Sammy had not noticed anyone come up to him. A big arm was around his chest pulling him back before he could react. A large hand was smothering his face. He instinctively tried to shout but the noise was muffled, left unheard in the general hubbub of the market. Sammy, his eyes wide, sought out anyone looking in his direction as he was pulled away from the crowds. No one was looking his way; all the market goers and stall holders were absorbed in their own activities.
Chapter 1

Sammy skirted around one of the numerous puddles covering the car park. The market stalls were laid out in lines up and down the closed parking area for the day. Heavy overnight rain had left the slightly neglected patch of concrete more like an obstacle course than a simple market. The multiple potholes were all filled to the brim with rainwater.

Daniel had suggested the trip to the farmers and craft market. Sammy suspected his mate really wanted to cast a critical eye over some of the stalls that sold handmade wooden gifts. The master craftsman liked to keep an eye on his competition, although he was never short of work. Sammy also knew there would be a couple of stalls that sold old books. Daniel probably wanted to give him the chance to browse through them.

It had been a few weeks since Sammy had been able to confirm that he was not pregnant after his heat with Jamie. They had been pleased, and now could only wait for Sammy to go into heat again, in August, and hope that he became pregnant by Daniel. Their lead Alpha only had one more rut before his thirty-fifth birthday. If he had not fathered a child by that time, he would be forced to leave the family for an uncertain destination. The pressure was mounting, but Daniel had sat Sammy down and told him in no uncertain terms that he was not to worry about the next heat until it happened. There was nothing any of them could do until that time. Daniel did not want, what was potentially his last few months as a free man to be marred by constant worry. Sammy had agreed.

The visit to the market was something that Daniel had suggested, along with lots of other things to help keep their minds off the future for a few hours. The hustle and bustle were indeed a welcome distraction.

A couple of men pushing a cart loaded with meat were making their way through the market, they were not making any attempt to warn people they were coming. Sammy had to step out of the way very quickly and could not avoid being splashed as the wheels of the cart rumbled through a pothole. He glared at the man closest to him. The man smirked and carried on. Sammy looked at his soaked trouser leg and shoes. He shook his head and moved on towards the bookstall.

Meg and Daniel were a couple of stalls behind him looking at some time-saving gadgets. Sammy had not been particularly interested. He had leaned into Meg and told her he would meet them by the bookstall, she had nodded with a smile, before returning her attention to the saleswoman who was demonstrating the vegetable cutting device.

The market always attracted a lot of visitors. The overnight rain had changed into a bright balmy April morning. Most people were wearing light rain jackets, fearing the changeable weather would catch them out.

Sammy realised his trainers were squelching as he walked, the soaking he had received from the ignorant Alpha pushing the meat cart had left him with water in one of his shoes. The Gore-Tex was designed to stop water from getting into his shoes, except it was also preventing the water from seeping out.

Trying to see the funny side of the situation Sammy squelched his way to the side of the market and found a low wall to sit on so that he could remove the water-filled trainer and empty it. He leaned over to undo the laces, pulling the soggy string loose.

He had just eased the shoe over his heel with the toe of his other foot when his enjoyable day out was abruptly ended.
Sammy had not noticed anyone come up to him, had not realised he had stopped to deal with his trainer by a slightly concealed entrance to an alleyway. A big arm was around his chest pulling him back before he could react. A large hand was smothering his face. He instinctively tried to shout but the noise was muffled, left unheard in the general hubbub of the market. Sammy, his eyes wide, sought out anyone looking in his direction as he was pulled away from the crowds. No one was looking his way; all the market goers and stall holders were absorbed in their own activities.

No one had seen Sammy being grabbed and dragged away. Sammy was on his own.

Since the evolutionary leap, the male sexes had developed an ability to sense each other. They could tell when an Alpha was going into rut. They could sense when a family member was nearby and, most crucially they knew when an Omega was stressed.

Women did not have the senses. Meg knew that there had been a thing commonly referred to as 'women’s intuition' before the leap and she liked to think she was attuned to her family in a way similar to that. Something, some nigging feeling, prickled at the back of her neck. She stepped away from the woman trying to sell them the probably useless gadgets. She looked in the direction that Sammy had wandered, towards the bookstall. She did not expect to see him at the bookstall, he would have had to move around the rest of the people. Meg scanned the crowd.

When she found Sammy, she gasped. What she saw had her moving forward as fast as she could, but it was not fast enough. She glanced back to look for Daniel, but he had moved back a few yards to talk to a fellow woodworker. She knew he would sense his Omega’s distress at any second and look for him.

Meg could not wait, she worked her way through the crowd, which all seemed to be heading towards her. More than a few people muttered under their breath at her as she was forced to push past them. One woman swore at her and another hit her arm, disappearing from sight before Meg could remonstrate. But Meg did not really care about recriminations when Sammy was in danger.

She had seen Sammy perched on a low wall, he had appeared to be fiddling with his shoe, bent forward, not paying attention to his surroundings. A concealed entrance to his right, which Meg knew led to the back of the derelict shops that lined the side of the car park, proved a good hiding place for the attacker. The big Alpha had stepped out and simply grabbed the much smaller and slighter Omega and dragged him out of sight. Meg had seen the terror in the young man’s eyes. The big Alpha had clamped his hand over Sammy’s face preventing any call for help the Omega might have tried to make.

Meg continued to make her way towards the alleyway. The thoughts whirled in her head; she knew what the Alpha wanted from the Omega. The Alpha was not trying to rob Sammy, if that had been the case, he would have simply grabbed the rucksack from beside Sammy and run off. No, the Alpha wanted to assault Sammy and the only reason he had been dragged away would be due to the nature of that assault.

The Alpha wanted to rape Sammy.

Sammy scrabbled at the arm around his shoulders to no avail. The Alpha that had grabbed him was obviously taller than him, Sammy was struggling to keep his feet on the ground, he could not dig his heels in to try to stop himself being carried off. His loose shoe slipped from his foot. The hand over his mouth was smothering, he was breathing fast, the panic rising in him. He knew what the Alpha
wanted. Sammy knew the Alpha was in rut. The Alpha wanted sex to alleviate the symptoms. He had heard stories of lone Omega being grabbed and raped by Alphas in rut and even of stronger Alphas taking Omega from their homes in the poorer areas of the large cities.

And now Sammy was going to be a victim.

He continued to struggle, but he was too small compared to the dominant Alpha. If no one came to his aid, the Alpha would forcibly have sex with him. Sammy was not in heat so the sex would hurt, he doubted the Alpha would take his time or be gentle and if he knotted him the pain would be worse.

Sammy tried to bite the Alpha’s hand, but the man simply squeezed his arm tighter around his shoulders causing the Omega to gasp in pain.

The Alpha dragged Sammy around a corner and through a gap in an overgrown hedge. The smell of urine and vomit told Sammy the area was not one frequented by anyone who might help him. The only people that would use the unkempt patch of scraggly grass would be drug addicts and thieves.

Years before the little scruffy hidden corner was probably a pleasant place for tired shoppers to take a few minutes to rest. But now, now Sammy saw nothing pleasant, he saw litter and used needles and evidence of other nefarious activities.

A bench had been placed by the entrance to the small dilapidated park. The Alpha swung Sammy around and pushed him face down onto the bench, smacking his legs into the wood as he was forced down. Sammy screwed his eyes shut as he rode out the pain, he knew he would be left bruised by the rough way he was being pushed about. But being bruised was the least of his worries.

The Alpha finally moved his hand from Sammy’s mouth. Sammy gasped and managed to take a few breaths. He tried to push himself up, but the Alpha put one hand around his neck from behind forcing him back down and holding him still. As the Alpha was in rut he would be stronger than usual. All Alpha’s were stronger than Omega but when in rut they were stronger still.

‘Please…’

Sammy’s voice seemed lost, he had tried to be firm but felt pathetic. There was nothing he could do against the stronger man.

When the Alpha started to pull at his trousers before realising, he was wearing a belt, Sammy found himself frozen, unable to move for several seconds. The terror had won out, he was just going to let the Alpha have sex with him. To use him to sate his urges and needs. The Alpha managed to get his hand under Sammy and pulled roughly at his belt, practically ripping it open. Sammy tried to move but just ended up grazing his cheek on the rough wood of the bench. He hated to think of the horrible dirty things that were ingrained in the old bench.

‘Please stop…’

‘Shut the fuck up,’ growled the Alpha, his voice deep and gravelled. ‘This is what you’re for ain’t it? Your cunt is for me to fuck when I need it. So, stop wriggling around you little shit.’

Sammy felt tears falling over his cheeks, he continued to try to pull away for a few seconds before the Alpha slapped him across the back of the head and grabbed him very hard on the arm, squeezing his hand tightly. Sammy cried in pain, he wondered if the Alpha might be capable of breaking his arm just with his hand.

‘Keep still. You ain’t gonna get away you little runt.’
Sammy stopped moving, he tensed up. The Alpha went back to pulling at his belt for a few seconds before managing to get it undone. The button and zip were quickly pulled open before the Alpha started to push Sammy’s trousers down.

As the rough hands of the Alpha touched his skin Sammy could not help crying out in fear.
Chapter 2

Meg reached the alleyway, she glanced back again but no one was looking in her direction. She knew it would take too long to get help, too long to explain that she had seen Sammy being dragged away by an Alpha. She still could not see Daniel, but he would know. He would know his Omega was in trouble. Meg knew Daniel would find them.

Women were stronger than Alpha males. Meg was fairly sure she would be able to tackle the Alpha that had grabbed Sammy, she just had to hope she was there in time. Sammy could already have been hurt; Meg just hoped she could prevent anything more sinister happening.

Sammy’s green backpack was on the floor, in a puddle. It had fallen from the low wall he had placed it on when he was grabbed. Without really thinking, Meg picked up the dripping bag and hurried along the alleyway.

After a couple of yards, the alleyway opened up, wide enough for a car or van to drive down, she guessed deliveries would have been made to the parade of shops in their heyday. Now the alleyway was littered with discarded food wrappings and drinks cans and bottles. A thick, overgrown hedge ahead drew her eye. She could see a gap in the hedge, the perfect spot for an attacker to drag his victim. Meg moved forward carefully, she was not sure if she should rush in or assess the situation first. What if the Alpha was subduing Sammy with a weapon? Unlikely, Meg thought, Alpha’s were far stronger than Omega’s. Sammy would be easy to manipulate.

‘Please stop…’ said Sammy, his voice cracked with fear.

‘Shut the fuck up,’ came the low menacing reply. ‘This is what you’re for ain’t it? Your cunt is for me to fuck when I need it. So, stop wriggling around you little shit.’

Meg guessed the next sound she heard was poor Sammy being slapped by the bigger man. A yelp of pain followed.

‘Keep still. You ain’t gonna get away you little runt.’

The Alpha was determined. When Sammy cried out again, Meg moved forward with a determination of her own.

She reached the gap in the hedge. She felt sick at what she found. The Alpha had Sammy pinned face down over a bench and was busy pulling the unfortunate Omega’s trousers down over his hips. Meg could already see bruises coming up on the small of Sammy’s back and across his hips where the Alpha had been grabbing him. Sammy was struggling, but his attempts to escape were inconsequential to the Alpha. The Alpha placed one big hand on Sammy’s back pushing him firmly into the bench as he started to undo his own belt.

‘I’ve just got out of prison and ain’t got me own Omega to use yet. Your Alpha shouldn’t ‘ave let you out of ‘is sight. This is ‘is fault.’

Filled with rage, Meg rushed forwards.

A~B~O

Daniel had been enjoying his conversation with the woodworker. The man was from out of town and only worked on small pieces, nothing on the scale that he worked on. The man was not a rival for his work. It had been interesting to share a few stories and ideas. As he said his farewells Daniel
realised he had lost sight of Meg. He knew Sammy had moved onto the bookstall, the only thing he was really interested in.

Daniel had pretended he wanted to look at the visiting craftsmen at the market. But really, he had wanted to give Sammy another distraction. The last few months he would be spending with his family were going past far too quickly. He had accepted that he would not get Sammy pregnant when they mated in August. His last chance. If it was going to happen it would have done so before his last chance.

He was fairly sure Sammy was humouring him, allowing him to make his distraction attempts. Poor Sammy was feeling the pressure already, even though it was not his fault Daniel had not fathered a child. Daniel hated what his little Omega was going through and wished he could stop it. But he could not. The law was the law. An Alpha who had not fathered a child by his thirty-fifth birthday was taken away. Daniel was ready to accept his fate; he just wished the rest of the family would as well.

A wave of fear and panic assaulted his senses. Daniel turned in the direction that Sammy would have walked. He knew the fear was from his Omega. Sammy was scared of something. Daniel looked around for his little Omega. The young man was nowhere to be seen. Meg had disappeared as well. Daniel could not sense his friend in the same way that he could sense his bonded mate, but he knew something was not right.

The tall Alpha began to move through the hordes of people enjoying the market. He continued to look for Sammy and Meg. Meg was not at the gadget stall. The woman selling her wares was busy enticing people to watch her demonstrations. The first bookstall, near the end of the row of stalls, had a few people around it but there was no sign of Sammy.

Daniel looked around sharply when he felt further waves of fear coming from his Omega. But the scents from all the other people in the market made it difficult for Daniel to pinpoint where Sammy was. He guessed that nothing untoward would happen to an Omega out in the open. Any attack on an Omega in the open would be dealt with quickly. The women would see to it that the Omega was safe. They were just too precious. Women treated them as second-class citizens but at the same time would not see an Omega come to harm, especially one of breedable age, which Sammy very much fitted.

He knew it was useless to try to find his missing family members by aimlessly wandering through the market. He pulled out his phone and after checking for any text messages or missed calls tried to call Sammy and when there was no answer, Meg. Neither answered. With a growing worry, Daniel texted both of them, urging them to call him back immediately. He did not care if there was a perfectly simple explanation, Daniel was very worried about Sammy and the fact that Meg was missing as well only added to his concern.

Reluctantly Daniel turned on the tracking device that had been added to Sammy’s phone. None of them liked to keep track of Sammy to that degree but knowing that they could if they needed to was a comfort. Sammy had fully understood why the tracker was on his phone. All Omega had them. Some families were stricter than others. Sammy was allowed more unchecked freedom than most.

As the phone started to search for the missing man, Daniel moved away from the crowds and stood outside one of the abandoned shops, the large window had a crack across it covered with a plastic film to stop it getting worse. Daniel had always thought it a shame the area had not been redeveloped.

The phone continued to scan the area, Daniel turned slowly on the spot, knowing it probably would not make a difference but doing so anyway.
The scent of fear from Sammy had grown.

Daniel needed to find his Omega quickly.

A~B~O

Grabbing the big man from behind and dragging him away from Sammy was all Meg could think of to do. She was not a fighter. She knew, as a woman, she was physically stronger than the male sexes, but she had no training or knowledge of how to fight.

She had clearly taken the Alpha by surprise. She managed to pull him several yards away from Sammy. What Meg was not expecting was the strength that the Alpha had. She realised, far too late, that the man was in rut. The only time an Alpha was stronger than a female was when he was in rut. Meg should have thought it was a possibility. Most sexual assaults on Omega were by Alphas in rut.

Omega were particularly vulnerable when they were in heat, usually, they would mate with the Alphas in their family. But there was always the worry that a rogue Alpha might try to get at the Omega. Meg knew it was not something that would happen in the neighbourhood where they lived, but the area around the market was perhaps heading in the direction of impoverishment. Some Alphas did not care if the Omega was in heat or not. If they were in rut any Omega would do. All they wanted was to have sex, to mate.

Which was what was happening to her packs Omega. Sammy had been grabbed by the Alpha when he had simply wandered to the side of the market. Sammy had been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The big man managed to free himself from her grasp, he spun quickly and backhanded her hard. She crumpled to the floor, stunned. Meg knew she would not be able to take on the Alpha on her own.

She tried to kick out at the man as he leaned over her and pulled her up by the front of her shirt, the fabric ripping as he did so. He pulled his arm back and punched her in the face, the fist hitting her cheek. Her head snapped back. Reeling she tried to regain her focus, tried to get free of the attacker. But the Alpha was fully in rut, his attention was solely on mating with an Omega. Anything or anyone in the way would be tossed aside in his quest. The Alpha was probably capable of killing her if he wanted to. Selfishly Meg hoped the Alpha would find Sammy a more interesting prospect than continuing his assault on her.

With an ease that Meg hated, the Alpha threw her down, she landed awkwardly. White hot pain flared from her left knee, she cried in pain, she could not help it. After a few seconds, she managed to look up at the towering Alpha who stood over her a satisfied grin on his face. She could do nothing to stop the kick that was aimed at her head.

She fell back, completely at the Alpha’s mercy. Meg was not sure if she could even lift her arm to defend herself if the man decided to kick her again. Her vision swam but she did not pass out. She was aware of moaning in pain and desperately trying to focus on where Sammy had been. She squinted her eyes a little and managed to make out the Omega trying to push himself off the bench. The Alpha turned back to Sammy who looked at him, Meg could not really make out his expression, but she knew it would be one of fear. Meg felt as though she had let Sammy down. She had not thought; she had rushed in and now Sammy was going to pay for her haste.

A~B~O

The app on his phone buzzed as it picked up the location of Sammy’s phone. Daniel looked at the phone with confusion. The arrow on the screen was pointing at the shops he was standing outside of.
He turned and looked at the empty shops. He could see through the broken window of the shop in front of him. All that was left were a couple of empty shelving units, some empty sweet boxes and an open till on the floor. There was no sign of his distressed Omega.

Daniel cursed when he realised the arrow was pointing to the back of the shops. He looked along the shop units and spotted an alleyway, which would be almost concealed from the other side by the neighbouring building jutting forward slightly.

As he reached the gap in the buildings, he did not hesitate any further he rushed through. As the alleyway opened up, he spotted something on the ground that looked out of place. One of Sammy’s trainers tipped on its side, the laces undone. The trainers had been a present for Sammy’s twenty-first birthday, three months before.

Daniel looked further along the alleyway, the sound of a yelp of pain had him break into a run. The yelp had come from Meg.

Daniel skidded to a halt at the overgrown hedge, he had missed the gap in the unkempt park’s perimeter. Retracing a few steps, he pushed his way past the few trailing stems trying to block the gap completely. His need to protect his pack took over all his senses. There was nothing, at that moment, that mattered more than protecting his family.

Meg was lying on the ground, her expression filled with pain, weakly reaching out, trying to pull herself up. Her face was bruised, her blouse was ripped, more bruises showing on her shoulder. Her jeans were muddy and damp where she had been on the wet grass. Meg was looking across the small disused play park. She looked unfocused but desperate to help. Daniel knew she would not be able to.

A small, feeble cry from a few yards away made Daniel refocus his rage. A rage that had been building within him since he had first felt the fear from his Omega. Sammy was in trouble and he was going to save him or die trying. Nothing else mattered.

Sammy was looking at him with pain and fear in his eyes. His little Omega had been pinned to a dirty bench, held there by the powerful rutting Alpha that had obviously attacked Meg. Only an Alpha in rut would have been able to beat Meg so easily. Sammy was covered in grazes and bruises where he had tried to get away from his attacker. The Omega had been held still long enough for the Alpha to have undone and pushed his trousers and underwear down, exposing him. Daniel felt his rage and anger increase when he saw the bruises across his Omega’s back and hips.

The Alpha had undone his own trousers and was leaning over Sammy, clutching at his own cock as he talked to him quietly. The Alpha seemed to be unaware of Daniels presence as he played with himself through his boxer shorts.

‘I’m gonna fuck you so hard, you won’t be able to walk, you little shit. You ain’t in heat so you’ll bleed, you’ll ’urt. I might drag you back to my shitty little bedsit and keep you as my fuck toy.’

Sammy was crying, tears spilling from his eyes. He had stopped struggling. Daniel wondered if his little Omega had accepted his fate. Accepted that he could not fight the Alpha off.

Daniel yelled at the Alpha. A feral, primal scream.

The Alpha stood up, pulling himself to his full height. The man was a couple of inches taller than Daniel and had the buffness that came with the annual rut. Daniel knew the Alpha would be stronger than him, but he also knew he would stop at nothing to protect his Omega.
The two Alpha’s slowly advanced on each other.
Chapter 3

The Alpha leaned over him, his hand pushing down on his back, making it hard for him to breathe. Sammy knew he could not escape. He saw someone else run into the park. They stopped and looked at Meg who was still lying on the ground, obviously too injured to be able to get up. Sammy wondered if the Alpha would go back to assaulting her once he had finished attacking him.

His eyes were unfocused due to the tears, but he sensed that the newcomer was Daniel before he could properly make him out.

‘I’m gonna fuck you so hard, you won’t be able to walk, you little shit. You ain’t in heat so you’ll bleed, you’ll ‘urt. I might drag you back to my shitty little bedsit and keep you as my fuck toy.’

The foul smoky breath from the Alpha as he spoke to him made him feel sick. But his mate was there.

Daniel was there.

But would Daniel be able to stop the rutting Alpha?

The weight was moved from his back, Sammy took a few gasped breaths, it hurt to breathe too hard.

The Alpha squared up to Daniel who had yelled at him. The cry something more like an animal would make. He had never heard anything like it from his mate before. He had seen Daniel angry a few times, but not enraged like he was at that moment. Daniel had only one focus. He stared at the other Alpha and practically growled at him. The two men circled each other for a few seconds before the attacker made the first move.

Daniel managed to dodge the first attack, stepping aside and shoving the other Alpha away. The taller man rounded on Daniel with speed. The man had said he was recently out of prison, Sammy wondered if he had learned to fight whilst incarcerated.

A movement to his right caught his attention. Meg was gesturing to him, beckoning him to her. She had managed to push herself onto her side, resting on one elbow.

Sammy glanced back at the fighting Alphas. The two men were exchanging punches. Daniel already had a bleeding cut above his eye. The other Alpha’s shirt was ripped, exposing his muscular arms. Sammy hated to believe that his Alpha would not win, but he suspected that would be the case. Daniel was big, as all Alpha’s were, but against a slightly bigger, rutting, Alpha, his mate did not stand much chance. Sammy knew Daniel would not stop protecting him. Their bond meant he would give his life to save his Omega.

Sammy managed to push himself up, wincing as he reached for his trousers and underwear, pulling them up gingerly. The bruises he knew he had were already making him feel stiff and uncomfortable. His arm hurt where the Alpha had squeezed it. He felt dirty, even though nothing had happened, but the Alpha had touched his skin. Omega were very fastidious about cleanliness; Sammy hated the way he felt. He unconsciously wiped his hands on his trousers as he edged around the park to Meg, keeping well clear of the fighting men.

Sammy flinched as the Alpha punched Daniel in the stomach, causing him to double over. The Alpha grabbed Daniel’s shoulders before kneeling him in the face. Daniel stumbled back a few paces but somehow managed to keep his feet. He was breathing hard, blood now coming from his nose and mouth. Grazes and bruises covered his sweat-streaked face, one eye was starting to swell shut.
already. But Daniel persevered.

Sammy reached Meg and eased himself down to kneel at her side, she grabbed him and pulled him close. She was crying. Sammy was not sure what to do. He looked back at the fighting men.

The Alpha kicked out at Daniel who was really struggling to stay upright. The kick to his thigh was enough to see him stumble to the ground. The Alpha moved forward snarling at him, before kicking him as he lay on the ground, doing very little to defend himself.

Sammy tried to move forward, he wanted to go to his mate. Needed to help him. But Meg held him back. Even injured, Meg was a lot stronger than him. She had her phone in her other hand, trying to make a call, Sammy guessed she was calling for help.

But would help get there quick enough?

A~B~O

Meg kept her free hand hooked around Sammy’s arm; she knew she could not let him go. If he went anywhere near the rutting Alpha as he finished beating Daniel, he would grab Sammy and probably just carry the slight man away. She knew if the attacker grew bored of beating Daniel, he would turn his attention to her and Sammy. She was in no state to fight back, he could easily subdue her and still take Sammy.

She had managed to dial the police and hoped they would be able to locate their location from her mobile. She had managed to say a few words but only enough to give the operator a rough idea of their location. Meg did not know the name of the nearest road, and at that moment could not remember the name of the car park where the market was or what the parade of shops had been called when they were still open.

Meg felt useless and pathetic. She had been beaten so easily by the Alpha and now could do nothing but watch as her friend was beaten to the floor and kicked repeatedly. Daniel had fought well, but he had not stood a chance from the start. His primal urges to protect had kicked in, despite the odds being against him. Now Sammy wanted to protect his bonded Alpha and Meg was being forced to prevent the Omega from doing so.

The Alpha kicked Daniel in the head a couple of times before he went still. He had been doing little to protect himself for a few seconds. Meg guessed he was unconscious. Sammy would have reacted if he was dead. But now that Daniel was not causing an unfortunate distraction the rutting Alpha could turn his attention back to Sammy. He leered at them both as he straightened up.

‘Run, Sammy,’ said Meg, her voice shaking as she spoke.

Sammy shook his head but did move backwards, closer to her. Recoiling from the attacker.

‘Get help. You’re faster than him. Run.’

Sammy shook his head.

Meg did not know if Sammy was refusing to move because of loyalty to his pack or fear. Perhaps it was both.

The big Alpha started to walk towards them a hungry look in his eyes.

A~B~O
Sammy glanced at the still form of his mate, lying a few yards away. But Sammy could not go to Daniel, could not check how badly injured he was.

Meg was trying to move them both backwards. She still had one hand around his arm, tugging him along with her as she moved, whimpering as she did so. Sammy had no idea what injuries Meg had other than the obvious bruises to her face and shoulder.

They both stared up at the Alpha. Sammy knew Meg would not be able to stop the man from grabbing him now. She had told him to run away, but if he had done that there would be nothing to stop him from killing Daniel and Meg. Neither could defend themselves. Sammy would rather have been raped by the man, used by him than be responsible for his mate and friend being killed.

‘BACK AWAY.’

‘HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!’

‘ARMED POLICE!’

The shouts and activity blurred into one as four police officers ran into the park. All had their tasers drawn, aiming at the Alpha. Sammy turned away slightly. Meg put her arm around him, shielding him. He did not want to watch. He could feel Meg shaking as she clutched onto him, holding him firmly as though she was never going to let him go, never let him near danger again.

He wondered if all that had happened was his fault.

‘ON YOUR KNEES.’

‘DO IT.’

‘THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.’

A rapid clicking noise made both Sammy and Meg flinch. Sammy peered around. The Alpha had gone rigid and fallen to the floor. His body was tense. The police officer was still holding the taser aimed at him, her finger firmly on the trigger for a few seconds. When she released her finger, it only took the enraged Alpha a second to start to get up. The police officer simply fired the taser a second time as two other officers approached the man from either side holding cuffs and what Sammy knew were wraps to go around a criminal’s legs to stop him trying to run or kick. The taser was stopped a second time. The two officers bundled into the Alpha. It was not until all four officers were holding the man down that they were able to deal with him.

Sammy felt Meg’s grip on him loosen slightly. He guessed she felt they were safe now the attacker had been subdued. She was still shaking and breathing fast but had managed to relax slightly. Sammy looked at her, she managed a pained smile.

‘I’ll be fine, go and check on him.’

Sammy nodded slowly, he knew Meg was not fine, but also knew she would want to know what state Daniel was in as well.

On shaky legs he managed to walk to his mate, he gave the police officers as wide a berth as the small park would allow, he brushed along the hedge his eyes firmly on the Alpha male who was swearing at the women as they turned him onto his front and forced his arms behind his back to handcuff him. One of the women was leaning over his legs keeping them still as the other three worked together to get the handcuffs on him. Sammy was sure they would not let the man go. The barbs from the taser were still in his chest, Sammy guessed they could shock him again if they had to.
Sammy would not have minded if they did.

He reached Daniel who had not moved. He was clearly unconscious, his face slightly turned away from Sammy as he knelt next to him. Sammy looked his mate over. Daniel clothes were dishevelled and dirty, mud-streaked across his trousers and hooded top. The top had risen up revealing deep bruises and cuts to Daniels sides. Sammy ghosted his fingers over his mate’s chest, fearful of touching him and hurting him further. Sammy guessed Daniel had broken ribs, his breathing was shallow. But he was breathing steadily.

Leaning forward slightly Sammy gently turned Daniel’s head to face him. One eye was swollen enough to be shut completely. Blood covered half of his face, the cut above his eye was still bleeding sluggishly. Sammy wanted to embrace his mate, to kiss him, to heal him by his mere touch alone. But he did not know where to start. There did not seem to be a part of Daniel’s body that had not been affected. An obvious boot print on his jeans where he had been kicked probably hid another bruise.

Sammy slipped his hand around Daniels and clutched it; he kissed his mates fingers.

‘Thank you,’ he said quietly.
‘You alright love?’ asked one of the officers after they had finally subdued the rutting Alpha enough.

The officer, in her forties, wore the stripes of a sergeant and a kind smile. She crouched down in front of Meg and brushed her loose hair away from her face. Meg looked across at Daniel and Sammy. Sammy was leaning over his mate, the worry evident on his face.

‘The paramedics will be here in a minute…’ the sergeant looked across at the prone form on the ground a few yards away. ‘Are they bonded do you know? I’ll make sure they travel to the hospital together. Is there anyone we can call for you?’

Meg looked at the sergeant realising she thought that Meg did not know Daniel and Sammy. She hesitated; she really did not want to deal with the usual accusations she got when people found out she was a progressive woman living with a pack.

‘The other Alpha,’ she said quietly, ‘Jamie…he’s in my contact list.’

‘Friend of the family?’ asked the sergeant absentmindedly as she scrolled through the contacts on Meg's phone.

Meg managed a nod before wincing, screwing her eyes shut.

‘It’s alright love,’ the sergeant said, her hand resting on Meg’s shoulder. ‘You did a good thing here. Was that one trying to rape the Omega?’

Meg managed another nod. The sergeant shook her head sadly.

‘We’ll take a statement once you’ve been looked at in the hospital.’

Meg allowed the officer to lie her down, the woman kept a hand on her shoulder. She found the contact oddly comforting, a reminder that their ordeal was over. Although she still did not know what state Daniel was in.

A flurry of activity followed. Meg lost track of what was going on. Two ambulances arrived. Four paramedics filed into the small scrubby park. An Omega in his fifties, dressed in the familiar green overalls crouched down next to her with a smile and a friendly greeting. Meg robotically answered the questions he asked, her gaze continually wandering across to the two medics working on Daniel. She saw the fourth medic encourage Sammy to leave Daniel as the others worked. She wanted to ask what was happening, wanted to know where Sammy was being taken.

Everything that was happening was confusing. She blinked a few times, feeling suddenly tired. She wanted to stay awake to support her pack. But she knew they were safe.

A~B~O

Jamie picked up his phone as the vibration went a second time.

‘Hi, Meg...are the boys boring you yet with their books and woodwork?’

‘Is this Jamie?’ asked an unfamiliar female voice.

‘Yes. Who is this?’
Jamie watched as Clive put his book down and focused his attention on him.

‘My name is Sergeant Cox. I’m afraid I have some bad news. Samuel was attacked by a rutting Alpha—’

‘Is he alright? Where’s Meg and Danny?’

Jamie had jumped to his feet and started looking around for his shoes, slipping his feet into them as he listened. Clive was doing the same thing across the room from him.

‘Er…Meg? Would that be Rachel?’

‘Yes, she goes by her middle name,’ replied Jamie.

‘Right. Well, Meg and Daniel tried to fight the Alpha off. Both of them have been injured. Daniel was unconscious but I believe he came around a little in the ambulance and Meg had to be sedated at the scene due to her being confused. Although I think I understand now, that she was just looking out for her family. Does she live with you?’

‘Yes. What about Sammy?’

‘He’s alright, he’s bruised and battered, but nothing worse than that. He is obviously very shaken up and he needs his other Alpha with him.’

‘We’re on our way. Are they at St Agatha’s?’

‘Yes. We need you to chaperone Samuel for his statement and we need to get some pictures and samples from him, but he’s very worked up at the moment. I don’t want to make him any worse, poor love’s been attacked and watched his family beaten when they defended him.’

Jamie nodded, ‘thanks. Tell him we’re leaving now.’

He looked up from the phone, Clive was watching him carefully.

‘Some rogue Alpha tried to hurt Sammy. Danny and Meg got hurt protecting him. They’re all at St Agatha’s…I need to check on Sammy.’

Jamie moved quickly to the door, pausing to fish the car keys from the bowl. He stopped when Clive appeared beside him.

‘First thing you need to do is take a couple of breaths…’

Clive looked at him, his expression serious before he continued.

‘It won’t do any of them any good if we get in an accident on the way over there.’

‘You’re right,’ said Jamie who had not noticed how worked up he had become.

The Beta male did not release him for a few seconds, he maintained eye contact, searching for a sigh that Jamie was going to calm down.

Clive stepped away and headed for the stairs, ‘I’ll grab a change of clothes for them each. The police might need Sammy’s for evidence and if the others have been injured their clothes might have been cut off.’

‘Good idea…’ said Jamie slowly.
As Clive disappeared up the stairs Jamie took a moment to perch on the back of the sofa, he closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, forcing himself to calm down. He would not help his Omega if he was worked up. Sammy needed calm people around him. Clive was right, it would not do any of them any good if he rushed in wound up and demanding to know what was happening.

Clive reappeared with the hastily packed back, the Beta male had managed to remain calm, at least on the outside. Jamie knew Clive would be as worried as he was. They hurried to the car. Jamie was glad the others had walked into town leaving the car on the driveway. Jamie climbed into the driver’s seat and waited for Clive to drop the bag on the back seat and get in beside him. He eased the car off the drive and turned towards the town centre.

Thoughts whirled through his head, but he pushed them aside. Clive had been correct, they had to get to the hospital in one piece.

A~B~O

St Agatha’s had recently been refurbished and catered for all of the sexes, there was even a small ward devoted to Beta males. The state-of-the-art emergency department had its entrance a hundred yards to the right of the impressive main entrance.

Jamie found a parking space relatively close to the pedestrian entrance. Clive was out of the car before Jamie had applied the handbrake and making his way towards the door. Jamie followed him at a jog. They reached the reception desk at the same time. The young man working there looked up at them. He had a hands-free headset on, he raised a finger toward the two newcomers and spoke into the mic asking about a patient. He nodded as he listened to the reply before thanking whoever he had been speaking to.

The Omega smiled at them.

‘We’re here for Sammy...Samuel Wade and Meg... no Rachel Thornton and Daniel Waterman,’ Jamie managed to say.

The receptionist smiled again and tilted his head slightly as he spoke, ‘we so rarely call our loved ones by their names, do we?’

The young man, whose calming influence was already helping Jamie, tapped at the keyboard in front of him for a few seconds. He frowned, his expression darkening.

‘I’ve contacted the consultant, to tell them that you are here. Rachel and Daniel are each in a private room in the Darwin ward and Samuel is waiting for you in the consulting room. First door on the right down there. There’s a police officer waiting with him, they’re expecting you.’

Jamie nodded, he turned to Clive who seemed to have read his mind.

‘You go to Sammy; I’ll go and check on Meg and Danny...if that’s alright?’

The receptionist nodded, ‘just let me take your name so that I can add you to the visitor's list.’

‘Clive Midgely.’

The Omega tapped at his keyboard for a few seconds, he frowned before looking at Clive.

‘Sorry, but you won’t be able to see Daniel. Beta males are restricted,’ the receptionist lowered his voice, ‘shit rule if you ask me. But you can go and see your guardian.’
The young man added a sarcastic tone to the final word.

Clive looked down for a few seconds. Jamie did not like seeing his friend being denied the same freedom that Alphas and Omegas enjoyed.

‘If Ms Thornton has a word with the consultant, they will probably be able to put you on the list,’ continued the receptionist with a conciliatory smile. ‘She should be awake.’

Clive nodded and moved off along the corridor, the bag of clothes clutched in his hand. Jamie watched him go for a few seconds before pushing through the doors to the consulting room.

The clinical room had the smell of cleaning products and sterility. The white walls and metallic medical objects and tools gleamed. But Jamie’s focus was solely on his mate.

Sammy was sat on an examination bed. He was shaking, dried tears were smudged across his cheeks mixed with muddy marks. But the bruises and grazes were what made Jamie gasp in shock. His Omega had been beaten badly in the attack. If Sammy had got off lightly, Jamie wondered what state Meg and Daniel were in?

The Omega looked at him but did not move from the bed. He was only wearing one trainer and his belt was undone. His shirt was untucked. Jamie could not remember seeing the usually tidy young man looking as unkempt as he did at that moment.

‘Mr Attwood?’ asked a police officer rising from a seat at the side of the room.

Jamie nodded but did not look away from Sammy who finally managed to speak to him. Sammy’s voice cracked with emotion, he sniffed frequently.

‘They want my clothes and to take pictures, but they needed to wait for you to be here. I’m not badly hurt, it’s just bruises and few grazes that they’ll clean up...Meg stopped him...then he hurt Meg. Danny got there before he could do anything to me...I’m sorry.’

Jamie took a step forward. The police officer moved to stand between them.

‘I know you want to be with him, Mr Attwood, but right now we need his clothes and to take pictures. We don’t need swabs or samples, Samuel wasn’t actually raped, and the officers have recordings on their body worn video of the offender making comments about wanting to sexually assault Samuel.’

Jamie looked at the officer for the first time, she smiled at him before continuing.

‘Let me do what I need to then you can be with him. He has been very brave up to now. I know that sounds patronising Samuel,’ the officer turned to Sammy, ‘but you have been nothing but cooperative. You’re a credit to your family.’

The officer pointed at the chair she had been sat in indicating for Jamie to sit. He did as he was told, slightly surprised at how calm and gentle the officer was being with them. His own experiences with law enforcement had not been good. He watched as the officer, whose name badge which had ‘PS Cox’ written on, unfolded some paper bags and pulled out a notepad.

‘You’re the officer I spoke to on the phone.’

Sergeant Cox nodded as she lay the bags on the bed next to Sammy.

‘I spoke to Rachel...Meg at the scene. It took me a while to realise she lived with you, it wasn’t ‘til I
spoke to you that it fell into place. I think she didn’t want to say in case we got funny about it.’

Sergeant Cox turned to look at Jamie, ‘but I’m a progressive as well. I’m out and proud about it.’

Jamie managed a smile, feeling he had someone on their side.

The Sergeant turned back to Sammy, ‘now Samuel—’

‘Sammy,’ said Sammy quietly.

‘Sammy,’ she repeated. ‘I need you to take off your clothes and I will pop them in these bags. Just go slow enough for me to label each bag. My handwriting is bad so I have to write slowly or they won’t understand it.’

Jamie was impressed with the officer who kept the conversation going as she slowly got Sammy to strip off. When Sammy was left with just his boxer shorts on Sergeant Cox took a few moments to put the bags of clothing in order. She pulled out a digital camera.

‘The lighting in here is perfect for this,’ she said. ‘I need you to stand and I will move around you.’

Sammy nodded and slowly eased himself off the bed. Jamie could feel the anxiety coming from his mate, he was desperate to go to him, but followed Sammy’s example and remained outwardly calm. Sammy was obviously scared and in shock but, as the officer had said, was being brave. Jamie was proud of his mate, but he still wanted to comfort him properly.

Stiffly, Sammy walked a few steps forward. Sergeant Cox started to take pictures of his assortment of bruises, occasionally getting him to move slightly so that she could see a mark more clearly. Jamie took in the state of the Omega. The bruises covered his small body but were concentrated over his hips and back. An obvious handprint encircled his upper arm. Jamie had to work hard to contain himself, he hated to think how close his mate had come to being the victim of a serious sexual assault.

‘I’m sorry, Sammy,’ said the officer, ‘but I need to get a clear picture of the bruises on the small of your back and buttocks. Can you push your boxers down for me? Perhaps Jamie could hold your hand?’

Sergeant Cox glanced at him with a nod. Jamie quickly moved to Sammy’s side. He waited for Sammy to shakily push his boxer shorts down to his thighs before grasping his hand tightly. Sammy was shaking and sniffing, tears spilling freely from his eyes.

‘Nearly done,’ said the officer from behind them as she took a few final pictures. ‘Alright. He’s all yours.’

Sammy wilted, his facade of calm gone, Jamie swept him into a firm embrace, using one hand to pull his mate's boxers back up. Sammy had pretty much collapsed. Jamie picked him up with ease and moved to the bed, sitting Sammy on the edge before moving to sit beside him, not breaking the contact for a second.

‘You’ve both done well,’ said the officer with a genuine smile. ‘I’ll get this all logged then we can get started on a statement. I’m sorry to make you do all this straight away Sammy, but the sooner you give your victim statement the better.’

‘I understand,’ said Sammy quietly.

Sergeant Cox smiled at them both, ‘I’ll be a few minutes, she said. I may stop and get a coffee on my
way back. What do you both drink?’

Jamie appreciated what she was doing, giving them a few minutes alone.

‘I like coffee. Sammy drinks milky tea. Can he get dressed? We brought a change of clothes for them all?’

The officer nodded, 'I think the nurse wants to clean the grazes on Sammy's cheek, but that's all.'

She smiled at them both before gathering the evidence bags together and quietly leaving the room.
Chapter 5

Clive had found the private room where Meg was quite easily. The hospital security officer had let him pass without too much of a disparaging look, but it had still left Clive feeling uncomfortable. He hated that his status as a Beta male meant he was subject to more red tape than the Omega and Alpha males. Females all seemed to be wary of him. He was no threat to them, but most thought he should either be used subserviently or kept away from everyone.

He pushed the door open and stepped into the room. Meg was lying either asleep or unconscious on a bed in the centre of the room. She had been stripped of her clothes and put in a hospital gown. The pale purple gown made the bruising on her face stand out in stark contrast. Her left leg had been left uncovered, slightly raised over a pillow, her knee was swollen.

Clive slowly approached the bed, he pulled a chair over and sat in it, leaning forward slightly and gently taking Meg’s hand in his. She did not stir, despite the bruising and swelling to her face she looked peaceful. He remembered Jamie saying that she had been sedated, the receptionist had told them that she should be awake. Clive guessed she had come around at some point then fallen asleep again. He was not surprised.

‘I was worried about you,’ he said quietly. ‘I’m worried about Danny and Sammy as well, but I had to hide how worried I was about you from Jamie…’

Clive glanced over his shoulder, checking that no one was immediately outside the door. That no one might see him.

He looked back at Meg for a second before leaning over her and giving her a kiss on the least bruised cheek. He sat back down, shifting forward enough to hold her hand in both of his, kissing her fingers.

‘I know what we have is taboo...but I don’t want anything to happen to you...and not because you’re my guardian...not because I’d have to go back to the home...or...or to work for the state...because I don’t want anything to happen to you.’

Clive could not stop the tears in his eyes from spilling over, he sniffed and wiped them away with his fingers. He looked back at Meg, realising she was watching him. He felt himself going red with embarrassment at his confession to her whilst he thought she was asleep.

‘I’m not going anywhere,’ Meg said quietly, ‘actually, I can’t go anywhere for a few days ‘cos I can’t walk very well.’

Clive looked at her knee.

‘Sprained apparently. You know I don’t give a shit about what people would think if they knew that we were together Clive. The only reason I don’t want us to be open about it is because it would be detrimental to you...and I don’t want that.’

Clive smiled, ‘thank you. And thank you for protecting Sammy.’

‘How is he, and Danny?’
‘Jamie’s gone to see Sammy, to chaperone him so the rozzers can do what they need to. I need you to give me permission to see Danny.’

Meg shook her head with a sigh, ‘they told me, when I woke up earlier, that he’s come around a bit. He’s been badly knocked about. It’s going to take him a few weeks to fully recover. And I know Sammy’s going to feel responsible for all this. We’ve got to make sure he knows it’s not his fault. The Alpha...he was strong. None of us stood a chance against him.’

Clive tightened his grip on Meg’s hand, he could tell she was reliving the assault. The other thing that was affecting him would have to wait, he did not want to burden Meg with the fact that he was getting his own flashbacks. What had nearly happened to Sammy was causing him to remember in vivid details the time it had really happened to him.

‘I’ll talk to the security officer,’ said Meg, ‘get them to give you access to all of us freely.’

‘I hate being a Beta,’ said Clive after a few seconds.

‘I love you for being a Beta,’ replied Meg as she squeezed his hand.

A~B~O

Jamie held Sammy close to him he waited for the Omega to break the embrace first. Sammy was clinging to him for all he was worth, his shoulders shaking as he cried. Jamie kissed the top of his head, wishing he could take the shock away from his mate.

‘I’m sorry,’ sobbed Sammy.

‘What for? You didn’t do anything wrong. You were grabbed, you didn’t ask for this in any way. You didn’t put yourself in danger. Sammy, you were yards away from hundreds of people.’

Sammy did not respond. Jamie knew it would take more than his word to placate the Omega. Sammy needed to see the rest of the family, needed to get Meg and Daniels reassurances that he had not caused the assault.

Sergeant Cox had spent some time taking details and writing up a rough copy of Sammy’s victim statement. She had collected all the notes together telling them that she would write it up and then visit them to get Sammy to read it and sign it in the next couple of days. She had been optimistic that they would be able to charge the offending Alpha with something, the man had been arrested for two assaults and an attempted sexual assault. Attacking a fertile Omega was a very serious offence. They knew the defence would try to use the Alpha’s rut as an excuse but that rarely made much of a difference.

There was a light knock on the door of the consulting room followed by it being pushed open by a nurse. The young man, a little older than Sammy walked in carrying a tray.

‘I’ve come to clean up that graze Sammy. Is that alright?’ asked the nurse as he placed the tray down on the table by the bed.

Sammy nodded as he pushed himself away from Jamie but kept hold of his arm. The nurse spent a few seconds looking at the grazes before picking up some tweezers.

‘There’s a few splinters. Keep still for me whilst I removed them,’ he said with a smile.

Jamie knew the gentle nature of the Omegas made them well suited for caring professions. The nurse worked quickly and calmly, removing splinters and cleaning the graze.
‘It won’t need dressing, just keep it clean. When did you last have a tetanus injection? If you can’t remember it won’t matter, I’ll give you one anyway. Better to be safe than sorry.’

Sammy slowly rolled the sleeve of his fresh shirt up as the nurse readied the needle. He tensed up slightly as the injection was administered. Jamie squeezed his hand and hugged him tighter.

‘The consultant says you can go to see Daniel. He’s not properly awake but your presence will probably help him.’

Sammy nodded, ‘thank you.’

‘No problem,’ the nurse looked at Jamie, ‘I saw your friend sat in the waiting room. He looked a little overwhelmed. Thought you might like to check if he was alright?’

Jamie noticed Sammy frown, ‘oh,’ he said looking up at Jamie, ‘this must have reminded Clive about what happened to him. I didn’t think.’

‘Neither did I. I doubt he thought about it straight away either. We both just wanted to get here to see if you were all OK. You go see Danny. I’ll go and make sure Clive is alright then I’ll pop in on Meg.’

Sammy smiled, the first genuine smile Jamie had seen from his Omega since he had walked into the room and found him sitting on the edge of the bed bruised and battered.

A~B~O

Jamie watched as Sammy slowly walked along the corridor to the room where Daniel had been taken. He had wanted to go with Sammy to make sure that he was alright, but Sammy had told him that he should check on Clive who was sat staring into the middle distance in the waiting room, oblivious to them watching him. Jamie felt another swell of pride as his brave Omega had taken control of the situation and sent him to check on their friend, rather than stay with him.

As Sammy disappeared Jamie turned to Clive. The Beta male was sat, his shoulders slumped a little, his focus not on anything in the room. Clive did not react until Jamie had sat next to him and rested his hand on his knee.

‘I don’t want to pull you away from Sammy,’ said Clive.

‘Sammy asked me to come and sit with you for a bit...I’m sorry I didn’t think earlier. Are you OK?’

Clive nodded, ‘I was just so worried about them to start with, I didn’t even think about it. It wasn’t until I knew they were all OK. Well...that they’ll all live that it hit me. How close he came to being attacked...like I was...’

Jamie took Clive’s hand and much as he had done with Sammy squeezed it to offer what little comfort he could. He knew that Clive had tried not to make too much of the attack he had suffered, tried to play it down, but the Beta male had been raped and nothing had really been done about it. No arrests were made, no statements taken. The attack on Sammy was being treated in a completely different way. Sammy was being treated as a victim of attempted rape; Clive had been treated as though he had asked for the assault on him. Jamie knew that Clive would not begrudge the time that would be spent on Sammy to ensure that justice was done and that the rouge Alpha would be dealt with. Omega were so important to the continuance of the species that the attention was justified. But the lack of attention Clive had received only highlighted the disparity between the sexes.

‘How is he?’ asked Clive after a few moments.
‘Bruised. Very shaken. He broke down a bit after they had finished taking their pictures, although
the Sergeant was very good, she took her time and spoke to us both. Turns out she’s a progressive as
well so at least she has respect for us. What about Meg?’

Clive looked a little embarrassed for a few seconds, Jamie could not work out why.

‘Er...she was awake just now. She’s worried about Sammy and Danny. She’s got a sprained knee
and bruising as well. But I think, compared to Danny she got off lightly.’

‘Sammy was saying that Danny and the Alpha had a full-blown fight. But that Danny was knocked
to the ground quickly...which doesn’t surprise me...rutting Alpha’s are really strong...you’ve seen us
and we both do our damnedest to keep our strength in check.’

Clive had gone back to staring into the distance. Jamie realised what he had said.

‘Sorry. You already know how strong we can be...I can’t begin to imagine what this is like for you.’

Clive smiled, ‘it’s horrible, Jamie. It’s horrible. I feel sorry for all of them but all I am getting is
flashes of him pushing me around and pinning me down and...and hurting me.’

Jamie slipped his arm around the shorter man and pulled him close. He wished he could take the pain
away from all of his family.

A~B~O

A few hours later…

Daniel was lying, slightly propped up on the bed. He stared at the ceiling, trying to work out if there
was any part of his body that did not hurt. He decided there was not.

When he had first come around, he had been very confused, and he guessed a little combative. The
Alpha paramedic in the ambulance and pushed him back down and told him firmly that he was safe,
that Sammy was safe, and that the offender had been arrested. Sammy had been sat watching him,
grazes and bruises on his face reminding Daniel just how close his little Omega had come to being
raped.

Daniel had no idea what had happened at the end of the fight. He had known he would not win, but
he had to protect his Omega. Now that they were all safe Daniel could take stock of his assortment
of injuries.

Broken ribs and a nasty cut above his eye were the worst of the list of afflictions he had. He was
covered in bruises and had strained several muscles. Daniel knew it would take several weeks to
fully recover. He also knew that Sammy would help him. The Omega were naturally calming, and
that calmness promoted healing.

Sammy was next to him, leaning forward over the bed, his head resting on one arm, the other
stretched out with his hand resting over Daniel’s wrist. The sleeping Omega did not look
particularly comfortable, but his proximity meant a lot to Daniel. He had been vaguely aware of
Sammy coming into the room and pulling the chair up to sit next to him. But the pull of sleep had
been too much for him to acknowledge his Omega. When he had woken again Daniel had no idea
how long it had been, but long enough for Sammy to have fallen asleep. Daniel could see that
Sammy had been crying, his eyes were puffy, his face flushed.

As Daniel watched, Sammy opened his eyes. He smiled at his Omega. Sammy did not return the
smile, he looked guilty. Daniel had expected the reaction.
‘It’s not your fault,’ he said.

‘That’s what Jamie said. But-’

‘No. Sammy, it was not your fault. He grabbed you. You couldn’t fight back. He’s the one at fault. He would have known he was going into rut and he should have known he could not deal with it on his own. He could have hired a Beta to help him. He could have checked himself into one of the free clinics to get through it. He had options. He had choices...he did not give you a choice, did he? When I got there, he had a firm hold of you...you couldn’t have got away. Sammy, it was not your fault.’

Daniel took Sammy’s hand and rubbed his thumb across his mate’s palm. Sammy did not look placated.

‘You could have been killed…’

‘But I wasn’t. Now I need you to be my mate and help me to heal. I need you to be strong for me.’

Sammy nodded slowly.

‘I was so scared. Then he hit Meg and all I did was watch...I couldn’t move…’

Daniel could tell his Omega was getting a little worked up, he wished he could pull the young man into an embrace. He knew that doing so would cause him a lot of pain and he did not want to worry Sammy. He settled for squeezing his hand instead. Sammy seemed to sense Daniel’s issue. He stood up and leaned over Daniel gently embracing him instead.

‘Thank you for saving me,’ he said.

Daniel looked at his mate for a few seconds before replying.

‘I have to protect my little Omega, don’t I?’

Sammy managed a small smile before sitting back down and slipping his hand into Daniels.

Daniel knew he had some way to go to physically recover from the attack, he just hoped that Sammy would recover mentally as well. His Omega had been hurt and Daniel had not really been able to do much to stop it. He vowed to be there for Sammy as much as he could for the next few months.

It would be difficult, but they would get through it.

The End.

Chapter End Notes

I know I have been quite horrible to Sammy there, but it was necessary...it had to happen, to help set up the next story. (The penultimate story).

I hope you enjoyed it, despite the nastiness!

‘Rozzers’ is a British slang term for the Police.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!