cut along Ray’s side, making the man gasp softly. “How are your fingers always cold!” Len chuckled and pulled his hand away.

“You didn’t seem to mind too much earlier,” Len teased back, his voice slow but his mocking drawl losing some of the edges to it. “Now hurry up, I’ve got work to do.” Ray tried not to feel disappointed because he knew better than to let himself hope anymore.

Four years. It had been four years since that first initial encounter and Ray had grown used to this. They would come together for a few blissful, pleasure-filled hours and then Ray would leave feeling satisfied. It had been okay for the first year, Ray not needing more from Len than to be his dominant during their scenes and that was fine.

But slowly, Ray started to find himself getting attached. It was hard not to with the trust he placed in Len for each new scene they did, the touching and talking afterward, sometimes even just going out for coffee on occasion. Len was clear on his no relationship rule for their meetings and despite how Ray felt, he knew it would hurt more to tell Len how he felt and risk losing him altogether.

Ray dressed at a reasonable speed, walking out of the room Len had set up for them and spying the thief already dressed and back at his desk. Len scribbled on the paper, completely lost in his plans. Ray bit his lower lip and tried not to feel his heart crying out. He wanted to close the distance, kiss Len goodbye before he left but Ray held himself back. He contemplated at least saying goodbye but knew it was pointless to do it.

Ray left and walked a couple of blocks to where he parked his car. He couldn’t risk anyone finding out about his relationship with Len, so he took extra precautions at Len’s insistence. The ride to his hotel was slow and Ray tried not to think about the growing ache in his chest. He stayed focused on
When he arrived at the hotel, Ray was exhausted. He texted Len, letting him know he had arrived safely and took extra time to change into some pajamas. He ordered some food, giving them explicit instructions for his allergies and waited for room service to arrive. He tried to concentrate on some work emails but Ray was too distracted when Len texted him back, restating his earlier orders for Ray to eat and rest.

When his food arrived, Ray sat down near the hotel window to eat. He took a quick picture to send to Len before looking out his window. The city was alive with activity and light, cars racing past on the roads with flashes of light. Buildings lit up brightly and it comforted Ray when he missed Starling city. He stared out of the large window as he ate, watching the lights of the city and letting his thoughts wander.

Central City was beautiful, he could see why Len hated leaving it. Despite knowing what went on in Len’s circle of the city, Ray admired Len’s loyalty to place. There was a lot about Len that Ray admired. The man would act cold, guarded but he had a softer side. Ray had thought it was just part of their scenes at first but Len still texted Ray well after to make sure he ate, showered if they didn’t bathe together…

Ray tried not to let himself think about it but Len had softened to him as the years went on. To be honest, Ray was surprised Len had kept the agreement this long. Len struck him as an omega that got bored easily and Ray wasn’t sure what he had done to keep Len wanting him. But Len still kept up their contract, allowed Ray to talk with his sister of all people and Ray would even hazard to call them friends.

Ray hated to admit that he wished for more. He let himself think about life with Len, going on dates and waking up next to the omega. Ray wanted to have Len with him, to marry him if the omega allowed. Ray was well aware of Len’s stance on mating and Ray would never mark Len if the man didn’t want that. Marriage without marking wasn’t unheard of, particularly with pairs that weren’t the traditional omega/alpha pairings.

Ray smiled at that thought. He and Len were anything but traditional.

As he finished his food, Ray decided to leave his work for the next morning. He was too tired to think and all he wanted was to crawl into bed. Ray got into the bed, the cool white sheets of the hotel bed soon warming up with Ray’s body heat. Ray turned on his side, staring at the empty side of the queen-sized bed.

It was always strange, how he ended up feeling lonelier when he was left alone with his thoughts. He still missed Anna, but the ache was no longer for her. He would always love Anna but now it felt like his heart was finally willing to move on. It had taken two years before Ray had realized that the ache was no longer as debilitating as it had been, no longer tore open his chest and bled out into the darkness of his room.

But now, Ray had a new problem with his love for Len. Ray tried to convince himself that it was just because of how intimate they were behind closed doors. He trusted Len when he was vulnerable and that, of course, would lead to some attraction, it was the most logical thing. But Ray wanted so much more and he wondered if Len was even capable of giving him that.

Ray took a spare pillow, bringing it close to his chest to ease the ache. He was strong, he could keep himself from wanting more. Len meant something to Ray and the alpha wasn’t about to ruin the delicate structure they had built. Ray knew that if he even hinted at wanting more, Len would run. Not seeing Len would be worse than suffering through loving the omega from a distance.
As sleep started to claim him, Ray clung to his pillow and let himself pretend that it was Len sharing his bed with him. It was all he could allow himself but Ray tried not to care. He could put aside his feelings for Len’s comfort.

Barry sighed contentedly while Mick peppered the back of his neck with kisses. He was warm, Mick having thrown a blanket from the back of the couch over them while they waited for the alpha’s knot to go down. The room was quiet, the energy calmer now with the smell of their lovemaking clinging to the room.

Barry was scrolling through his messages, looking for alerts on strange cases and clicking on one linking something to Starling. He clicked on his phone for a moment, opening the story. Starling wasn’t that far and Barry knew Oliver might want to know too. Even if it yielded nothing, it was still worth looking into. Barry groaned suddenly, Mick’s teeth nipping at the back of his neck to draw his attention to his alpha.

“You smell so good, doll…” Mick growled softly, nipping at Barry’s scent gland and making the omega gasp softly. “It’s always so much stronger when you get closer to your heat.” Barry let out a chuckle and pushed back against Mick. Both men moaned softly when Mick was pressed deeper inside Barry’s entrance. Mick’s rough hands moved up Barry’s flat stomach, holding the omega in place and he settled again.

Barry turned back to his phone, scrolling through the latest reports on the particle accelerator that would be turning on in the next week as well as looking over a series of mysterious break-ins in some medical facilities around Starling. He wrinkled his brow and thought back to the recent spike in overdose cases he had noticed in the news recently. The omega thought about that, finding it interesting that only medical facilities were being targeted and evidence had suggested multiple perpetrators…

“You’re brain is doing that thing again, Doll.” Mick said after a few moments of Barry being lost in his thoughts. “Want to tell me what weird conspiracy thing you found?” Barry felt his heart flutter with affection. Mick never really cared about Barry’s need to investigate things that might explain how his mother had died. The alpha would listen and occasionally even help Barry with gathering information when he could. Mick wasn’t a snitch but if he overheard something, it didn’t count.

"Just looking at some info on the particle accelerator. I really want to go see it turn on but I have to see how my heat plays out." Barry half-lied, not wanting to worry Mick while he tried to decide whether or not to go to Starling to investigate those break-ins. It could be worth checking out, maybe give him more insight into his mother's murder. Barry tried not to let himself hope that the theories would lead him to new evidence. Years of dead ends made him cautious about getting his hopes up. Mick made a small noise, indicating his disbelief.

"Don't lie, doll." Mick stated gruffly, nuzzling closer to Barry. "You ain't good at it. Tell me what's really going on up there." Barry huffed, not surprised that Mick could see right through him. The omega sighed and leaned his head against Mick's cheek.

"Just something interesting going on in Starling City. Seems like a string of robberies taking stuff from medical facilities with strange circumstances surrounding them and I want to go check it out.” Barry said, thinking about how long it would take to get to Starling. “Would you mind if I spent tomorrow doing this? I should be back by tomorrow night.” Mick grunted in response, pulling Barry
“Depends, you going to be chasing after that Hood guy?” Mick stated with a hint of mock jealousy in his voice. “You’ve been obsessed with that arrow toting psycho for months. I’m almost wondering if you’re going to leave me for him.” Barry laughed, putting his phone down and letting his fingers run over Mick’s thigh.

Starling city had a vigilante, helping people and taking out criminals. Barry had closely followed the vigilante, coined The Hood by the Starling news, and spent his spare time speculating over him. He talked to Oliver about the man and also rambling to Mick about the hero. He kept notes and files with things he had deduced from the information he could gather. Barry was a little obsessed.

“The Hood isn’t the one who has his knot buried inside of me or his scent all over me.” Barry teased when Mick shivered, leaning his neck to the side in a deliberate display of submission to his alpha. “Don’t worry, Mick, I only have eyes for you.” Mick kissed along Barry’s neck again, gripping him tighter to him.

“If you go to Starling without me then take your scent blockers and stay with Queen or Laurel.” Mick ordered, his worry bleeding into his voice more than he thought. “I hate that city and I have things to do with Len here so I can’t go with you. I know you can take care of yourself but I want you to be careful so close to your heat.” Barry could feel Mick’s heart racing through his back as the alpha tucked his face into Barry’s scent gland.

“Nothing is going to happen to me, Mick.” Barry soothed, groaning softly when he pulled forward and let Mick’s slowly deflating knot finally slip from inside of him. Barry turned in Mick’s arms to face his lover, eyes soft when he lifted a hand to stroke Mick’s face. “You are going to be stuck with me for a long time.” Mick lifted his hand, cupping it over the one Barry had on his face and turning to kiss the omega’s palm.

“Good, otherwise I’d make sure the whole world burned.” Mick stated darkly and Barry shivered from the sound of it. He knew Mick was serious about that statement but somehow it warmed Barry’s heart. Mick’s protective nature was another way that he showed just how much he loved Barry.

“Love you too, my big strong alpha.” Barry teased, gently kissing the corner of Mick’s mouth. “Now, let’s go to bed and make sure I’ve been properly knotted again before I fall asleep.” Barry loved falling asleep with Mick’s knot inside of him, the large alpha spooned against him. It made him feel safe and if he was going to be leaving the next day, Mick chuckled, turning his head and kissing Barry hard.

“Of course, doll.” Mick growled, pulling away and kissing along Barry’s collarbone. “Got to make sure every alpha knows who you belong to.” Barry squirmed away, Mick’s stubble tickling at his skin. The omega whined as Mick tried to pull him closer again. Each new kiss was soon accompanied by Mick’s fingers moving up Barry’s sides and drawing a laugh from him.

“Mick that tickles!” Barry complained loudly as Mick moved forward to keep pressing his lips across Barry’s chest. “Mick!” Barry jerked away again and suddenly, Barry felt his body rolling off the couch. In a matter of seconds, Mick and Barry were on the floor in a tangle of blankets and limbs. Barry expected more pain, closing his eyes only to feel Mick’s warm hand pillow under his head. Mick managed to catch himself with one hand to avoid crushing Barry with his weight while keeping Barry’s head from hitting the floor with the other.

Barry laughed, his smile bright as he looked up at Mick. The alpha’s brown eyes were watching Barry with a softness to them that almost took the younger man’s breath away. Barry lifted his hands,
cupping Mick’s face. The alpha leaned into Barry's right palm, eyes going half-lidded from the touches. Barry relaxed and just stared up at Mick, stroking the alpha’s cheek with his thumb.

“I love you so much, Mick.” Barry said softly, heart feeling full and that happiness traveling up to his eyes. “I’m so glad you came into my life.” Mick leaned down, the smallest of smiles on his lips as he pressed his forehead against Barry’s.

“I love you too, Doll. More than you know.” Mick admitted softly and Barry sighed in content. His heart gave a flutter at hearing those words coming from his alpha. Barry would never tire of hearing Mick say he returned Barry's feelings. The omega wrapped his arms around Mick’s neck and let the alpha lift him up. Mick’s big muscles easily lifted himself and Barry off the floor. Barry laid his head on Mick’s shoulder, allowing himself to be carried to their room.

Barry knew that no matter what happened, he would be safe as long as Mick was with him.

Chapter End Notes

Forewarning...next chapter might hurt a little.
“It’s perfect, don’t you think?”

Len raised a brow at the house Mick was looking at. It was a simple, two-story farmhouse outside the city. The porch was large, paint peeling on the sides, the roof needed some fixing and Len could see the lawn would need weeding and mowing. The fence was in need of fixing but overall the outside would need the most work.

As for the inside, the stairs were a little creaky but sturdy. No mold from what Len could see. Dust covered the hardwood floors and a few panels that stuck up would only take a few nails to fix. The kitchen would need some updating but overall, it was just an old house covered in dirt and in need of some attention.

It wouldn’t be a bad place to live, enough room for pups to thrive and a workshop in the back for Mick to tinker with car parts and a large backyard if Mick wanted to light fires. The main question on Len’s mind was why. Mick had drug him out here after Barry had left for Starling City, pulling Len away from sitting in the diner watching the response times. The man made it seem like this was important and Len had several guesses on his friend’s intentions. Len raised a brow at Mick, hoping his friend would clear up his list of assumptions with the truth behind this sudden need to see an old house.

“And it matters because?” Len asked, crossing his arms and leaning back on the counter in the kitchen of the house. Mick turned to him, leaning on the old refrigerator that looked like it had been brand new in the early seventies. Mick was quiet for a moment before reaching into the front pocket of his jacket and drawing out a small, gold band. Len recognized it as Mick’s grandmothers, the small carving along the sided unique to the ring. The omega chuckled at the word “Doll’ etched along the sides, Mick took after his grandfather in more ways than he knew.

“I’m going to ask Barry to marry me.” Mick said softly, looking over the ring. “I bought this house for us to move into.” Len’s eyes widened at the confession and didn’t even bother to hide his surprise. He had seen this coming after Mick had met Barry and now that a few years had passed, it made sense for Mick to seal this the only way he was willing to.

“Some elbow grease and some money thrown at it, it would make a good nest for newlyweds.” Len teased, moving closer to Mick and looking out at the house. “What does that mean for us?” Mick sighed heavily, crossing his own arms and not looking at Len. A few moments passed, giving Len his answer.

“That next heist you want me for isn’t going to be my last, Len. I’ll still be here if you need me but
I’m taking a break from it.” Mick finally said, cementing Len’s suspicions. “I want to...see about the normal life. I managed to get a job lined up in a junkyard near here, it’s not great pay but it will help me support the life I want with Barry.” Len nodded, shaking his head and letting out a sigh.

“Did Barry ask you to quit?” Len asked, probing to see if the little omega had anything to do with this change of heart. “Did he pressure you into going straight?” Mick shook his head and let the silence pass over them for a few more minutes. He seemed to be contemplating exactly what to say.

“No, Barry doesn’t try to change me and he accepts the stealing but...I want to give him a good life. It’s me that wants to change, for him not because of him. I want to try being the man Barry keeps telling me I can be.” Mick finally said, looking towards Len with a sense of sureness. “I know that sounds stupid because guys like you and me don’t get happy endings but this feels so right.”

Len nodded, the room going silent again. Len should have known Mick was doing this all on his own and Len had mixed feelings. On one hand, he was happy that Mick was happy but he knew better than anyone that things would always get worse. Len knew that Mick’s old life would catch up to him, that things could fall apart as easily as they had come together. Something was eating at him though, a bad feeling lingering in his gut and tangling in his mind.

“Well, when you get tired of the apple pie life there will always be room for you on my crew.” Len said, reaching out and putting a gloved hand on Mick’s shoulder. “But if this is what you want, then you have my full support.” Mick smiled in his small way, looking around the house before giving Len a raised brow.

Len nodded, letting his thoughts circle in his head. That familiar cold curdle in his gut was warning him of danger and Len always listened to his gut. Intuition would be the best word to describe it and the omega had a strong sense for knowing when things would go wrong. It had gotten him out of more than a few bad situations, kept him from prison more than once. Len trusted his gut but so did Mick and that was a threat to Mick’s whole idea here. Len tried to keep his other thoughts to himself but Mick saw right through it.

“You and Barry both get lost in your heads too much.” Mick stated, drawing Len’s attention again. “Just say what you’re dying to say.” Len took a deep breath, smirking and pushing off the counter. He gestured to the house, as if trying to make Mick see.

“Mick, remember our first heist?” Len stated, turning to his friend with his blue eyes hardened for any backlash. “How I pulled us out last minute because I felt like something was wrong?” Mick nodded slowly, brow wrinkling at Len’s serious tone.

“Yeah, you got the same feeling with Alexa and a couple of other times,” Mick stated, looking Len over and his face serious. “Why?” Len took another deep breath, letting out a sigh. He never held back from Mick unless it was absolutely needed. They trusted each other, Mick usually understanding when Len kept things from him. But he knew that now was one of the times he shouldn’t keep something from the alpha.

“I’m getting that same feeling now. Something is coming and I don’t know what it is.” Len said as he looked around the house, hearing Mick shuffle behind him. “Just don’t let yourself get hurt when it does come.” Mick looked towards the floor, fists clenching at his side. No, Len was wrong...he had to be...

“No, nothing bad is going to happen.” Mick growled, his worry surfacing into anger in his chest. “Barry is going to be fine and we’re going to...” Mick felt his words die in his throat, beating down the uneasy feeling and daring to hope. Len jumped at the sound of Mick’s fist hitting the refrigerator, a dent from his fist embedded in the metal. Mick counted his breaths, he thought of Barry’s eyes, of
his omega’s laugh.

“No, Len. I won’t let anything ruin this...I can’t.” Mick said softly, sounding weaker than he had ever sounded to himself. “You’re wrong this time.” Len bit his lip, crossing his arms again and giving his head a shake.

“I’m never wrong.”

Mick was silent for several more moments and Len waited patiently. He didn't want to tell his friend his feelings, Barry had given Mick something Len had never seen the man cling to. Barry had given Mick hope for something better. Len may be cold but he wasn't that malicious to people he cared for and Mick was family.

“I want you to be my best man.” Mick said, voice stubborn and when he turned, Len could see Mick locking away the doubts, refusing to let Len’s gut feeling stop his plans. Len sighed in defeat at that look, it was a look that left no room for argument. Mick wasn't going to change his mind and Len pushed his intuition aside.

“Of course, someone has to throw you the bachelor party to end all bachelor parties.” Len stated as if he never doubted Mick would ask. “And tonight, we are breaking into Iron Heights. Barry is too much of a romantic for you to avoid asking his father for permission. You should ask West to avoid that minefield.” Mick let out a bark of laughter, his shoulders relaxing.

“The Doc is going to be more agreeable than West. Might as well start there” Mick replied, making a slight face at the thought of talking to Joe. At least this way the cop would finally have to accept how much Mick cared about Barry. Len nodded, putting his hand on Mick’s shoulder and leading him out the rotting from the front door of the house.

“Good thing I keep my break out plans for Iron Heights updated. We can be in and out in fifteen minutes.” Len said, smiling as they walked out. The feeling of dread returned as he caught Mick staring at the ring when they got into the car before the alpha placed it in his pocket.

Len hoped he was wrong, for Mick’s sake.

Henry Allen had grown used to the routine of prison. The grey walls, getting up early, eating at the same time every day and just generally keeping his head down. He missed a lot of things about freedom. The fresh air, his home, walks in the park and just being able to do whatever he wanted without supervision. But what he missed the most was all the things he had missed out on with his son.

Barry was twenty-five now, had grown from a naive little eleven-year-old into a strong omega with a happy smile. Despite the hardship of losing both his parents in one night, Barry still held that brightness that he had inherited from his mother. Henry knew that his son was enjoying his life and that was all a father could hope for. He couldn't be more proud of his son, couldn't be more grateful to Joe for filling in for him and raising the boy into a good man.

He still worried, particularly when Barry presented. He knew how hard life could be for an omega. He had watched his wife deal with it, had faced scrutiny because of traditions and rules that society used to hold people down. Henry had always hoped that Barry would find someone who would see past his son’s presentation and love him for the wonderful, good man he was.

It had been four years since Henry found out about Barry’s relationship with Mick Rory. Naturally, he had been surprised. Mick had shared a cell with Henry on a few occasions and the alpha had
struck Henry as a bit rough at first. Mick Rory was gruff, hardened and enjoyed a good fight as much as any of the felons in Iron Heights did.

But he had protected Henry after the man had helped him after a fight that resulted in Henry crudely stitching the alpha up. Apparently, Mick took his debts seriously and made sure no one messed with the doctor even after he left. That didn't stop Henry from being nervous at the thought of the pyro dating his son.

Henry could see the love in Barry’s eyes when he first told him, a familiar sparkle that Nora had when she married Henry. Quiet whispers to avoid letting anyone overhear of how Mick had helped him, how he didn’t push Barry into anything he wasn’t ready for and sometimes asking for advice on how to help the alpha. Barry always talked about how good Mick was to him and how he wasn’t as bad as everyone thought he was.

“He’s a little broken but I don’t want to fix him.” Barry had said on several occasions. “I just want him to stay.” Henry had put his worries away for Barry after that. He only cared for Barry’s happiness and if Mick made Barry happy, that was all the old beta needed.

But that didn’t stop him from being slightly intimidated when Mick Rory and Leonard Snart were standing in his cell after the power was suddenly out. Both men were dressed in guard uniforms with faces hidden beneath the hats, smiling like fiends and waving at Henry. The doctor was not sure what to make of this situation.

The alarms hadn't gone off but soon the generators would kick on, giving the pair a small window to do whatever they wanted. Snart was leaning against his open cell door with keys in his hand. The omega was smirking and the other cells were clattering from the other inmates yelling. Henry had heard of Leonard Snart, had heard even more about his father. No doubt Barry had crossed the man with his strange partnership with Mick. If Henry didn’t know that Mick was dating Barry, he would have believed the rumor that those two were together.

Mick walked in, his large size and musky alpha scent making him so much more intimidating than Henry had remembered. Henry watched him carefully, used to be wary of anyone from years in prison. Mick was silent for a moment as if considering what to say. It was Len that broke the silence with an impatient huff.

“Sorry for dropping in, doc. But we’ve only got about eighteen more minutes before the guards fix the alarm.” Len stated, looking out for any guards. Henry looked them over calmly, hands in his lap. “We’ll have to make it quick.”

Len stood guard, keeping an eye out for anyone who might recognize them. Mick walked towards Henry, meeting the beta’s eyes and looking him over. Henry was acutely aware that he had a small bruise from a recent riot and Mick frowned at the sight of it. The beta waved it off, the movement appeared to put the alpha at ease for now.

“I’m not sure Barry would approve of you two attempting to break me out.” Henry stated calmly, raising a brow and scooting to offer Mick a seat on his bed. “Not that I would go anyway. I would look guilty in the eyes of the public if I did that.” Mick smirked, shrugging his shoulders and sitting on the small prison bed with Henry.

“Nah, Barry would have to make good on his threat to put me on the couch for a month if he found out I tried that.” Mick said, voice sounding affectionate at the mention of Barry and revealing that he had offered to break Henry out before. “This is about Barry though.” Henry wrinkled his brow, feeling a slight bit of worry run through him and took in Mick’s face. The loving tone Mick used around Barry’s name made Henry’s heart ease. He was trying to hide it but Henry could tell the
alpha was nervous.

“Is everything alright?” Henry questioned, shoulders squared and voice full of concern. “Is Barry okay?” Mick nodded, raising a hand to go into his jacket pocket. The alpha took a deep breath and stayed still for a moment.

“No, Barry’s fine. It’s nothing like that…” Mick said, easing Henry’s concern and the doctor relaxed. “The city would be burning otherwise.” Henry tried not to think about exactly what the alpha meant by that statement. Instead, he watched the large man staring at his own feet, looking uncomfortable and still nervous. It was a strange look on a man that Henry had seen make even alpha guards quake under his gaze.

Silently, Mick took out a small golden ring. It looked old and simple in style but had been cleaned and resized. A wedding band. Henry’s eyes widened at the sight and Mick spoke again.

“Barry and I already talked about mating...why I’m not okay with it and everything.” Mick said with his voice low as he stared at the ring. “But Barry has that romantic thing and I...want to ask him to marry me. Even if I never mark him, he can at least have that.” Henry nodded slowly, knowing where Mick was going with this. Barry had come to him before he left for Starling city, talked about mating and without going into too much detail about why Mick wasn’t ready. Henry put the pieces together and understood. He was just happy Barry was okay with having a partner, not a mate. He wasn’t expecting this though and couldn’t help but chuckle.

“So you broke into prison just so you could ask for my permission to marry my son?” Henry said with a laugh, the ridiculousness of the situation almost too much to believe. “I guess that at least proves you’re dedicated.” Mick squirmed uncomfortably and Henry took a moment to consider the unspoken question.

Mick had just risked getting thrown into prison just to make sure he had Henry’s permission before asking Barry for his hand because he knew that was what the omega would want. The alpha was putting in the effort to propose correctly, to ask Henry permission per tradition for omega’s just because he felt Barry was worth that extra effort. Mick had always seemed a man who didn't care about doing much of anything beyond fighting and lighting fires, but here he was willing to go that extra mile for Barry.

“Do you love my son, Mister Rory?” Henry asked quietly, waiting for Mick to turn and meet his eyes. “Are you willing to spend the rest of your life making him as happy as he has been since he met you?” The beta’s gaze was stern, searching Mick’s face for any hint of doubt. Mick’s brown eyes were burning into his and Henry knew the man's answer before the alpha spoke.

“I love him, more than I thought I could love anyone.” Mick said without any waver in his voice. “I don’t understand why he’s with me half the time but I want to make sure he’s always got that grin on his face.” Mick looked down at the ring, his eyes softening as he held it up.

“I got a job lined up, a mechanic job where they don’t check for felony charges. I just have a few more loose ends then I’m putting my criminal life on hold for a bit so Barry can focus on his career without worrying about me.” Mick said softly, his smile so small that Henry almost missed it. “I’m even fixing up a house for us to move into after we get hitched.” Henry nodded, reaching out a hand and setting it on Mick’s shoulder. The beta smiled widely, the barest hint of Barry’s own brightness hidden inside of it.

“Then you have my blessing upon your union.” Henry said, tears burning his eyes. “I’d be happy to have you as my son in law.” Mick’s eyes softened in a way that Henry didn’t think possible. He wondered if Mick had ever heard someone say they were happy to have him in their family. The beta
moved forward, taking a chance and opening his arms. Mick grinned and let Henry lean over and give him a hug around the shoulders.

“I’ll make sure you get to see it, Doc.” Mick said, voice a stern promise. “And I’ll make sure I take care of him.” Henry nodded, a tear slipping through and he nodded. It hurt that he wouldn’t be able to see his son get married, to be able to walk with Barry and give him away. Mick’s words came from a good place but Henry knew better than to hope. He pulled away, noticing Len standing there and glancing at his watch.

“Go and make my son happy,” Henry said as Mick rose to leave. “You’re good for him, don’t let Joe tell you any different.” The alpha grinned at Henry, a softness to his eyes that Henry didn’t expect to see from someone so rough. Barry had found what Henry had always hoped he would find. A loving partner that would do anything for him, that loved him for just being himself. He was grateful to finally be able to see just a hint of the man Barry could see in Mick.

“Will do, doc,” Mick said, leaving the cell with Len in tow. “Wish me luck with West, he’s next on the list.” Henry nodded, waving them off.

“You can handle Joe, just bring a bottle of good whiskey and you may have a chance.” Henry provided and Mick nodded in understanding before Len shoved Mick out of the cell. The omega turned to Henry, tipping his hat and gave the good doctor a wink before he took his own leave. Henry’s cell door shut just before the alarms started blaring loudly but he knew that Leonard would make sure Mick escaped so Henry laid down on his bed staring up at the ceiling.

Henry felt happy despite the grey walls of the prison for the first time in almost fourteen years, comforted with knowing his son would soon be visiting with a gold ring on his finger and a smile on his face.

Joe was tired, his eyes heavy with the need for sleep and not even caffeine could alleviate the feeling. He was glad to finally be off shift and heading to his home after a long day. It seemed like everything that could go wrong that day, blew up into something worse.

First, Barry had gone to Starling three days before his heat to investigate some mysterious robberies without authorization. After getting an earful from Singh, Joe had laid into Barry himself. Joe knew it had something to do with wanting to find a connection to his mother’s murder and even though he knew there was nothing he could do now, Joe couldn't help but feel frustrated. He knew Barry still clung to the hope that his father was innocent but the omega was twenty-five now. Joe just thought that by now, his foster son would have accepted the reality of his father’s guilt.

On top of that, someone had broken into Iron Heights earlier in the night. The break-in hadn't lasted long, barely a few minutes but whoever had done it was still at large. The police and guards were still scrambling to figure out if any prisoners were missing. Joe had helped for at least three hours until Singh forced him to go home and rest. Overall, this night had been hell.

So when the clock in his car struck midnight, Joe was ready to call it a night.

Joe unlocked his front door, toeing off his shoes and trying to decide whether he wanted a nightcap before bed. He didn't drink all that often but some days just called for something strong. Joe threw his key into the glass bowl by the door, smiling at the misshapen piece of pottery that Iris had made him. It was then Joe realized how warm it was in the house, a tingle going up his spine when a familiar scent of the fire going in his fireplace hit his nose.
In one quick motion, Joe drew his gun from his belt. The cop turned to the living room, gun pointing at a figure on the couch. He approached slowly, heart pounding in his ears as Joe looked at the figure. It took a moment for the old alpha to realize who it was sitting on his couch.

Mick Rory was sitting calmly on the worn, watching the fire he had set in the fireplace going with apt attention. He didn’t look up when Joe slowly lowered his gun, keeping it pointed at the floor and narrowing his eyes.

“Rory? What the hell…” Joe stated, finally earning the other alpha’s gaze. “How did you get into my house?” Mick smirked at the cop, meeting Joe’s eyes and jerking his head.

“You need to change your locks to double cylinders, it will stop break-ins” Mick stated, turning to the table and lifting up a bag. “I brought a peace offering. I just want to talk about something so you can put the gun away.” Joe raised a brow, another moment passing as the alpha contemplated what to do. Mick never struck Joe as the talking type but maybe it was important, something involving Barry. Joe sighed before he holstered his gun and walked towards the couch.

Mick was silent as Joe slowly came around the couch. The cop sat down, his feet screaming at him and his body tired. He was honestly so tired that he wasn’t going to be much of a fight anyway. Mick pushed the bottle to Joe and the man eyed the whiskey carefully. It was an expensive bottle and Joe cast Mick a look.

“Don’t worry, I bought it.” Mick stated, sensing Joe’s suspicions and the cop shook his head. He doubted that. Even if the criminal had bought the bottle, he had no doubt done it with stolen funds. Joe considered it for a moment but his mind was exhausted.

“With stolen money no doubt but with the night I had, I’ll take it.” Joe revealed, pouring himself a glass when he noticed two set out with an ice bucket. Rory had apparently gone all out with this small spread. Joe helped himself and Mick waited for the man to take a long sip of the alcohol before leaning back onto the couch.

Joe sighed, letting the whiskey warm him up and relaxing. He loosened his tie, the warmth of the fire adding to his comfort. Joe was still wary of Mick but so far it didn’t look like the alpha was preparing for an attack, the scent Mick was giving off mostly calm and content. Joe took a deep breath and finally decided to end the silence.

“You going to tell me why you’re here?” Joe asked, turning to Mick and watching the alpha stare at the flames. “We aren’t exactly drinking buddies and I don’t care if you are dating Barry, I should be arresting you.” Mick nodded with a small smirk on his lips.

“I’ll cut to the chase then.” Mick stated, reaching into his pocket and Joe twitched slightly for his gun. Mick raised a brow and pulled out a golden ring. Joe didn’t bother to hide his surprise as he stared at the ring, taking note of the clean look despite the age. Mick had gotten it cleaned and most likely resized.

“You’re going to ask Barry to marry you?” Joe asked in disbelief. “With what I’m assuming is a stolen ring.” Mick cast a glare at the man, shaking his head and closing his palm over the ring. Mick was silent for another moment, watching the flames and not looking at Joe.

“You’re going to ask Barry to marry you?” Joe asked in disbelief. “With what I’m assuming is a stolen ring.” Mick cast a glare at the man, shaking his head and closing his palm over the ring. Mick was silent for another moment, watching the flames and not looking at Joe.

“It’s my grandmother’s. Granddad gave me both their bands before he passed, just in case I ever met anyone I wanted to settle down for.” Mick revealed slowly, the flames reflecting in his brown eyes as Joe watched each movement the man made carefully. “I bought a house and managed to snag a job, an actual nine to five job.” Joe reached for the whiskey again. He needed another drink to process exactly what Mick had said.
Joe tossed back the drink, letting it burn and setting down his glass. The cop lifted his hand and squeezed the bridge of his nose. His mind was trying to wrap his head around all of this, around Mick basically saying that he was…going straight…for Barry.

“So you won’t mark Barry but you’ll marry him?” Joe asked, turning to Mick with a raised brow as he tried to find what angle Mick was playing. This had to be a trick, a way to get Barry away from them or manipulate the omega into something terrible. Joe didn’t trust Mick but he tolerated the alpha. He knew that eventually that Mick would mess up and hurt Barry but he hadn’t expected this.

“Marriages can be broken, divorces happen all the time.” Joe said, not even flinching when Mick turned his intense gaze on him. “If you wanted my blessing, you aren’t going to get it. I still don’t trust you not to mess this up, Rory.” Joe could feel Mick’s gaze, intense and hard, staring at him as he pointed at the rings. The other alpha was strong but Joe had stared down worse than Mick before.

“If you really loved Barry, you would have the balls to mark him and make this permanent.” Joe growled, feeling more than a little angry over this. “Now I know Barry said you have your reasons but what I see is that Barry isn’t important enough to you for you to be devoted only to him.” Joe looked down at his own wedding band, thoughts circling in his head.

“Look West, you don’t like me and I don’t like you but we both care about Barry,” Mick spoke suddenly, his voice hard and firm. “I won’t mark him because then he would be stuck with me.” Joe narrowed his eyes, not sure if Mick had just agreed with him or what the other alpha was thinking. Mick sighed, turning back to the fire.

“I don’t need you to tell me how much I don’t deserve him, how much better he deserves. I know that West. If I mark Barry then he is stuck with me, I will be part of him for the rest of his life.” Mick said, shoulders stiff and words slow. “Even if he finally wises up and leaves, breaking the bond will hurt him and I will still be there on his skin. Everyone else will smell my claim to him and he will never be able to shake that.” Joe watched Mick lift the ring, face blank and the light of the fire reflecting off the metal.

“This way, he has an out.” Mick said softly, looking over at Joe again. “I can’t trap him like that…I won’t.” Joe stared in disbelief at Mick’s words, letting it run through his mind. He could scarcely even believe what he was hearing. All this time, Joe assumed that Mick didn’t want to mark Barry because he was afraid of committing to the omega.

But all this time, Mick was just watching out for Barry. While Barry was young, still romanticized the mate bond, Mick knew better. The older alpha knew the weight of mating, the reality of it. Joe could see that Mick had seen what happened when mating went wrong and chose to protect Barry from that regret the best way he knew how. Joe didn’t let his surprise show but instead, took the bottle and poured two glasses.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to invite you and the Snarts to Christmas now.” Joe said, handing Mick one of the glasses and looking Mick straight in the eye. “Don’t make me regret this.” The alpha smirked, lifting his glass and clinking it against Joe’s.

“No promises.” Mick replied, raising his eyebrows in a knowing way before both the alphas threw back their drinks. Mick chuckled as Joe shook his head subtly at the burn, the two men settling into a calm silence. Joe knew there was no way he would ever fully trust someone like Mick Rory but he was willing to admit that maybe Barry was right about Mick not being completely evil.
Mick stumbled home after the talk with Joe, wandering into Barry’s apartment and locking the door behind him. He wasn’t too drunk but the alcohol had given him a very nice buzz in his mind. Mick toed off his shoes, hanging up his keys and shuffling towards the bed. It was roughly two in the morning now and Mick wanted some sleep.

Mick pulled off his shirt, tossing it onto the floor before reaching for his pants. After stripping down and feeling the cool air of the room on his skin, Mick moved onto the bed. The sheets smelled of Barry, the sweet scent lingering despite the fact that Barry had been gone for at least a day now. The alpha reached for Barry’s pillow, letting the stale scent fill his senses.

Mick grinned when he pulled a pair of Barry’s boxer briefs out from under his pillow, noting how the heat smell was clinging to the fabric. Barry had done that on purpose because he knew it would help Mick get through his absence. Mick was particularly attuned to smells than other alphas, more specifically Barry’s smell. Mick laid on his back and buried his nose in the fabric.

Mick could feel a sense of calm now that he was surrounded by Barry’s scent, some nervousness lingering in his mind from all that had transpired that day. He held the boxers to his face and took out the ring with his free hand, rolling it between his fingers. It glinted in the low light and Mick couldn’t help but smile. He hoped Barry would say yes.

Mick’s cell phone rang, the familiar sound of that song Barry had set for his ringtone making his heart skip slightly at the suddenness of it. Mick reached for the phone and answered it, already knowing who it was on the other end.

“Hey Doll,” Mick said, voice affectionate when Barry hummed in response. “How’s Starling treating you?” Barry shuffled on the other end, groaning softly.

“It’s fine. Oliver and Felicity are being pretty good about letting me help and this case was very... interesting to say the least.” Barry stated, sighing into the phone. “But Singh called and I’m supposed to be on the train home but something...came up.” Mick caught the hesitation in Barry’s voice and narrowed his eyes.

“What happened?” Mick asked; tone worried but commanding. “Are you okay?” Barry shuffled again, the sheets moving with him as the omega was silent for a moment.

“I may have...met The Hood? I’m fine but his...associates, which I was right that he didn’t work alone, had me help him. He had been dosed with some blood coagulants and I had to use rat poison to act as a blood thinner to get his heart pumping again.” Barry explained hurriedly as if wanting to get the explanation over with. “He’s okay now but I helped him out with this case. You were right, he is an alpha and the green was indicative of some kind of forest training as I suspected…” Mick growled softly, not feeling okay with his omega being anywhere near an alpha he didn’t trust so close to his heat.

“And before you ask, he’s mated and very loyal to his mate. He won’t touch me.” Barry reassured preempting Mick’s next question. “He’s a bit grumpy that I know his identity but I trust him.” Mick sighed heavily, not pressing much further. He trusted Barry even if The Hood was a grey area.

“Just be careful, I don’t like you being around strange alphas without me there,” Mick stated, letting his body relax again. “When are you getting back?” Barry sighed again, the sound of his head hitting his pillow with a dull smack coming through the phone.

“Hopefully by later today. I’m aiming for the eight o’clock train and Oliver already said he would make sure I get there on time. I’ll be in Central by ten but I’ll barely have time to drop my things off and go to work. I’m hoping I won’t miss the particle accelerator turn on.” Barry huffed and Mick felt
his heart twinge. He knew Barry had been looking forward to seeing that thing turn on. The omega had been excited for weeks. “If Singh doesn’t fire me on the spot. He was pretty mad that I went off on my own.”

It was Mick’s turn to be disappointed, he had wanted to spend Barry’s first night back with him. He had planned on proposing at the particle event at Star Labs to make it special, his mind already trying to figure out a new plan for his proposal.

“It’s what you get for heading off half-cocked,” Mick scolded lightly, before glancing at the clock. “Why are you up so early anyway? Shouldn’t you be sleeping before the train ride?” Barry sighed again, the slightest hint of a groan escaping him.

“I can’t sleep. I miss you and even having like ten of your shirts and your pillowcase isn’t helping with my soft heat.” Mick perked up at that, knowing that Barry was still in his soft heat. It was the calm before the big storm, making Barry horny as all hell but still with a clear enough mind to function.

“Yeah, I just got settled but the bed is never the same without you in it. Drank a little too much but not enough to be sleepy.” Mick admitted, smiling when he heard Barry chuckle. “I got your present.” He sniffed audibly and Barry hummed in response. Mick could practically hear the mischief forming in Barry’s mind when the omega gave another soft chuckle.

“I knew you would like that,” Barry purred softly, voice low and sensual. “They were too soaked in my slick to wear on the train here.” Mick rumbled in appreciation, taking a deep sniff of the red fabric. Barry’s sweet scent was intoxicating and sparked a few hormones already stirring inside of Mick before his rut.

“I can tell. Good thing you left them here or I would have to come all the way there to make sure The Hood knows you’re taken.” Mick growled, listening to Barry’s breath hitch slightly. “I bet he can smell how close to heat you are even with the scent blockers. I should have knotted you before you left to make sure everyone knows you’re mine.” Barry whined, a slight shuffling and a small chuckle escaping him.

“I’m glad you caught my hint. I’ve been so hot and bothered all day...I hate my soft heat more than the actual heat.” Barry whined and Mick grunted in response, shifting hands and smiling to himself. “I’ve been trying to sleep and Oliver has me in a room far enough away...but I wanted to hear your voice.” Mick licked his lips, imagining Barry spread out on those fancy sheets he knew Queen had.

“Can’t stand it when I’m not there to spread that pretty ass open, hm?” Mick teased, maneuvering his phone to his shoulder and keeping it in place. “I miss hearing those pretty noises you make for me when I slip my first finger inside of you.” Barry whimpered, his breath hitching slightly and Mick smirked to himself.

“Just touching around my opening, getting it nice and slick for my fingers.” Barry admitted, sending a jolt of need through Mick. “Picturing that they’re yours is difficult...mine are so small compared to yours.” Mick rumbled at those words, knowing how much Barry liked his fingers.

“You like it when I take you apart with just my fingers don’t you?” Mick teased, inhaling the scent of Barry on his lover’s boxers and letting the smell spark more arousal between his legs. “When I circle them over your tight little hole right before slowly pushing one inside of you…” Barry gasped
softly, his own fingers must have followed Mick’s words.

“Mick...alpha...” Barry moaned softly, prompting Mick to finally take his hardening cock into his hand. “I want you so badly, alpha...” Mick growled softly, the scent of Barry’s boxers making his eyes go half-lidded. He stroked up his cock and shuddered under the scent filling his nose.

“I’ll be all over you as soon as you get home.” Mick said, voice hinting at a promise. “I’ll take you right over the kitchen table, the counter and anywhere else I can think of...” Mick stroked again when he heard Barry whine again, knowing his omega was no doubt slipping a second finger inside himself.

“If you’ve got two fingers in already, spread them open for me.” Mick murmured, hearing Barry gasp as he did as Mick asked. “Good boy, tell me how wet you are for your alpha’s cock.” Mick stroked a little faster, still keeping his pace steady enough to stave off coming yet. He wanted to hear Barry first.

“I...have three in...My slick is so strong and leaking down my thighs.” Barry replied, making Mick’s heart rate pick up by a few beats. “I want you to...ah...fill me up, alpha...breed me.” Mick smirked at that. He knew Barry had a small kink for Mick breeding him, for the alpha filling him up so much it leaked out well after Mick pulled out of him. A shiver traveled down Mick’s spine at the thought of watching his seed leaking from Barry’s entrance.

“Check your luggage, I put something in there for you in the hidden pocket.” Mick mused, slowly stroking as he heard Barry move on the other end. Mick waited as patiently as he could, listening to Barry unzip his bag and then a soft gasp escaping when he found Mick’s present.

“Mick...is this a...” Barry asked, his voice wavering as he tried to cover what Mick knew was a blush on his face. The alpha smiled, his deep voice letting out a chuckle.

“A knotting dildo, for when I’m not around,” Mick said, smiling widely when he heard Barry holding back a whimper again. “Red is your color after all and I made sure it was as close to my size as I could get.” Barry laughed and Mick heard the sound of Barry getting back on the bed.

“Nothing beats having your knot inside of me, having you fill me up with your cum...” Barry teased, a gasp crackling over the phone. Mick hummed at the sound, his hand picking up as he stroked himself. “Fuck Mick, I want you so bad.” Mick licked his lips, smirking to himself when he got a message from Barry.

Putting the phone on speaker, he opened up the text to find a picture of Barry spreading himself open in a mirror that was in the room he was staying in. The omega’s thighs were wet with slick, catching in the low light of the room he was in. Mick’s cock twitched at the sight and the alpha groaned out loud. He closed his eyes to smell the scent from Barry’s boxers, hand stroking a bit faster.

“Damn it, Doll...you’re gorgeous,” Mick growled, earning a soft chuckle from Barry. “How about you put that toy inside for me, I want to hear you moan when you sink down on it. Tell me how bad you want my cock like a good little omega.”

“Yes, alpha.” Barry breathed softly over the phone when he let out a sharp gasp. “Fuck, you weren’t kidding when you said it was almost as big as you...” Mick growled lowly, the sound of Barry moaning like that sending a jolt through his body.

“That’s right, doll. Let me hear you ride that toy like a good omega. Don’t sink onto that knot until I say so though.” Mick said, earning a small whimper of complaint from Barry. The omega’s breath picked up and Mick stroked himself in time with his omega’s panting breaths. “Don’t think I won’t
know if you do. Be good for me and wait.” Barry gasped, moaning out Mick’s name.

“Yes Mick, anything you want...” Barry murmured, the slight sound of his movements. “Keep talking, I love your voice…” Mick murmured at the thought of Barry riding his toy, desperate for his touch.

“I’m going to fill that tight hole of yours until you can’t tell my seed from your slick,” Mick rumbled, his voice rough from arousal. “I’m going to take you nice and slow though, make you beg for it all. I love picking you apart and making you wait to cum...” Barry panted heavily on the other end of the phone, his whines and moans fueling Mick’s ego.

“Please Mick, tell me I can cum...I’m so close,” Barry begged softly, his voice tapering off in a keening moan. “Alpha please, please…” Mick gasped softly, the heat building in his gut as his own end started to close in.

“You belong to me, Barry. You cum when I say, only take my knot and only my pups will ever fill your belly.” Mick growled possessively, gritting his teeth as Barry kept repeating his name. “Say it for me.” Barry’s whimper made Mick moan at just how amazing it sounded.

“I belong to you. I only want your pups, only want your knot, only want you. My alpha, mine...” Barry managed to say between his whines. “Mick, please let me cum. I’m so close...” Mick chuckled, hearing the slight creak of the bed from Barry’s rocking onto the dildo and hearing the catch in his voice.

“Stop just before the knot at hold,” Mick commanded and Barry’s breathing labored, small whines escaping him. “Hold until I count to five as punishment for leaving.” Barry was no doubt biting his lip, body shaking from the effort of holding back.

“Alpha please...” Barry pleaded, voice desperate and raw.

“One.” Mick started, voice drawing out the numbers slowly. “Two...” Barry took in a sharp breath.

“Ah, please let me cum. I’ll be good just please...” Mick couldn't help but close his eyes, face covered by Barry’s boxers and his strokes going faster over his cock. Barry's sounds were pulling him closer, Mick's end just beginning to peak. The alpha kept his voice steady though, willing himself to hear Barry come undone first.

“Three...hold on, doll. You can do it.” Mick said, hips thrusting up to aid his hands. “Four...” Barry murmured Mick’s name, begging and voice thick. Mick had no doubt that tears were streaming down the omega’s face from need.

“Mick...let me cum, please I’ll do anything.” Barry begged as Mick felt himself going over the peak.

“Five. Sink down and cum for me, doll. Nice and loud.” Mick growled as he felt his knot swell and Barry let out a sharp cry that pushed Mick over the edge.

“Yes, I'm coming...alpha...Mick...ah...ah!” Barry’s muffled scream begged and Mick came into his hand. Barry whimpered and whined as he came, a mantra of Mick’s name falling from his mouth.

“That's a good omega, such pretty sounds for me.” Mick soothed, helping Barry ride out the final quakes of his orgasm. “You did so well for me. My perfect little omega.” Barry panted heavily for a few moments, catching his breath while Mick praised him.

“I love you.” Barry managed, letting out a deep sigh when he finally could speak. “I wish I didn’t have to leave you again right after I get home.” Mick reached for the tissues next to the bed, wiping
up his mess and grunting in response.

“I’ll make sure your nest is all ready and I’ll spend all the time we get before your heat hits just scenting you and holding you.” Mick reassured, his own heart giving a twinge. “And I’ll be at your door as soon as my rut is over.” Normally, it didn’t bother him too much if Barry was away but with the omega’s heat and his rut, the alpha was feeling the distance.

“Promise?” Barry asked, voice hinting at teasing and Mick felt his heart soften with affection. If everything went his way, Barry would be his fiance and they would be moving in together. Mick gave a reassuring hum in response. Barry chuckled sleepily on the other end of the phone but broke into a small yawn towards the end.

“Guess I wore you out, huh?” Mick said, voice soft and Barry made a small noise in response. “I love you, doll. Get some sleep and call me when you get back into town.” Barry murmured again, yawning and making Mick smile at the noise.

“Good night, Mick and call me if the nightmares get too bad.” Barry said, his voice soft and kind. The words made Mick smile. Barry was always so good with his nightmares, worried when he wasn’t there to help. What had Mick done to deserve such a wonderful boyfriend?

“I will now get some sleep.” Mick said just before he hung up. He laid in bed for a few minutes longer, staring at the ceiling fan. Barry was at the forefront of his thoughts but Mick’s mind wasn’t on his proposal. Barry was everything Mick didn’t even know he wanted, everything he didn’t even realize he needed.

The omega was empathetic, understanding of Mick’s mind and tendencies in ways it had taken Len years to figure out. There were few constant things in Mick’s life and those were the ones he allowed. It took Mick quite a while to figure out that Barry wasn’t going to leave. That no matter how much he pushed, Barry loved him and would stay. It scared Mick, how much he loved his little omega and how good things had been.

Nothing good in Mick’s life ever stayed that way. He had lost so many things and found that trying to hold too tightly to those good things made losing it hurt so much worse. He had learned not to expect more, to not cling to anything but Barry…

Mick had never wanted anything as much as he wanted Barry. He wanted to marry him, build a life and a home with Barry. For the first time in his life, Mick was thinking about the future. A future with Barry filled with love and hope. They hadn’t talked about pups, Mick was older and with how his relationship with his parents had been, never felt the desire to breed. Barry was focused on his career but it had been mentioned that he would want children one day.

The image of Barry, belly swollen with their children and the sounds of little feet in the house Mick was fixing. Mick sighed, remembering what Len had said before. As much as Mick wanted to deny it, his friend’s gut feelings were never wrong. Part of Mick wanted to warn Barry to be careful but how could he explain Len’s weird ability to just know when things would go wrong? Normally, Mick would run at the first sign of something going wrong. He would go hide out in Keystone for a bit and clear his head.

But Mick was fighting it now. He wanted to protect Barry if anything bad happened, to make sure that nothing threatened this fragile hope he clung to. He loved Barry so much it hurt just to think about losing him. He wasn’t going to run out, not this time. When Mick’s eyes finally closed, his mind sinking down into a restless sleep, the alpha knew what he was going to do.

Whatever it took, he was going to protect the man he loved.
Len jolted awake from a dead sleep, back giving a dull ache from the movement. He blinked around the too bright room and realized he had fallen asleep on his planning desk. His head hurt, urging him to get up and get some coffee in his system. Leaning back, he stretched his body like a cat and felt his back popping.

“Getting old, Lenny?” a smooth voice stated and Len stiffened for only a moment before turning. Lisa stood there, holding a cup of coffee and wearing a smirk. Len rolled his eyes, giving his sister a glare as he took the cup from his sister. “Heard you’re running that heist tonight but figured you were laying low and wouldn’t go get coffee for yourself.” Len made a small noise of tired irritation, holding out his hand for the coffee cup.

“What do you want, trainwreck?” Len asked, knowing that Lisa would want something. She had been in Keystone for the better part of the month running her own crew and Len knew she wouldn’t be here unless she had business to take up with him. The young woman shrugged, throwing her body on the couch with more grace than should be allowed.

“How’s Ray?” Len met his sister’s eyes with a cold look. Not this again.

“I don’t know, why don’t you text him?” Len quipped, avoiding the question. “Since you two are so buddy with one another.” Lisa chuckled and leaned back again, spreading her arms out over the back of the couch.

“Aw, jealous that I’m talking to your alpha?” Lisa teased again, her voice indicating she was going to add something. “I’m just wondering when you’re finally going to admit that nerdy billionaire has melted your icy heart.” Len rolled his eyes again and contemplated throwing his empty coffee cup at his sister.

“It’s a business arrangement and that’s it.” Len stated, hoping to cut off the conversation before it went into territory he wasn’t comfortable with. “Regardless of my feelings or whatever you seem to think are my feelings, I have my rules.” Lisa wrinkled her nose and rolled her eyes at her brother.

“Let’s take a look at the evidence. You smile more when Ray is in town, you actually relax around him, you two text all the time when he isn’t in town.” Lisa listed off, lifting her hand to tick off the “evidence” on her fingers. “He knows how you take your cocoa, sometimes he even stays the night. He has seen all of your scars.” Len took a sharp breath in, gripping the empty cup and crushing the
paper in his hands.

“He doesn’t text me all the time when he’s…” Len started to defend when his phone decided to alert him of a text. Len’s face went blank when the notification sound went off and the soft sound of a dog whining for attention filled the air. Lisa smirked, knowing who Len had assigned that sound to. Len looked down at his phone and Ray had texted him. The universe was not on Len’s side of this argument it seemed.

“So...I may be in the emergency room right now and I didn’t want you to hear it from anyone else.”
The text read and Len’s face turned serious. “I’m fine, don’t worry…” Len scoffed, switching to his contacts and dialing up Ray’s speed dial. Len stood up, face dark as he tapped his foot impatiently.

“Len, I told you I was fine.” Ray’s voice said as soon as the alpha picked up the phone. Len noted how Ray’s voice sounded stuffy and cracked like he had a cold.

“What happened?” Len demanded, not caring about Ray’s need to reassure him. Ray chuckled softly, sounding tired but Len could still hear that smile Ray always wore.

“I was getting lunch with Felicity and the server...neglected to make sure my order was the gluten-free option. It was my fault, I wasn’t paying attention and started to have a bit of a reaction.” Ray explained, his words not making Len feel any better. “I had my medication but Felicity wanted me to visit the emergency room just in case. I think hives I broke out in may have worried her.” Len took a deep breath, trying to calm his frazzled nerves.

“You’re sure everything is fine?” Len asked, masking the concern in his voice but he could feel his heart trying to calm down. It had been beating out of his chest since Len had seen that text but he only started noticing it now. “How long are they keeping you?” Ray sighed softly, still sounding tired.

“Everything is going to be fine, it wasn’t anaphylaxis shock or anything. They should let me go in a bit after I get my epi-pen prescription refilled.” Ray said, voice reassuring Len. “I just knew you would find out somehow and I didn’t want you to have to hear from someone else and worry.” Len nodded, shoulders relaxing a bit more.

“Call me when you get home and no working tonight.” Len ordered, brow wrinkling when Ray made a small sound of protest. “No, you need to rest. Don’t make me come up there and tie you to the bed.” Ray laughed and it sent a small surge through Len’s heart. His face softened against his will, turning away so Lisa wouldn’t notice.

“That’s not much of a threat, seeing as I like it when you tie me down.” Ray teased, groaning in embarrassment when he realized what he said. “Um, my doctor just walked in...I’ll call you later.” Len let out a soft chuckle, knowing Ray’s face was probably red and the alpha hung up. Len shook his head and put his phone in his pocket before Lisa’s chuckle made him turn back to her.

“You have it so bad, Lenny.” Lisa said with a smirk and Len glared at her. “You actually smile when you talk to him, that Ray of sunshine makes you happy and you can’t tell me you don’t feel something for him.” Len’s lips quirked slightly at the pun, letting out a heavy sigh. Lisa wasn’t...wrong and his sister could see through his masks easily. Ray was more than just a fuck buddy to Len but he couldn’t let Ray know that.

Len wasn’t one to trust people. He trusted Mick and Lisa, they were family but beyond that was a very short list of connected people he only trusted as long as Lisa or Mick trusted them. Barry was on that list because of Mick and the fact the kid actually liked Len. Lisa trusted Iris, so Len took her word for it. That trust was hanging on fine threads that could snap with one wrong move.
But Ray had Len’s trust, more of it than the thief liked to admit. Ray always listened to Len, was smart enough to figure out what Len needed without him having to say. Even when Len was in a heat, hormones coursing through his body and fogging his mind, Ray was always mindful of Len’s boundaries. Ray would bring Len things for his nest, make sure he ate enough and drank enough.

Len wasn’t used to that. Any alpha’s he spent his heat with before, the rare times he did, would demand to knot him or refuse to let him just ride. Typical alphas, even out of a rut, saw an omega in heat as something to use and claim. Ray only wanted to help and did everything that Len asked of him and more...It was strange to have someone actually care about him like that when he was vulnerable.

“Lisa, I know what you’re trying to do but no,” Len said, voice holding a tone of warning. “I can’t afford to be attached to Raymond like that. He’s not like you and me, he’s too soft.” It was Lisa’s turn to let out a sigh, her eyes taking on a gentleness that even Len rarely saw.

“Do you ever think that maybe people like us need something softer?” Lisa said quietly, putting her hand on Len’s shoulder. “You don’t have to always be a loner, Lenny.” Len shrugged the hand off his shoulder, his walls going back up. Even Lisa wasn’t always allowed inside those carefully crafted walls.

“I’m not Mick,” Len stated coldly, turning to his sister and meeting her gaze with his own icy glare. “I’m not going to fall and let myself be domesticated by some goody two shoe nerd.” Lisa rolled her eyes, shoulders finally sagging in defeat.

“Okay, okay. I give up for now.” Lisa said, face turning serious as she removed her hand from Len’s shoulder. “I actually did want to talk to you about something else.” Len perked up, not liking the sudden hard tone of Lisa’s voice.

“Sam Scudder and Rosa Dillon are on your crew for tonight right?” Lisa asked, crossing her arms over her chest. “Be careful, I don’t trust Scudder and Mick has his plans to propose to Barry so he’ll be too busy “celebrating” to keep Scudder in line.” Lisa’s voice wasn’t hinting that she didn’t have confidence in Len’s ability to care for himself but that Scudder was a liability. While Sam had given Len a leg up in the crime world, Len himself held very little love for the man. Scudder had a tendency to get lost in the glamour of being a thief. He was cocky and that was dangerous in their line of work.

“I’ll watch him, he’s been restless through the whole planning process anyway.” Len reassured, looking back at his plans. “Remember, make the plan, execute the plan, expect the plan to go off the rails and…” Lisa rolled her eyes, giving Len’s shoulder a shove.

“Throw away the plan. You are such a nerd.” Lisa interrupted before chuckling to herself. “No wonder Ray caught your eye.” Len glared again, the coolness in it not even phasing Lisa. He turned back to his desk, moving to go over them one more time. Everything should go off without a hitch but just in case, he did have back up plans.

One of which involved keeping an extra gun in his jacket pocket for later.

Mick was nervous. His anxiety sitting in the bottom of his stomach like a rock and he was itching to light something on fire. He tried to focus on the heat of the griddle, flipping pancakes in an effort to keep himself distracted.
The morning light was coming through the windows now, shining over the white tablecloth Mick had put over the dining room table. He had flowers in a vase set on top and did his best to make the set up look romantic enough for his plans.

Barry was almost home, the omega having called to let Mick know he was in Central City an hour earlier than expected. Apparently, Oliver knew Barry was difficult to wake and had scheduled Barry’s train ride for earlier than expected. Mick was grateful for it but since he had plans for breakfast when Barry finally walked in the door.

He decided that proposing to Barry in his apartment with a special breakfast was a better way to propose than any big spectacle he could do. Mick wanted to propose to Barry like this, a promise of what he wanted their life to be like together. Just the two of them, in their own space and shutting the rest of the world out for as long as they could.

Mick did his best to make things as romantic as he could. He wasn’t the sappy type but he did the best he could think of, with help from Lisa. The smell of the heart shaped chocolate chip pancakes, fresh strawberries, bacon flowed through the house, ready to greet Barry when he arrived. Everything was going to be perfect and Mick tried to focus on cooking instead of the ring burning in his pocket.

Mick heard the door open and shut, the sound of Barry moaning making the alpha stiffen for a moment. Barry’s near heat scent was intoxicating and reached Mick’s nose despite the food he was surrounded by. The alpha took a deep breath and tried to calm his nerves, he couldn’t afford to smell nervous or Barry might get suspicious. Not even Barry’s observant mind was going to ruin Mick’s proposal.

“That smells so good!” Barry cried out, his footsteps crossing the living room and into the kitchen. “You didn’t have to do this. I could have grabbed something on the way to work.” Mick turned to Barry, putting some more pancakes on the warm plate before setting everything down. Mick swept an arm around Barry, pulling his omega close and kissing him.

Barry hummed, arms going around Mick’s neck and smiling when Mick pulled away. Barry’s scent was content, filling Mick’s nose and relaxing the alpha’s nervousness. Mick smiled down at Barry, leaning over to give his scent gland a nip. That drew a soft whimper out of Barry and the omega pressed closer against Mick.

“You can spare a few minutes to eat breakfast. Singh can wait until after you have a full stomach and caffeine in you after the night you had.” Mick stated, voice gruff and leaving no room for argument. “Now sit down, let me make you a plate.” Barry nodded, leaning up to kiss Mick on the cheek.

“How did I land such an amazing alpha?” Barry asked, voice sweet as he turned. Mick reached out his hand and slapping Barry’s ass, earning a look from his omega. So far, Mick’s plan was working because Barry playfully swatted at his hand. He didn’t seem to suspect a thing.

“It’s because of that amazing ass and even more amazing brain.” Mick teased, turning back to make Barry’s plate. Mick took a deep, quiet breath and carefully arranged the plate how he wanted it. He turned when he felt it was perfect and Barry looked up with a smile, his green eyes looking gorgeous in the morning light of the kitchen. Mick took a few steps forward and tried not to hold his breath as he set the tray down.

“You really didn’t have to..” Barry started to say when he turned to his food and trailed off. He looked at the pancakes, blinking at the words Mick had spelled out in chocolate syrup. Mick could feel his heart in his throat as Barry read them
Will you marry me?

The omega blinked for another minute, brow furrowed and his brain turning. Mick smiled, drawing the ring from his pocket. His omega’s mind seemed to have shorted out and he couldn’t help but let out a small laugh. When Barry finally looked up at Mick with wide, disbelieving eyes, Mick crouched down on one knee and put his free hand over Barry’s knee.

“Doll, you know that even if I’m not comfortable with mating just yet, I still want to have you in my life for as long as I can.” Mick said, voice gentler than he had ever allowed it to be. “What do you say, Doll? Wanna get hitched?” Barry’s eyes were starting to fill with tears and the omega’s beautiful smile soon spread across his face.

“Yes, Yes, Yes, a million times yes!” Barry exclaimed, a small laugh escaping him as Mick slipped the ring on his left hand. The gold band glinted in the light, a perfect fit and Barry looked down at his now fiance. The omega practically threw himself out of his chair to kiss Mick and they tumbled onto the kitchen floor in a heap.

Mick smiled into the kiss, arms wrapping around Barry’s waist. The kiss was deep and warm with just a bit of wetness from the happy tears flowing down Barry’s face. It filled Mick’s chest with warmth and love in ways he had never thought possible. The alpha was smiling when they broke apart he cupped the man’s cheeks in his hands, Barry’s eyes shining down at him.

“I love you so much.” Barry whispered, leaning into Mick’s left hand as the alpha’s thumb brushed away the wet tear tracks from his cheeks. “I can’t wait to tell Iris and Joe and Dad and…” Mick silenced his omega with another kiss, pulling away just to stare at Barry’s face.

Seeing Barry, his smile wide and happiness filling those green eyes. Mick felt his heart expand and burn from just how much he loved his little omega. He never thought he would settle down, that he would just end up dead at some point from his lifestyle and he had been okay with that. But Barry had changed everything and Mick felt happy just knowing that he had the man in his life.

“I love you,” Mick said softly, holding Barry close and pressing a kiss to the omega’s forehead. “Now, let’s eat and maybe we can squeeze some celebration sex into this morning before you leave for work.” Barry laughed, leaning forward and scenting Mick.

“Okay, my handsome husband to be.” Barry teased, getting up and helping Mick rise to his feet. They sat at the table, Barry’s hand touching Mick’s whenever he could or his eyes staring lovingly at his alpha’s face. They talked as they ate their breakfast, making plans for a future together and basking in the glow of their engagement. Every laugh and gentle touch felt like a promise of the future to Mick.

A future dream he couldn’t wait to make a reality.

“Look if Allen doesn’t show up, I’m going to have to start the investigation without him.” Singh stated just as Barry ran onto the crime scene. He was panting and a bit flushed from running to the scene. He was late but he was too happy to really worry about Singh or anyone else.

“Sorry I’m late, Captain Singh…” Barry said as he gripped the strap to his crime scene kit, smiling awkwardly and hoping he didn’t smell too much like Mick. Joe raised a brow, smiling slightly when he caught a glimpse of the ring on Barry’s left hand when it grabbed his kit strap.

“What is it this time, Mr. Allen?” Singh asked in a clipped tone. “Did you forget to set your alarm clock?” Barry met Singh’s raised brow with an awkward smile, noting the skepticism on his
captain’s face. “Before you answer, I should remind you that the excuse you gave last time was car trouble. Want to know why that one was particularly memorable?” Barry chuckled slightly and looked off to the side.

“I do not own a car.” Barry replied, face looking apologetic. “I’m sorry...my...boyfriend proposed this morning and...we got a little distracted...” Singh’s face looked surprised, a rare smile gracing his often stern features. Barry almost thought he saw the older alpha's eyes soften a bit when his dark eyes flicked to the ring.

“Well then, congratulations. Maybe now he can make sure you get to work on time.” Singh said and Joe let out a laugh. Barry’s face turned red and he moved to begin looking over the crime scene. He leaned down, getting on his stomach and examined the tire treads left in the dirt.

He noted the evidence of rear, super-wide tires with a twelve-inch diameter on the asymmetrical tread pattern. The vehicle was most likely a Mustang Shelby GT500 and Barry smiled to himself. Mick was always complaining about newer cars but he liked this type of Mustang.

“Getaway car’s a Mustang Shelby GT500,” Barry announced, still examining the treads carefully. “Shelby’s have a rear super-wide tire specific to that model. Twelve inches with an asymmetrical tread.” Barry wrinkled his brow and looked into one of the tread marks. There was something there but he would need something to pick it up and examine it closer.

“And there is something else.” Barry stated as he stood back up, walking over to detective Chyre and taking his pen from his coat. He thanked the man and crouched down to scoop the evidence up with the pen tip. Barry took a quick sniff and wrinkled his nose at the foul smell.

“Fecal excrement...animal by my guess.” Barry stated and got out a bag to process the sample. Chyre was looking at him with a look that was half angry, half disgusted. He gripped his coffee and seemed to be trying to be patient.

“My dad gave me that pen…” Chyre said slowly, glaring at Barry with a classic alpha glare. “Before he died.” Barry let his mouth fall open, trying to find the words he wanted to say. He turned back to the scene and let out a small sigh.

“Sorry…” He apologized as he looked down at his gloved hand. He could see the outline of the ring through the black nitrile and couldn’t help but smile. Even if his workday wasn’t starting out how he would like, at least he had a handsome fiance to come home to.

Barry was trying to be patient and wait for his test to finish, looking at the mug shots on file for the suspects. The Mardon brothers were well known in the precinct and Barry had seen them once or twice before. He was pretty sure Mick knew them and made a note to mention it to Mick later. He wasn’t supposed to tell Mick things about cases, confidentiality and stuff like that, but occasionally he would let him know who was a suspect just in case they could connect Barry to Mick. The criminal underground was almost as cruel to anyone they even thought could be a snitch and Barry wanted to be sure Mick was safe.

“I got your text!” Iris’s voice said and drew Barry’s attention to the woman standing there in front of him. “Let me see the ring!” Barry grinned, lifting his hand and letting Iris grab it to examine the small gold band.

“It was his grandmother’s and Mick said his grandparents were married for like fifty years.” Barry
said, pride tingling the edges of his voice. “I can’t believe he proposed...I can barely wrap my head around it.” Iris smiled, looking at the engraving and the simplicity of the band.

“It’s perfect for you, simple but gorgeous.” Iris said, letting Barry have his hand back. The omega’s grin widened and he fidgeted with the ring for a moment. “I’m so happy for you. I am going to make sure you have the ultimate wedding and Lisa has already agreed to help me.” Barry raised an eyebrow at Iris, knowing that anything those two came up with would either be amazing or illegal. Possibly both.

“Here I am, engaged and you can’t even ask Lisa out on a date.” Barry teased and Iris glared at him, giving him a solid punch in the arm. “What? I see the eyes you make towards her.”

“Lisa is amazing but just like Len, she’s doesn’t seem like the settling down type.” Iris said, shrugging as she looked at the pile of papers on Barry’s desk. “I want to marry someone someday and as much as I like Lisa...she’s wild.” Barry rolled his eyes again and decided against talking about it any more.

“Yes, okay.” Barry said as he went over to his large map on the whiteboard. “Now, I know we were supposed to go to STAR labs but your dad needs me to process some evidence of a shooting and I don’t know if I’ll be done in time.” Iris nodded, looking at a magazine featuring the particle accelerator.

“But seeing this thing turn on is like your dream,” Iris protested, stealing a homemade french fry from Barry’s lunch box. Mick had made him some because he knew Barry loved his french fries better than any fast food chain. They somehow even tasted good once they had gone cold, Barry even thought they tasted better cold sometimes. “You sad, little nerdy dream.” Barry gave her a half-hearted glare and took his fries back.

“Hands off my fries.” Barry said, a small smile on his face when Iris gave him a begging look. “Unbelievable.” The alpha female raised a brow and finished the fry in her hand. Dusting them off and glaring at Barry without any heat behind it, her hands going to her hips.

“I am stress eating over my dissertation,” Iris tried to say, her excuse making Barry shake his head. “We started selling cronuts at Jitters and I ate two today. If I don’t graduate soon, I’m going to be less alpha female and more muffin top.” Barry reached over and put his hand on his best friend’s shoulder.

“You’re beautiful and I’m sure I can convince Mick to make you some fries to eat while you work on your dissertation.” Barry said, looking back down at his computer and writing a few notes. “And I’ll bet his cronuts would be better than the ones at Jitters.” Iris nodded in agreement, pouting slightly at Barry.

“Of course you get an alpha who can cook like some kind of Greek god of the feast,” Iris complained, picking the magazine back up and looking it over. “What is so important about this particle accelerator anyway?” Barry looked towards the magazine, smiling excitedly at the thought of the particle accelerator. It was going to be such an amazing scientific feat and Barry wanted so badly to witness it.

“Harrison Wells’ work in quantum theory is light-years ahead of anything they’re doing at Cern,” Barry explained, ignoring Iris’s confused look as the alpha tucked her hair behind her ear. Barry could see that what he was saying was going over Iris’s head.

“You’re doing that thing where you are not speaking English.” Iris half teased in order to get Barry to explain in simpler terms. Iris was smart but she was studying journalism. Writing and science were
so vastly different, most of Barry’s science talk didn’t make sense in Iris’s head. Barry went to his clear drawing board and picked up a marker.

“Okay, just imagine,” Barry started, uncapping the pen and drawing a small black dot. “That this is everything that the human race has ever learned until this moment.” Iris gave Barry a small, patronizing look. She didn’t mean to show disinterest because Barry was her friend but still.

“This will literally change how we see...everything!” Barry kept explaining, drawing a bigger circle around the dot. “This represents everything we could learn after the accelerator turns on! It could change everything!” Iris took a deep breath and chuckled, putting her hands on Barry’s shoulders.

“I love you Barry but how Mick, high school dropout Mick, understands half of what you tell him is beyond me.” Iris stated and Barry’s eyes softened, his thumb reaching to feel for the ring again.

“Mick is smarter than people give him credit for. I’m nerdy smart and he’s street smart.” Barry defended even though he didn’t really have to. “And he’s all mine.” Iris shook her head at the love-struck look in Barry’s eyes. It was like Barry had fallen for Mick all over again now that they were engaged.

“Hey, leave him alone. He’s working.” Joe’s voice said, breaking Barry out of his trance. “You two will have plenty of time to moon over Barry’s ring and start making plans for the wedding later.” Iris turned to Joe and gave him a look.

“Hi, Dad.” Iris said as she looked at her father. “I’m surprised you are so cool with this. You hate Mick almost as much as you hate Len.” Joe shrugged, smiling in that fatherly way he always did when he looked at Barry and Iris.

“Let’s just say, we came to an understanding. If Rory wants to marry Barry and make him happy then I can’t complain.” Joe replied as the machine running Barry’s test beeped. Barry felt his heart warm as he went to check on the sample. It was nice that Mick and Joe had managed to form a truce now. It felt like Barry’s life was finally falling into place.

He just knew that it was only going to get better from here.

Mick smiled at his handiwork in Barry’s room. He had spent most of the day cleaning up, cooking dinner and getting their room ready for Barry to come home. Barry’s heat was most likely going to start the next morning. Mick had gotten himself shot with a ton of blockers at the local clinic to keep his rut at bay until he could leave the next day. Tonight was about Barry and Mick was more than happy to be stuck with a needle if it meant he could spend one more night with Barry before his rut.

The small apartment was clean now, dishes done and dinner ready in the crockpot. After making a food run for things Barry would find easy to make during his rut, Mick took care of making sure the omega had plenty of water for his room. Mick had replaced Barry’s sheets and carefully filled the bed with things that were heavily coated with the alpha’s scent. Mick would spend all night taking care of Barry and making sure he was ready for his heat.

Mick plopped down on the couch, drinking a beer and resting himself for when Barry arrived home. The rain outside was beating heavily on the windows and Mick found the sound peaceful. He had his lighter up on the table, the small flame moving back and forth with the air and keeping Mick’s attention. Mick was feeling relaxed and the happiness from the events of the morning lingered in his chest. His fiance would soon be joining him and that was enough to make Mick feel more than
Mick’s phone rang and he looked at the coffee table where he had set it down. He didn’t even have to look at the ID in order to know it was Barry, the ringtone invading the quiet of the room letting Mick know who it was. Mick glanced at the time by the television and wrinkled a brow. The omega was at the particle accelerator event and shouldn’t be calling yet. Mick would have gone with but Barry didn’t think he would like the large crowd gathering there, so Mick opted to stay home and work on dinner instead.

“Hey Doll, how are things?” Mick asked when he picked up, hearing the sound of talking in the background but not nearly as much as he expected. Barry sighed into the phone and Mick knew something was wrong.

“Iris’s purse got stolen at the event and we ended up having to come back to the police station.” Barry explained, sounding a little discouraged. “I tried to go after the guy but...I may have gotten roughed up a little. I’m fine but it definitely didn’t help my ego.” Mick perked up and wrinkled his brow.

“Did you see the guys face?” Mick asked, already planning on finding the punk who dared touch his fiance or Iris. Most of the familiar faces underground knew better than to mess with Barry by now but sometimes the newer kids didn’t use their common sense. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’m fine, just grabbing something from my lab and then I’m heading home. It’s pouring outside so I may be a little late.” Barry huffed, sounding frustrated. “I’m sorry, today has just been a bit rough. Singh is on my back and I’m still going to miss the accelerator turning on. Plus I got saved by the new detective we just got from Keystone. He actually counts his arrests and Iris is making eyes at him.” Mick chuckled, knowing which cop that Barry was talking about.

“Yeah, Detective Pretty Boy. You mentioned he liked to keep score, sounds like a punk.” Mick said, laying back on the couch. “I guess I’ll just have to make tonight extra special to make up for it. I’ve already got whipped cream, chocolate, and strawberries, does that sound like a better night?” Barry’s small laugh was like music to Mick’s ears. He could practically hear Barry starting to smile.

“That sounds amazing and I wouldn’t refuse one of your wonderful massages either.” Barry said when Mick heard the sound of the television in the background, an alarm sounding over the phone. “Oh shit, Mick turn on the news. I guess something is going on with the accelerator. It’s malfunctioning.” Mick raised a brow and did as he was told. The pretty news anchor seemed to be panicking and people were starting to evacuate the area around her.

“The storm may have caused a malfunction to the primary cooling system,” The woman said and Mick felt his stomach drop. “Officials are now trying to shut down the particle accelerator but so far, have been unable to regain control over the system…” Suddenly, the television went out and Mick heard Barry gasp on the phone.

“Mick, the accelerator...I can see Star labs from here and I think...it’s exploding…” Barry stated, sounding unnerved. “I’m going to close the skylight and then I’ll head home. I don’t know if I’m going to be on call but this doesn’t look good at all.” Mick felt his heart pick up speed, his mind recalling what Len had said. Len would have the sense to escape if he were near the explosion but Mick knew Barry would be rushing to help.

“Doll, I want you to come home. Let the big guns handle it for the night...I don’t like this.” Mick stated and he heard shuffling from the other end of the line. “I’ll come get you but stay safe until I get there.” Chains tinkled softly and Mick heard Barry grunt in an effort to close the skylight.
“I’m sure it’s fine Mick don’t worry so much, I will…” Barry tapered off and Mick felt his heart in his throat. “Mick...something is happening…” Suddenly, Mick heard the sound of breaking glass only to be followed by a cracking sound, so loud it made his ears ring. When the ringing started to subside after a few moments Mick realized Barry wasn’t talking anymore. There was nothing but silence on the other end of the phone, complete dead silence.

“Doll, what happened?” Mick asked, still hearing nothing in response. “Barry?” Mick pulled his phone down to look at it and noticed the call had ended. He tried to call again, the phone ringing but not picking up. Mick’s blood felt frozen in his veins, the quiet in the apartment deafening. He was moving before he could stop himself and grabbed for his keys.

He was halfway to the station when he got the call from Iris. Mick picked up frantically, trying not to act as panicked as he felt. The fear he felt was welling up in his chest and shifting into emotions Mick could use. Anger and worry swirled in his heart and mind, fueling the alpha to keep driving. Deep in his gut, Mick had a feeling of dread. He needed to find Barry and make sure that his omega was okay.

“Iris, something happened to Barry. We were on the phone then it went dead…” Mick started to growl, voice sounding more irritated than he meant for it to sound. Mick could hear Iris sobbing on the other end of the phone and his heart squeezed painfully in his chest. Iris’s next words stole his breath and ripped into Mick’s very being.

“Mick, you need to get to the hospital.” Iris managed to say, voice shaking from tears. “It’s Barry…” Mick suddenly felt his whole world turn quiet. All sound seeming to fade around him, the only sound he could hear was his own heart beating slowly in his ears.

No.
Grief is Another Name for Love

Chapter Summary

"Grief is like the ocean; it comes in waves, ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the water is calm, and sometimes it is overwhelming. All we can do is learn to swim."
- Vicki Harrison

Chapter Notes

Some heavy stuff in this chapter. I'm putting a trigger for self-harm towards the end of the chapter here and in the tags so be careful.

Love you guys and I will try to make the next chapter...less unpleasant.

The hospital was crowded and noisy when Mick burst through the front doors of the emergency room lobby with Lisa following after him. The beta’s cool blue eyes looked over the crowds as eyes went to Mick. The alpha’s worried and angry scent filled the main part of the lobby, causing many nurses and patients to cover their noses from the intensity. Mick didn’t care as he reached the counter and glared down at the small blond beta nurse that stared up at him, her hand covering her nose.

“Barry Allen, where is he?” Mick asked, voice barely above an aggressive growl. The nurse blinked up at him for a moment before clearing her throat, her eyes softened slightly and she seemed to be doing her best to relax. Lisa put a hand on Mick’s arm, urging him to be calm.

“Barry is his fiance,” Lisa said, voice tight with concern. “His sister said that Barry was brought here so if we could get his room number.” Lisa’s voice was not a request, it spoke of a hidden command that the nurse seemed to pick up on.

“You must be Mister Rory and Miss Snart, Miss West told us you would be in.” She said, voice warm despite the slight scent of nervous fear clinging to her. “Barry Allen is in room 215 and his family has been asked to...” Mick didn’t bother to wait for what the woman said next, hearing the room number sent him down the hallway and Mick ignored her shouts for him to come back. Lisa followed after Mick, understanding that the alpha was on edge and hoping that whatever Joe or Iris knew would set Mick at ease.

Iris, Joe, and some blond officer he didn’t know were waiting outside the room. The strange officer looked over Mick with suspicion, the scent of a worried omega permeated off him despite the blockers Mick knew he must be on. Iris looked up, her face wet with tears and she perked up when she saw Mick and Lisa. Mick looked at Iris and Joe, his harsh gaze almost begging for answers.

“Mick, Barry got struck by lightning in the lab and he’s in a coma.” Iris managed to explain as Lisa
moved forward to put a hand on her shoulder in comfort. “They have him on life support but...they
don’t know when he’s going to wake up.” Mick stared blankly at the female alpha, fists clenching at
his sides as he tried to control the cold, creeping fear in his chest.

“I’m sorry but...why aren’t we arresting Mick Rory?” The blond omega asked, glaring towards Mick
with suspicion in his eyes. Mick glared at him, his gaze deadlier than normal from stress and worry.
The omega officer didn’t look down and instead crossed his arms over his chest in defiance, daring
Mick to make a move. If Mick were in the right mind, he would have found that impressive but right
now the returning glare made a growl rise in his throat. Iris turned to the omega, her sharp brown
eyes shining with her own alpha gaze.

“Mick is Barry’s fiance, he’s allowed to be here and if you so much as think of arresting him I will
kick your ass.” Iris threatened, voice more aggressive than Mick had ever heard it. Lisa was glaring
as well, putting a hand on Iris’s shoulder and nodding in agreement.

“I second that, don’t make me mess up such a pretty face.” Lisa threatened, her voice sounding
sweeter than Iris but dripping with a hidden poison that made the officer stand down. Joe sighed,
lifting up his hands in a placating manner.

“Everyone needs to calm down,” Joe stated and turned to the omega. The older alpha’s eyes looked
dark from worry, his age showing on his face from the stress of the situation and concern outlined in
the sag of his shoulders. “Rory is welcome here, Thawne. As much as I never thought I would say it,
he is family too.” Mick looked at Joe for a moment, giving him a nod before moving to the window
to watch the doctors scurry around Barry.

Barry was hooked up to several machines, his eyes closed and patterns of lightning covering his skin.
The marks looked like red raised tree’s, decorating his omega’s once unmarred skin. Mick felt his
throat catch and he couldn’t tear his eyes away from the scene. An oxygen tube on his face, wires,
and tubes tangled around him. Mick’s fists clenched at his sides and he took a shaky breath as the
world around him faded.

Len’s intuition had been right, something had happened and Mick wanted so desperately to hate his
friend for it. Barry was lying there, looking pale and almost dead. Mick’s heart ached in his chest and
tore into him like a wild animal. He wanted to run into the room, to hold Barry’s hand and beg for
the omega to awaken. His hands longed to kill whatever had done this, even if that wasn’t possible.
Someone, something needed to pay for hurting Barry.

He should have known this was too good to be true. That life would be kind to him just this once,
that something as good and pure as the love he shared with Barry wouldn’t be taken away as quickly
as he had found it. Mick looked down at his left hand, staring at his engagement ring as the thoughts
raced through his head. He should have been there, should have gone with Barry to the event and
maybe he could have prevented the mugging that made Barry return to the police station.

The panic set in suddenly, burning in Mick’s chest and stealing his breath. His chest felt tight as he
stared at Barry just lying there and the whole world suddenly moved too quickly around Mick. Barry
might not wake up, he could die and Mick would never again feel his omega’s gentle kisses in the
morning. Barry’s bright smile flashed through Mick’s mind, the softness his green eyes would take
on when he looked at Mick playing through his mind in a painful memory.

It was too much and Mick’s mind was racing. He needed to burn something, the anxiety starting to
make his chest ache. He hadn’t told Barry he loved him before the lightning struck. What if Barry
died without knowing how much Mick truly loved him? Even though they weren’t mated, Mick felt
his heart breaking in his chest. His shoulders shook and he wanted so desperately to take Barry’s
place in that hospital bed.
“Mick…”

He couldn’t lose Barry. Mick’s whole world felt like it was spinning, the air too thick for him to breathe it in. The sterile air of the hospital was too much, too chemical to really clear Mick’s mind. Every breath seemed to pain his lungs when Mick tried to breathe away the burning tightness clenching in his chest. His head felt foggy and dizzy as his mind focused on everything and nothing all at once.

“Mick, come on let’s get you some air.” Lisa’s voice said, her small hands gently guiding Mick through the hall despite Mick’s shaking legs. The beta was surprisingly strong despite her height and she guided Mick through the halls until they reached a door to the outside.

Mick tried to breathe in the cooler air of the night, his world still spinning as he finally sunk down onto the concrete in a heap. Lisa was in front of him, softly speaking to him and trying to guide Mick back from the darkness starting to spot his vision. Lisa’s hands moved into Mick’s front jacket pocket and Mick let her, too tired to fight.

“Mick, look here.” Lisa cooed softly, lifting up Mick’s silver zippo lighter and guiding his eyes to the flames. Mick locked onto the bright light, letting himself watch as the light flicked back and forth with the gentle breeze of the night air. Mick took the lighter with shaking hands and just let his mind go blank. His breathing slowed, his shoulders relaxing as he watched the flame flicker and move. His hands and feet began to tingle when his breathing returned to normal.

Mick was silent for what felt like ages, eyes locked onto the flame as it bounced. Mick’s mind slowly released his thoughts and his mind returned to Barry. His omega might never wake up, Mick might hear never Barry say those words again. Mick realized he should have told Barry so many things and truly showed the omega how much he meant to him. Regret swirled inside of Mick, threatening to break him open again.

“He’s not going to make it, is he?” Mick asked Lisa softly, his eyes still fixed on the flame and Lisa’s eyes dropped to the ground. She opened her mouth as if to find something to say but closed it when no words of comfort could be found. Mick knew she had no words of hope, people like them didn’t know how to offer things like that. Mick’s heart ached and he was silent for several moments. The flames danced on the lighter, flickering brightly and calling to Mick like they always did.

He wanted to burn. He wanted those flames to grow and swallow him whole like they should have done when he was a child. If he had died all those years ago, then he wouldn’t have to feel this cracking pain in his chest. Why Barry? Barry was everything good in this horrible, cruel and twisted world. The one good thing Mick had dared let himself cling to only to have the omega struck down not because of Mick as he had always feared, but by nature herself as if to punish Mick for letting himself dare to hope.

Mick was vaguely aware of Lisa pressing a phone to his ear and he lifted his hand to grab onto it. He felt like he was floating, like everything around him was playing out and he was just watching it. He no longer felt solid and it made Mick feel weak as he fought to bring himself out of the fog his panic had left him in.

“Mick, I need you to listen to me.” Len’s voice came over the phone. “Lisa says you had a panic attack and told me what happened to Barry. I’m in Starling, laying low after the heist but if you need me to come back to Central, I can.” Mick kept his eyes fixed on the flames. It was too risky for Len to come back right now, even with all the chaos from the particle accelerator exploding.

“I’ll be fine…but can you make sure Queen and Ponytail know,” Mick said quietly, starting to stand up and he took a deep breath. “And tell Haircut. I can practically hear him worrying over your
shoulder.” Len paused for a moment before giving a small chuckle.

“What makes you think I’m with Raymond?” Len asked, the teasing air to his voice attempting to mask the slight irritation at the insinuation. “I have safe houses in Starling…”

Mick rolled his eyes, his body too tired to really argue with Len at this point. Mick had known how Len felt about Ray for years and let the omega deny whatever it was for just as long. The idea of losing Barry was weighing on Mick and despite wanting someone to suffer for what happened, Len wasn’t on the list. If anything, Mick wanted Len to realize what he had before he too lost something irreplaceable.

“Because as much as you deny that you’re in love with that idiot, I know you,” Mick stated, voice dry with impatience. “And I know you know he feels the same way. Just tell him already or break it off ‘cause take it from me, not tellin’ him will feel worse.” Mick gave Lisa back her phone and moved through the doors back into the hospital.

He entered Barry’s room silently, Iris and Joe looking up at him. Mick’s eyes were focused on Barry and he sat in a chair next to the omega’s bedside. Slowly, Mick’s hand lifted and curled over the top of Barry’s. The familiar hand felt oddly cold in Mick’s as he lifted it to his lips and held it tightly. His eyes never left Barry’s face, as if his silent plea would somehow wake his omega from the sleep his mind had dropped him into.

The room was quiet aside from the beeps of the various machines keeping Barry alive and Mick kept a silent vigil by Barry’s side well after Iris, Lisa, Thawne, and Joe left for the night. The nurses let him stay despite the fact visiting hours were over, seeming sympathetic to his situation despite the pair being unmated.

Barry would go into cardiac arrest several times that evening, his heart stopping and the machines crying out loud enough to make Mick’s ears ring. The lights would go out in the room, backup generators starting up to keep the machines on. Each time the doctors would push Mick aside to restart the omega’s heart, Mick would stand in the corner of the room and just watch. His own heart coming to a stop along with Barry’s, holding his breath until the steady beeping would start again.

The lights would come back on as soon as Barry’s heart rate started to blip on the screen. When the nurses filed out, Mick would return to his spot and hold his omega’s hand. Mick found himself closing his eyes and doing something he never thought he would do.

He prayed.

It was less than prayer, more like begging softly to the near quiet room. The alpha begged to any entity that would listen to take him instead. Mick silently plead for something, anything to take his heart from his chest, to take the breath that was wasted on a criminal like himself. The universe could have it all as long as Barry’s eyes opened again.

Mick would gladly burn a million times over if it meant that Barry Allen could live.

Ray was watching Len talking to Lisa from his bed, the omega out on the balcony and looking more than a little stressed out. Ray had overheard some of what was happening and was already texting Felicity and Oliver so that Len wouldn’t have to do it later. Ray was worried for Barry, sitting in a hospital bed in a coma and for Mick, the alpha most likely glued to Barry’s side.

It was almost scary how quickly things had turned for the worse. It had only been hours since Barry
had texted all of them, gushing over his ring and sounding happier than he had in ages. It made Ray’s heartache for Mick because he knew how it felt to lose someone you loved. He knew what it was like to have your fiance there one minute and then gone the next. It was still unclear if Barry would wake up but Ray was already doing his best to be supportive.

Oliver and Ray agreed to pay the hospital bills, requesting for the best equipment money could offer for their friend to take some pressure off of Joe, Mick, and Iris. Since Ray and Oliver’s companies were merged, they had money to spare. Ray looked back up to watch Len, the omega finally closing his phone and Ray stood slowly.

Len was sitting on the balcony, looking out at the lights of Starling city and Ray felt his heartache in his chest. What must Len be feeling in this moment? Mick was like family to Len, the two had a bond that went beyond blood. If Ray was feeling helpless in this situation because of Barry, how must Len feel having to stay in Starling to hide while his best friend was suffering what could be the loss of his fiance?

Ray stepped outside, leaving the sliding glass door open and letting his bare feet hit the cool concrete. Len’s shoulders were tense and he looked ready to either fight or run but couldn’t decide which option was better.

“Len,” Ray said softly, announcing his presence so Len wouldn’t flinch when Ray wrapped his arms around the omega’s waist. Ray tried not to let his heart skip a beat when he felt Len relax in his arms and instead simply pressed his forehead to the back of the man’s shaved head. “You couldn’t have prevented this.” Len sighed heavily, leaning back against Ray’s body.

“I know that, Raymond. I’m not so naive as to believe I could have prevented this.” Len stated dryly, his normally drawn out voice keeping a normal tone. “I should have put the heist on hold. I knew that something was coming but I was too preoccupied to really pay attention.” Ray stayed quiet, listening carefully instead of interrupting. He had learned it was best to let Len talk when he felt the need to because those times were rare.

“He sounded so broken,” Len said, hands moving to rest on top of Ray’s arms that were safely holding him close. “It’s so unlike him. I was expecting him to get angry like he always does when he can’t control something. It was...unsettling.” Ray felt his heart give a tug when he heard the slightest hard edge to Len’s voice. He wanted to comfort Len even though he knew it fell into more than was written in their contract.

“You’ll go home when the heat dies down and be there for him. Felicity is already heading to Central and I’m going to go in a few days to make sure the hospital gets the equipment Oliver and I sent over.” Ray reassured, smiling as his arms tightened just slightly around Len. “Let’s have some cocoa so you can relax. I know you came over with different intentions but I can feel how stressed you are and frankly, I am too.” Len sighed, turning his head slightly to look at Ray.

Ray stared into those blue eyes, watching the hidden emotions Len was feeling circle inside of them. Len’s eyes never failed to make Ray’s heart flutter in his chest because he had learned to look to them to figure out what the omega was truly feeling. The smallest smirk graced Len’s face and Ray found himself wishing he could kiss those beautiful lips.

“I think I need something a little stronger than cocoa, Raymond,” Len stated, his voice teasing as he lifted his head to nip at Ray’s scent gland. “Let me handle the cocoa and you work on finding something for us to watch.” Ray’s spine went rigid at the suggestion. Len never just stayed and...just spent time with him.

Ray tried to hide his happiness but the smile came through anyway. He pulled away from Len, doing
as instructed and going to find a movie they might both enjoy. Len went into the kitchen and Ray could hear him open up Ray’s meager liquor cabinet. Ray had a few bottles of expensive alcohol he had been gifted but rarely drank it unless in celebration or in this case, stress.

Ray smiled, digging through his DVD collection and unearthing some movies he knew Len liked. Star Wars was always a good go to but Len also harbored a secret love for old Humphrey Bogart films. It was a fact Lisa had accidentally revealed and one Ray was hoping he could use to his advantage at some point. Now seemed to be a good time.

“Casablanca, The Maltese Falcon or The Roaring Twenties?” Ray asked out loud so Len could hear him. “Either that or I can find something nerdier?” Len walked out of the kitchen, carrying two mugs and handing Ray one. The omega raised a brow at Ray’s selection.

“I never pegged you for a film noir buff.” Len teased as he took a sip of his cocoa. “Casablanca, it’s a classic.” Ray smiled, his heart skipping with joy and grabbing his copy of the movie. He took a quick sip of the whipped cream over the top of the cocoa and his eyes widened the slightest hint of dark rum washing over his tongue with the cocoa.

“You really added a kick to it,” Ray teased when Len settled onto his couch, propping his feet on Ray’s coffee table. “I should have guessed you knew how to make alcoholic cocoa.” Ray could feel Len’s eyes watching him as he put the movie in, adjusting the settings and took a seat next to Len. The lights dimmed and Ray tried to keep his distance on the couch to keep from making Len uncomfortable.

It was more of a surprise when Len actually moved closer, shoving Ray against the side of the couch and spread out like a cat between the alpha’s long legs. Ray could feel his face heat when Len laid his head on his chest and he tried to breathe in an attempt to calm his now racing heart. Ray sipped his cocoa, hoping the alcohol in it would calm his nerves as the movie began to play.

They rested in silence, just the sounds of the movie and their breathing in the room. At some point, Ray grabbed a blanket off the back of the couch to cover them. Ray’s hands moved up to rub slow, unintentional circles on Len’s lower back and earned a sigh of content from the omega. It was domestic and loving in the way Ray had been craving and the alpha almost wished they could stay this way.

Len watched the movie but Ray could tell he wasn't focused. The omega’s mind was circling on something, Ray could see it in his eyes. Ray wanted to ask but decided to let Len think as he relished in this affectionate contact with the man he loved.

“Are you in love with me?” Len suddenly asked, looking up and focusing those stormy blue eyes on Ray. The alpha froze, his whole body going stiff from the question. Ray opened his mouth to say something but found no words. He wanted to deny the feelings for Len, this had to be a test and Len could pull away and Ray would never see him again. But Ray never lied to Len and didn't want to, not about this.

“Yes…” Ray admitted slowly, eyes not looking away from Len’s. “For about a year, six months and a few days.” There was a long silence after Ray’s confession. The alpha watched Len’s face for anything that would reveal what he was thinking. The thief looked over Ray, his face blank with thoughts that Ray couldn’t read.

“I know that in the agreement you stated not to and I understand why but...I can’t help how I feel. I wasn’t going to tell you because I didn’t want you to sever the agreement.” Ray rambled, trying to explain himself. “You don’t have to love me back or anything...I’m happy with how things are and I
don’t want to lose you just because I fell for you…” Len remained quiet as he watched Ray fill the silence and grow more anxious with every word.

“I mean how could I avoid falling in love with you. You’re smart and well read, you can argue with me about Star Wars then switch to listening to me talking about my projects. I love that you pretend not to care but always make sure I’m taking care of myself,” Ray rambled on, his cheeks taking on a darker blush. “You think you’re this bad, tough criminal and I mean you are but then you turn around and care so deeply for your sister and Mick, even Barry and I just know there is somewhere inside you that cares about me…or at least I hope and…” Ray was cut off by Len placing a cool finger to his lips.

“Take a breath, pretty boy,” Len ordered softly, his voice commanding but surprisingly gentle. Ray nodded and breathed in deeply, trying to calm his racing heartbeat when Len pulled his hand away and cupped Ray’s cheek. The gesture was so soft and intimate, it made Ray’s racing mine stop its spiral of thoughts.

Ray couldn’t tear his eyes away from Len’s face. The omega was just so beautiful in the low light of the living room, the light of the television casting shadows over his face. Ray leaned into the hand and consciously exposed his neck in that familiar show of submission he only did for Len.

“I’ll do anything just…please don’t leave me.” Ray pleaded softly, voice a low whisper as Len stroked his cheek. The omega continued to stare for just another moment before his lips pressed against Ray’s. The alpha’s eyes widened, gasping softly at the contact before closing in content. Len took control of the kiss, much like everything he did with Ray. The alpha gave in easily and let the omega move closer.

Len straddled Ray’s lap, letting the alpha’s hands slip under his shirt and cupping Ray’s face with both hands. The omega’s tongue explored Ray’s mouth and tongue with command, thumbs stroking along the alpha’s strong jaw. Ray moaned into the kiss when Len’s left hand traveled down his face and neck. Long, delicate fingers tracing along his collarbone and Len’s body pressing closer to Ray’s.

When they finally broke apart, gasping for air, Ray could feel the slight tremble travel through Len’s body. The omega opened his eyes and met Ray’s with a soft sadness he had never seen before. It made the alpha’s hurt to see the confusion in those beautiful blue depths he loved so much. It was as if Len wasn’t sure he believed Ray’s words the first time.

“Say it again,” Len whispered, his eyes half-lidded as Ray let his fingers travel down Len’s spine. Ray smiled at the soft tone, less of a command and more like a gentle plea for reassurance.

“I love you, Leonard Snart.” Ray stated with a voice sounding so sure and confident even Ray was surprised. He had no doubt that he loved Len with all his heart. Len watched Ray’s face again before opening his mouth to speak, considering his words carefully.

“Men like me don’t deserve to be loved,” Len stated, his eyes darkening and Ray clung to him instinctually. He shook his head, eyes fierce but not in a way that seemed to dominate. It was desperation and determination mixing in Ray’s chest now.

“It’s not about deserving, Len,” Ray said and pressed his forehead to the omega’s. “It’s about how we feel. I love you and I want you in my life in whatever capacity you are willing to give me. You’ve been through so much and I just want to…soften it for you.” Ray wasn’t always good with words and Len needed to hear things a certain way to avoid shutting down. Ray wasn’t going to let him go easily though, he had to try.
“Stay with me, try with me and I promise you that I will make it worth your while,” Ray said, voice holding as much of a promise as it could. Len’s lips slowly quirked up in a smirk, the omega leaning forward to bite Ray’s scent gland hard enough to bruise. It drew a sharp, pleased gasp from Ray.

“You talk too much, Raymond.” Len said before kissing Ray again, the alpha melting underneath him and submitting to Len’s will. It sent a chill up Ray’s spine as he relished in the feel of Len’s lips on his. It was better than anything he had ever imagined before. Len’s chapped lips warm against his and laying claim to Ray’s mouth. Len pulled away after a moment, chuckling when Ray chased after his lips for another kiss.

“Down boy,” Len stated, his teasing smile making Ray grin like a lovestruck schoolboy. Len moved off of Ray’s lap, grabbing the alpha by the front of his shirt. “Let’s distract ourselves, shall we?” Ray was up before Len could finish, his brown eyes shining with love and anticipation.

“As you wish, Omega.” Ray replied, his tone taking on that submissive tone he only had with Len. The omega led Ray to his room and shut the door with his foot. Len kissed Ray again, the feeling of Len’s lips on his own making Ray giddy with happiness.

“I got you something, it’s in the closet. Why don’t you put it on for me?” Len said, voice a light order that promised Ray something amazing. “I’ll set up something that will have you trembling beneath me, like a good alpha.” Ray nodded, turning towards the closet as Len lifted the bag he had brought with him onto the bed.

Ray walked into his closet, the decent sized walk in with enough room for him to change. He looked around the closet and spotted something new hanging directly in front of him. Ray felt his breath catch at the sight of Len’s gift.

A gorgeous blue lingerie corset, hanging directly in front of Ray and urging him to reach out and touch. Ray smiled at the matching underwear clipped to the bottom of the corset and garters with blue lace stockings. Ray shivered at how amazing the lace would feel against his skin, eagerly pulling his shirt off.

He dressed quickly, admiring himself in the mirror resting on the wall of the closet for a moment. He wasn’t sure how Len had gotten his exact measurements but everything fit like a glove. The garters rested on Ray’s thighs perfectly, the stockings almost making Ray’s legs longer than they already were. Ray’s cock was half hard in the lace panties already, excited to show Len how his present looked. He was about to leave when he spotted one more thing he hadn’t noticed before.

A simple, plain white box with a red ribbon sitting on the shoe shelf next. Ray reached for it and inspected it for a moment before tugging at the ribbon. He opened the box and let the lid fall to the ground.

Ray had to bite his lip to hide the excited gasp in his throat.

A beautiful blue leather collar, the leather wider in the back but tapering to the front. Short, synthetic fur covered the inside to soften it and mindful of Ray’s allergy to fur. It looked amazing and Ray felt his mouth go dry at the nameplate across the back of the collar. He let out a small, surprised breath at the words.

Leonard’s Alpha

“Thought you might like that,” Len’s voice said from the doorway, startling Ray from his thoughts. The alpha turned and watched Len’s eyes flick up his form with hungry eyes. Ray blushed and smiled, giving Len a small twirl so he could admire the whole of the set he had gotten Ray.
“Thank you, it fits perfectly.” Ray said as Len closed the distance between them and lifted a cool hand to brush his short nails along Ray’s jaw. Ray lifted the collar, eyes locking onto Len’s and giving the thief a warm smile. “Put it on for me, omega?” Len’s eyes sparkled with the suggestion and took the collar from Ray’s hands.

The alpha wasted no time, getting on his knees for Len and earning a chuckle from the omega. Len buckled the collar slowly, letting his fingers touch along Ray’s neck and sending a chill up the man’s spine. To be collared by Len touched something inside of Ray he didn’t know was there.

It rested comfortably on his neck, the fur lining the inside keeping the leather from chaffing the sensitive skin of Ray’s neck and drawing a whimper from his throat. Len smiled in that domineering way that made Ray’s mouth water and his heart hammer with anticipation. The omega gripped Ray’s chin, his eyes lit up with the thrill of being in control of the alpha beneath him.

“That’s a good alpha,” Len purred, drinking in the look of Ray on his knees for him. “Do you like being collared by your omega?” Ray nodded, brown eyes staring up at Len excitedly and waiting for permission to speak. Good alphas didn’t speak until given permission by their omegas. Len’s free hand went to his belt, skillfully undoing the buckle and button with a speed only a master thief could possess.

“Good boy, behaving so nicely for me.” Len stated, letting his tight jeans slide down and reaching into his boxers to take out his already half hard cock. He pumped it a few times to coax the length to hardness and Ray watched with hungry eyes. Len smirked at the look in Ray’s eyes, brushing his thumb over Ray’s lips. “Does my good alpha want a treat?” Ray’s head nodded rapidly, a soft whine escaping his throat.

“Then you’re going to have to earn it,” Len said, pulling his hand away from Ray’s face. He slid his pants off the remainder of the way and left them in a heap on the floor. Len lifted his hand and his blue eyes took on an air of command, shifting into his role as the dominant.

“Sit.” Len ordered and Ray responded almost immediately, sending his ass to the floor and looking up at Len’s cock with interest and heat in those brown eyes. “Good boy, now stay.” Len walked towards the closet door, turning back briefly to see that Ray was obeying his command. Ray’s muscles were tight and shivering as he held back the need to trail after Len, eyes begging for his omega to call for him. Ray wanted to stay by Len but if he wanted to earn his reward, he needed to be a good alpha.

“Come along, pretty boy.” Len said after a few moments and Ray moved forward on all fours, smiling happily as the pair entered the living room. Len had set up several things on Ray’s nightstand that made Ray shiver with anticipation. The usual candles, pinwheel, restraints and a tickler along with something else that made Ray have to bite his lip to hold back a shrill whine.

His tail. A silicone plug colored blue and red that curled up into a thin, whip-like tail, sitting on the nightstand next to a bottle of lube and ready for use. Len walked forward and picked up the tail along with the bottle of lube. Ray stayed by Len’s side, keeping to the right and waiting for further instruction despite letting his eyes follow after Len’s hands holding the toy.

“Let’s see if my alpha took care to clean himself out,” Len teased, patting the bed with one hand before reaching for a pair of black nitrile gloves. “Up, pretty boy.” Ray was up on the bed in no time at all, turning his back to Len and presenting himself like they had practiced so many times.

Len hummed with interest and grabbed the lube. Ray whined when Len grabbed his ass, the sensation of the rubber gloves feeling good on his bare skin. Len grasped Ray’s ass in his hands and kneaded the cheeks roughly before spreading them open to inspect Ray’s puckered hole. Ray had
taken care to clean himself out before Len had come over.

“My, so you did clean yourself up for me. So well behaved tonight, my good alpha.” Len said, his praise making Ray shiver, his cock twitching between his legs. “Can I get a color, Raymond?” Ray perked up at Len’s change of tone, eyes half-lidded from the gentle question. It never failed to make his heart skip when Len asked for his colors. He loved that Len never took his trust for granted, always stopped and asked before penetrating the alpha.

“Green.” Ray responded, his collar moving around his neck when he spoke. “Very much green, my omega.” Len paused at that slightly more intimate title, eyebrows raising ever so slightly before nodding. Ray wiggled his ass when he heard the familiar squeak of the plastic as Len opened the bottle of lube.

Ray relaxed as Len’s first finger circled around his hole, the lube having been warmed before touching him and Ray was grateful for that. Ray gasped softly when Len’s thin finger finally breached his hole and slowly began to move inside him. Len’s finger brushed along Ray’s inner walls with practiced ease, making the alpha shiver from the sensation of the intrusion. Len was always careful when he did this for Ray. Alphas didn’t create natural lubricant like omegas could so Len always took his time to stretch Ray so he wouldn’t hurt his submissive alpha.

“Always so tight for me, even after four years.” Len’s voice purred, his free hand gripping Ray’s ass and letting it slowly slip out of it to brush the feeling of the gloves over Ray’s skin. “Such a good alpha for me, perfect in every way.” Ray whined at the praise again, pressing against Len’s fingers as the omega slowly pulled back to add a second finger. Ray let out a sharp cry when Len’s free hand gave a warning slap on his ass. It wasn’t hard enough to bruise, just a slight correction that stung and sent a thrill of pleasure straight to Ray’s hardening length.

“No, pretty boy. You know the rules,” Len stated, his hand running over the spot he had spanked with a gentle hand. “Stay still when I’m getting you ready.” Ray growled softly, testing his boundary and hoping for another slap of warning. Ray didn’t enjoy too much pain but he loved the feeling of Len spanking him. The blood rushing to the spot Len would smack, his sensitive nerves lighting up sharply before numbing blissfully underneath Len’s hands. It felt too good not to tempt his omega for it every now and then.

Another smack, right where Ray’s thigh met his ass made Ray cry out before his voice faded into an involuntary moan. He panted softly, eyes half-lidded with pleasure when Len’s fingers continued to move inside him. The fingers curled and hit that spot inside Ray that made his toes curl and his muscles loosen further for Len to insert a third finger.

“It’s not a punishment when you enjoy it so much, my naughty alpha.” Len said, voice low and he paused the movement of his fingers, sending a jolt of pleasure down Ray’s spine. “I won’t do it if you enjoy it? Are you being a bad boy on purpose? Speak.” The order was Ray’s permission and he took a deep breath before opening his mouth.

“I’m sorry, omega. Please don’t stop, I’ll be good just please…” Ray begged and that earned him another sharp slap. Len rubbed for just a moment before taking hold of Ray’s collar, forcing the alpha up. The collar felt tight but not enough to hinder his breathing as Len leaned down to Ray’s ear.

“You want me to play rough tonight, pretty boy?” Len asked, tone demanding an answer only to soften slightly towards the end. “Color?” Ray was shivering with the thought of Len treating him roughly, his eyes clouded over with need and lost in his headspace. He loved everything they were doing so far.
“Green...omega, please...” Ray begged, earning a sharp bite on his scent gland from Len in response. “Mark me, omega and make me yours. I want to be yours.” Those words gave Len pause, the omega humming in thought as he spread the three fingers buried in Ray. There was a slight burn from the stretch that faded slowly as Len worked Ray open for a few more minutes.

Ray could smell Len’s slick now, the scent heavy in his nose as Len’s fingers disappeared from his opening and the alpha whined at the loss. It wasn’t until he felt the familiar bulge of the plug against his ass that the alpha let out a keening moan. Once the toy was placed, Ray gave his tail a wag, the toy moving back and forth with his movements and shifting against his sweet spot.

“Good alpha,” Len stated, giving Ray’s ass a light slap so the alpha would move. Ray turned, watching his omega crawl onto the bed. Len leaned his back against the headboard, taking his time to adjust some pillows for his own comfort. Ray whined softly at the smell of Len’s slick, eyes moving over the wetness leaking down Len’s thighs. The alpha licked his lips and stared intently, his whole body shaking as he waited for his command.

“Come here, pretty boy,” Len ordered, lifting his hand and crooking his finger to bring Ray forward. “It’s meal time...” Ray crawled forward and settled between Len’s thighs, hungrily pushing his face to Len’s dripping opening. The alpha’s tongue licked over the mess on Len’s thighs, pink tongue lapping at the skin.

“Good boy, drink up your omega’s juices and show me how grateful you are...” Len growled, taking off his gloves and tossing them aside before threading one hand through Ray’s hair. “Show me how good you are.” Len’s taste washed over Ray’s tongue, salty and warm. Ray wasted no time giving Len’s warm entrance a wide lick. He let out a hum of pleasure, closing his eyes and just letting Len take over all his remaining senses.

He wanted to please Len, hear his omega whining with pleasure from Ray’s tongue. The omega’s breathing hitched as Ray swirled his tongue around the entrance and probed gently at the opening to chase the taste inside. He licked quickly for a few moments in an attempt to open Len up before sliding his tongue inside.

“Fuck, yes...” Len groaned, spreading his legs a little wider for Ray. “Make your omega feel good, earn the right to be inside of me.” Ray whimpered at that thought and nuzzled at Len’s balls with his nose. Ray wrapped his arms around Len’s thighs, burying his face and tongue into his task. He listened for each gasp that escaped Len and noted what he had done to earn it. He swirled his tongue slowly before giving a fast, wide lick and that made Len’s hand tighten in his hair.

Inserting his tongue and twirling it around the tight opening earned the most beautiful moan of his name from Len’s lips. Ray gasped at the sound, bobbing his head forward and repeating the action with his fingers. Ray spread Len open with two fingers and pressed his tongue in further to explore. Len tasted so good and soon the omega’s muscles twitched beneath him, the salty taste of Len coming washing over the alpha’s tongue.

“Raymond!” Len cried sharply, his muscles twitching around Ray’s fingers and the alpha lapping up the juices that spilled out. Len panted harshly, falling back bonelessly onto the pillows. Three taps onto his head sent Ray back onto his haunches and the alpha licked his lips. His cock was standing at full attention now, leaking precum and aching to be touched.

As Len caught his breath, Ray waited patiently despite wanting to touch himself and relieve himself of the pressure. His cock was straining against the lace of his underwear now and he wiggled only to have his tail send a jolt of pleasure through him. The pressure of his cock being confined in the tight panties was too much, the corset digging into his sides and making Ray want to cry.
“Omega…” Ray whined, his voice sounding pathetic with slight pain and Len looked up to find Ray shaking and involuntarily rutting forward. “Yellow…” His whine sounded pained and he desperately needed a release. It was becoming too much. Len shot up, eyes at attention from the safe word and moving forward. Len’s somehow still cool hands cupped Ray’s face.

“I’ve got you, Raymond.” Len said softly, nuzzling at Ray’s scent gland. “What do you need?” Ray wanted his corset off, needed to breathe. He took a shaky breath and nuzzled closer to Len’s ear.

“Please, take off the underwear. It hurts.” Len did as instructed, lithe fingers undoing the clasps of the corset and taking off the lacy underwear. Ray let out a breath as his cock bobbed free, the release of pressure helping the pain. “Tail too please…but I don’t want to stop.” Len nodded and tossed the underwear aside before carefully removing the tail. Ray groaned at the feeling of the tail sliding out of him and sighing contentedly when some of the pressure released. He looked up at Len, smiling warmly at his omega.

“You’ve been so good for me, my alpha.” Len’s voice praised softly, nuzzling and scenting Ray. It made the alpha’s heart race and expand from love and affection for his omega. Len pulled away, those blue eyes surprisingly soft now. “Come on, you’ve earned your reward.” Len moved onto his back, spreading his legs and looking up at Ray.

“Knot me, alpha.” Len said slowly and Ray’s head jerking up at the order. Len had never asked Ray to knot him, had never allowed Ray too. Ray respected that but now, the request sent his heart hammering in his chest. The level of trust Len was putting in him at this moment filled Ray’s heart with more love for Len than he could imagine.

“Yes, omega.” Ray replied, voice still low with the submission so Len knew he was in control. Len moved to his side, giving Ray the easiest access to his opening and Ray slid behind the omega. Ray was gentle as he slid into Len’s still slick opening and only moving to touch the omega’s hips. “Are you sure?” Len turned his head when Ray paused, those blue eyes shining with some kind of hidden emotion Ray couldn’t place. His omega’s cool hand moved to Ray’s cheek and stroked lightly across it.

“Did I stutter, alpha?” Len stated, voice turning back to its dominant tone. “Knot me so I can feel you for days.” Ray smiled widely, sliding his hips into Len and moaning at the tight heat as he sheathed himself inside the omega. Len gasped at the intrusion and pressed back into Ray’s hips.

“Just like that, Raymond…take your reward.” Ray wrapped his arms around Len’s middle and rutted into the omega like a man starved. He found a rhythm after a few thrusts, slamming into Len with the only sound of the room the wet slap of their bodies thrusting together. Len’s arm wrapped behind Ray’s neck, pulling the alpha closer.

“Just like that Raymond…fuck that feels good…” Len’s voice cooed, moans escaping him as Ray pounded into him. “Take what you earned, my alpha. Use me…” Ray didn’t like the sound of those last words, he wrinkled his nose in distaste.

“No, omega. I don’t want to use you. I only want to bring you pleasure, omega…” Ray whined submissively. “I’m yours, I’m yours…” Ray thrust up, aiming for his omega’s sweet spot and kissing lovingly along Len’s neck. He repeated the soft mantra in Len’s ear as the omega stiffened beneath Ray’s hands.

“Use me, omega…make me yours…” Ray begged, stopping the thrust of his hips and biting his lower lip. He was getting close and the sudden stop made his already too hard cock throb in protest. It was taking everything he had to keep still. “I only want to be yours…” Len growled at the loss of the friction, his hand gripping Ray’s hair tightly. The chuckle that escaped Len sent a shiver down
Ray wasn’t prepared for Len to pull off his hardness and suddenly flip him on his back. Ray could feel the omega suddenly putting his arms above his head and the feeling of the restraints wrapping around his wrists. A sharp jerk drew Ray’s arms above his head and cutting off the alpha’s hands from touching the omega.

The omega pinned the alpha down, straddling him quickly and sinking hard onto Ray with a deep moan. Len’s eyes were fixed on Ray’s as he slid up the alpha’s cock, testing it out from the angle they were in. Ray’s breathing hitched from the sensation and stared wide-eyed at the omega on top of him.

“Then use you I shall,” Len stated coolly, voice somehow staying hard with dominance but still keeping the softest edge to it. Ray nodded and Len started to ride the cock inside him at a brutal pace. Each time Len came down, he clenched his muscles over Ray’s length and drawing a cry from the alpha. Ray threw his head back into the pillows and cried out Len’s name.

“You like being used, Raymond? Does it feel good to be my toy?” Len growled, his normally calm voice starting to sound frazzled. “This cock is only allowed to knot me, is only mine to use…Ah!” Len’s escaped cry went straight to Ray’s cock. The alpha loved hearing Len coming undone with him, that voice unraveling from it’s carefully constructed drawl. This was purely Len and Ray loved that he was one of the few who ever saw Len like this.

The pleasure was building in Ray’s spine, heat gathering in his belly and pulling Ray higher. The alpha was a mess from Len’s fierce movements and each whimper only seemed to make the omega thrust down harder. His peak was coming closer and closer, Ray could practically taste it. Ray whined as tears gathered in his eyes.

“Omega...Len...I’m close…” Ray whined, feeling his knot starting to grow and pressing harder into Len. “Please let me cum, please Len…” The knot was catching on the sides of Len’s opening and drawing deeper, more desperate moans from the omega.

“Knot me, fill me…” Len growled, hips thrusting back desperately into Ray’s. “Look at me, Raymond, please…” Ray opened his eyes at the soft request that sounded so foreign coming from Len. Brown eyes rose to meet Len’s blue and Ray’s whole world focused on nothing but Len staring down at him with that familiar intensity. The sight of Len riding Ray, face flushed in a way the alpha had never seen sent him tumbling over the edge.

“Len!” Ray cried out, vision flashing white as Len sunk down onto Ray’s knot fully. Len let out a long, satisfied groan when Ray’s cock twitched inside him. Ray whimpered, feeling his seed spilling into the tight confines of Len. The tight space milked everything from Ray and left the alpha panting with exhaustion.

Len was panting, hips grinding against the knot as the omega rode out the final shakes of his own orgasm before collapsing onto Ray’s chest. They laid there in exhaustion for a few moments to catch their breath before Len rose slightly to reach up and undo the restraints.

After a few moments, the restraints were tossed and Len collapsed back onto Ray's chest with a sigh. Ray managed to turn them onto their sides once his hands were released, guiding Len gently. It took some maneuvering because Ray was locked inside Len and didn't want to hurt him.
Normally, knotting was done from behind the omega. It was easier and the alpha could spoon their omega and make them feel safe. Len was facing him but by pushing Len downward, this angle could be comfortable. Having Len facing him made this whole experience somehow even more intimate and Ray loved every moment of it.

Len’s legs tangled with Ray’s, the omega pressing his nose into Ray’s scent gland before removing the alpha’s collar with slightly shaking hands. He placed it carefully on the bed before continuing to nuzzle and scent the alpha. Ray tilted his head submissively, arms wrapped tightly around Len and letting his omega claim him the only way they could for now.

“Is this okay?” Ray asked nervously, feeling a little self-conscious about knotting Len for the first time. “I mean, I’m so happy you trust me but I don’t want you to feel pressured or…” Len finally paused his instinctual scenting of the alpha. The omega looked up at him, those blue eyes moving all over the alpha’s face. Len wrapped his arm around Ray’s middle, still looking up at the alpha as his fingers brushed along Ray’s side. They were stuck like this for at least a half hour by Ray’s math so they had time to talk about the shift in their dynamic.

Len was quiet for a few minutes, his eyes observing Ray’s tired but loving smile and the way Ray’s half-lidded eyes stared at him. Len chuckled at Ray’s nervous look and gently moved his head under the alpha’s chin. Ray relaxed under his omega’s touches, the nervous energy slowly disappearing under Len’s cool fingers.

“Don’t worry your pretty head about it,” Len said softly, mind still hazy from cumming so hard and the feeling of Ray’s knot pulsing deep inside of him. “You’re the first alpha I’ve willingly let knot me I would say you’re doing fine, Raymond.” It took a moment for the implication behind those words to reach Ray’s conscious mind. He blinked in surprise, Len had never willingly been knotted before but that meant any alpha before Ray that had must have…

The dots connected in Ray’s mind and suddenly everything clicked. Len always seemed so tough and in control, as if no alpha could ever hope to tame him. But if Len had been raped before, that behavior now made sense. Why he was selective of those he slept with, why he didn’t want anyone falling for him. The thought of someone as strong as Len being forced to do anything was hard enough to think about without the implication of what Len was revealing to him.

The alpha tightened his grip on Len’s body, keeping him close.

“Are you saying...what I think you’re saying?” Ray asked, voice soft and cracking at the edges with emotion. “Len have you been…” The next question died in his throat but the way Len’s face fell slightly and the way the omega looked down spoke volumes.

The statistics of omegas being raped were high but Ray had never considered that Len would be apart of that. His strong, beautiful omega was always so controlled and to think of anyone hurting Len... Len’s eyes stared at Ray tiredly, his hand moving to the alpha’s face and halting Ray’s thoughts. He seemed to consider his next words carefully.

“Lewis...my father. he wasn’t too happy to have an omega son. Saw omegas as weak…” Len explained slowly, his voice hard with a dark hatred that Ray had never heard before. “Dear old dad sold my virginity off to the highest bidder to make a quick buck. After that, he would use me to pay off debts or as punishment if I started getting too mouthy...another one of his lessons.”

Ray felt the bile rise in his throat, looking over the patchwork of scars that decorated Len’s skin alongside tattoos that Ray knew must hide the stories of more painful memories. Were these more evidence of the cruelty his omega had suffered at his father’s hand? What kind of father could do something like that to his pups? Willingly put them in danger, hurt them simply for money or
control.

Ray couldn’t wrap his head around the thought, his heart hurting just thinking about it. The alpha moved forward to scent mark Len and place gentle kisses on Len’s shoulder. Ray didn’t move to touch the scars, aware of Len’s boundary but he looked them over with sad eyes.

“Are your scars more of his “lessons”? Ray asked softly, not sure if he wanted to know the definite answer until Len nodded slowly. The omega suddenly looked tired but for a different reason now, his shoulders sinking.

“Most of them but not all of them.” Len replied quietly. Ray’s heart ached in his chest, and he looked over every scar he could see. There were so many and Ray could only imagine what growing up had been like for Len. But it wasn’t pitying he felt, the emotion curling in Ray’s chest was more than that. Pain and regret, soft wishes settling into his heart. He wanted to go back and change it all for Len, to take away the pain etched into Len’s being in raised pink and white flesh. He knew he couldn’t erase his lover’s past but Ray hoped he could ease the ache with his presence. He wasn’t sure how to comfort the omega, knew that Len wouldn’t even know how to accept anything Ray could say. The pain of knowing what his omega had gone through was threatening to break his chest open. A deep ache that could only be a fraction of what Len had to feel when he looked in the mirror.

Ray didn’t realize he was crying until Len’s hand lifted to wipe the tears away.

“Raymond, it's okay,” Len soothed softly, Ray lifting his hand to grab Len’s and kiss his omega’s palm. “I survived and I’m stronger for it. Don’t waste your tears on me.” Ray shook his head and opened his eyes to stare at Len’s once more.

“Nothing I do for you is ever a waste.” Ray stated, kissing Len’s palm again and taking a shaky breath. “I know you’ve been through a lot and that you may not ever tell me everything but I promise that I will never let myself be like the alphas that hurt you.” Len’s eyes darkened with that unfamiliar emotion again, the omega looking vulnerable in a way Ray had never seen.

“You aren’t capable of that.” Len whispered, voice calm and almost sweet as he cuddled closer to Ray’s chest. “You’re almost too good to be true, Raymond.” Ray nuzzled into Len’s neck and sighed softly. He breathed in Len’s scent and let the smell calm him, muscles relaxing as he held the omega close.

“I’m not that good, sometimes I forget to return library books.” Ray replied, voice half serious as he tried to get Len to smile. It worked and the omega let out a soft laugh before burying his nose back in Ray’s chest. “Does this mean...you’ll stay?” Len was silent again and Ray knew the omega was thinking it over.

“Ask me again in the morning, boy scout.” Len finally replied, sighing heavily and letting his body relax. “I’m too tired to think about it right now.” Ray nodded, settling into resting with Len in his arms. He heard Len’s breathing even out before him, sleep claiming his omega and Ray sighing in content.

He had waited two years to tell Len his feelings, he could wait until morning to talk about their relationship.

Mick entered Barry’s apartment without really realizing it. His footsteps taking more effort than he had ever given anything before, each step slow and heavy. The apartment was quiet and dark,
Barry’s scent hitting Mick like a sucker punch to the face. It was barely morning now, the sun still peaking out from the hills and mocking Mick with a new day. Iris had come in early, forcing Mick to leave for a shower and rest. Mick felt like hell and could only imagine he looked like it. He hadn’t wanted to leave but with the promise to call if there was any change to Barry’s condition, Mick agreed to leave and rest.

He was so tired.

The shower barely helped. Hot water moving over Mick’s tight and sore muscles from falling asleep at Barry’s bedside. Everything in the apartment reminded Mick of his omega, sharp and painful shards of memories Mick almost wished he could forget. He let the water move over him for almost an hour and didn’t even care when the steam soon turned to ice. The shock of the cold water numbed his skin, taking away some of the aches he felt.

Food was next even though Mick didn’t feel like eating. It was strange for Mick, who always wanted food and often ate enough to feed three people. He could almost hear Barry’s voice urging him to eat something, to fuel his body and care for himself. Barry wouldn’t want Mick to neglect himself for his sake. Mick managed a few bites of leftover pancakes, heart flaring back to life with a fresh ache from the memory of the day before.

Mick stared at his ring again, eyes fixed on the gold as if were a flame. The metal was dinged in some places and Mick thought back to his grandparents. The few years before their deaths were some of the happier memories of his childhood.

After the fire, Mick was sent by the state to live with his grandparents on his mother’s side. They were a sweet pair and Mick’s first real introduction to a healthy couple. His grandfather was extremely fond of Mick. The calm, easy-going beta was happy to have someone help with his old car garage, teaching Mick how to fix cars and work with his hands. He was slow to anger, patient in ways that Mick’s father had never been. The whole time Mick was under his care, Mick’s grandfather had never raised a hand or his voice to Mick. Barry would have liked the beta if they had ever met.

Mick’s grandmother was a fierce and protective alpha, firm but fair. She never raised her voice or her hand either but Mick could recall that she didn't have to. She had been the one who taught Mick the best way to stare someone into submission, that words were not needed to get your point across. She was tough, her head held high no matter what and never let anyone tell her who she was or how to act. It was a trait she passed to her grandson, a trait the alpha had learned to use to his advantage.

Mick wasn’t sure why his grandparents were suddenly on his mind. Maybe it was the stress of Barry being in the hospital, possibly because the loss of his grandparents had hurt almost as much as this. Mick hadn’t grieved too heavily for his parents at the time of their deaths, the regret for his mother’s death coming later with maturity and understanding of what she must have gone through.

But his grandparents, their deaths marked the loss of the first real love Mick had ever received. He had mourned them at the funeral, still visited their graves when he could. Now with the threat of Barry dying on a hospital bed looming over his head, Mick was recalling that first taste of real grief. He stared down at his ring and remembered what his grandfather had looked like when he gave the alpha the rings.

Peaceful, calm but somehow less than he had been. Mick’s grandfather was hollow after his mate had passed and Mick knew even then that his grandfather wouldn’t be far behind her. It was as if a piece of him had gone with Mick’s grandmother, the old beta longing to be with his wife once more.

“Mickey,” his grandfather had said, placing the cool metal rings in Mick’s hand. He had been just
barely sixteen at that point but his hands were bigger than his grandfather’s, strong from the two years spent working in the shop. “I want you to have these. One day, you are going to meet someone that will look at you like you hung the moon. When that time comes, you hold on tight to them and never let them go.”

Mick ended up in the living room, his mind floating him through his next moves like a machine. The alpha moved to the couch, placing a coffee can on the table and pouring the lighter fluid into it with shaking hands. He wasn’t sure when he had gotten the box of matches but the familiar hiss as he lit the first one eased the ache in his chest for a moment. He watched the match burn for a moment, thinking over those words and his grandfather’s final days before dropping the match into the can and watching for the bigger flames to shoot up with a hiss.

The scent of Barry was all around him, teasing the pain in his chest with the stale smell that soon drowned in the warm, choking scent of the fire. Mick was so tired but he didn’t want to sleep in the bed he had shared so many nights with Barry in. He lit another match and dropped it into the fire, a slow and familiar process taking the barest edges of his pain away.

The memory of Barry’s bright green eyes filled his head, that soft smile from sleep as he turned to cuddle into Mick. A smile he only gave Mick when he woke up with the alpha near him. Another memory that played over in his mind, stabbing into Mick’s heart and twisting. A magazine from the coffee table found its way into Mick’s hand, Harrison Wells’ face adorning the cover. Mick’s grief morphed in his chest, turning to rage and he tore the cover off with a growl.

“Mick…” Barry’s voice said in Mick’s mind as he dropped pages into the can, the alpha almost feeling those warm hands on his face as the fire ate at the paper. The colored face of Harrison Wells curled in the flames and the coating from the paper bubbling from the heat. Mick’s face was blank, watching the picture melting and turning to ash in the heat of the fire. For what it was worth, watching that smiling face disappearing into the orange glow of the fire comforted the hollow feeling growing in the alpha’s chest.

He found more pictures of that man in that magazine, the growing fire in the can hissing and popping with each new piece added. The hot metal giving off a fierce heat with each new bit of paper added to feed the fire rising over the top. The room warmed, smoke filling the apartment in a haze. Mick had long disarmed the fire alarms at Barry’s request. If Mick lit fires, the touchy things would go off and Barry hadn’t wanted Mick to feel like he couldn’t use his coping mechanism here if he needed to. The thought brought the ache back, tearing into Mick’s chest again.

Mick wasn’t even aware of the tears leaking down his cheeks until he tasted the salt on his tongue. He cursed out loud, wiping them away fiercely and focusing on the fire in front of him. He hadn’t cried in ages, a sign of weakness that Mick never allowed himself but he couldn’t stop them now. The strangled half cry that escaped his throat sounded like a wounded animal dying painfully in the room, his pain finally cracking through the confines of Mick’s walls. He didn’t know what to do, he needed to relieve this guilt and pain from his heart. He needed to focus on anything but his heart screaming at him.

The fire burned Mick’s arm, flames licking at his flesh when Mick lifted his forearm over the can. His jaw set, the white-hot pain coursing through his body and drawing it away from Mick’s heart. The skin blackened beneath the fire’s warm touch and Mick gritted his teeth when he moved his arm to burn another spot as his injured skin began to numb to the pain.

The tears dried up as quickly as they came after, their memory itching at Mick’s eyes and the smell of his burning flesh replacing the sweet scent of Barry in his nose. He kept going until sweat dripped
off his brow, it wasn’t until the burns finally numbed fully that Mick finally pulled his arm away. Four wide patches of white and black that no longer felt pain glared up at Mick, his body feeling drained but the emotions quieted for the time being.

The alpha breathed through the remainders of the pain. It had been so long since he had done this kind of thing, so long since he had burned his skin in punishment and relief. Not since Barry had caught Mick doing it and begged him not to. Mick could recall the tears in his omega’s eyes when he looked over Mick’s scars and fresh burns, urging the alpha to talk to him next time he felt like that.

But Barry wasn’t here to listen to Mick, to stop the alpha from hurting himself. Barry was lying in a hospital bed and Mick was alone, feeling hopeless and lost in the tiny apartment. The only thing here was a dying fire and the lingering smoke hanging heavily in the air.

Nothing but a can full of ash and Mick’s aching heart.
Chapter Summary

Saudade
[soh-dah-duh]
noun
1. (Portuguese origin) a deep emotional state of melancholic longing for a person or thing that is absent:

Chapter Notes

SOOOOOO

This is a little happier than the previous chapter but not by much. This chapter took so long and took up 37 pages at 17,853 words! Oh lord, was this fun to write. (Editing not so much)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What are you doing?”

“He likes this song”

“How could you possibly know that?”

“I checked his Facebook page. I mean he can hear everything, right?”

Barry’s mind was a fog, his eyes opening slightly at the voices chatting above him. He wasn’t sure where he was and conscious his thoughts were still slowly coming around in his mind. He felt like he was in bed, laying on his back... he could feel something on his face…

Glass breaking, lightning flashing, Mick’s voice over the phone frantically calling Barry’s name before the phone shorted out…

Barry jolted awake, sitting up quickly and gasping. He took quick, heavy breaths and could feel an oxygen tube around his face. He looked around frantically, feeling more wires around his body attaching him to monitors and screens. Confusion and panic were all he could feel at this moment as two unfamiliar faces looked him over.

“Oh, my god!” A long-haired man wearing a space invaders shirt, eyes widening in surprise to see Barry awake. Barry looked down at his chest and back up at the man and then spotted a woman beside him out of the corner of his eye. She was a little shorter than he was, long brown hair hanging around her shoulders and eyes widened in surprise as she rushed over to Barry’s bedside.
“Where am I?” Barry said, trying to remain calm but feeling uneasy. “Where’s Mick…” He was vaguely remembering Mick’s hands on his, soft words asking Barry to come back. Barry looked down at his left hand and sighed in relief. He was still wearing his ring.

“He’s up.” The woman said and moved over towards Barry, her face looking concerned as she looked at his face and shined a flashlight in his eyes. Barry closed his eyes at the suddenness of the bright light. “Pulse 120, pupils equally reactive to light…” Barry started to rise, wanting to escape the intrusion into his space. He needed to find Mick, his alpha would know what was going on.

“Look at me, look at me.” The woman said, lifting a hand to Barry’s chest in an attempt to make him lay down again. The other man came up, his omega scent hitting Barry for the first time and it eased his fear ever so slightly. The man’s smile was warm and he put a hand on Barry’s shoulder to comfort him.

“Hey, whoa, whoa…” The man said, voice trying to soothe Barry’s panic and the other omega tried to take a deep breath. “Everything’s okay, Man. You’re at STAR Labs.” Barry wrinkled his brow in confusion, his shoulders stiffening again. How had he ended up at S.T.A.R. Labs…

“STAR Labs?” Barry echoed, his confusion carrying to his voice. “Who are you?” The other omega nodded slowly, his gentle voice not wavering. This one seemed safe and at least had better bedside manner than the woman, who Barry now could smell was a beta.

“I’m Cisco Ramon,” The omega explained, jerking his head towards the beta woman. “She’s Caitlin...Dr. Snow.” Cisco was interrupted by Caitlin lifting a sample cup. Her face was serious as if what she was about to say was of the utmost importance.

“I need you to urinate in this.” She stated and Barry shook his head slightly. He was still trying to wrap his head around what was going on, let alone ready to do whatever this woman wanted. Cisco reached over and took the cup, giving Caitlin a look.

“Not this second.” Cisco hissed, his voice a bit softer. The quiet arguing between the two only brought Barry’s panic back to full force and he pushed past the pair. He tried to breathe, lifting his hands and staring at the pair with wide eyes.

“What is...what is happening? What is going on?’ Barry demanded, his tone getting more impatient. “I want my family...I need Mick here...or Joe or Iris...” Barry needed a friendly face, he needed his family and his intended.

“You were struck by lightning, dude,” Cisco explained, his brow wrinkled at the names. His attempt to comfort Barry with that knowledge backfired and only served to make Barry’s heart leap to his throat. Barry blinked, still confused as he turned around and came face to face with himself on a computer screen.

He had abs. Actual “I work out more than once a year” abs. Barry just gawked at himself in disbelief and tried to figure out whether or not he was dreaming. He let his hand move over his stomach and felt almost...wrong. Like something wasn’t right about this image. This had to be a dream...

“Lightning gave me abs?” Barry asked, more rhetorically than to the room but Caitlin walked up beside him. She looked him over with a glint in her eyes like Barry was some lab experiment gone correctly. He wasn’t sure how okay he was with that idea...

“Your muscles should be atrophied,” Caitlin explained, her brow wrinkling and nodding her head slightly when she looked Barry’s stomach over. “But instead they’re in a chronic and unexplained state of cellular regeneration.” Barry pulled away from the woman touching him. He didn’t want to
be touched by someone he didn’t know, he wanted his family or Mick here to reassure him. Barry took a deep breath and felt Cisco guiding him to a seat.

“Come here, have a seat,” Cisco said, voice back to its soft tone to ease Barry’s nervousness. Barry had no doubt that his scent was nervous and spreading all over the lab. He tried to calm himself as Barry let himself plop down on the end of the bed. Cisco met his eyes with a serious look. “You were in a coma.”

Barry’s heart skipped a beat. He had been in a coma... That couldn’t be right. The memory of Mick at his side came back to Barry’s mind, those soft words begging Barry to open his eyes. Mick must have been so worried. Joe and Iris... they must have all been so scared. How long had he been in a coma, leaving Mick alone without knowing if Barry would wake up?

“For how long?” Barry demanded, his voice worried and strained.

“Nine months.” a voice stated that had Barry turning towards the sound. Barry’s eyes widened when they landed on Dr. Harrison Wells. He was in a wheelchair, his sharp eyes looking at Barry with a serious look but a smile on his face. “Welcome back, Mr. Allen. We have a lot to discuss.” Barry tried not to feel nervous, Harrison Wells was another omega and his scent was oddly calming. It eased Barry to know that he was at least safe.

For now.

Barry changed into a STAR labs sweatshirt, sweatpants and white shoes. It was more comfortable than being almost completely naked in front of one of his heroes. Dr. Harrison Wells was actually talking to him and apparently, wanted to speak with him. If Barry hadn’t pinched himself twice already, he would still be convinced this was all a dream.

“It’s hard to believe I’m here,” Barry stated, looking around the halls of STAR labs before looking back down at Wells. “I have always wanted to meet you face to face.” Wells smiled at Barry’s statement, turning to look forward.

“Yeah? Well, you certainly went to great lengths to do it.” Wells stated, the slightest hint of humor in his voice as he looked up towards the ceiling. “STAR labs has not been operational since FEMA categorized us as a class four hazardous location.” Barry wrinkled his brow, his eyes sinking to his feet for a moment as Wells continued to speak.

“Seventeen people died that night,” Wells stated, his voice taking on a more solemn tone. “Many more were injured, myself amongst them.” Barry looked over Wells wheelchair and felt his heart tug. Such a brilliant mind and the doctor sounded so...broken up about all of this. Barry looked down over the ledge Wells brought him too.

The walls here were blackened and destroyed, the broken bits of what Barry recognized as the particle accelerator were in a heap at the bottom of the ledge. So much work and all that destruction. Lives lost, other’s turned upside down.

“What happened?” Barry asked, trying to wrap his head around this tragedy. Everything had been going well for the accelerator to turn on. How could this have happened…

“Nine months ago, the particle accelerator went online exactly as planned. For forty-five minutes, I had achieved my life’s dream.” Harrison explained calmly, his eyes carrying the slightest hint of sorrow and loss. “And then... then there was an anomaly. The electron volts became unmeasurable,
the ring under us popped. Energy from that detonation was thrown into the sky and that, in turn, seeded a storm cloud.” Barry nodded his head in understanding. His mind quickly fitted the pieces together as to why he was brought to STAR Labs.

“That created a lightning bolt that struck me.” Barry continued for Wells, his brow wrinkling as he stared down at the remains of the accelerator. Barry swallowed thickly, eyes transfixed as he tried to figure out what this could mean for him.

“That’s right,” Wells said, lowering his gaze to his chair and taking a deep breath. “I was recovering myself...When I heard about you.” Barry gave Wells a look of confusion, urging the scientist to explain further.

“The hospital was undergoing unexplainable power outages everytime you were going into cardiac arrest,” Wells explained and Barry’s hand involuntarily moved down to his stomach protectively. “Which was actually a misdiagnosis. Because you see, you weren’t flatlining, Barry. Your heartbeat was moving too fast for the EKG to register it.”

Barry blinked in surprise, letting his other hand move to his chest and feeling his racing heartbeat under his hands. Had his family been there, watching him go into cardiac arrest countless times without knowing if he would live. Had Mick been there to see that...his alpha must have been so scared. After all those times he told Barry that he couldn’t lose him…

The pair wandered back to the lab Barry had awoken in, the omega’s mind racing as he tried to really wrap his head around everything. Caitlin’s eyes followed Barry, looking down at the hand still covering his stomach. Barry moved it to his side, unsure by he had the urge to guard himself like that. Wells cleared his throat and continued his story. Barry paid attention, hoping for details on where his family was and his fiance.

“Now, I’m not the most popular person in town these days,” Wells said, voice tight with something that made Barry’s heart squeeze again. “But detective West and his daughter gave me permission to bring you here where we were able to stabilize you.” Barry stiffened at the lack of one name…

“So Iris and Joe...but what about my fiance, Mick Rory?” Barry questioned, earning a small look from Wells. The man seemed to think for a moment then nodded in response.

“The big alpha? He hasn’t been around since we brought you here...” Wells said, earning a confused sound from Barry. “Iris was here often to see you, she was quite worried but I haven’t seen that one since we took you from the hospital.” Caitlin handed Wells a cup of coffee and nodded. “The alpha told us to make sure you were taken care of but after that, he hasn’t been here,” Caitlin said, her voice trying to be reassuring. “He seemed worried and...intense.” Barry suddenly felt panicked at the thought. Mick would never abandon him like that, not when Barry was hurt.

“I need to go.” Barry said, starting to gather the things his belongings. He needed to find Iris and Joe, tell them he was okay. Maybe they knew where Mick was and Barry could throw his arms around his alpha. Something was wrong, Barry could feel it in his bones. Mick would never leave him alone unless he was hurt.

Or dead…

“No, you can’t!” Caitlin stated, her command drawing Barry out of his negative train of thought. Wells turned his chair around to watch Barry gather his things, the younger omega pocketing his wallet and taking another look around.
“No, Caitlin’s right. Now that you’re awake we need to do more tests.” Wells explained, hoping to get Barry to calm down. “You are still going through changes and there is still so much that we don’t know.” Barry shrugged his shoulders, shaking his head.

“I’m fine. Really, I feel normal and right now I really need to find my sister and foster father and my fiancé.” Barry stated, not leaving any room for argument. “Thank you for saving my life.” With that final word, Barry ran out of the room and towards the elevator.

He needed to figure out what had happened in the last nine months. He needed to hug Iris and Joe, he needed to find Mick. Barry smiled to himself at the thought of Mick. He couldn’t wait to kiss his fiancé again and make sure the man knew how much he loved him.

Jitters was bustling with activity when Barry walked in through the doors. He hoped Iris still worked here and soon those fears disappeared when he spotted his sister giving a couple their drinks. Her brown eyes looked up and the look of relief mixed with happiness and joy on her face.

“Oh, my god…” She said, her voice sounding hear tears as she ran into Barry’s arms. Barry lifted Iris up, taking in his sister’s scent and practically feeling her happiness. She squeezed him tightly and close. As if scared that Barry wasn’t real. When Barry finally let her down, Iris looked him over in disbelief.

“You’re awake.” She declared, still smiling and eyes wet with unshed tears. “Why didn’t STAR labs call us?” Barry smiled awkwardly, happy that he had eased Iris’s fears with his presence.

“I just woke up,” Barry explained, smiling brightly and feeling happy now that he was with Iris. Iris looked him over again and raised a brow, the slightest hint of worry in her eyes.

“Should you even be on your feet?” She asked and Barry felt his heart tug. He nodded in response and met Iris’ eyes again with his own bit of concern.

“Iris, I-I’m okay.” Barry stated, sounding desperate. “But Mick…He wasn’t at the labs and the people there said they hadn’t seen him since I was moved there…have you seen him?” Iris suddenly looked sad, biting her lower lip and putting a hand on Barry’s shoulder.

“We have a lot to talk about...come sit…” Iris said, easing Barry into an empty chair. Barry felt his heart hammering in his chest at the hollow look in Iris’ eyes. Something was definitely wrong and it made Barry’s heart clench in fear. He sat down, staring at Iris for an answer. She was quiet for a few moments, unshed tears still shining in her eyes.

“I watched you die, Barry…We all did and Mick...He wasn’t at the labs and the people there said they hadn’t seen him since I was moved there…have you seen him?” Iris suddenly looked sad, biting her lower lip and putting a hand on Barry’s shoulder.

“When they moved you to the labs...I’m not sure on all the details but dad told me what he knew…” Iris tried to find the next words, her eyes meeting Barry’s. “Mick and Len planned a heist, Lisa said it was going to be his last one for awhile but he already planned on helping. I guess there was a fire, a bad one.” Barry squeezed Iris’ hand and he could feel his shoulders shaking with fear.

“Some paramedics found Mick just outside the scene and were bringing him in...the reports said he
had third-degree burns but he...broke out of the ambulance and no one has heard anything since.” Iris explained softly, watching Barry’s eyes go down. “I’ve been checking every hospital between here, Keystone and Starling...I even checked Gotham but there was nothing.” Barry took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. Maybe Len would know something then.

“What about Len, he’s usually always aware of where Mick is…” Barry asked and Iris shook her head. Barry’s heart sunk and his mind reeled through everything he could think of, dark thoughts of what could have happened to Mick circling in his mind.

“Lisa hasn’t heard from him and neither has Ray. Ray’s been pretty broken up about it actually...I guess Len and him started dating after you went into the coma but Len went completely under the radar.” Iris continued, looking at Barry with a deep sadness in her eyes. “I’m sorry Barry, I wish I could help you more but...I’m just glad you’re alive.” Barry smiled at her, a soft, sad smile that did little to hide the ache in his heart.

“I’ll find him, he wouldn’t leave me like that. I know he wouldn’t” Barry said and Iris opened her mouth to speak again when Barry noticed one of the baristas trip on her feet behind Iris.

It happened suddenly, Barry tilting his head to watch her fall and the world slowed down around him. He watched the food slipping off the plate, the liquid in the cups moving in slow motion for just a heartbeat before everything caught up and the glasses broke on the floor. He looked around, trying to figure out what had just happened when Iris turned to the barista.

“Are you okay, Tracy?” She asked, moving to stand up while Barry was still reeling from what had just happened to him. The girl looked up, smiling awkwardly and nodding.

“Yeah, I got it.” Tracy said and Barry blinked at her, his brow wrinkled in confusion when Iris turned to him. Her smile had returned and Barry didn’t know if he should mention what had happened. Maybe it was his imagination…

“My dad is gonna be so happy to see you.” Iris said, her tone turning happier and trying to lighten the mood. “Let me get my stuff, okay? Be right back.” Iris turned away and Barry watched her go.

He took a moment to regulate his breathing and stare at the mess in surprise.

What was going on…

The CCPD was bustling just like Barry remembered and he couldn’t help but smile. It was nice to know that some things didn’t change, crime being one of them. When he walked in with Iris, several officers greeted him with cheers and gentle teasing. It was nice to know he was missed by the cops in the precinct. Joe rose from his desk when he saw Barry, a relieved smile on his face and wrapped Barry up in a bear hug.

“Oh, you scared the hell out of us, kid.” Joe said as Barry returned the hug, gasping for breath for a moment before pulling away. He was happy to see Joe and smiled at the man, tilting his head apologetically for making him worry. Another officer walked by, a smile on his face.

“Yeah, that was quite the nap you took there, baby face.” He teased, putting a hand on Barry’s shoulder. “And you still look twelve.”

The omega reacted instinctively to the sudden touch, hand going to his stomach. It took a moment for Barry to realize he had done that again, wrinkling his brow for just a second before lowering his hand. Barry smiled widely at the familiar nickname and pushed away that strange feeling again.
Barry shrugged at the man, rolling his eyes and turning back to Joe. The older alpha put a hand on Barry’s shoulder and looked him over with some concern still lingering in his eyes.

“You look okay but are you really?” Joe asked, brow wrinkling at Barry and the omega nodded. “Iris told you about Rory.” Barry’s throat felt tight and he nodded slowly, biting his lip to keep from tearing up.

“Yeah, but I’m sure I’ll find him soon...he wouldn’t just leave me unless he had to.” Barry said, lifting his hand to play with his ring. It was grounding, having at least his ring with him. Joe’s eyes softened and he nodded. Barry could sense the alpha wanted to say something else but another officer spoke and drew their attention away.

“Detective West, We’ve got a 5.15 in progress at Gold City Bank, two dead.” She said, adjusting the files in her hand. “Storm’s really picking up on the south side. I’d grab your rain gear.” Joe nodded in understanding, pulling away from Barry and going to grab his coat from his desk.

“I’m sorry, Barry. I got to run.” Joe said as he reached for his coat. Barry turned to him and took a breath. He should be out there and now that he was better, he could go to work again. He was sure that the captain wouldn’t fire him for being in a coma…

“Do you need my help?” Barry asked Joe hopefully, wanting to feel useful. He had been out for too long and with everything going on, Barry wanted a sense of normalcy back. Joe held up his hand and gave Barry a look.

“No, you take it easy there.” Joe said pointing at Barry, “There’ll be plenty for you to do once you get settled in.” Joe turned his head over his shoulder and shouted. “Let’s go, partner!” Barry let his shoulders sink in defeat. Joe was right. He should get settled back in, go to his apartment...if he still had one. He could spend some time looking for Mick…

Eddie Thawne walked up, smiling at Barry as he put on his jacket. Iris looked over at him and Barry sensed something going on, her eyes looked softer for just a moment before they seemed to harden. Barry wrinkled his brow at Eddie but still returned the smile with his own.

“Hey, Allen. Glad to see you.” Eddie greeted, looking relieved and Barry raised a brow. “If you need any help...with anything, just let me know...I haven’t told anyone about...your secret.” Barry’s eyes widened and he tried not to let his surprise show. Eddie must be referring to his relationship with Mick but why did Barry catch the smallest flash of sadness in his eyes.

“Thanks, Eddie.” Barry replied gratefully as Eddie turned to Iris. It was Eddie’s turn to show that softness in his eyes but his didn’t fade. Barry looked between the two and the suspicion curled in his mind, something was going on…

“Hey, Iris.” Eddie greeted her, his voice friendly and gentle. It was a tone that Barry had never heard the other omega take and he grinned to himself. Iris gave him a cool look, one Barry knew was the one she used when she was trying not to reveal something. But Barry could smell the slightest change in her scent, a mixture of elation and arousal from being near Eddie.

“Detective, you should go.” Iris stated, cutting Eddie off and crossing her arms over her chest. “My dad doesn’t like to be kept waiting.” Barry wanted to laugh at Eddie’s raised brow and small smile but bit his tongue. Eddie lowered his head slightly, a submissive gesture that Barry had never seen the omega do for anyone. He would ask Iris about the exchange later. The officer nodded and turned to Barry.

“Glad you’re back.” Eddie said, patting Barry on the shoulder and taking his leave to follow after
Joe. When Barry turned to watch him leave, he noticed a picture in a glass case that caught his eye. Barry’s heart sunk when he noticed a framed photo of detective Chyre along with a few others he knew. The gold plaque on the case reading “Never Forgotten” and Barry walked towards the case to look closer.

“The night of the explosion, Clyde Mardon shot and killed Chyre,” Iris explained, walking up beside Barry with a sad look. “Mardon and his brother died trying to escape. Their plane crashed.” Barry sighed heavily, feeling more sadness in his heart. Chyre may have been a little rough but he was a good man. Barry found himself wondering about the man’s mate and hoping the detectives family was okay. Iris was called over by an officer to talk and Barry looked up when he heard his name being called as well.

“Good to see you, Barry.” Another officer said, busy taking some perps fingerprints but smiling easily at the omega. Barry nodded in response but his smile faded when he noticed the man being booked look down at an officer’s gun. The officer had turned away, leaving his holster pointing towards the man and completely open for the crazy looking criminal to seize an opportunity.

It happened again. The world slowing down as Barry moved forward, taking the gun from the man’s hand and replacing it in the holster. He pushed the man forward onto the table with papers swirling from the wind. Barry blinked from the same spot he had been standing in not even a second later.

Barry’s heart was racing, his eyes wide as he tried to figure out what just happened. His body was shaking...no, it felt like he was vibrating with energy from whatever he had just done. Iris must have noticed Barry’s face and walked back over. She looked concerned, extending a hand to the omega’s shoulder and looking him over.

“You okay?” She asked and Barry opened his mouth to speak about what had happened. “You smell scared…” He held back the words, not sure how to even begin to explain what he thought just happened. It made no logical sense but it was almost as if Barry had run faster than time.

“I-I’m fine,” Barry reassured Iris, trying not to let his voice shake so he could get his bearings again. “I-I just need some air but I’ll call you tonight, all right?” Barry didn’t even wait for an answer from Iris before heading for the door to walk into the alley outside. Barry took a deep breath and tried to calm his shaking body.

With a quick look around, Barry deemed that he was completely alone in the alley and lifted his hand to investigate the shaking. His eyes widened as his hand shook violently, vibrating at a high-speed Barry knew wasn’t possible. The omega gripped his wrist and tried to make his hand stop.

“What’s happening to me?” Barry asked out loud, voice a soft whisper only he could hear. He was scared, not sure what to do about his shaking hands or what was even going on. His heart was racing rapidly in his chest and Barry jolted forward before stopping himself.

Barry blinked as he realized he had run forward at an incredible speed. The omega smiled ever so slightly and tried again, this time hitting the back of a police car. The glass shattered and Barry groaned in pain before hauling himself off the back of the car. He shook his head, righting himself and smiled to himself.

He could run fast. Not just fast but at what seemed to be super speed...He had to test this further and see exactly what he was dealing with. Barry looked towards the mouth of the alley, grinning and narrowing his eyes. Before he could even think about it, Barry was racing past the streets and buildings.
The world was slow around him, Barry’s body moving too quickly for anything to register. He weaved in between cars and people carefully, trying not to hurt anyone as he turned down another alley. There was a truck, Barry vaguely realized before he was crashing into it and making a mess of the bags of laundry the man was gathering.

He looked up with a groan as the man uncovered Barry from the bags. Barry grinned at him, too excited to even think about how he must look to the man. He had just run at super speed...he had just done something impossible…

He needed to get to STAR labs and figure this out. He needed to see what he was capable of now and see just how much things had changed. Barry pulled himself out of the back of the van and decided to walk away. He wanted to tell Iris and Joe and...Barry’s face fell as he walked, his feet slowly stopping.

Mick.

Out of everyone in this world that Barry wanted to talk to at this moment, Mick was the first. He barely noticed his hand rubbing his flat stomach and Barry felt his heart squeeze. He thought about his alpha, the ache so deep it threatened to crack Barry’s chest wide open. He wanted Mick’s touch and scent, craved his alpha’s presence so desperately it made his entire being ache. Barry took a deep breath and tried to think positive. He would find Mick soon and find out everything, he would hold Mick in his arms and kiss him. He could almost smell Mick now, almost feel his fiance’s arms around him.

It was all going to be okay, he just needed to stay positive.

It was getting harder to stay positive.

So far, Barry had discovered that his apartment was no longer his. The lease had been terminated while he was in his coma and leaving him effectively homeless. A quick call to Iris told him that she had gotten all his stuff for him when that had happened and brought it to Joe’s. Barry was happy about that at least, trying not to feel dejected.

He could start work in a week according to Singh, the lab had since been fixed and was ready for use again. He would have a stack of cases to work on. Despite the fact that Starling City PD had sent a CSI to help, there was a lot of cases backed up in Barry’s absence. Barry hoped he would have enough money to get his own place soon.

Barry had decided to put off STAR labs until the next day, instead deciding to go over to Joe’s for dinner and most likely to sleep. Singh had let Joe off early after the case at the bank so he could spend time with Barry. The omega was glad he was able to come to Joe’s and spend time with his family.

He used his key to Joe’s house and let himself in. It took an hour to set up his old room and bed, piling on soft blankets and pillows to feed Barry’s sudden desire to nest. Barry had a deep desire to nest and couldn’t understand why. His heat wasn’t even close yet and the lack of anything that smelled like Mick was stressing him out. He found a few things that helped, some old shirts of Micks that still held a soft, stale bit of Mick’s scent, a few pictures of his alpha and that eased some of the aches.

Barry ended up taking a long nap after that, nuzzling into his nest and letting himself feel sad. He
blamed the stress of waking up and the running he had done earlier for the tiredness, his heart aching when he woke up around four in the afternoon. He was still feeling groggy and sad. He cried a few times before showering and gathering himself as best he could. He wasn’t sure why he felt off and made a note to ask Dr. Snow about this empty, confused feeling that kept running through his body.

With some of his savings, Barry was able to get his old phone number and contacts transferred over to the new phone. It was nearly six in the evening when he finally finished setting it all up. He called Mick’s old number first, knowing it probably wouldn’t work but trying anyway. The familiar tone of a disconnected number had Barry’s heart sinking into his shoes. He had been hoping for at least a voicemail.

“Still no luck?” Iris asked, walking out onto the porch where Barry was staring at his phone. The omega nodded sadly and Iris leaned against the porch railing with him. “We’ll find him, Barry. Mick is a lot of things but I know he would never abandon you.” Barry nodded again slowly, the lump in his throat growing.

“Was he okay the last time you saw him?” Barry asked quietly, not sure he would like the answer but wanting to know. Iris blinked at him and then looked down at her hands. She seemed to be searching for words, as if not sure if the truth was the best.

“To tell you the truth, he was quieter. Not his normal quiet either...it was broken and hurting. He would sit at your bedside and hold your hand, sometimes he would read to you.” Iris replied, her voice soft and delicate. “When the nurses would let him, he would take care of you. Baths and stuff like that, the nurses would watch to make sure nothing happened and they said he was surprisingly gentle with you...” Iris trailed off as Barry looked down, tears gathering in his eyes. Iris placed a hand on Barry’s shoulder to comfort him.

“He’s always like that...at least with me.” Barry managed, looking at his ring and feeling that hollow ache return to his chest. “I hope he’s okay...” Iris nodded and Barry twirled his ring, eyes soft as he stared at the engraving. The smallest smile on his lips as he thought back to Mick.

“He will be and when we find him, I will personally help you kick his ass for making you worry,” Iris reassured and her smile was a comfort to Barry. “We can get Lisa too, make it a triad ass whooping.” He nodded with a small chuckle and tried to imagine how Iris would ever hope to fight that large alpha. Mick might let her just because she was Barry’s best friend.

“Oh, that reminds me.” Iris stated, reaching into her pocket and drawing out an envelope. “Lisa gave this to me when Mick went missing, said to give it to you when you woke up.” Barry wrinkled his brow at the envelope, reaching for it and wracking his brain as to why Lisa had wanted to give him anything.

The omega opened it up, spotting a set of house keys and pulling them out. The letter was just a simple notecard and Lisa’s delicate but scrawled handwriting made Barry smile. His eyes flicked over the note and widened, blinking for a moment before reading them again just to register what Lisa had written.

*If you’re reading this Barry, congrats on waking up!*

*Mick gave me these keys before he went on his heist with Lenny to hold onto but since he didn’t come back, I’m giving them to you. Mick was saving this for after you two got hitched but he bought a house. It’s pretty much fixed now and you should be able to move in. The address is on the back.*

*Love, Lisa*
Barry felt his heart twinge in his chest as he looked down at the keys. Mick had gotten them a house, a real house to live in together after they got married. Barry’s tears resurfaced, his hurt and emptiness filling up his chest with sadness that he could no longer contain. Iris walked forward, taking the note and looking it over as Barry lifted his arm to wipe away any falling tears. Mick had planned so much for them, wanted to actually settle down and marry him...

“He...bought a house...” Barry said softly, staring at the keys in his hands and taking a shaky breath. “When I find him...I’m going to hit him for running off without proper medical care and then I’m going to kiss him for being so...” He sniffed away a new wave of tears and trailed off. Iris wrapped Barry up in a hug, rubbing his back. The omega clung to her and sniffed into Iris’ shoulder.

“We’ll help you move your stuff there tomorrow and then we can work on finding Mick.” Iris soothed when Barry pulled back to wipe his eyes. Barry thought back to the strange things from earlier and let out a sigh.

“After I go to STAR Labs. They wanted to run some tests and make sure everything is fine” Barry said as Iris rubbed more soothing circles on his back. “Then nothing is stopping me from finding him.” Iris nodded in response, a familiar spark in her eyes. Barry wiped his eyes again, taking a deep breath and smiling at his sister.

“But what about you and Eddie? Don’t think I didn’t notice the act.” Barry asked, raising a brow to play off his comment about STAR labs. “Should I be looking for a mating gift?” Iris smiled shyly, looking towards the door and clearing her throat.

“You can’t tell dad, he doesn’t know but...while you were in a coma…” Iris started to explain, her smile soft. “Eddie covered dad’s shifts so we could both be with you and Lisa was there for me whenever I was crying...we all went out for coffee to repay Eddie and well...things happened.” Barry’s eyes widened, his grin getting bigger as Iris squeezed him tighter.

“Eddie, Lisa and I decided to date. She and Eddie get along really well and it’s just amazing how cute they are together.” Iris gushed, pulling away to put her hands on her face. “Lisa gets her freedom to date both of us and Eddie and I have the commitment I was hoping for.” Barry was excited about Iris, happy that the alpha female was happy.

“That’s great!” Barry exclaimed, covering his mouth to keep from getting too loud. “I am so glad you finally found something and with people who treat you right.” Iris nodded, taking Barry’s hand and looking at his ring. Her eyes softened ever so slightly, reaching up and patting the omega’s hand.

“And we will find Mick,” she reassured, pulling Barry towards the house. “He can’t get out of marrying you that easily.” Barry nodded, laughing as Iris led him inside. His housing situation was fixed for now and he had dinner with his family waiting. Barry just wished that he was going home to his fiance instead of an empty nest and then eventually to the home meant to for both of them.

Soon, he would have Mick back home where he belonged.

Barry stepped out of the S.T.A.R. labs truck, wrinkling his nose at the tightness of the suit Cisco had made for him to wear during the tests. It was tight and a little uncomfortable, the helmet gaudy and clunky but there to protect him along with the goggles. Knee pads made it a little difficult to walk but hopefully, they would protect him. He hadn’t quite gotten the hang of stopping just yet.

Barry smiled to himself when he gazed in the mirror. If Mick were here he would be laughing at how
ridiculous Barry looked but would appreciate how the tight material clung to his ass. Barry really wished Mick was here to watch him, most likely making sure that none of Barry’s new acquaintances with S.T.A.R labs did anything Barry didn’t like. Barry didn’t need his alpha’s protection usually but it was a comfort to know Mick was there if Barry did need him.

Waking up that morning without Mick there had felt even lonelier than Barry had ever recalled it feeling before. Barry woke up sad, instincts on fire and crying. He had never been desperate to curl into his nest before and the lack of Mick at his side made it harder to get out of bed. He meant to ask about it to Caitlin or Wells but telling them about the events of the day before led them to the Ferris Air runway before Barry could.

“How does it fit?” Cisco’s voice came from outside and Barry pushed away his thoughts of Mick to walk outside into the light. He stood uncomfortably on the steps and adjusted his shoulders and looked towards the fellow scientists.

“It’s a little snug.” He stated, smiling despite his discomfort and the others turned to look at him. Wells smiled good-naturedly, seeming excited to be seeing what Barry could do now. Caitlin had on her usual, or what Barry had figured was usual, blank and skeptical stare.

“At least you’ll be moving so fast that no one will see you.” Cisco replied, his smile wide and happy. Barry could feel how excited Cisco was and it made him smile in turn. Cisco was just as nerdy as Barry was and it was kind of nice to have another omega around that was just as hyped about Barry’s new abilities as he was.

“See, you thought the world was slowing down,” Cisco explained, tapping Barry’s arm and leading him out onto the airstrip they had set up. Ferris Air was fairly abandoned usually so it was a good place to test Barry’s speed. Barry turned to look at Cisco, the man’s hand on his shoulder to guide him. “It wasn’t. You were moving so fast it only looked like everyone else was standing still.” Cisco turned to point at each member of the team, practically bouncing. It made Barry smile, a small laugh escaping him.

“Dr. Wells will be monitoring your energy output and Caitlin, your vitals.” Cisco explained, not even bothering to contain the smile he gave the pair. Wells nodded and Caitlin sighed at Cisco’s enthusiasm. Barry was starting to wonder if the beta ever smiled…

“What do you do?” Barry asked Cisco, still unclear as to what Cisco’s role was on the team. Cisco grinned even wider somehow, moving to stand in front of Barry.

“I make the toys, my man.” Cisco stated, holding up a small, round piece of tech with a lightning bolt on the side. “Check it.” He held it out for Barry to get a closer look. Barry observed it, brow wrinkled in confusion. Tech wasn't his main point of expertise.

“This is a two-way headset with a camera I modified typically designed to combat battlefield impulse noise,” Cisco explained, earning a smile from Barry. It was impressive that Cisco could make something like this on such short notice. “Or in your case, potential sonic booms. Which would be awesome.” Barry was getting hyped up to test this out just from Cisco being excited. Cisco’s happy, energy charged scent was infectious. He rather liked the bright, excitable omega.

Cisco reached over and took Barry’s helmet off. He attached the headset to it, taking it over to the table to make any adjustments. Caitlin walked over to Barry, a neutral expression on her face and adjusting her hair as the wind blew it around. She stood in front of Barry silently as she clicked buttons on the belt monitoring Barry’s vitals.

Barry could sense that something was off with Caitlin, her face never wavering from that expression.
Barry smiled at her and hoped she would return it as he watched her closely. Caitlin looked up and raised a brow at Barry as if trying to figure out why he was staring at her.

“What?” She asked, turning back to her tablet and clicking some more buttons. Barry felt his cheeks heat, embarrassed for being caught staring.

“Nothing.” Barry replied, shaking his head slightly and giving Caitlin a softer smile. “I just noticed you don’t smile too much.” Caitlin stopped and wrinkled her brow at Barry’s statement. She pushed her hair behind her ear, giving some thought to her next words before taking a small breath.

“My once-promising career in bioengineering is over, my boss is in a wheelchair for life,” Caitlin stated, just a hint of anger bleeding through into her voice. “The explosion that put you in a coma also killed my mate.”

Barry felt his heart hurt for Caitlin, his eyes widening at this new information. Losing your mate was painful, the severing of the bond alone had been known to kill both alphas, betas, and omegas alike depending on the person. To lose someone as connected as a mate like that, it left scars that would never truly heal.

“So this blank expression kind of feels like the way to go.” Caitlin added with finality, turning her eyes down again to her tablet and Barry tried to find something to say. He couldn’t convey in words the sympathy he felt for the beta. He missed Mick desperately and Mick wasn’t even his mate, not officially. But Mick was his alpha and it was almost like Barry’s body knew that, making the absence of the man at Barry’s side feel like missing a limb. Caitlin walked away and Barry let out a sigh, feeling a little bit like a jerk for even bringing it up.

“Mr. Allen,” Wells said suddenly, drawing Barry’s attention to the wheelchair-bound man. “While I am extremely eager to determine the full range of your abilities. I do caution restraint.” Barry nodded, taking his helmet from Cisco and putting it back on. He walked over to the starting block set up just ahead of the tent.

Barry fought the nervous flutter in his stomach as he lowered himself and adjusted his feet on the blocks. His heart was pounding and Barry started breathing to ground himself. He looked back at Wells and the others, watching the man put on some sunglasses and Barry turned back to the field. He thought about Mick again, for just a moment.

Mick was always Barry’s biggest supporter. It didn’t matter if it was something strange or weird he was working on or if it was some interesting scientific topic Barry was geeking over. The alpha would listen to him, give input or reassure Barry in his gruff, blunt way. Mick was somehow always so sure of Barry and believed in him even if he didn’t say it out loud.

He could do this.

Barry took one more deep breath and surged forward. The world slowed around him, yellow lightning nipping at his heels. Barry felt his heart expand, the feeling of the wind moving around him and his body moving so fast. He couldn’t contain the happiness he felt from going this fast. It was a rush of excitement and adrenaline filling his body, pushing the omega forward.

“Woo-Hoo!” Barry couldn’t help but shout, his grin wide as he sped down the track. The ground beneath his feet was blurred and Barry looked forward, trying to reign in his want to push faster. This was amazing and impossible, Barry had become something he had only seen in his dreams…

Yellow and red lightning was circling around him, tearing through the living room and destroying everything around him. Nora was on the floor, her fear scent heavy and burning Barry’s nose.
Barry called out to her and Nora looked up at him with tears pouring down her cheeks.

“No, Barry don’t let him touch you!” She screamed to be heard above the sound of the whirling papers and wind from the lightning. Barry tried to follow the swirl of motion, fear clinging to him as he spotted a man dressed in yellow through the chaos. He was blurry and staring at Barry…

Barry snapped back into reality, eyes widening as he realized he was getting too close to a set up of water barrels towards the end of the track. Barry tried to stop, his velocity too great to keep him from crashing into the barrels. Barry raised his arms, bracing for impact.

Water exploded around Barry and the omega grunted and cried out in pain. His wrist was screaming, broken from the impact and Barry tried to breathe through the pain. He closed his eyes and fought through it. His mind kept going back to that memory and his heart hammered in his chest from more than just the running he had done.

If he could do this...then what happened to his mother…

The man who killed his mother must have somehow been just like Barry but...evil. If Barry could do the impossible then who was to say the man in yellow hadn’t been able to as well? Barry felt sick from heartache and pain, quelling the tears threatening to rise to his eyes. He was in pain and now, things he had buried were surfacing. He needed his alpha, his fiance…

He needed Mick.

“...It looks like you had a distal radius fracture.” Caitlin stated, showing Barry a tablet with his x-ray on the screen an hour later. The fracture looked ugly and Barry wrinkled his brow in confusion. The pain had long since passed and he felt fine but this looked like the type of break that would still be hurting…

“Had?” Barry questioned, looking up at Caitlin for a moment before returning his eyes to the screen. The beta flipped to a more recent view of Barry’s arm and the omega’s eyes widened. The fracture was gone, completely healed from the injury like it had never happened.

“It’s healed...in three hours.” Caitlin stated, her eyes wide with fascination and awe. Barry imagined he must look the same, his head trying to wrap around just how this had happened.

“How is that even possible?” Barry asked, unable to come up with an answer of his own. Caitlin took a moment, her eyes darting over Barry’s face. Her face looked apologetic as she finally opened her mouth to answer.

“We don’t know...yet.” She said slowly, turning to go observe more of the vitals that she had recorded from Barry’s earlier run. Cisco walked up, holding the broken helmet in his hands and raising a brow at Barry.

“You really need to learn how to stop.” He teased with a grin and Barry let out a small laugh. Yeah, stopping might be a good next step in learning about his powers. Wells wheeled up, giving Barry a look that made him feel a little uncomfortable. It reminded him of teachers that would ask him why he scored lower on a test than usual back in high school.

“What happened out there today?” Wells asked, raising a brow with a look of curiosity in his eyes. “You were moving pretty well out there and then something caused you to lose focus. Was it that alpha of yours again or something else.” Barry lowered his gaze for a moment, unsure of what to
For years, people had told him he was delusional for believing that his father was innocent. Even Joe, for all the things he had done for Barry, was still so sure of Henry’s guilt. Iris felt similar to her father, wanting to believe Barry but bound by the evidence as much as anyone. Shrinks told Barry it was all in his head, a traumatized pup’s way of making sense of what he had seen.

Mick had been the first and only person to believe Barry. He knew that sometimes, cops messed up and innocent men ended up in prison. He had listened to Barry tell the story of what he had seen and believed him. He had met Henry, knew the beta was innocent despite what everyone said.

That reassurance, that trust in Barry’s version of things, had driven Barry to work even harder to free his father. Mick always said it sounded crazy but if anyone could prove something that crazy, Barry could. Mick didn’t believe in the impossible but he believed in Barry.

“I started remembering something,” Barry said quietly to Wells, voice unsure and worried about his next words. “When I was twelve, my mother was murdered.” Caitlin and Cisco both looked up at those words. Barry could feel their eyes on him, the familiar burn of sadness and pity making him clench his fists on the table he was sitting on.

“It was late and a sound woke me up,” Barry explained, his voice sounding thick from emotion. “I came downstairs and…” Barry had to take a breath, gathering himself from the pain surfacing in his heart. That familiar pain he always carried cracking through his heart and trying to well up inside him.

“I saw what looked like a ball of lightning,” Barry continued, meeting Wells eyes as the omega took off his glasses to stare directly at Barry. “Inside the lightning, there was a man. He killed my mom but they arrested my dad and he’s still sitting in Iron Heights for her murder.” Barry shook his head, the slightest bit of frustration leaking into his scent.

“Everyone, the cops, the shrinks...they all told me what I saw was impossible.” Barry added with a stronger voice, his eyes moving down to his ring. He lifted his hand and let his fingers brush over the gold and his shoulders relaxed. “Well, except for Mick. Mick always believed me.” Wells wrinkled his brow, staying silent until Barry looked up again at the scientist.

“But what if the man who killed my mom was like me?” Barry asked, his eyes filling with hope and determination, the first sign of hope he had felt in a long time when it came to his mother’s murder.

Wells put his glasses back on and a soft smile played over his lips. He tilted his head slightly and Barry’s heart sunk. He knew when someone was about to dash his hopes, he had seen the look on Wells face countless times before on others.

“Well, I think I can say unequivocally that you are one of a kind, Mr. Allen.” Wells said, sounding sure in that observation and not noticing that Barry’s heart was heavy in his chest. He should have been better prepared to hear that after so many years of it. Barry’s eyes traveled back to his ring and he twisted it around his finger.

At least there was always one person who believed in Barry no matter what.

Barry was still rather down as he headed towards Jitters for a coffee date with Iris, Lisa, and Eddie. He was excited to be seeing Lisa again and even more excited to get to see the three together to let them know he approved. Iris had convinced Joe to pay some movers to bring Barry’s boxes to his
new house so that the omega wouldn’t have to, freeing up the afternoon for some social interaction.

“Barry!” Lisa exclaimed when Barry came over to the table, throwing her arms around the omega and giving him a hug. “Look when I said you needed to rest more, I did not mean take a nine-month nap.” Barry hugged Lisa back, smiling widely at the beta when he finally pulled away.

“Yeah, sorry about taking your advice. Won’t happen again.” Barry quipped and took a seat across from Eddie. Lisa rolled her eyes at Barry and moved to stand behind Iris and Eddie. Barry grinned at the way Iris was holding Eddie’s hand beneath the table. Lisa put her arms around both her boyfriend and girlfriend and smiled in the softest way he had ever seen her do so. They all looked happy and it made Barry feel the throb of saudade from Mick’s absence.

“I’m so happy for you three,” Barry stated and gave them all a thumbs up. “And I won’t tell Joe, at least not until you guys are ready to and then I’ll be there for buffering.” Iris grinned and leaned closer to Lisa and squeezed Eddie’s hand.

“I like having a boyfriend who isn’t shot to death,” Iris stated with a laugh. “And a girlfriend who isn’t locked up in Iron Heights.” The group laughed and the rest of the time was spent talking about things and getting Barry up to date. Lisa giving Barry updates on Ray, Felicity, and Oliver. She had been to see Ray quite a few times since Len had gone underground, expressed some worry about how shut-in Ray had become.

Barry made a mental note to call Ray or go visit. The alpha seemed to be doing okay but he knew what missing the one you loved felt like. He was sure that he could assist the alpha in getting out of his office or at least come talk to him. He hoped that Ray’s projects kept his mind off Len’s absence.

Later, Lisa and Iris were walking with Barry after Eddie needed to return to work. The pair were holding hands and exchanging soft, loving glances whenever they didn’t think Barry was looking. Barry was glad to have this moment, a sense of calm despite everything that had been happening in his life. A nice afternoon with his friends and sister.

“I’ve been keeping an ear out for Mick,” Lisa said to Barry, giving him a sad smile. “I’ve heard some whispers in Keystone of petty larceny and some arson but other than that he’s been underground. It’s not much but I can tell you he isn’t dead.” Barry smiled, the new information making his heart soar with hope.

“If he comes to you first, please tell him I miss him.” Barry said with a sad smile, “and you three don’t need to worry so much about Joe. There aren’t any regulations against dating your partner’s daughter and Mick and I managed to keep the whole criminal thing under wraps for four years. I think you’re safe.” Lisa leaned closer to Iris, nuzzling at the woman with that soft smile. Iris sighed with content, happiness in her eyes.

“I’m so glad you’re okay with this Barry,” Iris stated as they turned to walk under the bridge. “It’s been a pain keeping it a secret but having you for support means so much to me.” Lisa nodded in agreement, meeting Barry’s eyes.

“And when Lenny rears his ugly mug again, I expect you to help with that jerk and telling him where to shove his opinions on me dating a cop and the daughter of a cop.” Lisa stated, half-jokingly. “Mick will probably try to be all protective too but he can’t really say much without being a hypocrite.” Barry laughed, opening his mouth to say something else just as the sound of sirens and tires screeching filled the air.

Barry looked up, seeing the cars approaching and a black Mustang heading straight for them. He grabbed Lisa and Iris by the arms and pulled them out of harm’s way, they all landed on the ground
in a heap and Barry looked up to see the driver of the Mustang. His heart skipped as he recognized a familiar face driving the car.

Clyde Mardon.

Barry moved before he could stop himself, running at the car to catch up with it. He ran alongside the black Mustang and looked into the window before turning. With some effort, Barry pushed himself into the moving vehicle with enough force to shatter the glass.

Clyde looked up, wide-eyed and surprised at seeing someone in his car. He reached for his belt and the world once again slowed down for Barry. He reached over to the wheel, jerking it to the right and causing the car to turn and flip through the air.

Barry groaned from underneath the car, face scratched and body aching in pain from the crash. He looked up from the wreckage and say Clyde walking down the road, shaking glass from his jacket. Barry was up like a shot and wiggled his way out from under the car.

“Hey! Mardon!”

Clyde looked back with a confused look, his blue eyes scanning over Barry like he wasn’t sure what to do with him. Barry stood up and started walking towards Mardon only to be stopped by the scent of an angry alpha and Mardon’s cold stare. Barry’s movement paused when he met those eyes.

The stare was intense, almost as intense as Mick’s and Barry’s omega instincts were on fire. His body froze in place against his will as Barry met Clyde’s eyes. Barry’s hand went to his stomach and it took all Barry’s willpower to keep eye contact with Mardon, cursing his body for staying still when he needed to move. His body was rigid, heart hammering and Barry’s scent chilled with fear.

Cars screeched to a halt behind Clyde as the alpha slowly lifted his hands. Barry’s eyes widened as the fog slowly swirled around Clyde, the alpha keeping the eye contact that had Barry frozen before him. Barry managed to tear his eyes away and stare at the fog, watching the dark and humid air circle around him just before he turned back to Clyde. The alpha moved back into the fog and out of Barry’s vision.

Honking filled the air and Barry turned just in time to see a car crash into Mardon’s wrecked mustang. It sailed into the air and the mustang beneath it exploded in fire. It engulfed the white car and Barry sped away to the grass just in time to avoid getting hit by the falling mass of metal and fire.

Barry breathed heavily, staring at the destruction in front of him and reeling from what he had witnessed. Mardon had summoned the fog, had created it from his hands. It was impossible...there was no way that a criminal like Mardon could have that kind of power...

But Barry had powers now, the omega’s speed just as impossible as Mardon summoning the weather and bending it to his will. Barry tried to remember how to breathe and silently chastised himself for letting Clyde’s alpha stare stop him. Barry prided himself on being able to fight his omega instincts but he had been caught so off guard. Not even Mick had used the full power of his alpha status on Barry...

Barry was scared, terrified of what had just happened and he didn’t understand why it affected him that badly. He had stared down alphas before and Barry realized his hand was still on his stomach protectively. Why did he keep doing that?

Barry pushed that question away for now. He had bigger things to worry about with Mardon and his new abilities, a thought that had Barry rising to his feet. If Barry and Mardon had powers as a result
of the particle accelerator exploding, how many others had been affected? He had to tell Joe and
warn the man, had to make sure he knew what was going on.

Before someone else got hurt.

Lisa had a hand on Iris’ shoulder, comforting the alpha as the three watched the paramedics run the
body of the man who had crashed into Mardon’s car into their ambulance. Barry felt his heart
squeezing in his chest from the scene. He could have saved that man, if only he had been quicker or
hadn’t gotten himself stopped by Mardon…

“That poor man.” Iris said sorrowfully, looking up at Barry with a deep sadness in her eyes. “The
way that fog came in, I have never seen anything like it…” Lisa nodded, her brow wrinkled in
thought despite the blank expression. She held Iris tighter and Barry knew that the beta was just glad
that Iris was okay. The Snarts were experts at compartmentalizing their emotions and staying in the
moment.

“Barry! Iris!” Joe’s voice called as he ran up to the pair. Lisa released Iris as Barry and the alpha
female looked at Joe. His face was contorted with worry as he reached for Iris to put a hand on her
shoulder. He was breathing heavily, his scent tinged with fear and anxiety that had Barry fighting to
keep from wrinkling his nose. Barry stiffened when Joe’s eyes landed on him, his eyes switching
from worry to irritation.

“What the hell were you thinking having her out here?” Joe barked, shaking his head at Barry as if
he should have known better. Lisa narrowed her eyes and pushed herself between Iris and Barry. Joe
looked her over and rolled his eyes. “I should have known somehow a Snart was involved…” It was
Iris’ turn to sound irritated as she shook her head to defend Barry and Lisa.

“No Dad, we were-.” Iris started only to be cut off by Joe turning back to her.

“And I told you when you see danger, you run the other way. You’re not a cop!” Joe scolded and
Iris scoffed, rolling her eyes in defiance at Joe’s tone. He wasn’t listening and that was making Iris
angry.

“Because you wouldn’t let me.” She growled, her scent taking on that familiar smell of irritation that
Barry was used to smelling when this topic came up. The two alpha’s glared at each other and Barry
had to step back, hand twitching with the urge to cover his body again. The smell was making him
uncomfortable, making his nose burn from the intensity and Barry was already on edge. He wanted
to run but forced himself to stay put.

“You’re damn right.” Joe growled back and Lisa rolled her eyes, squaring up with the alpha and
getting between the pair. She glared up at Joe, her body stiff and Iris put a hand on her back when
Joe glared at Lisa. The beta wasn’t one to just stand aside when she didn’t like something being said
to people she cared about.

“How about you calm down and think about how uncomfortable your angry alpha crap is making
everyone.” Lisa snapped at Joe, her blue eyes lit with irritation. “Some of us don’t exactly like the
smell of angry alpha male singeing the inside of our noses when there is clearly chaos abound.”

Joe backed up, blinking in thought at the beta’s comment. Lisa did have a point and when Barry
looked around, he could see several beta and omega paramedics and people looking on edge, a few
alphas looking towards Joe with protectiveness in their eyes, ready for a fight if needed.
“Joe, I need to talk to you.” Barry said suddenly, wanting to talk to Joe about what had happened and using this opportunity to pull him away from the mess. Joe turned Barry and raised a finger to him, eyes stern.

“It can wait.” He started to say and Barry reached for his arm. Barry was already frustrated and didn’t need Joe brushing him off like this. It was too important for the alpha cop to brush aside.

“No, now.” Barry insisted firmly, pulling Joe off to the side to let Lisa and Iris calm down a bit. Barry took a deep breath as he met Joe’s brown eyes. “I know who did this.” Joe’s eyebrows raised in surprise before giving Barry a nod to continue.

“It’s Clyde Mardon.” Barry said, voice sincere and sure of what he had seen. “I know everyone thinks he died in a plane crash after the STAR Labs explosion, but he is alive.” Joe nodded but Barry could see the doubt in the alpha’s eyes. His skepticism over what Barry had just told him was in every movement in Joe’s face and body. It made Barry’s chest feel tight and his jaw set with anger as he continued on.

“Something happened to him that night, I…” Barry took a deep breath and prepared himself for what he was going to say next. “I think he can control the weather. The recent robberies, they all happened during freak meteorological events and when I just confronted Mardon, the street was instantly enveloped in fog.”

The whole time Barry explained, Joe kept nodding in that way Barry hated. It was the same look Joe had given Barry when he told him about the man in yellow, the same look of disbelief and false understanding he saw every time he talked to anyone about what he had seen. The look that made Barry feel like he was crazy when he knew he wasn’t.

“Of course you don’t believe me,” Barry snapped, eyes showing his hurt at Joe’s attitude. “You never believe me.” Joe’s shoulders stiffened and he threw his arms up. The alpha was already irritated enough from Iris being in danger and Barry’s hurt was the last thing he seemed to care about.

“Oh, you want to do this now. Out here?” Joe said aggressively, taking on a slightly firm stance and looked Barry straight in the eye. “Mardon is dead. There is no controlling the weather, Barry. Just like there was no lightning storm in your house that night.” Barry’s heart jolted with hurt, Joe’s words hitting a soft point that the alpha was well aware of. Barry’s shoulders sunk and he bit his lower lip to keep from letting the hurt show on his face, taking a step back from the alpha.

“It was your brain helping a scared little pup accept what he saw.” Joe added with finality as if that would be enough to shut Barry up. Barry shook his head, taking a deep breath and glaring at Joe with a fierce look in his eyes.

“My dad did not murder my mother…” Barry started to defend only to have Joe get closer to his face, the irritation in his scent turning to full anger as Joe’s stare bored into Barry’s eyes. He froze underneath it and had to will himself not to shake. Joe never used his stare on him...not like this and Barry could feel himself wilt.

“Yes, he did!” Joe shouted, his tone drawing the attention of Lisa and Iris to them. “Your dad killed your mother, Barry! I am sorry, son but I knew it, the jury knew it, and now he’s paying for what he did.” Iris was the first to rush over, shoving her dad back from Barry and Lisa walking just behind her. Barry knew his scent must be horrible, scared and shaken by everything that had happened and made worse by Joe’s words.

“Dad, that’s enough!” Iris growled only to have Joe glare at her before turning back to Barry. He
ignored Barry’s clearly uncomfortable scent, pushing harder against the omega’s defenses. Barry looked away, he had to or risk crying right in front of Joe. Barry never thought he would ever wish for Mick to help him but Barry honestly wanted someone in his corner at this moment.

“I have done my best to take care of you since that night and I have never asked for anything in return, not even a thank you,” Joe stated, eyes desperate for Barry to just listen to him. “But what I do ask now is that you for once in your life see things as they are.”

It took Barry a moment to push his feelings down, taking a deep breath to calm his scent. He didn’t have to listen to Joe, not when the alpha clearly didn’t care if he had hurt him. Barry felt a surge of anger run through him and he looked back up at Joe. No, he wasn’t going to shrink away just because Joe thought he was crazy.

“I don’t have to take this,” Barry stated, narrowing his eyes at Joe. “I’m leaving. Listen to me or don’t. Do whatever you want.” Barry trudged off, going underneath the yellow caution tape and heading towards the street. He was angry and upset, feeling the betrayal of Joe’s words tearing into his already tired body. Why couldn’t his foster father just believe him? Just this once…

He missed Eddie walking up to Joe, casting a look towards Iris and Lisa with a piece of paper in his hands. If Barry had stayed, he would have seen the look of disbelief at the mugshot of Clyde Mardon matching up with the eyewitness sketch of the bank robbery.

Barry stormed into S.T.A.R. labs with the fury of his scent flowing out of him in waves. It wasn’t as intimidating as an alpha scent but the scientists looked up with wide eyes, looking Barry over and trying to determine why he was so upset.

“I wasn’t the only one affected by the particle accelerator explosion, was I?” Barry shouted, his emotions running rampant and he did nothing to reign them in. The STAR labs employees and owner hadn’t been completely honest with him and Barry was angry.

Wells looked towards Cisco and Caitlin, as if unsure what he should say. The look passing between the trio only served to irritate Barry even more.

“We don’t know for sure.” was all Wells managed to say. Barry stiffened his shoulders, glaring down at Wells and taking a step towards the other omega. That answer wasn’t good enough. Because Wells had omitted that detail to Barry, a man was dead and Central City could be in danger. What else had Wells avoided telling him?

“You said the city was safe, that there was no residual danger.” Barry insisted, repeating Wells own words to him. “But that’s not true, so what really happened that night?” Barry needed to hear the truth, he needed to figure out exactly how big of a problem had been caused by Wells mistake.

Another look passed between the team, Cisco and Caitlin both looking down and away. They had no words to assist Wells, no defense for what they had hidden from Barry. Wells turned back to Barry and sighed heavily.

“Well, the accelerator went active. We all felt like heroes, and then…” Wells explained, voice sounding low from either shame or regret. He tapped on the tablet set up on the arm of his wheelchair and looked toward a screen. Barry turned to look at the screen, following Wells gaze to a simulation of the particle accelerator.
“It all went wrong and a dimensional barrier ruptured,” Wells continued as the results of what had happened that night displayed on the screen. “It unleashed unknown energies into our world. Antimatter, dark energy, x-elements-.” Barry turned back to Wells, looking confused at this new information.

“Those are all theoretical.” Barry stated incredulously, disbelief in his words. None of the things Wells had said were actually proven to be real. Wells raised a brow, his expression blank as he met Barry’s eyes.

“And how theoretical are you?” He questioned back at Barry, effectively silencing the omega. “We mapped the dispersion throughout and around Central City though we have no way of knowing exactly what or who was exposed. We have been searching for other...meta-humans like yourself.” Barry shook his head, trying to wrap his head around this new information.

“Meta-humans?” He questioned and Caitlin spoke up. Her voice was soft, guilt heavy in it. Barry softened slightly and let his anger ease. At least someone had the decency to feel bad about what they had hidden from him.

“That’s what we’re calling them.” Caitlin explained and Barry looked at all three. It was about time that they all fixed what they had broken. Someone needed to be held accountable for the damage done today, for the damage that could be done because of STAR labs mistake.

“I saw one today,” Barry stated, glaring at them all with a renewed sense of righteousness. “He’s a bank robber, he can control the weather.” At least someone would believe him on Clyde Mardon’s abilities. Cisco smiled, his familiar excitement returning to his face.

“This just keeps getting cooler...” Cisco started to say and Barry felt more rage fill him. How could the omega be excited about this? Someone who had hurt people before he had received powers was back, with more power to hurt innocent people for his own gain.

“This is not cool, All right?” Barry snapped, glaring at Cisco and making the omega’s smile fade. “A man died!” Cisco lowered his gaze to his hands, seeing the weight of the situation. He looked a little ashamed now and Barry turned back to Wells.

“Mardon must have gotten his powers the same way I did. From the storm cloud and he is still out there.” Barry shouted, tears of anger and desperation shining in his eyes but he kept them at bay. “We have to stop him before he hurts anyone else!” Barry turned to leave, ready to hunt Mardon until Wells spoke again.

“Like all the times you could have stopped your fiance from robbing other people?” Wells suddenly said, making Barry stop and stiffen from the accusation. “Don’t think I didn’t look Mr. Rory up when we were introduced, Mr. Allen. He had quite the public record.” Barry turned back to Wells, meeting the man’s cold glare.

“Mardon must have gotten his powers the same way I did. From the storm cloud and he is still out there.” Barry shouted, tears of anger and desperation shining in his eyes but he kept them at bay. “We have to stop him before he hurts anyone else!” Barry turned to leave, ready to hunt Mardon until Wells spoke again.

“You took yourself off those cases, you were responsible but I’m sure you knew what your alpha was getting up to.” Wells stated, his eyes narrowed. “This is a job for the police, not a forensic assistant with patchy morals when it comes to criminals.” Barry clenched his fists at his sides, swirling back around and taking a deep breath to calm himself.

How dare Wells accuse him of something like letting Mick getting away? It wasn't the omega’s place to tell Barry he had poor morals just because of who he was marrying. Barry loved Mick but he wasn't just an extension of his alpha. He was his own man, independent of Mick’s choices.

“You are responsible for this,” Barry said, tone firm and barely containing his rage at Wells
insinuation. “For him.” Wells leaned forward in his chair, squaring up with Barry and narrowing his eyes.

“What’s important is you!” Wells shouted, his voice making Barry pause. “Not me. I lost everything. I lost my company, I lost my reputation, and I lost my freedom…” Wells paused after that statement as if the last word had caused him physical pain to say. His eyes bore into Barry’s, his tone sounding like he was talking to a pup that just wasn’t understanding something important.

“And then you broke your arm and it healed in three hours.” Wells continued after a moment, pointing towards Barry and gesturing to him. “Inside your body could be a map to a whole new world. Genetic therapies, vaccines, medicines, treasures buried deep within your cells and we cannot risk losing everything because you want to go play hero!”

Barry took a step back at those last words, swallowing thickly at the pure accusation in those words. Barry shook his head at Wells. He didn’t want to play hero, he wanted to help people and he might be the only one able to…

“You’re not a hero, as badly as you want to think you are.” Wells stated, voice getting quieter as he stared at Barry with a fierce look. “You are just a helpless omega that was struck by lightning.” Barry looked down at his feet as his heart shattered in his chest.

Wells was right. Barry wasn’t a hero, he had never been so. He couldn’t even win a fight without Iris or Joe coming to save him. Even Mick had saved him the day they first met. He had been paralyzed under Mardon’s alpha gaze, had been unable to move even when he needed to because of his biology.

He was just a scared little omega who needed an alpha to come save him.

Barry turned away, storming out of the doors to the labs and outside. He leaned against a wall and used that to push himself into a run. The air moving around Barry as he ran around the city eased some of his hurt but couldn’t remove all of it. He felt helpless, weak and useless. Joe didn’t believe him, Wells didn’t believe in him and the only person who ever had faith in Barry was missing.

He thought about a lot of things as he ran. That night his mother died, watching his father getting put in the back of a police car. The smell of all the alpha cops and their pitying gazes when they watched Barry look down at his mother. Joe’s attempt at comforting words.

Barry stopped when he realized his jacket was on fire, the heat of running at super speed having sparked all over the material. Barry stopped suddenly, removing it and throwing it on the ground. He stomped on it for a moment until the sign in front of him caught his eye.

Starling City.

Barry felt a realization wash over him. He should have come to Oliver earlier, must have unknowingly ran here because part of him knew Oliver would know how to help him. Just before Barry had gone into the coma, he had discovered his old college friend’s secret. Oliver was the Hood or rather, the Green Arrow as Barry realized he liked to be called now. If anyone had an answer for Barry, it would be Oliver Queen.

And five more miles wasn’t such a long trip with super speed on your side.

“And that’s about it, I spent my whole life looking for the impossible and now...I am the impossible.”
Barry finished his story, looking over at Oliver on the rooftop. He was wearing his gear, arms crossed and face serious as he let what Barry had just told him process through his mind. The alpha had been surprised to find Barry in his city, even more so when Barry showed him what he could do. Oliver was silent for a moment, staring out at Starling City from his spot on the rooftop as he took in what Barry had told him.

“So why come to me, Barry?” Oliver asked, finally turning to look at Barry with a raised brow. “Something tells me you didn’t run six hundred miles just to say hi and let me know you had superpowers now.” Barry smiled, letting out a small laugh at Oliver’s slight joke. Barry took a deep breath and let it out, sighing heavily.

“All my life I’ve just wanted to do more. Be more.” Barry managed to explain, fighting for the exact question he wanted to ask Oliver. “And now I am but the first time I get a chance to help someone, I can’t because of some stupid alpha stare and I screw up.” Barry’s eyes went to his feet, Wells’ words echoing in his head and eating at his confidence.

“What if Wells is right? What if I’m not a hero?” Barry questioned, his doubts heavy in his voice. “What if I am just a pathetic omega that was struck by lightning?” Oliver met Barry’s eyes with a serious look, one that meant what he was about to say was important.

“I don’t think that bolt of lightning struck you, Barry.” Oliver said calmly, sounding so sure of Barry that it made the omega’s heart warm with affection. “I think it chose you.” Barry let himself smile just a little before looking over Oliver in his vigilante costume. Oliver was fierce in a fight, he was an alpha who didn’t take no for an answer and fulfilled every idea of what a good alpha should be. As a hero and a person, he was everything Barry wished he could be.

“I’m just not sure I’m like you, Oliver.” Barry said, voice sounding skeptical as he shook his head. “I don’t know if I can be some...vigilante.” He gestured from himself to Oliver as if to illustrate how different they were but Oliver’s serious look didn’t waver.

“You can be better.” Oliver said, the utmost faith in his voice a comfort to Barry. “Because you can inspire people in a way that I never could.” Barry met Oliver’s gaze, smiling at the soft look the alpha gave him. Oliver was the closest thing to an older brother Barry ever had, unafraid to call him out but also knowing when to say just the right thing. “Watching over your city like a guardian angel and making a difference, saving people,” Oliver continued, giving Barry a nod.

“In a flash.” he added and Barry smiled widely at the advice. Oliver turned away, putting on the small green mask he had made for Oliver and watching the man walk away. Oliver paused and turned back to Barry, a rare smile on his normally stoic features.

“And take your own advice.” Oliver said, giving Barry a look that the omega would almost say was humorous. “Wear a mask.” With that final word, Oliver turned and jumped off of the roof. Barry moved towards him just in time to hear Oliver let loose an arrow and use the grappling hook to scale on the side other building next to the roof they had been speaking on.

“Cool.” Barry breathed with a sense of awe from Oliver’s ability before he turned, running down the side of the building to head home. With Oliver’s words echoing in his head, Barry sped back to Central City with a new sense of confidence. He had a city to protect and a criminal to put away.

It was time to be a hero.
Barry put the file boxes on the table in the lab, staring at Cisco and Caitlin’s worried faces as they looked over the boxes. Barry leaned on the table and took a deep breath. He had spent the last few minutes running boxes over and used his speed to read through the old case files from after the explosion.

“I’ve been reading up on the case files and there has been a sharp increase in unexplained deaths and missing people since the particle accelerator explosion.” Barry informed the pair of scientists, earning understanding nods from them both. “Your meta-humans have been busy.” A look of shame passed over Cisco and Caitlin, their eyes going down to the case boxes. Barry felt bad for his earlier behavior towards the pair and took a breath before continuing.

“I’m not blaming you,” Barry said as he looked at each of them, eyes full of sympathy. “I know you didn’t mean for any of this to happen. I know you all lost something.” Barry met Caitlin’s eyes when he said this, the smallest of emotions flashing through her eyes. She nodded, looking away from him and Barry could smell the tinge of sadness in her scent.

“But I need your help to catch Mardon and anyone else out there like him.” Barry pleaded, hoping that he could at least get Cisco and Caitlin to understand. “I can’t do it without you.” They couldn’t ignore the danger of the meta-humans, not anymore. Caitlin looked at Cisco and the two seemed to have a silent conversation pass between them.

Cisco grinned and Caitlin nodded, the omega seeming to have convinced her and Cisco. Cisco turned to Barry and the smallest spark of determination caught Barry’s eyes. He was beginning to wonder if he should worry about that look in Cisco’s eyes. The other omega straightened up taller and squared his shoulders.

“If we’re gonna do this,” Cisco said, nodding at Barry and looking him over. “I have something that might help.” Barry tried not to feel nervous as Cisco led Barry and Caitlin out to his workshop. He turned a table he had been using and Barry looked over a red suit with a confused look.

“Something I’ve been playing with, designed to replace the turnouts firefighters traditionally wear,” Cisco explained, looking over at Caitlin and Barry’s impressed faces and giving them a small smile. “I thought if STAR labs could do something nice for the community, maybe people wouldn’t be so angry at Dr. Wells anymore.” Barry approached the suit, looking it over for a moment and admiring the shade of red and the streamlined look of it. It was an improvement over the first outfit Cisco had made him wear.

“How is it going to help me?” Barry questioned, looking at Cisco for an explanation. The omega nodded, lifting his hands to talk as he explained. He gestured to his suit as he spoke, pointing out the features and smiling widely at his project.

“It’s made of a reinforced tri-polymer. It’s heat and abrasive resistant, so it should be able to withstand your moving at high-velocity speeds without burning up.” Cisco said, turning back to look at the suit with a loving look. “And the aerodynamic design should help you maintain control. Plus with built-in sensors, we can track your vitals from here in the cortex and stay in contact with you to help as we can.” Barry nodded, feeling reassured in the other’s want to help him. He was beginning to think he would end up having to do this completely alone.

“Thanks,” Barry said gratefully before letting his mind go back to the task at hand. “Now we just need to find Mardon.” It was Caitlin’s turn to walk up, holding her tablet and tapping at a few things on the screen.

“I retasked the STAR labs satellite to track meteorological abnormalities over central city,” She stated and Barry walked over to look over her shoulder at the tablet. Cisco joined him, eyes widening as he
looked over the results of the satellite. “We just got a ping. Atmospheric pressure dropped twenty millibars in a matter of seconds.” Barry looked up to stare at the suit he would be wearing.

“I’ve tracked it to a farm just west of the city.” Caitlin finished as Barry took a deep breath. He was going to do this, he was going to catch Mardon and save the city. The nervousness he felt was overwhelming but his determination was stronger. He needed to do this.

Barry lifted his hand, staring down at his ring and thinking of Mick. Mick would be proud of him and Barry wished so much that his fiancé was here with him. Mick would have something to say, some kind of word of caution or love. Barry smiled softly to himself and recalled what Mick had said before he left to Starling before the explosion.

“I love you too, more than you know.” Those words echoed in Barry’s mind and helped him push the doubts away. He had to do this so he could find Mick, so he could come back to the man he loved.

He would do this.

Running to the farm was the easy part of this mission. Barry had gotten there just in time to stop Joe and Eddie from being crushed beneath a pallet flying from the barn. He rose from the rubble, eyes widening at the tornado forming around Clyde Mardon.

Actually stopping Mardon, that would be the hard part.

He tore the face mask off of the suit, the mask making it hard to breathe and he could hear Cisco talking over the coms in his suit. The omega’s voice was sounding worried, the words clear in Barry’s ear despite the winds whipping around him.

“Barry, This thing is getting closer.” Cisco said over the com, sounding worried. “Wind speeds are two-hundred miles-per-hour and increasing. Can you hear me?” Barry lifted his hand, pressing on the com in his ear and breathing heavily.

“Yeah,” Barry shouted over the sound of the wind and debris moving through the air. “Loud and clear.”

“If this keeps up, this could become an F-5 tornado.” Cisco continued and Barry looked at the swirling vortex of wind and dirt floating in front of him. It was the biggest tornado Barry had ever seen and the wind moving to gather anything into it that flew too close. The tornado would destroy everything in its path.

And it was heading straight for Central.

“It’s heading for the city,” Barry said over the com, heart beating fast in his chest from fear. “How do I stop it?” The silence on the end of the com didn’t help Barry’s anxiety and he was beginning to feel desperate. “Guys?” More silence.

Barry looked back at the tornado, watching it circle as he tried to think of a plan. His mind went to Mick again for some reason, a moment where he talked with Barry about the beauty of fire. Mick knew more about fire than anyone and sometimes he would speak to Barry at length about the chemistry behind the flames he lit. It was one of the few times both their interests crossed paths.

“Grease fire, use baking soda to cut off the oxygen to it. Not water.” Mick had explained one day
when Barry almost caused a grease fire on the stove, making it worse by tossing water onto it...cut off. Wait, that was it!

“What if I unravel it?” Barry said, his mind landing on his plan. “I can cut it off at the tail if I run around it in the opposite direction!” Caitlin came over the com, sounding worried.

“You would have to clock seven hundred miles to do that,” She said, urgency in her voice. “Your body may not be able to handle those speeds. You’ll die.” Barry’s heart sunk into his stomach at the thought. He wasn’t ready to die but there were thousands of people in the city. People would die if that tornado reached the city and Barry couldn’t let that happen.

“I have to try.” he said, looking back towards Joe. The alpha was up against his cop car, staring wide-eyed at Barry in his suit and looking terrified. Barry nodded at him before turning back to the tornado and racing forward. He had to stop this in whatever way he could.

He circled around the bottom of the tornado, moving clockwise against the flow of the wind. He pushed hard, trying to move faster. He needed to move faster in order for his plan to work properly. Mardon sent down a bolt of lightning, pushing Barry away from the bottom of the tornado with a flick of his wrist and sending him flying into the bushes.

“It’s too strong!” Barry shouted over the com, feeling defeat settling in his bones. He couldn’t go fast enough to beat this thing. He wasn’t fast enough to stop Mardon from hurting thousands of people, Barry gripped the grass beneath his hands and tried to fight to stand against the raging winds. He was helpless against Mardon even with his powers. He wasn’t the beacon of hope that Oliver had said he was…

“You can do this, Barry.” Wells voice suddenly came over the com, jolting Barry from his spiral of defeat. “You were right.” Barry wrinkled his brow under his mask, eyes widening in surprise at the scientist’s words.

“I am responsible for all of this. So many people have been hurt because of me and when I looked at you,” Wells continued, his voice fierce with determination and understanding. “All I saw was another potential victim of my hubris. And yes, I created this madness, but you, Barry, You can stop it. You can do this.” Barry rose to his feet and felt his energy returning to him. Wells was telling him that he believed in Barry, that the man Barry had looked up to for years, knew he was able to stop the chaos the scientist had created.

“Now run, Barry, run!” Wells said firmly, not an ounce of doubt in his voice. Barry did just that, running back to the base of the tornado with a newfound determination. He pushed his legs harder and tried to breathe as much as he could against the raging winds. His eyes watered slightly as he pushed himself as hard as he could.

There was nothing else right now, just his body moving against the tornado and Barry fighting to keep moving. Slowly, the tornado started to unravel. Barry was aware of Mardon screaming, the other meta fighting to keep his tornado together until it gave way. The explosion of dirt, debris and wind flew outward. Barry was tossed to the side, his cowl falling from his face as he landed hard on the ground. He smiled widely at his victory and breathed hard from the effort. He did it, he had unraveled the tornado and stopped Mardon.

Until he heard a gun clicking and rose to his feet.

Mardon stared at Barry with a fierce look, that same one that had rooted Barry in his spot before. Barry stilled, hand fluttering to his stomach again and met the man’s gaze. He was still breathing heavily and fighting to move when fear filled him. He could smell Mardon’s anger now and Barry’s
nose was on fire with the heavy scent.

“I should have recognized you before,” Clyde growled as Barry managed to look down at the gun before meeting the alpha’s eyes again. “You’re Rory’s little bitch. Can’t believe someone as pathetic as some low time thugs little omega ends up being just like me.” The sound of Mick’s last name snapped Barry out of his haze. His alpha, only his alpha would ever be able to make Barry listen and Mick would never try. Barry took a breath and managed to glare at Mardon with his eyes narrowed.

“I’m not like you,” Barry shouted at him, eyes fierce and confident. “And I’m no one’s bitch.” Mardon smirked, jerking his gun up as he pulled it up to shoot.

“You’re right, Rory’s out in Keystone having a grand old time,” Mardon stated, tone mocking and sending a jolt through Barry. “Guess he decided that you weren’t worth his time and left to fuck other omegas.” Barry was taken aback by the statement. No, Mardon was just trying to get to him. Mick would never…

Barry almost missed Clyde lift his gun to shoot until the gunshots had rung out over the field. Barry looked down at himself, not seeing any injuries when Mardon stumbled back. The meta fell into the dirt, dead from gunshot wounds to his chest. He turned when he heard Cisco, Caitlin, and Wells calling over the coms, asking if he was okay. Joe was running towards him and Barry found himself collapsing to his knees, Joe sliding down in front of him. Everything was going to be okay.

He had won.

Barry sat in his normal booth in the visiting area of Iron Heights, waiting for his dad to come out. He was still tired from the fight the night before but so far everything had healed up thanks to his healing ability. The only thing still aching, was Barry’s heart. It seemed his accelerated healing did little for heartache.

What Mardon had said, about Mick being in Keystone, it had affected Barry more than he liked. Mick hadn’t returned yet but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t. Barry played with his ring, watching the light of the lamp above him catch on the gold. Mick loved him and would return to him, Barry knew that.

But it was hard not to think about the possibility.

Henry came up to the booth, smiling when he saw Barry and picking up the phone. Barry returned the smile with his own, trying to hide how upset he was for his father’s sake. He didn’t like giving the Beta more reason to worry. This was the first time he was seeing Henry after being in a coma and he just wanted to let his dad know he was okay.

“Hey, Slugger.” Henry said, eyes shining with unshed tears. The familiar pet name made Barry chuckle, smiling at his father gently.

“You’ve been calling me that since I was eleven.” Barry said with a laugh, earning a smile from Henry. “Funny thing is I finally got into a fight today.” Henry raised a brow, looking concerned now. Barry smiled awkwardly at the look his father gave him.

“Not that you can’t handle yourself but was your alpha at least there?” Henry scolded, the mention of Mick making Barry’s face fall. “You just got out of a coma and I’m not sure you should be picking fights.” Barry looked down and Henry must have sensed something was wrong.
“Hey, did you win?” Henry said, leaning forward with a concerned look in his eyes. “Because you look like something is wrong.” Barry smiled, meeting his dad’s eyes and nodding. Henry had a way of making Barry feel at ease, the familiar sense of a father being near a pup. Instincts weren’t always a bad thing and Barry was grateful for his father’s way of knowing when Barry was upset.

“Yeah, I did.” Barry reassured, looking down at his ring. “But...Mick’s been missing for awhile. Joe said he got hurt during a heist and he hasn’t...been here.” Henry wrinkled his brow in concern and sympathy. Barry took a deep breath to calm the aching in his chest, the thoughts of what Mardon had said filling him.

“I...what if Mick decided to leave for good?’ Barry said softly, his voice carrying the doubt and hurt over the phone. “What if he isn’t coming back or worse, I find him and he doesn’t want me anymore?” Barry hated how pathetic he sounded, how it seemed like he had so little faith in Mick but that wasn’t it. Barry loved and trusted Mick but being away from his alpha seemed to take a toll on his mind. If being away from Mick before mating was this bad, what must it be like for Henry after losing his mate?

“Hey, look at me, son,” Henry said, making Barry look up and seeing his father smiling gently at him. “Now let me tell you something. That alpha of yours loves you. He risked getting caught to make sure he asked me before he asked to marry you and I asked him if he loved you.” Barry felt his throat catching, trying to swallow down the tears threatening to well up.

“He looked at me and said “I love him more than I thought I could love anyone. I don’t understand why he’s with me half the time but I want to spend the rest of my life making sure he always has that grin on his face.” I could see how much love he had for you, Barry.” Henry said and Barry bit his lower lip, feeling his shoulders relax. “I don’t believe for a second that Mick would ever say he doesn’t want you and neither should you.” Barry nodded, his father’s words easing his anxiety and heartache.

Barry took a deep breath, his eyes softening as he looked at his father. It hurt to see his father on the other side of this glass. He wanted to hug his dad, cry on his shoulder and feel his father rubbing his back like when he was little. The three inches of glass wasn’t a lot but at times it felt like miles. Barry was silent for a moment, just looking at his father and taking in his face.

Henry had aged so much. His face wrinkled from the stress of living in prison and his hair greying from age. His eyes still held that same softness Barry remembered but he seemed so much more weighed down. Prison had taken so much from Henry, so much time and heartache that could have been prevented.

But now, there was hope. A hope to set things right and mend what had been taken from both Barry and Henry all those years ago.

“You didn’t kill mom.” Barry said suddenly, voice unwavering as he met his father’s eyes. “You know I know that, right?” Henry nodded, sadness filling his eyes and he looked Barry over. His eyes were soft with affection.

“You believing me is all I need.” Henry reassured Barry, nodding at the omega with eyes shining with unshed tears. Barry bit his lower lip at those words, feeling the hope in his chest and clinging to it.

“You’re not going to be here much longer,” Barry stated, hoping that he could give Henry at least this. It wasn’t for sure that they would find his mother’s real killer but Barry knew he had to try. Nothing was going to keep him from helping his father win his freedom. “Whoever killed mom...whatever killed her...I think I finally have a way to find them. To stop them.” Henry’s brow
wrinkled in concern, shaking his head at Barry’s statement.

“Barry, we’ve talked about this.” Henry warned, his tone sounding worried and like he was ready to give Barry a lecture. “It’s time to let it go. You have to stop worrying about me and live your life. Marry Mick, live in that house he bought and give me some grand-pups.” Barry chuckled softly at those words, his heart aching. Henry would never get to meet his grandchildren unless Barry freed him, he wouldn’t be there to see Barry get married.

“For the first time, I feel like I finally can.” Barry replied, shaking his head at his father and trying to keep his throat from catching. “Ever since mom died, I’ve felt stuck in one place. Meeting Mick helped because he believed me but now I feel like I’m different now. I’ve made some new friends and they are helping me find my way, so I can finally move forward.” Barry paused, feeling tears well up in his eyes as he looked back up at Henry.

“You remember when you wanted me to change my name? So I wouldn’t have to deal with people knowing you’re my dad?” Barry asked, earning a nod from Henry and feeling his tears starting to fall down his cheeks. “I’m glad they know because I am so proud to be your son.” Henry was tearing up, looking down to hide them from Barry.

“I love you, son.” Henry said, looking back up and staring at Barry with so much emotion in his eyes. Barry could feel his father's love for him, the pain from the loss of his mate. Barry lifted his hand, touching it to the glass like he had done countless times.

“I love you too, dad.” Barry managed to say, voice thick with emotion and tears. “I’m going to find Mick and then I’m going to get you out of here. So you can walk me down the aisle and give me away to him.” He was going to get his father out of prison. He didn’t care if it was impossible if the odds of him finding the man in yellow were slim. Barry had already done the impossible and come out on top. He would run to the ends of the earth to prove his father’s innocence.

“When you find that alpha of yours make sure you tell him I disapprove of him leaving you like this.” Henry said after gathering himself. “He promised me he would take care of you and I plan on holding him to that.” Barry nodded, laughing at his father’s attempt to lighten the mood. First, he would find his fiance and then together, he and Mick would figure this out.

Barry knew that he could do anything as long as Mick was at his side.

Chapter End Notes

Forewarning, next chapter will hurt but not in the way you expect.
I Will Carry You

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, there are moments that words can't possibly ease, moments that even the gentlest of tones cannot reach. In those times, silence is the only comfort one can possibly offer.

Chapter Notes

I am sorry but my angst demon would not let this go. So I give you the 20,252 words that I myself sobbed over several times writing.

check the tags for trigger warnings and please put down the pitchforks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first few weeks passed in a blur of excitement and changes for Barry. He felt like he was constantly learning new things about himself and by learning, his lifestyle was constantly having to change. Between discovering he had to eat nearly 2,500 calories in a day to keep up his speed and avoid the symptoms of hypoglycemia to fighting more meta-humans every day, Barry was beginning to wonder when things would find a sense of normalcy.

Some things in Barry’s life had stayed the same, if not improved from having his new abilities. His job one of them, his powers sped up the time it took him to investigate things or run tests and his work improved even if he was still somehow always late. When he wasn’t working, Barry was out saving people and catching criminals as a masked superhero. It was exhilarating and terrifying at the same time facing off with other meta-humans but Barry loved every minute of it.

He had found new friends in Cisco and Caitlin, spending a good amount of time training his powers at STAR Labs. It was nice having friends who understood Barry’s scientific interests and actually liked when he rambled to them about his weird theories. Wells had taken on a role of mentor that Barry didn’t realize he had needed but appreciated nonetheless. Iris, Eddie, and Lisa were constants in his life too, particularly since Joe had found out about the three dating and Barry had rallied behind them in support.

When Barry wasn’t working or out using his speed to help people, he was working in his house. The two-story farmhouse had been empty and lonely when Barry first moved in, a feeling he had grown used to these days. The stale scent of his alpha lingered in the old home from when the alpha had been working on it but it was more comforting than Barry cared to admit. The work Mick had done on it helped and left Barry time to spend turning it into a home.

He enjoyed the days he could spend at thrift stores and consignment shops, collecting old furniture and items with Lisa and Iris. His super speed was useful for painting the walls of the house and
Barry hoped Mick would like the colors he chose for each room. He had been unable to find Mick so far and the feeling of emptiness pervaded even when Barry got the house set up how he wanted it.

It wasn’t much of a home without Mick in it.

Barry woke up early, nuzzled into the nest of blankets on the king sized bed that Joe had gotten him as a housewarming gift. It was softer and more comfortable than the bed he had before but the lack of Mick was even more apparent here. Barry would wake up and whine, reaching for the other side of the bed to find it cold. He would allow himself time each morning to wallow in his loneliness and cry before forcing himself to put on a smile for the rest of the day.

Barry spent a fair amount of time crying when he was alone, depression becoming a constant companion of his life. He had a good life right now but something was off. It wasn’t just that Mick wasn’t here, it was like something else was missing and Barry couldn’t understand what it was.

He had dreams that weren’t really nightmares but they felt that way. The feeling of something being taken from him and being unable to move, unable to protect whatever it was but feeling despair when it wasn’t there. Barry assumed the dreams were just from the stress his body was going through right now. With all the distractions of his new life, it took Barry nearly a month to realize he hadn’t had a heat yet.

“I just don’t understand why it hasn’t come around yet,” Barry said to Caitlin, speeding around the lab to switch between playing operation with Caitlin, ping pong with Cisco and attempting to beat Dr. Wells at chess. “Should I be worried?” Caitlin wrinkled her brow and the buzzer went off, the small tweezers she was holding for the game hitting the sides of the hole she was attempting to reach into on the game board.

“Studies have shown that omega’s go through a period of heat withdrawal after…” Caitlin paused as Barry sped to the ping pong table to hit the ball back at Cisco for a bit. “After they...are in a coma.” Barry zipped over to the chess board, tapping the button on the clock and smiling at Wells before moving back to Caitlin.

“Any idea when it will come back? I want to be prepared since I will have to figure out how to be a superhero on top of a heat…” Barry asked, worried about how the city would fair if there was a meta-human issue while Barry was out of commission. “I know we added scent blockers into the suit but it’s still a concern.” Caitlin nodded and looked down at the board, her mind seeming preoccupied with something and she ended up making the game buzz again.

“This isn’t even remotely anatomically correct!” She exclaimed and Barry couldn’t help but smile. He laughed as he hit the ping pong ball again. Cisco shook his head, laughing at Caitlin’s frustration.

“That’s not the point, Dr. Snow,” Barry stated, zipping back over and successfully fishing out the water bucket piece out of the knee in the game. Caitlin gave him an annoyed look with no heat behind it as Barry zipped back to Cisco to hit the ball before it got back to his side.

“Then what is the point?” Caitlin questioned and Barry shook his head at her. Caitlin was so serious sometimes, it was good that she was letting herself have some fun with them by playing these games.

“To have fun!” Barry explained and Wells leaned forward on the board to make his next move, shifting his piece, hitting the clock and then searching over the board to look it over.

“And to continue your ongoing training by testing the speed of your mind by pushing your ability to multitask,” Wells explained, trying to get Barry to be serious. Barry rolled his eyes good-naturedly, zipping over to the chess board and glancing it over for his next move. He moved his rook to G3,
smiling up at Dr. Wells with a cheeky grin before moving to hit the ping pong ball again before returning to hit the timer.

“I’m waiting on you, Dr. Wells,” Barry said, his grin bright and cocky before moving back to play with Cisco. Wells shook his head, the smallest chuckle escaping him. He stared down at the board with his mind lost in thought on his next move.

Barry hit the ball hard on his next turn, sending it flying past Cisco and zipping back to beat Caitlin at operation. Caitlin sighed in defeat, throwing her arms up and shaking her head at Barry’s cocky grin. So far, he was unstoppable when it came to winning at these games.

“Checkmate,” Wells called and Barry’s face fell. He sped back to the board, scanning it and trying to find where he had gone wrong. Barry wrinkled his brow in confusion when he looked up at Dr. Wells.

“Wait, Checkmate?” Barry questioned, failing to see how this had happened. Wells smiled with his own somewhat cocky grin, one that echoed the one Barry had been wearing. The scientist let out the smallest chuckle at the look on the omega’s face.

“Checkmate.” Wells clarified, leaning back in his chair with a knowing glint in his eyes. “I guess we still have a few things left to learn, don’t we, Mr. Allen?” Barry opened his mouth to say something when a beeping sound filled the air. Cisco walked over to the screen with a map of Central and pointed to an alert that had just popped up.

“Armed robbery at 4th and Collins.” Cisco declared and Barry nodded, walking towards his suit with a new sense of confidence. He took a deep breath as he always did, happy to have something else to focus on for now. He found it was easier to stay occupied than to wallow in his feelings on missing Mick.

“For the record, I crushed it in operation and ping pong.” Barry declared and then looked back at Caitlin with a wrinkled brow. “And Caitlin, could we run some tests to see if we can figure out what’s up with my heat when I get back? It would be nice to rule out anything meta related to it.” Caitlin looked at him nervously, her eyes looking sad for a moment and she cast a look at Dr. Wells.

“Yes, we can do that,” Caitlin said, hesitating ever so slightly and Barry gave her a look of curiosity. He wasn’t sure about her hesitation but he had a robbery to stop. Barry pushed the concern away and used his speed to change into his suit before zipping out of STAR Labs.

Caitlin looked over at Dr. Wells, looking worried and concerned. Cisco crossed his arms over his chest, looking displeased with the silence and impatiently waiting for either his boss or his friend to speak. Wells turned his chair and wheeled out into the cortex with a look that was calm and collected despite the tension in the air.

“We need to tell him, Dr. Wells.” Caitlin finally stated, looking down at her feet. “He deserves to know what happened while he was in the coma, even if it hurts him.” Cisco nodded, turning his own gaze to the omega in the wheelchair.

“Can you honestly say that you wouldn’t want to know if it happened to you?” Cisco questioned, letting out a heavy sigh. “I know I would and if it’s a medical issue than he needs to know. Why he’s not having his heats, why he’s feeling depressed and doesn’t know that it’s because hormone levels in omegas fluctuate after they lose-...” Wells raised a hand to cut Cisco off, his eyes looking over the pair with a firm look.

“We will tell him, in due time,” Wells said calmly, voice heavy with a firm command. “With his
fiancé missing and everything he is adjusting to, that kind of news might crush him more than he needs right now.” Wells looked back towards the door Barry had rushed out of, taking in a deep breath and sighing.

“We will tell him when the time is right.”

It took Barry no time at all to rush over to the armored car and take out the robber driving the tow truck lifting it up. The thief went down like a sack of rocks onto the ground and yellow lightning flowed from behind Barry as he took off for the next robber. The feeling of taking out bad guys was something Barry didn’t think he would ever get used to. The adrenaline that filled him with, mixing with the confidence and pride were like nothing else Barry had ever felt.

He took out one of the motorcyclists with a jump and a kick, quickly maneuvering around to turn his body to take another robber out. The next guy, aiming a kick at one of the guards, was tossed aside and flew over his motorcycle with a surprised yelp. Barry smiled at that and cushioned the guards fall with his hands to make sure he was unhurt before moving on.

The thief coming out of the back of the truck was carrying a tank on his back and Barry made a point to be careful with it. It was full of liquid nitrogen, used to break into the back of the truck if Barry was correct. Barry found that particular tactic rather clever actually and leaped over the connection between the armored car and the tow truck holding it up to catch the thief mid-jump.

Barry was smiling as he looked back, letting the adrenaline fill him. He zipped back over towards the scene and it was then he noticed the thief’s mask had fallen off. Barry’s heart skipped ever so slightly when he recognized the face of Leonard Snart. Len was here and he must be the ringleader of the heist.

Barry stopped in his tracks, standing in front of Len with wide eyes and chest heaving from his running. The omega looked Barry’s masked face over, cold eyes scanning him. Len was here and that meant he might know where Mick was. Barry’s heart filled with delight and he smiled at Len, opening his mouth to speak when a gunshot rang out.

Barry took a step back before he sped around the truck, eyes widening again in horror when he spotted one of the guards on the ground. The man’s face was contorted in pain and he was breathing heavily. Barry quickly scanned the gunshot wound to the man’s shoulder, watching blood blossoming over his blue shirt.

“Where’s the nearest hospital?” Barry questioned over the com. Caitlin’s voice was the first to reply, her serious tone coming across the coms almost immediately.

“St. Andrews. Seven blocks north, Two east.” Caitlin stated, making sure Barry understood the coordinates and the speedster thought over the streets in his head. He knew where that was and he gathered the bleeding guard into his arms.

“Call the ER, tell them they have an incoming GSW.” Barry said just in time to hear engines revving behind him. Len was on the back of one of the motorcycles, the thieves all getting away and Barry felt his heart squeeze with the loss. He could follow them but he couldn’t risk letting the guard in his arms die.

With a heavy heart, Barry ran the guard to the hospital and deposited him onto the gurney just inside
the hospital. The staff circled around the man as Barry sped away and the omega knew the guard would be okay. His mind was swimming with thoughts and questions, moving through the streets in an attempt to locate Len again.

After nearly thirty minutes of searching, Barry had to stop and eat one of the energy bars Cisco made for him. His body was tired and needed the calorie dense fuel despite the horrid taste of the bars but it was his heart that Barry was trying to calm. If Len was back, then there was a chance that he knew where Mick was and could tell the alpha that Barry was awake at least.

Barry hadn’t been able to make it to Keystone yet to search despite Lisa and Mardon’s statements of Mick possibly being there. With the meta-humans, his new powers and work, Barry couldn’t get away even with superspeed. It hurt but the lives of innocence and his new responsibility as the city’s protector had to come before Barry’s need to find his fiance.

Barry sped back to the labs, heart feeling sick as he stopped in the middle of the cortex after changing into his street clothes. Wells looked up at Barry, eyebrows wrinkled in concern from Barry’s expression. The omega sat down onto a chair heavily and the look from Wells told him that he had a lecture incoming. Barry wasn’t in the mood for a confrontation on what he had done during the robbery.

“What happened out there?” Wells asked, voice concerned as he took his glasses off to stare directly into Barry’s eyes. “You were moving at just the right speed to take all the thieves out but then you stopped in front of one, why?” Barry looked towards the floor with a heavy sigh.

“The man leading the heist was Leonard Snart, Mick’s best friend, and Lisa’s brother. He’s been in hiding for the same amount of time as Mick’s been gone.” Barry explained, running his fingers through his hair. “I was going to ask him if he had seen Mick but then the guard got shot. I lost him but finding Len shouldn’t be that difficult and I should probably call Lisa and let her…” Cisco was the one who raised a hand to interrupt Barry.

“Wait, bro, are you telling me you’re friends with the guy you just stopped from robbing an armored car?” He asked, sounding surprised and Barry shrugged, rising to his feet. “And he’s your fiance’s best friend…” Wells was watching Barry with those sharp eyes, his scent hinting at the slightest bit of discomfort.

“Yeah, Len and Lisa used to come over to my apartment all the time, let me know about heists so I could take myself off the case if I needed to.” Barry stated as if it was the most normal thing he could think of. “Len and I used to watch Shark Week together with his boyfriend...well before he was his boyfriend. Which reminds me, I should call Ray…” Wells cleared his throat, drawing Barry’s attention to him.

“I’m afraid I must caution against interacting with Mr. Snart.” Wells said, voice serious with his warning. “He is a thief, the very kind you are meant to stop with your powers.” Barry wrinkled his brow in confusion. Yeah, Len was a thief but he was also part of Barry’s life. A big part of his life. The other omega was not only Ray’s...whatever but Mick’s best friend, practically his brother. Barry trusted Len just as much as Mick did and he knew that Len should know about his work as a vigilante.

“Yeah but he is also a good friend of mine,” Barry replied, voice firm with that statement. “He’s helped Mick out of trouble more times than I can count and I trust him.” Wells took a deep breath, lifting his hand to squeeze the bridge of his nose.

“All we are saying dude is what’s to keep him from trying to exploit you now that you have powers? He’s a bad guy, a thief, and a murderer.” Cisco asked, the distrust he held for Len in his eyes. “I
mean, I know that one alpha is your fiance so that’s different if he shows up but this guy…” Barry looked towards Cisco with a glare, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Might know where my fiance is and could give me an update on whether or not he’s okay.” Barry snapped, moving to look at Wells again. “And I reserve the right to tell whoever the hell I want about my identity. You don’t know Len like I do, just trust me when I say that Len would never betray me. At least, not without betraying Mick which would never happen.” Caitlin looked uncomfortable, as if she wanted to say something but couldn’t find the words.

“Snart might be loyal to you and your fiance but what about us?” Caitlin said quietly, her eyes meeting Barry with worry shining inside of them. “You’re not the only one in danger from the people you hunt and we don’t all have the type of power you have.” Barry felt his heart sink and he looked away. Caitlin wasn’t wrong in her assumption, her worry understandable. Barry couldn’t just ask his new friends to trust someone they had never met, let alone someone that clearly didn’t follow the law.

“What I am saying, Mr. Allen is not that you cannot tell Mr. Snart about your newfound abilities, I am simply saying maybe you should rethink who you trust.” Wells stated, drawing Barry’s attention back to him. His shoulders were stiff and his expression hard as his eyes bored into Barry’s.

“You are a hero now and despite how your life used to work, you can no longer afford to associate with those who exist on the opposite of the things you stand for.” Wells said with a tone that sounded exasperated. “As much as you love your fiance and clearly care for Snart in some aspect, they cannot be apart of your world now. Maybe it is time to rethink who belongs in your new life and who, for lack of a better word, do not belong there now that you have chosen this path.”

Barry blinked in surprise, Wells words echoing in his mind and making his heart clench in his chest. There was truth to the omega’s words and Barry didn’t want to admit it. He was a hero now, someone who had decided to use his powers to stop the very things Mick and Len did with their lives. He hadn’t thought that being a hero meant that he couldn’t have his friends and fiance by his side while still working against them…

The sound of Barry’s phone going off in his pocket drew his thoughts away from his crisis, a text from Joe telling him to come to the location of the robbery. Barry shook his head and started to walk out of the lab. He had a job to do, processing the crime scene he had helped stop and hopefully, it would distract him from what Wells had said.

“I’ll think about it.” Barry said as he left, leaving his friends and mentor alone in the cortex. “Just let me think.” With those final words, Barry went to the elevator and tried not to focus on his new set of problems.

So much for things getting easier.

Len prided himself on being able to think well on his feet. He always had his heists planned down to the second, cased things for weeks before making his move and if the plan went off the rails he could figure a way out. He had planned to steal the Kahndaq Dynasty diamond and they had exactly one hundred and eighty-two seconds before anyone would arrive to stop them.

Until someone had.

Len hummed in thought, remembering how the person had stopped them. A man dressed in red, a
lightning bolt emblem on his chest that had stopped directly in front of Len with wide green eyes. Len was almost certain he would have to work on breaking out of Iron Heights again but before the man could speak to him, one of his men decided to break his rules.

Len didn’t kill cops or innocents on heists, not with the heat it could bring and with the promise he had made Mick after the alpha had started seeing Barry. Mick glared at Len’s crew from his spot near Len, alpha stare intense and deadly. The now healed but still gnarled and raised burn scars that decorated the alpha’s large arms now only served to add to his intimidation factor.

It stopped the incessant arguing that Len’s crew for this heist kept delving into at least. The smell of fear clung to each of them, irritating Len’s nose and making him impatient. He had just wanted to finish this heist and surprise Ray in Starling. Len hadn’t seen the alpha in months and it was wearing on him more than the omega cared to admit.

Always expect the plan to go off the rails was a rule of his for a reason.

“When I was a kid, my grandfather used to take my sister and me to this diner, The Motorcar.” Len started to say, pushing away his irritation and drawing his crew’s attention to him. “Food was for crap, but the view was great, right across from the central city precinct.” a few members of the crew raised their brows, one of them opened his mouth to interrupt but Mick’s low growl made him look away. Len cast the alpha a look and Mick met it steadily before nodding at the omega.

“I still go there. I listen to their radios. I learn their response times.” Len continued, setting his hands on the table in front of him. “There are forty banks in Central City, each of them within sixty seconds of police response. That’s the advantage of hitting a moving target.” The crew nodded, understanding now where the omega was going with this.

“Once that armored car called 911, we had one hundred and eighty-two seconds before any cop could be on the scene. No one could have gotten there fast enough to stop us.” Len explained, blue eyes fixed on his crew with a cold, deadly stare. “But something did, and you lost your cool.” Len looked over at the man on his crew standing near a corner, the one who had shot the guard.

“You know the rules.” Len stated coolly, his voice clearly displeased and trying to reign in his anger. “We don’t shoot guards or cops unless it’s the only option. We don’t need the heat.” The man that Len was addressing, who’s name Len didn’t even care to remember gave Len an annoyed and skeptical look. He reeked of over-hormonal alpha and despite Len being the boss of this crew, clearly did not like taking orders from an omega.

“The heat?” The alpha questioned as he walked forward, his eyes boring into Len’s with a stare that was meant to intimidate Len into submission. “What the hell do you think the blur is, Snart?” Len met the alpha’s eyes steadily, unafraid and unwavering. He was submissive to no alpha and everyone with a brain was aware of that. The other crew members, two betas, eyed Mick nervously when the alpha uncrossed his arms.

Mick’s eyes watched Len for any sign of a signal. He had been itching for a fight since his burns had healed, on edge and aggressive since Barry had fallen into a coma. Mick would probably end up tearing this alpha to shreds if Len let him. It would be best if the omega nipped this in the bud before Mick did it for him.

“Screw this, I don’t need to put my life on the line for some omega bitch who doesn’t know his place,” The alpha spat at Len, eyes fierce despite the fear clinging to the edges of his scent. “Screw you, I’m out.” The man turned and Mick twitched slightly, moving forward to take the alpha out when Len’s hand curled around the gun on the desk.
The gunshot jolted the other two members of the crew, leaving them staring wide-eyed at the dead body on the floor and Len holding the gun. He drew the gun up towards the ceiling, looking over the alpha’s body to be sure he was dead and relaxed when it was clear he was. Len took a deep, calming breath and nodded his head to the side with acceptance.

“Well, if you’re out, you’re out.” Len stated and looked up at the rest of his crew with a calm gaze. The scent of the frightened betas was everywhere now, giving Len a headache. “This blur is a man and we’re going to have to up our game. You two go make yourselves useful and ditch this body somewhere.” The betas moved forward and did as instructed, hauling the dead alpha out of the warehouse.

Len turned, looking back at Mick with a raised brow and leaning against the desk behind him. The alpha met his eyes, his own narrowed and Len knew Mick was irritated with him. This heist had been meant to be quick and then Mick was going to leave to find Barry. Len was more than happy to let him, tired of the alpha being so on edge and angry from not seeing Barry for months but they hadn’t the time to check in with the diamond being moved so quickly.

“Len, I ain’t sticking around just because you screwed up.” Mick growled, voice low as Len sighed heavily in an attempt to keep his cool. “I told you I would help you keep those idiots in line but after that, I was leaving. I ain’t interested in taking on some pig wannabe in red spandex. If I wanted to deal with that shit, I would have gone to Gotham or Starling.” Len nodded, lifting a hand to squeeze the bridge of his nose.

“I know Mick and I promise you will be free to go and pine over your comatose fiance as soon as we make one last stop.” Len said, reaching to gather his coat from the back of a nearby chair and pulling it on. “To the weapons dealer.” Mick wrinkled his brow, grabbing his own jacket and narrowing his eyes at Len.

“Watch how you talk about Barry,” Mick snapped, following Snart out of the warehouse. “Just because you haven’t gotten a chance to go back to Starling and fuck around with haircut doesn’t mean you can gripe about me wanting to see my omega.” Len rolled his eyes, looking over at Mick’s arms and letting guilt wash over him.

Len had spent the last nine months with Mick, tracking down his friend and helping him heal. The third-degree burns had left Mick near death and it took them a long time to heal because the alpha refused to go to a hospital. The likelihood of the hospital calling the police after figuring out Mick was on the Central City wanted list was too great. So Len did his best with a local, back-alley doctor he knew in Keystone and spent those nine months making up for the mistake he had made by bringing Mick on that heist.

“I know spending nine months away from Barry to heal wasn’t easy Mick but bear with me a little longer,” Len asked when they got into one of the cars outside the warehouse. “You’ll be able to go to him as soon as I collect something to help me slow this Blur down.” Mick grunted in response, pulling the car out into the street and driving down the road.

His hands were gripping the wheel with a tight grip, clearly stressed and Len waited for the alpha to speak if he needed. Mick’s whole world had been turned upside down nine months ago and the alpha was clearly dealing with it as well as he could. It was a testament to Mick’s loyalty to Len that he had even put off going to Barry this long, let alone decided to stick around after the initial plan had gone awry.

“I miss him, Len,” Mick said after a moment, pulling into an alley near another warehouse and sitting behind the wheel. “But I don’t know if I can see him like that...and what happens when he sees...” Mick trailed off but Len knew he was talking about the burn scars.
Without skin grafts, the burns had healed ugly. They were raised and stretched over his arm in red and white patches that spread up Mick’s arms and over his collarbone. Len knew he was in pain even if the alpha didn’t state it, the skin stretching and burning despite having healed enough for Mick to move. Some days were better than others from what Len had observed and he hoped that his friend would be more willing to accept medical treatment after seeing his omega again.

“Barry loves you unconditionally despite what you may think,” Len said, voice stern and confident. “He won’t care about a few new burn scars and honestly, he’ll just be happy you’re alive.” Mick nodded, hand going to the ring that was on his finger beneath the gloves.

“After this, I’m done with this life. I’m out.” Mick clarified, turning to look at Len with a fierceness in his eyes. “I won’t risk leaving Barry alone again. It was different when I didn’t give a shit because all I had was you and Lisa. You two wouldn’t let yourselves be all that broken up about it but Barry...I can’t do that to him.” Len nodded, getting out of the car and watching Mick do the same.

“Mick, if you’re out then you’re out,” Len stated, closing the car door and heading into the building with Mick behind him. “I understand, more than you know.” Len let the vaguest memory of Ray’s smile come to him. The alpha was still waiting for him to come back after Len told him he would be underground for a few months. Contact hadn’t been an option and as much as Len hated to admit it, he missed Raymond.

The morning he left for that horrible heist, Ray had scented him and told him that he loved him. The domesticity of breakfast and touches soft on Len’s skin left the omega feeling...satisfied. Len wasn’t ready to admit it out loud yet but he did care for Ray more than he should. Ray was one of the few people that Len knew he would do anything for, just under Lisa and Mick. If what Len felt for Ray was even half of what Mick felt for Barry, he knew why almost dying had made Mick so scared.

It took no time for the weapons dealer to greet them in the warehouse, smiling like the salesman he was by nature. The man was an alpha but Len’s nose wrinkled when he smelled the familiar stink of a scared omega clinging to him. That wasn’t a good sign and Mick glanced at Len, knowing now why he had needed him. Len could take care of himself but he preferred to avoid fighting if he had to.

Mick crossed his arms and walked just behind Len, falling into their familiar act of calm omega and brute alpha. The dealer looked at Mick for just a moment before leading Len over to what he had.

“You said over your message you wanted state of the art, Snart.” The alpha stated, gesturing over to the tables he had set up with weapons in pretty, metal lockboxes and on full display. “I do deliver it seems, my good sir.” Len scanned the boxes, walking slowly and with purpose. He kept his expression neutral to keep from looking too interested in what the man had to offer.

Len’s eyes lingered over one box, a strange looking weapon inside. It was clunky looking, two red tanks along the side of the gun. Mick’s eyes lingered on the gun as well, scanning it over with interest.

“What’s this?” Len asked, reaching down to inspect the gun. It wasn’t exactly his style but Mick’s eyes were looking at it longingly, something in the alpha’s mind liked this particular weapon.

“It might not look like much, but never judge a book by its cover, you know?” The alpha stated as Len lifted the gun, sharp eyes scanning over. “It fires highly concentrated combustible liquid fuel that ignites on contact with air.” Len looked up and he could see the manic glint in Mick’s eyes. A gun that made fire was like a dream come true for the pyromaniac. Len put it down for later and turned around to look at his other options.
“I don’t need to heat things up.” He said, walking over to another case. “I need to slow them down.” The next case was closed but opened easily for Len. Inside was a sleek, grey gun nestled snugly in the case with a pair of goggles that appeared to be part of the set.

“That’s the one, then. You were drawn right to it.” The weapons dealer said, waving his hands dramatically. “Stolen from STAR Labs after the incident, and with nothing but a skeleton security crew to guard the tech inside.”

Len took the gun out of its case, giving it a quick once over as he let himself get a feel for it. The metal was cool against his ungloved hands and Len could feel that it was a good fit for his needs. He turned it on, the whir the gun made was like music to his ears and the blue lights glowed in the low light of the warehouse. The trigger was even cooler now from the gun turning on, reminding Len of the liquid nitrogen he liked to use during heists.

“It emits some sort of substance and I’m not sure what it is.” The alpha revealed, trying not to let his confidence waver. “It’s like a white flame but it’s not hot, it’s cold.” Len lifted the gun up again for closer inspection before casting his gaze back to the goggles.

“Glasses look like they’re made of the same tech.” He stated, reaching for them to try on. He put them on and noted the blue tint the lights took on because of them. Blue had always been one of his favorite colors. “What are they for?” The man smiled and gestured to them.

“The glare. You’ll see what I mean.” The alpha stated, sounding excited as if he could already tell that Len would be buying that gun. Len could see the alpha thinking up a higher price point in his mind.

“Who else knows you took this?” Len questioned, eyes still fixed on the gun. The alpha put his hands on his hips, giving a small shrug. Mick smirked as he walked behind Len, crossing his arms and getting into position near the omega. He knew exactly what Len was thinking.

“Just us three.” The man stated, his tone happy and Len shook his head ever so slightly. He met Mick’s eyes through his goggles and the alpha raised his eyebrows in excitement. He knew what Len’s next move was, knowing Len’s mind almost as well as the omega himself did.

“No, just us two.” Len stated coolly, turning to the weapons dealer and activating the gun. “Sorry, pal.” Mick looked away as Len took his shot. The white energy flowing from the gun was bright, freezing the weapons dealer and killing him instantly. Len smiled as he turned the gun off and looked it over. The cold of the trigger numbed his fingers from where he held it and the air was cooler around them as well, gloves and a jacket might be necessary.

“This should be a fun new toy for me,” Len stated with an affectionate tone in his voice, he looked towards Mick and gestured towards the heat gun the alpha had been eyeing earlier. “You take that one. Consider it a wedding present.” Mick grinned like a pup opening his first Christmas present and went to grab the box the gun was in. Len gently set the cold gun down in its case, sealing and locking it before picking it up.

“Now, let’s get you home to Barry and I’ll go take care of that nuisance known as the Blur.” Len stated calmly and Mick nodded, walking towards the exit.

It was time to show this new wannabe hero not to mess with Leonard Snart.

Barry was passing the case file to another CSI, telling him what he had uncovered and that he was
removing himself from the case per Captain Singh’s instructions. After letting Singh know that Len was involved in this case, the alpha was more than happy to let him take another one. If anyone were to find out that he was close to Len then at least they couldn’t throw out the evidence for this case because of it.

Barry’s head was a mess of thoughts as he cleaned up his lab and as soon as he managed to clear them, they came back with a worse sense of dread. Wells’ words combined with Barry’s own anxiety and created a series of questions for which the omega had no answer. It was confusing and he wasn’t sure what to do about it.

On one hand, he could tell Wells to shove it and tell Len anyway when he went to the man to track down Mick but on the other….

Mick was the love of Barry’s life. His absence was felt by Barry every day and the omega’s heart ached with every thought of him, stealing away his happiness. He loved Mick with every fiber of his being and knew that he wanted to marry his alpha, to raise pups together and live happily.

But with becoming a masked vigilante, came the responsibility of using his powers for good and putting himself in danger. Oliver had said he could be a beacon of hope, a guardian angel to Central city but what did that mean for the relationship Barry had with Mick. Barry was constantly in danger now, having almost died once already facing off with Kyle Nimbus if it weren’t for his rapid healing. He wasn’t bulletproof and he could still get hurt.

Could he marry Mick with the lingering possibility that he might one day not come back from a fight as The Flash?

“Barry, you wouldn’t believe who came for a visit!” Iris’s voice exclaimed, drawing Barry’s attention up when the woman entered the room with a familiar blonde omega next to her. Barry smiled when he met Felicity’s eyes and opened his arms up to hug her.

“Felicity, what are you doing here?” Barry asked, hugging Oliver’s mate close and smiling down at her. Iris had been there to see him just before he was moved to the labs while in his coma. It occurred to Barry he hadn’t called on any of his friends in Starling besides Oliver...

“I heard you were out of the coma,” Felicity explained, giving Barry a strained sort of smile, a look that said she was a little unhappy he hadn’t told her he was up. “Didn’t call, didn’t write, didn’t race over…” Barry’s eyes widened and he grinned at the woman. Oliver must have told her about his powers and Barry wasn’t surprised, it was most likely payback for Barry discovering his identity. That and Oliver had learned early not to hide anything from his mate.

“Well, I’m done so how about we go for a walk.” Barry said, smiling at Iris who was still standing next to Felicity. “Iris, want to come.” The alpha female shook her head, lifting her hand to wave them off.

“Nah, you omegas go have fun. I need to find Eddie and hopefully get dad to look at me.” Iris said sadly, her shoulders sinking a little. Barry frowned and gave Iris an apologetic smile. It had been exactly three days since Joe had revealed that he knew Eddie and Iris were dating each other as well as Lisa. He had taken it...better than expected but the old alpha was still giving Iris the cold shoulder.

“Joe will come around, take it from me. It took him two years to accept that Mick was my boyfriend and he didn’t talk to me for nearly a month after he first found out.” Barry said, giving Iris’s shoulder a squeeze and walking out with her and Felicity. “The best thing to do is just keep trying until he cools off. He can’t be mad forever.” Iris nodded, turning away at the bottom of the stairs and waving
“Go have fun, I can deal with my own problems.” Iris said with a bright grin as Barry led Felicity to the elevator. The blonde omega grinned up at him, her eyes a little sad when she looked at Barry. The male omega couldn’t help but wonder about that look. He had seen so many people giving him sad looks like that since he came out of the coma, making him feel like he didn’t know something. Maybe Felicity was just glad he was okay and the sadness was residual from the months he spent in a coma.

“Oliver told you?” Barry asked, catching Felicity’s eyes when they finally exited the elevator and made their way out of the CCPD. The park was across the street, pups playing and adults walking in the sun. It was a good time of the day for a stroll and Barry found it nice to slow down to walk for once. Running was fun but sometimes it was nice to stop, giving himself time to admire the world around him.

“Honestly, I overheard you two talking on that rooftop in Starling City that night,” Felicity revealed and Barry nodded in understanding. “And I want to see it.” Barry paused, waiting for Felicity to realize what she had said. Felicity had a habit of saying things in ways that could be misconstrued as...anything but innocent. His grin slowly widened when the omega female finally realized her double entendre.

“And by “it” I mean your speed,” Felicity corrected herself, cheeks turning just a bit pink from embarrassment. “Unless you thought I was talking about something else. Which I was not.” Barry couldn’t help but laugh at Felicity’s awkwardness. He had missed his friend and how she was just as much of an awkward mess as Barry himself could be.

“Of course,” Barry replied, taking a quick look around to see how he could best show his friend. He spotted a tall building across the street and smiled, lifting his hand to point. “See that building? Don’t take your eyes off it.” Felicity nodded and turned to look at the building.

Barry took off the second Felicity turned, speeding through the doors of the building and up to the rooftop. He smiled, looking down at where Felicity was standing and taking his phone out of his pocket. He snapped the picture of her small form, looking far away from so high up before running back down, lightning flying out from behind him as he sped back to the park.

“Woo Hoo!” Barry cried out, screeching to a halt next to Felicity just a few seconds later. Felicity looked up at him, looking at the picture on Barry’s phone. Her expression was full of awe and her smile was almost as wide as Barry’s own. She was clearly impressed by Barry’s abilities.

“You took a picture of me?” She asked, sounding amazed despite having witnessed it. “From the top of that building?” Barry nodded, his smile just a bit cocky at the look on Felicity’s face. Pride swelled in his chest and Barry let himself feel just a tad bit smug. He was allowed to feel a little confident in his abilities.

“Your shoes are smoking.” Felicity suddenly stated and Barry looked down. His converses were sparking and black smoke rising from the soles. The omega made a face, quickly stomping out the flames in a brief moment of panic. He really needed to watch that when he didn’t have his suit.

“That--that’s fine. It happens sometimes,” Barry reassured Felicity when he caught the slightly worried look on her face. “It’s why I have a friction-proof suit.” Felicity’s horror turned back to curiosity, letting Barry’s embarrassment fade away. Felicity would love seeing STAR Labs and with her work with the Arrow, Barry could afford to tell her all these things going on in his life.

Maybe even get some insight on his problem.
“Where did you get that?” Felicity asked, her smile slowly returning as Barry held out a hand to her. She took it and allowed Barry to lead her towards the street.

“I’ll show you,” Barry said with a bright grin. “Plus, I wanted some updates on Ray...I saw Len earlier today and I was wondering if he had visited him.” Felicity wrinkled her brow and walked alongside Barry to the bus.

“No, Ray is still being a workaholic so I doubt he’s heard anything,” Felicity said and then looked towards Barry with that sad expression again. “Have you gotten the chance to ask him about Mick? I heard that he was still MIA.” Barry’s face fell, his hands going into his pockets and the omega let out a heavy sigh.

“I haven’t had the chance...and Dr. Wells said some things earlier…” Barry started to explain, fighting for what he wanted to say. “He said that as a hero...I shouldn’t be associating with Len and Mick…” Felicity wrinkled her brow, shaking her head in disbelief.

“But you love Mick and you two are engaged…” She said, giving Barry a look of confusion. “I’ve seen you two together since the beginning almost and it’s too adorable how good you are for each other.” Barry nodded, looking both ways before crossing the street and to the bus stop.

“I love him more than anything but...it got me thinking that…” Barry said slowly, heart sinking over what he was about to say. “What if I don’t come back one day? Mick...I worry about him being alone like that. He’s so strong but...is it fair to him?” Barry sighed heavily, trying to gather his thoughts.

“He didn’t sign up to be with a superhero, he didn’t fall in love with The Flash.” Barry said, voice soft in his uncertainty. “He fell in love with Barry Allen, CSI and it was complicated before but at least then he didn’t have to constantly worry about losing me.”

Felicity gave Barry a look, sadness mixing in her eyes with sympathy for his situation. She understood what Mick would be going through because she did that every night with Oliver. Felicity was supportive of her mate, loved Oliver more than life itself. Barry wasn’t sure how she could watch Oliver put his life on the line every day but she managed it. It made Barry admire Felicity all that much more.

“How about, instead of deciding that for him, you ask him when he comes back.” Felicity said calmly, giving Barry’s shoulder a squeeze. “Oliver worried over the same thing with me and I know that even if it’s scary to think I might lose him...I wouldn’t trade a single moment I share with him.” Barry relaxed, the advice easing some of the anxiety he was feeling.

“If anything, Mick will want to help you however he can. He loves you even if he doesn’t always have the... healthiest way of showing it.” Felicity stated, chuckling about something she thought of. “Like that time he made a huge bonfire to celebrate your two year anniversary.” Barry laughed at that memory, covering his mouth to keep from getting too loud.

Yeah, but it was romantic...until the fire department showed up.” Barry laughed, feeling a bit lighter. He was glad Felicity was here. Out of everyone, the omega had a good perspective on having a hero as a mate and she knew how to help.

Now if he could just find Mick so he could listen to her advice.

“And this is where my team monitors the police bands for criminal activity.” Barry explained as he
led Felicity into the cortex. The woman was glancing around, blue eyes taking everything in and just staring in awe. “We can track anything that’s happening in the city and we even have our own satellite.” Felicity looked the computer screens over, judging the setup and nodding her head. Her eyes had a glint of pride inside of them.

“I know,” She stated, just a little smugly. “I’ve hacked into it from time to time.” Cisco and Caitlin were heading over from the other side of the lab. They seemed confused for a moment, eyeing Felicity suspiciously before looking at Barry for an explanation.

“Rude.” Cisco said, half teasing as he ate a piece of licorice in his hand, giving Felicity a look over. He seemed eased that Felicity was at least another omega and a fellow genius. Caitlin however, looked uncomfortable seeing Felicity there. Barry wrinkled his brow when a look passed between the two and then Felicity’s face fell slightly.

“It’s so wonderful to see you again, Felicity and under better circumstances…” Caitlin said, looking towards Barry with a warning look. “I’m just wondering how much of our operation she needs to know about…” Barry nodded at the realization that Caitlin and Cisco didn’t know about Felicity and the arrow. He probably should have thought of that...

“I’m really good at keeping secrets.” Felicity said, her voice reassuring as Barry tried not to look too awkward for not thinking. He gestured to Felicity when he smiled at his other friends.

“Yeah, Felicity works with the Arrow.” Barry blurted out and earned a look of surprised disbelief from Felicity. Cisco smiled widely, nodding his head at this new information. Barry knew at least Cisco would think it was awesome that Felicity knew the Arrow, would probably ask a lot of questions. Even if Barry knew what Oliver had been like before he became a vigilante, he could still see the appeal towards a mysterious masked dark hero.

“And you apparently are not.” Felicity observed, giving Barry a raised eyebrow and sighing. “I’ll let it slide since you’ve clearly been going through a lot.” Barry wrinkled his brow, confused by the statement. He honestly hadn’t been through that much since he had woke up, nothing he couldn’t handle. Cisco interrupted before Barry could ask further.

“It’s all making sense! You know who the Arrow is…” Cisco exclaimed and then his eyes went wide, turning slowly to Barry and pointing at him with his licorice whip. “Do you know who the arrow is?” Barry opened his mouth, trying to figure out how to deny that fact. He shook his head, taking a deep breath before clearing his throat.

“N-no…” he lied horribly, earning a look from Felicity again and smiling sheepishly under her gaze. It wasn’t Barry’s fault he was a bad liar, he just couldn’t do it. The female omega took a deep breath and turned back to Cisco and Caitlin with a calm look.

“Let’s just say my team has a similar setup,” Felicity stated kindly, trying to redirect the conversation. “But with more pointy objects.” Barry let out a sigh of relief, grateful that at least Felicity knew how to save Barry from his big mouth. He really needed to work on not talking about things he was supposed to keep secret.

“Welcome, Ms. Smoak.” Dr. Wells voice stated, drawing the whole group to the main entrance of the cortex. The scientist was smiling and clearly in a better mood than he had been earlier. It eased Barry a bit and he hoped that Wells wouldn’t mind him at least showing Felicity their set up and revealing his identity.

“Dr. Wells…” Felicity stated, sounding surprised and shocked from seeing the man sitting in front of her. “The Dr. Wells?” Wells smiled softly, chuckling slightly giving the omega a nod.
“Please, call me Harrison, Felicity.” Barry smiled when Felicity pointed to herself as if she couldn’t believe Wells knew her name. Wells, despite being a bit of a pariah now, was still well known for being a genius far beyond his time. To people like Felicity and Barry, he would always be a hero.

“Oh, you know who I am?” Felicity stated, her face in so much shock that Barry couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped him. He hid it behind his hand as he watched Wells interact with Felicity. Even if he was still irritated with Wells from the argument earlier, he wouldn’t ruin this for his friend.

“I keep an eye out for promising young talent, it’s how I found Cisco and Caitlin,” Wells said, pushing his wheelchair forward and into the room. “Ranked second in the National Informative Technology competition at nineteen, graduated M.I.T. with a masters degree in cybersecurity and computer sciences. I foresaw great things from you.” Felicity’s smile was the brightest that Barry had ever seen, her cheeks flushing at the praise. She looked back down at Wells with a look of admiration and respect.

“Well thank you, for everything you’ve done for Barry,” Felicity said gratefully, touching Barry’s shoulder and turning to look at Cisco and Caitlin as well. “You took such great care of him during the coma and with the pregnancy…” Barry’s eyes widened and he gave Felicity a look of pure confusion. Pregnancy…

“Wait...what?” Barry questioned, his heart suddenly hammering in his chest. “What pregnancy?” Felicity’s hands flew to her mouth, blue eyes widening in horror. She opened her mouth to speak after a moment but no sounds came out.

The silence was deafening for a stretch of long moments. No one spoke, no one moved as Barry stood motionless. Barry looked at Wells, the man’s eyes suddenly downcast and hands gripping the arms of his chair. The look only caused more panic to run through Barry and he turned to Caitlin and Cisco, green eyes searching for an answer.

“Caitlin...what pregnancy?” Barry demanded, voice quiet and desperate as his mind raced too quickly for him to land on just one thought. Caitlin opened her mouth, eyes shining with tears and she pulled a chair out from under the desk. She took a deep, calming breath and she looked up into Barry’s eyes.

“Sit...this is...you’re going to want to be sitting...” Caitlin said, gesturing to the chair and Barry quickly took a seat. His body felt too light and hollow like he wasn’t fully there in that moment. All he could focus on was Caitlin as the beta sat down across from Barry.

“After you were moved here, we were carefully monitoring your condition as best we could. You were stable and everything seemed to be going fine...until I noticed that your stomach was becoming distended around your fourth month here.” Caitlin explained, her voice soft in an attempt to keep Barry calm. “I did an ultrasound first, to see if it was a growth and I discovered that...” The beta paused, taking a shaky breath of her own. Her eyes were wet with unshed tears, looking over Barry’s face.

Cisco came up behind Caitlin, eyes sadly looking down as he handed the doctor a yellow file. The omega couldn’t meet Barry’s eyes, his scent heavy with distress. Caitlin opened the file and shakily placed it into Barry’s lap. The omega looked down and was met with pictures of…

Barry’s heart skipped in his chest.

There were three ultrasound photos. One marked at sixteen weeks, another at seventeen and a final one at eighteen. Each showed a blurry shape with a head, tiny little hands and Barry’s heart suddenly felt tight. He looked at every ultrasound picture and tried to find something resembling words.
“I was…” Barry said quietly, lifting his hand to his stomach and feeling the flatness there. His instincts screamed at the absence of something that should be there but wasn't. The world felt slow and crushing, each moment passing like molasses around Barry. Felicity was at his side, putting a hand on Barry’s shoulder as the omega stared at the swirl of black and grey of the pictures in his hand.

“You were at sixteen weeks when I made the discovery and altered the plan of care to fit the needs of a pregnant omega.” Caitlin explained, biting her lower lip as she fought for her next words. “Everything seemed fine. The baby was healthy and developing normally despite your condition but at eighteen weeks…you miscarried. I could only guess at the time but I think the trauma and your body changing from the lightning bolt, was just...too much.”

Barry stared down at the picture in his hand, his other squeezing over his stomach as the pieces clicked into place. He had been pregnant...with Mick’s pup and he had lost it. He hadn’t even realized he was pregnant and now, he would never see this child. He would never get to hold his baby in his arms. Barry’s shoulders started to shake, tears welled up in his eyes and he gripped the last of the photos tightly in his hands.

“W-why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Barry asked, finally tearing his eyes away from the ultrasound. “How could you keep this from me?!” The last words came out in a shout, Barry rising to his feet with anger shining behind his tear-filled eyes. The grief and pain welling up inside of Barry like a flood and turning into a white-hot rage before he could stop it. Caitlin looked up at Barry with regret in her eyes, standing up to take the omega’s hand.

“You had just woken up and with everything else going on...I was hoping to tell you once your fiance came back.” Caitlin said slowly, trying to reassure him. “I can only assume he was the father but the emotional stress of this on top of not having your mate...we didn’t want to risk...” Barry slammed his hand on the desk, the computers and tech rattling from the force.

“It doesn’t matter what you wanted!” Barry screamed, wiping his eyes fiercely on the back of his hand and looking back at Wells. “All of you kept this from me?! I had a right to know that I...lost...I deserved to know.” Wells refused to meet Barry’s eyes, the other omega staring into his lap in shame. Barry was vibrating in place, unable to control his powers with his emotions running rampant through his body and heart aching with every beat inside his chest.

He barely realized he was running again. All he needed was to get out of that lab, needed to get away from all of those people he thought were his friends. The omega’s heart felt as if it had shattered in his chest, the broken pieces digging deeper into Barry with every breath he took. His baby, a pup he hadn't even known was coming, was gone and the omega was overflowing with his grief.

Barry barely managed to unlock the door and close it before he collapsed in a heap on the floor. He leaned his back against the front door, pulling his knees to his chest and curling his fingers in his hair. Everything hurt inside of Barry, every fiber screaming out in rage and sorrow. His heart ached from loss and pain, his lungs burning as he sobbed hard into his knees.

The ultrasounds fell from his hands onto the floor, mocking Barry with whispers of what he had almost had, of a child that Barry would never know. First, he had awoken without his alpha beside him and now, Barry was told he had failed at the only thing his body was built to do. He was empty and paralyzed, unable to breathe away the cold, sharp agony wracking through his body in waves.

“Doll?”

Barry barely looked up before Mick’s scent hit him, strong arms engulfing Barry in warmth and the
omega realized he was being pulled into his alpha’s lap. Barry sobbed harder, burying his nose into Mick’s scent gland but unable to speak through his tears. The strong, fire tinted scent of his fiance comforted him as Barry tried to get a hold of himself. He couldn’t even feel happy that his alpha was here, his despair was too much and overwhelmed the happiness Barry wanted to feel being in Mick’s arms for the first time in months.

“You came back…” Barry managed through his tears, hiccupping and clinging to Mick’s jacket as if the alpha would disappear from underneath him. “You came back…”

Barry curled deeper into Mick, feeling the alpha’s large hand rubbing his back. Mick shushed Barry, voice soft as he cradled Barry close to him. Mick’s scent was tinged with worry and he pressed desperate kisses to Barry’s face.

“I’ve got you, Barry…” Mick whispered, kissing Barry’s head and nuzzling him in an attempt to comfort. “I’m so sorry, I never meant to leave you like that. I would never leave you unless I had to.” Barry sniffled, the sound of Mick’s heart racing through his chest reaching Barry’s ears and the omega’s sobs slowly calmed to soft sniffs.

“I’ve got you, alpha’s got you.” Mick whispered softly, his voice low and gruff but the sound easing Barry’s stress. “What happened? You’re shaking and...was it because I left?” Barry looked up at Mick, searching his alpha’s brown eyes and sniffing again. Barry managed to shake his head, fighting for words to explain what was wrong.

“I’m sorry…I’m sorry…” Barry repeated, more tears flowing from him in trails down his cheeks. “I…I can’t…”

Mick shushed Barry again, drawing him back into his arms and just holding the omega close. Barry’s cries tore through his throat, the sound desperate as it echoed through the house. He wanted to scream until he couldn’t speak anymore and relieve the pain in his chest. It hurt so much, breaking Barry open and making the omega wish he was dead.

“I…lost our pup…I…I’m sorry…” Was all Barry could manage as he felt himself being lifted into Mick’s arms. “I’m sorry…” The alpha carried Barry up the stairs easily, keeping his whispered voice close to Barry’s ears and saving questions for later.

When they collapsed in the nest Barry had built on their bed, the omega whimpered and cried into Mick’s chest. Rough hands ran through Barry’s hair and whispered words of comfort barely reached the omega’s ears. Barry wished he could gather himself enough to explain but all words died in his throat, the heartbreak stealing anything the omega wanted to say.

“I’m sorry…” was all Barry could bring himself to say to Mick and the alpha leaned down, nipping at the omega’s scent gland. Mick stripped Barry down before managing to wriggle himself free of his own clothes. The skin on skin contact with his alpha eased Barry’s heart just a little and brought more comfort than Barry thought it could.

“It’s not your fault, doll. it’s gonna be okay, I’m here.” Mick soothed, scenting Barry and making sure they had blankets surrounding them. “I’ll make sure you’re okay...just sleep for me.” Barry sniffed and whimpered softly from those words, letting blackness take over his vision.

The soft light of the morning sun peeked through the window above the bed, shining onto Barry’s sleeping face and causing the omega’s eyes to flutter open slowly. Barry woke up feeling groggy and
his eyes swollen from crying himself to sleep. He groaned softly, mind lost in the fog between sleep and reality. There was a brief moment of memoryless bliss before everything from the previous day hit Barry all at once.

The miscarriage.

Mick.

Barry jolted upright, head rushing from the sudden movement and his stomach growled with painful hunger. His stomach ached and curdled from a fresh wave of despair, his body rejecting being awake and just wanting to curl up again to sleep. He looked towards the other side of the bed and found it empty. His heart gave a twinge of fear and he reached over to touch where he thought Mick had been. The alpha’s scent was fresh and heavy, easing Barry’s fear and he let out a sigh of relief. Mick’s return hadn’t been a cruel dream after all.

He pulled the blankets away from his body, forcing his shaking legs to stand and go to the bathroom. He knew he should shower but all Barry could manage was washing his face. His limbs felt heavy, the omega’s tired mind only managing the slightest of movements. Barry moved robotically through the motions of brushing his teeth and running cold water over his face before drying it off and looking at his features.

His eyes were red and puffy, green eyes standing out against the bloodshot background of his eyes and his features looking sunken from his break down the night before. With more effort than Barry thought he could manage, he made his way out of the room and down the creaking wooden stairs of his home.

His nose picked up on several familiar scents that had Barry looking up when he reached the bottom of the stairs. Caitlin’s soft beta scent was lingering in the house, the sad scent of Cisco and Wells’ slightly bitter scent was fresh and mixing with the scent of a very irritated Mick Rory. Barry moved towards the kitchen and his ears picked up the sound of quiet talking.

“...And you thought keeping this from him would make it easier?” Mick’s rough, low growl of a whisper stated as Barry moved towards the kitchen. “How dare you keep this from him? You’re all lucky I owe you for saving him or I’d be burning you all alive right here in this kitchen!”

Barry entered the kitchen and silently scanned the scene. Mick was sitting at the table, the file with the ultrasound photos open in front of him and a half-finished beer sitting next to it. Caitlin was looking at her hands in her lap and jerked her head up when Barry entered only to let them fall again upon seeing him. Cisco met Barry’s eyes, his brown depths sad and the omega looking torn between going over to Barry and staying where he was.

Wells looked up at Barry for a moment, his expression blank and watching Barry closely. Barry looked away from the man, the scientist’s eyes seemed to take in Barry’s broken and tired looking body with sympathy. Barry looked away and instead turned his eyes to his fiance, meeting Mick’s eyes with a soft whine. The alpha’s eyes flickered with sadness that only Barry could see and he lifted his arm to gesture for Barry to come over to him.

“Come here, doll.” Mick said softly and Barry obeyed without a second thought. Mick rose to meet Barry halfway, his large arms wrapping around the omega protectively and shielding him from the eyes of his friends. Barry inhaled Mick’s scent, wanting to cry but feeling too numb for the tears to form. Mick’s hand traveled up to Barry’s hair and just held him close.

“They…” Barry started to ask, the words catching in his throat but Mick understood. His fingers curled tighter into Barry’s hair and the smallest hint of Mick’s own grief seeped into his musky scent.
It made Barry’s heart hurt knowing his alpha was hurting over the loss of their pup.

“They told me about...you know.” Mick said softly, kissing Barry’s temple to comfort him when the omega buried himself deeper into his fiancé’s chest. “I’m here now, doll. For good. No more heists with Len, no more stealing things...can’t guarantee not lighting fires, though.” Barry let out a small laugh, clinging to Mick tighter.

“You don’t have to…” Barry started to say, wrinkling his brow at Mick. “I never asked you to change for me.” Mick smiled softly down at the omega, his brown eyes warm despite the sadness that lingered inside them. His large, calloused hand lifted to Barry’s face and gently cradling Barry’s cheek.

“Don’t worry your head over it,” Mick stated, kissing Barry’s forehead. “Point is, we’re together again and we will get through this, doll.” Barry’s aching heart warmed with affection and the feeling took some of the edges off his pain. Mick’s presence made the hurt Barry felt from losing their child easier to bear. Barry pulled back, eyes suddenly serious and he looked back towards his team. He was angry and hurting, his eyes meeting Wells for a moment as he landed on a decision he knew the older omega wouldn’t like.

“Mick, I have something to tell you.” Barry stated, turning back to his lover and Wells cleared his throat heavily. Barry turned back to the man, noticing Wells was glaring in a strangely fierce way. It reminded Barry of how Joe used to look when he was getting ready to ground Barry as a pup.

“Mr. Allen, I have to advise-...” Wells started to state before Barry turned back to Mick, eyes defiant and still angry. He wasn’t going to keep this from his fiancé, not after how long they had been separated and with this new heartache they would both have to bear. He didn’t want any more secrets.

“Long story short, the lightning gave me superpowers and I can run at super-speeds.” Barry explained, meeting Mick’s eyes and watching the alpha raise a brow. “And I’m not the only one, the particle accelerator exploding created others. We call them meta-humans and I’ve already taken down a few of them that tried to use their powers for...less than good things.”

Mick blinked in surprise, just nodding and listening carefully while Barry explained. He was calm, taking in everything Barry said and glancing back over at the others in their kitchen. Mick didn’t ask for proof, not needing it from Barry. Mick trusted Barry to be honest with him and despite how impossible Barry knew he must be sounding, the alpha clearly believed him.

Wells was practically gritting his teeth in an attempt to keep himself in check, Caitlin nodding along with Barry and the omega could tell she approved of telling his fiancé. Cisco looked nervous but the way he met Barry’s eyes with a small, sharp nod told Barry that Cisco trusted his judgment on this.

“The people have been calling me, The Red Streak, The Blur...I prefer The Flash.” Barry finished and Mick turned back to him with a wrinkled brow. “I’m trying to use these powers to help people. Dr. Wells, Caitlin and Cisco have been helping me figure out how they work and teaching me how to control them as well as strengthen them.”

Mick was silent for several moments, thinking things over in the slow way he did. His shoulders looked stiff and uncomfortable, worry filling his scent and making Barry pause. Mick slowly turned back to the rest of Barry’s team, his scent suddenly flaring with anger. It came on so suddenly, even Barry was scared for a moment by the pure intensity of it.

“Which one of you built a gun that shoots cold.” Mick suddenly demanded, voice a harsh growl. Cisco squeaked when Mick’s intense alpha gaze landed on him, the smaller omega suddenly looking
terrified but met Mick’s eyes steadily.

“Um, I did but it’s sitting in storage in STAR Labs,” Cisco said quietly, looking confused as to how Mick knew about this gun he was talking about. “I built it to...potentially take Barry down just in case he ended up being some psycho but I was going to dismantle it as soon as I had time...” Barry’s eyes widened at this new information, unsure how he felt about Cisco making something that could stop him.

“You should really check your security because my buddy Len just stole it from the local weapons dealer yesterday,” Mick growled, his fists clenching at his sides. “And he has plans to use it against the Blur which is apparently my fiance!” Cisco’s eyes widened and Barry tried to wrap his head around what Mick was saying.

As scary as it was, knowing there was a weapon that could potentially hurt if not kill him, Barry was almost grateful it was Len who had gotten it. The other omega would most likely not use it against Barry after he was told about Barry’s power. It was a good excuse to ignore Wells’ advice on not telling the thief and could potentially provide Barry with a new ally. The more pressing matter, however, was that Cisco had hidden yet another valuable piece of information from Barry.

“Cisco, why didn’t you tell me about this?” Barry asked, searching his friend’s face for answers. “Did you not think I would want to know about something built specifically to kill me?” Cisco looked at his feet and Wells turned his head to glare at Cisco.

“I would like to know why I wasn’t informed about this either?” Wells asked, voice icy with command and disappointment. “Cisco, you know how I feel about weapons...” Cisco looked from Barry to Wells then back to his feet. The shame etched on his face showed Barry that Cisco hadn’t meant to let the gun fall into potentially wrong hands.

“After everything that started happening and the particle accelerator...I wanted to make sure that if something happened, we could protect ourselves.” Cisco explained and looked back towards Barry. “I had no way of knowing whether or not you might end up being some crazy guy like Mardon at first and...I just...” Barry shook his head, taking a step back and feeling Mick’s hand reaching for his.

“Barry, I know it sounds bad but I think Cisco was just worried about what might have gone wrong,” Caitlin defended, her eyes soft and pleading with the speedster to understand. “He should have told you but after the explosion...can you really blame him for not wanting to take a chance on things not going wrong?”

Barry took a deep breath, letting his thoughts move around in his head. Mick’s hand reached over to take Barry’s and interlacing their fingers together to comfort the omega. The warm feeling of Mick’s hand in his helped ease Barry’s stress and allowed him space to think clearly, calmed his anger just enough for Barry to empathize with Cisco.

Yes, he was hurt that Cisco hadn’t trusted him and he wished he had been told sooner but he could see why the other omega had taken such precautions. He looked up at Mick, who had stopped glaring at Cisco to watch Barry’s face. A small, silent conversation went between the two and Mick nodded. He seemed to sense Barry’s question, sighing and leaning down to whisper in Barry’s ear.

“To be honest, Snart and I have similar plans when we work with new crews. You shouldn’t trust anyone that could have a gun on your back as soon as things are said and done.” Mick admitted, voice low so that the others wouldn’t hear. “I get it but that doesn’t mean I’m letting them get away with hiding shit from you, twice.” Barry nodded, feeling happy to have his fiance here with him and watching his back.
“Okay, we are going to have to establish more ground rules for this team to work.” Barry stated, tone slightly frustrated and tired. “First off…” Barry trailed off when his legs wobbled beneath him, his head suddenly feeling light and the omega noticed the slightest shake in his hands. Mick caught Barry as he stumbled, brow wrinkled in concern and leading Barry over to one of the kitchen chairs.

“I’m fine…I just haven’t eaten since yesterday.” Barry stated as Caitlin moved over to him, crouching down to inspect his face and eyes before reaching into her purse. She pulled out one of the energy bars and waved it in front of Barry’s face. He took the bar with a small, sheepish grin.

“Eat this to keep from passing out,” Caitlin scolded and Barry wrinkled his nose at the calorie bar as Caitlin turned to Mick. “Mr. Rory, since you are now privy to the fact that Barry is The Flash, I will need to update you on his medical needs. Most importantly, he needs to consume at least 2,500 calories a day at minimum...” Mick nodded, raising a hand to silence the beta before he turned to the fridge.

“Tell me more after I make breakfast then,” Mick stated with a firm command. He looked over at the team of scientists with a raised brow and took a moment, thinking on something. Barry met his fiance’s eyes and the look the alpha gave Barry was questioning, asking Barry if he still trusted these people. Barry’s face softened and he nodded at Mick, giving the man a grateful smile.

“Alright, Wheels you’re on pancake griddle duty,” Mick said suddenly, drawing everyone’s attention to Wells, who simply blinked at Mick in confusion. “Doc, you can cook eggs, right? And Shorty, I want you working on cutting fruit.” Barry relaxed, seeing Mick ordering around the scientists in an effort to aid in feeding him. Caitlin rose to her feet, giving Mick a look before taking the carton of eggs from the alpha’s hands.

Soon, the kitchen was full of activity. Mick making up pancake batter for Wells to watch carefully on the griddle, barking at Cisco for not cutting the fruit evenly and giving approving glances at Caitlin’s scrambled eggs while instructing her on when to throw in the cilantro, tomatoes and testing her salt and pepper ratios.

Barry tried to get up and help but Mick’s scathing look sent him back to his seat. Instead, the omega just listened to the playful banter going between Cisco and Mick, watching Caitlin correcting Mick’s tendency to not measure things only to be greeted by Mick’s gruff refusal to listen. Wells looked as if he wasn’t sure how to take being ordered around by Mick but he did so with little complaint.

It warmed Barry’s heart to see his new friends and his fiance interacting like this. Mick was fitting into Barry’s new life just as easily as he had fitted into it almost five years ago. Barry was still hurting but at least he had his alpha with him and Mick was ready to do whatever it took to stay by Barry’s side.

Together, for better or worse.

Felicity was waiting at STAR Labs when Barry arrived with the team and Mick. The alpha had insisted on coming with, wanting to see what kind of set up they had and trying to figure out where he could help. It made Barry’s heart flutter with affection that Mick didn’t just accept that he was now a full-fledged vigilante but seemed to want to muscle his way into helping.

Barry kept his hands on Mick at every opportunity, holding the alpha’s hand or nuzzling into his side. It earned varying looks of softness and disgust from the STAR Labs team but Barry didn’t care. He had been away from his fiance for too long and Barry wasn’t about to waste any time he had...
Namely, finding Len and the cold gun. Mick had tried calling the omega but apparently, he was not picking up his burner phone. They would have to find a better way to locate the thief.

“Mick, you’re back!” Felicity exclaimed when Barry walked inside the cortex with Mick looking at the ceiling of STAR Labs. The alpha looked down at the woman when he heard his name, grinning at her when the omega walked over and put her arms around Mick’s larger body. “You stupid alpha, do you know how worried we all were?” Mick grimaced slightly at the hug, the smallest hint of pain crossing his features before he pulled away from Felicity.

“Good to see you too, ponytail.” Mick greeted and Barry wrinkled his brow in worry. He touched Mick’s hand and looked over his face with concern. Mick had been badly burnt from what Iris had told him, was it possible he was still healing?

“Well, are you okay?” Barry asked, sounding worried and Felicity joined him in staring up at the alpha. “You looked like you were in pain for a second.” Mick rolled his eyes, putting an arm around Barry’s shoulders and pulling him close. Barry nuzzled into Mick’s neck, nipping at his scent gland harshly at the attempt the alpha was making to silence him.

Mick raised a brow at Barry, looking silently down at him in an attempt to get the omega to drop it. Barry met his eyes with defiance and pulled away, crossing his arms over his chest. The stare down went on for a few moments but Barry didn’t waver until Mick groaned loudly and caved under Barry’s green gaze.

“Just the burn scars, they hurt a bit sometimes.” Mick said, not meeting Barry’s eyes. “Don’t worry about it, doll…” Caitlin’s head jolted up from the screen she was looking at, slowly turning to Mick and giving him a once over. Barry caught the look in her eyes, it was the same kind of look she got whenever she was about to make Barry sit down for a test he didn’t want to do.

“Where are the burns?” Caitlin asked, walking over to Mick and looking him over. The alpha raised a brow and slowly shrugged off his jacket. Barry looked over the burns fully for the first time and his heart skipped at the sight.

The burns faded up Mick’s arm in patches of red, white, and pink, some of them raised lines that crossed over Mick’s muscles. The skin stretched and moved with Mick, tight and painful looking with each ripple of the muscle beneath. Barry’s eyes followed the path the fire had taken over his alpha’s body, noticing them disappearing under his shirt and Barry knew there must be more hidden beneath. How had he not noticed how bad they were the night before? He had been too consumed by his grief to realize Mick was in pain too.

“Hey, hey,” Mick stated, tossing his jacket onto the nearest chair and lifting a hand to cup Barry’s face. “No tears, Barry. I did this to myself.” Barry felt Mick wiping away the tears slipping from his eyes, the omega lifting his hand to set over Mick’s. He would have to ask what happened later, try to help his fiance as best he could.

“Shirt off, now.” Caitlin ordered, pointing to her little medical lab with the cot set up. “I’m assessing the damage and seeing what I can do.” Mick opened his mouth to protest, the alpha getting irritated from being ordered around when Caitlin met his look with an icy glare.

“You want to help Barry, I need to see what your injuries are like.” Caitlin stated firmly, putting her hands on her hips and jerking her head to the room. “I am a doctor but I am not above knocking you out if I need to.” Barry had to hide his laugh behind his hand as Mick rolled his eyes, grumbling and
walking over to the cot.

Mick took off his shirt, drawing Barry’s full attention to Mick’s back for the first time. The burns extended over the alpha’s back, the same type of red and irritated scars that covered his arms. Barry scanned over the rest of Mick’s body, finding more burns along his right side traveling from his shoulders and down his ribs.

Barry zipped over, the wind moving behind him and Mick watched him with wide eyes. Mick seemed to process Barry’s small burst of speed quickly, interested but accepting it. Barry stood by Mick’s side, eyes scanning over Mick’s injuries and biting his lower lip. He knew better than to touch but Mick slowly took Barry’s hand and lifted it to his lips.

“Don’t fuss so much, doll. I’m okay.” Mick reassured the omega as Caitlin looked over his arms, gently touching over them with gloved hands. Her eyes scanned over them all with a careful eye and gauging the damage.

“You had varying burns between second and third, how did you not get skin grafts?” Caitlin scolded lightly with a raised brow. Mick shrugged and Barry tossed him a disapproving look. The alpha wrinkled his nose as Caitlin sighed heavily. “The scarring varies as well between hypertrophic and contracture scars, how would you rate your pain.” Mick gave the chart that Caitlin held up with the various faces an unimpressed look. He lifted a hand, pointing to the five.

“It’s not that bad today. Just kind of there because I wanted to move but it would make the pain worse.” Mick explained slowly, wrinkling his brow. “They’ve scarred so that means it’s fine, right?” Caitlin shook her head, lifting Mick’s arm and gently manipulating it. Mick grimaced a bit when she made the arm reach upward but quickly hid it behind a blank expression. Barry squeezed his hand, urging him to talk about it.

“Range of motion is a little affected by the contractures,” Caitlin stated, jotting that down on her clipboard. “I’m going to recommend some low-level painkillers for any pain. I’m also going to have Cisco get you something with compression sleeves made up to help and a list of exercises to help the skin feel less tight. Vitamin E oil will help too” Barry nodded and Mick grumbled at the thought of doing that until Barry leaned over and nipped at his neck.

“Mick, it will help.” Barry said gently, kissing along Mick’s jaw with a small grin. “Plus, I’m sure I can think of fun things to do after I massage you up with-.” Cisco made a small disgusted noise from the doorway, making a face at the pair as he walked into the room.

“Can you save the sex talk for when I’m not around?’ Cisco asked, tone sarcastic and Mick let out a bark of laughter at the omega’s face. “God...but anyway, I took a look at the heat gun you showed me and I think I can make some small improvements.” Cisco smiled widely, snapping his fingers and looking down at the tablet in his hands.

Cisco rolled his eyes, groaning as Barry buried his red face in Mick’s neck. The alpha was grinning and laughing at Cisco’s face. Barry smiled, happy that Mick was adjusting well with his friends and falling back into being with Barry easily. Barry felt eyes on him, catching Dr. Wells staring out of the corner of his eyes. The look on his face was hard and barely masking some kind of anger that Barry wasn’t sure he’d seen before. The look was gone in an instant, Wells moving his chair over with a small, soft smile replacing it.

“Cisco, have you worked on tracking the cold gun?” Wells asked, leaning forward in his chair. “The sooner we find Mr. Snart, the better.” Cisco smiled widely, snapping his fingers and looking down at the tablet in his hands.
“Yes, the cold gun is powered by an engine control unit, a microcomputer that regulates cold-to-fuel ratios so the sub-cooled fluid in the chambers doesn’t overflow and—...” Cisco explained, tapping further on the tablet. Felicity leaned over to look over it, intrigued by the tech talk and nodding in approval.

“And explode.” Felicity added, nodding in understanding as the omega turned to her, grinning like a madman and pointing a finger at her with a quirk of his brows.

“Right.” Cisco replied, walking back over to the main computers as he continued his explanation. “This E.C.U. was receiving updates wirelessly from my tablet. If I boost the signal using the Central City’s network and send a false update, we’ll get a ping back, and then—...” Wells nodded in approval, looking towards Barry with a smile.

“We can locate Snart.” Wells finished for Cisco and Mick blinked at all of them in confusion. Barry could sense that this was way over his head, the tech talk only half understood by the alpha. Mick wasn’t stupid, not like he sometimes pretended to be, but some of the science talk could be a little much for him.

“Great, I joined a team of nerds,” Mick stated, rolling his eyes. “And I thought one was bad enough.” The light tease had Barry grinning, bumping his head gently against Mick’s chin and earning him another squeeze from his alpha’s hands on his ass. “Alright, how long will that take?”

“First, I have to hack into the city’s network,” Cisco said, eyes going down to the computers in front of him and scanning the screen. “So I don’t know, thirty minutes, maybe?” Felicity moved past Cisco to slide in front of another computer setup.

“I can do it in less than one.” Felicity announced, smiling at the team with a bright grin. “When it comes to hacking, I’m the fastest woman alive.” She lifted her arms out, cracking her knuckles and then drawing them back to shake the pain away.

“Ow,” She groaned in pain, making Mick laugh again and the others give her looks of pity. “That was not as bad-ass as I pictured.” Felicity tapped on the keyboard for a few seconds, eyes fixed on the screen before giving the computer a final tap. “Okay, I’m in.” Cisco moved past Cisco to slide in front of another computer setup.

“I can do it in less than one.” Felicity announced, smiling at the team with a bright grin. “When it comes to hacking, I’m the fastest woman alive.” She lifted her arms out, cracking her knuckles and then drawing them back to shake the pain away.

“Ow,” She groaned in pain, making Mick laugh again and the others give her looks of pity. “That was not as bad-ass as I pictured.” Felicity tapped on the keyboard for a few seconds, eyes fixed on the screen before giving the computer a final tap. “Okay, I’m in.” Barry nodded, impressed by Felicity’s speed and the team gave her their own looks of awe in varying degrees.

“Good job, ponytail.” Mick stated, getting up from the cot and moving to put his shirt on. “Send those updates, Shorty.” Cisco nodded, starting to tap on his screen and Barry zipped over to his suit. It took less than a second to slip it on and Mick leaned on the desk, brown eyes scanning over his fiance with a sly grin.

“Damn, who made you that?” Mick asked, his eyes burning with lust and Barry blushed under the intense gaze from his fiance. Cisco raised a hand, not looking up from the screen as Mick nodded with approval. “Good job, Shorty, my boy always looks the best in red.” Barry moved over to Mick, unable to keep from kissing the alpha and gasping when Mick grabbed his ass with both hands.

“You should bring it home one day…” Mick started to say only to be cut off from Cisco throwing a pen at him, nailing the alpha in the head. The omega was glaring at the pair of them and lifted a finger to point at them.

“No kinky sex in my suit,” Cisco ordered and Barry laughed so hard, Mick had to hold him up. “Bad alpha, keep it in your pants.” The glint in the alpha’s eyes told Barry that Mick took that order more as a challenge than a warning. Caitlin spoke up, interrupting the banter and looking towards Barry.

“He’s at the Central City Museum,” Caitlin stated and Barry nodded in response. He pulled away
from Mick, pulling up his mask only to watch his fiance grabbing his heat gun resting on Cisco’s work table in the corner. Barry shook his head at the realization that Mick was intending on coming with.

“Mick, you have to stay here…” Barry started to insist only to have Mick straighten up and shake his head in refusal. “It could be dangerous…” The alpha hooked his gun to a holster on his belt, grabbing his coat and raising a brow at his omega.

“Snart might be a cold bastard but stopping him is something I’m good at,” Mick stated, voice leaving little room for argument. “You care too much about what’s happening to people around you and someone has to be there to watch your back. I’ve gotten good at saving you from your own stupidity.”

Barry tried not to groan in frustration at Mick’s stubbornness. His alpha had a point, Barry often spent too much time on his missions worrying about civilians and police officers to really look after himself. Having Mick there, guarding Barry’s back and keeping him from trouble could be useful.

“Fine but if you see police officers, run and don’t worry about me.” Barry stated, lifting a finger at Mick in warning. “You’re still on the Central City’s most wanted list and I’d rather not have two loved ones I need to visit in Iron Heights.” Wells cast a look at the pair, one that only Mick seemed to catch and Barry looked over when he saw Mick’s eyes watching Wells fiercely. It was a disapproving look that had Mick glaring down at the omega in the wheelchair. A short staredown passed between them, Mick silently daring Wells to say something but the scientist remained silent.

Barry grabbed onto Mick, wanting to stop any potential fights. He snaked his arms around Mick’s waist, preparing to run them out of the lab. Mick's gaze was still fixed on Wells and barely registered Barry’s touch at first. He looked down at Barry, seeming a little confused when the omega smiled apologetically at his alpha. Mick wrinkled his brow just seconds before they moved in a blur of motion.

When they stopped in the alley next to the museum, Mick promptly lost his breakfast. Barry winced at the sound and lifted his hand to rub soothing circles over Mick’s lower back. Mick coughed, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand and muffling a small groan. He smiled sheepishly when Mick looked back up at him, looking a little irritated.

“Warning next time, doll.” Mick growled, no real heat behind the statement before he straightened up. He glanced around the front of the museum, scanning the street just in time to see Len walking out of the museum.

The omega moved with purpose, clearly trying to disappear into the crowd when Joe West’s voice suddenly shouted above the streets. The pair froze at the sound, knowing that Joe and Len weren’t exactly on the best of terms. Len wouldn’t intentionally hurt Joe unless he had to but if he was trying to escape, it might just come to that. Barry looked underneath Mick’s arm and scanned the scene before him.

Joe was trying to get across the street, hot on Len’s heels and the omega slid over the hood of a taxi to gain some ground on the cop. Joe managed to get himself closer, panting and holding his gun in his hand as his training dictated he must.

“Snart!” Joe shouted, drawing Len’s attention to him and the omega looked towards the oncoming police cars as they moved down the street. He donned a pair of goggles, turning quickly and icing
the road in front of the theater to cut off Joe’s way to him. The cars slid on the ice, blaring their sirens and narrowly missing Joe. The alpha threw himself forward and looked up just in time to watch Len disappear into the theater.

“Shit.” Mick stated, turning to Barry and gesturing towards the movie theater Len had gone into. “I’ll go in from the back and see if I can head him off.” Barry nodded and pointed towards the entrance.

“I’ll go in the front.” He replied before he sped away to catch up to Len. Barry zipped inside the building through the front doors, just barely missing a shot from the cold gun aimed at him. The crowd in the theater was panicking and trying to run, Len’s eyes looking over Barry’s form as he stood up.

“Time for a test run.” Len announced, lifting his eyes to the second floor of the theater and Barry growled in frustration at the omega. The gun whirred, aiming at two civilians on the floor and Barry took off to grab them just as the gun went off. He managed to get the movie-goers to a safe spot and stopped directly in front of Len.

The omega smirked at Barry, looking him over with a jerk of his head. Barry was a little irritated but stood his ground, slowing himself down and hoping he could reason with Len. He had to get the man to listen before he actually hurt someone.

“Len, will you cut the crap!” Barry shouted at the man, earning a look from Len. “You’re going to hurt someone.” the omega pointed his gun towards Barry standing still in front of him with the slightest rise in his brow. As clever as Len was, apparently he hadn’t figured it out yet and the gun whirred under his slight press to the trigger.

“The noble hero, sacrificing himself for civilians?” Len drawled, giving Barry a smirk. “Honestly, I was just hoping you would show me how fast you really are.” Len aimed for the door as it opened without realizing who was coming in. Barry turned and his eyes widened when he saw Joe entering with his gun raised. The older alpha’s eyes widened when he spotted the stream of cold energy coming straight towards him.

Barry turned quickly, dashing over to Joe just in time to push him out of the way of the stream. Joe was tossed to the side but Barry yelped in pain when the cold beam managed to nick his side. The omega collapsed on the ground with a sharp hiss of pain. He scrambled behind a pillar, holding his side where the ice was still clinging to his suit. It burned into his skin and Barry hissed in pain, trying to vibrate enough to melt the ice and warm himself up.

“Too cool for school, Scarlet?” Len stated as the gun whirred again to point at the pillar Barry was hiding behind. Suddenly, there was a whir of another gun and Len barely managed to roll out of the way of a stream of fire heading right for him.

Len looked up, eyes scanning over Mick in masked confusion. Mick had on his own pair of goggles, heat gun aimed at Len in an effort to keep him from firing his cold gun. The omega kept his eyes on Mick, waiting for the gun to go off as the alpha stalked over to him.

“Mick, what are you...” Len started to say before Mick slammed his heat gun into Len’s temple, full force and knocked the omega out cold. The alpha replaced his gun into his holster and dusted off his hands.

“Sorry, Lenny. Can’t let you do something stupid.” He said before lifting his friend onto his shoulder, carrying him down those steps. The burns ached a little but Mick pushed that away as he walked over to Barry sitting behind the pillar. Mick crouched down next to his omega and took in the pained look on Barry’s face. He dusted off the remaining ice and pulled his hand away when
Barry gritted his teeth in agony.

“You okay, doll?” Mick asked and Barry gasped in pain, his alpha’s hands lingering over the spot Len had shot. Barry’s scent was hidden by the suit but Mick could tell the omega was distressed. Barry took a shaky breath, hoping to breathe through the pain. The omega managed to get to his feet, holding his side and nodding.

“It burns,” Barry said through gritted teeth, grabbing onto Mick with both hands. “Hold him tight while I get us back to the labs…Caitlin can help.” Mick nodded, preparing himself for another burst of speed. Barry turned to Joe, the cop raising his brow at the pair and looking over Mick. The omega knew he would have to explain this later and he could already hear the lecture incoming for how he was handling Len.

Mick wrapped his arms around Barry, holding onto Len tightly and looking at Joe with a smirk. He gave a small, mock salute to the office as Barry took them away. With some effort and some reduced speed, Barry managed to get both Mick and Len to the cortex.

Mick plopped Len into the cot to sleep off the knock to the head before turning to the nearest wastebasket and vomiting into it. He would have to learn how to get used to letting Barry take him on runs. Caitlin raised a brow at Mick, walking over to offer him some Dramamine tablets and water.

Barry changed into his street clothes, trying to ease the cold burning on his skin despite the pain. Mick took the pills quickly, eyes looking over at Barry with concern and walking over. He caught Barry as he stumbled and guided him to another exam table. Caitlin was over in a moment, putting on her gloves. Felicity and Cisco watched from the computers, eyes wide and trying to decide what to do.

“He got Barry on the side,” Mick stated, his voice strained and Caitlin lifted Barry’s shirt to examine the damage done. The skin was blackened, numb but somehow still burning with cold. It hurt Barry’s lungs when he tried to breathe in but his healing seemed to be fighting whatever had happened. Caitlin set up her equipment to run tests and Barry whimpered in pain when she gently touched it.

“It’s still burning,” Barry managed through the pain, Mick lingering at his side with his eyes fixed on Caitlin. Mick was on edge with worry, his strong alpha scent spreading across the lab and drawing uncomfortable looks from the three omegas at the main computer hub.

Caitlin smelled nervous under the alpha’s intense glare but her training as a doctor provided her with the ability to stay cool under such pressure. Barry leaned up to kiss Mick’s lips. The alpha relaxed slightly at the gesture, lowering his head to kiss along Barry’s jaw to comfort him.

“Calm down, I’m fine...I have accelerated healing…” Barry soothed, his voice soft to ease Mick’s worry. “I healed a fractured wrist in three hours and recovered from poisonous gas in like one, I’m sure this will be fine soon.” Mick pulled back, giving Barry a skeptical look and turning back to meet Caitlin’s eyes, searching for her opinion.

“The cold gun seemed to slow it down, the frostbite is healing but it will take a little longer than normal…” She said, looking up from inspecting Barry’s side and shrugging her shoulders. “Which for you is like, maybe a day.” Mick nodded, letting out a sigh of relief. Caitlin raised a hand though, her face turning serious.

“If your cells didn’t regenerate at the rate that they are, your blood vessels would have frozen solid and would have caused permanent nerve damage.” Caitlin scolded, her brow wrinkled at Barry in
clear worry and disapproval. “Be more careful out there, you aren’t invincible. How could you just think that talking to him was the right way to go.” Mick nodded, agreeing with Caitlin and turning Barry’s head to him.

“Doll, you know how Snart is. He’s as stubborn as they come and talking to him wouldn’t have worked unless you planned on taking your mask off right there.” Mick growled, pressing his forehead against Barry’s. “Use that head next time.” There was a groan from the other cot and all eyes turned to watch Len stirring in the bed.

The omega opened his eyes, rising up immediately and looking around at the people in the room. He narrowed his eyes at the unfamiliar faces of Cisco, Caitlin, and Wells but his stiff shoulders soon relaxed when he spotted Barry, Felicity, and Mick. Len seemed to register that he was relatively safe...for now. The omega’s blue eyes narrowed at Mick when they landed on him, the glare cold and demanding.

“Mick, what the hell?” Len asked, sounding irritated and rubbing the back of his shaved head. “I spend months nursing you back to health, get you back to Barry and you clock me on the head?” Mick narrowed his eyes at his friend, turning his body and glaring full force at the omega.

“Well if someone would answer his phone, I wouldn’t have had to knock him out.” Mick retorted, crossing his arms when Len threw his legs over the side of the cot. “You, Barry and I need to have words.” Len looked up and his eyes cast to Barry, noting the pained look in his eyes.

A moment or two passed, the gears in Len’s mind turning. He seemed to be thinking and adding pieces in his head. He looked around STAR Labs, at Barry and Mick, to Barry’s suit hanging in its spot on the wall just to Len’s left. The omega let out a long groan and turned to Barry with an annoyed look.

“God damn it, Barry’s the blur isn’t he?” Len asked, swearing under his breath for a moment before continuing. “I should have recognized that tight ass in that spandex.” Barry rolled his eyes at Len, groaning at the statement. He wasn’t sure what was worse, that Len had observed his ass long enough to recognize it in the suit or the way Mick nodded in agreement.

“Well, I guess I owe you an apology Barry,” Len said with a shrug. “And I’m still alive so that must mean whatever body part I hit wasn’t important enough for Mick to take me out. You going to be okay?” Barry nodded, relaxing not that Len seemed to have dropped most of his hostility. Caitlin moved over to Len, looking over his head and ignoring the sour look on the omega’s face.

“You don’t seem to have a concussion, that’s good.” Caitlin observed as she avoided Len’s swat at her. “I am a doctor so sit still and let me make sure you won’t have any lasting brain damage.” Len wrinkled his nose but Mick let out a small laugh.

“It’s best to let the doc do her thing, saves trouble.” Mick warned and Len rolled his eyes, letting himself get poked and prodded at by Caitlin but clearly not okay with it. “As for you taking out the blur, it seems like it’s become my business. I hope you’re not planning on trying to stick with that original plan.” Len looked from Barry to Mick, eyes giving him a look of pure annoyance.

“No, I was going to keep up with that plan even with the knowledge that Barry is apparently a superhero,” Len said sarcastically, looking towards Barry. “Well, Scarlet, it seems we may have to strike up a new deal if you are planning on stopping my heists with this new fancy trick you have.” Wells wheeled forward with a raised brow, leaning forward in his chair.

“I have to advise against that Barry…” He started to say when Len held up a finger, the cold look he gave Wells fierce. It was clear that Len was still on the fence about Barry’s new friends and the way
the omega looked over Wells told Barry that Len liked Wells the least of all.

“I believe I was addressing Barry, a dear friend of mine that I would really prefer not to accidentally maim.” Len said, cutting Wells off and looking back at Barry. “I propose we go back to my old deal of not killing anyone and you pretending not to see what I do?” Barry shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Len, I can’t just let you steal things. It was different when I was just processing evidence but if I’m going to be crime fighting then the deal has to change.” Barry argued, earning a look from Mick and the omega raised a brow at his fiance. “You’ll just have to figure out a way to do it without getting caught. If I get an alert, we can put on some show of a fight for any cameras but you’ll have to work to get away.” Len nodded slowly and considered that option. Barry knew that Len would have no problem figuring out a way to outsmart Barry’s abilities, it was a challenge but Len loved challenges.

“Fine, but I keep the gun,” Len said sternly, meeting Barry’s eyes and crossing his ankle over his knee. “Better I have it anyway, seeing as it did hurt you. I can keep it from someone who might actually use it to kill you.” Cisco’s eyes went wide at the exchange, watching Barry consider that portion of the deal. The omega’s jaw dropped when he realized that Barry was actually considering the deal.

“You aren’t actually considering this?” Cisco asked, looking shocked and somewhat confused. “He tried to kill you! That gun could kill you and what’s to stop him from just selling it off to the highest bidder later?” Len looked over towards Cisco and took in the other omega with a cool eye. Len was quite clearly judging Barry’s choice in new friends but nodded in approval, Cisco did have a point. Barry sighed heavily, knowing how it must look but he knew what he was doing.

“That was before he knew it was me. Len wouldn’t actually try to kill me now that he knows it’s me under the mask.” Barry stated before turning to Len again. “Deal but please try not to make me come after you. I have bigger problems than stopping your heists all the time.” Len nodded, moving to stand up and reaching up to rub his head again.

“I’m assuming this means that you’re joining this…” Len asked Mick, eyes looking all over the lab and taking in everything here. “This team of heroes?” Mick shrugged, his nose wrinkling at the word “heroes”.

“I ain’t no hero but like hell am I going to let Barry put his life on the line every day,” Mick stated, hand reaching to rest on top of Barry’s thigh. “Not with everything he’s been through…” Mick’s face fell watching Barry look towards his shoes.

He had almost let himself forget in the excitement of the day, tried to compartmentalize the tragedy in hopes of dealing with it later. Guilt suddenly ate away Barry's smile, the omega biting his lower lip and looking at his hands.

Len caught the look of sadness that passed over Barry, his blue eyes scanning him. Mick’s face was hard in an attempt to bury his emotions deeper. It occurred to Barry that they hadn’t told Len, or anyone really, about what Barry had learned the other day.

“What happened?” Len questioned, voice sounding concerned as he moved towards Barry and Mick. “Is everything okay?” Mick looked down at Barry, eyes asking if he could tell Len. the older omega’s sharp eyes looked the pair over and Felicity cleared her throat loudly to draw everyone’s attention to her.

She pointed to the door and urged Cisco and Caitlin to follow, the pair clearing the room and Wells pausing to stare at the two omegas and the alpha. His face was blank of any emotion but Barry could
see the slightest hint of something in his eyes. The scientist rolled out of the room, leaving the trio alone so they could talk privately.

“Okay, one more time. What happened?” Len asked again, his cold persona dropping now that they all were alone. Len may put on the act of being cold and calculating in front of strangers but he rarely kept it up around those he trusted. The worry in his eyes was genuine, his arms crossing over his chest as Len waited for either Mick or Barry to speak.

Mick grabbed Barry’s hand, squeezing it gently to comfort his fiance as best he could. The omega tried to find the words he wanted to say but his throat felt constricted now. Now that he was thinking about it again, Barry could feel himself crumbling into pieces. Mick put an arm around Barry and tucked him protectively into his side when the omega sniffed.

“Barry found out that…” Mick started to explain slowly, hand gently stroking Barry’s hair as he spoke. “He was pregnant when he went into the coma...the pup didn’t make it.” There was a brief moment of silence as Len processed what Mick said. He looked down at Barry, watching tears slowly escape the omega’s eyes. Len’s eyes became solemn, watching Barry curl into Mick for comfort.

Len approached Barry and Mick, putting a hand over one of Barry’s thighs and the other on Mick’s shoulder. The older omega looked hurt, his normally cold mask falling away to let himself comfort his friends in their grief. Len loved Mick like his brother, making any child of the alpha’s as good as family to him. The loss was as real for him as if it were his own child, his heart hurting for Barry and for Mick both.

“My condolences,” Len said softly, his testament sincere and surprisingly heartfelt. “I know this can’t be easy but Barry but it’s not your fault...blaming yourself will only make the pain worse…” Barry looked up at Len, catching the sadness in the omega’s eyes.

Len understood how horrible it might be to lose a pup. Alpha’s didn’t always understand what it felt like to carry a child, to feel that protectiveness and love for a tiny creature growing inside of you. Some alpha females could and did but for omegas, it was in their very instincts to have a child and to lose a bond like that…

It was devastating.

The minutes ticked by in silence, save for the hum of the machines in the cortex and Barry’s soft sobs. Len held his friend’s close, even catching the faintest tear that slipped from Mick’s eye before the alpha wiped it away. Mick was strong and Barry almost more so, they would get through it and Len decided then he would have to make his own plans for these new changes happening around him.

But first, he had some personal business to take care of.

“Call me if you need anything, and I mean anything.” Len said to both the men suddenly, straightening up and letting out a sigh. “I need a vacation...perhaps to Starling.” Barry nodded, wiping his eyes and he managed to give Len a small smirk. Ray would most likely keep Len busy for a few days, if not another nine months to make up for lost time.

“Felicity is heading back tonight, maybe you can ride the train with her.” Barry suggested and Len turned with a glint in his eyes. “Maybe catch up on how he’s been for the last few months.” The older omega chuckled, giving Barry a small salute with two fingers as he turned towards the doorway.
“I’ll go ask after I deal with the tongue lashing our dear Felicity will surely be giving me for leaving Raymond alone for so long.” Len stated, heading for the doorway only to pause. “Remember to take a moment to enjoy yourselves, try not to wallow too much but don’t be afraid to grieve as much as you need.” Mick watched Len disappear after that final word before turning back down to Barry, kissing his omega’s forehead.

“He’s right, Doll. You can’t be blaming yourself.” Mick said softly, moving between Barry’s legs and resting his hands on the omega’s hips. “We’ll get through this and we’ll do it together.” Barry felt his eyes soften, another wave of tears escaping his eyes. He loved Mick so much and knowing his alpha had come back to him meant so much to Barry. It made everything feel easier somehow, all the changes and all the heartache was worth it as long as Mick was here.

“I love you,” Barry said softly, lifting his hands to cup Mick’s face. “I haven’t had the chance to say it since you got back.” Mick’s gaze softened and the alpha leaned down to press his lips to Barry’s. It was gentle, loving and reached a part of Barry that had been longing for Mick’s return.

“I love you too, doll,” Mick said softly, pulling away from the kiss and letting his arms wander up Barry’s back. “I thought I would never get to say that again...” Barry pressed forward, peppering Mick’s lips with gentler kisses before moving to scent his alpha. Mick’s scent was familiar and sent a wave of affection through Barry’s heart.

“But you did and you’ll keep being able to say it,” Barry said softly, “No matter what, you’re my alpha.” Mick hummed into the kisses Barry pressed against his neck, just enjoying Barry’s scent and presence. Barry could tell his alpha was thinking about something and chose to stay quiet, waiting for Mick to decide when he wanted to speak about the thoughts circling in his mind.

“Let’s make it permanent then.” Mick said suddenly, pulling back to meet Barry’s eyes. “The next time we can, I want to mate with you.” Barry’s eyes widened and fresh tears gathered in his eyes. Mick wanted to...

“Are you sure?” Barry asked, his eyes searching Mick’s for any doubt as the alpha cupped Barry’s face in his hands. “You don’t have to if it’s not...” Mick shook his head, staring into Barry’s eyes with no hint of doubt or second thoughts.

“I’m still marrying you but I want you to be mine in every way I can,” Mick stated, wiping away the stray happy tears running down Barry’s cheeks. “My mate, my husband...I’m in this for the long haul, Barry...if you are?” Barry tried to find the proper words to say, his throat tight with emotion and the omega finally nodded in response.

“Y-yes...” Barry replied, surging forward and pressing a kiss to Mick’s lips. “Next time I’m in heat and you have a rut...I would love to mate with you. It’s all I’ve dreamed about since I met you.” Mick smirked at his omega, saying nothing but instead deciding to kiss Barry again.

The omega whimpered, wrapping his arms around Mick’s neck and letting his alpha slide his tongue into his mouth. Barry closed his eyes, tilting his head and relishing in the taste of Mick. It was like the whole world melted away around them and nothing existed but the two of them. The pain, the hardships and changes all faded around them. All that mattered at this moment, was Mick’s scent surrounding him and the warm safety only being in the alpha’s arms could bring Barry.

In their distraction, neither the alpha nor the omega aware of the cold eyes watching the pair from the hallway with darkness swirling inside them.
Chapter End Notes

Did I say I'm sorry?

One more time, I AM SO SORRY!
Barry let his eyes flutter open, grumbling as he let himself slowly awaken from sleep. The first thing he saw when his mind finally could manage conscious thought was Mick staring at him with a soft expression. Barry smiled up at his alpha, cuddling into Mick’s chest and sighing in content. This was his favorite part of waking up. Opening his eyes and finding Mick beside him, the alpha watching Barry sleep with a look that could only be described as loving.

“Morning doll,” Mick said, kissing Barry’s forehead as the omega let his hands move over the alpha’s bare chest. Mick’s skin was warm under Barry’s fingers and the omega was grateful that he had time today to just bask in laying in bed with his fiance.

“Morning,” Barry greeted, letting his right hand move up to Mick’s face and cupping his cheek. “Did you sleep okay?” Mick nodded, pulling Barry closer and kissing his scent gland affectionately. Barry hummed softly, pressing closer to Mick and feeling his alpha’s early morning hardness brushing against his navel. Barry gasped softly, feeling Mick’s fingers starting to gently circle around his opening.

“Mick…” Barry said, closing his eyes and feeling Mick run a calloused hand down his back. Barry bit his lip and let the softest of moans escape his lips. He leaned closer to Mick, letting the alpha’s warm and musky scent fill his nose and enjoying his touches. Mick leaned down and pressed his lips to Barry in a heated, wanting kiss. Barry let his tongue tangle with Mick’s and wrapped his arms around the alpha’s neck as the kiss deepened.

Mick turned Barry, moving to pin him down and Barry stiffened ever so slightly beneath him. His stomach curdled suddenly, mind thinking back to the miscarriage and feeling guilt eating at him. Even though Barry was on birth control again and they hadn’t had sex in ages between Mick being gone and Barry’s coma, the omega felt sick thinking about being intimate.

It felt like a harsh betrayal to let himself enjoy sex when his body had failed the child that had been growing inside it. He hated that he felt this way still, knowing it wasn’t logical. But somewhere in his mind, the omega instincts Barry always tried to ignore screamed in protest. Barry whimpered ever so slightly in frustration that was more with himself than anything else.

Mick seemed to sense something was wrong when he heard that sound, pulling away and looking down at Barry with questioning eyes. Barry felt a new wave of guilt wash over him but this time, the guilt was for Mick. How could he explain to his alpha that he didn’t want to have sex when they had been separated for so long?

He didn’t want his alpha to think he didn’t want him. Because Barry did, so badly it made his heart hurt. This wasn’t the first time since Mick’s return he had pushed the alpha away either. More than a few attempts had been made, mostly initiated by Mick but Barry kept putting up those unintentional walls he wasn’t sure how to break down.

“Doll? What’s wrong?” Mick asked, sounding concerned and Barry sighed, trying to find the words he wanted to say. “Are you still not up to it?” Barry opened his mouth to speak when suddenly his phone went off and the omega found himself scrambling to pick it up. It was as if the universe was trying to give him an excuse to think.

“Hello?” Barry asked, still pinned underneath Mick and his alpha looking a little irritated by the interruption. Barry looked up at him apologetically, smiling when Mick rolled to his side. He pressed
a quick kiss to Mick’s temple before turning his attention to Dr. Wells’ voice coming through the phone.

“Mr. Allen, I need you to come to the labs today if you don’t have work,” He stated, voice matter of fact and clipped. “We need to work on your speed and perhaps Mr. Rory could help with his heat gun. I think it would be in your best interest to practice your dodging.” Barry sighed heavily, nodding to himself.

“I can ask and give me an hour or so,” Barry stated in response. He did want time to spend with his fiance this morning, maybe get some time to work out his strange new emotions. “I kind of wanted to spend my morning with my fiance…” There was a heavy sigh on the other end of the phone.

“I’m sure Mr. Rory will understand that you have new responsibilities,” Wells replied dryly and his tone irritated Barry somewhere deep inside. “Be here in thirty minutes, try not to be late.” The phone went dead and Barry huffed in annoyance. Mick raised a brow and Barry lifted a hand to run his fingers along Mick’s scalp.

“Wells wants me to train,” Barry explained simply, watching his alpha close his eyes in bliss from his touch. “He wants to test my dodging with you using your heat gun.” Mick’s eyes opened up, a darkness swirling in them and his grip on Barry tightened. He didn’t like the idea of hurting Barry even if it was just training.

“I hate that guy,” Mick growled, nipping at Barry’s neck and drawing a gasp from the younger man. “There is something off about him but I don’t know what. I don’t trust him.” Barry wrinkled his brow, feeling conflicted by Mick’s statement.

On the one hand, Wells had saved his life. The man had taken it upon himself to help Barry master his powers and figure out all the adjustments he needed involving being a metahuman. He, Cisco, and Caitlin had all dedicated so much time to help Barry be a better hero and help the city. But he had hidden Barry’s miscarriage from him and the young omega was beginning to wonder just how much the man wasn’t telling him.

And on the other hand, Barry trusted Mick explicitly. Mick had a good eye for reading people after years of growing up on the streets and being in and out of prison. Mick had also never given Barry a reason to doubt him, he was always steady and never lied to the omega even if the truth might hurt him. Mick was honest with Barry and that alone made the omega more inclined to trust Mick’s gut feelings more than anything Wells might tell him.

“I’m keeping an eye on him but after he kept...the miscarriage from me.” Barry managed to say, the words bringing up a fresh wave of guilt and hurt. “I just don’t know how many things he could be hiding from me and with that whole thing with the military a few days ago…”

Barry’s mind went back to meeting Wade Eiling at the CCPD and Bette San Soucci. Bette had been another meta-human, an alpha female able to create bombs by simply touching an object. Her lack of control resulted in destruction and Eiling had hunted her down in hopes of making her into a weapon. Barry had barely made it in time to stop the woman from trying to kill the general to escape. In his attempt to save her, Bette had died at the hands of Eiling. Shot down and her body becoming a huge explosion that needed to be carried away to keep from destroying the city. Just another life that Barry had been unable to save and it weighed on his soul. Even worse now, Eiling knew about his existence and Barry had to be even more careful or risk being captured as an experiment for the militaries use.

“I know, doll. She was a great gal but you can't wallow in it.” Mick tried to comfort, lifting his hand
to Barry’s face. “You just gotta pick up and keep going.” Barry nodded, feeling his heart weighing heavily in his chest. Mick wasn’t the first person to say that but he couldn’t help but feel the dread filling him at hearing those words yet again.

“I know but it feels like there’s always something new to get over,” Barry said softly, cuddling into Mick and seeking the comfort of his lover’s scent. “I’m still...hurting over our pup and I know I shouldn’t be but...” Mick’s face went blank at the mention of their pup, throwing up an emotionless mask that Barry had learned was the alpha’s way of dealing with anything that made him uncomfortable.

“I know, doll,” Mick said, his tone sounding uncomfortable and stiff. “I don’t really want to talk about it though, talk isn’t going to change what happened.” Barry nodded and laid his head on their pillows with a sigh.

A brief stretch of silence filled the room, Barry’s fingers trailing absent-minded circles over Mick’s chest. He could feel the faint rise of the burn scars along his alpha’s collarbone and his heart gave a squeeze. Mick had been so good about everything, taking all of the changes to their life together in stride. It wasn’t an uncommon fact to Barry that Mick hated change, preferring stability and routine to the chaos their lives had become since the explosion.

“You’ve been so patient with everything,” Barry said softly, his eyes flicking up from Mick’s scars to the alpha’s eyes. “I know I’ve been distant...I’m just...stressed and everything just seems to change every time I look up. Between the miscarriage and Joe breathing down my neck about Iris’ blog... I’m struggling to keep up with it all.” Mick nodded, leaning down to kiss Barry gently, his kiss giving the omega more comfort than any words could.

“I know West wants you to keep it from Iris but don’t you think it would be better to tell her?” Mick stated, rough palms moving down Barry’s side and following a path on the omega’s soft skin with his fingers. “That way, she can be more careful and you two can come up with a compromise. We both know that Iris ain’t the type to stop doing something just because it’s a little dangerous.” Barry hummed in thought, nodding as he listened.

He hadn’t spoken to Iris in several days. Between her outright refusal to stop blogging about the “Streak” and after figuring out that she had known about Barry’s pregnancy but still hadn’t told him. The fight had been quick but he was angry and felt betrayed by his best friend. It wasn’t like them to go so long without talking either and it left Barry feeling lonely, empty with no one to really turn to but Mick.

“Wells said the same thing though…” Barry started to say when Mick let out a scoff, his brow raised as he looked down at Barry. “And what if she hates me for not telling her in the beginning. I fought her so hard on her blog...” The alpha raised a skeptical brow, shaking his head at Barry’s worrying.

“Barry, since when do you ask for permission before doing something you want to do?” Mick asked rhetorically, his gaze still loving but with that familiar defiant fire in them that Barry loved. “Iris is your best friend, has been for years. No fight is ever going to make that go away. I don’t care what West or Wells want or think is best. What do you think is the best idea for this situation?”

Barry wrinkled his brow and considered Mick’s point. Barry had never really been one to let anyone stop him from pursuing his goals. He had become a CSI despite Joe’s insistence against it, had always believed in the impossible no matter what anyone said and had fallen in love with Mick even though everyone he loved said it was a bad idea. He never shrunk away just because other people told him to and more often than not, it resulted in something better for him.

Barry silently reached for his phone, opening up a new text for Iris and sending a message asking to
talk over coffee. Mick watched with a smug grin, smiling proudly at his mate when Barry finally
looked up from Iris’ response. He smiled at Mick, leaning forward and kissing his alpha deeply.

“That’s my boy,” Mick said with a smirk when Barry pulled away, humming when Barry pressed
closer and rolled his hips against the alpha’s to grind thier bodies together. Mick gasped at the
friction, his grip tightening on Barry’s hips. “Doll, we don’t have to do anything if…”

The omega kissed the words away again with a little more force. Barry still wasn’t up to having sex
but making his fiance feel good was still on the table. Barry pulled away from the kiss, nipping and
sucking love bites down Mick’s neck. He drew a gasp of pleasure from the alpha, Mick’s chest
rumbling with pleasure.

“Doll…” Mick groaned as Barry flipped him over, straddling the alpha’s waist and chuckling when
Mick blinked up at him with a heated look of curiosity. “Mmm, what’s that brain of yours thinking
up now?” Barry ran his hands over Mick’s strong chest, smiling cheekily down at his alpha.

“Well, I only have thirty minutes before I blow off STAR labs and go meet Iris,” Barry said as he
leaned down to nip at Mick’s scent gland. “I’m not up for the full sexual experience...yet. But I do
want my big…” Barry paused to kiss along Mick’s jaw. “Strong.” Mick groaned again when Barry
kissed his chest, slowly sliding down the man's body and peppering teasing kisses as he traveled
downward.

“Gorgeous.” Barry murmured against Mick’s stomach, pressing kisses to the softness of the older
man’s stomach. “Amazing alpha, to sit tight and let me take care of him.” Barry nipped at Mick’s
hips playfully before pushing apart the alpha’s thighs to settle between them and get a look at Mick’s
hard length.

Mick’s breathing hitched as Barry’s hand ran up the side of his cock, touches light and teasing. Barry
slowly lowered his head and let his tongue flick over the sensitive head. Mick groaned, sitting up
slightly to watch Barry work. The omega’s pretty pink tongue flicking out to wash over Mick’s cock
and green eyes looking up to meet Mick’s eyes for approval.

“I love watching you do this,” Mick growled softly, brown eyes watching Barry with an intensity
that sent a shiver down the omega’s spine. “Such a good little omega.” Barry grinned up at Mick,
green eyes sparkling with pride from the praise. Barry loved it when Mick praised him when they
were intimate and allowed the words to fill him with the confidence to continue. He wrapped his
hand around the base of Mick’s cock, capping his mouth over the head and giving it a wide lick
before sucking it suddenly.

“Fuck,” Mick moaned softly, hand lifting to tangle in Barry’s hair and watching the omega work
with a lustful look. “Just like that, doll. You know how I like it.” Barry hummed around Mick’s
cock, starting to bob his head up and down the length of it at a slow pace. He took more into his
throat as his hand stroked up from the base to build Mick’s pleasure up.

Barry had done this so many times over the years for Mick, enjoying how easily the act could drive
his alpha crazy with just his mouth. He squeezed his hand just the right way as he stroked, sucking
just the way Mick liked. He would massage the head with his tongue when he reached the top,
earning moans or curses from Mick when he would randomly press the tip of his tongue into the
underside of the already leaking head.

The taste of Mick’s precum was both bitter and delicious to the omega, something that Barry had
grown accustomed to tasting and never failed to make the omega crave more. Flicking his tongue
over the head to collect it, Barry hummed at the taste to send vibrations up Mick’s shaft and listening
to the alpha curse at the feeling. Barry kept going, letting himself look up at Mick as he went and
occasionally pulling away to suck or lick the underside.

“God damn it Doll,” Mick said lowly, his voice sounding rough from the sensations and pleasure. “Don’t tease or I might just pop a knot right in that pretty mouth of yours.” Barry whined softly in response to the suggestion. He took the rest of his alpha’s length down his throat with no warning, eyes going half-lidded at the feeling of Mick throbbing in his throat.

He loved the feeling of Mick in his mouth. The thick, large length forcing his jaw open and the alpha’s scent heavy in his nose. Taking all of it like this was his favorite thing to do now, swallowing around Mick’s cock and listening to the man moan at the tightness of Barry’s throat.

Barry could feel that he was growing slick despite himself, his body starting to feel warm and flustered from Mick’s sounds. The alpha’s voice was always a turn on for Barry, the deep and gruff tone sending shivers down his spine and making the omega pulse with need. It chased away the guilty feeling for a moment and Barry slowly moved his fingers back to his opening to slowly stroke around it. Mick’s sharp eyes noticed Barry’s hand pressing his fingers into his opening and chuckled at his omega.

“Bring that pretty ass this way,” Mick ordered, voice commanding and Barry obeyed without hesitation. He lifted his head, releasing Mick’s cock with a small pop before turning himself around to straddle the man’s waist. Mick hummed with interest when he was met with Barry’s already dripping entrance. Barry blushed at the hungry look in Mick’s eyes, the alpha giving Barry a small eyebrow wiggle just before he grabbed Barry’s ass with both hands.

“So wet just from sucking my cock?” Mick stated, his finger moving to circle over Barry’s opening slowly. “Look at you, dripping and hot. Such a good omega for me, doll.” Barry gasped softly, moaning louder than he meant to at Mick’s light touches. The simple touches sent a thrill of pleasure up his spine and straight into his gut. He hadn’t realized how turned on giving Mick a blow job had made him until his alpha was touching him.

Mick adjusted himself and squeezing Barry’s ass in his hands before spreading him open. The omega moaned again, pressing his hips back before he moved back to what he had been doing. Barry wasted no time taking Mick’s cock back down his throat and swallowing the alpha down. He moved his head with a vengeance now, sucking every inch into his mouth until his nose brushed Mick’s balls and just let himself completely fade into the act of making his partner feel amazing.

Mick’s tongue licked over his opening, licking away Barry’s slick and sending jolts of pleasure through Barry’s body. The alpha’s tongue swirled around the opening in patternless shapes and speeds that sent Barry moaning around Mick’s cock. Each brush of the alpha’s hot tongue left Barry’s mind blank of all thought. It was only them, no outside problems to interrupt them and the omega could just lose himself in the pleasure that filled his body.

A sudden smack to Barry’s ass sent him off the cock, crying out in pleasure and making Barry whimper. He looked back at Mick, the alpha’s eyes dark with lust and cockiness as he slowly pushed one finger inside of Barry. The intrusion teased Barry’s already shaking heat and the omega found himself slowly rocking back on the finger despite trying to maintain control of himself.

“Now Doll, you know I don’t like cumming before you,” Mick growled, earning a sheepish smile from Barry when the omega realized his plan had been found out. “Now, I want you to wait.” Another smack that made Barry gasp in pleasure and pain, Mick’s large hand grabbing Barry’s ass roughly when it landed. The omega whined as Mick’s second finger sunk into him, stretching him open even more but still not enough to sate his desire to be filled.

“Let’s see how badly my pretty omega wants that cock,” Mick said, slowly dragging his fingers
along Barry’s inner walls. “I want to hear you moan and beg for it. Tell me how much you want me to fill your throat.” The alpha was taking his time despite his words, stretching slowly and trying to pick Barry apart. Each time his fingers pressed inside, Mick would slowly drag them out along the inner walls and it sent pleasured heat coursing through Barry in waves. The omega whined pathetically with the feeling of Mick’s fingers filling him up, crying out when Mick would smack his ass and pressing back.

It didn’t take long for Barry’s muscles started to shake as the pleasure built, his heat building higher in his body and hinting at the crash. His mind could only think of the pleasure he felt, only of wanting to be filled to the brim and stretched open.

“Mick…please…” Barry begged as he let his hips move back against Mick’s fingers, fucking himself on them with no shame. The heat was building in Barry’s body and the omega let his words devolving into begging and moans. Mick chuckled, spreading his fingers inside of Barry before letting his tongue slip into Barry’s aching hole.

“Mick…alpha…please…” Barry pleaded, earning himself another rough smack and Mick pulled his tongue away. “Let me have your cock, I want to taste it…” His motions stilled and Barry groaned in frustration. He was aching with need, wanting Mick to go faster and needing it so badly.

“I want you to knot my mouth, claim it.” Barry mumbled, mind such a haze of pleasure he wasn’t even fully sure of what he was saying. “Fill all my holes with your seed. I want you to breed my throat and claim it all.” Mick pulled his mouth away and hummed softly at those words. Another smack to Barry’s ass had him whimpering from the pain before it throbbed off into pleasure. His ass was hot from the smacks and was no doubt red from Mick’s rough treatment.

God, he had missed this.

“Go for it, make me cum with that pretty mouth.” Mick said simply before diving back into his own task. Barry didn’t need to be told twice.

The omega took all of Mick’s cock back into his mouth, moaning around it as his alpha licked and sucked at his opening. The knot had popped at some point and Barry hungrily wrapped his mouth around it. It stretched his jaw, the omega’s eyes watering from suppressing his gag reflex. He let the saliva leak around the sides, eyes hazed over in pleasure as he sucked Mick down his throat as far as he could.

Mick moaned into Barry, hot tongue moving inside of him and the omega could feel four of those large fingers pressing inside of him. The stretch of the fingers and the vibrations from Mick’s loud moan sent Barry tumbling over the edge. The orgasm washed over Barry in a wave, the pleasure crashing down around him strong enough to make the omega close his eyes. He came all over Mick’s stomach and whimpered through the final shakes of his orgasm.

He hadn’t cum that hard in so long, his muscles twitching and Barry didn’t even realize his whole body was vibrating from the feeling. Mick gasped at the sudden sensation, coming suddenly into Barry’s mouth. the omega took it all down his throat, lips clamping down on the knot and letting it stretch his jaw almost to the point of pain. The warm, salty yet bitter taste of the seed slipped down his throat. The pulsing cock in his mouth and throat had Barry groaning in pleasure, his hips still grinding against Mick’s mouth.

After a few heartbeats, Barry slowly pulled away so he could taste the rest of Mick’s seed on his tongue. His jaw ached but the taste of Mick’s cum washed over the omega’s tongue. He loved the taste of the alpha’s seed in his mouth now despite having hated the taste in the beginning. He liked how it coated his throat and eased the ache of swallowing something as big as Mick’s cock.
“Holy shit,” Mick said, chest still heaving from the intensity of his orgasm. “Fuck doll...that was…” Barry swallowed before turning around to face Mick, gasping when his alpha sat up and kissed him roughly.

Barry whimpered into the kiss, tasting his own slick on Mick’s tongue and hoping Mick could taste the lingering taste of his seed in Barry’s mouth. They made out desperately for several minutes until they both needed to breathe again. Panting, Mick sat up the rest of the way and pulled Barry into his lap. The alpha soon pressed gentle kisses along the omega’s neck and scent gland breathlessly, his hot breath feeling amazing on Barry’s sweaty and sensitive skin.

“I guess I forgot to mention some of the side effects of my powers.” Barry stated with a laugh, hands going to Mick’s arms and tracing the rise of the alpha’s muscles and scars with his fingers. “I can vibrate now…” Mick pulled back, eyes filled with heat and love as he stared up at Barry.

“God, I’m the luckiest alpha alive,” Mick mused, pressing his forehead against Barry’s. “I love you so damn much.” Barry smiled softly, sighing in content and lifting his hand to stroke his thumb over Mick’s early morning stubble.

The words made the warmth bloom in Barry’s heart and he felt everything wash away. The guilt, shame, and hurt he had been carrying were eased by Mick’s presence. Together in their home. It was a bliss Barry had never thought he would have but was so grateful for.

“I love you too, Mick.”

Jitters was bustling with activity when Barry and Mick arrived, The older alpha reaching for Barry to squeeze the omega’s hand as his green eyes scanned for Iris. She was bustling around the tables and taking people’s cups with a bright smile on her face. She looked like she was due for a break, a certain tiredness to her eyes.

Barry waved to get her attention and the alpha female looked up, her smile turning a bit sad but she turned towards the counter and told her coworker she was going on a break. Mick nodded at Iris as she walked over, the woman giving him a gentle smile. Mick squeezed Barry’s hip, leaning to kiss Barry’s forehead before pulling away to look down at him.

“I'll grab us some coffee, you two talk.” Mick said simply before moving to stand in the long line. Barry took a deep breath and looked down at Iris. Her brown eyes were filled with regret and hurt, guilt clearly seen amongst the other emotions. Barry could feel his heart twinge at his sister’s clear realization that she had done something wrong and felt bad about it.

“Barry…” Iris said slowly and Barry gestured to a booth, his smile soft and friendly to comfort her. She seemed to relax, taking a seat and Iris met his eyes once Barry had sat down.

“I’m so sorry...I shouldn't have listened to Wells and kept the pregnancy from you…” Iris apologized softly, reaching for Barry’s hands. “I feel so stupid for letting him convince me and…” Barry smiled at her, squeezing his sisters hands. Iris looked so miserable and as angry as Barry had been, he knew that Iris was truly sorry.

“It’s okay, I know you were only doing what you thought was best,” Barry reassured and Iris seemed to relax again. “You’re not the only one being jerked around by Dr. Wells. Mick doesn’t trust him and I’m starting to wonder…” Iris nodded, wrinkling her brow at the serious tone of Barry’s voice. She nodded in understanding but focused on Barry with an inquisitive look. She seemed to sense that Barry wasn’t here to talk about Wells.
“You have something else you want to talk about, I can tell.” Iris stated, eyes narrowing. “Spit it out, Bare.” Barry smiled again, his muscles relaxing. He had missed talking to Iris, missed how easily she managed to zero in on exactly what Barry needed. She was one of his best friends and always understood him better than anyone else, even Mick.

“It’s…I’ve got something to tell you but you can’t tell anyone. Joe will kill me after he finds out I did…” Barry started, trying to find the words. Iris waited patiently for him to get his thoughts together despite the burning curiosity in her eyes. He looked around, making sure no one would overhear before he turned back to Iris and took a deep breath.

“Iris, I’m the streak.” Iris stared dumbly at Barry for a moment, looking as if she was trying to process Barry’s whispered confession. After a few moments of Barry trying to calm his racing heart, the alpha female let out a laugh.

“Yeah right,” she said in disbelief and humor. “Barry…there is no way you’re…” She didn't finish that sentence as Barry lifted his hand, letting it vibrate at a high speed before letting it return to normal.

Iris’s eyes widened and her mouth fell open. Barry could see the question in her eyes for just a moment before he bolted quickly to the back room, returning after barely a second with her purse. Iris blinked in surprise and a few more minutes ticked by before she looked up at Barry with surprise and shock in her eyes.

“Oh my god,” she whispered and leaned forward to talk quietly. “That explains why I've seen photos of Mick with the streak…” Barry nodded, smiling shyly. Mick had been helping Barry with most of his missions stopping crime, his alpha’s protective streak was a mile long but Barry loved having Mick guarding his back. He trusted Mick more than anyone else to keep him safe.

“Yeah, Mick has been helping me catch people like me. Bad people.” Barry informed quietly as he wrinkled his brow at Iris. “Which is why I was worried about your blog...I didn't want you getting hurt but...I know you aren't going to stop.” Iris nodded in confirmation, crossing her arms stubbornly.

“So, I’m hoping we can work together instead,” Barry stated, lifting his hand for a shake with a smirk. “Exclusive interviews and all that but you can’t show up to any more scenes. I can work on getting you an inside view without you having to risk yourself so much.” Iris nibbled on her lower lip, considering things then slowly shook Barry’s hand.

“Sounds good, streak.” Iris teased, making Barry wrinkle his nose. He raised a hand at that and pointed towards her.

“First thing, name change.” Barry said with an air of disapproval. “I’ve been thinking of renaming myself. How does “the flash” sound to you?” Iris grinned like a kid on Christmas morning and nodded in agreement.

“I like it,” she said and took out her phone. “I get the feeling that will catch on...in a flash.” Barry laughed at his sister's bad pun, preparing to say something else when he heard someone say his name.

“Allen? Is that you?” Barry turned to see a large, familiar-looking man walking towards their booth. His heavy, musky alpha scent invaded Barry’s space and the omega had to suppress a shudder when he recognized it.

Tony Woodward. His childhood bully and unwanted suitor from college.
“Tony?” Iris stated, raising a brow at the fellow alpha. “I guess it’s douchebag season.” Tony tossed her a glare before looking back at Barry. His eyes moved over Barry’s form, making the omega feel like he was under a microscope. He wrinkled his nose when Tony looked back up at him. Apparently, Barry had passed whatever inspection the alpha had been doing because Tony gave him a flirty smile before stepping closer.

“Looking good, Allen. You still chasing fairy tales?” Tony stated, crossing his arms in a blatant attempt to show off his muscles. “I guess so since you don’t smell like any alpha has marked that fine ass of yours.” Barry lifted his hand, leaning on it and making a show of the ring on his finger with a glare in Tony’s direction.

“Don’t need to, I’m engaged,” Barry said coldly, eyes narrowing at Tony. “Now I would get out before he gets back. I don’t really feel like processing a crime scene on my day off.” Tony snorted, clearly not intimidated as he leaned on the table. His scent was strong and Barry had to cover his nose to keep from gagging at the strength of it. It smelled like Tony hadn’t showered in a few days, making his musky smell even more noticeable.

“Doubt he’s worth anything if he hasn’t bothered marking you. Probably some useless beta,” Tony retorted, his condescending tone making Barry bristle with rage. “You know, I could show you a good time. Knot you up nice and tight and fill you with pups…” Barry stood up, meeting Tony’s eyes defiantly. The mention of pups hurt more than it should have, making rage fill Barry’s chest like wildfire.

“My alpha knots me just fine, thanks.” Barry growled without thinking, his tone angry and scent distressed. “And I wouldn’t want your pups of you were the last alpha on earth. I’d let the human race die out first.” Tony’s face screwed up in anger, his hand shooting forward to grab Barry’s forearm and Iris stood with a feral growl.

“You little bit-.” Tony started to say when another alpha scent moved in over Iris’s. Tony stiffened and Barry looked up to see Mick standing behind him. He looked irritated but not angry, looking over the scene with a darkness in his eyes.

“I know you ain’t touching my omega, runt.” Mick growled, moving forward and setting the tray with their coffee down. “Cause I think the last time you did that, I promised to rip that arm off.” Tony released Barry, turning and meeting Mick’s intense alpha gaze. The omega rubbed his arm and let his eyes flick up to watch the two alphas stare each other down. Mick glanced over at Barry with a concerned look but the omega nodded to show he was okay. While the pair had their unspoken exchange, Tony looked Mick over and seemed to recognize him.

“I remember you…” Tony stated dumbly, standing up straighter as his eyes hardened at Mick. “The dumb alpha that couldn’t mind his own business.” Mick raised a brow at Tony, just as surprised as Barry that Tony didn’t seem intimidated at all by him. It set Barry on edge because almost everyone was intimidated by Mick.

“Didn’t seem to think that when you ran off like a scared pup. In fact, the only reason I remember you is cause I met Barry that day.” Mick replied, tone annoyed but his eyes looking impressed by Tony’s defiance. “Goin’ on what...five years, doll?” Barry nodded, moving around Tony to get between the two alphas and staring up at the man that had been his tormentor for so many years.

Barry looked Tony over, noting how he looked. Tony clearly had been working out and his muscles showed that. His shoulders were tense and ready for a fight, glaring at Mick with intensity and rage. But there was something else in Tony’s eyes that unsettled Barry, a certain desperation hidden beneath the anger. That look of brokenness, the look of an alpha that had been through too much.
“Tony,” Barry said suddenly, his voice losing the hard tone of earlier. “How about we all calm down. Look, I don’t want to cause a scene and the smell of angry alphas isn’t exactly making people comfortable.” Barry tried to keep his tone neutral to defuse the situation. Mick watched Barry with a raised brow. He could tell his mate was trying to calm the air and seemed to follow Barry’s lead.

Iris looked from Barry to Tony and seemed ready to fight if she needed to. She watched Barry’s movement with careful eyes and slowly nodded. She was guarded but her scent was calming ever so slightly.

“We could...maybe talk. If you promise to drop the macho alpha act.” Barry suggested, gesturing to the booth. “I mean we are all adults now, we don't have to act like we're still in high school.”

Tony was staring at Barry in confusion, the absence of fear and even the way Barry seemed to be acting friendly towards him making the alpha pause. He looked Barry over and a sea of emotions stormed in his eyes.

“I’ve got things to do,” Tony finally replied, voice trying to sound cocky but the edge to his voice was gone. “I'll...see you around, Allen.” With that Tony left after one final scathing look towards Mick. There seemed to be something angry in Tony’s eyes but Barry didn't worry as he let a breath escape him. That had worked better than he thought.

“You okay, doll?” Mick asked, hand resting on Barry’s lower back and his scent turning from aggressive to worried. The smell comforted Barry as he leaned closer to his fiance. The omega nodded and sighed before sitting down, taking Mick’s hand as the alpha joined him in the booth.

“I’m okay, it's just...Tony was so intimidating when we were kids but now…” Barry tried to explain, remembering the look in the man's eyes. “I guess I feel bad for him. He seems like the kind of person who’s had a rough life recently.” Mick huffed and let the smallest irritated growl escape him.

“I know his type, peak in high school and never get over it. Just cause he's had it a bit rough doesn't excuse him touching you or talking to you like that.” Mick stated, moving their interlaced hands to Barry’s thigh. “You can't save everyone, doll. Stay away from him.” Barry nodded, understanding Mick’s concern.

“Yeah Bare, Tony doesn't seem like he’s changed.” Iris reiterated, her brow wrinkled. “Still the same angry bully that picked on you and no amount of feeling bad for him is going to change that.” Barry nodded, thinking that over as the conversation dissolved into talk about his night job.

But Barry couldn't shake the feeling that Tony would be back again, that something was coming and it wasn't going to be good.

Barry and Mick were supposed to be off duty that night but the omega couldn’t seem to relax. He patrolled the streets, having not told Mick where he was going. He needed to clear his head and just forget for a few minutes.

So much had been happening, the weight of becoming a hero was almost too much to bear at times. It felt like Barry was constantly having to put away his feelings in favor of helping people. He wanted to protect his city, to protect his friends but every positive step was riddled with mistakes. Sometimes, it felt like he did more harm than good.

Running was such a release at times. The wind howling past him, Barry’s heart pounding in his chest and taking away the anxieties and thoughts that plagued him. It was a high that Barry wished he could never come down from. It was as if he could feel lightning in his blood and power in his chest
with each movement, a strength inside him that carried Barry across the city. Running at super speeds and pushing himself as far as he could had become a form of meditation for Barry.

The police alert of a car chase came over Barry’s com and he focused his energy on taking off in the direction of the alert. A yellow Humvee, tearing through the streets with a drunk driver would be a simple enough task for Barry to handle with his speed.

He quickly caught up to the police cars speeding just seconds after getting the alert. He could hear shouting as he rounded the corner. Police cars surrounding the area in an attempt to make the man driving the yellow humvee stop, Joe and Eddie standing near their car. Joe was yelling and it only took Barry a brief moment to see why.

A pup, a boy no older than twelve or thirteen, was walking directly in the path of the yellow Humvee. The car wasn’t slowing down and the kid had stopped in the middle of the street to stare at the car barrelling towards him. Pure terror in his eyes told Barry that he was too scared to move.

Barry surged forward and scooped the child up into his arms just seconds before the car would have hit him. Barry’s heart beat wildly in his chest, letting out a breath from just how close of a call that had been. He deposited the kid against a nearby fence, out of the way and focused his attention on speeding after the Humvee.

Gunshots were ringing through the air, officers attempting to hit the driver by firing at the windshield as the car kept speeding towards them. Barry turned just in time to see Eddie moving in front of the police car he had been ducking behind to aim for the driver’s head. Barry was about to double back when he caught Joe diving to get Eddie out of the way of the still moving humvee.

Barry let out a breath of relief and turned his attention to cutting the driver off. The yellow Humvee barrelled through the parked police cars, sending glass and metal flying through the air. The chaos of the destroyed cars would keep the police from following after the Humvee and Barry pushed forward in an attempt to get ahead of the car. He needed to stop this before anyone got hurt.

He took out the side view mirror, getting the driver’s attention and the car finally stopped. Calming his breathing, Barry stood in front of the dead end with a fierce look at the car. His position was blocking the path through the fence and Barry called out to the still obscured driver seated inside.

“Step out of the vehicle!” Barry shouted, staring at the driver's side door and finally coming face to face with the person they had been chasing. That familiar smirk made Barry’s heart run cold.

“If you say so.” Tony said, his eyes slightly red and he stumbled ever so slightly getting out of the car. He reeked of alcohol and irritated alpha, the scent making the omega wrinkle his nose. Barry was about to take a step towards Tony when the man ripped the car door from the car in a show of inhuman strength, surprising the hero.

“Uh-oh.” Barry stated, eye widening as Tony spun the door and sent it flying towards him. Barry dodged, speed saving him my mere seconds before car door ripped through the fence. It wiggled slightly, stuck tightly in the metal and Barry straightened himself up to stare at Tony again.

Barry needed to finish this quickly. Even without powers, Tony was bigger than he was, stronger too. Barry’s only hope was to use his speed to take him out. Gritting his teeth, Barry shot forward with his fist curled to land a punch.

Pain erupted through Barry’s hand and the omega yelped helplessly when his fist connected with Tony’s jaw. His hand went limp and Barry grabbed it, groaning in pain and looking back up at Tony with wide eyes. Tony smirked, hand curling into a fist and his skin slowly turning metallic.
The moonlight flashed over the silver metal of Tony’s hand as it connected with Barry’s face and sent him flying back into the Humvee. He gritted his teeth, catching the edge of the hood on the Humvee and landing hard on the ground. Barry groaned again, his body screaming in various levels of pain. He could feel the blood in his mouth and his ribs aching in his chest. The pain was making it harder to focus on moving.

Tony took slow steps forward, smirking like Barry remembered from high school. The alpha crouched down and stared at Barry through the mask. Barry tried to move and get away, fear seeping into his body and his sluggish muscles affected by the feeling.

“Looks like you were born to take a beating.” Tony mocked, the words echoing in Barry’s mind and sparking memories of a childhood filled with running and punches to the gut. Barry’s green eyes widened as Tony’s metal fist lifted up to strike him again.

Suddenly, a burst of flames shot out from behind Barry. Tony backed up as the fire shot over his body, skin turning to metal as the flames licked over it in a strange dance of light. The metal turned red from the heat and Tony looked up to see Mick standing there with his heat gun and a nasty glare on his face.

“You okay, red?” Mick asked, reverting to his preferred nickname for when Barry was in the suit. He offered a hand to the fallen omega, eyes still fixed on Tony. Barry’s heart raced and he took Mick’s hand, moving to grab Mick’s waist with the arm not screaming in agony from what was most likely broken bones.

“Let’s get out of here!” Barry said as Tony looked between Mick and Barry. He looked confused and angry but Barry was soon zipping them to STAR Labs. Mick caught Barry when they stopped in the middle of the cortex, the omega collapsing onto him from exhaustion and pain. The alpha scooped Barry up, hooking his arm under Barry’s legs and cradling him carefully against his chest.

“I've got you, doll.” Mick said softly, laying Barry down on the cot and reaching for his phone to call Caitlin. “What were you thinking, going out there alone? You're lucky I heard the police scanner or you could have been a smear on the pavement.”

The doors to the lab opened before Barry could respond to Mick and Caitlin looked up in confusion at the pair. They clearly hadn’t been expecting them. Wells was wheeling in alongside her and Cisco took up the rear as Caitlin hurried over to them.

“Barry?” Cisco called out, voice tight with concern as Caitlin ran to the bedside and Mick moved to give her room. He stood by the head of the bed, there to help if needed but not in the way of the beta as her eyes looked Barry over with worry shining in them.

“What happened?” Caitlin asked, starting to notice the blood coming from Barry’s mouth and she quickly got to work. Mick moved to the head of the bed, his large hand caressing the side of Barry’s head comfortingly and the omega hummed softly from the touch.

“Big meta, could turn his skin to metal and someone decided to go out there on his own,” Mick said gruffly, his tone carrying his worry in the irritation. “I got there just in time to keep him from caving Barry’s head in.” Barry smiled, wincing slightly as pain coursed through his jaw.

Caitlin started working on getting x-rays of Barry’s injuries, humming in thought as she worked. She flitted around her lab and drew out a hand splint. Barry grimaced at the sight of the medical instrument and Mick raised a brow at him.

“What were you thinking, going out there alone?” Mick scolded again lightly, his eyes looking up to
scan the x-rays coming up on the multiple screens around them. Barry’s mind was in a fog, his body aching and pounding so much it made his stomach hurt. He wanted to sleep, eyes feeling heavy only to have Mick lift his head to keep him awake.

“Stay awake, doll. You might have a concussion,” Mick stated soothingly, eyes meeting Barry’s steadily. “Keep your focus on me.” Barry chuckled despite the pain in his chest, his sides lighting up with a sharpness that made him groan.

“My focus is always on you,” Barry flirted in an attempt to lighten the mood. “Hard not to stare at someone as gorgeous as you.” Mick rolled his eyes, shaking his head at the omega’s flirting.

“He does have a concussion,” Caitlin stated as she fitted the hand splint onto Barry’s hand. “Along with thirteen fractures in your hand. That’s a new record even by your standards.” Mick’s shoulders stiffened at that list and Barry could smell his worry. Mick hated seeing Barry hurt, especially when he could have helped prevent it.

“That’s just in your hand, Barry.” Caitlin said with a matter of fact tone, screwing the splint on tight so Barry’s hand would be able to heal properly. “You also have three cracked ribs and a bruised spleen. Even with your powers, you’ll need a few hours to heal.” Barry nodded, staring up at the ceiling and letting out a heavy sigh. Breathing hurt his ribs and he really wanted to fall asleep, body tired from all the running. Mick nodded, watching Caitlin move to continue looking at Barry’s condition.

“It was Tony Woodward, my old bully.” Barry muttered, laying back against his pillows. “His skin turned to steel when I punched him…” Wells hummed from his spot just in front of the bed, nodding at the new information.

“Interesting, a man of steel…” Wells mused, leaning on his hand and considering this new development. “And are you sure it was your childhood nemesis?” Barry nodded and he could feel Mick tensing up beside him. The omega leaned closer to the hand still holding his head, tilting his head to kiss Mick’s palm in comfort.

“Yeah, I saw him earlier today and tried to talk to him. He used to have a crush on me when we were teenagers and he tried to hit on me,” Barry explained, watching Wells’ eyes widen in shock. “He met Mick the day we met and ran away then but this time he seemed...worse. Like I could tell there was something off, something desperate.” Mick caught the tone Barry used, the sound of pity or sympathy that had the alpha gritting his teeth.

“You can’t help him, doll. Just look what he did to you.” Mick growled, lifting his arms to cross them over his chest. “He could have killed you tonight.” Cisco nodded in agreement, walking up from behind the main desk and eyes narrowing in a fiercely concerned look.

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“Mick’s right, Barry. You took on a meta, alone and now look at you,” Cisco scolded, his tone barely a note below yelling. “Why didn’t you call us?” Barry moved to sit up more comfortably. If he was going to be yelled at, he at least wanted to be sitting up for it.

“I didn’t know what he was,” Barry defended as he adjusted himself on the end of the bed. “Besides, I was off duty. I was just running to clear my head and happened to hear the alert over the coms. Figured it would be simple and not some meta that used to kick the crap out of me in school.” Cisco crossed his arms, standing beside Mick to give Barry a double dose of disapproving looks.

“It doesn’t matter, he’s liable to hurt someone unless I stop him.” Barry stated before anyone else could throw their two sense into why he was an idiot. “I think I could get through to him if I could just get him to…” Mick shook his head, eyes narrowing in a warning look that had Barry trailing off.
“The only person he is liable to hurt if you try that is you,” Mick interrupted, his voice sounding tight with worry and anger. “The fire hurt him and I’m going to call Len so we can handle this. You are going to heal while we deal with him.” Barry moved to stand up, only to have Caitlin put a hand on his shoulder to keep him still.

“That sounds an awful lot like you and Len plan to kill him, Mick. I can’t let you do that!” Barry said, grimacing at the pain in his side from raising his voice. “I should at least try and help him, isn’t that what we are trying to do here? Rehabilitate the metas?” Mick shook his head stubbornly, meeting Barry’s eyes.

“He’s angry and violent, Barry. I’ve been surrounded by alphas like him my whole life, people like him don’t change…” Mick stated, adamant in his stance on this. “You are going to stay here and heal, let me handle this.” Barry felt the smallest bit of resentment fill his chest. Did Mick not think he could handle himself?

“Why? Because I’m just a weak little omega who can’t possibly hope to take on an alpha?” Barry snapped back, shrugging off Caitlin’s hand and glaring up at his alpha. “You changed, why can’t he?” Mick’s hands went to his side, clearly trying to keep his anger under control.

“I changed because I wanted to, he’s clearly okay with hurting everyone around him including you,” Mick growled, his voice starting to sound angrier by the minute. Barry glared up at Mick and his patience ending with his pain.

“It’s my job to protect this city, that includes at least attempting to help the metas that we find!” Barry tried to argue, the thoughts of the metas that he had faced already coming to mind. Only one had survived so far in his attempts to help save the city and that was Kyle Nimbus.

The convicted felon, formerly on death row, was sitting inside the pipeline waiting for whatever the STAR Labs team would eventually figure out on how to depower him. Barry suddenly felt sick as he realized that he hadn’t told Mick about the pipeline or the one meta they had housed there for the moment.

“Because half of them end up being criminals that will stab you in the back as soon as you turn,” Mick retorted, his voice taking on a deadly tone. “It’s my job to protect you and if that means I’ve got to go back to my roots and bust a few heads, I’m going to do it!” Barry felt his heart skip a beat at Mick’s last statement. Mick was...threatening to kill someone for him? Barry was standing up before he could stop himself, taking a step towards Mick and shaking his head.

“Mick, no. You promised me…” Barry said as he met his alpha’s eyes, his green depths begging as he placed his unbroken hand on Mick’s sleeve. “We can at least capture him and bring him to the pipeline, it’s built to house metas…” Mick raised a brow and Barry took a deep breath. It didn’t matter if this made Mick angrier with him, he couldn’t let Mick kill someone for him.

“Mick’s anger with him, he couldn’t let Mick kill someone for him.

“It’s a...prison. We’ve currently got Kyle Nimbus locked up there...he can become hydrogen cyanide gas and he was killing the people who locked him up.” Barry admitted slowly, his hand squeezing over the sleeve of Mick’s jacket. “Iron Heights isn’t capable of holding the meta-human criminals and he was going to kill Joe…”

Mick raised a hand, silencing Barry and the omega looked down towards his feet. The scent of Mick’s anger was getting stronger and it was taking all of the omega’s willpower to keep himself from covering his nose at the intensity. Mick could be terrifying even though Barry knew that his alpha would never hurt him.

“You’re telling me that the former assassin to the Darbinyan crime family is not only a meta-
whatever now but is very much alive and sitting in this lab?” Mick said slowly, his low voice making Barry’s heart feel tight in his chest. “And not only did you not tell me that you have a prison but a guy that is perfectly capable of killing you in ten different ways is in that prison just sitting there and waiting to get out?” Barry opened his mouth to defend himself when Wells spoke up.

“Mr. Rory, I assure you that the pipeline is perfectly secure,” Wells reassured, wheeling over to the pair and lifting his hands in an attempt to placate the alpha. “It’s the only option we have for-.” Mick turned to Wells, squaring his shoulders and glaring down at the omega.

“Shut up, I don’t want to hear anything else.” Mick snapped, turning on his heel to head out of the lab. “I’m out of here.” Barry froze, his grip on Mick’s sleeve tightening for just a moment before Mick jerked his arm from the omega’s grip. Barry recoiled, drawing his hand back to his chest and staring up at Mick with hurt in his eyes.

“Mick…” Barry said softly, meeting Mick’s eyes and the alpha stared at him for just a moment before he turned on his heel, stalking out of the labs. The room was quiet for several moments with the sounds of the screens and tech the only thing to be heard in the room.

Great, just another mistake to add to his growing list.

The next morning didn’t start out much better for Barry. He had managed to drag himself home after Caitlin confirmed that his concussion had healed itself only to find the house empty of his fiance. Barry went to bed alone and woke up alone, wondering where Mick could have possibly stayed all night long. It wasn’t unlike Mick to just leave for a few days when he needed time to think but after being separated for so long before, it left the omega aching for his fiance.

He barely made it to work on time, his body still sore from the night before and the ache in his chest didn’t help matters. Barry texted Mick as he walked into the precinct, his finger hovering over the send key. Texting “I’m sorry, please come home.” didn’t seem as sincere in text as it would be in person but Barry felt like he should at least try something. He hit send just as he walked up to Joe’s desk and pocketed the phone.

“Hey,” He greeted as Joe took his headphones out of his ears and glanced up at Barry. There was a concerned wrinkle in his brow, the alpha no doubt burning with questions from the night before.

“What happened to you last night?” Joe asked, moving his chair back to give himself room to stand. Barry sighed heavily, knowing he must look just as bad as he felt. He shrugged, sipping at his coffee from Jitters and hoping it would help the empty feeling in his stomach.

“Got beat up by Tony Woodward: Steel-plated sociopath.” Barry said sarcastically, putting on a fake smile and staring down at Joe. “Then I got into a fight with Mick about wanting to help him and the pipeline. Mick didn’t come home last night.” Joe nodded, giving Barry a sympathetic look. He stood up and leaned closer so no one would over hear them.

“So he is a metahuman?” Joe stated, earning a nod from Barry and sighing heavily. “That particle accelerator is just the gift that keeps on giving. But are you okay? Rory will come around soon, he just needs to cool off so you two can talk.” Barry shrugged, smile still a little strained.

“So he is a metahuman?” Joe asked, earning a nod from Barry and sighing heavily. “That particle accelerator is just the gift that keeps on giving. But are you okay? Rory will come around soon, he just needs to cool off so you two can talk.” Barry shrugged, smile still a little strained.

“Relatively, I just need to focus on work and hope that Mick calls me back.” Barry replied, feeling his shoulders sink when he checked his phone one more time. Still no response. Joe put a hand on Barry’s shoulder for a brief moment, eyes softening in understanding.

“I wish I could stay and help but I’m following up on a lead,” Joe explained, reaching for his coat
and sliding one arm into the sleeve. “I’m going to have you on point with Eddie, he’s got a lot of questions that I can’t answer.” Barry wrinkled his nose slightly at that statement. Eddie had seen Barry save that kid, had seen something impossible and Joe was nowhere near equipped to handle those kinds of questions.

“So make up something sciencey to throw him off my scent?” Barry quipped as Joe head towards the door. The older alpha smiled warmly, nodding his head at Barry and lifting his hand to point at him.

“Exactly and also remind him to invite Lisa over for dinner friday night,” Joe said as he turned on his heel. “And once you and your alpha make up, tell him it’s his turn to cook.” Barry smiled warmly at Joe’s retreating back. It was good to see his foster father starting to accept the people in both his and Iris’ life, making everything seem a little steadier than it felt at times.

Now if he could just get his alpha to forgive him.

Barry entered the captain’s office and eyed the small gathering of detectives on the case from the night before. Barry tried to sneak in but Singh looked up at him with a raised brow. The alpha crossed his arms in front of his chest, giving Barry an exasperated look that had the omega smiling awkwardly.

“So pleased you could join us, Mr. Allen,” Singh stated, rising to his feet and walking over to Barry to hand him a file on the case. The older alpha’s brow wrinkled, taking in the look on Barry’s face and seeming to sense something was off. “You okay? You look like you’ve had a rough night” Barry nodded in response, taking the file and plastering on a smile.

“As I was saying, our perp yanked three ATM’s after he boosted the vehicle,” Singh explained again, more for Barry’s benefit than the other officers who had been on time. “ATM security cameras caught him on video. We got a hit in the database. Tony Woodward.” Barry looked up from the file, brow wrinkled as he glanced over at the captain sitting on his desk. Well, looks like he didn’t have to feel guilty about not telling his captain that he recognized Tony.

“He’s got a history of violence, petty theft, assault, going way back to juvie.” Singh continued as Barry and the others looked down at the photos in the files. “Dropped off the radar ten months ago but looks like he didn’t have to feel guilty about not telling his captain that he recognized Tony.

Barry let himself drift off, recalling memories of Tony in his mind. Thoughts of pain from being shoved into lockers, being punched and threatened with harm. Tony would pick on Barry for his father being a murderer and tease him about his mother dying, those taunts cutting deeper than any blow to his body could have. Highschool made things worse for him because suddenly, he was just another omega that Tony wanted to notch his belt with. Barry nibbled on his lower lip, considering what Mick had said about Tony. Maybe his fiance was truly right and Tony wouldn’t change…

“Hey, Barry…” Eddie’s voice said calmly, drawing Barry out of his mind. “You okay?” He looked up and felt his stiffened body relaxing when he saw concern in Eddie’s eyes.

“Hey…sorry, I was just spacing out.” Barry explained, lifting his hand to squeeze the bridge of his nose. “I know this man now that I have a name to put with the face. Old bully who tried to date me when I presented…” Eddie’s eyes widened in surprise, gesturing for Barry to leave the office with
“Yikes, sounds like a nightmare,” Eddie stated with a grimace, walking along with Barry. “I had a fair share of bullies too growing up and that got worse when I presented too. It sucks.” Barry raised a brow, looking Eddie over with a skeptical look. The other omega laughed at Barry’s confused face.

“Don’t let my current state fool you, I was a short, fat son of a politician who closed the factory in my school district,” Eddie explained, smiling sympathetically at Barry. “Not very popular. But that can’t be the only thing bothering you. Lisa said something about Mick spending the night on her couch in Keystone...is everything okay?” Barry felt his shoulders sink. Well, at least now he knew where Mick had gone last night.

“We...got into a bad fight and Mick left to cool off,” Barry said, stopping by Eddie’s desk and leaning against the door frame it was next to. “I sent him an apology text but I’m not really sure what to do...It was my fault but I don’t know how to make it up to him.” Eddie nodded as he shuffled through the papers on his desk, humming in thought before he looked up at Barry.

“Maybe after this case is over, I can help you come up with something.” Eddie suggested, brows wrinkled in distracted thought. “I’m just worried about this Woodward guy, last night I was shooting at him and the bullets just sparked off him...” Barry felt his heart skip a beat, quickly wracking his mind for some kind of easy explanation before Eddie could start traveling down that rabbit hole.

“Maybe he was wearing body armor?” Barry suggested quickly, hoping that might be a good way to explain away Tony’s metahuman abilities without letting Eddie know about meta-humans themselves. Eddie gave Barry a skeptical look and shook his head.

“On his face?” Eddie remarked, straightening up and wrinkling his brows in deep thought. “I find that hard to believe...” Barry opened his mouth again, hoping to recover this before Eddie figured out he was hiding something. Think, Allen, Think...

“Hey Eddie,” Iris said as she seemed to appear out of nowhere, giving Barry a smile when she saw him. “And Barry, just the two omegas I was looking for. I heard about the Flash saving a kid last night, any comment detective and CSI?” Eddie gave Iris an affectionate smile, shaking his head as the alpha lifted her hands to adjust his tie.

“All I know is our perp got away,” Eddie said good naturedly, smile soft as he leaned closer to Iris to subtly inhale her scent. “But Barry here is going to help me find him.” Iris looked towards Barry and raised a brow.

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“Yeah, so unfortunately we can’t comment on the case at the moment,” Barry said with a grin, hoping Iris caught his hint. The alpha female nodded and Barry caught the smallest spark of interest in her eyes. She would no doubt be ready to talk later to get the inside scoop on this case from The Flash himself.

“Fine, I have other sources but you two be careful and if you get time, stop by Jitters for lunch.” Iris said, pecking Eddie on the cheek before turning to Barry and giving him a knowing look. “And I will meet you later so you can help me “edit” my blog post.”

Barry nodded in understanding, exchanging a look with Iris to show he understood her meaning. Private meet up with The Flash later to go over what had happened the other night and Barry had no doubt it would begin to become a regular thing between them.

Eddie raised a brow at the pair, giving Iris a hug before she departed just a quickly as she came. The pair of omegas watched Iris walk into the elevator, turning back to them to wave goodbye. Barry
smiled as she waved to them just before the doors with a happiness in his chest. He was glad he was back on speaking terms with Iris.

“What is up with you two?” Eddie asked, giving Barry a look with more questions in his eyes. “You go from not talking to being joined at the hip again…” Barry opened his mouth to respond when he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. Taking it out, Barry felt his heart flutter with nervousness and anticipation. Maybe it was Mick texting him back...

Barry’s heart sunk in disappointment when he noticed the text notification was from Cisco and that Mick hadn’t answered his text yet. With a sigh, he opened up Cisco’s message. He read through the text, trying to go at a normal speed so he wouldn’t alert Eddie of anything strange. The other omega was requesting his presence at the labs to go over ways to take down Tony.

“I...um...need to go and um…” Barry said as he turned towards the door, catching his shoulder on the door and smiling sheepishly at Eddie. “I’ll be...um...bye!” Barry silently chastised himself for being so awkward but Eddie was getting way too close to finding out just how much had changed with the particle accelerator exploding.

How much longer could Iris, Barry and Joe to keep Eddie from finding out he was The Flash? There would only be more incidences that he would have to cover up. He had already told Joe and Iris to make things easier, why not tell Eddie?

It could prove to be an asset but Barry didn’t know if he should trust Eddie. All of the people that currently knew of Barry’s secret had either been in his life for at least a few years or worked at STAR Labs trying to help Barry. Eddie was still a fairly new person to Barry even if he was dating Lisa and Iris, the trust not properly built up just yet.

Barry shook off the thoughts, heading for the elevator to make his way outside. He had a bigger issue to deal with than whether he should tell Eddie about his superhero persona. Between Tony and coming up with how he could make up for not telling Mick about the prison, Barry was already too stressed out.

“Please tell me you have an idea for taking down Tony,” Barry stated as he walked into STAR Labs, hoping to see his friends hard at work with a solution to their meta problem. “Because I could really use some good news.”

Barry stiffened when he looked up to see Mick talking to Cisco, setting up what looked to be mechanical dummy of sorts. Their eyes met for a moment and silence hushed over the lab. The awkwardness was thick in the air until Mick looked back toward what he was doing, his alpha trying to act as if he hadn’t seen Barry. That stung more than it should have.

Cisco looked between the two for a moment and seemed to sense there was still something going on. But the way he turned to Barry with a grin, ignoring the clear tension in the air in favor of getting to what he had texted Barry for. Barry pushed away the hurt he felt knowing that Mick had been helping Cisco and had ignored him all day. He wasn’t jealous of Cisco per say but...the thought that Mick had preferred being at the labs with the other omega rather than at home with Barry made the omega’s heart twinge.

“Actually, Mick and I have actually been working on something to help you train. Karate kid style!” Cisco said excitedly, gesturing to the dummy Mick was moving away from now. “I call him, Girder.” Barry looked the contraption over with a raised brow.

The metal was clearly from scrap but it appeared to be sturdy enough to take a punch. Welded
together with help from Mick no doubt, each piece carefully put into place in a way only Mick’s strong hands and knowledge of fire could pull off. Barry’s eyes wandered to his fiance, who was leaning against the wall now and still not meeting Barry’s eyes. The omega only looked away when Caitlin enter the room, looking up from her tablet and looking between them all.

“For the record, not my idea.” Caitlin stated coolly, earning an eye roll from Cisco from her attitude. “But I’ll be standing by with ice and bandages just in case this goes badly.” Cisco walked forward, putting a hand on the dummy. His smile was so proud that Barry couldn’t help but feel the slight jealousy melt away.

“Fighting is all about physics,” Cisco explained, earning a gruff scoff from Mick in the corner. “Can it, felon. It is. It’s not about strength or size but energy and power. Barry should be able to take out Woodward if he trains to use his speed effectively with each hit.” Barry nodded in understanding but still wrinkled his nose in distaste at the dummy.

“So I just hit this?” Barry questioned and Cisco raised a hand dramatically. Barry couldn’t help but roll his eyes as Cisco turned to the table behind him and picked up some kind of controller. With a press of a few buttons, the dummy move with stiff but sharp striking motions.

“People move, so Mick and I adjusted this accordingly,” Cisco informed and Barry looked towards his fiance. “Some practice and we will have you taking down Girder in no time.” Mick perked his head up after a few moments, his chest rising with a deep breath. Their eyes met and Mick turned towards Caitlin and Cisco.

“Give us a minute before we start.” Mick stated and Caitlin nodded in understanding before taking Cisco by his arm to walk the omega out into the observation room. The other omega looked towards Barry and gave him a reassuring smile just before the door closed. Barry looked up as the door shut, opening his mouth to speak first.

“I’m sorry, I…”

“I shouldn’t have…”

Both men paused, hoping to give the other time to finish what they were saying. There was a heartbeat of silence that passed between them and Barry bit his lower lip in thought. He should speak first. Afterall, it was his fault they had fought and Mick had every right to be angry about Barry keeping things from him.

“I should have told you about the pipeline, should have asked you how you felt about it,” Barry continued, lifting his hand to comb his fingers through his hair. “I know you worry about me and I can see why...I just...things feel so complicated now and I just lose track…” Mick uncrossed his arms, taking a step towards Barry slowly.

“It’s fine, doll. I get it.” Mick said, sighing heavily and shifting his feet. “I know I can be a bit...heavy handed when it comes down to you fighting people and I know you can take care of yourself...I just…” Mick paused as he seemed to be searching for the right thing to say, lifting his hand to cup Barry’s cheek. The omega leaned into it, closing his eyes at the comfort Mick’s touch brought him.

“I thought I was going to lose you when you went into that coma,” Mick explained softly, his eyes scanning Barry’s face and looking oddly solemn. “I don’t scare easy but I was terrified all those months...and all this damn change...the last thing I want is you to get hurt again.” Barry nodded, understanding what Mick was trying to say. He trusted Barry but not what Barry was fighting.
“I know you don’t understand why I do this…” Barry started to say only for Mick to shake his head with a small smile. The alpha leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Barry’s and letting his hand rise to the back of the omega’s head. The gentle gesture relaxed Barry’s tense shoulders and he let his hands rest on Mick’s collarbone.

“I don’t need to know why, I just need to know you.” Mick stated, looking down at Barry with pride and love in his eyes. “You’re good people, you want to protect everyone and I would never ask you to stop being who you are. But I’m not like that, doll. The whole world could burn if it meant you were safe.” Barry’s heart fluttered in his chest at those words.

“As long as I have you at my side, I will be.” Barry said, voice soft as he took a step forward and wrapped his arms around Mick’s neck. “I think we both just need to learn how to...adjust to all of this.” Mick wrapped his arms around Barry’s waist and buried his nose in the omega’s neck.

“Or at least take a vacation.” Mick said with a chuckle, “You know, my rut is due in a week or so... We could run off to Aruba and spend a week on the beach.” Mick leaned forward, his teeth brushing Barry’s neck and sending a shiver up the omega’s spine. The feeling made Barry push closer at first, exposing his scent gland to Mick instinctively but his logical mind knowing the suggestion was ridiculously improbable.

“Stop that, who would watch the city?” Barry replied, trying not to laugh when Mick’s scruff tickled the sensitive skin of his neck. “Mick, be serious…” Mick smirked down at Barry, eyes holding a playfulness that chased the final bits of Barry’s anxiety away.

“There's that smile.” Mick stated, pressing a kiss to Barry’s forehead before gesturing towards the dummy. “Practice and take out the runt, we can talk more about it later. Preferably with less clothes on.” Barry laughed, crossing his arms and shaking his head at his alpha. Mick could be so charming when he wanted to and Barry found himself grateful that he was one of the few to know that fact about the alpha.

Mick walked towards the door to head to the observation room and Barry turned towards the dummy. Barry felt lighter, less irritated and ready to practice fighting. Barry stood in front of his moving target and looked it over. With a deep breath, Barry took a swing at the hunk of metal before him.

The dummy moved, swinging back at the omega but Barry managed to dodge, using his speed to land a barrage of hits onto the dummy’s metal torso. The hits didn’t even seem to leave a dent and Barry tried to hit harder. He threw himself at the moving target, determination fueling his movements.

He ducked another hit aimed at his head, tapping into his speed to land another barrage of punches at the dummy’s back. More dodging as the machine turned and Barry silently thanked the training Wells had put him through with Mick’s heat gun to better his dodging skills. He rose up under the dummy’s arm, aiming at the lifeless metal head.

The dummy jerked around, hitting Barry from behind and the omega cried out as he stumbled. The next hit came from the front and slamming Barry’s shoulder. The hero flew back, his shoulder lighting up with pain and he landed hard on the ground. Barry cried out and the dummy stopped moving. Mick was the first to burst through the door, his scent heavy with anxiety and Cisco followed in behind Caitlin.

“Barry!” The three called out in unison. The omega groaned, sitting up and holding his arm. It was uselessly hanging to his side and Barry could feel the disconnect in the joints. He took a deep breath to try and work through enough of the pain to speak.
“I think I dislocated my shoulder.” Barry managed to say through gritted teeth. Mick was soon carefully lifting him up into his arms and carried the to what was becoming Barry’s normal cot when he was injured. He hissed when he was gently laid on the cot and felt Mick’s large hand cup his cheek.

“You punch like shit,” His alpha stated, looking down at Barry from his spot at the head of the bed. “Remind me to teach you how to throw a proper punch later.” Barry rolled his eyes, in too much pain to think of a witty comeback for his alpha’s comment.

Caitlin rushed over, stopping by the cot and her eyes looking over Barry’s injured shoulder for a moment. The beta assessed the injury quickly and Barry couldn’t be more grateful that Caitlin always managed to be quick with figuring out how to treat him. She hummed in thought, reaching and placing a pillow under Barry’s shoulder.

“This is going to be quick,” she stated, giving Barry a empathetic smile. “But extremely painful.” Barry took a sharp breath in at that, mentally preparing himself for this. Mick’s hand in his hair was surprisingly Barry looked up at the alpha’s concerned brown eyes before looking back up at Caitlin to reply.

Then his phone went off, prompting Barry to sit back up and look at the caller ID. Eddie’s name displayed across the screen and Barry groaned. Great, that could only mean that Eddie had found something for the case and that meant Barry would have to go back to work. This day just kept getting better.

“Eddie, hey…” Barry managed to say, trying to keep the pain in his voice from bleeding through the phone. The omega desperately hoped that Eddie wouldn’t pick up on it and ask questions. He would have a hell of a time explaining why he was hurt, why it was healed by the time he got back to work, and making it sound believable.

“Barry, we found the stolen humvee in the alley at Fremont and Lawrence.” Eddie stated, clarifying Barry’s suspicions. “I need you down here to do your thing.” Barry bit his lip, holding back the string of curse words circling through his mind at that moment.

“Great, I’ll see you in a sec.” Barry replied, voice tight with discomfort and pain as he hung up the phone quickly. Mick raised a brow at Barry before guiding the omega back. He didn’t question that it was a work call but Barry could see that Mick was enthusiastic about Barry going back to work after being injured.

“Okay,” Barry said to Caitlin, leaning back again on the bed. “Let’s do this.” Caitlin nodded and adjusted her hands to where she would need them to be. She looked over Barry’s face and her eyes flicked up to Mick, watching the alpha glare at her ever so slightly when Barry winced slightly from the simple touch.

“On the bright side,” she said calmly, her grip tightening. “According to my tests from the other day on your hormone levels, you should be going into a proper heat again next week.” Barry’s eyes flew open, his brain trying to process this new information and he looked up at Caitlin with wide eyes.

“Wait, what?!”

Caitlin moved quickly while Barry was distracted, popping the man’s shoulder back into place with a sickening crack. Barry screamed in pain as his nerves lit up in his shoulder, muscles straining with the sudden movement. He sat up almost immediately and gritted his teeth, holding his arm to try and soothe away the pain.
Mick returned to Barry’s side to calmly nuzzle the omega. The alpha’s hand lifting to move through Barry’s hair, drawing the smallest whimper from Barry. Mick hushed him and kissed Barry’s temple in a small gesture of comfort. Barry had read studies about alpha and omega pairings, how being around a intended mate could ease pain but feeling Mick’s touches when he was hurt made him realize just how real that was.

“You’ll be okay, doll,” Mick soothed in his gruff way. “First time with that is always the hardest one. At least you had an actual doctor for it. First time I dislocated mine, I had to have Snart reset it.” The visual of Len trying to put Mick’s shoulder back into place made Barry snort softly. Len’s bedside manner was about as comforting as hugging a cactus and Mick was a horrible patient, the exchange must have resulted in blows.

Barry whined again softly when his shoulder throbbed, burying his nose into Mick’s neck and inhaling the calming scent of his mate. Mick’s alpha scent was heavy, musky with the hormones that were starting to come through from Mick’s impending rut. Barry felt a small rush of arousal from the scent, the rush of endorphins easing his pain. Barry sighed heavily, barely managing to pull his mind out of the haze of pain and arousal fighting for space inside it.

“I guess we’ll be mating a lot sooner than we expected.” Barry teased, earning a smirk from Mick as the alpha leaned down to kiss Barry on the lips. Mick’s palm rested on Barry’s lower back and Barry lifted his good arm to grasp the front of the alpha’s shirt. The omega’s eyes closed blissfully and he melted into the kiss.

“Can you two please keep off each other until I am out of the room!” Cisco griped loudly and Barry pulled away from the kiss. Mick’s hand still cupping his cheek and the other having found its way to his hip, the alpha giving Cisco a cheeky smirk.

“You should have seen the make out we had on your little work desk the other day,” Mick retorted, laughing when Cisco’s eyes widened in silent horror. “Practically had Barry stripped down and willing right then and there.” Barry smacked Mick’s arm, face turning bright red and only confirming that what Mick said was the truth.

Cisco grabbed some anti-bacterial spray and some paper towels from the main desk, running towards his tech lab. Barry couldn’t help but laugh when Cisco started screeching at the top of his lungs about hygiene and cursing Mick with erectile dysfunction.

Barry walked onto the crime scene with his equipment in tow, greeting Eddie with a smile. The other omega looked Barry over, sniffing the air ever so slightly. His blue eyes scanned Barry with an amused look gracing Eddie’s handsome features. Barry blushed when he realized he must smell like Mick more so than usual.

“You smell like soft heat and your alpha,” Eddie commented, his handsome face lighting up with a smile. “I’m glad you and Mick made up. Is you’re heat finally coming back after the coma?” Barry nodded slowly, eyes suddenly looking down. He hadn’t told Eddie the real reason for his heat taking so long to reemerge, it was painful to think about still…

“Um...so what have we got here?” Barry asked to change the subject and pushing past Eddie to scan the open back of the humvee. He took in the several steel drums of what appeared to be from Rusty Iron Brewery. There seemed to be no sign of the stolen ATM’s but Barry vaguely wondered just how much alcohol Tony had consumed.

“The rig Tony Woodward boosted,” Eddie clarified, standing next to Barry as the omega pulled his gloves on. “No sign of the ATM’s. Probably dumped those where he’s holed up, though he’s going
to have one hell of a time breaking them open.”

Barry frowned, moving forward to open up his kit so he could process the scene. He wasn’t confident that Tony didn’t already have the ATM’s open and was most likely running around spending his ill gotten gains. Barry opened up the kit, wrinkling his nose at the smell of the nearby garbage and the stale scent of Tony that still clung to the car. It was setting him on edge.

“So, Iris has been acting a bit strange and Lisa’s in Starling on family business...which I assume means that her brother is there but I’m pretending not to know.” Eddie said, his tone indicating he was about to ask Barry if he knew what was up with Iris. “I know Iris is busy with her blog and I know that Lisa would never tell me where her brother is...I just hate when they don’t tell me things.” Barry hesitated to answer and looked up at Eddie with a raised brow.

“I mean, I get it. I really do.” Barry replied as he stood up to approach the car. “I mean if you are concerned, I would just ask either of them. Plus Iris is my best friend, so I wouldn’t tell you even if I did know and same goes for Lisa.” Eddie nodded, his smile still warm somehow despite the subject.

“It’s just, I’ve never done anything like this before. I mean Iris...she’s my alpha and Lisa is our beta…” Eddie managed, shuffling his feet slightly. “You’re a good friend to Iris and to be honest, before I was a bit threatened by you before I saw how devoted to Mick you are.” Barry looked at the other omega with wide eyes.

While it was more common for alphas to be the more possessive ones in a relationship, omegas could be just as much, if not more, possessive. While it remained more subtle than the aggression that alpha’s usually, there were studies that based the behavior on a natural instinct to breed with the strongest alpha. A strong alpha meant healthy pups, protection and comfort so it was natural for some omegas to get possessive of the alphas they mated with or intended to mate.

“That’s surprising,” Barry said with a chuckle, thinking on what being Iris’s mate would have been like and wrinkled his nose. “I mean I did have a crush on her when we were like ten but after Joe took me in...she’s more like my sister than anything.” Eddie nodded, his face showing acceptance of that fact.

“I just saw how close you are with Iris and Lisa reassured me that it wasn’t a thing but...I just want Iris and Lisa to be happy,” Eddie said and his smile turned gentler. “They mean the world to me and I just...hope that we can be good friends too.”

Barry stiffened slightly, looking away as Eddie was called over by a uniformed police officer. He wished he could help Eddie but with everything going on, he really couldn’t. But with his impending heat, his job and night work, Barry really just wanted some peace and quiet. He thought about his home and sighed deeply.

He shifted uncomfortably, body feeling too warm and uncomfortable. Being around Mick in his pre-rut state had sent Barry’s hormones up and started his soft heat ahead of his schedule. He hated this, his body feeling like it was running in overdrive and his scent starting to attract some looks from alpha officers. Mick’s lingering scent would warn them that Barry was taken but he glared at two uniformed police officers that were staring his way.

The worst part about a heat was having to go out and deal with alpha’s staring or sniffing at you. He shouldn’t have to be mated for people to just let him do his job, not stare at him like they would jump him if he let them.

He sighed heavily, recalling the incident with the dummy. He wasn’t helpless but sometimes he wondered if that was just something he told himself to make himself feel better. Joe had tried to each
Barry how to fight but he had never really been good at it...

“So what do you think?” Eddie’s voice suddenly asked, drawing Barry from his thoughts and the omega looked up with a small hum of response. Barry rose, pointing towards the yellow humvee and the mud caked on the tires.

“Judging by the mud and the kegs, I’d say he got hammered, stole the biggest truck he could find, and went joy riding.” Barry explained, wrinkling his brow in thought at the name on the kegs. “I bet the kegs are stolen, too. Rusty Iron Ale is a micro brewed right over in--.”

“Keystone, I know the place.” Eddie interrupted and jerking his head to the side in a gesture for Barry to follow. “Let’s check it out.” Barry looked back towards the car and then over at the other alphas that were pointing at him. His blood boiled as one had the nerve to wink at him and he turned to Eddie with a look of irritation. Eddie smiled sympathetically at him and Barry let out a deep sigh, at least Eddie understood.

“Yeah, just give me a second to grab my kit.” Barry half grumbled as he looked down at the drivers side of the car when Eddie headed towards his car. There was dirt, metal and glass fragments littering the driver’s side floor and Barry wrinkled his brow. The metal appeared to be from Tony himself, the shine of it catching his eye.

Barry gathered the sample in a bag and looked around, walking over to his kit and placing the bag in it. He could run tests on that to see what he was dealing with and maybe even give STAR Labs some to analyze for themselves.

One step closer and Barry hoped it would be enough.

The micro-brewery was buzzing with heavy alpha scent and sweat, the workers loading trucks in the alley and looking up when both Barry and Eddie approached. Barry felt uneasy, catching various different workers looking up and eyeing him like a piece of meat. He glared back at a few, sticking close to Eddie since he had the gun and badge.

“Gentlemen,” Eddie announced as he confidently walked up to the truck with three men loading kegs into the back. “CCPD.” Barry looked around, noting the shipping and receiving sign hanging above. Two of the alpha’s looked up, raising a brow at Eddie and looking over the badge he had whipped out.

“Any chance some of your merchandise was stolen last night?” Eddie questioned as what appeared to be the manager walked closer to answer the question. Barry locked eyes with the alpha standing in the back of the truck, his spine going rigid and watching him sniff the air.

“Don’t think so.” The foreman said with a confused look and Barry could see him calculating things in his mind. Barry kept his eyes on the other alpha, who smirked at him despite the scowl on Barry’s face. His grin revealed yellowed and crooked teeth and his scent made Barry’s nose wrinkle in distast. Ugh, even if he was single, this alpha wouldn’t have a chance. The omega bristled and crossed his arms, his ring on full display for the alpha to see.

“How about this guy?” Eddie asked, taking the mugshot of Tony out of his jacket pocket and flashing it towards the foreman. “You seen him?” Barry watched the alpha he was staring down suddenly look towards the photo. His features paled and he turned around, his movements suddenly nervous.

“You know Tony, don’t you?” Barry questioned, his tone neutral and calm despite the smugness he
could feel rising in his chest. Eddie perked up and looked towards the alpha that Barry was addressing with narrowed eyes.

“Hey,” Eddie called out, voice firm as he shook the picture towards the alpha. The man stiffened for a moment and turned slowly, eyes looking at the picture again for just a moment.

Then he jumped off the back of the truck, hitting the ground running.

“Barry Come on!” Eddie called, the omega giving chase and Barry did his best to control his speed at a normal pace to follow after Eddie. The alpha turned down another alleyway and Eddie followed with his blue eyes fixed on the man. Barry stopped in his tracks, looking around for an alternate route. He could make it and cut off the alpha before he had a chance to escape. Barry let out a burst of speed, traveling down the alley and towards the fence the alpha was heading down.

He stood in front of the fence, meeting the alpha’s eyes with a fierce look. The man’s eyes widened at Barry’s sudden appearance and Barry briefly looked towards Eddie. The other omega looked just as surprised as their suspect to see Barry standing there and Barry briefly realized he would have to figure out how to explain how he just appeared.

In his distraction, Barry didn’t notice the alpha getting closer. He lifted his fist and punched Barry in the face before the omega could react. Barry went flying back into the wall of the alley, the metal sign clanking with the force of his body hitting it. Barry sunk to the ground and looked up just in time to see Eddie tackling the alpha to the ground.

Barry groaned, lifting his hand and grabbing the side of his face. His jaw hurt like hell and the omega leaned over in an attempt to breathe through the pain. It wouldn’t bruise but he was still in a bit of pain until his healing kicked in. Eddie grabbed at the alpha’s hands, pinning him down on the hard concrete before looking over at Barry.

“Barry, you okay?” Eddie questioned, pulling the fighting suspect to his feet. Barry gritted his teeth, still trying to fight off the pain as Eddie held the alpha in place to glare down at him.

“Never better.” Barry responded sarcastically, still sitting on the ground and hoping that his healing would keep his face from bruising. Mick would be furious if he saw Barry banged up for what felt like the hundredth time that day.

“Get up.” Eddie ordered fiercely as the alpha finally stopped fighting. Barry was actually surprised at how scary Eddie could be when angry, his scent heavy with a quiet rage that the other omega knew was being kept under control. The alpha whined, an undignified sound that hinted at more fear than his scent was giving off.

“I didn’t do nothing, man!” The alpha cried out, wilting under Eddie’s harsh gaze. Eddie gripped the man’s blue shirt tightly, jerking him back to stop the man’s struggles to escape his grip.

“So why did you run?” Eddie demanded with a tone that left no room for lying. “If you didn’t do anything why run?” Barry rose to his feet, taking a deep breath in as he watched the scared alpha beginning to fold under the pressure of being caught.

“Tony falling, okay?” the alpha confessed, earning him confused looks from both Barry and Eddie. “But I swear to god, we didn’t kill him!” Eddie looked over at Barry, quirking his brow before turning back to the man with an intrigued look.

“Keep talking.” He ordered and the demand only made the alpha’s fear scent heavier. He was downright terrified of Eddie in this moment. Barry couldn’t help but be impressed. Even with scent
blockers that Eddie took to keep his omega scent hidden, he managed to be intimidating. Barry wondered how that was possible and where he could learn that.

“About ten months ago, Keystone Ironworks.” The alpha continued, staring up at Eddie with a hopeful smile. “Boss is handing out pink slips. Tony gets his, and he just snapped. He started beating the crap out of the guy.” Barry’s eyes widened and the pieces clicked into place.

“We pulled him off, and then the lights went out. Some kind of power surge and then Tony went over the railing right into a vat of molten scrap.” The alpha defended, his chest heaving from running and fear of being punished. “He was just...gone…”

So that was how Tony got his powers. The particle accelerator must have caused the black out and saved Tony from dying in the molten metal but fused it into the alpha’s genetic makeup. What that must have been like, waking up to find yourself changed and everyone thinking you were dead. No job, no prospects…

So Tony had gone back to his roots. Beating on people, getting drunk, and stealing to make ends meet. Barry looked away, his heart fighting with his head for a moment. Tony was dangerous but Barry couldn’t help but think of Mick. What if Barry had never woken up? Would Mick have gone back to his roots the same way Tony had...

“Lucky for you, he’s still alive.” Eddie stated, getting out his handcuffs to cuff the man’s hands behind his back. As he clicked the cuffs into place, the alpha looking bewildered at the thought of Tony still being alive, Eddie wrinkled his brow at Barry.

“How did you get in front of us?” Barry stiffened under the question, wracking his mind for an excuse that would make sense. He shrugged, eyes not leaving Eddie’s to indicate he wasn’t lying despite the fact he was.

“Shortcut.” Was all Barry could reply before Eddie started to walk the alpha to the car. Barry let out a breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding. That had been a close call. Eddie could have found out about his powers and that would be a whole new mess of problems that Barry didn’t need right now.

He was beginning to wonder if it was even worth it anymore.

Mick hadn’t really done much day drinking since getting back into town, most of his days spent working on the house or helping Barry at night. He hadn’t done anything criminal since that last heist attempt with Len and he figured it was time to go to Saint and Sinners, make sure everyone still knew that he hadn’t gone too soft. He was itching for a fight, wasting too much time waiting to find that snot nosed brat of an alpha setting him on edge.

Mick walked into the bar and several other alpha’s looked up at him with looks of interest. The bar went quiet as people stared openly at him but no one made a move to hassle Mick. The alpha grinned, putting his hands in his pockets and making his way to the bar. He sat down on the bar stool, the wood creaking beneath his weight in a familiar sound.

“Rory, good to see ya,” The bartender greeted, meeting Mick’s eyes with a look of amusement. “The usual?” Mick nodded, grunting in response and the bartender moved to fill his order. Mick could smell the other alphas getting antsy, their scents mixing together in varying degrees of irritation and fear.

Good, they still knew better than to mess with him.
Mick got his beer, the cool glass of the bottle wetting his fingers as he took a sip. It felt good to be back in this familiar bar, the place he had taken Barry on their first date and where he had spent many nights celebrating heists with Len. Mick felt himself ease, relaxing in the familiarity of his bar.

He would never admit it to Barry but all this change was really rubbing Mick the wrong way. He tried to be patient and just go with it but Mick hated change. He was a creature of habit, a man that woke up at the same time everyday and followed a routine without really meaning to set one. He liked consistency and even though he loved Barry, the constant flow of change that came with his omega’s newfound night job was beginning to wear on him.

“Hey, Rory,” A voice growled from behind him and Mick turned slightly to see who it was. “Fancy seeing you here.” Tony stood behind him, a smug grin plastered on his face. Mick raised a brow at the man, nose carefully taking in Tony’s scent and eyes watching his movements.

“What do you want, runt?” Mick questioned, his voice sounding impatient and bored. “I’m busy.” Tony glared at Mick, his eyes searching for something. Mick could see confusion and rage in the alpha’s eyes, like he was trying to find an answer to a problem but just couldn’t see where the ends met up.

“How did you do it?” Tony spat, closing the distance between himself and Mick. “I tried for years to get Barry. That whiny bitch always turned me down because of my record or some other excuse...how did you get him into your bed?” Mick raised a brow at the questions, noticing the phrasing Tony used and narrowing his eyes. His blood boiled ever so slightly at the insult towards Barry and Mick let the smallest growl escape his throat.

“Don’t talk about my omega like that,” Mick responded gruffly, eyes narrowing in a steady glare. “And it don’t matter how it happened, Barry is mine.” Tony met Mick’s glare steadily, a smirk lighting up on his face. Mick could smell that Tony was close to his rut too, the hormones and musk lighting Mick’s instincts on fire. It only served to fuel the rage barely licking at the surface of Mick’s mind.

“Does he know you’re out at night fucking around with the streak?” Tony said with a grin, taking his hands out of his pockets and crossing his arms in front of his chest. “That little wannabe hero didn’t smell like alpha so I bet he’s another omega on scent blockers. Have you seen under the mask while getting busy with leather boy?” Mick let out a low growl, a warning that sent him rising to his feet.

“Watch yourself runt,” Mick snapped, his scent taking on a hostile and deadly musk. “You’re digging yourself a really deep grave.” Tony laughed at Mick’s glare, not seeming intimidated in the slightest.

“You know, I could smell Barry the other day.” Tony said smugly, his smile turning mocking. “He’s almost in heat and he’s currently unmarked. I bet you two were planning on it soon, right? With your rut lining up with his?” Mick rose to his feet, getting in Tony’s face and sizing the smaller alpha up. He knew that Tony was just trying to rile him up but the implication behind this alpha’s words only made Mick’s rage burn hotter in his chest. Tony’s grin only widened with the realization that he’d gotten under Mick’s skin.

“Wouldn’t it be such a shame if someone else got there first? Wonder what Barry will say if he finds out you’re getting something on the side,” Tony chuckled, reaching up and shoving Mick back with more strength than Mick thought the runt had. “Maybe I’ll just take him to my place out in Keystone, show him how a real alpha takes a mate.” Mick surged forward, grabbing Tony by his wife beater and reaching for his belt quicker than the meta could blink. He took out his gun, the familiar whine of the heat gun activating filling the air.
Suddenly, Tony’s face was turning to metal and the alpha slammed his forehead into Mick’s face with a crack of breaking bone. Mick grabbed his face and his eyes watered for just a moment before Tony’s metal fist slammed into Mick’s gut. He growled angrily, blood starting to rush from his now broken nose and dripping onto the floor. He resisted the urge to vomit from the pain lighting up through his stomach and side. Mick could feel that he had a few broken ribs from that hit.

Mick managed to keep himself on his feet and shook away the water from his eyes. He took a step back, dodging Tony’s next punch and staggering away from him to put some distance between them. It would be stupid to attempt to punch Tony now that Mick could see more metal creeping over the rest of the man’s body.

Mick grabbed for a barstool behind him, tossing it Tony’s way to distract him. The meta lifted his hands to block the wooden stool and it shattered on contact. The cracking of splintering wood almost seemed to echo through the bar as the few patrons that had stuck around to watch the fight ran off in shock.

“That all you got, old man?” Tony questioned, his voice condescending as he opened his eyes. Suddenly, he realized that in his distraction, Mick had managed to step forward with his gun raised. The muzzle of the gun pressed against the meta’s gut and Tony’s face fell. Mick smirked at him, blood still running from his nose as he fired. The flames engulfed Tony, not burning him but clearly causing the meta pain.

Tony staggered back with a scream, the metal over his body heating to uncomfortable levels as Mick backed him towards the door. Tony seemed to realize that he had no hope of survival unless he ran. The alpha crashed through the door and hit the ground running away.

Mick leaned against the door, chest heaving from the fight and gritting his teeth against the pain of his broken nose and ribs. Damn, he had wanted a fight and he sure got one. Mick reached into his pocket and took out his phone. It took him a minute to hit the speed dial for STAR Labs as he stumbled over to his motorcycle.

The phone rang for a few moments and Mick got onto his bike just as Caitlin’s voice greeted him over the phone. Mick took a deep breath to fight off the pain, spitting blood onto the ground before he spoke.

“Hey, Doc. I’m gonna need your help…”

“Mick!” Barry cried out as he rushed into the lab, making everyone turn their heads towards the doorway to the cortex. His heart was pounding in his chest and his phone still clenched in his fist. It was clear he had ran over here within minutes of getting Caitlin’s phone call.

Mick was on a cot, nose swollen and both eyes starting to turn black. He looked over at Barry with a smile, noting the worried look on Barry’s face. The omega felt fear grip his chest just looking at Mick’s injuries and feeling his heart skipping in his throat.

“Doll, calm down.” Mick said softly as Barry walked over, his shoes still smoking from running over with his speed. “I’m fine, just a minor fracture. I’ve had a hell of a lot worse.” Barry put his hand on Mick’s knee, his eyes scanning all over Mick’s injuries. His alpha put his hand over Barry’s and squeezing it gently.

“You have a minor fracture in your nose, two broken ribs and that punch to your gut left a very nasty bruise that will affect your eating for a few days.” Caitlin scolded and Barry looked towards Caitlin with question in his eyes. “Tony came looking for him and I think Mick should wait it out here for a
few days until we catch him.” Barry turned back to Mick and his eyes narrowed.

“Tony did this?” Barry asked softly, eyes searching over every injury. “Why would he go after you?” Mick sighed, hand reaching out to wrap around Barry’s waist and there was the smallest flicker of anger in his eyes.

“He was jealous and trying to get me to fight him…. He met the business end of my heat gun and took off.” Mick explained, his hand lifting to cup Barry’s cheek. “I’m really okay, doll.” Barry bit his lower lip in worry still. Wells chose that time to speak from his spot near the central computer system.

“Barry, I know you’re angry but try to keep a cool head about this.” Wells advised, his voice a strong urging that forced Barry to take a breath. “We will come up with a way for you to fight this meta but you need to be patient…” Barry’s eyes went to his feet, trying to calm the rage burning in his heart.

Barry was okay with getting hurt in the line of duty, had accepted it as part of his job and with his healing he didn’t have to worry too much about himself. But Mick was very much human. A tough, strong alpha but still human. He could get hurt and the things Barry did easily without much worry about getting hurt, Mick could easily die from. If he lost Mick...

“This is my fault,” Barry said softly and Mick shook his head, tilting it slightly to let Barry scent him comfortingly. “He could have seriously hurt you or worse…” Mick shushed Barry, knowing the hormones racing through Barry in preparation for his heat were making the omega a tad more emotional than normal.

“It’ll take a lot more than some runty alpha to take me down, doll.” Mick soothed, his large hand settling on Barry’s lower back and rubbing slow circles. “Funny thing was, Tony accused me of fucking The Flash on the side. I wanted to laugh because he’s not far off.” Barry half snorted, half laughed into Mick’s neck at this information.

“Hmm, so you’re cheating on me with the flash,” Barry teased with a gentle nip at Mick’s scent gland. “Well, I could maybe find it in my heart to forgive you...for a price.” Mick rumbled at the nip to his gland, hand snaking around Barry to grasp at his ass. Cisco laughed from the screen where he was working on running simulations, shaking his head when Barry yelped from Mick’s touch..

“Mates…” He grumbled with a grin in the couples direction. “When you can pull yourselves away from each other, I’ve got some idea of how we could take out Girder.” Barry raised a brow at the name for Tony and Mick nodded in approval at the name.

“The gravel you gave us from Tony’s ride contains 76.8 percent hematite consistent with the mines at Keystone Ironworks,” Cisco explained as he turned to face Barry. “I’ll bet he’s holed up there since it closed down ten months ago.” Mick wrinkled his brow, nodding in agreement.

“Yeah, he was saying something about having a place up in Keystone when he came into Saints.” Mick clarified, watching Barry pull away to reach for his phone. “Good hideout. Guess the runt isn’t completely stupid.” Barry hummed in agreement, texting Eddie with the lead and Mick could tell that the wheels in Barry’s head were turning.

“I’m going to go with Eddie and some of the force to go check it out,” Barry said as he looked up at Mick. “It’s a lead and I’m hoping that Tony will come quietly for the police…” Mick’s brow wrinkled, grimacing slightly when pain shot through his injured nose from the motion.

“Doll, he’s close to his rut and I don’t know if I want you or Thawne trying to take on a testosterone
filled alpha on your own this close to your heat,” Mick protested, hand lifting to grasp Barry’s arm. “He’s dangerous and the way he was talking in the bar makes me think he won’t take no for an answer.” Barry’s eyes softened and he kissed Mick’s cheek gently, touching along the stubble on his alpha’s chin.

“Eddie can handle himself and if anything happens, I can speed out of there if I need to.” Barry reassured the alpha. “I don’t want you getting hurt anymore than you already are. We protect each other, remember.” Mick still didn’t look too sure about this plan but the way his hand squeezed Barry’s hip before letting the omega go told Barry that Mick trusted him.

“Alright Doll,” Mick stated, nodding his head slightly. “Just keep your head up and call me if something happens.” Barry nodded, turning to head to the door for a moment and pausing. He turned back to Mick, minding his lover’s nose and pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

“Love you.” He said softly, “I’m going to stop by the house and grab my scent blockers before I go if it makes you feel better.” Mick nodded again, laying back on the cot with a sigh. He looked tired and Barry suspected the painkillers that Caitlin had given him were kicking in now.

“Love you too, doll.” Mick murmured, laying on the pillows and closing his eyes. Barry pressed one more kiss to Mick’s temple and looked up to see Caitlin giving him a small, misty-eyed look. Barry smiled sadly at her as he realized what she must be thinking about. Ronnie, her fiance and the love she had lost in the explosion.

“Take care of him for me,” Barry asked as he headed for the door, earning a nod from Caitlin before Wells spoke again. Barry turned to the older omega, raising a brow at him and leaning forward in his chair.

“Barry I can’t say that going straight to Woodward’s hideout is the best idea. He already overpowered you once before and without being able to readily use your speed, he could kill you.” Wells stated and Barry turned to the scientist with a fierce look.

“I know, all right? I know!” Barry snapped, his temper flaring as he looked back at Mick’s sleeping form. “Tony is bigger and stronger than me, always has been but you can’t expect me to just stand aside after he hurt my fiance. It’s one thing to hurt me but…”

Barry took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. He lifted his hand and squeezed the bridge of his nose before lowering it to his mouth. He felt so powerless, just like he had for all the years that Tony had tormented him. Nothing he could do was going to work against his former bully and that scared and angered him all at once.

“I couldn’t stop Tony when we were kids and I can’t stop him now,” Barry stated with a voice tight with anger. “Even with powers, I’m completely powerless against him!” Wells adjusted his glasses, leaning forward in his chair and giving Barry a calming look.

“Not necessarily,” Wells replied, casting his eyes towards Cisco and nodding at the omega. “Cisco?” Cisco went over to the computers, bringing up on the main screen a simulation of Barry in his flash costume and Tony fully armored up in metal.

“Any material,” Wells explained as he turned back to Barry, eyes meeting the younger omega’s with a sense of confidence that Barry wished he could feel. “If struck at a high enough velocity can be compromised.” Cisco nodded and looked up at Barry, pressing a few keys on the keyboard and giving Barry a comforting smile.

“We ran an analysis on the metal in Tony’s footprint,” Cisco explained, nodding his head when
Barry looked over at him. “Based on its density and atomic structure, if you impact it at just the right angle and just the right speed then you could do some serious damage.” Caitlin wrinkled her brow slightly, looking over at Barry with a look of worry.

“How fast would I have to go?” Barry questioned, hope filling his chest at just this small bit of information. It could be the answer to this whole problem.

“Factoring in the metal’s tensile strength, estimated dermal thickness, atmospheric pressure, air temp…” Cisco stated, pressing a few more keys to show on the screen what could happen if this worked for them. “You’d have to hit him at approximately….” A small pause filled the air, leaving Barry anxious for an answer. Cisco leaned towards the screen and a look of surprise dawned over his face, a bright grin gracing Cisco’s features as he looked back at Barry.

“Mach 1.1.” Cisco finished, opening his mouth to say something else when Caitlin interrupted, walking from her spot by Mick’s bed with a disapproving look.

“You want Barry to hit something at eight hundred miles an hour?” She questioned, giving Cisco a raised brow and crossing her arms over her chest. Cisco looked over at her, shaking his head in thought and looking off towards the side with a wrinkled brow.

“Eight hundred thirty-seven, actually,” He confirmed, nodding his head after he figured out the number and returned to stare at Caitlin. The beta didn’t appear convinced and instead glared at Cisco as if he had grown an extra head.

“That is faster than the speed of sound.” She stated, the scolding tone of her voice making Barry’s heart sink again. Cisco didn’t seem phased by the fact, his smile growing wider as he turned back to Barry with an encouraging look.

“I know,” Cisco said as he eyes lit up with happiness, lifting his hands at the sheer idea of Barry reaching those speed. “He would create a sonic boom, which I have said before would be awesome.” Barry took a deep breath, setting his hands on his hips and looking down to think this over.

“I have never gone that fast.” Barry stated, not liking how pathetically hopeless his voice sounded. Wells held up a hand, his eyes giving Barry a reassuring look that somehow eased all his fears.

“Yet.” He clarified and Barry leaned over on the desk, considering the idea. Caitlin lowered her arms, staring at all the men with a look of complete disbelief.

“I can’t believe we’re actually entertaining this idea,” She stated, gesturing to Barry and trying to reason with the group. “I mean, he’d need a straight shot from miles away.” Cisco lifted a hand to interject again.

“Yeah, 5.3 miles, theoretically.” He pointed out and earning him a look from Caitlin. The statement didn’t seem to ease her clear anxiety over this whole situation. Barry could see that she was fighting for words to say, words that could convince Barry that this was a crazy idea.

“Do it right, you’ll take him down.” Wells finished for Cisco, nodding at Barry encouragingly. Caitlin closed the distance between herself and Barry, meeting his eyes and taking a deep breath.

“Do it wrong.” She warned morbidly, “You’ll shatter every bone in your body.” Caitlin’s urging did reach Barry, his face falling as he considered it.

With a pause, Barry looked back towards Mick in the cot. He took a step towards his fiance and stood near the bed, watching him sleep. A slow look of acceptance came over Barry’s face. It was a slim chance but a chance nonetheless. He had to take it. With a fierce, determined look, he turned
back to his friends.

“I have to try.” Barry said with finality, leaving no room for further argument as he turned towards the door. “I’ll be back soon, just let me take care of the stuff at work.” Wells nodded at Barry just before the omega turned on his heel and walked out the door.

It was time for Barry to stand up and fight, not just for himself but for those he loved.

Barry practically leapt up the steps of the porch, trying to hurry so he could meet Eddie and the rest of the officers at Tony’s hideout. He was buzzing with nervous energy and anxiety from the impending stand off with his childhood bully. Barry entered the house, humming to himself as he looked around his home with a small smile.

He would never get tired of having a home to come back to, taking a quick look around. He made a note to do the dishes sitting in the sink later. Humming as he went upstairs to the bathroom, Barry breathed in Mick’s scent that lingered in the bedroom. Flipping on the light and opened the medicine cabinet, it only took him a moment to scan the shelf and find his scent blockers.

Barry took out the bottle and smiled down at it. Hopefully these would help to keep Tony from scenting his soft heat and maybe even keep the other officers off his back. Barry usually took them but without his normal heat schedule he hadn’t seen a need to.

Suddenly, the sound of a door opening and closing downstairs alerted Barry that he wasn’t alone. The omega stiffened at the sound and he set the prescription bottle on the bathroom counter carefully. Barry held his breath and moved slowly out of his bathroom.

Barry used a small burst of speed to get himself downstairs, muscles ready for a fight as he looked around. The omega could smell the heavy scent of an alpha, a very angry alpha. Barry knew instantly that it was not his alpha. Mick would have called him if he was heading home so soon after Barry left.

Carefully, Barry entered the kitchen and looked around. The intruder couldn’t have gotten far in the few seconds it had taken Barry to get downstairs. The omega’s heart was hammering in his chest, whole body on edge now. he turned to leave the kitchen, hoping that he was just hearing things...

Only to find Tony standing in the doorway.

The alpha smiled at Barry, his eyes flicking over the omega’s form with a hungry gaze that had Barry backing up. The scent of the alpha’s musky scent burned at Barry’s nose, strong enough to make his eyes water. Tony took a step forward and met Barry’s eyes with a commanding alpha gaze. Barry clenched his fists at his side, willing himself to stare up at Tony defiantly despite his shaking knees.

“Hey Barry,” Tony practically purred, his voice making fear strike through Barry’s heart. “You smell like that alpha, taking a look at my handiwork?” Barry took a deep breath despite the burning scent in his nose and glared up at Tony.

“Tony, I want to help you but I can’t let you get away with hurting Mick like that.” Barry snapped at the alpha, earning a raised brown from Tony at his tone. “Look if you just come quietly, I can take you to people that can help you with your powers…” Tony rolled his eyes at Barry’s words and took another step forward.

“Did you know that alpha you’ve shacked up with is running around with the flash?” Tony said smugly, watching Barry stand his ground in front of him. “Bet he leaves you here all alone at night,
waiting while he’s knot deep in some wannabe hero.” Barry’s curled fists tightened, his nails digging into his palms and the pain grounding him through the haze of musky alpha scent.

“I know he’s out with the flash and I’m okay with that. I also know that Mick is not cheating on me with him.” Barry stated, voice hard with demand. “I don’t like you talking about my fiance like that either. I want to help you Tony but you can’t just go using your powers to hurt people, this isn’t school anymore.” Tony blinked at Barry in surprise and for a moment, the smallest spark of something akin to hurt flashed through the alpha’s eyes.

“I just don’t get you,” Tony said suddenly, gesturing to Barry. “You denied me for years, called me a thug and a bully...I know I picked on you when we were kids but I had omegas lining up when I presented but you always said no.” Tony took another step towards Barry, his eyes narrowing in clear anger that made the omega’s heart suddenly pound heavily in his chest. So, Tony was jealous of Mick and angry that Barry had chosen the older alpha.

“Then, it turns out that you’ve shacked up with Mick fucking Rory? Even I know that I’m better than that felon. I may be a thug but he’s a murderer.” Tony practically growled as he reached for Barry’s arm, yanking him closer and eyes boring down into Barry’s with a fierce, intense rage. “What does he have that I don’t?”

The hand on Barry’s arm squeezed painfully, the metal traveling up Tony’s arm and increasing his grip. Barry looked from the hand grabbing his arm to Tony’s face. The desperation and anger in Tony’s face was shocking, so angry because of how his life had gone and willing to hurt anyone to take what he felt he deserved.

“He loves me,” Barry replied defiantly, meeting Tony’s eyes with a fierceness of his own. “You spent our entire childhood tormenting me and as soon as I presented, all you saw was my status. Mick sees me as I am and loves me for it, no matter what.” Barry tried to yank his arm from Tony’s grip but never let his eyes leave the alpha’s.

“You think that just because you have special powers, I’m going to suddenly want you? Look at you, you could be out there trying help people but instead you use it to hurt people thinking the world owes you something.” Barry practically growled, his scent heavy with fear and anger mixing together to overpower Tony’s heavy alpha scent. “You were a bully then and you’re still a bully now.”

Tony was silent for a moment, his eyes wide as he let Barry’s words sink in. Barry continued to struggle against the alpha’s grip, trying to find a plan somewhere in his mind. He needed to get out of this situation without revealing his speed...

In a flash of movement, Tony lifted his other arm to slam his metal fist into Barry’s head. With a whimper from the sharp pain, his vision swam and Barry’s whole world faded into black.

Mick opened his eyes groggily, mind still in a haze from the painkillers that Caitlin had given him. His head felt foggy but he knew from experience that it would soon clear. Mick looked around the lab, feeling off but managing to sit up despite his aching stomach.

“Mick, thank god.” Iris’s voice suddenly said, making Mick turn and look over to see that she was standing near the central computer. The alpha female looked him over, her eyes filled with worry that seemed to be shared by everyone in the room. Joe was standing in the corner with worry mixing with an irritation.

“What’s going on?” Mick asked with a small shake of his head, lifting his hand to rub his temple. Joe
looked towards Mick and the alpha was instantly awake. The look in Joe’s eyes was one of bad news, his shoulders stiff and the man took a deep breath.

“Tony took Barry.”

Mick’s blood ran cold, his mind going back to what the alpha had said in the bar. Mick was on his feet in an instant but staggered back when his head rushed from the sudden movement. He shook his head to center himself as Caitlin rushed over to check him over.

“Where?” Mick demanded with a low tone in his voice, pulling away from Caitlin and meeting Joe’s eyes. The older alpha rubbed the stubble on his chin and his eyes darkened with rage.

“We don’t know,” Joe stated, stress outlining his age as he met Mick’s eyes. “The force is on it but we checked his hideout and found nothing.” Mick felt fear curling in his heart, cold and slow. Barry was trapped with an alpha near their rut, approaching his heat and the thoughts of everything that could happen only served to turn his fear into rage.

“Cisco, is there anyway we can track him?” Iris asked, putting her hand on the desk and turning towards the omega. Cisco was typing on keys, brow furrowed as he seemed to already be working on a way to find Barry.

“Looks like his phone was left at his house so that won’t work...if he had his suit I could track him through that…” Cisco stated, more to himself than to the room. Wells appeared to be lost in thought as well, his chair pushed up at the desk and trying to find his own ideas.

“Never in my life have I wanted to sew a tracker on my kids,” Joe stated dryly with a groan. “Maybe now I should start thinking about it.”

Suddenly, an alarm went off on the computer and drew Mick’s attention to it. It was an alert for a fire alarm that had gone off at a school near Joe’s home. Iris’s eyes widened when she saw the name.

“Carmichael is the school Barry and I went to…” she said with a look towards Mick. “With Tony.” The realization dawned on all of them collectively, Mick letting a low growl escape him. His scent heavy in the room as he turned on his heel. Mick was already moving to where he kept his heat gun, holstering it at his side and turning to Joe.

The alpha met Mick’s eyes and they exchanged a look. The silent exchange was one of acceptance and camaraderie, a shared desire to make sure Barry was home safe. Joe nodded, arms crossing over his chest with a dark look in his eyes. Iris put a hand on his shoulder and turned to Mick with a nod of her own. Fire was shining in her eyes, angry and certain.

“Bring our boy home,” Joe told Mick, earning a nod from the alpha before he walked to the door. “Call when Barry is safe and I’ll send the cavalry.” Mick was out the door and to his motorcycle with dark thoughts running through his mind. Tony better hope Barry didn’t have a scratch on him.

Or he would wish he had never been born.

Barry awoke with a groan, his vision still swimming from the blow he took to the head and he blinked in the low light of wherever he was. He moved to adjust himself, looking down at his wrists when he realized his hands were bound. White zip ties held his hands in place but his feet were still free.

Barry’s heart started pounding, panic filling his chest as he looked around rapidly to get an idea of where he was. Familiar looking blue lockers lined the hallway of what Barry recognized as his old
school, the black and white tile cool underneath him as Barry managed to lift himself up to stand.

He appeared to be alone for now. The dark hallway seemed to be void of anyone but Barry himself and he stared down at his wrists. With a slow, deep breath, Barry vibrated his wrists against the zip tie and gritted his teeth against the burn from the friction until the hard plastic snapped. Rubbing his wrists, the omega looked around for some kind of escape.

The door at the end of the hall caught Barry’s eye and he stiffened to run towards it when a hand grabbed his arm roughly. Barry whirled around, hand curled into a fist only to have the punch intercepted by Tony’s cool metal hand.

“Glad to see you’re awake, Allen.” Tony said with a smirk, his grip on Barry tight as he looked down at him. “I’d rather you’d be awake when I beat that leather wearing weakling and your precious alpha into the ground.” Barry blinked up at Tony, heart rate picking back up when his sharp mind finally pulled all the pieces together.

Tony wanted to beat The Flash, wanted to prove something. But Barry couldn’t tell him that the Flash wouldn’t come...not while Barry was standing there without a mask to hide his identity. Mick wouldn’t have any idea he was here...

“What makes you think he’s going to come for me? Just because I know him doesn’t mean anything...” Barry tried to say only to have Tony move and pin him against the lockers. The metal clattered under the force of Barry’s body hitting it, reminding the omega of all the times Tony had done the same thing in these very halls.

“Because he’s all buddy with your alpha. I doubt he’ll want his partner’s side piece to get hurt.” Tony sneered, his eyes moving over Barry’s body. Barry knew he must smell like fear and panic, the scent mixing with his soft heat hormones and he could see Tony’s eyes clouding slightly at the smell. “And if they don’t come...guess you’ll finally have to accept that Rory doesn’t love you.”

Barry tried to think, his mind moving to figure out the best way out of this. Tony’s scent was heavy in his nose and burning into him. He wanted to wrinkle his nose in distaste at the musky scent but then he spotted the fire alarm just to his left.

Barry took a deep breath and thought quickly, his stiff body relaxing ever so slightly and calling on the acting skills he hadn’t used since his days helping Iris in the drama club plays when they needed an extra. he let himself audibly sniff the air, smiling ever so slightly when Tony raised a brow.

“You’re in a rut...It smells good.” Barry said softly, his voice taking on a flirty tone. “Can’t say it isn’t attractive...such a strong alpha really sets off my heat...” Tony’s eyes widened ever so slightly before he smirked at Barry’s tone and let his free hand move to Barry’s hip.

“Guess even a stubborn little bitch like you can’t help biology.” Tony said, voice a low growl as Barry tried not to feel the alpha’s grip on his skin. His heart curled in disgust at the touch but he didn’t let it reach his face. Instead, he smiled up at Tony in the most wanting way he could manage.

“What can I say...It’s so hard to say no when I get like this...” Barry practically purred as he felt Tony’s grip loosen on his left hand before it moved to grab his chin. “It’s like all my body wants is to let a big, strong alpha knot me up...fill me with pups until I can’t move...” Tony growled, his eyes clouding over with lust and he leaned his head down to Barry’s ear to nip at the shell of it. He didn’t seem to notice as Barry slowly moved his now free hand toward the fire alarm.

“Is that what you want?” Tony asked, voice low as he licked over Barry’s scent gland and sent the omega’s stomach curdling from the touch. “For me to knot you up and make you scream...” Barry
was shaking now, his body wanting to reject Tony’s touches but if he just moved a little further. He just needed to reach the alarm and someone would be able to find him...

His hand landed on the alarm and Barry pulled the handle with all his might.

The alarm sounded and Tony leapt away in surprise at the sound. Barry tried to slip away without his speed only to feel Tony’s arms around his waist, pulling him back against the alpha. Barry fought against Tony’s grip when he heard the sound of the fire alarm being smashed beneath a metal fist.

“You fucking bitch!” He growled, throwing Barry to the ground and staring down at him. “I don’t want to hurt you, Barry but if you keep trying to pull this shit…” Barry looked up at Tony with a rage sparking behind his eyes.

“Then stop it,” Barry stated, his voice hard as he met the dark glare in Tony’s eyes. “The Flash has nothing to do with anything and neither does Mick. This is about you and no one else.” Tony straightened up as Barry scrambled to his feet to be eye to eye with the alpha. His fists curled at his sides, his anger and fear mixing in his heart and burning away any logical thought.

“You spent all this time blaming everyone for how your life turned out. You peaked in high school and instead of taking a look in the mirror and trying to change it for the better, you take it out on the people around you!” Barry snapped, his chest heaving from yelling as he glared at Tony with all he had. “You think you’ve got it so bad? My mom died right in front of me and all you ever did was mock me for it! I got struck by lightning and spent nine months in a coma and because of that, I lost my pup!” Tony took a step back with wide eyes but it seemed like everything Barry had been holding in was flowing out of him in waves that he could no longer contain.

“These past few months, my entire life has changed but not once have I blamed the world or innocent people for it! Hell, I don’t even blame the people I should be blaming for it!” Barry shouted and backed Tony into the lockers. “You have a shitty life but that does not give you the right to take whatever you want and hurt whoever you please. Did you ever once stop and use what little bit of brain power you possess in that thick skull of yours to think that it isn’t the world that’s the problem, it’s you!”

Barry stopped, his eyes wet with tears and his body vibrating from his emotional outburst. He took a step back and tried to take a deep breath, his chest rising and falling from all the shouting. He lifted his arm and wiped away the wetness from his face. Tony seemed to stand in silent shock, shaking his head and staring at Barry like he had grown an extra head.

“Allen...I...I didn’t think that…” He started to say after a moment only to have Barry glare back up at him, stealing away whatever words he had been about to say. Barry didn’t care anymore about what this man was going to say. He had wanted to save Tony from himself but there was no point. Not when this man clearly didn’t want to change.

“No, I don’t need your pity.” Barry spat before he took another calming breath. “You need to think. Is this really what you want? To come have some final battle in an empty school, romanticizing the glory days as if they still matter? Because if you don’t think about this, if you try to hurt people that I care about...It won’t matter to me. I will take you out and I will make sure you never hurt anyone again.”

Tony’s eyes darkened, his shoulders turning stiff as he looked down at the seriousness in Barry’s eyes. He seemed to consider what Barry was saying when his eyes looked off to the side, thinking over those words that Barry had screamed at him. There was a long stretch of silence and Barry could feel his heart beating in his throat. Tony looked back up, eyes meeting Barry’s with a look of shame and he opened his mouth to speak.
Whatever Tony had been about to say went unsaid as the sound of the door opening with a loud bang drew both the men’s attentions to the door.

“Get the hell away from my mate.” Mick’s low voice growled dangerously, his heat gun whirring as it powered up.

His scent hit Barry’s nose roughly, the scent almost choking the omega with the rage and dominance that only Mick’s scent had. Tony growled, his eyes dark as his own scent became heavier and Barry found his vision swimming from the strength of both alphas getting ready for a fight.

“I underestimated you, Rory,” Tony growled as his skin suddenly covered itself in metal and glowed in the low light of the school halls. “I figured you send your buddy Flash to come take me out but I guess you decided to do it yourself.” Barry moved to run towards Mick, hoping he could stop the potential fight. He took a step forward only to have his wrist grabbed by Tony and the alpha roughly tossed him into the lockers with a fierce alpha glare down at him.

“Stay there,” Tony ordered as he turned back to Mick. “The alphas are talking.”

Barry felt his shoulders shake ever so slightly, the fierce gaze catching him by surprise. Just like with Clyde Mardon, Barry could feel his instincts fighting to take over. Barry pressed himself against the lockers and cast his eyes away from Tony to look at Mick. The omega whimpered despite himself, his mind a struggle between cowering off to the side because of the fighting alpha’s and needing to be at Mick’s side.

Mick met Barry’s eyes and the omega could see his mate’s eyes flash with a look of distress. He could see that Barry needed him, the strong desire to get to Barry. Mick turned back to Tony, knowing that it was this alpha that was scaring his mate. The distress in Mick’s eyes soon faded into anger as he fiercely glared at Tony. Mick looked angrier than Barry could ever recall seeing before and the omega felt a tug of fear in his chest. Mick wasn’t just angry, he was running on pure protective instincts.

“Don’t you dare talk to him like that!” Mick shouted before he pulled the trigger to his gun. The flames shot out and lit up the hall, Tony managing to dodge and sprint to Mick faster than Barry thought he could move. Mick dodged the meta’s punch and ducked behind him, shooting at Tony again and hitting the mark.

Tony let out a yelp of pain, rolling out of the way of the blast and Mick punched his face out of instinct only to grunt in pain. Tony threw up a hand and knocked the gun from Mick’s grip with enough force to make the other alpha gasp in pain. The gun skidded across the floor and landed out of Mick’s reach, the distraction giving Tony an opening to land a punch that sent Mick to the floor with a pained grunt.

“Mick!” Barry cried out, getting to his feet and pushing away the nausea racking through his body from the heavy alpha scents. Barry’s instincts were on fire but he pushed the struggle away, his need to protect his alpha surpassing the instinct to cower. Tony started to walk towards Mick with a raised fist and a dark look in his eyes.

“Guess we know who the better alpha is now…” he said just as he stopped in front of Mick. Barry rushed forward, yellow lightning trailing behind him as he collided with Tony and shoved his back across the floor and away from Mick.

“It’s not him you should worry about.” Barry said with a growl, speeding forward and grabbing a flag pole to hit Tony across the face with. The metal collided with enough force to spark, sending Tony staggering back with a grunt.
Using his speed, Barry hit Tony again in the gut and lifted the pole again only for the alpha to grab it and stare down at Barry with wide eyes.

“You...your the flash?” Tony stated incredulously, gripping the pole with both hands and swinging Barry into the lockers. Barry hissed in pain but hing on, trying to regain control only to be swung into another set of lockers and his grip loosened.

He slid across the floor and landed against the lockers at the end of the hall with a crash of metal meeting flesh. Barry gasped in pain, lifting himself up with his chest heaving. Mick was forcing himself up and dove for Tony with a raised, bloodied fist only to have the other alpha grab it and force him down to his knees.

“I should have known a weak little omega like you was the flash.” Tony mocked as he kicked Mick aside and the alpha hit the lockers with a grunt. “You were always good at running away.” Barry looked from Tony to Mick, the alpha looking up at Barry with blood dripping from a cut on his head.

“Doll…” Mick managed and Barry felt his resolve harden. He looked forward and sped past Tony and through the doors.

His sneakers were smoking as he sped through the city, clothes catching fire until he stopped to grab his suit in the labs. The wind blew past the people gathered in the labs but Barry didn’t have time to stop. He needed to focus.

He ran until he was exactly 5.3 miles from the school and turned. He lowered himself into a runners position, muscles poised and ready. He took a deep breath and his green eyes sparked before he pushed off with all his might.

The city was a blur of passing lights and cars, the omega urging his muscles to go just a little faster every second. He screamed as his muscles and lungs burned, his rage and determination filling his chest like wildfire. Glass suddenly broke around him, the echoing sound of a sonic boom quaking through the city.

Barry burst through the school doors, throwing himself into the air and lifting his hand into a curled fist. His brow furrowed at the effort and he caught the briefest look of fear in Tony’s widening eyes as the world seemed to slow. Barry threw everything he had into that one punch as it connected with it’s target.

The metal reverberated against Barry’s hand, pain shooting through him as Barry tumbled over Tony and into the lockers with enough force to dent the metal. Tony fell in a heap on the floor, his metal skin returning to normal. The alpha’s body landed with a satisfying thud and Barry groaned in pain.

He looked over at Mick with his chest heaving. He tried to catch his breath, grabbing his hand and leaning against the lockers in an attempt to hold back his pain.

“Y-you okay?” Barry managed through gritted teeth and Mick nodded, the smallest pained chuckle escaping him.

“I think he broke more ribs.” Mick stated casually, earning a breathy laugh from Barry.

“I think I broke my hand again.” Barry replied, his laughter slowly falling away to more pained groans. Mick grunted, managing to crawl over to Barry and collapsing at his side before both men moaned in unified agony.

“That super sonic punch was the coolest thing ever!” Cisco exclaimed, putting a hand on Barry’s
shoulder after Iris finally released Barry from the tightest bear hug she had ever given him. Joe ruffled his hair with a look of pure relief and pride shining in his eyes. Barry was grinning brightly, his hand still aching a bit but seemed to had healed up nicely.

Mick was being inspected by Caitlin, the beta scolding him for attempting to punch Tony when he was only human.

“You are lucky you somehow only managed to bruise your hand and not break anything.” Caitilin fussed as Mick rolled his eyes, hissing in pain when Caitlin lifted a gloved hand to clean his head wound with an antiseptic soaked cotton ball. “But good news is that your ribs are just bruised and I’ll prescribe you some pain killers that should help.”

Barry watched Joe stare at Mick for a moment as Caitlin moved away from the alpha, probably to go get some of those painkillers she mentioned. Joe walked over to Mick and stood in front of him for a moment or two. Mick looked up and met Joe’s eyes, the two alpha’s staring at each other for a moment until Joe held out his hand.

“Thank you...Mick.” Joe said slowly, his gratitude apparent in his voice. “For saving him.” Mick raised a brow at Joe, the alpha’s brown eyes scanning over him for just a moment. Slowly, Mick lifted his hand to shake Joe’s.

“Don’t thank me, you raised a pup that can take care of himself,” Mick stated, giving Joe a wry smile. “Honestly, he saved my ass tonight.” Barry felt his heart expand with warmth and he closed the distance between himself and Mick, leaning on the alpha and kissing his cheek.

“We saved each other.” He stated as Mick looked up at him, releasing Joe’s hand as his other arm wrapped around Barry’s waist. Joe looked at the pair, watching Mick’s eyes soften at Barry before leaning forward to lick at Barry’s scent gland.

“Guess you’re right about that, doll.” Mick chuckled as he scented Barry, the smallest growl escaping his throat. “You still have that runt’s stink all over you…” Barry let out the smallest of laughs, wrapping an arm around Mick’s neck and letting his fingers gently massage along his alpha’s scalp.

“We’ll head home after Caitlin clears you to move.” Barry said as Mick worked on scenting Barry as much as he could without getting too explicit in front of their family. Joe seemed to be accepting Mick but even the alpha knew that he was treading a thin line and that he could just as easily go back to barely tolerating Mick.

“He’s good to go,” Caitlin said with a warm smile, her brow raising at Mick’s clear show of dominance. “Just be careful with any extracurricular activities you two decide to get up to.” The omega blushed under the hints in Caitlin’s voice and cleared his throat. Barry leaned down, kissing Mick on top of the head and peeling himself out of the alpha’s arms.

“I’m just going to go grab my things and then we can head home for some rest.” Barry said softly, heading to go collect his wallet and keys that he had left in Cisco’s lab. The other omega would need to fix the gloves on the suit, the friction of hitting Tony full force had scuffed them ever so slightly. He hummed as he did, feeling tired but happy that this nightmare was over.

His heart felt lighter than it had in weeks, even his heat getting a little stronger hadn’t managed to deter the happiness in his chest. His body felt a little too warm, his slick leaking slightly but not to the point where he worried. Being around two strong alpha scents had seemingly sent his heat into overdrive and Barry hoped he could get the days off needed just to spend with Mick.
He wasn’t sure when he would find time for their mating in between being the flash and Mick healing but he hoped that they could make it work. Barry’s hand rose up, lingering on his scent gland and the spot where Mick would leave his mark. The omega’s heart skipped in his chest and the brightest smile broke out over his face.

It would all work out, it always did in the end.

Barry grabbed his keys and phone, pocketing his keys before opening his phone to look it over a bit. A few messages from Singh and Eddie both. Eddie was glad he was okay and even shot a message offering to teach Barry some better fighting techniques. Barry thought about it for a moment before replying with a yes. Eddie was closer to Barry’s height and size, with more fighting experience and might prove useful in helping Barry fight more effectively.

Singh’s message had Barry wrinkling his brow in confusion. It said he was approved for his two week heat leave and that he had someone from Starling coming to assist already. Barry hadn’t even put the time off in yet and two weeks was longer than he had ever been given before...he hadn’t even told his captain that he was in his soft heat...

Suddenly, a sharp poke to his neck had Barry panicking. Instantly, Barry knew it was an injection but his racing heart rate seemed to make the effects almost instant. Barry felt his muscles go numb, falling back into strong arms. He fought to stay awake and tried to smell who it could possibly be but his mind was already quieting. Barry tried to keep his eyes open and blinked up at the person holding him.

“Sorry doll,” a deep voice said with the smallest hint of apology. “It’s for your own good.”

And just like that, Barry’s eyes blinked shut and faded into sleep.
Barry groaned when he finally opened his eyes, mind in a slight fog from sleep. He laid back on a bed that was softer than the one he owned and his mind took a moment to get its bearings. He stared up at the ceiling, not really seeing it as he tried to sort himself out. It wasn’t until he realized he was moving that panic instantly filled Barry’s chest. The omega bolted up, fear pounding in his chest when he realized that he wasn’t in his home.

It took Barry a few moments after looking around to realize that he wasn’t on a bed but an impossibly comfortable couch. There was a small table in front of him, a few fancy airplane seats and Barry quickly realized he was on a plane. A very expensive plane. Barry could see clouds moving across a blue sky passed the small windows at a reasonable speed and the omega had to take a deep breath to remain calm.

He searched his brain in an attempt to recall what had happened, for some clue as to how he had gotten here. His mind was still hazy from whatever he had been drugged with and Barry lifted his fingers to his temples. Rubbing in slow circles in an attempt to clear his mind, the omega found it hard to focus on his memories. Barry’s stomach growled loudly, reminding him that he hadn’t eaten since before taking on Tony.

To top it all off, there was a persistent discomfort between his legs from his overactive slick. The heat and tightness curled in his body from arousal, indicating that Barry had started his heat. The omega whined softly, adjusting himself in an attempt to get comfortable but finding it was impossible.

Just as Barry managed to calm himself down enough to think, Mick’s voice called his attention to him from behind. Mick stood in the small, personal kitchen of this plane. Mick’s scent was drenched with hormones from his rut and Barry had to bite his lower lip to keep from whining. The scent was heavy in his nose, stirring desire in Barry’s gut and making him squirm uncomfortably in his seat. The slick feeling seemed to increase from his intended being so close and smelling so good from his rut.

“You’re awake, that’s good. I was beginning to wonder how strong that sedative the doc cooked up was.” Mick said as he walked over to Barry, carrying a plate of food. Three sandwiches were piled on the plate and his mouth watered. He was starving from using his speed on Tony and healing his
hand, his body craving food and surpassing the desire dancing in the edges of his gut from his heat for now.

Mick smiled as he put the plate on Barry’s lap, chuckling when Barry didn’t say anything in favor of eating. Barry practically inhaled the sandwiches in a blink of an eye. Mick had made sure to add extra turkey and cheese but it still barely touched on his hunger. It did give him enough mental energy to process what was going on though.

He remembered the words just before he blacked out. Barry let his back go stiff, head perking up to glare at his alpha. Mick met Barry’s gaze steadily and it only served to irritate Barry a bit more. His eyes narrowed as he looked over at Mick, face darkening a bit in anger. Mick had drugged him and Barry was not happy with it. His emotions were already all over the place from the hormones wreaking havoc with his body and this newly recalled information didn’t help.

“You drugged me!” he stated, jumping to his feet and glaring up at his alpha. “What the hell, Mick!”

The alpha met Barry’s eyes, not even bothering to look ashamed. He reached out to touch Barry only for the omega to back up. Barry felt just a little guilty when Mick’s eyes flashed with hurt from the rejection but Barry was irritated. His body was feeling way too warm, waking up had alerted him to the slickness between his thighs and he fought himself to keep from inhaling the scent of Mick’s musky hormones starting to fill his nose. He needed to keep focus so he could scold his fiance for his actions.

“It wasn’t all my idea, the doc and shorty helped too.” Mick defended, giving Barry a look. “And Queen, this is his jet after all.” Barry felt his jaw drop, looking quickly around the jet and noticing the Queen Consolidated logo on the carpet below his feet. So all his friends had been in on Mick’s kidnapping scheme. If Barry didn’t trust Mick as much as he did he would have been more nervous but now he was just confused. What in the world was going on?

“Where are we going...why...” Barry asked, the questions running around in his mind and his heart still racing. His heat was making him jumpy and anxious, his green eyes looking back up at Mick and meeting the alpha’s eyes with confusion swimming in them.

“Wells wouldn’t agree to a vacation but everyone else did, so the team helped me knock you out and Queen agreed to watch the city while you took a break for your heat,” Mick explained gruffly, licking his lips as his intense gaze moved over Barry’s face and body. “Fuck Doll, I can’t think while you’re standing over there and smelling like that...”

Mick looked like he was fighting hard to stay where he was. His eyes looked over Barry, fists clenched at his sides and body stiff. His eyes seemed to beg the omega for some kind of sign that he could approach. Barry felt his heart lose some of the anger and surprise he had felt as he looked over his alpha trying so hard not to approach him until Barry said he could.

Barry tentatively took a step forward, the scent of his alpha filling his nose when he took a deep breath. He whimpered and closed the distance to bury his face in Mick’s chest. His body felt like a live wire, his hands reaching to grasp Mick’s shirt and humming when Mick’s large hand touched between his shoulder blades. The alpha slowly let his hand glide down Barry’s body, the touch drawing a soft groan from Barry as Mick made his way down to cup his ass.

“So you kidnapped me, for a vacation?” Barry asked, tilting his head to reveal his neck and scent gland to Mick. A placating, submissive gesture that showed Barry’s anger towards the alpha had cooled. Mick nodded, leaning down and licking at the gland in a way that made Barry shiver with need.
“Talked to Singh and West, they got you the days off and Queen lent us one of his planes so I could take you to Aruba. Him and Ponytail are going to help watch Central while we’re gone so we can spend time mating without having to worry about meta’s wrecking it.” Mick explained between nipping at Barry’s neck, slowly guiding the omega back towards the couch again and slipping his hand down the back of Barry’s pants. “Fuck, Doll you are soaked...Want to take you right here…”

Barry could tell Mick was fighting hard not to just bend him over, instead he taking the time to explain what was happening to ease Barry’s anxiety. The omega whined as he finally let himself relax in Mick’s arms. God, it was hard to think when Mick’s heavy scent was so close and Barry’s instincts were fighting for control. Mick’s heavy, musky scent was clouding into Barry’s mind almost as effectively as whatever he had been drugged with.

“Please, alpha...” Barry whined, deciding he could wait for a further explanation later as he leaned forward to suck at Mick’s throat. “Knot me…” Barry rolled his hips to grind against the alpha’s already hardening cock that was straining against the confines of his jeans.

Mick let out a low, almost feral growl as he pushed Barry back onto the couch. Suddenly, Barry’s mind could only process this moment. The heavy alpha scent in the jet, Mick’s large hands fumbling with Barry’s pants with a desperation Barry had never seen from the alpha. Mick’s teeth were at Barry’s scent gland, biting and licking it to scent the omega as he peeled Barry’s skinny jeans off along with his underwear.

The cool air of the jet hit the slick that was leaking down Barry’s thighs now, making the omega shiver and whimper from the change in temperature. It only served to make Barry’s sensitive body crave more touch. Mick didn’t even waste time with Barry’s shirt, simply tearing the plain white shirt off with a strength Barry hadn’t seen before. It sent a wave of arousal through him, gathering more heat in Barry’s body.

“Gonna knot you up nice and tight, fill you up until you’re filled with my pups.” Mick growled, hands moving down to grip Barry’s hips and pull him closer. The omega opened his legs, wrapping them around Mick’s hips so he could grind himself against his alpha.

He needed the friction to ease the coiled, burning heat that was weighing heavily in his lower belly. Barry tilted his neck to the side and revealed more of his neck to his alpha, submitting to him. Mick simply licked over the place where he would mark Barry and Barry couldn’t stop the disappointed whimper that escaped his throat.

“Not yet, omega...soon but not yet…” Mick said, leaning up and fumbling with the buckle of his pants. “Gonna mark you later, claim you and make sure every alpha knows your mine.” Barry was squirming as he waited for Mick to strip, sitting up and giving Mick’s neck an impatient bite while the alpha worked on taking off his pants.

“Alpha...Mick...please.” Barry whimpered as Mick stood up to slid his pants off and leaving them in a heap on the floor. When he turned back to Barry, the omega had two fingers deep inside his opening. He spread his fingers when Mick’s tongue shot out to lick over his lips, giving his alpha a good look at his dripping opening. Barry wasted no time plunging his fingers inside himself, stretching himself open and trying to ease the need controlling his mind. He was so hot, his arousal a tight coil in his gut that burned through him like wildfire.

“Impatient little omega,” Mick stated, voice low as he looked down at Barry. “So hungry for my cock you can’t stop touching yourself.” The omega’s eyes were clouded over with lust and hormones now when he looked up at Mick. With a small burst of speed, Barry was on his knees and nuzzling at Mick’s hard cock. He moaned at the heady smell of his alpha and another jolt of arousal shook through him.
Barry flicked his tongue over Mick’s cock, the pink muscle lavishing over Mick’s shaft. The alpha gasped at the sudden attention to his hardness and lifted his hands to stroke through Barry’s hair. Barry hummed as Mick tugged his hair and looked up at his alpha. His hand moved to stroke over Mick’s length, mouth capping over the top to give the sensitive head a quick suck.

“Fuck…” Mick swore as he grasped Barry’s hair, pulling just a little harder to pull Barry back. The omega whined needily, chasing after the cock that had left his mouth only to have Mick slip his arm around his waist and flip him around so he was pressed against Mick’s hardness.

“Can’t wait anymore, doll…” Mick managed, pinning Barry down and sliding his fingers inside to stretch Barry open. Barry keened when Mick’s large fingers entered him, his alpha taking time to stretch Barry open even with his slick being heavier with his heat. Even with his aggressive rut, Mick wanted to make sure Barry was somewhat ready.

It was only a minute or two, Barry pressing back onto Mick’s fingers to chase after some kind of release. His body was aching for his alpha’s touch. Barry lifted his ass in the air and presented for Mick just as the alpha’s fingers left his aching entrance.

“Mick…please…I need you…” Was all Barry managed to say before Mick’s hard cock slammed into him without warning. Barry cried out from the slight burn as his muscles stretched and Mick bent over his back, curling one arm under Barry’s hips and kissing the omega’s neck in comfort.

“I’ve got you, It’ll only hurt for a second…” Mick murmured despite his hot, panting breath in Barry’s ear. “Can’t help it…need you…” Barry pressed back, his own need begging for Mick to move. The burning stretch was dying down, the omega’s body adjusting quickly and aching to be claimed by the thick alpha cock inside of him.

“AH!” Barry cried out as Mick’s hips began to move, his alpha’s hard and fast movements sending a shock of desire through Barry. His body shook uncontrollably as he vibrated and earned a growl of pleasure from Mick. “Mick, please don’t stop. It feels so good…”

Mick’s thrusts were relentless right out of the gate. He slammed into Barry like a feral animal, his teeth leaving marks behind on Barry’s skin and making the omega whine for the mating bite. Mick’s scent was all over Barry, invading his nose and sending his mind deeper into a space of lust and need. The sound of wet slapping as Mick fucked Barry deep and open filled his ears in an almost calming way.

Mick’s large body over his back covered the omega so securely, it was as if the whole world melted away. There was only Mick and Barry here at this moment. This was calm and safe, nothing could hurt Barry while Mick was here, claiming him and covering the omega in his scent. The shocks of pleasure built Barry higher and left the omega a helpless, shaking mess; only capable of crying out for Mick to go faster.

“Knot me, alpha, breed me…please…” Barry whimpered, his own hips moving back to meet Mick’s hard thrusts. “Mark me…make me yours. I want to be all yours alpha…” Mick grunted in response, his knot starting to grow and pressing on the edges of Barry’s opening with each hard thrust.

“I’ll fill you up until you’re belly is swollen with my pups…only mine…” Mick’s voice was low with possessiveness and his dominant scent making Barry tilt his head to instinctively reveal his scent gland. He wanted to be marked, to be bred by Mick. His words devolved into sharp, instinctual pleas to be filled, to be marked and to carry Mick’s pups.

Mick didn’t bite Barry, not marking him just yet. It seemed the alpha had enough control over his rut at that moment to wait for the right moment but he did gently bite down on Barry’s shoulder to give
himself the extra leverage when Mick’s large knot was slamming against Barry’s slick hole. It felt so much bigger during Mick’s rut than it did any other time.

Barry wasn’t aware he had cried out when the knot finally pressed into him, more from blinding pleasure than from the slight hints of the burning stretch as Mick’s hips pressed flush against Barry. As the knot breached, Barry came hard around it, vision whiting out and his body vibrating so violently it pulled Mick’s end from him.

“Ah...ah…” Barry whimpered as his alpha’s knot settled inside of him and he felt hot seed coating his insides. Barry didn’t hold back the soft murmurs that tumbled from his mouth as Mick’s cum kept flowing into him. He could feel the cock twitching against his own contracting muscles, the heat from his alpha filling him up and quieting his heat for the moment.

Mick was panting, his cock buried and locked deep inside Barry. He slowly moved them, spooning against Barry on the couch with his arms wrapped securely around the young omega. Barry whimpered as he came down from his high, still feeling Mick’s length spurting more cum inside of him. The next half hour would be spent like this, Mick filling him up and the alpha’s knot keeping the seed inside of Barry. Mick kissed the back of Barry’s neck, nuzzling and scenting him.

“Fuck...you’re so tight around my knot…” Mick stated, his voice sounding a bit more like himself. “Sorry that happened so fast, Doll but you should smell yourself...fuck, I can’t resist.”

Barry let out a soft, tired chuckle that turned into a soft moan as Mick’s cock released another wave of cum inside of him. Good thing he had taken his birth control before they had left…

“It’s okay, I needed it too,” Barry reassured the alpha as Mick’s tongue flicked over his scent gland. “But I figured you would mate me right here....” Mick grunted in response, nuzzling into the back of Barry’s neck and his hold on Barry’s waist tightening.

“I want to mate you properly. In a bed for starters,” Mick replied, sighing softly into Barry’s neck. “I guess I should apologize for drugging you but I knew getting you to leave would be too much work.” Barry cuddled back against Mick’s chest, his mind feeling a little more clear for now but he knew that his body would be craving the alpha again soon.

“You’re forgiven,” Barry replied, wiggling himself slightly and moaning when Mick’s knot sent a dull shiver of pleasure through him. “But only if you promise never to do that again.” Mick chuckled and hummed softly against Barry’s skin.

“Can’t promise that, Doll.”

Aruba was warm, bustling with activity, and the sunlight feeling amazing on Barry’s skin. Oliver had let them borrow a vacation home he apparently owned there. Sometimes it was nice having a rich friend but Barry was honestly surprised by the fact Oliver was being so helpful with this trip. Maybe the older alpha just wanted Barry to get on with mating Mick so he wouldn’t have to hear any more about it.

The small house was nestled on the beach, warm and surprisingly homely. Barry threw down his suitcase in the room and promptly spread out on the bed. His body was starting to feel desperate again, a tight coil of arousal in his gut that twitched and ached. Mick had left to get them some food, leaving Barry to unpack and get their things settled.

He utilized his speed while unpacking their things, hanging up clothes and putting away other things
in drawers. It didn’t take Barry very long to get them organized but he did let himself get distracted towards the end by Mick’s jacket that he had left. He buried his nose in the green, worn material and another hot sense of arousal washed over him. The omega felt too tired to do much about it and instead focused his attention on the single bed in the master bedroom.

Barry fetched more pillows, nesting in the bed and arranging everything to be comfortable. He didn’t mind the nesting aspect to his heat. The need to create a soft and safe environment to curl up in was the better of his instincts, urging Barry to gather pillows and blankets as well as anything that even remotely smelled like his alpha. Barry stripped himself of all his clothing, wrapping himself up in Mick’s jacket and snuggling into the softness of the bed.

The alpha’s heavy scent from the rut that permeated off his jacket was a comfort to Barry’s instincts. After so many years together, Barry’s body had recognized Mick as his alpha and he had never felt it more than when the man was with him during a heat. They had shared Barry’s heats together before but this was the first time Barry was sharing a rut with Mick. The plane ride had resulted in several couplings and Barry’s body was still craving more.

Barry cuddled into the mass of pillows and blankets, sighing as the cool air of the air conditioning brought comfort to his aching and heat filled body. He buried his nose in Mick’s jacket, breathing it in and letting his eyes close. He could rest while he waited for his alpha to return and then he would let Mick take care of him.

Barry awoke when he felt the bed shift, blinking his eyes open and letting out a soft whine when he scented Mick. The alpha hushed him and Barry felt his mate’s arms wrap around him. Barry felt something being pressed to his lips, realizing it was a water bottle and drinking it obediently. He hadn’t even realized how thirsty he was but when the cool water washed over his dry throat Barry found himself letting out a sigh. It didn’t take long for Barry to drain the bottle.

“Good omega,” Mick praised as Barry finished the bottle, kissing the back to the omega’s neck and drawing another soft whine from Barry. “I brought you some food. Do you want to eat in your nest?” Barry shook his head, pressing his ass against Mick’s groin and making a small pleased noise when he discovered Mick was naked too.

“After...need you again,” Barry begged, grinding himself against Mick and feeling the alpha give him a small correcting bite on his scent gland. “Mark me now, alpha...you promised.” Barry gasped when he felt Mick enter him suddenly, not wasting any time thrusting into Barry with a rough and brutal pace.

“Yes...Mick….just like that!” Barry cried out, grinding his hips back to meet his alpha’s harsh thrusts into his aching heat. “Please don’t stop...please don’t stop…” Mick’s growl rumbled through his chest and vibrated against Barry’s back, the omega starting to shake from the pleasure he could feel building up in him.

Barry was completely lost in the feeling of Mick fucking him like this, his words no longer reaching his own ears. He whined and moaned, the soft repeat of Mick’s name along with “alpha” and begging. Barry could feel his body starting to build higher, the tight coil in his gut squeezing. His end built up quickly until it finally snapped and washed over Barry in a wave. Mick swore as the omega began to vibrate harder, his arms gripping Mick’s head.

“Mark me...mark me…” Barry begged as he came hard, clamping down around Mick just as he felt the knot breach his opening for what felt like the hundredth time that day. The alpha made no move to mark him, instead stilling inside of Barry and letting his seed pour into him.

“Soon but not yet,” Mick reassured when Barry cried, actual tears gathering in his eyes. “I promise I
will but we have to wait.” Barry whimpered, feeling Mick kiss away his tears. He was so desperate for the mark and his instincts screaming with want for his alpha to claim him. Barry took deep breaths, letting his body calm down and the fog of his heat clear. After a few moments, Barry finally managed to feel coherent enough to speak again.

“You’re lucky I love you,” Barry teased, sighing softly as Mick kissed his jaw and snuggling back into him again. Mick chuckled at that comment, nuzzling into Barry’s shoulder and smiling against the omega’s skin.

“I know I am.” Mick stated, sending flutters through Barry’s heart. “I’m the luckiest alpha alive to have your love.” Barry lifted his hand, letting his fingers rub over the back of Mick’s head and turning to face him. Their lips met in a gentle kiss, Mick’s hands moving from Barry’s hips up his belly. Barry pulled away after a moment, blinking at Mick as the alpha suddenly looked contemplative and saddened.

“I know you really wanted our pup,” Mick said softly, the smallest hints of mourning in his voice. “And I’m not saying I didn’t...but do you really...want kids with me?” Barry wrinkled his brow at the unsure nature of Mick’s question. He was unable to turn and face Mick but pressed his body back into the alpha as much as their connection would allow.

“Yes. I would love to carry our pups and bring them into this world.” Barry replied, tilting his head to let Mick kiss his scent gland. “I know you’ll make a good father to our pups, my big, strong alpha.” Mick’s arms squeezed a little tighter around Barry, the anxiety that Barry could feel radiating off Mick didn't seem to weaken at the omega’s words.

“You should eat once my knot goes down,” Mick stated, changing the subject and Barry let his fingers run over Mick’s arm. “You need to keep up your strength...” Barry turned his head as far as he could, sitting up and putting some weight on his arm so he could kiss Mick’s jaw.

“Mick, I’m on birth control so we don’t have to worry for now.” Barry reassured his lover, nuzzling against Mick as best he could from his position. “And with my powers and night job, I don’t feel anywhere near ready to try for a pup again. When the time is right, we can talk about having kids together...” Mick’s arm tightened around Barry again, pulling him closer.

“Okay, doll...” Mick said as he nuzzled closer, kissing the back of Barry’s neck. “Let me feed you and get you to rest...” Barry could tell that Mick wanted this conversation topic to change and in his hazy state, the omega was inclined to agree. Barry felt his heart warm with affection as he cuddled closer to his alpha. Barry’s body was already starting to feel warm again, craving more contact with Mick.

“Okay, what did you bring to eat?” Barry asked, grinding back against Mick’s knot and feeling the soft growl his alpha released rumbling against his chest. “My head won’t be clear for much longer...” Mick nipped at Barry’s scent gland, drawing a gasp from his lover.

“Enough to feed an army,” Mick stated as he finally let himself slip out from inside of Barry, the feeling of the knot leaving him drawing a soft whine from the omega. “You’ll get it soon, doll. Food first.” Barry nodded, turning around and nuzzling into Mick’s chest.

“Okay, alpha.” Barry relented, feeling Mick move away to stand. The omega felt his heart starting to cry out, his instincts wanting Mick close and in their nest. Barry hated how clingy he could get with his heat but he couldn’t help it. The alpha perked up when he heard Barry whine again, his eyes softening when he turned to look at his omega.

“I’ll be right back. You need food and then I’ll knot you up...” Mick said, his voice becoming a low
rumble that revealed his barely hidden mating instincts. “I’m the alpha, let me take care of you.”

Barry sighed, giving into Mick’s gentle growl and rolling on his back to watch Mick leave to get him food. He felt warm again but he could survive, for now, the scent of his own slick heavy in Barry’s nose as it mixed with the smell of his alpha. He could feel Mick’s seed mixing with his slick and drying on his legs. It should have been uncomfortable but Barry was just happy to be covered in his alpha’s scent.

And soon, he would bear his lover’s mark for all to see.

Len groaned into his pillow for a moment, waking up slowly after a rare pleasant night’s sleep. He grumbled and turned around in hopes of cuddling into his boyfriend who was usually curled up behind him. Len wrinkled his brow when he was met with empty blankets and finally let his eyes open up. He took a moment to gather himself, tired mind attempting to figure out where his alpha was. Len had grown accustomed to waking up to Ray. The omega huffed disgruntledly at the lack of his lover in his bed.

“Len, you’re awake,” Ray’s voice said suddenly, drawing Len’s attention to the door where Ray was holding a tray. The alpha smiled as he walked towards the bed, giving Len a moment to sit up before setting the tray in front of him. Len eyed the breakfast that Ray had made him, letting himself feel the smallest flutter in his chest from the gesture.

“Happy five year anniversary,” Ray said brightly, his brown eyes soft as Len looked up from the tray in confusion. “I figured we could share breakfast in bed.” Len slowly calculated what Ray was saying, his mouth curling into the smallest smirk as he shook his head at the innocence shining in Ray’s eyes.

“Raymond, it’s barely been a year since we started dating,” Len informed, trying to wrap his head around what logic Ray was going with. “Are you counting when we made our contract?” Ray blushed deeply, lifting his hand to rub the back of his neck and looking down. Len watched Ray give him a shy smile that sent Len’s heart fluttering against his will yet again.

“Well...yeah,” Ray mumbled, fidgeting nervously with the hair at the base of his scalp. “I mean, I ended up falling for you because of it so it makes sense to me that...I count those years too.” Len’s chuckle made Ray’s blush deepen. Len reached forward, hooking his fingers under Ray’s chin and making him look up so their eyes could meet.

“Thank you, Raymond,” Len said softly, his blue eyes surprisingly warm as they looked at Ray. “Happy fifth anniversary.” Ray beamed under Len’s acceptance and moved closer, cuddling into the omega’s side and stealing a pancake off the large plate. Len didn’t mind, there was enough for both of them but..

“I’m assuming you made the gluten-free pancakes?” Len asked, tone serious as he took a sip of his coffee, smiling when he noted that Ray had put just the right amount of sugar and cream in it. Ray nodded in response, dipping a piece of his pancake in a small cup of syrup he had on the tray.

“I did but the pancakes on the left side of the plate are normal,” Ray stated, pointing at the pancakes in question. “I also took the day off so we could have the whole day to ourselves. I figured I would let you plan out what you wanted to do today.” Len thought about it, cutting off a manageable bite of his pancakes and swirling it around the syrup on his side of the plate.
Something for them to do together would be best. Ray and Len hadn’t been on an official date before, Len realized suddenly. Most of their days together while Len laid low were spent inside, watching movies and keeping each other company between more intimate activities. This would be their first time actually going out and being an actual couple in public.

“How about we go to the museum,” Len suggested, humming at the taste of his pancakes briefly before swallowing to speak some more. “They have an exhibit on Da Vinci’s technological advances as well as his art. Something for us both.” Ray nodded, smirking at Len with that grin that somehow always made Len feel caught off guard. The way the alpha looked at him like he was the most amazing person in the world for just thinking of him. It didn’t make Len uncomfortable but at the same time, it did.

“I like that idea,” Ray replied, arm moving under the tray to lay across Len’s lap. “And we can have an early dinner at a nice restaurant if you want, just the two of us.” Len hummed in agreement, swallowing the food in his mouth before speaking.

“And then,” Len said, smile turning into a sexy smirk that made Ray’s eyes widen ever so slightly. “We can come home and I can spend the rest of the night picking you apart.” Len watched Ray’s Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed thickly, the man’s brown eyes glazing over with just a hint of lust. Len lifted the tray and set it on the bedside table, turning on his side to nip at Ray’s scent gland.

“Just you and me,” Len said, voice low and drawing out the words as he trailed his fingers up Ray’s shirt and scraping his fingernails up the man’s soft skin. “No one to bother us as I give you everything you need and more…” Ray let out a soft moan that sent a shiver up Len’s spine, the alpha’s eyes going half-lidded from the feeling of Len touching him.

Len relaxed when Ray slowly moved down to kiss him, the softness of Ray’s lips filling Len’s chest with warmth and gentleness. There was always something about Ray’s kisses now, something that spoke of gentleness and love that words couldn’t quite express. Len had always viewed kissing as one of the things only couples did. He had never allowed Ray to kiss him before but now he did so with an eagerness that was barely kept hidden below his icy exterior. Words were cheap and words of love had always seemed hollow to Len but Ray was changing that with every action he used to supplement the words.

“I love you,” Ray whispered as he pulled away, reaffirming his kiss with the meaning behind every touch. “I’m so glad I met you at that party.” Len chuckled and let his hand move from Ray’s belly to his neck, feeling the familiar weight in his throat as he contemplated his next words.

As much as Ray said those three words to Len, he had the hardest time returning them. He had thought about it, had tried to say them but they always stopped in his throat. He wanted to tell Ray that he did love him too, knew the alpha would love to hear those words even if they weren’t true but Ray never asked for the words to be returned.

“I am too,” Len said, closing his eyes as Ray leaned down to press their foreheads together. “I certainly didn’t plan this but...I like how things are now.”

It had taken the six months away from Ray to tend to Mick for Len to realize just how much of his life was controlled by Ray’s presence in it. Len wouldn’t say anything sappy like he needed Ray or that he was lost without him because that wasn’t it. Len could function just fine being away from Ray and still maintained his fierce independence even when they were together. Ray hadn’t changed anything about Len but something about being around the gentle alpha had...softened him just a bit.

Being with Ray, waking up to him, and basically living inside the alpha’s apartment was more domestic than Len had ever allowed himself to be. It was fulfilling and eased Len’s tension in ways
he didn’t know needed to be eased. He still had nightmares, still woke up in the middle of the night to check all the doors and locks, and he would still go out to the couch to watch T.V. because he couldn’t get back to sleep. But now, a soft voice would wake up with him or Ray would come out into the living room to offer an ear or fall asleep in Len’s lap if he was okay being touched.

It was more than Len ever thought he needed but now, couldn’t imagine living without.

Ray grinned wider, leaning forward to kiss Len again with that same enthusiasm he always had. Len let his mind finally go blank, just relishing in the feeling of Ray kissing him. After a few moments, Len pulled away from the kiss to give a small nip to Ray’s scent gland. Len loved scenting Ray every chance he could, especially when they were going out. It was Len’s own brand of marking Ray as his.

“We should-.” Len started to say when there was a knocking at the door. Len stiffened ever so slightly at the unexpected knock and looked towards Ray. The alpha appeared confused like he wasn’t sure who that could be at all. Ray rose to his feet and Len was quickly out of bed. Len reached for his pants that lay on the floor, throwing on one of Ray’s shirts.

He stopped at the bedroom door out of sight, just in case it was someone out trying to track him down. The heat from his last heist may have died down but Len wasn’t about to get caught off guard if he could help it. Partially because he didn’t want to be caught and partially because Ray could be in serious trouble letting him hide out here.

Ray walked to the door, looking through the peephole and letting out a deep groan. Len raised a brow when he heard it but Ray gave him a small wave from behind his back. It was the safe signal, someone not a threat but clearly not someone that Ray wanted to see. Len watched Ray unlock the door with a look of pure dread.

He hadn’t been expecting a Ray look-alike to walk inside as soon as Ray opened the door. Len felt his shoulders tense, scenting the strong scent of an alpha. This scent smelled like Ray but was much more dominating, the kind of scent that set Len on edge and was used to show off their power. The man at the door looked exactly like Ray except for the slightest hint of dominance in his stride and body language. It was clear that this man was used to getting things to go his way.

“Sydney, what are you doing here?” Ray asked as the man, who had the decency to stay by the door at least. “Uninvited and unannounced I might add.”

Len knew that name. This was Ray’s brother, Sydney Palmer. Ray had mentioned him once or twice and Len knew they had a tense relationship. From what Ray talked about, the pair of brothers barely spoke but one look at Sydney was giving Len a clue as to why. Len could smell that Ray was uncomfortable. Ray’s scent was usually somewhat more muted than a normal alpha, Ray taking care not to make it seem like he wanted to scent mark every room he entered. Len liked that about Ray but now, his alpha’s scent almost seemed to drown. Once Sydney had entered the apartment all Len could smell was the overpowering scent of Ray’s brother. It made Len uncomfortable not being able to smell Ray’s familiar scent in his own home.

“What? Can’t I come to visit you when I’m in town?” Sydney stated, smiling and lifting his hand to set it on Ray’s shoulder after the alpha shut the door. “Not like you have anything better to do, I heard you were taking the day off from your secretary.” It was then that Sydney spotted Len, who had finally come out of the bedroom to investigate with his blue eyes fixed on Sydney with a cold, untrusting glare.

Len’s omega scent was heavy and battling against the alpha’s own, irritated and angry from the intrusion. The alpha blinked at him and Len watched his nose flare to take in Len’s scent. Sydney’s
shoulders stiffened slightly, recognizing the challenge in Len’s gaze and stance.

“Oh, I didn’t know you had a friend over,” Sydney said, meeting Len’s eyes and smiling. “Pleasure to meet you, I’m Sydney Palmer, Ray’s brother.” Len felt himself pricking at the way Sydney looked at him. It was clear that the alpha was only trying to placate Len, humoring him because he was an omega.

Sydney looked a lot like Ray but the way he smiled was off. It was a cheap imitation of the calm, bright grin that Len’s alpha wore on his face at almost all times. Combined with the heavy scent in Len’s nose, the omega felt his eyes narrow slightly as he gave the outreached hand that Sydney had offered him a firm shake.

“I’m Leonard Wynters, Ray’s boyfriend.” Len stated in a clipped tone, his eyes not leaving Sydney’s as he crossed his arms over his chest. Ray heard the brisk sound of Len’s tone and was soon at his side, eyes soft as Len seemed to meet Sydney’s eyes. “And if you could tone down the territorial scenting that would be great, your scent is making my nose burn.”

Sydney’s eyes widened at Len’s curt tone and the announcement that he was Ray’s boyfriend. Ray, however, beamed from next to Len and let his fingers brush along Len’s before taking his hand. It comforted the omega, calming him enough to turn to Ray and giving him a soft smile.

“I didn’t know you had an omega, Ray,” Sydney commented, looking Len over and meeting his eyes when the man glared. “I mean, I’m glad. He’s a little out of your league but…” Len huffed, not enjoying being talked about as if he wasn’t there or that subtle dig directed at Ray. Len opened his mouth to retort when Ray spoke up.

“He’s not my omega, Sydney. He’s my partner,” Ray stated, his tone sharp at the way that Sydney had said it. “What do you want anyway? Len and I were going to celebrate our anniversary today so unless it’s important…” Sydney crossed his arms, still kind of wary of the glare that Len was giving him.

“Mom and I came for a visit,” Sydney explained, turning to meet Ray’s gaze. “She’s resting in the hotel and I came to grab you so we could spend the day together. You haven’t come to see mom or I in ages.” Len stiffened at the thought of meeting Ray’s mother but also understanding that Ray’s family should come first. They had lived in a little bubble of domestic bliss for a long time now, Ray could afford to come out and at least see his family.

“You should come to lunch with us at least,” Sydney continued, his gaze turning back to Len. “Um, you too. I’m sure mom would love to meet you.” Ray looked over at Len, his eyes looking the omega over and seeing that they should talk.

“Give us a minute, Syd.” Ray said as he offered his hand to Len. The omega took it and they walked towards their room together, Len’s anxiety well hidden but still screaming just under the surface. His head was spinning at the speed of this, not comfortable with the fact that he hadn’t been able to plan for this situation. He knew he would have to meet Ray’s family eventually but he didn’t think it would happen so quickly.

Ray shut the door on a crack and turned to Len, his shoulders drooping. The alpha’s normally bright smile seemed conflicted and Len knew that Ray was unsure of what to do. Ray sighed heavily, looking anxiously towards the door. Len could see just how unsure of what to do Ray was and his protective instincts flared up. The omega made the first move to close the distance between them, taking a step towards Ray and cupping his cheek with a cool hand.

“You don’t have to go,” Len said, voice firm as Ray looked down at him. “Family or not, if you
aren’t up to it then you have every right to refuse them dropping in like this.” Ray nodded, biting his lower lip and tilting his neck to allow Len access to his scent gland. The omega leaned forward to scent and nip, reassuring his lover with his presence so Ray could feel comfortable.

“It’s not that,” Ray said, fidgeting with the collar of the shirt Len had thrown on. “I do want to see Mom and Sydney can be a pain but he usually behaves for Mom. It’s just…” Len watched the light dim slightly in Ray’s eyes as the alpha let his thumb slide along Len’s collarbone to distract himself. Len could feel his chest tightening at the sight of his normally optimistic lover looking so small and unsure of himself.

“I’m not like normal alphas. I’m not aggressive or imposing, not like Mick or Oliver and I don’t have that confidence that Sydney has,” Ray explained in a quiet voice as Len listened carefully to his alpha’s words. “I’m okay with that now but growing up, I was a weird kid and mom didn’t always know how to handle it. When I presented, it only became more apparent that I wasn’t like everyone else. I tried really hard to be what I was supposed to be but Sydney was always the better alpha. But with Anna and now you, I learned that I don’t have to be a stereotypical alpha. I love that with you I don’t have to be anything but myself but I don’t want them to say something about how I act around you.”

Len nodded in understanding, letting his fingers touch along Ray’s neck in a comforting gesture. Ray often assumed the role of submissive even outside the bedroom. When they were just together, Len would take charge while Ray was content with that. It was part of what Len liked about their relationship, he didn’t have to pretend to be a meek omega and Ray didn’t have to pretend to be a commanding alpha. Their dynamic wasn’t traditional but it gave them both something they needed.

“I’m not ashamed…but that doesn’t mean I want to have to defend how we do things…” Ray tried to explain, looking guilty after the words left his lips. “I know it’s stupid because I love you but I thought I would have more time to prepare us for this.”

Len thought for a moment, letting his options run through his mind. Not going at all was out now that Sydney knew of his existence. Len didn’t care if he seemed aloof to other people but he didn’t want to give Ray’s brother any reason to doubt them. He scratched out trying to make up an excuse to get out of it. He didn’t like the idea of Ray going alone to meet with his family, leaving his alpha there to face probing questions that they should face together.

Well, Len had learned how to be a little flexible over the years.

“Well, I guess I will just have to make sure they don’t get a chance to judge you,” Len said with finality. “I can handle any defending or questions that might be asked, you just do what you’re good at and smile.” Ray looked up and his eyes filled with a mixture of gratitude and happiness that made Len’s heart do that strange flutter again.

“You still want to come with me?” Ray said, his brown eyes shining as the stress seemed to leave him. “I mean…not that I don’t want you too…I just assumed…” Len nipped a strong, correcting bite on Ray’s neck that had the alpha drawing a sharp breath in.

“Don’t assume you know what I want,” Len scolded, lifting his head up to stare defiantly up at his alpha. “You are my alpha and I intend to make sure everyone knows it, including your brother.” Len bristled at the thought of the look that Sydney had given him. No way was he going to let some overconfident alpha think for one second that he, Leonard Snart, was going to sit idle while he insulted the man he…

Len paused that train of thought, taking a deep breath in and catching the hints of happiness flooding Ray’s scent. It calmed Len down and chased away the discomfort Len felt at thinking those words.
He was in so deep with Ray that it was frightening but the way those brown eyes looked at him, the way that smile curled up just for him, quieted the anxiety that rattled inside Len’s mind.

“Let’s go tell you’re brother we just need a minute to get ready,” Len said softly, taking Ray’s hand as he took a step back. “We’ll do this together.” Ray visibly softened, his hand squeezing Len’s in thanks as the omega pulled him out of the room.

Things were going to be interesting that day, to say the least.

Barry wasn’t sure what Mick was planning but the way the alpha forced him to take a bath was more telling than Mick knew. Barry enjoyed sitting in the hot water though, the smell of whatever salts and bubble bath Mick had prepared it with easing his sore muscles. It felt good to be washing away the sweat and dried slick that had gathered on his body from the day.

After nearly an hour, Barry got out and wrapped himself in a big, fluffy towel that felt good against his too sensitive skin. The omega felt calmer now, his mind a little more his own with the whispers of his aching need still sitting in the back of his mind and heating up his lower abdomen. Sometimes the way his heat never seemed to stay placated for long irritated Barry beyond words. He was constantly uncomfortable or insatiable from the hormones, his body aroused and horny to the point of pain.

Wrapping the towel around himself, Barry walked out into the room. He was hit with the smell of his alpha first and Barry had to close his eyes for a moment to breathe it in. When he opened his eyes again, Barry felt his breath catch at what Mick had been doing while Barry bathed.

The sun had set, leaving the home dark but Mick had set up electric candles to set a soft glow of warm yellow light in the room. The lack of fire would keep him from getting distracted but the lighting set off a romantic mood that had Barry’s heart filling with warmth and love for his alpha. The nightstand held a few things that Barry hadn’t seen before his bath. Several types of lube, ranging from flavored to unflavored, wipes for clean up and a few other things for aftercare. Mick had carefully set up the room just for their mating, trying to make it romantic just like Barry had always wanted.

Barry smiled, hearing Mick entering the room and turning to the alpha. Mick smiled softly, closing the distance between them and leaning down to kiss at Barry’s neck. Neither of them spoke as Mick guided Barry’s fingers away from the towel still covering his body and let it fall to the ground in a heap.

“Barry,” Mick growled softly, his deep voice in Barry’s ear making the omega shiver and his slick start to gather between his legs. “Can I make you mine? mark you, fill you with my pups, and keep you forever...”

Barry could smell just how heavy Mick’s rut was now and it filled his head with a fog of lust and need. Mick’s musky scent sent another flash of heat through Barry’s whole body and gathered in his lower belly in a tight ball. Normally, Barry fought his heat with all his might to keep some sense of self during the time. Even when Mick had helped before, Barry never fully let go.

But Mick was asking for Barry to be his mate, had set the mood and tried to make it relaxing to ease him. Barry trusted Mick and loved him no matter what. The alpha would never hurt him, letting the omega finally release the tight control he held over himself. Barry slowly leaned into Mick’s neck, hands lightly brushing over his alpha’s sides and drawing a gasp from Mick.
“Yours, Mick…I want to be yours,” Barry whined, eyes clouding over as he gave in to his instincts. He trusted Mick to take care of him if he let go. “Please Alpha, give me your mark.”

Mick picked Barry up easily, the omega’s long legs wrapping around Mick’s waist and nipping at his scent gland. Mick carried Barry to the bed, setting him on the soft surface and pressing hot kisses to the omega’s neck. Barry gasped and moaned at the feeling, back arching to let his upper body meet Mick’s mouth eagerly.

The alpha kissed across Barry’s collarbone, leaving hickies in his wake. Barry had to fight not to squirm as Mick’s hot tongue swirled over his nipple when the man reached his chest. The alpha sucked greedily on the part bud, hands running down Barry’s sides and adding another sensation against Barry’s already too hot skin.

“Mick…ah…” Barry groaned when the alpha pulled away from his chest, kissing down to Barry’s navel and letting out a low growl.

“This is where our pups are going to be,” Mick said, his words making Barry’s heart flutter and more heat gather in his body. “I’m going to mate you and fill your belly with my pups. You’re going to be mine, Barry…only mine.” Barry let out a harsh gasp when Mick started to travel lower, his body squirming when he felt Mick’s hot breath reach his opening.

“Only yours,” Barry echoed, his hips jerking a little as he tried to urge Mick to keep going. He needed more, wanted more. “Please take me, please. I need more…please fill me up.”

As Barry babbled, Mick hummed at the words he was saying, tongue flicking out to lick over Barry’s aching hole. The omega knew his slick was starting to make a mess on his thighs just from Mick’s touches alone. His body was craving Mick’s touch, Mick’s cock and his alpha knot. Barry needed his alpha’s knot more than anything to ease the heat in his body.

“Greedy omega, you’ve had my knot in you all day and you still want it,” Mick said, spreading Barry’s opening apart with his fingers. “You look just as beautiful as the first time we fucked like this,” Barry whined, body stiff from the teasing and hand gripping the blankets beneath them.

Mick’s tongue licked around Barry’s opening, relishing in the heat he found there. Barry gasped when that simple taste seemed to send a jolt of electricity up his spine. Everything was so much more sensitive in his heat and Mick’s tongue was hitting every nerve perfectly.

“Mick...Mick...” Barry begged, his voice sounding soft as his hips jerked again. Mick’s free hand lifted, pressing down on the omega’s hips and keeping him in place.

Mick pressed into his task, tongue sliding inside of Barry and lapping up the taste of him. His eyes closed as he just let the sounds of Barry’s whines and gasps tell him where to swirl his tongue, where to go slowly, and where to speed up. Barry whined and panted from the pleasure that rocked through his body with every warm, wet lick of Mick’s tongue.

“Please…I’m going to cum, alpha….please….,” Barry cried, feeling his heat gathering at the base of his spine and still wanting more. He didn’t want to cum without his mate inside him but one more series of well-placed licks from his alpha’s tongue sent Barry screaming over the edge. His end crashed over him in a wave, leaving the omega twitching around his mate’s tongue.

“Mick...Mick...” Barry cried out as he came, his slick gushing down his thighs and Mick’s face. The alpha drank it up, his tongue slowing down to drag out Barry’s orgasm and savor the omega’s salty but sweet taste that coated his taste buds.
“You taste so good,” Mick growled as he released the omega’s hips. “Gonna fill you up, make sure my cock is the only thing you want. I’m the only alpha that can have you like this.” Mick moved quickly, sitting up to pin and flipping Barry on his back. Mick’s large body pinned Barry beneath him, his hard cock slowly sliding over Barry’s opening and reawakening the fire in Barry’s belly.

The omega gasped and squirmed beneath Mick despite already cumming. He needed more, wanted his alpha to take him. Barry loved being pinned beneath his Mick’s large body, those muscles within his range of touch and feeling the warmth and safety that only Mick’s presence could provide him. The omega’s eyes suddenly looked sad, landing on the raised scars that decorated his alpha’s body.

There had always been scars on Mick but the burn scars that now decorated Mick’s arms and torso were different. These spoke of how close Barry had come to losing his mate and it made his throat catch, tears pricking at his eyes. Mick hushed him when the omega whined softly, his alpha cupping his cheek and gliding a rough thumb across it to stop a stray tear that had fallen.

Barry looked up into Mick’s eyes, those brown depths full of heat, want, and a softness that spoke of the alpha’s love for him. Mick’s hand cupped Barry’s cheek, his hard cock rubbing against Barry’s smaller one and sending a jolt of pleasure through Barry that did a bit to ease the ache in his chest.

“I almost lost you,” Barry mumbled quietly, his instincts feeling raw with the potential loss of his mate. “I can’t lose you…” Mick nodded, pressing a kiss to Barry’s lips. The passionate, yet gentle kiss sent warmth expanding through Barry’s chest and eased his heart. It told him that Mick was here, he was alive, and Barry would never lose him again.

“You won’t,” Mick stated and slowly guided his hardness to Barry’s opening. “And after tonight, you’ll be my mate forever. Nothing is going to keep you from feeling me, from being able to have my presence wherever you go.” Barry gasped softly as Mick slid into him with a harsh slam of his hips.

“Yes, alpha…” Barry said as Mick’s hips started to move almost immediately, his long legs wrapping around Mick’s waist. “Don’t you want to...ah...do this from behind...” Mick shook his head, hips slamming into Barry and drawing a cry of pleasure from the omega.

“Want to see your face before I give you my mark,” Mick said, his thrusts into Barry’s slick heat making the omega’s toes curl as his alpha’s cock seemed to hit all the right spots. “Gonna fill you up and make you mine…”

Barry nodded before another thrust lit his aroused body up with pleasure. He couldn’t hold back his screams now, not with Mick fucking him like this. Each thrust was strong and harsh, slamming against Barry’s insides and making his mind feel foggy with pleasure and lust. Nothing mattered but feeling that familiar rush of Mick’s seed filling him. Barry’s body craved it and he started to shake uncontrollably.

The vibrations from Barry’s body seemed to have an effect on Mick even more than usual. He growled happily, his teeth scraping over Barry’s scent gland. His thrusts suddenly picked up speed and Barry could hear the bed slamming into the wall of the room.

“Mick...right there...fuck me harder right there…” Barry cried out, his fingers reaching up to grip the back of Mick’s neck. “I’m getting close again alpha….please mark me...make me yours.” Mick kept fucking Barry hard, tucking his head into Barry’s neck and kissing the spot he would mark. The spot where Barry’s neck met his shoulder.

“Yes...yes...please alpha. Take me...make me your omega...only yours to fuck, to fill with pups…” Barry rambled as his own hips bucked up to meet Mick’s thrusts inside. Barry no longer had control
over himself, the only thoughts he had were of Mick and their mating. He could feel his mate’s knot now, expanding and pressing against his opening. It slammed against his opening as it grew, the size of it starting to make Barry whine. It felt so big…

Suddenly, Mick thrust hard into Barry and the knot pressed his opening. Barry screamed in pleasure as the knot stretched him open, the muscles well prepared from Mick’s earlier attention. He came hard around the knot with his body vibrating from the strength of it, his vision whiting out from the pleasure.

Then, Barry felt Mick’s teeth sink into his neck and around his scent gland. The mix of pleasure and pain had him shaking and tears blurring his vision. It hurt...the bite was hurting him but he was still cumming hard around the knot inside of him. Barry wrapped his arms around Mick, panting and crying into his alpha’s shoulder.

“Stop...stop...that hurts...” Barry whined despite his body still bucking his hips and Mick’s knot stretching against his inner walls. “No...it hurts...it.....ahhhh!” Mick’s cum shot inside Barry, hot and amazing. Barry could feel all of it as it coated his insides. There was so much more than normal as it filled him up and stayed locked inside.

The feeling of Mick cumming inside of him was familiar but something felt different now. Barry’s eyes widened, spreading his legs a little more as the hot seed filled him up while Mick’s mouth held him in place. His body was on fire with every nerve, heart hammering in his chest. The pain from the bite was edging on too much and the echoes of pleasure from the mating process keeping it from crossing the edge.

Barry let out a softer gasp when the pain from the bite started ebbing away and another, smaller orgasm shook through him just from Mick’s hot seed coating his insides. Mick lifted his mouth from Barry’s shoulder with a soft, comforting noise. He nuzzled along Barry’s jaw, kissing away the omega’s tears.

“I know it hurt, doll...It’s okay now though,” Mick comforted, licking over where he had bitten and lapped up the small bit of blood that had been left with his tongue. “You’re all mine now...my mate...” Barry nodded, his mind trying to find the words as his legs shook from everything that had just taken place. His mind felt calm but slow, his body heavy and tired.

“And you’re mine...” Barry managed to mumble, feeling Mick roll them over carefully and tucking his head under Mick’s chin as they curled together. The alpha’s big arms enveloped Barry in warmth and comfort, keeping him in place so he wouldn’t hurt himself with Mick’s knot still locked inside him. Mick scented and licked at Barry’s marked shoulder with a proud smile on his face.

Barry looked up at Mick when he could finally find the energy to lift his head, letting out a soft moan when he felt another wave of Mick’s seed spurting inside of him again. His heart warmed as he felt his shoulder throb from the fresh bite, his mate locked deep inside of him and all Barry could feel was love for the alpha holding him close.

He had been dreaming of being mated ever since he presented, had been dreaming of Mick being his mate since he met the alpha. They had been through so many hardships and joys together, especially in the recent months and the emotions welling in Barry’s chest threatened to crack him open.

“I love you, Mick.” Barry murmured, tears starting to spill down his cheeks. “I’m so happy...I just...” Barry sniffed and felt his mate wrap him up in his arms. Mick’s warm chest was a comfort, Barry’s ear pressed against it to hear that wonderful heartbeat that had lulled him to sleep for so many nights over the years.
“I love you, doll. Never thought I would ever do this with anyone,” Mick murmured as he brushed Barry’s tears away. “I’m glad it was you.” Mick pressed his lips to Barry’s, humming at the taste of himself that still lingered on the alpha’s lips. The copper of his own blood, the salt of his slick and then underneath that, the taste of Mick.

Everything finally felt perfect in the world. Barry was mated to the love of his life, he had two weeks to bask in the glow of mating with his soon to be husband, and he was fully relaxed for the first time since his heat had started.

Nothing could possibly ruin this perfect vacation.

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Len was surprisingly calm the whole way to meet Ray's mother. Sydney seemed more interested in talking to Ray about his company, the side glances he kept giving Len more telling than he thought. Len knew that the alpha was waiting for the dinner to really question him, along with Ray’s mother. The omega was prepared, his hand still interlaced with Ray’s when they got out of the rental car Sydney had driven over in front of a small restaurant.

It wasn’t anything too fancy. A simple place, family owned, and casual in nature. Len was glad he had dressed reasonably nice. His navy blue leather jacket, a simple shirt, and dark jeans that looked good and kept him warm. Ray had opted a little dressier but Len couldn’t help but stare at how good the alpha looked in his white button up, tie and jeans. Len never admitted it but the way Ray’s jeans hugged his ass had the man’s blue eyes wandering down to stare to the point of distraction. Len was grateful that he had chosen to hide his eyes behind reflective sunglasses.

Len could feel Sydney’s eyes on him when they got out of the car, the alpha watching his every move. He didn’t know whether from curiosity or some strange protectiveness over Ray but it still irritated the omega. Len didn’t care as he placed his hand on Ray’s lower back when they walked inside.

It didn’t take Len long to spot the woman that could only be Ray’s mother. Her greying brown hair fell to her shoulders, a bright grin on her face that matched the one that Ray always wore on his face. She smelled of an omega well past her breeding years as the three walked over. She noticed Len right away, her eyes scanning over him but she seemed smart enough to put together who he was. Her eyes softened when she saw Len release Ray’s hand.

“Ray, I’m so glad you came,” the woman said, giving Ray a small hug and looking him over. “You look so good!” Ray smiled softly, his ears turning a bit pink when his mother reached up to straighten his hair. Len stood awkwardly as Sydney to a seat and Ray fidgeted at his mother’s gentle prodding of him.

“And I don’t believe we’ve met,” the woman said, turning to Len and drawing his attention upward. “I’m Ray and Sydney’s mother, Susan Palmer.” Len lifted his arm and offered his hand to shake the woman’s outstretched one. Len easily put on a charming smile and met Susan’s eyes.

“Leonard Wynters,” Len stated, letting the fake name he often used fall off his lips as easily as it had with Sydney. “Pleasure to meet the beautiful woman who raised my boyfriend.” Susan chuckled, her eyes crinkling towards the edges when she smiled. Ray’s hand touched Len’s lower back and Len knew that Ray was looking at him with affection swimming in those brown eyes.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you too, Mr. Wynters.” Susan greeted and cast a disapproving look at Ray. “It seems my son forgot to mention you…” Len shrugged, not caring about that but taking the
opportunity to smile teasingly at Ray.

“You talk non-stop about me to Felicity but forget to tell your mother?” Len teased as Ray looked at him with a soft glare. “It’s not all his fault, Ray knows I value my privacy and we’ve been long distance for a few years.” Susan nodded, seeming placated for now. She gestured to the table and took a seat next to Sydney so that Len could sit next to Ray across from them.

Len held the chair out for Ray, a gesture he always did at home and did so without really thinking. Sydney raised a brow as Ray took a seat, smiling gratefully at Len and looking down at the menu. Len took his own seat, doing his best not to let his nervousness show for Ray’s sake.

“Page three has the gluten-free options.” Len said to Ray, noticing it before Ray did and earning a small smile from Susan. Sydney eyed Len still despite the easiness that his mother seemed to adjust into. Len could sense distrust coming from Sydney and he had to admire it to some degree. Despite whatever tension was between the brothers Sydney seemed to be protective of Ray.

The waiter came to collect their food orders, his smile strained but bright like a man that was clearly ready to go home. He greeted them all, giving his name, and started working his way around the table. When he got to Ray, the alpha smiled at the waiter but Len could sense the dread in those eyes. Ray always hated this conversation he had to have with anyone handling his food.

“I’ll have the quinoa burger,” Ray said as he handed the waiter his menu, his smile as apologetic as he could make it. “And could you make sure it doesn’t come into contact with anything that contains wheat, barley, rye or any other grains that might contain gluten? I have a severe allergy to most gluten-containing grains.”

The waiter paused and Len could just see the wheels turning in his head. The omega watched closely, hoping that this waiter wasn’t going to say anything. The waiter wrote down the order, opening his mouth when he did.

“You know, I was reading that most of those gluten sensitivities are just psychological,” The waiter said with a tone of superiority that had Len bristling. “Are you sure you have an allergy?” Len opened his mouth before Ray or anyone else at the table could.

“Well, as someone he called from the emergency room the last time a waiter thought he would get cheeky and mess with his order, I can tell you that my boyfriend’s allergy is quite real.” Len stated, tone calm but eyes holding a cold anger as he met the waiters slightly terrified look. “That particular waiter in question lost his job over it and is barred from being a server in every restaurant, such a shame.”

The waiter stiffened, meeting Len’s eyes as the omega sipped his water casually. He seemed to have caught the subtle threat in Len’s statement because he turned towards Ray with an apologetic grin on his face. Ray smiled at him, waving the apology that the waiter seemed about to say with a good-natured chuckle.

“It’s okay, I’m used to it.” Ray stated and the waiter quickly took his leave. Len felt Ray’s hand reach under the table, gratefully squeezing the hand Len had resting on his thigh. Len turned to Ray, his smile turning just a little softer as he looked up at Ray.

“So, Leonard,” Sydney said after clearing his throat to gain the pair’s attention. “How did you and Ray meet?” Len turned, keeping Ray’s hand in his own under the table as he steadily met Sydney’s gaze.

“My best friend is engaged to Barry Allen. Although, they are probably mated by now seeing as they
are currently in Aruba with plans to mate,” Len said calmly, noticing Susan smiling at that information. “Ray and I met five years ago at Barry’s graduation party. We danced around actually getting together until about...ten or so months ago?” Ray nodded in agreement, seeming to approve of the way Len had phrased it.

“After Anna,” Ray said, looking a bit sad as he mentioned his late fiancee, squeezing Len’s hand for comfort. “I wasn’t really ready for anything serious when we first met but Len was and still is just what I needed.” Len looked down awkwardly, caught off guard by Ray’s statement. He still hadn’t fully adjusted to just how sappy his boyfriend could be.

“Ray, that was corny even for you,” Sydney said with a look, one that showed he had something else to say and Len bristled again. “But I guess you’ve always been like that…” Len didn’t like how Sydney phrased that but Susan soon cleared her throat.

“That’s so sweet,” Susan said, her eyes soft as she looked at her son before turning to Len with a bright smile. “What is it that you do, Leonard?” Len already had a lie at the tip of his tongue, ready for this question.

“I’m starting up my own security consulting company,” Len stated, taking a sip of his water and the lie flowing so smoothly that even he almost believed it. “Basically, big companies pay for me to break into their vaults or facilities to test their security systems and show them where there are weaknesses whether it be with the training of their employees or their systems themselves.” Susan nodded with interest and even Sydney seemed to take the lie well enough.

“He’s pretty good at it actually,” Ray said and Len stiffened when his boyfriend kept speaking. “I actually...hired him once to try and crack my security.” Sydney scoffed, smirking at Ray in disbelief. Len relaxed, glad that Ray hadn’t let anything too incriminating slip.

“I helped you design that security,” Sydney said with an air of cockiness that had Len’s mouth curling with satisfaction. “No way he…” Ray grinned and laughed, his brown eyes shining proudly.

“Oh no, he did and then he made me come to get the part he stole all the way in Central just because he wanted to see my face,” Ray explained and cast Len a look when the man grinned like a supervillain at the retelling. “But I know now it was because I bruised his pride by assuming he couldn’t do something.” Len had to bite his tongue to keep from snapping a comeback about how Ray didn’t seem to mind once Len had him tied to the bed later the evening after.

Susan was laughing at the story, trying to hide her laughter behind her hand. Sydney was now looking at Len with a new sense of intrigue, a newfound respect that Len hadn’t expected. Ray’s hand on Len’s thigh, his family falling into an acceptance that Len hadn’t prepared for. Len suddenly felt uncomfortable as the conversation moved on. It was like he knew he didn’t belong here but he forced himself to push it down.

But the thoughts persisted in the back of his head. The feeling of not deserving to be here, an actual guilt that Ray had to keep grazing over Len’s life. Len hadn’t really allowed himself to feel guilt over the things he had done over the years but now he was tied to Ray, his actions could now be connected to his boyfriend.

A boyfriend who loved him in a way he didn’t deserve.

Mick opened his eyes when the sun started peeking through the curtains of the master bedroom,
slowly awakening from a surprisingly comfortable sleep. Barry was cuddled against Mick’s chest, sleeping soundly wrapped in Mick’s arms. The alpha felt his heart give a flutter of love and affection for his mate.

His mate. Barry Allen was now Mick’s mate. The alpha’s mark had healed over to form a raised pink scar where Barry’s shoulder met his neck. Mick had worried about that with the omega’s accelerated healing but it seemed like the mark had taken without a problem. The softest hint of Mick’s scent was mixed with Barry’s, showing the world that he was taken.

Mick’s calloused fingers lightly grazed over the mark, looking over his mate’s sleeping face and just letting himself feel happy. Barry was his forever, soon to be his husband as well as his mate and Mick let himself be happy about it. He nuzzled into Barry’s neck, inhaling the omega’s soft morning scent and sighing quietly.

“You know, it’s hard to stay asleep with you cuddling me like that,” Barry said, his green eyes slowly opening and looking up at Mick with the heaviness of sleep keeping them half-lidded. “Good morning, alpha.” Mick chuckled, the way Barry said that sent the smallest expansion of warmth through Mick’s body.

“Morning, doll,” Mick greeted, hands moving up Barry’s belly and chest. “How did you sleep?” Barry lifted his arms, carefully stretching around Mick before turning in the alpha’s arms and wrapping his arms around Mick’s neck.

“Good since I had my wonderful mate holding me,” Barry commenting, nuzzling closer to Mick. “Want to go to the beach today? Since my heat is over, I really want to explore.” Mick nodded and chuckled when Barry’s stomach let out an audible growl.

“After breakfast,” Mick said, kissing Barry again before finally releasing his mate. “Then we can go out so I get to show you off.” Barry’s stomach let out a soft but pleasing sound and pressing closer to Mick.

“Okay,” Barry agreed, rising up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. “Can you make french toast?” Mick smiled, nodding as Barry rose to his feet and stretched his arms over his head. Mick admired the length of Barry’s back, eyes scanning over the freckles that decorated his mate’s body. Mick let his eyes lingering on his mark that adorned Barry’s shoulder now. His heart fluttered with affection and love until his mate turned to fix those green eyes on him.

Mick felt his face warm at being caught as Barry’s eyes softened. The omega leaning towards him and let his hands move up Mick’s body. Mick’s eyes closed as Barry’s hands trailed up his chest to his neck and he gripped Barry’s hips. Tucking his head into Barry’s neck, Mick inhaled his omega’s scent deeply and just let himself bask in the feeling of Barry in his arms.

“I love you.” Barry murmured, his soft voice reaching Mick’s ears and somehow filling the alpha’s chest with more warmth. It still surprised Mick every time his omega said those words as if he still couldn’t understand how Barry could love him. Mick sighed contentedly and moved his head to press a kiss to his mark. It sent a shiver through Barry, the omega letting out a soft but pleasing sound and pressing closer to Mick.

“Love you too, Doll.” Mick replied, setting a hand on Barry’s hip and pressing one more kiss to his temple. “Now go get showered while I make you food.” Barry nodded but before he could speed off, Mick gave him a look.

“At a human speed.” Mick ordered and Barry feigned insult as he slowly got out of bed. Mick slid
out of bed behind him, swinging his feet to the floor and watching Barry disappear into the bathroom. Mick couldn’t help but smile just watching Barry’s naked body as his mate walked to the shower. Mick asking him to move at human speed was mostly so he could just watch his mate for another minute, so he could take in all the beauty that was Barry Allen.

After the bathroom door shut and Mick heard the shower turning on, he stood up. He took a moment to stretch his arms before heading to the kitchen to make breakfast.

Caitlin’s stretches and the vitamin oil that Barry often rubbed on his burns had helped his movement by leaps and bounds. Sometimes he still had some pain but he could manage it. His body was relaxed now, hormones finally resting after a hectic rut week. Mick’s instincts were sated now and he took great joy in preparing breakfast for his mate.

Several minutes later, Mick had a high stack of french toast with syrup and powdered sugar on a plate just for Barry when he walked into the kitchen. Mick smiled when he felt the omega’s long arms wrap around his waist and Barry’s head peek over his shoulder.

“That smells amazing.” Barry praised and Mick nodded, flipping another piece of french toast in the pan. “I am the luckiest omega alive.” Mick shook his head, rolling his eyes at Barry’s praise but letting just a bit of pride fill his chest. It touched something almost primal in Mick knowing that he could provide for his lover at least in this way. Mick pointed towards the plate resting on the counter just to his left.

“Your plate is over there,” Mick stated, feeling Barry’s arms leave him and the plate move from his sight only for Barry to appear sitting on the counter. Mick let out a bark of laughter while Barry took a bite of his food. The look of pure bliss on the omega’s face as he ate what Mick prepared for him sent a jolt of satisfaction through the older alpha.

“I knew you only mated with me for my food.” Mick added as he made a second plate stacked high with french toast for Barry’s inevitable second helping. Barry grinned at Mick cheekily, finishing off the last of his plate and reaching for the second.

“Well, it is an added bonus,” Barry replied, eyes meeting Mick’s as the alpha turned off the stove and moved over to Barry. Mick placed his hands on the counter on either side of Barry to lean closer to his mate. The omega opened his legs to allow Mick to press closer before he offered Mick some food off his fork.

Mick couldn’t help but just let himself bask in this moment with Barry. Sitting in the kitchen, sharing breakfast and letting the world just pass them by. After all the worries of mating that had plagued Mick’s mind over the years, this time with Barry made it all seem so small. It didn’t matter what awaited them when they finally made it back home. Barry was his and anything life could throw at them was worth seeing that happy smile on his omega’s face.

An hour or two later, Mick found himself on the beach beneath an umbrella and resting in a chair. The beach was bustling with activity and people but he and Barry managed to find a small part of the beach that had fewer people in it. Despite the heat, Mick was quite comfortable relaxing in his long-sleeved shirt and swim trunks just watching the people on the beach.

Well, one person in particular.

Barry had taken his shirt off as soon as he could, the slender form of the omega catching more than a
few stares from the other beach-goers. Mick watched Barry spread sunscreen over himself through his dark sunglasses, eyes roving hungrily over every inch of Barry’s exposed skin. Mick caught more than a few young alphas off in the distance staring at Barry but a quick glance at his mark seemed to keep them at bay. The other alphas could stare all they wanted but Barry was all Mick’s now.

“Mick, can you get my back?” Barry asked, stepping in front of Mick and holding out the bottle of sunscreen. Mick sat up, making room on the chair for Barry to sit as he took the bottle.

“Sure thing, doll,” Mick said as Barry sat down. “Have to say, all that running you do has somehow made you look even sexier.” Barry chuckled in response, shivering slightly when the cold sunscreen hit his back. Mick’s large hands easily worked it into Barry’s skin.

“Yeah, it’s kind of nice having abs for once in my life,” Barry said as Mick finished rubbing the sunscreen over his back. “Although it’s weird to keep catching people staring….” The alpha put his hands on Barry’s hips, pulling him back, and pressing the omega’s back against Mick’s chest.

“It’s nice having the prettiest omega on the beach as your mate,” Mick stated, nuzzling Barry’s neck. “You know, we could always mark sex on the beach off our…”

“Barry?” A strange voice suddenly called out and Mick smelled the approach of an unfamiliar, unmated alpha. The mated pair looked up and Mick looked over the young alpha that had interrupted them.

He was about Barry’s age, handsome with soft brown eyes and a strong jawline. He carried himself with confidence and arrogance typical of an alpha his age. Mick could spot the air of military from his haircut and the way his hands fell to his sides when he stopped in front of them.

“Oh my...Hal!??” Barry exclaimed happily, practically leaping to his feet to throw his arms around this strange alpha’s neck. “I didn’t expect to see you here, how’ve you been? How’s the air force treating you?” Mick sat back, observing this exchange and waiting for Barry to introduce him.

Hal smiled at Barry, a gentle smile that seemed to alleviate the stiffness in his shoulders. Mick could see this alpha visibly soften in front of Barry. Hal’s brown eyes looked him over and briefly landed on the raised, still fresh mark on Barry’s shoulder. The dark flash of some sort of sadness in this alpha’s eyes made Mick’s chest tighten. He knew that kind of look. He wasn’t sure who this alpha was to Barry but Hal certainly held some kind of feeling for Barry. Mick just wasn’t sure what.

“Air Force is good, although I’m on leave at the moment,” Hal explained when he hugged Barry back for a moment before pulling away. “I heard you graduated and joined the CCPD?” Barry nodded, smiling that bright grin of his and turning just a little pink with pride.

“Yes, I work as a CSI now,” Barry said and chuckled good-naturedly at Hal. “And I heard you’re causing trouble in the sky now.” Hal let out a small huff of laughter, waving his hand as if waving off the comment.

“You know me, I like trouble,” Hal stated, letting his hand move to the pocket of his swim trunks. “The officer’s not so much. Part of why I’m on leave, I think they just wanted to get a vacation from me.” The alpha’s eyes flicked to Barry’s mark again and briefly moved to Mick.

“I see you got mated while I was away?” Hal said, tone masking the melancholic flash in his eyes with a happy smile. Barry laughed and then turned to Mick with a soft smile, reaching for Hal’s hand and yanking him closer.

“Yes, to this amazing man,” Barry said with a soft smile towards Mick that eased some of the
uneasiness that Mick was feeling. “Hal, this is Mick Rory, my mate, and fiancee, and Mick, meet Hal Jordan. He and I were friends when I was in high school.” Barry then smiled nervously and he shuffled his feet as Hal offered his hand to Mick for a friendly shake. Mick didn’t smell anything akin to territorialism coming from Hal so he took the hand and gave it a firm shake.

“We also dated until my second year of college,” Barry explained, his look a little nervous. Mick raised a brow at the new information that explained the sad look in Hal’s eyes. “We broke up about a year before I met you actually.” Hal shrugged, looking unbothered by Mick’s presence as he gave the other alpha a friendly grin.

“Glad to meet the alpha who wooed Barry Allen,” Hal said with a small chuckle, putting his weight on one leg as he crossed his arms over his chest. “How long have you two been together?” Mick let his eyes flick over Hal and shrugged, wondering why Barry hadn’t mentioned Hal before.

“It’s been ‘bout five years or so,” Mick said as Barry seemed to sense Mick’s confusion and sat down near him, the bond they shared now making it easier for Barry to sense Mick’s emotions. “Been engaged since about...almost a year ago.” Barry nodded, smiling like a lovestruck teenager.

“Yeah, Best five years of my life...” Hal let out a small chuckle at Barry’s words, his expression softening towards the pair. Mick could feel the warmth of Barry’s love that he was feeling, chuckling at his mate’s sappy comment.

“Didn’t think you went for older men, Barry.” Hal teased, his tone good-natured and clearly not meant to be a jab but Mick felt his heart squeeze with anxiety nonetheless. “But seriously, you two look happy. Congratulations.” Barry nodded and Mick just watched the pair, tuning out the conversation for a moment as his thoughts wandered.

Why hadn’t Barry told him about this alpha he had dated? Was he that insignificant or was it something else? The comment on his age had Mick thinking about that as well. Even if it had just been a tease directed at Barry, Hal was clearly closer to Barry in age. He was young and in his prime, clearly still cared for Barry…

“I was just about to go for a walk on the boardwalk,” Hal stated and Mick pricked ever so slightly. “You two should come with me.” Mick raised a brow, starting to hate that smile Hal was directing at Barry. This wasn’t jealousy, but some other emotion he didn't like weighing heavy in his chest. Barry nodded excitedly and Mick had to bite his tongue to keep from snapping at Hal, not wanting to upset his mate.

“That would be great,” Barry replied happily, standing up to take his phone from the bag that he and Mick had brought with him. “Do you want to?” Mick considered for a moment, really wanting to just tell this other alpha to fuck off but seeing Barry looking so eager made guilt swim with the unknown feeling in his gut.

“Nah, I’m good here,” Mick said gruffly, not meeting Barry’s eyes when the omega raised a brow at him. “You go catch up with your friend...I’ll meet you back at the house.” Barry cocked his head to the side, taking in Mick’s look but seeming to accept what he was saying. “Go have fun, Doll. It’s your vacation too and you’ll have plenty of time with me later.” Barry smiled, leaning forward to kiss Mick quickly on the lips.
“More like the rest of my life,” Barry added before rising to his feet. “I’ll see you back at the house, Mick.” Mick nodded, watching Barry walk away with Hal and feeling that same tightness in his chest. Hal and Barry walking side by side and looked like something out of a cheesy romance movie. Hal looked every bit the young, gorgeous alpha ready to sweep the leading omega off their feet.

Mick thought back to Barry’s talk of pups the other day, how he wanted to have them and Mick thought about Barry’s age. Barry was almost twenty-six now, in the prime of his life and just starting to live that life. He had plenty of time to grow, to have a family, to achieve all he wanted out of life.

But Mick...he was pushing forty soon. He wasn’t anywhere near being old and fat just yet but he had lost much of his youthful definition. He was scarred in more ways than physical, his muscles strong but his stomach had grown a bit softer with age. Not to mention that he was still a wanted man in several cities, not just Central. He had lived his life, regrets and all...

Mick suddenly felt sick. He had been so clouded by the remaining grief and fear from nearly losing Barry that he had forgotten why he hadn’t wanted to mark the omega in the first place. Now Barry was stuck with him, an older alpha that wouldn’t be around much longer to give Barry the loving, happy life he deserved. A life with pups and fulfillment...

Regret and inadequacy slowly crept up higher, itching at Mick’s anxiety and self-loathing curling in his chest. He didn’t waste another moment before packing up the things he and Barry had brought to the beach and leave. He needed to be alone and the bustle of the people all around the beach was suddenly ringing in his ears, overwhelming him with the intensity of the smallest of sounds.

He set everything down right by the door when he got back to the house and stalked to the room he and Barry shared for the trip. The scent of their mating hung heavily in the room and drew bile into Mick’s throat. His emotions were building, his mind a tangle of stress and he walked into the kitchen for a beer.

The taste of the beer did little for his nerves. Mick sighed, grabbing the entire case and sitting in the living room. He tried to untangle his mind, to take deep breaths and figure out what was triggering his anxiety. It was too much, his emotions overwhelming Mick in a wave that threatened to steal his breath.

He needed a fire, he needed the flames but his lighter hadn’t been safe for the plane ride...

Mick found some four-hour emergency candles hidden in a closet after searching for a few minutes along with a box of matches. It didn’t take him long to set them all along the coffee table in the living room, lighting them all at once and feeling his mind go blank with the dance of the flames eating at the wick. His breathing steadied and Mick tried to relax to keep from melting down.

As the flames flicked back and forth, the living room alight with a soft glow, Mick let his thoughts drain away with the cascading light and the case of beer next to him. Watching the fire and getting drunk had worked countless times before. Why would this time be any different?

“So there I was, plane down in a field just smoldering and my commander coming at me with this look that just tells me I’m dead,” Hal said animatedly, recounting a recent tale of his pilot escapades. “So, I look him straight in the eyes and say “Guess we really stuck the landing, eh Commander?” he just about blew a gasket.”

Barry laughed, covering his mouth to keep from getting too loud at the small burger place the pair
had stopped at for food. Despite having eaten a big breakfast, walking along the beach and exploring with Hal had Barry starving. His metabolism didn’t take a vacation even if Barry did and while he had plenty of calorie bars, the omega still ended up getting at least two burger orders to satisfy his never-ending need for food.

“You’re still getting into trouble, I see,” Barry teased and Hal nodded, letting out a small chuckle. The sound was familiar, like an old song. Barry could remember the days that Hal’s laugh sent shivers down his spine but now, it simply filled his chest with a warmth.

“Yeah but I’m still the best damn pilot they have so, it works out,” Hal said with a shrug, taking a sip of his soda and looking up to meet Barry’s eyes. “And look at you. CSI, working for the CCPD, mated. Looks like everything has worked out for you. Should I be expecting an invite to a baby shower by the years end?

Barry’s smile faded just a bit after that. He knew Hal meant it as a joke but the comment still stung. The omega looked towards his drink, letting the tips of his fingers glide over the condensation gathering on the outside of the glass. His mind went to his lost pup briefly but also to what Mick had said before. There were so many things he needed to talk to Mick about but it never seemed like a good time.

Hal’s hand gently covering Barry’s other hand resting on the table drew the man from his thoughts. Barry looked up and could see the concern in the alpha’s eyes. There was a gentleness in those eyes, the same Hal had always held for Barry.

“Bare, is everything okay?” Hal asked when Barry looked up. “You’re looking a bit down. Come on, talk to me.” Barry took a moment to find his answer, trying to figure out how to say what was bothering him. He didn’t want to bring Hal down but...Hal was offering a friendly ear.

“Mick and I actually...lost a pup recently.” Barry said quietly, lifting his hand to lean on it and looking down at the table. “I was in a coma for nine months and I guess I was pregnant...the pup didn’t make it...” Hal went quiet, his brow wrinkling in thought as he processed what Barry had said. Barry listened to the sound of the diner, glasses clinking and people talking. It was strange that even in a place like Aruba, life carried on around them despite Barry’s personal tragedies.

Suddenly, Hal’s arms were around Barry. The alpha wrapped Barry up in his arms securely and warm, comforting him and giving off a feeling of safety. Barry was still for a moment, shocked at the suddenness of the hug. Barry’s vision slowly started to swim, tears gathering in his eyes. With a soft, broken sob, Barry curled into Hal’s chest and cried.

He had thought he was past this part of the mourning process, the uncontrollable tears, and the breakdowns. But everytime pups were mentioned, it felt like a stab to Barry’s heart. He should be happy. Mick was his mate, he was in a beautiful place he’d never been before and hanging out with a friend he hadn’t seen in a long time.

But here he was, crying over what he had lost yet again.

“I’m sorry,” Barry finally managed after a sniff, lifting a hand to wipe his eyes and pulling back from Hal’s chest. “I shouldn’t still be like this...” The server slowly moved towards the pair, carefully placing some bills down and giving Barry a gentle smile. Hal nodded at her, putting some cash on the table.

“Keep whatever’s left over,” He told the server, helping Barry to his feet and they started walking out of the building. The warm wind brushed over Barry’s face, drying his tears and calming him down. Hal was silent at first, his warm palm resting on Barry’s lower back in comfort.
“You don’t have to be sorry, I can’t even imagine what you’re going through…” Hal said, trailing off as he spoke. “I just...fuck, I’m not the best at this…” Barry let out a small laugh, Hal’s stumbling concern somehow making the curling, tangled feelings inside of Barry’s chest calm. Hal really hadn’t changed much over the years.

Hal had mellowed since their teenage years, being a pilot seemed to give him the adrenaline rush he needed but Barry could still see the same attention craving yet compassionate man he had almost married. Barry mused over that for a moment, wondering what his life would have been like if he and Hal had stayed together. The more Barry thought about it, the more his mind kept putting Mick in the fantasy. Barry could picture life without Mick in it but he didn’t want to.

“How is Mick taking the miscarriage?” Hal asked as if sensing that Barry was thinking of his mate. “I mean, I know I would be taking it hard if it were my pup but Mick...no offense Bare but he doesn’t seem like the omega and pups type.” Barry looked over at Hal, just barely catching the hints of concern in Hal’s voice.

“You...would be right,” Barry replied softly, crossing his arms over his chest. “He took it hard, just like I did but...Mick doesn’t want to be a father and I think he’s made that clear. He hates talking about the miscarriage and usually changes the subject. Can’t say I blame him.”

Hal was quiet for another moment, a skill he seemed to have finally developed. Barry could remember fighting with Hal, long and dragged out verbal battles that neither of them could walk away from. Hal seemed to have developed a bit more patience.

“How did you meet him?” Hal asked, turning to the beach and the pair started to walk along the sand. The sand was still warm from the heat of the evening, feeling good on Barry’s bare feet. The sun was just starting to set, staining the sky with hues of orange and red dotted with splotches of blue. The beach starting to empty and giving the pair a bit of peace and quiet.

“You remember Tony Woodward?” Barry asked, looking up at the sky and smiling at a shape in the clouds as they floated along with the evening wind. “I was near my heat and went to the store to pick up my blockers and birth control and Tony cornered me. Mick intervened and offered to drive me home. It just sort of snowballed from there…”

Barry felt himself soften, thinking back to that first time he saw Mick. It was surprising that such a gruff looking alpha treated Barry with respect. Barry had grown used to alphas looking at him like he was a prize, something to be owned or kept. Even Hal had treated him like that at first when Barry had first presented but not his Mick.

“I love him so much, Hal.” Barry said softly, feeling another gathering of tears in his eyes. “I just wish he would talk to me. He keeps everything bottled up until it explodes and I need to talk about this...I just need to know what he wants or how he feels…” Barry let out a sigh, collapsing onto the cooling sand near the water.

Barry folded his knees to his chin, wrapping his arms around them and pressing his mouth against his knees. He felt lost even with the bond they shared now, the bond having not quite solidified yet. Barry could feel Mick’s emotions but they were muted and hard to read.

“Barry, I can’t believe it’s me saying this,” Hal said, collapsing onto the sand next to Barry. “But maybe you two should try couples counseling. It sounds like Mick could use some help communicating himself and you...well, you’ve always been really bad about asking for what you need.”

Barry blinked in surprise at the statement. He was so used to people telling him just to let it go with
Mick, that he wasn’t worth it. No one had ever suggested, nor had Barry even thought of getting some help through a trained professional instead of trying to fix everything himself.

“Mick won’t want to do that,” Barry said, deflating as he remembered Mick’s refusal to see a therapist for any of his personal issues. “Mick doesn’t really like therapists...he’s had bad experiences with them calling him crazy…”

Hal turned to Barry, frowning and crossing his arms. Barry knew that look, it was the look that Hal had always gotten when Barry needed the truth. Barry always knew that Hal, much like Iris and Joe, would be honest with him about how they felt. Hal was about to tell Barry something he didn’t want to hear but something he probably needed to.

“You two are mated now. That means that you two either have to address these things better or risk severing the bond.” Hal said, voice serious. “Look, I’ve never been mated but I do know that shutting yourself off emotionally this early in mating can be bad for the bond. I don’t know Mick, I don’t know how he responds to ultimatums or whatever but if you want this to last, if he wants this to last, then you two are going to have to find some middle ground.”

Barry went quiet, letting Hal’s words sink in. Mick had gotten a little better with communicating since the beginning but Barry was starting to reach the end of his rope. He loved Mick more than anything, was so happy and proud to be mated to him. But now that he was thinking, now that he could feel the giddiness of mating fading, he knew that they still had a lot of work to do.

Work that Barry couldn’t do by himself anymore.

“I...I should get back.” Barry said, standing up and holding out a hand to help Hal to his feet. “Thanks, Hal...you’ve given me something to think about.” Hal smiled gently at Barry, giving the omega’s arm a jerk, pulling him into a hug instead of letting the omega’s hand go. Barry tucked his nose into Hal’s neck and relaxed, enjoying the familiarity of Hal’s presence.

“Next time you’re in Central, you should come around the house,” Barry suggested, releasing Hal from the hug with his bright grin spreading across his face. “We’d love to have you.” Hal nodded in response, ruffling Barry’s hair.

“I would love that,” Hal replied, his bright grin easing Barry’s worries even further as he turned to run down the beach at a normal speed. “Don’t fuck it up, Allen!” Barry laughed, turning around and trying to keep from rushing to the vacation home.

He just hoped that this idea would work, Mick could be so stubborn. Barry thought as he ran, slowly letting his legs pick up speed as he traveled further from Hal. On the way home, he decided it would be better to wait until they returned home to bring up counseling. It would be a shame to ruin their last few days of vacation with a potential fight.

The flames were rising higher, the warm yellow light illuminating the room in a halo. The heat in the room was nearing suffocating but Mick couldn’t tear his eyes away from the flames rising higher. They twitched and shook with the air, taking on a life of their own. Light, life, and heat converging and burning away the fears in Mick’s mind.

“Mick?”

Mick’s eyes were burning and itching. The heat and smoke hitting his face, eyes tearing up with the need to blink but Mick couldn’t. He could barely breathe and the smell of burnt wood pervaded his
nose harshly. He needed the fire, it was too beautiful to turn away from even for a second no matter how his body cried for him too. It was the only thing that he could focus on, his only thought was of the all-consuming fire as it started to eat away at wood and wax…

“Mick!”

Barry’s scared voice finally snapped Mick out of his stupor. He finally blinked as his eyes focused, vision spotting from staring into the bright light in a dark room. The surface of the coffee table was engulfed in flames. Mick barely had a second to register that he had knocked over a candle on the wooden coffee table before the whole surface was covered in the white foam of a fire extinguisher.

The chemical scent stung at Mick’s nose worse than the flames had, the alpha covering his face with his hand. Barry was standing in the entryway to the living room with wide green eyes. In his hands he held the fire extinguisher, eyes moving from the charred coffee table to Mick.

“Mick...what…” Barry started to say as he sat the extinguisher down and bolted over to Mick to look him over. “Are you okay?” Mick was still recovering his sense of self from losing himself in the flicker of flames. He looked down at Barry, blinking slowly as he let himself return to the room. He looked towards the wet, blackened surface of the table and let a wave of shame wash over him.

“I’m fine.” Mick replied simply, shame starting to creep into his chest. Barry’s eyes were filled with fear, his hands shaking slightly. Mick felt the bile rising in his throat and he turned his eyes downward. He had scared his mate badly with this loss of control.

“Mick...we talked about this,” Barry said quietly, looking back towards the table. “If you need to light a fire, you need to keep it contained.” Mick didn’t look up, huffing and reaching for another beer. His mind was hazy from the alcohol but the buzz was fading from the excitement. He couldn’t look at Barry, the reason for his anxiety creeping back into Mick’s mind like a vine and wrapping tightly around his heart. He didn’t want to feel, he didn’t want to think.

“Mick, what’s wrong?” Barry asked, his brow wrinkling as he reached to touch Mick’s arm. “Talk to me…” Mick jerked away from Barry’s touch, still not looking at the omega. He couldn’t, not when his mark was there on Barry’s skin and mocking him with whispers of his regrets and uncertainty.

Barry pulled his hand back against his chest, the look of hurt passing over his features as Mick took another swig of his beer. He could smell the omega’s distress now from the rejection, the smell pulling at his instincts but Mick pushed it down. He could feel Barry’s emotions just barely, the bond still new and fresh but Mick pushed back against it. He didn’t want Barry to feel his anguish, his regret.

“Don’t want to talk about it,” Mick stated gruffly, standing up and walking towards the entryway. “I’m going to bed.” There was a rush of air and Barry was standing in front of Mick, looking up at him with confusion and hurt in his eyes. Mick looked away, still not wanting to meet Barry’s eyes.

“Mick, look at me…” Barry said, reaching for Mick’s arm only to have the alpha pull away again. “Mick...you can’t just shut me out like this. I can’t read your mind, you have to talk to me…” Mick snorted, irritated and the alcohol lowering his defenses just enough to let his thoughts flow from his mouth before he could stop them.

“I don’t have to do anything, Barry,” Mick growled, taking another chug from his beer and finishing it off. “It’s nothing important so just drop it.” He tried to move past Barry but the omega wasn’t having it. He blocked Mick again, crossing his arms over his chest. His green eyes were narrowed in irritation now.
“Mick, we are mated now and…” Barry started to say, eyes following Mick as he took another lukewarm beer from where he had set his case and popping the top off on the burnt coffee table. “How much have you had to drink?”

Mick didn’t respond past a shrug and taking a long drink from the beer in his hand. It washed over his tongue bitterly, the warm temperature of it only adding to the lingering bad taste in his mouth. Mick didn’t care about that anymore. He just wanted to stop everything, wanted to float in a state outside himself. He didn’t want to feel, didn’t want to think.

“How much have you had to drink?” Barry repeated, reaching for the bottle but Mick pulled it out of his reach. “You know I don’t like it when you drink too much…” For some reason, those well-intentioned words set off Mick’s temper. He turned back to Barry, eyes narrowed and fierce.

“I don’t fucking care,” Mick snapped before he could stop himself. “I don’t want to talk. Just cause I listen to your whining doesn’t mean I want to do the same thing.” Barry visibly winced from Mick’s cutting insult but recovered quickly. His green eyes filled with anger, looking at Mick with utter disbelief.

“At least I try to talk about how I feel instead of leaving you guessing. How am I supposed to help you if you don’t talk to me?” Barry snapped, glaring at Mick and meeting the alpha’s gaze. “I come back to the coffee table on fire and you drunk off your ass and you expect me to believe that everything is just fine with you?”

Mick didn’t answer, just drinking his beer and looking Barry over. He was clearly angry and Mick’s mind battled with his heart. He didn’t want to talk, he wanted to be left alone to self-destruct but his heart was crying out because he knew he was hurting Barry.

Barry took a deep breath, reigning himself in. It pricked Mick’s irritation even more than it should. It felt like Barry was trying to deal with a child, making Mick feel even worse. The omega’s hand reached for Mick and gently touching the alpha’s forearm.

“Mick, it’s late…why don’t we take a shower and go lay down,” Barry suggested, clearly trying to redirect Mick to avoid furthering the argument. “We can go to sleep and talk about this in the morning…” Mick’s eyes narrowed, shoulders stiffening and he gripped the beer bottle in his hand.

“Don’t talk to me like I’m your pup, Barry.” Mick growled, temper flaring again and the next words escaped him before he could stop them. “It’s a good thing I’m not or I’d be dead by now…”

Mick regretted those words the moment they left his mouth. Barry’s eyes widened and the room went dead silent, Mick watching Barry’s shoulders sink. It was as if Barry’s whole being deflated and Mick could feel more guilt tightening in his chest. The omega was clearly hurt but instead of yelling, his voice was quiet when he spoke.

“I…” Barry said, one hand resting on his stomach and taking a shaky breath. “Is that how you feel? That it’s my fault we lost our pup?” Mick suddenly felt sick to his stomach, opening his mouth but no words formed. His mind was too foggy to figure out exactly what to say so he shut his mouth again.

He could see the hurt in Barry’s eyes, cracking underneath a pressure that Mick hadn’t even seen building up. There was the slightest tremble in Barry’s shoulders and the light dimmed in those green depths. There were no tears this time, just a shaky breath.

“What’s wrong?” Barry said softly, his eyes going to his feet. “I would give up everything, I would do anything if it meant that…” Barry paused, hand clenching over his stomach
and other hand going to his mouth. When he looked back up at Mick and there were too many emotions pushing against the bond that Mick was blocking. Anger, self-loathing, fear, and grief washed over Mick in a crashing wave.

“I know you didn’t want them...but I did!” Barry suddenly shouted, his hands curling into fists at his sides. “You just want to pretend that it didn’t happen and everything will go back to how it was? Well, I can’t and unlike you, I can’t just keep it all my emotions bottled up and then drink until all I can do to cope is burn the house down!”

Mick stiffened, staring at Barry with a blank look. The words stung and Mick had to fight to keep the hurt from showing on his face. Barry had always been the patient one, especially with Mick. But Mick could hear the resentment in Barry’s voice and that was what he wanted. Maybe this could be the moment when Barry would finally leave and realize that Mick wasn’t worth it so he could go be happy with someone better.

Even if this was what was best, severing the bond before it developed too far, Mick could feel his heart breaking in his chest. He loved Barry, so much it hurts to breathe thinking of life without him. But Mick didn't want his omega, his Barry, to have to be with an alpha as broken as he would always be.

“Mick!” Barry exclaimed, his eyes suddenly wide and all anger fading from his stance. “You’re bleeding...” Mick followed Barry’s eyes and looked down at his hand. The beer bottle he had been holding had shattered in his hand, his fist clenching it so tightly it had broken in his grip. He stared down at the broken glass, releasing it from his hand and staring down at the blood starting to drip from his palm and fingers.

“Mick, let me see,” Barry said, suddenly at Mick’s side concern written all over his face. “We should go clean you up...” Mick pulled away, unsure of how to react. How could Barry even still want to take care of him? After what he had just said, after what Barry had said?

Mick didn’t say anything to Barry. He just turned and headed for the door, feeling suffocated by the house. He pretended not to hear Barry calling after him as he left with a slam of the door, hand still bleeding and mind a tangle from his emotions and thoughts. He couldn’t do this, not right now. He needed space to get away and think...

“Oh, this place is amazing Ray,” Susan exclaimed as she walked around Ray’s living room. “It’s so big though, do you really need this much space?” Ray shook his head, looking towards his mother with a good-natured, albeit slightly annoyed, smile. Sydney was inspecting Ray’s movie collection but Len could see by the way he held himself that he was listening for Ray’s response.

“Len spends plenty of time here when he can,” Ray replied, smiling when Len came up with a glass of tea for Susan. “He’s here for another three months, right dear?” Len nodded, looking up at Ray with a raised brow. His alpha was trying to pull a fast one, his grin hinting at just a bit of hope.

“No, boy scout,” Len scolded, giving Ray a small glare. “I’m only here for another few weeks and then I head back to Central. Don’t go trying to use me to lie to your mother.” Ray made a small noise of disbelief, trying to play it off.

“I wasn’t trying to do that,” Ray lied, his tell of widening his eyes when he lied giving him away almost instantly to Len. “I guess I just hoped you would stay longer...” Len crossed his arms, raising a brow and giving Ray a look.

“Don’t try to lie to me either,” Len warned with a command in his voice without thinking about it.
“You’re bad at it, Raymond.” The alpha smiled at Len apologetically, his head gave the smallest tilt of submission out of habit.

“Sorry, Len…” Ray said, his voice passive and yielding. The omega shook his head, aware of the eyes on them when he leaned up to kiss Ray’s cheek. Len looked towards their guests after placing his hand on Ray’s lower back.

Susan didn’t seem to care, or at least was pretending not to. She smiled at the pair fondly, as if pleased by the display. Len relaxed for a moment at Ray’s mother’s reaction before he looked over at Sydney. The other alpha didn’t look pleased, his arms crossed and brow wrinkled from watching the display. Len met the alpha’s eyes, challenging him to say anything in front of Susan or himself. There was the smallest flash of aggression in Sydney’s brown eyes but he didn’t seem to want to push things in front of their mother.

“Leonard, would you mind showing me the bathroom?” Susan asked drawing Len’s attention to her. She smelled vaguely of worry, distressed by the small change in the energy of the room and Len nodded. He held out an arm, smiling at the older omega.

“Not a problem, ma’am,” Len said, letting Susan loop her arm around his. “It’s right down this way.” Len led the woman to the bathroom, turning to leave so she could go in when she stopped him. Len raised a brow, staring at her hand on his arm.

“I just want you to know,” Susan said slowly, the tone of her voice making Len stiffen in preparation for something negative. “I’m glad that Ray found an omega like you.” Len was too surprised by the statement to keep the emotion from showing on his face.

“I’m not sure I know what you mean,” Len said slowly, meeting Susan’s eyes after regaining his composure. “I’m not sure any mother would want their son’s omega talking to them like that…” Susan lifted a hand, shaking her head to cut Len off.

“Ray has always been...different. There are times I didn’t know what to do with him because of it,” She explained softly. “Sydney is definitely more typical of an alpha but Ray has always been more gentle, more passive. When he presented I was worried he would never find someone that could give him what he needed rather than taking what is expected of him.” There was a pause while Susan took a breath, her eyes holding a guilt Len hadn’t expected.

“I’ll admit I didn’t make all the right decisions with Ray,” She said with a softer tone. “But after what happened with Anna, I worried he would never find love...but I can tell you care about my son. As long as he’s happy, you’ll see no judgment from me about the dynamic you share.” Len relaxed, giving Susan a nod.

“Thank you,” Len replied, giving the woman a gentle smile. “But do me a favor and tell Ray that as well...he was worried about it more than I was.” The older omega nodded, chuckling as she turned towards the bathroom.

“Of course,” She said, closing the door and allowing Len to leave the hall to rejoin Ray. As he drew closer to the living room, Len could hear heated sounding whispers. The scent of Ray’s clear distress reaching Len’s nose and sending the omega instantly into a defensive state.

“Ray, all I’m saying is you can’t let your omega talk to you like that,” Sydney’s scolding voice said, clearly not happy. “You’re an alpha, it’s embarrassing watching you roll over. I thought Anna would have taught you to take charge a bit but you just let this one have all the control.” Len bristled at that but paused to listen for Ray’s response. As much as the omega wanted to rush in and tear Sydney a new one for speaking to Ray like that, Ray could fight his own battles.
“How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t like taking charge,” Ray stated, irritated and annoyed. “I like the dynamic I have and even if I did want to change it, Len wouldn’t like it.” Len could hear Sydney let out a sigh of frustration.

“Ray, I’m just trying to help you,” Sydney said firmly, sounding concerned but clearly not picking up on what Ray was saying. “You don’t need some uppity, spoiled omega making you think it’s okay not to be normal.” That pricked Len’s temper and Ray must have been about to reply when Sydney interrupted him.

“Ray, is he encouraging that...weird sex shit you used to look at in high school and college?” Sydney said, voice low so he wouldn’t be overheard. “Normal alphas don’t wear collars and let their omegas…” Len decided then to make himself known, stepping out of the hall with a clearly displeased look on his face and irritation in his scent.

“I don’t see how Raymond’s sex life has anything to do with you,” Len said in an icy voice that drew both Sydney and Ray’s attention to him. “Last I checked, that was something only Raymond and myself should be concerned about.” Ray met Len’s eyes briefly before those blue eyes fixed themselves on Sydney. Len was angry now, a special brand of cold anger that hardened his words.

“I also don’t like you coming into our home and talking to my alpha like that,” Len stated, his voice low and calm despite the rage burning inside of him. “I don’t care if you are his brother, that doesn’t mean you get to judge him or our relationship.” Sydney narrowed his eyes, a low growl escaping him.

“I’m not trying to be disrespectful,” Sydney stated, clearly trying to keep his temper under control. “But I’m not Ray, you can’t act like that to a real alpha.” Len’s scent flared up and he raised a brow at Sydney. He couldn’t exactly maim Ray’s brother like he normally would if any alpha dared talk to him like that.

Well, there were other ways to put an alpha in their place.

“I wasn’t aware respect was a non-alpha trait,” Len snapped, squaring his shoulders and taking another step towards Sydney. “You do not get to come into our home, try to scent it as if you own the place, and make the alpha I love feel inferior just because you don’t like our dynamic.” Len was now nose to nose with Sydney, glaring at him with a fierce look and a stubborn stare to match the alpha gaze Ray’s brother was attempting to use on Len.

“You get two options,” Len said, holding up two fingers to illustrate the options. “You can apologize to Raymond for making him feel lesser or you can get out.” Len didn’t look away when Sydney clenched his fists, his scent heavy in Len’s nose but the omega refused to be afraid. After a few moments of a hard stare down, Sydney lowered his eyes for just a moment before looking at Ray.

“Ray, are you going to let him talk like this to me?” Sydney said to Ray only for the alpha to walk up to stand beside Len. Ray placed a gentle hand on Len’s arm, his softer scent calming the omega. Len didn’t turn away from his fierce glaring at Sydney but he relaxed ever so slightly under that familiar, warm hand.

“Sydney, you’re my family but the way you act makes me feel like I can’t be myself,” Ray said in a voice that was surprisingly firm. “I’m not asking for you to understand but I am asking for you to accept that I am happy with the way things are, that I love Len. If you can’t do that then you can’t be around me until you do.”

Sydney was quiet for a moment as he let what Ray said sink in. There was a clear look of anger mixed with confusion in Sydney’s eyes. The alpha’s jaw clenched, his nose wrinkling in distaste and
discomfort. There was a quick glance from Len to Ray before Sydney’s brown eyes narrowed at Len.

“Fine.” Sydney growled, turning on his heel and storming out of the room. The door slammed and Len jumped briefly from the sound before Ray’s nose was pressing into Len’s scent gland. Len could sense Ray’s distress ebbing away when Len turned to the alpha, Ray was smiling softly with unshed tears in his eyes.

“Raymond, he isn’t worth crying over…” Len started to say when Ray shook his head, the smile on his face widening. Len wrinkled his brow and took a sniff of Ray’s scent to figure out what his alpha was feeling. There was happiness there, relaxed yet excited. Len grew more confused until Ray lifted a hand to cup his cheek, his eyes going half-lidded as his thumb stroked Len’s cheek.

“You said you loved me,” Ray murmured, making the omega’s eyes widen. “You’ve never said that before...I’m happy even if it was an accident.” Len wrinkled his brow and let his mind replay the entire conversation. He searched through his dialogue for the exact moment he had let that word slip through his walls until the realization hit him.

He had said it. He had referred to Ray as “The alpha I love.” without even a hint of sarcasm. He hadn’t really meant to say it but it seemed to please Ray despite that. Len opened his mouth, trying to find the words he wanted to say. His normally sharp wit was lost in his throat, unable to defend himself and unwilling to take the words back when Ray was so happy.

So instead, he simply pulled Ray into a deep kiss.

The kiss didn’t last very long. Len was aware that while Sydney had left, Ray’s mother was still in the house and thus they couldn’t exactly make out like they normally did. When Len pulled away, pressing his forehead to Ray’s with a sigh. Ray could probably smell Len’s confusion because the alpha looked at Len with a small look of worry.

“Are you okay?” Ray asked, his soft scent more of a comfort than Len wanted to admit. The omega sighed, lifting his head and giving Ray a soft, affectionate bite to his scent gland. He didn’t like this feeling, like his heart was tangling and his mind was reeling. He needed to sort himself out but...

“I need to think…” Len said softly after a moment, feeling uncomfortable. “I just need to process everything…” Ray nodded in understanding, easing Len’s stress a little more. The omega could hear footsteps coming down the hall as Susan returned and Ray gave Len a quick peck on the cheek.

“We’ll talk later.” The alpha said, giving Len’s hand a squeeze before moving to explain to his mother what had happened. Len watched his alpha with interest. the fear he was feeling, the chill of his own anxiety fighting with a warmth that Len could only describe as love for Ray threatened to tear him open. He pushed it down, putting on a fake smile so that Ray’s mother wouldn’t know there was anything amiss with them.

He had grown used to burying feelings, what could it hurt to do it just a bit more.

Mick walked into the first bar he could find and made a beeline for the counter. The bar was surprisingly empty, save for a few drunks and the barkeep. Mick was too concerned with drinking away the ache in his chest to care for the time. The bedraggled bartender raised a brow, watching Mick reach for his wallet and put down some folded bills with a sense of urgency.

“Strongest stuff you’ve got,” Mick grumbled and the bartender nodded before turning to heed Mick’s request. Mick took a deep breath, thoughts still on the hurt in Barry’s eyes when they were fighting.
Mick felt like a piece of shit for hurting the only person in his life that he loved more than anything. They had fought before but Mick knew from the way Barry’s voice had sounded that this was one of their worst, if not the worst fight they had ever had.

Mick knew it was his own fault. If he had just been able to tell Barry what was wrong, instead of taking out his own frustration on Barry like he had. He would do anything for Barry but how could he even begin to tell him all these fears he had now? How could he tell his mate that he was afraid of trapping him, that he was afraid of not being enough for Barry?

“There you are, you fucking asshole!” A familiar but somehow not voice said, drawing Mick’s attention away from his misery just in time for a fist to come into contact with Mick’s face. The punch hurt, slamming into Mick’s jaw and almost knocking him off his stool. It was then that he could smell another, more irritated alpha and quickly recognized the scent of Barry’s ex.

Mick grabbed his jaw with one hand, working it slowly as he looked up to see a very angry Hal Jordan. The other alpha was glaring at Mick, coiled like a snake for another punch. Mick met Hal’s eyes with a raised brow. If this alpha was looking for a fight, Mick was more than willing to give him one.

“Got a problem with me, fucker?” Mick growled, eyes narrowing as he moved to stand up to his full height. The two alphas were eye to eye and Mick didn’t hold back his fierce alpha glare, hoping he could just intimidate Barry’s ex quickly so he could get back to drinking. Hal didn’t seem remotely phased by Mick’s intimidation factor as he lifted his hand to poke Mick’s chest. There was fire behind the alpha’s eyes, not rage or jealousy which is what Mick had assumed why Hal wanted to fight. No, there was confusion and a strange sort of determination in those eyes.

“Yeah, I’ve got a problem with you!” Hal growled, eyes narrowed and voice low with command as he gripped the front of Mick’s shirt. “I’ve got a problem when I get a call from Barry, crying because you ran out with a bleeding hand. I barely managed to get him to calm down enough to tell me what the hell happened.”

Mick didn’t falter his stare despite the twinge in his chest from hearing that Barry had called his ex to cry. His fists clenched at his sides, not bothering to defend himself for his actions. He knew what he did and what he had said had hurt Barry. He deserved to have his ass kicked for making Barry cry, for making his mate hurt.

Hal’s alpha stare bore into Mick’s in a battle of wills. It was rare for Mick to find anyone with an intensity like his own and the willpower behind Hal’s alpha gaze was powerful. The whole bar was quiet enough to hear a pin drop, the world seeming to slow in a wait to see what either alpha would do next.

“That supposed to make me weepy?” Mick said, giving Hal a mocking smirk to mask his true feelings. “Are you going to fight or are you going to whine?”

That pushed the other alpha over the edge just like Mick knew it would. Hal’s military training wasn’t wasted on him, the alpha easily managing to toss Mick towards the door. Mick threw a punch with a deep growl only for Hal to duck and push his arm aside. Years of fighting on the streets made Mick quick and he managed to jump back before Hal could punch him in the gut.

Mick landed the first couple of punches, catching Hal on the jaw and in the gut. Mick’s punch would have taken down most men but Hal stayed upright. The younger alpha straightened and wiped the trickle of blood coming down from his mouth. He glared at Mick and dove for him. Mick expected another punch or a kick but Hal surprised him, tackling the larger alpha into the door.
They stumbled outside, Mick landing on the ground. Hal gripping the front of Mick’s shirt in one hand, the older alpha pinned. Hal swung his fist back and punched Mick with a force stronger than Mick had expected. Mick let the younger alpha get another couple of punches in before he felt blood gather in his mouth.

“How could Barry fall for an asshole like you?” Hal growled, slamming Mick’s head against the dirt. The alpha pulled his fist back again, readying another punch. Despite feeling the Mick said nothing as he made no move to fight back now.

“Hell if I know,” Mick retorted without thinking, staring up at Hal and coughing when some blood went into his throat. “Been tryin’ to figure that out for years…” Hal paused, eyes scanning over Mick’s face in search of something. Mick wasn’t sure what he was looking for but as the other alpha’s fist uncurled, the hand still fisting Mick’s shirt tightly loosening.

Hal chuckled, falling off of Mick and onto the ground. The soft sound soon turned into a full laugh that left Mick completely confused. The younger alpha sat up, laying one arm over his bent knees and trying to compose himself. Mick laid there for another minute, growing more irritated by Hal’s laughter.

“What the fuck you laughing about?” Mick growled, sitting up and diving at the alpha, grabbing the front of Hal’s shirt and slamming him onto the concrete. “You gonna fight me or what?” Hal smiled, letting his laughter taper off before taking a deep breath to compose himself.

“Y-you...I’m laughing because Barry sure knows how to pick alphas,” Hal said, catching his breath. “You goaded me on purpose because you feel guilty and I’m guessing you started that fight with Barry for the same reason...It’s just...ridiculous…” Mick narrowed his eyes, letting out a low growl.

“What makes you think you know anything about why I do things?” Mick snapped, jerking Hal closer. “You don’t know anything about me…” Hal reached up, grabbing Mick’s wrist where he held his shirt. Hal’s eyes twinkled knowingly, his smug smile making Mick want to punch him again.

“You’re right, I don’t know you,” Hal replied, his eyes boring into Mick’s again but this time they held less bite. “But I know how Barry feels about you and the alpha he wouldn’t stop gushing over at lunch today, that alpha loves him. Probably enough to push him away like an idiot because he’s suddenly panicking.” Mick blinked, grip slowly loosening as he stared at Hal.

The moments passed in silence, the minutes ticking by in Mick’s head before he released Hal’s shirt. Damn it, he was too tired to argue with the truth. Mick fell back onto the ground, grumbling in defeat. Hal kept up that smug smile plastered to his face and stood up after Mick released the front of his shirt. He touched the split in his lip from Mick’s punch, shaking his head before looking down at Mick with a bright grin.

“Come on, Mick.” Hal said, extending a hand to the other alpha. “I’ll buy you a drink.” Mick looked at the hand extended to him and thought it over. His face hurt, his hand hurt, and Mick really could use that whiskey he ordered…

“Fine but no feelings talk.” Mick stated, reaching out and grabbing Hal’s hand.

“Mick, you have to be the biggest asshole known to man,” Hal said, nursing his glass of whiskey while watching Mick throw back the remainder of his. “The way Barry talks about you, I was
expecting someone who couldn't throw a punch.” Mick chuckled, rolling his eyes but not saying anything. He ordered another shot, staring at the brown liquid for a moment to pretend he didn't care.

“But you know, he really loves you. I was a bit concerned when I saw how much older you were than him. The whole time I was standing there, I kept thinking “why would Barry mate with someone who has to be at least ten years older than him?” But then, he started talking about you.” Hal explained, clearly willing to fill the space that Mick left open. “You probably don’t know this but...I almost married Barry.”

Mick actually choked on his drink, coughing as he turned to Hal. Jealousy, irritation, and insecurity filled Mick’s chest in equal measures. Almost...so Hal was Barry’s “big ex”, the one that got away? Did that mean that Mick was what he had settled for? Mick almost missed what Hal said next in his spiral of worry.

“I asked him to marry me as soon as we turned eighteen. We had been dating for a while and I knew I loved him. I bought him a ring with the savings I had stocked away from summer jobs.” Hal explained, finishing off his glass and leaning his elbows on the counter. “I knew he wanted to wait to have sex until mating so we had plans for it after I got out of boot camp. But right after, I ended up shipping out and Barry had gotten into college.” Hal suddenly looked solemn.

“We broke up over video message because I made a mistake. I ended up cheating on him and felt so guilty...but we had grown apart.” Hal said, sighing deeply and turning to Mick. “I told him to sell the ring and he got his first apartment with the money...we lost touch after that.” Hal was quiet for a minute to let Mick digest this information.

So, that was what happened. It was clear that Hal regretted his decisions and that ate away at Mick. If Hal wanted to, he could beg for Barry to take him back and after Mick’s behavior...maybe his omega would do it. Hal seemed to sense Mick’s worry and anxiety because he lifted a hand to gain the bartender’s attention.

“Barry looks at you with more love than he ever looked at me.” Hal said bluntly, tapping Mick’s shoulder to make the older alpha look at him. “He says you have issues but he takes the good with the bad. He needs to talk about what happened with your pup, he needs to know how you feel. You can’t push him away because no matter how much you think you don’t deserve him, it’s not your decision. You don’t get to decide what’s best for Barry because only he gets to decide that.”

Mick snorted, looking back down at his hands while he fidgeted with his empty glass. His brain was buzzed enough for Hal’s words to reach him. He loved Barry and Barry loved him just as much...but was that enough? Was he enough?

“He wants a family...a father to his pups and he’s young so he should be able to have that,” Mick said softly, the confession coming out of him before he could stop it. “I’m a broken, almost forty-year-old alpha that will probably die before him...” Mick shut his mouth, the words he left unsaid reaching Hal.

The other alpha put a hand on Mick’s shoulder and drew Mick’s attention to him. Those eyes stared into Mick’s, serious and honest. Hal sighed, taking the glass from Mick’s hands and setting it aside.

“Do you love him?” Hal asked, voice quiet and intense with the question. Mick wasn’t usually a man that admitted to his feelings out loud. He told Barry he loved him and meant it, close friends knew how he felt but rarely did he tell anyone he didn’t know. Maybe it was the alcohol or maybe it was because Hal was Barry’s ex. Mick didn’t know but he didn’t even need to think about it, barely letting a minute pass before he replied to that question.
“I do,” Mick said, looking away as he heard himself admitting that out loud. “All I’ve ever wanted was for him to be happy.” Hal rolled his eyes dramatically as if dealing with a child. Mick would normally find that annoying but he let it slide this time when Hal spoke again.

“Then go fucking talk to him and tell him that,” Hal stated bluntly, giving Mick’s shoulder a shove. “He’s happy being your mate and you love him. Go apologize to him and listen to what he has to say so you can fix it. Barry is the greatest thing you’ll ever have in your life so don’t waste any of that time with worrying about things like age or worth. Just cherish him.”

Mick let those words move through his mind a few times, letting them sink in. He thought about Barry’s face before he left, the look of hurt in his eyes, his words at the mention of their lost pup. Mick had been too blinded by his own worries to see that Barry was hurting from the loss still. He had tried to talk about it but Mick refused to listen because of how it made him feel…

“I’m an idiot.” Mick stated, more to himself than to Hal. Mick didn’t waste another minute scooting his stool back with a loud screech of wood against wood. Hal looked up, watching Mick disappear through the door without so much as a look back. The younger alpha sighed, rolling his eyes and letting himself laugh.

“I don’t know if I’m stupid or selfless for convincing him to make up with Barry…” Hal said to himself, the bartender hearing it and shaking his head. “I guess I want him to be happy...even if it isn’t with me?” The old beta behind the bar didn’t answer. Instead, he simply poured Hal another drink and watched the alpha take it. Hal laid his chin on his arm, playing with the glass and watching the brown liquid move back and forth.

It was going to be a long night.

Mick was grateful that the door was still unlocked by the time he got back. The alpha hadn’t thought to bring his key with him when he had left before, having been too consumed by his emotions. Now, he was consumed with the need to get back home and to his mate. He hadn’t even realized it had started raining for the last ten minutes of his short sprint back to the vacation home. It was a short shower but still left Mick slightly soaked when he walked inside.

The first thing Mick’s senses picked up was the scent of Barry’s stress. It carried from the bedroom in a wave, washing over Mick and weighing down his heart. The alpha managed to shrug off his coat and toe off his boots before walking down the hall quietly. When he finally reached the door, the sound of Barry’s soft whimpers tore through Mick like a knife.

They were quiet, hidden and muffled by what Mick could only assume was a pillow. Mick felt his whole being deflate when he realized just how much he had hurt his mate. He had done this to the man he loved after not even a week of being mated. Mick slowly opened the door, standing in the doorway and peering inside.

Barry didn’t look up from his spot on the bed. He was tightly wound up in a ball, his body was curled around Mick’s pillow. Mick could smell the salt of Barry’s tears now and hear Barry’s soft snuffles turning into whines that ripped through Mick’s heart. It was just like that night Mick had returned after Barry woke up, the scent of his omega in distress and hurting. But this time, it was all Mick’s fault that Barry was upset.

Barry finally reacted when Mick crossed the room, the alpha stripping off his wet shirt and pants before crawling into their nest. Barry stiffened for just a moment when the bed dipped under Mick’s weight. He clearly recognized the scent but he was still on edge. It hurt Mick more than he expected it too but the alpha shook it off.
He wrapped his arms around Barry, staying silent for a moment until Barry relaxed in his arms. After a few moments, the omega shivered and turned in Mick’s arms. He was soon pressing his nose into Mick’s neck and sniffing. Mick pulled him closer and Barry pressed his body as close to Mick as he could to provide some kind of comfort to his lover.

“I’m sorry, doll…” Mick murmured, letting Barry scent him and seek him for comfort. “I got so caught up...I didn’t realize how much you were hurtin’…” Mick nuzzled Barry’s scent gland, nipping his marked shoulder in a small, apologetic gesture.

“I...I don’t blame you one bit for what happened...It wasn’t your fault.” Mick whispered, hands slowly rubbing up Barry’s back. “I love you, doll...I just...” Mick huffed softly, feeling all the words he wanted to say circling in his head but catching in his throat yet again. He wanted to say so much more but he just...couldn’t get it out.

Barry was silent for a moment, clearly listening as he clung to Mick. After several moments of silence, Barry finally pulled his head up. His green eyes were swollen and red from crying. Mick felt his heart tug from seeing the red blotches of skin from the tears Barry had cried because of him. He had to fix this somehow...

“Mick...I can’t live like this…” Barry managed, voice shaking but the omega took a deep breath to steady it. “I...I don’t like giving you ultimatums because I love you...but if we can’t talk about this normally then we need to see someone who can help.” Mick stiffened and his mind realized what Barry was implying before it left the omega’s mouth.

“I want to see a couples therapist...I think we’ve fixed as much as we can on our own and now it’s time to get some extra help.” Barry said and those green eyes met Mick’s with an intensity he hadn’t seen before from his mate. “I’ll be there with you and we can face this together but...I can’t live with you shutting me out anymore...it hurts too much. It hurts…” Mick bit his lower lip, the raw hurt in Barry’s voice at his last words shaking Mick to his core.

“I know you love me so this isn’t an “if you love me” kind of request,” Barry stated, tucking his head under Mick’s chin and laying his head on the alpha’s collarbone. “This is an “I love you and I want us to be better.” kind of request. I want us to be able to talk and communicate. It’s not just you who struggles with it and I feel like we should address it...so that we don’t fall apart because...I couldn’t bear that…”

Mick let the request lull over in his head. He didn’t want to go to some shrink, didn’t want to hear some hack with a degree telling him that he was crazy again. That he should be on medication, or that he should be locked up. He wanted to just do all this on his own. The alpha had done just fine for this long doing just that...

Except now, it wasn’t just Mick anymore. Barry was apart of his life now and the omega was asking for Mick to help him fix something about them that was broken. This wasn’t Barry saying that Mick had to do all the fixing. It was his omega telling him that they needed to work on this together, that they both had an equal part in this dysfunction.

Barry had done quite a bit to fix and maintain what they had. Now it was Mick’s turn to put in some more work. As much as Mick’s pride was screaming that he didn’t need to do this, one look down at just how miserable his mate was now in his arms reached into something inside of Mick that drowned out everything else.

“Alright, Doll,” Mick whispered against Barry’s hair. “If it means I get as much time as I can with you, I’ll do it.” Barry’s smile softened, his eyes watering slightly. He stared up at Mick and let his hand wander to Mick’s cheek. The warmth of Barry’s soft hand drew Mick closer, the alpha letting
his eyes go half-lidded. Barry leaned up, pressing his lips to Mick’s in a soft kiss.

“Thank you,” Barry said gratefully, his eyes shining with love and gentleness that Mick knew he didn’t deserve. He didn’t really want to do this therapy thing, his discomfort sitting in the pit of his stomach heavily.

But he would do anything if it meant that Barry was happy.
The halls of S.T.A.R labs were eerily quiet that early morning, save for the hum of the various bits of equipment scattered about. Harrison Wells guided his wheelchair down the dark hall, the lab vacant except for himself. Caitlin, Cisco, and Barry would be arriving later but this alone time was always sacred to the doctor. He stopped in front of a plain wall, giving his surroundings a quick look around out of habit.

Satisfied that he was completely alone, he placed his hand flat against the wall. A small blue light circled around his hand and the doors to a secret room, hidden in the wall, opened for the scientist. He slowly wheeled inside, a blue scanner confirming his identity for a second time before the lights lit up the small room.

Wells let out a sigh, rising out of his chair and stretching his arms over his head for a brief moment. It felt good to finally get out of that damn chair. He approached the other side of the room to a small, metal console with a glowing ball in the center.

“Good day, Dr. Wells,” A feminine, blue-faced AI greeted, coming to life with a simple touch of the console. Wells smiled warmly at the AI in response, letting his hand fall from the console and placing it in his pocket.

“One can always hope, Gideon,” Wells replied before clearing his throat. “Bring up my log, would you?” The AI was quick to respond, the name “Barry Allen” flashing up on the wall with Gideon’s face.

“Certainly,” Gideon said, the head shrinking and moving to the top corner of the screen. “Go ahead, Doctor.” Another image popped up under the Barry file, filled with different entries for his log. Wells cleared his throat before speaking.

“New entry,” Wells said, staring at the screen as he thought about what to say for his logs. “It has now been 311 days since lightning struck. Subject has recovered well from the removal of the fetus from unplanned pregnancy but mental stability still seems to be a concern.” Wells paused for a moment, taking a breath and wrinkling his brow.

“Subject returned three days prior to this entry and is now mated to Mick Rory, an unexpected problem that I did not foresee.” Wells continued, sounding a little irritated. “I will admit that Rory has kept the subject balanced but the subject’s penchant for heroics, while commendable, is impeding him from realizing the full scope of his abilities.”

On the screen, Wells swiped away the log detailing his entry in words. The pause in his words only took another moment as he brought up a news article. The main headline stood out in bold black letters, a close-up shot of Barry in his flash suit front and center on the page. The date of the paper was April twenty-fifth.
The year read 2024.

“But time is running short,” Wells stated, looking up at the author of the article and noting the name. “The future is beginning to alter itself.” There was a brief moment that the words read Iris West-Allen before it almost seemed to twitch. The letters changed, altering itself to read Iris West-Thawne. Wells' mouth became a thin line on his face, eyes darkening with frustration.

“All I can hope,” Wells finished with a voice hard and emotionless. “Is that there is still time before the changes become irreversible.”

Mick fidgeted on the brown leather couch, one hand tapping along his knee while the other was held tightly in Barry’s soft hand. The therapist’s office was larger than most of the ones Mick had been in, prints of art pieces and inspirational quotes all around. The walls were painted white, a bookshelf up against the wall and laden with psychology books.

He had been to enough of these types of offices to know that most of them were like this. The whole room made Mick anxious, craving his lighter and scanning the room for an exit. He felt trapped and suffocated despite forcing his body to remain still and seated.

They had only been back in Central for three weeks, barely mated for a month. There had been a sense of unease in the house since they had returned. It wasn't all the time, Barry and Mick still slept in bed cuddled together, still cooked together, and so far there had been no metahuman threats so they just trained together most days. There was still a tension that neither of them spoke of but both of them could feel it.

As the days passed, bringing them closer to their appointment, the more anxious Barry became. Because of their bond, Mick’s own anxiety was only fed by Barry’s emotions. Mick didn’t like change much and this therapy thing, it was a big change. He wanted to make Barry happy but the longer he sat in this office, the worse his need to burn something or run away became.

“Iris recommended this one,” Barry said, hand lifting to guide Mick’s face back to him. “Dr. Finkel is apparently the best there is so you don’t need to worry.” Mick huffed in response, still anxious but feeling a bit comforted that Barry was here. Despite their tense last few weeks, Barry’s presence still eased Mick. The sooner they fixed this the better he would feel.

The door opened and a short, graying woman entered. Her soft scent smelled like a beta and the way she carried herself showed how non-threatening she was trying to see. Her kind smile towards the pair did little to ease Mick’s nerves, the alpha watching her carefully as she walked further into the room. She took a seat in the chair across from the couch and adjusted her clipboard.

“Hello, sorry to keep you both waiting,” She stated, looking the pair over and reaching to shake Barry’s. “You must be Barry and Mick, I talked with Miss West briefly over the phone when she helped make the appointment.” Barry smiled, nodding.

“Recently mated I see,” She said, jotting that down on her clipboard. “How long have you two been together?” Mick stayed silent, just staring at the therapist with his wary, untrusting glare. Barry raised a brow at him, setting his hand on Mick’s thigh.
“Five years,” The look Barry had on when his alpha did look at him, the softest hitch of love in his voice made Mick’s heart ease just a little more. Mick couldn’t help but smile a little seeing Barry’s familiar soft expression that he always looked at him with. “We met towards the end of my college days.” Dr. Finkel seemed to pause for a moment before writing something, her eyes flicking to Mick. The pyro did his best not to seem as wary on the outside as he felt but Dr. Finkel zeroed in on it nonetheless.

“Mr. Rory, you seem rather uncomfortable,” Dr. Finkel observed, drawing Mick’s attention back to her. “I get the feeling you don't want to be here.”

Mick knew what she was trying to do, she was trying to get him to talk. Therapists could be every bit as manipulative as criminals if you let them. Mick was going to stay silent when he caught a small droop in Barry’s shoulders out of the corner of his eyes. The alpha squeezed Barry’s hand, trying to remember that this was for Barry.

“It’s...not that,” Mick said slowly, letting out a small sigh. “Barry wanted me to try and I like when he’s happy.” Barry smiled gratefully, the way he squeezed Mick’s thigh telling the alpha that his mate was proud of him for speaking. It eased Mick’s anxiety a little bit more to see Barry happy.

“Mick and I have different opinions on therapy,” Barry supplemented, turning back to the therapist. “He isn’t a fan and I actually really like therapy.” That got the therapist’s attention and she looked back up with a kind smile.

“Oh, have you both been before?” She asked in that soothing voice. Barry nodded, his easygoing smile lighting up his face a bit.

“For a little bit,” Barry said, shrugging as if it wasn’t a big deal. “When my mom died, my foster father had me go.” That seemed worth a write-down and Barry raised a brow as doctor Finkel scrawled quickly across the paper.

“I mean it’s not that big of a deal...I mean I would prefer she was alive but…” Barry stammered, trying to backtrack with a blush lighting up his cheeks. “I mean I’ve already dealt with it. It’s not really worth writing down…” Dr. Finkel looked up from her notes, her smile a little more reassuring.

“These notes are just for me,” she said and Mick could see Barry getting uncomfortable with the probing. The protective urge rose up in Mick’s chest, along with a little bit of irritation. This lady was supposed to be making Barry feel better not make him feel like he should have to defend himself. They got enough of that from everyone else in their lives. He looked over at the beta and cleared his throat to draw her attention to him.

“They made me go when I was sent to juvie,” Mick practically announced. He knew that would get the woman off of Barry’s personal tragedies, unafraid of redirecting attention to himself. “That guy thought he could get to the root of why I burnt down three old buildings when I was sixteen.” Dr. Finkel simply smiled and nodded, jotting that down.

Dr. Finkel paused, looking up with a wrinkled brow. She cocked her head slightly to the side as she met Mick’s eyes. The alpha grinned like he always did when he was testing someone’s boundaries and will. Acting like he was worse than he was, playing up the part of a bad guy to freak out “normal” people.

“Pyromania, anger issues, a menace to society…” Mick listed, eyes not leaving the woman until Barry huffed softly. Mick could scent his mate’s irritation and knew Barry was about to say something. Mick felt his mates head bump against his shoulder, making Mick turn towards the omega with a raised brow. What had he done now?
“Mick...you promised to try,” Barry said with a pleading tone. “Please just give this a chance.” Mick sighed, forgetting for a moment that the beta was there in favor of looking at his mate. He was trying. It's not like it was his fault that this shrink kept pushing on his nerves and upsetting his mate.

“Doll, all she's going to tell me is I have daddy issues or something,” Mick half whispered and Dr. Finkel cleared her throat. “Look, I'm here to fix what Barry wants to be fixed...this ain't about me.” The therapist was quiet for a long moment. Her brow wrinkled, her head nodding ever so slightly as she wrote down something. When she finished, Dr. Finkel leaned forward and met Mick’s gaze sternly.

“Mr. Rory, what are the problems that Barry wants to address? Why are you both here?” There was a heavy pause at the therapist’s stern question. The moments ticked by slowly, passing for an eternity. Mick could feel Barry’s shoulders drooping without looking at him. When Barry took a shaky breath, the alpha knew what he was about to talk about. The distress and sadness he could scent coming from his mate had Mick wanting to comfort Barry.

“I...was in a coma for nine months,” Barry said slowly, his hand touching his stomach. “I was pregnant and during the coma...I lost the pup...I didn’t find out until several weeks after I woke up.” the therapist lowered her board, the sadness, and pity in her eyes changing after a moment in a more compassionate look towards Barry.

“You've been through a lot of trauma,” She said softly, watching as Mick looked down at Barry. The alpha squeezed his mate’s hand but stayed silent. “How have you been handling it?” Barry seemed to hesitate at first, eyes looking up at the woman briefly before looking back down at his lap. The omega took a deep breath and Mick could feel sadness through their bond and...something darker that he never thought he would feel from Barry.

“I feel...empty and broken,” Barry said softly, voice breaking just a little towards the end of his words. “I didn't even know about it at first but even before...I knew something was missing. And now...I feel so alone like no one really understands. I thought mating would help but...it's still there. I should be happy and I am but I'm also...not.”

Mick looked surprised. This was the first he was hearing this from Barry, his mates voice sounding small. Mick’s eyes scanned over Barry’s hunched form, ears taking in the sound of Barry trying to breathe through his distress. Did Barry really feel alone in this? Mick's heart twisted when he realized why. Of course, his mate felt like that, Mick had taken every opportunity to avoid talking about their loss.

“Doll...” Mick said softly, hand lifting to Barry's cheek only to have the omega flinch away. He kept his eyes on his lap, his fingers fidgeting suddenly more important than looking up and making eye contact with Mick. Mick slowly lowered his hand, features hardening as he looked away. The therapist must have been watching closely because Mick heard the scratch of her pen on paper, Dr. Finkel making a note of the interaction on her clipboard.

“These feelings are very normal when you experience trauma as heavy as a miscarriage,” the doctor said, she looked sympathetic. “Mr. Rory, how have you been handling your own grief?” Mick was suddenly nervous. He had buried his true feelings for the situation, hiding them beneath so he wouldn’t have to think about it. Thinking about it...hurt too much.

“I'm not here for...” Mick started to say when Dr. Finkel raised a hand, her face stern.

“Mr. Rory, I think I'm going to have to stress this to both of you,” she said firmly, her hand going back to her lap. “In couples therapy, it is my job to help. That help isn’t always going to be easy or
fun, it means you will have to face some things you don’t want to face. Now, your mate feels alone in his grief and I need to know how you have been handling things so we can find the problems.”

Mick huffed, clearly uncomfortable and his irritation building. Mick glanced towards Barry for some kind of support but Barry stared at his lap and refused to meet Mick’s eyes. Couldn't his mate even look at him anymore? Another painful twist in his heart made Mick’s temper flared in the words that spilled from his mouth.

“I never wanted pups at all!” Mick snapped, narrowing his eyes at Dr. Finkel. “So I don't like to think about what happened. What's done is done...no use crying about it.” Barry’s head jerked up at Mick's statement, green eyes widening and he opened his mouth to speak.

Whatever his omega had been about to say faded as Barry’s phone rang. Mick recognized that ringtone as Cisco’s and the pair stiffened. Great, just great. Barry answered with an apologetic nod towards the therapist.

“Cisco, I told you that I had a thing today,” Barry hissed into the phone, face falling as the voice on the other side started to speak. “Oh, Dr. Wells…” There was a pause and Barry’s face grew a little more crestfallen with each passing second.

“I know Dr. Wells, I am helping...I just…” Barry tried to weakly argue with something Wells said. Mick wrinkled his brow as his mate’s shoulders slowly fell in defeat. “I'll be there in a moment.” Mick frowned as Barry hung up the phone. He looked irritated, his scent filled with mixed emotions too numerous for Mick to pinpoint even through their bond.

When he looked up, Barry looked towards Dr. Finkel with an apologetic smile. His shoulders were tense and his normally bright smile strained. Mick reached towards his lover’s hand only to have Barry jerk away. His green eyes met Mick's with a strange coldness to them that the alpha had never seen.

It was then that Mick knew then he had fucked up something big this time.

“I apologize, Dr. Finkel but I really need to go take care of something,” Barry said softly, rising to his feet and looking at Mick with a narrowed glance. “My mate can arrange another appointment for us at a later date.” Mick had to resist the urge to wince at Barry’s tone. He had said mate with such irritation and coldness with the familiar warmth was gone from Barry’s gaze. With that final word, Barry left out the door to head towards S.T.A.R Labs. Mick sighed, feeling just a little bit of irritation with himself.

“I didn’t...mean it like that…” Mick murmured to himself, lifting a hand to squeeze the bridge of his nose. He hadn’t meant his words the way they had come out. The doctor wrinkled her brow, this time giving Mick a sympathetic look. Mick felt his heart twist in his chest, disliking the idea of being pitied for his inability to communicate himself on this subject.

“Mr. Rory, while I’m not in the habit of assigning homework to my couples after the first session,” Dr. Finkel stated, lifting her head high and tone leaving no room for the alpha to argue. “This particular task may be helpful in the long run.” Mick looked up at the woman, raising his brow suspiciously.

The therapist set her clipboard on her lap, reaching towards a small side drawer. She pulled out a simple, black and white composition book. Mick’s look grew more confused as the woman handed the notebook to him. It reminded Mick of the cheap notebooks his mother would buy him for the first few days of school when he was younger.
“Now, if you choose not to do this then that’s fine,” Dr. Finkel stated, drawing her hands back into her lap as Mick’s eyes flicked from the composition book to the therapist. “But from what I’ve seen so far, the communication issues that Barry’s sister mentioned are not the largest issue at hand. What I would like you to do, is write to Barry or anyone else you have things you need to say but can’t quite get out.”

Mick was now thoroughly confused. Write to Barry...why in the hell would he write anything let alone letters to his mate? Mick had written anything in years beyond the short stories he had written in high school before his grandparents passed. Now, he was going to be writing to his fiancé?

“Before you ask, you do not have to show anyone these. Just think of it as a more private way to get your thoughts and feelings out of your head,” Dr. Finkel explained when she noticed Mick’s confusion. “Sometimes, writing things down before you talk about them can help keep our mind from jumbling things so they don’t get misinterpreted.”

Mick looked back down at the notebook, thinking it over. He shrugged and decided to take the notebook as he followed the woman out of the room to make the next appointment. He didn’t have to write anything down since no one would know if he did or didn’t do this “homework”.

Barry zipped into the labs with mixed feelings warring in his chest when he got into the elevator. His mind was still reeling from what Mick had said in therapy, angering and confusing the omega until his mind felt like it was running around in circles. It wasn’t that Mick didn’t want kids, that Barry could deal with but...it almost seemed like Mick was glad that their pup had died…

Barry bit his lip, thinking back to how he had acted towards Mick. He hadn’t meant to get quite that angry but the feeling had hit him suddenly, burning hot in his mind but quickly fizzling into anxiety once he had reached the labs. He was normally in better control of his emotions than this but he had been tired since he had returned from Aruba with Mick. If he wasn’t certain that he couldn’t catch common strains of most viruses, he would have been worried that he had caught something while in the foreign place.

When the door to the elevator opened up, Barry wasted no time running into the cortex. Dr. Wells had seemed annoyed over the phone, his tone accusatory and Barry didn’t want the scientist thinking that he wasn’t trying to help him with the study he wished to do on Barry’s powers. Even if Mick didn’t trust Wells, Barry didn’t want to completely close off the man just in case they needed him. There was still so much he didn’t understand about his powers.

As Barry came to a stop in the cortex, his vision swam in a fit of dizziness that he hadn’t been prepared for. He paused for a moment, getting his bearings and shaking his head slightly. That was odd but Barry didn’t have time to worry about it. Caitlin looked at Barry with concern in her eyes but the omega waved it off with an easy smile.

“So, what’s up?” Barry said, trying not to seem off in any way. Dr. Wells was openly staring at Barry with exasperation in his eyes. The younger omega smiled sheepishly, feeling just a bit more of his confidence deflating under Wells’ harsh gaze.

“I would like a moment or two alone with Barry,” Dr. Wells stated to the room without looking at either Cisco or Caitlin. The other scientists looked over at Barry as they skittered out of the room, Caitlin pausing to point to the cortex, signaling that she wanted to speak to Barry after Wells was finished. Cisco didn’t seem to notice Barry’s strained smile, instead just giving his friend a teasing grin.

“Ooh, you’re in trouble,” Cisco said as he walked out of the small room, leaving Wells and Barry
alone. Barry walked over to the desk, feeling the need to be off his feet. Barry sat down and faced Wells, noting his stern expression as the wheelchair-bound man spoke.

“Now, may I remind you, Mr. Allen, that we had an agreement,” Wells said sternly, his voice sounding quite a bit like the teachers that used to scold Barry for being late to class in high school. “We would help with your heroics out there while you helped us with research and development of your abilities in here.” Barry nodded, remembering the agreement that they had all come to when he first got his powers.

“I know...I guess I’ve just gotten a bit caught up with helping people and mating with Mick and just...all this…” Barry replied, hoping that defended his point a bit. “I mean helping people feels amazing and I love doing it.” Wells cast Barry a small look, his chest rising as he took a deep breath. Bile rose in Barry’s throat, shame burning at his eyes. Dr. Wells had a way of making Barry feel like he was nothing more than a stupid kid sometimes.

“Imagine how good it will feel to cure diseases, stop aging, reverse paralysis,” Wells said, his voice slightly stiff, his eyes looking down at his legs for just a brief moment before looking back up at Barry. The meta found his throat feeling a bit tighter but he nodded in understanding.

“All good causes, just tell me how I can help with that and I’ll do it,” Barry said with a voice laced with determination. “But my relationship with Mick is just as important to me, if not more important than my heroics. I just need this one session a week…” Wells sighed heavily and seemed to ignore Barry’s statement on therapy.

“What I need is more speed,” Wells stated, answering Barry’s question on what he could do. “Speed is the key to progress. I need you to kick it up a notch.” Barry nodded again, opening his mouth to say something when his phone buzzed. Taking his phone from his pocket, Barry noticed a text from Joe.

“It’s a homicide…” Barry started to say, rising to his feet and feeling guilty that he had to run out on Dr. Wells in the middle of their discussion. “I have to go, I’m sorry.” The doctor nodded, seeming to at least understand the importance of Barry’s job.

“This is not just about you and your life anymore,” Wells said with finality, needing to have the last statement sink in. “Remember that.” Barry didn’t look away from his feet and refused to meet Dr. Wells’ eyes before he hurried to the door.

Barry hated how right Dr. Wells was.

Mick kept busy at the house, trying to come up with some way to explain his earlier outburst to Barry when his mate got home. Mick completely understood why Barry was angry and he didn’t blame him. Mick hadn’t meant that he didn’t want pups with Barry. He had wanted that with his mate since he asked the man to marry him...

But how could he put a pup through being his child?

Mick was in the kitchen to ease his stress, the sound of chopping vegetables to add to the soup he was making soothing his frazzled nerves. He had several things cooking already to match the speedster appetite his fiance possessed. He hoped a nice dinner at home would help smooth everything over, to show his mate that he did feel guilty about what had happened at their therapy session. It was the least he could do when he had been such an ass lately.
Dumping the last of the carrots he had been chopping into the crock pot, Mick put the pot on low to cook slowly through the day and turned to the bread he had made the night before baking in the oven. Cooking always had a way of helping Mick think properly, giving him time to reflect on the tasks at hand. Cooking for Barry was always a task that Mick took great pride in doing. He loved providing for his mate in this way.

“Mick, it’s me,” Lisa’s voice called out as the door opened, the small beta shutting the door. “I brought the apples you wanted.” Mick grinned, turning towards the door and meeting Lisa to grab a large bag of apples from her.

“Thanks,” Mick stated gruffly, jerking his head to the kitchen so the woman could follow. “How’re things with Len and Haircut?” Lisa walked into the kitchen, a small smile gracing her features as she took in all that Mick was doing in the kitchen.

“They’re fine but Len finally met Ray’s family,” Lisa said, taking a seat at the kitchen table to watch Mick as he worked. “He’s decided to stay in Starling for a bit longer.” Mick nodded, starting to wash the apples in the sink so he could start peeling them. Barry liked the apple pie that Mick would make him and the pyro vaguely remembered that Barry had been craving apples the last couple of days. He hoped a few of his pies would help his apology go over smoothly.

“Bet Len had to use all his charm to lie in front of Haircut’s family,” Mick said with a chuckle. “But good that he’s takin’ some time. Things here are still kind of hectic…” Lisa leaned her elbow on the table, crossing her calf over her knee and leaning her arm on the table.

“Yes, and despite dating a detective, I can offer no help keeping Len away from the long arm of the law here,” there was a slight air of humor in Lisa’s voice as she watched Mick for another moment as he washed the last of the apples. “So, how did you piss off Barry this time?”

Mick stiffened under the accusation, his shoulders squaring defensively. Lisa hadn’t meant it but the phrasing sent a small shot of guilt through Mick’s heart. Barry being angry with him wasn’t the whole reason for this guilt. Barry had every reason to feel the way he did but knowing that his mate had been hurting right under his nose was what made Mick’s heart thumping painfully in his chest. How could he have been so blind to Barry’s distress?

“I...fucked up big time,” Mick said slowly, eyes focused on peeling the apples in the sink. “We went to that couples therapy thing and...I said some things I didn’t mean and...damn it, I just let that damn shrink get into my head…” Lisa’s normal mask of a shining smile slowly disappeared and gave way to something that showed her concern.

“What did you say?” She asked, coming up to stand beside Mick, grabbing a knife and starting to peel apples with him. “It can’t be that bad.” Mick let out a huff of breath, trying not to sound too pessimistic in that one gesture.

“I said that I never wanted pups...right after Barry told me and the therapist how depressed he’s been since we lost...the baby,” Mick’s voice was soft, his guilt apparent in every word he spoke. “I didn’t mean it like...I didn’t want our pup but...I don’t understand why it’s so hard to tell Barry that I just...” Lisa hummed in understanding as if picking up on the real reason Mick was so nervous.

“Barry’s not like all of us,” Lisa said knowingly, the swirl of apple skin dropping into the sink just before Lisa tossed the peeled apple in the pot of already peeled apples. “Even though he lost his parents, they were loving parents and then he had Joe. For all his problems, Joe is a pretty good parent. Barry doesn’t know what it’s like to be afraid of turning into a bad parent because that’s all you’ve ever known.”
Mick let that statement mull over in his mind. Lisa had a point, knowing more than anyone besides maybe Len what he was feeling. Mick was terrified of becoming his father, of hurting his child and screwing them up as badly as he had been. He had made his peace with Barry wanting to be with him, for the most part at least. Barry was an adult and he could choose to be with Mick.

A pup didn’t get a choice. Any kid that Mick and Barry had would be stuck with Mick as a father, wouldn’t get the chance to run until they were old enough to. Mick wasn’t sure he could bear the thought of hurting something that vulnerable unintentionally or of his child growing up to hate him.

“Barry deserves to know why,” Mick said after a moment of silence. “I just don’t know how to explain it...but I love him too much for him to think that...I didn’t love our pup...that I wouldn’t love any kids we have.” Lisa paused, her eyes softening as she looked up at Mick. The alpha didn’t look up, focusing on his task with all his might.

“Least I can do is this,” Mick said, dropping the apple in the opposite pot and reaching for another. “He’s my mate...I just want him to be happy.” Lisa touched Mick’s arm, nodding in understanding but not offering any words. She understood and she knew that Mick didn’t need any advice.

So instead, she stayed silent and continued to help peel the apples she had brought. She wasn’t like Len, ready with advice and dripping with sarcastic realism. While she could be just as sarcastic as her brother, she had grown more empathetic than him. More in tune at anticipating what her loved ones needed. Lisa had mastered the art of silence and knew how to comfort in her actions rather than words when it was needed.

And right now, that was exactly what Mick needed.

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Barry stared down at the crime scene with a concerned look, eyes scanning the charred remains of a dead body for any clues after pulling back the sheet the first responders had laid over it to protect the evidence. The blackened husk of what had once been a human laid on the concrete, burnt beyond all recognition with the final echoes of a painful death etched on what the omega could see on the remainders of the victim’s face.

The smell that reached Barry had him holding his breath, his stomach churning with nausea. Barry had long ago grown used to all the horrid and strange smells his job often subjected him to but today his stomach felt more sensitive than usual. Barry chalked it up to the fatigue he had been feeling and pressed on with analyzing the scene. He caught the approach of Joe and Eddie out of the corner of his eyes, readying his resolve to avoid showing how sick he felt.

“I hope you both skipped your breakfast,” Barry greeted, looking back towards the victim with a sour look of pity. Eddies eyes widened in surprise at the scene, his face morphing into one of horror and disgust. Joe’s expression mirrored Eddie’s in its own horror. Despite having seen many things during his time with the force, even Joe was surprised by this.

“What the hell could do that?” Eddie asked, blue eyes searching over the scene for his own explanation as to how this could happen. Barry looked over the husk, shaking his head as his mind supplemented facts. Based on the state of the flesh, the charred remains still smoking slightly, and the smell he could deduce that it would have taken an extremely high heat to achieve this.

“Two thousand four hundred degrees, give or take…” Barry stated, pausing for a moment to swallow a wave of nausea that struck him from the smell. He stepped over the body carefully with his camera in hand to continue taking pictures to analyze later. He took a deep breath, trying to reign
in his stomach so he could work.

Joe looked around the area, taking in what Barry had already seen. The entire scene was filled with gas tanks and combustible materials that would have easily led to a massive explosion at the high heat it would have taken to do this. Joe's brow wrinkled in confusion.

“This area is full of combustibles,” Joe stated, voicing his analysis and looking towards Barry for answers. “How come nothing else is burned up?” Barry straightened up, nodding at the confusion in Joe’s voice. He had already figured this out.

Turning to the metal structure behind him, elevated off the ground for access to the upper areas, Barry started to climb up. This angle made it easier to explain what he was trying to say in a way that Eddie and Joe could understand.

“You see the soot on the ground where the cement is burnt?” Barry said as he climbed to the top of the metal structure. “That’s evidence of arc blasts. It happens when high-amperage currents travel or arc through the air.” Barry aimed his camera to take a picture of the burn marks from the high angle he was out.

The pattern for the burns on the ground was incredibly strange. A large black mark of soot where the body was located, fanning out slightly as if aimed down directly at the body. It was almost like a lightning strike in that way, sending a shiver down Barry’s spine. Taking a deep breath, the omega did his best to keep from letting the sharp memory of that night resurface into his mind’s eye.

“There are no live wires, there are no utility poles,” Joe said, lifting his hand to circle it around the area. His face was confused, mind clearly trying to find some kind of rational reason as to why this had happened. Eddie looked just as confused, walking towards where Barry was as he looked over the scene.

“So how was this guy electrocuted?” Eddie asked Barry, blue eyes looking up at Barry. Barry moved to swing his way down to the ground. As Barry’s feet finally hit the concrete, he shrugged and lowered himself to take another photo. His stomach curdled for just another moment as Joe continued speaking.

“Well, the first thing we need to do is I.D. him,” Joe stated, looking down at the charred body of their victim. Barry nodded, wrinkling nose as he took a step closer to take a clearer photo of the melted and charred face on the body.

“His face is melted off,” Eddie stated pessimistically, crossing his arms and looking skeptical. “How is that picture going to help I.D. him?” Barry looked up at Eddie, looking a cocky. He could easily get some help at the labs. With the technology they had, maybe there was a chance that Barry could get an I.D. on their John Doe.

“I’ve got mad skills,” Barry stated with confidence, earning himself an eye roll from Joe as the man started to walk away. Barry wrinkled his brow, sensing that the alpha was on edge but not knowing why exactly.

“Please don’t ever say that again.” The strain in Joe's voice as he said that confirmed Barry's suspicions that something was bothering Joe. He rose quickly to question it only for his vision to suddenly spin. The omega took a step back to try and steady himself but his stomach turning in warning. Barry covered his mouth, arm going over his stomach as he turned away from the crime scene. He needed to get farther away without his speed or risk contaminating the evidence.

Barry felt an arm go around him, Eddie’s gentle scent washing over him as the other omega led him
over to the crime scene tape and past the line of police cars fast enough for Barry to hold his vomit back. Barry heaved onto the ground as soon as they were safely away, his stomach emptying itself quickly but his speedster metabolism already seemed to have gone through his food.

Bile and stomach acid burned at his throat while the omega did his best not to sound pathetic. He could feel officers eyes on him and his cheeks burned with embarrassment. Eddie’s calming hand on his lower back kept Barry grounded while Joe jogged over. His scent was worried and protective, further chasing away Barry’s anxiety over the scene he was making.

Barry straightened himself up once he felt the urge to continue throwing up passing. His stomach curdled in protest and the omega tried to take a deep breath to steady himself. The taste of acidic bile and the sour vomit was sharp in his mouth and nose, making his face wrinkle up. Joe shoved a water bottle into Barry’s hand and the omega gratefully took a sip.

“Are you okay, Barry?” Eddie asked first, brow wrinkled in concern. “We can tell Singh that you’re not feeling well if you need to rest…” Barry shook his head, downing the water in hopes of erasing the horrible taste from his mouth. He had already taken time off for his heat and mating, no need to take more time just because of a stomach bug.

“I think I just picked up something in Aruba,” Barry reassured Eddie, looking up at Joe. “I’m fine and I think I have all the evidence I’ll need to take back to the lab. Shouldn’t take me too long to sort things out.” Eddie and Joe both slowly seemed to accept Barry’s excuse but Barry could feel himself growing concerned.

Maybe it was time to ask Caitlin to look him over. If he was getting sick, perhaps it was due to something with his powers that he needed to address. Hopefully, he could get it fixed before something bad happened while he was on patrol or fighting metas.

Barry managed to get to the lab without another incident but he found that his stomach had switched from being nauseous to aching with hunger by the time he had gotten all the evidence back to the precinct. Barry had been in such a hurry to get to the scene, that he hadn’t bothered to pick up the lunch Mick usually made him for work.

It also didn’t help that he was craving apple pie again. He wasn’t usually so obsessed with apples but the last week he had been craving them a lot. Something about the thought of Mick’s warm apple pie, the cinnamon, nutmeg and just a hint of allspice and lemon mixing with the sweet taste of the apples was almost better than sex.

Barry had to sigh heavily, resigning himself to the taste of his calorie bars and disappointment for his lunch hour. He didn’t want to go home and risk running into Mick at home. Barry still hadn’t quite figured out how best to apologize for his earlier behavior...or how to even begin talking about the subject that had caused the behavior.

To top it off, he had zero luck identifying the body of their John Doe with the limited technology of the CCPD. He would probably have to take the images to S.T.A.R. labs to get any closer to finding out who this man was. Barry hummed to himself, wrinkling his nose as he took another bit of his calorie bar just as he heard the sound of footsteps entering his lab.

“Bartholomew Henry Allen, if you weren’t feeling well you should have come to me straight away!” Caitlin’s voice said, the irritated beta coming into Barry’s lab with her bag over her shoulder and Iris trailing beside her.
“Caitlin? What are you…”

“Iris called me after Eddie tells her that you threw up during an investigation today.” Barry looked towards Iris, shooting her a look of betrayal as Caitlin put her bag out. His sister didn’t shrink away and followed Caitlin next to Barry. She forced him into the stool next to his work desk.

“Don’t give me that look,” Iris scolded, moving over to Barry to force him to sit down in front of Caitlin. “Eddie was actually really worried. Dad told him you’re normally really good with crime scenes so he worried that you might be really sick.”

Barry didn’t want to but he couldn’t help but smile. It was kind of nice to have Eddie around and even nicer that he cared. Barry had grown used to Iris’s omega boyfriends getting jealous of him because while they were family, they weren’t related. Barry loved Iris and while he did see her as more of a sister now, he did at one time have a crush on her so he could understand the jealousy. That Eddie didn’t feel that way was simply another reason the man was perfect for Iris.

“Besides the vomiting what other symptoms have you thinking you might be sick?” Caitlin asked, shining a small flashlight in Barry’s eye to check his pupil dilation. “It’s strange because, with your powers, you shouldn’t be able to get anything like the flu.” Barry started thinking of everything that had felt off.

“Nausea comes and goes. Mostly I’ve just felt tired and I keep getting dizzy even though I’m eating more than enough,” Barry listed off, blinking as Caitlin pulled her flashlight away and nodded. “And I’ve been having this lower back ache along with some headaches…”

Caitlin paused, her brow wrinkling as her eyes briefly flicked to Barry’s mark. The omega could see the wheels turning in his friend’s head. She turned, digging around in her bag and looking for something. Iris was also looking at Barry with a wrinkled brow, her hand over her mouth and giving Barry a sense that he was missing something.

“What are you…” Barry started to ask when Caitlin emerged from her bag with three boxes. Barry’s heart rate picked up a few beats, pounding even faster than normal in his chest when he managed to read the labels. Caitlin put the boxes in Barry’s hands, meeting Barry’s eyes when he looked from them to her.

Pregnancy tests.

“I will want to take an official test back at the lab,” Caitlin said slowly, seeing Barry’s nervousness in his eyes. “But this will at least tell us something.” Barry bit his lower lip, trying to take a deep breath. He needed to stay calm. There was no way he could be pregnant when he was so careful with his birth control even with his heat.

“Are you sure?” Barry said as he stood there, still holding onto the boxes and shaking his head. “I mean we recalculated my birth control…” It was Iris’ turn to speak, coming over to Barry and putting her hand on his shoulder. Her eyes were soft and comforting, her touch bringing Barry back from the brink of panic.

“Bare, it’s worth it even just to rule out pregnancy,” She said softly, her voice reassuring and positive. “I’ll walk with you to the bathroom if you want. It’s going to be okay.” Barry took a shaky breath, shaking his head and heading for the door.

“I’m fine, I’ll just go take one and then it will prove that there is no way,” Barry said with more confidence than he actually felt. “Everything is going to be fine and we can laugh about it when there’s only one line on the test.” with that final word, Barry turned to the door.
Barry did his best to walk at a normal speed to the bathroom. His mind felt like it was racing but not actually thinking, the anxiety wanting to rise to the surface but Barry’s rationality fighting to keep it down. He was impatient but also afraid to know the answer on the test as he opened the door to the men’s restroom.

The bathroom was empty, flooding Barry with relief as he tried to clear his head. He barely registered his own body moving as he closed the door to the farthest stall in the bathroom. It wasn’t almost surreal, what he was about to do.

Taking a deep breath as he went to the sink, Barry tried to focus on the negative he wanted to see as the result of this test. If he kept picturing it then maybe there was a chance he could will that particular result into existence. The omega’s hands were shaking slightly as he set two of the boxes on the side of the sink. He stared down at the box still in his hand for longer than he should have before ripping it open. His eyes scanned over the instructions, holding the small stick carefully.

“Don’t insert test stick into your opening…” Barry mumbled, reading down the lines to find the instructions for male omegas. “Okay so, remove the plastic cap to expose the absorbent window and point the tip directly into the urine stream for at least 7 to 10 seconds…Re-cap and place it horizontally on a clean, flat surface… Wait 5 minutes…blah, blah…”

The process was simple enough and before he knew it, Barry was waiting nervously by the sink. He had set a timer on his phone to track the minutes and he tried to wait patiently but couldn’t help but fidget. Even before his speed, Barry had never been the most patient person in the world and these particular ten minutes felt like torture. He tried to not think about the what if’s that wanted to gather in his mind. The thought of being pregnant should be a happy thing for him but all he could hear was Mick’s voice in his mind.

“I never wanted pups!” echoed through Barry’s mind. What would Mick think if Barry came to him with a positive pregnancy test? Even worse, how could he manage to be a superhero and a parent? If he was pregnant then how would he continue to protect the city? The thought of all the things that could happen made Barry feel sick. He almost wanted to throw up again but settled for talking out loud.

“It’s fine,” Barry said to himself, trying to be positive. “I was prepared before my heat. I took my birth control every day while we were there. There is no way I’m…” when his phone chime rang through the stall, the omega’s heart leaped into his throat.

The test was ready.

With a deep breath, Barry reached for the pregnancy test he had balanced on the edge of the sink. He kept his hands steady, trying not to focus on anything other than one line. It was better to know that it was negative, that if he ruled this out then Caitlin could get down to the real reason behind his illness.

“One line…one line…” Barry thought hard in his mind, closing his eyes as he tried to picture it. He let out a shaky breath as he curled and uncurled one fist at his side. Despite his racing heart, the omega slowly opened his green eyes to stare down at the test in his hand. It only took one moment before his mind registered his results.

Mick was just finishing up the last of dinner when he heard the front door open with a dull creak. The house was warm from all the cooking, the aroma of all the pies, a roast, mashed potatoes and various side dishes of vegetables filling the home. Mick stiffened when Barry entered the kitchen and
turned to see his mate staring at all the food with wide eyes.

There was a brief moment where neither man said anything. Barry’s eyes moved over the food on the table as Mick set the last pot down on the table. Mick could feel his heart pounding in his chest, anxiety curling up again until he suddenly found himself with an armful of speedster and his mate nuzzling into his chest.

“Thank you, for doing all of this,” Barry said quietly, sighing into Mick’s chest when the alpha wrapped his arms around him. “But...can we...talk? I think we should.” Mick felt his throat constrict a little from the sound of the soft plead. He didn’t say anything, just nodded and silently prepared their plates.

Barry sat down across from Mick and took a slow bite of the roast that the alpha had prepared. He was calm and moving slowly, giving away the fact that he was thinking about what to say. It was easy to see that Barry was nervous about what he wanted to talk about. Mick waited patiently, not sure if he should say anything. There was so much rattling around in his head and the silence was only raising his anxiety.

“I took a pregnancy test today,” that statement caused Mick’s head to jerk up. The alpha blinked in surprise as Barry finally looked up and fixed his green eyes on Mick. The expression in them was completely unreadable but Mick could sense something off through the bond. Nervousness, anxiety…

“It was negative…” Barry said calmly, his eyes fixed on Mick’s with a look of disappointment mixing in them. “But before I took it...There was a brief moment where I was worried about...how you would react if I was. If you would be happy...if you would want me to…”

Barry didn’t need to finish that sentence. Mick already knew what his mate was worried about, what Barry was trying to say. Mick looked down at the plate in front of him. The alpha let his thoughts run through his mind for a moment, trying not to feel the strange disappointment curling up in his heart.

“I would never ask you to do that Barry…” Mick replied simply, lifting his gaze to meet Barry’s again. “You know that…” The omega shook his head, his hand reaching for Mick’s. The alpha relaxed when his mate’s warm hand touched his. Mick looked up, taking in the look on Barry’s face and letting the omega slip his hand into his. Those green eyes were wet with unshed tears and Mick squeezed Barry’s hand in hopes of comforting his distressed mate.

“I know you wouldn’t, that’s not why I’m telling you this...but it got me thinking about it and…” Barry trailed off for a moment before letting out a heavy sigh. “I'm not ready for pups yet and as painful as the miscarriage was for me, our life is too hectic for a baby right now. So I can't be angry at you for that right now either but...Mick, I would like to know why you’re so adamant about this. I just want to understand if it’s because of the miscarriage or if it’s something else.”

Mick felt his throat catch. He felt the words he needed to say rattling around inside his head, all the emotions he could feel seemed to be coming through to Barry but the words to describe them didn’t reach his mouth. How could he explain himself when he wasn’t sure how to talk about the tangle of emotions in his chest. He could barely tell you where one emotion ended and another began in the bramble winding around his heart…

“It’s not just that,” Mick said slowly, managing to at least get those words out. “I just...don’t know how to…” Barry blinked, his shoulders suddenly sinking and his expression changing to something more sympathetic. Barry released Mick’s hand, scooting his chair back with a scrape of wood against the tile.
Mick opened up his arms and Barry slid carefully onto Mick’s lap. The omega straddled Mick, instantly tucking his head into Mick’s neck as the alpha embraced him. They were silent for a few moments, enjoying each other’s presence as the tension slowly left the room. Mick closed his eyes and buried his nose in Barry’s shoulder so he could just bask in the closeness of his mate.

“I’ve been selfish,” Barry murmured, arms tightening around Mick as he hugged him. “I didn’t mean to push you so hard. You did so good in therapy even if you didn’t want to go…I should have been more appreciative.”

Mick pulled back, his hands sliding to Barry’s hips. The omega looked up and Mick leaned forward to press a soft kiss to Barry’s forehead. He couldn’t help but feel the smallest tug of affection for Barry in his chest, thankful that his mate was as understanding as he was. Mick pulled back, pressing his forehead to Barry’s and taking a deep breath. Barry’s green eyes shined as they stared into Mick’s, the love he felt for Mick clear as day in those gorgeous depths. He could at least try to explain himself now.

“Doll, I…”

Mick had to bite back a groan when Barry’s phone went off in his pocket. The omega’s shoulders sank and he reached to grab it. Mick sighed heavily, watching Barry lift the cell to his ears. Barry’s face was clearly annoyed but he managed to keep his voice steady as whoever it was from S.T.A.R. labs that had called.

“I’ll go check it out…” Barry said heavily, closing the phone and looking up at Mick with sad eyes. “Power plant is experiencing a drain and the team thinks it might be the meta that killed someone earlier…I…” Mick silenced Barry with a quick peck on the omega’s lips.

“Go on, Doll,” Mick said as he looked towards the table, wrinkling his brow. “You want me to come with…?” Barry shook his head, kissing Mick’s forehead as he crawled off the alpha’s lap.

“I’ve got it,” Barry replied, giving Mick one more peck on the lips. “Talk more when I get home?” Mick nodded and finally let his shoulders relax. The last thing Mick saw was Barry’s bright grin before he was gone, a burst of wind running through the house as his mate sped out of their home.

Mick stood up, his body creaking a little more than he would have liked. He looked around the table and slowly cleaned up the food. He wasn’t very hungry anymore and he would rather eat with Barry anyway.

He cleaned up methodically, his mind swirling with thoughts and feelings weighing in his chest. When he finished cleaning up, Mick made sure to leave the porch light on for Barry. His phone volume was up and ready just in case Barry or the lab geeks called. Mick wasn’t ready to sleep just yet, energy running through his veins and fueled by the fact that Barry was out there alone. Maybe it was because of his instincts or because of his own anxiety but Mick always found it hard to calm down enough for sleep when Barry wasn’t sleeping next to him.

Mick walked up the steps to their room and flicked on the light. With Barry gone, the house felt too empty and quiet, Mick could feel the slightest itch returning. At least in his home, he could go into the living room and start a fire in the old stone fireplace. It would be safer than the last fire he had accidentally set.

As he walked past the desk to fetch his lighter from his nightstand, Mick’s eyes landed on that composition book that the therapist had given him. It was thrown lazily onto the desk after Mick had returned home, forgotten in his haste to cook. Despite his initial reluctance, the alpha found himself staring at it. The words that Dr. Finkel had said to Mick echoed in his head for a moment, feeling
long past even though it had only happened earlier that day. Mick huffed and tried to convince himself that it was stupid…

But after a few more seconds of staring, his feet moved to the desk and Mick found himself sitting down. He stared at the black and white notebook, hand twitching for just a second before he opened it to the third or fourth page. Mick fought with himself for several moments once more, part of him urging just to lock away what he was feeling and go get a beer.

But a voice, a voice that sounded too much like Barry, whispered at the back of his mind. The small, warm sound that Mick loved to hear and one that almost always had his full attention. He took a pen from the small grey cup that Barry kept on the desk and smoothed out a page with his large hand. The alpha hesitated for a moment, the black pen hovering just inches above the page.

“Fuck it.” Mick stated to the empty room, hunching over the notebook and desk. His eyes stayed fixed to the page with almost as much intensity as he stared at a fire with. The scraping sounds of pen on paper were oddly soothing as Mick let his thoughts overflow from his head and onto the pages of the notebook. He kept writing, not bothering to keep track of the time and urge to light fire soon fading from his mind.

It didn’t take Barry long to get to the electrical plant, trying to remain alert. He wasn’t sure what kind of meta he was dealing with but he hoped he could wrap it up quickly and get back to Mick. He hated leaving in the middle of a conversation they needed to have but Barry did have his commitment to the city now. Wells’ words kept echoing in his mind, weighing on Barry’s heart.

The distinct sound of electricity crackling drew Barry’s attention further into the electrical plant. He wrinkled his brow, urging himself to walk silently around the corner. This had to be some kind of electrical meta and Barry no longer had to wonder if this could be linked to the body Cisco had identified as Casey Donahue. Barry turned the corner, blinking at the brightness of the electricity being pulled from the power grid and towards a person standing just in front of it.

Barry wrinkled his nose, trying to scent the air and get an idea of what he was dealing with. He couldn’t smell anything except the thick smell of ozone that permeated the air from the meta’s powers. After a moment, Barry noticed that the meta still had not noticed him. His glowing face was focused on his task and he hadn’t heard Barry over the crackling he was creating.

“I’m pretty sure this is a restricted area.”

That got the meta’s attention. The man stopped, his arms moving down to his sides as the bright light faded from the air. He turned, scarring similar to Lichtenberg figures etched into his tanned skin. He looked over Barry with eyes that seemed desperate and a cold expression that made the omega feel like he was no more than an insect to this man.

Without a word, the meta lifted his hand and shot lightning from his fingertips directly at Barry. Without his speed, Barry would have been dead but he managed to react quickly and dodged the strike. Barry tried to remain calm, staring at the meta with a look of concern. He couldn’t just let this meta drain the whole plant.

“Easy there, zappy,” Barry said, meeting the meta’s eyes and noting the blue color of them. The meta stared at him intensely, that same desperate air to his stance.

“I have to feed…” the voice of the meta sounded distorted like Barry could do when he had to
vibrate his vocal cords to alter his voice. The tone was shaky and it was then that Barry noticed the slightest shake to the meta’s shoulders. He vaguely reminded Barry of some of the drug addicts that would come in, strung out and shaking from withdrawals.

Barry didn’t have a second to think on it for long before the meta shot another bolt of lightning at him. Barry sped away and tried to calculate how he could stop this meta. He didn’t want to hurt him, not if he could avoid it. Barry moved to speed around the man when suddenly, another lightning strike connected with Barry.

It didn’t hurt, not really. The feeling was worse than actual pain. The lightning connected and started to pull Barry’s own trail of yellow lightning from his body. It felt like his breath was being pulled out from his back, heart racing for the split second it took for him to finally pull away with his speed.

Barry was panting, trying to calm his breathing and heart rate. It felt horrible, exhausting and terrifying all at once. Barry could hear Cisco over the coms and tried to listen as he caught his breath in his hidden spot away from the meta.

“What was that?”

“Barry, what’s happening?”

Barry heard the familiar crackle of lightning and turned his head. The meta was getting closer, clearly hungry for more of whatever had been taken from Barry’s body. The speedster rose as quickly as he could to speed away but it was no use. The lightning from the meta connected and Barry screamed in pain as he consciously drained the lightning from Barry’s body.

Barry was brought to his knees, the energy leaving him swirling around in a brilliant show of yellow light. He couldn’t move, he could barely breathe. He wanted to run but his limbs were frozen on the ground. Barry wasn’t sure what would happen after this. It felt like this meta was stealing Barry’s soul from his body, draining his very essence.

And as soon as it started, it stopped.

Barry shook as he managed to stand. His heart raced in panic as he stood, watching the meta start to stagger away and mumbling. Barry almost missed Wells speaking over the com, his mind still trying to wrap around that they were still alive.

“Barry, get out of there,” Dr. Wells urged, his voice sounding concerned and near panic himself. “Run, Barry.” Barry shot forward, aiming to do just as the doctor asked. His speed sputtered, sending him forward just a couple of feet. Barry stopped just short of tripping over his own feet, leaning against a pole near him. He tried again only to have the same result…

No...

“I...I can’t…”

Barry timed his breathing to the sound of his feet hitting the treadmill, trying not to feel too distressed about his current speed. He had never been able to run quickly before the lightning and it seemed like he was back to that same pace. Cisco, Caitlin, Dr. Wells, and Mick were all observing quietly.

Barry slowly let the treadmill come to a halt. He was huffing slightly as he walked off the machine, his body tired from the tests. He sat down on the edge of the edge of the treadmill and looked up to
“You can’t just lose your powers, okay?” She said, sounding like she was trying to ease Barry’s fears but the slightly confused tone giving away her own insecurity. “Your DNA was transformed by the particle accelerator blast. There’s no way to un-transform DNA.”

Mick walked over to Barry, passing him a bottle of water and letting his large hand thread through Barry’s hair. The omega took comfort in the gesture and leaned into Mick’s hip while taking a sip of water. Mick had been just as concerned when Barry called him, asking to be picked up with very little means of explaining why. Barry found himself grateful that he had a mate who didn’t question much when it came to his night job.

“So we were wrong,” Dr. Wells said thoughtfully, slowly guiding his wheelchair forward. “This meta-human doesn’t electrocute people; he siphons electricity, thereby removing your power…” Barry was quiet for a moment, taking a deep breath to calm himself. Siphoning his power...did that mean he would be able to recover?

“All right, do we think this is temporary or…” He said, trailing off as he felt Mick’s fingers brush over his scalp when he sensed Barry’s distress. Wells watched the exchange with eyes that revealed nothing of what he was thinking but a voice that was ready to find a solution.

“We’ll have to run tests,” Wells stated simply. Barry nodded, standing up and feeling one of Mick’s arms wrap around his waist.

“We better warn West,” Mick stated, his hand settling on Barry’s back. “Don’t worry, doll. Let’s just get you home to rest.” Barry leaned into Mick as his mate moved to lead him out of the labs. Wells turned his chair, his face taking on a compassionate look. Barry was sure his own worry was showing on his face.

“Barry, we will find a way to restore your speed,” Wells reassured, giving Barry a small nod when he met the omega’s eyes. “I promise you that.” Despite all the distrust, Barry did feel for Wells at times, the doctor sounded so sincere at that moment. It eased Barry’s anxiety more than he wanted to admit.

A little while later, Mick and Barry arrived at their house to find both Joe and Iris waiting on the living room couch. Mick took it upon himself to explain the situation to Joe and what had happened to cause the loss of Barry’s speed. Iris was comforting Barry on the couch, her hand rubbing his back as he cuddled her.

They had done this often when they were younger, having both lost their mother’s young and craving touch. Iris always knew when Barry needed to be touched for comfort. Barry felt at ease in his own home, his sister holding him close while his mate and Joe spoke to each other. Normally, he wouldn’t be this upset but his emotions had already been out of sorts since they had returned to the city.

“What does Dr. Wells say?” Joe asked Mick, sitting in the easy chair to the left of the couch. He looked tired and worried but Mick handed him a slice of the apple pie he had made earlier. It was strange to see Joe smile wearily at Mick before taking a bite.

“He’s working on it,” Barry replied, sitting up to take a plate that his mate handed him and stabbing at it with his fork. Iris took a plate, sighing heavily as she took a bite. Her brow was wrinkled in
thought as she chewed.

“You have to get your speed back,” Iris and Joe said at the same time. There was a pause before Joe continued on, he looked at Barry with a soft worry in his eyes.

“People in this city need protecting,” Joe said, his voice firm. “And if you don’t get your speed, how in the hell are we gonna keep them safe?” Barry nodded in agreement, taking a bit of the pie and humming at the taste. Mick had warmed it up for him, putting on that vanilla ice cream he knew Barry liked. It was a small comfort in the wake of this disaster of an evening.

“I called Snart, he’s bringing the cold gun,” Mick supplemented, meeting Joe’s eyes. “Me and him are going to look after the city until wheels figures this out.” Joe’s eyes narrowed suspiciously, starting to open his mouth to say something when Mick gave him a look.

“We won’t kill anyone, not unless we can’t avoid it,” Mick said before Joe could speak, his voice firm. “Barry needs to rest while we wait for the nerds to come up with something, the city can survive without him while he takes care of himself. If our guns can take on Barry, I think Len and me can take care of handling some metas.” Barry relaxed a little, the feeling bittersweet. On one hand, it was great of his mate to step up to help him but it also scared him. Mick was human, with no special powers of his own but with plenty of ways to get hurt. Barry shuddered as he remembered the meta at the power plant.

“The meta that stole my speed, he’s the one that burned up the body we saw in the alley today,” Barry informed Joe, his voice sounding worried but firm. “You need to tell the rest of the force not to confront him, he’s dangerous.” Joe nodded, looking towards Iris who had already brought out her phone to take some notes.

“I’ll work on keeping up the flash appearances for the blog,” Iris said hopefully, her smile easing Barry as Joe rose to his feet. “So when you do come back, we can have a cover story ready.” Barry smiled, watching his mate stand to let Joe and Iris out of the house.

“Thanks, Iris, that helps.” He said with a fond smile, watching Joe put on his coat. His foster father’s scent was worried but not too unsettling. He seemed to be confident in the plan despite not liking that Mick and Len were involved, clearly just happy that someone could handle any metas should more show up.

“Keep us posted on any changes,” Joe said as they turned to leave, “And I expect to still see you at work, powers or no.” Mick chuckled, disappearing with the pair around the corner to usher them towards the front door. It was as if Mick could sense that Barry wanted the house to be empty of everyone. The omega felt a wash of affection for his mate take over his heart, easing his tension just a little. For someone who didn’t like to talk about feelings, Mick was incredibly good at sensing them in others.

“I’ll get him to work on time, West, don’t worry,” Mick reassured and Barry let out a small breath when he heard the door click shut. It wasn’t long before Mick walked back into the living room with a softer expression on his face. Barry put his plate on the coffee table, laying back on the throw pillows. He smiled at his mate with a weak grin and opened his arms in a silent plea to be cuddled. Without question, Mick walked over to the couch and sat down before sliding into Barry’s arms. The alpha laid his head on Barry’s stomach, sighing softly when the omega lifted his hand to gently massage Mick’s head. The silence was comfortable for a few moments before Barry finally spoke.

“Thank you, for calling Len and offering to help,” Barry said with a heavy sigh, “You’re the best mate a person could ever ask for.” Mick chuckled, lifting his head a little to give Barry a smirk.
“It’ll all work out, Doll,” Mick slid his hands under Barry to pull the omega closer to him. “Besides, I don’t think West was too keen on me and Len protecting the city so he may just figure out a way to will your powers back because of that.” Barry let out a small snort of laughter, shaking his head for a moment before Mick’s lips stole his for a kiss.

Barry melted into Mick, the kiss somehow making his worries seem smaller. Their earlier tensions seemed to be forgotten in favor of Mick distracting Barry and the omega didn’t complain. His mate didn’t seem too worried and Barry decided that he would follow Mick’s lead, just letting his mate’s kisses and touch ease his uncertainty. Mick’s lips soon pulled away, finding their way to Barry’s neck and the alpha let out a small, pleased growl.

“Guess I can mark you up as much as I want for a little bit,” Mick said, making Barry moan softly as Mick sucked love bites onto his neck. “Silver lining…” Barry hummed softly, tilting his head and giving Mick better access to his neck. He could feel himself relaxing beneath Mick and he let his eyes close.

“Mick…” Barry breathed out softly, feeling his mate’s hands sliding up his shirt. “You’re sure feeling frisky tonight…” Mick chuckled against the skin of Barry’s stomach, having worked his way down the omega’s body.

“Well, I haven’t had a chance to fuck my mate into the mattress since we got home,” Mick rumbled, the way the alpha’s voice growled out the words sending shivers up Barry’s spine. “But tonight, how about we just...do this?” Barry hummed in agreement, gasping softly when Mick placed gentle kisses over the mark on Barry’s shoulder junction.

Barry pushed on Mick’s chest, urging his mate to let him up. The alpha obeyed and Barry looked up at Mick with so many thoughts swimming through his head. Mick’s eyes were soft, watching Barry closely to see what the omega was planning. Barry slowly let his hands slide under Mick’s shirt, pulling it off his mate and letting it fall to the floor.

There was so much they still needed to talk about, the conversation they needed to finish. He let his fingers glide up Mick’s stomach and took a deep breath before crawling forward to straddle Mick’s lap. Barry pulled his own shirt off and let it fall to the floor on top of Mick’s, moving his hands up Mick’s arms.

He followed the path of the burn scars, feeling them rise and fall beneath his fingers. He traced over them and tried to memorize how different they felt from the other parts of Mick’s skin. Barry listened as the alpha’s breath hitched from the gentleness of his touch. Mick’s eyes closed in a gesture that made Barry’s heart expand with love. Even after all the years, they had been together, it still amazed Barry that his mate trusted him this much.

Barry let his hands slide along Mick’s jaw, the roughness of his stubble making Barry’s fingertips tingle before he wrapped his arms around the alpha’s neck. Mick’s arms wrapped around Barry’s waist and pulled them back so omega was laying on top of him. The omega settled with his head on Mick’s chest, closing his eyes and listening to Mick breath. They laid like that for a long while, Barry starting to doze in the calmness of the moment.

“Doll, about earlier...what you said before you left.”

Mick’s voice had Barry looking up again. His body was relaxed but he could feel Mick’s muscles tense up slightly. The omega blinked at his mate, feeling through their bond that Mick was struggling to say something. Barry waited patiently for Mick to take a deep breath in.

“I do want pups...with you…” Mick finally said, his grip around Barry’s waist growing tighter.
“But...I’m not sure I’m really dad material, doll. There’s been enough of a struggle to accept that you want me even when I fuck up...” Mick tapered off, the silence hanging thickly in the room and doing little to ease the tension in Mick’s body.

So that was what Mick was worried about. Barry's mind quickly filled in the blanks, realizing that Mick wasn't saying he didn't want pups because of their loss or that he didn't want a family with Barry. This was his alpha's insecurity from his own past family life. Mick was afraid of turning into his father, of hurting their children like he had been even if it was unintentional. All the pieces clicked into place and Barry felt guilt squeeze his heart.

Barry let his hand slide up to Mick’s cheek, dragging a feather-light touch over Mick’s chest and collarbone. Using his thumb to stroke the alpha’s cheek, Barry leaned down to press a gentle and sweet kiss on his mate’s lips. Mick finally relaxed and hummed into the kiss before Barry pulled away. He pressed his forehead to Mick’s before deciding to speak.

“Well, we have plenty of time to decide what to do about it,” Mick nodded in agreement to Barry’s words, sighing as his mate tucked himself under Mick’s chin. “We’ll give it a year or two, let everything become settled and routine before we throw having a baby into the mix.” Mick hummed in response, large hands rubbing slow circles over Barry’s lower back.

“And for the record,” Barry added with a soft sigh. “You’re going to make a great dad when the time comes. No matter what you think, I know you will.” Mick rolled his eyes but Barry could tell by the subtle flush on his mate’s cheeks and the even smaller smile on his face that Mick was happy. Both men let out a relaxed sigh and cuddled closer to each other, ready to enjoy their quiet time together once more.

The quiet didn’t last for long. Mick’s phone vibrated loudly against the wood of the coffee table where it had been left, jerking the pair from their blissful moment. Mick picked up the phone and clicked around to what Barry assumed was his messages. The alpha’s features became tense as his eyes flicked over the message and he turned to Barry.

“Cisco says Wells wants you back for more tests,” Mick said with a groan, pressing a chaste kiss to Barry’s cheek. “And Len just got into town, says we should go on patrol since it will take us longer to explore everything then it does for you.” Barry chuckled at the sour look on his mate’s face and leaned over to peck him on the lips.

“Guess it’s going to be a late night for us both,” He teased, kissing Mick’s neck. “Hmm, but don’t worry, It will be over before we know it.” Mick huffed, his face still one of irritation but he started to rise anyway.

“Fine...but I am not going to listen to Shorty rattling in my ear all night.”

Barry couldn’t help but stare longingly at the Flash suit when he got to the cortex. Despite having worn it so many times since he got his powers, Barry felt so far away from it. He could reach out to touch, drag his fingers along the tri-polymer, and know that it was still there but without his powers, it felt like a lie to even look at the suit. The waves of sadness and bitterness threatening to wash over him.

“You think I’ll ever get to wear it again?” Barry said out loud, turning to Caitlin when he sensed her standing behind him. Her brown eyes held sympathy and understanding in them, her heels clicking on the tile as she moved to stand next to Barry.
“I didn’t have my speed for very long,” The omega said, turning away from the suit and bringing up a hand to his mouth. “But now that it’s gone, it feels like a part of me is gone too.” Barry looked back towards the suit, memories of running at top speed and power coursing through his veins only serving to twist his heart further. Caitlin smiled at Barry, her head giving the smallest of shakes.

“With or without your speed, you’re still you, Barry.” the omega shook his head, eyes never leaving the suit. He tried to find the words for what he was trying to say. He was aware that he was separated from his alter-ego, that Barry Allen was capable and loved….

“But I’m not,” Barry finally said after a few moments. “I’m not the best version of me...I love being The Flash.” Barry paused, letting out the smallest laugh. It was slightly bitter around the edges but joy could be heard there too, a longing that seemed to speak more than Barry meant for it too.

“I love everything about it: the feeling of running hundreds of miles per hour, wind and power just rushing past my face, being able to help people…” Barry explained, the smallest of dreamy smiles on his face and a sparkle in his eyes. Caitlin watched Barry speak, her eyes warm as the man described everything he felt.

“I’m not sure I can live without it, Caitlin…” Barry finished quietly, earning him a concerned look from Caitlin. The woman moved to speak; most likely to offer some kind of comfort or gesture when Cisco entered the cortex with an announcement.

“Farooq Gibran.”

“Who?” Barry replied, turning to face the other omega with a raised brow. Cisco walked closer to Caitlin and Barry, holding a tablet in his hands and pointing down to it. Cisco looked hopeful and it eased some of Barry’s anxiety just a little.

“The powers vampire who jacked your speed,” Cisco explained, handing the tablet to Barry. “I hacked into the surveillance footage from the Petersburg substation. Once I got his face it was easy to find a match.”

Barry looked down at the tablet and scanned over a news article brought up on the screen. On the front, was a picture of the meta who had attacked Barry. He looked better than Barry had seen, his skin not holding the blueish tint he had seen before. It was clear to see that he had been a relatively healthy young man. The headline spoke of two dead, Farooq the only survivor of an incident with an electrical pole.

“He climbed an electrical pole the night of the accelerator explosion,” Barry read out loud, brow wrinkled. He felt almost bad for Farooq, knowing what it felt like to wake up changed but unlike Barry, Farooq hadn’t been given a Wells to teach him how to control his powers.

“No surprise where his powers came from.” Caitlin chimed in, nodding to the new discovery. Barry opened his mouth to say something else when the perimeter alarm beeped, alerting all three of them to a breach on the property. Cisco ran toward the computer and switched on the visual for the camera just outside the door.

“You’ve got to be kidding me…” The omega said just as Caitlin and Barry joined him behind the desk. The camera showed Farooq standing just outside the building, his arms spread wide as he stared up at the camera. His electric-blue eyes focused on the camera with a fiercely desperate look that Barry recognized from the plant…

“Dr. Harrison Wells, I need to see you!” Farooq’s voice said through the camera feed, that same desperation echoing in his voice. “Come on, I know you’re inside.”
Barry and the others exchanged looks, unsure of what to do. They couldn’t just let such a dangerous meta into the labs like this. Barry gritted his teeth, once again cursing his uselessness without his powers.

“Did Mick and Len take their coms?” Barry said and he turned to see Cisco already on it. He leaned over the microphone and spoke into it with a sense of urgency heavy in his voice.

“Captain Cold, Heatwave, we’ve got that energy meta here and he does not look happy,” Cisco stated, Barry turning back to the screen to watch the meta leaving their sight. “We could really use some heavy fire-power before he…” Suddenly, the lights flickered and everything went dark. Cisco pounded on the output button, swearing out loud when nothing happened.

“Shit, he drained the power…” Barry felt his heart beginning to race in his chest. There was no way this could lead to anything good. The helplessness he felt creeping into his chest, adrenaline making his heart race. He tried to breathe through the panic and come up with some kind of idea…

Then the sound of metal slamming into a wall had all three members of the team jolting up. Barry looked towards Cisco, the other omega’s scent dripping with fear and his brown eyes flicking up to meet Barry’s green.

“He’s inside.”
Lisa wasn’t stupid by any means. She had survived this long on a combination of her own wits and Lenny’s careful training, modifying them to fit her own needs. Both Snarts were known for outsmarting their enemies and targets, using misdirection and strategy to get what they needed. But where Lenny preferred careful timing and airtight plans, Lisa definitely preferred manipulation. That and well-made wigs.

Eddie and Iris were both at the police department, Iris saying hi to her dad and Eddie while they worked. Tonight had been their date night but Eddie was running late because of some prison transfer from Starling. So Lisa decided that instead of waiting for her lovers to come to her; she would see just how easily the police department could be infiltrated. It helped that her blonde wig was realistic looking and she had masked her scent by wearing things dripping with Eddie and Iris’ scents.

She couldn’t help but smile as the adrenaline pumped through her veins when she left the elevator to the main floor of the CCPD. So far, no one had paid her any mind as she walked confidently into the bullpen. The various officers bustled about, some carrying paperwork while others held coffee. The clacking of her heels fading amongst the clacking of keyboards, footsteps, and loud talking amongst the police officers.

Joe was talking to the captain, handing him a stack of papers. Iris was standing just behind him and not even noticing Lisa until the beta wound her arms around the alpha’s waist. Iris stiffened for only a moment before she smelled the subtle hints of Lisa’s scent in a deep inhale. Lisa rested her chin on Iris’ shoulder, nuzzling affectionately.

“Hiya.” She said teasingly as Iris tilted her head to give Lisa more access to her scent gland. It sent the beta’s heart fluttering to see her alpha allowing her to scent her. Eddie was moving away from his desk, blue eyes wandering over to Iris and his bright grin lit up his face when he saw Lisa. Of course, her detective would know who she was by her cuddling their alpha. Eddie was too professional to come over but Lisa blew him a kiss. The omega grinned, a small blush on his cheeks.

“Our boy sure looks good when he’s working,” Lisa purred in Iris’ ear. The alpha snorted a little, turning her head to plant a kiss on Lisa’s lips. She turned in Lisa’s arms and gave the alpha a look up and down. There was a flash of lust that went through the alpha’s face as she looked over the metallic gold skirt that hugged Lisa’s hips and showed off her long legs.

“What are you doing here, Lisa?” She asked, trying not to look suspicious as she scanned the room. “What if someone recognizes you?” Lisa shrugged, smoothing out the front of her black blouse, no worry on her face. Iris’ brown eyes were soft with affection but the barest hints of worry could be...
detected under the happiness in her scent.

“So far, I’ve gone unnoticed,” Lisa whispered, smiling as a cop came up behind them on the left. “Besides, I have an escape route if I need one. Lenny’s had the blueprints to the CCPD since we were kids and we could get out of here blindfolded if we needed to.” Iris relaxed at that admission when Joe walked up behind her, shaking his head and giving Lisa a look.

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that.” The old alpha stated dryly but opened his arm to give Lisa a side hug. Lisa leaned into it a bit stiffly but she was slowly getting used to it. Since Joe had accepted Iris, Eddie, and herself being in a relationship, he had been slowly more fatherly towards Eddie and Lisa. It was strange, having an older alpha actually showing her affection and respect.

The only familial love she had ever had was Len and later, Mick. Now that they all had gotten themselves all cozy with lovers of their own, the family had grown. Joe had been reluctant at first but now that he was accepting the relationship between herself, Iris, and Eddie. Lisa had to deal with being under his protection, with Joe starting to see her as part of his family. It was a strange, bittersweet feeling having this after so many years of disappointment.

“As soon as we’ve got this prison transfer done, I’ll release Eddie.” Joe joked as he pulled away from hugging Lisa. “Shouldn’t be too much longer.” Lisa cast a look towards the older man in the chair, his wrists bound by cuffs. His strange glasses were almost too small for his face, his eyes holding the defeat of a criminal who had nothing left to lose.

An involuntary shiver went down Lisa’s spine. The familiar twist in her stomach, sending ice through her veins. Something wasn’t right in the air…

Suddenly, the entire building went dark. There was a rush of voices, some angry and others concerned as police officers started to move to investigate what was happening. Lisa tightened her grip around Iris, backing up slightly as her urge to run started to twist in her gut. Adrenaline was reigniting in her heart but this time, it was fueled by an anxiety that poured into her scent. Iris turned, opening her mouth to ask when a gunshot rang through the darkness.

Tockman stood with a gun pointed at the back of now dead officer. The man’s body crumpled to the floor as people screamed from the sound, Tockman moving over it to stare at everyone in the darkened bullpen. Lisa stepped in front of Iris, a low growl escaping her throat protectively.

“Guns on the floor!” Joe stepped in front of the two women, lifting his hands to show he was doing as the criminal asked. The beta knew that the police officer was doing the smart thing by complying with Tockman’s demand but she couldn’t help the growl that escaped her throat. Lisa stared at Joe’s back as the alpha stood in front of them both protectively, the scent of all the scared people making her eyes water.

“It should take you three seconds to disregard any thought of rebellion and comply,” Tockman stated, tone matter of fact as he pistol whipped one uniformed officer in the back of the head. Lisa didn’t like this, this man was too cold and calculating to get the jump on. She had a switchblade in her boot but unless she could get close enough, it was useless to try. All her street smarts and she felt helpless to protect her girlfriend and her boyfriend was nowhere to be seen. It only served to make the dread curl harder in her chest.

Tockman stared right at Joe, Iris, and Lisa with the gun pointed at Joe. His eyes were locked on Joe’s back as the alpha stood in front of them both protectively, the scent of all the scared people making her eyes water.

“Take it I don’t need to count out loud.”
Lisa heard herself growl again, her alpha reaching for her hand. Lisa met Tockman’s eyes, her blue filled with fire and hatred. She wouldn’t be stupid but the mask would hide the fear pounding through her veins at that moment. She hated this feeling, hated being afraid. Now that Tockman was closer, she could smell his omega scent just before another officer decided to be stupid.

The gunshot rang in Lisa’s ears and she already knew that the officer was dead. Her eyes searched for Eddie, not finding him among the chaos as Tockman got dangerously close to Joe. Tockman lifted his head in an attempt to get a good look at Iris, his brows raising slightly before Lisa locked eyes with his again. Her glare was poisonous but ultimately an empty threat.

“Striking resemblance,” Tockman said and Lisa continued to stare at the man, her thumb moving slowly over the touchscreen of her phone. The drag option on her keyboard was a blessing as she typed out the message, her memory the only thing she could rely on as she hit send.

She only hoped that Len would get it in time.

As much as Len liked being around Ray and living in the alpha’s apartment, that didn’t stop him from missing Central City. The smell of the river whenever he drove his bike near the bridge, the lights racing past, the sounds of the people and cars was familiar and warm. To others, Central may have seemed no different from Starling but to Len, this was his home. He loved this city more than he would ever say out loud.

The night was relatively quiet so far and Len actually found himself enjoying the patrol. He hadn’t exactly been keen on leaving Ray but the alpha had stated he did have his suit close to completion. After five years of watching the alpha work on it, Len was just as happy as Ray to see the suit finished.

“So Haircut’s mom likes you,” Mick said with a chuckle, his eyes sparkling with good-natured teasing. “I’m guessing she doesn’t know that her little boy likes to get tied up and spanked by his omega?” Len huffed at the comment but didn’t protest Mick’s observation.

“No, and we are keeping it that way,” Mick let out a laugh at Len’s comment, rolling his eyes and the conversation went silent for a moment or two. The pair ate their food in silence, having stopped for some when their hunger had become too strong to ignore. Len could tell that Mick was thinking about something but he wasn’t sure what it could be and didn’t bother to ask.

“So, mated...never thought I would see the day...” Len said, the amusement in his voice making Mick nod in response. The alpha looked down at the gold band on his left ring finger, twirling it while his eyes took on a softer look.

“Yeah, it’s weird for me too,” Mick responded with a small chuckle. “It scared me, the first week. I worried I made the wrong choice in finally going through with it...but it’s better than I thought it would be. It feels amazing.”

Len felt his heart squeeze. He was happy for Mick but the thought of mating...it was making him think. Mostly about what he had accidentally revealed to Ray. The slip-up had left Len reeling because he meant it, he did love Ray and that frightened him down to his core. Love meant commitment, it meant...

“I told you, sweetheart, I love you. That means when you are eighteen, I’m going to make you my mate.”
Len shoved the memory away fiercely, heart racing in a panic. He hadn’t thought about that voice in ages and had kept it buried along with all the other memories that caused him pain. Len’s hand went to his chest, feeling his heart racing underneath it. His face retained his emotionless mask but when Len turned to his friend, he could see Mick’s concern.

“Lenny…” Mick’s tone wasn’t demanding, more like a quiet urging leaving room for denial. He was clearly sensing Len’s distress and his concern even showing through was just another example of how Barry had affected his partner.

“I told Raymond…that I love him,” Len stated quietly. “It wasn’t on purpose but...I think...I meant it.” Mick didn’t bother hiding his surprise at that quiet admission. He searched Len’s expression, reading between the lines and nodding slowly. Len looked away when he realized Mick had pinpointed what he had been thinking about.

“Haircut isn’t that asshole,” Mick said with a hint of murderous darkness crossing his features. There was a long pause for silence, stretching over the seconds and giving Len a few moments to collect himself. “Have you told him? About that?” Len shook his head and his shoulders stiffened. Mick held up a hand, agreeing to venture away from the subject. Len’s discomfort must have been apparent on his face.

“Just saying what you told me,” Mick explained, turning to meet Len’s eyes. “Five years is a long time and Haircut trusts you enough to take you to meet his family and defend what you two have. It was hard to tell Barry about my old man but...it’s good I did.” It wasn’t so much advice. At least, not blatant advice anyway but Len decided to store it in his reserves.

“So, did you apologize to Barry for the disaster of a therapy session?” Len said casually, trying to steer the subject away. Mick looked up at him with a scathing glare and let out a deep sigh.

“Yeah, I did. We agreed we do want kids just...not yet.” He grumbled, shaking his head. “Right now, things are too hectic and we barely have time for each other, let alone a pup.” Mick’s tone sounded frustrated and he glared down at the remainder of his burger.

“We haven’t even gone on a date or had a chance to really spend any real time together either. I guess being in Aruba got me thinking about how much I actually miss just having Barry to myself.” Mick continued, playing absentmindedly with the wrapper of his burger. “It was nice to finally have sex again, no worrying about being interrupted or some meta threat. To wake up in the morning without him having to rush away to the labs for more damn tests…”

Len nodded in understanding. He and Ray often had to spend time apart but where they had the physical distance, Mick and Barry had outside responsibilities now. Mick wasn’t the only one relying on Barry. There was a whole city, rife with new threats and Barry was shouldering it all. Mick helped where he could, proving to be as attentive of a mate to Barry as he had always been as a partner to Len.

“I don’t trust Wells either, Barry knows how I feel but it seems like that bastard takes every opportunity to keep Barry to himself.” That statement had Len perking up. He had done some homework on Wells, knew the man’s history. Dead wife, built the labs through years of toil, fell into ruin after the explosion…

But there was something off there. Something about the omega’s scent, his eyes and mannerisms that left Len’s stomach twisting and instincts warning of danger. He was slowly trusting the other two geeks on Team Flash but the good professor made Len uneasy.

The sounds of the city could be heard all around them. Cars honking, the smell of the river, all the
lights shining in the distance. Len found himself taking a deep breath and relaxing just a bit. Central City was his home, always familiar yet somehow always changing. These metahumans were a threat for sure but maybe this change in his home environment didn’t have to be a bad thing.

“This pipeline you mentioned,” Len said to Mick, hoping to steer Mick to a bigger problem. “They are aware solitary confinement is basically hell, right?” Mick went quiet, chewing on the burger he had just taken a bite from. His eyes were dark and Len knew why.

Mick had spent more time in solitary than Len had over the years. His hot temper and habit of getting into fights often led to him getting thrown there when the two spent stints in prison. Mick hid it well but the time spent isolated often left him depressed, anxious, and aching for ways to distract from his own panic.

“Barry hates it too but he can’t see another solution for the metas,” Mick said quietly, clearly recalling his own days in solitary. “I was thinking of calling Haircut in...seeing if he could help. There has to be something else because locking them up like that…” Mick trailed off for a moment, a soft growl escaping his throat.

“I feel like a damn pig doing that.” Len nodded in agreement, crossing his arms as he leaned against his bike. He hummed softly, cataloging it in his mind. He could text Ray later and ask him to look into it, maybe bounce some theories to Cisco.

“Captain Cold, Heatwave, we’ve got that energy meta here and he does not look happy,” Cisco’s voice crackled over their coms. Speak of the devil…

“We could really use some heavy fire-power before he...” Before Len could respond, the coms fizzled out and Len could feel his anxiety rise despite trying to keep cool. He lifted a hand and pressed on the com, mouth a thin line as he tried to keep from going to the worst-case scenario.

“Cisco, do you copy?” Len said only to be met with soft static. Something was wrong, the feeling twisting and moving in Len’s gut. They needed to get back to the labs as quickly as they could. Things were about to go sideways and Len wasn’t about to leave Barry and the others without some sort of protection.

“Len...” Mick’s gruff voice stated and drew Len from his current thoughts. He looked up to see that the entire city was dark. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what must have happened to cause this, further cementing the bad feeling in Len’s gut. He looked towards Mick and his partner moved to get on his bike when Len’s phone was vibrating on his hip.

It was a text from Lisa, short and cryptic. The words misspelled, grammar non-existent...

“PD hostge gun 2 D pwr out”

Len’s mind was quick to fill in the pieces, looking up at Mick and briefly letting his cold mask fall. It revealed a fear that he never showed anyone, other than Mick and Lisa. His heart was hammering in his chest and true fear set into his scent. Lisa was in trouble, asking for his help because she was scared.

“It’s Lisa. She’s in trouble.” Mick didn’t need Len to say anything more and instead revved the engine of his bike. The alpha jerked his head towards the opposite direction that Len would be heading towards.

“You go to her, I’ll go to Barry.” Mick ordered gruffly, getting a nod in response from Len and peeling away with a desperate urgency. Len mounted his bike, kicking up the stand and racing
towards the station. His mind was already going over the schematics of the building, a plan forming in his mind.

Whoever was holding his sister hostage was going to realize just how ruthless Len could really be.

Barry was trying to call Joe or Iris, hoping to make sure they were okay during this blackout. His gut twisted every time it went to voicemail and his anxiety continued to rise in his chest. He tried Lisa and Eddie but had no luck with either of them. His heart was racing still, his instincts screaming that something was wrong.

It wasn’t until he got ahold of Captain Singh that he was given more details.

“There’s a hostage situation...Joe and his daughter are inside...I’ll call when I know more.” Barry didn’t even try to protest when the captain hung up on him. Helplessness bled into Barry’s veins and he tried to regulate his breathing. He stared at the phone for a moment before looking up at Dr. Wells.

The omega was sitting in his chair, clearly lost in thought and trying to think of a solution. Barry moved towards him, face serious and clearly worried. His family was in danger and all he could do was sit here because he didn’t have his powers.

“Joe and Iris are in trouble,” Barry stated firmly, walking quickly towards Wells with a look that was both desperate and irritated. The other omega wrinkled his nose and Barry knew his scent was no doubt dripping with distress. Barry couldn’t find it in himself to care about that at the moment. He needed to get to his family, needed to protect them.

“I have a theory,” Wells said as he turned his chair and faced Barry. “It’s untested…”

“An I’m willing to roll the dice.”

Wells nodded in response, lifting his hands from his lap as he looked Barry in the eyes. He held them up as he explained, trying to go slowly so Barry wouldn’t miss anything. He needed to make sure the young omega knew the risks of what he was about to do.

“Okay, you’ve lost your speed, yes, but nothing has changed inside you on a subatomic level,” Wells said before pausing to find the right words for what he wanted to say next. “In other words, your cells are still primed.”

“They just need a jumpstart!” Cisco added, eyes widening as he realized where Wells was going with this. Barry wrinkled his brow as he tried to wrap his head around what to do. How could they jumpstart his cells in order to get his speed back…

“How do we do that? How do we jumpstart me.” Barry asked, his tone speeding up in his need to get to the station. It was clear to see he was growing more antsy and anxious with every passing moment of this conversation.

“We need to replicate that initial jolt to your system.” It was Cisco’s turn to be confused. The other omega’s brow wrinkled heavily, his own mind trying to wrap around a quick solution.

“But that would mean a peak current of at least twenty-thousand kilo-amps?” Cisco stated, more questioning than anything before looking at Caitlin. The beta looked horrified, shaking her head in disbelief as she turned to Barry. Their eyes locked and Barry could see just how worried his friend
was, her scent hitting him and only confirming his suspicions.

“That’s more electricity than they give to people in the electric chair!” She protested with a fierce glare at Wells as if shaming him for even thinking of trying something so dangerous. The professor took a deep breath and tried to keep composed under the pressure of a ticking clock.

“Caitlin,” Wells said calmly, his tone firm but trying to stay gentle. “With Farooq in the building, we are all looking at a death sentence.” Barry looked down at his feet, considering this development. Wells had a point for sure. At any moment, that meta could burst through the door and easily kill them all with one well-placed bolt of electricity.

“The spare generator is offline.” Cisco interrupted, his eyes widening as the realization hit him. “If we reboot it, we could get a charge that big…”

“We need something that can transmit the load from the generator to Barry’s body…” Barry was really glad Mick wasn’t here at the moment. There was no way his overprotective mate would even allow them to continue this line of thought.

“We can use the treadmill to transmit,” Cisco added, nodding with a determined spark in his eyes. “My baby can take the charge…” Caitlin glared at Cisco fiercely. It was clear that she didn’t like this at all and was trying to reason.

“What if Barry can’t?” It was then that real fear set in. There was a chance that his body wouldn’t be able to handle the charge, that he could be seriously hurt or in another coma; or dead. It was then a thought occurred to the omega.

“What about my bond?” Barry voiced, concerned. “Mick and I can feel each other’s pain since we bonded and it’s only getting stronger...will he be hurt too if this happens?” Caitlin shook her head, reaching over and putting a hand on Barry’s shoulder.

“He will feel some of it but he shouldn’t do more than pass out.” She comforted, squeezing Barry’s shoulder. “And that’s worst case scenario. Mick recovered from third-degree burns without grafts, I’m sure he can handle feeling this through your bond...but if you die...Barry, I can’t even describe what kind of pain he will go through.”

Caitlin’s hand moved to her heart, a sharp ache going through Barry. Even though Caitlin was a beta, her mate had been an alpha and they had bonded just like Mick and Barry had. Caitlin knew first hand what it felt like for a bond to sever because of the death of a mate. It was a pain that made the woman’s shoulders slump, her breath hitch...it could only be a fraction of what actual pain had been caused.

“The choice is yours to make, Mr. Allen.” Wells said with finality.

Barry’s mind tried to cycle through the options. He could risk electrocuting himself and maybe getting his powers back that way but it wasn’t just himself he was risking. It wasn’t just himself that he had to worry about right now. The sound of the words Mick said after their fight about the pipeline, of how scared he had been seeing Barry in a coma. If Barry died trying to get his powers back, his alpha would be hurt worse than he had been before.

Farooq was loose in the building, his friends in danger among these walls. It was only a matter of time before the meta stumbled to the lower levels of the labs and Barry needed to decide. He thought on Farooq’s words at the substation. How desperate the meta had been to drain the power...how he needed to. Maybe there was a way to reason with Farooq and prevent any senseless death. Maybe they could help him.
Barry was already turning toward the door before he even finished the thought.

“Where are you going?” His friends all seemed to say in unison. He could smell their concern, could see it as he turned to look at them all. The omega took a deep breath and hoped that he was making the right decision.

“I'm going to try talking to him.”

Wells shook his head, eyes widening behind his glasses. Barry could see the disapproval in his eyes before the doctor even opened his mouth. But the omega was already determined to find another way around this. He had to try and help Farooq just like Wells and the others had helped him.

“No...No,” Wells said, starting to move his chair towards Barry. The omega met Wells gaze with pleading eyes. He wasn’t sure if he could convince Wells that his plan was a good one when he wasn’t even convinced it was but he had to try. What kind of hero would he be if he didn’t try to help someone who so desperately needed it?

“You didn’t see him at the substation, he needed to feed.” Barry insisted firmly. “I got super speed out of the particle accelerator blast, but his best friends died. He woke up with a disease.” As he spoke his case, Barry looked around the room at his friends. Caitlin's face softened in sympathy, a sentiment echoed by Cisco’s own expression.

“Earlier today, you worked a crime scene where this metahuman electrocuted an innocent man,” Wells said slowly, his voice sounding as if he was speaking to a child that couldn’t understand big words yet. “He’s a murderer! And you are powerless to defend yourself against him.”

“Sometimes people do bad things because they have no other choice!” Barry snapped, his temper flaring up. “If he needs to feed because he will die otherwise, Farooq may have resorted to drastic measures. He needs help, just like I did when I woke up and I don’t need powers to offer him that!” Wells didn’t seem convinced, his brow wrinkling as he looked at Barry. It was clear that the doctor had nothing else to say for once. Barry took a deep breath and turned on his heel towards the doors.

“I have to try.”

Outside the precinct, Len could see the sea of police cars and flashing headlights when he parked his bike in an alley not too far away. The entire place was locked down and Len could see that there was no way he could sneak into the precinct without going through the crowd of Central City’s finest.

Well, Len did love a dramatic entrance.

“Looks like you boys could use a hand.” Len drawled, goggles down and gun up. All the officers in his area turned in surprise and reached for their guns instinctually. Despite his racing heartbeat, Len already knew that he was quicker with his gun than these officers could be with their own weapons. Len found himself rolling his eyes and lifting his gun.

“Stand down, I’m not here to fight you,” Len snapped, aiming his gun and freezing the ground beneath a few of the officers’ feet in the blink of an eye. A few of the officers slipped and fell in a heap on top of the patch of ice. “I’m here to help so if you don’t mind staying out of my way.” His boots slid across the surface of the ice easily as more backed up in favor of letting Len approach the person in charge. He could see Barry’s captain with a radio in his hand, no doubt talking to the man keeping the hostages in the building.
“Tockman…” Len heard the man say just as he approached the tent housing the computers, phones, and other communication devices. The radio crackled just before a voice, strangely calm but hints of desperation still stressing the tone came over the radio.

“I am presently in control of eight of central city’s finest, three underpaid omega assistants, and two very brave civilian girls.”

Len’s face was a dark, cold mask of anger as he realized just who those two civilians were. Tockman...he hadn’t heard that name before and Len wasn’t about to go anywhere without some kind of information on his target. Two officers flanked him as he came up into Singh’s vision, watching him warily but no longer attempting to stop him.

“If you have demands, I want to hear them. But first, let the civilians go…” The captain continued saying to Tockman, releasing the button on the radio for the man to reply. “Snart, what the hell are you-.” Len held up a hand, focusing on the radio as the man inside the building spoke.

“He’s not going to let them go, I can tell you that now.” Len drawled just before the voice crackled over the radio.

“Would you prefer I sent them out alive or dead? ” Len’s jaw clenched, his rage rising but the coldness of his logical mind taking the emotion for better uses as the man spat out his demands. “Please be more specific. One Helicopter, one vegetarian takeout meal, one laptop with eight gigabytes of RAM will be delivered on this roof at exactly fifty-three minutes and 27 seconds from now…”

Len calculated the time in his head, comparing it to how quickly he could find his way to where Tockman was through the vents of the building. CCPD was older, the vents well made and old enough to support Len’s weight and the security system was down thanks to the power. By his count, he could be in the bullpen in thirty minutes, forty seconds. That left him just enough time to gather some intel and forge a proper plan.

“Or I shoot a hostage.” Len gripped the handle of his gun at that and cast a look up at Captain Singh. The officer took a deep breath, looking up from where he had been typing out the man’s requests. It was clear in the alpha’s eyes that he wasn’t hopeful about the odds.

“There is a citywide blackout. I’m gonna need more time.” Singh pleaded over the radio, trying to keep his voice calm. Len could tell by Tockman’s voice that he was the type to have a plan, similar to Len himself. Clearly, the man knew about the blackout.

“Captain, you may delay, but time will not.” Tockman argued and Len had to laugh. Benjamin Franklin quotes while holding people hostage, Len couldn’t help but find humor in that. Singh cast a glare at Len.

“What the hell are you doing here, Snart?” Len shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant. He couldn’t reveal that Lisa was in there, not without outing her as being connected to the West family and Thawne.

“A mutual friend of ours asked if I could help out,” Len drawled with a jerk towards the building. “I’ve had the schematics for this building memorized for quite some time, I can be in and out in exactly 1800 seconds.” Len paused, surveying the captain from behind his goggles.

“But, I need to know who I’m dealing with before I take him down.”

“I don’t want you killing him needlessly, Snart…” Len rolled his eyes again behind his goggles and
scoffed at Singh’s commanding tone. He was getting impatient and they were running out of time.

“I haven’t killed anyone in years, I’m good enough of a thief to avoid that.” Len snapped, getting into Singh’s space and staring him down. “Now either get me something on this dirtbag so I can get my ass in there and cool this situation down or risk me getting caught and everyone in that building dying.” Singh glared at Len, his brow twitching as he considered his options. The alpha let out a half-growl in frustration.

“Peterson, get Snart a file on Tockman and the rest of you get on what Tockman asked for!” Singh barked at the officer’s standing behind Len. He turned back to Len as officer Peterson handed the thief some papers from a small file they managed to get ahold of. “I hope you know what you’re doing, Snart.”

Len’s eyes scanned over the words in the file, reading up on the man’s crimes and history...then he stumbled over something that made his eyes widen just a fraction. He read the information again, then a third time before he looked back up at the captain with a smug smile.

“You should know by now Singh, that I always know what I’m doing.”

Barry did his best to remain calm, heart pounding in his ears and anxiety dripping in his scent as he searched for Farooq. He had no idea what he was even going to say to Farooq or even if the meta would listen to him but he had to try. He could already hear Mick and Joe scolding him for not thinking ahead on this and making a plan but as he turned the corner, Barry found he had run out of time for such things.

Farooq rounded the corner, arms raised and electricity crackling in the center of his palms. He glared at Barry with all the fierceness of a caged animal. It was easy to tell from the ozone tinted scent that Farooq was in pain. Barry lifted his arms, trying to make himself as non-threatening as possible.

“Whoa, Whoa, Easy…” Barry said quickly, meeting the electric blue eyes that glowed in the darkness. “I’m not gonna hurt you.” Farooq looked at Barry and didn’t move, his eyes looking over Barry as he breathed heavily.

“You can’t hurt me.” The meta stated, voice calm as if stating a simple fact. “Where is Harrison Wells?” Barry tried to swallow the nervous lump in his throat, still keeping steady eye contact with Farooq. Well, it was now or never.

“Look, I know what happened to you the night of the accelerator explosion, it changed you,” Farooq’s eyes widened at Barry’s statement, taken aback by Barry knowing that information. “It changed me too...it took things from me too…” Farooq paused, slowly lowering his hands but eyes never leaving Barry.

“You were the one in the red suit,” The meta said, the realization hitting him at once and he took a step towards Barry. “I fed from you...I have to keep feeding!” Panic settled in Barry’s veins and he kept his hands lifted up as he took a step back. Okay, he needed to get this talk back on track…

“I know this has to be terrifying and that’s why I want to help you, okay?”

Skepticism and wariness flashed through Farooq’s eyes, his shoulders stiffening ever so slightly. He looked Barry over and seemed to consider what the omega was saying. His eyes flicked to the omega’s shoulder briefly before going back up to Barry’s eyes. There was the smallest pass of emotion through those eyes but it faded when Farooq met Barry’s eyes once more.
“The night of the explosion, when the light hit me, it stopped my heart….” Farooq explained, his tone pained and grief-stricken. “Jake and Darya...I woke up and they were beside me, dead. They tried to give me CPR and when they touched me, I electrocuted them…”

Barry’s heart ached in his chest for Farooq. No wonder the meta sounded so pained, so angry. He had lost his friends and had been the very thing that took their lives. No matter how much Barry wanted to say that he shouldn’t blame himself, he knew from experience that that was easier said than done.

“I was struck by lightning and went into a coma for nine months...because of the changes my body was going through…” Barry’s hand traveled to his stomach, his throat catching when he touched it. “I miscarried. My pup never even got to take their first breath because of what my powers were doing to me.” the smallest hint of sympathy passed through Farooq’s eyes.

“It’s not our faults that we lost our loved ones…”

“I know that.” Barry’s head jerked up at Farooq’s confession. The sympathy had faded from his gaze only to be replaced with hatred and rage. “It’s Wells’ fault.”

Oh shit.

“Farooq, no. He can help you!” Barry pleaded just as Farooq lifted his hands, the lightning crackling between his fingers. It all happened so fast that Barry could barely comprehend it. Lightning hit him in the chest, pain from the electrocution lighting his whole body on fire and Barry was thrown back into the cortex. He cried out in pain, the yelp echoing through the labs.

“Get the fuck away from my mate!”

Flames shot out, hitting Farooq in the back and the meta screamed in pain as Mick dove into the labs behind Barry. His scent was heavy with aggression and anger, aiming his gun at Farooq as Cisco scrambled to close the emergency door to the cortex. Barry couldn’t hold back the whimper of pain as Caitlin moved to look his chest over.

“Doll, what the hell were you thinking?” Mick growled, leaning down to help Barry stand up before lifting his goggles to get a better look at his mate. Wells wheeled forward, glaring coldly down at Barry with a small shake of his head.

“Done being noble, Mr. Allen?” the omega growled before turning to Caitlin and Mick. “Caitlin, Rory, get him to the treadmill and Cisco, bring the generator online and make sure Barry gets the charge.” Mick didn’t bother questioning anything, scooping Barry up and following Caitlin to the treadmill. Cisco turned to Wells, his face contorted with worry.

“What, you’re not coming with me?” Cisco blurted out, shaking his head at what Wells was saying. “I am not leaving you!” Wells wrinkled his nose at the smell of Cisco’s distressed state. It was clear that the omega was worried and the man met Cisco’s eyes fiercely.

“Of everything I have done in my life, of everything I have invented, my most important creation is The Flash,” Wells said firmly, his voice hard and leaving no room for Cisco to argue with him. “Barry Allen must have a future. Now go!”

Cisco took a deep breath and let himself look conflicted for a moment longer before he turned. He would do as he was told, running towards the generator and hoping to whatever god there was that Wells would be okay.
The trip through the vents took exactly as much time as Len thought it would. He had to be careful, his skills as a thief being stretched as he tried to remain as quiet as he could. There was no room for error here, no room for miscalculation. The adrenaline rushing through Len’s veins, making his heart pound, almost making him high from the power of it. This was almost more of a rush than breaking in to steal something and that was part of why he loved being a thief in the first place.

"End this now, and I’ll talk to the DA,"

That was Joe West’s slightly nervous voice coming from the vent shaft just from Len’s left. The thief put a hand on the holster of his gun, making sure it wouldn’t hit anything as he slowly made his way through the metal vent shaft. The voices got closer and Len quieted his breathing, mind focusing on not making any noise as he approached a slotted vent door just above the bullpen. He could see Joe, Iris, and Lisa beneath him. Lisa huddled close to Iris, the alpha’s eyes glaring at Tockman while Lisa fixed a gaze just as deadly at their captor. Lisa was wearing a blonde wig but he could pick out his sister’s scent out of the mix of fear in the room below with almost no effort.

Len wiped his brow, carefully keeping any sweat from escaping the vent. Thanks to the lack of power, the air wasn’t circulating in the building. That worked in Len’s favor since that meant his scent wouldn’t be carried around the room. But it also made the vents hotter than Len ever liked to be.

“It was your district attorney that denied me furlough so I could visit my dying sister one last time,” Tockman’s voice said, his voice carrying to the vents. “So I could say goodbye to her in person.” Len felt the smallest jab of sympathy cross his heart, having read that in the file but hearing the omega say it so quietly, so brokenly...Len’s eyes cast down to Lisa beneath him.

He could understand this man’s motives but Len had his own sister to protect.

“That’s time I’ll never get back!” Tockman shouted his voice a high growl that betrayed the turmoil of his emotions. Len calculated that into his plan, adapting it. Emotions like that could easily be manipulated and used to his advantage. He took a quiet breath, keeping himself in check.

It was then he noticed Joe nod towards something just ahead of him. Len had to move his body to adjust his line of sight to see. Len had to grit his teeth with the irritation and worry that rose up when he realized what was happening. Eddie had his gun raised, the omega’s blue eyes locked on Tockman as he slowly made his way over to him. No doubt the stupid cop thought he could get the jump on Tockman while the man was losing his cool.

Len fought himself to keep from moving, forcing himself to stick to his timing. If Eddie got him, then it saved Len the trouble...He held his breath, daring to let himself hope that his sister’s boyfriend knew what he was doing...

“So however long I have in this life, I promise not one more second of it will be spent in a prison cell.” Eddie silently got behind Tockman, his hands steady as they aimed the pistol in his hands at Tockman. Len adjusted himself so he could watch and stiffened when the gunshot rang out. Eddie got Tockman in the back but Len’s blood ran cold as soon as the omega lowered his gun.

Two more gunshots and a yelp of pain from Eddie before the omega was on the ground in the middle of the group of hostages. Len could see him bleeding from his arm, chest heaving in pain as blood started to trickle on the floor. Shit.

“Eddie!” Iris cried out, tears in her eyes and scent distressed. Lisa let out a fierce growl at Tockman, the man pointing a gun at her head when the women moved to be by their boyfriend. She glared at
the omega with her whole body shaking with rage.

“If I ever get my hands on you, I’m going to tear you limb from limb!” Lisa growled, Tockman raising a brow at the pair. He huffed, eyes looking over Lisa and Iris with a calculating gaze. It was almost like he was evaluating them like a scientist would a species of insect in a petri dish.

“Brave words from one in your situation,” Tockman said as he lifted the radio. “An officer was just shot 9.2 seconds ago, I would pick up the pace in meeting my demands.” Len had to keep himself from shaking with rage. His sister looked towards Eddie, leaning on Iris and a flash of pain going over her features. He wanted so badly to bust in right that second but he couldn’t risk acting hastily.

He needed to wait just a few moments longer.

Mick carried Barry to the treadmill, setting him down on the edge and cupping the man’s face in his hands. Barry could smell Mick’s worry and the omega lifted his head to scent his mate. His whole body was in pain, his heart still hammering from the electric shock. Caitlin moved to hook up the treadmill, connecting wires as fast as she could.

“I’m not healing fast…” Barry breathed out and Mick looked over at Caitlin, his arm moving protectively around Barry. There was clear distress in Mick’s eyes, almost pleading when he looked at the doctor. It eased some of Barry’s pain and panic to have Mick close like this. He just hoped that this would work like Wells had hoped it would.

“This shock gonna work?” Mick growled, having figured out most of what they were doing. Caitlin looked up and met Mick’s eyes with a worried expression. The beta seemed skeptical still but there was hope just beneath the surface of her concern.

“When Doctor Wells has a theory, he’s usually right.” She reassured as she went back to moving around large cords and wires for the treadmill. Barry tried to take a deep breath, worry for his family still at the forefront of his mind. Joe and Iris were still in danger…

“What if something happens to Joe and Iris first?” Mick leaned forward, kissing Barry’s temple and a soothing hum. The sound was barely audible enough to be heard by Barry but it calmed his senses. His inner omega instincts were eased by his mate’s presence.

“Len’s got it covered, doll. If anyone can get the jump on whoever has them, it’s him.” Mick soothed just before the crackle of electricity shushed everyone in the room. Barry’s eyes widened as the thick smell of ozone permeated his senses.

Farooq.

For someone as large as Mick, the alpha was surprisingly quick. He managed to grab both Barry and Caitlin around the waist before pulling them down below the wide observation window. He held both of them close as the sound of electricity moved closer. The alpha’s large hands covered both their mouths, urging them to breathe quietly through their noses as Barry’s heart hammered in his chest.

He hoped that their scents wouldn’t give away their fear or their location. The sound got closer, moving towards the door. Barry looked up at Mick with wide eyes and the alpha met them. There was fear there, real fear that Barry had rarely seen on Mick. Barry squeezed Mick’s wrist in an attempt to comfort his mate, sending any reassurance he could muster through their bond.
By the time the door clicked open, Mick had moved them into the closet at the back of the room. He shielded them with his large body with his gun poised and ready at the door as they heard Farooq enter the room. Barry closed his eyes, trying to focus on Mick’s heartbeat and committing it to his memory. He was terrified and helpless, heart hammering so hard he could feel it in his throat.

“You know, my powers took away my ability to smell the scents of people,” Farooq spoke out loud, growing closer and the sound of his footsteps hitting the tile sounding so loud to Barry at that moment. “But did you know the human body generates electricity? The average adult gives off three hundred and forty-two watts and I can still smell that coming off you.”

Barry opened his eyes just in time to see Mick reaching for his heat gun. The only thing he could hear now was his own racing heartbeat, the smell of Mick’s fear-soaked scent so strong in his nose it made his eyes water. Barry clung to his mate helplessly and shut his eyes as the electric sound grew closer.

The power suddenly came back. The lights of the lab flaring to life and starting to pour through the holes in the screen of the door. Another heartbeat later, Farooq’s footsteps turned away and he left the room. As the sound grew further away, Mick stood up with his gun raised and opened the door.

The treadmill room was empty and Barry released the breath he had been holding. They were safe for the time being. He turned to Caitlin, her hand over her heart as she looked up at him. It was clear how frightened she had been too but she gave Barry a shaky smile to show she was okay despite this. Mick turned to Barry and Caitlin, gesturing to the treadmill. His gaze was hardened with resolve, a fierce protectiveness coming through their bond and Barry knew instantly what his mate was planning.

“Mick, you can’t go after-.” Mick swung his arm around Barry’s waist, pulling him close and pressing a passionate but desperate kiss that silenced the omega’s protest. Mick pulled away and met Barry’s gaze as the alpha reached out through their bond. The trust and love Mick felt for Barry mixing with his determination to protect him and the team.

“Shorty was the one who turned on the lights, he won’t stand a chance alone,” Mick said gruffly, jerking his head towards the treadmill. “He’s part of the crew...not about to let him take a hit for us.” Barry felt his heart in his throat, still scared of losing his mate but he swallowed it down.

“Be careful,” Barry whispered, pressing another quick kiss to Mick’s lips. “You better come back to me. You promised me forever and you can’t get out of that deal so easily.” Mick chuckled, slowly releasing Barry with a downright mischievous smirk before he ran out the door.

Barry hopped up on the treadmill, setting his hands on the bar despite the pain lifting his right arm still caused him. Caitlin looked up at him with concern and fear but Barry couldn’t waste any more time. He needed his powers back and he needed them now.

“Turn the treadmill on.” He ordered but Caitlin shook her head.

“You’re still hurt…”

“We don’t have time!” Barry shouted desperately. “Cisco, Mick, and Wells won’t stand a chance against Farooq on their own. I need to have my powers back!” Barry could hear the sound of fighting outside the room, knowing that Mick was out there with Farooq, that Cisco was in danger…

“I can’t!” Caitlin pleaded, confliction in her stance as she looked up at Barry. “If I turn this on, it could kill you” Barry shook his head, determination fueling his need to protect his loved ones.
“We’ll all die anyway if I don’t get them back!” Barry cried out, desperation cracking the edges of his voice. “Caitlin, we don’t have time to argue about this.” Caitlin was shaking her head ever so slightly, her body stiff as she looked up at Barry. It was like she was reliving some horrible memory as she spoke.

“I already lost someone I cared about in this building. I can’t do it again.” Guilt washed over Barry for a moment. This whole situation must remind Caitlin of Ronnie, of the mate and fiance she lost in the explosion. No wonder she was so reluctant to this plan. Barry looked down and tried to come up with something to say. He let out a deep breath, Oliver’s words suddenly echoing in his mind.

“Listen, someone once told me that I was struck by that lightning for a reason, that it chose me...” Barry said, taking a few steps towards Caitlin but remaining on the treadmill. “I’m not sure I believe it. But right now, it doesn’t matter what I believe.” Barry moved back, grabbing the bar of the treadmill with a white-knuckled grip. He looked back up at Caitlin with an expression that begged for her to help him.

“What do you believe?”

Caitlin paused and bit her lower lip, her gaze still locked on Barry. The conflict in her eyes was still there, weighing heavily on her. She slowly turned towards the switches, her chest rising and falling quickly as she fought to do what she knew she had to do. Barry gripped the bar he was holding harder as she turned back to look at him, raising a shaking hand to the switch.

“Come on.” Barry insisted, body stiffening in preparation for the pain he knew would be coming. He nodded at Caitlin, encouraging her to keep going. They needed to do this. In one slow motion, Caitlin flipped the switch.

Electricity shot up through Barry’s arms and the bar became hot to the touch. The crackle of the electricity and pain coursing through Barry when the electricity moved through him. His muscles contracted under his skin, the smallest sound of pain escaping Barry’s mouth. He held on tight and gritted his teeth as he tried to hang onto the burning metal beneath his hands.

Until he couldn’t and the power of the electricity sent the omega flying backward. Barry landed on the floor with a painful thump before he slammed into the opposite wall. His heart was hammering in his chest, eyes wide as he tried to catch his breath before sitting up. He felt winded but underneath the feeling of the pain ebbing away, he could feel something else.

The power of his speed. The lightning that he somehow always felt coursing through him after he had awoken the first time. It was small, barely a whisper but Barry could feel it. He could feel it slowly getting louder and fighting for release.

“Are you okay?” Caitlin asked, running over to Barry and helping him sit up against the wall. She searched Barry’s face for signs of pain, the worry fading into something like curiosity behind her eyes. “Did you feel anything?”

Barry lifted his hand, watching it vibrate just like it had done that first day. He stared at it in disbelief for just a moment before the feeling was gone. It faded into nothing, that empty feeling Barry had felt invading his senses. Barry shook his head sadly, defeated.

“It didn’t work…”

Caitlin’s shoulders sagged, her face falling in a way that only served to leave Barry feeling more disheartened than before. There was nothing left that they could do and the sounds of fighting were only getting louder. A loud, deep crash coming from the hall and the omega’s heart sunk even more.
Barry let out a heavy breath, shaking his head as the hope he had held before slowly started to dampen.

Nine hundred seconds.

The clock was ticking, the fifty-three minutes now becoming fifteen with Len still poised in the air vent. Eddie was still just beneath him, bleeding out and coughing. Tockman had disappeared out of Len’s line of sight. He needed to get Tockman where he could get the jump on him but to do that, he needed Tockman distracted. The clock was ticking and he was running out of time.

“Please, he’s bleeding. You have to let us get him some help.” Iris pleaded, making Len’s heart twist at his own helplessness. Lisa was still glaring fiercely when a gun was cocked back. Tockman must be on the staircase.

“You’ll stay where you are.” Len had to grit his teeth again, reaching to slowly pull up the grate. He needed to be ready to strike. He pulled up the vent grate, gently setting it against the wall of the vent with practiced and quiet precision. He looked back down and let out a quiet breath. No one had noticed him so far.

“And while you’re killing time, he’s bleeding out,” Joe said, his voice trying to stay calm but his authority shining through slightly. Eddie stared up at the vent with a cough and a groan. His blue eyes widening slightly when he spotted Len lifting the grate away. The thief lifted a finger to his lips, shushing the omega silently with a coy wink that looked more confident than he felt. Eddie let his head fall to the side with a groan and Len smiled; his sister’s boyfriend had sense.

“As if you could kill time without wounding eternity.” Tockman chuckled, his footsteps echoing on the floor and placing the man in Len’s sight.

“Henry David Thoreau.” Joe retorted and Tockman almost looked impressed. The man raised a brow and smiled at Joe with the look of a pleased teacher.

“Ooh, good,” Tockman said breathlessly, bending down and removing Eddie’s tie. Len watched as the man started to wrap the wound, making a tourniquet out of the man’s tie. “Old battlefield trick...now they will know when the tourniquet was applied.” Tockman stuck his finger in the bullet hole in Eddie’s arm and the omega let out a pathetic whimper of pain. He wrote the time in blood on Eddie’s forehead. Eddie groaned and Tockman shook his head before rising and turning away.

Now.

Len slid out of the vent, landing silently on the tips of his toes and straightening up. He grinned as the officers all stared at him in surprise at his appearance. Good, he had made a decent entrance even if he was covered in sweat. He lifted his gun and the loud whine of his cold gun activating filled the room. Len smirked at the familiar feeling of the cold trigger against his fingers, enjoying the scene he had made.

“I hear they call you the Clock King,” Len drawled, as Tockman turned towards him. “Well, they call me Cold and I’m afraid I’m gonna have to put your hostile takeover on ice.” Tockman lifted his gun to shoot but Len was already two steps ahead of him. With a loud whir of his gun, Len fired at the pistol in Tockman’s hand.

The other omega cried out at the pain from the gun shattering in his hand, frozen to the point of brittleness. Tockman pulled his hand back and gritted his teeth as blackness spread over his hand.
where it had been touching the gun. Len charged his gun again, staring Tockman down with an expression that was as blank of emotion as he could muster.

“Do the smart thing, Tockman and stand down,?” Len ordered, his gun pointed at Tockman. The man blinked at Len with wide eyes. There was a wrinkle in his brow for just a moment, his eyes scanning over Len with interest. He made no move to defend himself or run, just stared.

“You’re Leonard Snart,” Tockman said with a tilt of his head. “I’m rather surprised that one of Central’s most notorious criminals is here to save the police of all things.” Len watched the man take a step closer.

“Particularly given the history I heard about during my stay in Iron Heights.” Len didn’t falter his gaze. “The man in the cell next to mine, Rafael Santini...he had quite a few things to say about you.” The grip Len had on his gun tightened. Tockman’s eyes flashed with just a hint of sympathy that left Len gritting his teeth.

“You never did get justice for what was done to you,” Tockman said, clearly attempting to catch Len off guard. “Even those officers not involved with your father’s dealings still didn’t care when you came to them...begging for help that fell on deaf ears until someone important was at risk...” Len fought to control the anger rising in his chest, turning it back into cold, calculating mercilessness.

“Don’t get me wrong, our boys in blue and I don’t always see eye to eye,” Len interrupted, attempting to stay cool under the pressure. “But this is my city and I protect what is mine. CCPD and all.” The gun whirred, the lights shining in the darkness of the precinct as Tockman and Len stared each other down.

“I promised a dear friend of mine I wouldn’t kill unless I had to,” Len stated, voice tight with command and his scent heavy with authority. “So don’t make me break my word.” Len might not be an alpha but he could scent his area, he could pour every ounce of anger and dominance he had into it. Tockman took a step back, his resolve starting to shake and his nose wrinkling. Even a few of the alpha cops wiggled back at the smell.

“You didn’t get to say goodbye to your sister, that wasn’t right,” Joe suddenly piped in, his voice doing nothing. “This man, lying here dying, is dating my daughter and her girlfriend. If you stand down so he can get help, you’ll be giving them the chance you never had.”

Tockman seemed conflicted for a brief moment and it showed when he took another step away from Len. The omega’s nose wrinkled at Len’s scent, his discomfort showing through. Len’s face didn’t falter but he got closer to Tockman, getting in his space and almost touching the muzzle of the cold gun to Tockman’s chest.

“That girl there, the blonde?” Len whispered low enough for only Tockman to hear him. “She’s my baby sister. I would go through hell and back for her, I can and have killed for her. If it comes down to her survival and breaking my no-killing deal.” Tockman jolted when the muzzle of the cold gun pressed against his chest, the cold tip of the gun causing icy burning against the man’s skin.

“Then I won’t hesitate to break many things, not just my promise.”

Another second passed, then two before Tockman finally looked away. He slowly got on his knees with his hands on his head. Len kept the cold gun and his eyes on Tockman, not looking away as he took the radio off the older omega.

“Cold to Singh, Tockman is disarmed and the hostages are safe. Send in the cavalry.”
Mick grunted as he landed hard against the metal wall in one of the hallways. So far, his plan on taking on this meta by himself had started out great. His heat gun still burned the flesh of the electric metahuman and as much as he hated the smell, Mick managed to keep him back.

Until a jolt of pain tore through Mick. He grunted, faltering for only a moment. It didn’t take him more than a moment to realize that his bond with Barry had been the cause. Barry must have taken the shock, his body in pain and traveling through to Mick. It was only a moment but that was all the meta needed to actually land a hit.

Mick was thrown back against the wall with a loud slam. The alpha coughed as he tried to get to his feet, his whole body burning with pain from the electrocution. The alpha could taste blood filling his mouth, not sure where it was coming from but he needed to stand. Barry needed him. Mick’s knees shook but he managed to stand on his feet, lifting his gun as Farooq turned the corner.

“You’re strong…” Farooq growled, lifting his glowing hand to aim towards Mick. “But stupid.” Mick had been ready to fire, glaring fiercely at the meta just before something ran around the corner.

A flash of silver caught Mick’s attention before the metal form of Tony Woodward stood in front of Mick.

The meta took the blast meant for Mick, body stiff but the metal of his skin taking the brunt of the damage easily. Farooq took a step back and his eyes looked Tony up and down. The crackle of another wave of electricity reached Mick’s ears as the meta prepared another attack.

Tony reacted quickly, tackling Farooq to the ground. Tony slammed his fist into the meta’s face with a fierce growl once the pair hit the ground. It gave Mick enough time to stand up fully, grunting as his muscles gave a cry of protest from the electrocution.

Farooq didn’t stay down for long, sending Tony flying off him with a crackle of electricity connecting with metal. Farooq stood up, charging more power to his hands and aiming for Tony. The other alpha grunted when the electricity shot through him, his body going rigid. Mick didn’t waste time being confused and opened fire on Farooq.

“Move your ass, old man!” Tony growled as Farooq screamed before turning away. Tony was already bleeding from his mouth from the electricity but he rose to his feet to slam his metal fist into Farooq’s face. “I’ll hold him off!”

Mick didn’t normally run from a fight but he knew when he was in over his head. Turning away from the fight, he stumbled toward the next hall and taking a corner just as Barry appeared in front of them. The omega’s eyes widened as Mick leaned on a wall, his chest heaving from his injuries and pain. Mick didn’t want to admit it but his vision was starting to get a bit fuzzy.

“Mick!” Barry was at his side before Mick could protest, the alpha leaning a little bit of his weight on his mate.

“ ‘m fine, doll...just…” Mick managed to get out before Tony was being tossed around the corner. “Help the runt…” Caitlin moved over to Tony, the other alpha not doing much better than Mick. Caitlin helped Tony to his feet and noted the glazed look in his eyes and the blood running from his nose.

“Tony, what are you doing?” Barry exclaimed, leading Mick over to him and the omega looking over Tony in a state of pure confusion. Tony looked up, chuckling a little despite the pain when he
was helped to his feet.

“You know me, Allen.” Tony managed, leaning heavily on Caitlin. “I never run from a fight.” Mick chuckled at that before groaning loudly from pain. Barry jerked his head towards the door, the sound of electricity growing closer. Mick started to walk his mate towards another room in hopes of hiding him away for just a bit longer.

“Just stay with us, Tony.” Barry said as they led him around the hall. Farooq turned the corner and shot out a bolt of lightning just narrowly missing the group as they ducked into the generator room. Cisco looked up, brow wrinkled when he saw Barry breathing heavily from helping Mick.

“You’re winded. That’s not good.”

Barry helped Mick sit down while Caitlin gestured to Cisco. Tony was barely conscious but still alive as Cisco and Caitlin helped him to the ground. Turning him on his side, Caitlin examined Tony’s injuries, taking his pulse. Half-conscious, the alpha smiled at Caitlin with a dopey grin that looked strange on Tony’s normally aggressive looking face.

“You’re really pretty…” Cisco rolled his eyes and Caitlin shook her head. She pressed a cloth to the bleeding coming from the meta’s head. Her sharp eyes scanned Tony’s face, opening his eyes to check for a concussion as best she could.

“Cisco, keep the pressure on that.” She ordered, standing up and allowing Cisco to take her space. Barry took a deep breath, happy that Mick was alive. When Caitlin came closer, he had his nose pressed to Mick’s scent gland. His worry must be invading Mick’s senses because his mate nipped at Barry’s scent gland in an affectionate gesture.

“I’m a tough ol’ bastard, doll. I’m fine.” Mick reassured, nuzzling Barry and hoping to comfort his mate. “What happened with your powers?” Barry’s face fell even more, still breathing heavily as Caitlin’s hand reached for Barry’s arm, forcing him to sit down.

“I need to take your blood and find out what happened.” She stated, fumbling with her equipment that she managed to grab so she could take the blood. Cisco was looking down at Tony, brow wrinkled at the unconscious alpha’s form.

“Did you let him out?” Cisco asked aloud, turning to Mick with an accusing look. “The pipeline is built to survive a power outage…someone had to have let him go.” Mick huffed at the mention of the pipeline, clearly glad that Tony was out. His glare at Cisco, catching the hint of the accusation was annoyed and a little angry.

“I didn’t let the runt out but he saved my ass out there,” Mick replied gruffly, his stare intense. “We can worry about it after we get rid of that psycho.” Cisco sighed heavily, clearly wanting an answer.

“Someone let him out…”

“I did.”

Everyone in the room turned at the sound of Dr. Wells’ voice. He wheeled into the room, casting a look at Tony on the floor. Mick saw the smallest flash of disappointment in the doctor’s eyes that left his fists clenched on his knees.

“I released him.” Wells continued, coming closer to the group. His tone held no guilt, no emotion. The scientist might as well have been ordering a coffee rather than talking about releasing a meta and nearly sending him to his death.
“Why would you do that?” Barry asked, standing up. His face was contorted in confusion, the omega shaking it slowly as he tried to understand. Wells shrugged, jerking his head towards the hallway behind the closed doors.

“To divert our intruder’s attention while we worked to restore your speed,” Barry, Cisco, and Caitlin all gaped in disbelief. Mick rose from his seat, glaring at the omega when Barry spoke.

“You used him as a distraction…” Mick’s mate said slowly, still wrapping his head around such a ruthless decision. Even Mick was surprised by it. Len and Mick may have been cutthroat when it came to heists but they never left one of their own to die or take the fall. Even if you didn’t like a member of the crew, you still made sure they made it out alive.

“An unnecessary one, it seems the plan has failed,” Wells said dryly, the smallest hint of anger as he looked towards the door. Mick could feel Barry’s shock before he saw it. His omega’s eyes wide and staring in disbelief. Caitlin and Cisco were equally shocked at Wells’ actions, looking away from him. Caitlin’s eyes trailed downward, mouth a thin line as she wrapped her head around what Wells had said. Cisco stared over at Barry with his mouth open in shock.

Mick felt a surge of protective anger creep up in his chest, not just for Barry but for the whole team. He had seen how Caitlin, Barry, and Cisco acted around Wells. They revered him as a mentor and a friend. To see that he was perfectly okay with sending someone into a fight, well aware that they could die... It rose a question that no one wanted to ask. Mick had seen this before during jobs. You never really knew someone’s true colors until something went sideways and even if the others didn’t pick up on just how serious this was, Mick did.

“That’s fucked up,” Mick growled, standing up and leaning his weight on the table as his glare bore into Wells. “For a guy that claims to be searching for things to better humanity, you’ve got a real lack of respect for life.” Wells turned, fixing his eyes up to meet Mick’s. He didn’t seem phased by the strong alpha glare at all. His head tilted up, eyebrows raised with a cynical chuckle escaping his mouth.

“Weak words, coming from a murderer and a thief.”

“Least I admit it.” Mick shot back, eyes narrowed dangerously. Barry took a few steps forward, his face still confused and trying to wrap his head around what was happening. There was the slightest flash of anger in the omega’s eyes.

“Don’t talk to my mate like that,” Barry snapped, his own eyes narrowing at Wells. “Tony could have died…” Wells scoffed, turning to Barry with a hint of skepticism that bordered on condescending.

“You’re showing a lot of sentiment for a man who tormented you as a child.” Wells pointed out, his tone stating it as if that should be an obvious fact. Mick let the growl in his throat deepen when he realized that Wells somehow expected Barry to be grateful that he had nearly killed his childhood bully.

“Tony might be a bully, then and now but he doesn’t deserve to die as some pawn on your sick chessboard!” Barry said firmly as if that should be obvious.

“Does Cisco deserve to die then?” Wells rolled his chair a little more forward, his shoulders squared and eyes fiercely staring up at Barry. “Or Caitlin? Or me or you?” Both members of the team suddenly looked down in contemplation, guilt on their faces.

“Or your beloved mate?” The poison that Mick could hear behind those words, barely masked
beneath the firmness of Wells trying to make a point. “There was a choice to make. Him or us and I chose us without a second thought. It doesn’t even matter because as I see it, he is still breathing…” Barry shook his head in disbelief, his face looking as if the world was shattering. Mick wanted to comfort Barry but he knew his mate wasn’t finished with this yet.

“Mick’s right,” Barry said in realization. “All your talk about miracle cures and scientific breakthroughs...but you don’t care about people at all.” Wells didn’t flinch at the accusations in Barry’s statement. Instead, his eyes flicked towards Mick for barely a moment before he turned back to Barry with an expression cold and serious.

“Maybe you care too much, Barry. I know that being a hero is important to you and I respect your ideals,” Wells said, just a hint of desperate anger tightening his voice near the end of his words. “I just don’t have the luxury of sharing them.” Now Mick moved to Barry’s side, winding an arm around his omega’s waist and Barry’s tense muscles eased slightly.

“I forgot. Your game’s chess,” Barry snapped, Mick’s hand on his side tightening as the omega continued to glare at Wells. “We’re all just pawns to you, right? So what’s your move, doctor? Which one of us gets sacrificed next?” That thought had Mick taking a step forward, protectively standing in front of Barry and the others.

“Sparky out there is after you,” Mick stated, voice almost deadly calm in a quiet threat. “If anything happens to Barry, Shorty, or the doc because of this. I’m letting him have you.” Wells stiffened ever so slightly at the threat but his stare remained calm, watching Barry pull Mick back to him. The omega’s hand went to Mick’s cheek and he pressed his forehead to Mick’s.

“Nothing will happen to any of us,” Barry reassured and cast a look at Wells, a strange emotion moving in his eyes. “That includes Wells, Mick.” The alpha huffed, clearly not okay with his omega’s request but heeding it nonetheless. Doctor Wells watched the pair for just a moment before he looked over to Cisco, all trace of his previous irritation turning into determination.

“We need to get out of the facility.” Barry pulled away from Mick and fixed his green gaze back on Wells. His nose wrinkled in thought and he shook his head, the smallest hint of frustration mixing with the worry in his eyes.

“We just left him on D level…” Barry started to say and Caitlin nodded in agreement. She didn’t look up from the test she was running, still trying to find the reason why Barry’s speed wasn’t returning. Mick could feel just a hint of panic starting to settle in Barry and sent as much comfort as he could through the bond.

“There’s no way we can make it to the entrance from here.” She said with a cold tone, her emotions on hold while they tried to brainstorm. Mick could tell that much from the doctor’s expression, finding it similar to Len’s when he was backed into a corner. Plan first, panic later.

“What about the garage? The mobile lab van?” Cisco suddenly said, drawing everyone’s attention to him. That could work if they bought themselves enough time. Tony groaned from the corner, finally coming too and sitting up. Cisco moved over to inspect him and the alpha shook his head to get rid of the pain he was no doubt feeling now.

“What’d I miss?” he said, eyes flicking to Wells for a moment. Something passed between the pair and the alpha lowered his gaze to his lap. Mick turned to the alpha, releasing Barry and watching his mate take a step in front of Tony.

There was a brief exchange when the pair’s eyes met. The rest of the people in the room stiffening. The energy of the room unreadable and everyone was quiet as they held their breath, Mick could
almost hear everyone’s hearts racing. Mick watched Barry give Tony a small smile. Slowly, Barry held out a hand to Tony with a small quirk of his brow. He was giving the other alpha a choice here...

“We’re trying to make a plan for getting us all out of here,” Barry explained, waiting for Tony to make his choice. “Can you stand?” Tony blinked at the hand in front of him, wary and stiff in the shoulders. His eyes flicked to Mick but the older alpha held no aggressiveness in his face or stance. He shrugged, eyes moving to Barry. It was clear that this was his mate’s call. He may not trust Tony yet but he trusted Barry, but the look he gave Tony showed that he knew he could take the other alpha down if it came to that.

Tony turned back to Barry, eyes moving to his hand before traveling back up to his face. Mick’s eyes softened as he watched his mate give that bright smile, the one Mick had noticed the day they met. Despite the situation they were in, Mick couldn’t help the love that filled his heart seeing Barry do what he did best; giving second chances to people who didn’t always deserve them.

“Yeah,” Tony said after a long silence, taking Barry’s hand and allowing the omega help him up. Tony looked around the room, still seeming a little anxious and lowering his head slightly in a more submissive look than Mick had seen on him before. “So, what’s the plan?” Wells cleared his throat, expression unreadable. His attention was on Barry, eyes staring hard from behind his glasses.

“It’s my move, Mr. Allen,” Wells said firmly, his tone almost challenging Barry to disagree. “And I say we make a run for it.” Barry opened his mouth to say something when Caitlin spoke.

“Oh my god, Barry look.”

Mick and Barry both moved towards the screen in front of Caitlin. It was lit up with an image of thousands of blue moving cells, slowly growing in number. Mick wrinkled his brow in slight confusion. He didn’t pretend to understand what they were looking at but Barry seemed to be surprised by the image.

“Your cells are rapidly regenerating,” Caitlin continued, her voice sounding awed but hopeful. Barry held up a hand and tried to focus on it. His intense concentration seemed to warrant just the slightest vibration of his hand, Mick’s breath hitching for just a second before the vibrations stopped. Barry let out a frustrated breath and Mick put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“But I still don’t have my speed.” Barry stated, the whole room sinking in defeat as soon as the words left his mouth. Mick scanned the room, hoping to find someone who could explain. Caitlin was clearly just as confused by this as they were. But Wells seemed to be thinking now, his eyes cast downward and brow wrinkled in fierce thought. Suddenly, his head lifted and his eyes widened in realization.

“It must be mental, not physical.” The doctor stated, Cisco let out a small laugh. Mick shrugged and nodded in understanding. Suddenly, everything made sense. So his mate was worrying too much again and doubting himself.

“Oh, you have the yips!” Cisco exclaimed with a bright grin, his tenseness easing as he realized it. Barry stared at his friend in utter confusion that made Mick chuckle despite himself. For once, he understood something the geeky tech omega was saying.

“The what?”

“Oh, you have the yips!” Cisco exclaimed with a bright grin, his tenseness easing as he realized it. Barry stared at his friend in utter confusion that made Mick chuckle despite himself. For once, he understood something the geeky tech omega was saying.

“You know, when a second baseman can’t throw to first or a golfer tries to putt and they get all embarrassed and upset?” Cisco explained quickly. “Then it makes the yips worse and they get all
upset and it’s a hot mess, and they feel like even more of a failure.” Barry shook his head, looking more worried now than before. Cisco’s excitement drained away and Mick could feel Barry’s anxiety worsen.

“That’s not helping.” Barry said, taking a step away and running his fingers through his hair. Mick watched the nervousness in Barry’s eyes turn into despair. The alpha wanted to comfort his mate but he didn’t know how to do that. Caitlin rose from her spot, standing in front of Barry with a look of reassurance.

“Look, you asked me if I believed you were struck by that lightning for a reason. If you were chosen?” She said, earning a nod from Barry. “I believe. You should too.” Mick smiled at the beta, her words seeming to have an effect on Barry. There was the slightest softening to his face and a small fire returning to his eyes. His omega took a deep breath, lifting his hands to hold his arms. He seemed to be reluctant to believe Caitlin’s words still and when he met Mick’s gaze there was still hints of that same anxiety lingering in Barry’s green eyes.

“I’ve always believed in you, doll,” Mick said with a soft smirk, hand lifting to stroke Barry’s face. “It’s about time others did too, yourself included.” Barry’s smile returned, small but reassured. He opened his mouth to say something when a loud boom jolted them all back into reality. Wells turned towards the door for a moment before he turned back to the group, his face serious.

“Let’s move.

The area in front of the CCPD was bustling with activity. Newspaper reporters gathered around behind the yellow tape, photographers desperate for pictures and journalists vying for the scoop. The electricity was still out but many carried pads in their hands, trying to convince the line of officers keeping them back to let them past the crime scene tape. Len didn’t pay them much mind as he held back and tried to remain out of the way. Officers and paramedics moved all around him, examining the hostages for injuries and doing damage control.

Off in the distance, Len had his eyes fixed on Lisa. She was safe and that eased Len but he could see past the smile she had plastered on. She hid it well but Len could tell Lisa was coming down from the adrenaline high, that her emotions were crashing. She would no doubt crumble soon, most likely away from the prying eyes of the crowd.

He wanted to go to her and comfort her but he didn’t want to risk people figuring out who she was. Just as Len was considering the risk, Iris ran up to the ambulance. The alpha’s face was wrinkled up in concern, her lips moving as she practically threw herself at Lisa. The beta blinked slowly before her arms raised and Len watched his sister bury her face in Iris’s shoulder.

Iris’ face turned gentle, whispering gently to her and pulling away to point towards another ambulance not far away. Len turned towards it and noticed Eddie being loaded onto the ambulance by the paramedics, clearly being taken to the hospital. The two women held hands, sprinting to the ambulance. The paramedics paused, brow wrinkled but Iris spoke to him with a fierce look and Len watched the man nod.

Len felt his heart warm when Iris turned to Lisa. Iris cupped Lisa’s face gently, giving her a quick kiss and Lisa visibly relaxed. With a nod, Lisa stepped up into the ambulance to accompany Eddie to the hospital. Iris followed and both women sat beside the omega. Lisa grabbed his hand and Eddie smiled weakly up at her and Iris. The alpha put her hand around Lisa’s, both of them cuddled close and holding Eddie’s hand.
As the door closed, the lights to the ambulance starting to flash, Len felt just a little sad watching the scene unfold. Lisa would be okay and her partners would see to that. Len felt a lump in his throat and a bittersweet feeling fill his chest. His sister didn’t need him as much anymore, her lovers taking his place little by little.

“Snart.” Len turned his head ever so slightly when his name was called, acknowledging it before fully turning himself to face the source. Joe stood next to Singh, the alphas staring at Len with curious expressions. Len narrowed his eyes and let them approach him. The omega raised a brow, hand twitching towards his gun just in case the alpha’s arrested him. He was still a wanted criminal, after all.

He was wary of these two. Now that the dust had settled, the situation was entirely in the favor of the two alphas. Len had very few places to run and he could easily be overpowered by the police officers in the area. Len locked eyes with Singh and there was the smallest pass of something between them. Singh was unreadable, his brow wrinkled in thought and eyes scanning over Len as if he were a puzzle piece that didn’t fit. Len didn’t falter in their stare down and held his head high.

But, instead of cuffing him, Singh lifted his hand to shake Len’s.

“I owe you my thanks, Snart.” The alpha said, waiting for Len to shake his hand. “You saved a lot of lives tonight.” Len stared at the hand for just a moment. A few heartbeats passed, Len’s mind moving quickly through his options. He wanted to snub the officer. It would be easier on himself and his reputation to brush it off with a sarcastic comment, to return to what he was expected to be. A thief and a criminal.

But then Len’s mind turned to Ray. His alpha was good, so good that Len couldn’t understand how he fell for him. Len had never cared what others thought before Ray. He did what he wanted after escaping his father, enjoying being a thief, being a bad guy. But something in Ray’s big brown eyes, the way they looked at him with such love and hope…

Len slowly reached out, his gloved hand grasping Singh’s and giving it a firm shake. The alpha didn’t bother to hide the surprise on his face or the slow smile that graced his features. Len’s eyes met Singh’s and the smallest smirk graced his lips. Well, he always did like doing the opposite of what he was expected to do. He hid his racing heartbeat and nervousness at this situation easily behind his usual snark and dramatic air.

“You’re welcome,” He said slowly, pulling his hand away and looking towards the crowd of journalists for a moment before turning to Joe. “You know who to contact if you ever need...something like this again.” Singh blinked in surprise at the omega and Joe’s jaw dropped just behind him. Len could scarcely believe the words as they left his mouth but did his best to remain nonchalant about the statement.

“I’ll...keep that in mind,” Singh replied, not bothering to hide the shock in his voice. Len turned on his heel, giving the two officers a wave as he walked off. He was almost certain that he would be stopped by someone but as he walked by, more than a few officers watched him but didn’t move. A few glared but most seemed to give him acknowledging nods.

Len kept his expression aloof and cool. His heart raced as he made it back to his bike, ready to head to the labs to aid his partner and the gaggle of nerds the alpha had somehow adopted. He could feel something in the air shifting. There was a change standing just on the edge of his life, waiting and watching for the moment to crash over everything Len had built.

He just hoped he was ready for it.
The group, despite an injured alpha and a somewhat winded speedster, managed to make it to the garage without running into Farooq. Mick was clearly still in a bit of pain but he wasn’t about to let that stop him from moving quickly. They were making good time so far.

Wells rolled along as quickly as his chair would allow, keeping up with the pace the others had set. As soon as they reached the door to the garage, Barry threw it open with a loud bang. Mick and Barry jogged ahead of the group to get the van started.

“The second van, keys are inside.” Cisco shouted after them. Mick found the van easily after that, gesturing for Barry to open the back to let Wells’ wheelchair ramp down while he got in the driver’s seat. Hopefully, his years of driving away from heists would come in handy today. He turned the keys, the engine flaring to life as Barry moved to the passenger side. Cisco pressed the button near the door that opened the metal garage door just in front of them.

“Come on!” The omega shouted at the remainder of the group. They were almost home free and Barry dared to let himself hope that they would be safe soon. But just as Barry’s shoulders relaxed ever so slightly, the engine of the van slowly died. Barry’s face fell as the garage door stopping just short of halfway up. There was a brief, panicked exchange between himself and Mick. The alpha turned the keys again only to have the engine sputter in response and die. Mick’s scent was tinged with fear once more as the engine refused to start again.

“Shit.” The alpha swore, desperately trying to get the engine to turn over. Barry looked towards his friends and saw that in the distance, Wells’ chair had stopped moving as well. He twisted the joystick he used to direct the chair rapidly, trying to get it to move. The look of pure terror and realization slowly dawned over the omega’s face and he looked over at Barry in the van.

“He’s here.”

Barry looked across the garage, another entrance opening to reveal Farooq. The meta looked even angrier than before as he stalked towards the group. His quick pace didn’t falter and his eyes landed on the van. He raised a hand, the bright blue electricity flashing in his hands just before he sent it hurling towards Mick and Barry.

Mick and Barry threw themselves out of the car, landing hard on the ground. The van lit up in sparks and light, the white front of the hood blackened from the hit and the window breaking from the force of the electricity. Barry groaned from the ground, his hands and back stinging from the fall. The omega tried to push away the pain running through his body so he could stand up and run. Caitlin and Cisco were instantly at his side to help him up, Tony following close behind.

“Did he hit you?” Caitlin asked, her tone shaking with worry. Barry nodded, grabbing her and Cisco’s outstretched hands so he could sit up. He needed to get to Mick but when he looked up, Farooq was closing in. Barry’s eyes went wide, his heart racing in his chest from adrenaline. Farooq's expression was completely free of remorse as he lifted a hand.

“Guys…” Barry warned, trying to scoot backward and pull his friends along. Tony growled and moved in front of the three, the meta’s skin flashing metal for a moment before fading. Tony was still too injured to fight…

“Hey!”

Farooq paused, his hand lowering as the shout echoed through the garage. Mick rounded the corner
of the van, stumbling next to the rest of the team. His heat gun was damaged, a couple parts bent and
the look on the alpha’s face told Barry it wasn’t working. They watched Farooq turn and face Wells.
The professor was still bound to his chair, frozen where it had stopped. The omega’s scent was
laden with just a hint of fear that made Barry’s nose burn.

“You’re here for me.” Wells continued, meeting Farooq’s electric blue gaze fearlessly. The meta let
out a small huff of accomplishment and glared at Wells. The hatred and anger burning in his eyes
took away any hope of mercy. Barry and the others were frozen in place, unsure what to do as the
two men stared each other down.

“Finally, you show your face,” Farooq said, slowly walking towards Wells. The omega smirked and
let out a small but cynical chuckle. He was trapped where he was, unable to move without his chair
and helpless. Barry felt himself shaking and shook his head slightly, unsure of what to do.

“Well, I wasn’t exactly eager to be killed,” Wells replied, face resolved as Farooq continued to walk
towards him. The hatred in the meta’s eyes was apparent, the lightning dancing between his fingers
growing stronger as he closed in on Wells.

“Neither were my friends.” The smallest hint of guilt flashed through Wells’ face. Farooq slowly
gathering more power to his hands.

“I know,” Wells admitted, sounding apologetic. “I hurt a lot of people that night…” Farooq’s
muscles visibly tightened, his face contorting in rage.

“People?” He growled out, anger and venom dripping from his voice. “You don’t even know their
names!” Barry winced at the tone, at the sheer anger and grief that shook Farooq’s voice. Barry
groaned, trying to stand when Wells spoke again.

“Jake Davenport, Darya Kim, Ralph Dibny, Al Rothstein,” Wells slowly listed, his voice tight as he
continued to stare directly into Farooq’s eyes. “Grant Emerson, Will Everett, Bea Da Costa…” Wells’ eyes finally tore away from Farooq’s, trailing behind him and looking at the group behind the
meta. His eyes met Caitlin’s with a look that held unreadable emotions.

“Ronnie Raymond.”

Caitlin looked down, pain passing over her features. Cisco reached for her and placed a hand on her
arm. Caitlin took a deep breath, remaining composed but Barry could see the grief in her eyes. Barry
bit his lower lip and felt Mick move closer to them all, the alpha rumbling comfortingly to his mate
and friends.

“I know the names of every person that died that night,” Wells said fiercely, turning his attention
back to Farooq. “I know they all mattered. And the fact that the world is now deprived of their
potential is something that I have to live with every day but these people...These people have done
nothing wrong.”

Wells’ gaze looked from Barry, Mick, Cisco, Caitlin, and Tony back to Farooq as he said those
words. Barry felt his heart skip as he realized what Wells’ was doing.

“You want to punish me?” The omega stated with a challenge in his tone as he nodded towards
Farooq. “Fine, let’s do that. But let these people live.” Barry could feel Mick tensing next to him, the
alpha huddling closer to his mate. Wells...he was offering himself up as a sacrifice. Guilt wracked
through Barry, his green eyes glued to the scene and unable to move. He had been wrong about Wells...
Farooq paused for just a moment, his expression unreadable. Barry held his breath and dared to hope for just a moment that Farooq would be swayed.

“You died that night too.”

Barry barely registered himself screaming as Farooq shot a bolt of electricity at Wells. The man threw himself from his chair, hitting the ground hard and rolling away. Farooq slowly walked towards Wells, eyes wild and emotionless.

“You just didn’t know it till today.” Farooq continued as he took several steps toward Wells, closing the distance between them and looking ready to kill. He raised his hands, preparing for a final blast of lightning at the helpless omega. Wells stared up at his attacker, chest heaving with panic. The fear scent was so strong and Barry’s own panic morphed in his chest. The omega narrowed his eyes and rage filled Barry’s heart, desperation urging him to move.

He needed to move.

The entire room slowed, the electricity leaving Farooq’s hands stretching outward like molasses. It crackled and surged barely fast enough to reach Wells and it was then the realization hit Barry like a truck. The energy of his speed moving through his body felt like raw lightning, traveling through the omega’s body. It vibrated and surged through him and Barry lunged without thinking.

The wind blew past him, Barry getting to Wells before the electricity could land. He scooped the doctor up and sped him over to Caitlin and Cisco. Wells blinked, registering what happened as he looked up at the others. The slow smile that spread over his face as Barry stopped for just a moment before he turned and sped off in a blur.

Farooq looked down at the now empty spot with wide eyes, turning on his heel as he tried to wrap his head around where his target had gone. His head jerked up when Barry appeared in front of him, eyes glaring from behind his cowl. The feeling of his suit on his skin felt like home. The smell of the tri-polymer, the way it fit him perfectly.

Barry stopped in front of Farooq, glaring fiercely at the meta. His fists clenched at his sides, heart racing quickly in his chest but this time it wasn’t from fear. Adrenaline pumped through Barry and he had to hold back the joy of his speed once again thrumming through him in favor of focusing on his enemy.

Farooq threw his lightning at Barry, aiming for the speedster’s chest. Barry reacted quickly, twisting his body and dodging the blow. Farroq growled, his glare fierce as he sent another shot of energy at Barry in hopes of taking him out. Barry managed to dodge again and continued to run out of the path of the barrage of lightning strikes Farooq sent out in an attempt to land a hit.

Barry was fast enough to dodge them all but he needed to think quickly. It was only a matter of time before Farooq would attempt to drain him again. He kept dodging and moving, trying to stay on his toes. He twisted around, turning his body to speed for Farooq. His fists curled and he sped towards Farooq ready to punch the meta.

Barry screamed when the lightning hit him square in the chest. His muscles contracted tightly, painful and debilitating. Farooq’s electricity traveling through his body as the meta lifted his other hand to ready another strike. Barry’s next scream rang out, the sheer force of the electricity doubling up making it hard to stand. He needed to move, needed to get out of the path of the lightning but he was held in place while the electricity kept running through him.

“Barry!” He could hear Mick screaming, Cisco and Caitlin, Dr. Wells...
Barry tried to focus on moving. He needed to win, he needed to save his friends and his mate. He could feel the raw power of his speed moving faster through him, weaving inside of him as if it had always been there. He could feel it moving through his veins and reaching out.

Barry gritted his teeth, fists clenching as he focused on the feeling. His eyes locked on the electricity that Farooq was shooting at him. He could see a different type of energy overpowering it, crackling in the air and changing around him. The once blue dance of light, circling and leaping around them was turning a bright gold. It illuminated the garage and if Barry wasn’t in so much pain, he might have been in awe at the beauty of it all.

He knew he must be screaming for just a moment before the sound of the electricity drowned it out. Pain shot through Barry’s whole body, bringing him to his knees. It felt like his head was being torn apart, like every cell in his body was on fire and clawing it’s way out through his skin.

He locked eyes with Farooq, tears streaming down his face and blurring his vision slightly. Farooq’s mouth was open, his screams drowned out by the while the meta gripped his head with both hands. He could see Farooq’s mouth open in agony but the sounds of his screams were swallowed by the energy surrounding them.

But slowly the light faded into the air. Barry fell onto his hands, breath came out in heavy pants, the pain starting to fade away and the power in his body calming down. He was covered in sweat, struggling to sit back upright. Everything felt like it was too much. His ears were ringing, head trying to split open but the omega forced himself to look up at Farooq.

Barry’s heart sank when his eyes met Farooq’s. The blue depths stared into his, wide with pain. It seemed to happen in slow motion for Barry. The meta’s chest slowly going still and the electric blue energy that gave them light faded as life left them. Barry felt more tears spring forward, mingling with the sweat on his cheeks. Farooq fell forward with a soft thump as he collapsed on his back.

Dead.

Barry didn’t look up until he heard Mick calling his name. The alpha’s body practically slammed into Barry, pulling him close. Barry buried his nose into his mate’s scent gland, inhaling the familiar scent as those rough hands touching him all over in search of any injuries. Barry gripped his mate’s forearms, pulling back opening his mouth to reassure Mick when his alpha’s lips crashed against his. Barry gasped for just a moment before settling into the bruising kiss. Mick’s worry and fear crashed over the omega, drowning him for just a moment before Barry could speak.

“I’m okay, Mick,” Barry whispered when they finally pulled apart, pressing his nose to Mick’s scent gland again and closing his eyes. “I’m okay...” Mick’s grip on Barry tightened, his heart hammering in his chest and radiating through Barry’s own. It was several moments before the alpha finally pulled away. Mick wasted no time pulling the mask away and holding Barry’s face in his hands, eyes staring deep into Barry’s. Barry met Mick’s eyes with a softness, letting his alpha calm down slowly.

“Don’t you ever scare me like that again,” he growled, pressing his forehead to Barry’s and a slow smirk gracing his lips. “But that was badass.” The omega chuckled just a little at his mate’s statement, letting Mick’s scent to calm his own racing heartbeat. The adrenaline thrumming through his veins was starting to calm and his limbs felt heavy with fatigue. It was over...

Until Barry remembered something else.

“Iris, Joe...” Barry said worriedly when the sound of a door being thrown open alerted them to someone entering the garage. Barry recognized the scent and turned to see Len slowly lowered his
gun and gauging the scene from behind his goggles. He looked towards Farooq’s lifeless body and slowly nodded before pushing his goggles up. He met Barry’s eyes with a hidden sympathy in them.

“Seems you got this handled,” Len drawled, holstering the cold gun on his hip and walking closer. He raised a brow at Barry’s suit and then a slow smirk graced his features. “Can I safely assume you got your powers back?” Barry nodded, slowly rising to his feet and looking Len over. The omega seemed fine...

“Iris and Joe?” Barry questioned with his worry bleeding into his voice. Len nodded, giving the other omega a shrug and another, more smug smirk. That eased Barry’s heart before Len even started speaking again.

“Hostage situation has been taken care of, only one or two casualties but the media is having a field day.” Len informed, eyes trailing over to the rest of the group. He raised a brow at Tony, noting his presence and meeting the alpha’s eyes. Tony seemed to register him and raised a brow but one icy glare from Len sent the alpha’s eyes downward.

Len smiled in victory before turning to Barry and Mick again. His eyes looked over at Mick with a slight jerk of his head towards Tony. Mick shrugged then looked like he was thinking. Barry knew that the two were clearly communicating something, even if he didn’t really understand what. There was a brief exchange of silent conversation between Mick and Len. Finally, the other omega let out a sigh.

“I hope you aren’t planning on putting him back in your little prison,” Len said coolly, crossing his arms. “I take it he helped you? Would be poor form to repay him that way...” Barry nodded, turning back to Tony. The alpha kept his gaze to the ground, appearing more broken than before. He looked lost, out of place now that the situation had been resolved. He shuffled his feet in nervousness and refused to meet Barry’s eyes.

“No, I think he proved he can be trusted...” Barry started to say before his stomach turned suddenly. Barry’s face must have turned some kind of color cause Mick looked concerned for a moment before Barry felt bile rise to his throat. The omega held onto Mick and vomited onto the ground. The alpha wrinkled his nose at the smell and action but didn’t protest as Len took a step backward to avoid the splash that came his way.

Caitlin was over by Barry so quickly, it was almost as if she had super speed too. She lifted her hand, pressing the back of it to Barry’s forehead. She huffed and pulled her hand away with a nod. Caitlin looked around the room at everyone, gesturing for Mick to pick Barry up when she met his eyes. Her expression was worried but stern, ushering them all back towards the labs with a gesture of her arms.

“All of you, checkups. Now.” She urged and Len wrinkled his nose in distaste. He turned on his heel to leave the group and Barry knew he was trying to avoid a checkup as well. Len didn’t seem keen on being prodded at, even by a doctor. He waved to Mick and plastered on a smirk, walking towards the door.

“Well, guess I’ll-.” Len started to say but Caitlin didn’t even turn to face Len when her voice echoed across the garage and the omega stiffened at the sound.

“That means you too, Snart! Now.” Barry and Mick’s laughter could be heard just behind the group, masking Len’s irritated grumbling.
As Barry sat on the hospital bed, Caitlin having a blood test running and now waiting for her x-ray to finish loading to check for internal injuries, he was finally relaxing. The fatigue had hit harder than ever. He quickly realized that he hadn’t eaten in a while after he vomited, the calorie bars just barely touching on his hunger as he ate through several of them. Mick stroked Barry’s hair, listening to Len give them a play by play on what had happened at the station.

“Lisa texted and said that Eddie should make a full recovery,” Len reassured when the worry passed over Barry’s face upon hearing the omega had been shot. “Tockman’s alive and no one got hurt...well, Eddie did but the stupid idiot needs to plan better.” Barry laughed, rolling his eyes at Len’s slight affection that he tried to hide in his words.

“I bet Ray is going to be so proud when he hears about you saving the day.” Barry teased and he could have sworn he saw the slightest of blushes grace Len’s features. The omega chuckled softly, the soft smile and way Len’s eyes cast down and away telling Barry more than he thought he knew. But that brief moment of emotion was covered after a moment and Len rolled his eyes. “Now they owe me one,” Len drawled, playing it off with a smirk and a dramatic flourish of his hands. “It’s not like one good deed is going to take me off the CCPD most wanted list.” Barry nodded and opened his mouth to say something only to have a yawn escape his lips. He leaned into Mick, finally feeling his tiredness catching up and wanting to go home to curl up in bed. Mick kissed Barry’s temple and the omega could feel a small smile on his alpha’s lips against his skin. “Soon as the Doc clears you, we’ll go home, Doll,” Mick reassured as Barry nodded, his mind starting to wrap itself around what had happened. “And I’ll feed you and we can get some sleep.” Barry hummed in acknowledgment, sighing deeply. Now that they were safe, he could analyze the situation better. Barry wrinkled his brow and let himself think about his speed. How had his powers suddenly returned? What had changed?

“Why didn’t he just siphon all my powers like before?” Barry asked aloud, making Caitlin look up from her tests. “I don’t understand what happened.” Wells looked up from his coffee, quirking a brow as he handed Caitlin her tablet. The beta clicked a few places and turned to Barry. “Because, you finally stopped thinking about your powers and just connected to them,” She stated, turning her tablet so Barry could see. On the screen was the same blue, moving microscopic pictures of Barry’s blood. “This is a sample of your blood after you were struck by lightning.” Caitlin flipped to a different image and the color of his cells changed, moving rapidly and glowing bright yellow on the screen. “Now, your cells are generating more energy than ever before.” Caitlin continued, eyes wide with awe and her smile widening. “It was more energy than Farooq could handle. It’s almost like he choked on you.” Len snorted into his hand, failing to hide his laughter while Mick cast a glare at him. Cisco rolled his eyes and turned to Caitlin with a wrinkled brow. “What does that mean?” The omega asked, crossing his arms over his chest. There was a heavy pause and everyone seemed to look at Wells. The man turned to Barry, his eyes looking amused. “It means you’ve kicked it up a notch.” Wells’ voice sounded prideful, happy and eager. Barry couldn’t help but smile and feel his own pride filling his chest. He had unlocked a new aspect to his new powers, had overcome an important hurdle.

Mick chuckled and hooked his fingers under Barry’s chin, turning his mate’s head towards him. Barry’s face warmed and his cheeks burned when his eyes met Mick’s. His mate’s expression held the familiar love but the pride in his smile had Barry’s heart fluttering in his chest, feeling the love of his mate through their bond.
“That’s my boy.” The alpha practically purred and tilted his head, guiding the omega by the chin so he could pull Barry into a kiss.

“Oh my god!” Caitlin’s exclamation had Mick and Barry looking up. Her eyes were wide as they stared at her screen, the beta’s eyes scanning over it in disbelief. She looked up, mouth a thin line as she turned to Cisco.

“Cisco, grab my ultrasound now.” The command left no room for protest and Caitlin moved over to Barry, lifting his shirt. Len moved from his chair, giving it up to Caitlin with a concerned look on his face. Cisco wheeled over the mobile ultrasound, handing the doctor her ultrasound gel.

Barry yelped at the coldness of the gel when Caitlin spread it over his stomach without warning. Mick held Barry’s shoulders, eyes watching Caitlin with concern and protectiveness. The omega’s scent was tinged with worry and making Mick nervous. Barry tried to stay still as the doctor put the transducer to his skin.

As she moved the ultrasound over Barry’s stomach, he could feel his heart beating in his throat. Caitlin’s eyes were fixed on the screen, her brow wrinkled as she searched for something. Len stood just behind her with a serious expression on his face. The whole room was quiet, no one daring to breathe or move as Caitlin stopped the transducer.

On the screen, two flat disc shapes could be seen among the black and white image. Everyone’s eyes were now fixed on the screen. The static-filled image was hard to read and Barry wasn’t really sure what he was seeing. Len’s eyes widened, the omega realizing it before Mick or Barry did. Mick looked just as confused as Barry when he looked down at the doctor with a raised brow.

“What is it doc?” Mick finally asked, his tone a little more aggressive than he meant in his worry. “Don’t just leave us standing here like we know what the hell we’re looking at.” Caitlin didn’t say anything about Mick’s tone when she turned to the pair. The beta bit her lower lip and turned to Barry, meeting his eyes with uncertainty swimming in them.

“That’s an embryo, Barry…” She said slowly, the omega’s confusion slowly leaving his face and realization finally set in before Caitlin finished her sentence. “You’re pregnant.”

It felt like the world was slowing down again. Barry’s mind slowly processed what Caitlin was saying, his mind taking its time to wrap around her words. Another moment of silence passed in the room around them, quiet enough to hear a pin drop. It was as if no one knew what to say, just as shocked as Barry and Mick were.

The quiet was disrupted when a loud thud echoed through the lab. Everyone jumped when the sound, turning to figure out what the cause was.

“Mick!?!?”

End Notes

Comments?
Questions?
Concerns?
Overflowing praise that will surely make my already too big of a head grow larger?

Let me know what you think in the comments section below!

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