Neko in the Frost

by KisakiRose

Summary

Tael is an omega with a drive to be successful like no other. His love for photography sends him out into the vast and beautiful Canadian landscape, but the beast who lives in the cold is so much more than he bargained for.

Trevor is a soldier and alpha who is about to be blindsided by something he never even thought existed.

(Updates every Friday)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
"I gotta' go!" He couldn't help but giggle, oblivious to the glances from the other patrons in the store. He was on the edge of purring as his mother buzzed with concern on the other end of the call.

"I've been out there before. Yes, Mom, I know." Tael half lied, dropping his head back so that he was looking up at the ceiling. This would be the first time he's done an expedition completely alone, but he would never admit it to the worried omega. The shop keep watched the show with shimmering, amused eyes and a knowing smirk. Mother dearest was running over everything he had prepared weeks in advance. His snowmobile was packed and ready right outside the back of the shop. Just a quick jot down the road would open up to the wilderness he was hoping to capture on his cameras.

"You're my little baby boy, my lovably gimpy omega. You cannot blame me for worrying all to hell, Tay!" her voice hitched in a loving pester, loud enough for some of the surrounding people to make out what she was saying. "Are you sure you brought enough spare underwear-"

"I'll only be gone a week." the flustered omega interrupted her, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "I'm practically in the arctic circle, I need all the daylight I can get." In truth, he was standing on the last edge of civilization before the gaping Canadian wilderness. Daylight was a scarce commodity at this time of year.

"I know, I'm sorry. Just be careful, alright?" her voice chimed happily, "I expect to see your photos in a magazine when you get back." Tael mumbled under his breath rumbling his annoyance away from the phone's mic, before replying.

"I love you, Mom." That wasn't a lie, so it wasn't hard to say. Even if loving her was difficult sometimes.

"If your tail pops you had better call me!" she yelled as she sensed Tael ending the call. His face flashed beet red. The one closest to him finally raised a brow out of curiosity as Tael floundered.

"Jesus, I love you too would have sufficed!" He griped, hanging up before she could retaliate. Once he was finally freed, he pocketed the satellite phone, and was at last able to return to the task at hand: a last minute good luck ritual, buying a chocolate bar to enjoy on the first night of camping out.

As fun as this was, the cold was something no one could ever get used to. The snowmobile rumbled as it glided effortlessly over the white powder that covered Canada's landscape. Towering spruce lined the omega's path, while cliffs and mountains carved the skyline, each trying to outdo the other. Ice ruled the land this time of year. Nature was an awe inspiring queen, but just as deadly as she was beautiful. If Tael didn't have those self imposed time constraints, he would be stopping every few miles to take more pictures than even his spare camera storage would be able to hold. Regardless of that, if he stopped now he would fall even further behind and wouldn't make it to the northern lights in time. If he was as much as an hour late coming back into civilization, his Mother would send the entire army searching.

The sky was bleeding into purples far sooner than Tael was ready for, still being ten miles out from his first camping spot. Elder trees whizzed past him as he kept pressing the snowmobile to move
faster. Moonlight couldn't pierce the tree canopy, as it was the dwindling sunlight was barely enough to illuminate the omega's path. Running in the dark was a stupid idea, camping out somewhere no one would think of looking was possibly just as stupid.

Five miles short of his goal, Tael begrudgingly surrendered to the night. He tucked himself in his tent, the warm, orange glow of the small fire highlighting the shadowy blue ice sculpts. Despite his shelter, cold still bit aggressively at his nose and stiffened his fingers through his thick gloves. Tael was huddled tight into a ball, trying to keep himself as warm as possible. This was the first night, he wasn't about to let cold win this early in the trial. Despite his shivering, he managed to peel the wrapper off of the now frozen chocolate bar and chip chunks of it off between his teeth. He hummed victoriously, just enjoying the beauty of the little fire before him.

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Tael broke from the forest after four more hours of weaving between tree trunks. He followed the trail as it skirted alongside the forest line. A pristine river was frozen just beyond the rugged spruce. Only the tracks of local wildlife disturbed the crystalline snow, with a new sprout of green breaching the frost every so often.

The omega slowed when he spotted a little herd of elk, eventually bringing the vibrating beast of machinery to a stop. The creatures stood at attention as they watched Tael raise his fogging goggles onto his forehead. The sting of the cold against his sweating brow was more than worth the picturesque view. Only a sliver of his hazel-blue eyes visible between his thick cap and scarf. He threw the time restraints out as he carefully dismounted the snowmobile, moving towards his camera equipment.

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After hours of traveling, the sky was starting to turn its nightly shades of violet and amber. Camp wasn't nearly as far as Tael expected it to be, so he didn't worry too much about the delay with the elk. Thankfully they had stood there, peacefully, once they had gotten used to the idea of the omega. Perhaps they too could sense that he was a reject. He couldn't hurt them if his life depended on it. Most people can shift into a great beast. Even omegas had a deadly potential, albeit nothing compared to an alpha. Tael was just a runt. He couldn't fully shift at all: just bucked teeth, pointy ears, and half hearted claws. Every so often, if he was really stressed, he would earn a tail. Nothing useful, just a fluffy, noodly excuse of a limb.

A hollow howl snapped Tael out of his thoughts, causing the omega to search around him frantically. Wolves still existed, despite most of the population being half predator, creatures did not take kindly to them. Perhaps even more so, now that they smelt of competition to the animal's primal minds.

Yips and howls were singing from the forest line, despite the speed Tael would be able to fly on the snowmobile, they were known for being relentless hunters. Tael tried to talk himself down, tried to convince himself that they hadn't noticed him as of yet. Maybe they were hunting the elk that were undoubtedly in the area. They would be an easier, more manageable, more abundant prey compared to a skinny, sinewy, runt of an omega.

Tael ignored how his claws dug into his gloves as he urged the vehicle to move faster, even skidding fruitlessly on ice for a few seconds before the treads got traction and jerked eagerly.

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The howls of the predators didn't subside when he arrived at his designated camping spot. The fog of Tael's breath huffed thickly in the dropping temperature, his heart thrummed loudly in his ears as he
strained his vibrant blue eyes to see into the stretching shadows. Unlike others, his sight didn't improve with his shift. That didn't mean his body wasn't trying. He could give it that much credit. His ears were uncomfortably crushed in his hat, not that he even dared to remove it for a moment. He could feel the sweat dripping down his back beneath his thick layers of clothes. Frigid air would claim him quickly.

It was so dark now. Tall trees stood menacingly, painting ink on the moon lit snow. The wolves were still near, still too close. The omega wasn't stupid enough to rest here and be a sitting duck for the pack, but running, practically blind, into the night didn't sound favorable either. The mobile had one, despite its efforts- pretty pathetic, light on the head-stock. It would be able to illuminate enough to keep Tael from going over a cliff, but that was about all the forewarning he would get.

A bantering series of barks erupted far too close to the right. Tael was able to make out the inky outline of the wolf's tense stance. Fear washed over him like a bolt of electricity. The runt managed to remember to hold on as he gripped the accelerator. Snow and ice kicked high off the ground behind the fleeing machine as Tael ran without a sense of what direction he was going.

He had long since lost track of time. All he knew was that it was in the middle of the night, the path was nonexistent, and the wolves behind him sounded more distant. Not far enough away for a fear-shifted omega like Tael to even think about stopping, but more distant. The snowmobile took the beating like a champ as he tore through uncharted terrain. Tael did his best to stay on a straight path, so that he would better be able to find himself on a map. Whether or not he had managed that was yet to be determined.

The snowmobile suddenly dropped about two feet, jerking Tael along with it. Momentum took him slightly sideways, the skis jolting as soon as the belt reached the ground. The omega couldn't control the metallic beast as it slammed against something solid, abruptly freezing the vehicle in place, but successfully throwing Tael into a spiral.

Ice and rock stabbed into him as he rolled uncontrollably from the crash. He couldn't even tell which way was up as he tumbled across the barren, frozen shale. By some mercy, he stop skidding. He was finally allowed to lay there and try to stop the blizzard that was his thoughts. Tael caught himself blacking out, his stubborn side screaming at him to stay awake despite his swimming vision.

It was agony to breathe. He could feel the bruises on both of his thighs, leading him to assume somewhere under this shale and wool he was bleeding, but it was so cold out- he was better off waiting for shelter to look over the wounds. He slowly lifted his arms into his sight. Miraculously both of his limbs had responded, and didn't look to have gained any new joints. His fingers were numb from cold, but they looked straight enough, all things considered.

Tael forced himself to get up. His legs felt boneless beneath him as vertigo tried to knock him back to his knees. Drunkenly, he stayed up. He ambled forward, following the haphazard snow angels he had just non-consensually created.

Tael knew he had more stubbornness than strength, but god fuck it if he wasn't going to get the snowmobile unstuck from the ice. He figured he fell into an old, long since dried out riverbed. His supplies had been strewn every which way, but his priority was to get his ride out of nature's parking boot. His stiff hands could barely get a solid grip on anything as he tried to dig out little bits of tundra at a time. His voice cracked in frustrated screams as he pulled on the wedged metal with all that he had.
Tael wanted to tell himself that he should be able to forgive himself. His body had just taken a beating, anything would be a chore, let alone a one on one fight with the arctic circle. Rocks and shards of ice were in his clothes along with him, but he was sure his trembling was from the shock of what just happened. It was beginning to become impossible to function. Defeat would be sitting down, succumbing to the blackout that wanted to eat his consciousness.

The omega staggered back away from the wreck. His pupils blown the size of dinner plates as he ignored the uncomfortable crampedness of his shifted ears and very unwelcome tail. The wind made it feel like he was breathing needles, his ribs still burned with every movement which rendered him to shallow puffs of insufficient oxygen.

Why did he do this? How did he convince himself this was a good idea? Omegas like him were why alphas hid theirs away in nests. Too weak, too stupid: Tael had really fucked up this time. Through the fog of his thoughts he managed to fish out the satellite phone from his pocket, finding that it had been cracked nearly in half from the impact with the handlebars. The screen was a spidered mess, the thick plastic body was crushed with neon green guts of its inner workings rattling within the broken containment. Tael couldn't call out. He couldn't call out, he couldn't get his ride unstuck, his things were buried randomly in thick snow, and the only way back he knew of was right through wolf territory. Territory he could still very well be in, which is why he wanted to get the snowmobile free.

He was shaking out of control as a lump settled in his throat that kept him from screaming. Tael slid to the ground, wedging himself against the back of his vehicle and the bank of sheer glassy ice. He needed to get his head together, he needed for his body to calm down and let him think.

Night was still over head, and sleep wanted to drag him under. Sleep was a stupid idea, he was in the process of freezing to death as it was, Tael didn't need to help it claim him by falling asleep. Still he had spent the entire day and majority of the night traveling, he was exhausted.

Had he hit his head during the crash? The thought scared him as much as he could do nothing about it. Like the lacerations he was convinced were on his legs, his head would have to wait until he was somewhere warmer, more sheltered. He just had to hold on until then.

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Somewhere through his fogged mind he realized he was being jerked around. He should probably be afraid, but the pain of last night's crash coupled with a night of extreme cold had him mumbling in confusion through cracked lips. Something cold and rough snaked under his ice-caked scarf, wrapping around the side of his throat and holding him for a moment. No pain bloomed, not that he could register anyway, and the touch eventually retreated.

Tael tried to open his eyes, but found he couldn't focus his vision. He was pulled at once again, this time he felt the ground fall away from under him as he was dragged clumsily from his makeshift hiding hole. He was shifted against a chest, the stink of someone's sour breath washing over his face. He vaguely could grasp that a person was drunkenly dragging him away from the scene. Tael was laid out on the icy ground as the stranger thumbed a gloved hand over his fur lined, pointed ears.

The omega's whimpering must have been weak enough to be lost to the other. The tip of his nose and cheeks rosy red from frostbite trying to claim the skin as he stiffly tried to paw the frost off of his forehead. The stranger grunted something that sounded surprised, pulling the omega up closer to his chest. He roughly lifted Tael before unevenly pacing towards his truck.

Tael was balled up and placed on the front seat of the pickup. The heater in the dashboard rattling
loudly as it choked out marginally warm air. This shelter felt like heaven. He wasn't shivering, he
must have stopped some time in the night. His eyelids were impossibly heavy, his limbs felt sluggish
and bloated: Tael wanted to thank the stranger for being there, for pulling him out of that icy grave.

He didn't even think to wonder why he was out this far into such barren landscape. He was just
beyond grateful that he was.

Tael woke with his back propped against a grey slate wall, the humble crackling of an orange fire
was the only noise in the room. A thin bedroll was set up across the cracked stone on the other side
of the shelter, other than that, not even a tattered carpet covered the cold floor. Despite his sluggish
thoughts, he realized pretty quickly that he had been stripped of all of his clothes. His body was
bruised and torn. Thick, dark scabs clung to his legs and his stomach, his arms and feet a dark purple
of either bruises or frostbite, he didn't know which.

Breathing hurt, only worsening as a panic attack tried to arrest his lungs. He was alive, Tael had to
cling to that fact, it was possibly the only silver lining in this situation. He was alone, but the fire was
still happily dining on a fairly fresh log. Who ever had found him had to have just been there.
Perhaps they had taken his clothes to have them dried? Judging from the sparsity of the room, they
probably just found the first shelter they could. There was no way they lived here, they probably
didn't have any spare clothes for Tael to wear. That had to be why he was naked: they were just
drying his clothes because wet clothes would have been worse than naked and curled up by the
fireside.

Tael's shoulders marginally relaxed, pulling himself closer to the life giving warmth the small fire
offered. A horrible draft kept the room from warming up to anything tolerable, but it had to have
been better than being outside. All he could do at this point was lean against the hearth and wait.
The lone door was shoved open, a flurry of frost and bitter cold air rushed into the small room around the huddled figure. The imposingly tall stranger leaned back on the protesting wood to latch the lock with a resounding thunk before his heavy feet paced towards the center of the shelter. Once his hood was removed, followed closely by his scarf and ratty hat, the stranger’s glass blue eyes fell onto Tael. An expression, almost like a scowl, creased his olive brow. His nose had already fallen victim to frostbite sometime in the past, considering the tip of it was missing, revealing a jarring, unnatural view of his nostrils. His cheeks were sunken in, hugging his pronounced cheekbones before the flesh dipped once again by his temples. His face oddly similar to one Tael had seen on a reptile.

“You’re alive?” he questioned in a deep voice. He tsked under his breath before continuing his trek to the fire, crouching to add another log.

“Thank you.” Tael wheezed through still numb lips. The man shot a look towards the omega without actually turning his head, only for a moment before passively continuing with the task at hand. Words died in Tael’s throat as he studied his savior. He wasn’t a slight man despite the hollowness of his face, well built with scars and scabs running over much of his visible skin. His dark hair was horribly chopped, as if he had done it himself with a blunt pocket knife just to keep it out of his eyes. His scent was a stomach turning cocktail of absolute filth: blood, cricket mush, and pitch.

He steadily rose to his feet, pacing the few steps to the deflated bedroll. His ankles crossed tightly as he dropped to the floor, sitting with his back hunched and his elbows on his knees. Those ghostly irises fixed on Tael then, his face was as emotionless as when he walked into the space. Fear and goosebumps flooded the omega’s abused flesh, causing him to curl tighter into himself as a vain attempt of escape.

“I thought you’d be dead by now.” the stranger finally voiced, almost looking annoyed by the disappointment.

“I’m sorry.” Tael flinched automatically, the alpha just continued to scowl towards him. Without Tael’s input, his ears began to reform folded against his head. He kept his eyes downcast as he tried to swallow the lump forming in his throat.

“Are my clothes almost dry?” Tael squeaked, trying to find a reason to end the hawk like inspection the stranger was subjecting him to from across the shelter.

“Your clothes?” He barked a bemused chuckle, shaking his head to himself as a sickening, partly toothless smile graced his face. Tael shivered, but this time it wasn’t from the bitter cold.

“If you have some food, I can prepare it for us while you… do-” Tael choked on the sentence as a maniacal expression wrinkled the stranger’s features.
“For us? As in… our food?” he clarified. “If you’re hungry, Souris, go on and hunt. There are things out there to be had.”

“But my clothes?” Tael rushed, flinching at the amused grin he was eliciting from the stranger.

“You shouldn’t have fallen asleep then. Shift, Souris, go hunt like you were meant to.” he raised a clawed, gloveless hand to the door. Tael whined low in his throat, fighting the panicked tears that wanted to spring to his eyes.

“Why would you bring me here if you’re going to let me die!?” the omega sputtered, his abused tail wrapping around his waist. He heard the man tsk again.

“They always ask, but believe me. You never really want to know.” the stranger’s voice curled with interest. He was loving every moment as he watched Tael squirm in place: a helpless little mouse under his paws.

“W-w… we started off wrong.” Tael racked his brain for any sort of idea of how to get out of here. “My name… I am Tael Vaught. What’s yours?” The man hummed for a moment. His expression souring as he thought over what Tael had just said.

“Sven.” the alpha spat curtly.

“Th...thank you, Sven... For saving me.” it wasn’t working, Tael could clearly see it wasn’t working. His breath stuttered as he tried to conjure up a late, faux smile.

“You’re easy on the eyes.” Sven shrugged, flopping backward onto the thin bedroll, propping his still booted foot up onto his other knee. “Only because of that, I’ll give you two days to die on your own.” Tael’s stomach churned at the words. The whole plan he had of asking Sven to take him to town, offering him a tank of gas and some new supplies, burned to ash before he had even started. Two days to die on his own… or what?

Sven was sleeping before long, his heavy snoring occasionally drowned out by the harsh whips of wind that wrapped around the stone structure. Tael crawled the few feet, dragging another splintered log onto the fire as he tried to figure out what to do. He had to do something. He had only two days before Sven did whatever he had planned. Tael was sure it was something he wouldn’t be surviving. The once paleness of his skin was eaten over by green and purple bruises. At least, Tael was hoping they were bruises. He had taken that tumble after the snowmobile crash.

The omega basked in the warm, orange glow of Calcifer as he studied the frosting door on the opposite wall. There was nothing more than bone biting tundra just outside that thick wood barrier, but Sven had to have more things than a hearth and a bedroll if he actually lived out this far. He had to have put Taels clothes somewhere. The alpha was sleeping at the moment, but he would undoubtedly wake once that arctic wave rushed into the room. Tael could use the excuse that he was hungry. Sven did say that there were things out there to be had, he just had to hunt the way he was intended.

Tael wasn’t intended to be a hunter. At best, he could paw at fish in some tropical stream with a woven basket of fruits and nuts at his side. He made a bold mental note that if he survived this… No, when he survived this, he was never going to face snow again, he was going to move somewhere that’s always warm and always near civilization. No more of these treks. No more of pushing the limits of what an omega can or can’t do. A reject like him wasn’t equipped to do things like this.
He stood, testing his legs’ ability to take his weight. He wasn’t about to lie to himself: it hurt. He was as sheltered as he was going to get, and it was already like standing on glass shards. A warm aura cloaked his skin, Tael’s breath stuttered as the terrifying thought of hypothermia pulsed his mind. Once someone is so far gone to the cold, their nerves get confused, they start to feel like their overheating. Rendering them into mumbling, confused soon be corpses that fight against every effort others are making to warm them. Tael dropped close to the fire, holding his hands just over the licking flames as he tried to take a mental inventory of his body.

There was a warm pull in the center of his chest. One he couldn’t put a name on, but it was comforting despite his better knowledge. Tael could feel the strength of the other side, hot, tense muscles working fluidly under thick battle worn skin. He wondered if whatever was on the other side of this could feel how desperate he was, or if this was just a figment of his imagination. It was probably cold-congealed imagination, he needed to get warm. He couldn’t go venturing out into the unforgiving wilderness until he wasn’t already halfway into a grave.

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Tael woke abruptly to Sven jerking his head up by his hair. The fear shifted omega hissed out of reflex, his pearly little fangs flashing in the dim room. The alpha grunted his amusement, slapping the omega across the face.

“Has no one ever taught you how to show respect?” Sven growled, pulling at Tael’s follicles so that he could have a clear view of the omega’s expression.

“I could ask you the same thing.” Tael rebuked, his royal blue eyes slitted against the pain of his split cheek. Sven cracked the omega’s head back against the stone structure. Sven’s growl curdling ferally as he dragged Tael up by a clawed hand on his throat.

“**Souris.** You don’t seem to know your place in this world.” his stinking breath assaulted Tael’s senses. “I shouldn’t blame you, you’re just a product of your raising aren’t you? When I was young, everyone was subjected to iron fists and blood. Not this *kumbaya* bullshit omegas are kicking up.” Tael muttered “I’m sorry” like a mantra in his dazed state. Sven wasn’t one he could reason with-what made him think he could get away with giving well deserved attitude? The omega slouched listlessly to the floor once Sven released his hold. Glassy, demonic eyes boring into the omega as he straightened himself.

“But you’re too much of a coward to die yet, I’m going to go hunt for a little. I would suggest you do the same, this weather’s only goin’ to get worse.”

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The world was spinning, but that warm aura was back. Tael was lying helplessly on his side, his limbs pulled in close as he curled up in a futile attempt of comforting himself. The other end of whatever this was felt more panicked than the last time. He could feel the fast, steady heartbeats pounding in the stranger’s chest. The stranger was pacing, back and forth rhythmically in a space that felt far too small. Tael had a strange thought, one that made the stranger on the other end lose his breath. Would they be able to save him? Did they actually exist, and would they be able to find him out this far into the middle of nowhere?

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Sven wasn’t back yet. Tael had spent some time just trying to get his thoughts back in order, trying to will what probably should be a concussion away. He pushed himself off of the floor, his legs noodles beneath him as he stubbornly stood. Tael couldn’t face the winter naked, but Sven’s bedroll was thin
enough to wrap around his form. It wouldn’t be much, but it was something as he braved what would most likely be a suicide mission.

The wind was every bit as heartless as it sounded from within the shelter. The fabric was tearing as icy shards whipped around his body. Regardless he stumbled his freezing, bare feet across the creaking frost sheet. There were a shocking number of buildings around him. Each structure looked grey in the blizzard, the forgotten compound was being actively buried by the wrath of mother nature.

Tael shuffled miserably to the next closest shelter, his stiffening fingers clawing at the door’s handle. At first it didn’t even budge, with a slight huff, he rammed his sore shoulder into the door, his ribs relighting with protests and reminders of what might very well be a broken rib. The door moved. It wasn’t enough to wedge his whole body into, but he was able to poke his head in. Frost clung to the walls and corners, the unused hearth had a buildup of ice and snow where a fire should have been crackling. Crates sat in the center of the room, but it was too dark to see what was inside, if anything. He pressed against the door once again, groaning as he willed it to open just a few more inches.

The sound of a rattling truck pulled up behind him. Tael’s muscles spasmed as he nearly collapsed at the alpha’s roar. Sven was on top of Tael before he could even decide between running into the shelter or trying to dart down the porch. The bedroll was ripped from his grasp, the monster threw him down onto the crushed path and away from the storage building.

Sven folded the fabric before setting it on the hood of his truck, his snow boots crushing everything under foot. Tael rolled, gazing up at the madman as he tried to scurry backwards. Fresh blood dripped down his fragile flesh and staining everything he touched.

“You thieving mother fucker.” Sven snarled, his eyes taking on a corrupted sick yellow. His claws tore through his gloves as he bolted towards the floundering omega. The younger man was caught by his ankle, talons tearing into flesh as he struggled against the monster’s hold. Tael managed to worm free, his body pulsing beyond what should have been feasible as he clawed at the ground and willed the pain away.

By the third step he came crashing back down onto gravel. The ankle that Sven had seized was torn from its socket, the foot twisting sickeningly. Tael turned to face the crazed creature, finding a pile of discarded clothes where the alpha once was. The omega strained to swivel his gaze over the forgotten compound. Snow was kicking up, a white out was starting to set in.

Fangs and a hollow growl snapped from behind him. Tael felt the teeth sinking into his scruff. Any chance of fighting died when his limbs fell useless around him. He was scruffed, at the mercy of Sven, who was currently dragging him away by his nape.

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Trevor ignored his burning lungs as they tried to heave the cold air between his steady steps. He was almost back to base, almost done with his morning run, and far too stubborn to admit it was affecting him. His equipment hung heavily on his back, his rifle slung securely over his shoulder. Just practice, just a usual training regiment: he wasn’t letting his mind wander too far into the implications of why he would need to run into an arctic wasteland with almost seventy pounds of equipment clinging to his frame. Instead, he had to prepare himself to be thrown right into hand to hand combat. After all, if he’s running headlong into a battlefield, no one’s going to wait and let him catch his breath before promptly trying to rip him to shreds.

Despite the low temperatures, Trevor’s face, neck and back was soaked in sweat, the rough fabric of his thick coat clinging to him as he narrowed his sight on his current opponent. The dark eyed alpha,
named Keven, barged forward and narrowly missed clotheslining Trevor’s throat. Trev dropped low, springing forward and taking Kev’s jaw in a hold, slamming the other against the ground in a flurry of displaced frost. Trev turned on his heel readying himself as he watched Keven roll out of the powdery landing.

“You good?” Kev chuckled, bouncing between his feet to keep the blood flowing as ice melted under his layers.

“I should be saying that to you, Old Dog.” Trev teased, lowering himself into a stance.

“We don’t want our Kitty getting frostbite, now do we?” Keven shrugged, relaxing into his own stance before the two clashed again.

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I'm back my Ninjas!

Hopefully everyone is enjoying! Not too sure if this new method of posting is better than before, but I'm sure it's easier to keep up with. Let me know in the comments if there are any concerns or comments! It seems to be harder for me to judge how a story is progressing when it's spaced out like this.

"The fuck you looking at?" Trevor growled, narrowing his sight on a younger soldier. He didn’t recognize the round face, he must have been new to the area. By the time the younger straightened his back and saluted, Trevor had returned his attention to his lunch. After a moment of silence, it dawned on Trev that the newbie didn’t know what to do from here.

"You on a field trip or something?" Trev snorted, raising a brow at the little blond.

"Could you pretend to be nice for five minutes? He’s not aware of your ten foot personal space bubble as of yet." another soldier chuckled. "Yaroke, you’re looking for the commander, right?" The kid nodded, only glancing briefly up at Trevor as he backed away.

"He seems too green under the gills to have made it out of training." the stoic alpha decided.

"Don’t listen to Blondie, he hates everyone." The alpha called “Smith” waved Trevor’s comment away.

Something commanded his attention with the strength of a punch to the gut. Trevor froze mid-step, his gaze off in the distance and away from the task at hand. An actual fist to the gut curtly interrupted his distraction. He was sparring with a fellow soldier, and was currently getting his hide handed to him on a silver platter. No shifting was supposedly allowed, but his frustration got the better of him. Trevor roared a feral sound as he shoved his friend to the dirt. Dangerous crimson eyes pinning the slightly larger alpha to the ground.

"That’s what happens when you’re an airhead, Kid!" the one serving as referee barked, shoving Trevor away from the disgruntled opponent. Another wave of inescapable dread washed over him, dragging his attention back to the horizon. Trev completely missed whatever the referee had said after that.

Someone snapped their fingers just a few inches from the alpha’s nose- causing him to flinch and blink dumbly at the harsh, devilish gaze of his friend.

"The fuck is it?" Keven, his opponent, impatiently demanded while his unnaturally dark eyes burned the question into Trev.

"I don’t know. Something’s wrong." Trevor tried to put a word to it, the whole sensation of it alien
to him. The referee followed Trev’s gaze to the unassuming horizon, trying to see what the younger did.

“Wrong how?” the elder prodded, his frown set deep in his aging features.

“Like a dread? A punch to the balls and a fist on my throat at the same time.” Trevor absently scratched his claw down the column of his neck, “there’s this itch to run. Like I just woke up two hours late to one of Clarence’s fucking rallies.” The elder hummed as he snatched an unforgiving hold onto Trev’s bicep. Granted, without that anchor- there was a solid chance Trevor would cave to the impulse and bolt.

“Are you familiar with the idea of callings?” Charles, the elder, suggested, “Granted now-a-days omegas are sending out callings for the stupidest reasons. Used to be a life or death only phenomenon. Now everyone gets so worked up over the smallest shit.”

Trevor stopped listening halfway through Charlie’s speech. Something was wrong. Who ever was on the other side of this didn’t just get the wrong order at “Starbucks,” or whatever Char was suggesting.

Just as quickly as it came, it forcefully cut off. Trevor almost collapsed at its departure. His knees knocked together- his head spun. Did they just die?

Keven literally knocked Trev back into the now with a solid backhand across the cheek. The normally stoic alpha fell on a knee, blinking away the daze Keven’s blow had put him in.

“You of all people.” Kev snorted, “You don’t even get along with your own reflection, and an omega calls out to you for help and a warm bed.”

“It just cut out.” Trevor wheezed, a surge of panic overwhelmed him. He had to go, he knew the general direction. If the situation was as bad as it felt- he would definitely know when he got there… right?

Someone tackled him to the frosted ground, the two wrestled briefly before Trev found himself pinned down by a forearm to the throat. A part of Trevor didn’t even realize that he had started running in the first place. The absolute need to move was pulsing in his head, causing his muscles to hum with anticipation.

“You’re seriously just going to hike through tundra?” Keven snarled, only lessening his hold on Trevor enough that he wasn’t choking him out.

“I have to go.” the blond growled. The larger, dark haired alpha tsked as he helped the blond up from rocky frost.

“Go talk to fuckin’ Clarence.” Kev offered, still not trusting the other to not book it towards certain death. As much as the soldiers cringed at the sound of the commander’s name: they knew he always had their backs. If nothing else- he would know how to handle this situation better than all of them combined. After all, he had found his lovely little wife by a calling.

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Trevor bounced his knees unchecked as he sat before his commander. Anxiety was making every ounce of respect and honor he would normally show his superiors impossible to sustain. Clarence studied the younger alpha, opening his mouth to speak a few times before just closing it again. Eventually, he just pulled out a map and laid it flat across his desk.
“What direction was it coming from?” Clarence eventually broke the silence, carefully watching Trevor.

“North, north-east.” Trev reported quickly. Clarence dragged a pencil across the parchment, marking a rough path of where it might be originating from.

“There’s a town, Yellowknife. There’s also a discontinued army base.” Clarence was trying to fish Trevor for something that might be a little more effective than. “Somewhere this way.”

“I don’t know.” Trev whined, “It was cut off. All I could feel was the dread. The pain in my ribs, what felt like fangs in my back.”

“I would imagine if it were in Yellowknife, someone would report a mauling.” Clarence thought aloud, reaching for his desk phone.

“A mauling!?” the younger alpha stood, fear and urgency pulsing through his veins. The senior raised a hand for him to sit. Begrudgingly he did. If Clarence was able to get a hold of anyone- Trevor wasn’t paying any attention.

All he could feel was the pain the other side of the call was in. Ice embedding into tender, near frozen flesh. Fangs and claws mauling him. Trevor was shifting without his consent, but he had to push strength over the bond. His training had hardened his muscles, thickened his skin. Even if it was just a phantom touch- if he could help keep that little omega alive, he’d do anything.

Then the omega’s thoughts started to pour over. He was a white noise mess of pain and terror. Trevor clawed his own ears as he curled up on the chair- the sound unbearable and inescapable. He couldn’t just sit around and listen to this! The omega was dying. The realization set fire to Trevor’s blood. He was dying, and begging for the nightmare to end. Trevor had to find him- he should have found him an hour ago!

Both Clarence and Keven had their holds on Trevor’s arms. Trevor had almost shifted completely to a beast, only stopped by the fact that he held just a single thread of sanity, a single grain of awareness.

“What is it?” Keven barked the familiar question.

“Speak to us, Albescu!” Clarence tagged on.

“He’s dying.” Trevor screamed, saying it aloud only made it that much more real. He struggled against the other’s holds. Even if he wasn’t thinking clearly- all he knew was that he had to go. Those cries only he could hear were loud in his ears and heavy on his heart. Even for a complete stranger- no one deserved to be in that much pain, in that much panic.

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No one in Yellowknife had reported any kind of attack. They’ve had a few disappearances, but no attacks. The commander had called for an emergency mission. In short- a squad of six, two of which medics, would be piling into a chopper and going out to check on an “odd report.” The team wasn’t a stranger to distress calls from campers that got in over their heads, which was probably how Clarence got this put together as quickly as he did.

“They’re going to that base, if the calling summons you to a different place, tell them.” Clarence warned on a breath.

“Thank you.” Trevor shook, weakly saluting his commander before he bolted across the field
towards the helipads.

“Be ready for severe hypothermia.” Trevor mumbled to the medics as they flew over the terrain.

“Are we going the right way?” Lionel questioned through the headset. Trevor confirmed curtly as the constant barrage of the little omega’s panic flooded his thoughts. Once it started to dull Trevor was left hoping beyond all that it was just from exhaustion. That the suffering silence is a sign that his little mate was tired, and not dying. He still clung to that unfathomable bond like a lifeline-pressing his own strength through it to keep the little one fighting.

Trevor never thought he would be in this position, feeling the effects and emotions from something he only thought was a part of children’s fairy tales. Hell, if he sat still enough- he could feel the thready, strained pulse of the little omega. He was sure it was a tiny omega- one that was not shifted despite the situation. How bad would that make their condition? Omegas tend to have a hair trigger shift with the first sign of a threat. Trev didn’t even want to entertain the thought of what had caused them to call out as desperately as this.

The morning sun was painting the sky when inky silhouettes of the base came into view. Jagged, stark buildings rising out of ice chunks, these once served as an oasis for the forlorn: the center of most rescue missions to be exact. Ironic for them to be racing towards it for a mission.

The calling came alight in Trevor’s chest. He bolted from his seat both hands landing on the door handle. Men tackled him, forcing him back to the middle of the chopper. Trevor screamed his frustration, the omega was dying. Actually dying as he felt the agony pulse across the unseen strands. Trevor managed to throw a couple of them off, only to be barraged by more assaults. Keven snarled loud enough for his voice to reverberate in the small space. Despite Trevor’s desperate flailing, Keven had his head in a vice hold in the muscular crook of his elbow. Three others, one of which medic, struggled to restrain his still fighting limbs. Trevor screamed along with the omega, his eyes nearly rolling to the back of his head from the phantom pain. Absolute guilt and anguish choked off the alpha’s breathing as he was forced into just sitting passively while the one begging- pleading whole heartedly- for his protection suffered. Not just suffered, they were being tortured.

Time was definitely running out. He’s never felt so driven to spring into action. Trevor’s never been so invested in another’s well-being. This omega he’s never even met had him all messed up. His entire foundation of reality shaken by something the alpha didn’t even think existed.

He’s heard Clarence try to explain what being subjected to a calling was like. Now he understood completely. Come literal hell or high water: Trevor was going to be at that omega’s side.

Trevor had the chopper door open before it was anywhere near safe to jump, untrusting hands had firm holds on his shoulders to keep him from doing just that. They just approached the base, three soldiers were ready to follow Trevor wherever this omega was about to lead him. Absolute hell was pulsing through the blond soldier’s head, whatever the little omega was going through was becoming incapacitating, even the watered down, second-hand effects the alpha was receiving. Trev clawed his way out of the door as soon as the holds released him. His gun in a white knuckled grasp as he bolted blindly into the decaying fortress.

Each of the buildings were as decrepit as the one next to it. Dull grey stones stood against harsh arctic weather. Men shouted behind him, heavy feet crushing ice as they tried to tail the desperate man. All of them silenced as soon as they saw the lake of frozen blood by the porch of a building.
The struggle was clearly painted on the glass like ice shards, deep scuffs of feral wolf claws circling the source of the blood, crimson footprints fleeing from the squat shelter.

“We’ll check the house.” Kev growled, motioning for an alpha named Stewart to follow him in.

“Looks like your omega was dragged this way.” the third man pointed. Trevor couldn’t help the growl that was rumbling deep in his chest. The trail disappeared under the footing of an old watchtower. Trev half wondered how they managed to fit without being folded in half. He knelt at the entrance, gun up and at the ready.

“Have a flare?” Dan offered, holding out one at the ready. Without really thinking, Trev took it and wedged himself into the crevasse.

Bloated bodies greeted him as soon as he sparked the flare to life. The stench in here was horrendous. The sounds were worse. Dull yellow eyes burned into the intruder, the orange light from the flare shone off of the fresh body the creature was tearing into. Without a word Trevor leveled his rifle on the mangy, rabid alpha. A chunk of leg was still trapped in his powerful jaws as snarling filled the air. The creature’s head was elongated, uneven patches of scales and dirty tufts of fur blotching its body. It stood, pronounced fangs unable to fit within its own closed mouth, hung over its jaws. His legs unfolded into spindly yet muscled lizard like limbs, his talons carving into the corpses around him as he shifted his weight in preparation to charge.

He had to have been what caused all of this. Trevor wasn’t exactly known as reserved when it comes to taking a life, under normal circumstances. It didn’t take long for him to convince himself that this monster wasn’t worthy of any such mercy. The scent of omega blood, fresh in the air and still steaming from the one he was feasting from, assaulted Trevor’s senses, taunted him dangerously with the knowledge that this was the alpha that was torturing his omega. He was the source of the very anguish Trevor has had the misfortune of experiencing, even if it was second-hand. Trevor had to contain himself. If he lowered himself to the level of this creature- he would do no good for his dying mate. Instead, he steadied the muzzle of the rifle, and placed several well aimed rounds into the charging, rabid monster.

Trevor narrowed his sight on the motionless victim. A tiny, nearly frozen omega laid face down on another corpse. His hands in a half shift of claws- blood and flesh caught under his nails as he must have tried to escape.

The alpha quickly removed his belt, crushing dead under his feet as he moved to the little one’s side. What was left of the omega’s leg was a tattered, boneless mess. Trevor feared he was bleeding out faster than he could get him help. A tourniquet could only do so much, but it was all Trevor had at the moment. The omega’s scruff was bleeding. Bite marks trailed from his thigh up to the meat of his hip. The bottom half of his opposite leg was unrecognizable as human.

The absolute frigidness of the omega’s skin should not have shocked Trevor as it had. He held onto some glimmer of hope that the omega was inside, that this sheltered him from some of the full brutal force of the cold. Suddenly, he wasn’t sure if it was going to be blood loss or hypothermia that kills his delicate little mate first.

Trevor was deaf to his comrades’ yelling as he fumbled to remove his own coat. The thick, body warmed fabric wrapped nearly twice around the omega. He was so light, and dangerously stiff from the cold. Trev whimpered nonsense as he rolled the omega over. His lips were blue, his nose frostbitten along with most of his fingers. The little omega’s throat had deep bite marks along the sides. Carefully- Trevor ghosted his touch along them, praying the fangs didn’t damage the tender arteries there.
“Don’t make us come in there after you!” Keven’s snarl broke Trevor’s fog. The alpha flinched, holding the omega closer to his chest as he turned towards the voice. Multiple sets of worried eyes stared towards him from the break in the wall.

“We need medics.” Trevor was shocked by the hoarseness of his throat. He crouched as he gathered the dying man in a better hold. Everything about the little omega seemed to be either bleeding or bruised. No matter how Trevor handled him- the alpha was compelled to whisper apologies.

“We need to get him to a hospital, now!” Trev started to yell. Even so, he had to swat down the part of him that snarled at the arms that were offering to help pull the omega from the hell. The three others were already gathered at the foot of the tower. Dan had the omega balanced carefully, only lowering him to better secure the coat around the petite shoulders.

“Chopper, be ready to fly as soon as we arrive.” Trevor heard Stewart command over the earpiece. Lionel- the pilot- responded quickly after.

“Give.” Trevor demanded as soon as he crawled from the mass grave. He held out his bare arms, ready to take the smaller man’s weight. The alphas didn’t question or argue as Trev rocked the omega so that he was cradled warmly against the cold.
Hopefully last week treated everyone well! No one had a fight with a firework (America), right?

Trevor sat on his seat in the helicopter. The omega laid out on the floor of the small enclosure. Their two medics carefully worked an electric blanket along with the other layers around the frozen omega. Both alphas whispered to each other as they studied the abused legs, explaining plainly and slowly every time they needed to touch the infected wounds. Trevor didn’t hinder them at all, but he was grateful for their effort to ease his spiraling mindset. Even Keven, who sat on the other side of the chopper, bristled every time the omega’s breath hitched in pain. Trevor couldn’t bring himself to lift his sight from the little guy. He was so delicate- so vulnerable. He wanted nothing more than to hold the omega close to his chest- tucking that cold nose right against his scent.

This little omega called out to Trevor for help, now Trev wanted to be able to tell the man that he was safe now. It’s over. Realistically, it wasn’t. The omega was teetering on the ledge of death, even as they rushed him to the nearest hospital. He was breathing… shallowly and slowly, but the omega was effectively breathing. Trevor had to focus on that or else he would become every bit as rabid as that monster.

Five days of needing to be heavily sedated was hard to watch. Trevor frequented the omega’s bedside, holding the now warm palm between his own. One leg was missing at the hip, while his other had to be amputated at the knee. Infection, frostbite, and fangs ruined the limbs, there was nothing they could have done to save them.

He was alive, though. Trevor hoped that he would allow him to help. Trevor saw the situation, experienced some of the terror along with him. The little omega wouldn’t need to talk about it so soon if he wasn’t ready.

“Albescue.” Keven spoke from the doorway. Trevor alerted at his name, standing when his friend motioned for him to come talk.

“A missing person’s report just came in. A mother calling about her omegan son.” Keven summed up quickly, holding up his phone to show a photo of the missing man. Granted the omega in the hospital room was significantly more bruised, the missing Tael looked just like him.

“Think its him?” Trevor chewed his lip, stealing a glance back at the unconscious patient.

“Supposed to be gone for a week on a photography expedition in the same region we found him. Same haircut, same eye color, I would guess he would’a been the same height.” Keven counted off.

“Tael Vaught.” Trevor tested the name, “I hope it is him, so we can tell the mother her son is safe.”

“How do you think they’re going to take the handicap?” Keven frowned, sending a text to the
commander that they believed that this was in fact Tael.

“One breath at a time.” Trev shrugged, “Just like every other hell of this world.”

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Warmth engulfed Tael as his head swam. Although he couldn’t quite tell which way was up, he could scent the presence of an alpha. One that was warm as nutmeg but held a dangerous undertone like a fiery pepper. Maybe it was all a dream, his mind trying to convince him that the phantom aura had reached someone, something other than that maniac was near him, and that he was pulled out of there.

A gentle touch cradled his right hand. Hot, large pads of thumbs rubbed careful circles along his knuckles. Sven would never do such a thing. Pain, for once, wasn’t in the forefront of his awareness. When he tested out his limbs, the dread of being unable to feel his legs set in.

Tael managed to blink open his bleary eyes, steril white glared back at him. Slowly he was able to register he was in a hospital. Somehow he was brought to one. Something had fished him from a pile of corpses, and brought him back to civilization.

“Try not to panic, Little Omega.” a smooth, darkened voice hushed from Tael’s side. The voice of one that was holding his hand. Tael tried to turn his head to look, soreness seared down his muscles and summoned a weak cry from his cracked voice.

“It’s okay now, Little Omega.” the man continued, “Take your time to rest. You deserve it.”

“How?” Tael croaked, regretting the effort to speak since it strained his fractured ribs in the worst kind of way.

“You called me, I didn’t even believe that callings were real, until... “ the man choked on his own thought, audibly swallowing the lump in his throat before being able to continue, “I’m here now, and I promise I’ll be staying right here until you send me away.” Tael forced his gaze to move over the looming alpha. Short, almost buzzed bald, blond hair, awkwardly shaped eyebrows, and startling amber eyes. The alpha was older than himself, he was sure, but the tenderness the alpha had in his otherwise strong face melted any apprehension he should have had. The alpha smiled shyly, his touch lifting to move a stray strand of Tael’s hair off of his cheek. The omega smiled selfishly- at least this guy has all of his teeth.

“My name is Trevor Albeschue.” the forenamed Trevor introduced himself. “May I be honored with yours?”

“Tael.” the omega tried, but even to his own ears it didn’t sound like his name, nor voice.

“Tael Vaught?” Trevor tried to confirm, the omega blinked in shock, before attempting to nod. That shot a new wave of pain through his spine.

“I’ll call your mom to tell her you’re okay. She’s worried sick- you know.” Trevor let another awkward smile flash, but he made no movement to leave. “If it hurts to move, please don’t. I’ll tell the doctors you need something more for the pain.”

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He didn’t know what to do with himself when Tael confirmed that was his name. Trevor could see the stress in the little guy’s expression, the way he was experimentally shifting his limbs, or at least what was left of them. Trev didn’t think Tael would be able to handle the news of what happened
yet, so he carefully tried to keep the omega’s attention on him. He stroked Tael’s pale cheek, and massaged his touch into the top of Tael’s frostbitten hand.

“You’re safe now,” Trevor cooed, “Sleep if that’s what you need. I won’t let anyone harm you.”

“Home… Mom.” Tael croaked, his clumsy arms tried to push him so that he was sitting up. Trevor curled an arm behind the omega’s shoulders, carefully trying to move around the myriad of wires and tubes attached to his omega.

“Let’s get you— on your feet… “... healthier first.” Trevor choked. He didn’t know what else he expected, but the absolutely broken cry that ripped from his omega’s throat shattered him. He clung to Tael as if he could hold the omega together by sheer strength. The omega gasped breathlessly for air as his splayed hands ran the new lines of his hips.

“I’ve got you.” Trevor promised, although not sure if he was speaking to Tael or himself. His omega was dropping, hard and fast. Trevor found himself cradling the smaller man against his chest. Before he realized he was moving, he had managed to wedge himself onto the gurney so he could have his charge on his lap.

“You’re safe now, I promise.” Trev croaked, looking over the unconscious omega. He’s never had to help someone out of a drop before. This was so far out of his experience it was pathetic. Normally when someone drops, they’re telling him to leave, because there was a solid chance that he had caused it. Now he knew the utter panic of being on the other side. Holding someone he barely knew, but was compelled to protect and love by some cruel twist of fate.

This had to have been karma playing a cruel, inhumane joke on Trevor. The heartless Mistress tearing an omega’s life in half before his eyes so that she could watch the alpha squirm helplessly. She just wanted to have the joy of seeing a rash, devil’s advocate of an alpha brought down hard on his knees by a runt of an omega.

Nurses flooded into the room when Tael’s vitals went haywire. The space quickly became chaos as they circled the two. Trevor ripped himself from the omega, letting the professionals take care of his dropping mate.

Tael was only accompanied by the alpha that had introduced himself as Trevor by the time the room had stopped spinning. The piercing pain had subsided, the man must have kept his word on asking the doctors for something stronger for the pain. Maybe that’s the reason the world felt fuzzy now. Trevor hushed something under his breath as his amber irises fluidly moved over Tael’s face.

“You’re still here?” the omega croaked.

“Until you send me away.” his alpha promised, “The doctors are saying you’re healing really well, you’ll be able to come home soon.”

“Can I call my Mom? I told her I would be back in a week… what day is it?” Tael rambled, fidgeting as if he was going to attempt to sit up yet again. The world swayed under him, knocking him back to the pillow.

“I’ve already talked with Mrs. Vaught a few times, she sends all of her love. And she says I’ll be murdered if I hurt a single hair on your head. Something tells me she may have made good on that threat before.” Trevor chuckled slightly, his touch mindlessly massaging circles on his omega’s chest.
“She’s scary for an omega.” Tael agreed, cracking his own smile.

“Once we get back in the states, we can see about getting you prosthetics.” the alpha offered, a watery smile falling quickly under the weight of a thought.

“I have my fingers.” Tael’s voice squeaked, he wiggled his slightly scarred digits for himself more than the alpha. “All my fingers, and let’s face it. If I lose a little of my nose, it would be an improvement.” Trevor barked a laugh, capturing one of the omega’s hands to press kisses along each finger.

“Don’t bully your nose like that.” the alpha finally bantered. He stood his full- what is he? Seven feet?!- height, stretching his back. “How about something good to eat, other than this hospital shite?” Trevor crossed the room to where his coat had been thrown over the counter, “I’ll call my brother, he’ll be able to get the good stuff for us.”

“Thank you for staying.” Tael tried sitting up again, his stubbornness not letting up. “I hope I’m not bothering you, or something.”

“You are not a bother,” Trevor looked offended, his thick brows meeting over his nose. “Tael, I… you… I’m honored to meet you, I’m honored to be the alpha you had called for. I would never shrug you off as a fucking ‘bother’.”

“I called you?” his little omega looked confused. Trevor frowned, but the baffling rage in him extinguished.

“Yes, Little Omega, I felt every pain, every panic along with you. Gods, I was so desperate to find you- my commander just pointed me towards a helicopter before I ran my happy ass out into the middle of tundra.”

Tael sat in silence as the words sunk in. He wasn’t crazy, that wasn’t just hypothermia playing a cruel joke on him. A tall, powerful alpha with beautiful eyes and a barely controlled intensity was the one he was lucky enough to call out for.

“I’ll be right outside the door to make the call, okay? Need something, just yell.” Trev pressed a kiss to Tael’s forehead before gliding out of the room. He didn’t go far as that deep reverb of his voice was still humming in Tael’s ears as the alpha spoke with his brother.

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“They caught me.” an equally as towering alpha chuckled as he paced into the room. Trevor snorted his amusement, pressing a reassuring kiss to the back of Tael’s hand before standing.

“Stupid ass.” Trevor retorted shortly, earning a chuckle from the stranger.

“Rick, this is Tael. Tael, this lump of dumb is my baby brother, Rick.” the two shared the same skin tone and eye color, but Trevor’s blond hair was starkly different from Rick’s curly black locks.

“I said I was caught, not that I didn’t have a way to smuggle things in.” Rick rolled his eyes, “Don’t take him too seriously, Little Crawler. He’s always a grumpy sausage.”

“A grumpy what?” Trev snorted but was ignored as his brother opened a sliding window. “Are you doing what I think you’re doing?” the older brother sighed.

“Are you hungry or not?” Rick grinned evilly waving his phone in the disgruntled alpha’s view. Buzzing of a swarm of hellish bees hummed as Rick’s drone airlifted a plastic bag within reach. He
pressed a few buttons on the phone’s screen before setting it aside and leaning out the window to unhook the goodies from the hovering robot.

“You and your fucking toys.” Trevor snatched the bag from his brother, whom was beaming with a victorious smirk.

“Is he okay out there in the snow?” Tael wondered, his curiosity locked on the obediently hovering drone.

“*He* can come in if you wanna’ say hi.” Rick lifted his phone, smiling at the little omega’s intrigue. Trevor had a mouth full of fries as he watched his little mate amuse himself with the drone’s little propellers and giggle at the odd angles the camera was able to record.

“Hungry, Tael?” Trev offered a paper bag of fries and chicken fingers. The omega didn’t hesitate long before pulling the lunch sack closer, munching on the salty fries as “Andi” the drone buzzed around the little room.

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Andi left the room the same way he came, toting a bag of garbage as he buzzed away. Rick was still nursing a scoop of ice cream when Trev settled himself on the edge of Tael’s bed. Trevor was silently going insane from the need to be near his omega. He wasn’t normally the type to crave anything mistaken as intimate contact, but he wanted to hold Tael close to his heart. Even if it was just to convince himself that the little omega was actually here, and actually safe. Rick had a knowing look in his ember eyes, but kept quiet.

Tael nosed against his alpha, his still healing hands entwining in Trevor’s loose shirt. Nutmeg and cayenne warmed Tael’s everything as he leaned on his alpha. He was still waiting for the illusion to fall away, there was no way a strong alpha would want him, a reject omega, as a mate. He could barely shift, alpha’s look for strength in mates more than anything else. Tael was little more than a nude human. There was no way a soldier would want him as a mate once he found out the truth.

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“They’re giving me six months to be at home with you.” Trevor smiled as he ran his fingers through his little mate’s hair. “I’m still serving our country, but I’ll be home for a while.”

“You’re traveling with me?” Tael questioned, a fear in his voice Trevor couldn’t quite figure out.

“Do you not want me here?” the alpha offered, “I… I’ll call Mrs. Vaught. She can pick you up at the airport if you don’t want me with you.”

“No, it’s not that.” Tael rushed.

“Are you afraid of me?” Trevor asked seriously, his glowing amber eyes locked to omegan hazel irises.

“I’m not good enough for someone like you.” Tael admitted, a whine cracking his voice as he shrank away from the intensity of his alpha.

“Who told you that?” the blond growled, rage turning his amber eyes a deadly red. “Who put that idea in your head, I swear to every god, they won’t live to see sunset.”

“I can’t shift, I don’t even have legs. I’m sorry. I’m not fit to be with an alpha, not one that’s like you anyway.” Tael blurted, his stress causing his features to sharpen, although not as far as an omega
could normally morph. His ears folded flat along his head, the little kitten fuzz lining the elongated lobe sticking up irregularly.

“You’re adorable,” Trevor hummed, his clawed hands ghosting over his omega’s cheek, “You’re like a little Neko, you know.” Tael’s heart fluttered uncontrollably. His hazel eyes had shifted to a royal blue.

“Maybe that’s what you are, could your father be from Asia at all? Nekos are honored there.” Trev wondered aloud, still letting his touch linger on his omega’s gentle features.

“Alphas want the strongest.” Tael was silenced by Trevor pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“I don’t care what others want.” Trev pulled his omega impossibly closer. “I’m honored to have you at my side, Tael Vaught. I hope one day I’ll be able to prove myself to you.”

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“Wheelchair doesn’t fit.” the flight attendant spoke on a soft voice, her eyes holding a genuine apology as Tael wanted nothing more than to self implode.

“I’m sorry.” Tael spoke reflexively.

“It’s okay.” Trevor flatly consoled, setting his carryon on the floor beside him. The alpha whispered a gentle coo directly into his omega’s ear as he took the smaller man into his arms. Tael buried his face into Trevor’s hoodie as he was cradled securely.

“This is just temporary, Neko.” Trev promised, bending to lift his bag and started to walk down the hall. “We’re getting you prosthetics, remember? You’ll be back to starting trouble in no time.”

“I’m sorry.” Tael muttered some time after they had taken off. Trev was half asleep in his aisle seat, his bulky body blocking nosy glances from other passengers.

“If I hear ‘sorry’ from you one more time, I’m marking you in front of everyone.” Trev warned on a whisper. His teeth already shifted into fangs as to support the threat. Tael silenced, a blush running over his features as he thought about the beast of an alpha tying himself to the omega for the world to see. It would hurt, probably. He wouldn’t be able to stay silent and everyone here would know what was going on. That this alpha just proclaimed to the world that he wanted him as a husband.

“That’s… an odd thing to say.” Tael braved, unable to meet those amber orbs.

“Gets the point across,” Trev dropped a hand on the omega’s forearm. “You’re okay, Little Neko. We’re going to make sure you’re okay.”

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I actually remembered to update before work today, be proud ~

(Hello my Ninjas!)

“How does someone move on from… from all this?” the omega whimpered under his breath, finding himself pinned under those intense amber eyes. The alpha heaved a sigh, running his hands roughly over his own face before locking eyes with his omega once more.

“Let’s get you in state, for starters.” He counted on a finger. “Convince your mother I don’t deserve a broken neck.” Another finger. “Get some food in you, I saw you pushing your lunch around your plate.” That’s three. “Bring you home. Your home, to your own bed. From there it’s one day at a time.” Trevor purred as if he was pleased with himself.

Home did sound nice. There was a point that Tael would have done anything to just be warm, let alone be able to see home again. He was alive, somehow. His body was worse for wear, he’s earned scars and pains from frostbite, but he was still breathing. A past Tael would have taken a victory lap, but now… He could only think of his old self as a stranger, or maybe a lost friend. The Tael Vaught from before the trip, the omega that was bone headed enough to take an expedition by himself, had died in the wilderness. Now he feared he was only useful to keep a bed warm… if alpha could look past the scars.

A strong hand curved over the nape of his neck, startling him back to awareness. Trevor had leaned closer, his broad shoulders nearly touching both his seat and the back of the seat in front of him.

“I will scent you, Neko.” Trevor didn’t seem to know if he should phrase it as a question or a threat. Instead, he just stated it and watched Tael for a reaction. The omega’s ears were starting to shift, the shells starting to take on their soft velvety points as his hazel eyes were splotching with a royalty’s blue.

“You’re stinking like you’re overthinkin’, Tael.” the alpha explained curtly. “I know I’m not the world’s most eligible bachelor, but I am here.” Alpha’s palm moved from the omega’s nape to his opposite hip, pulling him flush with the alpha’s side.

“If it helps, rest on me. If not, tell me to fuck off.” Trevor shrugged, his calloused hand cupping securely over the new curvature of his omega’s hip. His missing leg only made more prominent to Tael’s spiralling mind.

“It shouldn’t have taken me so long to find you.” the alpha mumbled against Tael’s hair, his second hand coming up to cup the omega’s cheek as he lead his little mate to rest on his shoulder. “If I were a better alpha, the hell you faced wouldn’t have happened.”

Trevor’s little mate closed his eyes, but was far from sleeping. Without much else to do he just leaned
his head back on the seat, huffing the thousandth time so far this trip as he felt the stares from the passengers around them. His patience was wearing thinner than normal, his fangs already formed from the little conversation with Tael. Ember flecked in his irises, but he had more control over himself than his appearance let on.

Poorly hidden murmurs about a “mail order bride” and “we should step in” were shared between a couple just behind them on the opposite side of the isle. Trevor couldn’t help the sudden boil his blood came to, his fangs fitting tightly together as he all but physically bit his tongue clean through. Tael was either blissfully oblivious, or ignoring the comments. The alpha wanted to lunge from his seat and demand if there was a problem, but he had his mate on his shoulder still. As irritable as he was, he couldn’t bring himself to uproot his little neko. The mumbling didn’t stop. Trevor tried to occupy his mind with something, anything else. Even resorting to running his fingers rhythmically, almost neurotically, over the soft little point of Tael’s ear. The neko wasn’t about to stop the alpha, his head lolled heavily against his alpha’s shoulder while a stuttering, shy purr inconsistently whispered for only Trevor to hear.

A flight attendant paced up the aisle, stopping at Trevor’s side. Her doe like eyes considered the half shifted omega and the scowling alpha.

“Does he have motion sickness?” She questioned in a bell like voice. The slight twitch in her smile told the alpha that she was sharing the concerns of the others.

“Neko.” Trevor prompted, shifting his shoulder as to rouse the omega from his reclusive mindset. “Would you like a ginger ale or something, little Neko?” Tael’s sleepy blink was as blank of an answer as one could give. The attendant was saintly patient as worry creased Trevor’s brow. His strong fingers moved the hair from Tael’s forehead, allowing the alpha to clearly see his little mate’s blown, royal blue eyes.

“Tael?” the blond spoke a bit harsher, still not eliciting much of a response from the man. Sweat was beginning to gather at the omega’s temples, his thin, ropey muscles were slightly quaking now that the support of his alpha had moved away.

“Do you guys have apple juice or something like that?” Trev questioned without looking up at the woman, he heard her quick response, then the sound of her heels clicking away. As much of a bother as it is to have half a plane questioning their relationship, Trevor wouldn’t have thought twice about letting Tael sleep the rest of the flight undisturbed unaware of the omega’s sugar drop. The little idiot hadn’t eaten, his body was still recovering, and don’t even get started on the levels of stress the neko had been facing: Trevor should have been expecting this to happen, should have been more alert.

Yet here he was, letting his mate suffer yet again- some kind of mate Albescu was. The woman returned quite promptly, holding out a white foam cup with some unflattering logo painted on the side. Trevor twisted and shifted in his cramped seat to better face his mate, not that Tael was cooperating. With a frustrated growl- and almost piercing the innocent foam cup- the broad soldier snapped a question unintentionally rudely at the lingering attendant.

“I… I’m sorry?” She stammered, half in shock, half appalled.

“How many omegas are immediately around us?” Trev snipped again. The attendant swiveled her sight, noting the couple a few seats over.

“Just one other Misses.” she answered, but clearly was questioning the alpha’s reasoning.

“Have her cover her ears.” Trevor directed, taking a firm hold on Tael’s shuddering jaw. The woman gracefully paced away. “I know you’re confused, probably dizzy, probably have an insane
headache.” the blond’s voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. His rich voice curling around predatory fangs. “You need to drink this.” the command spilled naturally, the omega helpless but to obey. A dull fire of intrigue sparked low in the alpha’s gut as he observed how pliant his little mate was. Tael drank until he was given permission to stop. The alpha’s calloused thumb ran over the plush lower lip of his omega, while a selfish, prideful smile graced his own lips.  

“Good, Pisică.” he praised. Trevor noted from the edges of his vision the confused and distasteful glares he was receiving from the others. He couldn’t care less if he tried. Neither he nor his little mate would ever see any of them ever again, so why would he care about what they thought of him, of them?  

He settled back in his chair, letting Tael retake his position of sleeping on his shoulder. Returning to the mind game of ignoring the hushed accusations around him, Trevor began to run his fingers through the soft undercut of his mate’s hair. The juice should help the omega perk back up soon, until then, he was content with staying like this for awhile.  

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Trevor carried his beet red, devastatingly aware mate down the hallway from the aircraft. An attendant stood as close as he could with a wheelchair, but with the regulations and whatnot, Tael would have had to wait for everyone else to leave the plane before they would be able to get up. Neither of them wanted to stay a moment longer than they needed, hence Tael being carried. Passengers watched with bated breath as Trevor set up the teary eyed omega in the chair. More than a couple of them wanting to step in and ask Tael if all was okay.  

“Can I fucking help you?” Trevor snarled at a particularly creepy gentlemen. He wasn’t one of the passengers from the plane that they had stepped off of, he stood off to the side by the waiting area. The elder had a gleam in his eye that Trevor recognized, and frankly twisted his insides the wrong way. He wanted to march on over and punch that lewd look off of the alpha’s smug face. That would result a lot more headache and Trevor didn’t exactly want Mrs. Vaught’s first impression of himself to be of him getting arrested for assault.  

The man didn’t answer, but- unlike pseudo-polite public- he also didn’t divert his gaze from Tael. Trevor turned to continue tucking his mate under blankets, adding his own coat to cover the Neko’s slender shoulders.  

“They’re staring aren’t they?” Tael whimpered, the alpha frowned while still crouched at the omega’s side.  

“There’s a particular prick that I want to strangle.” he answered honestly, watching as Tael’s sight never left his own palms. “Mrs. Vaught is by the luggage area.” the alpha tried to take both of their minds off of the freak, “Shall we get going?”  

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The mother found them first, her shrill cry echoing as she bolted across the white tile and nearly knocking all in her path over. Tael nearly crumpled into sobs as she threw her arms around him. She was in tears as well, peppering his hair and face in kisses before crushing him in another breath stealing hug.  

Trevor stood awkwardly as he waited for the two to separate. Once she straightened herself, she tried to harden her gaze, failing miserably.  

“I told you to call me!” She spoke watery at best, Tael’s ears folded flat against his head as he
dropped his gaze once again.

“Sorry...I’m sorry… the phone got crushed.” he choked, “In the crash, it wasn’t usable...I- I tried, I’m sorry.” Tension squared Trevor’s shoulders. He didn’t give much thought of why Tael was out that far. Sure, he knew that the omega was being ambitious- stupid- by going to take photos for some profession, but he didn’t give much thought of how something like that creature had gotten hold of Neko. If Tael was already in trouble, there’s a chance that creature had actually saved his mate’s life. The mother crumpled further, babbling incoherently.

Her beautiful blue eyes finally landed on Trevor, her pink painted lips unable to keep from smiling up at the towering man.

“Did you give me a reason to wax those caterpillar brows off with duct tape, Young Man?” Trevor blinked at the threat, momentarily stunned into silence.

“I… no?” he questioned more than stated, unnerved by how poorly the grin on the woman’s face mismatched the emotion in her eyes.

“Thank you for bringing my baby home.” her voice cracked, her arms out for a hug, not waiting for consent before trapping the soldier against her. Trevor’s eyes grew comically wide as he tensed under her touch.

“I hope you like cats.” she accused, raising a pointed finger to Trev as she backed up a few steps. “Meowgi is driving me insane.”

“Meowgi?” the alpha questioned, still nowhere near closer to understanding the woman.

“Mr. Meowgi, Tael’s fat, loudmouthed cat.” she chuckled to herself. “God, he misses you. Next time you go anywhere you are bringing that furball with you. You hear me, Tay?”

“I’m going to get our things.” Trev announced, bemusedly raising a brow at Mrs. Vaught’s shooing hand. Once the alpha was a safer distance away, she leaned in closer to her son.

“Are you coming home with me?” she questioned with a lower voice.

“I’d rather just be home.” Tael mumbled his response.

“With him? Should I send Uncle over or something? Think you’ll be okay?” she rambled, her worry bubbling to the surface, “We don’t know him, Tael. I just want you safe is all.”

“A calling wouldn’t get me a mean guy, would it?” the omega whined, the weight of his mother’s concern crushing him.

“Calling!?” she squeaked, her attention locking to the man that may end up being her son-in-law. “I wasn’t told about this.” She accused no one in particular. Tael just crouched lower in his chair. She sighed, reigning herself in.

“I guess he’s kind’a cute, if you close both eyes.” She muttered, earning a snort from her son. “And we finally have someone tall enough to put the freaking star on the tree.”

“Love you too, Mom.” Tael grunted, hiding the ghost of a smile that encroached his face.

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Mrs. Vaught promised to drop off the feline later on that day, Trevor respectfully regarded the
mother, claiming to look forward to seeing her again. Internally, he was done with being sociable and silently, selfishly hoped that she wouldn’t stay too long. She was Tael’s mother, and every right to her son. It wasn’t her fault that the alpha was an antisocial nit.

Trevor was called over to be given the house key by the mother. Her voice dropping to a low, threatening tone as to not let Tael hear. Her eyes narrowing dangerously as she spoke through grit teeth.

“Calling?” she challenged.

“Yes, Ma’am.” Trevor spoke flatly, noting that her hand had a vice grip on the key ring so he made no move to pocket it.

“I know you’re going to be all hot an’ bothered, but if a single thing happens without that boy’s consent, I will castrate you with an ice cream scoop.” she fearlessly held the soldier’s gaze, the fact she was an omega seemed to be a footnote in this woman’s demeanor. No wonder Tael turned out as brazen as he had. If he heard Tael call himself weak for an omega once more, he was going to slap the words right out of his mouth.

“Understood, Ma’am.” he kept the amused smile at bay, waiting for her to begrudgingly release the key and allow for him to turn away. In truth, Trevor wouldn’t dream of forcing the omega into anything. However provoking the motherly instinct to murder didn’t seem to be a wise choice.

Tael had the fairly light bag in his lap, another carry on was hanging from the handlebars of the wheelchair as Trevor pushed him out of the terminal. It didn’t take long to park alongside the forever busy drive, the alpha smoothly stepping around to hail a cab.

“What kind of food is good around here?” Trev questioned, keeping his eyes on the passing cars. The omega didn’t answer, he didn’t even hear the question. Tael was too embarrassed, too aware of the eyes that were on him. Alphas and omegas alike in the airport kept watching him, coming up with theories in their heads of what had happened, what kinds of things he and Trevor must have been doing.

The alpha was only mildly perturbed by the omega’s silence. He had gotten used to it over the course of the hospital stay. At least he wasn’t muttering apologies at the moment. Trevor managed to gain the attention of a cab, with a tired sigh, he glance back at his stock still mate. His eyes were glassy with tears again, his pointed ears had yet to diminish. If Trevor’s learned anything about his Neko mate- he was a skittish little runt with more strength than he knew he had.

“Either you start talking or I’m going to have to order delivery.” Trev bartered, but it sounded harsher than he realized.

“Anything’s fine… sorry.” Tael flinched. The alpha bristled at the tacked on word, his sight turning a chili pepper red as he suddenly found himself trying to contain his angered scent. The handicapped omega whimpered under the dominant’s gaze, his apologies falling rapidly as he found himself cowering.

“Could you… hush.” Trevor kept his voice under remarkable control, his fangs fitting together as he cracked his neck. “Just help me get you into the car.”

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Guess who forgot to post before work again!

I've stated in the other two stories, but I'm just going to repeat myself here. Next week I am not posting. Mostly because I don't think I'll have enough written for an update done. I'm working on going back to school and still balancing a- basically- full time job, so here we go!

I will be back, this is gonna hurt me just as much as it hurts all of you Q~Q

if anyone would be interested in hanging out on a discord just shoot me a comment, that's an idea I'm starting to toy around with~

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A quaint little house in the suburbs of Twin Falls, Idaho wasn’t exactly what Trevor was expecting, but he didn’t let himself take in the sights beyond the necessary. His neko needed to be brought in and made comfortable. The alpha was putting more hope in Tael’s return home as an instant cure than what was truly reasonable. Yes, Trevor felt better every time he went home after a tour, but even he could acknowledge that just the fact of making it home doesn’t heal everything. Trevor also still has all of his limbs.

He thanked the driver, handing over the folded bills before he straightened himself at the side of the car. Trevor grunted as he handed one of the bags to Tael to hold in his lap as he hung the second bag on the handlebars.

“Is the cold bothering you?” Trevor’s voice startled the omega. Tael’s hands were weakly curled into fists which were pulled into the sleeves of his coat. His ever present shift showcased just how on edge the smaller man was.

“Tael.” the alpha prompted, pushing the wheelchair up to the stout staircase of Tael’s porch. “I asked you a question.”

“I...it hurts.” the omega whimpered, his head lowering further as Trevor rounded the side of the chair to scale the steps.

“We can get you into a bath while the house warms up.” he fished the key from his pocket, popping the door open and leaving it ajar. He turned abruptly on his heel, returning to the omega’s side. A startled shriek erupted from Tael’s throat as the alpha hoisted the whole chair- occupant and all- up the staircase as if it weighed nothing.

“I’s not going to drop you.” the man sounded almost offended, nudging the chair into the front door. He seemed to get over himself quickly, however, as he leaned closer to the omega’s ear, his weight on his forearms.

“Welcome home, Little Neko?”
The house was cold from the furnace being turned down during his expedition. It was as organized as he had left it, but a shallow blanket of dust coated everything. Trevor didn’t seem to take much note of his surroundings besides a cursory glance. The air was stale from being abandoned. His omega scent had long faded despite the years he had lived here. Tael vaguely realized he was left stranded in the middle of his main hallway, the alpha took the bags and set them next to the lone side table by the front door, placing the house key in the dish on the light wood.

“Is the thermostat in the hallway?” He questioned, pacing with heavy boots to the cross section of the home.

“Y..yeah.” the omega stuttered, why did his house no longer feel like home? The alpha disappeared from sight, only the sound of his steps on the wooden floor announced where in the house he was. They sounded slow and steady, but his legs were so long, he was covering the distance within seconds.

Being alone, the omega experimentally stretched his tender fingers, the dark, scarring skin crying in protest. In order to move the chair he was cursedly bound to, he needed his hands to work. He swallowed his nerves, dropping his slender arm over the side and ran his numbed touch over the lock that held him in place. He whimpered at the strain, just the little mechanism causing pain to sear his nerves.

Tael was fighting back fat, ugly tears when the towering soldier of an alpha returned. The start of air was sputtering from the nearby vent, water was running from the bath down the hallway. Those amber irises were studying Tael’s face, a frown creasing the older man’s brows.

“Does it hurt that badly?” He was knelt in front of the omega, his seemingly giant hands smoothing reverently over Neko’s cold digits.

“Sorry.” he squeaked, his throat closing on him as he struggled to face away from the alpha. Tael just didn’t want to be seen like this. Trevor rumbled the first few beats of a growl, catching himself and forcing it to shift to a controlled sigh, his eyes were screwed shut and turned away until he regained himself. When his intense gaze returned, blood red flecks were in his golden irises.

“Come on. If we take any longer the bathroom will start flooding.” he huffed, slipping his powerful hold under Tael’s arms and lifting him so that he was pressed against the alpha’s wide chest.

Tael was set on the closed toilet seat. He kept his head down, gazing at the once familiar gaudy design of the room’s tile. The water shut off at his left, the alpha shifted to sit on his haunches and just watched his little mate.

“I won’t let your nudity affect me, if that’s what you’re worried about. J’st don’t need you hurting yourself trying to get into the tub.” His voice was even, there wasn’t a lie there even if Tael tried to find one. The omega shakily raised his touch to the button at the nook of his collarbone, he struggled in silence. His ears curled tighter against his head, the only other sign of his growing frantic panic was the tremor in his hands. Trev leaned closer as he cursed under his breath, this would be so much easier if Tael would talk already. He wasn’t a mind reader.

He steadily lowered Tael’s arms back to his sides, quickly, almost rhythmically, plucking each of the buttons on the omega’s shirt. He carefully slipped the fabric over Tael’s gooseflesh arms, finally throwing it to the sink. The omega’s pants were sweat pants that had been modified. His left leg was tied off just below where his knee once was, the stub filling the pant leg nicely. His right was cut much shorter, tied off just a few inches from his right hip, the fabric hollow and limp.
“Wrap your arms around me,” Trevor directed, leaning in closer to the omega so that he could easily brace himself on the alpha’s neck. He lifted the omega slightly, only to remove his pants and underwear in one motion. Tael was replaced on his seat, the alpha standing to set the cloth to the side and to take a final inventory of the room. Tael stared down at himself. His deformed limbs were stitched together, everyone around him says he’s healing wonderfully, but it looked like something out of a nightmare.

“My body somehow decided to save my dick, but not my legs.” He bitterly hissed. Trevor’s reach froze halfway over the tub as he was reaching for a soap bottle. He tried to keep his voice lower as he closed the distance between himself and the neko. Tael’s tail was now wrapped pitifully around his waist.

“What do you think happened to your legs?” The question was careful and deliberate. The omega’s whine was keening as he curled further into himself, the chill of the air not helping his frostbite sensitive nerves.

“Stupid, I… I was stupid…” Tael sounded both broken and bitter, his eyes lacked the light of life behind those blown pupils.

“No.” Trevor cut in. He caught one of Tael’s dainty hands, lifting it pointedly to the omega’s gaze. “What would freeze first: this little, delicate finger, or a muscled, meaty leg?” Trevor’s voice cracked with a restrained shift, his irises pure ruby as they burned into the omega’s expression. The neko couldn’t answer under the crushing presence of who was supposed to be his alpha, his fated mate.

“That mother fucking, rabid, thing was eating your legs when I found you.” Trevor growled, releasing the omega’s trembling hand for favor of grasping Tael’s frail jaw. “He scruffed you, there was literally nothing you could have done. There wasn’t even anything for the doctors to save when we got you there. But I swear, Tael, if I hear you blame yourself once more…” the alpha bit his tongue. The look of absolute horror on his omega’s face as he choked back sobs was enough to shatter the soldier’s facade.

Trevor was silent with his mouth hanging open, the bloody tint of his eyes were dulling back to their golden colors. After an eternal moment, he broke eye contact. Swallowing his drying throat as he dropped his touch to the smaller shoulder.

“I… don’t want to be your enemy, Tael.” the alpha spoke after organizing his thoughts. “I’m not very versed in all this. Haven’t really even dated before. The few times I had were with other alphas, which, as you could imagine, is a bit more… abrasive.”

Tael figured that was as close to an apology as he was going to get from Trevor.

“Cold.” the omega croaked, the pain on his overly sensitive nerves becoming unbearable. Trevor nodded, pulling the omega’s nude frame close once again to lift him into the steaming, waiting basin.

“Mind if I give myself the tour while you rest here?” the alpha rambled as he reorganized things to be within a better reach. Tael found that there was a towel set on the bottom of the filled tub. It served as a fairly effective non-slip barrier as to keep the omega from sliding under the surface.

“Not like I’d be able to stop you.” he muttered, groaning as the heat seeped into his limbs. Warmth finally bringing relief from the pain.

“I’m going to leave the door open, just yell if you need something.” Trevor shifted to reach across
the basin and lift the shaving razor off of the ledge. It disappeared into his pocket as he stood his full, towering height.

Tael closed his eyes once he was alone. The bath felt amazing. They had cleaned him in the hospital, but a sponge bath was nothing compared to this. He could almost forget that there was an alpha nosing around his home, or that he was now completely dependant on the said stranger. The omega was painless for once, body loose and mind drifting as the sound of the lightly rattling heating vent lulled the omega closer to sleep.

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Trevor returned to the bathroom after he finished straightening up the house. He meticulously went through the entire place, making sure there wasn’t anywhere Tael couldn’t get to while in the wheelchair. It took a little reorganization, but nothing too dramatic as to uproot the skittish omega too much. The alpha noted the mortified look on the neko’s face when he saw the dust that had gathered on his things, so Trevor went out of his way to clean the settlements from every surface.

Hopefully Tael will start relaxing in his own home soon. The furnace worked overtime, promptly heating the air to something the alpha found uncomfortable, but it was necessary to keep his omega out of pain. He could deal with needing an extra layer of deodorant.

His omega was sound asleep in the bath when he stepped into the steamed room. At first he was considering waking him so that he could get him out, dried, and dressed. Then the memories of how little of sleep he had actually gotten over came that impulse. Nervousness, crying, mental breaks: Tael hadn’t had too many peaceful moments ever since he was weaned off of the sedatives. Trevor could at least let him have this one.

He knelt at the side of the tub, an experimental dip under the water’s surface told the alpha that he needed to get Tael out before it got any colder. That would just undo everything they were trying to do. He stood to retreat back into the hallway, Trevor had found the washer and dryer that was stashed away in an undersized linen closet. The dryer was still humming with work when he turned it off, fetching the towels and the oversized shirt from within. The fabrics were warm, that’s all he needed.

The shirt was laid on the closed toilet seat, one of the towels splayed across Trevor’s lap as he was knelt at the side of the tub once again. This time he had rolled his sleeves up and was plunging his arms under and around the omega’s sleep heavy body.

Tael was in a deep enough sleep that he only grumbled at the sudden shift, his head fell naturally on the alpha’s shoulder as Trevor carefully patted every inch of the omega dry. The omega’s ears and tail were notably missing. Alpha was loosely running fingers through Tael’s hair to detangle what he could, not expecting the sudden disappointment of not finding those velvety peaks hiding within his undercut. Getting Tael dressed was a bit more of a chore because of how limp the omega was. The alpha found himself growling internally as he tried to finagle those pale, noodly arms through the short sleeves of the bed shirt.

Half of his mind wanted to say “fuck it” and bring Tael in all his nude glory to the bed, but Mrs. Vaught was going to be coming over. She was probably on her way now, actually. Trevor wouldn’t have a chance to kiss his balls goodbye if she saw Tael, naked, comatose, in bed. The little omega grumbled from being handled, his hazel eyes blinking open experimentally.

“Just getting you to bed.” the alpha explained, his hair stood on end when Tael turned closer against his scent. Those noodly arms wrapped around the column of his neck and a pitiful, almost needy whine whimpered from the sleepy man. Trevor felt his heart beating hard in his chest, the sound of
rushing blood in his ears as he leaned back, propping himself on the cold, steam wet tile of the wall behind him.

“Pisică?” The alpha sounded scared and he didn’t know what to do with his hands.

“You’re so warm” Tael mumbled, his breath fleeting over the alpha’s skin and summoning goosebumps. “And your scent is so safe.” The soldier wheezed a humorless chuckle. His fingers deciding to intertwine with the short hairs at the back of the omega’s head while his other hand still lingered lost in limbo.

“Been called many things, never ‘safe.’” he rumbled, the omega laying pressed against his chest but Trevor found himself not wanting to separate. His skin that normally itched from the thought of contact was tingling with curiosity and warmth where his mate rested.

“Do I stink?” The omega mouthed against the alpha’s skin. The sensations ran straight to Trevor’s dick and his eyes bulged at it, abruptly and rudely shoving the omega off of his shoulder as his mind was reeling from what just happened.

“I’m sorry.” Tael cried. Fear spiking his scent as he flinched from Trevor’s touch.

“No...no, that’s not.” the alpha grasped for his fleeting control, “Come ‘ere, I just... you’re...” the omega didn’t stink, he was addictive to the point Trevor was huffing with his mouth open and his thoughts under a vice control.

“Let’s just get you into bed, you’re exhausted.” he decided, standing with Tael still cupped akin to a bride against his chest.

Trevor leaned against the wall outside the view of Tael’s room. He could hear his omega whimpering from the other side of the door, but the alpha was trembling with the sheer veil of control he had left. This calling bull shite was messing with his head, messing with his body as he found his fantasies falling back to the little neko. This little bastard was going to be the death of him.

Mouth open and eyes narrowed: his chest heaved unsteady breaths. Tael’s crying voice ripped through him as he wondered if he could handle it should he brave to step back into the room. Between the fire pulsing through his veins, and this foreign crave to hold the omega close against his heart: he didn’t know what he was capable of.

“I’m sorry, Alpha.” he rustled in the room, the blankets dragging as Tael moved. “What did I do?” Trevor screwed his eyes shut, his claws digging into the calloused palms of his hands. The bodily thump on the floor sparked a panic in the alpha, he snapped, bolting into the bedroom.

Tael was sprawled helplessly on the floor, the blankets wrapped awkwardly around his torso, one of his arms trapped at his side. Trevor knelt at his side, his hands flexing in the air as he raked his amber gaze over his dissolving mate.

Why was he so adamant about him needing Trevor there, with him? They were strangers. Wouldn’t he feel better with the distance? Wouldn’t he want some time to himself, considering what had happened?

The omega grasped for Trevor’s pants, clutching into the rough fabric and pulling himself closer to lay his forehead on the alpha’s thigh. The soldier smoothed his touch over the omega’s shaking shoulders.
“What do you want me to do?” the alpha murmured, letting his fingers smooth over the gentle folds of Tael’s kitten like ears.

“What did I do wrong? Do you not like me?” he was begging, his blue eyes brimming with unchecked tears. The alpha thumbed over his plush, bleeding lip. He must have hurt himself when he fell from the bed.

“Nothing, you did nothing wrong.” he hardened his words so the omega would pay attention, maybe believe him. Trev pulled his mate up from the floor, wrapping him in a cradling hug.

They didn’t stay on the wooden floor for long, Alpha crowded the smaller on the mattress, lingering over his neko with his crushing weight held up by his forearms. A dangerous burn ate at their senses, the each completely oblivious to the other’s shared cravings. Tael whimpered, clinging to Trevor’s neck. The soldier had all he could do to keep still as the smaller man’s breath flooded over his taut flesh.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” Trev admitted, nosing against the forehead under him. “When I step away, please, don’t take it as offence.”

“Don’t leave.” he pleaded, those blue eyes irresistible.

Trevor assaulted those teasing, parted lips. He’s never been so desperate for a kiss before, never craved to elicit such reactions from anyone. Their breaths lingered together, the alpha fist the sheets beneath them as Tael clung to the front of Trev’s buttoned shirt. The alpha’s fangs nibbled along his mate’s swollen lower lip. Tael obliged, keening into the dominance of his alpha’s kiss.

By the time they separated, Tael’s face was dusted with the most sinful flush. Even Trev’s nose was tainted with pink and their lips sensitive and swollen.

“I need to stop.” Trev groaned, “Need to, or I won’t.” Shakily he pushed himself off from overtop the omega, earning another heart slicing whine from his mate.

“You’re healing, Tael.” Alpha explained, pressing a final kiss to Neko’s wrinkled nose. “Besides, your mom is due to arrive at any moment.”

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So at this point I should just say that this is going to be a updated between Friday/Saturday at midnight ish?

Hello my Ninjas!

(edit: didn't realize how badly this needed to be edited, should be less painful to read now)

Trevor didn’t leave his omega’s side, but he couldn’t stay on the bed with him. His legs sprawled out in front of himself, his back leaned against the side of the bed. Tael was rolled onto his side, his fingers scratching along the short, stubbly blond hair. Alpha was purring under his mate’s touches. The neko had a small smile on his face, his eyes hooded as he was starting to drift back to sleep.

Knocking pierced their coexisting silence. A woman’s voice shouted through the wood of the front door. Mother was demanding for the alpha to show himself. What was he doing? Where was her baby?

The alpha promptly lurched, his feet thudding down the hallway to open the door before the mother managed to find her spare key to the house. The door opened under his palms, greeting her with a guilty looking smile. She tipped her head, blatantly taking a deep sniff of the alpha’s scent.

“Is Tael decent?” she clipped. Trevor nodded, opening the door wider for her to enter. She paced past him, setting the bulky, grey pet carrier to the side. The occupant of the carrier was already meowing disgruntledly. Mr. Meowgi made his disapproval very well known. The mother paced down the hallway, leaving Trev to close the door and trail behind.

“Hey, Tay.” she cooed, slamming the door in the approaching alpha’s face. “How’re you doing?”

“Hi, Mom.” he croaked, “I… I’m here.”

“Do I need to hurt the boy?” she encouraged as she pulled her son up in a hug.

“N..no.” Tael wheezed from the air being crushed from him.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come home with me?” she released, just a little. Her hazel sight narrowing on Tael’s shifted ears and fangs. “We don’t know him, Tay.” she pointed out, “I don’t want you hurt. Calling or no calling. I don’t trust it!”

“I’m okay,” the little neko whimpered, there was no way he was going to be able to admit to his mother that he wanted to be with Alpha. That the thought of the intense soldier sent heat in his veins that left him gasping and blushed with need. He could only hope that he was good enough to have a fraction of the same effect on the stoic man.

“I’m speaking logic for you, Tay.” she held her son’s gaze. “Biology is screwing you up by leading
you to believe things that don’t exist. We don’t know him. You don’t know him. How the hell can you be in love with someone you just met?”

“I’m sorry.” he choked, “Just… the thought of leaving him. Of losing him.”

“Your father was a calling, where is he now?” she growled.

“Jail.” he answered listlessly.

“And I was left to raise you on my own, married, fated to a useless jackass.” she shifted her weight, her own canines twisting in her mouth and distorting her speech. “I love you, Tay. I don’t regret you at all. But I would have waited for a different father for you, I would have wanted someone to step in so I could have given a different, better life for you.”

“Don’t make him leave.” Tael whined, defeated and unknowing what to say. She gazed over her son with a strange look on her face.

“Don’t let him mark you. He’s going to want to.” she relented, pulling the shivering neko into another embrace. “I love you, Tay. Promise me you’ll call me if anything happens.”

“I will.” he promised, his royal blue eyes meeting her sparkling russet.

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She opened the bedroom door half expecting the towering alpha to be standing there, looking like a lost puppy. He wasn’t. His lead feet were pacing around the kitchen, the dainty bell on Mr. Meowgi’s collar trailing around the house rambunctiously.

“I’m going to get your chair, okay?” she called over her shoulder, Tael acknowledged her, shifting experimentally as to figure out how to sit up. The overstuffed, long haired, grey tabby persian ran clumsily down the hallway between her legs. He was currently searching for his papa, Tael: meowing at his full volume the entire way.

“Are you thirsty?” Trev questioned without looking up to acknowledge her, he squatted down by the cat’s mat in the corner of the kitchen, setting down a bowl of fresh food.

“Let me get something straight.” She hardened her voice, showing off her fangs as she scowled at the kneeling alpha. Trevor didn’t stand, instead he kept himself lower than the omega mother. His intense eyes challenged her, but he kept quiet as he awaited whatever wrath she was about to bestow upon him.

“I don’t know what happened to my son, but if I find out that you’re the reason he’s lost both of his legs- I swear to fucking hell you will never see the light of day again. Calling or not, that bullshit always screws the omegas over. I will not let you do that to my son.” her voice intertwined with a chirping hiss.

“You’re a mink.” Trev observed. “I’m honored, don’t believe I’ve met a mink so comfortable with shifting before.” The mother blinked her confusion. Her needling, intertwining teeth fitting snugly in her mouth as she grew frustrated with being ignored.

“You fucking piece of shit.” she snapped, pointing a clawed finger at the alpha. “Tael’s too good for you. If you have any respect for him. Stay. Away.”

“I won’t lie. I don’t think I could drag myself away from Tael.” Trevor held her infuriated gaze fearlessly. “I’m not one to fall easily, but fate has a twisted way of bringing me to my knees.”
“I’ll be back with a gun, as soon as he tells me you have gone too far. You will no longer breathe, Alpha.” she warned, her russet eyes losing their light and turning into a demonic promise.

“If I hurt Tael, I would do it myself.” the alpha growled, “Might be no good at ‘gentle’, but I know enough to not push limits like that.”

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She emerged with Tael snugly tucked in the wheelchair, that fat persian cat following closely behind. Trev paced back to the counter, a couple glasses already set out.

“You haven’t drank anything in a while, Neko.” the alpha spoke without thinking. The mother visibly tensed at the nickname, her grasp on the wheelchair turning even more white knuckled.

“Mocking him?” she accused, Tael’s ears flattened on his head as he curled in on himself.

“No?” Trev raised a brow, “Nekos are honored in Asia.”

“Honored.” She scoffed. “Sexualized is more like it.” Trevor furrowed his brows, looking between the mother and his huddled mate.

“I was there.” He went on to explain. “I saw first hand how they were treated.” The mother rolled her eyes as she placed a protective hand on her son’s shoulder.

“Alphas or omegas?” she curtly questioned. Trevor stopped to think it over. He spent nine months there, surely he would have noticed if omegas were being passed around like she was implying. Instead all he could remember were the elaborate outfits, the graceful parades and dances they would perform. How the crowds would part so that they could easily travel through the over populated streets. Alpha and omega-

“Both.” he answered slowly, almost questioning himself at the absolute resolution she was holding this view. “Tael, if I was offending you by calling you Neko you could have told me.”

“Why… why should be being called what you are, be an offence?” He didn’t raise his gaze to meet anyones, instead he fiddled with the blanket that was tucked around his waist.

“Principle.” His mom growled.

“Pisică,” Trevor rolled his purr as a ghost of a comforting smile tugged at the edges of his lip. He held this tongue on what he was going to say, the promise that he didn’t mean to insult kept silent as Mother raised a brow in question.

“Have you eaten?” She mercifully changed the subject,

“We haven’t.” Tael perked up, his ears twitching with a sudden interest.

“If you want, I can order something, I was looking through some places while you were in the bath,” the alpha patted his pockets until he found his phone, pulling it out for the other’s view.

“I was going to offer to cook.” Mrs. Vaught frowned, “I can run up the street, get a few things.”

“You don’t have to.” Neko pawed at her hand. “Pizza sounds really good.”

“Tael Trysten Vaught. You are not eating junk food!” she squeaked.

“Pizza sounds good to me.” the alpha shrugged. The woman’s mouth hung open, her darkening eyes
full of disbelief as she gawked between the two. She huffed her disapproval for a few moments before forfeiting the pointless argument.

“Fine.” She threw her hands into the air. “I’m still running down to the store though, getting you something halfway decent.”

“Thank you.” Trev smiled victoriously, his golden gaze speckled with blood red jewels. She lowered herself, pressing an exaggerated kiss to her son’s temple.

“Remember what I said.” she muttered under her breath.

They were left alone in the house once more. The super fuzz that was Tael’s cat was currently curled up on the omega’s lap, purring loud enough for the alpha to pick out the rolling sound from across the kitchen.

“How have you tried moving on your own yet?” the alpha questioned, plucking a box of tea from a cabinet, reading over the side panel before glancing up at his silent mate.

Tael had both of his hands buried in Mr. Meowgi’s fur. His lashes were brimming with tears desperately being held back. Alpha abandoned his task down on the counter, his muscular frame fluidly shifting in his shirt as he knelt next to the distracted omega.

“Do your hands hurt still?” He coaxed, a gentle touch lifting his chin from his chest.

“I couldn’t.” the neko admitted, shying away from the concerned look that was on his alpha’s face. Trev sat in silence for a beat, his brows furrowing.

“Give me your hand.” the alpha held out his palm, waiting for the omega to relent before moving down, over the side of the armrest of the chair.

“The lock’s here.” he explained, his fingers pressing over Tael’s as they unlatched it from the wheel. “There’s one on the other side as well, but let’s just focus on one for now.” he shifted his weight, a solid click sound from the right side of the chair.

“Don’t worry if it’s tiring at first, you’ll get stronger, Pisică.” the alpha stood, moving back a few steps.

“You moved things around.” Tael glanced around the room, only to be interrupted by a solid headbut by the flat faced persian.

“I did.” Trev nodded, “Come on, just try to move forward a bit, stop procrastinating.” Tael whined, his thin hands gripping the wheels on either side. He groaned, pain evident in his expression, but he managed to inch forward. He whimpered, resetting his grip to something better, pushing again. Trevor stopped him gently right before he would have bumped into the alpha’s legs.

He didn’t say anything, he just bent forward and placed a kiss right in the center of the omega’s forehead, covering those thin, white knuckled hands with his own. Tael’s scent was like a drug. The alpha wanted nothing more than to press closer to the source, to let his instincts take control if it meant taking the omega’s sensitive little gland between his teeth and hearing that elusive gasp of pleasure. Instead, he drew himself away, his blown pupils roving over the omega’s face.

“Proud of you.” Trevor’s voice escaped huskily, cradling the omega’s chin in a warm palm.
“That was only two feet.” Tael wept, his chin kept up only the alpha's touch.

“It’s still farther than you were going to give yourself credit for.” the blond purred, holding the fragile wrist up for a kiss. “I found some tea, would you like to have a cup with me?”

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Trevor decided that this was just like going into a rut. Except, this time, his rut was targeting one omega in particular instead of anything that breathed. He gripped the mug of tea in his lap as a fire of lust danced through his veins. If Tael was talking, Alpha wasn’t listening. He was far too wrapped up in his own self control to even distract towards civil conversation. Hopefully the omega would forgive him for his rudeness.

He felt the omega’s eyes burning into him, so he glanced up from where he had been zoned out. Terrified, gorgeous blue eyes were fidgeting as they met the alpha’s. Trev looked away almost immediately.

“Don’t look at me like that.” He snorted, taking a sip of the hot, black tea in hopes of soothing the growl that itched his throat. “I’m not mad at you.”

“Mother said you would want to mark me.” Tael sounded forlorn, almost disappointed. “You can’t even stand to look at me.” Even if the alpha couldn’t hear the tears in the omega’s voice, he could scent the salt on the air. “I’m sorry, I’m such a reject. I’m not something worthy of a warrior. I can’t dance, I can’t sing. I can’t even fix you a cup of fucking tea!”

What little control the alpha was maintaining snapped all at once. He wanted, needed, his omega under him, right then. Right there. One of his taloned hands wrapped securely around the base of Tael’s skull while his other arm curved under the base of the omega’s hips. A promising, threatening growl rattled through Trevor’s chest as he crowded the omega until he was laid back, flat on the couch. Alpha nosed up against that intoxicating scent, his fangs ghosting over Tael’s fragile flesh and his eyes alight as embers.

“No!” the omega squeaked, his dainty needles for claws digging into Trevor’s biceps. “I’m sorry, please, stop!” The lust drunken alpha forced himself to pull back, he barely realized that Tael was attempting to push him off, the omega’s hands splayed across his chest and shoulders as the miniscule claws dug into the harsh fabric of Trevor’s shirt. Tael was gasping, his words lost to the alpha as he tried to pull himself back together.

Trevor knows better than this, he knows this is the impulse only bastard, useless alphas would succumb to. Yet here he is.

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Tael felt the weight lift off of the couch, the blond soldier mechanically straightened himself, keeping his eyes pointedly away from the omega. It was suddenly so much easier to breathe. He had just promised his mother that he wouldn’t let Trevor mark him, with Trev’s strength he didn’t exactly have a choice in the matter. The alpha was going to snap- fall to whatever his side of the calling is doing to him and dig his teeth into the omega’s shoulder.

Even if the relationship didn’t work out. It wouldn’t exactly be world ending… Its just awkward, like having the name of a one night stand tattooed right next to the name of his spouse. A reminder every time they saw him naked, they weren’t the first to hold him. As if they could look past both his missing legs and a mating mark.
He watched the alpha as he walked across the home, leaning his weight on his elbows on the counter. He was expressionless as he roved his thoughts around his mind. Tael could scent his own panic off of his skin, wet streams were cooling on his cheeks as he tried to nest himself in whatever he could pull in.

It scared him how much he wanted to feel the alpha’s fangs in his skin. It was like an itch, a burning pang of heat that waxed and waned in his blood. Sometimes he could pull his head together, other times he wanted to present himself and beg for the alpha to come back. The impulse would stop abruptly at random points, causing emotional whiplash dizzying enough for him to lose time.

Tael whipped his head towards the sound of the front door closing. Trevor had a couple pizza boxes balanced on a hand, his face back to that carefully constructed stoic mask Tael knew was faked. It had to be faked- no one was that good at not being affected by anything.

He watched the alpha pace smoothly back to the living room, setting up the boxes on the low coffee table. Tael could feel the alpha studying him out of the periphery of his vision. He looked so unbothered, not unhappy, but unaffected as he folded the boxes open and arranged them in some kind of order.

“Drink?” he grunted, lifting his own and placing a hand on Tael’s empty mug.

“Water’s fine…” the omega shrugged. His alpha took the mugs into the kitchen with him, leaving Tael alone with the steaming pies. The food smelled good, one of them scenting spicy as green, seared jalapenos dotted under the thick layer of cheese. Tael shifted his weight experimentally, leaning forward to reach one of the smaller slices. His startled yelp earned his alpha’s attention. His supporting arm had given out, sending him sprawling onto the wooden floor. Tael whimpered, his shoulder strained under his own weight, one arm pinned between himself and the couch while his other haplessly groped at the table for purchase.

A powerful grasp wrapped around Tay’s sides, the palms nearly as wide as his rib cage. Trevor’s purr rumbled reassuringly as the neko was righted, held securely on the alpha’s lap as his calculating touches ghosted over Tael’s darkening skin. He had effectively given himself a black eye in the tumble.

“Calm down.” the alpha cooed in his ear, the warmth of his breath sending goosebumps flooding over his neck.

“I’m sorry,” his teeth chattered, “I thought I could-” Trevor hushed him, or was that a growl? Tael found himself pressed close to the crook of the alpha’s neck, that scent of nutmeg and chili strongest right where his nose was tucked.

“It’ll take time. Don’t apologize.” his dark voice sounded even more demonic as it resonated within his own chest. Tael closed his eyes, his body humming from Alpha’s closeness. So… he was on this side of the emotional pendulum.
Hello my Ninjas!
   guess who remembered to update before work this time~

Mother burst into the door, her arms laden with crinkling plastic bags. She called her arrival, skeptically eyeing the closeness Trevor was holding Tael. They were sitting on the couch, their backs to the front door. The omega had been placed snuggly in the alpha’s lap as they both nibbled at slices of pizza.

“I’m back.” She shouted, expecting some kind of response, or perhaps some kind of reaction from the alpha to have him separate from Tael.

“What happened to you?” She frowned, dropping the bags to the floor and quickly closing the distance between herself and her son. “Did he do this?!” She accused, her quickly mottling eyes narrowing on the alpha.

“No. I fell.” the omega whined, twisting his head to shake his mother’s hold on his chin.

“You fell.” she echoed, disbelief clear in her voice. “You fell earlier, got a fat lip, now you fell again, got a black eye.”

“I...I-” Tael couldn’t stutter out his explanation, she wasn’t believing the truth. Then again, if the roles were reversed, would he believe his own words?

“Go easy on him.” Trevor spoke flatterly, his palm moving up to brace the nape of the omega’s neck. By instinct the neko leaned into the touch, eyes drooping as his lips parted in a soft pant. Mother tensed, her scowl deep set as she was considering her chances of physically carrying her son to her car.

“It’s barely been a week, and he’s been vacant for most of it.” Trevor kept his voice steady. He knew his little neko was traumatized, he also knew his neko’s mother would want to have her old son back. Every misstep she was going to see as the alpha’s fault, and he couldn’t blame her.

As he let the mother rant, he was hyper aware of how Tael was slipping back into that numb look. Despite the offence the mother took, Trev laid the neko back on his shoulder. The little omega was exhausted, his belly finally had some food in it and he was barely able to fight to keep his eyes open.

“Would you mind if I put him to bed?” Trevor interrupted her. Ignoring her furrowed brows, Trevor stood with the omega cradled in his arms. “You can continue in a moment.”

Tael looked absolutely helpless and innocent in his queen sized bed. He was whimpering in his sleep, causing the alpha to wonder if he was having a dream, or if that’s just how he snores. Trev spent extra time just tucking the fuzzy blankets around the omega’s frame. His tanned fingers
combing through Tael’s dark undercut. Noting the stark contrast of his own calloused, scarred hands against Tael’s ice pale, porcelain skin. Carefully ghosting his attention over the darkening eye and the swollen, slightly bleeding lip.

Karma was a bitch to torture someone so beautiful, just to retaliate against him. She knew nothing she did to him would have the same effect as rendering him helpless to little Tael’s suffering.

His omega.

That impulse to mark Tael hit him like an ocean’s wave over a dock. He flinched at how quickly his fangs formed at the calling, how easily it would be to just let his bite, his mark, sink into the tender, little shoulder under him. Everyone would know that Tael was his. No one, not even that insufferable mother, would be able to dispute his place as Tael’s alpha, his mate and defender.

Tael needed sleep. Biting him now would wake him, throw him into a panic that no one was prepared for. Trevor growled at himself, mentally wrangling his thoughts and mechanically commanding his limbs to stand.

Stand, get out of the room, behave.

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“Don’t you look all hot ‘n bothered.” The mother tipped her head at Trevor’s return. He grumbled, the fire under his skin screaming for him to turn around and return to his omega. He instead held onto a corner of the wall, forcing his breathing to even out.

“How much danger is my son in while around you?” she questioned, point blank.

“Not nearly as much compared to if you tried to leave with him.” Trev answered just as bluntly. He could barely make himself stay out of the same room as the omega, if she took Tael away, somewhere Trevor wouldn’t be able to find him, hell would be raised.

“Fucking Callings, ruining fucking lives.” she threw her hands in the air.

“This calling saved Tael’s life.” Trevor snapped, his sight flashing red and a vein growing pronounced along his temple. “He was being murdered, eaten alive. I only regret not getting there sooner.” She shut up, eyes dilated and fidgeting while her skin lost its color.

“I didn’t know.” she eventually muttered, “I was told nothing.”

“It’s not my place to speak about it.” Trev countered, “I get it, but let him have some time to realize he’s safe now. You throwing your anger every which way isn’t going to help.”

“And you doing the same is?!?” she hardened herself.

“I have six months before I go back to base. From there we’ll have to play by ear if Tael isn’t able to adjust.” He patiently watched the many expressions that shifted over the mother’s face, ranging from understanding to utter rage.

“You alpha’s are all the same.” she finally spat, gathering herself and huffing towards the front door. “I will see you tomorrow, Alpha.” she announced turning a dirty look towards the soldier. “Behave yourself.”

She didn’t try to take Tael, Trev took that as a victory.
As Trevor was in the process of cleaning up the leftovers of their dinner, he found himself face to face with the smooshed snoot of the persian cat. He had daring green eyes, his coat painted like a grey tabby, and a scowl that could rival the alpha’s forever carved into his expression.

The two regarded each other for a moment, Trev tipping his head in question as the cat looked him once over. Mr. Meowgi had made his decision when he let out an airy hiss, ruffled his thick fur to stand on end, and sat straighter with his chest puffed out.

“I’m the one that let you out of the cage, you grouchy.” the alpha snorted, unable to restrain the amused smile that tugged on the corner of his lip. “Or is this because I’m also a cat?” Trev bantered, “I am a bit bigger, however.”

The persian hissed again before jumping with a thud to the wooden flooring. He apparently had grown bored of antagonizing the alpha by the way his overly fluffy tail swished behind him as he disappeared down the hallway towards Tael’s room.

The alpha was chastising himself the entire way, but he needed to have his omega under his eyes. The soldier lingered in the doorway, leaning on the jamb, just trying to ease his own anxiety by reassuring himself that Tael was sleeping soundly, nested in his bed. The fat persian was curled at Tael’s side, looking as just a ball of fuzz with piercing green eyes locked to the alpha. He was definitely questioning- no,-demanding- why the alpha had the audacity to come within his territory. His neko’s fine, just tired. As the alpha should be as well. Walking back down the hallway to recline on the couch sounded like an impossible task. He considered his chances of not being mauled by Mr. Meowgi if he should try to retake his post at the side of the omega’s bed. He’s slept in less comfortable positions before. Tael’s already fallen twice because he wasn’t at his side. If he’s alone when he wakes up, who’s to say there wouldn’t be a third time?

Slowly, silently, Trevor padded to the side of Tael’s bed, watching as every muscle under the feline’s thick fur twitched and tensed in preparation. If the alpha wasn’t on the bed, wasn’t touching Tael, the two felines may be able to forge some kind of truce. He heard the cat shift, standing to turn his body around, then laying back down on his warm spot with his full attention on the back of Trevor’s head. Meowgi was daring the alpha to move.

Between his mother and cat, Tael had the wrath of all seven realms of hell protecting him. The soldier found himself smiling again, bemused by the fact he was tiptoeing around a housepet as to not uproot his little omega. Maybe it was because Trevor was a lynx, just another rival feline in the cat’s mind, but he had a hunch that this fluffy ball with razor claws was just protective of his perceived papa.

Tael wasn’t sure of where he was when he first started to wake. Any fear from paranoia that tried to spark ebbed when his senses focused on the warmth of his bed, and the mass on his side that had begun to purr as he shifted.

“Hey, Boobs.” he mumbled, fumbling a hand over the cat’s head without blinking his eyes open. If he kept his eyes closed, didn’t try to move around too much, he could pretend that everything is as it once had been. Nothing had changed. The omega was just safe at home, curled up with his fur baby.
“Feeling better?” Trevor’s voice was gruff, Tael’s eyes snapped open straining in the darkness to make out the shapes of the alpha’s head and shoulders as he was sitting on the floor next to the bed.

“How long have you been there?” he choked, throat dry and nerves spiking.

“I promised before that I would stay at your side, Little Omega.” the alpha shifted, the glow of his feline pupils eerily gazing back at Tael.

“May I ask something?” he omega curled tighter around his cat, the warm, purring body comforting the omega as he ran his fingers through the long fur.

“Anything.” he purred, the bed dipping under the weight of his chin as he rested on the edge.

“I really… like really want you to mark me.” Tael felt himself blushing, but the itch was too much for him to handle much longer.

“That isn’t a question.” Trevor breathed, scenting the air by instinct, bones clicking with the how tense he was holding his jaw.

“If you were to… do that. Would you leave me after? Would you want another mate?” Tael could barely get the questions out before finding himself crowded on the mattress. The powerful alpha cupped his omega against his chest, his long legs straddled on either side of Tael’s hips.

“I have no interest in anyone else.” Trevor growled low in his omega’s ear. “A marking doesn’t just tell the world that you have been claimed, it drives the mark-er mad. I can promise I will not wish any other, and I will always fight to come back home to you.”

“But… my father left.” his omega finally spoke what was on his mind.

“Then your father has no right to call himself an alpha.” the dangerous glow in Trevor’s eyes froze Tael. Trevor calculatingly pulled his omega’s shirt over his head before removing his own. Warm, solid muscles moved under taut flesh as the omega’s hand was led to his alpha’s pec, encouraging him to explore.

“Would someone as strong as you wish for an alpha like me?” the blond murmured, bracing himself on either side of the omega’s shoulders. He had effectively caged Tael onto the bed, whether it protected or trapped the omega under the shifting lynx depended on which end of the pendulum his emotions were in the moment.

“You couldn’t look at me.” his omega challenged.

“It has taken every ounce of my self control to not claim you.” Alpha retorted.

“You have the prettiest ears.” Tael hummed to himself, causing the alpha to blink out of confusion. True enough he was shifting, his pointed, furred ears poked out the sides of his head, and now that he’s aware of it, his bobbed tail’s weight was at the base of his spine. Trev hissed an amused sound between his teeth, lowering to nibble teasing kisses along Tael’s collar.

“May I?” he breathed his omega’s scent. The heady lust steaming from his mate’s skin was barely concealing Tael’s fear and nervousness, perhaps his mate was just afraid that he would be left alone once again. Alone, scared, freezing to death: the thoughts conjured a growl in the alpha, causing him to completely miss his omega’s answer. He’s failed Tael once already. If he only paid more attention to the strange aura that was Tael’s calling, his omega would be able to walk with his own legs. He wouldn’t be sensitive to the cold as badly as he was; he would have been spared so much pain.
Not again, never again.

“T...trevor?” his little neko squeaked. The alpha snapped back to reality, frowning at the fear in his omega’s face and scent.

“I was… thinking…” Trevor explained insufficiently.

“If you don’t want to. I can call mom, you can… can go back to-” Tael was cut silent by Trevor’s harsh kiss. He braced his omega better in his arms, cupping the base of Tael’s skull when he finally broke from his lips.

“So… this is a yes?” the alpha panted, anticipation burning like fire in his veins, in his thoughts, every ounce of his animalistic cravings screaming for him to take Tael as his.

“Yes…”

Tael jerked and screamed. Wanting the mark and experiencing it were two painfully different things. Alpha’s bruising grip tightened on the neko as he struggled, blood pouring from the shoulder under Trevor’s predatory fangs. They were staining the blankets and seeping into the sheets beneath them, Tael’s pillow also victim of a spreading stain.

Trevor lifted his head to pull his fangs from flesh once his instincts quieted, absently lapping at the pooling blood with his wide, rough tongue. His neko was shivering beneath him, tears running down his cheeks as the full extent of his minimalistic shift was laid bare for the alpha to see. The alpha was no longer human by any extent, if he was going to comfort his Tael, he would need to reign himself in first. Normal couples would just curl up with each other, fully shifted, and the alpha would nurse the bite mark until it stopped bleeding.

Trevor had a naked little neko, whose pale fingers grasped at the wound, the ruby stark against skin. His brilliant blue eyes blown sightless as his breathing gasped in short bursts. Panic attack? Seizure? Was he falling into another drop? Those kinds of thoughts didn’t help Trevor regress his current feline form. He pointedly moved his massive body off from overtopping his omega, laying his wide head on Tael’s side and purred. The lynx lapped at the wound a few more times, his wide gold flecked eyes frantically searching over his omega as if he would be able to find out what to do if he only looked hard enough. He knew he had to un-shift. Tael needed him as a human.

Trevor launched himself off the side of the bed pacing nervously as he forced that familiar, uncomfortable pop in his bones to start once again. Both his body and voice groaned in the change, slipping into a feral mind was so simple compared to pulling one’s self back.

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Tael was shaking, tears streaming down his cheeks as his eyes were wide open and glassy. He mumbled incoherently as Trevor carefully turned him onto his back. The alpha pried the omega’s hands from the wound, carefully noting every detail of the bite. It was huge on his shoulder, which was to be expected considering Trevor and Tael’s size difference. The mark was clean though, morbidly beautiful in a way. The kind of thing that would rouse pride in the alpha every time he has the honor of seeing it, or the pleasure of kissing over the scarred pattern of his own promise.

Neko wasn’t reacting the way an omega was expected to after such an intimate promise. Trev supposed it was bleeding awfully heavily, and there wasn’t a doubt that it had hurt, and still hurting. He pulled his own shirt up from the floor, pressing the fairly rough fabric against the neko’s shoulder.
Tael screamed anew.

A growl that was meant to be a purr rasped from Trevor’s throat. Everything within the alpha was raging to pull Tael up into his arms, press him into his alpha’s scent, and purr pathetically in the panic riddled omega’s ear.

“I’m sorry.” Tael groaned, gasping for air, although his lungs didn’t seem to have the capacity. “I was going to return it, I...I swear.”
Hello my Ninjas!

This the writing schedule is about to go haywire. Three days and counting is when I'm going back to school. 4 classes a week and 5-6 days a week of work. I'm not sure how much if any writing will be done, and it's probably not going to be an elaborate production if it is.

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Trevor swore under his breath, pressing firm on the wound as his other hand carefully cupped his mate’s jaw. There was no recognition in Tael's eyes with his neko’s mind far away in the past.

“Pisică.” Alpha cooed on an unsure breath. “Come on, Pisică, come back to me.” Trevor was cursing himself as he looked over the blood stained nest. Tael needed to be grounded to come out of this. Waking up in a pool of his own crimson was not the way to do it.

“I’m here.” he promised, “It's not real, Neko, you're safe.”

“I was just looking for my clothes.” Tael drunkenly mumbled, oblivious to Trevor’s presence. The bleeding was slowing because of the alpha’s hold so he tightened the pressure just to be sure.

“Can you feel the bed under you, Tael?” Trevor hushed, carefully cupping the base of his skull and tipping his airway more open. His tiny little pearly fangs were absolutely adorable, the alpha was tempted to press a kiss to his neko’s abused lips. That was something that monster probably never did. It was tempting to try.

“It’s...wet.” Tael groaned, pulling Trevor out of his thoughts and causing him to flinch back from the prospective kiss.

“It is.” Guilt twisted in Trevor’s gut. “We’re going to clean up, then we’re going to rest together. Would you like that, Pisică?”

“Is... that blood?” his neko gasped, “Why are we covered in-”

“Just relax for me.” the blond interrupted, “Stay here with me, okay?”

“You look so concerned.” the smaller muttered.

“You’re hurt, of course, I’m concerned.” the lynx furrowed his brows in confusion. He ran his thumb over the thin skin of Tael's cheek, the bruising of the black eye seemed to be darkening as time dragged by.

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Tael was barely lucid for his second bath of the night. Trevor had his forearm supporting his neko’s neck and shoulders as he let the smaller man lay back in the bath. The water was tinting orange, but
the omega’s milky, bruise splotched skin was effectively purged of crimson stains. The alpha had yet to wipe himself down, however. His chest, jaw, and arms were painted more in the light of a murderer than a husband: another thing Tael didn’t need to see.

Assuming his neko would be okay alone for a few moments, he drained the water so that it wasn’t nearly as deep, and he left his Neko laid back on the bottom of the tub with waterlogged towels covering his nude frame. The alpha only needed to wipe himself down, then strip the bed for clean sheets.

He hadn’t taken more than ten minutes, but when he returned to the bathroom Tael was sat up. Head hung drunkenly and hands splayed on the lip of the basin, the omega was stubbornly trying to regain a sense of normalcy. The only tell that he was crying was the subtle quake in his shoulders as he was clearly trying to lift himself from the tub.

“Tael... Neko.” Trevor tested, watching as royal blue eyes snapped up to his face. Tael withered, biting into his lower lip and fighting back the stubborn tears that tried to spring anew. Trevor approached slowly but steadily.

“Let me help or you’re going to reopen your shoulder.” Trevor’s voice didn’t hold any malice, but the omega flinched like it had.

“I can do it!” the smaller man growled. “I don’t need to be rescued from here.”

“And I agree, but right now you’re freshly wounded. What kind of alpha would I be if I wasn’t doting over you?” he smiled warmly when the stubborn omega glared up at him. It was a cute look on his omega’s face, silently he hoped that this was a peak at the true Tael. Trevor didn’t want some push over as a mate, and he was sure his neko wouldn’t fit the meek omega stereotype if he would only stop blaming himself for what that sick monster had done.

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The two curled up together in the fresh nest Trevor was able to fashion together. His powerful arms felt natural around Tael’s stomach, the little omega pulled in tight as the little spoon. Alpha would never admit it, but he nested his nose right into his omega’s hair, and prayed that morning would never come. He didn’t think he would ever be ready to get up from this position.

Trevor had never realized before that he had been waiting for Tael. He had never realized how much he desperately needed this omega by his side. Now that he had him, Trevor’s only goal was to make his Neko the most cherished mate to ever live.

Tael never had the concept of finding a mate as a priority before: always figuring it was something that would just kind of happen. A sweet girl from the other side of the bar, or maybe some dapper gentlemen from a gallery: but, a soldier never crossed his mind. Especially not someone who single handedly saved his life and pulled him out of earthbound hell. Granted, Tael wasn't going to complain at all.

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The still nude couple was woken by violent pounding on the front door. Fear filled the little omega, the rage to protect blinded Trevor for the slightest moment. His growl vibrated possessively as he clutched his omega impossibly closer to himself.

“It’s probably Mother.” Tael wheezed from being crushed, even so, his petite claws held tighter onto the powerful arm wrapped around him.
“Whatever she says, know that I’m not going to leave you.” Trev promised, hearing the front door’s lock click open. The woman’s ireful shouts began filling the once quaint home.

“Get up.” Tael panicked. “She’s coming down here, get up, we can’t be naked in bed together-” Trevor hushed darkly, holding his floundering omega still.

“It’s her fault for barging in here.” Trev’s growl was annoyed. Mother threw the bedroom’s door open, her wide eyes scanning the room with barely contained fury. Those russet orbs had long since lost their light, a revolver was heavy in her hand as she narrowed on the scene of her son, naked, with the stranger. Tael screamed for her to stop, Trevor reacted by pulling his omega back, lurching off the side of the bed and hiding him low on the far end’s floor.

“Put that thing away!” the alpha’s voice commanded without hesitation. His features were already shifting as his blood ruby eyes narrowed on the hysterical woman.

“Get away from my son!” She snarled back, her teeth twisting in her mouth.

“Put the gun down.” the alpha warned low in his throat, his large palm holding Tael down and out of the line of fire. The two were hell bent on not giving in. Tael was reduced to a quivering mess beneath his alpha. Wheezing gasps of his panic attack were left ignored, his alpha solely focused on the feral mother.

“You marked him didn’t you?” she accused. “I fucking warned you what would happen.”

“Tael is my mate.” Trevor spat back. “And right now, you are what’s endangering him.” As the woman rounded the side of the bed, Trevor used his own bulky frame to block Tael from her line of sight, and line of fire.

“You are going to hurt either him or yourself if you keep waving that thing around.” the alpha warned once again, his claws fully developed, his legs already starting to bow backwards in preparation of shifting fully lynx.

“Baby, we’re leaving, come on, get up.” she called over Trevor, he could feel the omega trembling beneath him. It was like she forgot that Tael couldn’t get up.

“Mrs. Vaught.” the lynx tried again. “Just let us get ready. We can meet you in the kitchen.”

“Shut up, Alpha.” the mink snapped as she held the gun up higher towards Trevor and approached recklessly.

It was too much, Trevor’s patience had finally run dry towards the woman. He grasped her wrist in an overpowering hold. The gun went off, but the bullet embedded itself harmlessly in the wall behind the three. The alpha snarled ferally as he grasped the mother’s thinner neck.

“Leave.” he demanded, “We don’t need this shit. We will try this again when you decide to be civil.” She fought. Her flailing littering the alpha’s bare skin with shallow marks, but the gun was safely restrained. She honestly couldn’t win against him despite her best efforts.

“You fucker.” her words hissed from a pinched throat. “Get away from my son, you alpha piece of shit!”

Trevor chose to mentally block out her vehement words. Instead, he walked her, still in the off balancing grip, down the hallway and towards the front door. He was certain to keep the revolver in his possession when he released her out into the front yard. His partly shifted, naked silhouette was on full display for the neighbors. She stumbled over her own feet, sprawling onto her backside in the
morning damp grass.

“When you decide to be civil, I’m more than willing to try this again.” With that, he turned to return into the house. This wasn’t how he was raised to treat mothers, and he was sure his brother would skin him alive for doing such a thing, but even Rick would admit this is a bit of an extreme situation.

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Tael was still on the floor when Trevor returned to his omega’s side. His royal blue eyes were glassy, lost in a hell only he could see. Trevor knelt on the hardwood, his fingers gently brushing the dark, sweat soaked hair from his omega’s forehead.

“Pisică.” the soldier’s voice cracked, he pulled the limp man into a hold. “It’s ‘kay. It’s over.” Tael’s nose was tucked right against his alpha’s scent, cradled in the much larger man’s lap although they stayed on the floor.

“It’s over.” he continued to mumble. “You’re safe, Neko.”

“I’m sorry.” Tael chattered, nuzzling his cheek into the warmth of Trevor’s chest.

“Don’t.” the alpha bit before reigning himself back. “There’s no reason you should be.” He grasped his omega tighter. The both of them still naked as the day they were born as they curled into each other on the floor beside the bed.

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“You’re probably hungry.” Alpha was the first to stir. The omega still clinging to him was in a heavenly limbo like daze. Not asleep, but also not bothered by the fact his mother had just tried to kill the one he wanted as a husband.

“If you let me up, I can see what’s in the kitchen.” Trev continued to explain to his stubborn mate. Tael wasn’t about to move of his own accord.

With a teasing huff, Trevor tightened his grasp around Tael’s waist, and stood. His little neko groaned sleepily as he was deposited back onto the bed. The omega clutched at the lynx’s shoulders, holding him as to stop him from escaping.

“Want me to get your chair?” the alpha purred, nosing against Tael’s silk hair.

“I don’t want to do anything,” he drawled, hazel irises flickering up to the bedside clock for only a moment.

“We need to eat, and so does that persian grump fuzz.” Trev chuckled. “Perhaps we could curl up somewhere after and watch shit movies.”

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Tael traced the line of his remaining stump that was his leg. Trevor, mechanical as ever, moved about the kitchen. Mr. Meowgi had just finished his can of pate, his squished face still wearing some of the residual juices. The sun was warm where Neko awkwardly sat in the center of the living room. He didn't want to be a bother and ask for help, again, to get out of his chair and onto the couch. So there he was, fiddling with his still stiff fingers and glancing over at his alpha from under his lashes.

Trev seemed to know just enough about cooking to get by. The firm line his brows were furrowed in as he tried to not crush unassuming eggs in his giant grasp was comical at best. A skillet was sizzling
with deli ham and another pan was used for over-done fried eggs. Tael couldn’t even get out of bed without the alpha’s help, so he kept silent with his pointers.

Tael felt as if he owed Alpha so much more than he could ever offer again. Wheelchair bound and with only half function in his hands. Tael wouldn’t be able to do another photo shoot. He wouldn’t be able to do the one thing he loved and push himself to the edge. Hell, he couldn’t get past his front porch now without tumbling with the metallic beast down the steps, how would he even get to a forest preserve?

All because he wanted to be ambitious. Now Tael was bound even tighter to the whims of an alpha. The said alpha just finished putting the skillets he had conjured into the sink. His muscles still bare for the omega to inspect. His back working like a taut beast just under the straining skin. His blond hair so short in the back, it almost looked nothing more than a skin hue shift as it stretched up over his scalp.

Purest yellow amber eyes flickered over his sun kissed shoulder. His lower lip caught under a canine for only a brief moment, as if he hadn’t meant for Tael to see him doing such a thing.

“What’s wrong?” Trevor spoke evenly with his back turned to the omega.

“S-sorry, nothing.” Tael reflexively blurted, he could feel the fur of his ears starting to reclaim the small curves.

“You’ve got that look on your face.” The alpha shrugged as he turned with a plate of half edible food in each hand.

“I think that’s just my face.” Tael teased. He was stunned into silence however when he realized that low rumble was Trevor… purring?

“You purr!?” the omega only realized he was shouting after he had realized he was speaking at all.

“Sure.” Trevor kept his expression passive, but he couldn’t stop the playfulness from reaching his eyes. “Is it that unusual for a cat to purr?”

“It’s just… big bad soldier alpha… purring.” Tael’s voice rolled with amusement, his hazel eyes dancing in the morning light as the worries that plagued him were overshadowed by the little plaything. Trev chuffed curtly, setting the small table and shooing the cat from atop it.

“Come eat, before I change my mind about putting up with a movie.”

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“I’mma try a thing.” Tael spoke far too quickly for Trevor to tell any of his words apart. The alpha was at his side instantly, his giant yet gentle hands hovering unsurely over the omega’s shoulders. He stayed quiet, but the question was clear in his expression.

Tael muttered to himself, revving himself up as he tried to leverage himself with only his arms. The couch was just a hair too far. Tael’s stump of a leg strained haplessly to offer some kind of balance as Neko’s dull claws began to dip into the cloth of the sofa. The omega’s growl started in the back of his throat, followed closely by the slight shift of his teeth.

“Want me t-” Trev tried to speak, but his omega snarled unintelligibly at him. The meaning was crystal clear, however. Let Tael do this, let him try.

After a valiant struggle, Tael landed with his butt on the throw rug that slightly cut under the sofa.
Waiting to see if the determined rage would simmer down in his mate, Trevor watched silently as Tael grumbled to himself, cursing his leglessness, his painful hands, and gravity itself.

“Fuck you!” Tael snapped, “C’mere, Bitch!” his voice hit shrill, the alpha’s eyebrows reached for the sky as nearly feral claws cut into the cushion of the sofa. Shakily, the omega beached over the edge of the couch, not that unlike a whale sloshing from a pool. With his shoulder securely on the surface, he rolled the rest of the way on, flopping onto his back with a stupidly victorious grin across his face.

“Fuck you.” he slurred, letting a hand hang over the edge, flipping off the floor. “F-fuck you, Gravity, and all your bullshit.”

“I don’t believe I’ve heard you swear this much, ever.” Trevor observed with a slight smile of his own.

“Only when I’m motivated.” the neko waved the comment away, “also not near Mother. She’d kill me.”

“I’d believe that.” the alpha shrugged again, tipping his head as a way of warning what he was about to do before pushing the wheelchair around to park it in the corner of the living room.

“I’m choosing?” Tael arched his neck, eyeing the side table in search of the remote.

“Assuming so.” Trevor hummed, “I haven’t seen a single commercial for a new release, much less know what’s worth watching.”

“Everything’s worth it when you make your own fun.” the neko shakily pushed himself so that he was sitting up, his arms exhausted from the little exertion. He knew it would get easier eventually… it was just getting to that point.

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End Notes

Thank you, thank you for your continued curiosities~
Rage is for the comments!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!