Beneath the Live Oaks
by LittleAngelCassie

Summary

Castiel has lived a sheltered life tucked away in the high society of Savannah, Ga. When his mate dies in childbirth Castiel is left with a daughter to raise alone and a home that is just too big. At the suggestion of his family he enters the world of Omega claiming and discovers that perhaps his real mate, his one true love is a tall green eyed stunning Texan. The man is a stranger and yet as they navigate this new relationship together he finds out that sometimes you have to just enjoy the cherry pie.

Notes

A huge thank you to my lovely and charming editor/beta heytheregreeneyes

Just a heads up. In this universe Omega's are treated very poorly however I will eventually address this issue.

Comments are welcomed and encouraged.

A note to all who enter; this is just the beginning....
Chapter 1

The light from the hall spills into the dark nursery. Castiel sits in a rocking chair watching his daughter sleep. Her sweet little thumb curling into her tiny mouth as a soft snore surrounds the room. Claire is a constant living reminder of the life he should have had before it all fell to nothing. It’s been just over six months since Amelia passed, bringing his dear princess into the world.

Castiel’s eyes roll over to the bay windows that engulf the far wall. He can just make out the shadows of live oaks that flank the main drive up to the property. The nightly image framed by sheer pink curtains tied back with little white bows. Amelia painstakingly chose every piece in their daughter’s bedroom, from the crème carpet to the pale pink walls accenting the sleeping beauty mural which she painted herself. It took them years to conceive Claire. Unfortunately, even with hormone therapy it’s extremely difficult for betas to bear children, but it was the one thing that Amelia wanted in life. Every time a treatment failed, she would smile patting his hand, “Next time Castiel, I can feel it.”

Five years ago when Castiel was given the VP of research and development for his family’s medical company, he immediately dove into the science of beta fertility. Halo Health Incorporated has been a household name for decades. The company has its hand in everything and anything medically related, from their own hospitals to research facilities all over the country. However, with all that at his fingers, Castiel could not save his mate from dying.

Suddenly there is a light buzzing from his back pocket. Castiel rushes from the room, closing the door behind him before answering his phone. “Anna, it's late can I call you back tomorrow?”

“No. I’m standing at your front door; come let me in. And it's 8:30pm, that is not late for a grown man.”

Castiel hits end as he drags his feet towards the front door. He lives just outside of Savannah, Ga in a fully restored and renovated plantation house with three floors and over 4000 square feet. At the time he purchased the home, he had just mated with Amelia and they were naïve with their plans to fill the proper southern house with half a dozen pups. Instead, he threw himself into his work and she decorated every inch of the house with impeccable taste. Turning it from an old plantation home to a modern house where every room has its own color theme leading to the main foyer which is a simple black and white checkered marble floor with a matching black and white chandelier. As he descends the sprawling main staircase, Castiel checks the baby monitor attached to his white dress shirt pocket making sure it’s at full volume.

Once he opens the door for his older sister Anna, she breezes past him, headed to the large state of the art kitchen with a blue and white sky theme. “I need you to pack for five days and meet me at the airport tomorrow morning at 9am sharp.”

The exhausted father leans over the large island in the center of the kitchen. “I just spent 9 hours at the office, and now you want me to leave for a business trip. Anna, I need to spend more time with Claire. I won’t have her raised by the beta nanny like we were.”

She doesn’t respond for several minutes while she prepares a sandwich. After taking a huge bite she responds, “This has nothing to do with work and everything to do with Claire. She’s going to come with us.”

Castiel cocks his head to one side, his eyes closing to slits curious about where this is all going. “Where are we going?”
Anna finishes chewing another bite, “Texas, but more importantly an Omega Academy just outside of Dallas.”

A deep sigh escapes his mouth as his head tosses from side to side, “No Anna. I am not going. It is too soon, and who says I want an Omega.”

“First of all, Castiel, Omega’s make the best caregivers for small children. If you take a new mate, then they can help you with Claire because I agree, beta nannies are not the way to go. Second, I think an Omega would also be good for Claire’s sad father. You don’t have to court an Omega like a beta or alpha. This would be the easiest solution for everyone.”

He rubs the late evening scruff on his chin, “Even if I felt that you have a point, it’s still too soon. Amelia has only been gone a short time.”

At this, Anna stops her assault on the sandwich, turning to face Castiel. She pivots his body so he’s staring into her eyes, and her hands are resting on his shoulders squeezing slightly. “Okay, it may be on the early side, but Omega’s only show in March. If you don’t go now, Claire will have to wait a year for a proper caregiver. I can’t help the timing of it, but we both know this is necessary.”

The father in him knows that an Omega mate would be an excellent choice for Claire. Omega’s who are not claimed in an arranged marriage or alternative situation are sent to an Academy in each state after their first heat, usually around 16. There the students are trained for two years before they are shown to the general public for the purpose of finding a mate. The Omega shows are always in March, so that they can settle into their new homes before their spring heat which usually hits around April or May. It’s seen as a kind of graduation, which is why it’s not done before their fall heat.

Those who are not claimed, or who are returned within the 31 day adjustment period, are kept at the Academy for another year. Usually after their 24th birthday, if they have not been found a permanent home, they start their education as teachers for the Academy. It’s a fairly self-sufficient system that has been around for the last 200 years, before then it was a much more animalistic and barbaric process of finding a mate.

Yet, the man dealing with the loss of his own mate can’t see past the idea that this diminishes his love for Amelia. She was a beta and his mother introduced her to Castiel. In fact, his mother encouraged the courting process and was a very active participant in creating their relationship. She died a year after their wedding, with a smile on her face, because all her alpha children were properly mated. “I still love Amelia.”

Anna actually rolls her eyes at his heartfelt comment, “Castiel let’s be honest here. You loved making mother happy. She told you that Amelia was the one, and you followed her orders blindly and without question.”

There is a chill to Castiel’s voice, “There is nothing wrong with pleasing one’s mother.”

“True, except when she makes a match that’s not exactly right.”

He steps back as shock courses through his veins, “Excuse me. I was very happy with Amelia. We had a lovely life together.”

Anna shuts her eyes, biting her lower lip. “What about sex?”

The stutter in his voice is full of surprise, “I am sorry that is none of your business.”

“Really? Because Gabriel and I are pretty sure that the happiness in your life did not include mind
blowing sex. Were you content? Sure, but there are certain things that an omega can give you that Amelia never could, and its time we explored those options.”

At the mention of their older brother’s name, Castiel steels his assault on the idea. Gabriel is the only one he has ever dared to share personal things with, and clearly he has chosen to share them with their beta sister. There are six children in the Novak family. Michael is the oldest and an alpha. He is the current CEO of Halo Health and is twenty years older than Castiel. The second oldest is Lucifer, also an alpha. He is a bit of a wild card, and has chosen not to work in the family company. Gabriel is next and a beta with Hannah right behind him. Hannah is the only omega in their family. She was sent off to an arranged marriage with a certain Mr. Crowley after her first heat, and lives in England. Finally, there is Anna, the other beta who took another beta mate when she was 21, leaving Castiel, the baby of the family. “What does Gabriel have to do with this?”

“He has spent the last two months scouting out all the schools in the country, and he says Texas is the one for you.”

Castiel leaves the room with Anna hot on his heels. Once he enters the once drawing room now den, the overwhelmed man flops down on the couch with Anna towering over him. “How can he even do that? Beta’s aren’t allowed on school grounds.”

Anna squints her face clearly trying to pick her words carefully, “He may have found a few people willing to help him get entrance and view the merchandise.”

“Omega’s are not property, Anna. They are just as much a person as you or me.” Castiel lays his head back on the couch trying to comprehend the amount of money and time that his beta siblings have put into this endeavor.

“Whatever, yes Omega’s are people too. Please just pack and come with me. Think of it like a little vacation to spend more time with Claire.”

Claire. No matter how much he wants to deny it, this would be best for his beautiful daughter. She deserves the chance to bond with an omega caregiver before she is old enough to know anything else. He doubts the individual will ever be anything more for him than that, but his sister does bring up an excellent point. Also, if Gabriel chose the school, he knows one thing for sure. It will be an Academy for Omega boys.
Chapter 2

They pull onto I-35 headed to an area known as Las Colinas, where the school is located. Anna is driving, attempting to navigate the congested roads from the airport, while Castiel sits in the back with Claire. They rented a silver Chevy Tahoe because they will be returning with another person and all their belongings. Castiel has never been to Dallas, and he is surprised by the modern city and all the plush green surrounding the road. “What time does the presentation begin?”

Anna swerves around a small compact car before answering. “It starts at 3:00pm, so we have plenty of time. We can arrive, walk the grounds to stretch our legs, and then the real fun begins. They should have the participant registry out so we can peruse it while we stroll.”

Castiel watches as Anna zips past several cars lost in thought. Can he really do this? Pick a mate from a book and one walk down a runway. He has no idea, but as he glances down at Claire he realizes that he needs to take this deathly serious.

Years ago, Castiel was dragged along when both Michael and Lucifer chose their mates, so he knows the drill. The participant registry is a book with all the Omegas in the show and their ratings. Each Omega will have a full page photo with a short description. Their first name will be at the top in either black or red letters. Red meaning virgin and very expensive, while black means they are not “untouched”. Under their name will be a number from 1 to 10, which is their fertility assessment. There is quite a lot that goes into the number, but basically the higher the number, the more fertile the Omega. After that, a small paragraph about their personality, likes/dislikes, and any other pertinent information including their age.

His stomach is in knots as Anna makes a sharp left turn passing a large sign stating, Texas Academy for Omega Boys. He literally thinks his heart skipped a beat as his eyes lingered on the last word. There is a faint smile on his lips as he realizes that Gabriel had been listening to him the entire time.

It takes quite a bit of time to unload all of Claire’s things and Castiel’s overnight bag. If he takes an Omega, he will be required to stay one night on campus with his new mate. He has no idea what to do then, because obviously Michael and Lucifer did not allow him access to that part of the process.

Anna watches as Castiel takes Claire’s overnight bag as well. “Claire can stay at the hotel with Gabriel and I, why don’t you leave her stuff here.”

Castiel sighs as he puts her bag under the seat of her stroller. “No, if this is for Claire, then she will be present for the first night. I need to make sure the Omega is a good fit for her not me.”

His sister simply shrugs as she places her sunglasses on, “Whatever but you’re going to freak out the Omega. Those rooms are meant for one thing to test sexual compatibility.”

Once Claire is strapped in he finally responds pushing her stroller towards the main entrance. “I’m not here for that.”

“You say that now, but…”

“That’s final Anna.”

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Just before three, they find a seat on the isle not too far from the final stop on the runway. The Omega’s will be paraded in as a group, and then solo before the bidding wars begin. Castiel finally
forces himself to scan over the registry. There are 74 men listed in the book. He recalls the Omega girls’ school had near a 1000, but they are the more preferred Omega gender. Suddenly, his eyes scan the prices for the beginning bids on some of the younger virgins in the group. “Oh my God Anna, have you seen the opening bids? I don’t want to sell my house for this.”

There is a sly grin on her face as she retrieves a credit card from her purse. A Discover Black Card to be precise, which has no limit. “No worries. Michael sent me with the company card. He says price should not be an issue.”

Castiel is floored by Michael’s generosity. With that card, he could have any Omega in the book, “Does he know where we are?”

A slight shake of her head explains the wicked smile. “No, he thinks we are in NYC at the New York Academy for Girls, where he found Hael.”

“He’s going to be furious when my Omega has a dick.”

Over his shoulder he hears, “Well, I should hope your Omega has a cock, a really big one that just sets those pretty blue eyes on fire.”

Anna and Castiel turn, whispering in forced voices, “Gabriel!”

Their brother moves to sit on the other side of Castiel, taking a moment to kiss Claire in her stroller. “That’s my name. So little bro, are we excited or what?”

Castiel rolls his eyes as he huffs, “or what.”

“Aw, come on. This place is perfect. There are about half a dozen that I think are excellent possibilities, but there is nothing like the smell factor, so breathe in deep.”

“I’m not an idiot, of course if I see one that looks nice, I will check for a pleasant aroma.”

Gabriel tickles Claire’s chin, “Oh no Cassie, I want to see your alpha finally rear his dominant head.”

He relaxes deeper into his chair, done with all Gabriel’s silly ideas. “I have never been an alpha who becomes undone by his mates scent. Please, I have better manners than that.”

At that Gabriel leans in, his mouth almost touching Castiel’s ear. “All I’m saying is, the better the smell, the wilder the sex. You need a big strapping male Omega to rock your world. You know what they say, everything’s bigger in Texas.”

Castiel’s eyes grow to saucers as what his brother just said registers into his brain. “I’m here to obtain a caregiver for Claire, the rest is not necessary.”

“Alright, it looks like the show is about to begin, so little Miss and I are off.”

The youngest Novak sits up, quickly grasping Gabriel’s shoulder. “Where are you going with Claire?”

“Her smell might screw with your senses, so she and I are going to find a park or something. Call me when you have a tasty new treat.”

Without a word, Anna hands over the keys to the rental and Gabriel shoots off before Castiel can get a handle of what is happening. Turning to his sister, “You two planned this?”

“Of course you moron. You need to focus and not have any reminders of your previous mate. Now
The show begins with a small speech from the Head Omega, highlighting the positives of using a properly trained mate. Finally the men step out in order of the registry. The initial parade is slow, allowing each Omega to flaunt their scent before the next one takes the stage. The runway is a simple T configuration, with him and Anna sitting right at the bottom of the shape. All the Omegas seem healthy and well cared for, but none of them are really doing anything for him. They smell soft and floral but so did Amelia which leads him to believe that perhaps they are not for him.

Then, as they near the end of the list, number 71 takes the stage. Before Castiel sees him, he smells the most intoxicating aroma. Suddenly, he can’t breathe without being pummeled by the most glorious scent in all his life. He turns to Anna, who is bored and playing a game on her phone, “Do you smell that?”

She drops her phone to the ground as she sits up to get a peek at the new Omega who has just now appeared on stage. “What do you smell, Castiel?”

“I smell cherries, sweet, strong, powerful cherries but something more. Oh my God Anna, it’s like a warm cherry pie straight from the oven.” His normally bright blue eyes go dark with want, “I want to taste the pie, Anna.”

Anna grabs the registry flipping to the stats for number 71. “His name is Dean. He’s not a virgin, his fertility rating is only a 3 and he’s 24. I don’t know Castiel, he’s at the bottom of the list and…”

The aroused alpha grabs her by the shoulders, shaking extremely hard, “I don’t care. Give me the cherry pie Omega now!”

“Holy Jesus Castiel, this is only the walk through you are going to have to wait until his bidding starts.”

He doesn’t hear a single thing she says as his gorgeous Omega steps to the end of the runway and looks down. Their eyes meet and suddenly Castiel is staring into the most intense emerald green he has ever seen. The smell of cherry pie is so strong he almost has to cough as he blazingly glares into the crystal green eyes of his mate.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I am more than a little overwhelmed by the response to the first two chapters. Thank you to all my readers and those who leave comments.

Enjoy!

Castiel is on the edge of his folding chair, whimpering as the delicious aroma evaporates behind the neutralizing scent curtain. “Where did he go? Anna, he needs to come back. I need to check on him, perhaps he’s chilly and needs me to warm him up.”

He is actually almost standing when Anna tugs violently on his elbow, tossing him back into the chair. “Holy Shit Castiel, calm the fuck down and breathe. It’s going to be hours before he comes back out. If you aren’t careful, the monitors are going to spray you.”

This gets his attention immediately. He is promptly aware that one of the four large gentlemen walking through the audience, carrying a spray gun, has taken an interest in his movements. Castiel gives a curt nod and smiles hoping to express his complete control over his emotions. The spray is a nasty concoction, used to calm an over stimulated alpha. It will leave him unconscious on the ground and possibly with urine stained trousers. Nope, he does not need that before he meets his Omega.

The young father rests back into his chair, opening the registry to number 71. Now that his smell is gone, Castiel can focus on his other glorious attributes. According to the description and stunning photo, Dean is 6’1’’ with strong powerful shoulders, and muscles everywhere. His eyes aren’t nearly as clear, but Castiel simply has to close his own to find himself lost in a sea of emerald green. His light, sandy brown hair is cut short, giving him a military appearance. He drags his pointer finger over the most delectable pair of pouty pink lips, sending shivers up his own spine. In the photo, he is wearing a simple white polo with khaki dress pants, which is exactly what he had on a moment ago. Castiel finds himself humming as he thinks about buying nothing but green fabric to match those amazing eyes.

According to the bio, Dean enjoys working with children and hopes to have a large family. This seems a little far-fetched, given his fertility rating, but does bode well for his ability to care for Claire. Oh my God, Claire. This is the first time Castiel has even thought about his daughter since Dean stepped on stage. He shakes his head, reminding himself that he is here for Claire, not himself; however, there is nothing wrong with enjoying the view.

He notices a little symbol at the bottom of Dean’s page. It seems to be the letter D with a red circle around it. Castiel tugs at Anna’s shirt, “What does this symbol mean?”

His sister has returned to her game so it takes a beat before she glances over at the page. “It means he has damage of some kind.”

Castiel hisses, “What do you mean damage? He’s beautiful.”

Rolling her eyes, she swivels to face her brother. “I love you Castiel, but you can be such a baby
sometimes. At some point he was taken out during the 31 day trial and the alpha left damage from the interactions while he was away. I’m sure the alpha paid a fine, and was not reimbursed his full amount.”

“Who the hell cares about a fine, explain to me damage.”

“There are most likely scars or marks hidden by his clothes. Don’t worry, it wasn’t a claiming bite because you can’t return them once their scent changes. Some alphas enjoy using the 31 trial as a free for all in behavior. Do you still want him because I’m sure he will go cheap?”

His eyes go still as rage envelopes the words, “He is MY Omega. I don’t care what has happened in his past. I want him, do you understand?”

Castiel loves his sister, but she has a very crass side that he does not enjoy. She needs to watch her tone or he will make it difficult for her to speak. The sassy red head drops her smile as she returns his deep dark gaze. “Of course, I will make this happen. Now can you please release my hand? I fear you may break it.”

It is only then that he is fully aware of the pain he is inflicting on her delicate fingers. “Oh, I am so sorry. I have no idea what has gotten into me today.”

A heartfelt smile dances onto his sister’s face, “I think someone’s alpha is coming out to play.” She gives him a wink before placing her focus back on her game.

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Three long, excruciating hours later, it is time for number 71 to take the stage. Castiel is hammered with the sweet aroma that he has come to equate with his beautiful Omega. He closes his eyes, swaying with intoxication at the thought of warm cherry pie. He licks his lips as Dean struts down the runway, a slight swagger to his, oh my fucking God are those bow legs?!

Unfortunately, he is now lost behind the dark blue scent curtain tucked away safely for his alpha. The Head Omega dips her head, scanning the information for Dean. “Participant 71, ladies and gentlemen, we will begin the bidding at $10,000 dollars. Quite a bargain for such a sturdy young man.”

Anna raises her plain white paddle with NOVAK written in bold on both sides. The mistress nods her head, acknowledging the amount. “Alright, we have an acceptance at ten thousand. Do we have any other bidders for number 71.”

Castiel is congratulating himself when shock smacks him in the face. Without warning, the Head Omega calls out another bid, “We have another bid at fifteen. Would Novak like to counter?”

Thank God Anna is doing the bidding because Castiel is beside himself as she lifts the white paddle into the air again. The mistress is quick to respond, “Thank you. Novak retorts at twenty thousand. Would Antilles like to counter?”

The distraught alpha is messing up his dark wavy hair as he pulls at it with stress and worry. He is mentally willing this Antilles character to stay the hell away from his Omega, but once again that daft woman speaks. “Thank you Antilles, at thirty thousand. Would Novak like to counter?”

He’s not even paying attention to the bidding war that has erupted, knowing full well that Anna has no intention of giving up. Castiel is twisting and turning in his seat trying to get a look at this Antilles asshole when all of a sudden, he spots the fucking white paddle of his nemesis. Antilles is alone, and maybe three rows directly behind Castiel. The guy is young, maybe twenty years old, with dark
shaggy hair. Taking a moment to ensure the monitors aren’t watching, Castiel, for the first time in his life, growls at his opponent. The little shit just smiles at him, sending his paddle into the air once more increasing the bid to 75 grand. He has no idea why this twinkie knothead wants his Dean, but he is NOT going to get him.

He reaches over his sister snatching her purse to retrieve the little black card that will be Dean’s salvation. While still locking a hard glare at Antilles, he lifts the card and winks before putting every ounce of his unused alpha voice into howling, “MINE!”

The other bidder just tosses his paddle back into the air yelling, “One hundred thousand!”

That is it!! Castiel is done playing games. He seizes the paddle from Anna’s hand and stands, turning to face the Head Omega. “Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

The old lady steps back completely stunned over what has just happened with number 71. “I’m sorry Mister Novak, the last bid was one hundred thousand.”

There is a steely gravelly darkness to his voice, and he burns his stare into her head. “Did I stutter? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

Hastily, the Head Omega gathers herself, “Fine. Novak stands with a bid of two hundred and fifty thousand for number 71. Would Antilles like to counter?”

Castiel pivots slightly to his left catching the young alpha’s head as it shakes with a no. The grin that spreads across the young father’s face has seen no rival. He has a sudden urge to jump for joy when Anna grips his wrist, yanking him back into the flimsy seat. “Calm down and quit scenting the room. Everyone knows Dean is yours, now stop before people start passing out cause seriously your claiming scent is super strong.”
Chapter 4

Castiel is rocking Claire in the hopes of calming her down for sleep, and perhaps his own frayed nerves. The day seems like a complete blur. He can barely comprehend the small apartment that he has acquired for the night. Most of the overnights will be done in large hotel rooms, but they do provide, for a price, small two bedroom apartments for other family members to participate.

The living room is tiny with a simple leather loveseat and matching recliner, where he currently perches. There is a modest kitchen against one wall, and two bedrooms with their own bathrooms. The smaller of the two does have port-a-crib in it, so he will be able to put Claire down once his Omega arrives. Dean should be here by 9pm, and then they will spend the next 24 hours alone with each other and Claire. The requirement is only 12 hours for the overnight to be complete, but the room is available for 24 hours, so Castiel plans on getting what he has paid for. There is a phone in the kitchen with a room service number for food and anything else the occupants might need for their stay.

Claire’s room has two twin beds in it, so Dean can sleep in there. This will allow his daughter to become acclimated to Dean’s scent while she rests. He read a few pamphlets on the flight over on how to adjust children to a new Omega parent. Having the Omega sleep in the same room with them for the first seven days is top of the list. However, Castiel feels a slight twinge of sorrow at the idea Dean will not be in his bed for an entire week. He has to begin a mantra to keep his emotions in check, “This is for Claire. This is not for me.”

Castiel startles unexpectedly, waking his sleeping beauty when there is a loud knocking sound. He hastily dashes for the door, throwing it open with a smile. There he stands, just outside of the entrance wearing a snug pair of jeans and a gray Henley. The alpha’s eyes gradually drag up his heavenly body and maybe Castiel has begun to drool. Suddenly he can’t find his voice as Castiel finds himself astray in the purest of candy apple green.

After several minutes the Omega chuckles softly, “Can I come in, or are you going to stare at me for the next 12 hours?”

The blue eyed alpha steps to the side, nodding his head vigorously, “Of course, I’m sorry please come in.”

He follows Dean into the living area as the Omega tosses a red backpack to the carpet. Claire giggles reaching out towards the new person in the room. Dean turns with a smile that fills his entire face, “Hello there gorgeous, what’s your name?”

“Her name is Claire. She’s my daughter.” Without a word Dean lifts his sweet girl from Castiel’s arms cradling her like a prize in his own.

“Hi Claire, I’m Dean. Aren’t you the most amazing baby on the planet.” The Omega drops to the floor crossing his legs while bouncing Claire on his thigh. There is a warm, satisfied feeling growing over Castiel’s heart as he observes his daughter, completely calm and happy in Dean’s care. He returns to the recliner, not wanting to intrude on their bonding. It is only then that he notices the delicious scent of warm cherry pie. It’s not as strong as before, more of a hint of it really, but it still relaxes the young father as he lays his head back onto the chair.

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Castiel is deeply asleep with a soft snore pouring from his lips. His mind drifts to thoughts of spoon feeding a certain Omega cherry pie while naked. The young father only begins to stir as a gruff, masculine voice calls to him, “Alpha, you need to wake up and make some choices here. Alpha.”

He bats his eyes open, glancing at the yummy Omega kneeling next to him on the floor. Dean’s actions just don’t seem to fit the strong, powerful man by his side. Who should be standing and demanding Castiel’s attention. His voice is hushed, “Where’s Claire?”

“I put her to bed an hour ago, it’s past eleven.”

The alpha nods with acknowledgement, rubbing his eyes, trying to push away the cobwebs. He hasn’t slept like that in years, so peaceful filled with warmth. Dean continues to hold his position as if he is waiting for something. “Did you mention a choice?”

“Yes, with the child sleeping we can do other activities. Obviously, the choice is yours alpha. I understand that my main role will be childcare, but …”

Castiel freezes as his brain catches up to Dean’s words. “Ah, sexual compatibility.”

“Yes, twelve hours isn’t very long, and I have had issues in the past.” Castiel places his hand on the arm rest of the chair as a puzzled look crosses his face.

“Well, first we will be staying the full 24 and then a few more days enjoying Dallas. I have never been here and my sister says the zoo would be excellent for Claire.”

While Castiel speaks, he notices as Dean’s hand appears next to his on the arm rest. It’s maybe two inches away, but the intent is clear. Actually, from what he’s read about Omega’s, this is quite aggressive. Dean’s training should have included the understanding that all contact must be done by the alpha first. However, Castiel almost has a sense of pride as those solid masculine hands creep towards him.

“Would I be going to the zoo too?”

“Of course, unless you don’t want to go?”

Dean’s eyes shoot up in panic. “No, no I would love to take Claire to the zoo. There is also the Perot Museum, which has an excellent children’s section. I have never been, but I’ve seen pictures on the internet.”

“Sounds like a great idea.” Castiel’s words fall softly as the Omega’s fingers are now just ghosting over the tips of his own fingers. Every time their skin connects, a wave of arousal and want sparks across the alpha’s body. Anna was right, Omega’s clearly have the advantage in creating mind blowing sex. Dean’s fingers have moved to resting just over his own as they pat and stroke his small touch of skin. Every molecule in his body is on fire, and Castiel bites his lower lip with thoughts on how to douse the flames.

Dean’s eyes drop to the floor, making Castiel a little heartbroken at the action. He wants Dean to be so much more than just a submissive Omega. “You will need to mark me with your scent.”

“I’m sorry, what now?”

“If you want me to leave the campus, I will need the mark of your scent at the very least. Some Omega’s even get their claiming bite on the first night, but it’s totally up to you.”

Dean is correct, the Academy would never let an unclaimed Omega off of school grounds without at
least the scent of an alpha on their skin. This is truly for the safety of the Omega. If he scents Dean properly, then any alpha will be able to detect it for several weeks. It is a national law that no alpha can touch an Omega marked by another’s scent. However, it will eventually fade over time, unlike the claiming bite which is permanent.

Castiel understands the physical action of scenting an Omega, but has never actually done it. Beta’s have no need for the technique and so he never did this with Amelia. He knows that he should take charge, be the alpha, but he honestly is a little lost. “I would like to do the scenting but...” Jesus his voice actually cracks on the last word causing his cheeks to erupt in blotches of red.

His Omega bursts out in a deep, full body laugh that makes Castiel’s insides go all gooey. “Sorry, perhaps for this one time I should take the lead.”

The alpha just nods his head in agreement, an uncomfortable half grin on his lips. “I’ve never done this before.”

“Really? You have a pup, didn’t you scent her mom?”

Before Castiel can reply, Dean is standing as he removes his boots and every stitch of clothes. Then its suddenly like Christmas, his birthday, and the fucking Fourth of July all wrapped into one moment. His Omega is breathtaking. Dean’s skin has a hint of tan, and his cock is much larger than Castiel would have suspected; perhaps there is something to Gabriel’s comment. Oh wait, the young father realizes that Dean asked a question and he needs to answer instead of gawking at his dick. “She was a beta who felt the scenting ritual was unnecessary and a little gross.”

Another faint chuckle explodes from Dean’s throat, making Castiel at ease. He could spend the rest of his life listening to that exquisite sound. His Omega turns to fold his clothes and set them on the couch when Castiel glimpses the damage on his back. There are several circular burns of differing sizes littered across his back and thighs. Although, he doesn’t count them all he would guess maybe two dozen. Castiel doesn’t have time to react before Dean swivels back to face him and recognition causes him to frown. “Are they going to be a problem?”

His response is gentle, “No. But one day I would like you to tell me the story behind them?”

Dean shakes his head yes before he crawls into the alpha’s lap. Castiel bristles for a second, startled by the brazen contact with his Omega. “I need to get you excited so we will have something to work with here.”

“I don’t think that’s going to be a problem,” sighs Castiel as he feels the blood rushing to his cock, making it stiff with desire. The young father grips the armrests with all his might as Dean unzips his pants, stepping up to tug the fabric past his knees along with his boxers. A delightful smile fills Dean’s face as he lowers himself to his knees, tucking between Castiel’s thighs.

Without warning those stunning pink pouty lips are releasing a luscious tongue that begins to lick Castiel’s shaft. The moan that leaves his mouth is so deep he can feel it in his toes. “What are you doing?”

The Omega stops his task with surprise, “Have you never had a blowjob, alpha?”

“A what? Why would you want to do that?”

A sly wink is Dean’s only reply before he returns to his assault on Castiel’s dick. The sensation is indescribable as the relaxing aroma of cherry pie fills his nostrils. Just as the alpha has settled into the pattern of strokes to his groin, his Omega changes it up by swallowing his cock whole. “Holy
Fuck!” The wet warmth of Dean’s mouth is so good that Castiel knows it won’t be long until.

“Ahh!” The alpha knot at the bottom of his shaft grows and hardens causing Castiel to pant harder. His Omega does not ignore his need as Dean uses his free hand to envelope the knot squeezing tightly as his mouth continues to bounce up and down. Only a few more jerks to his knot and Castiel is shooting his load into Dean’s throat. He swiftly spits the cum into his hands. “Alpha put your hands out and scent me.”

Castiel follows the directions easily in his post orgasm haze. With his hands dripping with jizz, he starts massaging the substance into Dean’s skin. The alpha really only needs a few spots to properly mark the Omega as his, but suddenly Castiel wants everything to be his and his alone. His voice is deep and sultry “Turn around Dean.”

The Omega rises to standing and swivels so his back is to the alpha. Using the remaining seed, Castiel touches every mark on Dean’s skin, rubbing it away (at least in his mind) with his scent. “What are you doing alpha?”

“You are mine Dean, I take you as you are, marks and all.”

Castiel can’t be sure, but as he works over the two dozen spots he thinks there are tears in Dean’s eyes.
Chapter 5

Castiel wakes the next morning to the lingering aroma of cherries. A smirk finds its way onto his face as he thinks about waking up every morning to the smell of Dean in his space. He glances at the alarm clock realizing that it’s after nine in the morning. The young father can’t even remember the last time he slept this late. The beta nannies arrived at eight so Castiel was always the one to wake with his daughter. The alpha stretches, rolling his muscles, taking in the peace and quiet. Dean slept in Claire’s room, leaving Castiel alone in the king size bed with silk sheets. He gradually moves to the bathroom to brush his teeth as memories of last night trail through his mind. He finds the whole process a little disconcerting in the end because he barely knows Dean, and yet they have shared a very intimate moment. Terror shoots over those blue eyes as he wonders if Dean even wanted it. He settles on the fact that Dean needed to be properly scented before they left the campus. There is only one other reason for Castiel to touch the Omega intimately ever again, the claiming bite. Over the next 31 days, the alpha will be required by law to either claim Dean or send him back. He glares into the mirror, a sudden hunger and rage burning through his veins, “My Omega is never coming back to this place.” A low guttural growl accents his words, surprising the alpha in the reflection. God, what is wrong with him?

He shuffles out into the living area, looking for his tiny makeshift family. “Dean?”

“We’re in our room.” Castiel drifts in the direction of the deep, masculine voice. The young father steps into the small bedroom, taking in the domestic scene before him. Dean and Claire are on the floor, building little towers out of wooden blocks.

“Where in the world did you get toys?”

The Omega grins, dipping his head just a tad, “I called room service this morning and had them bring a set with her morning milk. I hope that was okay?”

“Of course, she seems to be enjoying them. We should get a set for the house.”

“You don’t have blocks? This sweet princess is going to be an architect one day.” Claire accents her agreement by knocking over one of the towers, erupting in giggles at her demolition skills.

Castiel was not even aware that Claire was old enough for toys. “As soon as we get home, we need to start a toy room for her. Do you think that’s something you might want to tackle, Dean?”

“Yes, alpha, that sounds great.” The smile on his Omega’s face says volumes.

Castiel turns to find some coffee or call room service when he snaps his fingers calling over his shoulder. “You can use my name, Dean.”

“And what would that be?”

The alpha halts and slowly rotates to face Dean and Claire. “And what would what be?”

“Your name?”

“Didn’t they give you a file or something about me? At least tell you my name and where we are headed after the overnight?” Castiel’s voice floods with astonishment.
Dean stands to face the alpha, a concern scent filling the air. “No, alpha. I’m simply given a room number and told to pack my bag. Did I do something wrong?”

“No Dean, you have been perfect.” Breaking his hidden rules once more, Castiel reaches out, stroking the young man’s cheek, scratching the morning scruff. “My name is Castiel, Castiel Novak.”

His Omega leans into the touch a sigh rising from his chest. “Can I call you Cas?”

“Sure, but why?”

Lifting his hand to cover Castiel’s he whispers, “Your parents gave you Castiel, the world calls you Castiel but Cas, that’s all mine.”

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Over the next several hours the two men fall into a nice rhythm. They chat about little things, their favorite foods or their favorite place to visit. Castiel learns that Dean has never been outside of the United States due to a phobia of flying. The alpha will need to research options to rectify the situation. The proud father also enjoys the view as Dean falls head over heels for his daughter. At first, he worried that Dean might replace him, but it’s just the opposite. He fills a role that the young Dad never knew was missing.

It’s two o’clock by the time they sit down at the high counter with stools to eat lunch while Claire takes her afternoon nap. Dean orders Philly steak sandwiches which Castiel finds delicious. It’s Dean who pauses his meal to ask, “So, what are your thoughts on everything?”

The alpha takes a sip of water, “You mean between you and I?”

“And Claire, but yeah, I know I should stay silent but this is it for me and I’m kind of getting my hopes up.”

Castiel just stares at Dean for a very long time. It is only fair for Dean to ask, and really the answer is quite simple. “I think we are a good match. Clearly you are amazing with children, so to be honest, my hopes are soaring pretty high right now too. Do you want to stay with me?”

Dean almost falls off his stool at the young father’s last comment. His eyes are searching Castiel’s for some sort of answer to a silent question. “It’s not up to me. I mean, the fact that you let me speak at all and encourage my opinions is awesome, yet I’m still the Omega. It’s your right as alpha to just take whatever you want.”

“Dean, I want a partner.” Castiel covers the Omega’s hand with his own squeezing tenderly. “It is my job to protect you and give you a good life, but I want my Omega standing next to me, not behind.”

The alpha is stunned as Dean practically leaps from his seat, planting his lips over Castiel’s. The kiss is rough, but tender as their tongues eventually find a pace that is even and sturdy. The young father immediately notices the taste of a sweet candy on his tongue. It’s stimulating to all his senses as Castiel releases a moan from his throat. Dean’s hands card through his dark, wavy hair rubbing his temple, making his muscles go slack.

The two men begin to move over to the loveseat, their lips never breaking as Castiel sits first while Dean scrambles onto his thighs. The alpha loses all sense of time as he is sent astray in everything Omega. The aromas, the tastes, his brawny hands caressing his face and shoulders, all have him desiring much more from this than he originally planned. Finally, Dean plucks his lips away as they
both pant, winded from the lack of oxygen and blood to the brain. “Claire should be out for another hour if you want to move this into the bedroom?”

That’s when Castiel sees the fear in Dean’s eyes. This is the young Omega’s final chance to get out and this is the way he was trained to get it. “Dean, we don’t have to rush into anything. We have the rest of our lives. This is all so new, can we please simply find pleasure in this, or do you not enjoy kissing me?”

The panic in his voice could not be denied, but Dean places a soft, kind kiss to Castiel’s forehead, his nose, his left eye and then his right before diving deep into the alpha’s throat. When the kiss breaks this time, his Omega has a calmness about him that makes Castiel almost sleepy. “Cas, I like you a lot, and yes I really love kissing you, but I have been here five other times. Every single year they send me back like a pair of shoes that are the wrong size. I desperately need us to fit.”

The alpha takes his fingers, tugging Dean’s chin upward so their eyes are locked. “When I am near, what do you smell?”

“The scent of rain as it falls from the sky: fresh, wholesome and inviting. I just want to step under its drops and drink from the heavens.” The Omega places a chaste kiss to Castiel’s mouth. “It makes me feel safe and at peace. What do I smell like to you?”

“Warm cherry pie straight from the oven, which makes me feel cozy, loved and also very aroused, but most of all it reminds me of home.” To emphasize this alpha takes a deep inhale allowing the aroma to fill his nostrils, giving him the sensation of being high.

Dean drags his thumb over Castiel’s lower lip. “Anything else Cas?”

Castiel peers into the sea of emerald green, and the answer is pure and right. “Mate.”
Chapter 6

Three days later Castiel is lounging on a bench, surveying from afar as Anna and Dean play with Claire in a sandbox. They are spending their last morning in Dallas at the Perot Museum, and specifically the children’s area. The day is warm with only a few clouds, not entirely normal for north Texas in March. So when Dean discovered the outdoor sand area, he took Claire straight to it. That was almost an hour ago and his sweet girl couldn’t be happier. The exhibit itself is for older kids to learn about excavating dinosaur bones which are hidden in the sand; however, Claire enjoys helping Anna build sand castles and knocking them down with a squeal of delight.

Dean has miraculously found a place in their family. He sleeps in Claire’s room leaving her Dad in an empty bed; the two men haven’t touched since the morning of day one. In spite of that, or maybe because if it, Castiel’s feelings for the young Omega are continueing to blossom. Even Anna, with her crass mouth, has taken a liking to Dean. Gabriel met him briefly at dinner, the second night before leaving for NYC to handle Halo business. As he left for the airport, he gave Castiel a thumbs up in approval. Not that he needs his siblings to agree with his choice, but it does help him to feel accepted.

The young Omega kisses Claire’s forehead as he coasts over to Castiel, taking the spot next to him. “So tomorrow we are off to Savannah?”

Castiel turns his head, smiling at his lovable Dean. “Yes. Anna has offered to babysit tonight, because once we get back, she and I will have to return to the real world of work. I thought it might be nice for you and I to spend an evening just the two of us, maybe dinner and shopping?”

“Cas, you don’t have to buy me clothes.”

The alpha glances down at the same Henley Dean has worn three of the five days Castiel has known him. “Dean, everything you own fits into that red backpack. You need a wardrobe, not one pair of jeans, a pair of khakis, and three shirts. Do you have more clothes at school, because we could swing by and pick them up?”

Very tentatively Dean leans his head onto Castiel’s shoulder. The young father grins as he drapes his arm over his Omega’s shoulder. “Everything I own is with me. Actually, some clean underwear would be awesome. I’ve not always been keen on going commando.”

Castiel bursts in hysterical laughter, partially from the complete lack of modesty from Dean, but also to hide the desire building from his belly. He could just simply drop his hand below the Omega’s beltline, and slip his fingers…nope. A boner in the middle of a children’s museum is not a good idea. Instead, he tilts his head so he can place a gentle kiss to Dean’s temple. “Shopping it is then. I would hate for those gorgeous thighs to chafe.”

The two men sit in silence, letting the sunrays wash over them as they are entertained by Claire throwing sand high into the air. “Um Cas, how are we getting to Savannah?”

“We are flying in the company jet. I have departure scheduled for 8am and then…” Castiel freezes when it dawns on him the problem with their travel plans. “Oh my god, Dean, you hate to fly!”

Dean tucks a little tighter into the nook of Cas’s arm. “It’s okay, I’ve had to deal in the past, but I don’t think knocking back several shots of Jim Beam is really appropriate.”

“Is that what other alpha’s have done in the past? Gotten you liquored up for the trip?”
His kind Omega shrugs his shoulders, “That or knocked me out.”

“They drugged you?”

“Sure, a little needle prick and I’m out for a good ten hours.” Castiel’s mouth drops, completely horrified by anyone that would treat another human being in that manner, “Cas it’s fine. Over and done with, no worries.”

“Rest assured I am not going to drug you. Well, I might give you a mild sedative to calm your nerves, but you will be conscious. How do you even transport a person who is out cold?”

Dean’s answer is barely audible, “In a cage.”

The fury and wrath that builds inside of Castiel is swift and strong. How anyone could put someone as beautiful and precious as Dean in a cage. There aren’t even words to describe the hatred that is bleeding from his skin. At that moment, he senses the cool touch of calloused fingers trying to get his attention. “Cas, you need to cool off, you’re scaring Claire and me.”

Castiel is pulled from his rage at the sound of his daughter screaming and crying uncontrollably. Anna has turned to them, her eyes wild with concern because clearly Castiel’s rage has scented the entire play area. “I’m sorry Dean.”

Those comforting fingers tug his chin to face Dean. “Cas, look at me. I’m safe. You are here. No one can hurt me ever again.”

He takes several deep breaths as he allows Dean’s calming scent to fill his nostrils. It is only as he gazes into his favorite green eyes that Cas finally lets his anger drip away. “Never Dean, do you hear me? No one will ever touch you again.”

“Well, maybe you will one day soon.” With that Dean winks turning his head to the side, exposing his unclaimed neck to Castiel.

Castiel eyes widen in revelation, “Dean, we can’t do that here. We have to, ya know, before the mark is made.”

Dean kisses his alpha’s cheek, “I am fully aware that the claiming bite only takes if we are in the process of knocking boots.” He wiggles his eyebrows grinning at his comment, which is quite crass for an Omega, but Cas could care less because these little hints at the real Dean are wonderful.

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Later that night, Dean is putting on a fashion show in the Men’s department at Nordstrom’s. Every time the lovely Omega steps out in a new ensemble with a grin that spreads to his eyes, Castiel can’t help but feel pleased. It’s the little things that make Dean giddy. While Dean is in the Omega changing room, another pair cross in front of him. The Omega is holding several outfits, but there is no joy in his eyes. Castiel turns his head to look at the alpha as he sits in the open chair to his right. The alpha is maybe in his fifties, and seems annoyed at the task of shopping for his charge.

Castiel tosses all his thoughts to the side as Dean struts out, shaking his hips in a very tight pair of leather pants and white tank top. “Hey check it out Cas, I can be a hipster.” He then cocks a fedora to the side of his head, laughing hysterically at the joke.

The alpha chuckles to himself, “Do you honestly want to wear that?”

Dean pauses before spinning in a dance move that reminds him of Michael Jackson. “No, but it’s still
pretty funny.” He then steps back to change again.

Cas is still smirking at the image of Dean in those outrageously tight pants when the other alpha speaks, “First shopping trip?”

“Yes.”

The older man shifts in his seat so his mouth is closer to Castiel. “Can I give you a word of advice?”

“Sure.” Castiel is stuffed with joy.

“It’s a lot easier if you don’t let them speak.”

There is dead silence as Castiel attempts to process what this man has just said to him. “I’m sorry. I don’t think I heard you correctly.”

“This is my third Omega and let me tell you, life is so much easier when you ban speaking.”

A sadness flows over Castiel as the weight of those words pound into his head. He loves Dean’s voice; he wants nothing more than to spend every day lost in his gruff masculine words. From back in the dressing rooms, he hears his favorite sound. “Hey Cas you okay? Your scent is a little off.”

“I’m fine Dean, are you ready to check out and head to dinner?”

“Hell yes, I’m starving.”

The older man’s face looks almost angry at Dean using a curse word. “Proper Omega’s don’t use that kind of language. I could teach him a lesson for you.”

Castiel glares at the other man, leaning in closer so they are almost touching, his eyes smoldering with alpha power. “If you lay one finger on my Omega, I will end you.”

Suddenly, Dean is standing before the two alphas, clearing his throat to get Castiel’s attention. “The lady at the register needs your card Cas.”

“Of course and where would you like to have dinner Dean?” Castiel’s eyes never leave the other alpha.

Dean’s voice is timid as he tries to ignore the alpha posturing before him. “That Cuban place you were talking about sounds good. Can we go?”

“Yes Dean, at your request, we can leave.” A low growl escapes Castiel’s lips as he stands taking Dean’s hand and leading him over to the registers to buy the clothes he picked out for himself.

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Castiel sits across from Dean in the small cabin of the private jet. His knuckles are pure white as he bounces his knees to the tune of a Metallica song. He gave Dean two Xanax before they left for the airport, but it appears to have very little affect on his nerves. On the other side of the cabin, Claire is clapping her hands, sitting in her car seat as Anna sings nursery rhymes.

The scent of fear is growing in the confined space and his daughter starts to whimper. All of a sudden, Dean notices Claire’s discomfort at his terror. “It’s okay, sweet girl. Silly Omega daddy is just nervous.” Dean reaches out, grasping her tiny hand stroking the palm with his thumb.

The jet takes off, sailing into the blue skies above, but Cas is soaring to heaven all on his own. For
the first time Dean called himself daddy.
Chapter 7

Dean is in the Omega bathroom of the Savannah Regional airport changing Claire’s dirty diaper. Cas wanted to do it, but there weren’t any changing tables in the alpha bathroom. He doesn’t mind, everything about this gorgeous girl is a blessing. Once the mess is clean, he straps her back into the stroller to wash his hands.

The Omega glances at his pale reflection in the mirror. It took everything he had to survive the flight, but he did it. He’s here and hopefully if all goes well, Dean will finally have a real home. He wants this so much it burns his insides with desire. All the other alpha’s pale in comparison to his Cas. The Omega was gone the moment the front door swung open, revealing sparkling blue eyes and a genuine smile. Those baby blues are like the ocean on a bright sunny day; he just wants to swim in them forever. His alpha is so awkward and strange, but then in the same breath he’s powerful and protective. It’s just like his scent, that strong aroma right before a storm. Dean just wants to curl up to Cas and sleep with his nose pressed into that amazing neck. God, he’s so damn sexy.

Glaring at the man in the mirror, “Do not fuck this up. This is your last chance to get out of that hell hole.”

Without fail, Dean’s insecurities are rearing their ugly head. He begins to question why anyone as impressive and gentle as Cas would want an Omega whose barely fertile and damaged. Dean keeps waiting for the other shoe to drop. For Cas to strike him or toss him around like the unclean Omega that he is, but the violence never comes. It puts Dean on edge, even as he’s trying to relax and keep his calming scent around them all. He understands that his position in the house will be to care for Claire, and that pleases him. Spending the rest of his years watching her grow in a safe place where he is valued seems like heaven to Dean; however, there is a small part of him that wants the whole package, Claire, Cas, and maybe even more pups. A wave of distress pummels Dean as he leans against the tempered glass trying to focus on the one thing he can control, attaining Cas’s bite.

“If you lay one finger on my Omega, I will end you.” Dean spent all last night running those words through his mind. An alpha’s true power voice always meant pain and mistreatment to Dean, but not Cas. This was said for one reason, to protect Dean. It also gave him hope because Cas had, clear as day said, “my Omega.”

Claire throws her small stuffed toy Dean picked out in the Dallas gift shop to the ground. “Okay cutie, this floor is nasty, can you please wait until we get home to learn object permanence.” He grins as he hands Claire her tiny unicorn, then he licks his thumb rubbing his spit behind her tiny ears. “Now you smell more like Omega Daddy.” The adorable girl claps her hands before reaching them out to rub his cheek. The small act brings the Omega almost to tears, when another young male enters the restroom.

“Hey, are you Dean?”

Dean stands, turning to face the other man. He is obviously an Omega because the bathroom sensors would have gone off if an alpha or beta tried to enter. Dean looks at the name tag of his uniform, “Yes, Samandriel, what do you need?”

“Your alpha is losing it in the hallway. I know it’s nice to hide in here, but seriously, I don’t want the tons of paperwork for an alpha incident.”

“I’m not hiding, I just needed to take a minute.” Dean finds himself actually rolling his eyes at the thought of him being afraid of Cas.
Samandriel suddenly notices Claire in her stroller, chewing on the unicorn. “Wow, what’s your pups name?”

“Claire.”

“She’s gorgeous. Once I work off my price with my alpha, he says we will have one.” Dean nods, he has heard about Omega’s whose alpha’s had to mortgage homes or empty savings accounts to attain them. Often they will require the Omega’s to work outside of the house to repay the cost of their purchase. Once again Dean finds himself lucky. He was 71 which meant cheap, and Cas seems to be really wealthy so no repayment plan for him.

Dean gives the security guard a little wave as he exits the bathroom, only to find his alpha pulling at his hair with worry. A faint grin touches the Omega’s face as Castiel stills with the scent of comfort at the sight of his family.

“Dean, I could smell your concern and sorrow from here. Is everything alright?”

Anna is standing next to him with a look of exhaustion. “Oh my fucking God Castiel, your precious boy is still alive. The big bad toilet didn’t eat him up. It’s an Omega bathroom for Christ’s sake. I can’t take this anymore; I’m off to catch a cab. Love you. but I’m out.”

The Omega chuckles at his ridiculous alpha as he watches the tall red head storm off in disgust.

“Cas, the neutralizing door blocks all odors from wafting out it was all in your head.”

Castiel blindly accepts the explanation as he leads Dean out of the airport. The entire walk to the car, Dean can’t let it go though. He was overly concerned and upset, but how in the hell would Cas smell that past the door. It reminds him of a bedtime story his mother used to recite to him when he was a child, the old wives tale of True Mates.

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Dean sits in the back of Castiel’s white Volvo SUV, next to Claire. It’s about an hour drive to Castiel’s house from the airport, and the Omega is a big ball of nerves. But he still glimpses the beautiful city outside with all these little squares everywhere and people lounging around enjoying the mild March sun.

Finally, after what seems like forever, they turn onto a driveway with a little guard house blocking their entrance. Cas pulls up as a very large man in a black security uniform steps up to the passenger window of the vehicle, leaning in once the glass is lowered.

“Hey boss, how was the trip?” The voice is bright and cheery with a southern accent, but the guy reeks of power alpha causing Dean to sink back into his seat.

“Fine Benny. Can you call ahead and let Bobby know we are back?”

“The guard steps back into the little white house as the barrier rises to give them entrance to the property.

Dean scoots forward, placing his head just behind Castiel’s, “Who is Bobby?”

The alpha keeps his eyes on the narrow straight road, “Bobby Singer. He’s head of security for our family. I think you will like him. There is a guest house near the back where he lives, don’t worry, Bobby is a beta and is really excited to meet you. For safety reasons, the property is surrounded by a high fence that is paroled by alphas, but they will never enter without him. I will put his contact numbers on the fridge, if there is ever a problem and you can’t reach me, that is who you call, okay?”
“Got it.” Dean tries to play off his concern because why in the world would a mild mannered alpha and his daughter need a security team.

Instead, the Omega focuses on the drive up to the house, which is amazing, as the road is lined with massive Live Oak trees, dripping in Spanish moss. Dean can’t help but sound astonished, “You live here?”

Cas parks the vehicle in front of an enormous front porch with white columns holding up the roof. It’s absolutely stunning, and Dean wants to sit on one of the rocking chairs with Claire for hours enjoying the fresh air. His alpha shuts off the SUV, swiveling in his seat to face Dean. “We live here.”

Once all the luggage has been dumped at the bottom of the stairs, Cas claps his hands, “Time for a tour.”

Dean follows his alpha as he winds his way through the first floor, and on to the second. Each room is meticulously cared for, and Dean is suddenly feeling really out of his element. Claire has fallen asleep on his shoulder, so the first stop is her room at the top of the huge main staircase. The two men tuck her in before continuing down the hall to the right of the nursery. “So, Dean, this will be your room.”

The Omega isn’t sure he heard Cas correctly, “My room? Why do I need a room to myself?”

“True, you need to sleep in Claire’s room for two more nights, but after that then you can sleep here.”

His shoulders slump downward as the sensation of rejection cascades down on him. “Why?”

Castiel squints his eyes, cocking his head to the left. “I have a lot more rooms if you don’t like this one. It’s green, which I thought…”

“No Cas, why am I not in your room?” Dean stretches his hand out lightly holding his alpha’s wrist. There is a quiver in Castiel’s shoulder at the touch of his Omega, which makes Dean grin. “Would you like to see my room?”

He nods his head yes, roaming his hands down so that Dean’s fingers can slot between Castiel’s. The alpha doesn’t speak, he just holds Dean’s hand gently as he steps directly across the hall. “I’m just right here, so I can always come if you call.”

They are standing in the doorway, staring at the large master bedroom. The colors are navy blue and white with dark hardwood floors. The king size bed is covered with a navy duvet with several white, square throw pillows tossed about. In one corner is a navy recliner that was probably purchased for feeding Claire.

Dean cracks a grin, “Are we just gonna stand here and look at the pretty room?”

Cas releases Dean’s fingers as he steps into the room, sweeping a hand over the area. “This is where I sleep. There is a walk-in closet through the bathroom in case you need more storage space. I haven’t removed Amelia’s things, but maybe …one day.”

Bells begin ringing in Dean’s head as he realizes why Castiel is uncomfortable with his new Omega being in this particular room. So he takes a deep breath and holds his hand out for Cas. With a shy smirk, his alpha places his hand into Dean’s before the Omega steps across the hall to the green room. The room is significantly smaller but the bed is still a king, and there seems to be adequate
space for two people. “Can I make a suggestion?”

“Please.”

“I have two more nights with Claire.” Dean takes in a deep breath because he is really stepping out of bounds here. “Then we both… will sleep in this bed.”

Castiel’s stunning blue eyes dart around the room with a frenzy before falling on the king size bed with a forest green duvet and tan circular pillows. The action makes his alpha appear small and childlike, any other Omega would balk at his fear, but not Dean. He’s seen more shit in the past eight years since he presented at 16. Too many to count, but helping Cas move forward, that he is happy to do. “Cas? You still with me?”

It takes a few beats before the Caribbean blue eyes rip themselves from the bed and look at Dean. “I am with you.”
“I’m home.” The alpha yells to a very quiet house. Castiel has spent the day catching up on boring paperwork, and returning emails and calls to a dozen different research teams. Most days he likes his work, but since returning with Dean, he has never wanted to get home faster. Tonight is the last night that Dean will sleep in Claire’s room, so on top of being Friday, there is a lot to be enthralled about this weekend.

“Dean?”

From the back of the house, he can make out a soft, “We are in the backyard, Cas.”

The alpha tosses his briefcase and suit coat in the foyer before heading out to greet his loved ones. It’s a nice evening with only the hint of a brisk wind. Directly in front of the sliding glass door is a large, white and pink quilt spread out over the yard, with an adorable princess rolling around tossing blocks into the green soft grass. On the patio, his Omega is grilling hamburgers and roasting corn for dinner. Castiel drags a dark wood patio chair by the grill, turning so he can watch his two favorite people in the world. “Did you and Claire have a nice day?”

Dean is flipping the meat and toasting handmade buns, “We had an awesome day. Did you know that Bobby has his own flower garden by the guest house?”

“I did, roses mostly, I think.”

“Yes, but he’s started branching out to buttercups and tulips which are just starting to bloom. Claire and I spent most the morning helping him plant bulbs for the summer flowers. Then we tossed bread to the ducks in the pond before coming home for lunch, and a much deserved nap. How was your day?”

“Busy. I forgot how much work piles up when you go on vacation. I might need to work from home a little tomorrow, but just a couple hours. Do we have plans yet?”

Dean shakes his head no as he finishes preparing their meal, and serves it at the patio table where Claire’s high chair has magically appeared. After dinner, Cas gives Claire a bath before Dean puts her down for the night. Castiel is washing the last of the dinner plates when Dean enters the kitchen. “Hey Cas, do you want to watch a movie?”

“Great idea, I think it’s your turn to pick.” The alpha smiles as Dean sprints into the den to scour Netflix for their entertainment. Dean is still flipping through possibilities as Castiel flings himself onto the couch with a sigh.

“How about Goonies? I loved that movie as a kid.”

Castiel simply nods in agreement as he waits for Dean to select the film, and curl up next to him on the couch. The alpha isn’t sure what he did to deserve this, but he found his heaven.
After the movie, the two men just hold each other on the couch, sitting in the peace and quiet of their home. “I like it here Cas.”

“I’m glad Dean. This is your home, I want you to be happy here.”

The Omega rises slightly and pivots so he is face to face with the alpha. “Please don’t say things like that unless you mean them Cas. I just can’t take the heartache again.”

“I’ve been meaning to ask you about that Dean. How in the world would anybody return such an amazing person, and not only that, but five times?”

“The first two years were just bad matches. The alpha’s weren’t horrible people or anything, they just wanted a more traditional kind of Omega. My mouth did not do me any favors back then, and so before the 31 day trial was up, they sent me back. No big deal, just not the right fit, you know?”

Dean pauses, his eyes falling to stare at Castiel’s chest. Without moving, it was like Dean suddenly got smaller, and Cas understood that his third alpha was pure evil. “The third one, he was bad, and I counted it as a blessing when he left me on the curb on day 28 for the school to come collect. Then I was marked damaged, so the next two just wanted a boy toy to play with for a few weeks.”

The alpha nods, unfortunately that is the downside to the archaic system. People have learned how to abuse it without breaking a single law. Castiel pulls Dean into his arms, stroking his back as he listens to the Omega’s soft breathing. “Dean, did you not show when you were 18?”

“Yeah, I did, why?”

“Because that would mean you are missing a year?”

Dean snuggles a little deeper into Castiel’s chest as he answers. “Last year I couldn’t show because the Quick Slick made me hurl all over the backstage.”

“The what?” Castiel sits up so hastily, he almost knocks Dean to the floor.

The Omega’s face is quizzical, “The Quick Slick. Don’t you know what that is, Cas?”

“I am perfectly aware of what that is, and that it’s actually quite dangerous with awful side effects. Although, it does explain my behavior at the show.” Quick Slick is used to encourage an Omega’s biology to release slick outside of sexual stimulation. Castiel had heard rumors that some Academies were using it to make the alphas crazy and drive up prices. Clearly this alpha had fallen right into their grubby little hands.

“Did they have to spray you?”

Castiel rolls his eyes dramatically, “No. But I’m sure they are laughing all the way to the bank.”

“Please I’m sure ten grand is like pocket money to you.”

“Dean, I paid a lot more than that.” Castiel stokes his Omega’s cheek, feeling the scruff under his nails.

“Oh okay, fifteen, seriously Cas…”

“Two hundred and fifty.”

His stunning Omega burst into laughter, assuming that Castiel is joking. “Don’t bullshit me Cas, how much did you really pay?”
Cas tugs Dean’s chin hard, his bright blue eyes are dripping in seriousness. “I paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for my Omega, and Dean, I would do it again in a second.”

Dean’s mouth drops into a perfect O as his eyes bulge out in shock. The two men just gawk at each other for several minutes. “Holy Fuck Cas, why would you do that? My stats were like the worst of the bunch.”

“Because I really wanted to taste the cherry pie.” Dean leans in, placing his lips on Castiel’s, lingering before the two men open their mouths, letting their tongues touch. They fall back onto the couch exploring each other with mouths and roaming fingers.

****

Castiel wakes with a start, his brain desperately trying to process his surroundings. He rests in his bed, but Cas’s alpha senses are blaring danger, protect, danger, protect. Then he hears the blood curdling screams of not one, but two people down the hall. The father dashes from his room, almost slipping as he sharply turns the corner, throwing open the nursery door. He immediately goes to Claire as his eyes fall on his Omega. Dean is thrashing on the small cot, his screams are terrifying.

After Castiel has Claire in his arms, he reaches out stroking Dean’s shoulder, careful not to get his tossing limbs near the child. “Dean, wake up. Please Dean, I need you to wake up.”

His response makes Castiel’s entire body run cold. “No alpha, please, make it stop. I will do anything to make it stop.”

With Claire whimpering on his shoulder, Cas kneels down, stroking Dean’s arms gently. In a calm hushed tone, “Dean, its Cas. Come back to me.”

Only then does his sweet Omega still, opening his eyes to stare at Castiel. “I scared Claire. Oh my God Cas I am so sorry, please don’t be angry.”

The alpha tilts down, placing a tender kiss to Dean’s forehead. “I am not mad Dean, just concerned.” It is then that he realizes Dean is shaking so hard, his teeth are rattling. He pulls the younger man in with his free arm, patting his back. Castiel does his best to replace the fear drenched room with his own loving, protective scent. “You are safe, Dean. I am here.”

Ten minutes later, Claire has fallen back asleep so Castiel tucks her in for the night, and can now give Dean his full attention. He returns to kneeling next to Dean’s make-shift bed, when his hand grazes the sheets over his lap. They are soaking wet and smell of urine. Tears are dripping from those emerald green eyes, “Cas I am so sorry. I messed up your sheets.”

“I don’t care about the sheets Dean.” Cas stands to find Dean clean pajamas, when his hand grips the alpha’s arm like an iron clamp.

“Please don’t send me back, alpha.”

“Never, my sweet Omega, this is your home.” Castiel uses every ounce of strength to lift Dean into his arms, and carries him to the master bathroom. He perches Dean on the edge of the massive Jacuzzi tub as Cas begins to fill it with warm water. “Dean, can you undress yourself?”

His Omega just rocks back and forth with no answer to Cas’s query. The alpha helps Dean to standing so he can take away the sweat and urine stained fabric. While they wait for the tub to fill, Castiel wraps the younger man in his arms holding him close. He surrounds the frightened Omega with his scent as he repeats three words over and over, “You are safe.”
When the water rises to an acceptable level, Cas helps guide Dean over to the edge, but the strong muscular arms of the Omega won’t release his waist. “Dean, I need you to get in so we can clean you up.”

In a low stifled voice, “I can’t let go, Cas. Please don’t make me let go.”

“Okay, we will do it together.”

Castiel steps into the water fully clothed, socks and all, never releasing his hold on Dean. They sink into the tub as Castiel lays back, Dean resting his cheek to the alpha’s chest. For several minutes, they don’t move, they don’t speak, they just hold each other like their lives depended on it.

Its Dean’s broken voice that cuts into the silence. “When I was a kid, my Dad used to take my brother and I to church. We learned about the Ten Commandments in Sunday School. One day I asked my teacher what happened if we broke one, and she said we would go to hell. I never thought much about it until I spent 28 days in the basement of an alpha’s house. He kept me in a cage when he was at work, and it gave me time to think. I would list every Commandment trying to figure out which one I had broken, because there was no question I was in hell. But you know what Cas? I didn’t even curse back then, so I couldn’t think of a single one. Yet, every night he would pull me from those metal bars and fuck me till I bled.”

The two men shiver in unison at the grisly thought. Silence falls once more as Cas tries to figure out how one could do that to an Omega. Their bodies are designed to excrete a slick at even the approach of an alpha knot. Then the reason becomes clear, and the alpha is battling the urge to vomit. An Omega requires triple the fluid intake than anyone else so that their bodies can produce slick on demand. If someone only supplied them with just enough water to stay alive, their bodies would shut down slick production to stay alive. That sadistic bastard knew exactly how to cause the maximum amount of pain with the most damage possible.

Dean halts the vile thoughts as he finishes his story. “He always liked to smoke a cigar or cigarette during, and then when he was done, he would use my skin as his personal ash tray. After the first week, I was so sore and in such pain, dizzy from blood loss and infections. I would beg as he undid his pants in the hopes that maybe God would forgive me and set me free.”

Castiel can’t stop the sobs that erupt from his throat at the beastly horrors this gorgeous, amazing, caring human has faced. His soul is in torture at just the thought, and Dean had to actually live it. The alpha caresses Dean’s face, carding his fingers through his wet hair. “I wish I could give everything I have to take away all your pain. Tell me what to do Dean? I am yours.”

“Don’t ever let me go, Cas.”

“Never.”

****

After the water grows cold, Castiel helps Dean from the tub never releasing his grip on the brawny strong shoulders of his Omega. They move in unison as they make their way to the green bed across the hall. Neither man speaks, they simply work in tandem as Castiel strips his soaking wet clothes, tossing them to the hardwood floors below.

Dean uses a free hand to drag the comforter to the side so they can crawl under the warm inviting sheets. Once they are laying down, Cas swaddles the Omega in his arms and legs, spreading as much physical contact as he possibly can. Believing that with each inch of skin he touches there is one less spot where Dean is susceptible to the evils of his past.
Eventually, Cas hears the gentle snores of a sleeping Omega. A smile graces his face because he is helpless to change history, but he can give Dean the brightest future. The alpha nuzzles his nose over the base of Dean’s neck, scenting the sweet aroma, picking just the right spot for his bite.

The tender alpha drifts off to his own dreamland as an odd thought crosses his mind. Lying here naked with Dean for the first time has nothing to do with sex, yet he feels closer to his Omega than anyone else on the planet. Castiel keeps his promise, tightening his grip and refusing to let go.
Chapter 9

Castiel paces his office on the third floor of the house. His intention was to do a few hours of work before lunch, and spend the rest of Saturday with his Omega and Claire, but he is just too distracted. He wants desperately to bite Dean, claim the gorgeous man as his own. But what if Dean doesn’t want him, he just wants to be somewhere safe? If Castiel claims him, then Dean would never be able to find a mate that will make him happy. However, if he doesn’t take the Omega as his mate, then Dean will be lost to the alpha who can think of nothing else but his scent.

With a deep sigh, Castiel snatches his phone, dialing the one person he feels free enough with to discuss such private matters.

“Hey little bro. What’s up?”

“Good morning, Gabriel. How are you?”

“I’m busy, but I can take a minute for you. Surprised you aren’t knotted up in that dreamy Omega of yours! So when is the post claiming party?”

Castiel chuckles, “I have to bite him first, Gabriel.”

There is a long pause before his older brother replies, “Seriously Cassie, you still haven’t taken the nip?”

“No.” He sighs deeply, trying to find the words to explain his hesitation. “How do I know it’s right? For both of us? I can’t make a mistake here.”

“Honestly, I think you need to have a heart to heart with another like-minded alpha.”

He rolls his eyes, “Yeah, cause you just happened to know an alpha that’s not a total asshole.”

“I do. He works for you in fact. Benny?”

“Benny? The alpha in the gate house?”

“The one and only. Let me give him a call. Tell him to head over to the main house. Can you meet him on the porch in like fifteen minutes? I promise, Castiel, he can help.”

It might be a hopeless cause, but at this point he will try anything. “Porch. Fifteen minutes. I can do that. Thanks Gabriel.”

“Anything for you, little bro.”

****

Exactly sixteen minutes later, Castiel is nervously rocking on his front porch when Benny strolls up. He takes the rocking chair next to him, exhaling as he lowers into the chair. “What’s new, Boss?”

The younger alpha doesn’t know what to say. Gabriel said he could talk with him, but this is really personal stuff. So Castiel just rocks in his chair, watching the Live Oaks sway in the breeze.

“Have I ever told you about my mate?”

He turns to look at Benny, the large grizzly man is smiling like he has the best secret in the world.
“No, I wasn’t aware you had a family.”

“Well, not yet, she is pregnant with our first pup. Almost five months along, so she is just starting to get that nice swell to her belly.”

A faint grin touches Castiel’s lips as he recalls Amelia at that point in Claire’s pregnancy. “Your mate is an Omega?”

“Yes, but not one of those traditional models. My sweet girl is full of spit fire.” Benny chuckles to himself before he continues. “She had it really rough for a while. When she was 16, her father sold her to a nasty piece of work because none of the Omega Academies would take her. They all said she needed to learn how a proper Omega should behave. Four years later, she ran from his house with nothing but the clothes on her back. A friend of mine found her, and needed a place for her to hide, so I let her stay with me. That was three years ago.”

Castiel just rocks back and forth has he absorbs the story. “What if her old alpha comes looking for her? I’m sure he has claiming paperwork.”

“I’m sure the bastard does, but she sports my bite and he is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.”

The two men sit in silence for several minutes. “How did you know? That claiming her was the right thing to do.”

“Well, first her smell was the most delicious thing in the world.” Benny inhales deeply as though whiffing his own Omega. “Peaches and Cream; the second she stepped foot into my condo, all I could smell was peaches and cream. But of course, I did the craziest thing before I nipped that luscious neck.”

“What?” Castiel’s eyes are pleading for an idea on how to make his choice.

The massive alpha releases a loud belly laugh. “I fucking asked her?”

“You just asked her if she wanted it.”

“I surely did. She had been living with me for a little over a week, and I couldn’t stop thinking about her, but it was more than just the smell. Meg is this tiny, beautiful woman, but she’s also smart and funny. I didn’t want to claim her because my pheromones were working over time, I fell in love with her.”

Love. That is not a word you hear very often except in fairy tales about true mates who live happily ever after. “So you love her, this Meg?”

“Brother, I tore out a man’s neck for her. I do love her, and the best part, she loves me too.”

“Did he just find her?”

Benny nods his head rubbing the beard on his face. “I came home from work one day about a month after claiming her as my mate. When I opened the front door, all I could smell was burnt sour peaches and Meg’s fear. I almost tossed my cookies, but I knew Meg was in danger and there was the smell of another alpha. I found the fucker beating her in our bedroom. She was out cold, and not moving, yet he still was swinging away. Went after the man with my bare hands, clamping my teeth over his neck with all the rage I could muster. She is safe now.”

Castiel understands that alpha anger completely. If he ever meets the son of a bitch who hurt his Dean, he would need Benny’s boat to dump the body. “Do you regret any of it?”
The older alpha pats Castiel’s shoulder, “Meg has a mouth on her that could make a two dollar whore blush, but she is the air I breathe. I never regret a single inhale.”

Suddenly, a gruff masculine voice yells from the kitchen. “Cas! Lunch is ready.”

The security guard stands and steps off the porch before turning to face Castiel. “Fuck what the rest of the world says about a proper Omega. The feisty ones make life so much better.” With a wink Benny saunters up the road to the guard house.

****

Castiel and Dean are sitting in the backyard having a moment of peace as Claire takes her afternoon nap. His Omega made some fresh lemonade for them to sip while they watch the ducks swim in the pond. “Dean, I want to ask you a question.”

The stunning emerald green eyes slide over to glance at Castiel, “If it’s about last night, I really don’t want to get into it, but thank you for being so kind to me, and I’ve already cleaned the sheets.”

“No, that’s not what I wanted to ask you.” Castiel takes the longest, slowest inhale of his entire life letting the cherries swirl on his brain. “Do you want my claiming bite?”

Neither of them stirs as the question lingers in the air. Dean places his glass on the little circular table, and stares at Castiel. The Omega’s voice is soaked in astonishment, “Are you asking for my permission?”

The alpha can’t meet his Omega’s eyes as he looks to the heavens for strength. The encouraging scent of his Dean wafting towards him grows more potent with each word. “Yes, I would like to take you as my mate, but I won’t do it without your blessing. I said I wanted a partner, and this is the first of many decisions we will make together.”

Dean moves so fast he sends Castiel’s glass of lemonade crashing to the cement patio. His Omega’s lips are assaulting the alpha’s mouth in the most spectacular of ways as he straddles Castiel’s lap. He strokes Dean’s back and neck, tugging the strong man in tighter, wanting to never let him go. In between passes of their tongues, his mate whispers, “Yes… Cas… I want to be yours… forever.”
Chapter 10

Dean tosses a babbling princess on his hip, going upstairs for bath time. “I will see you in thirty, Cas.”

“Dean!” His Omega glances over his shoulder, “Did you drink enough water today?”

“Yes.” Rolling those breathtaking green eyes, “an entire gallon just like you said. Quit worrying, we are ready for tonight.” The younger man winks at Castiel before exiting the kitchen.

The alpha leans against the island, chewing on his lip. He wants it, Dean wants it, but why is he so damn nervous. Castiel never claimed Amelia, as a beta he simply married her giving them a written contract of mating. The act of sex was more a means to an end. They both wanted pups, so having intercourse was an obvious necessity. Yet, with Dean, the alpha is finding that he is craving the touch of those lips, the stroke of those fingers on his skin as he knots himself deep within his new mate. Mate. That one word will change everything for the rest of their lives. Dean will no longer be an unclaimed Omega with no last name and minimal rights. With that single bite, he becomes Dean Novak. Not only will he be protected by Castiel and his family, but have actual rights safeguarded by the government. A claimed Omega, especially one from a prominent family, is seen as a treasure to adore, waiting for them to breed the next generation.

This, of course, will be an issue that will come to light at their post claiming party. His entire family will descend upon the house to celebrate the new union; however, everyone has access to Dean’s registry, meaning they will know his fertility rating. That ridiculous number means nothing to Castiel, but his older brothers will not be pleased. A wicked smile graces the lips of the anxious alpha, because by then Dean will be a claimed Novak. Michael and Lucifer won’t be able to do a thing about it. Castiel turns to the sink, drying the dinner dishes before hunting down his Omega.

Castiel’s foot is about to touch the first step of the main staircase when the aroma of warm cherry pie smacks him in the face like a ton of bricks. The scent is tugging at his nostrils, enticing his feet to walk faster and locate the Omega releasing his slick. He closes his eyes, having no need for them as his nose does all the work. Finally, the alpha arrives in the doorway to the green bedroom. Only then does Castiel scan the room, observing a naked Dean on all fours presenting to his alpha, ass first.

The view is delicious in every ounce of the word. The wet slick running down his thighs, increasing the aromatic call to his mate as his skin glistens with a soft glow. There is no turning back, the alpha in him takes over as his dominant scent flourishes through the space. Dean doesn’t stir, he stays utterly still, yearning for his alpha to finally take control.

Castiel removes his shoes and socks with his t-shirt, leaving him in nothing but tattered old jeans. The first thing he wants to do is taste the pie, so the alpha kneels down at the foot of the bed, grasping Dean’s hips with both his hands. Drawing his Omega’s ass closer to Castiel’s face, the alpha drags his tongue up the leaking hole. A shiver runs over both men as Dean releases a soft moan. “Jesus, Cas.”

It really does taste exactly as he smells, causing Castiel to dive into the sweet flavored ass like it was the best dessert of his life. Dean’s hips buck as the alpha laps up all the lost slick, devouring his lover’s body. The sound of his Omega’s cries and groans at the touch of only his mouth make his cock harden with desire. Wiping the excess slick from his chin, the alpha instructs calmly, “Roll over onto your back, Dean.”
“What the hell Cas, you’re hard as a rock, lets do this.”

Using his powerful arms, Castiel flips Dean over, winking as the alpha slides his face in between his Omega’s thighs. “You’re going to cum first, Dean.” Castiel flattens his tongue, creeping it up the shaft of Dean’s dick. The Omega bites his lip, stifling a loud cry. This only encourages the alpha to continue his luscious assault. When he finally takes his entire member deep into his mouth, Dean is whimpering and moaning, his crotch thrusting into the alpha’s throat. Castiel caresses and massages the Omega’s leaking hole with two fingers as his mouth bobs up and down the shaft of Dean’s cock, until with a violent shriek, he is swallowing Dean’s cum with one gulp.

Dean is panting, trying to catch his breath, “Oh my Lord, Cas, I have never cum like that in my entire life.”

The alpha grin’s sultry, dark, “Good. Only for me.”

He stands, removing the last bit of clothing. Gradually, beginning with his ankles, Castiel moves up Dean’s body placing chaste kisses over every inch of his silky-smooth skin. The alpha enjoys watching as little eruptions of goose bumps spread over each spot. He then blows softly on the moist body, smiling as his Omega quivers at the breathy air. Dean doesn’t budge, he has been reduced to a puddle of want and desire beneath his alpha. The only sound is Castiel’s lips smacking skin and Dean’s soft voice begging for it to never stop.

As Castiel nears his Omega’s throat, he nuzzles the sweet spot of muscle at the base of Dean’s neck with a hushed tone, “Mine.”

He places his lips to Dean’s, devouring his mouth in one deep breath, penetrating his tongue deep within the cavern of lust. The omega tastes like ripe cherries fresh from the trees, sweet and inviting. While his lips dance with Dean’s warm wet mouth, Castiel heaves the younger man’s legs up onto his shoulders. Lowering his hand down to Dean’s hole, the alpha checks to make sure Dean is open and ready for his knot. He pulls his face back so he can peer into his emerald green sea as he rocks his hips forward penetrating into the Omega’s channel.

The sensation is exquisite as Castiel purrs darkly from his soul. He is astray in absolute rapture. Sex with Amelia was adequate, but knotting his Omega launches the alpha into a new stratosphere of bliss. The words dripping from his lips are prayers as he worships his one true mate with each plunge of his cock. “You are beautiful. You are funny. You are strong. You are brilliant. You are everything to me.”

Tears of joy fall from his Omega’s eyes as he accepts the kindness from his lover’s heart. It is in that moment that Castiel’s knot swells, hard and ready needy for Dean’s ass. The alpha tenderly slips the knot inside his Omega’s channel as he grunts ferociously. His breathtaking Omega gasps with pleasure as his knot locks deep within Dean’s body, Castiel’s hips still lunging softly.

The alpha tilts his head, inhaling deeply allowing Dean’s scent to ravage his senses. He takes his tongue, lapping at the intended target before sinking his teeth into Dean’s neck. He bites hard, breaking the skin and pushing deeper till he has cut into the muscle. Blood dribbles from the wound, trickling down the alpha’s tongue. He can taste the tangy rust flavor of his mate’s blood. Castiel lifts his head, returning his eyes to those of his Omega’s. “You are mine.”

“I am yours Cas.” Then Dean claims Castiel’s mouth with a bloody kiss.

The two men crash to the mattress as they wait out the swollen knot. Castiel is carding his fingers through Dean’s short hair. The alpha rubs his nose over Dean’s scruffy chin with a slight chuckle. His deep Caribbean blue eyes searching, “Your smell is already changing. Do you feel any
different?”

Dean’s answer is timid. “Yes. No more cherry pie?”

“Actually still warm cherry pie with something fresh and clean on top. Vanilla bean ice cream, maybe?” Castiel replies as he fondles the still bleeding bite.

Then something occurs to the alpha and he cocks his head to the side, inviting Dean to bite him.

“Are you serious Cas? Maybe you should think about it.”

A mated alpha wearing the bite of his Omega is very taboo. It’s a sign of not only equality but that Castiel has no intention of taking on another mate in his lifetime. Castiel’s blue eyes are burning with want as he commands. “Do it Dean. It will only ever be you.”

Dean seizes his mate’s throat, thrusting his mouth into Castiel’s shoulder. The bite will be low so it can be hidden, but the Omega will always know it is there. He sinks his teeth in profoundly, as blood seeps into his mouth, rolling down his chin. With a breathless huff, he grins with pride, “Mine.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

So just a little heads up here. I am leaving for Burcon tomorrow. I will attempt to keep up with my daily chapter postings BUT I can't promise anything. However, once I get back postings will return to normal. :-) 

The next morning, the newly mated lovers are having breakfast with their beautiful daughter. Hands intertwining as their fingers caress and explore. Under the table, their knees keep knocking together, causing massive grins to explode into noisy giggles. Neither man is eating, they are just astray in each other’s eyes. Well, until Dean is pummeled with a spoon full of oatmeal and a certain Claire Novak squeals in delight.

Castiel turns, finally noticing that his child is plastered in oatmeal. The sticky substance is dripping from her hair as she tosses another handful at him. Dean catches her tiny wrist before she can recreate her attack. “No, no Miss Novak. Are we upset that the Daddy’s are not paying enough attention to us?”

The alpha takes a sip of coffee, “I think she’s giving an opinion on your oatmeal making skills.”

Dean feigns shock, “Well, aren’t we feisty this morning, my handsome mate.”

“Must be from lack of sleep.” Castiel winks as Dean plucks Claire from her high chair.

“This is a tubbie size mess. Hey Cas, don’t forget to call the Academy today.”

Castiel nods, now that Dean has been claimed, the school will need to be notified that his mate will not be returning. “You give Claire a bath, and I’ll call them now.” Dean kisses the top of the alpha’s head before whisking the oatmeal monster to the tub.

Grabbing his phone from the counter, he finds the schools number and dials.

“Texas Academy for Omega Boys, this is Zachariah.”

Castiel puts on his professional voice and clears his throat. “Good Morning Zachariah, I need to make a claiming notification.”

“Well, I can do that for you Mister??”

“Castiel, Castiel Novak.” The alpha can hear typing so he sits while the gentleman brings up Dean’s file.

“Oh for some reason that brought up Dean, let me try again.”

“No that’s correct, Dean, now Dean Novak.” There is an extremely long pause. “Hello? Zachariah?”
“Sorry, Mr. Novak, um have you actually bitten the Omega?”

Castiel’s teeth grind at the absolute moron on the other side of the call. “Yes, he has been properly claimed. Is there anything else you need?”

“No, not really. You have paid in full and his file with us will be closed. May I ask you a question?”

The alpha has no desire to deal with this, but his mother raised him with manners. “Yes.”

“Has Dean disclosed his medical issues with you?”

Okay so his Omega has not told him about any severe medical problems, but fuck this numb nut for prying in his mate’s personal matters. “I am aware, and he is claimed. Thank you.”

With that Castiel ends the call, but now his curiosity is piqued.

The alpha finds his mate in the Jacuzzi tub in the master bath. “What are you two doing in here?”

“By the time I got her upstairs, I was just as covered, so tubbie time for everybody.” Claire splashes violently, sending waves of water into Dean’s face. His Omega belts out a cheerful cackle that is the best sound in the world.

Castiel drags a stool over to the edge, sitting down next to his family. “Dean, when I was on the phone with the Academy, they mentioned something about a medical condition?”

“I have false heats.” The Omega shrugs with a sigh. “Does it change anything?”

“Of course not.” The older man kisses Dean’s temple as he ponders the new information, Castiel’s finger tracing the bite on his neck. The false heats would explain several of the points deducted from his fertility rating. A normal Omega cycle has two heats a year, lasting 4 to 6 days. The heats come at around the same time each year, allowing the Omega to plan for either breeding or suppressants as a form of birth control. If Dean has false heats, then he has closer to six heats a year at random times without warning. The fertility problem with false heats is that there is no way to identify which of the heats are false, or actual opportunities for conception. This also means more work for an alpha trying to care for an Omega in heat. “I will need to notify HR at Halo Health of your issue.”

Dean pouts biting his lower lip. “Seriously, why does anyone else need to know? It’s fucking embarrassing.”

“Because when I call in for more than two heat vacations a year, they will be suspicious, and it’s not embarrassing. It’s a health concern that needs to be addressed.”

Dean hands Castiel a clean, naked baby as he stands, drying himself off first. “Look, you can just take off two weeks a year and I will handle the others on my own. I’m 24 Cas, this isn’t my first rodeo.”

“First of all, Dean Novak, my mate will have proper alpha care during heat and not grind some plastic toy.” Castiel hands Claire to Dean as the Omega wraps her in a towel, wandering to the nursery for fresh clothes and a diaper. “Secondly, I think you need to see an Omega heat specialist as soon as possible.”

His tender Omega drops his shoulders slouching in defeat. “A doctor? Why?”

Castiel points to Claire as Dean pulls a pink frilly shirt over her head. “Do you want more?”
“Yes, I want a dozen.” His answer is full of sorrow, leaving Cas slightly heartbroken.

“Well, the first step is to see a heat specialist. May I call and make an appointment for you later in the week?”

Dean places their daughter on his hip as he kisses Castiel chastely on the lips. “You asked permission.”

“This is about your body, of course I’m going to ask your opinion, but I have to make the call so?”

“Get the appointment, but you have to come with me.”

Castiel’s head cocks to the side fully confused by the request. “Why would I not go?”

“The fact you even asked, that is why I adore you.” Dean places Claire on the floor near her new blocks as he takes his alpha into his arms. The kiss is deep and full of want and love.

Once Castiel frees his mouth, he responds. “No, but seriously, who wouldn’t go?”

Dean throws his head back laughing, so loudly it fills their entire home.

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Dean’s knee is bobbing up and down, and no matter what he does he just can’t stop the nervous tick. He and Cas are sitting in the Doctor’s office waiting on results from some very invasive tests. Although it was significantly easier with his mate holding his hand and peppering his forehead with light kisses.

Dean stares at the taupe colored wall trying to calm down. “Well, that was extremely uncomfortable and humiliating.”

“It was necessary Dean and the exam part is over, so no need to be so wound up.” His alpha pats his knee.

“Easy for you to say, that man didn’t stick his fingers up your ass and rummage around like he was working on a car. Multiple fingers up my ass Cas!”

Castiel just grins, “I happen to know you have enjoyed fingers and larger organs up that gorgeous hole.”

The Omega just huffs, his cheeks turning bright red. “Well, that’s entirely different.”

The two men are disrupted by the doctor entering and taking a seat behind his huge oak desk. Castiel says Dr. Balthazar comes highly recommended, and is a rising star in the field of Omega health. Dean finds him funny, and even though he is an alpha, the Omega doesn’t really mind his touch.

Dr. Balthazar pulls out a file and glances through a few papers. In a thick British accent, “Okay, so Dean does suffer from false heats, but other than that everything seems to be working fine. There are three treatment options for his condition. How soon are we hoping to breed?”

Dean looks to Cas for help as his mate calmly nods his head, squeezing the Omega’s hand softly. “I want to hear your opinion on the topic of pregnancy as well as the treatment options.”

“Cas, I want a pup now.”

The good doctor’s eyes bounce between the two men before continuing. “The first option is a more
natural approach. We spend the next year studying his false heats, and don’t do anything to hinder a pregnancy. If after a year Dean has not conceived, then we can look at other avenues of care. The second option is more proactive. We put Dean on suppressants for a year, giving his body a break, and then hope that the first heat after the time off will induce higher fertility. The final option is more a compromise of the first two. We allow Dean two heats, and if nothing happens, then we put him on suppressants. Do we have a favorite boys?”

In union both mates respond, “One,” from Dean and “Two” from Cas.

Balthazar cracks a grin. “Well, according to Dean’s blood work, we have a few weeks until his next heat so there is time to decide. However, there is a home remedy that can often have excellent results with a newly mated Omega suffering from this condition.”

The two men nod, hoping for a solution that fits everyone’s agenda.

“The false heats might be a reaction to lack of contact from a suitable alpha. Participating in activities that bring out Castiel’s true alpha and a more compelling scent could be beneficial. I would suggest a few AO games to begin with as you wait to decide on a treatment.”

Cas does that head tilt thing with a face that seems lost in translation. “I don’t understand that reference. AO games?”

Dean can’t help but bust out a huge snicker at Castiel’s expense. “It’s sex games Cas. Don’t worry, I know what they are.”

His adorable alpha just shakes his head yes, his cheeks bursting with red blotches. “Thank you doctor.”

“I am happy to help. Castiel if you could see my receptionist with your insurance information, Dean can wait here a moment.”

The younger alpha’s eyes are dashing around the room with an unsure vibe. “He is perfectly safe, I promise.”

Castiel plants a big kiss to Dean’s lips before eventually leaving the office.

The doctor is putting away files, straitening his desk as he speaks. “Cassie seems very fond of you, Dean.”

“I am fond of him too.” Dean starts fiddling with his thumbs.

Dr. Balthazar peers over a blue folder, his voice is completely devoid of emotion. “Can I give you a piece of advice Dean?”

Dean rolls his eyes deeply. He is so over alpha’s interfering in his life with Cas, but the guy does seem pretty cool. “Shoot.”

“Castiel gives you a lot of freedom that many Omega’s do not experience. I think that’s wonderful. I cherish my little Omega and give him everything, but we only express the equality of our relationship behind closed doors. In my office is fine. I want you to be you Dean and at home, of course, but for Castiel’s safety, don’t overstep your bounds in front of strangers.”

“Cas’s safety?” The comment makes Dean’s stomach cringe with stress and worry.

The alpha pinches his nose as he bobs his head in affirmation. “You are a claimed Omega of an
extremely well-known family. If an alpha were to touch you inappropriately with his hands, Castiel could have them removed legally. Therefore, if your behavior enrages an alpha to the point they feel that retribution is necessary, it won’t be your skin in danger. Do you understand?”

The younger man’s voice is fearful and hesitant. “They would hurt my alpha to punish me.”

“We live in a nasty world, little Omega. There are a few of us who are trying to make it better. It’s why I started a practice specifically geared towards Omega needs, but we are small in numbers. Beware of those who don’t respect the beautiful relationship you have with Cassie. It’s simply a balancing act that will take time to master.”

“Thank you.” Dean’s words are genuine. Cas is his alpha, his mate and without question, his hero. There isn’t a thing in this world that Dean wouldn’t do to protect his Cas. “Any suggestions on games?”

A wicked grin spreads across Dr. Balthazar’s face. “Oh, I have one you are just going to love.”
Chapter 12

Castiel despises working late, especially on a Friday, but it was completely unavoidable. The alpha parks his SUV in front of the plantation house. The sky has already darkened, but there is still just a hint of dusk yet to fall. As he steps through the doorway, he immediately notices the lack of Claire’s sent to their home. “Dean.”

“I’m in the kitchen, Cas.”

The alpha follows the sound of his mate crossing to the back of the house. “I’m sorry I missed dinner. Where is Claire? I don’t smell her.”

The instance that he enters the room, he is aware that things are different. Dean is naked from the waist up, wearing only a grey pair of sweatpants and running sneakers. “Claire is spending the night at Aunt Anna’s. Bobby is in Atlanta for the weekend, and all the guards have been instructed to stay off the interior of the property with all windows shut. We are all alone.”

“Why?” The alpha sets down his briefcase, his voice dripping in curiosity.

His Omega answers by placing a black pair of sweatpants on the island, along with Castiel’s own running shoes. “We are going to play an AO game.”

Castiel isn’t sure if he should be nervous or aroused, but both seem to be occurring. “What kind of game?”

“Chase.” Dean’s face erupts in a huge smile, his voice full of excitement as he places a stopwatch around his neck. “You have one hour to find and knot me. I will set the timer, and then run like hell. You have to change into your play clothes before leaving the house. If you snare me before the hour is up you win, if you don’t I win.”

The alpha chews his lip, a low guttural growl bursting from his chest. In response, the potent smell of cherry pie with vanilla ice cream wafts into the air. Dean’s slick production has been stimulated by the sound of Castiel’s inner animal. “Any rules?”

“We have to stay within the white border fence and outside at all times. You have to be in the process of fucking me for the catch to count.”

“What are the prizes besides knotting you relentlessly into the dirt?” Holy shit did he just say that out loud.

His Omega purrs like a kitten at the comment. “If you win, I go on suppressants tomorrow. No heats for one year. If I win, then we try to get pregnant with every heat over the next year. Deal?” Dean extends his hand.

Castiel accepts, shaking his mate’s hand before placing a soft kiss to his palm. “Yes.”

The alpha tracks his mates movements as he opens the sliding glass door. “Any other questions alpha?”

“Did you drink enough water today?” Dean points towards two empty gallon water jugs. His head bounces with a wink as he lifts the stop watch pushing the top button before racing through the open
door. Castiel is shredding his clothes as he tears them from his body. Buttons are clattering to the tile floor. After the alpha is naked, he pulls on the sweatpants and running shoes. Taking a final breath, he sprints after his Omega.

Castiel dashes down the path towards Bobby’s house. He halts to scent the air breathing deeply waiting for the smell of his Omega to direct his body. The alpha closes his eyes when a grin spreads over his face the familiar aroma wafts in from the rose gardens. He speeds off in the correct direction, pumping his legs, willing them to go faster. This silly game will be quick, but then that means he wins.

When he reaches the edge of Bobby’s rose garden, he leaps over a bush expecting to crash into a sexy Omega and instead slips on an actual cherry pie with vanilla ice cream tumbling to his ass. Sitting in the sticky mess he releases a shrill howl, cursing his mate. “Dean Novak you are cheating!!”

A faint laugh floats over the dark night air, enraging the alpha as he perks his ears attempting to assess a direction of the other man. Suddenly, Castiel gets another scent of Dean’s slick hole. He takes off in the new direction over by the duck pond, sliding occasionally in the left over pie dripping from his backside. Before he even reaches the water’s edge he sees another damn pie positioned on a tree stump. “AAHH! Fuck you Dean.”

From somewhere much closer to his current location the alpha hears, “Not yet, silly alpha.”

Clearly this tactic is not working so Castiel drops down to the grass crossing his legs. He takes several deep breaths clearing his mind. What does Dean truly smell like beyond the sweetness of his slick? The alpha recalls another aroma on his lover’s skin. It’s a subtle scent, but Castiel would recognize it anywhere. Leather, old worn leather like the seats of a classic car. The essence of his Omega is that and now Castiel inhales letting the air roll over his nostrils which each breath.

His nose twitches as he waits for the leather fragrance to envelope his alpha senses. His heart has begun to pace itself, stilling for the coming attack on his prey. Out of the dark comes the scent he’s searching for, and Castiel is racing to the other side of the house and the front drive lined with Live Oaks. Castiel halts at the corner of the house, scanning the area, his eyes adjusting to the shadows. Collapsing on all fours, he creeps to the first tree closest to the house. Every inch of his being is screaming that his mate is nearby, but the alpha can’t spot his stunning frame. Inhaling deliberately he appraises the situation as he angles his head to the right, sniffing when the answer smacks Castiel in the face. The leather scent is nearby but not on the ground. His prey has taken to the branches above him.

The alpha needs a plan. He can’t knot Dean in a stupid tree, and pulling him down could harm his beautiful lover. Castiel needs to force the Omega to the ground willingly. A strategy begins to form as a naughty smirk dances upon the alpha’s lips. If Dean is okay with playing dirty, then so can he. Castiel dashes back to the patio area, finding a rather large stone marking the path to Bobby’s house. The rock is slightly bigger than a brick, which will work perfectly for his distraction. There is a moment when he questions the idea, but his animalistic side shoves the logical thought out with a growl.

Castiel slinks back to the front yard, scaling the side of the porch. From his perch, he has an excellent view of the Live Oaks. He can make out the silhouette of those delicious shoulders in the second tree to the right of the driveway. All he can think is this better fucking work as he swings the stone into one of the windows. The crashing noise of breaking glass fills the surrounding area. Immediately Castiel dives over the railing, landing on the grass. Lying on his stomach, he spies Dean’s head bobbing up and down trying to identify the source of the blaring racket.
“Cas?” The voice is timid. A beat later, “Cas, you okay?”

The alpha barely breathes letting his stalking senses take full control. He is so close he can almost taste Dean on his tongue. Gradually Dean descends from his roost in the tall Live Oak. “Cas, this isn’t funny. Did you hurt yourself?”

The second his Omega steps onto the black drive way, Castiel takes off like a bullet; he has laser focus on one thing. Dean yells, “FUCK!” before he darts into the trees.

Castiel doesn’t respond other than to run harder, shrinking the gap between the two men. Dean is zigzagging between the huge trees, but the alpha has him in his sights.

There is only animalistic instinct left when Castiel tackles his Omega, dropping them both to the ground. His cock is hard, screaming for his mate’s hole. The alpha is wrestling with Dean trying to get his sweatpants down when a foot kicks him hard in the gut, sending Castiel back on his ass with a loud grunt. Before Dean can rush off, Castiel throws himself forward snagging Dean’s ankle, yanking the appendage toward him. His grip is iron tight as he works his hands up his mate’s gorgeous legs. The Omega is thrashing about, but cackling with delight as he struggles. Once he has reached Dean’s hips, Castiel turns the man over on his belly ripping the fabric from his reward. Even in this complete state of rapture, he takes a moment to check that Dean’s hole is ready for penetration.

Dean’s channel is leaking, and the scent shouts to Castiel’s mouth. He shoves the Omega roughly to the dirt, attacking the slick with his tongue. In between slurps he moans, “There’s my fucking cherry pie!”

The Omega’s entire body trembles with lust howling, “This doesn’t count.”

“I so don’t care.” He returns to his tasty treat as his right hand smacks Dean on the ass. His mate’s eyes lose all focus as he goes limp from pure sexual bliss. Using the same hand, Cas grasps his lover’s cock, jacking it with vigor until Dean is blowing his load into the grass.

Finally, he thrusts his cock into the Omega releasing a reverberating howl from somewhere deep in his soul. Castiel pounds deep and hard into Dean’s wet channel, listening as his mate moans with pleasure astray in his own satisfaction.

“Jesus Christ Cas, you smell amazing.” The words drive the alpha insane as he continues to ride Dean’s amazing hole.

With each plunge of his dick, he becomes closer to his inner animal as his knot swells ready for Dean. Castiel cries out, “Dean Novak, I love you.”

He glides the knot into his Omega’s channel sealing them together for at least thirty minutes maybe longer. Castiel rolls the two men to the side so they can attempt to calm their breathing. Dean responds, gasping for air, “I love you too, Cas.”

The sound of their panting is broken as the stopwatch hanging from Dean’s neck begins to beep. Castiel wraps his arms around the love of his life, kissing Dean’s temple. “I win.”

The glorious jingle of his mate’s laugh fills the dark. “Yes, Cas you win. Holy hell that was amazing. We are so fucking doing that again. Well, maybe a new rule about not breaking shit.”

Castiel nuzzles Dean’s neck, dragging his tongue over his claiming bite. “This will be even more fun during your next heat.”
“What? Cas you won no heats for a year.”

“I did win and I choose option three. We give you two heats, then the suppressants.”

His stunning Omega wiggles deeper into his arms sighing. “Why were you so opposed to pups right away?

“I wasn’t opposed to pups, Dean. You pregnant terrifies the hell out of me.” It’s the truth and something inside the alpha is laying it all on the line.

Dean’s voice is soft and kind, “because of Amelia?” His mate pats Castiel’s hand lovingly. “I’m an Omega, my body is totally made for this.”

“The thought of Amelia dying was a real concern, but it was different with her.” Dean’s fingers start tracing Castiel’s arms.

“Why?”

“I could imagine my life without Amelia. It was horrible and sad when she died, but I recovered and was able to move on, but Dean, the loss of you would destroy me. I’m not sure I would ever breathe again. Dean Novak, you are my day, my night, and the twilight between. I can’t ever let go.”
The pain strikes Dean first. It is excruciating. His stomach is twisting and turning as the muscles contract, making his eyesight go blurry. Damn it, his heat came early. Fucking curse of false heat, but where is Cas? The cringing Omega reaches out looking for his mate, but instead of soft cotton sheets and a warm lover, he finds a cold basement floor. He opens his eyes and desperately tries to focus on anything, but his vision is fuzzy, almost like he’s in a drug induced state.

Gradually his brain identifies his surroundings; he’s in the basement of hell again. There is no comforting bed with green sheets, only harsh cement and a deathly chill. The space is lit by harsh overhead lighting, biting into his perception. How could he be back here? What the hell is going on? Yet, there is no answer as another wave of his heat hits him hard, crashing his body in on itself. That’s when he sees the sadistic alpha towering over him. “You dumb, Omega bitch. You’re dripping slick all over my floor. How the hell are you in heat?”

Dean learned his lesson a long time ago to never lie. “False heats.” That’s when the boot comes crashing down on the Omega’s face breaking his nose. The injured man screams in torment. He can’t decide which is worse, the ignored needs of his heat, or the bleeding nose? However, the horrid alpha isn’t done adding to the list of discomfort. He grabs Dean’s hair, yanking so harshly that he actually pulls out several tufts of the sandy blonde silk.

“It’s only day 21. I should have another 10 days of fun before I return your useless ass. Fucking false heats.” He emphasizes his anger by kicking Dean in the ribs. “Do you know how expensive it is to return a pregnant Omega?”

Dean has no answer, and he doesn’t stir, hoping that his silence will save him.

“Next year I’m going to put money into a better Omega. Going cheap has been nothing but trouble.”

“I’m sorry, alpha.” His words are hushed and wallowing in fear.

The older alpha smacks him firmly across the cheek, making his face sting. “You will be sorry. Dean, you are so worthless.”

The man on the floor has no response, but to cry. The problem is he is so dehydrated and his body is fighting to make slick for the heat, that there are no tears to fall. So he just curls up tight into a ball, moaning quietly in agonizing pain. Dean wishes with every ounce of his being for this to end. That God will bless him with death, but it never comes. Instead, the sexually frustrated alpha takes his rage to his fists, beating Dean within an inch of his life, but never enough to actually let the poor soul die. After some time, the alpha stops taking a deep breath, “Well, I guess I’m just going have to think
of other ways to pass the time, and definitely make better Omega investments in the future.”

The evil bastard turns to head back up the stairs, but once again Dean sees it. Maybe it’s the way the florescent lighting of the basement catches his eyes, but the Omega could swear that when he smiles they turn a shade of yellow.

Dean would move if it were physically possible. There is a small glass of water at the bottom of the stairs, and the Omega needs the moisture more than air right now. Yet, the thought of lifting a single body part with all the cuts and bruises is insurmountable. The broken man simply lies in his own slick with only one thought running through his mind, “I knew Cas was only a dream.”

Suddenly Dean feels something damp pat down his back, cooling the raging heat of his body. The gentle touch of soft hands massaging his shoulders and arms. He scans the dank, disgusting room, but there is no one else with him. In spite of the emptiness to the basement, he is aware of kind fingers encouraging him to roll onto his stomach. As the Omega complies to the ghost like request, the pain subsides just a tad. Tender loving lips place kisses to his temple, forehead, and cheek. Then he knows he has entered the pearly gates when a stiff cock glides into his needy hole.

A rocking movement above the Omega coincides with pleasant, satisfying thrusts of a dick deep into his channel, staving off his bodies blaze. The cramping in his abdomen calms as Dean feels a large, swollen knot shift into place, filling his empty pain. The Omega’s burning insides abate as a glorious amount of cum splatters his channel. Lastly, Dean hears the voice of his one true love.

“Dean, I’m here. It’s okay, my love, you are not alone. I’m here.”

The quiet words bring real tears to his eyes. The moisture actually falls this time because the nightmare is over. He’s not trapped in hell, but lying beneath his mate, his Cas. Dean’s voice is raspy and strained, “Cas? What’s happening?”

A soft, gentle fabric that is wet and cool sweeps over his back. “You’re in heat, my sweet Dean, but I’ve never seen one this bad. You have had an extremely high fever that’s made you delirious. I didn’t want to knot you like that, but Dr. Balthazar said it was the only way to sedate your body.”

“You called Dr. B?”

Another brush of the wet cloth wipes against his cheek and forehead, followed by an alpha kiss. “Dean, you scared me to death. You were screaming one second, and then comatose the next over and over for three hours. I had to do something, anything to help you.”

“Why is it so bad? This is really intense for a false heat.” Dean purrs while Cas strokes his shoulders.

“Balthazar said it’s a sign that the AO games are working, but that increasing your fertility may also be elevating the side effects to your heat.”

He can feel Cas tense as another wave of jiz chills his searing hot skin. “You are magical Cas.”

His alpha bursts out laughing, and it gives the Omega the courage to open his eyes. It’s all real, but slightly different. They are in a new room with white curtains and yellow daises painted along the top of the wall. “Where are we?”

“The safe room on the third floor of the house. It’s completely soundproof and scent blocked. I brought you up here so that Bobby can babysit Claire without having to hear our activities.”

“Good idea. Wait, we have a safe room? Like with steel doors and stuff?”
He can’t see him, but Dean can hear the grin in his true alpha’s voice, “Titanium actually. Michael had it installed right before we moved in; said it would be a safe place for heats, but Amelia never needed it.”

Once again a washcloth wipes the sweat from his shoulders, giving the Omega a chill. “Is this alpha care?”

“It’s alpha care by Castiel Novak.” Dean knows the comment was meant to be funny, but he can hear the sorrow and concern in Cas’s tone. His mate is only realizing now that Dean has never had anyone help or anyone to nurse him through a heat. Without warning, a plethora of loving kisses assault the Omega’s skin. He starts giggling uncontrollably at the sweetness of the moment.

Thirty minutes later, Dean senses, as the knot relents, shrinking away, allowing Cas to pull out and turn the Omega on his back. The incredible hug and subsequent kiss that follows obliterates the nightmares of his past. “Okay Dean, you need water and food before the next round.”

“Please alpha, don’t leave just yet. I need you.” Castiel replies by laying all his weight down onto the younger man.

“Dean, my love, you have me now and forever.”

His Cas holds him until Dean is strong enough to be alone in the room while his alpha runs downstairs for water and snacks. Actually, the Omega wasn’t by himself because even after Cas dashes down the hall, Dean was still wrapped in his love.
“Do you want to play a game?”

Castiel peers over his shoulder at the beautiful Omega stirring next to him. “Ah, you’re awake. We need to eat and drink, then check your temp. If, and I mean if, you are up to it then yes, we can play a game.”

It’s day three of Dean’s heat, and his fever has been progressively getting better. The last time Cas checked it, he was at 105 which is much closer to a healthy Omega’s heat temp of 101. All Omega’s in heat do run warmer, hence the name; however, anything over 103 is considered severe, but not horrible. Dean’s temp when Castiel first took it that terrifying morning was 110.

“Cas, I’m feeling so much better. I think a game is in our future.” Dean emphasizes his point with bouncing eyebrows.

The loving alpha smacks a quick kiss to his Omega’s lips before rising and putting on a pair of black sweatpants. “Lie down Dean. I need to check my work email and grab some snacks. Dr. Balthazar was very clear that you need to rest between knots.”

“But I do need more knots, so why not make it a game. It’s all I’m saying babe.” Dean crashes onto his pillow, pulling it under his head. Castiel can hear the faint Omega snores before he has the safe room door open.

As he rushes down the stairs in the late evening darkness, the alpha scents the air. He can smell Claire in her room with a happy, content scent and Bobby asleep on the couch in the front living room, so he heads straight to the kitchen for his laptop. He glances at the time once his device has powered up, 9:30pm. Castiel won’t be able to reach anyone for work directly, but he can peruse his email quickly.

“Shit!” The alpha says to no one but himself. The research team in Chicago is extremely close to a breakthrough in safer beta pregnancy. This is huge!! With this new drug, beta’s would have a much lower chance of death during delivery. Castiel cards his fingers through his wild, bed head hair. Something like this could save lives; something like this could have saved Amelia. There is a twinge of guilt that if they had waited just a tad bit longer, then maybe she would have survived. The grieving alpha places his cheek on the cool glass table. God, the fact that if Amelia was alive would mean no Dean is making him ill. He gives himself a few minutes to collect himself before deciding the best time to book a flight for Chicago.

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When Castiel returns to the safe room, Dean is awake and grinning from ear to ear. “Took my temp and guess what?” He tosses Cas the thermometer which reads 102.

“Well, that’s great. Looks like we need a game. Any suggestions?”

Castiel hands Dean a water with his sandwich as the Omega taps his chin deep in thought. “We should play ‘Noise’.”

“Okay, how do we play?” The two men chug their drinks before taking bites of their meal.
Once his throat is clear, Dean replies, “We both put on blindfolds. Then, using only touch, we try to get the other mate to make a noise. The first one to release a sound loses.”

“Rules?”

His lover takes a few more bites. “The blindfolds have to stay on until there is a winner. If you remove it before the end, you lose. Any kind of sound counts, from a word to a grunt; no exceptions. We must stay in this room, but moving around within the space is permitted. And the final rule, you cannot fuck me until it’s over.”

“What? I don’t know about that Dean, it seems I would have the advantage.”

The Omega cackles at his comment, “Oh, silly alpha you forget how much my scent makes you crazy. And this time, you need to protect a sick mate won’t override your lusty desires.”

Dean is right about that, he can already feel his protection scent subsiding leaving him at ease. This knotting round won’t be solely about comforting Dean, but allowing his needs to take over. “Finish your sandwich, Dean. I think it’s time to play.”

“We should play for name veto rights.”

Castiel swallows the last of his snack before turning to Dean with a look of confusion. “What does that mean?”

“Well, you know we could be making a pup this week.” The Omega pats his tummy with a grin. “The winner of this game earns one name veto. So when it comes to naming our first prodigy, that mate can completely veto, without reasons, a name suggestion of the other person. Deal?”

The alpha chuckles, Dean is right. Although, the chance is very slim, given Dean’s health issues, but they could be pregnant. “Since I still think I have the advantage, I agree to the terms, Mr. Novak. Now finish your water. I will not play until you are properly hydrated.”

After Cas cleans up their meal trash and Dean finds two burp clothes that are long enough to tie around their heads, they strip down naked to begin the game.

As soon as the blindfold is in place Cas reaches out to touch his mate but grasps nothing but air. He almost sighs in response, but catches himself before any noise is evident. The alpha slips off the bed and onto the ground. His first guess is that Dean will be hiding somewhere on the floor. The safe room has lush tan carpeting from wall to wall; therefore, creeping and crawling around on it is actually quite easy.

It’s been several minutes of the alpha slinking around the carpet and still no Omega to be found. He, very slowly, to ensure absolute silence, sniffs the air and that’s when it hits him. The delicious smell of cherry pie with vanilla wafting into his nostrils. The scent goes straight to his crotch, and again his first instinct is to growl, but Cas stops just in time. As he has done in the past, the alpha lets his nose take over and he moves in the direction of the aroma.

That is when he finds Dean on top of some drawers. He can feel the Omega shaking from laughter, but to his credit not a peep did he hear. Castiel stands and picks up Dean, hurling him towards what he prays is the bed. His ears detect the sound of Dean landing on the mattress, so Cas turns and climbs on top, pinning the other man down. The alpha is about to devour his Omega in kisses when he realizes that might create a noise, so he uses his tongue instead. He starts by dragging his lips and tongue up Dean’s neck. He can sense the other man trembling underneath him, but the room stays quiet. Castiel’s cock is hard and leaking pre-cum, but he refuses to give in. Damn it, Dean is in heat,
this should be simple.

The alpha is about to progress to his mate’s lower half when a hand comes out of nowhere, smearing his face with slick. Jesus! That little shit does not play fair in these games. The smell of cherry pie is so overwhelming that his dick throbs painfully with need. Castiel halts any movement as he attempts to control his urge to flip Dean over, and fuck him immediately. The thought of sliding into his wet warm hole is amazingly overpowering. His muscles are actually vibrating with desire; every drop of blood in his brain has gone south for the duration of the game.

It’s only when Cas thinks he has it under control and lowers himself down to his Omega’s crotch, that fingers slip into his mouth and the taste is unbelievably arousing. He wants Dean now. He needs to fuck his Omega into the mattress right this second. Without warning, Castiel rips the blindfold from his eyes growling loudly. He barely acknowledges the little, “I win.” The alpha’s total focus is on rolling Dean onto his stomach, spreading his legs, and thrusting deep into his channel with a dark howl from his lips.

God Dean’s body was made for him as Castiel pounds the younger man deeper and deeper, trailing his tongue over the Omega’s shoulders and then biting down hard. Blood trickles into his mouth from the wound, making his need for Dean’s body stronger. He is completely undone by the smell, touch, and taste of his Omega. Suddenly his mate takes it one step further as he releases his first clear sound, since the start of the game. “Hell yes Cas! God you are the best alpha ever!”

However, the man is not going to forget his Omega’s needs as he reaches around, yanking Dean’s hips up so he can get to his cock. Stroking Dean’s dick in time with his own thrusts into his channel and they both ride over the edge, climaxing in unison. Castiel’s cock swells with a knot as he pushes it deep into Dean’s hole. The Omega cries out in gratification with the soothing relief from his heat.

The two men topple over onto the sheets below, entangling each other in limbs. Cas laughs as he speaks, “Well, that didn’t last very long.”

“True, but next time you will know my moves so I’m going to have to get more creative.”

“Creative?? Or a new way to cheat??”

His Omega bursts out in a full body cackle, “Both probably.”

Alpha and Omega snuggle together, taking a moment to catch their breaths and wait out the knot. Castiel is tracing the new bite mark on Dean’s shoulder when he remembers his trip.

“Dean, I’m going to Chicago next week. It should only be three days.”

There is a sad little sigh from the man below him. “Claire and I could go with you.”

“I have to fly, and we won’t know for a month whether there is a pup, so no alcohol or sedatives until we do.”

“Oh.”

Castiel kisses the top of Dean’s head multiple times. “I will miss you immensely, but I need to work my love.”

“I know, I know, but I like you here with me.” Dean’s voice is soft and timid.

The alpha’s heart breaks in two. He is torn between his desire to stay home wrapped in love, and forge out into the world to pay for all this comfort his family enjoys. Unfortunately, the latter is the
winner. “I don’t want to leave, but if we are going to fill this house with yapping pups, then I need to provide for them all.”

There is a soft snort from Dean, “You are such a sappy alpha.”

“Yes, but I’m your alpha.”

Dean lifts Cas’s hand to his lips, kissing each fingertip gently. “My alpha.”
Chapter 15

A familiar voice begins yelling “ring, ring” into Dean’s ear, waking him up from a deep sleep. “What the hell?”

It takes several head shakes before Dean realizes it’s the new phone that Cas bought him before he left on his trip. At the time, it sounded hilarious to have a ringtone of his mate shrieking “ring, ring” but slowly, the Omega is understanding the error of his ways. He picks up the phone, “Hello… Cas?”

“Did I wake you?”

“Dude it’s like,” Dean checks the alarm clock embarrassed by the fact it’s only 9:30pm. The Omega has been jogging after dinner with Benny, and the exercise is taking its toll. “Nope, I’m up how is Chicago?”

“Very chilly for April, makes me wish I was snuggled up with you, in bed.”

This makes the Omega smile because he can think of a few games they could be playing right now. “Well get that fancy company jet to fly you back to me.”

“Oh God, don’t tempt me. I have a very nice commercial flight that will bring me home tomorrow night. Can you come with Bobby to pick me up?”

Dean nods a few times before his exhausted brain catches up to the fact that Cas can’t actually see him. “Yes, Anna is going to babysit for a few hours so we can have our airport moment.”

He can hear Cas laughing, which warms the Omega’s heart. Dean wonders how many alpha’s out there are like Cas. Alphas who laugh, listen, and love. Dean’s about to comment on how lucky he is when a really high pitched siren begins blaring, and he can barely hear Cas. “Hey Cas, there is some sort of alarm going off?”

The Omega notes Castiel’s protective alpha voice clearly over the phone. “Dean, I need you to go get Claire and head to the safe room now.”

“What’s going on Cas?”

“Dean, do it now!” The fear seeping from his alpha’s words put a shiver up the Omega’s spine. He keeps his ear next to the phone, listening to Cas while he gets the sleeping princess from her crib. “That signal means there is an unauthorized alpha on the property. It could be nothing; a guard stepping over the invisible marker, but just to be safe. Take Claire up to the sealed room, and bolt both locks on the door. Bobby has the only key, and he will head straight there once its clear.”

Dean tries to move slowly so not to wake Claire, but as he dashes out of the nursery he hears the crashing of glass from the first floor. Without thinking about it, Dean relays the information to Cas, “I think a window just broke downstairs.”

The panic in Cas’s voice is chilling, “What?!? Dean. Run, now!”

He doesn’t have to be told twice as the Omega sprints full speed up the staircase to the room at the end of the third floor. Once he has thrown both locks, he finally notices that Claire is screaming her
head off. Dean strokes his daughter’s blonde silky hair, kissing her cheek. She can scent the fear rolling off her Omega Daddy, and he can’t stop it. Then he hears his alpha again, “Dean there is some alpha spray on the top shelf of the closet. Put Claire down on the floor as far from the door as possible. We don’t know her status yet, so spraying her could be dangerous. The spray will have no effect on an Omega but…”

Dean places his sweet girl in the opposite corner, kissing the top of her head before throwing open the bedroom closet door. He’s got to be extremely careful because if he’s already carrying an alpha child and Dean breathes in the spray, it could be devastating. “Can I pull my shirt over my face?”

“Yes! You won’t be able to see anything so make sure its pointed out, then cover your entire face before pushing the release tab.”

There is a banging on the sealed door to the hallway. The room is soundproof so Dean can’t make out what the person is saying, but he has no intentions of letting that lunatic near his Claire, or anybody else. Dean stands on the other side of the titanium door, praying for Bobby to be on the other side; however, Bobby would not be banging on it like this. “Cas, where is Bobby?”

A few beats later, his alpha answers, “Just got a text from Benny. They found Bobby unconscious by the pond. Someone knocked him out with a taser.”

The banging suddenly stops and the air is palpable as Dean tries to remind himself to breathe. A loud whack hits the barrier, and this time it’s not a fist beating on the titanium. The intruder has moved to a large chair or hammer. The noise is deafening and Dean can hear Claire’s screams mixed with another voice shouting just as loud. “You stay the fuck away from my family!”

Dean is done with this shit as he drops the phone to the carpet and covers his face with his shirt. The commotion calms in his mind as the Omega unlocks the door, pointing the spray away from his body. The second the door is open he hits that release tab with all his might. It’s not until he perceives a clattering thud of a body hitting the hardwood floor that Dean slams the door shut, locking it behind him. He dives to the other side of the bed, wiping his hand on the bedspread before picking up his daughter. “It’s okay princess, Omega Daddy knocked that asshole out cold.”

The Omega caresses her back, inhaling deeply, attempting to calm his shattered nerves when he remembers Cas on the phone. The poor alpha is shouting for him to reply. Castiel’s voice is rough like gravel from roaring, “Dean, pick up the phone! Dean!”

“Cas, I’m here we are fine.”

There is a wave of relief as his alpha takes in his words. “Oh, thank God. You had me tearing at the walls.” Cas pauses before speaking again. “I have a text from Benny. They have taken the alpha trespasser into custody and Benny is going to open the door when the air is clear. Then I need you to take Claire and sit outside for a bit.”

The Omega doesn’t have the ability to answer his sweet loving alpha. The terror of the situation is bleeding into his mind and soul. There was an aggressive alpha on the other side of that door. Why would anyone attack his home? He tightens his grip on Claire, scenting her, desperately trying to make her feel safe. Dean’s hand rubs his stomach and he can’t even think about anyone else as sobs pour from his throat.

“Dean. I need you to answer me.”

“Alpha, come home,” he states between gasps of air, in a voice that is tender and pleading. He knows it’s the one thing Castiel can’t say no to.
I’m going to hang up and call for the jet. I should be home in four hours or less. It’s the best I can physically do, my love.”

All he can manage is a faint, “Okay.”

A minute later, Dean is still in the same position, rocking back and forth when the door gradually swings open, revealing a tall, large security guard. “Dean? It’s Benny, come here little Omega, we need to get you in some fresh air quick.”

The scared Omega hands Benny the baby before passing out on the floor.

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The Omega’s eyes flutter open as he takes in the starry night above him. He can’t seem to recall why he would be taking a nap in the back yard. Cas is in Chicago, but why is he outside? Then the events of the evening flood his mind as he jolts fully awake, sitting up.

“Calm down son. Everything is going to be alright.” Bobby is patting his hand, and Dean finds the act very soothing. “Benny has Claire, but when you are feeling up to it, I need you to identify the intruder.”

“Me?” Dean’s eyes are wild.

Bobby cups his face with his palm, getting the Omega to look him in the eyes. “You are perfectly safe Dean, but the alpha says he knows you. Do you have a brother?”

“Yes, his name is Sam. I haven’t seen him since our Dad dropped me off at the Academy when I was 16.” “Would your old family name happen to be Winchester?”

Is Bobby trying to tell him that his baby brother Sam was the alpha who was beating down the door? “Yes.” Dean tilts his head, trying to understand. “Is Sam here?”

“Do you feel up to looking at him? We have him bound and gagged in the living room. Just come take one quick peek.”

Dean lets Bobby help him to his feet, and guides him back into the house. Confusion is completely overpowering his ability to do anything other than follow the older beta. Suddenly, the Omega is standing in front of a very tall, lanky looking alpha with shaggy brown hair. The face has changed over the years, and by God his brother has grown, but it is him. “That’s him Bobby, that’s Sam. Can you take the gag out please?”

The Omega hasn’t heard a peep from his family in years, so he chooses a cushy chair on the other side of the room while he waits for the younger Winchester to speak.

“Dean, tell them to untie me.”

Bobby steps between the brothers. “No can do. You went after a claimed Omega and a child. We wait for his alpha to decide your fate.”

Sam tosses his head about trying to get Dean’s attention, but the Omega’s eyes are on the floor. “Dean, I was trying to free you.”

The Omega curls his feet up into the chair. Why would Dean ever want to leave his home with Cas? The thought scares him and he doesn’t move because he just wants his alpha to come home.
Sam tries one last plea, “Dean, your alpha can have me hurt for this, tell them to let me go?”

Dean wants to believe that his brother’s actions were some sort of valiant attempt to help him, but the reality is he’s way overdue to save him from the monsters. The older Winchester raises his face, staring into those hazel puppy dog eyes. “We wait for Cas.”
“Drive faster Anna!” Castiel barks from the passenger seat of his sister’s silver BMW.

She rolls her eyes, but does take the next turn a little faster. “Keep your panties on Castiel. Everything is under control. It was Dean’s little brother. Your family is perfectly fine.”

There is a low growl from the alpha. “I would suggest not fucking with me right now Anna.”

“Jesus Christ when did your alpha show up in full force? That almost gave me a chill.”

Castiel cracks a grin because he knows exactly why but that is not something he is going to share with his sibling. “I just need to see them both with my own eyes. Scent their heads and talk to this Sam Winchester about the appropriate way to visit a family member.”

“True, scaling a ten foot fence, breaking a window, and beating a door with a metal chair could be considered bad manners. But Cas, he doesn’t know you.”

They are maybe ten minutes from the house and Castiel’s body is vibrating with desire to be with his Omega and child. “It’s called a phone call or checking at the gate house. He should have at least waited until I was home.”

“I have a feeling he planned tonight specifically for that reason.” Anna taps her fingers on her brother’s hand trying to calm the situation.

The younger sibling stares at his sister in shock. “Why in heavens name would he want to forcefully visit my home when I was away?”

“Castiel, you and I both know that you are the exception to the rule. Most alphas are going to send any old family members packing especially if they are mistreating their mate.”

The alpha is almost howling, “I have never mistreated Dean. He and Claire are everything to me.”

“Look.” Anna sighs because there is no chance of reasoning with an upset alpha. “Just give him the benefit of the doubt and listen to why he’s here. Okay?”

“I’m not going to rip out his throat if that’s what you are thinking.”

His sister points to his other hand which has slightly bent the passenger side door handle. “Really? because my poor door is screaming otherwise,” Anna cackles to herself as she turns onto their driveway. “Castiel something has your alpha cranked up to full volume. Jesus, Dean just does things to you doesn’t he?”

The alpha never acknowledges the last comment; his eyes lock onto the tall muscular green eyed Omega standing on the porch stairs. He’s wearing only his jeans; having stripped his shirt for health reasons. Castiel doesn’t even wait for the vehicle to stop before he is jumping from the car. His Omega may be slightly bigger than him but he doesn’t even notice as those emerald eyes leap into his arms wrapping bow legs around his waist. Cas takes in a whiff of his mate letting the scent envelope him calming his frayed nerves. Then their lips meet and the two men lose each other in swipes of the tongue and grinding teeth.
Several minutes later Dean breaks the kiss rubbing his nose against his alpha’s. “You’re home.”

“I always come when you call.”

The smile that his Omega releases fills the alpha with so much love his blue eyes sparkle. He tucks Dean’s head onto his shoulder while he carries him up to the nursery to check on Claire. Castiel’s mind keeps sounding the alarm that his Omega is really heavy and should be put down but something else just tightens his grip. He just can’t let go.

Benny is sitting in a folding chair directly outside of Claire’s room. “Boss.” He nods his head before opening the nursery door.

Dean climbs down from his perch on Cas and the two lovers hold hands as they stare at their daughter. She is sleeping without a care in the world. The father tilts down kissing his sweet girl before leading his Omega out of the room. Before heading downstairs Castiel turns to Benny. “Thank you for your help this evening. If you would, please stay here for the duration of the night.”

“Sure thing. Princess patrol is my all time favorite.”

Clasping Dean’s hand he guides his mate down the stairs and into the living room where the alpha named Sam waits. Before they leave the bottom stair, Cas turns to face Dean. “What do you want to do?”

“Alpha?” The fact that Dean keeps using this name has not gone unnoticed. His Omega is frightened but Castiel isn’t sure from what though.

He kisses Dean’s nose in an attempt to find some serenity. “Dean, we have several options here and I want your opinion?”

“Don’t hurt him.” The emerald green eyes fall to the floor. “Let him plead his case and maybe think about letting him stay. I think he was trying to rescue me.”

“Do you want to be rescued?” The alpha’s eyes are terrified for the answer but he needs to know the truth.

Dean tightly embraces his alpha glaring at him intensely. “No Cas. This is my home. I willingly chose to be your mate for life. However, it would be nice to have a brother too.”

Castiel nods his head. “Good enough for me. I know for a fact I will break a window to get to you.”

The comment has its intended effect as Dean giggles in response. The alpha removes his trench coat and suit jacket taking a second glance at the smile from his Omega which is breathtaking and with that Cas is ready.

The two men enter the living room slowly sitting on the couch across from Sam. The younger alpha is strapped to a kitchen chair and he seems vaguely familiar to Castiel. “Can I assume you prefer Winchester to Antilles?”

Sam laughs very nonchalantly, “So you recognize me from the auction?”

“I do. Ended up paying significantly more because of you, but Dean is worth it.” Castiel places a chaste kiss to Dean’s cheek before continuing. “Let’s cut to the chase shall we, why did you break into my home and terrify my mate and our child?”
“Honestly my original intent was to buy Dean at the auction and give him his freedom papers. You shot that plan to hell, so busting him out while you were away was option B.”

“Freedom papers? Those are only valid in certain states Texas and Georgia are not a part of that movement. That is a very dangerous game to be playing with an Omega’s life Sam.”

For only being maybe twenty years old Sam Winchester is well spoken and commands the room. “I have a house in Southern California where Dean can live without the protection of an alpha. He can decide his mate and create a new life there.”

“He did choose his mate. I didn’t force my bite or anything else on your brother.”

A look of disbelief clouds the hazel eyes of the younger man. “The west coast states are flooding with Omega’s running from arranged marriages and basically legalized prostitution. Let Dean come with me and if he wants to return later I won’t stop him.”

Dean had been silent while the two alphas spoke. Partially hiding behind Cas’s back but now his mate had something to add. “Sam, I don’t want to leave. I love Cas and Claire. This is my home.”

“That stupid Academy brainwashed you Dean. You used to be so strong and fierce, not this little wimp who gets pushed around by a dorky alpha.”

Now it’s Cas’s turn and he is pissed. “You could have called and we would have welcomed you into our home with open arms. I think a relationship with you would be good for Dean but I will not have you attacking our choices. My mate is strong, amazing, smart, and beautiful. Don’t you ever demean him again do you understand?”

“Easy to say when he’s whimpering behind you like a proper Omega.”

Cas freezes absolutely flabbergasted by Sam’s accusation that Dean is small and ignored in his house.

Dean rises crossing the room to stand tall in front of his baby brother. His voice is full of rage and dripping in disgust. “I am not a proper Omega. Cas is not your typical alpha. Yes, from the outside looking in we live the old traditional way but that is not how it is within these walls beneath the live oak trees. You want to be my brother then let’s take this slow.” The Omega takes a breath before finishing, “Bobby please find a hotel in town for Sam to stay and untie him now. I would like you to join us for dinner tomorrow night.”

The older beta immediately unties the younger alpha letting him get up for the first time in hours. “Are you serious? You want to invite me for dinner?”

The Omega steps back to glance at his mate. “Cas what do you think?”

“I think dinner at seven tomorrow sounds like a perfect place to start.” He rises to his feet putting his arm around Dean in an act of solidarity. “We will chalk up the events of tonight as good intentions gone awry. Good night Sam.”

Castiel and Dean leave the room swiftly. as they make a direct line to the green bedroom. After the door is shut and they are alone the Omega takes his mates face into his hands. Placing his lips onto Cas’s, he kisses the other man roughly. The alpha loses himself in the heavenly taste and smell of his lover. The world may be going to hell but in here in this moment he is full of hope. Once the kiss breaks they strip down to their boxers and climb under the covers.

Intertwining legs and arms until the two men become one massive lump of love. Dean places his
nose against Cas’s as he exhales. “This is where I want to be Cas. Although, it does make me wander about the other Omega’s out there who don’t have a good alpha. I know all too well how bad it can be.”

He squeezes his Omega a little tighter, “I never knew real fear until you came into my life Dean. Claire and I depend so deeply on you that it’s scary. But your brother is right there is a lot of evil out there, and I don’t blame him for assuming that this house isn’t any different.”

Dean lowers his head onto Castiel’s chest as the alpha cards his fingers through the short sandy blonde hair. “Is there anything we can do Cas?”

“Let’s take this one step at a time Dean. Dinner with your brother and learning more about California will be first. Then we see if the family is getting bigger anytime soon, before we commit to changing the world.” Castiel turns Dean on his side so he can drape his fingers over his mate’s abdomen. Family will always come first but he’s not opposed to saving the Omega’s of the world either.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

The next two chapters are from Sam's POV. So I'm posting them both tonight.

Sam lays back onto the fluffy gold duvet comforter of the king size bed. Its only 5pm, with the sun still beaming through the white shear curtains, and he cannot think of another thing to do. He slept like a baby in the over done hoity-toity room with gold adornments and a jaccuzi tub in the uber posh Olde Savannah Inn. When Bobby brought him to the Bed and Breakfast in the heart of Savannah, he tried to get him to change locations. There were plenty of cheap hotels on the main highway; he didn’t need to be pampered. But the guy said the owners were family friends, so here he sits in their finest suite feeling really out of place.

He dozed on and off until almost noon. Then he walked the historic district and Forsythe Park. But now, he has nothing to do but kill time until the security guard fetches him a little after six for his dinner with Dean and his mate.

Sam has been waiting to rescue his brother from the demeaning life of an Omega for 8 years. He ran several scams, sold forged freedom papers to Omega’s (amongst other unsavory things) to raise the money to buy the older Winchester. All that hard work, years and years of saving and now Dean seems determined to stay in this life of being someone’s property. The way his older brother behaved the night before was very confusing for the young alpha. He was quiet and bashful while he waited for his mate but then once this Castiel came home it’s like being near his alpha gave him strength. Dean was not small around Castiel, instead the opposite seemed to be occurring. His brother found his voice and a backbone next to his alpha. Sam had never seen anything like it. It’s almost like Castiel helped his brother be more himself and less like an obedient Omega, so very strange. The staff followed Dean’s orders and Novak just smiled with pride. Who is this guy?

The young alpha pulls out his laptop connecting to the free wifi, an advantage to staying in a swanky place. One thing Sam Winchester is good at is research, so why not get to know this Castiel Novak. Usually, when you google a person only a few options arise until you start digging deeper. This was not the case for his brother’s alpha. The Novak family is one of the richest, most well established legacies in the country. Holy hell his brother hit the jackpot. They have sole ownership of Halo Health, the largest medical corporations on the planet. The company has its hands in everything from research, hospitals, insurance, and drug distribution. Sam had to check three times before he realized that the family itself was worth almost five billion dollars.

He notices a People magazine story on the tragedy of the Novak inheritance and clicks the link. According to the article the two eldest brothers; Michael and Lucifer were born sterile alpha’s and unable to conceive natural born children. The three middle children were either beta’s or Omega’s disqualifying any children from a birthright. That left the golden child of the family, Castiel as their last hope for the next generation of Halo Health. Alarm bells started ringing in Sam’s head as he realizes the amount of trouble he was in last night. Both Castiel and Dean had mentioned their daughter in the room he was trying to break in to with a chair. Oh my Fucking God, he was attacking the sole heir and the last Omega able to bare future heirs to the Novak family. No wonder
their house is lined with alpha guards at all times and a security system that rivals the White House.

Sam stands up in shock so quickly he knocks his laptop to the lush carpet. “He could have killed me. I could be dead and it would have been justified homicide.” The young Winchester says to the empty room. Dean kept touching his stomach and when he dropped the alpha spray on him he had a shirt over his head. Sam is getting dizzy as he physically spins trying to take in the real danger of his situation. “FUCK!” Their daughter is most likely still very young and thus there is no way to tell how she will present. This means they want as many children as possible to ensure an alpha for the legacy. Dean is the entire Novak family’s last hope for multiple heirs. How stupid is he not to do a simple google search before trying to kidnap the most valuable Omega in the country.

“Wait a minute.” Sam grabs his laptop from the floor and starts a new search on the last registry from Dean’s school. When he finds his brother’s page he can’t believe his eyes but yes his memory is right. The older Winchester was given a three as his fertility rating. Now he is completely perplexed by that because if they wanted to guarantee more pups, why buy Dean??? What the hell is going on with this family? Sam decides to spend the next hour scouring the web for answers and a list of questions for this Castiel Novak.

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At a quarter after six Sam is leaning against the railing towards his hotel. An alpha that seems vaguely familiar, but not the old beta from last night steps out of a beat up black Ford Explorer. In a deep New Orleans accent the larger man yells, “Are you Sam?”

“Yeah, who are you? I’m supposed to meet Bobby.” The younger Winchester has visions of his body being dumped into the river when he sees a tiny Omega in the front seat looking at him with a scowl.

“Bobby got hung up with business. He invited us to dinner to help break some of the tension get in the back.”

Sam heads to the back side door when a thought occurs to him. Is he not in a traditional state where Alpha’s are kings. Why in the world is he sitting in the back? Then the answer presents itself in the form of a swollen belly on the Omega. Yup, a percolating pup in the oven will always get shot gun.

They ride in silence for several minutes before the alpha speaks, “My Name is Benny and this beautiful creature is my Meg.”

Sam nods his head taking in the introductions. The Omega just keeps staring out the window huffing and puffing in disgust. “Sam Winchester. You guys eat with them a lot?”

“No.” Meg says with a snarl that could take your head off. “But when Castiel calls Benny comes a running even though I was promised steak and a movie.”

Benny reaches over to stroke the Omega’s dark brown wavy hair. “Oh darling, Dean’s cooking so there is a good chance for steak.”

Meg smacks his hand hard and growls at her alpha before returning her gaze to the passing scenery. What the fuck? Did he just witness an Omega hiss and hit an alpha in the presence of a stranger. This is not the kind of behavior he has heard about in California. Sam’s been helping fleeing Omega’s to enter the free states for years and the stories they tell are horrifying. He’s even seen video captured by Omega rights activists on the mistreatment of them, but never in his life has he seen something so normal. He is in a state of shock when Benny simply laughs at her and puts his
hand back on the steering wheel.

Sam actually starts a bit when the driver asks, “So Sam how long you planning to stay on this side of the country?”

“Um I’m really not sure. I have built up quite the nest egg for retrieving Dean but now that things have changed I might hang out in town for awhile.”

“Savannah is a beautiful city. People often visit and never leave.”

The younger Winchester shivers in his seat. “Is that a threat?”

“Son, you need to calm down. If Castiel was going to end you, then you would have never woken up from the spray. Feel free to be rude in my car but when you are in that house you will show them respect. Castiel Novak is a good alpha, one of the best men I know and Dean is his pride and joy. You fuck with that family again and I will finish it are we clear?”

He replies with a faint, “Yes.”

“Excellent because that was your threat.”

Meg pivots slightly in her seat to glance at her mate with a sly grin. “You’re making me hot you old softy.”

Benny winks at his mate patting her belly. “Later love, I will take care of you later.”

Sam wiggles uncomfortably in his seat. It’s like he walked into the twilight zone when he scaled that stupid white fence. Who are these people? This is not the world he was expecting.

After a very painful car ride, the beater SUV finally turns onto the Novak house driveway. The sun is just starting to fade, so Sam gets his first look at Dean’s home. It’s gorgeous with beautiful large trees lining the front drive and a huge inviting porch with actual rocking chairs. The Spanish moss sways in the breeze, calling the lost alpha home. Maybe his brother has found the one honest alpha in all of the traditional states but Sam is not convinced. There has to be a skeleton lurking in the closet and he has his list of questions for the Novak golden boy to figure it out. Dinner is going to be very interesting for sure.
Chapter 18

The black Explorer parks behind a pristine white SUV and the three occupant’s climb out of the vehicle. Sam lets out a slow whistle at the amazing piece of architecture before him. “Is this an original plantation house?”

Benny pauses before stepping up onto the porch, “Yes. Amelia put a lot of work in to restoring the home to its original glory. Several of those rich living magazines have done photo shoots here. You should see it done up for Christmas. Even puts a smile on my Meg.”

“Shut up. The pup maker needs meat.” She tries to say with a huff but there is a definite smile on the corner of her mouth.

Sam follows as the other two just walk right in and head to the back of the house. “Castiel texted me and said we could find them in the backyard. Dean’s grilling and that means some serious chow tonight.”

As the younger Winchester steps out of the house the scene before him is a calling card for dreamy Omega life. Dean is working the grill flipping what looks to be New York strips, while Castiel lies on a quilt spread over the grass with the cutest baby Sam has ever seen. The Novak heir apparent has stunning blue eyes and little blonde ringlets that sprout all around her head. He wants to believe that this is just as wonderful as it appears but damn it, he just can’t. Benny starts up a conversation with Dean while Meg snatches a finished steak and digs in before she even sits down at the patio table.

Better time than any Sam thinks to himself as he strolls over to the father and daughter giggling at a grasshopper trying to make its way across the blanket. “Castiel can I have a word?”

“Of course Sam let’s take a walk.” The father stands passing the baby to Benny who throws her immediately into the air with squeal of joy from both participants. Before they walk away Novak gives Dean a kiss on the cheek and whispers in his ear. There is a genuine smile on his brother’s face as they leave following a path towards the large pond.

Winchester takes a breath trying to keep his attitude in check. “First I want to thank you for not killing me last night.”

Castiel chuckles, “You were never in any real danger. Dean would never have allowed me to harm you and that’s not really in my nature anyway.”

“I was not aware of your family before today.” Sam is almost embarrassed by the stupid mistake.

“We aren’t celebrities or anything. The family just runs a big company that sometimes gets attention.” Castiel is so nonchalant about it all but maybe to him it’s not a big deal.

As the two men reach the water they follow a second path to the right. “Can I be blunt?”

“Yes. When it’s just the two of us I would prefer it.”

“Your family needs a proper breeding Omega why in the hell did you pick Dean?”

The older alpha halts turning to face Sam. “You have been doing your research.” Castiel pauses clearly selecting his response wisely. “Breeding is not why I picked your brother. I’m not stupid I know the rest of the family wants more children and maybe Dean will and maybe he won’t but I
“Then why Dean?” The younger Winchester asks because none of this makes any sense.

A loving grin spreads across Castiel’s face. Sam has never seen anything like it but just the thought of his brother is making the alpha glow. “Do you believe in true mates?”

“Like the fairytale of the two wolves who find each other and it’s like destiny and shit?”

Castiel nods his head carding his fingers through his dark wavy hair. “Dean is the love of my life. We are trying for more pups because Dean wants a big family. Am I the alpha of our relationship? Of course we don’t deny our genetic desires, but I am not the boss. My job in this world is to be a great father to Claire and any other pups that come along. After that I will worship the ground your brother walks on till the day I die. Any other concerns?”

Sam just stands dumbfounded by what the older alpha just revealed. Did he actually use the word love? Nobody talks like that anymore except old house Omega’s quoting tall tales to children. “What happens when your family realizes he’s not a top breeder?”

“I haven’t given it much thought to be honest. Might be why I keep pushing off the post claiming party. It would be nice to have a big announcement that would keep people of our backs but it’s too late now. Dean is my mate for life.” Castiel tugs at his pale blue t-shirt exposing a deep bite mark on the back side of his shoulder.

His eyes go wild at the realization of what Castiel is showing the younger Winchester. “You let Dean claim you?”

“Dean is mine, but I am Dean’s all in the same breath.”

“So you are hoping that Dean’s already pregnant?”

The father just cocks his head to the side slanting his blue eyes. “You are aware that my first mate died in childbirth?”

It all comes crashing down on Sam like a tidal wave of understanding. The hesitation on breeding, the relaxed attitude about Dean’s fertility issues and letting it all boil down to love. Castiel Novak is scared of Dean having another pup. The alpha before him is just a man in love who is terrified that giving Dean what he wants will cause him nothing but pain. “I’m curious why you would not take precautions to stop it.”

“Your brother had a very hard life before me. I’m sure you noticed the marks on his back?”

The younger alpha just shakes his head in agreement. He didn’t want to bring up the ugly looking scars because they appeared too old to be inflicted under Castiel’s watch. “I assume from a previous alpha?”

“Yes, one day I will meet him and unlike you that alpha will not survive our first encounter.” Castiel shakes his head clearing the evil thought. "But Dean deserves to be happy Sam. His one wish is to fill our home with pups. I agree because Dean has had enough sadness to fill a lifetime. I plan to do everything in my power to give him the whole lot including the one thing that terrifies me the most.”

From off in the distance Dean’s voice calls out, “Hey Cas. Sam. Your steaks are getting cold.”

The two men swivel back towards the house quickening their pace as the smell of grilled meat hits the air. Castiel immediately kisses Dean on the top of his head before taking the chair to his brother’s
right. Sam makes a decision in that moment to throw out all his previous misconceptions of the alpha/Omega dynamic. In the past two days all his beliefs have been shattered and the young alpha is okay with that. Now he needs to focus on one thing. Sam needs to rebuild his relationship with Dean. Not the brother he remembers or the one he has been designing in his head, but the one right in front of him. He spent the last eight years battling to put his family back together again and now this is his chance.
Castiel is jogging the perimeter of the property, just inside the tall white gate. It’s a quiet Sunday afternoon. Dean has been spending all his time with Sam, which the alpha completely understands. The two brothers are trying to catch up on eight lost years, yet, if he’s being honest with himself, Castiel is fucking horny. Sam’s been here for over a week, and every night he and Dean chat until the wee hours of the morning. Leaving the alpha in a cold bed and with a wanting dick that is starting to get feisty. He wants this for Dean. Castiel would never take away their time to bond, but damn it, tonight Sam’s going home early.

Once he completes his last lap, the young father sprints the last bit up to the front door, throwing it open as he yells, “Dean, tonight we are playing a game!”

The older alpha is surprised when Sam’s head pops out from behind the kitchen doorway. “I like monopoly.”

Dean is shoving his lanky brother into the wall with one hand, holding Claire in the other as he cackles. “Not that kind of game idiot.”

“What, like Halo or something? I like video games too.”

Castiel is puffing air, trying to calm his breath, “Sam you can stay for dinner, and then you will need to be somewhere else after that.”

Sam is still lost with a sad puppy face. “We can find a three person game guys.”

Dean and Castiel answer in unison. “No!”

Finally, Dean takes pity on his younger brother. “Game is our code word for knotting.”

“Oh my God!” The younger alpha shouts as he realizes what he just asked them to do. “I did not need to ever know that, like ever.”

“On that note, I have something for you too Cas.” The Omega puts down Claire, watching proudly as she half scoots half crawls towards Castiel. “Look what Princess is doing now.”

The proud father just watches in pure elation as his daughter moves slowly towards him, stopping to flop on his shoe. He picks her up, swinging her around. “Alpha father is so proud of you, Claire.”

When the joyful papa is done celebrating, he looks to his mate. Blue eyes find green as they lock out the rest of the world for just a second. Without prompting, Dean crosses the foyer to wrap his arms around his alpha. The family of three holds each other, taking a moment to just be happy.

There has been too much sorrow and pain, but as Castiel inhales he can almost smell the fresh new
day upon them.

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As requested, Sam made himself scarce after dinner, mentioning a need to play cards with Bobby all evening. Castiel gave Claire her bath, and put her down in hopes that this would give Dean time to prepare something fun. Games have become a major part of their sex life, which Dr. Balthazar highly recommends. Even if Dean is already with child, creating a stronger connection between Omega and alpha can only help the health of the pregnancy.

He kisses and scents his beautiful princess before heading up to the safe room. They installed a video monitor for Claire’s room inside so they can still keep an eye on her. When Castiel reaches the special room, he notices the door is already ajar. The alpha’s cock is at half mast with the anticipation.

Castiel slips through the entrance, glancing at his stunning Omega stretched out on the bed. Although, the fact that he’s entirely clothed makes him grumble just a tad. He seals the door behind him, checking the monitor to make sure their daughter is fine. The alpha turns back to his mate with a grin. Dean points to a chair pushed back about three feet facing the bed. “You will sit there Cas, naked.”

Confusion sets in because why is he the only one undressing, but he has learned to go with whatever his Omega has planned for the evening. Castiel strips, tossing his clothes to the corner of the room and sits in his spot. The chair is one from the kitchen that has arm rests on both sides. “What’s the game?”

Dean lies sprawled out on the bed, rolling on his side to face Castiel. The emerald green beauties darken with lust. “It’s called Stay. You have to stay in the chair, and I have to stay on the bed.” The alpha nods his head as Dean stands, stepping towards him. The Omega retrieves a bag of extra long Twizzlers from under the bed. With a smile, his green eyed mate pulls out the candy, tearing them into thin strips. Once he has about a dozen, Dean begins to tie Castiel’s lower arms and calves to the chair.

“You know it won’t take much effort for me to free myself.” The alpha suggests with a growl.

A wicked smirk dances across Dean’s face. “Oh silly Cas, that’s the point. You can get out with minimal effort, but to win you have to stay, which means not breaking the candy bindings.”

Dean places a rough, hard, wanting kiss to Castiel’s mouth, then saunters back to the bed. “How do I win?”

“It’s easy, sweet alpha. I’m going to set the stopwatch, and you just have to stay in the chair for one hour. Do that and you win. If by chance you break your shackles and jump me under an hour, I win.”

Castiel slowly nods, accepting the premise of the new game. “You have to stay on the bed the whole time?”

His Omega bites his lip, dragging his teeth slowly. “Yes. I can’t touch you.”

“Are we playing for veto naming points?”

His lover tosses his head in a negative response. “Nope. The date of our post claiming party. You win, you pick the date. I win, I get to pick the date. Fair?”
That throws Castiel completely off kilter, “Wait, why do you care about a stupid party?”

“I might be willing to reveal that once the game has finished. Are we good?”

A small dose of panic works its way up the alpha. He had mentioned to Sam his hesitation to having the post claiming party, and Dean meeting the rest of the family; however, Castiel’s desire to play this tantalizing game and knot Dean hard wins out over logic. “Let’s go. I’m ready.”

Dean’s smile is dark and dirty as he licks his lips. Grabbing the stopwatch from the nightstand, he hits start, then tosses it back to its original place. The Omega kicks off his shoes and socks, removing his black Henley. Left in only a snug pair of worn jeans, he rises to his knees on the bed.

A handful of the red rope candy rests at the end of the bed between the two men. Dean takes one, slipping one end into his mouth, letting his tongue twirl around the treat. He then runs a lonely finger down his chest, stopping just above the waist of his jeans. “Hey Cas, what’s your favorite part of my body?”

The alpha doesn’t stir as he ascertains whether to answer the question. Castiel is well aware that Dean enjoys cheating, so he keeps his response short. “Why?”

His kind lover chuckles softly, still chewing on the Twizzler. “Doesn’t matter, I’ll figure it out.”

At a snail’s pace, Dean undoes the button and zipper to his jeans, pulling the edges away and revealing nothing but skin and a tuft of hair. A gasp escapes the alpha’s mouth as he realizes Dean is commando under the pants. He could simply shove those jeans down and mount his spectacular prize. His muscles flex in want, and a low feral groan escapes his throat, but he never moves.

Rolling onto his back, the Omega removes the last stitch of clothing, lying on his back with his feet towards Castiel. Dean opens his legs wide, exposing his crotch and leaking hole. Castiel has been desperately trying to not inhale, but at the sight of Dean’s slick, he takes a long whiff. The aroma of cherry pie with vanilla strikes him hard, making his cock swell with need. His dark, needy alpha wants nothing but to drive his face into that channel, sucking it dry. Suddenly, Cas’s eyes are drawn to Dean’s hands as they begin to stroke his own cock. With each plummet of his hand, the Omega moans with a lusty wet noise. “Touch me, Cas. I need my alpha to make me cum.”

Holy shit! Castiel is literally seeing stars. All the blood drains from his brain rushing to his dick, which is throbbing with such pain Cas cries out. “Ah!”

Dean pauses in his stroking to glance at Castiel. The alpha smiles in pride that he has yet to leave his perch, but knows he’s in trouble when Dean giggles, tucking his knees up to his belly. In this position, the Omega’s ass is completely open for Castiel, and the smell triples in intensity. Having finished the Twizzler in his mouth, Dean snatches a fresh piece, licking the red candy rope from end to end. Dean gingerly places the Twizzler between his knees as he uses two of his fingers to fuck himself harshly. With each grind of his fingers deep into his wet hole, Dean screams, “Alpha! Alpha! I need you.”

Castiel is barely holding on at this point. His knuckles are pure white from grasping the chair, and his balls are so blue he may never recover. The alpha takes several deep breathes in desperation, but all is lost when Dean does the unthinkable. That little shit puts the Twizzler between his fingers and proceeds to plunge the red rope deep inside his channel. The mind twisting wail that leaves his pretty little mouth is only emphasized with the final words Cas hears. “Hey Alpha, its cherry flavored.”

The alpha doesn’t hear another thing as he growls so loudly his teeth rattle. It takes merely two
seconds for Castiel to slash through the candy bondages, flinging the chair at the wall. Hurling
himself at that amazing ass, Castiel heaves his face into the channel, slurping the Twizzler into his
own mouth. He swallows the last bite in satisfaction, spanking the gorgeous cheeks spread before
him. The alpha drags his tongue through every molecule of leaking slick before flipping Dean onto
his stomach. Thrusting his own fingers into his Omega, Castiel tilts down to whisper, “You are
mine.”

The two men cry out together as Castiel drives his hard cock into Dean until his balls slap skin.
Keeping his promise, the alpha reaches around to Dean’s own dick, stroking it with a rough tight
force. Castiel is lost in the thrusts and strokes to his Omega until his vision goes completely white as
he and Dean cum as one. With one last plunge into the wet channel, Cas inserts his knot, locking
them together.

It takes several minutes for the two men to catch their breath afterward. Castiel breaks the cycle of
panting, “You win, but why is the party important to you?”

“We can’t wait until I’m pregnant Cas. It’s time.”

The alpha cards his fingers through the sandy blonde hair of his mate, placing soft kisses to his
temple. “The appointment with Dr. Balthazar is on Friday. He could have good news. We should
wait.”

“I love you Cas, but my scent has not changed. I have shown no signs. Let’s just set the date and
focus on the party. Please.”

Both men sigh snuggling into each other. “Dean, there is still a chance. Omega’s all present
pregnancy differently, and that doesn’t mean in a month or two, with your next heat, it won’t
happen.”

Dean slides his hand into Castiel’s, locking their fingers together. The Omega kisses his palm
tenderly, “I need something else to focus on for a while. Please, let me have this distraction.”

There is no more discussion needed. Castiel can feel the sadness in his mate’s voice, and it slices at
his heart like a knife. “As you wish, my love, you will have the grandest post claiming party that
Savannah has ever seen.”

The response is faint, but full of love. “Thank you alpha.”
The sound of soft cries wakes the resting Omega. Dean rolls over glancing at the alarm clock. “Jesus princess it’s only seven.” He slowly climbs out of bed, throwing on a pair of jeans he finds on a chair under a pile of Twizzlers. Cas is probably in his office. They have an appointment with Dr. Balthazar at 11am. He doesn’t even want to go because he is sure that they aren’t pregnant. But damn it, Cas will not let it go, so he’s working from home today so he can support Dean.

He creaks open the door, peering in as Claire sits in her crib wailing. “What is up with you, sweet girl?”

She is usually a cheerful baby; however, as the young man glances at his princess he can tell she is really upset. These aren’t tears of hunger or a wet diaper. All of his instincts are shouting at him that she is responding to his own panic about today, and guilt washes over him. Dean lifts Claire into his arms, strolling over to the rocking chair in front of the bay windows. The Omega lowers himself into the chair, placing his daughter in his lap so her face can rest on his neck. He has found that she prefers this position so she can scent her Daddy. The second her face graces the skin of his throat, he feels the soft inhale from her button nose. Her whimpering trails off, but there is an occasional rattling gasp as she calms. Dean places his hands on her back, tracing the slope of her spine from top to bottom. After each pass of his fingers, his sweet girl stirs less and less.

“I know, Omega Daddy has been stressed lately. We both need to find peace.”

Dean falls astray to his thoughts as he pats Claire’s back. In just a few short hours, Dr. B is going to tell him that he’s failed Cas. There is just nothing about him that has changed to even suggest a child within his womb; the one thing that is all up to him. The Novak family needs Dean to do what his body was designed for; breed more pups. Sam showed him the magazine article a few days ago, and the Omega has re-read it at least twenty times. Every time a little more weight on his shoulders appears, pushing his chest in on his body. Oddly enough, on this one topic, Dean’s desires coincide because having a house full of laughter from children is his heaven. He shuts his eyes humming “Hey Jude” to Claire, letting the scent of contentment rest over them both. The young man’s roaming mind halts with a faint knock at the nursery door.

As the Omega looks up, he sees his brother standing, practically filling the entire doorway. “You know you’re really early.”

“Dean you said before nine and it’s like 8:45, so right on time.”

The Omega tilts his, head almost mimicking his mate’s look of confusion perfectly. “What?”

“You said be here before nine if I wanted to watch Claire while you head to your appointment. Are you feeling okay?”

How the hell did he lose almost two hours? Man, this whole situation has him all tied up knots and not in a good way. “Yeah I’m fine, just stressed out.”

“I am starting to regret telling you about the sole heir thing. It has you seriously messed up.”

Dean is still caressing Claire’s spine as he tries to pull his shit together. Sam ambles over, taking her
from him. “Why don’t you take a shower or something? Seriously Dean, you need to calm down, it’s not healthy for anyone.”

The Omega Daddy nods in agreement as he rises to his feet, moving towards the big master bathroom. “Bobby is downstairs if you need anything. Cas and I should be out in an hour or so.”

“I don’t need Bobby’s help, I totally got this handled.”

“She needs a diaper change.” Dean cackles as he hears his brother’s quiet reply.

“Let’s go find Bobby.”

A few minutes later, Dean is under the hot stream of the shower. It’s one of those standing marble showers with glass doors and two headed massage spout. He closes his eyes, letting the water beat down on his skin, washing the stress down the drain. A tiny ray of hope glimmers to the surface as his fingers graze his stomach. Maybe he is wrong. There is a very slight chance that being with his true mate finally helped him to conceive.

From just outside the glass shower door. “Dean. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine Cas. Just getting a quick rinse before we leave.”

Dean can hear the swing of the glass as Castiel steps into the stream with him. The Omega leaves his eyes closed, just taking in the touch and scent of his alpha. Cas drags his fingers up and down Dean’s spine as he places gentle kisses to his shoulders. “Relax, my love. Stop making a mountain out of a mole hill. This isn’t do or die time. If you are, that’s great, if not, we try again next heat.”

“Easy for you to say.” The words slip out before Dean can think about their implications.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Castiel continues to sooth his Omega with strokes of his fingers and lips, but his tone is turning harsh.

With a deep sigh, “Cas, the longer it takes me to get pregnant, the more your family will hate me.”

“Stop it. Have you ever thought all this worry over them is why nothing is happening?”

The Omega pauses, really listening to his alpha. Stress. Worry. These are all things that can deter pregnancy. Jesus, it’s like an evil cycle that he wants to halt but can’t. “Kiss me.”

The request is faint, but Castiel whips Dean to face him, claiming the Omega’s lips with his own. The kiss begins soft and sensual as their tongues find a tender rhythm, but then gradually builds. Their scents blend in the wake of the steam, causing their bodies to ache for one another. Suddenly Dean wants to inhale everything Cas and be left dripping in satisfaction. In the back of his mind, Dean knows they should stop but the water is alleviating the stress, and his lover’s lips are leaving his mind blank and lustful.

Moans are filling the bathroom when Castiel tilts his head away, “If I knot you, then we will never make our appointment on time.”

“Don’t care. I just need my alpha.”

He knows it’s a low blow but still totally true. Dean listens intently as Castiel kneels, dragging his tongue over the bottom shaft of the Omega’s cock. A low sultry groan leaves his throat at the sensation. The Omega has to grasp Cas’s shoulders when the alpha takes his dick fully into his mouth. God, Dean’s head spins as he finds himself completely undone by his lover’s tongue. Castiel
switches between deep throating and tugs of his fingers, building speed and pressure with each pass until Dean cums so hard he sees stars. “Holy Shit, Cas.”

The alpha stands, kissing Dean’s nose with a grin before taking him into his arms. The Omega tucks his nose into the crook of his mate’s neck, inhaling the stimulating scent of rain before a storm. Cas lulls his nerves as the alpha strokes his spine softly from top to bottom. In that pacifying moment, held in the arms of his lover, Dean senses something change. He would never be able to put it into words but almost like a switch being flipped.

“Dean.”

The Omega has no intention of responding, he is so astray with emotions. He simply snuggles in deeper scenting Cas.

“Dean?”

“Cas just five more minutes of bliss before I have to face reality.”

“Do you smell that?”

Reluctantly Dean lifts his head, opening his eyes to glare at the sparkling baby blues before him. In that moment, he notices the massive smirk on his alpha’s face as the aroma in the confined space alters. “Cas? Did I just…”

Castiel cups the Omega’s face with his hands, tears of joy dripping from his eyes. “Change your scent!!”

In unison the two men cry out, “Bread.”

“Dean, you smell like fresh bread baking in the oven.

Without warning, the Omega is sprinting from the shower, searching for a towel and fresh clothes, Cas nipping at his heals. “Dean, where are you going?”

“Hurry up Cas! We have an appointment to make, I don’t want to be late.”

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The Omega is pulsating with excitement. The nurse took his blood and urine first thing leaving, he and Cas to sit in the exam room. Dean’s in an awful, grey hospital gown that leaves his ass out for all to view. Typically, he would be whining about being embarrassingly exposed, but not today. He could be butt ass naked and he wouldn’t care. His scent has changed which means only two things, and his claiming aroma transformed a while ago, so that leaves option two.

Dr. Balthazar breezes into the room with a Cheshire grin plastered to his lips. “Well clearly you boys have been playing some AO games because we have success.”

“I’m pregnant?” Dean yells so enthralled in his emotions he can’t wait for the answer. Castiel squeezes his hand holding his breath.

“Yes! Congratulations guys we have a pup.”

Castiel releases a squeal that could be heard three offices down, and Dean begins hooting and hollering in triumph. “Fuck yeah! Cas you knocked me up good.”

The two expectant parents kiss hard and quick, wanting to stare at the man with the plan. Castiel
speaks first, “What’s next?”

“Well Dean is only four weeks along, so we are very early in the pregnancy. We will schedule another appointment at 10 weeks to check heart beat and how many are in there. Until then, I advise the following for Dean; first healthy exercise and plenty of rest, second no alcohol or sedatives, and finally, keep up the AO games. I honestly feel they have helped the bond between alpha and Omega, so let’s continue to foster that alliance.”

Dean and Castiel are bobbing their heads in unison taking in every parcel of information. “Anything else?” The Omega wants to make sure he is doing everything possible for his child.

“As head of the Novak family, Michael will be notified today of the pregnancy. He will insist Dean …”

“NO!” Dean shudders from Castiel’s drastic change in mood. His mate stands so fast his chair knocks over clattering to the floor. “Dean conceived naturally and that will stay the same. No drugs, Balthazar I don’t care what Michael says. He can’t force Dean to take anything and I forbid it!”

The doctor merely nods with an understanding that Dean does not share. “What the hell is going on?”

Cas is so full of rage he’s shaking, and so the Omega looks to Dr. B with pleading eyes.

“When Amelia was pregnant with Claire, a new drug from Halo Health became available. It’s an oral medication that encourages the fetus to develop as an alpha, it only has a sixty percent success rate. There are several side effects including severe hemorrhaging during childbirth. I believe your alpha has made the choice that you will not be keen on taking the drug.”

Dean pauses for a minute, because being able to ensure that his child presents as an alpha would be wonderful. His life before Cas helps him to see the upside of never having an Omega child, but then he glances at his panic stricken mate. They will leave it up to fate. “No drugs.”
“This is going to be AWESOME!”

Dean really likes his party planner, but God her enthusiasm is nauseating. Becky Rosen came highly recommended, and she actually is willing to let Dean plan the event. Several other planners would only speak to Cas, asking if Dean could stay at home. It helped narrow the field quite fast because that was an easy no. The budget for his post claiming party is in the six digits, and therefore planners are flocking from Savannah, Atlanta, and Charleston.

Becky, a beta, was the only one to treat him like a person and not the Novak’s property. Dean and Becky are standing in the Savannah Station, a banquet hall on the edge of the city. The Omega loves the off-beat décor. Cas has said he doesn’t care and the party is for Dean, so the Omega is getting exactly what he wants. The Savannah Station has a first floor that can be set up to be elegant and fancy, but the second floor bar is all Dean. There are neon lights saying BAR and BEER with old school oak paneling. This is where Dean will host the Omega gathering.

The post claiming party derives from centuries ago when alphas would claim their Omega’s in public. Performing the act in the town square, and then there would be a huge bon fire and roasting of an animal for good luck. Today’s version is much more civilized. First, the act of claiming is done in privacy and the parties range from backyard BBQ’s to massive million dollar affairs. Michael sent over the guest list, and so far and it has 300 people on it. This number will get bigger once Cas and Dean add to it, thus the need for a very large space.

Dean and Castiel have settled on a simple vow exchange with separate receptions. The event will begin with the two lovers professing devotion to one another in front of all their guests, then the Omega’s will move upstairs, leaving the alphas and betas in the main hall for the after parties. Castiel feels it’s important for Dean to make more Omega friends, and hopes the separation will help foster this.

“I really do love the Bar area for the Omega reception. What kind of food can we serve?” Dean is pushing Claire’s stroller around the space, trying to make a final decision. Sam is wondering around bored, but still trying to look supportive while Benny has pulled out his phone for the hundredth time.

Becky is bouncing up and down, “Dean! This is your party! I will make all your dreams come true. What do you want?”

He rolls his eyes because seriously she’s laying it on a little thick, but damn if he isn’t smiling. “I want an all you can eat hamburger bar.”

“Okay.” She stops jumping, forcing her smile to stay on her face. “You can have anything on the planet and you want hamburgers?”

Sam finally joins the conversation, cackling a bit. “Yup, you heard right. Dean’s favorite food since the time he could chew has been hamburgers. Can I come up here and have the fun food?”

The party planner’s eyes smolder as she steps into Sam’s space. “Oh no Sam, you are an alpha, which means you will be downstairs with me.” She begins to stroke his chest, closing her eyes.

“Can you please stop petting me?”
“No.” She emphasizes her response by stepping even closer to Sam so that their bodies are touching. Dean busts out in laughter which then Claire mimics clapping her hands. “Hey Becky, let’s go ahead and book the space. I think we found a winner.”

The realization that she gets to start spending tons of the Novak money brings her around as she faces the Omega. “Awesome! I will go get the contracts started. Are we still looking at the middle of June?”

“Yes, I want some time to plan, but I do not want to be huge and waddling at the party.”

She rushes out of the room as Dean taps Benny on the shoulder, “Okay, time to go home.”

Sam and Benny carry the stroller down the stair case as Dean follows them. The moment that Cas found out he was pregnant, the Omega has not been able to lift a finger. Benny has been permanently assigned to Dean, which basically means the alpha tags along with him all day, making sure that he doesn’t harm himself and that no one comes near him.

The changing of his scent was amazing and brought such joy to the Omega. However, the new aroma has put Cas’s protective alpha side into overdrive. Dean swears if he could, Cas would cover the Omega in bubble wrap before he leaves the house.

Once the group is back into the black Range Rover that Bobby specifically purchased to transport Dean, Benny swivels to face him in the backseat, “Where to now little boss?”

Dean hates the new nickname because he’s is fairly sure he is taller than Cas, but it’s a sweet term of endearment. “Back to the house, Benny someone needs a nap.”

His brother pipes in, “Actually Dean, you’ve been on your feet since seven this morning, so I think two naps are in order.”

The Omega huffs, but then yawns, so maybe Sam has a point.

The drive back to the house will take over an hour, so everyone hunkers down in their seats. Dean is twiddling his thumbs watching Claire chew on a toy when a thought strikes him. “Hey Benny, did you ever meet Amelia?”

“Sure did. I was her personal guard as well.”

The Omega nods his head slightly, taking in the information before speaking again. “Why do you think Cas chose her?”

“Do you want the company line, or my own opinion?”

The two brothers speak at once. “Opinion.”

Benny snickers for a minute. “Castiel did not choose Amelia. His mother made the match when he was twenty five to keep her darling boy out of Omega issues.”

Sam leans back in thought, “But if he was the only one who could have pups, why choose a beta? Why not go with an Omega that’s built for procreation.”

“All I know is that when Michael started pushing Castiel to choose an Omega mate, their mother showed up with Amelia. Mother Novak was a strong believer in the power of science. I honestly think she felt having a beta would be easier, and science would help create heirs.”
Dean’s voice is hushed, “then that same science killed her.”

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Later that evening Dean is standing in front of the huge bathroom mirror. Castiel is reading Claire a story and then putting her to bed, so Dean can think up a game. Instead, the Omega is staring at his reflection. He pulls his Henley up, exposing his flat belly. Dean’s only symptom thus far is the new scent and maybe fatigue. He has woken up in some odd places lately. There is a faint voice in his head that constantly waivers on whether he is actually pregnant. All those around him are happy, and most the time Dean is too; however, he can’t shake the doubt as he feels exactly the same.

He grazes his fingers over his tummy, wondering what is actually in there. “Hey little pup. This is your Omega Daddy. Whatever you are, I’m going to love you with all my heart. You have this awesome older sister and the best alpha father on the planet. Just be healthy, okay sweet pup.”

On the last word he hears someone clearing their throat behind him. “You are so beautiful Dean Novak.”

Cas skims Dean’s skin, ghosting his fingers over the Omega’s stomach. A shiver spills down Dean’s back at his touch. Dean swivels, placing his lips over the alphas, pressing his chest firmly into Cas’s too. The alpha’s hands trace his arms, moving their way up to Dean’s face as their kiss stays soft and gentle, their tongues caressing with the tenderness of love. When their lips finally part Dean sighs, “I’m too tired to come up with a game Cas.”

“Do you want to sleep?”

The Omega’s emerald green eyes darken as an idea begins to form. “No, I want my alpha to plan the game.”

The alpha strokes his chin, his blue eyes roaming the Omega’s body. Castiel tugs at the bottom of Dean’s shirt, lifting it up and off his body. Then Cas drops to his knees, placing his cheek on his abdomen while wrapping the Omega’s waist with his strong arms. The alpha stills for a minute rubbing his face against Dean’s tummy. Dean has never felt such reverence and devotion in his entire life. Castiel’s voice is sultry and sexy, “You are extraordinary, my love.”

“Cas, you are being such a dork.”

The kneeling lover growls, lifting his head to glare at his Omega. “Dean, I wish you could see what I see. Our child is making you glow, God you are everything to me.”

“So are you going to stay down there, or are we playing a game?”

This gets Cas’s attention as he hops to his feet. “Game! Strip down naked and climb on the bed, face up.”

Dean’s smirk darkens with enthrallement. He loves when his alpha takes the reigns. The Omega obeys without question, watching as Castiel removes his own clothes, sauntering behind him. “What’s the game Cas?”

His lover tilts his head with a wink, “I think I will call this Giggles. You will make your body into a huge X. The only thing you cannot do over the next thirty minutes is laugh or move.”

“That’s crap Cas, you are just going to tickle me until I giggle.”

Castiel is suddenly hovering over Dean on all fours, “No, I cannot use my hands.”
Now that makes things interesting, so the Omega decides he has the upper hand. “I agree. What are we playing for?”

“Naming Veto rights for our pup.”

The Omega’s grin darkens as a wave of need for his alpha’s knot builds in his crotch. “Deal, and then you’ll fuck me hard.”

“As you wish my love.” Castiel moves to Dean’s side careful not touch the Omega as he grabs the stopwatch hitting start.

The alpha bends down to Dean’s thigh, putting his lips together and blows. The air movement gracing his skin sends goose bumps over the Omega’s body, but damn it he grinds his teeth determined to win. Dean hears a soft chuckle from the man over him, but keeps his eyes locked on the ceiling. He is not going to lose. The whoosh of breath from his lover continues moving up onto the Omega’s crotch. He moans with the sensation, but has yet to release even a glimpse of laughter.

Castiel turns from the bed, grabbing something from the nightstand. “Guess it’s time to try something new.”

Dean’s eyes slide to the side, taking in the view of Cas standing naked next to the bed with a black feather in his mouth. “You said no touching!!”

“I said no hands.” He mumbles over the feather.

Dean is grumbling profanities when the feather starts at his neck, gradually dusting circles down his chest. It stops at each nipple, tantalizing each one until they are stiff with lust. God, the silky smooth feather treks down his torso so gently, tickling the Omega. He thinks he’s got it made when Cas reaches his belly button, and Dean erupts in giggles.

Castiel pumps the air in triumph. “I win!! I win!!”

The Omega would respond, but he can’t catch a breath as he assaulted with full belly laughs, making tears fall from his green eyes. Before he’s calmed, Cas is flipping his knees up, fingering his channel. In between gasps Dean screams, “Please Cas, fucking knot me now.”

His hole is dripping with slick, hungry for his alpha’s knot. Once Castiel decides that Dean is opened enough, the Omega feels the gratification of a hard cock penetrating his channel. As his alpha thrusts deeper and deeper inside of him, causing the omega to become completely undone he yells, “I love you, Dean Novak.”

This is Dean’s favorite moment, with Cas above him feeding his desires as he spouts his worship to the Omega. The younger man can finally accept his love and devotion. Here with his alpha knotted inside him, Dean feels whole, but it’s more than just the dick in his ass. Castiel gives him strength and the courage to cry into the dark, “I love my alpha, now and forever.”

Several minutes later, as the two men lay locked together, Cas whispers into Dean’s ear. “You are my pregnant Omega.” His alpha’s hands stroke his belly, circling the tiny spot where their child rests in his womb. “Nothing glows brighter next to you.”

“My sappy Cas. We will fill this house with children for us. The rest of the family be damned.”

Castiel scents Dean, carding his fingers through his velvety hair. “That’s my boy.”
Chapter 22

Castiel stops the SUV in the front of their home. It’s only four, but lately he’s been trying to spend more time working from the house. The alpha’s heart warms when he is near his pregnant mate and his darling princess. He’s about to open the car door when his cell phone rings. Cas glances at the caller ID deciding whether or not he wants to answer it, but he’s been avoiding Michael’s calls for over a week.

“Good afternoon Michael.”

He can hear the condescending tone, “Castiel. I am so glad you could take the time to speak with me.”

“I have a few minutes. How can I help you?”

The younger alpha lays his head on the steering wheel waiting. “I am saddened by your decision to refuse the alpha enhancing drug for Dean. The medicine has fewer side effects for Omegas, and thus I think…”

“No. Nothing you are about to say is going to change my mind. Dean’s body has done a wonderful job all on its own. We are leaving the presentation of our child up to nature. Is there anything else?”

“I see that Dean has added his brother to the guest list for the claiming party.”

And there it is, the real reason Michael has been hounding him. “Yes, Sam Winchester will be attending. He has been extremely helpful with Claire and Dean.”

“Castiel, it is inappropriate for any member of the old family to attend. This is completely unorthodox. Next you are going to tell me that Hannah will be returning from England.”

A wide grin spreads along Cas’s face as he weighs the options to being honest with Michael. Oh what the hell, “Actually, Dean sent her an invitation a few days ago. We have not heard back but the decision will be Hannah’s or Crowley’s. It’s out of our hands now.”

“I forbid this, Castiel. You are making a mockery of the entire tradition.”

“You know what Michael? Fuck you; this is Dean’s party. You want more heirs, then this is how it’s done. My Omega will have whatever he wants, and honestly brother, there is not much you can do about it.”

With that, Castiel ends the call. He looks to the phone exclaiming, “what an asshole!”

The alpha swings open the front door when he hears a grunt from the floor by the bottom step of the stair case. Before his eyes focus on the scene before him, his nostrils scent his Omega in pain. Castiel tosses his briefcase to the marble floor dashing to Dean’s side.

The pregnant Omega is laying on his back grumbling. “Don’t freak out Cas, I missed a step and twisted my ankle.”

Castiel retrieves his phone, texting a pre-set group, 911. Then he’s scouring Dean’s body for injuries. The tiny trickle of blood from the corner of his forehead makes Castiel dizzy. “Dean, your head is
bleeding?"

His mate appears disoriented as he touches the wound. “Maybe I hit the banister a little. Am I moving?”

“Are you cramping? Does it hurt anywhere else?”

Dean’s hands grasps his stomach his eyes going wild. “I think the pup’s okay. Jesus Cas, what if?”

The alpha growls deeply as he lifts Dean into his arms, stepping outside where the Range Rover engine roars with Bobby behind the wheel and Benny riding shot gun. Castiel places the pregnant man in the backseat, clicking his seat belt before climbing in between Dean and Claire’s car seat.

The wheels squeal as it tears down the driveway. Dean is shouting, “Who the hell is with Claire, I was about to get her up from nap?”

Castiel holds a baby burp cloth he finds on the floor to the cut on Dean’s head. Using the other hand, he spreads his fingers over the Omega’s stomach. “Sam. He’s on Claire duty in an emergency.”

“Jesus, you guys have a laid out plan for this.”

Benny swivels in his seat. “Little Boss, your health is priority one. So one text and we all jump into action.”

“Seriously. I fell like two steps and twisted my ankle. No big deal.”

The alpha grips Dean’s ankle, putting it in his lap, tugging the jeans up to reveal a swollen ankle that is quickly turning a weird shade of purple. “Dean, you have a head wound and your ankle needs to be checked out. We are not going home until a doctor looks at it.”

Dean’s voice is soft and timid. “Yeah maybe we should, I don’t feel so good.” The Omega bends over vomiting on the floorboards of the brand new Range Rover. “Damn I needed that.”

Castiel tries to keep a calming scent in the SUV. His mate needs peace and serenity right now, but deep inside the alpha, he is screaming in terror. Please God let them be alright.

Fifteen minutes later, the vehicle whips into the ambulance bay of St. Joseph’s Hospital. There is a team of five people standing, waiting for their arrival. “Cas, let me guess. This hospital is owned by Halo Health.”

“There’s their jobs depend on it?”

There is a sly grin on his alpha’s face, and Dean can’t help but feel bad for these doctors and nurses. “Maybe.” Cas winks as Dean’s door is opened, and two orderlys are boosting the Omega into a wheelchair.

Castiel’s hand stays glued to the Omega’s, never letting go for a second. He’s stroking Dean’s palm with his thumb. Having his mate in the hospital is hitting fears that the alpha tends to keep hidden. Dean and their child have to be okay. He’s had it with tragedy and struggles; he wants to be home cuddling on the couch watching a Marvel movie. The team works around the alpha almost like he’s an extension of the patient.

A tall brunette beta nurse taps Cas on the shoulder. “Mr. Novak, we need to take your Omega down
Alpha and Omega look at their connected hands in unison, then at the nurse with sad desperate eyes. “I can’t let go, please find a way.”

Dean’s head nods in agreement whispering, “Please.”

“Guys, we should have asked Mr. Novak to leave hours ago. It will only be twenty minutes. I promise.”

Castiel squeezes his lover’s hand, holding on until he is physically forced to release his grip as they roll Dean through the staff only doors. The alpha stands alone in the hall, a cold chill sprinting through his body.

Dr. Balthazar arrives while his mate is gone and reviews the tests that have been done thus far, ordering more.

“Balthazar, just give it to me straight. Is the baby okay?”

The doctor checks the chart. “They were able to get a heartbeat, and there is no blood in his urine or channel, so I think we are in the clear. When he gets back from CT, I will do an ultrasound while they suture his laceration. After that, we will wrap his ankle, unless his scans tell us differently.”

The alpha is nodding his head, but can’t get past the fact that they heard a heartbeat. His child is alive and strong. His own heart rate can return to normal as he waits for his love to get back. Castiel is considering an elevator for the house when he is met with stunning emerald green eyes. “Dean.”

“Hey Cas, we get to see the baby next?” The grin on his lovers face is infectious as Cas returns it two fold.

Two nurses settle Dean into position as Dr. Balthazar pulls up the hospital gown to squirt a gel on the pregnant man’s belly.

“Here we go boys. First picture of the pup.”

Castiel’s breath catches in his throat as the doctor moves the wand around looking for just the right spot. He kisses Dean’s cheek taking his hand. “What do you think my love? More than one?”

A soft whaw whaw sound fills the silent room. “Nine weeks is a little early, but there is the heartbeat and it seems like we may have two.”

“Two?” Dean’s eyes are wet as moisture drips from his eyes.

The British accent answers as Dr. Balthazar points at the screen. “Castiel, Dean, you have twins. I see only one embryo sac, so identical. Everything looks healthy and on track. Let’s wrap your ankle Dean, and discuss nutritional needs.”

“Nutritional needs? Is there a problem?” The alpha is sure that Dean has been eating and drinking plenty of fluids.

“No, but it seems like he blacked out for a minute, and an adjustment in diet might help alleviate this symptom so we don’t have another fall.”

“Whatever you say Doc. Can I go home soon?”

Balthazar scratches the scruff on his face. “I really don’t have a medical reason to keep you overnight
other than for observation. Cas what do you think?’”

The alpha crawls into the hospital bed with Dean, tucking the Omega into the crook of his arm. “I want all three of them safe. Tell me how I achieve that goal.”

The two men lock eyes as Castiel becomes lost in the deepest of green. “Home. Cas, I want to go home.”

The doctor is already signing the release papers because he knows that the alpha will never be able to refuse the plea of his pregnant mate.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

There are some POV changes in this chapter. **** will tell you when, let me know if you hate it but the chapter needed both. Thanks for reading!

Castiel stirs as his alarm clock blares next to him. The alpha stretches as he rises from the bed. He almost laughs when he turns around, glancing at his mate. Dean is sound asleep, wearing only his boxers, with his arms loosely wrapped around Claire, her nose gently ghosting over his neck. There are also two more blankets from one of the third floor bedrooms delicately placed on the bed. Dr. Balthazar calls it nesting. Most Omegas have some form during pregnancy as their minds prepare for parenthood; however, because Dean’s pheromones have been amped up due to the AO games, he has started super early. Every morning this week, Cas had woken to new quilts, sheets, or pillows on their shared king size bed, and his daughter as well. Most nights, around three in the morning, Dean stumbles about only partially awake, collecting his materials. Princess then settles it all into very specific spots, and Dean then goes back to his dreams.

Balthazar says it’s healthy and that Castiel should not discourage the behavior, even when it’s 95 degrees out and Dean is tucking him in under three heavy blankets. The alpha stares at his stunning mate. Dean is eleven weeks along in his pregnancy, and his stomach has begun to blossom a bump. His eyes graze over the roundness and his heart swells with pride. His entire world slumbers in this bed, safe, healthy, and joyful. To be honest, there are days he wishes that he could keep all four of them in this room, forever tucked away from the horrors of the world. Yet, that is just not possible, so he opts for heavy security measures and hope.

The alpha runs downstairs to find the morning post sitting on his porch. He flips through to the social life section, and there it is a full page article on their post claiming party. The event will take place in three days, and as tradition calls for, the couple has put out an announcement for the town. He was not expecting it to be three photos of them and a half page article on their family. Castiel is scanning the story when he freezes halfway up the stairs. Damn it, the little beta journalist mentions the family's unorthodox decision to invite a member of the old family and an Omega who has married off to a new one. Crap! How the hell did she find that out, and WHY would she add it to a fluff claiming piece? Michael is going to be so pissed.

When Castiel returns to their bedroom, Dean and Claire have moved to the floor and are crawling around playing with a train. “How is the ankle this morning?”

“Pretty good, swelling is all but gone, and only a few bruises.”

He tucks the paper under his arm, observing the injured leg closely. “I have several meetings so I will need to spend the day at the office. Are you still planning on shopping with Meg?”

Dean rolls a train across the room, cackling as Claire zooms after it. “Dude, look at her go.” He swivels his head, returning his gaze to Castiel. “Yes. Dr. B said I need to walk more, so a day of baby shopping with Meg is actually good for me. Can I have the card?”
A huge smile builds on the alpha’s face as he crosses to his nightstand, retrieving his wallet. “Okay, but take it easy. We want you mobile for the party.”

The Omega stands, putting weight on his ankle and hissing slightly. “Just following doctor’s orders.” He replies with a wink.

Meg and Dean move through the isle of a posh baby store on the outskirts of town. His friend is about to give birth any minute. Her due date was yesterday, so literally everyone is on high alert. For the past few days, Meg has been coming to work with Benny in case things start moving along. It was yesterday when she mentioned she hadn’t even bought any clothes for the kid. So Castiel and Dean offered to purchase whatever she needed as their pup gift to the new parents.

Benny is pushing Claire’s stroller with the white locked knuckles of an expectant father. Dean snickers because he’s pretty sure that will be Cas in a few months. “Okay, it’s like hot as balls out so maybe just onesies?”

Meg nods her head. “The pup’s a girl, so maybe a shitload of pink ones and were done.”

The alpha behind them begins chuckling. “Aren’t you two supposed to be like, fawning over all this stuff?”

“Shut up you old man and just keep pushing the stroller like a good alpha.”

The two Omega’s giggle away, until an elderly lady tuts at them for their behavior, causing Meg to shoot her the bird. Dean bends over from laughing so hard. He is able to pull it together in time to finish the shopping and not pee his pants.

The little shopping excursion group approaches the black Range Rover from the back, loading several bags of clothes and baby supplies into the SUV. Then Benny heads to the driver’s side, pausing to put Claire in her car seat behind him. As soon as the two pregnant Omega’s step to the passenger side of the vehicle, they see it. Neither one screams or reacts, they just tilt their heads in unison taking in the scratches to the black paint. Scrawled across both doors clearly by a key or screwdriver Die Omega Hore is written.

“Well, that clarifies nothing because that could be for either one of us. Not to mention what kind of idiot doesn’t spell check their omega slurs. Fucking moron.” Meg states, her voice solid and more perturbed by the misspelled word than anything else.

Dean is a little more spooked by the graffiti. His hand protectively covers his growing baby bump. Omega Whore is slang for a claimed Omega that is not behaving. The term is used more to demean the alpha who allows their mate to run wild. He’s fairly sure that this is a response to the article in the newspaper this morning. Cas tried to shake it off as no big deal, but Dean knows better. The words from Dr. Balthazar ringing in his ears, “if your behavior enrages an alpha to the point they feel that retribution is necessary, it won’t be your skin in danger.”

God, he feels like such an emotional mess as tears form in the corner of his eyes. That’s when a very large, pheromone charged alpha comes around the car. “What are you two looking at…”

Benny immediately takes out his phone, taking several pictures of the damage to the car. Meg tries to diffuse the building strain of the situation, “You should totally post that with the quote. They may be whores, but at least they can spell.”

The roar that comes from Benny sends chills up Dean’s spine. “Get in the car now!”
The two Omega’s hastily obey, watching through the front dash as Benny growls and punches the air several times before climbing in on the driver’s side. The alpha’s phone beeps before he’s settled so he takes it out reading a text. “Fuck.” Benny moves faster as he slams on the gas, catapulting the SUV out of the parking lot.

Dean squeaks out, “What’s going on?”

“I need you to stay calm, Dean.” The alpha is scratching at his beard as heZooms through the light traffic.

“Why do I need to be calm?” There is bile rising in his stomach from fear. Dean’s only thrown up once since being pregnant, but his stress levels are skyrocketing. He may be tossing his cookies again very soon.

There is silence in the vehicle for several drawn out minutes. “I’m going to tell you something Dean, but I need you to remain totally relaxed for the sake of your pups. Ok?”

Dean gags several times before he can reply. “Benny, tell me now or by God. I will lose it anyway.”

“Sam’s been attacked. He was downtown at the library, and three alpha’s jumped him in an alley.”

The world goes completely askew as Dean’s vision becomes blurry, and he can actually feel his heartbeat pounding in his head. “Is he okay?”

“The text was from Castiel. It seems he wasn’t too far from the Halo Health offices. He was able to crawl in the front door before passing out. He’s at the hospital now.”

Dean’s eyes are wild, full on sobs leaking from his mouth. “Benny, take us there now.”

“No can do little boss. My orders are to get this entire car to the house immediately, and lock it all down.”

“Please, I need to make sure Sam is alright.” His pleas are thrown to deaf ears as Benny continues to speed in the direction of their home.

 Claire, scenting Dean’s distress, begins to cry too. The Range Rover is quiet except for the weeping of a sweet baby and her loving omega.

Dean barely registers the movement when the SUV pulls up to the plantation house. Benny and Meg scramble out, taking Claire with them, but the Omega can’t bring himself to move. He was the one who pushed to get Sam and Hannah invited, and now his brother is paying the price for his actions. The soft sobs turn into full on wails as he feels Bobby’s arms coaxing him out of the car. “Dean, it’s okay. I talked to Castiel. Sam has some mean bruises and two broken ribs, but nothing serious. Let’s go inside and let you lie down.”

“I need you to drive me to him. Please Bobby.” His words spurted through the gasps of sniveling tears.

The beta cups his face, tugging Dean’s stare to the older man’s eyes. “He’s fine. Castiel is going to bring him here in an hour or so. Sam’s going to stay in the main house until he’s recovered, but you’ve had quite a scare and I need you to calm down. Remember all three of your pups can sense your anxiety.”

Unable to speak, Dean simple nods in agreement as he exits the vehicle, letting Bobby guide him. In
the foyer the Omega pauses, “Let me just sit on the steps and wait. Please.”

“Son, if you’re sitting on the bottom of those stairs when Castiel gets home, you will give him a heart attack.”

True, that may not have been the brightest idea, but Dean wants to rush to Sam’s side and the stairs will limit his approach. “The kitchen table, you can make me a snack.”

He lets the beta steer him back to the table, pulling out a chair. “What can I make for you?”

The Omega is not hungry, but maybe it will help the dizziness that is overwhelming him. “Ice water and a peanut butter sandwich.”

It’s nothing difficult, but it keeps Bobby busy while Dean digs out his phone, dialing Cas. His alpha answers on the first ring. “Dean. Are you alright? I just heard about the car.”

“We are all fine. Two pregnant Omegas and a baby; nobody was going to approach us. How is Sam?”

“They did a number on his face, but the only broken bones are two ribs. We are just waiting for his pain meds prescription and then we will head home. Do you need anything?”

Dean wants for the world to stay out of his happily ever after scenario, but he responds, “I just need my alpha and my brother home.”

“As you wish, my love.”

He ends the call, taking a tiny bite of his sandwich. The food hits his stomach and the Omega realizes how hungry he is, devouring the rest and asking for two more.

Dean is chugging down a glass of milk when he hears the front door open. He’s on his feet in a flash, dashing towards the foyer. He spots Sam first, throwing his arms around his brother and squeezing tight.

“Dean, two broken ribs.”

“Shit.” He steps back, assessing the visible damage. Sam has two black eyes, a swollen nose, and a pretty nasty cut on his jaw. His knuckles are all sorts of colors from attempting to fight back, and he winces when he inhales.

“You can sleep in the lavender room on the other side of the nursery. Are you hungry?”

He shakes a small pill bottle. “I have Codeine for lunch and then passing out for the entire day.”

Dean wants to apologize for being the reason for Sam’s injuries, but he knows his brother will never let him. He watches the tall, lanky alpha limp up the stair case. When the Omega turns back, his eyes catch the brilliant baby blues of his Cas. He has no more energy left except to step forward, collapsing into his mate’s arms. Dean whimpers softly as the alpha uses one hand to rub his back, and the other carding through his short hair. “Everyone is okay, Dean. It was just some stupid knotheads making their point known.”

God, why can’t Dean get it together today? It’s like his hormones are in overdrive. “Cas. They could have killed him. I don’t want the party anymore.”

“Look at me Dean.” The Omega follows his order, staring into the blue abyss. “We cannot let these
evil, old world believers dictate our lives. We are going to have your lovely party, and it will be the hit of the town. Although, I think asking Sam to stay home and babysit Claire may not be a bad idea.”

“You want to leave our daughter in the care of someone in a codeine haze?”

Cas slopes his head to the side with a look of apprehension. “Perhaps Sam and Bobby can babysit Claire.”

Dean laughs through his blubbering as he holds his lover tight.

****

The next morning, Castiel rouses from sleep with a mini kick to his arm. The alpha rolls to his side, discovering Claire once again cuddling with her Omega Daddy. He is also sweating under four quilts, and there are three new pillows at the bottom of the bed. Castiel sits up, massaging his eyes and grinning at his lovely family. As the alpha peers around the bed, he notices an extra set of feet. He, Claire, and Dean are enveloped in fabric, and yet there are two large feet hanging over a pillow. Letting his eyes follow up the suspicious stranger, Cas takes one of the many pillows surrounding him, hitting the new occupant.

The stranger's shaggy brown hair pops up as hazel eyes meet his own. “Man, you try and reason with a hormone induced Omega at four in the morning. This was easier and we will never talk about it again.”

Castiel stifles a giggle, “You think this will be the last time?”

“Nope, but we are going to deal with it just like Fight Club.”

“Fight Club?”

“First rule of Fight Club: you do not talk about Fight Club!” With that, the younger alpha flops his head onto his pillow with a huff.

The father just throws his head back in a full belly laugh. God, he loves his family.
Today is the day! Their post claiming party is happening for better or worse. Dean grumbles at the kitchen table, glaring into a bowl of cheerios. The Omega has yet to suffer from morning sickness, but he also is repulsed by food first thing in the morning. He glances over at his sweet girl gnawing away at a heap of cheerios on her high chair table. “Do you want mine, princess?”

“No Dean, you need to eat something. I can make you eggs?” Castiel was closely watching him. The past few days had been very taxing, and the party tonight is just adding to Dean’s anxiety.

“Oh God Cas if you put anything with a smell in front of me, I will be yakking on the tile floor.”

His alpha just nods, returning his attention to the laptop. “Eat your cheerios Dean.”

The Omega sticks his tongue out with a scowl.

“You can make faces at me all morning, but you’re not leaving the table without eating something. Are we clear?”

“Yes, alpha.” He really shouldn’t give Cas a hard time. Dean’s lost two pounds this week. Dr. B said it was stress, but still not good. Dean should be gaining, especially with twins in tow. Consequently, his alpha has been joining him at every meal, not allowing Dean to leave until he has eaten.

“What if I give you a treat for finishing your breakfast?”

A naughty dark grin spreads across the Omega’s mouth, his green eyes darting up through his long lashes. “Shower knot.”

He licks his lips as the blue eyed God across from him cracks his neck. His voice is hushed, but full of lust. “Deal, you eat that entire bowl and I will fuck you into the shower wall.”

A few minutes later, Dean has his cheeks stuffed like a chipmunk with cheerios when Sam stumbles in, “Morning guys, what’s for …Jesus Dean fucking chew.”

The Omega can only smile as a few cheerios fall onto his chest. Sam grabs a chair at the end of the table, munching on his own cereal, when Bobby comes in through the sliding glass door.

“Michael and Hael are here and situated in my cottage. Can I just bunk on the third floor instead of a hotel?”

Cas goes to say “Sure.”

Just as Sam tosses cheerio’s at him trying to stifle what sounds like, “Fight Club.”

Dean’s eyes dart between the two alphas, trying to figure out what an old Brad Pit movie has to do with where Bobby sleeps tonight. Cas chokes on his coffee as he stands, facing Bobby. “I think you may want to sleep in the safe room tonight.”

He observes the two older men leave the room, whispering intently before turning to his brother. “What the hell was that?”
“Trust me Dean, it’s weird enough waking up in bed with my brother and his mate. I don’t need to add a surly old beta to the mix. The scent proof room is perfect for him.”

The Omega likes waking up to his family all around him, so he shrugs it off. “Hey, need you to change Claire and dress her. Cas and I are going to be busy for like, an hour.”

Sam just lays his head on the kitchen table with a grunt. “Fine, just for the love of God, don’t tell me why.”

*****

Dean’s already in the shower when he hears the glass door open. He pivots, coming face to face with stellar blue eyes. “I ate all my cereal and drank two glasses of milk.”

Castiel’s fingers draw ovals into the Omega’s swollen stomach. “Good boy, Dean. It seems I have found a way to overcome your distaste towards eating.”

“Quit talking and ride me alpha.” Dean’s slurs as his lips meet Castiel’s hard and rough, full of tongue and scraping teeth. Their arms encircle each other, tucking their bodies into one sleek line of skin. The stream of hot water beats down on them from above, spilling into their mouths each time they pause to pant. The Omega can feel the slick leaking from his hole, dribbling down the back of his thighs. He knows his mate can also as he grinds his hard cock into Dean’s own crotch.

The alpha drops his fingers, lazily finding his lover’s wet channel, opening him with deep full thrusts of his hand. Once Castiel feels his mate is ready, he swivels the younger man, spreading his arms out wide on the cold tile of the shower. The alpha tugs Dean’s hips slightly towards him, keeping his belly a safe distance from the hard marble wall. Without warning, Cas is lining his cock up to the Omega’s ass and plunging the rock hard member deep into Dean’s wanting hole. The Omega’s entire body releases a sigh as his lover drives his dick harder and deeper inside him. Castiel’s thrusts become harsher as the Omega screams over and over with each plunge of his alpha’s hips, “Fuck me Cas.”

There is no other feeling as this; he is completely undone at his mate’s building knot. Dean cums all over the wall, never having been touched.

His words of worship causing Castiel’s knot to swell, locking him to his mate as the alpha pulls Dean to his chest. The Omega slumps his head back, breathless, having been properly knotted into oblivion. His lover drops soft, tender kisses up and down Dean’s shoulders whispering between each. “I love you Dean Novak. You are my forever.”

The Omega wants to respond to the kind words, but his brain is lost in a post orgasm haze. The only word he can spit out is, “awesome.”

*****

Thirty minutes later, the two men are toweling off when Dean hears his phone ringing in the other room. He darts into the bedroom, grabbing his phone, sprawling naked across the bed. “Hey Meg what’s up?”

“Gave birth this morning, no biggie.”

“Seriously! Congrats, what’s her name?”

“The big old softy decided she should have a family name, so it’s Marie.”
“Cool I like it. Aren’t you supposed to be like, in all this pain and stuff?”

There is a quiet sigh before Meg replies, “Hell no, I made very good friends with my anesthesiologist and got hooked up with the good shit. That pup practically fell out.”

Dean cackles at the image. “I’m thinking of having the pups at home.”

“Are you high now? Do whatever you want Dean, but I suggest at least birthing in the hospital where the good drugs are kept. Anyways, that means Benny and I will have to miss your party.”

“You are forgiven Meg. Give Benny and Marie a kiss for me.”

“Laters Novak.”

The call ends as Dean notices his alpha lying next to him, dragging a sole finger up and down his torso. “Meg had her pup.”

“Everything go okay?” The slight touch is giving Dean goose bumps and also making his dick hard.

The Omega has to moan before, “Yes. Named the baby Marie; all went well.”

Castiel claims his mouth, their tongues caressing as the kiss builds with passion. The alpha releases Dean’s mouth with a wink, “Excellent.”

His mate gradually drags his tongue down the Omega’s body, halting at the baby bump. Cas places two chaste kisses before wandering down to Dean’s crotch. Once there, the alpha strokes his cock twice prior to devouring the younger man’s dick. Dean cries out, “Cas! What the hell has gotten into you?”

Castiel sits up, staring at his lover. “You need to relax Dean. All this constant worry and tension can be harmful to the twins, and the not eating is bothering me. If you promise to eat a good lunch I will finish?”

“That is so unfair and you know it.” His dick is throbbing with need for the alpha to complete his task. Yet, Cas doesn’t move an inch, waiting for his Omega to decide. “Yes! You win. I will eat an entire pizza.”

“Dean, you need to take care of yourself. I don’t want you to …”

“It’s okay Cas. I know anxiety can lead to an Omega miscarriage. I promise to let you pamper me and then have a huge lunch.” The alpha grins, his eyes following suit as he lowers back down onto Dean.

Honestly, all this exercise has seriously worked up an appetite anyway. Cas puts two gentle kisses on his stomach again before returning to Dean’s desperate erection. The Omega closes his eyes, letting the sensation of his mate’s mouth wash over him. Today is his day and tomorrow begins his life with Cas forever.
Chapter 25

Dean is playing on the floor with Claire in the master bedroom. Blocks of differing colors and sizes are strewn across the dark hardwood floor. His sweet princess’s face is tight and fixed with concentration. She is set on making a circular block not roll. The Omega makes no effort to help her after each failed attempt. She needs to figure it out on her own. Claire is extremely smart, especially with blocks, so Dean knows she will prevail on her own accord. His eyes glance over at the hand tailored, black Omega pregnancy tux hanging on the closet door. In two hours, Dean will stand in front of 500 people and finalize his commitment to the Novak family. The bite on his neck marks him as Cas’s Omega, but the ceremony is more about officially becoming a Novak.

After the traditional words are spoken, Cas will speak freely about his mate. Then Dean is given one sentence to devote his life to his alpha. Sam has been working with him all week, making sure Cas hears a certain song over and over. The clever Omega has found a way to say more than only a few words to his mate. Then Michael will kiss his cheek, and the world will know him as a Novak. It also means that Hael will eventually be displaced as head Omega in their pack. One day, if all goes well, one of Dean’s children (Claire included) will pop a knot, giving Dean the prized title. In most families the title means nothing, but when there is five billion dollars at stake, it’s a whole new ball game. As head Omega breeder or caregiver of the inheriting alpha, he will get it all after the deaths of all the current alphas, until his child turns 21 and can take over the care of the family. Which means he could disown all the other members leaving them with nothing, of course, there is no way in hell Dean would do that, but it’s a choice.

Cas strolls out of the bathroom, looking all types of delicious and sexy. The alpha has been running more and his long, lean legs show it. Dean knows from experience the soft, smooth, silky skin that’s taught over strong alpha muscles. Castiel is wearing a black pair of snug boxer briefs while he shaved. His pale skin with messy dark hair makes the Omega’s mouth water. This is why he will follow every rule tonight and behave like a proper Omega. He loves Cas more than anything else in the world. Dean’s hand ghosts over his slightly swollen tummy, his lover put these babies there, and it makes his Omega pheromones hum with delight.

Dean’s breath hitches as the stunning blue eyes of his mate meet his in a soft loving stare. “Are you ready to get dressed?”

The Omega sighs, he really has no desire to put on the suit but he has to look the part, so taking Cas’s hand for balance, Dean rises to his feet. “I hate the shirt. The fabric is so thin, Cas you can see everything.”

“You are going to be wearing a tux in the summer heat of Savannah. Promise me the light weight shirt will be a blessing. Once you get the jacket on, no one will see anything.”

Cas doesn’t have to mention Dean’s real hesitation towards the shirt. If he removes his tux jacket at anytime, everyone will see the scars on his back. The alpha doesn’t even see them anymore, but Dean hates the look of pity he gets every time someone new spots the damage. The only nice part about the tux is the expandable waistband, which allows for an Omega’s growing bump. “Okay Cas, let’s get this show on the road.”

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Castiel positions himself on the platform in the center of the banquet hall. The stage is maybe four
feet by four feet, raised a foot in the air so all the guests can get a proper view. The edge of the stand is lined with yellow tulips. They cost a fortune, but Dean’s eyes lit up the second Becky showed him a picture of the bright flower. The entire room is done in shades of yellow and green. It gives the space a cheery spring time feel, making the alpha smile. There are dozens of circular tables spread around the stage with the Novak family closest, and then spiraling out with other guests. Any minute Dean will appear from the main door to slowly process with Hael. The current head Omega will walk in front, leading the way to the new family.

The alpha scans the room, lost in a sea of expectant faces. The head table holds Michael, Lucifer and his wife Lillith, Anna her wife Jo, and Gabriel. His eyes fall two tables back to find the other set of blue eyes he knows all too well, Hannah. They are the only siblings to truly look alike with their dark hair, blue eyes and pale skin. She’s wearing a lovely yellow chiffon dress with a prominent baby bump underneath. Castiel’s heart warms because clearly his Omega sister called ahead to ask the colors of the wedding. Traditionally, the Omega family members will dress in the wedding colors. Even though she is no longer a Novak, she still took the time to show her support.

His bright blue eyes notice movement as the doors open, revealing the small dark haired Omega. Hael is wearing a long, flowing, green silk dress. She chose it to match Dean’s eyes as an act of kindness and unity. She carries a small bouquet of yellow roses. A strings Trio begins to play “Hallelujah” by Rufus Wainwright. Her movements are slow and effortless as Hael marches down the small aisle, heading to Castiel’s location.

Once the dark haired woman reaches the halfway point, Cas can finally peer on his beloved mate. He helped Dean into his black tux, but the alpha still finds himself breathless at the sight. Dean’s cheeks are a pale red as he embarrasses in front of a crowd. He wants to run to the most stunning person in the room, but holds back as he waits for his Omega to come to him.

Dean saunters gradually, keeping in time with the music, allowing the beautiful soft sound to propel him forward. Hael pauses in front of the stage, turning to wait for the new Omega. Then she takes Dean’s hand, helping him up onto the platform. Per custom, Dean turns to kiss Hael chastely on the lips, symbolizing the bond of the Omega Novaks.

Castiel takes Dean’s hands into his own as the music dies out. First the traditional words:

“I, Castiel, have claimed you as my mate. You are mine until the grave collects you from my arms.”

“I am yours, alpha. I stand devoted to the Novak family, now and forever.”

There is clapping from the guests, then once the noise falls to silence, Cas begins his speech.

“The moment I saw you, I was lost to the rest of the world. The only thing that matters is my Dean. I want to spend the rest of my days staring at apple green eyes, and listening to the most amazing laugh. I devote myself to you, my Omega, my friend, my lover, my entire existence is wrapped in you. I hit the lottery when I met my true mate, the love of my life.”

Dean’s emerald green eyes are glistening as he listens, and Cas can’t help but feel the connection to his Omega. Once he completes his statement, it’s time for his Omega’s one sentence. He sees a twinkle in the younger man’s eye.

“Cas, with your love I’m not alone…In your world: I’m never far away from home.”

Then, as the two lovers gaze into each other’s eyes the string Trio begins to play a new song. It’s only then that Castiel realizes the meaning behind Dean’s words. For the past two weeks, he has heard this song “With your Love” by Journey, and as the music swells, the alpha lets the lyrics fill his
With your love I’m not alone...In your world: I’m never far away from home

A life I thought I’d never find...In your eyes I see all that I am with your love

On my own...I searched for something more

In your arms...The kiss I’ve waited for

I was lost for words...To say what’s in my heart

Just to be close...To the beauty that you are

If someone could see to the end of our lives

I know they’d find me there by your side

Tears fall, wetting Castiel’s cheeks. Through the haze of happiness, he watches Michael approach, placing a soft tender kiss to Dean’s forehead. Finally, the alpha takes his mate into his arms as their lips meet the final lines of the song dancing through Castiel’s heart.

I’ve walked among the lonely...Watching lovers come and go

Fate finds us here as one...You are salvation to my soul
Chapter 26

Dean follows Castiel to the head table to be seated for dinner. All the guests will share a meal before the Omegas separate to head upstairs to Dean’s burger feast. The Omega’s nerves have calmed down a little, and he is patiently awaiting his release; however, he’s regretting that he listened to Becky because the joint dinner will span three courses, ugh!

Throughout the meal, Castiel will visit each table to accept offerings. It is tradition that each guest write down either on paper or something more elaborate, well-wishes or advice for the happy new couple. Some of the older Omegas will give recipes or embroidered pillows and blankets with kind words. Dean watches as Cas leaves before the first course to start with the outermost tables. He will work his way slowly in, finishing with the head table. Dean is expected to stay at the family table and look pretty so that’s what he does.

The first few tables only have envelopes which means boring letters of advice; no thank you. Dean’s eyes drift over to Hannah’s table. He really finds her fascinating. She’s wearing a yellow dress which actually says a lot about her ability to stand up to the rules. Her mate, Crowley, looks like a grumpy bulldog with a scowl on his face. The bulldog alpha is sipping scotch and refuses to speak with anyone at his table. It’s almost like Crowley is trying to put on a show for everyone because clearly he cares for Hannah. He shelled out thousands to get here, and it’s on his shoulders that they are attending at all. Dean is captivated by the two mates because they don’t seem suited for each other, but every once in a while, Crowley looks at Hannah, and for a split second, he softens. At one point, she winces from a baby kick and she takes his hand; yet, its Crowley that holds on and squeezes even after Hannah has returned to her conversation with another Omega at the table.

The first course arrives and Cas returns to take a few bites. It’s cold cucumber soup, and there is no way in hell Dean is eating that. He instructed Becky to pick the menu because he didn’t care. Perhaps he should have been a little more attentive because just the smell is making his stomach turn. Castiel pats his thigh gently, “Are you going to eat your soup?”

“No. It smells horrible. I’ve got burger heaven waiting upstairs so no need to worry.” He covers Cas’s hand with his own.

His alpha reaches into his pocket, producing two small boxes of cheerios. “Eat one now and I will be very grateful.”

“Fine.” Dean opens a box, grabbing a handful. His mate watches him chew for a few minutes, then he’s off to collect more letters.

Hael is sitting to his left, and she leans over observing the cereal. “I thought tummy troubles were only in the morning?”

He makes sure to swallow before responding, “Nope. These little pups have my stomach doing summersaults almost the entire day. Lately it’s weird smells, like cucumber, that set it off.” He glances at his ignored bowl.

She nods sympathetically. “What’s on the menu for the Omega gathering?”

Dean grins with pride. “Hamburgers with every topping imaginable.”

Hael giggles, then pushes her soup to the side. “Excellent.” The Omega likes her a lot, and they
banter on for a while about pregnancy, pups, and her life in New York with Michael. He learns that even without kids, she has a very busy schedule. She does charity work with misplaced Omegas and their children. It would seem that Michael makes her happy. He never acknowledges her the entire time they chat, but her demeanor would seem to say their arrangement works for her.

Michael remains a mystery to Dean. The head alpha talks occasionally with his siblings, but never to any of the Omegas at the table. It seems odd to Dean, but he’s not being rude or cruel, just quiet, keeping to himself through the meal.

Suddenly Dean feels a tap on his shoulder. Dr. Balthazar is standing with a very short Omega next to him. “Hi, Dr. B. Are you having fun?”

“I am Dean, thank you.” The older alpha puts his arm around the shy Omega. “This is my mate Kevin. He’s a little unsure about the Omega separation, I thought he could walk up with you when the time comes.”

“Of course.” Dean shakes Kevin’s hand. “Just come find me when it’s time, okay?”

Kevin bobs his head in agreement, then Balthazar is whisking him away again. The main course is served, and nothing on his plate looks appetizing, so he winks at Hael, pushing his plate away. Dean wishes that Cas would sit down for more than a minute to shovel food in his face, but everyone wants a word, and he has a lot of hands to shake. He does observe several pillows and a blanket appear, which makes the Omega cheer up because he knows exactly where they are going.

He decides people watching may help pass the time, so Dean notices when Lillith excuses herself for the restroom. He does not care for her. First of all, she is a Novak Omega, and she wore a slinky, super short, BLACK dress to the party. Dean’s been trying to let it go, but as she shakes those tiny hips, flipping her blonde hair, he really wants her to trip in those six inch Jimmy Choo’s.

Dean is munching on cheerios when he spots Lillith in the far corner of the room, talking to Cas. Alarm bells are going off because she is stroking his bicep with her red manicured nails. Another wave of nausea hits the Omega as he is forced to watch that evil bitch openly flirt with his mate at their claiming party. Good God, that’s like the worst manners ever. He’s about to stand up to remind her that Castiel is taken, and has no desire to be messing with her lady parts, when his alpha smacks her arm away. The Omega can scent the rage pouring over Castiel. His mate’s eyes are angry as he hisses at the blonde, making her take a step back from him. Dean has to stifle a hoot from his lips when Cas points in his direction before heading straight to the Omega.

“I should have warned you about Lillith.” Dean turns to look at Hael with horror in his face.

“This is normal for her?”

Hael just shrugs. “She’s always had a thing for Castiel. The rumor is that Lucifer prefers the company of other alphas over her.”

Now this has Dean’s full attention. “You mean Lucifer does...things?” The older Omega nods her head with a sour smirk, “with other alphas.” She continues to make her head bob up and down.

“I think she’s called a beard, but I don’t get it.”

Oh, but Dean does, many of his fellow male Omegas were subjected to living in the attic or shed while a female Omega lived it up in the main house. It’s not like there is a stigma to male alphas having a male Omega anymore, but old habits die hard; however, alpha on alpha action is brand new to him. He’s going to have to ask Cas about that one later, in private.
Finally, Castiel returns to their table, lifting Dean into his arms for a big, full mouth kiss. He can hear a few cheers as their lips continue to dance together. His alpha breaks the kiss whispering, “She’s an idiot who refuses to accept the truth. She hounded me during my time with Amelia too, but no stress, okay?”

The Omega’s eyes are tempered for the moment as he slinks back into his chair. “No stress Cas. I’m good.”

Dean feels sorry for her as Lillith never comes back to the head table, taking a seat at the bar. The feeling of relief washes over him as dessert is served. The Omega begged for pie, but no, bland old vanilla cake was on the menu. Damn it Becky! Cas actually eats his entire serving, kissing Dean again before dashing off. Hael’s moved to another table to gossip about Lillith’s behavior, leaving the Omega to entertain himself.

He glimpses over at Hannah. She clearly likes cake because she is on her last bite and when that is gone she gives a little pout. Dean cackles because it’s so fucking cute. Her bottom lip curling under as she lifts the empty plate towards Crowley. The bulldog alpha takes a bite of his piece, watching Hannah closely as her pout increases with a sigh. Suddenly there is a faint grin on Crowley’s face as he takes Hannah’s empty plate, giving her his own. She kisses his nose before devouring her second helping. God, this is better than cable when the alpha scowls hard and deep, trying to cover the most adorable action Dean has seen all night. He is mesmerized by the two mates. When Hannah finishes, she leans back, kisses the top of Crowley’s head, then waddles in the direction of the bathroom. Now Dean is not a math whiz, but he’s pretty sure that Hannah is only about six months pregnant. That would put conception around mid-December. His head tilts to the side as his face scrunches in thought, oh my God. There is only one way an Omega could have heat that late. Hannah suffers from false heats just like Dean! He makes a mental note to get the chair next to her at the Omega gathering. He has so many questions.

Five minutes later and Hannah is still in the bathroom. Dean catches sight of Crowley moving to pace in front of the Omega bathroom door. He knows that the restrooms are equipped with a standard alpha alarm, and there is a sign on the door stating as such. A few more minutes, and the bulldog alpha is glaring at the scent proof door, growling. Then, without a care in the world, Hannah exits stumbling into her mate’s arms. She smiles as Crowley sticks his nose into her neck inhaling deeply. Wow, he just openly scented his mate in public. Dean can only imagine what they are like in private.

Michael steps onto the stage and silently stands, waiting for the conversations to die down. “Thank you all for coming. Castiel, myself, and the entire Novak family appreciates the gesture of joining us on this wonderful day. If all the Omegas in the room would kindly follow Hael up the stairs to the right for their gathering.”

Dean glances around the room looking for his mate. He spots Cas talking to Lillith at the bar. She leans in whispering something in his ear. What the fuck? Fine, he can have his secret chats with the bimbo, Dean is heading for his hamburger. His alpha better not expect any post claiming sex tonight because this ass is closed. The Omega startled when a hand slips into his. Balthazar’s little Omega gives him a timid grin. “Ready for some yummy burgers, Kevin?”

The little Omega shrugs and Dean guides them towards the staircase. There are two guards at the first step to keep any alphas and/or betas from going any further; even the servers will be Omegas. He’s about to touch the stairs when he hears Cas call his name. Dean skims a look over his shoulder as green eyes catch blue, but the Omega just keeps going making his point abundantly clear.

Kevin tugs on him a bit as they climb the staircase. “I think you may be in trouble later, Dean.”
The newest member of the Novak clan throws his head back exploding in laughter.
Kevin is still holding Dean’s hand as they enter the Omega gathering. The entire upstairs bar area is full of flowers and splashes of his color theme; green and yellow. The burger buffet is across the far wall on the actual old school bar, and a mini bar area is next to the stairs with an Omega bartender. Dean knows he can’t drink, but God, after watching Cas and Lillith he really needs one. The older Omega spots Hannah in two seconds and darts over to her table. “Hi Hannah. I’m Dean, this is Kevin, can we join you?”

Hannah gives Dean a bright warm smile that is accented by her yellow dress. “Please do, I would be honored.”

He hastily takes the seat next to Hannah while Kevin sits on his right side. “It’s really cool that you came, how did you get your alpha to agree?”

“Agree?” She says through a giggle. “I simply reminded my dear mate that I have given birth to nine of his pups, with number ten in the oven. He owed me a trip of my choice, so here I am.”

Dean’s eyes are bugging out of his head, “You have nine children with another on the way?”

“Yes.” The female Omega replies nonchalantly. “Crowley likes my heats.”

“Does you alpha not allow you to take suppressants?” Hael asks as she sits at their table.

Hannah tilts her head to think about the question and Dean nearly falls off his chair. Her face and head slope looking exactly like Cas’s when he’s confused by a question. “Why would I do that?”

“So you can control your false heats?” Dean bursts out because he’s dying to ask questions about that topic.

She scans the other Omegas, “Are you seriously asking why I don’t want to stop my heats?”

The entire table answers in unison, “Yes.”

“Well goodness, to be honest, a mind blowing heat knot is like my favorite thing on the planet. Call me a knot slut if you want, but most Omegas only get that twice a year. I get it up to six times a year, and occasionally a pup, but then pregnancy heat sets in and totally worth labor.”

Kevin suddenly joins the conversation, “Pregnancy heat?”

“Have you not been pregnant before Kevin?”

The small Omega pats his tummy, “I’m eight weeks along with my second pregnancy, but the first one didn’t turn out so well.” His voice catches in his throat, “miscarriage at ten.”
Hannah stretches out her arm to pat his hand. “I’ve had one of those, it’s really hard.” The table falls silent for a few minutes before she continues. “Well, sometime between 14 weeks and 20 weeks you will get a pregnancy heat. People don’t like to talk about it, and it’s why a lot of Omegas stay home because it can last a few days or several weeks.”

“Is it just like a regular heat?” Dean really doesn’t want another high fever with his pups inside.

“No, that’s just the name. Basically, you just have a very urgent need to be knotted. There isn’t a fever or the cramping like a normal heat, but that crazy insane lust is certainly abundant.”

He hears a hum over his right shoulder. “Oh, that sounds delightful.”

“Well Damn, mini Omega over here is on board.”

The whole table erupts in laughter, except for Hael. Dean realizes that she has barely said a word, always staring at her fingers as she twists them together. “I’m sorry Hael. We can talk about something else. Do you not like your heats?”

The older Omega shrugs, her blue eyes filling with tears. “With Michael being sterile there was no reason for me to have heats. I’ve been on suppressants since he brought me home from the Academy. Well and now I’m forty so no more heats anyway.”

Wow, Dean is really surprised that she’s way older than Cas, but there is twenty years separating Michael and his alpha. It is one nice thing about being an Omega. Their genetics allow them to age much slower than alphas and betas. Hael may be 40, but her face doesn’t look older than maybe 28. It was only a year ago that Dean appeared more like an adult and less like a teenager, poor Kevin still looks like he’s 14. Often, that’s why others infantile them because Omegas really don’t ever look their age. Some even play it up, adding to the stigma; a certain blonde in a black dress comes to mind.

“Okay guys time for a topic change. The burger bar is calling my name.” Hannah stands up, waddling over to the amazing spread. Dean is about to follow her when he spots Lillith standing right next to the plates for the buffet. Crap, he just doesn’t have it in him to deal with the blonde, so he sits right back down.

Hael notices his change in enthusiasm, “You don’t want a burger?”

“I want a burger. I just don’t want to deal with her.” He points in the direction of Lillith.

Big mistake, HUGE mistake as Lillith sees him and saunters over, teetering on her stiletto heels to their table plopping down next to Hael.

“Can I help you Dean?” Her voice is icy and makes Dean’s stomach flop over.

Hael and Kevin are glued to their seats, watching the interaction intently. Dean puts on his best ‘eat shit and die’ smirk, “No I’m fine. Thanks for…oh yeah absolutely nothing.”

“I’m not going to kiss your ass Dean. Hael may be terrified of being turned out IF you take over, but I’m not.”

“I would never turn out family, EVEN the ones that I despise.” He can sense the irritation building. Dean is also struck with a familiar scent as he takes a deep breath. His Omega senses are shouting at him to acknowledge the new smell, but for the life of him Dean has no idea why. Then he’s distracted as Lillith shimmies in her tight dress, making Dean want to puke. God if he wasn’t pregnant he’d have clocked her one by now.
“Of course, one of your pups has to pop a knot, and I hear your refusing to take the enhancement drugs. Bold move?”

Dean’s fists tighten into his palm leaving half moon marks. “My choices about the well being of MY pups are none of your concern.”

“The hell it is.” She flips her long blonde hair with a cackle. “If none of your children are alphas, then the entire estate goes to Raphael, and I can promise you we will all be out on our asses. Well, with kids you will be, but Hael and I will be headed to the farm.”

The entire table gasps at her use of the word ‘farm’. Nobody talks about the absolute worst place for an Omega to land. Dean only knows about it because if Cas hadn’t picked him, he would have been headed there on his 25th birthday. Many unclaimed Omegas and those turned out by their families after a certain age are sent there to service alphas on an hourly basis. All Academies have one about an hour from their main campuses, but nobody gets to see them unless they are an alpha client or about to be a resident.

Dean rubs his swollen belly. As an Omega Daddy he would be handed over to anyone willing to take him. Pups are not allowed on the farm. He’s pretty sure that if the worst were to happen, Sam would be packing the family in a van headed to California. Many unclaimed Omegas and those turned out by their families after a certain age are sent there to service alphas on an hourly basis. All Academies have one about an hour from their main campuses, but nobody gets to see them unless they are an alpha client or about to be a resident.

Dean winks at Kevin, “Go ahead Kev, no burger should ever go to waste.”

The younger Omega devours the hamburger. God, clearly his stomach is doing just fine. Then the evil bitch across from him opens her foul mouth, “You know Dean, ANY of the Omegas in the family could birth Castiel’s alpha. For the sake of the family of course.”

Before Dean has a chance to answer, Kevin spits out through a bite of meat. “Lady, I think you and your vagina are barking up the wrong tree.”

Cheerios go flying across the table as Dean is rolling in laughter. Even Hael has her hand over her mouth, giggling like a little school girl. “I’m just saying Dean’s not so high and mighty as he acts. Castiel used to fuck Amelia into oblivion.”

“Oh, I highly doubt that.” Hannah remarks with a knowing grin.

Lillith taps her long nails on the table, “You don’t know shit, Hannah. You haven’t been near Cas
since he was 14, when you were sold to that stumpy old Crowley.”

“First of all, we were all sold to our alphas. Secondly, I happen to know the porn under Cassie’s bed didn’t include tits. Lastly, my alpha may not seem like much, but at least he pops a big old knot when he smells my slick. Pretty sure Lucifer doesn’t do that.”

The rage is rolling off of Lillith, her eyes narrow to slits turning towards Dean. “Say what you will, but your precious Castiel didn’t seem opposed to the idea. You know, to help ease the burden on his poor, damaged Omega.”

Dean’s vision goes blurry, his heart races, and no one speaks a word. “I need to pee.” It’s the only thing the Omega can think to say before he storms off to the restroom with Kevin right on his heels.

As soon as the two male Omegas are safely inside the bathroom, Dean grabs the sink holding on for dear life.

“He would never do that to you Dean.” Kevin rubs his back, helping Dean to relax.

His eyes are closed and the world continues to spin, “But she’s right. I am damaged. Cas doesn’t want to admit it, but he worries.”

“We are all damaged Dean. Only those who are lucky enough to mate after their first show go unharmed.”

After a few deep breathes Dean opens his eyes to look at Kevin. “How old were you when Balthazar found you?”

“I was 20, so not untouched. God, is it hot in here.” The smaller Omega says as he removes his tux jacket.

Dean’s body is shaking from chills, so he’s not sure what Kevin is talking about. The other man is twirling about trying to find a place to toss his jacket when Dean spots the damage to his back through the flimsy dress shirt. He almost yelps in shock as he peers at the exact same marks that are on him. “Your back?!”

Kevin shrugs, “The alpha before Balthy was a very bad man.”

Dean’s vision is all kinds of fucked up, causing him to sit down right there on the bathroom floor. “Kevin, I have the same scars.”

Kevin joins him on the cold tile, sweat pouring down his face. “My alpha said we had something in common. Were you kept in…’”

Dean finishes, “the basement.”

Both men are breathing heavily as the realization overwhelms them. Kevin is crying as he stares at Dean, “He destroyed my channel with the…”

Again Dean completes the thought, “poker.”

He is swept up in a storm of emotions as Dean crashes to the ground, letting his cheek rest on the cool hard surface. In an instance, he’s back in that house with the sadistic alpha. The Omega isn’t in the basement for the first time since arriving, he’s on the main floor next to a raging fire. He’s been tied with harsh rope into a submissive pose with his ass in the air. The pale hardwood floors a nice change from the soiled cement of the basement. Tears are streaming onto his face as the younger
version of himself glares at the weapon. A long, thin metal tool used to stoke the fire sits in the flames, gathering heat. Old yellow eyes has told him where it’s going once the metal is burning hot, “Mark you up good so no other alpha wants your sorry ass.” However, the alpha suddenly leaves to answer a phone call and Dean knows he has a chance to save himself. He struggles over to the fire feet first. He painstakingly pushes the handle to the poker into the flames. His toes are singed from the work, but at least it will save his hole from the brutal punishment. Dean is back in his correct spot by the time the bastard returns. When the alpha attempts to claim the weapon from the fire, he severely burns his hand. He rushes out of the house heading to the hospital, leaving Dean hog tied and naked on the floor, but unscathed from his torture. The next day he beats the Omega, then puts Dean out with the trash.

Dean is sobbing from the thought that Kevin wasn’t so lucky. It would explain his reservations about carrying his pup to full term. Oh God, Dean whimpers as his hand covers the bump on his abdomen, his twins. There is a ringing in his ears as his voice disappears. He must relax or his children will be lost. Dean is desperately trying to find something to calm the twirling room when his hand slips to the floor and it’s wet. The Omega raises his fingers trying to focus on the dripping red substance. The scent is revolting a mix of burnt flesh and tangy blood. Is this the end? Are his pups dying on the floor of an Omega restroom? A moment of lucidity claws its way into Dean’s mind when he realizes there is no cramping. He has no pain. Aren’t miscarriages agonizing?

Taking in several deep, disgusting breathes, Dean rolls over, his eyes falling on Kevin. The Omega is tossing about, writhing in excruciating pain. He might even be screaming, but Dean’s hearing is off and his vision continues to come and go. Dean can’t stand, he is unable to find help, but he does the one thing that neither of them had back in the house of horrors. He extends his arm, taking Kevin’s hand into his squeezing tightly. He wants to yell comforting words, but his throat is a desert. The two men stay like that for God knows how long. The creeping lake of blood stained slick seeps into Dean’s clothes, his skin, even his face. The older Omega’s tears blending with the mix. Dean is cold and he’s hyperventilating, but he tightens his grasp of the little Omega’s hand refusing to let go.

There is a sudden movement out of the corner of his eye as the door opens. The shriek from Hannah is terrifying as she dashes from the room. Dean stills in the comfort that she will seek help. Without warning, a loud alarm goes off, and the lights flash as alphas enter the Omega space. Balthazar rips Kevin’s hand away as he lifts the tiny Omega from the sopping red floor.

Abruptly, there are strong, muscular alpha arms surrounding Dean. He thinks someone is calling to him, but the Omega is barely conscious. Shock courses through his veins taking control of his senses. His nose tumbles to a soft neck and Dean inhales, letting the scent envelope him. It’s Cas. He is safe. In the arms of his savior, Dean finally relents allowing the darkness to claim him.
Chapter 28

Dean feels a jostle to his arms and the scent of his mate in panic. His eyes flutter open lazily as he takes in the scene before him. The Omega is in the emergency room at St. Joseph’s, he recognizes the exam area. His clothes have been removed, which explains the manhandling sensation while a nurse is scrubbing the dried blood from his tan skin. Dean thinks someone is screaming, but his hearing is still off.

That’s when he notices Cas on the far side of the space. His mate is actually growling and biting the air while four large men try to pull him away. Dean raises his hand timidly calling, “Cas.”

Well, that just makes Castiel fight harder, and a fifth orderly is added. There is a nurse with kind brown eyes in his vision, “Dean, we need to check on your pups. Your alpha is overly stimulated and needs to leave the room, or he will hurt someone. Please help calm him. We can’t use alpha spray around you and the babies, but if he won’t stop the orderlies will be forced to act.”

Dean nods his head, understanding the request. The Omega warmly smiles at his mate scenting the air with a peaceful aroma of love. “Cas, it’s okay. I’m fine, just go wait for me. Call Sam and check on Claire, I am very worried about her.”

With the mention of their daughter’s name, Cas finally relents and the five men drag him from the room. He watches the same nurse lock the door with a sigh. Suddenly there is an excruciating prick to his hand, and the Omega shrieks in pain. One second later there is a noisy banging on the other side of the door with desperate howls of need and loss. A tear falls from Dean’s face as he listens to his alpha trying to beat and claw his way through the door to comfort his lover. Abruptly, there is a loud thud followed by silence. Dean drifts off on a medicated cloud.

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When the young Omega comes to, he’s lying in an overly large hospital bed. He’s been draped with a gown and a soft blanket is wrapping his legs. The room is starkly white with two large chairs on each side of his bed. The one to his left is empty, but his brother is awkwardly resting on the right. “Sam.” Dean’s voice is scratchy and dry, but he has finally discovered it.

“How are you feeling?”

“The pups?” It’s all he can focus on right now.

“A sense of relief pours through Dean’s veins. His twins are alive. “Kevin?”

“He’s okay, but his pup is gone.”

With a husky, dark sound, “Why?”

“Dean, I’m not supposed to tell you the details.” Sam shakes his head, making his dark floppy hair bounce. “You went into shock. Scared the hell out of everyone, especially Castiel. They had to spray him three times with heavy duty alpha spray to drop his ass.”

“Where is he?”
“They gave him a room for the night after they cleaned him up, pissed and shit his pants. Hael came over early this morning to watch Claire so Bobby and I could head to the hospital. Bobby took Castiel back to the house immediately. Michael sat outside your room all night. He only left after I arrived to take over Omega watch duty.”

Dean tries to snicker, but it hurts. “Why do I need a guard here?”

Sam turns away, clearly trying to not make eye contact with his older brother, “Well, shit, I think you need to know. Just promise me to stay cool headed and relaxed. Swear?”

“I am a picture of tranquility.”

“The burger Kevin ate at the party. It was laced with alpha spray. His pup must have been an alpha cause…”

Dean quickly waved off the rest of the explanation. Direct ingestion of the chemical would cause an immediate miscarriage of an alpha child. That should have been him bleeding on the bathroom floor. Guilt weighs down on the Omegas shoulders, but he takes a deep serene breath. He needs to stay composed and not freak out. “Anybody else hurt?”

“No. Every Omega at the ceremony was tested and none of them had alpha spray in their system, even you. Although Kevin mentioned that the burger he ate was intended for you.”

“Yes.” Dean squeaks out.

“The only silver lining is that Castiel was unconscious by the time that information was revealed. Michael took over and made sure that you were never alone. There is still a chance that your pups could be alphas, so he’s not taking a single risk.”

The Omega will have to thank him later for the kindness, even though he knows it has more to do with Hael than him. God, he must love her with his entire soul. It makes Dean smile. Just then, the door to Dean’s room opens as Hannah enters, followed closely by Crowley.

Hannah is wearing a pale blue maternity dress that matches her eyes. The material is soft and probably breathes well in the summer Savannah heat. Dean notices that Crowley has a t-shirt in a matching color with jeans. The two mates are dressed alike, he can’t help but let out a sigh.

“Sam, this is Hannah and her mate Crowley.” He gestures to the new people in the room as they all take turns shaking hands.

“Hannah, how are you?” Dean asks as she sits in the empty chair. Crowley leans against the wall in the far corner, typing on his phone.

“I’m perfect. Had my blood checked, and the pup’s heart rate is great. So it seems only poor Kevin was affected.”

“Will you be leaving soon?”

“It’s a pretty long journey, so the plan was to stay a week and catch up with the family. I think it’s stayed the same. Boo?” She glances over at Crowley, who pretends to be ignoring them, but nods to her question.

“I’m sorry, what did you call him?”
Hannah giggles as Crowley ruffles a bit, his eyes never leaving the phone. “Boo, it’s a nickname from a game we played when I was younger. It just kind of stuck. Don’t you have a special name for your alpha?”

“Cas.” Dean replies with pride.

“Oh, that’s much better than Cassie.” She pauses before resting her tiny hand on Dean’s. “Is there anything we can do for you?”

The Omega releases a puff of air. “I need a distraction to get my mind off all this, tell me a story about you and Crowley?”

“I like that idea. What do you want to hear?”

“Were you happy right away? How did you get so many children with false heats? Tell me everything.”

The blue eyed Omega grins. “My mother had made arrangements with Crowley’s mother when I was 14. Payment was given, and I was to be collected after my first heat. So at 16, like most Omegas, my heat came and two days after it finished my alpha was standing at the front door, ready to take me to England.”

Sam speaks up interested too, “How old was he?”

“Twenty five, so there is a nine year age difference. Not to mention at 16, I was a tiny, young looking thing. When we got to England, his mother had arranged for us to live in her guest house until I was settled.”

“Did he claim you right away?” Dean is fascinated by the two mates.

“No. He waited about a week, but some other alphas started sniffing around so he laid his claim. It wasn’t the best experience, but we were young.” Hannah’s eyes drift off to the bulldog alpha, and he looks up for just a second, letting his eyes soften as he gazes at her. It’s like she is his sun, and he was designed to revolve around his mate. “After that, he kept to himself while I learned about my new family. I was worried for weeks that we would just be the kind of couple that never clicked. Then that December I had two more heats, actually if I’m not pregnant, I always have two heats around Christmas. He did his alpha duty and we became friends.”

The reserved alpha in the corner breaks out into a song, ♪♪It’s the best time of the year, I don’t know if there’ll be snow but have a cup of cheer ♪♪.

The room fills with laughter as the older alpha grunts, returning to his e-mail or game.

“Like I said last night, Crowley enjoys my heats. That first heat together really helped us to find a rhythm as mates, although it wasn’t until the miscarriage that we truly connected.”

Sam’s turn to speak up, “How so?”

“It was my fourth pregnancy and I had five pups to chase around. I caught the flu. It’s extremely fatal for expectant Omegas, and I almost died, and the pup did not survive. Until that event, we slept in different rooms, only coming together for knotting purposes. It’s fairly common in the UK for the Omega to sleep in the children’s nursery.”

“And After?”
She gazes off to the window as though remembering something sad, but lovely. “When my fever broke, I found myself in his bed. He had turned away the nurses and cared for me himself. I have never slept alone since.”

“And she never will.” Crowley adds his focus still on his typing.

Dean beams like he has discovered a long lost secret, “He loves you.”

The bulldog alpha crosses the room, placing his hand on Hannah’s shoulder. “She stole my heart years ago, and I pray every day she never gives it back.” Then Crowley winks, “but if you tell a soul, I will rip out your lungs with a spoon.”

The door to his room opens, and a disheveled Cas with a Claire on his hip enters the room. “Dean.” Castiel whispers his eyes puffy from crying.

His alpha looks adorable with his raven hair spiking in all directions. Cas is wearing the Omegas favorite t-shirt and jeans. Dean starts when he glimpses his alpha’s hands. They are covered in gauze and Castiel winces when he places Claire into the arms of her Omega Daddy.

“Baby girl.” The Omega bellows, so excited to see his daughter. The other people exit, quietly leaving the three of them alone.

Dean is hugging his sweet princess tightly while Cas scents every piece of his Omega. The alpha’s injured hand resting on his baby bump, “How is everyone this morning?”

“We are safe Cas.” As the Omega sniffs at his little girl bouncing on his thigh, the scent reminds him of a memory from the party. Claire has always had a unique added smell that Dean attributed to Amelia, but something is tugging at his brain. “Hey Cas, were any of Amelia’s relatives at the party.”

“No.” Castiel peers at him with confusion his head doing the little tilt. “Why?”

“I swear I smelled something of Claire. Are you sure?”

The alpha huffs, “She wouldn’t scent like any of her relatives anyway. In the end, we had to use a donor egg.”

“A donor egg?”

Cas lays his head on Dean’s shoulder, not really grasping the importance of the conversation. “Yes, we had tried many other alternatives, and this one suddenly presented itself.”

The family of three is curling up together, arms wrapping surrounding each other in love, but the final puzzle piece is falling into place for Dean. He inhales once more the top of his daughter’s head, the fragrance of nutmeg and pumpkin permeating his nostrils. He knows his suspicions are correct.

Claire’s biological Omega was at the gathering.
Chapter 29

Dean, Castiel, and Claire lounge in the hospital bed all morning. Cas discovers a cartoon channel for Princess, but really all she wants is her Omega Daddy. Since the moment she saw him, her little mouth repeats, “O DaDa, O DaDa.” This is her name for him. Her little hands holding his tightly, terrified he might let go. At the Academy, they all took classes on how to care for children. One of the learning units included connecting with non-biological pups. It’s common practice for alphas to replace Omegas after death, just as Cas had done. Back then, he never really understood how a child could bond with a complete stranger. Now, as he peers into his little girl’s bright blue eyes, he couldn’t think of her as anything other than his daughter. The Omega’s heart physically hurts at the idea of the donor Omega taking her away. He’s actually not sure how that could happen because as Castiel’s officially claimed mate, he is seen as Claire’s legal Omega. But that nagging voice in the back of his mind keeps reminding him that there is always a loophole.

After lunch, Dean is given a clean bill of health. He has to promise to stay stress free and allow his body to recuperate, but there is still no sign that he had been infected by the alpha spray in Kevin’s blood. Sam drops by to take Claire home because Dean wants to visit Kevin. Cas is not thrilled by the idea, but he understands that the Omega feels responsible.

On the way to Kevin’s room, Cas receives a phone call so Dean goes on by himself. He dallies outside the other Omega’s hospital room for several minutes, trying to will himself inside. He is not even sure he can put into words what he is feeling, but he has to try. With a deep cleansing breath, Dean steps inside, faking a warm smile.

The room is silent except for the beeping of machines and the snoring of both alpha and omega. Dean quickly turns to retreat when Balthazar raises his head, waving Dean over. The older alpha looks horrible. His hair is matted with sweat, eyes are red with dark circles underneath, and his face is the palest white Dean has ever seen. “Dean, thank you for visiting.”

Dean shrugs, taking the chair on the other side of the bed. “How is he?”

“He hasn’t woken yet. There was severe blood loss because of ‘issues with his channel’, so it might take a while. We will still be able to try again one day, but …” Balthazar drops his head on the bed sobbing.

The Omega is attempting a kind comment when Dr. B speaks first. “For all the dominance we alphas pretend to wheel, our little Omegas, in fact, hold the real power. The world can’t go on without you. Did you know that when an alpha truly mates with his omega, they will not survive long after their death?”

Dean clears his throat. “I don’t think so, I have seen a lot of Omegas easily replaced.”

Balthazar takes Kevin’s hand, placing a soft kiss to the top. “Not Omegas who are merely claimed and used for breeding or house care. True mates Dean, I read an article that suggests alphas who breed with their true mates will die within the year of their omegas.”

The conversation stills as Dean contemplates his words. The Omega has seen cruelty, the hatred pouring from the eyes of an alpha. There is no way that he ever held any control, much less power, over the sadistic bastards who abused him down to his soul. Dean opens his lips, ready to school Balthazar on his false ideals, when he thinks about the alphas who love their mates; Cas, Benny,
Balthazar, even Crowley. God, if Hannah were to die, Dean’s not sure how Crowley would ever leave her side until he was cold and ready for the ground.

“So why do so many alphas treat us like we are disposable?”

“Fear of the unknown. Alphas are trained to be strong and conquer the world, but with one scent an Omega can tear us to pieces.” Silence falls in the small room, then Balthazar finally stares in Dean’s direction. “How are you and the pups?”

“We are good, going home after this for some relaxation.”

Dr. B nods his head as he glances at his mate. “As your physician, I recommend you knot as soon as possible.”

Dean scoffs at the idea. “Seriously? I’m not sure Cas is really up to it.”

“All four of you need that connection right now Dean. It will help your nerves and settle his fears. Trust me on this.”

“Okay.” He answers softly, rising out of the chair to leave the room. Before he opens the door Dean turns, “Please tell Kevin I’m sorry for …everything.”

Balthazar doesn’t reply as Dean steps from the room, closing the door behind him.

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The two mates are in Castiel’s white SUV, driving home. Just the idea of his nesting bed makes Dean sigh, but then Balthazar’s advice bubbles up from his subconscious. “Who is at the house?”

Cas’s eyes slide from the road for a moment, “Most everybody really, they were all so worried that the entire Novak family is staying until you recover. In fact, Gabriel, Anna, and Bobby just finished an extensive search of the house to make sure not an ounce of alpha spray is there.”

Great, how the hell are they going to fuck with the house crawling with people? The vehicle is waved through the guardhouse, heading up their private drive when Dean spurts out, “Pull into the garage.”

“Why would I pull around to the garage? There are only like, three cars out front, and it’s such a pain to back the car out in the morning.”

Dean places his hand on Cas’s thigh. “You really want to pull the car into the garage and shut the door.”

The alpha is eyeing his hand, but does exactly as the Omega instructs. Once the SUV is safely in the garage Cas turns off the engine and closes the main door. “Okay, now we are slowly roasting, what now?”

“Roll the windows down, silly alpha.”

Cas obeys, “It’s not going to help much with it being 98 degrees outside and we are in the garage.”

Dean crawls into the back, lowering the seat forward to make a small open space for the two lovers. “Come here, alpha.”

“Dean, its too hot for sex and my hands are covered in gauze.”
The Omega doesn’t say a word, he just removes all his clothes, tossing them into the passenger seat. He also finds an old, soft quilt, spreading it over the scruffy carpeting. Dean suddenly has an urge to go inside for more blankets, but shakes his head pushing the thought down. He crosses his legs, thanking God Cas drives a decent size SUV and stretches his hand outward, beckoning his alpha.

“Dean. We could die of heat stroke.”

The pregnant lover simply sits without a word. Castiel gets out of the car and turns on a couple of old fans before joining Dean in the back. The alpha strips down naked, adding his clothes to the pile, then mirrors Dean’s body facing him.

The only sound is the two oscillating fans as Dean lies on his back, waiting. Cas follows him, hovering above his Omega on all fours. It’s Cas that breaks the silence, “Are we playing a game?”

“No. Make love to me.” The alpha shivers at his request because no one ever uses that terminology, and its beginning to dawn on him why.

He can actually see Cas thinking about it. “I don’t know how?”

“Do you like my eyes, Cas?”

The grin on his alpha’s face answers before his low sultry voice, “Yes.”

“Kiss me, touch me, knot me, but the entire time, never stop looking into my eyes. Can you do that alpha?” Dean’s body is erupting with goosebumps at the mere thought of it. He’s never had the desire or courage to ask this of anyone but Cas, his true mate. A flood gate of fear drives into his veins as the seconds go by with Cas not answering.

“As you wish.” Ripples from his lips with such affection, Dean can sense it in his toes.

Castiel leans back, resting on Dean’s thighs, shredding his bandages. “Cas, you need those.”

“Not as badly as I need to touch your skin.”

“Fuck, Cas.” Their eyes lock as his alpha lowers his head, letting their lips meet. The kiss is gentle, their tongues caressing with extreme care, but blue stays connected to green. Cas ghosts one hand down the Omegas body, stroking his skin, halting at the swell on his abdomen, patting it gently. He readjusts the Omega’s legs until he reaches Dean’s leaking hole. The alpha gradually works his fingers in, opening up his lover. Dean cups his mates face, scratching the scruff on his face delicately as their mouths continue to dance.

Dean yanks away, whispering “Let me on top.”

Like a well choreographed waltz, the two men switch positions. This allows Castiel’s hands more freedom to roam the Omega’s body while their eyes remain positioned on each other. Leisurely, Dean lowers his ass onto the alpha’s hard cock. They both hiss when the final connection is made, but never do their eyes shut. Using his thighs, he rocks little by little up and down his lover’s shaft. The Omega is lost in astonishment because as he rides his alpha, Castiel seems to blossom. This morning as he stepped into the hospital room, Cas was wilted and depressing, but this union with his Omega is causing a physical and mental change. The alpha is worshiping his sun, and brightens because of it.

Sweat seeps from their pores, the boiling temperature of the garage mixed with their passionate fervor draining their bodies of moisture. Dean’s fingers are grazing the alpha’s torso, softly up and harsh scratches down over and over, matching the movement of his hips. The Omega can feel the
building knot and smirks with anticipation. He builds his pace, crying out in pleasure. After the knot is swollen, Cas releases a deep growl, taking the Omega by his waist and thrashing him down on his cock, spearing Dean’s prostate. The two men moan in unison as the Omega cums across their stomachs, feeling the alpha release his own orgasm deep into his channel.

Castiel draws Dean down for a final kiss before closing his eyes with a lustful groan. “I love you, Dean Novak.”

“I love you, alpha.”

As the two men ride out their post coital bliss, and the duration of Castiel’s knot, the Omega begins to understand Balthazar’s words. It’s not power or strength that the Omegas wield over their alphas, it’s love. There is no bond stronger, and once an alpha has it gushing though their veins, it becomes an addiction. “Open your eyes, Cas.”

His lover complies. Dean smiles, glancing into dark blue blown pupils, dripping with sated release. His alpha is riding out his high like a heroin junkie, but what use is this revelation when he suffers from a similar dependence, his own sexual intoxication making his skin quiver with lust. If Dean is the sun to Cas, then the alpha is his air. He could never survive without him. This man raised him from perdition, producing a life Dean never knew was possible. The Omega kisses his sweet lover, letting their tongues sway together in a dark need. Every Omega deserves this or the right to turn it down. A spark has been lit and Dean will continue to fan the flames.
Castiel is leaning against the window of his home office. He is supposedly returning e-mails and waiting for a conference call, but he continues to be distracted about every ten minutes. That’s the time it takes Dean to jog one lap around the property. Scrutinizing the edge of the tree line near the tall white perimeter fence, Cas can get a glimpse of his mate. It's ridiculous really, the alpha spends nearly every waking moment with his Omega, but how he loves to watch him run. Cas was pleasantly surprised to discover that jogging while pregnant is encouraged to help alleviate minor discomforts and stress. Dean is amazingly fast with those gorgeous tan legs pumping, his face flushing with exhilaration, and the ever growing belly peeking out over his waistband. He chuckles every time that Benny in the golf-cart has to speed up to catch him.

Two weeks have passed since their post claiming party, and most of the family has scattered to the wind, minus Gabriel. His older brother has taken residence in a bedroom on the third floor across from the safe room. This also means that the three am nest collection now includes the beta, and Castiel has repeatedly told him to not sleep there, but he never moves. As the first one to rise in the morning, he has, on more than one occasion, found Gabriel tucked under Sam’s arm. Cas has tried to attain more information, but Sam just yells, “Fight Club!” and Gabriel ignores the questions. God, Castiel needs to focus and get this done before two o’clock. The local sheriff and her deputy will be by this afternoon to discuss any progress in the criminal case. Attacking a pregnant Omega and successfully killing an unborn alpha is a felony offense. His Omega scoffs at the idea that it’s a bigger deal because of the alpha child, but that is the law. Dean has been very quiet about the incident. Cas knows there is more to the story than his Omega is sharing, but he refuses to push. The health of his mate and their unborn twins must always come first.

They are now entering his thirteenth week of pregnancy, and so far every visit to Balthazar is filled with positive remarks, except for weight gain. Dean has become exceptionally picky about eating. They all accept that it stems from the poisoning, but it terrifies the alpha. Sam has been so patient with his brother. He will wash fruits and vegetables up to a dozen times while the Omega inspects everything. Over the weekend he baked a pie, allowing Dean to peruse every ingredient. At dinner that night, his mate ate three pieces, and as he took Claire for her bath, Castiel cried.

Every day a new item that Dean will not consume gets added to the list on the fridge. At the top of the list is red meat. Thank goodness he will allow chicken and some pork. Balthazar wishes for Dean to see a psychiatrist like Kevin does, but the mere suggestion makes Dean hyperventilate. So the current deal is Dean finishes four small meals a day and takes his vitamins, he doesn’t have to go. The alpha places his hand on the window as Dean and his entourage go sprinting by his viewpoint. Castiel still has reservations about permitting a car seat to be strapped to the passenger side of the golf-cart; however, it took one time listening to Claire squeal in delight as she chases down her Omega Daddy to be astray in pure bliss. An odd thought occurs to him, is this a first sign that she is in fact an alpha? But he halts the idea because his daughter playing chase with her own Omega is just too much for his old brain to comprehend. Castiel is desperately trying to clear his mind when his phone rings.

The caller ID is blocked, but the alpha is fairly confident of the identity. “Hello?”
“Mr. Novak, Charlie Bradbury here with an update.”

“Yes, Ms. Bradbury I have been expecting your call.”

Four days after the event, Balthazar and Castiel had discussed, in detail, their abhorrence towards a certain alpha. During the meeting that included large amounts of whiskey, they had contacted Oz Investigations. A private eye firm that was run by Charlie and her partner Dorothy.

“We have located the wizard. Would you prefer surveillance or ending the matter entirely?”

He hated the code names that she used, but not speaking over the phone about murdering a sadistic bastard was probably wise. “Please keep the wizard under a close watch and send any materials to myself once collected.”

“Got it.”

The phone falls silent before Cas can respond. Now that the evil alpha has been found, Balthazar and Castiel are at odds about what to do. Cas wants more information. Balthazar is very clear he wants the man’s head on a silver platter, literally. Castiel’s conscious requires him to make sure they have the correct alpha; however, there is also a feral animal inside his soul that desires to do it himself. To not simply give the order of his demise, but slash open the bastard’s throat with his own teeth. Drink the gushing blood, and know that he is the one to set his mate free. So Castiel will wait for surveillance photos. He will glare into the eyes of the devil and decide his fate. The alpha truly craves the chance to ask Dean, but the last time the Omega reflected on his past, he almost lost the pups due to shock. That is not an option.

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At two o’clock on the nose Castiel receives the text that Sheriff Mills and her deputy have been granted access to the property. They had picked the time so Claire would be down for her nap, but as he glances in the den, he spots a sleeping Omega too. The alpha leans over Dean, plopping a kiss to the Omega’s forehead. “Dean, Sheriff Mills is here.”

In a groggy voice, “Too tired. Start without me, alpha.”

“Dean, she specifically asked for you to join us.”

His mate’s eyes slit open as sparkling green peeks at him from heavy lids, “fine, but I want a snack.”

Damn, that little Omega has him. Cas will move mountains to see him eat. “Get a snack and meet us in the dining room.”

A knock at the door get Castiel’s attention. He lets the visitors in, ushering them to the formal dining room. “Thanks for coming out here. I would prefer Dean to be in comforting surroundings.”

“I totally get that.” Sheriff Mills turns to her associate. “This is my deputy, Gordon Walker.”

Sheriff Jody Mills has short dark hair and gentle brown eyes. Her smile is a mix of sarcasm and motherly love. It makes people adore and fear her all at once. The deputy is cagey and quiet, standing behind his boss, but clearly would prefer to be the dominant one. Mills is a strong, powerful female alpha, and Walker is a beta. She will always be the superior.

Castiel nods as they take their seats. Dean enters with an apple, taking the chair next to him.

“How can we help you?” The alpha asks.
The Sheriff opens a file folder reviewing the information. “Well, as I said on the phone, it’s like the burger just appeared. Not a single Omega can tell us how it got there. The only piece of evidence was the empty bottle of alpha spray in the Omega bathroom trash. Unfortunately, the bottle had been wiped clean of finger prints, but not of scent.”

“Scent?” Dean tilts slightly towards the table.

“Yes, my aroma expert was able to determine a specific combination that might belong to our culprit, but until we have a suspect, it’s of no use.” The interesting thing about an individual’s scent is that other people can share the same smell; however, when the aroma is broken down to its molecular level, it becomes a second fingerprint every alpha, omega, and even beta can leave behind. There are scientists who believe that when two people mate, they learn their lover’s fragrance on a molecular level. Others theorize that this can include any strong bonds like Omega and child.

Cas clears his throat, “I thought you had a new direction to take the case? This seems more like a holding pattern.”

“Well, Dean has been sending me some interesting questions that has prompted me to re-evaluate the motive.” Her eyebrow cocks up and she grins. Her deputy remains stoic, next to her.

This is news to the alpha, “Dean, you have been e-mailing with her?”

“Yes, Cas. You gave me her card and told me to feel free to discuss the evening. I have some ideas of my own that I wanted to share with someone who could help.” It’s like a stab to the alpha’s chest. His Omega went to another alpha for guidance. Dean must sense his discomfort because he places his hand over Castiel’s. “You have been very busy taking care of me. I just needed the good sheriff to answer a few questions.”

“And what are these questions?”

Dean’s eyes glide over to Jody’s as she answers. “We were under the assumption that the motive was to punish your family for their blatant disregard for traditional values. There have been several old way believers who have come forward to support the actions; however, we think this is a red herring.”

“You think… some of us are not convinced.” The deputy states with a noncommittal sigh.

“True, but Dean asked me if I could look over the Novak inheritance map and see if I noticed any legal loopholes for a biological Omega.” All families with large estates are required by law to have an inheritance map. Simply put, it’s a legal document that gives the guidelines for anyone to claim the legacy. Castiel’s family has had their map passed down for generations. The record is very rarely altered unless any new laws have been passed, calling to question any aspects of the deed.

But the thing that intrigues Castiel is he has read his families map and is certain there is nothing about biological claims. “I’m sure you found no such loopholes?”

“Actually, I did.” Castiel finds himself gasping at her words. “In 1985 legislature passed, making it illegal to take an inheritance from a child who has not yet presented. This is why today, their Omega’s can take possession of the estate until all children come of age.”

The alpha shakes his head. “So that has nothing to do with biology. The individual would have to be the legal Omega of the child, in this case Dean.”

Sheriff Mills bites her lip with a wink. “The thing is when your family lawyers sat down and added the new clause in 1988, they also put an addendum. If, and I’m paraphrasing, “If the legal Omega is
unable to take the role, either by mental state or death, then a secondary Omega can be linked to the child by family or genetics.”

“Mother fucking shit!” All eyes look to the pregnant Omega.

Castiel’s head angles to the right trying to process the information. “I still don’t see how this connects to the attack.”

Dean cups his alpha’s face, shifting it so they are glaring at one another. “The night of the ceremony, I smelled Claire’s biological Omega. I think the bitch wanted to make damn sure that the only child who presented as an alpha would be Claire.”

“That’s insane. Not only would the Omega have to deem you unfit, the three current alphas would have to die.”

Jody’s kind eyes fall on Castiel with satisfaction. “Exactly Mr. Novak, and making sure that Dean never gives birth to an alpha child is the first step to controlling five billion dollars.”

Anxiety is creeping up the alpha’s spine. “But Claire isn’t even a year old. Why would another alpha pup destroy that plan?”

A deep voice from the hall joins the conversation. “The purity of blood clause, baby brother.”

Gabriel leans against the wall, rubbing his beard. He looks old and weathered, “It was added in the fifties when science started creating pups instead of Mother Nature. If a bloodline is ever called into question, then a child conceived naturally would be considered purer and therefore would win.” He takes a shallow breath, “Claire is here because of science. For that reason alone, Dean’s pups will always be favored, legally. If this Omega is trying to clear the way, it’s not over yet.”

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Chapter End Notes

Sorry, that was a LOT of legal talk so please ask questions if you are confused!! I love you guys. - Angie
Chapter 31

Castiel shuts the door behind Sheriff Mills and Deputy Gordon. The meeting lasted past Claire’s nap and he can hear Dean playing with her in the den. Before he can head in that direction, Gabriel stops him in the foyer.

“I don’t like it Cassie.” The concern overwhelms his soft brown eyes.

“Gabriel, we will follow Jody’s lead. Tomorrow I will send the list of Omega’s at the party to her, so she can begin to collect their scents and blood for analysis. You will call the hospital and the beta specialist to open Amelia’s medical records so we can see if the biological Omega was listed anywhere. The person will be found eventually.”

Castiel feels defeated as well, but needs to stay focused for Dean. Gabriel shoves the heel of his palms into his eye sockets rubbing harshly. “I get the plan. The problem is that the procedure will take months. It will also tip off the Omega in the process, which might make them more desperate.”

Castiel closes his eyes. “What do you mean desperate?”

“Don’t be stupid Castiel, it doesn’t suit you. This elaborate plan has been shot to hell by your extremely observant mate. The donor egg Omega has zero chance of inheriting from prison, so now it may be about damage control.”

The younger brother cards his trembling fingers through his raven hair. His voice is shaky, “I will hire a dozen more guards and limit those that can access the grounds- including family.”

“Just make sure Sam and I stay on that list.” His brother says with a wink.

Castiel rolls his eyes with a huff. “Jesus Gabriel, what the hell is going on between you two? Sam is less than half your age. You could legally drink before he was even conceived.”

Gabriel shrugs moving towards the stairs. “Go play with your daughter. I need to grab my phone.”

“I may be forced to kick you out for not answering.” There is no response from Gabriel. The beta calls his bluff.

****

A week later, the alpha is entering his office at Halo Health. He received a notice from his secretary that a huge envelope marked for his eyes only had been delivered. He despised leaving Dean, but there was no way in hell these pictures will ever be in his home. Bobby, Benny, and Sam are watching his mate- it should be fine. Gabriel, who came along with Castiel for the company, is across the street at the local candy shop.

Castiel locks the door behind him, slowly approaching his large oak desk. The bulky, brown nondescript package is on top. The alpha takes it into his hands, removing his trench coat, and sitting on the couch. Castiel retrieves the letter first, not even glimpsing the photos.

Dear Mr. Novak,

As per your request we have included pictures of the alpha and his house. The information you
asked for can be found in this letter. Please let us know when you are ready to act.

First and foremost, YES this is Dean’s abuser. The records have been triple checked and there is no question.

Name: Azazel Flavus Daemonium

Address:

6606 Colt Trail

Shreveport, LA 71106

Status: Unmated male alpha-B

Employment: Chief of Surgery, LifeCare Hospital of Shreveport

Give us a call anytime.

Charlie

There are several points from the letter that jump out at the alpha. First, he knows Kevin is from the Alabama Academy for Omega boys. Both the Texas Academy and the Alabama one would be an easy half day drive or less from Shreveport. Although, he remembers Dean describing a horrific flight locked in a cage. Perhaps, Azazel flew somewhere else and then drove home to throw anyone off. Dean had been severely drugged so there is no way of telling really. This would also explain why his name was never flagged. An alpha has to return multiple damaged Omegas to the same facility before his name gets registered on a federal level. If he’s spreading his collection of the Omegas around the country, it would be harder to track. Not to mention, heavy donations over the damage fees will keep schools silent. He shivers thinking about someone lining their pockets at his lover’s expense.

The second fact that is extremely telling is the alphas status. Azazel is an alpha-B, which means he classifies legally and sexually as an alpha (he has a knot), but he has traits as a beta. There are several aspects that would lead to the secondary classification but most likely he has no ability to scent or properly mate. Cas has read several psychiatric journals studying severe rage development in those individuals who see themselves as inferior due to the cataloging system. Those like himself and Dean who do not carry any traits beyond their first identifiers have no second level of naming. The alpha spent several years trying to understand the classification when Gabriel was identified as a beta-O. His brother refuses to discuss it with him but from what he gathers the beta does not have heats or produces the slick required to be an Omega. However, he does have mild scenting abilities and can have children but the means could be painful.

Finally, as chief of surgery the sadistic alpha would have the education to do maximum harm without killing the Omegas in his care. He would also have the cash to bankroll his activities. But now Castiel smiles because the next step is to kill the funding. He dials up Michael because, as luck would have it, LifeCare Hospitals of Shreveport just happens to be a subsidiary of Halo Health.

Castiel is shocked at how quickly Michael jumps at the chance to fire Azazel, but he hangs up knowing that in the next twenty four hours the bastard will be jobless. However, that leaves one last thing to do. The alpha steels himself as he heaves the surveillance photos from the envelope.

There are twelve photos in his hands, all 8X10. The first is of the alpha standing in front of the hospital talking to another attending. Azazel is older, maybe late fifties, with wispy light brown hair and leathery skin. His lips are chapped and everything about him is harsh and cold, making Castiel’s
skin crawl. His eyes are a dirty green with no life in them at all. He flips through the pack noticing that in four it almost looks like Azazel’s eyes are yellow but it must be the lighting.

Chewing at his lower lip the alpha tries to decide Azazel’s fate. A small voice in his mind kept saying he would know once he saw the evil man’s face. The voice was wrong: Castiel is no closer to a decision then before he opened the package. Maybe he should give it the night, okay one day and then go with his gut. He quietly wishes he could ask Dean.

*****

Castiel returns home to find Bobby feeding Claire her lunch. Gabriel grabs a chair throwing his bounty of sugar onto the table. Benny is wolfing down a sandwich. “Where is Dean?”

“He’s taking a bath.” Benny spits out through a full mouth.

The alpha hurries up the stairs and into the master bedroom, where he discovers Sam reading a magazine on the bed. “Hey Cas. Do you want me to hang out up here or?”

“I got this Sam.” The younger man nods his head, scurrying out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

He gently opens the bathroom to find his mate resting in the large Jacuzzi tub with his eyes closed. “Do you want to join me?”

“I would love to.” Castiel replies as he strips climbing in behind Dean so his Omega’s back can lie on his chest. “Are you feeling okay?”

Dean sighs deeply ghosting his fingers over Castiel’s hands that have fallen to the swollen stomach. “Everybody is on pins and needles these days, sometimes I just need to hide and find some peace.”

“You are a very smart man, Dean Novak.”

The Omega chuckles releasing another puff of air, “Remember when you told me no more secrets that we need to stick together.”

“Yes. Is there something you want to tell me Dean?” He places a chaste kiss over the Omega’s claiming bite.

“Actually alpha that is my question for you. You have seemed off lately like the weight of the world is on your shoulders. And what was with the mad dash to the office this morning?”

Castiel’s forehead slumps onto his Omega’s head. God, Dean knows him. It’s like trying to hide naked in an empty white washed room. “Balthazar and I tracked him down.”

“Him?”

The alpha has never had such an intense internal battle. He can’t even bring himself to say the bastards name so he guides Dean forward so Castiel can kiss a few of his scars. The young Omega understands immediately. “Oh, him.”

“Now we have to decide what to do with the information.” Castiel waits for the tears, the screams, any kind of negative reaction but his mate just continues to trace the muscles under his skin.

When Dean finally speaks it’s not timid or weak but resilient. “What are our options?”

“Dean I don’t want to bring you into this. You have been through enough and triggering another
episode could harm the twins.” His fingers drawing circles on his Omega’s pregnant belly.

“Silly alpha haven’t you noticed the one thing that’s missing when I have an incident?”

He scents Dean’s neck, “No. What is it my love?”

“You. When we’re together I am stronger.”

Castiel tightens his hold on his mate. “I’m sorry that you have to deal with all this mess Dean. I should try harder to keep you out of it.”

“I think you have that backwards Cas. This sorry piece of baggage was dragged into our home by me.” Dean twirls around in the tub so he is facing the alpha. Castiel takes his hands cupping the scruffy jaw line of his mate and kissing him deeply. After a few swipes of his tongue the Omega breaks the kiss placing his forehead to Cas’s. Blues eyes meet green and the two men sit for a while.

“He’s being fired soon.” Castiel offers with a smirk.

The Omega snickers. “Well that brightens my day.” Then his gorgeous emerald eyes go darker, his voice deeper and gruff. “Can we kill him?”

“Is that what you want my mate?”

His lover’s head nods in agreement unable to say it out loud. “He won’t stop otherwise, but you have to promise me one thing Cas.”

“Anything.”

“Let someone else do it; but not you, not Sam, not Balthazar absolutely no one I love is to go near him. I won’t survive the stress.”

“As you wish my Omega.”

Castiel tugs Dean into his lap carding his fingers through his dark blonde hair. His lips find his lover’s mouth as he penetrates it with his tongue. The two men find deliverance in the other’s touch. He will call Charlie tomorrow, placing an order for the wizard’s head.
The next morning Castiel climbs out of bed noting the intertwined legs of Sam and Gabriel. He checks the clock, fifteen minutes to seven. The protocol with Oz Investigations is quite simple. To speak with Charlie directly, Cas had to send her a text the day before stating the time she needs to phone in a three letter code. Castiel’s text was SVA, which means 7:00am. Charlie is a genius with staying under the radar. She will call back from an untraceable number.

At seven sharp, Castiel is in the kitchen sipping coffee when his phone rings. The caller ID is blocked, but of course that is to be expected.

“Hello.”

“Good Morning Mr. Novak. How can we help you today?” Charlie’s voice is cheerful and bright.

“I have decided the fate of the wizard.”

He can literally hear the grin through the phone. “Excellent. Please advise.”

“Dorothy may visit the wizard.” Castiel isn’t sure if this Dorothy even exists, but he does know that someone will be ending Azazel.

“Would you like a gift basket?”

He can say yes to the basket and they will actually deliver Azazel’s head or he can simply ask for photos of the emerald city which will be picture/video evidence. Dean wants to physically see proof, and Cas never denies his Omega anything. “A gift basket made of silver please.”

“I can have a visit on the docket for this week, and then it usually takes another week for shipping and handling. Will that be alright?”

“Yes.” Castiel can feel the weight lifting from his shoulders. The evil bastard will be dead soon.

“Now, about payment?”

He has thought this through and knows he can trust Charlie. “I would like to double the payment if you will add one more thing to the order.”

Charlie gasps faintly. He has just offered them 500 grand. “You have my attention.”

“I need you to track down my daughter’s egg donor.”

The alpha hears typing as he takes a sip of coffee. “Okay, your daughter is Claire Angelina Novak, born Sept. 2 at St. Joseph’s Hospital in Savannah, GA. Her mother, Amelia, was a beta, and yes, used a donor egg and your sperm for conception.” A few more strokes of the keyboard drift through the silence. “Well, I’ll be damned Mr. Novak.”

“What?”

“Usually for health reasons, the donor Omega must be listed at least in the original birth records; however, on Claire’s, every place that should have a name simply has an X.”
“I am aware. I need to know who that is Charlie.”

“I do love a good mystery. I’m on it Mr. Novak.”

Again the phone goes dead, ending the conversation. Castiel feels a sense of accomplishment. He has killed two birds with one stone. He chuckles out loud to the accuracy of the comment. He starts to cook some pancakes and bacon in the hopes he can entice Dean to eat more than fruit for breakfast.

****

An hour later, the six person kitchen table is full. Claire is at the head in her high chair, pushing pieces of pancake around. Bobby sits at the other end, his head down, shoveling his food hastily. Dean and Castiel sit on one side while Gabriel and Sam round out the seats. The only sound is mumbles of gratitude and happy slurping. Dean has a bowl of fruit and two pieces of bacon on his plate. The alpha releases a sigh of relief because he started with five.

Dean breaks the silence after a gulping down some milk. “Can I have some friends over for dinner tonight?”

Nobody moves as all eyes fall on Castiel, even Claire follows suit. “Well, who are you thinking about having over Dean?”

“Anna, Jo, Balthazar, Kevin, Benny, Meg, Marie, and everyone here.”

Castiel puts down his fork, turning to face his Omega. “I don’t see why not, but what is the occasion?”

“Well um,” Dean shrugs his shoulders. “Our claiming party was kind of a bust, maybe we could have a small one that doesn’t end up so bloody.”

The entire room begins to bounce their heads in agreement. “I will make some calls to see if they are available.”

His Omega pops an orange wedge in his mouth. “They are, we have been talking about it for a few days now.”

“We?” Castiel can’t remember seeing Dean on the phone recently.

“Sam taught me how to open a chat online, and Jo, Kevin, Meg, and I have been talking about getting together. Tonight works for their schedules, but I had to check with you first, alpha.”

The alpha rolls his eyes at Dean. “Well then, I guess we are hosting a small dinner party.”

“Nope a backyard BBQ with steak and chicken and PIE! Sam can do all the cooking.”

“No problem Dean, I can make out a shopping list after breakfast.”

Bobby clears his throat, “Get me the list and I’ll run to the store for you, and maybe pick up some sides.”

Castiel is surprised by how quickly the BBQ is falling into place. “Well then, what should I do Dean?”

“Set up the poker table in the den. All the alphas and betas will play after we eat.”
Gabriel throws in his two cents, “Nah, I hate poker. I’ll hang out with the Omegas and change it up.”

“Can Gabriel take me into town to do some shopping?” Dean bats his eyelashes with a pleading tone.

Both alphas and Bobby yell, “NO!”

Dean turns his head towards Gabriel, “If I give you a list of things, can you get them without anyone else knowing.”

“Oh a secret plan.” The beta wiggles his eyebrows. “I love it.”

He watches his mate preen with excitement about the coming evening. And actually, Cas is looking forward to it too.

*****

The evening was a huge success. Castiel spends the dinner holding his mate and their daughter amongst friends. At first, the alpha was concerned about Balthazar and Kevin being around the children and a pregnant Dean. Oddly enough, the two seemed to glow next to each other and cherish the kisses from Claire. It is like the soft giggles that send her falling back on her rump were a magical healing sound. The most amazing sight was Dean eating two loaded plates of food and two pieces of cherry pie. His sweet Omega is mending on his own and it’s glorious.

As ordered by Dean, the alphas along with Bobby relocate to the den after dinner to play poker. Anna and Jo decide to join the Omega group with intriguing smirks. Castiel doesn’t give it a second thought as his focus shifts to the game before him. The group gambles over the next two hours with the front door opening and closing several times, always followed by giggling and shushing.

He is about to leave his seat to investigate when the three Omegas, along with Gabriel and Anna, join them. Dean is dressed in a pair of green sweatpants and sneakers, his bare chest and bulging belly exposed. As Castiel scans the group, he sees Kevin in blue sweatpants, Meg in red sweatpants and a matching tank top, and finally Gabriel in yellow. “Dean what’s going on?” His voice is sultry dark because this resembles another type of game.

There is a wicked smile on all their faces. Dean fidgets his joyous smile touching his eyes, “First, Anna and Jo are taking Claire, Marie, and Bobby for the night.”

“Fucking idjits, I’m not going to some all girl slumber party.”

“We are going to play a traditional claiming party game.” Gabriel adds clapping his hands.

With that Bobby stands, “See ya’ll in the morning. Anna, where’s the car?”

Anna smiles, “Just out front. Jo’s got an overnight bag for everyone, and the kids are already in car seats. Don’t worry, we have an extra guard to join us too.”

Bobby waves over his shoulder, leaving without another word as Anna scurries behind him.

Once the eight of them are left, Sam suddenly finds his voice. “What’s a traditional claiming party game?”

“Glad you asked.” Dean responds enthralled to share his new information. “I did some research, and come to find out, way back in the day when claimings were done in public, the family would participate in a game together to bring good luck to the couple.”
The youngest alpha is squirming in his seat, torn between terror and curiosity. “Like a knotting game?” He whispers clearly not sure he wants the answer.

“That’s right, you big, tall alpha.” Gabriel winks before stepping closer to Sam. “I would love for you to be on my team, but if you would prefer…”

“Nope, I want to play.” Sam blushes scooting up to the poker table, already working on his knot.

Castiel senses the thrill rising from his stomach. “Does this game have a name?”

Dean’s eyes burn into him, “Mates.”

“Rules?” The alpha asks, his eyes never dropping from the beauty of sparkling emeralds.

“There are four, small, two person tents hidden over the property. Each one of us will take a separate tent, hiding inside, waiting for our mate to find us.”

The beta clears his throat loudly, “or partner.”

The pregnant Omega glances at Gabriel. “Oh yeah, mate or partner for the game. The four alphas will wait in this room for fifteen minutes then you all leave at once. We each have a flare gun matching the color of our pants. Once you find your mate or partner, the alpha can shoot off the gun then do whatever they like in said tent. The last one to fire their gun into the air loses.”

Kevin is adorable as he stares at his feet, shuffling them around, but for a split second he makes eye contact with Balthazar. A very lusty glare is shared and the oldest alpha shivers.

Meg is grinning proudly, “Losing pair has to provide babysitting services for all those with children for a month.”

“I’m in.” Benny shouts. The other three alphas nod in agreement.

Dean takes a well known stop watch from his waist band placing it on the poker table. “When this goes off, so do you.” He hits start and there is a stampede of laughter as the four runner’s dash off to their hidden tents.

The four alphas are left alone, the scent of arousal is palpable in the den. “Well, isn’t this an interesting turn of events, Cassie?” Balthazar states, his voice cracking with need.

Benny chuckles softly, “We should let them plan our parties more often.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, it’s only been one minute.” Sam is intently staring at the timer. The youngest alpha is visibly vibrating in his chair.

“Damn Son, if you don’t calm down you’ll pop your knot before you even find him.” Benny takes a deep breath. “If you want to win, take it easy.”

“Shit, I need to get something from my room. I swear to God, I’m just going to race up there and come right back.”

Balthazar leans back, crossing his arms. “So you can get a glance of where the tents are located. No way, you can’t dupe me, but then you are at a disadvantage since betas have no heavy arousal scent.”

“Hey douche bag, I need synthetic slick, as you so kindly stated, mine’s not an Omega.” Sam spits out through gritted teeth.
Castiel waves him off. “Go Sam, and never mention to me what happens in that tent.”

Sam is a blur of arms and legs sprinting to the second floor.

“When was the last time that kid got laid? You would think he’s never knotted anyone.” Benny remarks as both he and Balthazar gaze at Castiel.

The alpha raises his hands in peace, “I have no idea, and I don’t want to know.”

Finally, in the last sixty seconds all four alphas are standing at the entrance way to the den. Castiel wishes he could say they behaved like gentlemen, but the ability to think clearly has dissipated with each passing minute. Benny, Sam, and Castiel are naked from the waste up as Balthazar stays fully dressed, stammering on about keeping it classy. The men are cursing, growling, and shoving as their pheromones pump, flushing their veins with one chant – FIND, MATE, KNOT.

Castiel knows he has an advantage. He’s been playing games with Dean on these grounds for months, but this time, they are one unified team and the Omega likes to cheat.

Suddenly the stopwatch beeps and all hell breaks loose.
Chapter 33

Castiel thanks the Almighty God that there are only four alphas present for the game. It would seem the logical side of their brains has completely shut down. As they all shove, push, and scratch to get out the front door, not even considering the back door. The men pour out into the front porch, continuing to wrestle with each other. A massive pile of eight arms and eight legs spin down the stairs and onto the front lawn. There is this feral need to make sure the other alphas know who is top dog. Castiel howls as someone bites his arm, “Damn it, who is biting?”

He is about to punch Benny in the nose when Balthazar rolls of Sam, whistling to get their attention. “Hey, you filthy animals, do you smell that?”

Everyone freezes, sniffing the air. It’s strange, Cas can smell the trees, the other alphas, but there is no omega aroma at all. “Where are their scents?”

Sam bursts out laughing, speaking through gasps of air. “They are using scent proof tents; we are all on equal footing.” Then the youngest alpha pauses, kicking Castiel in the shin. “Wait, how will we find them?”

He returns the kick, making contact with Sam’s ass when the most remarkable sound blows by on the passing wind a soft litany of four voices singing, “Alpha, alpha, alpha, alpha.” Then silence as the men separate, nursing their wounds from the fray.

Balthazar grins and takes off to the right yelling, “We have to follow the sound.”

“Well shit, I didn’t pay attention.” Benny growls. However, exactly thirty seconds after the last chant, they hear it again.

Sam takes two steps towards the line of trees. “It’s beautiful.”

The three remaining alphas spread out a few feet, waiting for the voices. Castiel slows his mind trying to calm his heartbeat. It will take all of his focus to decipher Dean’s location from sound alone. Once again, thirty seconds pass and then the arousing carol fills the air. Closing his eyes and holding his breath, Castiel can hear his lover’s mantra. He moves gradually, allowing his bearings to be reset every half minute.

He’s lost track of the other players and he doesn’t care. This method of searching requires his complete attention. Moving methodically towards the backyard, Castiel is certain his mate’s song is louder here. Cas often finds himself astray in the graceful music washing through his soul. The luscious call of the Omega is breathtaking.

A bang rings out and Castiel looks to the night sky. A red flare fills the stars. Damn it Benny made it to Meg. However, he needs to re-center the hunt of his own Omega.

His mind is swimming as his ears perk up, leading him towards the left side of the pond. The alpha’s eyes scan the area when he notices a larger than normal pile of leaves. Inch closer, he halts until another alluring chant is exhaled. Pouncing on the tent, the alpha unzips the scent blocking flaps as his eyes lock on sparkling emeralds.

“Cas!” The scent of his Dean nearly knocks him over. It’s been permeating in the tent and the fragrance of baking bread is mouth watering. His Omega tosses him the flare gun and Castiel fires
straight up as bright green illuminates the darkness. Immediately after, another bang fills the silence and a yellow flare erupts behind his grin. Poor Balthazar with all his talk lost.

Without warning, Castiel’s body is falling into the tent, his Omega’s arms tugging heartily. Dean is naked, lying on a soft green quilt, leaving Cas feeling overdressed. The alpha steps out of the tent, strips, and then climbs back in, placing kisses anywhere he can find skin. All he can think to say between swipes of his lips and tongue is, “Mine, mine, mine!”

Dean chuckles as Cas’s mouth finds his, “Yes, alpha, you have me. Now what are you going to do with me?”

A guttural growl rips from Castiel’s chest. He places his lips just below Dean’s claiming bite and sucks harshly. Dean’s entire body bucks under him with pleasure at his lover’s mark. Then, using his teeth, tongue, and lips, the alpha leisurely moves south latching onto the Omega’s left nipple. Cas laps at it with his tongue, kisses the tip, bites gingerly, and then sucks with all his might. Again Dean’s body goes into a frenzy at the stimulation. Before leaving his peck, Cas puts his lips together and blows over the ravaged skin.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck Cas!”

Releasing a fiendish grin, the alpha moves to the right nipple giving it the same attention. Once again the poor Omega is completely undone by Castiel’s touch. The older mate wanders his mouth to the swell of his mate’s abdomen. The father places tender kisses to the area murmuring, “I love you both.”

Finally, the alpha reaches the stiff, throbbing cock of his lover. He flattens his tongue and drags it up the shaft before swiveling the tip in his mouth. Cas repeats the action two more times before swallowing Dean’s dick entirely, letting it slam against the back of his throat. The alpha moans at the delicious hymn his Omega sings, “Oh alpha, Oh my alpha, God I’m going to cum!”

In the seconds before Castiel’s mouth is assaulted with jizz, he stuffs a finger into Dean’s hole. The wet slick giving the digit a quick and easy entrance as the Omega bucks his hips, practically choking Castiel. “Jesus Cas!” His mate screams, cumming roughly into the alpha’s throat, making his eyes water.

Castiel rises to his knees as he adds a second finger to the slick channel of his Omega. He smirks, enjoying the show of Dean writhing in a completely fucked out mess below him. The green eyes of his love are lost in the back of his head as his body continues to ride out several aftershocks.

The alpha yanks Dean’s legs up, lining his cock up to the slippery hole and driving the hard member into its warm home. Whipping his hips back and forth, Castiel sets up a ruthless rhythm. Each time his cock is about to slip out he groans, “MINE!” then thrusts back in with such pleasure he cries out, “My Omega.”

The knot at the base of his dick swells and it forces him to halt as he releases his orgasm spraying deep into his lover’s channel. Now locked together, the alpha bends over the baby belly, kissing Dean deeply on the lips, penetrating his tongue ferociously into the Omega’s mouth.

It is a few minutes into their kissing that Castiel realizes his mistake. Dean’s stomach limits the alphas mobility and stops him from putting any weight on the Omega. They need to move or Cas’s back is going to give out in painful spasms.

“Dean, my love, we need to switch positions.”
The only response Cas gets is a little whimper then, “later, too tired right now.”

“Well, fine.” The alpha hisses as he lifts the Omega into his caress, holding all his weight with one arm as he twists in the confined space. Castiel then lies on his back, heaving Dean down onto his chest to rest.

“Damn, my alpha is so strong.” The Omega declares rubbing his nose into Castiel’s neck, scenting deeply. “And smells so fucking good.”

He ghosts his fingers over Dean’s spine, a swell of pride building in his gut. This gorgeous, intelligent, smart, loving man is his now and forever. Castiel dozes off as images of Dean dance in his head.

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The alpha’s eyes squint open the bright sun, barely hidden by the tent. A snoring Omega is tucked in next to him having adjusted once his knot slipped out. Castiel kisses the top of Dean’s head, scenting the dried cum and sweat all over them. “Dean, we need to get up, the suns out and it’s going to get hot fast.”

There is no response from his dozing mate so Cas shakes his shoulder. “Dean, honey wake up.”

This time he gets a swat to the nose as his Omega turns over. He finds it astonishing how Omegas really can be unaffected by heat, probably a side effect to their own personal furnaces cranking up twice a year. Glancing around the tent, Castiel spots Dean’s sweatpants and puts them on the Omega. Then he opens the tent flap, grabbing his khaki’s from the night before. At least now they are both decent. The alpha wiggles out of the tent and stands, listening to his joints pop. He is really too old for this shit. “Come on Dean, lets go inside.”

A muffled “I’m good”, floats from their love nest with no movement or noise after. Castiel latches onto the Dean’s ankle, pulling the Omega from the tent onto the grass below his feet. The alpha bends over and lifts his mate into his arms, carrying him like a child, into the house, finding it a true blessing that alphas tend to have powerful upper body strength because Dean is actually bigger than him. Dean kindly wraps his legs and arms around Cas, purring his gratitude.

By the time they get to their bedroom, Dean is awake. Between the uneven grounds of the backyard, to the jostling as Cas tries to open the back door, to almost tripping on the stairs. His Omega is laughing when he gently hits the mattress. Castiel hovers on all fours over Dean, smothering his sweet lover with kisses.

Dean glimpses up at him and snorts, “Jesus, now I understand why they stopped playing the group games.”

“Why? Last night was a blast. Did you not have a good time?”

His mate reaches up, touching his right eye, which stings at the connection. “Oh, that was the best post claiming party in all of history, but look at you.” Dean taps his lower arm, which has a gnarly bite. “The games were outlawed after so many alphas were nearly beaten to death during the first bit. We were all so sure our alphas would never behave like that, but clearly we were wrong.”

Castiel gets up and crosses to the mirror in their room. He is sporting a black eye and a fairly dark bruise under his chin. Not to mention the bite to his arm. The alpha is also sure there are several purple marks on his shins too. “Hey, we all survived and it was fun letting my true alpha out.”

His Omega lifts his hips, pulling off the sweatpants. “Come here, my tough alpha. Claire’s not due
back for an hour.”

There is a moment where Castiel considers heading downstairs to see the other alphas. Make sure they look worse and to revel with the men in Balthazar’s defeat. However, his nose is assaulted with the fragrance of baking bread and he loses all coherent thought, dropping his slacks to the floor. Without a word, he is crawling towards his one true mate.
Dean leans against the doorframe to the kitchen, Claire on his hip, watching his brother and Gabriel. It’s been ten days since the ‘Mates’ game party, and clearly something happened cause the two men can’t get enough of each other. Cas is upstairs taking his morning shower before breakfast, which is lucky because his alpha hates catching them kissing. Oddly enough, Dean finds it soothing that his brother has found someone, even if it is Gabriel, who is 42 and really crass. Sam perches on the kitchen island, his legs enveloping the beta standing in front of him. Their eyes are closed, hands laced together while lips gently smack against each other, allowing their tongues to explore. The Omega sighs; he loves those moments with Cas, swept away in the touch of your lover.

Sam’s eyes slit open catching Dean’s, “Hey big brother, did you order something from a place called the emerald city?”

“What?” He steps further into the room and immediately spots the cardboard box on the table. Dean moves just a little closer so he can read the printed label on top.

_Care of the Emerald City_

A shiver crawls up the Omegas spine. He knows what’s in the box. Claire senses his nerves tucking her nose into his neck and holding his shoulder tighter. Gabriel struts over, bouncing on his heels, “What’s in the box?” The beta’s voice becomes more animated. “What’s in the box? What’s in the box?” Sam whoops and laughs before he finally relents his high-pitched yell. “Seriously, do you not have a thing for Brad Pit?”

“Not really a moment for jokes, Gabriel.” Dean’s eyes are glued to the simple looking container. His fingers carding through his daughters feather soft hair.

Just then, Castiel breezes into the room. “What’s everybody staring at?”

“Your baby papa over there is having a moment with a box and has lost his sense of humor.” Gabriel huffs as he pours himself a cup of coffee.

The Omega’s eyes skim over to view his alpha, “It’s from The Emerald City.”

Cas shakes his head then retrieves his phone from his pocket. Dean is certain he is calling Balthazar. They had discussed it days ago. The two omegas wanted to be together when they confronted their demon.

Once his alpha ends the call, he turns to Gabriel and Sam. “You two may want to make yourselves scarce for the next hour or so. Take Claire with you.”

Sam slides off the island, crossing to directly in front of the package. His brother peers at it, then pokes it with his finger. Dean and Cas both gasp screaming, “Don’t touch it!”

“Whoa, guys what the hell is in it?”

“A human head.” Shock explodes off of the two men their faces going pale quickly. “The alpha that tortured Kevin and I, he’s dead and that’s the proof.”

The younger alpha glares at the box, his fists tightening into balls. “The one who put the scars on
“Yes.” Dean whispers his voice barely audible while hugging his daughter.

A few silent beats, then Sam speaks, “Good. I have been building a fire pit on the back west side of the property, just past the pond. You take your hour Dean, then bring me everything to be disposed of, got it?”

The Omega can’t find his voice so he just nods. Sam grabs some matches and lighter fluid from the pantry, then walks out the sliding glass door. Gabriel lifts Claire into his own arms, following Sam, his voice solemn, “Princess, it’s time to learn fire safety.”

The two mates stand motionless, glaring at the brown cardboard. Cas cocks his head to the side, “He’s building a fire pit?”

“Gabriel mentioned last week after the party that his favorite food is smores. It became a thing.”

As if on cue, the men reach out simultaneously slipping their hands together, squeezing tight. Cas’s voice is low and gravelly, “How do you feel?”

Dean reflects on the question. It’s strange to be standing in his home with Cas, but be in the same room as a monster. The two most opposite alphas Dean can imagine. Azazel, who enjoyed causing pain and suffering, beating Dean to an inch of his life, damaging the Omega not only physically, but emotionally as well. This man was the embodiment of evil and hate. His memories of the sadistic alpha are packed with visions of purple swelling bruises, cries for mercy, tears that never stop, or can no longer appear, and blood, so much blood. Then at the other end of the spectrum he has Castiel, the alpha who gave him a home; a place to feel safe, loved, and wanted, but also gave him life as his free hand massages his belly. The man with tender kisses for his lips, and soft hands for his skin who spends every moment staring at him as if he were a God to be worshipped. Cas is the Omega’s angel who fell from heaven to save his heart and soul.

Dean assumes he should feel rage, hate, or pain. For several days he might have even said happy about this moment. Perhaps it would be more appropriate if the Omega was simply overwhelmed by nothingness leaving him numb. Yet, none of those are true. He has one word to describe his emotional state. “I’m relieved.”

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Twenty minutes later, Dean hears the front door open and close as two people join them in the kitchen. Balthazar immediately moves to the box, ripping at the tape removing the lid. The older alpha’s shoulders relax as he sighs, “From the pictures you showed me Cassie, this is definitely him. Anybody else want to peek?”

Kevin slips his hand into Dean’s and the two Omegas slink over to the container. Dean drags Cas along, refusing to release his mate’s hand. The head is covered with a clear plastic bag but Dean is sure that’s Azazel. The man haunts his nightmares to this day. He would know that face anywhere.

Kevin grasps Balthazar’s hand with his free one as the four men remain in silence. It’s the youngest of the group who murmurs, “What do we do now?”

“Forget the bastard ever existed.” Balthazar lashes out in anger. Kevin lifts his mate’s hand, kissing it tenderly.

Cas interjects, “Sam has a fire going in the back. When we are finished, the evidence will be gone.”
“For you are dust, and to dust you shall return.” Dean can’t remember where he’s heard the saying, but it seems fitting in the moment.

“It seems too easy.” Kevin squeaks under his breath.

All the men nod. For all the horrors this alpha caused, to end his life seems as relevant as whether or not your socks match. It may be important to someone, but most people won’t give a damn.

Balthazar reaches into the package. Dean’s face is stuck in a disgusted look, cause really, don’t play with the dead man. “Who is the wicked witch?”

Cas’s eyes show recognition immediately, “Why?”

“There is an envelope in here with *Hunt for the Wicked Witch* written on it.”

“Give it to me Balthazar. That’s a completely different matter.” Dr. B passes Castiel the letter as his alpha hides it in his back pocket. Dean has a fairly good idea who the wicked witch is, but doesn’t want to make a scene.

The Omega loses track of time until there is a rapping at the sliding glass door. Balthazar jumps, screaming as Gabriel sticks his head inside. “It’s been over an hour guys. Claire is having breakfast with Bobby in his cottage. Let’s get this show on the road, gentlemen.”

Balthazar takes one last glance in the box. “The head is actually on a silver platter. Do you want to keep it?”

“No.” Dean replies quickly, “We can pitch it in the fire to destroy DNA, and then put it in the dumpster by the back fence.”

Castiel carries the cardboard box to the fire, then heaves it in like a pile of leaves. All six men surround the blaze, not a noise among them. The box burns quickly, the plastic and skin melting deep into the heart of the flames, but the skeleton never disappears. Sam has an old lumber ax resting on his knee. Clearly he will be smashing any leftover bits.

A wave of uneasiness sweeps through the group as Gabriel retrieves a bag of marsh mellows from behind a rock. He snags a long stick from the ground and proceeds to heat two marsh mellows over the flames.

Sam clears his throat, “You do know that there are dead guy ashes in that fire, right?”

“Yup.” Gabriel shrugs, “And when I take a shit later in the day, it will be awesome.”

The rest of the men begin to search for their own roasting sticks.

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After lunch, Dean lays on the floor of the nursery. He and Claire are playing ball or catch to be more precise. The Omega rolls a rubber ball across the floor and his adorable princess dashes after it giggling.

Cas strolls in sitting next to him. “I read the note from Charlie. I think you should too.”

“Ok.” His alpha helps him up so he can settle down in the rocking chair, while Cas continues Claire’s game.

*Dear Mr. Novak,*
Here is your gift basket as requested. After easy deliberations, it was decided that we will not be charging you. Dorothy found more than the wizard at his home in Louisiana. A pregnant male Omega in a cage was discovered in the basement. He rests comfortably in California, away from the horrors of the traditional states. Dorothy also uncovered a plethora of pictures and video, detailing his viciously cruel treatment of no less than ten different Omegas, along with a list of names of possible Omegas for future years. This monster had no intention of stopping.

Dorothy and I would like to thank you for the chance to save lives by ending his. Please inform Dean that the house and corpse were set ablaze. Everything linking him to this evil has been cleansed from this world, never to be seen again.

On a different note, I have whittled down the list of suspects to six Omegas. I have yet to decide if the donor Omega and the culprit from your party are the same person. My current theory is a group of individuals possibly working together. I have only ideas, no facts, but I’m an excellent guesser. Please review the list and give me your opinion on the individuals. Until the matter is dealt with, please do not trust anyone on this list.

With Love from Oz,

Charlie

Omega Suspects:

Lillith – stupid as hell, but on the list with means, opportunity and motive

Casey – (omega bartender at party) she has donated eggs for other Savannah families in the past and was present at the party, motive is unclear

Bartholomew – (mates with your second cousin Hester) however this is the younger brother of Raphael. The person who stands to win everything if there are no alpha heirs so heavy hitter in the means, opportunity, and motive

Hael – means, opportunity, and one hell of a motive

Brady – (unmated Omega from your Mother’s side of the family) he never was sent to an academy, nor did he ever have an alpha (very odd). He also underwent surgery around the time that the egg donor would have been in the hospital. The entire reason for his stay is undocumented.

Samandriel – (Omega cook for the gathering) his medical records are sketchy at best, and he cooked the burger, so opportunity, but unsure about motive

When Dean finishes reading the letter, he closes his eyes, rocking back and forth deep in reflection.

“Penny for your thoughts?” The Omega opens his eyes to find bright blue irises staring back.

He takes a moment to gather his ideas, “If the list is this small, can’t we just test them and be done with it?”

“Yes, but remember Charlie thinks there might be more than one person at fault here. If we find the Omega donor, but they have an accomplice, then we are back to square one.”
This is his chance to ask about that night. The Omega has never questioned Cas about his conversation with Lillith, and now the door is wide open. “What did you and Lillith talk about at the party?”

Dean gets a chill when his alpha tugs him down to the floor so he can sit in Castiel’s lap. “She made an offer to carry my children, said it would be better for the family if I spread my seed around.”

“Did you say yes, or even maybe?” the worry in his voice evident.

Cas snatches his chin, forcing Dean to look directly at him. “No! You are my mate. Dean Novak, you will birth the rest of my pups.”

“And if I can’t give you more?”

“Whatsoever this gorgeous body can give me…” His alpha kisses him chastely. “will be enough.”

Claire notices their embrace and crawls into Dean’s lap kissing his cheek. “Oh princess, you have turned this ugly toad into a prince.”

She erupts in laughter as Dean ribbits several times for affect.

His alpha places his lips near Dean’s ear, “You are king of the castle, my sweet Omega. I am merely here to serve you.”

Dean pushes him away playfully but when he glimpses Castiel’s face, he knows the alpha is speaking his truth.
The sweat drips from Dean’s nose as he paces the backyard with Claire. It’s only nine in the morning, but Julys in Savannah are brutal. His sweet girl loves to be outside regardless of the weather. They are practicing her walking. She positions herself between his legs, Claire’s tiny fingers wrapped around his for support. The Omega and child toddle back and forth in the grass. Princess isn’t ready to take the steps by herself, but after only fifteen minutes, Dean’s back is killing him, yet he soldiers on for his daughter.

Cas had a meeting in town this morning, leaving him alone for the first time in forever. Dean likes having his mate at home, even if he’s tucked away in his office. The Omega can simply yell and the alpha literally comes running to his side. Benny is sitting just inside the sliding glass door. He has turned a chair so he faces the yard, allowing him to view his charge in the comfort of air conditioning. Sam and Gabriel disappeared to the third floor after breakfast which prompted Dean’s need to be out of hearing range. He enjoys watching their romantic sweet moments, but has no desire to see or hear anything heavy or heated.

Dean is excited for this afternoon’s appointment with Balthazar. He is now sixteen weeks pregnant, so that means an ultrasound to determine his due date. Omega pregnancies develop differently depending on the health of the person, and the number of pups. Betas deliver right at 40 weeks and Omegas can follow suit or earlier. At this time, Balthazar will be able to have references for comparison to their development and give a pretty solid date.

The sliding door opens, allowing a ruffled looking Gabriel to step outside. “Hey there papa, how is everyone this morning?”

“We are fine.” The Omega stretches, trying to relieve the tension in his back muscles.

“Hey, let me take a few spins with the pup.”

Dean is not going to turn down the offer. Once Claire has been successfully passed to her Uncle, the Omega sits down on a patio chair. “Thanks, I think my stomach is making that a little more draining than it used to.”

“Oh, it’s my pleasure.” The beta inhales deeply. “Well, I’ll be damned, pumpkin and nutmeg. Claire’s egg layer was at the party.”

Dean leans in because no one else but him smelled the connection till now. He had completely forgotten the beta held an Omega sense of smell. “But it was real faint, so maybe not.” He is grasping at straws because Dean really wants it to be a stranger.

“Not if the Omega has been on suppressants. One of the side effects is loss of their personal scent. The fact that both of us noticed the aroma means the donor walked right by us at some point.”

“Well, that could have been anyone on the list.”

The older man simply frowns, acknowledging the obvious. Then Gabriel seems lost in thought before he states softly. “Your brother really wants one of these.”
Dean’s head spins a little, “Is that even possible? Okay, not to be mean but …”

“I’m old.” The beta blurts out. He releases a sad little chuckle. “We would need a little medical intervention, but it’s possible.”

The end result of Amelia’s pregnancy comes to his mind. “Is it dangerous?”

“Not really, as a beta-O I’m more equipped for it physically, but it would not be easy.” Dean’s fairly certain he sees a tear fall from Gabriel’s cheek. “But I really want to try.”

The omega nods. He had been told at the academy that he was infertile. That he would end up a nanny or sexual plaything, never a parent. However, Dean steeled himself time and time again because he just needed the right alpha willing to try, and by God he found one. Dean pats his swollen belly affectionately. Actually, if the two bloodlines between Winchester and Novak were strong enough to knock him up, Gabriel has a really good chance.

“Can I gather that we will be throwing another post claiming party soon?” Dean hints his eyebrows wiggling.

“Actually, I’m for taking this slow, but your brother has other plans. He wanted to claim me at your party, but I told him that would have been rude.”

The Omega snickers, “maybe, so what’s the hold up?”

Gabriel pauses, chewing on his lower lip. “I’m nervous. We aren’t a traditional coupling, it could be a bad match.”

The beta has a point. Alphas tend to be the older of the mates, and their age gap is huge. “What if you played a game to figure it out?”

The older man tosses his niece into the air, listening to her laughter fill the awkward silence. “Like an AO game? I’m not an Omega Dean. Sam can’t scent me.”

Dean’s wicked grin fills his face. “Oh, I think we can work around that, don’t you?”

Gabriel answers with a wink.

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His appointment was supposed to be at 1:30pm but when they arrived at 1:25, the nurse informs them that Dr. Balthazar is running behind. She explains that an emergency in the morning had thrown the entire schedule off by twenty minutes. Normally when that happened, Dean was whisked away to the doctors personal office to wait, but that was not available.

The nurse was wide eyed and nervous, clearly she understood the importance of the Novak name. “I’m sorry Mr. Novak. Your Omega can sit in the waiting room or you can re-schedule.”

Cas turns to Dean, “Do you want to re-schedule?”

The Omega rolls his eyes. Jesus its twenty minutes he’s not going to break, “Thank you, we will wait.”

Dean grabs a seat near the wall with three chairs in a row. He is not surprised when Castiel takes one side and Benny the other. Ever since the claiming party, he doesn’t go anywhere without guards. There will be one standing at the front door to the office as well.
His belly growls loudly. Castiel retrieves a sandwich from out of nowhere. “Are you hungry? Sam made it at home.”

Dean’s eating has improved lately, but he still will only consume food prepared by Sam, Cas or himself. He is slightly embarrassed by his alpha’s coddling, but he can smell the peanut butter and his mouth waters. “Yes.”

The Omega settles into his seat, biting into his PB&J when he notices the other pregnant Omega across from him. She is female and very young. Dean guesses maybe 18 at best, probably younger though. She’s glaring at his sandwich with envy, so he tears it in half asking, “Do you want some? my brother made it.”

Her eyes light up like he is offering her a diamond ring, but before he can hand it to over, the alpha next to her smacks Dean’s fingers. “She’s had her lunch.” The tall, thin alphas states with a lisp.

Now up until that moment, Benny had been happily playing a game on his phone. The guard’s attention has moved to the other man as he leans over, “We won’t feed your Omega, but don’t ever touch ours again.”

The alpha raises his hands in a peaceful gesture. “Whatever,” he sighs before focusing on a magazine.

Cas pats Dean’s knee, tenderly kissing his temple. The tension seems to dissipate, so Dean takes another bite of his food. That’s when the young female Omega reaches up to scratch her nose. It was an innocent action, but that’s when Dean realizes how out of place her clothes are because it’s hot as balls outside, and she has on a long sleeve shirt with jeans. Even Dean, who hates shorts, has given up the ghost and is wearing his black basketball shorts and a green lantern tank top. He won’t win any style awards, but he is fucking comfortable.

When she lowers her arm Dean sees the dark purple band around her wrist. This poor teenager spends most of her time chained to a wall or worse. The bruises look like they have been developed slowly, and over time. It makes Dean’s stomach flip flop as he further investigates her appearance. Her dark, rich brown eyes are sunken with deep circles underneath, and she is thin, like unhealthy, could probably see her ribs thin. Her stomach is bulging, but just enough to tell that she is carrying a pup. Her long dark chestnut hair is in a pony tail, which appears oily like she hasn’t bathed in days.

It seems so unfair that this girl can be legally treated like this with no chance of being saved. Dean takes Castiel’s hand and squeezes tight. Why does he get to be pampered and loved and she doesn’t? There is a part of him that wonders what is wrong with the universe because clearly she deserves it more than he does. He finds the onslaught of emotions and thoughts overwhelming, nausea whips through him. He passes the leftover PB&J to Benny. Dean desperately needs his alpha. The Omega doesn’t even think twice as he climbs into Cas’s lap, straddling his thighs. His mate hugs him tightly.

There is nothing the Omega can do for the girl, and it hurts him. If he says something to her alpha, he would either take it out on Castiel or God forbid the teen herself. Dean is all too aware of being punished harshly if the alpha is embarrassed in public. For her safety, he has to remain calm and not say anything, but fuck, he is shaking with an increasing desire to strike that abusive ass.

“Dean, are you okay?” Cas whispers into his ear. The alpha can feel his quivering body.

He is about to answer when Nurse Pamela opens the door to the exam rooms. “Mr. Novak, we are ready for your Omega.”
He tucks his nose deeper into Castiel’s neck quietly. “Dean, do you want me to carry you?”

“No, I’m good.” The last thing Dean wants is to make the girl feel worse as she watches his alpha dote on him more. He rises, stepping towards the door, his eyes falling on the tiny little Omega. It’s in that fleeting moment that Dean makes a promise he will not forget.

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His body is still vibrating when he walks into the room. Castiel is holding onto him, but just lets Dean take the lead oblivious to what’s occurring. Balthazar takes one glance at him as concern washes over his face, “Dean, what happened?”

The omega sits on the exam table, “Who is that girl in the waiting room? She’s real young, dark hair, and her alpha is one hell of an ass.”

Dr. B takes a minute to scan his appointments around this time. “Krissy and her mate Alistair. He’s a horrible human. It takes every ounce of my fiber not to clock him, but at least I have him convinced that leaving her out to sleep in the yard is bad for his pup.”

Dean stills his body. She sees Balthazar, so if someone wanted to know where she is kept they could search here. He files away that bit of information. The omega looks up at his gorgeous alpha and kisses his cheek. “It’s okay Cas. I want to see our pups.”

Castiel grins kissing him, helping Dean to lie back.

The gel is cold on his belly, which is nice against the heat of his body. Dean holds his breath in anticipation not to take another inhale until he hears the gorgeous noise of his children’s heart beats. With each swoosh of the monitor the Omega relaxes a little bit more.

Then the screen on the wall lights up with live time images of the pups. Cas squeezes his hand as a few tears fall from the alphas eyes. “Dean, they are miraculous.”

The Omega grins because yes, they are, because he and Cas made them.

“Okay, let me consult my app to calculate the due date for you.” Balthazar types on his iPad while the entire room is silent. “December 31st. Dean and Castiel you will get to have New Year’s pups.”

Joy sweeps through the two mates as dreams become a reality.

The ride home is tranquil. Cas is in the back seat with Dean, holding his hand stroking Dean’s knuckles lovingly, but his face is wrought with worry. “Dean I need you to tell me what happened.”

The Omega tilts his head so it’s resting on his alpha’s shoulder. “She was so small and innocent. Krissy deserves a good life, or at least for someone to give her a chance.”

“The young Omega from the waiting room.”

He snuggles in deeper to his lover. “Yeah, I want to rescue her. He does things to her Cas…scary ass shit things.”

“I know.” Castiel cards his fingers through his mate’s silky hair. “But he’s her alpha. I can’t do anything; he’s broken no laws. I Promise you if he does, Balthazar will be on him.”

Dean glances up as green orbs lock onto blue. He needs to ask this right, so Cas will understand. Licking his lips, the Omega lifts his mouth to his alphas ear. He whispers low, “Can we call
Dorothy, see if she and Toto want to visit a new wizard?"

Cas’s eyes grow wide. “Dean, are you suggesting?”

“No gift baskets, maybe just free a few munchkins along the yellow brick road?”

His alpha smiles so bright it reaches his sparkling blue beauties. Castiel retrieves his phone, pulling up the contact information for OZ. He sends a text that Dean doesn’t understand, but he trusts his mate to do what is right.

The text reads: SVA

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I sort of want to do a Sam/Gabriel chapter but my editor is unsure. Can you please voice your opinion one way or the other over the next 12 hours or so.
Thanks - Angie

The votes are in and I can't wait to show you guys what develops. :)


Chapter 36

Dean is flipping through a party magazine that Becky sent him. Claire’s birthday is a month away, and he hasn’t planned a thing. It’s not going to be a huge affair, but he wants it to be special. His daughter is pushing a kitchen chair around the room, exuding pride in her work as Dean lies on his side deciding on a theme.

“What do you think princess? Frozen seems really popular these days.” Ugh, they did not teach first birthday planning at the academy, and Dean hasn’t even been to a child’s party in eons.

Cas is at Bobby’s cottage going over some new security systems. Benny, who should really be in the kitchen with Dean, is on the front porch talking to Meg. Their pup has a slight fever and the alpha is beside himself. The Omega spoke with Meg yesterday, and said it was nothing to fret over, but goodness Benny is not taking it well.

There is a knock on the sliding glass door and Dean turns, expecting it to be Sam or Gabriel returning from their run, when the sight of two females startles him. The Omega quickly stands, tossing his daughter on his hip, planning a stealthy escape, when the older woman yells, “Dean it’s Dorothy. Let me in.”

That is when the omega notices the smaller, younger girl as Krissy from Dr. B’s office. Tentatively, he unlocks the door, stepping back as Dorothy shoves Krissy into the kitchen. Dorothy is a little shorter than him, with dark hair pulled into a bun. Her eyes are a pale whiskey color, and she’s wearing a leather bomber jacket straight out of a 1950’s movie. “What the hell are you doing here with her?”

Dorothy’s eyes are filled with heat as she hisses, “She won’t cooperate. I can’t transport a pregnant Omega over state lines if she is unwilling to go.”

Dean is really confused, “You want to stay with that abusive asshole?”

“Nooo!” The teen dramatically sulks, “but I’m not leaving without my sister.”

The older woman huffs, “I have been trying since yesterday to get her out of the city, and every time she screams about her damn sister.”

“Well, just go get her sister.” It seems fairly simple to the Omega.

“Krissy doesn’t know where she is? Charlie has been notified and will get back to me soon, but I need somewhere to hide her, because her alpha is going to start searching for his property.”

He is about to scold her for calling Krissy property when his mouth drops open wide. Suddenly, what Dorothy is asking dawns on Dean, “Oh hell no, you can’t stash her in my home. Don’t you have a safe house or something?”

“Not one that is currently available. Look, I know you have a scent proof room and no one is going to look for her here. Just let me take her up there, and you keep everyone off the third floor.”

“Well, you can use the room, but then Cas is..”

Dorothy cuts him off “No you can’t tell him, the less people who know about it the better.”
“Nope.” Dean shakes his head. “I do not lie to my alpha.”

“Seriously, like is his cock made of gold?” The teen asks which makes Dean cringe. Jesus that was completely uncalled for.

“Ewe and no.” Dean’s phone rings the caller ID is the gatehouse.

“Hello?”

“Hey Dean, it’s Gadreel at the front gate. Sheriff Mills and her deputy will be at the main house in like a minute. I would have called Benny, but he’s not answering his phone.”

SHIT! “Thanks Gadreel.” He hangs up Dean’s green eyes going wild, “Sheriff Mills is on the way.”

“What, why?” Dorothy seems slightly panicked.

“I don’t have a fucking clue. Go to the safe room and we will deal with this later. I would prefer not to birth my pups in prison.” Dean screams as he texts Cas about the Sheriff’s impromptu visit. When he glances up, the two women are charging up the main staircase. The Omega tucks his daughter in tightly, rocking her while trying to calm his nerves. “We can totally pull this off sweet girl.”

There is a banging on the front door which frightens both child and Omega. “Okay cutie, deep breath, it’s time to learn about evading arrest.”

Dean swings the door wide, plastering a faux smile on his face, “Sheriff Mills, Deputy Walker what brings you here?”

Jody returns his smile which makes Dean relax just a tad. “We have news about the six Omegas Castiel mentioned.”

After the head was disposed of, Cas had called the Sheriff giving her the list as people he thought were of interest. He had no idea what she would do with it, but the alpha felt better informing the police. “I just texted him that you were here, would you like a seat in the living room.”

Jody goes to take a seat, but Gordon lingers for a moment scenting Dean. His dark fingers touching Claire’s back, “Such a sweet baby. Is this Claire?”

The Omega has to swallow down the puke rising in his throat. God, why would a beta smell him? The deputy made his skin crawl, and Dean really didn’t want him anywhere near his daughter. “Yes, this is my daughter.”

“Your daughter?” The inflection in the statement was very clear as he ghosts his fingers down Dean’s exposed arm. The omega steps back, his eyes darting to Sheriff Mills who is flipping through the file she brought completely unaware.

“Yes, I’m Claire’s Omega. I believe you were made aware of my station in this house.” He can’t believe that the deputy is being so brazen. If Cas were here, the beta would be on the floor with a bloody nose by now. Honestly, if Dean weren’t pregnant and holding a child, he would hit him.

Walker exudes slimy with an evil dark grin, “For now.”

Dean’s entire body freezes in his spot trying to understand what just happened as he glares at the deputy who sits down next to his boss on the couch. Did he just threaten him? Does he honestly
think that Castiel won’t believe Dean and lose his shit? Clearly this beta needs to be schooled on the possessiveness of happily mated alphas.

“Sheriff Mills, thank you for coming.” Castiel sweeps into the room. His alpha glances at him with apprehension. “Dean, are you okay?”

Dean kisses his cheek. “We can talk later.”

Once everyone settles and Claire is playing with a basket of toys from the corner of the room, Jody begins, “So I found the list you sent me to be very helpful. We were able to eliminate two of the names fairly quickly.”

“Who would that be?” Dean yelps because he’s desperate for information.

“Brady and Samandriel. They came into the station willingly and submitted to both blood and scent collection without question. I interviewed them both myself, and they don’t seem right for this to me. Also, the labs came back and neither matches to Claire’s blood or the scent left on the alpha spray bottle.”

Castiel holds Dean’s hand. “What about the other four?”

Mills chews on her lower lip before puffing out a breath of air. “Bartholomew is hiding behind a lawyer, care of his brother Raphael. It sends up a red flag for me, but my gut is telling me it’s not him. Now, we have been unable to reach the other three Omegas. The bartender, Casey, hasn’t been seen in two weeks, which I find highly suspicious, and the other two are on vacation.”

“Hael and Lillith are on vacation together?” This does not jive with the behavior Dean saw at the post claiming party.

“According to Michael, the two Omegas have been spending a month every summer in Europe for years. He assures me they had nothing to do with it, and will send them down to Savannah upon their return.”

Castiel’s voice is serious and low, “And your gut feeling on the Novak Omega’s?”

For the first time since sitting down, Deputy Walker growls, “I think they have nothing to do with it. My opinion is this girl Casey is your culprit.”

“My colleague and I disagree on this fact. Although Casey is unaccounted for, she has no real motive. She has donated eggs before, but we can’t trace any of those donations to Amelia. Not to mention if she is the assailant, will we know once Lillith and Hael are tested.”

“And the validity of the idea that there is a conspiracy at play here?” Castiel asks the Sheriff directly, but the shifty Deputy responds.

“Oh my God, did your abused little Omega put that idea in your head, because it’s ridiculous?”

Jody’s mouth drops open in shock. Cas’s fists tighten, and a deep rumble emits from his chest. “You will refer to my mate by either Dean or Omega Novak.”

The lungs in Dean’s body stop working his emerald eyes bulging from their sockets. It’s almost like he’s trying to provoke the Omega into doing something stupid, but why?

“I apologize for my deputy, Mr. Novak. Perhaps, I can call you later in the week to finish this conversation?”
Deputy Walker chuckles like saying he’s sorry is beneath him. His dark brown eyes, dragging over the Omegas body, making him shiver in disgust. “Please, he’s a spoiled Omega that exaggerates everything.”

Castiel hastily crosses so both men reach the center of the room at the same time, their chests banging together. “Out! Jody I want him off this case.”

The two men are glaring at each other. Sheriff Mills grabs her partner’s elbow, steering him to the front door. “Oh, I think a formal reprimand is in order, again, I am so sorry.”

Dean observes as Cas follows them to the door, slamming it after they leave. “Dean, you aren’t to ever let that man in this house without me. Do you understand?”

The Omega nods, collecting Claire from her play corner. “Yes, alpha.”

“The way he blatantly ogled your body like, like...” The rage was scenting off him in droves.

“I was some omega whore.”

His alpha snatches his chin, green meeting blue. “Don’t ever say that about yourself Dean. You are a victim in this, and were never an active participant.”

He nods placating Castiel. No way in hell Dean is going to tell Cas about his advances before the alpha entered the room. It was very odd, but there was something familiar about his behavior. Dean doesn’t have time to place it now because his focus falls to the guests on the third floor.
Happy Holidays to all my readers!

Seven days and counting since their home has been invaded by the visitors. That’s the term everyone who is aware of them uses so no names could possibly be overheard. Dorothy was furious that Dean told Cas, and that his alpha then shared the information with Gabriel and Sam, but they are a family that sticks together. Although, both girls have requested that the alphas steer clear of them. Dean is extremely proud of how quickly Cas just went with it, because to him, saving a sibling is a noble cause.

The snag came when it was discovered that Alex, Krissy’s older sister, was purchased from the Georgia Academy like Krissy, but then sold on the black market. Dean’s heart sank when Dorothy explained, because the chances of finding her got really slim. The academies had some unsavory business practices, but for the most part had to follow state and federal laws. The first and foremost was that all alphas purchasing an Omega had to prove American citizenship, and no extensive criminal record, thus creating a black market for those alphas or betas who did not fall into both categories. Alex could be anywhere and once her papers stopped with the purchaser there was a dead end to the trail. Dean was surprised that Azazel hadn’t used the black market to obtain his Omegas, but then he remembered it was cheaper from the academies, and on paper he was a model alpha up to the point his head melted.

Krissy would not give up hope, so for now she and Dorothy found residence on the third floor, enjoying the Novak hospitality, which today consists of a PB&J sandwich and an orange for lunch. Castiel was feeding Claire at the table while Dean spread peanut butter. Their peaceful domestic moment crumbles as Gabriel storms into the kitchen, huffing and puffing dramatically.

“Our brother wants to go back to California for a God Damn month!”

Dean pauses his smearing as Sam enters screaming, “Gabriel we need to finish this conversation in private.”

“Oh the hell we do, this impacts their lives to ya know. You are going to miss Claire’s first birthday!”

The Omega puts down the utensil his eyes tearing, “You won’t be here for the ‘Princess in Purple’ party?”

“I am sorry Dean.” Sam is exhaling slowly. “Something came up, and I need to go back to California. I thought it would be a good time to close down my life there and officially move to Savannah.”

Gabriel steps to Sam poking his shoulder aggressively, “And tell them why this can’t wait. Why you won’t claim me or even knot me until this is done.”
“What? Wait.” Dean is suddenly very confused. “I thought you guys were already doing that.”

“Twice. We have had sex twice, and both times no knot. I thought he was being a gentleman, wanting to wait, until I heard him on the phone with a Jess this morning.”

Cas pipes up from behind him, “Who’s Jess?”

Gabriel swings his arms gesturing wildly, “His girlfriend. An unmated, freed Omega female, who by the way lives with him.”

The entire room gasps, “Nooooo!” Claire slaps her cheeks for emphasis.

Dean slides next to the beta to glare at his brother. “Sam, is this true?”

The younger alpha cards his fingers through his long, dark locks. “Okay, so technically she is my roommate who I was casually dating until I left to come here. I need to go back so I can put the house in her name and officially cut ties.”

“Omegas don’t casually date Sam.” Castiel hasn’t left the table, but Dean can sense his irritation.

“Yes, they do. In California, where they are free to do whatever they want, they date. How else do you get to know someone and make sure they fit in your life?” Sam leans on the doorway hoping to ease out soon.

Dean’s face falls, whispering, “I never got to casually date.”

“I don’t call helping an Omega through their heat dating?” Gabriel has stopped shouting, but his eyes are still visibly intense.

Dean blinks as the insinuation becomes clear. “You knotted her, but won’t do Gabriel?”

The beta folds his arms over his chest triumphantly, “and now we come to the ‘eat shit and die, Gabriel’ part of the conversation.”

“I like you Gabe, a lot. When I originally came out here, I had every intention of collecting Dean and high tailing it back to the free states. But that didn’t happen. I stayed, and in the process met the most amazing person. The more I got to know you, the more I realized my life is here.” Sam smiles at his beta with a wink, thinking in his twenty year old mind that a simple compliment will win.

Gabriel’s shoulders fall, his eyes getting wet as a sob builds. The massive age difference between the two blatantly evident, “and yet you lied to me. I was honest about everything Sam, and you kept important aspects of your life a secret.”

Sam’s bright smile fades to a frown with each word. “We can fix this, right?”

“Maybe.” Gabriel shrugs, the tears finally falling. “Go to California take your month.”

The crying, smaller man goes to the glass door, sliding it open. “Gabriel, will you wait for me?”

“I don’t know.” The beta hushes under his breath as he closes the door behind him. Sam crosses to follow when Castiel rises, tapping his chest gently.

“No Sam, go make your plans and hope.”

Dean finishes the lunch tray and heads up to the third floor lost in thought. Sam kept this Jess, even from him. It hurt knowing that his brother felt inclined to lie to them all. Although, the Omega
couldn’t decide which he was more upset about, Sam keeping secrets, or missing Claire’s party. He hopes that Gabriel will stick around to see it though when Sam returns because they are good together, but he knows that Sam being with an Omega hurt Gabriel the most. There was no questioning the pain in the beta’s eyes. His brother knows what it’s like to knot an Omega in heat, and according to Castiel, that information is life altering.

Reaching the scent proof door, Dean knocks softly, waiting for it to swing open. Once inside, Krissy quickly shuts it behind him, taking the tray of food. He had thrown a party size bag of potato chips on top and he eyes it hungrily. Suddenly Dorothy, who is normally cool and collected, is in his face shaking him, “Did Charlie send me a box? It should have arrived this morning with the mail or by UPS?”

Dean’s eyes finally leave the chips to look into her whiskey stained irises. “No. I can call down to the gatehouse, but they would have called Cas and we’ve been together all morning. Why? Please don’t say it’s another head.”

Krissy is devouring a PB&J mumbling, “she needs her pills, can’t you smell it?”

Dean finally scents the room and realizes there are three distinct Omega smells in the room. “Oh my God, you’re one of us.”

“I take a high dosage cocktail that erases any form of Omega traits from my body.”

“What happens when you go off something like that?” Dean is timid because he’s heard about these types of medicinal Omega blockers, and they have some rough side effects. First of all complete and total infertility.

He sees the sweat dripping from her face, “I’m going to have a heat very soon. I haven’t had one in almost 9 years. Do you have any toys or somewhere I can go?”

Dean glances at Krissy. She shrugs without comment. It’s not unheard of for Omegas to help each other through heats at the academy. It’s not really sexual, just more like a caring nurse to hand them water and clean toys with a knot. “I can have Cas or Gabriel run out for the toys. Umm, we don’t have any in the house. I have alpha care for mine.”

The two women nod. Dean has a loving, attentive alpha who takes time to touch his Omega, giving Dean a real knot. Krissy takes a sip of water, “She can stay here with me. I know what to do.”

The male Omega is relieved because a new Omega in heat would set off red flags to all the guards. Even though Dean is due any day for his pregnancy heat, it will not give off the same smell as Dorothy’s. However, Dorothy looks more nervous, “No Dean, I need my own space.”

“Dorothy, your scent will be too strong to hide outside this room and we can’t risk moving Krissy. I’d call around for a hotel with a scent proof suite, but then there might be questions. Do you want me to call my friend Meg? We could probably get you to her house, but she has a baby and an alpha.”

Dean is suddenly assaulted by Dorothy dropping to her knees, wrapping her arms around his thighs yelling, “No alphas, please God no alphas!”

This is not the tranquil, assertive woman who walked though his door a week ago. He would never suspect her to be so calculating as to have killed Azazel, set his house ablaze, and kidnap Krissy. Dean lowers himself down to face her, embracing her shoulders as she shakes uncontrollably. “It’s alright Dorothy. You will stay here with Krissy. I will get you toys and not a single alpha will enter
this room, okay?”

Her entire body trembles, her voice lost in fear. Dean has seen this before in Omegas returned with horror stories such as his own. He strokes her back gently, letting his fingers barely touch. He presses down just enough that she knows he is there, but not enough to scare the frightened Omega.

The teen in the corner sniffs, “What the hell happened to you?” Real subtle there Krissy, and he’s about to hush her when Dorothy finds the words to tell her story.

“When I was 18, like all Omegas I was sold to the highest bidder at the Nevada Academy for girls. My first time and I was sold to an alpha female who used me to host a Roulette party.”

“Those are illegal.” Krissy hisses hoping the story is false.

There are very few laws protecting Omegas. The first law ever created to save Omegas from abuse was to stop multiple partner rapes. It was a huge success for all Omega Rights Activists because it was the first time anyone acknowledged that an Omega could be sexually violated. One such type of practice was given the nickname Roulette parties. Where a group of alphas would pool their money and buy one or two virgins and using the game of Roulette to determine how they were passed around. If Dorothy was lucky, it was a small party of maybe ten or twelve, but Dean has a feeling the odds were not in her favor.

Dorothy’s sobs continue as she answers, “It was illegal for me to take you away from Alistair, but here you are.”

“Did you escape?” He has this last glimmer of hope that she killed her first attacker and ran to freedom.

“No, I was returned a week later, once I could move unassisted. That June, Charlie came to the academy and she became someone special to me. My Christmas gift to her the following winter was a new life in Oregon. It was her idea to start up Oz Investigations, and for me to pose as a beta. We have been together and working for ten years now.”

“Wait.” Krissy calls from her corner. No one has moved an inch. “You are both Omegas?”

Dean and Dorothy break out in laughter. He lets Dorothy respond, “Yes, we are both Omegas, and before you ask, yes we are intimate. That’s all I’m sharing about that.”

An odd thought crosses his mind, “If you live in Oregon, which is a free state, why drop off the pregnant Omega male from Azazel’s in California?”

“One of the best unmated Omega homes in the country is there. It’s run by some alpha, but I have never met him. I prefer to work with his counterpart, an Omega named Jess.”

Dean’s mouth drops to the floor in shock.
Dean closes the door behind him. His mind running way over capacity, he leans against the wall trying to process everything. His hand flutters over his stomach; swearing he felt something move. There is no way that the Omega Dorothy talked about isn’t Sam’s Jess, and that would make his brother the elusive alpha. It won’t fix the bigger issues between Gabriel and Sam, but maybe it will help explain his silence.

He pushes himself off to find Sam, when the safe room door opens and Krissy strolls out. “Hey Dean can I make a request too?”

“I’m sorry. A request beyond: find my sister, feed me, and hide me until you pay for both our tickets to the free states?”

The younger Omega whines, “You let Dorothy make demands for her heat.”

“Shit! When are you due for your pregnancy heat?” This is not good. Cas is going to have to buy half the toys in the store at this rate. A house full of raging Omega pheromones cannot be a positive thing.

Krissy bites her lower lip, “I want an alpha.”

He is unable to find words for several moments. “An alpha for what?” Dean prays that she needs a chess partner.

“For my heat stupid.” His glare could not be more astonished. Does she think that Dean stores extra alphas in the basement?

“You are escaping from the alpha that beat you and now I need to find one for your heat?”

The teenager rolls her eyes like Dean is being unreasonable. “I happen to know there is an unmated alpha living in this house. I can smell him. Maybe…”

“Oh hell no! That unmated alpha is my brother and currently he is drowning in ass, so let me add a huge HELL NO!”

Krissy pouts, “Come on Dean you don’t know any other alphas?”

“Yes, but they are happily mated or related to me. Both those options do not work for my new alpha stud service.”

She giggles like that was funny. Then her eyes darken her face falling to a frown. “I want to know what’s it’s like to enjoy it. I’m 17 and pregnant. You don’t know any alphas like Castiel?”

“Like Cas?” She’s barely met him but in passing. “You realize that Cas is mine?”

God if she huffs a pout one more time. “Yes, I’m not interested in Cas. You have this look when you think about him or someone mentions him. I want to know what that look feels like. I’m not stupid I know it won’t be the same but maybe pleasurable.” There is a pause while Krissy drops her eyes to the floor. “Cas gives you orgasms, right?”

“Yes, yes he does.” Dean should not be grinning right now. This massive smirk is completely
inappropriate right now. “Wait. You’ve never had an orgasm?”

“Umm by myself yes but I want to know what it’s like when I’m not alone. Will you at least try Dean?”

“I will try.” The pregnant teen pops up kissing his cheek before dashing back into the safe room.

“Great, now I need toys and an unmated alpha who won’t ask questions.”

Dean decides that he wants to chat with Sam first. He needs to hash it out with his brother, because it’s not fair to give hope to Gabriel if there is nothing there. He finds Sam in the den typing on his laptop.

“Looking for flights?” Dean sits down on the couch next to him.

“That seems to be the current plan. I go to California break things off with Jess and have faith that Gabriel will be here when I get back.” Sam’s eyes fall back on the computer screen and pulls out his wallet. Damn it, he’s going to buy the ticket right now.

“Stop Sam, can you talk to me for just a few minutes before you book that flight.”

“Okay.” The alpha closes the computer and tosses his wallet to the floor, twisting so he faces his brother. “What else can I say? I like Gabriel but I need to finish this so …”

“Sam what do you do in California?”

His brother gives him a blank expression. “I have a job, a few roommates nothing interesting.”

“Do you run an unmated Omega house with Jess?”

“How?” Sam gasps his inhale stuttering. “How do you know that?”

“A little birdie told me. Why would you not tell Gabriel or me? Do you not trust us?”

The young alpha runs a hand over his face sighing. “It’s not about trusting you. Many of the Omegas are fleeing from alphas who will kill them just because they are embarrassed about being duped. Others have been so traumatized I have to live in a camper out back until they learn that not alphas are bad. We don’t ask questions at my house, so I never know where they came from I have to be silent for their protection. I’m not trying to be mysterious or lie. I just want to keep the Omegas in my care safe.”

“Why?” Dean thinks he knows the answer but he needs to hear it.

“I have been trying to get you back since I was sixteen and popped my first knot. I was so naïve back then I brought a thousand dollars thinking that would be enough.” His brother laughs with so much sorrow it hurts. That would have been his third show the one when Azazel bought him. If Sam could have out bid the sadistic alpha Dean’s life would have been very different.

Dean takes Sam’s hand into his as the two brothers sit in silence. They are both crying quietly when Sam confides, “I started the home that following year. I met three Omegas who had the cash to buy a house but needed an alpha to co-sign for them. In the free states Omegas can own property, but can’t get a mortgage without an alpha. The bank didn’t even care that I was still a child. All they wanted was to see my driver’s license with the alpha designation and a blood test for verification.”

“Jess was one of the three Omegas?”
Sam shakes his head yes, releasing Dean’s hand to wipe his cheeks. “She’s a fighter. It was her idea to start the home I just had the knot they needed. We became more than friends a few months later during her spring heat. Jess is pretty, kind, soft, and so strong but she’s…”

“Not Gabriel.”

His brother has no answer but doesn’t deny the statement. “I used to dream that one day the new Omega entering the house would be you. It’s why I kept going making it my life’s work, because if I couldn’t save you I would protect every Omega that crossed my threshold.”

“I don’t want you to give all that up for me. You have been saving lives Sam. You are my hero.”

Suddenly, Sam is grabbing the Omega heaving him into a tight embrace. The two men don’t let go for a very long time. Dean turns his lips to his brother’s ear, “I forgive you Sam. I will always be in your life now. Are you sure you want to move to Savannah?”

The alpha holds tight mumbling from Dean’s shoulder. “Jess always knew I would leave once I found you. It was a constant finality to our relationship. When I called her this morning, she was prepared for my plans to come for one last visit. My life is here with my brother, with my nieces and nephews, and maybe if he will have me Gabriel.”

“Did you tell Jess about him?”

“I did and I know that makes this worse because I didn’t tell Gabriel about her. I have to figure a way to fix this and I will.” Sam’s forehead drops to his hands with a deep painful sigh that is breaking Dean’s heart.

“Okay, you’re an adult now so I won’t question you again but I will give you some advice.” He tugs Sam back so the two brothers are facing each other. “Talk to Gabriel, tell him the truth. Do this now, before you book a flight.”

Sam wipes his nose on his sleeve as he rises to his feet. “I don’t know how to start the conversation.”

“I’m sorry for being an asshole seems like a great opener.” Dean chuckles as he follows his brother out of the den, patting him on the back for moral support. “Go get your man tiger.”

The Omega assumed he would find Cas and Claire in the kitchen but it’s empty when he arrives. He discovers his phone on the island with a text from his mate. *Come to Bobby’s Rose garden.*

An odd request but Dean complies retrieving a bottle of water to sip as he walks. It’s hot the muggy air causes the Omega to drip sweat five minutes into his stroll, but he continues curious about the text. When he finally arrives he sees Castiel standing next to the stone bench in the center of the garden. The multitude of colors surrounding them makes Dean’s smile grow. He inhales the sweet fragrance of the flowers letting it pour over his body like an unseen blanket.

“Take a seat Dean.” Cas’s eyes are tender as he gives his command. The Omega follows his order silently observing as his mate kneels before him. His alpha presents a little make shift bouquet of roses, “I would like to take you on a date.”

“Cas, it’s fine you don’t need to go to all this trouble. I’m your mate and pregnant I don’t think…”

The words are cut off by Cas’s lips covering his. The alphas hands cupping his face stroking his cheeks gently. The kiss is warm with a touch of raw desire, building as their tongues roll along each other. When their mouths part Cas places his forehead on Dean’s, “I want to take my Omega on a
date. The whole world should see your beauty and that you are mine.”

Again Dean is at a loss for words because Castiel shows him yet another way to be loved. “You spoil me. One day you will regret it, when I’m a total brat.”

The alpha kisses his nose, “That will never happen Dean because you appreciate what you have more than any person I know. You are so grateful for the simple things, that I forget to give you the best too.”

“Fine, take me on a date but I want it to be a surprise. Like pick out my clothes and plan the whole evening so I get to just follow you into my happily ever after.”

They are kissing again and it’s filled with such love Dean might burst. Finally Castiel gets off his knees to rest next to his Omega. They cuddle together Cas tracing Dean’s bulging belly with his fingers. It’s only then that Dean remembers a promise he made earlier. “Do you know any unmated alphas?”

His mate’s movement stops, “Are you trying to replace me so soon?”

“No.” He bats at his lovers arm playfully. “Krissy would like an alpha for her heat.”

The face that Cas makes is so hilarious Dean tosses his head back with a full belly laugh.

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An hour later the two lovers are walking over to Bobby’s to collect Claire, when Sam jogs up to them. The young alphas face is distraught and a fresh set of tears are on his face. His fingers are strangling an envelope and Dean knows this can’t be good. “Sam what’s wrong?”

It takes several gasps of air before his brother can respond, “he’s gone.”
Chapter 39

Castiel pushes back in the rocking chair, letting momentum do the work. The evenings in Savannah were just as warm, but a breeze from the east made sitting on the front porch comfortable. He sips on his sweet ice tea with mint, savoring the coolness on his tongue. It had been four days since Gabriel left, and there still had been no direct contact from his brother. Sam moped around the house, his shaggy hair more disheveled than usual. His flight to California merely two days away, and Castiel was pretty sure the young alpha wishes for his love to suddenly show up and stop him. It was a sad sight, but they were all respecting Gabriel’s desires. In the letter the beta had explained that he just needed time to think. No one was to look for him, and he would return before the pups were born, that he promised. Anna called the next day saying Gabriel would keep in touch with her and she would be his messenger for now.

It was just after five and Bobby had left for Balthazar’s an hour ago with Claire. They were taking them up on babysitting services so Cas could give Dean a proper date night. The alpha had everything arranged from clothing, to activities, to food. He was slightly nervous, hoping to please his Omega, but the excitement of it all overpowered any anxiety. However, there was one more thing he had to take care of before sweeping his mate away. Krissy’s pregnancy heat had kicked in two hours ago, and Castiel was waiting for her alpha to arrive. Dorothy’s had begun the day before, so his house was already reeking of heat. It wasn’t a foul smell, just overwhelming. Thank goodness the scent didn’t fall beyond the confines of the house and their property was extensive enough to hide it, but anyone leaving would need to hose down or be accused of working in a brothel.

The twenty five year old Gadreel was extremely tall with long, lanky legs and a prominent Roman nose. Oddly enough, he could have easily been mistaken for Sam from afar, except for the hair that was shorter and a touch lighter in color. The new alpha steps onto the stairs nodding towards Castiel, “Good evening sir.”

“Gadreel, sit with me for a minute. Would you like some tea?” Castiel observes as the giant lowers himself into the rocking chair next to him.

“I’m fine sir. Thank you for the offer, and for this opportunity.”

Now Cas was curious because knotting an unclaimed pregnant Omega through her heat did not seem like much of an opportunity, “What are you expecting from this encounter Gadreel?”

“To be perfectly honest sir,” the other man pauses his eyes scanning the live oaks before them, “I believe that she’s my mate.”

The elder alpha chokes on his swallow of tea wheezing his reply, “You haven’t even met her yet. How could you have any idea if you are compatible? I won’t allow you to go up there and force a
claiming bite on a teenager.”

Gadreel swivels to face Castiel a perfectly chiseled bitch face glaring at him. “I would never do anything against Krissy’s wishes. There will be no claiming bite until after her heat is over and her mind is clear. That is a promise on my honor sir. But I have smelled her slick, and it is heavenly.”

“What is this captivating fragrance?” Cas was not aware that the fabric she passed to Gadreel was her slick but the teen was full of surprises. She had merely handed over a white fabric in a zip-loc bag.

“When I close my eyes, it’s like standing in a field of lavender. The aroma of fresh grass under my feet, and the lavender scent wafting into my nose on a refreshing breeze, it arouses and calms me all at once.” Castiel grins he knows that feeling all too well.

The two men rock for a bit more, then Cas addresses the obvious, “She was abused by her previous alpha. I don’t know the extent, but he was unkind. According to Dean, his name is Alistair and he never claimed Krissy because he wanted to make sure she would be pretty after her teen years. You will need to move slowly and gently.”

“I understand. My mother was a mistreated Omega who was replaced when her beauty faltered after many years of service to my father. It has taken a long time for me to be ready for my own Omega.”

“Why now, after one whiff, and your ready to take on a damaged Omega with a pup that’s not yours?”

Suddenly the two alphas hear a female screaming from an upstairs window. The men step out onto the lawn to view the voice, “Hey alpha! I know you’re down there, get your ass up here and knot my brains out you...” Her ranting halts as she gazes on the younger alpha. “Fuck, you are hot!”

A simple smirk spreads along Gadreel’s face, softening his features. “My queen awaits.”

“Sorry, she can be quite crass.” Castiel confesses as they stroll into the house.

There is a glimmer in the younger man’s eye. “She’s perfect.”

“Well, Dean and I are going out for the night so the house should be yours. Keep her hydrated and well fed for both Krissy’s health and the child.”

Gadreel winks, “she will be cared for and treasured. Again, thank you for the introductions but I don’t think you will be leaving either.”

Castiel is hit with a very familiar smell that arouses his knot immediately. Shit, Dean is in heat. Only as they reach the second floor and Gadreel is taking the flight up to the third floor does Cas hear the faint cry of his mate, “Cas, I need you. Alpha.”

He opens the door to the master bedroom with the navy blue trim, remembering that they were now in here as the green room was about to become a second nursery for the twins. Dean has positioned himself on top of the bed naked, his ass in the air presenting beautifully for Castiel. Clearly Dean has been here for a while, because the back of his thighs are dripping in slick. “Dean, why didn’t you call me sooner?”

The alpha strips his clothes while his mate whines, “You needed to settle Gadreel and Krissy. I could wait.”

“No, you listen to me, Dean Novak.” Castiel plunges his finger into the soaking channel, prepping
his lover. “You want to rescue Omegas and help those in need, I am all for that, but never ever put
your health second. I am your alpha and it’s my job to put you first.”

Dean is lost in his heat and the relief of Cas’s fingers. “Got it alpha, but seriously knot me already.
I’m dying here.”

Cas displays a wicked grin as he lowers his face to Dean’s gorgeous ass. His sweet boy is a writhing
mess, but he needs to learn a lesson. The alpha takes his tongue, dragging it over every ounce of
dripping slick. He loves the warm taste of baking bread, but when he closes his eyes sticking his
tongue deep within the Omega’s hole he finds a hint of cherries. Cas growls diving further into his
channel, ignoring the swats from his mate.

The alpha stretches out his arms, ghosting his fingers over Dean’s spine, sucking the delicious
wetness into his mouth, letting it envelope his soul. This is his place of worship behind his Omega,
watching his lover come undone at his touch. As if on cue, Dean arches his back crying out in
pleasure with this new movement Castiel has access to the man’s dripping cock. He lowers one
hand down, stroking the shaft, running his nails casually over the top making Dean hiss, “Alpha.”

Tightening his grip on Dean’s dick, he builds the pace, matching it with the driving force of his
tongue. His Omega is screaming loudly, panting hard as he cums, shooting his load to the sheets
below. Only then does Cas rise to his knees, lining up his cock with Dean’s hole, thrusting in with
one swift push. There is barely any resistance as he bottoms out with a grunt.

“Jesus fucking Christ Cas, finally.” Dean shrieks as Castiel finds a nice rhythm to his plunges. The
alpha becomes astray in his lusty thoughts of everything splayed out before him. His mate with the
golden, sun touched, silky skin, and emerald green eyes that brighten like a shimmering jewel for the
alpha alone. Cas senses the knot growing and slips it into his Omega’s channel while continuing to
rock his hips, drawing an orgasm from both men.

Once the high subsides Cas rolls Dean to his side so they can cuddle and wait out the first knot of the
night. The alpha had called Balthazar earlier, asking about the differences between this and Dean’s
regular heat. According to the physician, the Omega requires a knot, but only every two or three
hours, unlike a full heat, where the breaks are not as long. Though, Castiel’s knot will last over an
hour as his body craves the connection to his mate during pregnancy. If satisfied by the mating, then
Dean will rest between ruts, waking for nourishment and a new knot.

His lover was snuggling in tight, already closing his eyes clearly satiated. “Hey Dean, when my
knot slips out, I will make us a snack. What do you want?”

“Peanut butter.” It was the last words before a soft snore fills the bedroom.

Castiel stirs, having fallen asleep himself. The first thing he notices is that he is still knotted tightly to
Dean, and the second is that someone is poking his forehead. The alpha opens his eyes ,full of
confusion as to why Dean would need to strike his head. He startles when he catches sight of a
small, thin, red headed Omega standing over his bed. Cas would jump up to defend his mate if he
wasn’t naked and currently balls deep in said ass.

The girl perceives his eyes opening, “Hey there Mr. Novak. It’s me, Charlie.” Her voice is very
cheery with way to much pep. “I need the key to the scent proof room. My girl won’t open the
door.”

His brain is hazy as he tries to comprehend her words. “The extra key is in my nightstand behind
me.”
“Okey dokie, I will get it. Seems like Dean’s pregnancy heat kicked in.”

Castiel tracks her movements around the bed as it dawns on him that he and Dean are completely naked, knotted, and not even a sheet over them. “Are all Omegas this comfortable around each other?”

The red head is digging through the drawer, “If they spent any time at an academy, then yes. Excellent, found the key. Have fun with your evening.” She gestures at the bed and a sleeping Dean who hasn’t even budged an inch.

“Thank you. There is an alpha…”

“Yup, I am aware that Sam is sleeping on the couch in the den and Gadreel is in with Krissy. Dorothy keeps me very informed.”

“Great.” He waves as she leaves the room, shutting the door behind her. “That’s what this house needs, another Omega.” Cas whispers as he cards his fingers through his mates luscious locks.

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Castiel throws on some black sweats and a white v-neck as he heads down to the kitchen to retrieve some water and sandwiches. It’s a little after ten at night, and he and Dean just finished their second knot. His Omega requests more peanut butter this time, and was very adamant about it before crashing to the pillow yawning. The alpha discovered pregnancy heat is much more enjoyable. Dean wasn’t in pain or raging a fever fucking with his consciousness, he just needed Cas and he could get behind that.

When the alpha reaches the kitchen, he finds Gadreel standing in his jeans and not much more staring at an empty jar of peanut butter. Damn it!

The younger man glimpses up as he enters, “Do you have any more? My Omega has been very clear, I can’t re-enter the room without peanut butter.”

“Fuck, no, and mine said the same thing.” The two alphas stare at the empty jar for several minutes, exhaustion clouding their thoughts. “Guess I need to throw on some shoes and pick up a few jars at the grocery store.”

“Give me a minute to put on a shirt and I will join you. We can make a full supply run before they need us again. Krissy is resting now.” Castiel doesn’t miss the affection in Gadreel’s voice.

Cas crosses into the den, tugging on his sneakers over bare feet. That should be decent enough for the local market. Sam is dozing on the couch. “Sam!”

“What? Dude, you stink of Omega sex. I can almost taste Dean on you, ugh.”

“Gadreel and I are running to the store for food. Are you okay alone with a house full of Omegas?”

The lonely man huffs, “House full of Omegas I am totally trained for, one male beta, not a clue.”

Before Castiel can respond, he sees Gadreel at the door ready to leave. “Keep your phone on you.”

Sam nods his head turning the TV on.

It’s a quick ten minute drive to the grocery store and then the two men methodically work their way from one side of the store to the other, filling the cart to max capacity. Their largest purchase is five
of the family size peanut butter jars and four loaves of bread. By the time they make it to the checkout, it's been almost an hour.

Castiel is chuckling as Gadreel innocently describes his odd desire to smear peanut butter on his cock. He is trying to make an AO game of it as Cas's eyes are scanning the front desk when the breath is knocked out of him. Krissy's alpha, Alistair stands in the far corner smirking. In the same moment Cas is aware that four alpha sheriff deputies are surrounding them. He has just enough warning to type a text to Balthazar.

*About to be arrested, leave Bobby with Kevin and Claire, meet me with a lawyer and bail money*

One positive note of the deputies is none are Gordon because that would just be icing on the fucking cake. The one to Cas's left raises his hands in a peaceful gesture. “The alpha over there says one of you smells like his missing Omega. He provided some of her clothing, and to be honest guys, he’s not wrong. You both seem to have multiple Omega aromas on you. Did you just come from an orgy or what?”

The older alpha grabs Gadreel's elbow, shaking his head no. This is not the time to fight, even if he just insulted their lovers.

The same deputy continues, “I don’t want to make a scene here, just hand over his property and nobody has to sit in jail. Give us an address or something and we can make this all go away, Mr. Novak.” Castiel grins because at least they know who they are dealing with.

Gadreel responds calmly, “I don’t think we have any idea what you are talking about.”

“Come on guys, I’m a scent tracker and there is no doubt in my mind that you…” He points at Gadreel his eyes darting between both men, “have recently knotted his pregnant Omega. That’s a felony rape charge.”

Gadreel’s eyes go red as he roars, “I would never harm Krissy. That bastard beats her.” The officer behind them captures Gadreel in his arms, holding him back as the younger alpha growls and yips at the horrid accusation. The deputy wrestling with the younger alpha leans in, speaking in a hushed tone, but Cas can just make it out. “Her owner said if we find the Omega, we each get a turn as a reward.”

Castiel’s stomach twists as he fights to keep from retching. Gadriel whips around, slamming his fist into the revolting man's face.

The calmer officer shouts, “Stop!” As he raises his service revolver at Gadreel, “I will let that slide but beating an unruly Omega is not a crime. Now, Alistair has agreed not to press charges if you simply hand over the girl or at least tell us where you have her stashed.”

The two alphas glare at each other, an understanding silently being decided. In unison, they both drop to their knees lacing fingers behind their heads. Anger courses through Castiel's veins as he realizes the stupidity of their mistake. Everyone in the house is in danger. Sam would immediately be arrested for kidnapping. Krissy would be returned to Alistair where it’s unlikely she could survive his wrath. But also, Dorothy and Charlie are undocumented and too old for the academy, they would be sent to the farm. Castiel almost loses his resolve when he pictures Dean left alone, watching in handcuffs as his home crumbles around him. There is no way in hell either alpha will whisper anything other than, “I want my lawyer.”
Dean rouses from a deep sleep with his body aching with need for Cas’s knot. It’s not painful yet, but enough to keep him from resting any further. His alpha has been gone for a while now. How long does it take to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich? Jesus!

The Omega shakes his head trying to focus past the hunger of his building heat. The door to their bedroom is open, which is strange, but the unsettling part is the stench of a beta with alpha sickness. That’s when Dean slips off the bed, crawling to his maternity jeans and a black batman t-shirt, putting them on quietly. He needs to stay hidden because the only betas with open access to the house would never shoot up with alpha juice.

The belief is centuries old that if a beta injects a mix of alpha blood and semen into their body, they will evolve into the dominant breed. The Texas Academy used betas pumped up on the mix to implement discipline on the students, since having alphas on the grounds was illegal. In reality the betas never popped a knot, suddenly grew alpha strength, or scenting abilities, but it did drive them mad with blood lust. Their eyes would be a glistening red over the retinas, as they swam in the intoxication of a high that bred aggression and loss of any self control. This left them vulnerable to suggestion, especially if it meant a violent end. Dean feels like a fool for not noticing it when Gordon was at the house previously, but there was no doubt in his mind who the beta trolling his house was.

Staying as low to the floor as his belly would allow, Dean creeps to the bathroom hoping to lock the door behind him, when out of nowhere a powerful hand grips his hair, heaving him to standing. “Hey there, little Omega whore.”

“Deputy Walker.” His vision slides to the side catching the dark eyes flooded in red. God damn it; the one time to be right.

“Not a deputy anymore, after your knothead complained to the Mayor about my behavior.”

Dean’s scalp is burning as Gordon tugs even harder on his hair. “What a shame. You had such promise as an officer of the law.”

The beta retrieves a large hunting knife from a thigh strap, placing it on Dean’s neck. “My orders are to kill you, then slice up that disgusting bulge of yours until there is nothing left, but she said I could play with you first.”

“She?” Then the pieces fell into place. He was working with Claire’s biological Omega.

Walker’s tongue slid up Dean’s face, “You taste like sex, and don’t act stupid. You know it’s Lillith
and Hael."

There is a split second when the knife lifts, giving Dean just enough room to shove Gordon off him and dash to the far corner of the room, putting the bed between them. He wants out of there fast, but he needs the information first. "Are you fucking kidding me? Lillith and Hael are working together?"

"They are sisters, so once you and the alphas are out of the way, Lillith will step forward as Claire’s real mother with her loving sibling at her side.” The Omega is seething at the idea they could replace him as Claire’s caretaker while the beta stalks him slowly around the room.

“So you’re their errand boy.”

Gordon giggles this sick twisted laugh that makes Dean wet his pants a little. “Try lover and paid employee. Have you ever had two sisters at once? It’s fucking amazing!” Dean gives a disgusted grunt at the idea. Honestly, does it look like Dean would enjoy that?

“They gave me five hundred thousand up front to kick your brother’s ass with some buddies and scratch up your car. It was the perfect plan until your nose caught wind of the connection to Claire. Poor little Casey had to die, and when her body floats up in the river the tainted scent samples I left will match her. A trail can be linked to Casey’s hatred of male omegas, thus tossing out your theory about Claire’s Mom having anything to do with it.”

Okay this is going downhill fast. Time to try wimpy omega tactic. Dean starts crying on command, screaming at the top of his lungs, “Cas! Sam! Help me! Someone help me please! CAAASS!”

That eerie cackle returns to the crazy man’s mouth. “Oh poor little slut, there is no one left to save you. I just heard on the police scanner that your alpha and another one were arrested thirty minutes ago. All the judges are tucked away for the night, so he won’t make bail till morning, and well your bother is out cold.”

“If you killed my brother…” Dean puffs up to his full stature, staring the beta in his blood red eyes.

“Don’t be stupid. Hard to pin a mass murder and rape on a dead man. I gave him a sedative that will clear his system way before they have time to test him. That big strong alpha will wake up in six hours to a house full of slaughtered omegas, and their blood stained on his skin.”

Dean can’t help himself, he snickers nervously. “Are you a moron? There is no way you can leave the proper evidence to blame the rape on an alpha.”

“You want to see, bitch!”

The omega knows he’s playing with fire, but his options are fucking limited at this point. Dean almost sings hallelujah when Gordon tosses the knife to the bed so he can undo the buckle to his belt. The fear and adrenaline are keeping his heat at bay, thank God.

With the weapon out of reach, he lowers himself and sprints full force, jabbing his shoulder into the beta’s stomach. Dean just needs to knock the wind out of Walker long enough to make a dash for the bed. It almost works, but the omega didn’t judge the time his pregnant body would need to stand up. Gordon’s foot hits his thigh harshly, sending the Omega sprawling to the floor. He catches himself on all fours so as not to squish his pups. The next second, Walker is standing and kicking Dean in the face. He rolls with the blows; it still hurts really bad, but then it dawns on Dean that he can do this. The omega has taken several beatings from alphas and survived, back when he was thin and weak, before he filled out with powerful muscles from jogging everyday and actually being fed.
Walker may be a trained deputy hyped up on alpha juice, but he’s still a beta. Alphas move faster, and their additional strength making the strikes twice as hard. He pulls his feet up, protecting his abdomen, taking another kick to his shoulder. Battling for a sense of calm, Dean realizes that the ex-deputy is so high he needs a count of four before he decides on his next move, giving the omega time to adjust to a new position. He’s going to have bruises from head to toe, but if he can lead Gordon’s blows, he can shield his vulnerable organs and his twins.

Instead of remaining stoic, Dean starts to yell and cry so the beta doesn’t notice his deceit. Also, it will help alert anyone around that he’s being attacked. Maybe, just maybe, he can keep it going until the beta tires or help arrives because there is no way in hell that fucker is getting anywhere near his ass.

The assault seems to drag out and both men are panting over the exertion. Dean has been able to keep all punches or kicks away from anything vital. Although, the left side of the Omegas face is just one swollen mess of purple marks. Thank God his right eye is still open. The second his vision completely goes, it will be the end.

The beta halts his attack, catching his breath. “Stand up whore.” Dean refuses to comply, so Gordon grabs his shirt dragging him up almost choking him in the process. “I fucking said stand up!”

“True, but I’m not a whore so…” He spits out a mouth full of blood onto Walker’s shirt.

The open hand slap stings like a bitch, but is pretty easy to ignore. Now it’s Dean’s turn to hoot hysterically. “What the hell are you laughing at? I’m about to kill you.”

The omega almost can’t speak he’s giggling so hard… “That’s going to be difficult.” On the last word, Dean drops to all fours as Dorothy pulls the trigger, “…without a head.”

The blood and pieces of Gordon’s head rain down on Dean, and there isn’t time to do anything but let it happen. The beta’s body crumples to the floor. Dean glances over to the door with his one good eye, spotting Dorothy with a massive gun. Krissy and Charlie are standing in the doorway, their eyes wide but no one says a word. The entire house is silent. It’s odd because most people would be shrieking at witnessing a man’s execution, but not these four. They have seen enough violence in their lives to barely be affected by the scene before them. Dean rolls his sore shoulders as a chunk of brain drips onto the floor with a plop. That was his breaking point, “Get it off of me!! Mother fuckers get this bastard’s goop off of me!!"

All three women rush to help him up, but the change in position causes blood to pour into his right eye, blinding him. “Great, now I can’t see shit.”

Dean feels three pairs of silky feminine hands guide him to the bathroom. His clothes are tenderly taken from his body as the Omega hears the shower turning on. Charlie squeezes his wrist, “Just stand there Dean, we will all go in together.”

There is a ruffle of movement as more clothes are added to his original pile. Dean listens as the shower door opens and he is lead in, the spray hitting his chest. There is a moment of peace as two supple washcloths delicately rub his blood drenched body. He can sense hands picking bits from his hair as Krissy requests, “Dean lean your head back.”

The pregnant male submits as the teen’s fingers scrub shampoo into his scalp. Dean startles as the soap stings the abused skin.

Charlie is wiping his face, “Dean your face looks pretty gnarly, we may need to take you to the
“Not until it’s finished.” He can picture three heads nodding in agreement, even though the silence remains. There is a dead beta in his bedroom and Cas is in jail. Those issues take priority.

From behind him, Dean can hear the faint sound of a whimper. Dorothy must notice it too, “Krissy, don’t cry. He doesn’t deserve our tears.”

“That’s not why I’m crying.” She mumbles.

He reaches out, petting someone’s shoulder. “No Dorothy, right now in this moment, we let it out and then never again.” The four Omegas huddle together naked, letting tears fall to the drain below. It’s cathartic to feel the warmth of the water, the touch of soft skin, and the release of his sobs.

The weeping cleans out his one working eye, which allows Dean to gaze at the other Omegas. He can’t help from cackling at the sight. Charlie scrutinizes his laughter, “What is so funny?”

“I think I’ve seen a porno with this exact same shower scene, minus the tears.”
Chapter 41

The omegas are drying off with fluffy white and navy striped towels, discussing their next move when Dean’s heat smacks his body hard. The tranquility of the shower and the support of his friends have helped him to calm. The problem is that means his channel is ready for a knot, NOW.

He falls against the wall of the bathroom with nothing but a towel draped over his hips as a moan slips from the omega’s mouth.

“Dean, you okay?” Charlie pets his back.

Another groan fills the space, along with the scent of his slick pouring from his hole. “No, I need Cas really bad. It’s starting to hurt.” Dean can barely gasp for air before another wave of need rattles his abused body.

“We have two options here. I can rush you to the jail at one o’clock in the morning and hope they give you some mate time, or I hand you a toy. You decide.”

God, Dean really wants Castiel’s hands, lips, knot like yesterday, but they need to have everything in order before they reveal their hand. “Get me a fake knot. I’ll do it here.”

There is a strong resolve in his voice and nobody questions it as Charlie flees from the room to retrieve the plastic dildo. The other two women fade away as Dean collapses to the bathroom floor, tugging a discarded towel under him. He is ass up while his swollen face is on the cool tile, the pain from his beating increases as his skin blossoms in purple marks. The sensation of tortured bruises and the burning fire of his heat are almost too much to handle. He doesn’t want a toy, Dean wants what Cas always promised him, alpha care.

By the time Charlie returns Dean is a tornado of pain and heat, biting back screams of agony. “Dean I have the knot. Do you want me to help? Dorothy is taking care of Krissy so I can do it.”

A kind feminine hand strokes his lower back, but Dean hisses, “No! Only Cas touches me.” He takes a few deep breaths, attempting to center his thoughts. “Hand me the toy then go check on Sam. Make sure he’s alive and still sleeping. Did you bring one of your special untraceable laptops?”

“Yes.” Her voice is hushed as she listens carefully.

“Good. I want to know exactly what the charges are against Cas and Gadreel. I’m going to take care of myself and then we have work to do.”

She places the red fake knot next to his hand as he remains presenting for an alpha that is locked away. “I’ll set up in the kitchen. Come down when you are ready.”

It wasn’t very long ago when a dildo was his only release from his many heats. This is only Dean’s second heat with alpha care and yet, going back to a rubber knot seems appalling. The omegas first instinct is to wallow and cry over the absent alpha, but he knows that whining will not bring his Cas home. Seizing the toy, he douses the knot with his own slick before slowly working it into his hole. Once he has it firmly in place, he turns the knob releasing the vibration. “FUCK!”

Only then is he aware that his dick is throbbing and dripping in pre-cum. Shifting his knees slightly
away, he begins to stroke his shaft as the toy shakes and rattles deep within him. Dean gives it a few more beats before he pushes the button that will release the growing mechanism for the knot. The swelling rubber is all kinds of wrong because his entire soul is craving his alpha’s warm, hard, full cock. But he shakes the lust from his mind as he gets down to business, snatching his dick and jacking it roughly with his hand. His mind wanders to stunning blue eyes and tussled raven hair as his lips call out, “Cas, Cas, Cas.”

The omega’s orgasm rips through his center, wracking his hips with a massive jerk. He takes several deep breaths, then stands, releasing the dildo from his ass. He enters his bedroom for clean clothes when his nose is assaulted with the stench of death. It consumes him to the point he can almost taste the rotting flesh. With that image, the omega vomits leaving it to further the evidence. Dean decides that he can’t wear anything in this room and heads to Sam’s to steal some sweatpants. They will be a little long, but honestly the omega doesn’t fucking care.

Dean’s first stop is the den to glance at Sam. The alpha is snoring on the couch, not a care in the world. God, he is going to be pissed when he wakes up.

Charlie is alone in the kitchen with three laptops set-up on the table. Her voice is cheaper, but muted for her personality, “okay, I have everything up and running. What’s the plan Stan?”

“How good are you at falsifying and pre-dating documents?” For this to work, everything, including timing of the paperwork, is essential.

A wicked grin spreads along her lips. “Oh, that’s my specialty.”

“Excellent.”

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Three hours later Dean has his face flat on the kitchen table with a bag of frozen peas as his pillow. He is battling the excruciating pain of his injuries. The only plus side is all the pieces seem to be falling into place. Dorothy has joined Charlie, working one of the laptops while Charlie bounces between the other two. Krissy brought in a pillow an hour ago and is asleep on the kitchen tile. It’s odd, but no one questioned her need to just be in the same room as the other omegas, even though there are several soft beds for her to rest.

Dorothy glances up from the screen, “Hey Dean, have you ever Googled your brother?”

“Um no.” He mumbles, not wanting to leave the relief of frozen vegetables.

The eldest omega sounds hopeful, “I think we just found our ace in the hole.”

Dean finally raises his one usable eye as she turns the computer to face him. “Well, I’ll be damned.”

“He’s currently on vacation in Atlanta. I’m thinking we could charter a flight and have him here in a couple hours. If Charlie wires him some cash we will have client confidentiality before he lands.”

“Do it.” Dorothy picks up her phone to set the final piece in place.

Not paying attention to anyone, Charlie interjects, “Alright, I have it all set up. One push of a button and in ten minutes, it’s done. Wake up, Krissy.”

The male omega leans over, tapping Krissy’s ankle, “Hey sleepy girl. Time to give us the go ahead.”
She sits up, rubbing her eyes, looking young and innocent. It breaks Dean’s heart a little. “Is it time?”

“Almost, we just need your okay before we hit send, and your life changes forever.”

Krissy rolls her eyes with a huff, rising to her feet and ambles over to stand behind Charlie. Reaching out she hits the enter button with a triumphant smile. “Seriously guys, you are making a much bigger deal out of this, gah!”

“Well then,” Dean sighs, “the coffee is almost ready so we can weather down the older papers. While I take care of that, you three need to get changed.”

Dorothy eyes him suspiciously, “Changed?”

“If we are going to play four, scared, needy omegas, we need to dress the part. I, of course, have my lovely skin and face to look pathetic, but you three need a wardrobe adjustment and hair. I want Krissy in white cotton pajamas with pigtail braids, Dorothy, something pink and feminine with your hair a total mess, and Charlie, just green flannel to accent your eyes.”

Charlie inhales deeply, “So now it begins. We need to hide the laptops too. I can take care of that, and Dorothy, um, Sam’s going to need an extra dose.”

All four pairs of eyes shoot to the doorway to the den. The alpha’s snores can just be heard wafting into the kitchen. Dean scratches at the scruff on his face, “you are sure it won’t hurt him?”

“It’s just a mild sedative that WILL show up on a blood test. We need to give him a solid alibi, remember?” Dorothy’s voice is sure and strong, which gives Dean the push to nod in agreement. He is not thrilled with drugging Sam again, but his brother needs to prove his unconscious status.

It takes another forty five minutes before everything is set and ready. Dean sits on the bottom stair in the foyer of his home, glaring at the phone. The three other omegas stand in front of him. Charlie knocks his thigh with her knee, “It’s not going to place the call by itself. This is a brilliant plan, Dean.”

Once he makes this call to Sheriff Mills, there is no turning back. He wants to review all the materials again, but they have done it ten times now. Two small flutters make themselves known in his tummy. Dean touches his stomach lovingly. Dean knows he needs some medical attention, and he definitely wants to have Cas at his side. The omega scrolls down his contact list, finding Mills, and hits the green bar.

It’s five in the morning so Dean’s not surprised to hear a yawn as Jody answers. “Dean, are you okay?”

“Sheriff Mills, please help us.”

The call is quick and when Dean hits end, he knows that the plan is now in motion. The omegas are frozen in silence for what seems like an eternity, until they hear the sirens of the county Sheriff emergency vehicles. He staggers over to the front door, swinging it open. “Okay ladies, places.”

The four omegas surround the open door, kneeling in a half circle. Charlie places the stack of papers in front of them. They all take each other’s hands as they fold over, their lips kissing the black and white marble floor, exhibiting the traditional submissive omega pose. Out of the corner of his eye, Dean spots the red and blue flashing lights zooming up the main drive.

This is it. All Dean can do is hold on for dear life as he whispers, “Show time.”
On cue, the early morning air is filled with the sounds of wailing, distraught omegas.
Castiel reclines on the icy bench, his back against the cold metal bars of the cell. He and Gadreel were alone in the cage, but they had been here for hours. Both alphas found themselves on pins and needles because they know their omegas physically need them. For the first time in his life Cas had used his last name to move things along, and yet nothing. Unfortunately, neither he nor Gadreel had worn a watch, and no one would talk to them. It was like the two men had fallen into some bizarre time warp. At some point the younger alpha had dozed off using him like a pillow, but Cas couldn’t calm down enough to rest. They were never officially booked, just simply put in the cell and forgotten. Something was wrong, terribly wrong, and it made Castiel’s blood run cold.

At some point in the wee hours of the morning, he heard Sheriff Mills yelling about an attack and the entire station lit up like a Christmas tree before becoming deadly silent. Jesus, did Balthazar not get his text? They had taken their cell phones away when they first arrived, so Dean must be frantic not being able to reach his alpha during heat. He cards his fingers through his hair, hoping that someone will release them soon before he really starts to lose his shit.

He startles, his eyes flying open when the Sheriff bangs against the metal bar, “Hey sleeping beauties, want to wake up and take care of this mess.”

Castiel wipes the sleep gunk from his eyelids, realizing he must of fallen asleep a while ago, “Sheriff, nice of you to notice us.”

“Stow your shit Novak, I have had a very hectic morning. Now if you would please join me in the conference room.”

The alpha is confused because why would they need to sit in a conference room to make bail.

“What time is it?”

She glances at her watch, “10:20am.”

“Shit, we have been here for eleven hours.” Gadreel just nods behind the older alpha.

Jody guides them to a large room and Cas is really perplexed now. Jo Harvelle is there which makes sense, she is the Novak family lawyer. Balthazar must have called Anna, who sent Jo, but there is another man in a suit sitting next to her. Cas doesn’t know him, but there is a familiarity about him that is off putting. The space is bland with white walls and an oval table, edged by twelve chairs. There are two open chairs to Jo’s left, so he and Gadreel sit there.

Before Cas can speak, Krissy’s alpha, Alistair struts in sitting on the opposite side. Sheriff Mills takes a seat at the head of the table. She has several files in her arms, and the female alpha spreads them out. “I'm tired, cranky and we have a lot to get through so we will start with the supposed kidnapping of the omega named Krissy.”
Gadreel glares at Castiel who just slightly shrugs. Did she just say supposed? Leaning forward, Cas catches Jo’s eyes and she lifts a finger to her lips. That’s enough for him, he leans back and keeps his mouth shut tight. Thank God Gadreel is following his lead because they have no idea what’s going on here.

“Now first off…” Mills hits the red button on a digital recorder, then continues. “…Alistair, you have chosen to attend this meeting without counsel, and you have been read your rights?”

The smarmy bastard responds with his nasty lisp, “Yes, Sheriff, as I said on the phone, I don’t understand why I would need an attorney. I’m not the one who has committed several felonies.”

The Sheriff grins ever so slightly as she retrieves a stack of papers. “Is this your signature at the bottom of the document?”

Alistair lowers his eyes, “Yes, but I have never seen this contract before?”

Jody bites her lip, her head just cocking to the side a bit. “When we entered the home of Mr. Novak earlier this morning, these papers were discovered. Let’s not be coy, you sold Krissy out right to Gadreel for fifty thousand dollars, a very generous sum for a damaged pregnant omega.”

“I did nothing of the sort! I am outraged…”

She raises her hand to halt his ravings, “I have a bank statement that shows a payment from the Novak family trust to you, one month ago. I also found a payment from my ex-deputy Walker for ten thousand dollars. The transfer happened exactly ten minutes after these two men were taken into custody. Mr. Alistair, you are under arrest for conspiracy to commit murder and rape.”

The sadistic alpha’s mouth drops in shock. One of the deputies from earlier enters the room, slapping cuffs on Alistair and leading him out. After the door slams shut Mills continues, “I would like to apologize on behalf of the Savannah Sheriff’s Department for the confusion about Krissy’s ownership; however, Gadreel you really need to file your paperwork immediately. I know you got excited with your new girl, but if you had finished filing there would not have been such a misunderstanding.”

Gadreel’s mouth opens and closes several times before Castiel has to kick him under the table. “Yes, of course Sheriff I will complete all the paperwork today.”

“Good, I would also suggest a claiming bite soon.”

“Not a problem.” The younger alpha blushes with a smirk.

Castiel goes to stand because he really wants to get home to Dean, when Jo snatches his wrist shaking her head no. “Sit down Castiel, there is more.”

“Jody, I’m glad this could be cleared up, but I’m tired and I need to see my omega.” Then Castiel notices a look on the Sheriff’s face that terrifies the father. Then his mind goes to the charges that were brought against Alistair. “Who was the intended target in the conspiracy?”

Jo takes his hand squeezing, “Castiel, take your seat. Dean is…being cared for.”

The pause and her careful use of words makes the alpha’s head spin. Castiel roars, “Where is Dean?”

Sheriff Mills grabs another file taking a deep breath, “Mr. Novak, there was an incident at your home. You can sit down, remain calm, and we talk it over, or I can have a beta deputy spray you.”
She laces her fingers together resting her chin on them. “Your choice, but after we are done here I will drive you to Dean myself.”

“Is he alive?”

The sheriff nods, “Yes.”

“And the pups?” Castiel’s voice hitches on the last word.

“I have the medical report right here your twin boys are fine. Dean will recover and should have full use of his eye in a few months.”

There is way too much information in those two sentences for the father to process. “Twin boys?”

“Yes, they did an ultrasound to determine that the pups were alright, and well, penises were discovered. I’m sorry, did you not know the gender?”

“No, I did not.” Dean is pregnant with twin boys. Castiel’s arms twitch with the desire to hold his mate, but then he recalls, “what happened to his eye?”

Gadreel cuts off her response, “Is Krissy okay, the pup?”

“Krissy is fine. She and the other two omegas suffered some pretty severe emotional trauma. It took them hours to muster the courage to call me. I would suggest some counseling, but physically she and the child were never harmed, too early for gender.” She winks at Gadreel and he smiles contently.

“Sheriff Mills, I need to know what is going on”, Castiel pleads with desperation.

Jody scratches her nose. “It would seem that Gordon Walker was paid to rape Dean, then murder him and your unborn children.”

Castiel’s skin crawls as his shoulders tremble with anger. “Did he touch…”

“No! Dean was able to stave off most of the assault. It would seem that Claire’s biological omega was indeed Lillith working with her sister Hael. They paid Walker to beat Sam and mark your car in the hopes of making the attack look like it was hate centered. I just want to apologize for not seeing him for the vile human that he is.”

“Where is Gordon now?” His eyes are icy blue as his own blood lust builds.

“One of the omegas in your home, Dorothy, found a sawed off shotgun, and essentially blew off his head to save Dean. Pure self defense, she should be commended for her bravery.”

Castiel is battling with his inner alpha, who is desperate to rip someone to shreds, “Lillith and Hael?”

“Their whereabouts are currently unknown. I have notified Interpol and flagged the omega’s passports. They will be found. Would you prefer the courts to handle…”

“No!” Cas’s voice is a twist of anger and chilly revenge, “Please have them delivered to me for punishment.”

“Can do.” Sheriff Mills quips. Castiel is well within his rights to decide Lillith and Hael’s fate. “Now I wish you would have informed me about your new venture to start the first unmated omega home in a traditional state.”
The gentleman sitting on the other side of Jo finally speaks. “Sheriff we have discussed the fact that until the proper paperwork is finalized, Mr. Novak was under strict advisement to not openly discuss the controversial home.”

“Mr. Milligan I understand that you and your client, Mr. Winchester, feel that the home must exist under the radar until further state legislature is passed, but I can assure you I am a proponent of omega care.” Jody turns her gaze to Castiel. “Really, Mr. Novak, you couldn’t tell me that Sam sits on the California state board for positive omega treatment. That you brought him and his two house omegas here to set things up, and that Krissy was your first brokered match.”

He sits in silence for several beats. The pride he feels for his mate’s brilliant mind is astounding. This has Dean written all over it. Krissy now legally belongs to Gadreel. Dorothy and Charlie will be seen as the simple house omegas of Sam Winchester. House omegas are often live in maids or caregivers, and they are always unmated.

“Look Sheriff, as you have stated, this is all a misunderstanding that we can work out in detail at a later date. I want to see my omega, now please. Is Sam with Dean?” Cas assumed that the younger alpha would have joined this meeting since a lot of it surrounds his new employment.

The lawyer, Mr. Milligan answers, “The late Mr. Walker drugged Mr. Winchester. As of yet, he had not regained consciousness and is resting at your estate with his two omegas caring for him.”

Jody adds, “I originally wanted to take all four omegas to the hospital for evaluation, but Sam’s girls would not leave his side. Wailing and screaming clearly they had never traveled without him. Their dedication is to be commended.”

Castiel smiles with a nod, which he hopes shows his understanding of their feelings towards the alpha, and not laughing at the thought that Charlie and Dorothy were afraid to leave his house alone. He is fairly certain that they need to fill him in once he wakes up. “Thank you for allowing them to stay with Sam. I am sure he will appreciate it. Shall we go?”

Gadreel and Cas are walking behind the Sheriff as they head to her vehicle. Once all three alphas are in, Mills curses, “Shit, I left Krissy’s paperwork in the conference room. You will need that to take her home Gadreel.”

The older alpha observes as Jody rushes back into the station. Cas is a ball of anxious nerves, completely inconsolable until the alpha can feel the touch of his mate’s skin. Trying to hold it together, he glances in the back seat where Gadreel sits. The younger alpha’s face is swimming in happiness. They catch each other’s eyes as Gadreel whispers, “She’s mine.”

“Are you ready, because taking on an omega is like jumping into a dark hole. There is no way to tell what will happen on the other side.” His knee bouncing of its own free will.

Krissy’s true alpha wipes a tear from his cheek. “I don’t think we are ever ready for them. The point is to take their hand and leap together into the abyss.”

Castiel leans back into his seat, “Never have truer words been spoken.”
Chapter 43

The drive to the hospital takes roughly thirty minutes, allowing Sheriff Mills time to fill the two alphas in on the health of their omegas.

Jody vaguely watches the road as she weaves through traffic. “Krissy has been cleared to go home. She is currently sharing the room with Dean because they did not want to be separated, and after their ordeal, no one could say no. You just need to stop off at the nurse’s station first and complete her forms.”

“I would rather see her first.” Gadreel interjects from the back seat.

The Sheriff winks in the rear view mirror at the younger alpha, “I know, but let’s be honest, she is one hell of a distraction, paperwork first Mister.”

Gadreel concedes with a deep sigh.

“And Dean, when can I take him home?” Castiel inquires as he quivers with concern.

“Cards on the table here, Cas.” The alpha is a little shocked to hear her use Dean’s nickname. “Dean is currently under sedation. Twice in the ambulance ride over he blacked out from the agony of his injuries, scaring the crap out of the EMTs. Dr. Balthazar met them at the hospital and felt the combination of pain and heat was just too much for his body to endure. Due to the pregnancy, he couldn’t receive any painkillers strong enough to help, so putting him under was the best option. No harm to the twins or further distress to Dean.”

Castiel nods, trying accept the fact that Dean will be asleep when he arrives. “When will they let him wake up?”

“Forty eight to seventy two hours.”


Mills stops at a red light turning to glare at Castiel. “Dean has bruises on 65% of his body. According to the other omegas, no one is sure how long the beating went on, but best guess almost an hour. In that time not a single hit came close to Dean’s abdomen or lower back. The blows to his head only caused swelling to his face, but no concussions. Between the emotional strains of the attack, the physical damage, and pregnancy heat, it’s a miracle your pups are still alive and healthy.”

Her eyes slide back to the road as the light turns green.

It’s probably for the best. The soon-to-be father of three gazes out the windshield as silence falls in the cabin of the SUV, then in a whisper, Cas asks, “Will I be able to touch him?”

“His left hand is fine and of course his baby bump, but that’s about it. The right side of his face has a few spots for kisses, just be careful. Dean is extremely strong and he and the boys are going to be fine. Honestly, it was the best way to get the rest that he needs to recuperate.”

The alpha closes his eyes, counting all the ways he has failed Dean. This was his fault, bringing his mate into the family, exposing him to Lillith and Hael. He needs to be better when Dean comes home, he will make it up to his lover. Cas finally opens his eyes as the vehicle stops in front of the hospital.
“Room 200 boys.” Sheriff Mills grins with a wave as the two men head inside.

It doesn’t take long for them to find the nurse’s station for the maternity ward. Gadreel halts while Cas moves on to the room. He knows the location exactly, because pacing next to the door is Benny. “I’m so sorry Boss, if I hadn’t taken the night off?”

“Benny stop right there. I agreed to you leaving because I made assumptions about Dean’s safety. This is on me. You deserve time with your family, but for now, this is where I want you to stay.”

The personal guard crosses his arms, “I’m not leaving until someone I trust relieves me.”

“Good.” Castiel pats Benny’s shoulder as he enters the room.

Both omegas are sleeping. Castiel thought he was prepared for his mate’s wounds, but he stills, unable to move as his eyes assess the damage. The left side of Dean’s face is swollen shut with differing shades of purple, blue, and yellow. His nose has a stint on it while Dean’s beautiful lips are cracked from being busted open. As the alpha scans the rest of his omega’s body, he acknowledges more puffy black, blue, purple, and yellow skin. He doesn’t think anyone could imagine someone so badly beaten. How Dean was able to survive is beyond a miracle. “Jesus Christ, Dean.”

Dean has an IV in his arm and several monitors hooked up to his belly and chest. Krissy is curled up at the foot of her bed on the far side of the room, her long chestnut hair cascades down the side. She is wearing a hospital gown that exposes the silky pale skin of her back. Castiel can just make out the healing whip marks from her time with Alistair. The only sound is the beeping of Dean’s machines, and the soft snores of his lover. Castiel drags a chair from the corner to the left side of his mate’s bed, remembering that’s his good hand. Once seated, he takes Dean’s hand and kisses all five fingers a hundred times each. The rage from before is seething just under the surface. He desires this room to remain serene, so he just takes deep breaths as he lays his head on the bed next to his mate. Now is the time to be calm for Dean and the pups. Later he will plan his revenge.

Castiel is still draped over Dean’s bed when Gadreel rushes in, humming to himself brightly. The older alpha can’t be mad. This is a joyous occasion for him. The guard halts when he glances at Dean, “Holy shit.” His eyes grow large and wide as he just murmurs, “Fuck, that looks…Damn!”

“She told us it was bad, but…” He waves his hand over Dean’s resting body.

“…shit Castiel, his face.” But with his last word, a tiny omega begins to stir in the other bed and the younger alpha’s gaze resets to Krissy. Gadreel’s entire face lights up as he crosses the room, lifting her small frame into his arms. “Krissy.” He hums into her neck.

“…they won’t let me…” But with his last word, a tiny omega begins to stir in the other bed and the younger alpha’s gaze resets to Krissy. Gadreel’s entire face lights up as he crosses the room, lifting her small frame into his arms. “Krissy.” He hums into her neck.

“My alpha.” She mumbles back, ghosting her fingers over his cheek, then placing a kiss on his lips. They kiss for a few moments before Gadreel pulls back, remembering Cas is in the room. The older alpha is unable to stop the wave of jealously. Castiel craves the kiss of his lover, but settles on watching his chest rise as the only sign of life.

Krissy’s alpha scans the area looking for her clothes, still holding her tight against his chest. She has her legs wrapped around his waist. “We need to get you home.”

“Your home?”

Gadreel kisses her nose softly, “Our home.”

Finding a soft, white, cotton dress, he pulls the curtain between the two beds giving Krissy some privacy. Cas can hear Krissy pout, “I can dress myself Gadreel.”
“I have no doubt that you can, but for today, I’m going to dress and then carry you downstairs. I’ve called a cab to drive us to my apartment. Then I need to finish your claiming paperwork.”

There is a swishing noise. Krissy has relented, allowing Gadreel to help, “Wait, that would require a claiming bite. I don’t have one of those.”

“No yet.” The alpha states with a chuckle. The squeal is loud and makes Cas smile. He watches as Gadreel carries her from the room, but not before Krissy adds, “I’ll be back soon to visit.”

Castiel nods silently, his head still slumped on the bed. He will be here always.

****

Sam visits around dinner time bringing Castiel food, toiletries, and a fresh set of clothes. Dean’s room has a private full bath. He takes the time to clean up, but can’t bring himself to shut the door. The thought of just having a slab of wood between them is more than the alpha can take. Stepping out of the shower, he overhears Sam talking to Dean.

“When you are feeling better, Adam wants to meet you. Heads up, he’s our half-brother and my attorney, but he thinks you are the smartest omega on the planet. Your plan not only worked, but Adam wishes he could show it off like a damn prize.” There is a hint of big brother worship in his voice. “I’m pretty proud of you myself. Okay, at first when I woke up with Dorothy and Charlie in my face, I was more than a little surprised. Then I was mad that you kept me under during the whole thing, but now I’m cool with it.” Sam’s tone softens, “I called Jess and told her I wasn’t coming back. We will have to do the deed transfer long distance. The thought of losing you right after I found you again is too much. Okay, and maybe there is another reason also.”

Castiel strolls through the doorway, pausing at the foot of Dean’s bed. “Waiting for someone to show up?”

“Maybe.” Sam blushes dipping his head down. “This is a major family crisis, all hands on deck. Has Anna heard from him?”

“I shouldn’t tell you this, but she called earlier. Gabriel saw the attack on the news. He wants to stay updated on Dean’s progress, but no mention of him coming home.”

The younger alpha chews on his lower lip nervously. “Oh.”

He finds his spot next to Dean, taking a moment to kiss each finger. “Don’t stay because you are hoping Gabriel will return.”

“No, no, no. I want to be here for Dean, but it can’t hurt to wish.”

Castiel uses his free hand to massage Dean’s stomach, one of the few places that is safe to caress. “I suppose not.”

****

Every four hours Dean has to be moved to alleviate pressure on his bruises. Castiel notices that the twins are most active when their omega Daddy is on his left side. Late into the night the father speaks to his children and his lover using hushed tones. He promises them happier times with laughter and trips to the beach. How Cas will relish the chance to see his mate lathered in oil working on a dark luscious tan. He drifts off to dreamland with naughty thoughts of a thinner Dean in Speedos.
Castiel stirs when he is poked in the shoulder. His eyes flutter open as he focuses on his mate lying on his right side, Cas’s nose nudged up on his lower back. Assuming it’s a nurse to turn Dean, he leans back, only to stare into the whiskey stained eyes of his brother. “Hey bro, there is a free bed over there.”

“Gabriel.”

The beta is standing next to his chair, a lollipop in his mouth. “Wow, it’s like looking at a purple blob version of Deano.”

“Not funny.”

Castiel rises with the intent of a quick hug for his brother, but then he suddenly can’t let go. The affectionate touch, the smell of home surrounding him pushes the alpha over the edge. The tears start to shed slowly with the sagging of his shoulders, then Gabriel tightens his embrace and Cas drops every ounce of control. The walls come crashing down as a whimper gives way to howling. He so desperately needs to wrap his arms around Dean, to surround him in love, and yet he can’t. That fucker Gordon even stole his ability to touch his mate. He can hear his brother’s tender words over his weeping, “He’s going to be okay, Castiel. Dean is tough as nails.” Finally, as his tears taper off, “I’m here, I’m here.”

Eventually the two brothers sit across the bed, Castiel moving so he can gaze upon his mate while making small talk. He learns that Gabriel has been traveling. Visiting friends and family up and down the east coast. He was in Charleston, SC this morning when he learned about the gruesome attack. The alpha enjoys the easy conversation, but then curiosity gets the better of him. “Sam isn’t going back to California.”

“Castiel.” The beta inhales, letting his eyes shut. When he opens them, they are full of sorrow. “I think he should stay and support Dean, but that has nothing to do with me.”

“Gabriel it has everything to do with you. Sam is in love with you. Forgive him and get past this petty bullshit.”

His brother’s glare is edged with anger. “He lied to me Castiel, that’s not petty in my book. I understand why he wasn’t truthful at first, but he wants to claim me and have a family. That requires a shit load of trust, and he couldn’t even share a few simple secrets. He didn’t have to tell me everything, I understand confidentiality, but come on I knew nothing.”

“If it’s over, you need to tell him.” The sentence hangs in the air.

Gabriel rubs his face harshly, “I never said it was over, just paused for station identification. I was giving him his space to take his month and see if he returned on his own.”

“And now the plan is shot to hell?”

The beta motions towards his sleeping mate, “a lot of plans have been shot to hell.”

Castiel traces a circle around Dean’s stomach. Since the moment his mate’s abdomen began to swell with the boys, he loved doing this, and yet now it’s all he can do. The lifeless body before him is a constant reminder of his mistakes. A few tears fall from his eyes, “I need him Gabriel. God, I just keep hoping that I will look up to see those gorgeous green eyes staring back at me or hear him laugh. He doesn’t even move unless the nurses do it for him. I’ve never seen Dean this still, even in his sleep.”

“I know. It wasn’t too long ago that we were all subjected to Dean’s nesting.” The two men snicker
at the memory. “Give it a few days and he will be chattering your ear off about his genius idea.”

The alpha bends over, kissing just above the brow of Dean’s right eye. His heart sinks when there is no reaction from his omega. “I can’t wait.”
Chapter 44

Gabriel stays the night, keeping Castiel company. It is a comfort to have him near, yet if he’s being honest, Castiel’s world stopped spinning the second his gaze fell on his injured mate. As the morning sun peeks over the horizon, his cell phone rings. It’s Sam asking what he wants from Chic-fil-a for breakfast. His older brother vanishes within moments of the call ending.

Sam jostles into the small hospital room, precariously balancing a large bag of food and three drinks. “Morning Sam. Who is the third coffee for?”

“Bobby is here to relieve Benny.” As if on cue the beta pops his head in long enough to wave at Castiel and grab his coffee.

The younger alpha hands over the beverage, but as he leans into the chair still warm from Gabriel he sniffs the air deeply. Sam cocks his head to the side, confusion lines building between his brows. After the two men settle in to eat, Sam pauses with concern gnawing at his lip. “Castiel, do you smell hot maple syrup?”

“Nope.” He adds a head shake because there is no way Sam is scenting Gabriel. He is a beta and even though he does have some omega qualities, having a personal scent is not one of them. It becomes comical when the younger alpha stands, wandering around the room, his nostrils flaring. Dean’s mate loses control, bursting into laughter as he views Sam down on all fours, crawling to every corner. Jovial tears pool in Cas’s eyes at the sight.

“I swear…” Sam is so disturbed by the aroma he can’t seem to focus on anything else. “God, Cas, it’s so familiar.”

Damn Gabriel for making Castiel promise to say nothing to Sam. Finally, he relents from his fragrance quest, resting in the chair. The blue eyed father wipes at his face, still giggling to the point his stomach hurts. “Thank you for that Sam.”

“My pleasure. Feel free to be entertained by my pain.”

They both glimpse over at Dean, his motionless body a steady reminder of his assault like a smack in the gut. The two men eat in silence, mutually wallowing in their own love story hiatus.

*****

After lunch, Kevin and Balthazar visit, bringing Claire too. God, his spirits lift the second Cas’s arms wrap around his daughter. Her smile is bright and her blue eyes light up the second she gives him a sweet kiss to the lips. “AH PaPa!”

The father’s heart swells, lifting some of the gray. Her name for him the best sound in the universe.

They brought her bag of wooden blocks to play with, and Cas has to catch the touch of melancholy. Dean should be sitting on the floor building castles with Claire, not him. Kevin joins them, intent on making the structure stronger. Eventually Cas’s eyes meet the omega’s, “Thank you for watching Claire. I know it’s hard after your ordeal.”

“Not really.” Kevin shrugs nonchalantly giggling when Claire knocks her building down. “Being with Claire is nice. She doesn’t know to be sad for me. It’s a happy distraction, I don’t have time to
think about anything else, you know?"

Castiel smirks in agreement nodding his head.

Balthazar checks Dean’s vitals, and confers with the nurses before plopping down behind Kevin, kissing his temple. “Things are looking good Cassie.”

He releases the breath he didn’t realize he was holding, patting Claire’s shoulder. “Can he wake up soon?”

“I think if he keeps progressing at this rate, then definitely tomorrow afternoon.” The doctor grooms his mate’s dark hair, peppering his neck with kisses. “My handsome omega, should we keep Miss Novak for one more night?”

Kevin chuckles with pure bliss. “Yes, please.” Then the omega turns his attention back to Castiel. “She is so close to walking. Want to see?”

The clench in his heart is only slightly painful. Please, of all that is holy, do not let Dean miss her first steps. But he collects himself quickly before the others can notice. “That would be great.”

Cas observes as Kevin stands, placing Claire between his legs allowing her to grasp his fingers for stability. A tear slips from his eye as the memory of Dean with their daughter flitters through his mind. Castiel smiles as Claire takes a few steps over to her sleeping daddy. She clutches the loose sheets at the bottom corner of Dean’s bed.

“She is awesome when she can hold onto something.” Kevin shares with pride.

The omega ambles back. Claire seizes the sheet, using it for balance as she leisurely toddles up the side of the bed. When she reaches the spot closest to Dean’s head, she halts, scenting the air. Her tiny hands stretch up, her fingers clasping the air. The room is deadly silent, even the beeping machines seem to hush as Claire exclaims, “O DaDa up.”

Both alphas are still, unable to move. Kevin shifts behind the child lifting her to sit on the bed. Dean is currently on his left side, allowing the touchable half to be visible. The omega adjusts Claire so she is nesting next to his mate’s head, then bends down, whispering, “omega Daddy is hurt be very soft.”

The astonishment on Castiel’s face only grows as he gazes at his princess. Very timidly Claire puts her hand on the healthy skin below Dean’s right eye before kissing his eyebrow. She mimics Kevin’s quiet tone, “O Dada.”

Balthazar’s voice hitches a little, “I’ve never seen such a strong connection between a pup and their secondary omega.”

“There is nothing secondary about Dean.” Castiel says sternly.

“Granted.”

****

The next twenty four hours become a blur of visitors. Castiel is amazed at how many people have entered his life and consider Dean to be an important part of theirs. It helps to keep the alpha functioning, even though there is no world beyond this hospital room. He hasn’t left once, and no one has been stupid enough to ask him to leave. Cas will depart holding Dean’s hand not a moment before.
Around 3:00pm, Balthazar returns fiddling with the bags on Dean’s IV. “Once I change this to a basic saline drip, Dean will no longer be under sedation; however, it might take some time for him to regain consciousness.”

“How long?” Castiel perches on the edge of his chair, his body quaking with excitement.

“It’s hard to say, it could be minutes or hours. Then I need to assess his cognitive awareness.” The doctor sighs, “Okay, now we wait.”

Balthazar takes the chair across from Castiel. He has already informed the alpha that Dean will need to spend one more night for observation. Castiel could care less where they are located as long as he gets to talk to Dean. The alpha is astray in his thoughts of all the questions he has for his mate.

Dean is still quiet when Castiel’s phone rings. The alpha’s first instinct is to ignore the fucking thing, but when it dies for a minute then starts again, it appears that the caller is not giving up. Lifting the cell to his ear, he glances the caller ID: Michael Novak.

“Michael, I really don’t have the energy for this conversation.”

There is a faint sigh. “I am sorry, Castiel.”

He literally hasn’t a clue how to respond to that. Michael has never apologized to Cas in his entire existence on this planet. The eldest Novak takes his silence as an answer, so he continues, “I had no idea Hael was …” The stutter in his speech creates an image of someone crying. “…please forgive me for not seeing her lies.”

“She was your mate. You believed her to be a good person.” Castiel finds it bizarre that in all of his personal tragedy, he is consoling the older man.

“Fuck!” The word rings through the phone expressing all the torture reaping his brother. “I loved her. She had me wrapped around her beautiful, delicate finger. Sheriff Mills called this morning updating me that upon arrest, Lillith and Hael will be delivered to you for justice.”

That explains this little chat. His mind will not be swayed, “Michael, it is my right and that of Balthazar’s to seek our own resolution. I will not be lenient…”

“No, Castiel, you misunderstand.” Michael butts in. “I support your verdict, whatever you decide. I just want you to call me when it’s done.” The faltering breath halts his voice, when he speaks again he is a broken man. “Please just one request, tell me her fate.”

“I can do that.”

“Thank you. I hope Dean is mending well?”

“It will be some time, but eventually all three of them will be fine.”

“Good to hear.” The lull in the conversation is beyond uncomfortable. “Well, Goodbye then.” The phone dies on his brother’s last word. Regardless of Hael’s repulsive acts Michael loves her, but not enough to plead for her life.

“Michael attempting to save his omega whore from the flames?” Balthazar is dripping in alpha rage.

He simply stares at the phone, “No, he has agreed to let her burn.”

The two alphas sit in silence, the shock of Michael’s choice rocking them to their very core.
Several hours later, Balthazar slips out to have dinner with Kevin and Claire. Castiel’s eyelids grow heavy as he caves to his exhaustion, indulging in the release of sleep. His rest is light, his breath shallow as the alpha is aware of someone carding their fingers through his hair. The action is calming to his shattered nerves, pushing away the circling demons with every stroke.

Castiel leans into the subtle touch before a glorious sound saturates his mind, “Cas.”

The fatigued alpha elevates his gaze. The dark of night may have fallen outside, but in that hospital room Castiel’s sun has risen. As blue eyes meet green the alpha’s world begins to turn once more. “Dean.”

His mate’s hand reaches out, cupping his cheek, guiding Castiel to the soft lips of his lover. The alpha must remind himself to be gentle, but as his tongue finds Dean’s he whines deep into his soul. The taste of his omega intoxicates Cas, causing him to lose control, deepening the swipes of his tongue, stopping his breath as lips stretch for fuller penetration. Only the screaming of his lungs for oxygen and a distressed hiss from Dean brings him back to reality. “I’m sorry that got out of hand.”

“I’m not, totally worth it.” The veil of sorrow is obliterated with the wicked smirk of his omega making everything right.
“Cassie you need to calm down.” Balthazar is standing next to Dean’s hospital bed, his hands raised in surrender.

Dean is wolfing down his breakfast, choosing to stay quiet for the time being. The omega had asked Dr. B last night to provide him with a list of midwives for his home birth. Cas had been on the phone with work and Dean guesses he missed the entire request, because he was now totally losing his shit.

“No. We have not decided on where Dean will birth the twins. There is no need to begin midwife interviews this early.” Castiel is pacing the width of the room, his arms gesturing wildly. The omega is fairly sure that his mate is close to a panic attack as his breathes are shallow.

Balthazar closes his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. “It can be a long process to find the right person for Dean. I believe it necessary to begin the search now. Then, once you have your midwife, she or he has sufficient time to bond with him.”

The omega had been on twenty different midwifery websites the last few weeks. Every single one suggested having your birthing partner chosen by twenty weeks, which for him was three days from now. He was not rushing anything, but Dean knew the real problem here. Castiel wants more time to convince his mate to birth in a hospital close to the comforts of modern medicine.

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“Cas, I’m done with hospitals. Balthazar has given his thumbs up so you are my last road block.” He shovels some more pancakes into his mouth, watching the alpha closely. Fuck, this tastes amazing, yesterday they would only give him jello and chicken broth to eat. This is mouth watering, and Dean knows it’s not from the cafeteria. He had observed Cas giving a nurse a hundred dollar bill to run out for his first meal, which made him love the man a little more.

His mate paces several more times, a faint rumble floating from his chest. “Balthazar, are you positive about this?”

“Yes, Cassie. Dean is a healthy omega, and his pregnancy thus far has been text book. I think the familiar smells of home can help. This is not Amelia. She was a beta with a history of complications.” Dr. B crosses to the younger alpha, patting his shoulder. “You need to respect Dean’s instincts. We can bring in extra equipment if it makes you feel better, and I can personally be there just in case.”

“Kevin can watch Claire.” Dean spurts out through a mouth full of food.

Castiel halts in his ambling, carding his hand through the alpha’s disheveled, raven hair. Dean’s dying to get home and do that for hours. He takes another bite of breakfast because Dr. B promises if Dean eats well the next two meals, and takes a healthy shit, then he can go home this afternoon. The omega is truly over being cooped up in the sterile environment. He wants his bedroom, and his arms crave to hold his sweet daughter.

He notices a slight trembling in his mate’s hand as he steps over to Dean, cupping his uninjured cheek. “Okay.” Cas bends over, placing a kiss on his eyebrow. “I want Balthazar there and a fetal monitor. Give me the list. We can start doing phone interviews tomorrow.”

“Thank you, alpha.” Dean smirks with satisfaction.
After dropping a hearty deuce and repeating four words from memory every thirty minutes for two hours to ensure no lasting brain damage, Dean was released. The omega is fist pumping the air as a tiny beta nurse pushes his wheelchair to the patient pick-up area. Balthazar’s black suburban stops in front, and Kevin clambers down from the passenger side. “Dean!”

The two omegas embrace lightly. Dean has improved tremendously over the last three days, but the man is still sore. The swelling on his face has decreased, so he can now open his left eye, yet the vision is super blurry and will be for a while. The omega was disappointed that there would be no need for an eye patch.

Castiel guides Dean into the back seat when the omega hears his favorite sound of all time, “O DaDa!”

He scoots next to his daughter’s car seat, smothering her cute face with kisses. “Claire bear, omega Daddy has missed you so much.”

There is a slight sting on his lips with each kiss, but Dean could care less. His mate slides in next to him, and once everyone is belted in, the SUV pulls out heading home.

Dean is nuzzled in between Claire and Cas, chatting with Kevin about all the things that happened in his absence. Out of the corner of his eye he spots Castiel’s hand flexing oddly. While the younger omega spills about what princess has been eating, Dean whispers in his ear, “Cas, you okay?”

“I wish I could hold your hand.” The omega glances down, realizing that his damaged hand is next to Cas. God, Dean rolls his eyes realizing that this is going to be a problem. His right hand looks nasty, but the pain is pretty minimal, so he laces his fingers through Cas’s. “Doesn’t that hurt?”

He kisses Castiel’s chin, “Not really. Everything kind of throbs, but nothing horrible.”

“All right, then this is how we will do it until you have recovered.”

“Do what?” Returning his lips to Cas’s scruff.

“You touch me first, then I will be sure not to harm you.”

Deep low omega giggles fill the cabin of the suburban. Suddenly Dean’s eyes darken as he kisses Castiel’s ear. “Deal, you just lie there while I ride you hard, cowboy style.”

His alpha clears his throat, crossing his legs to hide the swelling knot. “Dean, you need to heal.”

“Fuck that, Gordon didn’t get anywhere near my ass. Dr. B said to take things at my own speed.”

Dean scans the vehicle; no one is paying any attention so he drops his voice even lower. “We could make it a game.”

Intense sparkling blue eyes meet green, “A game?”

“Oh, it’s a fun one. You give me all the control.” Castiel whimpers as he bites into his lower lip. Clearly the idea of letting Dean have total domination is appealing to the alpha.

In almost a sigh, Cas purrs, “Yes please.”

Dean crosses the threshold of his home grinning. He takes in a deep breath, scenting his house. The
aroma embraces Dean, helping his weary muscles to relax. From the first time he entered the plantation home, Dean has never questioned the feelings of love and family intertwined in the fragrance. Claire perches on his good elbow, stroking his cheek with her hand, her head resting on his shoulder. The omega knows its nap time. He can feel her drifting off in his arms, but he can’t bring himself to lay her in the crib. “I think Claire and I are going to take a little snooze on the couch together.”

“Dean, wait.” He turns glancing at his alpha. “Dorothy and Charlie have a surprise for you in our bedroom.”

The omega scrunches up his nose. “Are there still Gordon pieces?”

“No Dean, they cleaned it up, had the room fumigated, and even decorated it. Please go up and look while I put princess down.”

He sighs, a little sad at handing Claire over, but it seems like Dorothy and Charlie put a lot of work into his bedroom so he shouldn’t be rude. He follows Castiel up the main staircase, taking a left towards their room. Dean’s mouth drops into a little ‘O’, shock drumming over his body. The space is no longer navy and white with little hints of tan here and there. No, Amelia’s décor is completely gone. In its place the room is filled with everything cherry. The carpet is a tan crème, reminding him of a pie shell. The quilt is the same, tan with cherries dancing across it. On the wall is a mural of a cherry pie with one piece missing. Above the bed hangs a 13X10 photo of Cas, Claire, and him playing in the backyard. It looks like something Sam would have taken when he first arrived.

Dean’s first feeling is joy as he views the décor chosen just for him. Then, as he stares at the king size bed he frowns. It’s beautiful, but he yearns for his old nest. He understands that all the original linens were sprayed with red mist, but he loved it so much. The sleeping space seems almost bare with only one blanket and two round, cherry shaped pillows. He startles as Charlie and Dorothy enter, smiling big with their accomplishment. “It’s really nice guys, and thank…”

Charlie jumps forward shushing him with her pointer finger. “It looks good, we know, but it needs a few finishing touches don’t you think?”

“What?” He tracks their movements as Dorothy produces a soft, fluffy, white blanket. She and Charlie place it on the bed before leaving. Dean doesn’t have time to move before Meg and Benny enter with an old, heavily loved blue quilt. Meg winks as she and her mate add it to the pile. There begins the parade of comforters, sheets, and pillows from everyone the omega has met since coming to Savannah; Anna, Jo, Sam, Balthazar, Kevin, Krissy, Gadreel, Bobby, Becky, then Castiel enters holding a long body pillow covered in red satin, and a pillow in the shape of a lollipop. Dean laughs because he can guess who those are from.

Tears are dripping to his cheeks, making his chest tighten. When he turns and steps out into the hall, his friends are standing at the foot of the staircase. It takes several deep breaths before he has the voice to speak, “Thank you guys, best homecoming ever.”

Benny nods yelling, “To Dean.”

Everyone follows suit their faces smiling, “To Dean.”

******

Two nights later, Dean is glaring at his mate as Cas brushes his teeth getting ready for bed, “Come on Cas, I have everything set up.”
His alpha stares right back through the reflection in the mirror with those Caribbean blue orbs, “Dean it’s still quite soon. Why don’t we save it for next week?”

“No.” Dean drops his gaze, his cheeks blushing brightly. “I want this Cas. I need the connection to you. Please.”

“Do I need clothing?” Castiel’s voice is dark and sultry making the omega shiver.

Dean winks, “No, just lay down on the bed spread out like an X, and I will take care of everything else.”

The omega skips into the bedroom, tracking his mate’s movements as Cas travels over to the mattress following his directions sublimely. Dean has four extremely long and soft strips of blue ribbon on the bed. One end is already tied to the four feet of the frame. Without saying a word, he secures Castiel’s ankles and wrists with the ribbon, then sets a silver tray with four covered bowls next to his mate’s torso.

Cas notices the tray, “Please tell me that’s not from the Emerald City.”

“Ewe, and no.” Dean climbs on top of his alpha, straddling his stomach. The final touch is a black silk scarf that he fastens around his lover’s eyes, blinding him. “The game is called ‘Release’. I’m going to give you a taste from each container. If you guess it right, I untie one ribbon, if not, the binding stays on till your knot deflates, questions?”

“How do I win?”

He tilts forward licking Cas’s ear, observing as goose bumps rush over the alpha’s skin. Then in a hushed tone, “I pick which bow is set free, so if you don’t get at least three correct, you won’t be able to touch me while we fuck.”

A feral growl erupts from his lover’s chest as Cas’s hips buck up into the air. His words escape in a gravelly whine, “Dean.”

“I think you’re ready, alpha.” He scoops the first substance, placing it on his own tongue. Then bending over best he can with his swollen belly, he kisses his mate, letting their tongues splash across one another. After several swipes of his tongue, Dean pulls back, “Ok what is it?”

“Chocolate syrup.” Cas smirks knowing he got the answer right.

“Yup.” Dean unties his alpha’s left ankle before setting item number two in his mouth. He follows the same procedure, kissing his lover deep and hard. “And this?”

“Marshmallow.”

The omega chuckles, “Nope, whip cream.”

The face Cas makes is adorable as the older man pouts over his loss. He takes the sticky treat from the third bowl, rubbing it over his alphas teeth with his finger. Disgust washes over Cas as he actually spits the treat out. “Ugh, peanut butter.”

“Since when do you not like peanut butter?”

Lacking the use of his eyes, the attempt at a bitch face is so comical Dean is laughing hysterically. “Let’s just say I will never willingly eat the horrid food again.”
“Whatever dude.” Dean stretches over, liberating the right ankle. “Last chance for a roaming hand Mr. Novak.”

“I am at your mercy.”

Wow, Dean is totally reeling as to how hot that sounded coming from an alpha’s throat. The omega lifts the final bowl to his lips, pouring the liquid into his mouth. Tugging Cas’s neck slightly the two men fall into a languid, flowing French kiss that leaves Dean breathless. “Make your guess alpha.”

“Shit! I didn’t pay attention. You tricked me with your talented lips. I need another go.”

“Sorry, that’s all you get.” He bounces on Castiel’s abdomen, hoping to distract his thoughts further.

“Lemonade?”

“Yes, damn it. How did you get that right?” Dean asks while undoing the soft shackle on Castiel’s right hand.

“Hmm, laser focus on the desire to caress your skin.”

Dean releases the scarf around Castiel’s eyes gazing at the sparkling blue beauties. He slants back, wrapping his hand behind him. The omega latches on to the alphas cock, stroking it harshly. The member is already hard leaking and ready for his channel. A leisurely moan floats from the alpha. His slick has been slowly pooling on Cas’s belly, so Dean knows he’s ready. Lifting his butt with his thighs, he shimmies back until his hole is ghosting the top of his lover’s dick. Dean is delighted that he opened himself up earlier, so he doesn’t have to give Cas any warning as he grinds down onto the solid shaft, crying out in pleasure at the intense feeling of fullness.

Feather light fingers from Cas’s one free hand roam Dean’s body as he rides his alpha’s cock. The sensation is exhilarating because his mate doesn’t ignore the bruised skin, but his touch is so tender and loving. Within a few moments, Dean is on the cusp of salvation as he shifts in just the right way, slamming into his prostate. “Jesus fucking Christ, Cas!!”

He spies the smirk of pleasure from his panting mate as Cas jerks Dean’s dick until he is spurting cum onto his alphas torso. The omega can feel the swelling of the knot as it glides into his channel, locking them together. Castiel screams his name, “Dean!” several times as he coats the omegas insides.

The two men hold hands as Dean leans back, using Castiel’s thighs as back support to wait out the knot buried in his ass.

Ten minutes later, still knotted, the lovers are lost in each other’s eyes, smiling with bliss when the door to their room opens. Immediately Castiel is grabbing one of the twenty blankets on their bed, tossing it over Dean’s lower half. The alpha roars, “Gabriel! This is highly inappropriate.”

The brunette beta strolls over to the bed, “Actually, it’s perfect because I can say my peace and…” His eyes go wide as he cocks one eyebrow, having spotted the remaining blue binding, “Hot Damn Cassie! Light bondage, you kinky bastard. I’m impressed Dean. Clearly you have added some serious spice to my brother’s sex life.”

“What the hell, Gabriel? A little privacy.” Dean’s not one for modesty, but he was enjoying the silent reverie.

“Nope,” shaking his head, trying to change gears. “I need to make sure that if I bring a mated omega back with me in a couple of months, you guys will be ready to help her.”
Dean’s shock is evident. “You just got here and you’re leaving? Has Sam seen you?”

“Just answer the question.” The omega has never seen Gabriel so serious. It’s starting to freak him out.

Castiel responds, “I’m sure Sam can have something together given he has weeks to prepare, but mated? Gabriel, that is extremely dangerous. Everyone will know? You can’t hide that scent.”

“Actually, I think I can. I may have a formula that could reverse the claiming aroma. So if you fixed the skin on the neck, no one would be the wiser. If I win the chemical lottery, can I bring the omega here?”

“Yes.” Castiel says firmly, “If, and only if, you are successful, you may bring the omega here to recuperate.”

“Excellent. I would hug you guy’s goodbye, but that would be weird.”

Dean throws his head back, “Dude, this entire conversation is odd, but good luck.”

The beta waves as he zooms from the room. The omega turns, glancing at Cas, “How the hell is he going to get his hands on a chemical like that?”

“He will create it, I assume.” Castiel shrugs his shoulders like it’s no big deal.

“Well Gabriel create a magical pill that will reverse a claiming? No way.”

The alpha rubs at his eyes, “He has a PhD in chemistry from Yale University and has developed several medications that Halo Health has on the market today. So yeah, I’m pretty sure he will just make it himself.”

“Well Holy Shit.”
Sam enjoys this time of year. Fall has the best holidays, and of course the end of December marks Dean’s time to give birth. The young alpha has to admit that he is extremely excited and nervous about the event. It’s currently the first week of November, and the weather is finally catching up to the calendar. October in Savannah, for the most part, is hot and humid with lots of rain. Today it’s finally in the low sixties with plenty of sunshine, which feels amazing as Sam jogs around the property, following the dirt trail by the perimeter fence. He’s still in black basketball shorts, but felt it was finally time to break out a gray windbreaker.

His brother is out here somewhere attempting to run, but his stomach is getting so big, it’s more like a fast waddle. Sam has passed him twice since they started just after breakfast. Dean is huge, and with two more months to go, the alpha is afraid the omega is going to burst before the end. Dorothy swears that carrying big means the boys will present as alphas, but it’s just an old wives tale.

He glances up to view his newest project. At the far end of the property, over by his fire pit, will be the new omega cabin. Sam designed it himself and he is so damn proud of his work. They broke ground last month and the framing has just begun. The cabin will be two stories, three bedrooms, two baths, and a nice open living room and kitchen on the first floor. Two of the bedrooms will be scent proof for heats, and the entire space will sleep up to nine omegas if needed. He waves to a couple of the construction betas as he sprints by the bare bones building.

The young alpha grins, picking up a bit of speed in his stride. He officially moved to Savannah three weeks ago. Adam finalized the paperwork for the California house with Jess, and he and the omega split ties amicably. He resigned from his position on the board and last week the moving truck with all his possessions arrived to be placed in storage. Sam still lives in the main house, so there really is no place for it to go. Charlie lives in the scent proof room, and when Gadreel works nights, Krissy sleeps over in one of the spare rooms on the third floor. It’s a tight squeeze, but Dean wouldn’t have it any other way.

Everyone is anxious for Dorothy and Adam to return from their trip to Europe. It seems that Interpol does not take two tiny omegas as any kind of threat; therefore, Adam stepped up to personally search and ruffle some feathers until Lillith and Hael are found and returned to Savannah. Dorothy is traveling as the Winchester family house omega, but of course, really she’s the muscle behind the hunt. Castiel hates to not do it himself, but leaving Dean for weeks is not an option.

He reminds himself to search through the boxes for winter clothes the next time he’s at the storage facility. There are moments when he misses having a house full of his own stuff, but they are only material things. Being close to his brother is more important. Bobby offered him a permanent room in his cottage, but for now Sam considers the lavender room on the second floor home.
The wind picks up, giving Sam a slight chill as it breezes over his sweaty skin. Sam is running by the beta’s cottage when he spots Bobby opening his kitchen windows. It’s such a gorgeous day, the alpha wonders if he should talk Dean into doing the same at the plantation house. His eyes catch the shuffling movement of his heavily pregnant brother ahead of him. Sam is about to call out a witty comment to annoy Dean when a gust of air hits his nostrils. The alpha trips literally over the scent falling flat on his face in the dirt. “What the fuck was that?”

He stands, brushing off the dust when another whiff of the aroma coming from Bobby’s cottage assaults his senses. Is Bobby cooking? Why does the alpha smell hot maple syrup? It’s identical to the fragrance in Dean’s hospital room, but a hundred times stronger. Sam’s eyes are watering along with his mouth as his pheromones kick in, forcing his body to follow his nose. He staggers along, stumbling twice on his journey. Jesus, is this what scent drunk feels like? Sam has heard of the state that some alphas have discussed. When the smell of their mate is so overpowering they literally become intoxicated by the aroma alone.

The Winchester brother is suddenly aware that he is swaying just outside Bobby’s kitchen door. He barely remembers anything beyond this sudden urge to find/knot/claim/find/knot/claim. His vision blurs and it takes him three times to grab the door knob, swinging it open. Holy fuck the heavenly bouquet is so intense Sam has to clutch the door frame with one hand to steady his spinning mind.

“Can I help you Sam?” Bobby steps into his view crossing his arms. The older beta is making it damn obvious that the alpha should not enter his home.

That’s when another person lurking in the corner moves, catching Sam’s attention. Abruptly the drunken swagger dissipates and in its wake, he finds total clear focus on that one individual, “Gabriel.”

His sweet whiskey eyed beta gives a little wave, his back against the kitchen wall. “Heya Sammy. How’s tricks?”

A dark guttural snarl bellows from his chest. “Mine.”

Sam charges forward to claim his mate when Bobby seizes his elbow yanking hard. “No Sam. If you go any further I’m going to have to spray you.”

Gabriel whispers, “How did you know I was here?”

“I followed your scent.” Sam is straining to keep calm, but all his alpha’s senses are screaming to beat the shit out of Bobby and claim his one true mate.

“He doesn’t have a scent son. Maybe you smell the new omega upstairs.” Bobby is still holding him back.

The alpha roars and bites at the air, “NO! Gabriel is mine.”

“Bobby, let him go.” Both men turn to the timid voice in the corner.

“Gabriel, if he reaches you there is no turning back. Something has his alpha pheromones pumping in overdrive. He is going to claim you.”

Gabriel is visibly shaking, but grins, “I know Bobby. Can we borrow your cottage for the weekend?”

“I guess so.” Bobby yells, “Max, get your bag we are heading to the main house.”
A short Omega with dark messy hair strolls into the tense room. “Whoa Dudes, the air in here is crazy intense!”

Sam notices the new Omega has a large white gauze pad over his lower neck where a claiming bite would be located. The surprise startles his hunt for a moment, “Did the reversal work?”

“You tell me hot stuff?” Gabriel winks.

The alpha whiffs the room and smells only his beta and the soft smell of an unmated omega. “Oh my God Gabriel, you did it.”

Bobby shoves Max out the door as Gabriel shrugs, “I know, I’m like the rock star of better living through chemistry.”

“I am sorry about not being honest with the stuff in California, it was stupid of me. Please forgive me. I will grovel if I need to.” Sam drops his eyes, wringing his hands tightly nervous about being rejected.

“Look at me Sam.” The alpha raises his gaze to those gorgeous golden touched brown orbs. “I shouldn’t have disappeared for so long, so let’s call the stupidity even and move on to the main event.” His beta bounces his eyebrows seductively.

“I have missed you.” Sam says while stalking his prey.

The beta doesn’t move from his spot against the wall, “Same here, alpha.”

That one word sends him hurtling back in to the lust filled man. He shoves Gabriel further into the wall as he lifts his lover into his own arms, nipping with his teeth at the beta’s flesh. Here in the nook of his lower neck, the scent is strongest. The fragrance hits his veins like heroin as the alpha grinds his hips into his soon-to-be mate. “What are you doing to me?”

Gabriel tilts his head, exposing more of the tasty skin. “I have no idea, but I like the results.”

Their mouths crash together harshly while scraping their teeth together. Sam winces as his lower lip cracks open, adding blood to the kiss. He inhales, letting the intoxication wash over him wetting his appetite for more, but then there is something new. “You’re in heat?”

“Umm beta-O’s don’t have heats, stupid.” Gabriel scoffs.

The alpha sees white at the word fertile. His mate is ready for his seed, NOW! “You have three options here. I am going to count to five. If you want me to be slow and gentle, turn and kiss me. I will carry you to the bedroom. If you want something more aggressive but still restrained, slide
under my arm, take my hand and we will walk together to the bed.”

Gabriel is panting with anticipation, “and my third option?”

“When I say five you run. I will chase you, but beware when I reach you, my alpha will have total control. It will be quick, rough and animalistic.”

He can feel the man shiver as he stares at his soft brunette locks. Sam inhales, then slowly, “One… Two… Three… Four…”

The beta high tails it out of the kitchen headed to the back bedroom. The chase is on and his alpha growls in joy. Sam pursues his prize through the house until he finds his mate on the bed, holding a tube of synthetic slick. “I thought you were going to chase me.”

“I did.” Sam captures the man’s shirt under his fingers, ripping the material from his body in one fluid movement. He doesn’t even let Gabriel move as the sound of tearing fabric fills the silent house. He picks up the naked beta, tossing him to the top of the bed. His shredded clothes are added to the pile as he creeps up the bed, taking Gabriel’s mouth into his. He vigorously sucks on his lover’s tongue while dragging his fingernails down his back, scenting the trail of blood left behind.

Sam manhandles the smaller man onto his stomach, his ass in the air in a perfect presentation. He pours the man-made slick over his fingers. Gabriel howls when Sam pushes his first finger in swiftly. He smirks as he observes the beta writhing below him. His lover’s fists curl tight into the sheets, “Sam, oh Jesus, Sam.”

The alpha’s pupils are blown, his body is astray in his own personal heroin. Once he knows he won’t hurt his mate, he rubs the solution over his rock hard cock. Sam grips Gabriel’s hips so tightly there will be purple marks erupting soon. Without warning, he thrusts in the tight beta channel with an exhalation. He halts to allow Gabriel to adjust, “Ready?”

The betas response is a lust filled cry, “Fuck me you moose.”

He frees his last sliver of control, hammering deep into his lover. The only noise is the slapping of skin as he pounds into what is his. The two men bellow, screech, and roar as they reach climax. The older man orgasms first, shooting his load into the sheets without ever having been touched. The sight sends the alpha over the edge as his knot swells and he heaves it into his lover’s hole, filling him with his seed. As Sam is riding the final high of climax he bends over, biting into Gabriel’s neck with such power, blood immediately fills his mouth. The men collapse, Sam licking the claiming bite, not leaving a drop of blood on his mate’s skin.

As soon as the bleeding stops, Sam whispers into Gabriel’s ear, “My mate.”

He can hear his beta’s eyes roll, “Yes, yes, yours.”

Sam rolls them to their side to cuddle while they wait out his knot. His alpha now satiated, he asks, “Did I harm you?”

“Are you kidding me? That was the best sex of my life.”

“Good,” he huffs, then in a hushed tone, “You could be pregnant.”

Gabriel wraps the alpha’s arms tighter around his waist. “Maybe, but it may not take. You know?”

“I know.” Insemination is the easy part, carrying to full term is the real problem. He nuzzles the
beta’s claiming mark as a new scent permeates the room. The hot maple syrup lingers, but now a hint of blueberries has been added. Gabriel is his mate now and forever.
A swift kick to the kidneys causes Castiel’s eyes to pop open. “Ouch.” He grumbles under his breath. A glance to the clock shows it’s just after 7am. He has two choices: try and go back to sleep for another hour or get up and work in his office before the rest of the crowd is awake. The decision is fairly easy in a house full of people- work when you can before all hell breaks loose.

Cas sits up, noticing his little princess was the kidney culprit. She scoots closer to his side as soon as its vacant, Dean close behind. On the other side of Dean are Charlie and Krissy, cuddled up together under the blankets. He crosses in front of the bed, stepping over the newly mated couple in one sleeping bag. Thank God Bobby and Max went back to the cottage, because the old beta is super grumpy when forced to sleep on the floor, also Max can be handsy. The alpha grabs a pair of jeans and a blue cotton t-shirt and is not even surprised to see Gadreel curled up on the floor next to Krissy in the other sleeping bag. When the guard works nights he gets off at six. The younger alpha learned very quickly that waking his Omega before eight is suicidal. So now he takes the floor, and wakes up when she is ready to go home. One day they got so busy Krissy didn’t remember until it was time for him to wake for his shift.

Most people that just graze the exterior see a spoiled little Omega, but that is far from the truth. Cas has witnessed her night terrors lurching to be held by a loving scent. Or when she makes Gadreel his lunch at one in the morning and walks it out to him so he doesn’t have to eat alone. The employer has noticed that the guard’s shirts are now always pressed and when a button pops off there is a new one in its place by the next shift. Krissy shows devotion to her alpha much the same way Dean does quietly in ways that will never be seen on the surface.

He slips his phone in his back pocket and heads up to the now deserted third floor. Castiel would not change his life for the world, but these moments of zen are truly a Godsend. The alpha is booting up his laptop to read a new research grant proposal when he checks his daily reminders on his phone. First and top priority is a 10am session with the midwife. Dean loves his Omega midwife Lisa Braeden. She’s a widowed Omega with a son named Ben. After her mate died in a car crash, she used her knowledge of yoga and turned it into a successful career. She even took several Omega Anatomy classes at the medical school which is unheard of, but because her profession is respected, was allowed. Midwives who are themselves Omegas are actually in a high demand. Alphas can be extremely over-protective of their mates during childbirth and sometimes have been known to attack alpha/beta doctors for touching their omegas. Thus, the more aggressive alphas choose to pay extra for an omega to put their hands in the more sensitive areas.

Lisa visits Dean once a week for two hours. The first half is for physical check-ups and practical discussions about the birth and any other issues that arrive. The second hour is devoted to yoga stretching and breathing exercises. What sold Dean and Cas on her, was the belief that alphas can be an integral part of the birth. In hospitals alphas are removed for the actual event. This is mainly for the safety of the staff especially if there are any difficulties although, the risk of complications in Omega births are like 8% versus a beta at 45%. That is how Castiel fell for Lisa when she handed him a packet of research materials showing that the 8% risk of problems becomes 4% when Omegas birth at home in their own nests.

The midwife encourages using the nest that Dean builds as the actual location for delivery. All the smells of family and love will envelope his mate relaxing his muscles. She will cover the bed with a special quilt that has a rubber lining for the mess and remove it after clean-up. Lisa is one of the few
Omega midwives certified in touch therapy. This is where she trains Castiel on ways for him to use his hands and body to help Dean through the process. It also means the alpha gets to participate in the yoga classes which he really enjoys.

Castiel startles as his phone rings. The caller ID is a blocked number but he has learned to always answer those.

“Hello.”

“Hey Castiel its Adam. I have great news.”

The young alpha pauses, literally waiting for Cas to speak. “And that would be?”

“I have Lillith and Hael in custody. We are currently in Dublin, Ireland. They are being held at a local law enforcement office. It should take about a week for Dorothy and me to get the paperwork in order and the company jet here for the trip back. I assume you do not want them on a commercial flight.”

The father sighs deeply using the breathing techniques from yoga to keep it together. “No, the jet will be at your disposal.” Cas takes a quick glimpse at the calendar. “So they will be here by Thanksgiving then?”

“Yes, most likely the day before or earlier. Do you want us to bring them straight to the Savannah house?”

“Do I need to decide that now?” The alpha is unsure about what will happen when he sees the murderous Omegas. Additionally he promised Balthazar he could be a part of the decision. Cas chews on his lower lip waiting for an answer.

“I can give you three days tops because arrangements will need to be made if the sheriff’s office needs to hold them for a bit.”

“I understand. Let me get in touch with Balthazar and discuss things with our Omegas.” He is still worrying his lip.

“Hey! Dorothy wants to make sure the scent proof room will be available for she and Charlie when we get back.”

This brings a smirk to his face. “That can be done. Goodbye Adam and good job.”

“Thanks.”

Adam is an excellent addition to the family. His legal specialty is Omega care, which is odd for an alpha but does seem to be a Winchester trait. It seems the youngest brother was put up for adoption after being conceived out of mate-ship. Once he attained his law degree, Adam used his connections to track down any living family. His birth Omega was killed by an intruder and no one has seen John Winchester in five years. Dean doesn’t talk about his father but maybe one day the alpha will learn more about the man who dumped him at the Texas Academy.

Castiel changes his mind about reading the proposal. Instead he uses his moment of solitude to mull over Lillith and Hael’s fate.

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“Good job today guys. See you both next week.” Lisa exclaims as she exits the master bedroom.
closing it behind her.

Dean is lying on his back wearing only a pair of boxers. He will be nude during the birth but with all the people coming and going, a little modesty makes Cas more comfortable. The alpha is in a pair of running shorts but that’s all, revealing as much skin as possible helps with the touch therapy between the two mates. After their yoga time Cas gives Dean a fully body massage to help ease any tension with the added bonus of teaching the alpha how to read his lovers skin. He’s working Dean’s lower calf when his Omega complains, “I can’t even see you over my stomach.”

Cas pops up higher catching his favorite shade of green. “Here I am.”

“Fucking moron.” He hears a chuckle in Dean’s voice. “You seemed a little distracted today. What’s up?”

There is no way he can hide this from Dean. The alpha in him wants to take care of the Lillith/Hael issue without ever bothering his very pregnant mate, but that’s not the relationship that they have built. “Adam found them.”

Immediately Castiel can feel the tension building in Dean’s muscles. “Are they coming here?”

“I have three days to decide. What do you think?” It seems only fair that Dean has a say too.

“I want to ask them why they did it”

“Don’t we already know? They have almost five billion reasons.”

Dean lifts his hand gnawing at a cuticle. “Maybe your right, but I want to hear it from their mouths.”

“What happens if they are as cold and calculating as we think?” He moves to the other calf grinding it between his fingers.

His Omega groans his hands fisting into the carpet. “Fuck Cas. You are really good at that.” He just smiles giving Dean time to ponder his query. “If double the trouble are as shitty as we think, then maybe they should die because those two are smart. Send them to the farm and they will weasel their way out in a week.”

“True.” The alpha pauses to let the idea of that place simmer. “I don’t think I could send anyone to the farm, anyways. Don’t you think that is worse than death?”

“I do but I want it to be quick. Who’s going to complete the task you or Balthazar?” Unconsciously his Omega covers his severely swollen belly with his hands protecting his pups from the evil women.

The alpha tilts forward placing a chaste kiss to his lover’s lips. “Nothing has been decided sweet Omega.”

Castiel rises moving to the door to lock it. He has learned to not trust that a closed door means don’t open without knocking. Then he turns admiring the view of his mate splayed out on the floor his muscles loose as jelly from the alphas touch. “Dean, how would you like to finish?”

“Yay, its time for my happy ending.” The devious grin devours his Omegas face. “You pick.”

He uses all his strength to lift his mate gently arranging him on the bed. “This is not about me.”

Dean grips his chin harshly tugging so blue eyes meet green. “Yes, it is alpha it will always be for you.” Castiel opens his mouth to correct his Omega but Dean places a finger over his lips. “I love
you Cas. You gave me everything and never stopped. It doesn’t even occur to you how spoiled I am you just keep giving. Tell me what you want Cas so I can thank you properly.” His eyebrow cocks the wicked smirk returning.

“Lay on your left side.” Dean complies to the request but doesn’t move until ordered. Castiel lifts the Omegas top leg giving more access to the slick filled channel. The alpha checks with his fingers but the yoga and massage has left his muscles loose and temptingly tasty. Gradually he inches his cock into the Omegas hole, but at a painfully slow pace. The alpha rolls his hips gingerly in and out while his lips and tongue explore Dean’s shoulders and neck. This is what Castiel wants in the deepest part of his soul to simply love his Omega forever.

Sounds of their love making fill the space as a litany of moans and loving whispers saturate the air. When the knot slips in locking them together, Cas strokes Dean’s dick till he cums- draining the last of his energy. As his lover drifts off to sleep he mumbles, “I love you alpha.”

Castiel kisses the top of Dean’s head carding his fingers through the dark blonde hair. “I love you my omega.”

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Once Cas’s knot glides free the alpha departs the room silently, so Dean can nap. He checks on Claire, who is attempting to color in her room with Krissy. If the rainbow marks on her wall are any indication, it is not going well. Grabbing his jeans and shirt from earlier, he sprints out to the backyard with his phone. The rain from yesterday has finally cleared, leaving several puddles on the path towards the new Omega cabin. The weather has put the construction of the building back two days. Castiel is hoping to catch a moment with the foreman to see how this can be remedied.

He realizes that one of his sneakers is untied, as he bends to lace it he becomes hidden behind a bush. On the other side is a large clearing where the beta workers eat lunch. He chuckles as one beta tells another that the house is for the Novak beta and his new mate, a gift from the head alpha. This is of course the company line to help hide the existence of the unmated Omega home. The timing of their mating could have not been more perfect.

Then the conversation becomes crass as the baritone voice of a beta exclaims, “They have some mighty fine looking Omegas hanging around.”

“It’s a big family.” The younger beta who seems to know everything responds.

“Have you seen the slender red head with the little girl smile. I’d love to have that looking up at me, you know?” The group of five betas laugh at the baritone mans comment. Castiel is annoyed at the inappropriateness of the statement.

A new voice answers this one much higher, “Oh no I want the really pregnant one with green eyes. I bet those beauties sparkle as you slam into that wet hole.”

Castiel sees nothing but red as a growl leaps from his chest. Dean is not only eight months pregnant but mated as well. No one should ever speak like that about his mate. He is about to leap over the fucking bush and rip someone’s head off when a larger alpha tackles him from behind. The two men crash into a deep puddle mud splashing everywhere. They wrestle for several minutes before Cas is aware that Sam is trying to calm him down.

“Castiel, relax. They may be oblivious as betas but I could smell your rage from across the yard.”

“They were talking about Dean. Having sex with my mate.” His voice rumbles with alpha
pheromones.

“Look they are betas just trying to act like the big bad alphas they have seen on TV. They are harmless. I promise if they knew you had heard they would have wet their pants.”

Suddenly someone is giggling right next to them. “Man, alpha mud wrestling this is awesome.”

“Shut up Max.” says a visibly annoyed Gabriel. “What the hell is with the impromptu mud bath?”

Sam is still holding Castiel down not trusting the alpha is in control. “Cas heard the beta builders talking dirty about Dean. I explained to him it was all talk and to fucking chill out.”

Gabriel throws back his head laughing, “Oh they do more than gossip. That big one with the red vest pinched my ass last week.”

They can all scent the fuming alpha first so Cas has time to wrap his legs and arms around Sam. “Sam. Gabriel is fine. Betas can’t smell mates they had no idea he was taken.” Damn, the younger man is so strong as he actually begins to lift Castiel with him. Without warning, the two alphas are being sprayed with cold water from a hose.

“Calm down ya idjits.” Bobby yells from next to Max holding the hose. “I will talk to the foreman about behavior. It will be fine. Now can I turn off the water?”

Sam and Castiel mumble in unison, “Yes, Bobby.”

The old beta spins snapping Max’s cell phone in the process. “Hey grumpy grandpa that’s mine.”

“I will give it back once I have deleted the video.” He throws over his shoulder strolling off towards his cottage.

Gabriel bursts out laughing with hoots and hollers. Max smacks his shoulder, “Shut up princess.”

The beta freezes his eyes icy cold, “Who you calling princess?”

“Oh, just the guy who had to sit on a pillow for a week after his claiming.” The Omega spits out in jest.

“Hey, at least my alpha has a big massive cock.” Gabriel’s pride in Sam’s penis has been well documented.

“And if you were an Omega you could take it properly.” Max snickers alone. The beta’s eyes are filling with tears as he dashes out of sight. Sam chases after him shoving the annoying Omega hard on the way.

“What?”

“Max, go to the cottage and behave for once.” Knowing that he actually did some damage this time, he obeys silently.

That’s when Castiel hears his phone ringing in his back pocket. The alpha is actually surprised it survived all the mud antics. He sprints towards the main house when he sees it’s his Omega.

“Dean, are you okay?”

“Yes, take a breath I am fine.” The alpha slows down to a brisk walk.
“What do you need?”

He can hear the pride in his Omegas voice. “I have an idea.”

“And what does this idea entail?” Castiel is hoping for another knot, maybe this time rough with biting.

“I know how we can force the twisted sisters to decide their fate for us.”

This is one of the million reasons Cas loves his Omega, “I’m listening.”
With the help of his mate, Dean created a portable version of his nest out on the front lawn. There are two blankets spread out beneath him, and the severely loved blue quilt from Meg rests on his shoulders keeping him warm. A winter chill has taken to the air, and it finally feels like tomorrow will be Thanksgiving. Cas would prefer he have a coat on, but the maternity one pinches his shoulders, reminding him how big he really has gotten. He has given up on wearing anything beyond XXXL maternity sweats because crap, he is carrying a load and should be comfortable. Damn it, the poor omega can’t even put on his boxers without help from Cas.

His sweet princess is toddling around in the grass with Gabriel and Anna. The two siblings kick a red ball back and forth while Claire chases it. The game makes her look like a dog playing catch, but from the squeals of delight, she does seem to be having fun. Dean participated for like ten minutes until his swollen feet forced him to sit and giggle at his sweet girl.

This vantage point also allows Dean to scrutinize the three alphas setting the stage for tonight’s activities. The omega selected the enormous Live Oak tree just off to the right of the driveway, closest to the house. He and Sam both felt it was the biggest and strongest on the property. Benny and Balthazar are handing up rope to Castiel, who perches in the thickest branch. The wooden structure underneath took all morning, but Dean believes it will work.

Anna collapses next to him with a grunt. “Dude, your little monster is exhausting. Remind me why I am taking her for the night?”

“Cause she’s your niece and fucking adorable.” Dean sticks out his tongue for emphasis.

“What time do the wicked witches arrive?”

The omega chews on the side of his mouth nervously, “Adam’s itinerary said 4:00, so three more hours.”

“So when should rug rat and I skedaddle?” Anna notices Dean’s uneasy twitch, patting his leg for reassurance. “You can come over too, if you want. We could pop popcorn and watch cheesy 80’s flicks all night. Jo is currently obsessed with early Julia Roberts.”

He knows that she is giving him an out. Everyone would support his decision to leave if he wanted to. The offer is very tempting. He could bring some of his blankets and make a nest in their living room, but he needs to be here till the end. It’s important to stand together with his mate tonight. It kills him to be separated from Claire, but there is no way in hell Lillith will be within a mile of his daughter. “Thanks, but I’m staying.”

“Well, Claire and I will head out at 3:00 to avoid the fanfare.” She waves her hand towards the rope strewn tree. “The offer stands if you change your mind. Also, Jo can come get you at any point tonight. Do you hear me? Call, and in twenty minutes she can be at the front gate.”

Dean nods his head whispering, “Thanks.”

The red headed beta rises, dashing towards his princess to twirl her around and around until they crash to the grass below. Eventually Dean lies down on his side, still able to view the action. The stress of the upcoming evening is all consuming, but he doesn’t have the energy to go inside. Suddenly he has a face full of Gabriel. “Word up preggers?”
“You know if you’re pregnant, I’m going to call you that for months.”

“I am okay with that. Do you need help getting up?” Gabriel rolls onto his back, stretching out across the soft fabric.

“No. Not sure your tiny ass could do it anyways.”

The beta shrugs, “Probably not, but I can scream for one of those strapping alphas. Pretty sure they would all come running.” Dean snickers because Gabriel is totally right. Max appears out of nowhere, harassing the alphas. Okay, maybe harass is harsh, but damn it, Dean does not like him.

“What the fuck is Max’s problem? He is way too touchy with all the very MATED alphas.”

“Give him a break. I know he’s an ass, but we can’t just save the cute ones, like Krissy.” He smacks Dean on the shoulder.

Dean rolls his eyes, “I’m not saying toss him out, just what the hell man? He doesn’t even have any marks or anything.”

“No all damage can be seen kiddo.” Gabriel scratches his chin, his face falling serious. “About six months ago I got forwarded an e-mail from someone requesting that Halo Health design a chemical castration drug for alphas that is purely for sex drive. Basically, the alpha would still have all the markers, just not be able to knot or have any sexual desires. I was intrigued, so I tracked down the person who sent it.” The beta folds his arms over his chest as he gathers his thoughts. Dean has never heard of an alpha wanting to permanently deflate his knot, so he is very intrigued. “The guy lived in Detroit; his house was small and slightly weathered, but so is most of the city. It wasn’t until he showed me the walk-in closet for the master bedroom that I agreed to his request, on one condition.”

“What was in the closet?” Dean’s imagination runs wild.

“The alpha let Max roam freely within the house, even gave him his own room, except when Max was in heat. Then he would chain him to a wall in the closet and leave him until it was over. The guy believed that omegas were evil, and when their scent was strongest was when you had to show God your loyalty by not submitting. He never touched Max, even when he used knot him for his own needs, he would never hold or lay a hand on him at all.”

The omega’s face scrunches because that seems like a pretty nice set up. “Okay, so where is the abuse?”

“Dean for five years Max was forced to live through his heats untouched.”

“Again, Gabe, lots of omegas have to help themselves through heats. Not a big deal.” He points to himself because there were no alphas in the academy.

Gabriel replies sternly, “No you don’t get it. His hands were chained to the wall tightly. He had a tube to suck on with a nutrient shake to eat, but his hands were immobile. He went through his heat without anyone’s help, including his own.”

“That can’t be true. Even at the academy they tell you something like that will kill you.”

The beta sits up to face Dean, “Won’t end you, but can severely damage you emotionally. That’s why he is always grabbing at the alphas. He subconsciously needs any kind of physical connection. There is a psych hospital in Oregon that specializes in stuff like this, but they only take unmated omegas.”
Dean nods, “Hence the need for the reversal. So the alpha just let him go?”

“In exchange for a lifetime of knot downers.”

“That is some fucked up shit Gabriel.” Dean quietly thanks the Lord that Max has made Bobby’s place his permanent home until he heads to the west coast.

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At four o’clock on the nose, Dean stares out the window of the living room watching the parade of cars drive up to his home. He’s sitting on a comfy chair that he has pulled up to the panes so he can watch the action from the warmth of his home. He sips his hot chocolate, still undecided if he is going out there. The boys have been quiet today, but at the sight of the first car, they kick him hard. “Whoa guys, take it easy on omega Daddy.”

Kevin drags another chair next to him, sitting down with a faint grin. “The babies kicking?”

“Yeah, they know when shit is going down.”

The other omega bounces his head knowingly, “Balthazar says I can stay in here or go outside once they are both in place.”

“Cas said the same thing.” The omega takes another swig, letting the warm beverage take off the chill.

They sit in silence as Lillith and Hael are yanked from the squad car and dragged to the tree. The plan is simple. The two sisters will stand on a wooden plank about three feet in the air. A noose will be snugly placed around the womens’ necks as their hands remain handcuffed behind them. At any point one or both of them can choose to jump, ending it on their own terms; however, at 10:00pm, the choice then becomes a free for all. There will be a fully loaded revolver and hunting knife placed at the foot of the structure. Absolutely anyone can come up and use either weapon to execute the wretched omegas. If they live till sun up, then off to the farm they go, if not, the coroner’s van will be on standby.

Through the glass, Dean notes Castiel pointing to the weapons and his watch. His mate is explaining to Lillith and Hael the rules of the night while Benny tucks their lily white necks into the deathly neck ties. The guard will sit next to the tree for the night. He will do nothing unless one of the omegas tries to escape. There will only be two lanterns for light once the sun goes down, so if Benny chooses to take matters into his own hands, no one would really see a thing.

Dean hears a loud squeal from the foyer as Dorothy and Charlie are finally reunited. They kiss passionately before dashing up to the scent proof room for the night. Max huffs from the doorway at the display of affection, but Dean now sees the jealousy behind the attitude. The newest omega chuckles, “isn’t this a little morbid for Thanksgiving Eve?”

“No.” Dean and Kevin answer flatly.

Thirty minutes later, all the cars leave. Adam has a room booked at a B&B in town. He will return for the holiday meal tomorrow at noon. Tonight is just about those who have an invested stake in the outcome. Sam pads into the room, “Max, time for you to head down to the cottage for the night. Bobby has lasagna for dinner.”

Dean watches Max pat his brother’s shoulder a few times too many before sprinting towards the back door. “Bye guys; enjoy your murders.”
The alpha stands between the two omegas, scanning the scene outside. “What do you guys want to eat? Gabriel found some frozen pizzas in the freezer.”

They nod in agreement not saying a word.

After making sure all the omegas and Gabriel have been, fed Sam jogs out to the platform, taking a slice of pizza for each alpha. Nobody is talking, just staring up. Lillith has been mumbling and crying for over an hour, but Hael stands perfectly still, her face like stone. The sun is beginning to set, making Lillith twitch and scream for mercy. The alphas just eat slowly, glaring with curious faces immune to her.

Gabriel saunters by yelling, “I think it’s time to add a little beta to the party boys, coming?”

Dean tugs on his maternity coat because the night air is frosty, but he also has no desire to taint the essence of his nesting quilt. The three men timidly march towards the tree as twilight falls.

Hael lifts her head, locking pale blue eyes on Dean. Her face softens for a moment, her mouth breaking into a smile like she has been waiting to tell the omega something, then she leaps. The sound of her neck snapping will haunt Dean for years. The crowd steps back like the body will release a toxic fume, but there is only cold silence. Lillith goes limp frozen in shock.

Then the last living sister is shouting, “It was all her idea. Please let me go. I won’t come after you Dean, I swear.” Dean tunes out the blonde’s ranting as the straining noose around Hael’s neck twists and turns in the wind. All he can think is one down and one to go.

He tries several times to ask Lllith why, but she is so far gone in her living nightmare that there are no more coherent thoughts. A little after 10:00, Dean is tired and ready for bed. The blonde omega is hoarse, but continues to beg for her freedom. Balthazar occasionally reminds her that freedom is no longer an option. He kisses Castiel’s cheek, “Are you coming?”

His alpha cups his cheek, placing his lips on Dean’s mouth for a deep, wanting kiss, “Not yet my love.”

Dean nods, heading back to the house. Kevin’s hand slips into his, “Can I sleep with you tonight?”

“Oh of course.” The omega sighs, relieved to not be alone.

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Dean’s mind is swimming in vile thoughts as he eventually succumbs to sleep.

At 1:00, he wakes with the vision of a bathroom filling with blood as he drowns in grief. The omega stumbles around the empty house for several minutes before returning to his bed to cuddle with Kevin.

At 2:00, Dean sits up, the sight of Azazel’s melting skin scorched in his mind. He scents the room knowing that he will only find the aroma of two frightened omegas. He falls back on the bed praying for serenity.

At 3:00, the omega slowly stirs with the feeling of drowning. An apparition of the brunette bartender dripping in salt water makes his blood run cold. The room appears viciously dark as he slithers back under.

At 4:00, the pregnant father bolts from the bed, racing from the room as if the headless body of Gordon were chasing him. Once Dean comes to his senses, he shivers, crawling back to Kevin.
At 5:00, it is the sound of a neck snapping, pale blue eyes clouding over with death that pushes the exhausted omega to consciousness. The difference this time is Dean finds himself totally deserted in the bed. There is no Kevin, there is no Cas, there is no Claire, his family has abandoned him because he is the bringer of death. He wanders the house, the forlorn feeling of sorrow stalking his every move. The omega stops in the hallway of the second floor as the agony drenches his soul. Dean drops to his knees, sobbing uncontrollably. In between gasps of air, he shrieks, “NO MORE DEATH!” repeating the mantra till his throat is dry.

Kevin emerges from the shadows crouching next to him, “Dean, what do you need?”

It takes a moment for him to recover his voice, “Cas.” His dear friend races from the omega, slipping in a puddle of urine but doesn’t lose his balance. Minutes drag out as every horrid memory of Dean’s life fills his mind. He didn’t even realize he was screaming until Cas is enveloping his body, reassuring the omega, “I am here Dean. It’s okay, my omega you are safe. You are safe.”

Dean notices his clothes been stripped from his body, but the chant of, “I bring death” continues until the hot alpha skin touches his in every place possible. The scent of Cas saturates the omega’s nostrils, giving Dean his long lost peace. Finally, his alpha’s words slip into his thoughts, “You are life Dean.”

“Life?” Dean squeaks beneath trembling lips.

His alpha squeezes him tightly, kissing his temple. Then his mate’s hand strokes over the massive swell of his stomach. “It is why I love you. You are so full of life, it pours into all those around you.”

The cold terror of the night dissipates as the morning sun peeks out over the horizon. “It is over.”
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The shower is warm and helps to wash away the thoughts of last night. Dean stands under the spray as Cas scrubs shampoo into the omega’s hair. He closes his eyes, letting his mate cleanse him. Capable hands massage the suds into wet skin. As Cas reaches his heavily pregnant abdomen, the caresses halt as his alpha tilts down, kissing the tight, stretched swell.

“You are so loved, my beautiful boys.” His mate speaks softly, winking at Dean. A reminder that Cas’s words were for all three of them.

Dean cups his lover's chin guiding the alpha’s lips to his own. The kiss is tender, their tongues finding comfort in the simple brush strokes. The omega breaks the moment, “I love you, Cas.”

He searches those sparkling blue orbs for any sign of hurt or remorse in their actions last night, but he finds none. Dean assumed that knowing Lillith and Hael were dead would bring him a sense of peace, but it hasn’t. He crams down the sadness and smiles at Cas, hoping to finally leave it all behind him.

They haven’t really talked about everything, but having his mate stroke his skin has done wonders for his stress. They must have been on the floor of the hallway for over an hour while his alpha implemented the touch therapy techniques.

It occurs to him that not every omega gets this with their mate. Damn, look at Max as example A. Dean physically, emotionally, and mentally feels better with every swipe of Cas’s fingers. He merely needs to ignore the nagging side of his brain. He resolves in that moment to give the other omega a little leeway in his need for an alpha connection. Maybe they could come up with appropriate, mutually agreed upon touching.

A kiss on the temple from Cas takes Dean out of his thoughts, “Do you still want to have everyone over for Thanksgiving lunch?”

“Yes, why not?” Dean scrunches his face with a quizzical expression.

“It’s been a rough night for us both. There is still time to cancel. These people are our friends and family, they will not be upset. We could also postpone a few days until life settles down.”

Castiel and Dean switch places as Dean shampoos his alpha’s raven hair. “No, that was the problem last night. It was too quiet. I would wake up and the only people in the house were me and Kevin.”

His alpha swivels around, kissing Dean before rinsing the suds away. “I am sorry.” The water is drenching through his dark locks, but the omega senses his mate’s regret at not returning to the nest.

“It’s over Cas. I want it to stay that way. We are not changing our holiday plans, but I may just sit on the couch or something.” The two men climb out of the shower, and his alpha uses two large towels to dry him. The omega chuckles to himself because fuck, soon he won’t be able to walk through the door.

He follows Cas into their bedroom waiting for the alpha to help him get dressed for the day. His
mate puts on some jeans and a nice blue button up shirt that accents his eyes. Dean is lounging on the bed naked when he notices that most of his quilts and pillows are missing. He wants to leap to his feet in shock, but instead squirms awkwardly yelling, “Holy Shit Cas! We’ve been robbed!”

“Calm down. Sam thought you might need some extra comfort, so he built a mini version on the floor in the den.” Dean’s entire soul sings at the sentimental idiot’s idea.

“Well, fuck Cas, get over here and help me dress. I want to see my Thanksgiving nest and the parade is starting soon. I have an idea on how to help Max too.”

Castiel chortles a bit, “Of course you do.”

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A little while later, Dean burrows into his enormous pile of fabric and pillows. Sam has done a superb job twirling the material in a circular fashion so it really looks like a bird’s hideaway. The parade is on TV, and the omega purrs with happiness. His brother is hovering in the corner trying to blend into the cabinets, “Sam, I see you over there. What’s up?”

This prompts the giant to crouch next to him. He is sporting this dopey grin that makes Dean roll his eyes. “We aren’t telling people yet because there is still a high chance of miscarriage but…”

“Gabriel is pregnant.” The omega finishes the sentence with a huff. “We all kind of knew that the chances were pretty high. How many people have you told?”

Sam wrings his hands together, “Nobody, you are the only person outside of us that knows. So you can’t tell a soul.”

Dean adjusts a few pillows against the couch to create back support. “Then why tell me? You know within a day I’m going to tell Cas, probably Charlie, who will then tell Dorothy, and so on.”

His brother dives down looking up at him with puppy dog eyes, “No, no, no, Dean, you have to stay quiet. Gabriel would be furious. He’s terribly nervous about it. He almost didn’t tell me.”

“Do you blame him?” Dean is laughing when a toddling blonde leaps into his arms. “Claire!”

“O DaDa!” The omega blocks out the rest of the world so he can snuggle with his favorite daughter. They scent each other ferociously before settling in to watch the TV. His sweet princess tucks in next to him, her head lying on his belly. He relaxes even more that her aroma mixes in with Castiel’s. A few times the boys kick near Claire, and she giggles uncontrollably shrieking, “Bobas Boo!” In Claire speak this means brothers are saying boo.

Around noon, the crew trickles in bringing food for the feast. They all stop by his makeshift spot to give hugs and kisses for both he and Claire. Cas brings him plates of food with milk to drink. The omega has to take a piss every twenty minutes with a toddler who finds O-Dada peeing hilarious.

During one of his treks to the toilet, Dean spots Max strolling around the kitchen stopping at each alpha, patting their shoulder three times and moving on. All the alphas were warned that this is to help him, and other than mildly annoying, it’s better than grabbing at more intimate areas. Funny enough, not a single one seems to mind or notice after a while. One of the many reasons he loves them all.

Eventually the football game starts, and Dean dozes off from the lack of rest the night before taking its toll. Cas takes Claire up for her nap, kissing Dean chastely. There is tranquility to the afternoon as the sounds of the game blend with the chatter of their guests.
When Dean does open his eyes, he finds Kevin next to him. The younger omega seems pensive, “Kev, you okay man?”

“Cas told us not to talk about last night, but I thought you might want to know about Lillith.”

Dean rubs the sleep from his eye as he grumbles, “She’s dead; problem solved.”

Kevin’s face is intense, “Don’t you want to know why?”

Dean almost asks why what, but then something dawns on him. “Kevin, did you talk with Lillith?”

“Yes.” He nods his head, “When the alphas were sleeping.”

“Seriously, your killing me here just spill.”

The two omegas scoot closer to each other so no one else can hear their discussion. “A little after 4:00 you were darting around the room screaming.” Dean recalls the nightmare of Gordon chasing him. “But I knew you were dreaming and my Mom always said never wake a person out of a nightmare, so I waited. After ten minutes you stopped and crawled back into the bed, scenting me and mumbling about red mist. I couldn’t go back to sleep, so I went to visit Balthazar.” So this was where Kevin was when Dean woke the last time. “It was still pitch black out, but the two lanterns lit my way. Oddly enough, all the alphas were sound asleep, even Benny was snoring. The only person awake was Lillith. I was angry when I saw her still alive. Why should she get to live and my pup die?”

Balthazar walks by, stopping for a minute as he pretends to get the score for the football game. “Oh good the green men are winning.” Dean and Kevin snicker until the alpha leaves.

Once the coast is clear, Kevin continues, “I climbed up on Hael’s side of the platform and asked why she did it. That idiot didn’t see me as much of a threat. She shrugged and told me that the plan was simple at first. Donate the egg to Amelia, and then slowly, over the next five years, eliminate anyone in their way. Of course Amelia dying in childbirth gave a unique opportunity until Gabriel found you. The second that Michael told Hael that you were pregnant, the priorities changed. They had both studied the inheritance map closely and new about the pure blood clause. You had to be disposed of quickly.”

Dean pats his tummy as the twins kick him hard several times. “Did she feel bad about it?”

“No in the least. She was proud of what they accomplished. She said it was a bummer about my pup, but that since we were both used omega whores, we deserved it. That’s when I leaned over and shoved her with all my might.”

“I’m sorry, what?” The omega was sure he had heard Kevin wrong.

“She had no intention of jumping. I think the farm would have been a walk in the park for evil like that, so I pushed the bitch.” Kevin’s eyes went wide with the knowledge that he had cursed. He actually seems fine with the murdering.

“Jesus, Kevin. You surprise me?”

The little omega actually tosses him a ‘meh’ look. “Sometimes we omegas got to take matters into our own hands. You taught me that Dean.” Kevin kisses his forehead with a smack. “I need pie. You want a slice?”

Dean waves him off timidly. “No thanks buddy, I’m good.” He scrutinizes the back of the omega’s
head as he prances off to the kitchen.

****

After a trip to the bathroom, Dean discovers Meg breastfeeding Marie on his nest. “Please tell me you don’t care.”

“I really don’t care.” He states as he uses the couch to lower himself next to her. The omega kisses the top of Marie’s head, “Does it hurt, the feeding thing?”

“Depends, there are good days and there are bad days. I think for the most part that’s parenting in general.”

They sit in silence as Dean tries to wrap his mind around the information bomb that Kevin let loose earlier. He should feel glad that the younger omega took charge of his life, but something is still nagging Dean.

Meg leans over whispering in his ear, “It’s okay to feel sad.”

“What?” Dean’s eyebrows jump up, shaken by her comment.

“Please, don’t play it off. Everyone is walking on eggshells today because they all know you are upset. They just have the reason wrong.” She puts her boob away, tossing Marie up on her shoulder patting her back gently.

He sighs deeply, blowing air from his lips, “What’s the popular opinion?”

“That your hormones are all over the place and last night was the final straw. Castiel keeps saying that once the twins are born, you will be better.”

“Maybe, am I really that bad?” He’s curious because he thought the day was going well.

Meg lays her daughter down on the blankets, handing her a rattle to play with. “You aren’t yourself and people are worried, but I’m not.”

“Why?”

“Because you need to mourn a little.” Her dark, whiskey brown eyes glare at him, “Did they deserve to die? Sure, but that doesn’t mean it’s not sad. Two omegas were just trying to make a better life for themselves. True, they chose a pretty crappy route, but hey, we all can’t have an awesome alpha.” Meg’s gaze drifts over towards Benny. “All I’m saying is be sad if that’s what you feel, and if you need to talk I’m here.”

Dean puts his hand over hers, squeezing, “thanks Meg.”

“Anytime Dean-o, but now that the chick flick moment is over, I’m getting us both dessert. Sugar is an excellent mood booster, trust me.”

The omega tosses back his head, laughing heartily and it feels good.

Chapter End Notes
The end is quickly approaching my friends. I just wanted to thank each of you for reading and taking this journey with me. I adore you all! *HUGS* - Angie
The green jungle themed nursery is perfect. Dean wanders around the space checking for anything missing. There are two dark wood cribs with green sheets. One crib has a stuffed giraffe and the other a monkey. They both have matching mobiles with animals hanging in a circle. Charlie even painted a mural of monkeys in a tree. In the far corner is a dark wood rocking chair where the omega decides to rest. It’s the day after Christmas, and any moment it all could be happening.

As Dean rocks back and forth, his mind drifting back to the night of his claiming bite. It was in this very room that Cas knotted him for the first time. God, it was less than a year ago, but their lives have drastically changed. The omega grins because he was so nervous those first few weeks. As he and Cas discovered each other in haste.

Lisa will be here in an hour for a quick check up. Christmas day marks the date when the boys have done all their growing; therefore, the midwife drops by daily. Both she and Balthazar say that anytime now is a healthy birth. Although, Dr. B still stands by his date of New Year’s Eve and Lisa believes earlier than that. Dean is fairly certain the two have a bet going, but he could care less. He’s eager for the delivery. The nursery is done and his body is ready, it just needs to start.

Gabriel leans against the doorway frame, munching on a carrot. He and Sam officially announced their baby news Christmas morning. Thank God because Dean was holding on for dear life trying not to spill the beans. Sam will only let the pregnant beta eat a sweet after something healthy, hence the orange vegetable in his mouth. “Any rumbles yet?”

“Nope, all quiet so far.” Dean scratches his enormous belly.

“The house seems so empty.” Gabriel spits out along with carrot pieces.

The omega sighs, “I miss them already.” Charlie, Dorothy, and Max all left for Oregon after breakfast. Dorothy is back on her heavy dose omega suppressants so she can pass as a beta again. They will check Max into the psychiatric facility before going back to Oz Investigations. Charlie and Dorothy plan to spend half the year in Oregon, and half the year in Georgia. They now call the Savannah house their second base of operations.

Gabriel strolls through the room touching various toys and blankets. “You still got us to keep you company.”

“True.” He smiles at the beta’s attempt to cheer him up. “Not to mention, give me a week and two infants will have this place rocking. Hey, can I run something by you?”

The other man pauses his movements, staring at Dean, “Shoot, you have my attention.”

“Do you think it’s possible to create a blood test or something to identify children with their presentation? You know, what they will become later in life.”

“We both know I probably could, but the real question is should I?” The beta’s palms are held up as he shrugs.
Dean would rise for emphasis, but hell, that’s not possible without help or squirming. “Are you kidding? Of course you should! All this shit with Lillith and Hael could have been averted if we knew Claire’s designation now.”

“Right, but only if she presents as an omega or beta, if she is an alpha, it would have been worse don’t you think. Not to mention all those omegas whose children aren’t alphas would lose their homes and money. Remember, right now omegas can keep their property and bank accounts until the children present. This gives them time to plan and prepare like your friend Lisa. If this test existed, banks would force children to prove alpha presentation or remove them from their homes.”

There is something about the way Gabriel says ‘if’ in that last sentence. “Gabriel, have you already done it? Made the test.”

“No. Trust me, I would have tested Claire months ago, but I have been working on it.”

The room becomes uncomfortably silent. Dean asks, “How you feeling?”

“I can’t complain really, baby is still around so the rest is a cake walk, speaking of cake...” The beta tosses the last of his carrot into his mouth. “Sam! I want my chocolate cake now.”

The omega chuckles to himself. He glances up as Gabriel storms out of the room, searching for his mate. Dean hears his phone ringing in the master bedroom. Krissy has three more weeks until her birthing date, so she and Gadreel drove down to Valdosta to meet his family. They left on Christmas Eve and she was going to call Dean today to gossip about her new relatives.

He is desperately trying to maneuver his considerable weight out of the chair when a strong cramp requires him to freeze. Suddenly, he is ignoring the rings as he tries to decipher his body. Is this worth mentioning to someone? It passes quickly, so the omega attempts again to extract himself from the rocking chair. The sensation doesn’t reoccur, so Dean waddles towards his phone to call Krissy back.

*****

Dean finishes his chat with Krissy, discovering that she and Gadreel’s mother are very similar. There are good and bad aspects to the parallel, but over all his friend is have a great holiday. As he ends the call, Dean perceives the yelling of Claire from her room. Instead of crying when she wakes up from her nap, she has taken to shouting, “Hey” until someone releases her. He is lifting his sweet princess from the crib when another sharp pain stabs at his back. The omega puts Claire down to play. Shit, this may be something. “Cas!” He counts to ten, “Cas!”

“Cas!” he screams louder this time. He doesn’t want to scare Claire, but Dean really needs to get his mate’s attention because his phone is in the other room. The omega is about to really belt out his lover’s name when the sound of stomping feet on the stairs from the third floor reaches his ears. Castiel emerges through the doorway to the pink nursery, “Dean, are you okay?”

A swift stab of discomfort hits again causing Dean to double over. When he can glimpse up again, Cas is white as a ghost. “I think when Lisa gets here, she’s going to be staying awhile. Give her a warning so she can bring her overnight bag.”

Cas is immediately at his side massaging his lower back. “Are you sure?”

“Cas, don’t ask stupid questions and fucking call her now.”

*****
Five hours later and Dean is still in the early stages of labor. Lisa has confirmed that things are rolling, but omega births are very slow. At a minimum, Dean will be laboring for at least 24 hours. Balthazar explained that the reason omegas find birthing so easy is that their bodies are so well prepared by the end. The first stage, and the longest, is simple cramping discomfort while his male channel connects with the uterus for passage out. Then things kick into high gear as his birthing route expands, and slick is produced. During this part is when his water will break. Meg says it’s like creating a big ass tube waterslide so the pups can just zoom right out. The last stage is the actual job of pushing the twins out of his body, but with his channel open wide and his slick, it won’t be horribly difficult.

Lisa encourages walking, especially in the first stage. Thus, Dean wraps himself in a white fluffy blanket and is doing laps around the exterior of the house. The weather is cold, but the sun is out making it almost comfortable. Everyone is taking turns strolling with him, and currently it’s Sam.

“Gabriel and I need to find a house. Something within walking distance. I was thinking after the new year we could find a realtor.”

“Sounds like a plan, but why not stay here. Supposedly we are building you a dream home in the backyard.” Dean halts to breathe through a quick stabbing pain, then they begin moving again.

Sam cards his fingers through his shaggy brown hair. “Dean, you will have three children under two. I don’t think there will be room or peace for Gabriel. Not to mention he needs his own nest.”

“Betas don’t nest Sam. You really need to read up on that.”

“Actually, Balthazar suggested it. Even if it’s not a genetic pull, it could still be a healthy activity.” Sam picks up a rock and tosses it out towards the trees. With his long strides and lack of a huge belly, he catches up without effort. “You know we play games.”

Dean shakes his head, “Nope, that is the line Sam. I’m overjoyed that you guys are doing well, but do not discuss your sex life with me.” He spots Cas leering behind a particularly wide tree. The alpha is supposed to be working or eating, but Dean knows this will be hard for him. Castiel promises that he is settled with the choice to birth at home, but that still doesn’t calm his fears about the delivery in general. “Cas, I see you.”

From behind the Live oak a voice is heard, “No you don’t.”

The omega erupts in a full belly laugh as Cas sheepishly appears. He is cackling so hard, he barely notices the next contraction.

It’s the next morning when Balthazar and Kevin arrive. Dean is closing in on the big reveal so they drive over after daybreak. Really, the two men will play with Claire and keep her busy down at Bobby’s cottage. Lisa warns them that the last part may include screaming, which can be disconcerting to his daughter. She and Dean are extremely tightly bonded, and seeing or hearing him in pain is just not right.

When Cas explains that her brothers are coming, Claire spends an hour searching for them then giggles at her alpha Papa like he made the funniest joke. Dean gives her a huge extended hug before Kevin guides her out the back door. The omega will never admit it, but he did cry just a little watching her go. So much of his heart and soul are wrapped up in those tiny little arms.

Around 11:00 am, Dean senses a need to be in his nest. The contractions are strengthening and coming more frequently. Cas strips off his clothes and then Dean’s so they both can crawl into the swell of blankets, pillows, and quilts. The next two hours are an agonizing blur, but his mate is right there massaging his back and keeping the skin on skin connection.
Lisa is wearing a blue set of scrubs with bare feet. She teases that after buying a new pair of sneakers after each birth taught her that maybe nothing is best. “Okay Dean, next contraction I want you to push.”

The omega nods, preparing his mind with deep breaths. The pushing is tough, but not horrible. His boys are born six minutes apart, healthy, and mad as hell. Cas sobs like the twins when it’s over, relief drenching his mind. He leans in, holding baby A whispering, “I love you, Dean.”

“I love you, Cas.”

The boys are identical in every way. They are lean with a dusting of dark raven hair, their skin matching Cas’s tone exactly. Currently, their eyes shine with a soft pale blue, but Dean secretly hopes that they grow green over time. However, the twin’s facial features appear more like their omega Daddy, especially the nose and chin.

Sam and Gabriel are the new arrival’s first visitors. “Okay, give me a baby.” The beta announces next to the bed.

Castiel hands their first born son over to his uncle, “this is Hunter Jude Novak.”

Sam stretches his empty arms out with a tiny whine. Dean complies, passing over their second son, “this is Chase Colton Novak.”

Gabriel snickers, “You named them Hunter and Chase after AO games? Very classy guys.”

His mate responds calmly, “They would not exist without them, so it seemed appropriate.”

*****

After dinner, Claire returns from Bobby’s with a wave of excitement. Dean can hear her babbling to Kevin as they scale the large staircase. “Bubbas, bubbas.”

She spots Dean first, squealing, “O Dada!”

Climbing into the nest, his daughter notices Chase first. Cas is holding him, sitting next to Dean while Hunter nurses. She timidly approaches, her eyes unsure.

Cas exudes adoration in each word, “Claire, this is your brother Chase. Would you like to say hello?”

The omega’s heart swells beyond capacity as his darling girl hesitantly kisses the newborn on his cheek. Her blue eyes sparkle with delight, then she shifts over to Hunter, kissing his forehead. Dean’s face aches from smiling so much as he exhales in bliss, “Hey Claire bear, omega Daddy loves you.”

His daughter kisses her O Dada’s lips before snuggling between Dean and Castiel. His mate drapes his arm over the omega, glowing from every pour. “Thank you, Dean.”

“No problem, Cas. I think we make good looking babies.” He winks, looking up at his alpha.

Castiel kisses Dean’s head, “I have everything I need right here.”

The family of five cuddle silently in the master bedroom as their scents swell into one.

Dean never knew life could hold such pleasure and love. From the moment he presented as omega, this is what he secretly wished for and this gorgeous alpha next to him made it all come true. It may
have been a struggle, and he’s sure the battles aren’t over yet, but here beneath the live oaks, Dean has found his heaven.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Don't panic! There will be an epilogue.
TWENTY YEARS and FOUR MONTHS LATER

Dean glances in the mirror searching for a new grey hair to pull. He knows Cas discovered one yesterday, but damn if he can see it. He sighs deciding that today is going to happen, and wasting time in the bathroom isn’t going to change anything. The youngest of his pups presented last month as omega. Today she will be leaving after a BBQ lunch with her new alpha.

When Claire presented as an omega five years ago, it was even harder for Dean. Out of his six children, Dean had always been closest to his sweet Claire bear. But thank the Lord he had an alpha waiting in the wings for his sweet princess. Gabriel discovered the blood test to determine presentation just after Claire turned five. The test will never be marketed, but every child Dean knew was quickly categorized. The year his princess turned 10, he started his matching service which helped the omegas at the home find mates. Well, that’s how it started, and then after his first 50 successful claimed couples, business boomed. He now has a client list of hundreds of alphas hoping for his magical touch to their future lives. Many parents of omegas contact him, viewing this as a better solution than sending their child off to the academy to be sold like cattle.

First, the alphas still pay all the costs, including Dean’s final mating fee due at the time of claiming. The omegas just have to give some blood and a few interviews to be on his list. Now alphas are required to submit blood, semen, a full criminal background check (done by Oz Investigations), a letter of mental stability by a psychiatrist, and several home studies performed by either Dean, Sam, or Charlie. He has no problem denying alphas. The omega had even been sued by several rejected individuals who felt his rigorous standards were unfounded. Dean often felt bad for them having to face Adam in court, well almost. In fact, one of the first ten matches he had made was with his half-brother to a spicy British omega named Bela.

When Garth Fitzgerald came across his desk when Claire was 14, he sat the alpha down and explained that waiting would be the best thing he ever did. Garth owns a security company in Atlanta, and his soft gentle nature, along with a big heart, was perfect for his Claire. The month after she presented as omega, he flew Garth to their home and let them meet. The dorky, lanky alpha has worshipped his Claire from that moment forward. He now has two grandpups to help add the grey to his hair.

Dean pads into the master bedroom, glancing at his own mate currently pulling the sheets over his head. “Cas, you have to get up, it’s after 8:00. The party starts at noon and there are still a lot of things to do.”

His alpha shimmies further into his makeshift cocoon. “Don’t wanna. If I don’t leave this bed, then my baby will never be ripped from my arms.”

The omega grins at his lover’s distress. Dean’s strongest connection has always been with Claire, but Cas’s is maybe even tighter with Joy. In fact, that’s where her name came from. When there last child was brought into the world, Cas took one look, whispering, “pure Joy.” So that’s what they
named her Joy Anna Novak. She’s a spitting image of Dean, with emerald green eyes and dirty blonde hair falling to her shoulders in loose curls. Even her smile mirrors his; however, she is tiny. Even at 16 she is only 4’11, but she has a ton of attitude to back up her size. Having five older siblings kept her in fighting shape.

“I’m going to wake the kids. In twenty minutes, you better be in the shower, alpha.” Cas just waves his hand as a response.

Dean crosses to the boy’s room first. Hunter and Chase are sophomores at the University of Georgia, majoring in pre-law. They arrived home yesterday for a long weekend to meet their sister’s new alpha. As expected, they presented alpha two weeks after their 16th birthday. Neither has shown any real interest in their silly omega Dad matching them. Every time they come home, he asks, and true to their identical ways, they roll their eyes simultaneously. The omega peeks in with a yell, “Time to get up guys! Rise and shine Hunter, Chase.”

The dark wood bunk beds shift as two raven hair heads with bright blue eyes groggily open, “Dad! The party’s not for hours.” Said in perfect unison.

“It’s a big day. Everyone has to help.” The two alphas grumble, retreating under the covers. The bunk bed groans under their weight. They are big, like Sammy big, and one day Dean is going to have to give up and buy two twins with extended mattresses. “Now boys!”

He leaves them to it, making his way to the pink room where his twin girls reside. Gabby and Samantha are the polar opposite of his children. As much as Chase and Hunter are identical, Gabby and Samantha are different, starting with their fraternal births and their presentations. Samantha is the spitting image of Cas. She has his blue eyes, raven hair, pale skin even her face has every likeness of his mate. She is Dean’s quiet beta child, always has her nose in a book, preferring studies to anything even close to social. Gabby is the loudest pup by far. She is a hodgepodge of everyone in their family. Her short pixie cut red hair from Anna, green eyes from Dean, pale skin and smile from Cas, smart as hell, but a huge massive mouth to go with it are most likely a mix of Gabe and Sam. Gabby is lean and stocky, like Dean, but since her alpha presentation, she takes shit from no one. The girl’s are both seniors in high school, their 18th birthday quickly approaching.

Dean opens the door to find Samantha fully dressed in dark slacks and a blue cardigan sitting on her bed reading. Gabby is snoring in a bean bag chair in front of her play station 6, obviously never having made it to bed. “Gabby!” Counts to ten, “Gabby!” Waits a few beats more, “Samantha, please make sure your sister is clean and presentable by 11:00 please.”

Intense blue eyes glare at him, “I am not my sister’s keeper, Dad.”

“Normally I would agree, but today I do not have the time. I will let you spend next weekend in the scent proof room.” This is Samantha’s heaven, locked away for days with a stack of books, passing trays back and forth for nourishment. Dean tries to limit her hibernation time, but today he is desperate.

“Friday and Saturday night?”

Ah negotiating like a pro, “You do not need to appear until Sunday for dinner at 6:00 pm. Deal?”

“Deal. Gabby will be ready by 11:00, and I will attempt to make her civil to the new alpha.”

Dean gives her a thumbs up closing the door. He finds himself pausing in front of Joy’s bedroom door. She used to share a room with Gabby and Samantha, but when Claire moved out, she claimed the old Lavender room as hers. He steels his body, ready for the onslaught of questions. “Joy, are
you up yet?”

He locates his baby girl sitting cross legged in the middle of her room. Her petite frame in some yoga pose that Cas showed her years ago. “Hey cutie. Ready for today?”

His youngest daughter takes a deep breath, releasing it slowly. “No, and I am still angry that you won’t tell me his name or where I’m going tomorrow.”

Dean kneels down, tapping her nose playfully, “I am under specific directions to reveal nothing, but you have faith in your Dad don’t you?”

“You could tell Pops. I would feel better if at least he knew.” She’s fighting to not snicker because they both know she can break Cas in five minutes flat.

The omega kisses her cheek, carding his fingers through her wavy hair. “A few more hours, sweet girl, and all will be revealed. I promise. Any last minute questions?”

“Several.” She liberates herself from the pose to dramatically flail on the floor. “Will he scent me?” Her nose scrunches in disgust.

“You won’t be able to leave our property if he doesn’t, you know the laws.” Dean ambles over to her closet, pulling out a nice pink sweater. “If you don’t want him to, I am sure he will leave you behind for a few weeks until you get used to each other. This process will go at your pace sweetheart, but I doubt you will wait.”

“You keep saying that Dad.” She rolls her eyes intensely like a true teenager. “Did he really agree to me continuing school?”

The omega Dad has freed her best pair of jeans from a pile of clean clothes. “Yes, now that the laws have passed, mated omegas can attend university with their alpha’s permission. He wants you to finish school first, before any pups.”

Joy chews on her lip nervously, “Are Claire and Garth coming?”

“It’s a long drive from Atlanta with two small children, so I’m thinking by dinner. She will be here before you have to leave, I am sure of it.”

He hands her the clothes about to add more when there is a squeal as the door slams open abruptly. “Oh My God, Cuz, are you ready to get your knot on?”

“That is beyond inappropriate Kat.” Dean scolds his niece. For a beta-O, Katniss is anything but quiet or demure. She is a stunning, tall, muscular brunette with hazel eyes. The omega often describes her as Sam with lady parts. However, her personality is everything Gabriel. It doesn’t help that Dean was the one to suggest Gabe read the Hunger Games when he was on bed rest for the last two months of pregnancy. Sam still hasn’t forgiven him, although Katniss Prim Winchester has a nice ring to it. Kat spent the majority of her childhood in this house to give her the feeling of siblings. Gabriel survived her birth, but at his age, they suggested that she would be the last.

Joy mumbles, “I don’t know how you can be happy about my sexual slavery to a stranger.”

“Whoa there! Don’t be a Debbie downer. I bet he’s going to be HOT!” Kat flops down on the floor to tickle her cousin. The two girls are a giggle fest by the time Dean leaves.

In the kitchen, the omega sees Gabriel and Sam making coffee. “Oh bless you.”
The brown eyed beta smirks, “For the coffee or making sure our kitty Kat was home from school for the big event?”

“Both.” Katniss is a freshman at MIT, which Sam is hugely proud of, case in point would be the MIT DAD t-shirt he currently wears.

The three men sip coffee in silence, letting the caffeine wake up their brains. Finally, Dean speaks, “Has Kat thought about my offer for a match?” After her test came back as beta-O, Gabriel threw himself into studying the rare designation. He discovered that when a Beta-O meets their one true mate, it causes a chemical reaction in the body, making the omega side wake up. However, as a beta she doesn’t have to find an alpha to attend school, and Sam shies away from the idea.

“No.” Sam responds without a moment’s pause. “I told you Dean, don’t even bring it up with her. If she meets someone, that’s fine, but no matching.”

Dean shrugs, “Okay, no big deal. I would do it for free, but she’s your baby.” The omega glimpses the clock realizing that Cas is probably still hiding under the covers. “Hey, can you guys start getting the tables set up outside? I need to push grumpy Pops into the shower.”

He finds Castiel exactly where he left him.

The omega grins as he climbs on top of his alpha, straddling his stomach before tugging the sheets from his face. They have been together for 21 years, and Dean still finds his mate to be the most gorgeous man alive. His dark hair has a peppering of grey in it, and little crow’s lines have grown around his eyes, but it just adds to the sexiness. He bends over kissing Cas’s cheek, “Do you trust me?”

Those stunning blue eyes flash at him, considering the question. “Yes, but…”

“No buts, alpha. You will like this match, I promise. I need you on my side today Cas.”

Green eyes glare into blue until the alpha relents, nodding his head in agreement. “Fine, but tonight, I want a game.”

“That can be arranged, my love.” Dean devours his lover’s mouth, letting the kiss go longer than it should, but God, Cas’s mouth is a true wonder of the world. “Up, shower, dress, smile, and don’t be an ass. Okay?”

Cas chuckles, “Got it.”

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Noon rolls around as Joy dashes into the kitchen shouting, “Dad! Why is Uncle Balthazar’s suburban driving up to the house? He can’t be here; not today.”

Dean ignores his youngest pup ranting as he calls out the back door, “Everybody in the foyer!”

Castiel enters the kitchen as Joy latches onto the alpha’s arm. “Pops.” His mate takes her hand as they join the rest of the crew.

Kevin and Balthazar enter first, laughing at the large group of people staring at the door. Balthazar responds after a breath “Well, this is quite a welcoming committee!”

Of course, it’s Samantha who figures it out first, whispering in Dean’s ear, “Dad, you just made Joy’s entire life.”
The omega is very proud of himself as he watches for Joseph to pass through the front door. Joseph is the alpha son of Kevin and Balthazar. He’s a senior in high school with a bright future ahead of him. The best part though, is that since they were children, Joy and Joseph have been inseparable. Not to mention last summer he caught them multiple times kissing behind the omega cabin. The sea of people part, and Joseph steps to the center of the room. Dean shoves Joy toward him as Cas gives him a curious glance.

Joy stand before the young alpha, “What are you doing here?”

The kindest smile that mirrors his omega Dad’s spreads across Joseph’s face, “Picking up my omega?”

“WHAT!?” Joy shrieks jumping into his arms as he lifts her up for a kiss. She says something quietly into his ear and the two head up the staircase. “We’ll eat later guys.” His sweet girl calls over her shoulder.

“That’s disgusting.” Samantha huffs under her breath. “We all know what they are doing, Dad.”

Before he can answer, Gabby replies, “Knotting with wild abandonment.”

Castiel claps his hands, “To the backyard for burgers and BBQ chicken!”

Dean and Cas take a moment to welcome their daughter’s new family, although since it’s Kevin and Balthazar, it seems odd, but they all have massive smiles on their faces.

The omega turns to follow the crowd when he notices his alpha glancing up the stairs. “He’s just going to scenther today, right?”

“I love you Cas, but probably a bit more.” He embraces his mate tightly hoping the alpha keeps his cool when Joy returns with a new smell and a bite.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for taking the journey with me. I love you all!
-Angie

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