Summary

Neither of them expected to walk into each other's world, but when the famous actor Jensen Ackles, a strong, handsome Alpha, walks in a foreign Omega's bookstore, he might just change her whole simple life.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

A Normal Monday Morning – Or Not?

It was a fine spring morning. Yolanda Delaney, or Yolanda Donev (for she was born and grown in Bulgaria), was looking out of her window, thinking about life.

*Vieux Carré, known more as the French Quarter – not a bad place to be*, the Omega thought.

At the weekdays, and mostly the weekends, many people crowded into the Royal Street and the other streets around it to buy expensive trumpery, paintings, clothes and masks. Then there were the unusual shops, the cafés and restaurants. The streets were always busy, always full of people. But best of all, that was the place where most of her friends now lived.
The French Quarter was like a small village in the middle of a big city. And in this New Orleans’s village, Yolanda Delaney had her home. Her first American boyfriend lived in another part of town. Well, he was her boyfriend until two years earlier. Then he left her for a woman who looked like Eva Longoria, but in her early years. Let’s say he had a thing for foreigners.

So, in the house with the purple front door, Yolanda, twenty-three years old and single, now lived a strange life with her Beta lodger, Ivan. He was from Russia, yet raised in New Orleans. Ivan knew only twelve words in Russian - how to count from one to ten, greet and say goodbye. He got ten boyfriends in his life, which made it easier for him to learn the decimal numbers.

Yes, he was more liberal than Yolanda. But, she got nothing against the modern world she was living in.

“Hey, can you help me take an important decision?” Ivan walked into the room. He was tall, hazel-eyed man with dirty blond hair and untidy clothes.

“I’m going out with the lovely Cameron tonight, and I want to wear the right T-shirt.”

“What have you got?” Yolanda asked in her Bulgarian accent, trying to show some interest.

Ivan pulled on a T-shirt. On the front, an alien was swimming in a sea of blood above the words ‘I Love Blood’.

Her facial features twisted in amusement.

“There’s this one?”
“Hmm, I’m not sure it’s romantic enough”, Yolanda said thoughtfully. Putting every effort not to imagine Cameron’s face when he sees that shirt.

“Yes... Maybe you’re right.” Ivan ran up the stairs, still talking, “I know you’ll like this one!”

He came back wearing a second T-shirt.

‘Take me!’, read the word on the front, in big, black letters.

“Well,” Yolanda mumbled slowly, “Will he think you’re looking for true love? I’m not sure that he will.”

“Oh, I don’t want him to get the wrong idea! OK, just one more!”

He came down in the last T-shirt. Below little red emoji hearts, it read: ‘You’re awesome!’

Yolanda showed her surprise.

“Aaaand we have a winner!” She exclaimed. ”That’s perfect. Well done, Ivan!”

“Thaaaanks! Great! I’m feeling lucky!” Ivan smiled excitedly.

He turned and walked proudly upstairs. On the back of the T-shirt, Yolanda could now read: ‘Let’s fuck. ;)’

“Oh, Ivan...” She sighed to herself.
It was the first day of the working week. It was all just beginning.

Yolanda walked through the crowd of tourists and opened the door to her bookshop. It was a small store that sold… well, books. A few Marvel and DC comics, too. But, she never seemed to sell many. Inside, there were few small rooms full of shelves, and every shelf was heavy with books – expensive books, cheap books, large hardbacks and small paperbacks.

Yolanda greeted Happy, her assistant, who happened to be a Beta, like Ivan. A short man with beard and British accent, Happy tried to see the best in life. He liked to please people, make a lot of jokes, but was not very good at selling. In fact, people often thought he was a little strange. He wasn’t so bad, though. Happy was always there to help Yolanda when an Alpha hadn’t been able to accept that she wasn’t interested and had intervened on her behalf. She’d gotten no problem in knowing him better.

She rested her hip against the work desk, eyes scanning the calendar critically. Her heat had already passed few days ago. The strange thing was that it never came so early, neither it was that intense. That’s one of the reasons why she was so grateful she had such a boss, but most importantly such a friend as Happy. It wasn’t the best idea for an unmated Omega to go out in the days leading up to their heat mostly because she could attract an unwanted attention.

Yet, it could have been worse; Yolanda could have been born twenty years earlier when Omegas were still treated like second rate citizens. Her mother had been born a gorgeous and strong Omega, but she’d made sure to remind Yolanda of how lucky she was compared to ‘back in her day’. It was as if she’d suffered through the same oppression and overlooked the tiny fact that Omega’s still did not have it easy. There were still plenty of Alphas, who thought Omegas should drop everything to cater for their mate, should stay at home to care for the house and pups. There were still some that honestly couldn’t understand why Omegas wanted the right to work and the right to decide who their mate was.

Still, times had changed radically and Yolanda was better off for it. Omegas of her generation had the right to study and work; the right to live alone; the right to marry Betas instead of an Alpha who wanted to claim them. Of course, that situation didn’t happen very often, but if it ever presented itself, she’d at least have the right to decide.
Yolanda was grateful for the change, like many of the Omegas of her time. She took advantage of the new opportunities and studied all through high school, so she’d have the grades to earn a scholarship. There was no way her parents would have paid for her to go to school so Yolanda needed to make it there herself – and she did. She had accepted her high school diploma proudly. She’d received a full scholarship to several universities in Bulgaria, but chose the one in New Orleans, mostly so she could make her dream come true. To live in America. See a whole different world.

Living as a single Omega in a big city had been tough to put it mildly. Alphas here were head strong and arrogant, always believing they knew what you wanted better than you did. There were many that saw you as an easy target and you’d had to tread carefully to ensure none had the opportunity to take advantage of you or overpower you during your most vulnerable time, when your body declared to every living Alpha that you were ripe and ready for a pup.

There was only one thing standing in her way; money. The university covered everything from tuition to books and resources but not her accommodation. Sure, Yolanda could take out loans that she could pay off and live at the student residences but that was costly and didn’t even begin to cover all the extra amenities fees she would have to pay just living there. In the end the young Omega had decided it would just be easier to find some work.

That’s how she found the job at the bookstore that was between home and school, and split her time as best as she could. Things were tight but she was happy living her dream. She’d made friends with Betas and Omegas though she was hesitant around unfamiliar Alphas, even more around those who hadn’t already claimed a mate. It was unfortunately all too easy to come across one who was all sweet talk until they had an Omega alone and vulnerable. She’d made a promise to herself that she wouldn’t fall for an Alpha, wouldn’t let some controlling Alpha claim you. No, Yolanda was waiting – waiting until she found her mate. Perhaps it was childish to believe in true mates but she’d seen it happen, seen the look on an Alpha’s face as they realized the Omega in front of them truly belonged to them and vice versa. It was the look of total devotion and love, the look of an Alpha promising to themselves to always protect their Omega – that was what you wanted from your mate, what you were waiting for.

But that was a thought for another day. Right now, she had to get to work.

“Last week we made nothing! In fact, we lost £347 on those guidebooks to

As he left for the café without waiting for a response, someone came into the shop.

Yolanda looked up only to freeze on her spot. For a second she forgot how to breathe; she’d had attractive customers before but none of them could compare to the man in front of her. He was tall and broad, biceps bulging pleasantly beneath his tight button down. The sharpness of his jaw was muted with the five o’clock shadow he sported though it did make the glow of his skin all the more obvious. His dark blond hair, almost brown, was styled impeccably but the shortness of it suited the sharpness of his face. What stood out to her, however, were his eyes; they were hazel in the dim light of the shop, but they had also their own brightness that screamed kindness and sincerity. His eyes resembled a green legendary forest, which hid a lot of secrets.

She breathed in shakily, overwhelmed by the mere sight of the man, looking as if he was in his mid thirties. The girl was struck by his powerful Alpha scent, and immediately her body reacted to him. He was like no Alpha she’d ever scented before, musky and rich. Every breath made she wanted more and her body reacted like never before; heat pooled between her legs and her skin became flushed within seconds. There was an overwhelming desire to launch herself at him, a need to feel his skin against hers and rub her scent into him. It took all her rational thought not to do exactly that.

Yolanda maintained her composure.

“C-Can I help you?”

Well, she almost succeeded.

The man breathed in deeply, the hazel depths almost lost in a sea of black in a matter of seconds. He turned his look away from her.
“Just looking ‘round.”

He murmured to Yolanda, his voice deep and *indifferent*.

She frowned at his coldness. Her eyes followed him as he went over to a shelf. He picked out a large, expensive guidebook full of colour photographs.

“That book’s really not good… er, … if you’re thinking of buying it,” Yolanda chewed her bottom lip, her eyes falling to the ground as she said, a little nervously.

The strange Alpha beamed at that, immediately brightening at the mood.

“Really?”

“Yes, but this one is… very good,” She said, picking up one of the smaller books from her desk. “I think the writer really has been to England.”

”Interesting.”

There was a little voice in the back of Yolanda’s mind that was urging her to find out his name but it was overpowered by the elation she felt in his presence. His scent alone was the best thing she’d ever smelt and every nerve in her body felt like it had been hot wired.

Suddenly, Yolanda noticed something pretty disturbing on the small screen on her desk.

“Just a minute, please,” She whispered, controlling her trembling voice. She walked to the back of the shop towards a customer who was hiding between two lines of shelves.

“Er,… excuse me… sir,” She said to the man.

*Such a repulsive aroma is coming from this Alpha… I must be careful.*
Those thoughts quickly vanished at the sight of the Alpha towering above her. He was looking down at her expectantly, a leering grin on his face that made Yolanda uneasy.

“Yes?”

“Bad news.”

She shifted her balance from foot to foot.

“Huh?”

“We’ve got a camera in this part of the shop. I saw you put that book down your trousers,” Yolanda told him, coyly.

“What book?”

The eerie look on his face made her swallow down the instinct to call for help. The last thing Yolanda wanted was to draw the handsome man’s attention to herself, no matter how terrified she was in that moment. Besides, she’d handled Alphas worse than that skinny man; she could handle one overeager country dog that was getting a whiff of fresh meat.

Yolanda took a deep breath, answering politely. “The one down your trousers.”

“I haven’t got any book down my trousers.” The thief pressed, raising a hand to push away some loose strands of her long hair, “Although, I might have something else down there.”

“You got five seconds before I stick your head down there,” A husky voice snarled interrupting him, “Ten before I call the cops.”
The thief tensed, head turning to the sound of her beautiful hero’s agitated voice. She watched as the two Alphas glared at each other, unsure as to how that would play out. Yolanda’d seen other Alphas fight each other over Omegas but she never dreamed that it would happen to her. The idiot seemed to be weighing his odds of winning against her savior and it didn’t look good for him. Her hero looked lethal, green eyes ablaze with rage; now so much closer, she could see just how defined the muscles on his biceps were. Sensing the thief’s hesitance, Yolanda’s hero bared his teeth in a silent snarl and took a threatening step closer. The smaller Alpha was smart enough to recognize defeat and gave her the book before backing off and out of the store in a hurry.

Suddenly, her hero filled in the space between them, stopping until there was hair width between their bodies. She could feel the heat radiating from his body and the instinct to bare her neck to him hit her quick and hard.

“I was thinking of stealing one, too, but now I’ve changed my mind.”

Yolanda’s ears could only hear the sound of his voice. The words were muffled by her inner one,

*Alpha. Alpha. Alpha.*

She looked up at him, neck craning in order to look him in the eyes.

“What?”

He was gazing at her intently, his green eyes darkening as a gust of wind disrupted the air. He inhaled deeply, her scent hitting him. He took a step closer, trapping Yolanda against the shelves; he leant down until his nose brushed against the crook of her neck to drag in another deep breath. She shivered as his lips brushed against her skin delicately, heat pooling between her thighs. Without thinking, Yolanda tilted her head to the side baring her throat to him in submission, wanting nothing more than to feel his teeth sinking into her skin to claim.

“‘S hard to control...”
As the last word rolled off of his kissable lips, he reached out, his hands pulling her to him and locking around her waist. The warmth from his body melted into her small one, heating her skin until she felt flushed and needy. Heat flared in Yolanda’s belly as her arousal grew, panties beginning to dampen with slick.

Panic filled her with the unknown feeling. It was enough to pull her out of her daze. She was confused by her own actions and scared by the intensity of her desire for that Alpha stranger.

*What the Hell is going on? I’d never acted this way before, not even during my heats.*

The clearing of Happy’s throat brought him back to reality. He turned around in a split second, protecting Yolanda like a shield from the Beta, who seemed like a second threat to him. He snarled, nostrils flaring as he breathed and his jaw tightened as he stared down the smaller man.

“*Off!*” He growled.

Happy froze and turned to Yolanda with wide eyes, clearly having no idea what to do. Yolanda’d never discussed her dynamic with him and he had never asked if she had a mate. She wasn’t sure what she would have done in his position, faced with the strongest Alpha around, and she certainly didn’t blame him for stepping away cautiously, hands high in surrender. Happy gave her one last apologetic look before disappearing somewhere far, but the same time close in the store.

“I-I,—”

“I shouldn’t have came here,” She heard him grumble, his head falling down, his tensed back still facing her, “*Damn it*…”

She seemed to only be able to breathe in his scent, and it was intoxicating.

Yet, not enough to satisfy her.
“What’s your name?” The voice that left her throat sounded nothing like her.

“I have to go.”

Couldn't help myself. He's so...DADDY!♥♥♥♥♥
Tuesday. The day after he left just like he came – with the single ring of the door’s bell.

Yolanda felt empty.

_He’s gone_ , She thought to herself, her eyes watering for the thousandth time today. Yolanda couldn’t sleep the night. The thought of never seeing him again killed her. It broke her just a little to think that an Alpha had reduced her to a crying mess.
Ivan had said in the morning how pitiful she sounded, like a kitten mewing, and that it tugged at his heartstrings.

She had told him what happened back at the shop, and all he did was pat her head and give her an encouraging, friendly advise, “Just wait and see.”

Yolanda felt selfish and miserable not asking him about his date. She had already been working the time she realized her lapse.

“Here’s your cappuccino, darl.” Happy said brightly, as he pulled Yolanda out of her mind wandering. She hadn’t spoken to him since yesterday, but apologized for the embarrassing scene. He waved it off with a simple wink.

“Thanks…”

“Come now, you don’t have to be like that. Besides, I wouldn’t stand against a famous Alpha like him,” Happy mused, his eyes shining. “At least, I think he was. He seemed pretty familiar. I’m sure he’s starring in a sitcom.”

She chuckled softly and nodded, forcing the tears back that threatened to fall.

“Sure, yeah. He could have been even a rockstar, who knows.”

Happy shrugged slightly and shook his head as he finished his coffee in three sips. “Right … Another one?”
“Yes. No. You know what, let’s go crazy! I’ll buy us orange juice!”

Five minutes later, Yolanda left the café and hurried back to the bookshop with the orange juice. But, as she turned the corner, she walked straight into a man’s hard body. The orange juice exploded with the collision, splashing them both.

“Shit, I-I’m so sorry, I…”

Verinoca’s voice died off as she saw the person who she thought she would never see again. The Omega forgot all about the juice, instead eyes focused on the one whose cocoa scent had haunted her the last 24 hours. His eyes were cast down on his white shirt, completely oblivious to the Omega before him. There were bags under his eyes that hadn’t been there yesterday, and a small part of her selfishly hoped he’d missed her as much as she did him.

“Fuck…” Her aroma sneaked through the one of the orange and hit him. He immediately lifted his eyes and focused on you.

Meeting his sight again felt like coming to America for a second time. But, everything had it’s dark side, so was the Alpha before Yolanda.

“I-I live across the street… You c-can wash at my house,” She finally mumbled an offer.

It was a risky decision, inviting an Alpha into in Omega’s home, yet he was the one who ran from her. Somehow, she felt safe and sure with him. Her instincts were pushing her to take that risk.

Yes, she was completely certain about her determination. Completely out of her
mind.

He didn’t even pretend to refuse. The mysterious stranger simply nodded and made a gesture for her to lead.

They walked side by side towards Yolanda’s house. When the silence became too much, she spoke up:

“Don’t mind the chaos. I live with the real Tasmanian Devil.”

They both were surprised by her sudden humor.

Where this courage came from?

Some more steps and they reached the door.

“Come in. I’ll just…”

The house was in a terrible mess. Yolanda ran inside and kicked gently some shoes under the stairs. She threw away an old pizza box and tried to hide some dirty plates.

I’ll kill Ivan!

“Told ya - the Tasmanian Devil.”

Her lips curled, but the smile didn’t reach her eyes. She was watching him patiently, fighting the tense atmosphere with all her might.

He just looked around, smelling the air. No wonder searching for another Alpha’s scent. His face showed nothing. Like usual.
“The bathroom’s upstairs and there’s a phone on the desk in the room next to it… if you need such,” She pointed towards the stairs and left him, the crinkle deepening with uneasiness on her brow.

Did he lose his tongue back on the street? He acted so brave, so manly and Alpha in the bookshop. I find no reason for his odd, silent behavior, She pondered on him a few more minutes before she heard him coming down.

She didn’t expect to see the Alpha standing there with his hands in the pockets of his cargo pants and a half unzipped jacket, showing part of his tanned, sun-kissed chest, the leather hanging on his broad shoulders, clutching and showing his muscles at the smallest move.

God, he looked amazing – why did he have to look so damn gorgeous? Why couldn’t he, for once, look like a slob instead of runway ready?

The Alpha shifted uncomfortably.

“I, erm, wanted to say sorry for my behavior. I wasn’t on my right mind, and I think I frightened you and your colleague a bit. That’s why I came back to your street again, in attempt to apologize. I acted like a full jackass.”

He flashed a charming, hopeful smile, and Yolanda felt her cheeks flush a bit. She was practically swooning, already smitten with him.

“Want some friendship… I-I mean fresh juice?” She shook her head, scolding herself for being such an awkward person.

“Uuuh…” He tilted his head aside, as the tension in his shoulders began to fade.

“Coffee? Water?”
“No, but thanks.”

“Something to eat… an old pizza?” She jerked her thumb out towards the kitchen.

_Yolanda!_

He rubbed the back of his neck, looking sideways. Undoubtedly, unsure of how to refuse in another way.

She bit her bottom lip, debating silently on offering something else, which would keep him longer with her, but the look he gave Yolanda left no room for argument. Nodding meekly, the Omega took her time to gaze at him.

Even from his side profile, she could see that the lines of anguish around his eyes far outweighed those from laughter or smiling. Yolanda wondered what had happened to the Alpha to make him so sad.

“Got somethin’ on my face?”

Her whole face burned in flames of shame at being caught staring.

“Sorry. I just…” Yolanda bit her lip, wondering if she dared ask him for his name. _Again_. “Wondered about… _something._”

She didn’t, afraid of losing him.

He looked straight into her eyes. In that moment she saw his forest eyes darken like a green leaf during Autumn. He swallowed tightly, eyes skimming down her body. His jaw clenched into a sharp line.

“Appreciate your help,” He said softly, eyes still focused on her.
“You’re very welcome.” Yolanda wanted to say more, but she couldn’t find the words. “And, I’d like to say,” She continued, finally, “You’re charming. It’s my only chance to say it. Probably, you’ll never visit my shop again.”

She couldn’t meet his eyes, embarrassed by the words that just left her mouth. Yolanda heard him sigh out but she refused to look at him. She heard his footsteps on the tiles; saw his shadow as it fell over her.

“Why do ya think so, beauty?”

The Omega simply looked at her shabby, old shoes, fingers fiddling with the hem of her stained with juice shirt. As she peeked up at him, a shy smile stretched on her red lips.

His eyes brightened.

“B-Beauty?” She laughed quietly.

He chuckled along with her and bent to murmur in her hair, “You remind me of the Disney Belle; so innocent and so European.” He prompted curiously, “And that accent… where are you from exactly?”

Her brows raised up at his gentle, honest comment, forehead wrinkling in amazement.

“B-Bulgaria.”

“Such a big loss for Bulgaria.”

The compliment threw her out the window. She blinked, feeling her throat dry and mind practically go blank as he stared down at her while his body was pressed in every possible way to hers. The way her country’s name rolled off his plump, luscious lips made it even harder for her to breathe.

“What’s your,—“

As Yolanda was about to risk and ask for his name, he growled and cut her off by the only thing she didn't expect.

His lips, as he roughly crashed them to hers in a deep, longing kiss, his large body
caging her between him and the wall.

To say it felt as if a ton of bricks had been dumped on her would be a great understatement. But, being the masochist she was, Yolanda would gladly have the weight of the bricks of the realization.

A shuddering gasp left her mouth. Yolanda’s lips which were fierce against each other’s, kissing hungrily and passionately as they both feverly tried to explore as much as they could of each other, teeth biting and tongues licking. She tried to bring herself closer to him, creating friction between them which earned him a low snarl, but he wouldn't let go of her hands pinned above her head, which made her whimper gently. He only grinned into the kiss. The Alpha felt like a starving man finally having found what he was looking for, and the Omega was shaking slightly, but it was all from how overwhelmed she was. No other Alpha made her feel the pure bliss she felt with him. All of her emotions were pouring out and she didn't care to think about anything, but his lips on hers, despite how much her lungs screamed for air. She was also too stunned to comprehend what was happening.

He pulled away, sadly, just as Yolanda had started relaxing into the kiss, and looked down at her with a softly raised eyebrow, as if he was expecting the girl to say something. But, she was only staring at him almost in shock. Why, she didn't know, especially after everything awkward that happened.

He smirked softly.

“Name’s Jensen, beauty.” He leaned closer, so that his nose was brushing with her own, licking his lips. *Jensen, Jensen, Jensen.* “What’s yours?”

“Call me Yolly,” She actually caught herself saying it much more smoothly than she had imagined, especially with all her nerves high to the sky, and *Jensen* here just ended up laughing as he shook his head.

“That’s your full name, beauty?” Jensen asked in a softer voice, less teasing and more rough than before.

“Yolanda.”
He smiled at her and rested his forehead against hers.

“Yo-lan-da,” He licked his lips, tasting her name on them, ”Yolanda.”

He growled, his eyes having visibly darkened as he stared at her hungrily.

At the worst possible time, steps sounded beyond the purple door.

“No, no, no! It’s my lodger! There’s no excuse for him, I’m sorry!” She whispered in a weak voice. He shook his head with a chuckle, kissing her cheek.

Ivan walked strode inside and straight past them upstairs to his room. Betas were indeed oblivious to everything that happened around them.

“Gonna take a shower,” He called over his shoulder. “Then I’m going to tell you a story that you won’t believe…”

“Ivan is a kind Beta,” Yolanda shrugged slowly, and Jensen’s strong hold on her wrists loosened, giving her a small nod. “And, he’s into men,” She said. A giggle escaped her lips at the sight of his widened eyes.

Unexpectedly, a few seconds later when his shocked face melted into soft one, he brought his free hand up and cupped her cheek.

“Don’t you ever stop smiling,” His voice was husky as his full lips brushed past Yolanda’s when he gave her that very same and very turned-on look.

She bit on her lip, shifting in her place out of habit, but Jensen took hold of her hip with one hand, his fingers digging into the soft flesh there as he pushed Yolanda against the wall with his own hips.
“Going somewhere, beautiful Yolanda?” He whispered in her ear, kissing her jaw this time.

His hand moved to her thigh to wrap it around his waist.

“Alpha…” She heard herself moan in a breathless voice the moment he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

Everything went still. Silence filled the whole place.

Her eyes snapped wide open when Jensen pushed himself away, jumping almost ten feet away from her.

“’M not doing this to you, ‘Mega, it’s a mistake. Not and to you…”

His words made Yolanda feel as if a bucket of ice cold water was poured on her.

“What?” Her voice was lost somewhere in the sound of his retrieving steps.

The door slammed shut after him, the telltale sign that it had been all just a mirage and Jensen didn’t exist. At least, Yolanda wanted to believe so. She hardly wished Jensen, her Alpha, hadn’t left her.

My Alpha…

Fresh, hot tears spilled over her flushed face.

“Jensen!”

She didn’t look back once she’d ran to the door and wrenched it open. Yolanda
could feel Ivan coming downstairs, hot on her tail outside.

She ran down the street with an uninhibited grace, seemingly oblivious to the pouring rain and the coldness.

A hand wrapped around Yolanda’s elbow and turned her to the owner.

“Let me free, Ivan! I need to find him!” She fought to keep the tears from her eyes. But, Ivan couldn’t be fooled for he saw the sore desperation in them.

“Find who, Yolanda!? Have you lost your mind!”

“Jensen! He’s my Alpha, Ivan! Jensen is my Alpha!”

She swatted his hand away and turned around. Only to run face first into him when he appeared in front of her. He placed his hands on her shoulders, keeping her on place.

“Calm yourself down! You’ll tell me about him once we get home.”
A week had passed since... *the incident*. Needless to say it had been the worst week of Yolanda’s life, and not only because of her heavy heat. There was a constant ache in her chest and belly, a dull throb that wouldn’t fade no matter what she tried. At the beginning, Yolanda had been able to ignore it, but the longer she was apart from him, the worse it became and the harder it was to ignore. Ivan and Happy were just as clueless, her lodger flitting around worriedly and annoying her to no end. Yolanda knew he meant well, but the constant questions and attempts to make her feel better only made it worse.

The only one who could fix it was... *Jensen*.

She hated the little voice in the back of her mind that whispered, *Need him. Alpha.*
Jensen. Yolanda would have just sold her soul to the Devil if needed, only to get rid of it.

Jensen – her heart clenched just at the memory of his name. She had honestly thought he’d be different. Sure, he smelt unlike any other Alpha she’d ever encountered. Perhaps, the romantic and dreamy side in her took over, made her believe that she could be a mate to him? That had to be it, because what sort of true mate would leave his Omega like that?

Three more days passed before she finally realized something was changing in her. At first, Yolanda noticed how tired she felt; it was constant, like a cloud of dreariness following her, weighing her down. The early morning shifts at the store felt like a death sentence and it was becoming harder and harder to get there in time. She’d fallen asleep in the middle of a lecture and woken disorientated as the lights flooded the lecture theatre.

It didn’t occur to her that the painstaking exhaustion taking over her body might have had something to do with the absence of the person, who haunted her mind. It didn’t occur to her that it was her body’s way of protesting the loss of the Alpha she had met. She continued to trudge through work and university with depleted energy and slowly her enthusiasm for life started to fade. The only relief she had was at night when she could give her body what it craved and slept like the dead until that started to be affected.

Two weeks had gone before Yolanda actually realized that not only she was exhausted permanently but it was that much harder actually getting to sleep. Her body was run down, hanging on by a thread; dark circles hung under bloodshot eyes and she thought constantly about bed. When she woke, it was to a clenching stomach and waves of nausea so powerful she could barely make it to the bathroom in time to throw up last night’s dinner.

It seemed like a vicious cycle, one she didn’t know how to break. She knew there were people worried – Ivan, Happy, who hovered cautiously every time she stepped into the bookshop, convinced she would collapse the moment he looked away. Their mollycoddling made her defensive, mistaking the concern for pity.

“Darl, can you come here for a second?” Happy called from the front of the shop.

Yolanda blew a piece of hair away from her face and put the five dictionaries she was carrying on a wrong shelf. She swept her sleeve across her sweaty forehead tiredly. Happy was sitting in the chair at the small desk, his brows pinched together as he watched a very high man opposite him.
A quick sniff confirmed her suspicion that he was an Alpha. Surprisingly though, he didn’t make her nose wrinkle with distaste as was her reaction those last weeks when she came across an Alpha. There was something familiar to his scent, warm and welcoming but it was mixed with too much sweetness for it to really appeal to her.

Yolanda realized he was waiting for a response to something he had said, and she blushed, forcing a weak smile.

“Sorry, can you repeat that?”

The Alpha frowned, eyelids narrowing sympathetically.

“My name’s Jared Padalecki,” He reached a hand out.

She couldn’t help but flinch back reflexively though she knew he meant no harm. His eyes frantically searched every inch of Yolanda’s face as if to examine her health.

“I need to talk with you, Yolanda. It’s emergency.”

Yolanda tensed as she heard her name coming from him. How come that stranger knows my name?

“Who are you?” She asked, stepping away, feeling a little self-conscious before a man she barely knew.

The Alpha, Jared, was quiet for a good amount of seconds, pondering, before he said, “I’m… Jensen’s best friend.”

Jensen…
In that instant, Yolanda’s whole world came crumbling around her. She stared at him in shock, mouth falling open. The Omega wanted more than anything to tell Jared how badly she missed his friend, how the simple scent of him could calm her nerves and that blissful feeling of rightness... In that very moment Yolanda knew she’d been missing him. All she wanted was to ask Jared where was Jensen, find him and forget the past weeks.

But she couldn’t. She didn’t.

Yolanda flinched away, the memory of Jensen’s abandonment still fresh. Knowing that man before her was his best friend felt like adding salt to an open wound, and she wasn’t sure she could handle that right now. Her arms curled protectively around her as if that could shield her from the pain. All it did make Jared look at her more pityingly.

She shook her head, tears burning the back of her throat.

“I don’t know him,” Yolanda croaked, raising her chin defiantly. “Go. Away!”

“Yolanda, just let me explain the situation,...” He tried desperately.

She had to get away from there; she wasn’t sure she was strong enough to resist the urge to listen to the lies that man was about to tell her.

*He is just a piece in Jensen’s sick chess game. I can’t trust him*, She convinced herself.

With a burst of energy, she bolted past the Alpha before he could even blink. Yolanda ignored the cries of protest from Jared and the sound of her name as she used the heavy crowd of tourists on the street to her advantage and slipped amongst the masses until she blended in. She weaved through the crowd, running straight to the purple door, which leaded to her safety.
She leaned against the other side of the door, and slid down it, clenching fists to her sides in an effort not to cry.

“I know you’re in there. Yolanda.”

An undeniable shock and panic washed over her at Jared’s voice. Good thing was the door could lock itself.

“He left me,” Yolanda slurred, not quite aware of what actually she was saying, “There’s nothing else to be said.”

“He’s hurt; emotionally… and physically,” Jared said quietly.

She suppressed the urge to snap at him.

“Good,” The Omega regretted it as soon as the word left her mouth. She felt tears welling in her eyes but it was like she had no control over the emotions that were holding her in their tight grasp, and couldn’t stop them from spilling over.

Yolanda heard him sigh, and wondered why he was still there.

“Jay didn’t send me, you know. He doesn’t even know I’m here.”

Air caught in the back of her throat and for a second she forgot how to breathe. Yolanda stared at the stairs in a mixture of surprise and puzzlement, unable to believe what she’d just heard.

“Why are you d-doing this?” She stuttered out.

He shifted from foot to foot outside.
“Because I care about both of you and I want to help,” He pressed. “Would you let me in, now?”

She pursed her lips, considering on taking the right choice.

Yolanda stood up and turned the knob, so she could open the door. There her Alpha’s best friend stood; large and proud. If it had been anyone else, she might’ve been frightened at the sight of such an imposing character blocking her only exit… but she’d come to realize Jared was nothing more than a gentle giant with the elegant and fancy look of a celebrity. A person with such doggo eyes couldn’t bring any pain or evil.

Yet, she had voluntarily let Jensen inside her home.

Sighing, she gestured to him to come in and moved aside. He offered her a tight-lined smile, leaving slight dimples at his cheeks, when he came in.

He was the second Alpha crossing her doorstep. She didn’t want it to turn into habit.

Jared followed her silently as she headed down the hallway, towards the living room.

“Speak before I change my mind.”

She furrowed her brows and folded her arms across her chest as she waited for him to spill everything he had to say out.

“Jay’d been in coma for about two weeks now,” He started, putting that important puzzle piece into place.

She shuddered at the horrific information, eyes clouding over with worry and dread. The Omega was ready to pounce on Jared and beg him to take her to her Alpha.
“How!? Where!?” Yolanda stalked towards him, fire simmering in her chest. “Jansen! I wanna see him! My Alpha!”

“Car accident, not far from your lodging, where he ended T-boned on his driver’s seat. We were lucky doctors acted fast and saved him. They’d put a chest tube in to drain the fluid around his lungs. They done an x-ray of it and his head, but there’s nothing you should worry about. Honestly, no one believed Jay was able to return to normal life after such a crash. He’s completely fine, without a single fracture.”

Her head fell back as she swallowed, “Two weeks ago, you say…”

That whole time neither of them had been to blame. Had she never said ‘Alpha’ and stopped him from running away, things could had been different. Jensen could had been sound.

Yolanda dropped to the ratty, old couch and buried her face into her hands. “This is too much.”

She snorted dryly at the ridiculousness of it all; the power one little word had over two lives. But, how could she knew? There had been no way of finding him.

The couch dipped next to her.

“He asked about you the moment he woke up. That happened yesterday and it was the first thing he said. Since then I was trying to find you at the bookshop, which was closed at the time. Then I remembered him mumbling something about a purple door. That’s how I ended up in front of it.”

He leaned over to reach the pitcher on the coffee table and poured an empty glass with fresh water.

“You don’t seem well, either,” He noted, concerned. “You must be missing him?”
She thankfully took the drink from his hand with a sad smile, nodding.

“Obviously…”

After restless days of not knowing what had happened, the truth didn’t make her feel any better. In fact, all Yolanda done was sitting there, thinking about all the ‘what if’s’. What if she had never said anything, which would disturb him? What if she’d been faster and stopped him from going? What if he had never came to the bookshop?

“I don’t know what I’m supposed to do now,” She admitted in a small voice. Yolanda fiddled with her glass as she spoke, mind running a thousand miles per hour, “I never thought I’d hear anything about him again and I didn’t think he’d have actually a rational reason for not coming back. What if he doesn’t…” The Omega trailed off, each unresolved issue weighing on her like a tonne of bricks.

The stress was a crushing weight on her chest. Yolanda didn’t know what her next step would be; whether Jensen liked to see her or not?

“I don’t think a visit is a great idea at the moment,” Jared said and added quickly, “Why don’t you wait a few more days till he gets better? I’ll be making some sort of a small party in his honor with friends from the cast. You could be his surprise present.”

Cast!?

“Surprise present?”

Jared opened his mouth to retract his statement but Yolanda beat him to it, “A-are you sure? I mean,” She looked down and swallowed, fingers tapping nervously the glass, “I’m not exactly – I don’t think – I don’t think he’ll be happy to see me there. Also, I won’t be very comfortable being around people I don’t know.”

Suddenly, he snorted.
“Believe me, they will be fond of you. If not, which I’m sure won’t happen, I’ll bring back the Apocalypse both Dean and I... Err, nevermind,” Yolanda felt herself relaxing at Jared’s goofiness and even managed to return a small smile. Of course, that didn’t last long... “As to Jensen, you will be the one who matters the most to him,” He pointed out. ”The day you two met, all he did was talk about you. He’s never been like this. Not even with his fiancée.”

Fiancée!?

“He’s engaged?” She sounded as if Jared had slapped her.

He closed his eyes instantly, fully intending on digging himself a hole where he could hide from her. Jared grumbled and dragged a hand down his face.

Yolanda could feel the blood draining from her, stiff as a board. She wondered when Jared’d been planning on telling – if he’d been planning on telling her.

How did my day end up like this?

She stood up, hands rubbing the bare skin of her arms. She moved around the couch, stepping back when Jared took a step towards her. The pain on his face wasn’t hard to be seen.

Heaven ‘n Hell, that was messed up!

“I’m not going anywhere. Not after a taken Alpha,” She told him quietly, silently hoping her voice wouldn’t crack. “Thank you for your concern, but I’m better off like that; living the American dream, got my job, friends and university. There’s nothing I want to change ,” She said, not wanting to be rude.

Truth is, she do wanted to change one thing – the loneliness in her heart.

“Man, I’m sorry Yolanda, I really am, but I can’t help the facts.” He lowered his
eyes guiltily. “Jay is like a brother to me, and I know when he’s happy and when he’s not. My opinion is that he was wasting his time with her, with Danneel. She just wasn’t his true Omega, wasn’t his true love, and everybody could see that.”

Hope lighted her heart.

“How do you talk in past tense?” Yolanda curled her toes in her shoes, impatient to hear what she selfishly presumed could be the reason.

“Because they’re separated.”

Jared looked outside the window, his face relaxing at the thought. He was lighter than his best friend, less… burdened.

Is this real, or is he a figment of my imagination? Am I really leading a conversation with an… actor? Evidently, everything points that way – the way he looks, the way he talks, the mention of his ‘cast’… even his name sounds familiar. But, he’s here! In my horrendous home! Spending his precious time explaining to a normal, broke girl, who’s not even an American, how his friend had suffered. Above that, Jared is trying to get me together with Jensen! My Alpha!

“He’s probably gonna brake up with me, as well. Promised him I’d keep my mouth shut.”

“I-I’m not his Omega, either,” She muttered, and the frown returned to Jared’s face as he looked back at her. Yolanda immediately regretted the statement as her head swam with the headache that had pervaded her cells.

Jared watched her for a moment, the crease in his forehead dipping even further.

“You’re even lying like him! How could you not be Jay’s mate?”
Yolanda turned away, barely standing on her shaking legs.

“Do you feel him as your mate?” Jared asked honestly. She contemplated her own answer – that tall man was pretty much a stranger, despite the few hours they both spent. But, there was also something about him that made her trust him. He made her feel as secure as Jensen, even if it was in an entirely different way. Jared was something like Ivan and Happy to her.

“I never wanted an Alpha. I’ve been only with Betas. But, he is... there’s something that drags me to him, like puppet strings.” She shrugged, heart dancing at the melody of her own words. They brought her slight joy. “It sounds stupid, like some trashy romance novel.”

“If you want Jay, if you feel like he’s yours, despite it being a trashy romance; don’t hold back.” His eyes were focused on hers, and she blinked at him. “He needs you. He’s always needed someone. And, I can’t imagine he’s been good to himself in all this shit.” A smile tugged at his lips. “No one knows him like I do.” The smile on his face remained, the softest expression she’d seen on anyone in over a decade.

“Get some rest, and tell me what’s your decision. I’m gonna leave you my number, and will be waiting for you to call me. Don’t give it to anyone, ‘kay?”

While talking, Jared took the paper and the pencil that had laid on the table.
By the time Saturday rolled around, Yolanda’d forgotten all about her promise to Ivan. When an insistent knock on her bedroom’s door woke her, he was the last person she expect to see so early in the morning.
“Why aren’t you ready?” He demanded, taking her hand in his and rushing her downstairs.

Yolanda rubbed her eyes and shuffled after him to the kitchen.

“Why are you here at nine in the morning? It’s Saturday,” She yawned.

Ivan flicked on the kettle and rummaged through the cupboards for two mugs.

“Dude, it’s the day!”

He turned to her excitedly, a mug in each hand but his smile faded into a pout when she stared at him blankly.

“Seriously? We spoke about this, like, five days ago!” Ivan snapped and turned his back to her.

She scratched her head while he scooped a generous helping of sugar into each mug.

“Jared! Oh, no!” Panic slowly crept through her head, and she finally woke up.

Ivan huffed, turning back and leaning against the counter. “Forgot I had called him instead of you?” He rolled his eyes. “Go shower while I make you some breakfast.”

“But….” She tried to protest.

“Nope – shower, now!” He commanded teasingly, pointing to the hallway. “You stink.”
Yolanda grumbled underneath her breath and flipped him off as she shuffled from the room, too tired to argue. To make him suffer for waking her so early, she took her time in the shower enjoying the warmth of the spray.

Her only plan was to figure out what to do about Jensen. The thought of seeing him again made her barely step on the floor. Yolanda felt like flying to the hour when she would see him. Hear him, smell him... What stopped her? Doubt. Doubt flooded her mind, had made her hesitate as she held her phone in hand, finger hovering over the call button on Jared’s number. Doubt that Jensen would want anything to do with her after he had realized what kind of a girl -- not a woman, but a fragile girl, -- Yolanda was. A man, an Alpha, like him deserved someone better. She wasn’t of importance. Yolanda was just herself; a shy, awkward Omega that knew more about romance novels, myths, history and art, than relationships with Alphas. Famous Alphas.

Ivan had seemed like the rightest person to help her out. Until he told Jared both Yolanda and him would be present at the event.

Ivan’s days were numbered.

By the time Yolanda emerged from her bedroom, a plate of toast and a hot cup of cappuccino were waiting for her.

“Thanks, grandma’.” She joked, sitting onto the counter.

Ivan rolled his eyes and flicked through his phone. “Hurry up and eat; we need to leave in ten minutes at the latest if we don’t want to be late for the brunch.”

“Doesn’t matter anyway.”

He gave her an icy look.

“Jensen will be there,” He reminded Yolanda.

As if she didn’t know already.

She perked up, clicking her fingers. “Oh, right – and it wasn’t at all Jared’s plan.”
Ivan’s face twisted into disgruntled amusement.

“Ugh, I still can’t believe Jensen, the Dean, the elder Winchester brother, is your mate, Yolanda! I mean, you’re most probably the luckiest person on earth!” Ivan’s face broke into a wide smile and yanked her into his arms excitedly. “I am the luckiest person! You’re my best friend and lodger!”

It was Yolanda’s turn to roll her eyes and get herself free from his bear hug. She broke from the embrace and took another bite of her toast. Ivan kept low his testosterone and sipped on his coffee, while she ate but the moment Yolanda finished, she knew it wouldn’t be long until Ivan became impatient.

She inhaled what was left and quickly dumped her plate in the sink before brushing her teeth and shoving her shoes on. Yolanda then stood in front of the mirror in the hallway and sighed dejectedly. It didn’t seem to matter what outfit she had pulled from her wardrobe; nothing felt right. Whether it was the material making her itch or it stretched unpleasantly across her stomach unflatteringly, she just couldn’t decide what to wear.

The loose fitting dress she currently had on was simple but pretty. Yolanda’d bought it on sale on a spur of the moment decision and had yet to wear it anywhere. At first, she thought the brunch would be the perfect opportunity, but the longer she stood in front of the mirror, the nasty little voice in the back of her head made her doubt the decision she had taken.

“Jensen is going to be mesmerized,” Ivan said softly, meeting her eyes in the mirror.

She blushed under the sincerity of his gaze and fiddled with the dress. “You have to say that.”

“Do not.” He countered, grasping her fingers and stopping them from twisting the fabric anxiously. “You’ve got nothing to worry about.”

The sudden seriousness on his face made her trouble break through the mask she was trying to hide beneath, “What if he doesn’t want me? What if the guests laugh at me…?”

“I’m going to stop you right there,” Ivan retracted his hands and spun her around to face him. He planted his hands on her shoulders and stared down at Yolanda firmly. “There is absolutely no chance that anyone at this meeting will laugh at you, and if by some bizarre twist of events there is, you point them out to me, so me and Jared can kick ’em out. I’ll be by your side the whole time,” He assured her. “And, trust me, Jensen is not stupid. I just…he’s such a decent guy. I mean, I’ve only ever heard of how polite and kind he is especially when he could have easily taken advantage as an Alpha.” He shrugged. “I just can’t see him doing something like that. There must be a logical reason for his actions towards you.”

His words made her pause; Ivan sounded so confident, so sure that Jensen wouldn’t deliberately hurt someone.
The whole drive she had suffered through a disjointed recap of the show. Ivan had been a fan since *Supernatural* had first aired and had tried more than once to convince Yolanda to watch it. To be fair, it sounded exactly like Yolanda’s type of show but she’d never had the time before. Those days she was asleep right after eight; watching a show that was four series in was the last thing on her mind.

The anxiety crushed inside her chest as Ivan parked the car relatively close to the hotel where the cast had been staying at, but still her stomach ached at the thought of seeing him again. She clamped her mouth shut and put on a smile as Yolanda hauled herself upright.

*You can do this!* She told herself firmly.

“Oh my Chucky-Chuck – I can’t believe I’m actually going to see them!” He smiled, kissing Yolanda’s hand.

She smiled fondly at his enthusiasm. “Calm down, they’re normal people like us.“

He rolled his eyes and waved her comment aside, “Oh please – you haven’t seen the blue-eyed bee, the sexy King of Hell, Saint Lucifer, the mightiest witch and the Trickster, to talk like that!”

“But, I’ve seen the Winchesters. That’s what matters.”

He cackled, a little hyped up on the excitement of it all. “Sassy bitch,” He murmured, as they stepped into the lift.

“Which floor did Jared say?”

“The last one,” He chirped and pressed the supposed button.

His enthusiasm was infectious; soon Yolanda felt the anticipation swelling more in her chest as she waited in the next 25 seconds the doors to open wide at the latest floor.

“You’re going to talk to him – that’s what you’re going to do,” Ivan said suddenly sounding like a disappointed parent scolding his child. “You heard Jared’s last words; Jensen wants to see you. Isn’t that what you desire?”

“I don’t know!” She groaned and buried her face into her hands, “I-I’m scared, Ivan. What-if he leaves me again?” She asked, voice breaking.
Ivan sighed softly and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. “If he does, I will send him back to Hell and never let Cas save him again.” He laughed tearfully, “Dean Winchester or not – he doesn’t stand a chance against Russian man like me.” He rubbed Yolanda’s back soothingly. “The only way you’re going to know is if you talk to him.”

Yolanda nodded, eyes embarrassingly wet. Hastily, she wiped away her tears and straightened, chuckling. “Hormones suck.”

Ivan grimaced sympathetically. “I’ll be right beside you.”

Yolanda and Ivan got out as soon as the automatic doors pulled aside, and they looked around for the room numbers, then they both turned right.

Jensen, Yolanda knew, was in Room 87.

Ivan reached out to knock but the door flung open before he could. Yolanda recognised the blue-eyed man beaming from the other side as Misha. She could hear many voices and silent music at the background, and if she peeked into the room she could see a spacious apartment full with at least 30 people. Something in her chest clenched as she was trying to hear for familiar deep voice.

"Come, come!" Misha ushered them inside, murmuring voices echoing up the hall behind him.

“Hay, I’m Ivan!”

Yolanda’s lodger didn’t hesitate when he stepped towards the other Beta with the widest smile and pulled the man in for a hug. Her friend practically melted into his embrace.

The actor clapped him unsurely on the shoulder as Ivan stood close to Misha’s side.

She almost pitied the man.

“Glad you made it, Yolanda! I’m Misha, by the way, ” He grinned, eyes full of teasing as he held out a hand. “I’ve heard a lot about you.”
Was Jared the storyteller?, She thought with annoyance.

His friendliness, nevertheless, set her at ease.

Shyly, she shook his hand. “Nice to meet you, Misha.” She said quietly, his name pronounced in Bulgarian accent, unconsciously shifting two steps away from him when she slipped her hand from his grasp.

Misha seemed to realize that, he smiled kindly at her, waving for Yolanda and Ivan to head through to the party.

“So, word apparently got out on set,” He began apologetically as they three stepped through the apartment, “More people showed than we originally expected.”

She felt her stomach drop at the amount of people crammed into what was already a large and open living room that was well equipped for entertaining guests, and boy, did they have guests. They had people lounging on the couches inside, perched on barstools to talk to other guests, and more milling about. Laughter rang throughout the hotel’s apartment and the chatter was a constant hum; the distinct scent of Alpha, Omega and Beta was heavy in the air and the combination made her nose twitch from the intensity of it.

Ivan sensed her uneasiness and stepped next to her.

“’Sup, Yo-Yo? You’re alright?”

The Omega wanted to shake her head 'no' because she knew he’d have her out of there in an instance but she didn’t. Swallowing back her nerves, Yolanda smiled weakly and nodded her head.

“I’m fine. It’s just a bit daunting but I’m good.” She mustered as much confidence as she could until her smile no longer wavered.
Ivan eyed her for a moment but nodded seemingly satisfied. “Promise you’ll tell me when you’ve had enough.”

She rolled your eyes, “Yes, yes.”

Ivan reached out and squeezed her arm comfortingly, his face a beacon of kindness and sincerity. She managed to push her lips into a poor imitation of a smile but she wasn’t fooling anyone. The Beta rubbed a hand down her arm soothingly, her body relaxing at the maternal gestures of comfort. The moment didn’t last long as Misha was called away to assist with a problem somewhere in the room.

“Excuse me, fellas, but I have to be the host till Jared’s gone out for Lord knows what.”

There they both stood by the open sliding doors to the balcony, surrounded by people, yet alone. Even breathing in the fresh air coming from outside, she felt trapped. As she looked around, she saw Alphas standing around with drinks in their hands and Omegas sitting together with plates of food, some with round bellies of expectant pups. Uneasiness rippled through her as curious eyes washed over the Omega, her name whispered across the room. Alphas sniffed the air faintly, the unmated ones eyeing her with interest.

She didn’t know what was she supposed to do with herself. Every now and then she’d shift anxiously from foot to foot, twisting and flexing her fingers in front of her stomach, teeth chewing on her lip. Ivan was busy talking excitedly to someone named Eric Kripke.

The wind was chilly, but very nerve calming. She only noticed the breeze whenever the front door was opened, the wind suctioning down the hallway and spilling into the living room. It messed with her senses, her nose twinging from being continually subjected to the mixture of Alpha and Omega scents from the partygoers.

What she hadn’t been prepared for, but had waited impatiently, was the mouthwatering scent that hit her like a freight train. The thick and masculine, a combination of cocoa and cinnamon, that she could practically taste for it, was so powerful. She sucked in a deep breath, closing her eyes in pleasure as the well known aroma washed over her, warming her belly and breasts. She nearly moaned aloud, barely catching herself in time. Her eyes shot open, scanning the crowd with a desperate need to find the origin of the delicious scent, ignoring the quizzical frown Ivan had on his face as he noticed her flushed cheeks. As the
scent began to fade, she began to lose hope and sagged back against the French window’s frame dejectedly, her eyes sweeping across the many faces one last time … when she saw him.

She gnawed on her lip as something on Jensen’s face flickered; he breathed in, nostrils flaring as he took in the scent that floated in the space – her scent. From over the top of some people’s heads, Jensen’s eyes flew open and settled straight on her. He inhaled sharply, jerking away from Misha, who Yolanda haven’t noticed till that moment, and he stared at her as if unable to believe she was there.

Then he moved.

In a blink of an eye, Jensen closed the long distance between them, everyone making willingly a path for him to walk through, as if he was Moses parting the Red Sea. Everything about him screamed Alpha from the way he had his shoulders pulled back to the roll of his hips as he moved towards his Omega. He froze when she took hasty steps and went outside at the balcony, watching head cocked to the side as her arms curled around herself protectively. Something about him seemed off and she couldn’t put finger on what exactly had the hairs on the back of her neck standing on end. He was completely health and seemingly had returned all his power.

Jensen was really a warrior. Ready to conquer her soul.

He didn’t seem to appreciate her reaction and stepped forward almost threateningly. “Yolanda.”

The pronunciation made her shiver, though Yolanda couldn’t decide if it was from fear or arousal. There was something unsettling in the way he looked at her, his eyes dark, his hulking frame towering over the female’s body. Yolanda felt so small and fragile, her Omega instincts screaming at her to submit to her Alpha.

Ivan stepped closer hesitantly, eyeing Jensen timidly; as he opened his mouth to speak, the tense Alpha whirled towards him and snarled. Ivan jumped back, eyes wide, shrinking under Jensen’s intensity of anger. He backed away slowly, eyes flickering to Yolanda and they shared a look, both confused by his reaction. Neither of them noticed the security guard slipping out, too focused on the irate Alpha.
Jensen’s jaw was clenched, teeth grinding down.

“Where have you been?” He asked stepping closer until they were practically chest to chest.

“Excuse me?” Yolanda squeaked.

Of all the scenarios she’d imagined, none had gone like this. She had prepared for shouting, tears and maybe some heated words but not this cold rage that seemed to be pouring off him.

*What the Hell is going on?*

“You never came to see me, ‘Mega,’” He noted harshly, squeezing his hands into fists. “I was injured!”

Despite her apprehension, something in Yolanda bristled at his words.

“I didn’t have any information about you till this week!” She argued hotly, “I’m here thanks to Jared!”

Jensen snarled low and threatening, nostrils flaring with each breath and chest heaving. Without warning, his hand shot out and wrapped around her wrist; he spun around and began to drag her inside the room, making a show before the guests. Ivan stumbled out of the way, his eyes wide and hand hovering over his mouth; Yolanda could hear him crying for help but she was too busy trying to release Jensen’s iron clad grip from her wrist.

Nobody dared to block the furious Alpha’s way. Except for one:

“Jensen!” A unwavering feminine voice called out warningly. “You’ll regret it once this all ends!”
She tor e, somehow, Jensen off Yolanda and chaos erupted. He snarled, whipping around lightning fast to stand before whoever had stopped him.

“Back off!”

As panic filled the air, Yolanda slowly came back to her senses now that there was space between her and the Alpha.

Jensen turned back to his Omega, eyes dilated until the green was almost lost to the blackness of his pupils and as he stepped closer, she tried to back away, again. He growled angrily at her actions, stalking closer to keep Yolanda from escaping. Things repeated -- his hands reached out to her, she flinched and tried to squirm away. Yolanda was no match against him, his strength far greater than her own not only because of his Alpha biology but also from years of exercise. As his hand wrapped around her wrist, Yolanda’s friend reached out as if to grab her but froze as Jensen’s attention snapped towards him.

“Don’t touch her!” The woman ordered Ivan. She ignored the murmuring crowd. “Yolanda, he’s gone into rut. He isn’t due for one so soon.”

_Everybody knows me? Am I famous, too, or what!?_

“What does that mean?” Ivan asked nervously.

The dark-haired Omega hesitated, only answering because if he didn’t, then another Alpha present was just as likely to say something inappropriate, “It means that her presence triggered it; I wouldn’t be surprised if she goes into heat. They haven’t seen each other since they met.”

“She’s not due for a heat,” He argued worriedly.

“They’re true mates,” The pretty Omega explained softly.

“’Mega,” Jensen growled possessively, stalking closer to her.
Jensen’s large calloused hand tugged once; that was enough to send the Omega stumbling into his hard chest. Her hands were pinned between their bodies, right over his heart – she could feel the steady thrumming of his heartbeat through his shirt, and oh, did she want to tear it off and feel the skin beneath.

No one tried to interfere anymore, not even the Omega and Yolanda’s friend. Everyone watched in stunned silence, parting so Jensen had an unobstructed path to the open door.

Yolanda strained against his grip, wriggling to try and reposition her hands so that she could push some distance between them. It quickly became clear that she had no hope in Hell of struggling from his grasp and changed tactics. Though her feet ached, she pushed until she could keep up with his wide strides and closed the distance between them two. That alone eased the tension on her arm and shoulder that Jensen was using to drag her around. Sensing the Omega’s submission, her Alpha relaxed his grip and moved without the urgency that he’d left the apartment with.

She debated internally whether to risk talking to him, not sure if that was a great idea, when she decided to risk it.
Chapter 5

Sex – Rest?
“Where are we going, Alpha?”

His fingers on her wrist flexed at the sound of her voice, but he didn’t release her, neither stopped. “Room.”

She bit her lip before whispering, “I-I don’t have a room here.”

“I’m getting one,” He snarled, twisting through the hallways as if it was a second home to him. She hadn’t even realized the building was that big but then again, she’d never needed to know the ins and outs of a hotel before.

Ivan had been suitably impressed when Jared told him the location. Her friend had even suggested that the two of them should get a room to make it a real treat for finishing the semester. He’d tried to get a room but by then most had been already taken because of the upcoming convention.

Yolanda wasn’t sure she wanted to be alone with Jensen in a room just yet but currently she had bigger problems to worry about. As the two of them neared the end of a long hallway, the door at the end opened and the man filling the doorway, she realized, was Jared.

Jensen, too, noticed his best friend, but his actions suggested he was otherwise. He stopped protectively in front of his Omega, his bow legs apart as if bracing for a fight. He dropped her hand and took one step closer the other Alpha, threateningly.

A shiver rippled down her spine at the horror images that flew through her imagination.

Hesitantly, she reached out, fingers brushing against his back in an attempt to
soothe, but instead she yelped and pulled her fingers away. The heat radiating from his body was scorching, record breaking hot. That kind of heat only meant one of two things and she didn’t need a doctor to know that Jensen wasn’t sick. She peeked around his shoulder, eyes meeting Jared’s with fear.

*Rut*. The black-haired Omega was right!

The tension was nerve wracking.

Jared was visibly on edge having come to the same conclusion as her that Yolanda’s Alpha had gone into rut. As an Alpha himself, Jared knew how incredibly risky it was to try and interfere with a rutting Alpha; it was borderline suicide depending on the Alpha and how far gone they were.

Jensen was well on the way to far gone.

Still, Jared seemed prepared to interfere and she was grateful. There were only a few people that could cross paths with an Alpha in rut and survive – their mate and their pups. Some Alphas could be calmed by a Beta if they were family but that was temporary at best. For another Alpha to interfere it could be deadly for all; if Jensen saw Jared as a threat, who knows what might happen.

“What’s going on, Jay?” Jared asked calmly, slouching against the wall so he’d seem smaller.

*Clever man.*

Jensen was silent, eyes narrowed to slits and jaw clenched tight. There was so much tension coursing through him she couldn’t help but wonder why Jared hadn’t bolted. If he didn’t, it wouldn’t be long until Jensen completely snapped – it wasn’t unheard of for Alpha’s in rut to go feral and lash out with violence to get what he wanted.

*Heaven ‘n Hell*, please don’t let it come to that.
“Talk to me, man. I just wanna help,” Jared continued when his friend remained silent. Not once did he let his gaze fall on you. If Jensen thought for one second that Jared would go anywhere near you, all Hell would break loose.

Jensen drew in a ragged breath.

“Need a room, ” He ground out through clenched teeth.

Jared nodded as if that made complete sense.

“It’s been a long week, I don’t know if they have any free rooms, man. I thought you wouldn’t want to stay here,”

“Jared, ” Jensen warned with a snarl.

So, he remembered the Alpha before him was his best friend. Rut wasn’t stronger than Jensen.

Alright, uhmm,” Jared placated, holding out a hand, “I’m gonna make a call to the reception – see if I can sort this out, alright?”

“I can do it,” He countered, taking a step forward. “I can take care of my Omega. Me. Mine!”

Jared hesitated sensing that Jensen was teetering on the edge.

“Of course you do, Jay! I’m just really happy for you, you know? I know what you’ve been thru to find your girl… I just want to help you.” He held out his phone, “The number’s on the screen – make the call, get a room for your Omega,” He encouraged.

Damn, he was good!
Jared knew exactly what to say to keep Jensen from going completely berserk. She wondered if that was the first time he’d approached Jensen during his rut and shook that thought aside. No one willingly went near an irate Alpha except their mate or an Omega.

Jensen studied the phone and shook his head. “Do it, then,” he muttered and turned back to her.

Jared didn’t waste a second; the phone was already pressed to his ear by the time Jensen had turned to his mate. Her Alpha didn’t hesitate to reach out and touch her; he pulled Yolanda into his chest and burrowed his face into her neck. She heard his deep inhale, felt his lips nuzzle where his mark had to be. His hands were wrapped around Yolanda, pulling her against his body so that her body was pressed against his, leaving no single place untouched.

She was faintly aware of Jared murmuring on the phone but couldn’t make out any of the words even if she tried. Jensen’s hand was running across her body, skimming down her curves while his nose continued to nuzzle into her neck and his lips grazed her skin. A shiver ran down her spine and she tilted her head to the side to grant him better access. It was all she could do not to completely melt in his embrace as he explored her body with his hands. The heat that was radiating from him was terrifying, and her concern for herself stretched to include him.

“Still with me, Jay?” Jared called out softly.

She could feel the rigidity seep back into Jensen’s muscles at the sound of Jared’s voice. He straightened to his full height, a tower of muscle and strength compared to her, and turned with a snarl towards Jared. His friend had his hands up in submission and she noticed he’d bent his legs slightly so he was roughly the same size as Jensen instead of taller.

“Good news, pal. They’ve got a room waiting for you; all you have to do is go upstairs,” Jared told him soothingly. “Number 120; it’s unlocked and the key will be on the table for you.” For the first time his eyes flickered to her uncertainly and she knew he wanted to ask her something and vehemently she shook her head. “Can you ask your mate to give me a number? To let her friend know she’s safe?”

Jensen seemed to hesitate, as if fighting with himself over following Jared’s
carefully worded order.

“Yolanda?” Jensen prompted, turning to her.

Relieved she heard her name coming so smoothly from him, she looked at Jared thankfully, “H-He’s at the party…” She managed to squeak out the digits, blushing as Jensen started to paw at her a little rougher than before, Yolanda’s Alpha clearly unhappy about her talking to another.

She looked at Jared pleadingly over Jensen’s shoulder but the Alpha merely shook his head apologetically. He’d interfered enough. They both knew it’d go downhill quickly, and no one wanted that. So, she forced aside the unresolved issues she had with Jensen and focused on surviving his rut.

*Act like Jared. Be wise!*

“I-I need to rest, Alpha,” She murmured shakily looking up at him with doe eyes. “C-can we rest now?”

It was the only thing she could think to ask but it did the trick. The need to care and protect his mate was coursing hot through his veins right at the moment, and he didn’t even think about fucking her senseless like he wanted. Jensen didn’t answer; he swept an arm beneath her legs and effortlessly lifted Yolanda off her feet into a bridal hold. The Omega flung her arms around his neck, clinging on as he marched to the entrance of the stairwell and proceeded to climb four flights of stairs carrying her as if she weighted nothing.

His face was set with determination, a small crease between his brows and lips in a half pout as he focused on navigating his way through the hotel. She couldn’t have been more thankful that no other guests were around to witness her plight. As it was she couldn’t stop from blushing, intimately close to Jensen’s face; Yolanda could count each freckle on his face if she wanted. The girl could see the tiny wrinkle lines around his eyes from years of laughter; she also saw the purple bruising beneath his eyes.

Yolanda didn’t realise she’d been studying him until her eyes met his. In the midst of green and brown flecks was a glaze that she was becoming all too familiar with; rut. But, there was something else too; something soft and tender and she knew a part of Jensen
was managing to cling on to some semblance of his sanity. It was that part of him that she
desperately wanted to see, again; all she’d ever known of him was that Jensen. His rut
twisted the vision of the real him.

Embarrassed that she’d been caught staring, Yolanda tucked her chin down and
wriggled, hoping he’d take the hint and let her down. He didn’t. If anything, he tightened his
hand and she felt the warning rumble in his chest, and stilled. Yolanda didn’t need to check
his eyes to know that the rut had once again claimed hold on him.

“Door,” He said brusquely.

With a start she realised he was waiting for her to open the door. Hastily, she
reached out and tugged on the long handle until the door swung open with a whine that
echoed down the vacant corridor. Jensen batted the door open wide with his shoulder and
marched inside, kicking the door shut once he was through. She started as the door slammed
loudly, the walls rattling at the force of it. Her Alpha didn’t seem to care, moving further into
the room and depositing Yolanda on the bed gently.

She sat up and made to move off the bed but the low growl from the Alpha
towering above her made the Omega reconsider. He was watching her through slitted eyes,
lips pursed into a thin line practically daring the female to try and leave the bed. Slowly, she
edged up the mattress until her back hit the bed head. She held her breath, waiting to see
what he would do.

Jensen studied her silently and, seemingly satisfied, turned away to assess the
room. She released a shaky breath as he disappeared through a door to the right and she
studied the room herself. It was fairly simple; queen bed with the standard white sheets of a
hotel, a flat screen TV latched onto the wall opposite and a small table squeezed into the
corner, a key card sitting there as Jared had promised. The dark sea-blue curtains were open
and the daylight bounced off the mirror doors of the cupboards flooding the room with
natural light. If she hadn’t been so worried, Yolanda might have appreciated it’s
cleanliness or the softness of the bed.

She saw Jensen re-appear from the corner of her eye and watched anxiously as he
began to rid himself of his flannel and shoes. Yolanda squeezed her eyes as he began undoing
his belt, flinching at the unmistakable sound of his jeans hitting the floor. She felt the bed dip,
felt the sheets tug and strain as he moved up to her; even though she was expecting it, the
Omega still jumped when she felt him grab her. Her eyes flew open and she stared stunned as
he tugged at her sneakers until her foot slid free and repeated that with the remaining one.
He eyed her jean clad legs with frown and she hastily drew her legs up to her chest as much as she could to stop him before he could make any move. His glassy eyes jumped to her face and his frown deepened, lip curling in a silent snarl at her little rebellion.

“Get rid of ‘em,” His voice was deeper than she’d ever heard it, too sensual for her liking.

Yolanda’s teeth tugged at her lip and his eyes heated at the action. He made to move for her again, and hastily she scrambled to obey, not willing to let him take care of it for her. Slender fingers shook as she fumbled with the small button, the simple process taking longer than usual. Jensen watched her fingers tug at the zipper, his eyes following the movements with intent. It was unnerving.

“No!” He snarled, his hand flying out to grasp her left ankle as she began to slip off the bed.

Yolanda froze, one foot already perched on the floor. It was an awkward position and the muscles in her leg protested at being trapped under the weight of her torso, but she knew if she tried to fight his hold he’d react aggressively.

“I’m here, calm down. It won’t take long till I take them off,” She told him softly, wondering if he noticed the way her hands still shook from nerves (or fear).

He reluctantly released her foot, and hastily she scrambled off the bed and stripped free of her jeans. Fighting back tears, she climbed back onto the bed and tried not to let him see her flinch as he reached out. But, he didn’t reach for her; no, he reached for the top of the sheets and tugged until the edges pulled free from beneath the mattress. Yolana took the hint when he tugged a second time and shifted out of the way so he could pull the covers back. When he was satisfied, he turned to her with a pointed look.

She hesitated. “Please, I don’t want…”

“Ya need to rest.”
She hung her head and shoulders, slumped, knowing she had no choice. With a sigh, Yolanda pulled her hair to one side and carefully laid down. She wanted to curl onto her side but didn’t know if that will sit well with the Alpha watching her like a hawk.

Jensen slid up the bed and settled next to her, but Yolanda couldn’t meet his eyes. She was too exhausted emotionally. That day had been one never ending rollercoaster and she was ready to get off.

Yolanda jumped as a hand began pushing at her.

“What?” The Omega sighed, too tired to care about how her tone would be received.

“Roll over,” He grunted, continuing to push on her arm gently.

She blinked up at him taken aback by the tiredness mirrored in Jensen. Yolanda rolled onto her side and wriggled until she was comfortable. Her body melted into the mattress and she groaned in relief as her muscles relaxed.

Jensen slid up behind his Omega, his chest pressed against her back and an arm slipped around her waist, just below her breasts, and pulled Yolanda close against him. She snuggled into his embrace, sighing contently as her body was covered by the cool sheets.

It quickly became clear to her that his rut was going to be different of what she had heard and been afraid of. With how close their bodies were, she could tell that he wasn’t doing this out of arousal. That rut went beyond fulfilling his desires to fuck and mate. A part of her wondered if his rut wasn’t because of the weeks he’d spend without her, being in coma, unable to protect and care for her, and was making up for lost time.
Chapter 6

Is It Heat – Or Is It Rut?
A sun ray woke the Omega some hours later. She opened her eyes, grimacing at the light hitting her face and rolled without a second thought. The second her eyes landed on the figure lying inches from her, Yolanda let out a shriek and scrambled from the sheets, nearly falling face first in her haste to get out.

“What’s wrong?” A voice hoarse with sleep voice asked frantically, jerking upright and looking around the room for a threat and then back to the girl worriedly.

She placed a hand over her heart, the muscle pumping furiously as adrenaline coursed through her body, and willed herself to calm. Her foggy mind unscrambled the day’s events and she flushed. *How the hell could I have possibly forgotten Jensen was next to*
me? It was undoubtedly the reason she’d slept so soundly in the few hours she’d been napping with him.

“What is it, pup? Are-are you okay?” He asked urgently, eyes no longer red from exhaustion but wide with fear.

She cleared her throat and rubbed her chest.

“I’m fine. I – sorry, just…forgot where I was.”

Jensen stared at her, eyes free from the glassiness that had been there earlier.

“Are you sure? Can I get you something?”

“No, no I’m fine, really. You don’t have to…” She said hurriedly but it was too late. He was already out of bed and stumbling around to check on her. “No – stop!” She held out a hand, backing away until her back hit the wall.

Jensen froze, his face twisting with hurt.

“I’m not going to hurt you, mega.”

Yolanda hated how she trembled and blamed it on the chill of the room rather than a fear of him.

“I-I know. I just…I wasn’t…you’re in rut and…”

“I’ve scared you,” He said quietly, taking a step back. “I’m sorry. I haven’t had a rut in so long…” He cut off and dropped his gaze.

They both knew why he didn’t have his rut sooner.

She ran a hand through her messy hair.

“It’s not your fault. You just took me by surprise. I’m sorry; I overreacted.”

Yolanda pulled away from the wall and towards him hesitantly. She could see the haze beginning to settle over his eyes, noticed how his fingers twitched by his sides and knew it wouldn’t be long until he couldn’t keep his hands from her. She supposed she should be grateful that Jensen had woken as himself and not the temperamental Alpha that the rut brought out.

“Is the bathroom through there?” Yolanda asked tentatively, pointing to the door that he’d disappeared through when they’d first arrived.

He followed her finger to the door and nodded. The girl swallowed silently and slowly stepped passed him, her body hyper aware of his. She could feel his eyes follow as she padded silently across the room like a kitten to the door and even as she slipped inside, Yolanda knew he would be watching for her return.

Inside the bathroom, she sagged against the wall and buried her face into her hands. That was not how she’d wanted to spend her reunion with her Alpha. It wasn’t exactly Jared’s plan, either. When she’d imagined it, there had been shouting and
tears and heartfelt pleas for second chances and, most importantly, an explanation for his getaways. Sometimes she’d let herself forget the argument itself and just imagine him walking through the bookshop doors and sweep Yolanda off her feet.

Maybe her life was a terribly written rom-com, after all.

Wiping away a stray tear, Yolanda carefully got back on her feet and turned the shower on. Even though she’d have to get back into the same clothes, she needed to feel the heat of the spray on her skin, needed the warmth to loosen the tension from her aching muscles.

Jensen could wait – she hoped.

The shower was amazing; the pressure was harder than her nozzle at home and hit her skin like a spa jet. She nearly melted into a puddle and groaned blissfully as the streams of water pelted onto her back. By the time she stepped out, her skin was glowing red and her muscles felt like jelly. She was ready for bed even though she’d only just woken from a two hour nap.

She didn’t expect Jensen to hover outside the door.

“Are you alright?”

Yolanda nodded, watching him carefully to try and work out what type of mood he was in. “I’m okay, just tired. A-are you? Okay?”

“Need you, ‘mega,’” He said softly, much to her surprise. He approached Yolanda slowly, giving her time to back away if she wanted. “I’ve missed you. Missed your touch; missed your scent.” He murmured a finger ghosting along her cheek.

Yolanda’s breath caught in her throat, “I’m sorry for what you’ve been through. I must have known, but there was no way how.”

His eyes travelled lower and his fingers followed; her eyes fluttered closed as his large hand sprawled out across the side of her neck.

Yolanda’s eyes shot open and she felt tears well in her eyes.

“Why did you leave me?” She whimpered out at last.

Jensen shook his head, stepping closer at the signs of distress radiating from his mate. He whined low in his throat as tears escaped her eyes and gently brushed them aside with the pad of his thumb. She leaned her cheek into his hand, lip trembling as she fought to keep the sobs from escaping. That was not the time to have such a conversation, not when he was in no position to provide the answers she needed. It wasn’t fair to either of them and rut was hard enough on the emotions for all involved without adding in her own drama.

“’mega, ’” He took a step closer, burying his face in the crook of your neck.

She squeeze your eyes shut and pressed her ear against his chest listening to the steady thump of his heart. His arms winded around her slim, weak body and he tuck
head beneath his chin. The embrace was what they both need; she draw in deep breaths of his scent, the sweet spice of his cologne filling her senses. She could feel him inhaling, drawing in her scent until it pulled him back from whatever edge he’d found himself.

“Better?” She asked gently.

Jensen shook his head and before she could blink, he was swooping down to capture her lips in a kiss. It wasn’t just an innocent kiss, oh no; he’d got a hand cupping Yolanda’s jaw, tilting her head back and deepening the kiss until her toes curled. Her eyes fluttered close and she moaned into the kiss. It’d been so long since someone kissed her – no, since he kissed Yolanda with such need and desire.

She had forgotten how right it felt having his lips against her s. Jensen’s lips were soft and sweet, a stark contrast to the burn that the stubble on his jaw and chin caused. She gasped as his tongue ran across her lips teasingly, delving inside her mouth without hesitation, swallowing the moan that followed. The hand that was free slipped down her body and crept beneath her shirt. She didn’t know whether to pay attention to the feel of his lips on her own or the graze of his fingers across her belly and their climb north.

“Jensen,” She whimpered as his hand grazed her breast teasingly.

Ever since falling into heavy heat without her Alpha to help her out, her breasts had been incredibly sensitive. It had caused her grief at the start; no matter how soft, nipples would ache uncomfortably and it made wearing a bra a nightmare. Now, though, feeling Jensen’s thumb flick across her bud was too much. Her body was hyper aware of him as it was but that simple action felt like electricity hitting the Omega. The small flick sent heat straight to her core and he did it again and again until she was writhing against him, held up only by his strength.

“Sensitive, pup?” He murmured pleased in her ear.

She rested her head on his chest, hands clawing at his shirt needing something to clench onto, “You have no idea...”

He backed Yolanda towards the bed and let go of her long enough for the Omega to climb onto the mattress. He nudged her legs until she scampered backwards, stopping only when her head hit the pillows and looked to him with heated eyes. Jensen stood at the foot of the bed, eyes dilated. He cocked his head to the side and studied her lying there, panting with need for him.

His eyes slowly darkened.

“Look at you, ‘mega’, ” He purred, “So pure, so innocent... so beautiful. Been dreamin’ of you every night since the bookstore. Even when I was in coma, all I could see in the darkness was you; my little light.”
She whined softly and got on her knees, shifting closer, already missing the feel of his body, “Alpha…”

“I want to have you, Yolanda. Claim you. Would you want me to?” He crooned in her ear.

The Omega nodded enthusiastically, slick pooling in her panties at the mere thought of it.

“Words, ‘Mega,’” He demanded gruffly, as he stepped right above her.

*It was now or never.* Yolanda wanted to be with him, spend the night with Jensen. Their talk could wait.

“Take me and never leave me.”

In the next second his hands were clawing at her clothes, practically tearing them from her body. She was just as eager, fingers hurriedly tugging at the buttons on his shirt until she could slide the material off his broad shoulders. His mouth couldn’t settle on one part of her and trailed from the lips to the jaw line and down her neck before working their way back up to the lips, leaving a burning trail in their wake.

Eyes fluttered closed as his hands tugged down the cups of her bra and exposed her nipples.

“Oh, Alpha,…” The cramps twisting in her stomach were becoming unbearable the longer she went without a knot.

“Eager little ‘mega, aren’t you?” He smirked wickedly.

She couldn’t retort, not when he lowered his head and latched onto one of her nipples. All she managed was a gasp that turned into a low moan as his teeth grazed her sensitive bud, the heat and wetness of his mouth fuelling her need. She raked her nails
through his hair, tugging as he lavished his attention on one nipple before finally giving the other the same treatment. By the time he finally pulled back, a pleased smile on his lips, she was already panting and dripping.

“Jensen,” Yolanda ’d meant to sound sexy or seductive but to her it just sounded breathless and needy.

His eyes darkened and he reached around her to cup large handfuls of her ass in his hands. Yolanda’s breath hitched in her throat and her hands shot to his chest. He leaned down just enough for his lips to reach her s and flicked out his tongue teasingly, “Yolanda.”

She whimpered, a strong cramp tearing at her insides and briefly she felt a stirring of panic within her as she realised the implication; he had set her heat in motion.

*There was no going back now. Heaven ’n Hell, this is practically my worst nightmare, or my best dream!*

“Present yourself, ‘ mega.” He didn’t intend it to sound like an order. It was more likely a wish.

Excitement and readiness course d through her at his words; without hesitation, she climbed onto the bed and fall onto hands and knees. Yolanda could feel the cool air of the room against her wetness but she was not embarrassed by it; if anything, she was more turned on by the effect he had on her.

Yolanda suck in a breath sharply as the heat of his hand connected with the globe of her ass and she push back against him eagerly. Jensen chuckled at her sudden enthusiasm, the heat of his body spreading across her skin as his touch wandered and he settled between her legs. A low keening moan slipped past her lips as he ran a finger down her slit teasingly, dipping in just enough to test the slick gathered there. He pulled away as quickly as he came. She began to grumble, rocking back to take matters into her own hands when he slapped her rear once, sharply, but very pleasantly, in warning.

Duly reprimanded, she changed her tactics and arched her back as she laid her head on her arms, hoping to tempt him into losing his damn self-control. At first Jay did nothing and she was becoming restless, rutting her ass out hoping to hit strong thighs but he seemed to have realised her intentions and shifted just out of reach. Yolanda pouted into the pillow, hair falling across her both shoulders and against her cheeks, breasts swaying below. It was silent in the room. Save only for her impatient exhale. And for a moment she wonder if he’d left.

Yolanda cried out as he filled her with one firm thrust. The stretch and burn as he filled Yolanda was better than anything she’d ever felt before, and her pussy clamped down on him in response. He paused once he’d completely buried in her, pelvis brushing against her ass and balls firm against her clit; he was giving her a moment to adjust to his girth. and damn, did he have some good girth on him. She’d never felt fuller than in that moment and loved it.
“You were meant for me, little ‘Mega,’ Jensen groaned, his cock twitching inside her tightness. ‘I’m gonna move, okay?’

All she could do was nod, Yolanda’s voice failing her. She let out a strangled moan as he slowly retreated only to plunge back in just as deep. He built up to a steady pace though it still seemed torturously slow to her. She was scratching and clawing at the sheets, sweat running between her breasts as the Alpha behind her slowly fucked every coherent thought from her body. There was nothing she could do but take it, his grip on her hips bruising and unrelenting and she had no way of escaping or controlling the pace.

“You already have me, my ‘Mega,’” He chuckled darkly, rutting his hips forward powerfully making her gasp as his blunt tip rubbed deliciously against her g-spot. “I’m gonna take you nice and slow, little ‘Mega, so you remember everything.”

Yolanda whimpered and tried to rock back on him but he had already anticipated her movements. She yelped as he pulled her hands out from beneath her and the Omega collapsed onto her chest, ass high in the air. Jensen pinned her hands above her head and together they groaned at the sensations the new angle stirred for them both.

Jensen pumped languidly into her, his chest firm against her back as he leant over to keep her hands pinned above her head. Her face was buried into a pillow, Jensen’s woodsy scent heavy on the pillowcase. It was almost like a drug, making her mind hazy with need or perhaps that was just her body’s reaction to having an Alpha to submit to. She’d never been one to cave easily to the commands of an Alpha unlike most Omegas; she usually just rolled her eyes at their demanding tones and did as she pleased. With Jensen, however, his assertion and domination sent a rush of heat through Yolanda.

“You like that?” He grunted, hips beginning to snap quicker into her as the base of his cock swelled, “Like being pinned down, nowhere to go? Like having my cock fill you up?” He picked up the pace driving into her relentlessly, “Want you to cum, Yolanda, all over my length. Can you do that, beauty?”

His words were enough to send her over the edge. Yolanda’s body unsnapped and with a loud cry, she came shuddering as waves of bliss rocked her. So lost in her own pleasure, she didn’t notice when the knot thickened and locked her together or the sting on her neck as Jensen’s teeth pierced the delicate skin, claiming her instantly.

Yolanda had no idea that in that one moment, with one decision, everything had changed. She drifted off to sleep, content with her Alpha’s weight pinning her down and the scent of him all around, unaware that her life would never be the same again.
As cliché as it was to say, time passed by in a blur. An hour felt like a minute and nearly two days had passed with them none the wiser, too consumed by her heat and his rut to notice or even care. The scent of him was heavy in the air and clung to every surface around her; it only made the need to mate greater, to feel his body against hers, to feel his knot swell and lock their bodies together.

So she did.

For the most part, Yolanda remained on the bed. Jensen was reluctant to let her out of the bed and would growl warningly if she so much as put a toe on the floor. She either had to get back in bed before he tugged her back in or told him where she was going – which was mainly just to the bathroom so she could pee. The Alpha insisted on providing for her, to prove he was worthy as a mate; it wasn’t something she was used to experiencing but it had made him puff out his chest with pride.

The few times she wasn’t craving sex or a knot and he wasn’t pawing at her for release, they both curled up in bed and slept until they felt refreshed enough to go at it again. It seemed like a never ending cycle of sex, eat and repeat but damn if it wasn’t the best sex she’d ever had. Jensen knew exactly how to please her, knew when to be rough and when she wanted to feel the scrape of his fingers as he manhandled her into position. He knew when Yolanda wanted slow and sweet, wanted to savour the taste of him as he buried himself in her with agonisingly slow thrusts. It was the first time she’d ever wanted her heat not to end.

Only it did.
There was some sort of noise reverberating from somewhere in the room.

The Omega woke suddenly, disorientated and aching from head to toe, a firm body wrapped around her. Panic began to well in Yolanda’s chest as she took in the unfamiliar surroundings not recognising the navy walls and wooden floors, nor the sea-blue curtains. She took in the clothes scattered across the floor boards, her chest tightening in alarm as her sleep addled brain processed her predicament.
The heat!

Yolanda was naked, protected only by the sheets tangled around her body. Absentmindedly she scratched delicately at her neck, fingers tracing across indents made by sharp teeth hard enough to scar. There wouldn’t be a soul on earth who wouldn’t know what those scars meant – that she had been claimed by an Alpha. And, not some ordinary Alpha but Jensen Ackles! The thought was both terrifying and thrilling.

As if sensing her turmoil the figure behind Yolanda nuzzled into her neck comfortingly, lips grazing the claim they had staked not so long ago. The Alpha had an arm snaked around her waist to keep Yolanda flush against him. His breath was fanning across your neck, causing the hair at the base of her neck to tickle the skin there. The scent of him was everywhere – cocoa and canella – and it dulled the intensity of her anxiousness; she breathed in heavily, eyes closed and content.

Yolanda began to drift back to unconsciousness, snuggling into the Alpha’s embrace when she heard it again. That annoying ringing.

Slowly so she wouldn’t wake him, Yolanda inched towards the edge of the bed and managed to peel his arm away from her waist. A frown gathered between his brows but he didn’t wake at the loss of contact like she feared.

Carefully, the girl climbed off the bed, frantically searching for the source of the noise - not having to go far, finding Jensen’s smartphone on the floor. He must of dropped it while undressing.

There appeared to be a text message with the name *Danneel* across the top.

*His ex-fiancée…*

Pausing over the unread message on his unlocked screen, she weighed her options, but something told her that she needed to know what it said.

*Wishing u and ur immature Omega good luck. U’re gonna need it.*
It took a moment for it to sink in but once it did, her heart began pounding furiously in her chest. The message was a painfully familiar sight. It was how Yolanda had caught her ex cheating on her. Yet, that time the text was different, so were the positions. Yolanda was the other woman.

I’m not good for him… She’s right; I’m too young and naïve for Jensen. No matter what Jared had said, Jensen is to be with her. He’s still in her mind. It’s unmistakable! I won’t be a homewrecker. I can’t be the reason for their break up. I’m just a normal, immature girl. He’s a star.

It was too good to be true.

Yolanda took a deep breath and tried not to overreact; she snatched her shirt from the floor and tugged it over her head before padding softly to the bathroom. She pushed the door open and caught the unwelcomed glimpse of her reflection in the mirror; her hair was mess, tufts sticking up in all directions and her lips were swollen and pink. There were bruises littered down her neck.

She felt her heart crack. There was Jensen’s mark – red and screamly, Mated and blameworthy. You deserve to be alone, Yolanda, bear me like a burden.

The feeling of shame crashed into her but this time she was not sure she could survive it. Yolanda thought things were finally going to change; she thought she could finally put the drama and tension behind her now that the Omega’d found her soulmate.

The tears came without warning – okay, so there was some warning but Yolanda was too busy dashing through the bathroom in search of pants to acknowledge the burning in her eyes. She finally found her pants in a crumpled heap next to the tub, snatched them up and hurriedly pulled them on. She was fumbling with the zipper and cursing loudly, unaware of the door clicking open. Yolanda didn’t even notice someone else was in the room until a hand wrapped around her wrist to tug her fingers away from the button that was causing so much problems.

Jensen was staring down at her with concern, his hair rumpled and effortlessly sexy. His clothes weren’t much better, wrinkles lining his tee. There was a shadow of hair across his jaw that just made him all the more delectable. Yolanda cursed the hormones running through her veins that made her want to jump his bones.

“What’s wrong?” He asked peering down at his true Omega with concern.

He doesn’t have to know about me seeing the message. He wouldn’t understand. He won’t be able to let me go. I won’t be able to insist. I have to try and deal with the consequences alone. Like always.

Hurriedly, Yolanda passed around him, keeping a distance as if afraid of burning being close to him. She pulled on her shoes and snatched up her phone from the dresser, making her way to the door in record time.
“Yolanda!”

She didn’t have to look back to see him all shook-up.

“I understand you now, Jensen. We are a mistake.”

He stopped her from opening the door, one hand braced on the edge and his chest pressed against her back.

“I was a fool.”

_Crack_.

“No, I was the one who didn’t realize it earlier. Unfortunately, it’s too late…,” Her voice wavered despite her words and Jensen instantly grabbed her hand in his free one. “You’re making this harder…”

“Yolanda,” He spoke quietly in her ear. “We are one. With or without the mark, it won’t be the same if you leave. Stay with me,” Jensen pleaded desperately, “Need you, my ‘Mega. In my life. Don’t go.”

She wanted so badly to cave; he sounded so lost standing behind her, practically begging Yolanda not to leave.

*She had to be strong. For both of them.*

“Please, drive me home?” She asked timidly.

Ivan drove her to the hotel and she doubted that he’d stuck around overnight. Her limited options were ride with Jensen or catch a bus – wait, no she didn’t have her wallet – neither had battery so she could call Ivan or Happy and ask them to come get her. She knew it was too much asking him for such thing but she tried.

Or she just wanted to spend some more time with him before they part.
Together they walked down the hallway, the only sound coming from their shoes scuffing against the carpet. He had his hands stuffed into the pockets of his jeans and his eyes never strayed from the end of the hall. She scrambled for something to say just to fill the uncomfortable silence between them but Yolanda drew a blank. Seriously, what was she meant to say?

Thanks for helping me, now you’re free to go and marry Danneel... Ugh, Yolanda! She scolded herself.

She followed Jensen down to the foyer feeling eyes fall onto both of them. From the corner of
Yolanda could see women murmuring to each other and another pointing at Jensen excitedly. Dread swelled in the pit of her stomach and it grew with each step she took crossing the foyer. As the click of camera shuttles bounced around the room, her cheeks began to heat and she took a small step away from Jensen.

“You alright?” He asked worriedly as he paused at the reception.

She nodded, ignoring the way the receptionist’s brows raised at the sight of such young and awkward female standing next to a sitcom playboy.

“Fine.”

Jensen didn’t seem convinced but handed over the key; she didn’t listen to their conversation too busy keeping an eye out for the whisperers. Her eyes flitted across the various faces milling about the hotel entrance, paranoia beginning to set in. To Yolanda, everybody was watching in some way or another, judging her presence beside the incredibly attractive actor. She tried to ignore the incredulous glances thrown her way.

Yolanda jumped, startled, as a hand landed on her arm softly. Jensen was looking worriedly at her. Then he did a subtle sweep of the room, the bridge between his brows tightening as he came to the same conclusion as her that their presence together was gathering some attention.

“Come on, let’s get you home.”

They walked from the hotel without glancing back. Jensen took long strides and moved with urgency that she couldn’t quite understand until Yolanda saw it. He held open the door for her and as she moved passed, the Omega took in the way his lips pinched together and his gaze was focused on someone inside. As discreetly as she could manage, Yolanda glanced over her shoulder curiously and blinked in shock at the sight of a man with a professional camera taking rapid shots.

Was he seriously taking photos of us two? Shit, would he sell them to a magazine or did he already work for one? The thought of their picture being plastered all over gossip magazines made her stomach twist and dread stab at her heart.

This could not be happening.

Jensen placed a hand on her lower shoulder and gently but firmly guided his mate down the street. It was difficult for her to maintain the same pace, his legs longer than hers. By the time they reached the corner, she was puffing lightly and her cheeks were a warm pink and not because of the chill in the air. Jensen didn’t seem to notice her discomfort, glancing over his shoulder every few moments. It was as if they were in some action drama where the two main characters were running from the evil guy’s lackeys.

Except in this situation, Jensen wasn’t trying to protect her; he was trying to avoid being seen with Yolanda.

The reality of it slammed into her. He was rushing to keep the photographer at a distance; he didn’t want to be seen with such young and awkward female. He didn’t want evidence that
he’d knocked up some poor Omega. Could she blame him? Wasn’t this the main reason she was leaving him? If Yolanda was in his position, she wouldn’t want the world knowing her private life. Still, it stung to think that he was trying to hide her like some dirty secret.

Yolanda was indeed *the dirty little secret*.

“Can – can you slow down?” She gasped after five minutes of power walking.

Jensen paused, guilt flickering across his face as he took in her sweaty and breathless state.

“Sorry – are you alright?”

“Uh, yes, I just can’t move that fast these days, makes me dizzy.” She puffed and looked away. “Are we close to your car?”

A look of alarm crossed Jensen’s face and instantly he was by her side, hands cupping her face, “Are you okay? Do you want to sit down? You should sit down.” He decided, ushering her to a bench despite the Omega’s protests. “I’ll go get the car – I’ll be quick, I promise.”

“No, Jensen, I can walk!” Yolanda tried to protest, reaching up to grasp his wrist.

He wriggled out of her hold and shook his head, “No, you’re right; you need to be taking it easy. I don’t want you to strain yourself. You don’t look ok, –“

“Heaven ‘n Hell, I’m fine!” Yolanda said exasperated, at which he widened his eyes. She lowered her voice, “Jensen, I’ve been worse. I just need you to slow down a bit, so I can keep up with your pace.”

Jensen hesitated, indecision flickering in his eyes; she didn’t give him a chance to make the decision. She pulled herself off the seat and raised her brows pointedly at him. He sighed and nodded; this time when he took off, she could easily keep astride with him and her laboured breaths returned to normal. He stopped looking over his shoulders every few minutes and the air between them felt almost normal. The cool air drifted through her hair, the sun streaming down – it was one of those days where she could happily go for a walk or stay at home and curl up on the couch with a book or her lovely sitcom – *F.R.I.E.N.D.S*. Right now, her dusty couch sounded *perfect*.

“Here we are.” Jensen nodded towards a car parked in a secure parking lot under one of the taller buildings.

It was a sleek navy car but nothing as fancy as what she’d assumed an actor would have. Then again, what did she know about cars? Yolanda didn’t even have a license.

Gingerly, she lowered herself in and sighed with relief as her weight left her trembling feet. As Jensen climbed into the car, she glanced around at the leather interior and eyed the array
of knobs and dials with confusion. Jensen chuckled at her expression and she looked sheepishly at him.

“I felt the same way when I first drove it. My pick up’s in Austin – this is a little easier to navigate around the city,” He told her as he pulled out.

“I walk everywhere unless Ivan or Happy has time to drive me,” Yolanda shrugged and stared out the window. “Or I take the bus.”

The rest of the drive was silent except for when she needed to tell him when to turn. He manoeuvred through the city with ease as if he’d done it a thousand times before. It reminded Yolanda of her father, who liked the high speed, the Japanese cars… She had enjoyed it, but he was far now; an ocean away, in fact. She enjoyed the drive, taking in parts of New Orleans that she hadn’t really seen before. The city was beautiful making her regret how little time she’d actually spent exploring the place she had called home for the past years. Hopefully, with someday, that could change.

“Thanks for the lift,” She said softly as he stopped in front of her purple door, fingers edging towards the door knob of the car.

He caught her elbow before she could shift away.

“Please, tell me this is not what I think it is,” He swallowed to control his emotions at the mere suggestion.

She slowly turned around to face him, her sight set downwards, “Face the reality, Jens. You and I are from two completely different worlds.” Don’t do this, no! “Seeing you again meant a lot for me. I wanted to know how have you been doing after the…car crash. The previous Monday Jared had offered me to wait and see you till you feel better. I agreed, but I’ve never stopped asking him about your health…” The connection between them was almost palpable in the thick air inside the car. “But, at the end, I wasn’t….I didn’t expect both of us to—“

“Mate? Cuz that’s what we did, Yolanda. It means we belong to each other!” He glanced up, red eyes focused on Yolanda.

She watched his face, seeing the little tick in his cheek, knowing he was grinding his teeth together out of frustration - one of the many habits she’d learned that he had.

And, at that moment, she knew, was talking Jensen. Not the Alpha.

“Do ya really think I’m capable of forgetting you?”
The small sound of his voice made Yolanda’s heart shattered and drop into her stomach like a lead weight. The guilt was drowning her now, warring with the need to comfort her Alpha, to reassure him.

To love Jensen.

“I’m just an ordinary sort of person. I live in the darkness, and you in the ghost light,” The words were not coming easily. Yolanda was smiling, but the hurt showed in her eyes as she looked deeply into his heartending ones.

“An immature girl like me is not capable of giving you what you really deserve, Jensen Ackles.”

The connection seemed to snap.

There was no goodbye or even a kiss.

Yolanda didn’t look back once she’d wrenched the door open. Her feet crunched loudly on the gravel, hastily crossing the short distance to her lodging’s door. She could feel Jensen watching the entire time, could feel his haunted eyes following her every move. Hell, she wanted to run back to him. The second she got inside and shut the door closed, Yolanda felt like she’d made the worst mistake of her life but she wouldn’t back down.

Ivan studied her worriedly as he came in her view, “Just wait and see.”

Yolanda looked down at her hands, as if she could see Jensen pulling out of the driveway and onto the road.

“Not and this time, Ivan,” She muttered, hugging her arms to her chest. “Not and this time.”

The farther away Jensen drove, the worse she seemed to get until one thought ran through her head,

What am I doing?
Chapter 9

Guidebook – New Customer?

It was Monday afternoon, two weeks since that fateful day, and the rain hasn’t stopped since Yolanda woke up. It would had been the perfect weather to lull her to sleep at the front
register, but she had far too much work to do, considering Happy had decided that he was too busy with his other work to come in. Yolanda didn’t ask what he had meant by “other work”, and he didn’t offer any details.

The bell over the door rang and she jumped up from a squat so quickly that she narrowly missed knocking over a stack of recent acquisitions that she was shelving.

A woman strode in. Tall, beautiful, with thick auburn hair. She looked like the sort of person Yolanda would see at one of the celebrities’s events, but she’s not familiar. She wore a long, heavy wool coat that looked as if it was made for her. The only jewelry she wore was a large diamond studs in her ears that Yolanda could see even from across the store.

In other words, the Bulgarian girl was fairly certain she’s rich as hell, and she’s in her shop.

Yolanda stepped forward, greeting her while she straighten her button-down shirt.

The woman traced her finger over the cover of a new release before turning to Yolanda. Her eyes glinted with something, and while Yolanda was not sure what it was, she could definitely be someone the Bulgarian would run into at one of the celebrities ’events. She had seen people who would smile and preen as they swallowed you whole. That woman looked like one of them.

“Can I help you find something?”

“Who are you working for, girl?”

Yolanda found the question abrupt and unnecessary, but she answered her,

“Happy. Happy Dolson. He owns this store. Is there anything in particular I can help you locate?”

She nodded her head.

“Yes, the Dolson’s bookshop. The place I was searching for.”

Something settled in Yolanda's stomach.

“I’m Elta Graul,” She continued, “And I have a particular interest in this store.” She handed her a business cards that read, 'Graul’s Industries'. After looking at it’s lettering and gilt edges, Yolanda tucked it into her back pocket.

“You named your business after yourself?”

She shrugged. “Why not?”

It was the answer someone like her would give. It’s the type of thing her ex might say, but she felt as if th at wa s an ungenerous thought, and she brushed it away.

“How can I help you?” She tried to get to the bottom of what th at woman want ed, coming in here smelling of old money and so much class that she needed to do little to prove it. Yolanda said silent thanks for the practice she’d had at the art gallery openings and society soirees that have given h e r the grace to handle someone like this.
Elta extended her hand, and she went to shake it but ended up feeling more like she expected her to kiss it. Like some kind of queen.

“I’m not looking for any books. I have other business.”

With that out of the way, Yolanda decide to get straight to the heart of the matter,

“I’m confused,” She said, “About why you are here, in this store.”

Elta smiled at her, and she suppressed the shiver that wanted to run down her spine.

“I own this building. Surely you knew that?”

She blinked. Happy paid the rent on the space for the bookstore every month, but he have never mentioned the name ‘Elta’.

“I wasn’t aware. I didn’t intend to be in the book-selling business. But I’ve grown to love it, of course.” Something in Yolanda felt the need to please her, to get her to leave.

“I understand.” The way she said it told Yolanda that her understanding counted for little. “However, this neighborhood is becoming less and less desirable, in recent years. Because of that, I have decided to let this building go.”

Yolanda took a moment to process what she meant.

*Let the building go in the heat of the season. To someone else? Someone else will own it?*

Yolanda was left reeling before Elta even landed the final blow.

“I’m planning on selling this building, and the new owners I have in mind do not plan on keeping this structure, or the businesses housed in it. They’d prefer to build an apartment building, spruce the area up a bit. I felt it was my duty to do everyone the courtesy of letting them know.”

Yolanda didn’t respond, taking a moment to try to process the consequences.

“This area has become something of an eyesore, you see,” Cruella continued.

Yolanda felt as if she’d been slapped. She watched her look around the store, not bothering to mask her distaste anymore.

“When is this going to happen?” It was the only thing Yolanda could think to ask. There was little control she had over the situation. Yolanda recognized it immediately, knowing what type of person she was.

“Oh, it will be a couple of months before the deal is settled. These things take time. Though, I don’t suppose you would have any experience with that, so I understand your asking.” She waved her gloves in the air dismissively.

*Simple bitch…*

“Why did you come today?” She crossed her arms, prepared to ask her to leave.
“What do you mean?” Elta-Cruella seemed genuinely puzzled, so Yolanda had to give it to her acting skills.

“Don’t you have lawyers who deal with this sort of thing? A team of assistants or something?” Yolanda felt a little fear now. All she did was threaten Happy’s store, the source of income keeping him, his family and Yolanda free to pursue their own interests.

“Yes, of course. Well, you can say that I took a special interest, in your case.” She paused for effect. “I heard that you attended the Jared Padalecki’s party a week and half ago. But why wouldn’t you? Given how close all of you have grown.”

_Elta-Cruella seemed genuinely puzzled, so Yolanda had to give it to her acting skills._

_How come she knew that!?_

Yolanda was barely holding in her rage and on the point of kicking her out when Elta-Cruella adjusted the collar of her coat and turned around.

“See you soon, Yolanda.” She called out as she left.

_Who is this fucking woman!? Where did she know my name from!!?_

The bell over the door rang, and Yolanda punched her fist into the table in front of her. She was on the verge of finding her phone to text Happy when the bell rang again. She put on her best customer face, but let it drop when she saw who it was.

_Jensen?_

He walked straight towards her, not even bothering to pretend he was here shopping for books.

_In fact, Yolanda wasn’t in the mood for any of it._

“How are you here?” There was no need for formalities with him, _apparently._

_Wasn’t she clear the last time?_

He narrowed his eyes, his perfect, beautiful green eyes, and nearly looked hurt.

“You mentioned something about a guidebook.”

She sighed out. Yolanda wasn’t sure what his intentions were, but as long as they were in the store, she had to play the helpful patroness.

“What kind do you want?” She turned and walked to a set of shelves near the register, expecting him to follow. He did, but didn’t bother looking at the books.

“What’s wrong?” He asked. As if he had a right to.

“I’ve just had some bad news. What were you looking for?”

Jensen placed his palms on the table behind himself and leant back on it.

“Not until you tell me what’s wrong.”
She couldn’t tell him what’s really wrong. Not him. Not now.

Yolanda chose another tactic.

“Why do you pretend I haven’t told you anything last week?” There was no way to ask the question without sounding desperate, but she needed to know. Maybe it was foolish of her, and wrong to even entertain the idea.

“Why do you pretend you haven't seen the message.” He took a book from the table he was leaning against and began to thumb through it.

So, he figured it out…

“Why are you here?” She was curious and annoyed for more than his sake.

“I wanted to visit my mate,” Ackles said nonchalantly, leaving her in complete shock. He placed the book back on the table. Mate…His... ”Now, do you want to tell me what’s got you all… red?”

She reached up to her face and was ashamed to find that it was warm. But, if honesty that was the thing that would take for him to leave and allow her the space to contact Happy, so be it.

“I found out that this building is being sold, so I’ll be kicked out. Happy’s business will have nowhere to go.”

“That’s too bad.” Jensen shrugged.

She didn’t expect him to be insomuch as heartless. Had she been wrong about him this whole time? What’s got into the Jensen she knew?!

“Too bad? That Happy’s and my own livelihoods are on the line? That this store will disappear? That everything we’ve worked to keep running since I came here will be gone? All that work, for nothing?” Her voice was more shrill than she had intended, but she couldn’t find it in her self to care.

“I mean it’s too bad that this store will be gone. I think it’s a credit to the neighborhood. And you.” He reached up to brush her cheek. That so, so familiar feeling.. . He got no right to touch me! “I hate to think you’ll not be around to give me a hard time when I look for guide books.”

Yolanda stepped angrily away from him. They hardly knew where their relationship stood. She did n’t know why she would expect sympathy from someone like him. Someone who worked for TV companies or magazines, and understood nothing of business and hardwork.

“You’re not so immature, after all,” He said with a smirk on his luscious lips. Jensen turned towards the exit, leaving the feeling in her that he would be coming back soon again.
Since this is a fiction, a slave to my imagination, I've decided to make Danneel not only model, but a business minx, and Jensen's ex fianceê. I have nothing against the woman, just want her out of my imaginary Jensen's life. ☺️ take care, and tnx for reading my story!!!❤️
Yolanda hadn’t spoken to Jensen in almost two weeks, and she hadn’t plan onto either. But that hadn’t stopped him from constantly trying to see her in her home. Each time she hid herself inside. Happy got serious problems with Cruella’s footmen and he hadn’t opened the bookstore in a long time. And even though, she had avoided Jensen, the Bulgarian still had his notifications for his social media accounts. So, she wasn’t surprised to get a ding on her phone by ‘Jensen Ackles shared post’ on Instagram.
Something told her not to click on it, but being the glutton that she were, Yolanda couldn’t stop herself.

Her chest tightened, and she felt the tears swell in her eyes at the image on her phone.

It was a pair of cowboy boots on a brick ledge. The caption explaining that there will be a couple of boots coming soon to the Ackles family.

That’s why Danneel doesn’t want to lose him. Jensen is the father of her child.

*His child.*

*Little Ackles.*

Yolanda took in a deep breath, trying to stop the tears. She then laid her phone gently down on the sink of her bathroom, where she was currently standing. Her fingers brushed gently across a plastic object next to her phone on the counter. Another deep breath, and she picked up the object, flipping it over and forcing herself to look down.

The callous piece of plastic stared back at Yolanda almost in a mocking manner.

She then opened her phone once again, staring back at that photo and then back at the white stick, the caption reverberating in her head.

“…adding a pair of boots to the family this year…”

Well, Jensen, you better make that a couple.
An hour later she and Ivan sat in the waiting room in a small private practice. Yolanda couldn’t keep still, leg shaking and nails picking at the cuticles of her finger as she waited anxiously. Ivan had tried to distract her with flashy magazines that broadcasted all the latest celebrity gossip but she couldn’t concentrate on anything. The last thing she wanted to talk and think about were celebrities.

Delaney flipped through absentmindedly but tensed every time the receptionist so much as coughed. She was mid turn when the click of heel had her head jerking up, eyes zeroing in on the Alpha that stood in the doorway.

“Yolanda Delaney?” She called her voice confident and professional.

Yolanda wished she could sound that confident.

Ivan dropped the magazine, unaware that he had turned a page he and Yolanda would have learnt more about Jensen’s baby. Instead he put hand on Yolanda’s lower back and hastily followed the doctor down the hallway and into the consultation room with Ivan hot on her heels.

Yolanda perched on the chair closest to the desk, hands folded in her lap. Almost immediately she began wringing fingers, her nerves taking control; if it wasn’t for Ivan’s calming hand on her elbow, she probably would’ve picked at her nails until they bled.

Would the doctor confirm it?

“Alright Y =olanda, it says here that you’re an Omega that’s recently been claimed?” The doctor jumped straight into it, her eyes scanning the file as she spoke.

Yolanda felt like a naughty student sent to the principal’s office. “Y-yeah. I-I, uhm, had my heat triggered by an Alpha. It was about two months ago. Since then I’ve been feeling really weak.”

“Just weak?” The doctor focused on that last detail, her eyes lifting to analyse her.

Yolanda shook her head, “I throw up most mornings and the nausea comes and goes. The tiredness bothers me the most – I can’t focus at work or at university.”

“When was your last heat?”

“Nearly two months ago.”

The doctor quirked her brow and studied her for a moment; she hummed thoughtfully and scribbled down some notes. Yolanda scanned the tiny scrawl, hoping to catch some phrase or word that might give her a clue as to what she might be thinking.

“Alright, Yolanda, can you hop up on the table for me?”

Yolanda followed her request quickly, kicking off her shoes and using the footstool to climb up onto the hard mattress. Yolanda lay on her back, nerves fluttering in her stomach. The doctor finished her sentence and pushed her chair back, the legs scraping on the carpet loudly. The girl swallowed as her heels clicked over to the basin, the tap squeaking as the
water turned on. It felt like the longest process, water sloshing in the basin; she had to be reassured that she was paying attention to good hygiene practices but she just wanted the examination over and done with.

A cold hand landed on her arm and she jumped, blushing at being caught unaware. The doctor smiled at her, uncharacteristically gentle for an Alpha, and looked questioningly down at her shirt.

“May I?” She asked.

Yolanda relaxed and nodded, grateful that she’d taken the time to make her feel a little more comfortable. She gently pushed Yolanda’s shirt aside and she took the hem between her fingers. Yolanda sucked in a breath as the doctor’s hands prodded at her stomach, her brows knitted together in concentration. Her hands moved carefully around the girl’s stomach, the pads of her fingers applying a firm pressure but not so much that it was painful.

“How have you noticed any sensitivity in your nipples?” She asked bluntly.

Yolanda blushed, “No? I haven’t really...” She trailed off awkwardly, not sure how to finish.

She seemed to understand though and nodded, continuing her examination. She was silent as she listened to Yolanda’s heart, only giving her soft instructions to sit up once she’d listened to her chest and stomach. Upright, Yolanda noticed that Ivan was watching like a hawk, his eyes following the doctor’s moves and she was grateful to have a friend that cared so much.

Once Yolanda was back in her seat and the doctor has finished scribbling on her notes, she turned to the younger female with a serious expression.

“Now, I want to make this very clear so that you will relax,” She began, “You are not sick because the Alpha who claimed you is not by your side. Plenty of Omegas can live comfortably if their mate leaves, claimed or not. There can be side effects but that’s mostly through heats.”

“I haven’t had my heat...” Yolanda shared, feeling the blood draining from her face.

The doctor smiled sympathetically, “Yes — two months. You’re late. I want to run some tests to confirm this but I believe you’re pregnant.” The doctor continued, looking to Ivan cautiously when Yolanda stared at her blankly.

The Beta understood and took Yolanda’s hand, “Breathe, Yo-Yo.” He prompted, giving her hand a comforting squeeze.

Yolanda sucked in a breath and squeezed the hand in return. “What happens if I don’t...?” Yolanda couldn’t finish the thought.

“You better keep it.” The doctor advised with slight smile.

She continued to talk about the symptoms and why she believed it to be pregnancy but all Yolanda did was stare at her blankly, her brain unable to process the words flowing from the Alpha’s mouth.
It’s true. Yolanda was indeed pregnant.

The Omega knew the doctor was the professional, the one who had spent years studying medicine, but she still couldn’t believe in her words. It didn’t seem possible; she’d only had sex once…or twice…or numerous times over a day or two – okay, so it was possible but that didn’t make it any easier for her to wrap her head around it.

How could one young woman care for a kid? Yolanda hadn’t even finished university – she wasn’t even sure if she still had a job! And about her living situation – a small apartment, which was shared with her harebrained Beta lodger. It was insane!

Kiddos were small and fragile and breakable. They needed constant care, and time, and food and…

“Yolanda?” The doctor prompted, looking at her concerned.

Ivan squeezed Yolanda’s hand and at her smiled weakly, “Sorry, I was…thinking.”

“Panicking from the looks of things.” The doctor corrected with a gentle chuckle. “I know this is probably a shock for you and the last thing you’d want to hear considering the…situation with your Alpha but I just wanted to prepare you. I could be wrong – we still need to take some blood and I’ll schedule you for an ultrasound. For now, you need rest and to stay hydrated and minimal stress.”

Yolanda nodded numbly, nausea growing in the pit of her stomach the longer the doctor spoke. Ivan took the form for pathology and thanked the doctor while Yolanda smiled weakly. Words failed to form and she was too tired to try and make anything coherent come out of her mouth. Yolanda let Ivan led her from the room and down the hall, mind churning with ‘what if’s’ as she sat in a different waiting room.

“It’ll be okay,” Ivan murmured to her, his fingers squeezing her own.

Yolanda nodded, eyes staring at the dull wall straight ahead. The Omega barely felt the needle as it pierced her skin or heard any of the polite chatter that the nurse exchanged with Ivan. Her mind felt foggy and distant. That one test would confirm life altering news and it was overwhelming to say the least.

How could Yolanda care for a child?
The buzzing of her phone caught her attention first but Ivan was quick to catch on. With a hesitant glance at Ivan, the Omega picked it up and stared at the number across her screen. Yolanda’s finger pressed the green button and she held the receiver against her ear.

“Hello?” Yolanda managed to croak out.

Ivan held his breath and kept eyes pinned on her as he twisted his fingers and bit his lip. All he could hear was a high voice prattling away but he was too far to make out the words clearly. The Omega’s face remained blank despite the turbulent emotions coursing through her; in all honesty, it was shock rather than nonchalance on her face in that moment. The nurse on the other end of the phone was seemingly unaware that the conversation was one sided and continued to read out the results as if she hadn’t just changed the poor Omega’s life.

It had been playing on her mind for so long and now that she knew the truth, Yolanda wished she didn’t. The nurse congratulated her yet again and reminded to make a follow up appointment with her doctor. Delaney could only murmur out a vague ‘thank you’ before hanging up, her head spinning. A hand wrapped around her arm and she jumped, startled by Ivan’s sudden presence. His brows were knitted together and he kept his grip on Yolanda firm as he led Yolanda toward a seat.

“What…?” Her voice came out garbled and she was distantly aware of the world spinning around her.

Yolanda’s cheeks felt flushed, beads of sweat rising on her forehead. The Omega tugged at
the collar of her shirt as the heat in her cheeks travelled down her neck to her chest.

“Breathe, Yolanda!” Ivan ordered sharply.

The girl’s Omega nature responded to the firm order and obediently she sucked in a deep breath. There were few moments where her more submissive nature came out; moments of panic or stress were definitely one of them.

Ivan guided the female through some deep breaths, his fingers slowly relaxing from their bruising grip on Yolanda’s arm once she was able to sit up without swaying. Yolanda nodded thankfully at him and accepted the bottle of water shoved her way. Happy was peering down at her with concern, books splattered over his desk and his hair a mess. The two Betas couldn’t hide their worry for her even if they tried.

“What did the nurse say?” Ivan asked gently once he was reassured she wasn’t about to pass out.

Yolanda swallowed deeply, tears welling in her eyes.

“A baby.”

That was the word she’d one day hoped to say with happiness, yet all Yolanda could feel was insurmountable fear and loneliness. The Omega wasn’t supposed to do this without her Alpha; she wasn’t supposed to be so young; Yolanda wasn’t supposed to be so scared!

“What am I supposed to do?” The girl asked tearfully. “How can I care for a kid when I’m only just learning to take care of myself?”

Ivan scoffed at her words and smoothed down her hair, “Please, Y-Yo. You’ve been taking care of yourself for years. You’re going to be a fantastic mother, if that’s what you choose.” He shifted slightly until he was sitting beside her, “And who says you have to decide this second what you’re going to do? You’ve got time to think about this; no one should rush to make a decision like this.”

Yolanda nodded slowly, her words succeeding in managing to calm her erratic heart. She took a deep breath and forced her fingers to stop trembling.

“Okay, I can do that. Yeah – I’ll think about it and … –”

“Talk to your doctor, get some more information,” Happy continued when she froze.

Ivan beamed at him.

“That’s a great idea. You’ve got that appointment next week. We can write down a list of questions you want answered and if we can’t find it ourselves then we’ll ask her.”

The overwhelming pressure in her chest eased the more they spoke and the urge to run from the situation began to fade until it was only a niggling feeling in the back of her mind. It made sense to take the time and think everything through; she was in no state to make a hasty
decision, one Yolanda could regret for the rest of her life. Yolanda didn’t want to spend her life moaning over regrets or constantly thinking ‘what if’. Time was exactly what she needed to make the most right decision. For her and her child.
The bell of the bakery, where Ivan worked, chimed through the early morning air as a customer entered.

“One minute!” Ivan ran out to the front of the store, wiping some warm chocolate off his hands and onto his paisley apron.
He picked up his smell before fully getting a look at him.

*Jensen Ackles*

He was instantly defensive, perhaps because of the concern on Ivan’s face.

“I know… I know I might be coming off as…” He stammered, raising his hands up in surrender. *He! The Alpha!* “Aggressive,” Lacking a better word. “But, I swear, all I want to do is talk to my Om … to Yolanda,” He corrected himself.

Ivan looked back to the kitchen. His face painted with worry. “How did you know I was working here?”

Jensen rubbed his hand into his face.

“Got ma’ ways…” Jensen watched patiently. Waiting for a response. When there was no such, he decided to continue, “Yolanda’s not on work, she isn’t opening the door. I want to know how is she, Ivan! Help me talk to her!”

Ivan chewed the thought over. Another chime at the door rang as a group of customers came in.

“I…” Their mouths were already drooling over the baked pastries. Ivan caved. “I’ll give you her phone number.” He wrote down on a scrap of paper. “Although it is not mine to give .. .” Before handing him the slip.

He went to log into the register and muttered to himself. “But, you need to know the truth …”

Jensen followed Ivan to the register, frowning. “What was that?”
“It’s just…” He hesitated before looking into Jensen’s kind eyes. Unlike other Alphas that threw around their macho-ism, he seemed different. He seemed genuine. Like Ivan knew the Texas’s Alpha was. It tipped him to spill. “There is something you need to know …” His voice lowered to keep the conversation from the waiting customers. “Two months ago at the hotel you sent her into an immediate and the most intense heat I’ve seen her go through. It is little more different than the first time in the bookshop.”

“I know.” Jenses said. “When her scent hit me, I wanted to follow it, so I could find her… I needed to cool down my rut.”

Ivan’s mouth hung open as he put two and two together. “That day… you followed us… because of her? You found where she lives, and where she works. Her scent.”

“It had been months since the day I smelled her, ” Jensen shamefully admitted , “I couldn’t control it. I had to find her. And, I did.”

(Flashback)

“All that true-mate stuff is bullshit and you know it, .” Yolanda boldly claimed as she waltzed up and down the streets of New Orleans with her best friend and lodger.

“You are perhaps the most brash and defiant Omega I know , Y o-Yo , no wonder you haven’t been claimed.”

Her lonely soul burned in pain at that fact . But she didn’t believe in love . Neither in the soulmate
Yolanda licked the drooping ice cream cone in her hand, shrugging off the terrible feeling.

“You really expect me to believe, out of 7 billion people on the planet, there is only one who is made for me? That even if there was such a thing as true-mates, that we’d have the chance to find each other?” Yolanda scoffed. “It’s ludicrous.”

“I’ve seen it, Yo-Yo. That powerful connection between an Alpha and their Omega, it makes me envious.” Ivan gushed, wishing that he was more than just an empathic Beta.

“Yeah, maybe it works out well for some people… But, the system altogether is archaic and all too easy for Alpha males to get their way. Did you hear about that recent case in Idaho where the Alpha had marked fourteen Omegas? Fourteen! Of all ages. And now they’ll never have a chance again. They’re scarred forever.”

“Just because you read a headline about some pervert doesn’t make true-mates nonexistent. And, it’s not a system, it’s literally biology,” he argued, fiddling with his purple glasses.

Yolanda rolled her eyes.

“Then why are over 65% of politicians Alphas?”

“Perhaps their personality traits attract them to the job,” he suggested.

Both of them paused at black iron gates bringing together a brick wall. Her wanderings always led her past here.

Ivan grabbed one of the bars and peered into the studio. “I bet there’s one or two Alphas in there you wouldn’t mind mating with.”

“Same goes for you,” Yolanda countered. “I’m sure you’d be all than more willing to help one out through a rut.”
“Oh honey, I’d pay big money for that kind of opportunity,” He teased.

His face twisted with concern, picking up on it before even the Omega. A gentle breeze carried it, the smell of sandalwood and just barely a wisp of pine.

As soon as Yolanda inhaled, she keeled over from the onslaught of need. Ivan was immediately there, attempting to soothe her through it.

“Jeez!” The feeling was so intense she altogether forgot about the scent lingering in the air.

Ivan brushed the hair out of her face.

“I thought your heat wasn’t for another week at least.” He picked up on her overwhelming scent of salty ocean air.

“It’s not supposed to.” Yolanda confirmed.

“Come on, let’s get you home.” He put her arm over his shoulder and helped hoist the Omega up.

Yolanda fought her way up, clutching her abdomen. “Can you cover for me at work?”

“I’ll let Happy know. He’ll understand,” He assured.

—-

Jensen was working his way through a scene with Jared, when he stopped all together, frozen; forgetting his lines, where he was, who he was. The only thing that occupied his mind was crashing waves of the ocean with a breeze blowing salty air to the shore.

“Jensen… Jensen.” Jared called.
He zoomed back to reality, the smell still hanging in the air. “What?!” He snapped.

Jared immediately could tell something was off. “You okay?”

Jensen felt his chest start to seize up and his breathing fastened. “I, uh, I need some air.” He walked off the set before the camera could stop rolling.

Jared followed after him.

“Hey man.” Jensen whipped around and Jared noticed the familiar dark glaze over his eyes. He lowered his voice to a whisper. “Are … are you in a rut?”

A low growl sounded from Jensen’s throat.

“I just need some air.” He repeated.

“Yeah, okay, I’m sure we can hold off the scene until tomorrow.” Jared raised his hands in defeat.

Although both were Alphas, neither of them fell into a rut very often; but from past experience, Jared had learned when time came for Jensen, let him go. It’s better for everyone that way.

Jensen burst out of the studio, not even bothering to change outfits. With the scowl and sheer determination painted over his face, he almost carried Dean with him. He followed the scent like a predetermined trail. It led him to the edge of the studio; to an iron gate that functioned as decoration more than utility. The iron clanked as Jensen made short work of it, hopping over and onto the street. He took off in the direction of the scent, following its strength and ignoring the concern that it was growing weaker by the moment.

He traveled several blocks to a brick street lined with rustic town-homes, boutique shops, and farm-to-table restaurants. The smell of ocean waves vanished in the air. He paced back and forth on the block praying to catch another whiff.
“Fuck!” He yelled out.

He brought his hand down and rubbed it across his face, realizing people were staring. Especially a beta in a green beanie and purple glasses whose mouth hung wide open.

“Fuck,” He muttered under his breath once more, knowing he already caused a scene that needed to end.

He continued on down the block hoping to find the source of that aroma.

Ivan started bagging pastries for the other customers, yet still fully engaged with Jensen.

Like I said, you need to know the truth. Yolanda’s secret.

A customer cleared their throat interrupting, clearly annoyed at the side conversation.

But, I’m not the one who should share it.” Ivan finished before addressing the customer. “What else can I grab you?”

Just a few more seconds,” Jensen pushed before them. The customer rolled their eyes but went to look at the more decorative pieces. “Is she…” His voice lowered to a whisper. “..okay?”

Ivan pinched his lips together. His heart hurt, feeling the vulnerability he so openly shared. “Text her and see on your own.”
Jensen frowned but let it go with a sigh.

“Thanks,” He muttered before turning out of the store.

He immediately tried to dial Yolanda’s number, but as expected she didn’t answer. He resorted to text.

‘Hey, it’s Jensen. Just wanting to make sure you’re safe and sound.’

Several agonizing minutes passed until three dots popped up on his phone.

Yolanda was packing up a box full of books when Ivan texted. She sighed, completely having forgotten to call after the bath. By the time Jensen texted, she had already taped the box up. The Omega considered the text message. He must have gone to the bakery and talked to Ivan.

The Russian did have a tendency to meddle.

Either way it wouldn’t matter soon. Yolanda was getting ready to move by tomorrow night. Leaving without a trace. She’d do it to save herself and the baby from the rejection and heartache. Ivan promised her he’d help Happy with everything he could while she’s being far away. When she’d first gotten to New Orleans, she’d thought it would be easy. Blending into the crowd, getting lost in the numerous scents of the city. Perhaps, country living was a better way to go. A cabin in the middle of the woods, facing a peace-bringing lake. Where the only consistent face she’d see would be the one of a mailman.
Yolanda wiped away a faint tear as she texted him back.

‘I’m fine.’

Her stomach tangled up in knots as she remembered his soft, green eyes. And if she breathed in deep, Yolanda could almost smell the forest that hid in them. She waited for a response on her phone, and disappointment grew with the passing minutes. But, she knew there was no use getting attached.

Her phone pinged again and she cursed at herself for how fast she reached for it.

‘Thank God you texted back, I was getting worried... Anyways, uhmmm, you wanna schedule a rain check?’

*Only if you knew I'm leaving for Bulgaria...*

Yolanda wanted to cry to herself for pushing him away.

‘I’m pretty busy this week.’

Yolanda bit her nails as the three little dots started, stopped, started and stopped.

‘I’m willing to wait…’

A dagger twisted in her heart at his words. Yolanda should have just told him and have it over with. But, she didn’t. She didn’t have the right to. He was taken by other Omega, who was carrying his pup.

‘If you happen to be free tomorrow night… I’ll come pick you up around 7:30.’
Her heart was pounding inside her chest.

An hour before the plane flights away. With me. And our child.

Her phone rang again without waiting for her response.

‘I want to see you, Yolanda.’

Like a teenager experiencing their first highschool romance, she clung her phone against her chest, relishing the words,

“How am I gonna move on when there is someone that will remind me every single day of your existence.”
When Happy dropped her off at Louis Armstong, the time was almost approaching 7:30 already.

"Are you sure about this, darl?" He asked her. His arm hooked around her own as they walked towards TSA, Happy wheeling her luggage bound for Sofia.

"Yes, I really want this. I have to do this, Happy."

"Why?" His voice broke and Yolanda noticed the sadness distinguishable in his eyes. "Why do you have to go? You love him so much, darl. He does, too. He’s the father of your child, also your mate. You're only hurting yourself more by putting the distance between you, him and the baby. Are you sure this will really solve all your problems?"

*He got right, but he didn’t know the full story. Only I did.*
"I don't know, but it's a starting point."

"Yolanda, I feel like I don't know you anymore," Happy continued. He paced in front of her and she stopped. "When did you become this person who just runs away?"

"Happy," She began, "It's my decision to make. Please, let me go. You have to understand my decision for going."

"Why? Why can't you understand that you're hurting everyone?"

His phone rang, interrupting their conversation, and she peered at him, waiting for his response:

"It's Ivan."

She immediately understood why he was calling.

Who was calling…

"Happy, don't answer it. Please! It’s Jensen!" He nodded reluctantly and she exhaled a deep breath.

_He must be broken right now…But it’s the best way. It’s the rightest way!_

“I think it’s time for me to go..”

He looked up and plastered on a sad smile as he opened his arms for her.

Immediately, Yolanda draped her arms around his waist, placing her head on his shoulder. One of his arms wrapped around her while the other smoothed her hair like a brother to a sister.

"Thank you for everything, Happy," She murmured in his arms. "I don't know how to repay you."

"You owe me one a ticket to Bulgaria," He joked and Yolanda laughed.

"I'll remember that," She joked right back.

They both let go and Happy placed a hand on her head, patting her hair. "Be happy and know I’m with you no matter what happens."

"Thank you."
When it was time to check through security, Yolanda bade goodbye to her friend - a painful one, - and smiled one last time as she walked over to the line with her identification documents and luggage.

Her friend turned around to leave and she took one last glance at his back that soon disappeared out of sight.

She was all alone now.

Almost…

The line edged closer to security, and with every step closer to Bulgaria, Yolanda felt her heart going out to the person who she tried to block out.

She shook her head, repressing the mix of longing and regret.

Happy was right. Why was I running away? I wasn't the person to escape my problems.

Instantly, she glanced back behind her. Her eyes searched for something - what she was searching for - Yolanda already knew. Somehow she hoped it would appear, but it never did - that face that she wanted to find among the crowd.

When it was her turn, Yolanda approached the TSA officer and handed him her ID and passport.

He examined it under the light for a few seconds and then handed it back to me with a beam:

"Thank you, ma'am. Have a great trip!"

She accepted the documents, "Thank you."

After going to security, she paced down the hallway and located terminal G10 not too far down. Her eyes skimmed through the glass and in the dark stood an enormous Airbus with two floors.

Yolanda sat down at an empty seat and as she waited patiently for the flight, more passengers showed up to the terminal.

Families.

Friends.

Only Yolanda appeared to be the lonely person here.

As the time ticked nearer to take off, her stomach twisted in knots and her fingers twitched uncontrollably.

Yolanda grabbed a few breaths to calm down the nerves and she tried to persuade herself it was definitely being in a plane alone.

Yes - that was what I was nervous of…

Her thoughts were disturbed when she heard a child's voice at her side and her eyes lifted
over to where the sound came from.

She smiled upon seeing a little boy playing with a person who appeared to be his dad. The boy stepped away from his dad and then ran at him, charging with a beam on his face. His dad caught him and lifted him into the air as the little boy chuckled even more.

Immediately, I thought of Jensen and Baby.

When boarding time drew nearer, she grabbed her bags and headed in line with the ticket. Yolanda’s eyes looked back one more time down the terminal hallway, but as always, there was nothing there.

She handed her ticket to the flight attendant who scanned it and handed it back to her with a bright smile on his face, "Welcome aboard, Miss Delaney."

Reality finally set in after Yolanda slumped down into her seat, looking out the small window.

Several minutes later, the plane engine roared louder and it backed away from the terminal, heading for the runway. As the plane bounced up and down smoothly, she couldn't focus on anything but her heart which was beating fast now.

*There was no turning back now from this decision.*

The tears slowly burned her eyes as the plane's speed climbed down the runway, taking her further and further away from someone she will try to not think about.

Once the wheels lifted off the grounds of New Orleans, Yolanda finally broke down, covering her mouth to hide her cries from the other passengers.

She peered out the small window and realized what she had done - she was really doing this.

This was for real now.

The golden city of New Orleans laid below and Yolanda remembered a time when she was cherishing that beauty with somebody next to her side.

But this time around, he wasn't there.

In the next few minutes, Yolanda could feel the redness in her eyes as she settled into the seat and prepared herself for the long flight to Europe.

*Jensen... I'm sorry.*
Moments - whether sad, sweet, hurtful...no matter what they were - they all defined us, shaped us, changed us in one way or another.
Physically.

Emotionally.

Intellectually.

Even if we might not notice it ourselves.

And, in that moment... that place... that very minute - I realized how much...she had defined me, shaped me... and changed me.

I wanted her.

I needed her so much she didn’t even know it.

My mind and heart was obscured by the pain and suffering of losing loved ones over and over again. It was making me held myself back from getting closer to her - going against my own heart.

I didn’t tell her I was already head over heels for her - even though my lips wanted to say them to her dearly. I let her leave, even when I needed her the most. I should have had done something to stop her! I was an idiot! A complete saphead!

But, when I find her again, I vow to never let her go.

We were searching at the terminal for Yolanda. It was 7:50. Twenty minutes ago I was unpleasantly surprised to learn she was to fly back to Europe.

The sky had crushed down on me in that very moment.

I double-checked the flight hour, and it clearly displayed that it had been changed to 8:15.

Where was she? Was she on the plane already?

Jared got off his phone. It was the first person Jensen could think of for support.

"Happy is not answering, Jay," He said with frustration.

"I don't freaking understand this!"

"Ivan didn’t lie to you, did he?"

I ran my fingers through my hair, trying to keep an optimistic outlook even though I was worried to death if I missed her or not.

“No, sadly he didn’t. Her belongings were missing.”

Genevieve and Misha rushed to us from the end of the hallway.

"Where is Yolly?" The first thing Gen said.

"She's not here. We searched for her everywhere," Jared answered her, an undidden alarm in his expression. “Nobody is giving us any information. We haven't even found Happy.”
"Fuck!" My hands landed on the wall, punching it repetitively until Jared and Misha pulled me away. "This is all my fault. I let her leave. I-I made her leave!"

I punched the wall one last time before breaking into silent tears.

Gen frowned and placed a comforting hand on my shoulder, "If you really love Yolly, you should follow her," She advised me. I looked up confused at her. "If you truly do, you don't need to find her using your money or your resources, but find her with your heart. And, if she shares your feelings, then she will meet you in the middle."

I stared up at her, speechless.

"I'll give you a clue. I'm not doing this for you but, I'm doing this for you both. Because I know you belong to each other. Gosh, Jeez, Jackles! You’re made to be together!"

I waited for her to continue. But, she never did.

I thought about her words, repeating them in my mind.

Use my heart? Where and how do I even begin? Should I search her in Bulgaria? Is she even there?

Wait...

"I have to make a call."

I was fast to take out my phone. Yet, I stopped and turned around to hug her. "Thank you."

She giggled and hugged Jared. "Go to her, Alpha."

Jared murmured something in her ear that made her weirdly excited,... never mind.

My attention landed on Jared. "I'm sorry, Jar, for everything you've been through. Thank you for everything, brother."

"You're being very dramatic lately, Dean," He pulled me in for strong hug. "Okay, you go and get her back. If you can't, don't ever show your damned face here again," He joked as his eyes started to well up.

Surely, mine were, too.

I smiled and nodded at him.

"Don’t worry. You’re coming, too."

Yolanda, Omega, wait for me a little longer. I'm coming to get you. I'm not going to repeat the same mistakes. I can't afford to lose you.

From that moment on, I promise we'll be together...

Forever.
I think I’ve been so slow updating because I hadn’t quite figured out how to deal both with life and hobbes. Well, I might just be slow. Anyway, this is shorter than normal, so I hope you all enjoy it!
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Part 15! Here we go! I hope y’all enjoy this! As always, feedback is greatly appreciated! Happy Reading!

If there are any mistakes, I'll ask you for excuse! I wanted to post it as soon as possible. :p

Chapter 15

Comic Con – Or A Comedy?

Narrator's POV

Slowly Yolanda's life shifted; all the goals and dreams she’d laid years ago were left behind in America. Her focus shifted towards preparing for the pup’s arrival. One week after she arrived in her home country, she began the daunting process of apartment hunting hoping to find something with just a little more room. Nothing had caught her eye and she weren’t about to choose something for the sake of it; no, Yolanda would wait until she found what she was looking for – even if she stayed where she was until the pup was born.
Time seemed to fly, as cliché as it was. Before she knew it, Yolanda was four months pregnant and eyeing off the slight bump she sported. It wasn’t obvious – if anything, Delaney looked bloated and her mother and step-father had teased her more than once because of it. Yolanda had started to accumulate baby accessories – a change table, some plain bodysuits, a variety of nappies and some blankets - and had begun to nest, organising the space she had in her room for a crib when Yolanda decided on one. In the back of her mind was a little niggle that she couldn’t satisfy; the Omega would stand in the room, frustrated to the point of tears, unable to pick exactly what she was missing.

There was no point in dwelling on the past. Only the future mattered now, or at least that what she kept telling herself. Yolanda had been avoiding every type of social media, she just didn’t want to think about what happened anymore. Not looking back. Burying that part of her life deep, deep down.

Yolanda was just about to go and make something for her to eat when she heard a pounding on the door.

That could only be one of three people.

Not even bothering to look up when the door opened and her best friend, Kamelia, flounced into the apartment. Dropping her purse down on the bar next to Yolanda before flopping down on the bar stool next to her. Kamelia was younger than her, but still she was the sweetest Omega teen Yolanda knew. She was a fallen angel.

“So, what are your plans for today?” Kamelia asked. Looking around her parent's apartment like she'd never seen it before.

Something was on her mind, Yolanda could say.

“Uhm, they are many. I'm just wondering from which one I could start first,” She joked.

“Aaahh, let me guess - mama's temperament?” She asked. A smirk on her over tinted lips. She was always one to apply the slight makeup delicately.

“Aaahh, sure,” Yolanda answered. Not bothering to look up from her phone, searching for a job. She was no way near to stay at home and do nothing at all. So, Yolanda was basically just staring at her resume, with an employers information on it, and nothing else... Maybe this was going to be a little harder with the growing pup inside her than she thought it was going to be.

Kamelia looked over her shoulder at Yolanda's laptop screen. Reading over her last employment information.

“I don't think it's a great idea to work when you're like that.” She pointed at Yolanda's belly. Stating the obvious as if Yolanda wasn't about to bite her head off. Maybe she had been a little touchy lately, but she’d been through a lot, and her nerves were less than okay at this point.

“I have to. We will talk more when you discover this stage in life.” Delaney advised, running hand through her hair. Getting up and going to fix her cup of hot chocolate. Walking away
from the most pathetic work experience list that she’d ever seen in her life on a resume for a moment before she started to cry again.

That much for the fresh start...

If wasn’t for her parents, Yolanda would starve to death before she could find a damn job with a list of work experience like the one she had! She didn’t even finish her dream college...

“Look there there is going to be a comic con in town for a few days. My suggestion is go with what you know, it may not be exactly the change you were looking for, but it will keep you in food and clothes while you look for something different that will let you start out on a training level.” She offered kindly as she took the cup of chocolate Yolanda handed her before the exhausted Omega sat back down feeling a little more defeated than she did five minutes ago.

Staring at her computer like if she stared at it long enough, she could will herself to change it to suit her better.

“It’s not all bad you know, you get to meet all kinds of people in there. Musicians, artists, hell there will be the Devir family! I love their web comics. You could entertain the kids at the children section, and be a princess for a day.” She mused, chuckling. Giving her an elbow to the ribs. Yolanda grimaced at her from the top of her cup.

“I’ve had enough of waiting for the prince on white horse. I’d prefer to be Maleficent for that matter.”

It sounded a little more sadistically than Yolanda probably actually intended to sound.

“Oh, come on Yolly! There’s nothing wrong with having a little fuuuuuu! Besides it will be for a day and at the end of it you will leave with a smile on your face and 350$ in your pocket.” She encouraged her friend. Watching her reaction closely.

Yolanda rolled her eyes dramatically, rubbing her face with her free hand, and taking a deep breath, Yolanda tried to decide what to do. It didn’t sound that bad, but could things actually work out like Kamelia supposed they would. Could things actually go that right, or would it be just something that Yolanda get her hopes up for again, and get let down?

Her best friend noticed that internal battle. Reaching across the bar grabbing her shoulder and making Yolanda look at her.

“I’ll tell you what. I have tomorrow off. Let’s drive out there, and see if they’re looking for anyone. Either way it might be fun. You deserve to have a little fun after everything that you’ve been through. Let’s just go have a good sisters day,” She winked at the end.

“Okay, okay fine!” Yolanda waved her hands in surrender. Leaning back and crossing her arms over her chest. “We’ll go check it out.”

Deep down inside there was a twinge of nerves she hadn’t felt in a very long time, and the Omega didn’t know what to make of it, but she knew that if this worked out, it could be the little fresh air she was looking for.
Could Yolanda really be that lucky?
Chapter 16

Truth – Dream?

Inside was chaotic. There were people buzzing about and clambering to get into different lines. The air was stale and warm, the cooling not turned on or not high enough to effectively combat the amount of people in the room. Yolanda followed Kamelia a little dazed at the sight of the first line, completely baffled when she told her they were for photo ops.

How the hell did someone get through all those people? Did they seriously smile for that many
Delaney shuddered at the thought but didn’t let her best friend see it – not that she would have. She was too busy peeking around the heads in front of her, peering to the front of the line anxiously. It moved fairly steadily, the convention workers obviously well trained and organised. Yolanda was surprised by how quick she moved up the line and soon Kamelia was squealing excitedly when she realised there were still sessions available with her favourite actors... whoever they were. It didn't matter. Yolanda was sick of celebrities.

“Oh my God – I can’t believe we are actually here!” She squealed hugging the docket in her hand, which Yolanda didn't know about earlier. Kamelia thought about surprising her with a convention she wasn't even interested in. Unfortunately, she got no choice, but to accompany the crazy teen.

Yolanda smiled fondly at her enthusiasm, “I’m glad you got them. Sorry you’re stuck with me looking like a whale.”

She rolled her eyes and waved her comment aside, “Oh, please – you’re gonna be the hottest mum ever. You’re gonna be that MILF that everyone talks about.”

Delanay slapped her arm lightly, scandalised, “Kammy!”

She cackles, a little hyped up on the excitement of it all. “This day is gonna be so awesome, duuuuuude! I can't believe my idols are here, in our country! I've grown with them!” She sung, wriggling from side to side.

Her happiness was infectious; soon Yolanda felt the anticipation swelling in her chest as she made her way over to the merchandise. She was pushing to the front of the queue when Yolanda realised she couldn’t no longer ignore the pressure on her bladder.

The pregnant Omega tapped her on the shoulder to catch her attention, “Hey, I’m just gonna duck to the toilet. I’ll meet you over there?”

She followed her finger to a wall nearby that was relatively quiet, “Sure, then we’ll go find our seats!”

And just like that, her attention was back on the table of merchandise but Yolanda knew better than to take her dismissal to heart. She chuckled and made her way through the crowd, a hand resting on her belly as if that would protect the pup inside. Yolanda didn’t need to worry though; the crowd parted like the red sea upon seeing her and she walked undisturbed straight over to the toilets.

The queue was unsurprisingly long but it still made her groan. In the past month her ability to deal with a full bladder had taken a hit. Soon her knees were bobbing up and down as if she was doing some sort of awkward dance – Kamelia fondly called it her pee dance. By the time it was her turn, Yolanda barely give the poor woman time to step out of the stall properly before she’d squeezing past and slamming the door.

That was one part of pregnancy she could gladly live without.

Yolanda's mood lifted by the time she was finished though she couldn’t say the same for those
waiting in line. She hurried out as some of the women waiting started to complain angrily, barking out demands for others to hurry up. It was apparently close to seating time and they were not happy at the thought of being late.

Back out in the foyer it wasn’t much better. Yolanda watched in stunned silence as half the room frantically jumped from store to store in search of a poster or shirt they’d had their eye on. The rest of the convention-goers were rushing towards the doors, tickets thrust at the poor workers who had barely a second to process the ticket before the next person approached. But, what had her right on the spot was that warm and sweet scent that enveloped her. She felt her heartbeat go insane, and she didn't know why. Yolanda knew that that scent was everywhere – maple and pine – and it dulled the intensity of her anxiousness; she breathed in heavily, eyes closed and content.

Few more seconds and the aroma was gone.

Damn, this was crazy!

“Isn’t this amazing?” Kamelia squealed, looping her arm through Yolanda's.

She tugged Delaney through the crowd, happily relaying everything she’d purchased and the people she’d met. Yolanda nodded along at the right moments, a smile straining on her lips though she didn’t notice and Yolanda told herself not to be offended that she was too caught up in her own happiness to notice something was clearly wrong. If anything, Yolanda was glad Kamelia hadn’t noticed; she needed time to process the familiar smell and gave her body a chance to calm – her hands were shaking and the warmth covering her skin was becoming increasingly unpleasant though she tried to ignore it.

It was impossible... That smell... Nah, no chance.

“You see anything you like?” She finally asked as Yolanda shuffled slowly into the hall.

The older Omega shook her head, “No. Which row are we in?” Yolanda asked hoping to distract her.

Kammy led Yolanda down until they were half way from the stage. Yolanda made a silent decision to slip her some money to repay her. With how big the hall was, she knew those were good seats and must have cost Kamelia a lot. Yolanda’d already offered to pay for her half of the ticket but she’d refused to accept money.

“This is aaaaaawesome!” She wriggled in her seat like an excited toddler and craned her
neck to scan the stage. “I can’t believe they’re are going to be in the same room as us just in five minutes!”

Yolanda frowned at her, wondering who those people were. Were they that famous? They just can’t be. Otherwise, they’d burn daylight coming in such a poor country.

Yolanda squinted at the posters hanging on either side of the stage but she was too far away to make out either face clearly. Yolanda was considering standing and moving closer when the audience began to cheer loudly. From what she could make out, two men appeared on stage with a microphone in each hand.

“How we doing today?” One of them asked, chuckling at the response from the audience.

Beside her Kamelia whooped loudly along with the rest of the audience.

The curly haired man adjusted a microphone stand and smirked out to the audience, “Who here are first timers?”

At least half the audience called out and Kamelia elbowed Yolanda in the side as she missed the obvious cue to call out. The mama rolled her eyes at her and focused back on the stage as the band began to play. Although she didn’t know the song, Yolanda had to admit they were good and well rehearsed. It sounded like Kansas, though she knew only 'Dust in the wind’. Both men interacted with the audience as if they’d done it a thousand times before and going from what Kamelia had told her already, they probably had.

Yolanda’s eyes zeroed in on one of the large screens set on the side of the stage; it was far easier to make out what was happening rather than peering through the moving spaces between heads. The relaxed vibe the two singers gave off just seemed to make the performance all the more engaging, as if everyone knew they weren’t trying too hard to impress them.

The squealing and screaming from the audience multiplied suddenly and rows of people bounded to their feet. It took a moment for her to realise what had happened, the screens and stage blocked by bobbing heads. Yolanda didn’t bother rising to her feet, opting to listen to what was left of the song. The crowd cheered loudly as the song came to an end and one by one the rows settled back into their seats. She took the moment to study the screens in hopes of finally catching a glimpse of the actors that Kamelia adored.

As her eyes settled on the taller of the two men, her mind flashed back to the time when he pleaded her to help his friend.

\textit{No, this ain’t happening!}

The cries of the audience fell on muted ears; the pounding of her heart filled her ears and her face twisted into stricken horror. The tall Alpha with the shaggy brown hair and puppy dog eyes had stood before Yolanda a few months ago. Now he was sitting on a barstool with a bottle of water at his feet and a microphone in his hand as he smiled pleasantly out to the audience.

Next to him sat...
... her Alpha.

Chapter End Notes

An update - earlier than you though ;]
Yolanda couldn’t breathe.

How could she when her entire world had been turned upside down and churned through a blender?

There, sitting on stage in front of hundreds of people, was her Alpha. Yolanda had noticed before how incredible he looked in simple jeans and a flannel (as well and in his rock leather jacket). He knew that and made the casual stylish in a way that most would envy. The Alpha up on that stage was a celebrity, an actor that held the heart’s of women across the world. How did he find her? Was he here because of her? Yolanda’s brain was one hair away from explosion, but she kept silent and unmoving. Cool... For now!

He followed me to the end of the world...WHY?!?

God, she wanted nothing more than to run away again but Kamelia was hanging on to every word that came out of the actor’s mouths. Guilt shot through Yolanda – Kammy, how could she leave her? She’d done nothing but support Yolly through her pregnancy, brought her any kind of food
including a special ice cream when Yolanda started to crave sweets. She’d never asked anything of
her until now; how could Yolanda stand up and leave when the day had barely begun?

More than that, she didn’t want to be looking over her shoulder for the rest of her life, constantly in
fear of seeing him, of finding out the truth. It was no way to live a life and certainly no way to raise
a pup. And didn’t she owe it to her pup to try and find her Alpha? After all, he was their father and
he had a right to be in their life despite what he...

Shit!

The more Yolanda thought about it all, the more her head began to ache and she jerked as Kamelia
elbowed her lightly. Focusing on her, she gave Yolanda a worried look and quickly the Omega
plastered a smile on her face before she could see how distracted her friend was. It seemed to work
though Yolanda could tell she was suspicious. Luckily the laughter around drew her attention back
to the two celebrities on stage and slowly she released the breath she’d been holding.

Reluctantly Yolanda followed her gaze back to the stage. Automatically she zeroed in on Jensen,
his name still making her flinch. He was listening intently as Jared answered a fan’s question
though she couldn’t help but notice the way his hands kept fiddling with the microphone or how
his leg jiggled. As the crowd broke out into polite applause, Jared turned to the next waiting fan but
Jensen glanced down at his watch and then over to the curtains. It was so quick she barely noticed
and doubted whether anyone else would have had they not been watching him so closely.

It quickly became apparent that Jensen just wasn’t paying attention; he’d needed the question
repeated several times and he hadn’t stopped moving. Jared had taken the attention off him, going
off on a tangent and conversing with fans directly while his friend schooled his face into a polite
smile that had most of the audience fooled.

Kamelia wasn’t one of them.

“I wonder what’s up with him.” She murmured more to herself but curiosity struck Yolanda.

Yolanda leaned in, whispering, “What do you mean?”

Kammy shrugged, eyes worried as she watched Jensen run a hand through his hair, “He’s shy but
he’s not normally so...distracted.”

Him - shy? ......Really?

Yolanda hummed and straightened, watching Jared gesture wildly as he shared a story about a joke
he’d played on one of the cast. She was drifting back into her head when a fan’s question caught
her attention:

“Sorry for my accent... Uhmm here we go... This question is for Jensen,” The young girl said
shakily, clearly nervous. “I was just wondering how you deal with all the speculations about your
private life and if the news about your separation with Danneel is true.”

The crowd went still but there was an undeniable air of curiosity filling the audience and Yolanda
certainly wanted to hear his answer.

Jensen raised the microphone to his lips but faltered and let it drop back down. Jared put his
microphone down in his lap and leaned across to whisper to Jensen. The crowd began to murmur
as the two Alpha’s whispered to and fro, Jensen’s face becoming increasingly tight and his hands
couldn’t keep still, gesticulating wildly. He seemed to listen to whatever Jared had to say though,
rubbing a hand across his forehead and nodding along.
When he looked up at the crowd, he smiled tightly, “We're just friends with Danneel. Nothing ever happened between us, for everyone's information. She's living her life with her mate, and I...” He cut off abruptly.

Yolanda held her breath and felt her eyes widen.

Well, that was unexpected for sure!

“I don’t talk about my private life very often,” He began slowly, “but in this case, I think I need to. I think that there’s someone in the audience today who…” He cut off and ran a hand through his hair. He looked to Jared but she was too far from the stage to discern anything in his expression. His friend nodded reassuringly, reaching out to grasp his shoulder, “There’s someone here who I have been looking for since…well, I can’t even remember – months, at least. I have tried everything I could to find her. I'll be honest with you and say that I'm here, in Bulgaria, just to find her and bring my Omega back.” He stopped again, breathing deeply. “I know you're here, I could smell you everywhere. I just… I just want to take the moment to… can you please give me a chance and listen to what I'm gonna say? Five minutes, that’s all I’m asking for!”

Holy fuck, he was talking to me through a crowd of his fans.

Yolanda watched dumbstruck as Jensen muttered something to his friend and hurried off the stage. The crowd weren’t exactly discreet, muttering to each other and looking around excitedly for the girl Jensen was obviously talking about. They seemed more interested in being her than noticing one of the men they’d come to see had stormed off.

That – she hadn’t expected that. For the first time since her heat, she wondered if perhaps she’d been wrong about him.

Kamelia was on her feet peering over the crowd, her eyes crinkled with worry, “I can’t see him – I don’t think he’s coming back.” She sat back down and shook her head, “I can’t believe someone would just walk out on him.

"What about the babies he has from Danneel?"

Kamelia shifted in her seat, her expression darkening at Yolanda's question.

"You mean his brother's babies?" Her face brightened and she slapped lightly her friend's arm, "You are full of surprises Yolly! You hadn't told me you have followed Jensen Ackles on Instagram! Otherwise, how could you know about the babies?"

Yolanda didn't get a second to dwell on what her friend had shared; Jared came back on stage, a smile on his face and waved to the cheering audience. Beside him was a shorter man (though next to him, anyone would be considered short) in a blazer and wearing a smirk.

What have I done!?

“So, in case y'all hadn’t realised that Jensen’s a little…preoccupied at the moment, Mark here decided to gatecrash.” Jared explained, pointing his thumb at the man sitting next to him. “Jensen wanted me to tell you that he’s sorry. I think most of you know that he hates to let anyone down but he’s gotta take care of himself, you know?” The crowd clapped and called their support. “He promises he’ll make it up to everyone during photo ops.”

The rest of the hour ran smoothly. Despite the giggling audience, Yolanda could tell everyone was reeling from Jensen’s sudden exit. Mark was funny with his adorable British accent and was more than happy to describe in great detail the various pranks that Jared had played on Misha over the
years – but just wasn’t the same (at least according to Kamelia).

Beside her, she snickered and whistled at the antics of the two men on stage, completely oblivious to Yolanda wandering mind. Who’d had thought coming to a convention would solve the mystery of her pup’s father? Certainly not Yolanda. A lump formed in her throat as she pondered what Kamelia’s reaction will be and paled when she considered how the public would react. God, Jensen was a celebrity. Granted, he wasn’t on the A-list but Supernatural had a huge following and he had fans from previous roles. The media would lap up the story the second they hear of it, she was certain of it. How could she possibly raise a pup with the paparazzi itching for a photo or a reporter hanging around for a few words they could print out of context?

Yolanda felt sick.

“I need some air.” She gasped to Kamelia.

She pulled her gaze away from the stage and furrowed her brows, “Are you alright? Yolly, you’re really pale.”

Yolanda nodded, sweat breaking out on her forehead. The room felt too hot, too claustrophobic – she needed to escape. She paid no attention to the men still prattling on stage, side stepping down the row of seats, murmuring half-hearted apologies to the people they passed. When she was free, Yolanda scurried down the aisle until she reached the doors; a hotel employee tried to stop her but she ignored them, shoving the heavy doors open and rushing outside. Yolanda barely reached the bin before her breakfast reappeared.

With a groan, she slumped against the wall and closed her eyes, trying to put a stop to her queasy stomach. Yolanda brushed aside the concerned Beta that hovered, their scent making her nose twitch, and focused on taking slow, deep breaths. The stale air of the foyer was a small reprieve from the heat of the auditorium, the harsh glare of the lights making the room unbearably hot. Combine that with the heat produced by a hundred or so bodies and it was basically a sweat infested sauna.

*How the hell had my day turned out like this? All I’d wanted to do was repay Kammy’s kindness and listen to a couple of attractive guy’s goof off in front of an audience, then speak with someone to hire me for a job. Instead, I’d run into my Alpha, which was shocking enough, then found out that he was an uncle to his brother’s babies!*

*God, my life was like a bad rom-com.*

“Yes, you okay?”

She opened an eye and gave Kamelia a weak smile, “Yeah, I don’t think I’ve drunk enough water.”

Kamelia instantly handed her water bottle and Yolanda took several large mouthfuls. As she re-screwed the cap, Yolanda realised the session must have ended; excited fans were milling through the foyer again, some drifting towards the merchandise while others went towards the canteen. Most gravitated towards another door at the far end of the room, faces bright with excitement. Yolanda grimaced as the air around her began to thicken and for a moment she thought her stomach would rebel again.

“What’s going on?” Yolanda croaked, wincing at the pain that shot down her throat.

Kamelia shook her head, squatting down next to her, “Don’t worry about that. Let’s get you home.”
Panic lurched in her chest and vehemently Yolanda shook her head, “i have a secret! A big one...” Her shoulders slumped as she realised she’d had to tell her. Anxiously, Yolanda eyed the distance between her and the people around. Satisfied that they wouldn’t be able to overhear, she leaned towards Kamelia to whisper, “Jensen’s the guy.”

“What guy?” Kamelia asked puzzled.

Yolanda huffed, “The **guy**! He’s the **Alpha** who…” She jerked her head down towards her stomach, eyebrows raised pointedly.

Slowly Kammy’s face twisted into understanding. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes darted from her face to her belly and back again. A high pitched spluttered sound came from her mouth until she snapped it shut and tried again.

Finally, she recovered her voice, though Yolanda wished she hadn’t.

“**He**?” She screeched loudly, eyes wide as saucers.

Passerby’s looked on curiously and Yolanda blushed. “Will you keep it down?” She hissed.

“But…,” Kamelia spluttered. “He’s the Alpha?! Don’t you think this is something you should’ve told me, I don’t know, like, **months** ago?”

“I thought he was about to become a father, and I decided to leave him be, and retire!” Yolanda whispered as a group of girls passed.

Kamelia flapped her hands, teeth grinding down. “Are you stupid!?”

“Thank you.”

“How could you do that? Running away from a dream for what cause?” She asked exasperatedly.

Yolanda frowned at her, “I didn’t want to bother him.”

“But of course! That's the reason he came all the way here - to bother him!” She said indignantly.

Yolanda groaned and buried her face into her hands. Kammy was one of her best friend but could she be so stubborn! She could hardly blame her; Yolanda had just dumped something huge on her – about her favourite actor no less. She just couldn’t keep it to herself any longer. Yolanda needed advice and she was the only person she trusted that was close by; she could hardly call Ivan or Happy and drop the news on them over the phone.

“Kammy, can you focus, please?” Yolanda asked desperately. “I don’t know what to do!”

“You’re going to talk to him – that’s what you’re going to do.” She said suddenly sounding like a disappointed parent scolding her child. “You heard him; he’s been trying to find you for months. He followed you in Bulgaria! Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“I don’t know!” Yolanda tugged at her hair, “I-I’m scared, Kammy. What—if he leaves me after he finds out about the baby?” She asked, voice breaking.

Kamelia sighed softly and wrapped an arm around Yolanda's shoulder. “If he does, I will kick his ass.” They laughed tearfully, “Dean Winchester or not – he doesn’t stand a chance.” She rubbed her back soothingly. “The only way you’re going to know is if you stand before him.”

Yolanda nodded, eyes embarrassingly wet. Hastily she wiped away her tears and straightened,
chuckling. “Hormones suck.”

Kamelia grimaced sympathetically. “I’ll be right beside you. You can do this.”
Finally reaching her destination with her sneaky partner, Yolanda looked at the sign pointing towards another large room. The sign read: Jensen and Jared Conference Room.

“Are you sure they're giving a press conference right now?” She asked Kamelia as nudged her. "We don't have even a press cards, smarty!"

Whipping something out from her back pocket, she held up two cards, proving the opposite. “Call me the Trickster.” Yolanda's eyes grew twice their size.

*Great, now we have a Bulgarian, female Loki here... We're screwed!*

"Where the Hell did you get these?"

She shrugged briefly.

"Hell."

They both stood before the huge bodyguard that had wardened the doors to the conference room.

"Hello, bud." Kammy started, showing her kitten face. "So, we're writing about the best Bulgarian hotels for Omegas that are..."

She couldn't even finish when he cut her, "Your cards."

The teen Omega quickly showed him their cards. The guard took them, and mumbled something, "It's in Bulgarian." His face twisted in an ugly frown and gave them back to Yolanda. "No."

Kamelia sobbed, though Yolanda knew that that little clown smirked inside her wicked head, "But, Yolanda and I are here to meet with..."

*That man had no manners, for sure.*
"Yolanda Delaney?"

The smile that went from ear to ear on Kamelia's face made her anxious. She turned to the guard.

"That's me."

The man looked at her for a minute, and then sighed, "You're one lucky woman." And let them pass.

"Okay, what was that?! Did Jensen already warn everybody about you?" Kamelia asked once they were inside.

The room was crowded with reporters and photographers. At the front sat Jensen behind a long table, looking completely worn out. Jared was next to him, then there were Misha and other men she had seen on the Padalecki's party back in that hotel.

That damned place!

"My next question is for Mr. Ackles." One of the reporters stated and Jensen shifted in his seat, straightening his jeans with his palms as he mentally prepared himself for whatever question she was going to throw at him. "How much are you staying in Bulgaria, Mr Ackles?"

"One more week." He nodded along to his words, already seeing the hiding meaning behind her question.

“After the convention? Any particular reason why?” She pried further, digging into his personal space in.

Was she Ellen Degeneres or what?

“Found out we have more Bulgarin fans than any of us had expected. I just love giving the fans our attention.”

Kamelia chuckled silently and told to herself, or more for Yolanda's information, "See that swell of pride in him? Supernatural had come so far over the last few years and he couldn’t be happier to be part of it."

“So, it has nothing to do with a certain fan?” She asked as she sat up straight and Jensen suddenly realised what she was getting at.

Suddenly, Yolanda's palms began to sweat.

"I know who you're referring to, but she's not a member of the SPN Fandom."

Jared cleared his throat and spoke up through the microphone, "Any last questions?" He searched around the room. Jensen's friend knew most of them were here to find more about the mysterious Omega everyone from the cast was searching for.

Yolanda’s heart was jumping.

Can I speak? Can I say what I want to say?

A number of hands went up and Jared pointed to one.

"Have you found the girl?"
Everyone's attention had fallen on that same girl.
"Have you found the girl?"

He shot his stare at Yolanda at the sound of her voice, quickly gulping. Jensen was getting a drink of water and was completely oblivious to Yolanda when she took the microphone.

When her eyes locked with Jensen’s, she blushed darkly and looked away. That’s when it hit her, hard. The slowly pool of emotion settled at the bottom of her stomach and she didn’t know what to do. Yolanda wanted to throw up, jump in his arms, run out of the room, and faint; all at once. It was undeniably overwhelming

Had she not recently been through pregnancy, surely Yolanda would have been thrust directly into another heat. A darkness in his eyes made her very aware of what he was thinking about.

Mine.

Because it was the voice that did not leave her the moment she laid her eyes on him, stepping into that room.

"We haven't found her yet," Misha stepped in for him, covering his friend while he tried to get a
strong hold of his seemingly stormy nerves. "But, surely, she's... Well, who knows?" He pulled a charming smile as he waved his both hands up, shrugging. "Around the country."

"You haven't found her, Misha," Jensen corrected. His smooth, deep voice rippled through Yolanda, her body already reacting to his call, "Yet, I've found... the wayward Omega."

Those few words gained a number of claps from the reporters and the cast.

Kamelia cleared her throat, encouraging Yolanda to go for another question. For the others she was just another reporter like them.

Yolanda practically shook as she openly stuttered, "I assume... the reason... she told you at least one felicitous reason why she had to..."

"No, she didn't actually."

Yolanda swallowed thickly and begged her heart to quit beating so hard.

Her fingers trembled as her mind was racing with some words, "I'm pretty sure there's a reasonable explanation."

It took every ounce of his strength to not turn the table he was sitting at upside down and take his missing Omega.

"I hope there is more than one." Even from where she stood, she saw the promise he held behind his eyes.

"Are you close with Danneel Harris?" She didn't look like she was dreading those kind of questions. Outside. Inside - she was a weeping puppy searching for a dark corner to cry it's grief.

He cleared his throat, rubbing his hand on his thigh and he looked around, as if trying to not kill someone.

"We're not crossing the borders. I'm loyal to the Omega that shares my heart with her one."

He nodded contently, satisfied with his answer as the audience began to clap. That’s when Yolanda noticed the discomfort in his eyes. But his smile and his low chuckles, they gave another impression.

You can fool the others. Not me.

"One more, last, question - what if there's another tiny reason?"

Yolanda locked eyes with Jensen for a second, before his eyes drifted down and widened with awe.

That's how Yolanda's cover-up was destroyed in seconds. Questions crushed her, and flashes blinded her.

Yolanda bolted down the hall to the bathroom, hand clasped over her mouth. Her nausea free hours had well and truly ended as she heaved into the toilet bowl what had been left in her stomach. Yolanda's whole body broke out into a cold sweat and her muscles felt weak. There was a ringing in her ears that grew until she could hear nothing else. Black dots danced in front of her vision and she slumped onto the floor unconscious.
It was a continuous beep that woke Yolanda. The long, irritatingly high-pitched sound repeated every few moments and her first thought was that Yolanda’d forgotten to charge her phone. Then she felt something foreign against her face and knew it wasn’t that.

Slowly, groggily, she peeled her eyes opened. The room was thankfully dim so her eyes adjusted to the light quickly. The sight of the hospital bed made her groan glumly and she thought back to what made her pass out in the first place.

Right – that explosion of interest.

Yolanda's stomach rolled unpleasantly at the mere memory of it and soon she was fumbling around for a kidney tray as her last meal threatened to return. The door to her room swung open and a nurse hurried in and snatched her chart from the wall. She was looking particularly frazzled but the sight of Yolanda sitting upright and awake made her sigh with relief as she made her way around the bed to the Omega's side.

“Oh, thank god you’re awake! Your Alpha is…”

The nurse didn’t get a chance to finish her sentence. Jensen stormed in, eyes fiery and deadly, shoulders squared as if marching towards a battle. Yolanda's mouth dried at the aggressiveness pouring off him in waves and the thick Alpha scent that wafted off him and filled the room.

The nurse squeaked as Jensen snarled at her; she left the chart on the end of Yolanda's bed and scurried from the room as quick as she had come. Yolanda blinked doe eyed up at Jensen as he sauntered towards her, his presence easing the tightness in her chest.

“‘mega.” Jensen murmured, his voice soft despite the fierceness burning in his eyes. He stooped down pressing his face into the crook of your neck and inhaled deeply. “Safe. With me!” It seemed that whenever Alpha Jensen took over he resorted to cave man grunts. Yolanda almost teased him for it but she could smell the distress radiating off him and instead she ran her fingers soothingly through his hair. It was the first time she touched him after long months...

....and damn it felt right!
The rest of him draped across her body though he was careful to keep his weight off her belly.

“Of course I’m safe; you’re here.” Yolanda said, soothingly. Her voice was croaky and rough from how dry her throat was and she swallowed to alleviate the discomfort. “What’s going on?”

She was avoiding the real question. Jensen felt it.

A low growl vibrated through Jensen’s chest but she didn’t feel threatened by it.

“You passed out. Doctor said it was from stress.” He answered shortly, his fingers gripping the sheets, “Stress because of everything that happened.”

Yolanda flinched at the memory of all of it.

“I’m so confused...”

Jensen nuzzled further into her neck, his lips rubbing against his claim, “I know why you ran away, 'Mega. I know everything.”

Yolanda's brows furrowed at his words and her fingers stopped their movements, “What do you mean?” She asked warily.

“The questions you asked.” He said simply, also added, "Kamelia helped, too.”

“Jensen,...” Yolanda said waringly.

Jensen looked up, the hazel in his eyes barely visible amongst the black of his iris, “I'll never let you do anything stupid again! From now on, I'll be by your side. I've dealt the things with Danneel, I know she had visited you in the bookstore and threatened you. She's not a factor in our life. Happy's got his store back.”

Yolanda shivered at his snarled words that were said with such venom, she almost pitied Danneel. Still, she couldn’t help but feel pleased by his response and the knowledge that he’d stood up for her and helped one of her closest friends. The Omega in her fluttered at the display of power from her mate and she wished desperately that she didn’t feel like crap.

But, she did. Yolanda didn't even give him a chance to talk. She felt miserable.

He leaned in suddenly, lips pressing against hers. His lips were rough, demanding and dominating. It was all teeth and tongue, licking and prodding until her core was warm and she was needy for
“Alpha,” Yolanda whined, shifting uncomfortably against the raised mattress wanting more but knowing it wasn’t the time or place for it.

Jensen dove down to his claim, his lips sucking furiously at the mark and teeth scraping until the flesh was tender and pink.

"I missed you, Yolanda! I missed you so damn much!"

The rest of him was pressed up against Yolanda, rubbing possessively against any part that he could reach, trying to imprint his scent onto her. There he stayed, nose pressed to her throat, legs tangled with hers and hands running softly up and down her bump.

Slowly Jensen calmed down and came back to his normal self. It took a while and the nurses had been too scared to come in and take your vitals. Her Alpha had watched like a hawk from beside her as they’d approached, his chest rumbling with a snarl as they’d reached towards Yolanda with shaking hands. It had taken encouragement from her before he’d finally allowed a Beta to approach long enough to get down the vital information before she’d scampered from the room.

“Are you done scaring the staff?” Yolanda murmured, amused once the door clicked shut.

Jensen nuzzled his nose into her hair; he’d finally shifted onto his back so she was the one draped over him, “Sorry, love. I just can't let anyone be around you. The months I've been far away from you were the worst in my fucking life, and I get me more territorial than usual.”

She curled into his side, “I just felt stupid the moment I found out about the babies, which I know now that are actually your brother's pups, not yours. I didn't want to stand your way with our one.”

“All you had to do was talk to me, Yolanda!” He muttered petulantly, his arm tightening around her, "Talk."

“What are we going to do? You can't stay here, in Bulgaria with me.”

It was the saddest truth.

He kissed the top of her nose, “When you get better, we're flying off to New Orleans.”

Yolanda frowned at him, “I can't.”

“You can,” Jensen grumbled under his breath, “you're coming home with me. Period.”
The doctor was only slightly braver than the nurses. Jensen eyed him through slits as the Beta studied your blood work. Yolanda could see her chart shaking in his hands and felt guilty that she was the cause of such stress for the hospital employees.

“M-miss Y/L/N,” He stammered, voice shaking, “your blood work shows you’re in good health. Your blood pressure is lower than I’d like so I’m advising bed rest. You’re going into your third trimester and it’s not good for you or the pup to be on your feet quite so much.”

Yolanda groaned internally knowing that Jensen was listening to his words like a hawk.

Great, now she’d never be able to do anything herself!

“Can I go home?” Yolanda asked eagerly.

He hesitated but relented after glancing guardedly at her Alpha, “Yes - on the condition that you stay on bed rest for the rest of the week.”

“Oh, don’t worry, she will be.” Jensen promised.

Yolanda wrinkled her nose displeased, “What about your work? I can't do this to you, you have your own things to...”

"Mega," He folded his arms, looking her sideways. "Shut up, sweetheart."

The doctor left to retrieve some release forms, Jensen following to sign them for her. Yolanda was fairly certain the only reason she was getting out so early was because the staff wanted Jensen as far away from them as possible. She knew he’d send an apology through; he’d feel terrible once it sank in how rude and aggressive he’d been towards the staff that had only been trying to help her. It didn’t bother her; she knew the doctor would have told her to stay if he really thought it necessary. If all she needed was bed rest, then she could get that at home.

“Ready?” Jensen asked strolling back into her room.

Yolanda nodded eagerly and slid off the bed, “Yes, yes, yes, yes. Come on.”

Jensen took her hand and linked his fingers through hers, “Let’s get you home.”

Yolanda quickly signed her release forms and thanked the nursing staff. Jensen shifted behind her guiltily but was still too sense to push out an apology. She took his hand and allowed him to lead her through the halls of the hospital towards the exit. Eyes followed as they passed and whispers filled the hallway; she gripped Jensen’s hand tightly, chest constricting under the attention.

“Are you alright?” Jensen leaned down to murmur in her ear.

Yolanda nodded even as she stepped closer to him seeking comfort. "I can't believe you're here for... us."

He wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pressed Yolanda against his side. She felt his lips pressing against the top of her head.
“I'll always be,” He promised softly. "No matter what."

Yolanda knew he was talking about the attention but she wasn’t sure he was right. This was by far the juiciest piece of drama that had ever happened in his life and she knew that the public would eat it up.

There was no way she’d even consider going anywhere near social media right now; no, she was well aware that fans of his would rip into the mere idea that Jensen was now taken.

Stepping out of the hospital and away from peering eyes helped ease the pressure in her chest. The cool air was refreshing and alleviated the clamminess of her skin as she walked to a a cab.

As she reached it, Jensen pulled Yolanda to a stop and looked down at her.

“What’s wrong?” It was Yolanda's turn to ask, a frown falling over her face.

Jensen searched her eyes for a moment and finally said, “You know it was all a lie, right?” When she cocked her head to the side quizzically, he elaborated, “I’ve never really engaged to Danneel – you know it was a lie, right? I am so unbelievably happy that I’ve found you, that we’re starting this life together. I just – it’s important you know that. You’re important to me, you and this pup. You two are my dream, that I've never truly believed that will come true.”

Though the words weren’t entirely necessary, just hearing them thrilled Yolanda. The things that had happened ripped open a hole in her chest and each word felt like a layer of salt being added.

Her bottom lip quivered, tears welling in her eyes and she buried her face in his chest. Jensen wrapped his arms around Yolanda holding her tightly.

“You’re important to me, too. It's all so surreal,...” Yolanda said with a sniffle.

It was the closest either of them had gotten to admitting the feelings lingering beneath the surface that both of them were too scared to say just yet. Yolanda had a feeling that it wouldn’t be long before those words came out from either one of them.

End Notes

A/N: Hello all! :) I'm happy that you stumbled across my story. I'm a super busy student so I don't have much free time in general, but I love this story so I work on it whenever I can. Please subscribe to get notified about new chapters! I really appreciate getting comments and notes, and it motivates me to write and release chapters faster, so please leave a comment if you enjoyed :) Hope you love my fiction as much as I do. ;3

p.s. my tumblr is huntersbright

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