A Mutually Beneficial Arrangement

by immortalemrys

Summary

Mycroft needs to find an Omega to breed with, Greg is having major problems with his ex-mate.......can a mutually beneficial arrangement work between the reserved Alpha and family man Omega.
Mycroft sat silently in the office which was one of two identical rooms on the floor that contained the medical suites of his personal physician. He disliked his yearly physical examination which he’d undertaken a week ago. Being prodded, poked and stuck with needles rated up there with having to attend the yearly Christmas party and mingling with goldfish. Anthea had booked his follow up appointment to coincide on an afternoon with no appointments, though in his profession things could come up at a moment’s notice. Dr Montgomery had been his physician since he had joined government service as a consultant at 17.

“Good afternoon Mycroft, apologies for running late, last appointment was a chatty sort” said the white haired doctor who sat at his desk and opened the folder he was carrying, peering at the contents through rounded spectacles.

“That’s quite alright, I have a free afternoon” said Mycroft.

“Well, as usual you are quite healthy though you could afford to lose a few kilos my boy” said the physician matter of factly.

Mycroft grimaced. The couple of Jammy Dodgers he had with morning tea lately would need to go.

“But there is one matter that we need to discuss” said the Doctor “At your age Alpha’s are in their prime to produce progeny however your sperm count has quite suddenly dropped dramatically since your last physical examination…..it would appear your reproductive capability stands at about a 37% probability of impregnating an Omega. It is possible your prolonged use of contraception to prevent unwanted pups could be the likely culprits though approximately 1% of Alphas also find in the natural course of nature to be incapable of breeding by aged 40”

Mycroft felt like he had been punched in the stomach. It was biologically innate to any Alpha to want to propagate offspring; goodness knows Mummy bemoaned the fact that neither he nor Sherlock had filled her house with grandchildren despite Sherrinford having produced two pups with his Omega mate Olivia. Six year old Madeline and eight year old Grace were doted on by his parents but it appeared that Olivia and Sherrinford had no plans to have any more children and were content with their family size. He'd shared a few heats over the years with nameless Omegas who made a living from servicing Alphas and though such services came with a guarantee that the Omegas were on birth control he never took the chance. He'd never desired to take a mate let alone have young.

“I suggest you get a wriggle on and either find a mate or a surrogate Omega, my boy, preferably one that is highly fertile if you want pups” said his doctor “In all likelihood you will be sterile inside a year to possibly 18 months I’m sorry to say”

Mycroft left the medical suites and went back to his offices to collect his umbrella, briefcase and call his driver to collect him. He avoided Anthea’s quizzical and concerned looks, the woman was by far too familiar with his moods and body language having worked for him for 18 years.

“Is everything alright Mycroft?” asked his PA.

“No” he said with a small smile collecting folders from his desk to take home.

“Is there a problem with your health?” she asked with a frown.

There were times the Alpha was as pig headed as he was and would pursue the line of questioning until she got an answer. They’d had their disagreements over the years but Anthea was his right hand
and he would be lost without her. She was an exceptional friend and employee, one of the few he trusted with his life.

“My health is fine” he said flatly “I don’t suppose you know of any Omega’s who are highly fertile aside from those who are less than half my age that wish to be impregnated by an Alpha whose own fertility will be non-existent soon and needs to reproduce before it is too late”

Anthea didn’t even bat an eyelash at his answer but instead pulled out her Blackberry.

“On it” she said “You go home and leave it in my hands”

With that she left his office. He had no doubt that by morning she would have a list of prospective mates and files on them all on his desk. Umbrella and the folders that needed attending to tucked into his briefcase, Mycroft left the building and slid straight into the backseat of his Mercedes Benz that was waiting for him. He didn’t want to go home and brood on the day’s news yet and decided to check up on Sherlock whom he hadn’t seen since the Baskerville incident.

“Baker Street please Jeremy” he told his driver who nodded and changed direction blending smoothly into the London traffic.
A Crappy Day

Chapter Summary

Greg’s day turns to shit

The day had started as normal. First he’d woken to a car alarm going off in the street at 4.30am which in turn had woken Meg who’d not wanted to go back to sleep. Nate was angry because he didn’t have the money to pay for a school camp and Maddie had clocked her twin sister Becs with a book for taking her favourite jeans. Lola, ever the organiser had rounded up her three younger siblings and got them out the door to school while Meg happily waved them off comfortably seated on his hip.

Meg gave him a sloppy kiss and toddled off to play with her little friends at day-care and then he was off to work. He was lucky that NSY had accommodated his hours when he and Caroline had split, and thankful that Lola was a very mature and responsible 16 year old who helped him so much with the house and kids. Many 16 year old Omega’s were running about playing silly games with Alphas but Lola was a smart kid who wanted to go to Uni and become a Nurse so she hung out with like-minded friends and studied hard. He wished his son Nate would take a leaf out of her book and knuckle down too instead of messing about at school but then Greg had dicked about at school until about 16 when he knew that he had to make decisions that would lead him to the profession he wanted to do.

He’d always wanted to be a cop. Once he buckled down and applied himself he had graduated with good grades, took a year off to go work in his Dad’s restaurant to save some money then applied to Police Academy and got in. He’d shared a crappy flat with two other people, kept to himself and worked hard at becoming a cop. His heats were taken care of with suppressants and he’d enjoyed dating male and females until Caroline had come along when he was 27. They’d bonded a year later and he’d gotten pregnant with Lola on his first heat since a teenager. Nate came two years later, two years after that he’d had the twins Maddie and Becs then lastly two years ago along came Meg. Caroline hadn’t wanted more children after Nate, their bonding had become strained after he’d fallen with the twins and then getting pregnant with Meg had been the beginning of the end. Caroline spent more and more time at her job, their sex life dwindled to nothing and he found out about the affair which he had suspected and which Sherlock had confirmed last Christmas and confronted her with it. She had left cleaning out their bank accounts, moved in with the Omega PE teacher, barely saw the kids and contributed even less financially towards them. On his pay they lived week to week while he paid the mortgage to keep a roof over their head.

At lunch time he’d just got back to NSY when he’d been served with papers to dissolve their official bonding and court documents that applied to have the house sold plus an application for custody of their 5 children. Though the laws had changed forty two years ago so that Omegas could keep property, have custodial rights to children and a say in the Family Court it was expensive to fight and he didn’t have that kind of money. He tried calling her but she ignored his calls.

He had to put it aside when called out to a dead body found in a skip bin behind a Chinese take-out. Greg had called Sherlock when it appeared the older Omega woman seemed to be one of the homeless. Sherlock hadn’t known the woman but took a picture on his phone of her so he could consult with his homeless network for her identity and promptly sent it via message then and there.
He deduced that she’d been asphyxiated by suffocation then moved to be dumped in the skip bin. Whatever possessions she may own were gone.

“Do you want to come back for a cuppa and talk about it mate” asked John as the body was taken to St Bart mortuary for an autopsy.

Trust John to notice that something wasn’t right, if it wasn’t for the fact he’d seen John reduce a tough Alpha like Sally to her knees he would never have believed him an Alpha. John was quiet, caring and a man of extraordinary patience when it came to Sherlock…..there were many Alphas who wanted to take Sherlock down a peg or two…..his arrogance and know it all attitude got up many an Alpha ire who found their hackles rising being spoken to like shit……and these were Alpha’s who treated Omegas with respect. If always fell to John to either placate them or threaten them. He wondered if John realised he was acting like a territorial Alpha or if Sherlock even noticed it.

Once at Baker St Sherlock opened his laptop and ignored them both and Greg went with John into the kitchen to talk over that cup of tea.

“Caroline served me with dissolution of our bond, I expected that, there is no chance in hell I want her back. She’s applied to the Family Court to have the house sold and take custody of the kids……..my fucking pups that I carried, birthed and raised……..she wasn’t fussed about having pups at all, I wanted more kids after the twins and she said no. It was a fluke that I’d forgotten to take that month’s heat suppressant when I fell with Meg. After Meg was born she wouldn’t sleep with me and stood there while I took my suppressant because she reckoned I would trick her into more pups because I got knocked up so easily. Now the cow is after tossing me out of my own home and taking what she doesn’t give two shits about……..what am I going to do John, I don’t have the money to fight her in court” said Greg quietly to his friend.

He sniffed the air identifying a scent that belonged to Mycroft Holmes that wafted into his nose moments before the man himself walked in. Over the years he’d come to recognise Mrs Hudson’s Omega scent of baking and vanilla. Sherlock’s Omega smelled like the seaside. John’s Alpha smelled of Earl Grey tea and Mycroft’s Alpha smelled like cinnamon and oranges.

The younger man, clad in his Saville Row navy blue pinstripe looked over his shoulder at both he and John standing in the kitchen and nodded. Greg nodded back as did John. Mycroft sat with Sherlock.

“What a bitch” said John in a low voice handing him a mug of tea. John made wonderful tea and he took an appreciative sip. “Pups belong with their Omega unless there is abuse, it’s wrong to separate them like that. Why does she want them now when she wasn’t interested before……..you have been separated for 10 months and she’s barely seen them?”

“Cause the court won’t let her sell the house if I have custody of the kids” hissed Greg viciously “God only knows what it’ll do to the kids……..Lola hates her, Nate can’t stand her, Maddie & Becks pretend she doesn’t exist and Meg kicks up a fuss whenever Caroline goes near her”

Greg glanced over to the Holmes brothers; Mycroft was talking quietly to his brother though Sherlock kept tapping away on the laptop.

“I wish I could help mate, I have maybe a thousand pounds…..” began John but Greg shook his head.

“I’ll see if the bank will loan me money against the house, it’s a long shot but it’s my only hope” said Greg with a sigh. “Anyhow, I should get going…….I have to pick Meg up from day-care soon”
Greg finished the tea in two gulps then nodded at Sherlock whose pale eyes flicked up from his brother who had his back to Greg.

“There answer is under your nose Mycroft……Graham needs money and a roof over his head because the Alpha whore he was bonded to will win her court application to take his home which means he will lose his brood of pups, he’s obviously got the fertile womb of a brood mare so your problem of needing an Omega to breed with to get pups of your own before your sperm dry up is solved. A mutually beneficial arrangement don’t you think” said Sherlock in his usual tactless way.

Greg heard John choke on his tea close behind him and Mycroft’s umbrella fell from his hand that was holding the handle and clattered to the floor. Greg’s face went hot with embarrassment at being referred to as a brood mare and his personal business broadcast to all and sundry. Whilst they weren’t really close friends he was an acquaintance of Mycroft’s and he was quite sure the man was as quietly mortified like he was at his own personal business being aired.

He turned and grabbed John’s mug of tea out of his hands which was only half full and took the few steps needed towards the two brothers and flung the warm liquid into Sherlock’s face which unfortunately also splattered a little on the older brothers suited shoulder.

“You UTTER prick, do you EVER engage that big brain of yours before your mouth……tell you what, how about you stay the FUCK away from NSY……you come ANYWHERE near me and I’ll shoot you myself……..and believe me, there are those who will happily hand me the gun to do it” spat Greg spinning on his heel, slamming the mug onto the table and stomping out of the flat.
Mycroft consults with his trusted friend and PA Anthea.

As she had promised Anthea had four files on his desk containing the Omega’s. Two were prospective surrogates and two were from an agency where old fashioned bonding could be arranged between compatible couples. All four had been chosen for their impeccable backgrounds and medical health. Surrogacy was expensive, not that cost was an issue, he had plenty of money but Mycroft was of the opinion that taking a newborn pup from its birth parent was cruel and set those files aside to be opened again only as a last resort. He looked at the first file of a female Omega about 10 years younger than himself who was seeking to bond with an Alpha male who could provide her with a life of comfort in return for providing him with a litter of pups. The second file was a male Omega 3 years younger who made no bones about the fact he wanted a rich Alpha, was high maintenance and expected a nanny to take care of resulting pups from the union.

Mycroft closed those and placed them to one side when his phone rang. He spent the next four hours in video conference with agents in Pakistan, Sri Lanka and Kuala Lumpur being appraised of activities in those countries. By the time he’d finished that and then spent half an hour on the phone to the Canadian Prime Minister he could just about murder the pot of tea that Anthea brought in on a small tray complete with those Jammy Dodgers he’d vowed to avoid for Elevenses.

“How did you go with those files, Mycroft?” asked Anthea after they had discussed changes to the security detail that were protecting the Prince of Wales on his trip to Australia.

“I don’t know Anthea, I don’t think surrogacy is really suited to my moral beliefs, children deserve to be nurtured by their Omega from the moment they are born…it’s what nature intended after all” sighed Mycroft “I don’t think the male Omega is suitable despite his flawless characteristics in regard to breeding capabilities……I have no problem with a nanny being engaged to assist but I will not have a nanny solely raise any child of mine like it is a nuisance. The female Omega is quite suitable and her expectations are not unreasonable”

“Shall I organise a meeting with the agency?” asked Anthea taking out her Blackberry again.

“I suppose so” said Mycroft picking up a Jammy Dodger and dunking it in his second cup of tea. “Could you also have Gregory Lestrade’s file brought up to date, make discreet inquiries into his ex-mate and have the information to me as soon as possible”

“I can do that, may I ask why?” quizzed Anthea plonking herself down in one of the seats the other side of his desk.

“It would appear Mrs Lestrade is seeking a dissolution to the bonding, is intent on selling the family home and seizing custody of the children out of spite. Sherlock is inclined to believe that the Alpha will succeed in gaining the sale of the home which in turn will guarantee her getting custody of the children. Understandably this is causing the Detective Chief Inspector some anguish” said Mycroft.

The Omegas distress was apparent the moment he’d walked into Baker Street, that saccharine toffee like smell poking at his olfactory nerve which his inner Alpha wanted to respond to but he ignored, it
was obvious John had been providing comfort to the Omega in the kitchen. Of course Sherlock had met with his news with indifference, smirking at how the DCI’s distress was beginning to set him on edge. Then in his usual tactless and blunt way Sherlock had blurted out both their personal business much to his dismay.

Distress had quickly swung to anger on the DCI’s part though Mycroft kept his countenance; tea had flown into Sherlock’s face as well as soiling the shoulder of his suit jacket. Personally Mycroft would have flung the mug as well at his rude brother then pondered if the DCI would permit him to have first shot of his gun. Though given he was a trained sniper there wouldn’t be a second shot…..the DCI had never been a meek and docile Omega.

“That bitch” remarked Anthea in disgust “Why should she get the house and the children given she was the one who strayed from their bonding. Detective Chief Inspector Lestrade is a good man……and a rather dishy one at that, what have you in mind….do you want illegal information planted on her computer……have her disappear?”

“Sheath the claws, my dear” said Mycroft in amusement. Anthea had always liked the DCI and been friendly towards him. “Sherlock in his crass and undiplomatic way suggested I should come to a mutually beneficial arrangement with the Detective Chief Inspector….keeping the problematic ex-mate in her place and providing security and protection in return for becoming my mate and the use of his fruitful womb.”

Anthea pondered this for a moment.

“He has a point Mycroft” nodded Anthea “It could be a win-win situation for both of you, but you realise you will also be taking on 5 other children who have had their lives changed with their parents separation”

“I realise that all will not be plain sailing. It could all be a moot subject anyway, the DCI may not wish to mate again, he may not find me a worthy Alpha to either be a step-father to his pups or be granted access to his body” said Mycroft sighing again “Once I have the facts in front of me I can decide how to approach this if I choose to pursue it”

It took Anthea exactly three hours to place the files of Gregory Louis Lestrade, Caroline Jane Lestrade nee Taylor and Lucas Richard Hardy, the Omega she had involved herself with, on his desk. He spent two hours reading everything contained in the files before sitting back in his chair, steeping his hands under his chin and retreating into The Library…..where Sherlock called his a Mind Palace, Mycroft called his The Library and he kept meticulous records, data and information throughout the extensive imagery that was in the Victorian style of décor and comfort.

At 5.30 he called for his driver to collect him and the Mercedes Benz headed out of London to Enfield on the outskirts of North London pulled up in front of a four bedroom semi-detached some time later. He alighted from the car to walk up the small front garden. A soccer ball and a pair of soccer boots lay on the side of the front step. He could hear music coming from upstairs. He rapped the brass knocker against the door and waited.

After a few moments he raised his hand to knock again and took a step back when the door was the opened by the DCI’s oldest daughter Charlotte who was 16.

She looked at him with the same dark brown coloured eyes of her father though she looked more like her mother.

The sounds and smells from inside the home assaulted his ears and nose……the scent of the Alpha that once lived there, the nutmeg and cream smell of the DCI, smells of each individual pup, flowers….carnations he would guess, a TV, music, a child laughing and something appetising was cooking which made Mycroft’s stomach grumble. It was entirely different to his home in Belgravia that barely got used.
The Lestrade Home

Chapter Summary

Mycroft pays a visit to the Lestrade home

Fridays meant no getting school bags prepared, no ensuring clean clothes were ready, no arguments about homework and a relaxing dinner. He’d made the kids favourite of Toad in the Hole* with mash, peas and gravy. He was glad he had kids that weren’t fussy and ate whatever was put in front of them though Nate disliked celery. He’d splurged on a tub of vanilla ice-cream for dessert he’d hidden at the back of the freezer.

Greg laid out the dinner plates then froze as the smell of an Alpha hit his nostrils, more specifically cinnamon and oranges. Only moments later Lola came to the kitchen. Mycroft would not have come out this way just to talk about Sherlock, surely he wasn’t entertaining the ridiculous idea his brother had suggested. The visit to the bank had not gone well and getting a loan was not going to happen. He couldn’t ask his retired parents for help, they had worked hard for what they had and he couldn’t guarantee paying them back any time soon and his siblings had their own families to take care of.

“There is an Alpha at the front door who reckons he knows you….Mycroft Holmes” said Lola “Do you want me to let him in?”

“Yes, that’s fine, I know him from work honey” said Greg. He yanked off the apron he was wearing and tossed it into the cupboard under the sink then grimaced at his favourite faded and threadbare jeans that had seen better days, bare feet though his Tottenham Hotspur t-shirt was at least decent. He was also very glad he’d done a whip around and cleaned up a bit before dinner. He flicked on the kettle, tea or coffee was about all he could offer the man since he had few pounds to waste on lager, wine or spirits.

Clad in a light grey suit with matching cream coloured tie and handkerchief tucked in his breast pocket, the younger man looked out of place just inside the doorway of his kitchen with his umbrella over his arm. Greg felt like an utter slob in comparison and he was quite sure Mycroft thought the same as his gaze flicked over him.

“Good evening Gregory, I apologise for arriving unannounced” said Mycroft primly “It would appear I have come at an inopportune time, one forgets as a bachelor that children partake of dinner early in the evening”

It seemed the arrival of the Alpha brought his children out of the woodwork and into the kitchen; his youngest stood by the toes of his black leather shoes and stared up at him. Mycroft showed no discomfiture at being studied by five pairs of eyes.

“Who you?” asked Meg removing her thumb long enough to ask the question after tugging the knee of his grey trousers before it went back in her mouth. The damp patch of spit that darkened the fabric where she had tugged on it didn’t appear to bother Mycroft as he looked down at his daughter. Her onesie had been discarded somewhere and was now only clad in nappy and pink unicorn security bankie over her shoulder.

“My name is Mycroft Holmes” answered Mycroft “And who might you be?”
Meg considered this for a moment before removing her thumb again and putting her arms up to be picked up. Greg was dumbfounded. Meg had been kicking up a stink lately when anyone tried to pick up aside from himself. He was even more dumbfounded when Mycroft leaned his umbrella against the wall, bent down and scooped Meg up with practiced ease into his arms.

“Nutmeg” said Meg simply and unplucked his perfectly pressed and folded silk handkerchief from his pocket and put it over her shoulder with her bankie.

Mycroft raised his eyebrows a little then looked to Greg questioningly.

“Nutmeg is what I call her, usually it’s just Meg or Megan…….Charlotte or Lola, Nathaniel or Nate, Madison or Maddie, Rebecca or Becks” said Greg pointing to each of his older children who hadn’t moved “Can I offer you a cup of tea or coffee, and it’s no trouble to dish up an extra plate of dinner if you want to stay”

He doubted the man would stay; he was probably used to eating meals of restaurant quality and nothing like his plain fare.

“No thank you to tea or coffee” said Mycroft not batting an eyelid when Meg pulled his tie out from his jacket to play with. “I will, however, take you up on the offer of dinner, whatever you have cooking smells more appetising than the ham and salad I have for a late tea“

“Okay you lot, make yourself scarce until I call you for dinner, I may even let you eat in front of the tele tonight” he said to his brood.

“Yes!”’ fist pumped Nate and the older kids scarpered off to do what they were doing before Mycroft had arrived.

“I wanted to apologise for my brother’s rudeness yesterday” said Mycroft quietly.

Greg pulled out another plate and added an extra knife and fork to the cutlery already out.

“I’ve been called worse than a breeding bitch only good enough to turn out a litter” said Greg crudely “Though that was choice coming out of a man who appears to be sexless and who has never had pups”

“Sherlock got involved with an Alpha while at Uni. They never bonded but Sherlock fell for the man, unfortunately the man didn’t reciprocate those feelings. Sherlock got pregnant and upon being told about the pup the man threw my brother aside like so much garbage” said Mycroft flatly “Sherlock miscarried the pup at 10 weeks then turned to drugs to cope with it, I trust you will keep that to yourself”

Greg cringed at the story and felt like a complete arse saying what he just said. The thought of losing an unborn pup made him feel sick.

“Mikee……” said Meg holding up the gold tie pin she had removed.

“Thank you Nutmeg” said Mycroft taking the jewellery from her and putting it in his trouser pocket.

“That’s rough, it explains some things about Sherlock though and yeah, it won’t go any further” said Greg softly.

Greg turned and peered through the window of the oven. The batter was rising quite nicely in the baking dish.
“His rudeness and lack of polite articulation aside, his comment gave me food for thought” said Mycroft hesitantly. “That perhaps we could come to an arrangement of sorts”

“You can’t be serious, Mycroft, arranged bonds are rare nowadays” said Greg incredulously “I’m nearly 45 years old, I’ve had 5 kids, been bonded and will be lucky to have another 5 years of breeding left…..there are Omegas out there half my age who would…..”

“I’m absolutely serious, Gregory” said Mycroft cutting him off “I have just recently found out that within 18 months I will no longer be able to have children……yes, I can pay a surrogate to carry and birth a child but find it abhorrent to subject a child to being removed from its Omega……yes, I can go through an agency and bond to someone who is a complete stranger for an exchange of goods……”

“Well isn’t that essentially what Sherlock suggested anyway?” asked Greg poking the potatoes with a knife to test if they were close to cooked. “Money in exchange for breeding”

“You make it sound so sordid…..not all of us have had opportunity to mate at a young age and have a brood…..my profession has not been exactly conducive to family life over the years…..you are not stupid Gregory, I know you have some idea what it is that I do, you know I work outside the realms of any minor government official” said Mycroft.

“Yeah, well look where mating younger got me” said Greg bitterly “Traded in for a much more attractive and fit younger model that hasn’t got the battle scars of pregnancy or a bunch of kids to take care of”

“There is nothing wrong with your figure, Gregory” interjected Mycroft “You are an intelligent, nice looking middle aged man who many Alphas would find appealing because of those battle scars…..laws change and ways of thinking change but when pregnant or bearing the evidence of childbirth, an Omega who has already proven to be fertile is much more alluring to an Alpha than one who has not been bred……your ex-mate is an anomaly”

Greg flushed at the compliment. He had loved being pregnant though he’d be happy to skip the actual giving birth if he could, there was nothing like growing a life inside you then having a gorgeous pup put in your arms to nurture and cherish. His sister in law Sarah was four months along with her third and he was envious of her growing fat with another child of his younger sister.

“Gregory, I know this is not traditional nor do I believe all will go smoothly….after all there are 5 children to consider other than ourselves” said Mycroft evenly “I would like very much to have you as my mate and in turn be generous to allow me to have children that are biologically my own. On my part I will provide you with both protection and financial security to ensure Caroline cannot put you out on the street or threaten to take your children from you now or ever again. You may choose a new home from a list of suitable homes and choose one that is to your liking…..my lawyer will draw up the deeds to the property solely in your name though you may rest assured I plan on mating for life and have no interest in infidelity. Give her this house and walk away, you have my word she will not gain custody of Charlotte, Nathaniel, Madison, Rebecca or Megan”

“Nutmeg” chirped Meg insistently giving him a frown.

“Apologies, Nutmeg it is, my dear” answered Mycroft and Meg giggled going back to twisting his tie.

Mycroft took two steps closer to him and drew himself up as Alphas did to preen to an Omega. Greg could smell the oranges and cinnamon, and being this close a faint trace of his Alpha musk made his nose twitch. The man barely had to release any of his pheromones to prove his worth, some Alphas
doused you with it and it could be very unpleasant.

“Do you find my scent disagreeable?” asked Mycroft quietly.

Greg didn’t even need to answer. Mycroft’s nostrils flared and his pupils dilated when the Omega in him sat up with interest.

“Mikee….Dada…..No….No......”

*Toad in the Hole for those not acquainted with the dish is a pancake like batter poured over cooked sausages and onions and baked in the oven. Though I'm Australian, my British background delights in the delectable savoury meal dished up with lashing of gravy, mashed potato and peas.
He had never before had to preen for an Omega and carefully allowed Gregory to sample his scent. Why some Alphas felt the need to drench a prospective Omega mate in pheromones when preening was beyond him, perhaps they thought themselves utterly irresistible if choking a poor Omega half to death in their scent.

When Gregory had no immediate reaction other than the twitch of his nose he suddenly felt uncertain and just a bit inadequate. Perhaps the man was just being polite and found the smell of him repulsive so he asked if the older man found his scent disagreeable. He’d had many Omegas making passes at him over the years trying to entice him with their carnal scenting, had once had an Omega escort in the middle of heat attempt to use her scent to try and get him to bond bite her but his self-control was such that she had wasted her time. The Omega scent hit him like a slap to the face; sweetly sensual and darkly erotic……

“Mikee…..Dada…..No….No”

Mycroft blinked as the infant whimpered in his arms then tried to burrow into his suit jacket. The four older children came tumbling into the kitchen to their father.

Mycroft smelled the Alpha and her Omega as they entered the house without knocking. Caroline Lestrade ignored Gregory and her children and instead focused on him.

“What are you doing in my house and why are you touching my child” she demanded like an arrogant bitch.

The infant scrambled upwards throwing her arms around his neck and buried her face into the side of his throat and clung to him.

“You house and your child?” snapped Gregory stalking forward “You moved out and abandoned your child, remember”

“Shut the fuck up, I wasn’t asking you Greg” she growled at Gregory “How dare you bring an Alpha around here…..”

“How dare you bring your Omega around here” countered Greg.

“Why don’t you just leave and don’t come back, we don’t want you around here” said Charlotte angrily “Go on, take your Omega slut and piss off”

“You shut your mouth too you rude little bitch” snarled Caroline who then drew herself up to assert her dominance at Greg as he opened his mouth to speak again. Mycroft quickly pushed Greg behind him protectively. Caroline narrowed her eyes at the action and her hackles rose several notches.

“I recommend you leave like has been requested” said Mycroft sedately trying not to upset the infant
clinging to him any further.

“Well aren’t we a toff, I asked you a question” she growled at him aggressively trying to intimidate him.

“Mycroft Holmes and the reason I am touching this child is because she asked to be picked up” said Mycroft coolly.

“Well, Mycroft Holmes, why don’t you fuck off to whatever posh place you came from and stay out of my business” she sneered now getting in his face to assert her dominance with a touch of intended threat of violence.

The infant clung to him so tightly now that she was trying to strangle him. He smelt fear coming from all the children, and even Gregory was emanating a touch of fear.

Mycroft wanted to yawn at her posturing, it was quite tiresome. He could end her life 57 different ways by his own hands. He had faced down Alpha’s who would eat her for breakfast and spit her back out in protecting Queen and Country, he’d kindly put bullets into their brains without a second thought. He could torture her for days, keeping her on the brink of life and death……

“If Gregory asks me to leave I will happily leave” said Mycroft coldly.

“Gregory? Well la-di-da” she mocked drawing herself up to full height “Sleeping with him are you, fancy a bit of the rough then, hoity-toity rich bitches not to your to your taste?”

Mycroft wouldn’t even dignify that question with an answer; it was both inappropriate in front of the children and none of her business. He deduced the woman wanted Greg single, alone and unmated until she decided to take him back at a future date……by taking everything she made sure when Greg could no longer get pregnant she could use the kids to re-bond with him and thus have a mate to look after her as they got older……of course she had every intention of still having affairs.

“Caroline, perhaps its best we go” said Lucas looking quite rattled having no doubt picked up on the children’s fear which unsettled any Omega and the way things were turning out.

“Yes Caroline, listen to Lucas, off you pop” said Mycroft copying her mocking tone.

She was incensed now and the stench of open aggression filled the air. He would dearly love to snap her neck like a twig. The infant on his neck started shaking and whimpering with terror, he quickly put an arm across her protectively. The Alpha moved to grab Mycroft who in a trice grabbed Caroline by the throat and pinned her to the kitchen wall just stopping short of cutting off her airway completely. He let fly with his own aggressive pheromones that sent Lucas running as fast as he could get away. Caroline’s eyes widened and she gasped in the little air he allowed her but there was still defiance in her expression. She would be back once he left.

“You have frightened your older children and terrorised your infant child unnecessarily. You have been asked to leave nicely” he snarled in a low, calm voice “Now I’m telling you not so nicely…… please leave”

He let her go and with a growl she stomped away and out of the house slamming the front door.

Mycroft turned his attention to the frightened infant, rubbing little circles on her bare back.

“There we go, all gone now Nutmeg” he said softly glancing at Gregory who was visibly upset by the fear in his children.
“I don’t want to stay here Dad, she’s gonna come back…….I’m scared” said Nathaniel.

“I’m scared too, Dad” said Rebecca who was hugging her twin. “I want to run away so she doesn’t find us, I hate her”

“I’m afraid Nathaniel is correct, Gregory” sighed Mycroft “The moment I leave she has every intention of returning”

“No Dada…..no like her…..stay wiv Mikee” sniffled Meg in his neck who was still shivering but calmer.

“What do you wish to do Gregory?” he asked the Omega “You and I both know the police do not have the resources to have someone keep watch, I can have one of my people posted to your door”

“We shouldn’t have to live like this, I can’t stop her coming in the house as it’s half hers” said Gregory rubbing his forehead and was silent for a few moments before he looked at Mycroft “Ok, I’ll walk away from the house…..I have to protect my kids”

Mycroft nodded and fumbled in his trouser pocked for his phone quite sure there was snot stuck to his neck from Nutmeg.

“My home is not suited to have guests or children, give me some time to make a few calls and then we will go from there” said Mycroft.
Flight of the Lestrades

Chapter Summary

Greg and his family walk away from their home.

Dinner was a dismal affair. Mycroft had disappeared into the small rear garden and the last Greg had looked, he was smoking a cigarette and still on the phone. He’d told the kids the truth about their mother dissolving their bonding, selling the house and applying to take custody of them. That had been met with more anger and fear. He hadn’t told them of Mycroft’s proposition or agreeing to it. Tonight wasn’t the night to do that with what had gone on.

He left the four older kids whispering between themselves in the lounge room and taken Meg upstairs for a quick bath. She had been quieter than normal and had been clinging to Greg since leaving Mycroft’s arms. Clean and in her pyjamas Greg picked her up and cuddled her. He smiled as she took his face in her small hands and smacked a kiss on his chin.

“Love Dada” she pronounced solemnly.

“I love you too, Nutmeg” he said wondering how Caroline couldn’t love any of their children the way he did.

“Boo bah” she asked patting his chest.

He should refuse her. It wasn’t unusual for some toddlers to want nurse past three. Meg had started to wean herself at 19 months, she had almost stopped asking for a feed and his milk had nearly dried up. His inner Omega rebelled at denying his pup the comfort and nourishment of his body.

Greg went to his bedroom with her and lay down lifting his t-shirt up then tucking his hand under his head. Meg snuggled herself into his side, snuffled then latched on to his nipple. He winced after half a minute when she got restless; her little teeth scraped the sensitive flesh as she sucked a little too vigorously in an effort to get more than a dribble of milk.

“Take it easy honey, give it a few moments” he murmured stroking her hair.

He soon felt the warmth in his breast as let-down started to flow then closed his eyes as she began to draw more milk from him.

The last ten months seemed to suddenly come crashing down on him. He had never been soft or emotional like some Omegas. Being a cop wasn’t for the weak and easily broken but he couldn’t stop the tears that welled up which then dripped down over his cheek and nose. He put a hand over his eyes so that Meg wouldn’t see and cried silently. It was just all too much and having to leave his home and uproot his children was the last straw.

Caroline’s aggression and violent reactions today had scared him, and the hateful way she had looked and spoken to Lola was frightening ……that relationship was now truly destroyed. The older children hated her and Meg was terrified of her. He would need to call his parents, though he had no idea what was going to happen now or where they were all going to go. He would also have to call NSY and put in for a few days holidays to sort this mess out.
He hadn’t smelled the Alpha approach, the scent of roses coming after she spoke in a low whisper and laid a hand on his shoulder. Mycroft’s scent was lingering close by as well. He had no idea how much time had passed. Meg had fallen asleep curled up into him, her lips pursed as if still suckling though she had detached.

He pulled down his top and wiped his eyes, too weary to be ashamed or embarrassed at his display of emotional weakness. A tension headache had formed across his forehead too. He looked at Anthea who had squatted down beside the bed, Mycroft slipped in and stood behind her.

“Come on sweetie, we are moving you and the children now to a safe place. We have people taking care of everything, you don’t have to worry about a thing” she said quietly “Let Mycroft take the little one to the car, the other children have packed a bag each and are ready to go”

Meg remained asleep as Mycroft carefully picked his sleeping daughter up. Anthea guided him downstairs and waited while he shoved his feet into slippers then moved him quickly outside. There were two Range Rovers parked out the front along with two suited men who stood on the footpath. Lola, Nate, Maddie and Becks were getting into one and he was herded into the front seat of the second one while Mycroft put Meg into a baby car seat in the back.

Greg began to feel like he was in a daze, like he was looking from the outside in…..it was all surreal. One of the suited men got into the driver’s seat and he dumbly stared ahead as the car moved away from the house. He saw, but didn’t see out the window the world going by, nor noticed time passing but eventually the car stopped. He dimly registered getting out of the car and walking to a house.

He looked stupidly at the older Omega woman who had Meg tucked up in her elbow still fast asleep, there was an older Alpha male talking to his other children…..he didn’t register any danger here. His head hurt badly and he just wanted to crawl up into a ball and disappear.

Someone spoke then Anthea peered at him with concern when he turned his gaze to her and then a glass of water and two small gel caplets were pressed into his hand. He swallowed them with the water hoping it would get rid of the headache that now beat a tattoo against his skull. He let himself be led along, Anthea steered him through the house and into a bedroom. She pulled back the quilt and coaxed him into the comfortable bed that smelled faintly of cinnamon and oranges, dimmed the lamp then left him there.

When his eyelids grew unnaturally heavy he realised that they hadn’t been headache tablets but sedatives. If he had not been so tired he would have laughed at being calmed like a hysterical Omega. He fought the tranquillisers, forcing his eyelids to stay open and rolled almost onto his back sluggishly. He could barely keep his eyes open as Mycroft came to the side of the bed and sat, he tried to ask him where Meg was as she would wake in a panic in the night but he was too drowsy to form the words properly. His eyes slid closed as the tablets forced him into a dreamless sleep.
Chapter Summary

Mycroft hides the Lestrades at his parents home

Surprisingly the older children had been receptive to leaving the house. It was clear they were scared of their mother returning. Gregory had spoken to them over dinner and they were well aware of her machinations though he had made no mention of becoming bonded to Mycroft. They had gone off to each pack a bag with belongings they wanted to take for the time being. It had been Anthea who had smelled the faint scent of distress coming from behind the door of the main bedroom, Mycroft had been on her heels as she’d entered then backed out again when he glimpsed the Omega lying with Nutmeg. Between his exposed chest and the unmistakeable aroma of lactation it was evident the infant had been nursing and gave the Omega a moment of privacy though Anthea had no such qualms.

He’d stepped back in once the older man had righted his clothing and Anthea spoke quietly to the Omega who was worryingly quiet and upset. Nutmeg didn’t wake as he carried her out of the house and down to the car. He gently strapped her into the baby seat before tucking her pink unicorn blanket around her that still had his cream silk handkerchief clinging to it with static electricity. Anthea got Gregory into the car then sat in the back with Nutmeg unwilling to leave the Omega in his current state.

The moment the two Range Rovers turned the corner out of sight the removal truck came up the other way and pulled up in front of the house. Everything inside would be packed and placed into storage until such time a new home had been purchased. Mycroft sensed the Alpha bitch was watching from somewhere and waiting to get back in the house. He had thwarted her plans in more ways than one, she would never get Gregory or her children back of that he would make sure.

Before getting into his Mercedes he instructed his two agents that would oversee the removal to arrest Caroline Lestrade with any flimsy charge and to hold her 24 hours if she interfered with the removal. His car quickly caught up with the two Range Rovers that two of his staff drove which headed for Sussex where his parents still lived in his childhood home. They had heard of Gregory from both himself and Sherlock and knew he was the NSY police officer who had saved Sherlock’s life many years ago when he’d overdosed on cocaine. Had Gregory not administered CPR his younger brother would be dead.

He had informed them of the situation then told them the news that Gregory was going to become his mate very soon. Of course his mother had been ecstatic both at Mycroft finally settling down and of prospective newborn pups, she’d also been delighted at gaining 5 new grandchildren. He knew his mother would be in her element with a houseful of children……after all, she had given up her career as a one of the best mathematicians in the world to have Sherrinford, himself and Sherlock though she had consulted on occasion for the government.

He had called Greg’s parents Bronwyn and Gabriel who were residing in France for 6 months and notified them of the current state of affairs. Anthea could deal with the calls to NSY in the morning. It was a waste of time texting Sherlock as he would just ignore it so he texted John Watson who was Gregory’s good friend then sat back and slipped into The Library to put various things in order.
during the remainder of the journey.

Mummy was out the door before the cars had come to a halt. He’d got a brief hug before she was over to the children with his Father. Nutmeg was firmly ensconced and fast asleep in her elbow while the children shyly chatted to them both. Gregory was definitely not himself; the strong Omega had listlessness about him and was seemingly indifferent to his surroundings. He spoke to his driver and thanked his staff, the Range Rovers drove off into the night and the Mercedes left behind them. When he got inside Father had hot cocoa and homemade shortbreads on the table where the children sat, they appeared to be quiet but relieved to be away from the house.

His phone rang and he had little choice but to answer it, managing to complete the call within 20 minutes. He would have little choice but to return to London to deal with a worrying development in Eastern Europe. Hopefully he could be back in Sussex before dinner tomorrow all going well. He briefed Anthea who took out her Blackberry and began tapping away at it.

“The children appear to be quite comfortable with your parent’s, your mother is clucking over them like a hen…..I put Gregory in your bedroom” said Anthea “He’s a tough man but even the best of us have a breaking point, I gave him a couple of Omega tranquilisers, they will put him out for at least 12 hours”

“He may not thank you for that, my dear” said Mycroft “Though I do agree with you, he was overwhelmed and understandably so. Would you call Jeremy, he went to check in to the local B & B, we will have to return to London as soon as possible”

Mycroft went upstairs and into his dimly lit bedroom. Gregory lay in his bed still wearing the clothes he had travelled in; the fluffy green patchwork quilt was tucked over him and he looked quite comfortable lying half on his back on the feather pillows. Surprisingly he was still awake. A lesser Omega would have been fast asleep a mere 10 minutes after ingesting two of the fast acting soporifics. Heavy dark eyes focused on him, the older man was fighting the sedative effects of the medication though he was clearly under its influence.

“No...be scared...me....My.....” the words were slurred and broken but Mycroft deciphered what Gregory had been trying to say.......he had spent much time either watching interrogations or interrogating those who were under the influence of drugs deliberately designed to have a detainee of Her Majesty give up information. The Omega slipped into unconsciousness as the properties of the pills pulled him under, not even a marching band of trumpets through the room would wake him now.

Mycroft gazed at the now completely defenceless Omega. He looked much younger than his 44 years in slumber. He had meant what he said, Gregory was an attractive man and his obvious fecundity made him even more attractive......five beautiful pups had been created, nurtured and birthed from his body.....he had searched The Library back to the time he’d been pregnant with Nutmeg but had only seen him once where he would have been, by his calculations, only two months along. He had smelled the man was with child, sired by that Alpha bitch.

He’d never been one to fawn over newborn pups. He had made the appropriate noises and comments when his nieces were born, made sure he’d congratulated Alphas and confirmed adorableness to proud Omegas when shown pictures of offspring. Now he mused on what his own pups would look like. Would they have his blue eyes, or favour the dark chocolate brown eyes that were Gregory’s like the other Lestrade children. He hoped they would not get his carroty coloured curly hair he’d been teased about as a youngster, he had been dying his hair a darker colour since his late teens and though it had now receded, it wasn’t as difficult to plaster down the curls into a tidy style. He would like both a daughter and a son but he would be happy with any gender combinations
nature would provide should Gregory generously grace him with a couple of pups.

Mycroft wondered what it would be like to share a heat with an Omega who was not paid to service him. Professionals were good at what they did but they were performers who went through the motions the same as he’d gone through the motions to take care of that annoying biological urge to knot that even the most expensive toys could not simulate and wearing a condom to protect against any disease wasn’t entirely helpful either when your brain was telling you it was wrong. Outside of heats, Mycroft had rarely indulged in sex and could count on one hand the males and females he’d had intercourse with. From the files that Anthea had given him, Gregory had slept with numerous partners before he’d bonded to Caroline and had remained faithful to her, he did not doubt Gregory would also uphold that fidelity in their bond.

Their shared heats would not be a problem. Biology and instinct drove Alphas and Omegas to copulate, the course of nature would take care of that. The bonding part he had never done and it concerned him he would inflict too much pain, or bite too deeply or not bite deeply enough. Sex outside the heat would be another thing altogether in a bond, fornicating with someone you likely wouldn’t see again or barely knew was not like being in a committed union. What if he was a poor lover or if Gregory was a poor lover, what if Gregory still kept to the old fashioned ideas of sexual orientation. Years passed but stereotypes that asserted the absolute dominance of the Alpha still lingered, there were those who still wanted Omegas subservient and beholden to an Alpha……they were the ones who believed physical violence and rape were acceptable and that Omegas should be the only ones to be taken since it was their place in the order of things to present and be mounted.

Mycroft rose and tucked the quilt a little higher, the warm scent of nutmeg and cream wafted up and Mycroft was reminded of a spiced Chai he’d once had in Mumbai that was exotic and delicious. Hesitantly he took Gregory’s slack hand in his. There was no softness about them like an Omega escorts delicate smooth hands; rather they were calloused and large making his own slender fingers look delicate and small. He pressed his lips to the skin on the back of the older man’s hand, it was taking a terrible liberty given he was currently in an induced sleep, that he was still bonded and it was not seemly for an unbonded Alpha to touch a bonded Omega in such a way.

He didn’t sense or smell the young Omega who had come upstairs that was spying through the crack between door and doorframe. She fled as he laid the hand back down and turned to leave.
Charlotte Lestrade worries about her Dad........constantly.

Charlotte had told the lovely older Omega Milly she needed to use the toilet but she had wanted to find her Dad and make sure he was alright. The house was huge and she went in the direction both Anthea had taken her Dad and in which Mycroft had just gone. She warily peered into bedrooms then paused at one looking through the gap between the door and doorframe where her Dad was laying under a quilt on a large bed. He looked like he was falling asleep, she knew Anthea had given him pills to take; they were probably to calm him. Her Dad had been through enough the last ten months doing everything on his own, she had helped where she could and it would do him good to have a rest. Her Dad said something but she couldn’t hear what was said, he closed his eyes and seemed to go straight to sleep.

Mycroft sat on the side of the bed just watching him and not moving. She had no idea why but she knew the Alpha wouldn’t hurt her Dad, the same as the older people downstairs. The house, Milly and Siger smelled like their Grand-mère and Grand-père; like tea, biscuits, love and warmth….there were other smells of other family people but it was safe here. Her mother’s parents had died in a car accident when Charlotte was a baby; she’d been an only child so there were no aunts or uncles.

Their mother had acted like a rabid Alpha bitch today and bringing the Omega slut she had shackled up with after cheating on Dad with him was the final straw for her. Her knees had shaken when she’d shouted at her mother but she had meant every word of it. She vowed to put a knife through her mother before she’d let the courts take her, her brother and sisters away from their Dad. Their Dad deserved better. He was a good father. Their mother had hardly bothered herself with them and it had been Dad who had done everything for them plus worked long hours as a policeman. It had been he who had taken them to school, fixed up cuts and sprains, sat up at night when they were sick then gone to work dead on his feet. Charlotte swore that she would never bond with an Alpha like Caroline Taylor, what her Dad ever saw in her was a mystery. She was a self-centred, self-absorbed lazy bitch who treated her Omega like shit and her kids were just a nuisance. She didn’t think she’d ever seen her pick up Meg more than once.

She had been a little frightened of the Alpha that had come to the door, he’d radiated power and money and for a moment she had thought he might be her mother’s lawyer come to take them. When he’d opened his mouth he was gently spoken and very posh. She had let him in after getting her Dad’s ok and he’d again spoken gently in his posh voice to her Dad who seemed relaxed around the respectful Alpha. Her jaw had dropped when Meg immediately took to him and wanted to be picked up.......her little sister screamed if a stranger or even their own mother came near her.

When Maddie and Becks had gone back upstairs and Nate back to the tele, she had eavesdropped. Mycroft Holmes spoke quietly to her father; he didn’t offload Meg as soon as he could back to the floor and treated her Dad respectfully as an equal. Her blood had run cold hearing what their mother was doing and she was stunned that the Alpha wanted to bond with her Dad and take on another Alpha’s kids. She had known people at school who’s Omega had re-bonded; many times it hadn’t gone well as lots of Alphas didn’t like another Alphas kids around but there were some where it had
At 16 she had already done sex education at school two years ago plus she’d had the embarrassing ‘talk’ with her Dad. She’d yet to have her first heat, some of the other Omega kids at school had already had theirs and it changed things. Alphas turned into knotheads and the Omegas turned into idiots who played games with the Alphas…..they both disgusted her….Alphas watching those Omegas openly like pieces of meat that should be on their hands and knees to take their knot, the Omegas strutted around deliberately trying to get the Alphas flustered and sniffing. Her two friends Jasmine and Cody weren’t interested in acting like stupid idiots. Even now she felt her face grow warm with embarrassment remembering when Mycroft had preened at her Dad in the kitchen, she had bolted away from the private moment only to come running back when Nate had hissed at her their mother had arrived which the twins had also seen from upstairs and came running down too.

The Alpha had remained quietly spoken all through their mothers revolting tirade. Charlotte had been truly worried the suited man who Meg hadn’t let go of was going to end up badly hurt when their mother had put out that awful scent which she immediately knew meant a confrontation, she had slapped her Dad before. Her jaw had dropped again when the man had effortlessly slammed her mother against the wall by the throat and covered her stink with a pungent smell that made the hair on Charlottes arms stand up and told her in a calm, low voice to leave the house. She had left but she would be back as soon as the Alpha left the house and the thought had terrified her.

Leaving the house behind had been an easy decision for all of them, if it meant they didn’t have to see their mother or live with the threat of her getting them from their Dad then all of them would gladly leave it. Personally she hoped her Dad would bond to Mycroft, not just because he could protect them from their mother but because he would treat her Dad properly. She knew her parents didn’t have sex anymore and she knew that the last time her Dad had a heat when he fell pregnant, her mother had hurt her Dad. According to what she had read, heats could get rough, but not where an Omega needed to wear long sleeved shirts to cover up abuse or take two days off work because he couldn’t walk without limping.

Mycroft got up from where he was seated on the side of the bed, tucked the quilt up higher then took her Dads hand in his and stroked his fingers over the back of it before he bent and kissed it. It was way out of line according to etiquette but since her mother was an adulterer in the full definition of the word, a romantic kiss to her Dads hand was chaste and innocent. He laid the hand back down and Lola fled silently away back to the kitchen table when Mycroft turned around. Milly beamed at her, still caring for the sleeping Meg who looked right at home tucked up the Omegas elbow and she picked up the plate of shortbreads.

“Here you go poppet, another one for your cocoa” she offered with a big smile.

“Thank you” said Charlotte taking another one of the buttery biscuits and pretending to study her cocoa when Mycroft came into the kitchen.

“I’m sorry, I have to return to London on urgent business” apologised Mycroft to his parents then he turned to her brother and sisters “Your father is asleep, rest assured my parents will take excellent care of you. I hope to return by dinner tomorrow afternoon at the latest”

“Go on with you now, the pups will be fine” said Milly waving him away but following him to the door.

Lola couldn’t hear what else Mycroft said in a low tone to Milly but she closed the kitchen door and beamed at all of them again.

“Well now, I suppose we had better sort out sleeping arrangements, hadn’t we?” said the grey haired
Omega happily. Siger was also humming to himself happily whilst dunking shortbread into his mug of cocoa.

Lola couldn’t help feel that they’d had just been adopted as new grandchildren.
Milly Holmes

Chapter Summary

Greg meets Mummy Holmes

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your kind comments. I have read many Omegaverse fanfics and thought I would try my hand at it. I thought I would go for the more non-traditional type as I have a hard time with some of the abusive type dynamics which I touch upon with Greg and Caroline. I promise some steamy scenes very soon. :-) :-) 

Greg was not impressed. Whatever Anthea had given him had put him out for 14 hours and he’d not woken until 1pm in the afternoon. Waking up in a strange room after such a deep sleep had startled him and he’d begun to panic. He had found Milly, Mycroft’s mother, in the kitchen who had fussed over him with a cup of tea.

The kids, including Meg, had gone for a walk to the village with Mycroft’s father Siger. By all accounts the kids were happy and comfortable so he’d allowed Milly to shoo him off into the bathroom with clothes that had been brought from the house that morning. He’d felt much better once he was clean and in a change of clothes though he’d skipped bothering to shave.

Milly was quite lovely and begun fussing over him again the moment he’d come back to the kitchen. Teapot, sausages, bacon, eggs, mushrooms and toast were placed on the table and she positively beamed at him. She had the same pale eyes as Sherlock.

“There you go dear, you must be quite famished” she said.

Of course he was ravenous and food tasted so much better when someone else had cooked it.

“Charlotte, Nathaniel, Madison, Rebecca and Megan are delightful children” said Milly pouring the tea from teapot to his teacup “Siger and I are so happy that Mycroft has finally decided to settle down……I despaired of him ever finding someone, much like Sherlock though John may be promising I think……we never met at the time but I cannot ever repay you for saving our boys life……I understand the children have not been told about your impending bonding to Mycroft yet but I want you to know they will be treated the same as any pups our boys have regardless of biology and welcome you to the family with open arms”

He was enveloped in a hug, the Omega smelled of home cooking and lavender flowers.

“Now, I must dash out to the vegetable garden and get our things for dinner” she said picking up a basket from near the kitchen door “You make sure to eat all that up, there are extra sausages cooked if you fancy a few more”

With that she was out the door. He buttered his toast and started to eat the generous plate of food and
wondered if she was feeding him up already in anticipation of Mycroft filling his belly with grandpups. In his bag of belongings that had been placed in the bedroom were his bottle of suppressants and birth control pills. He hadn’t bothered to take either of them as it would take anywhere up to a month before he would go into a heat. He would say that Mycroft would bring the date forward as much as possible from the 37 days that had been given to Caroline as her court date when she’d applied.

Greg had never shared a heat with a male Alpha though he’d had sex with male Alphas before he’d bonded to Caroline. In fact he’d had sex with Alphas, Betas and Omegas of both sexes and orientations since he’d turned 15. The first time an Alpha male had rolled over and presented his arse to Greg he had been taken aback. The majority of Alpha males growled if you went anywhere near their arse, the notion for many Alphas of being taken by an Omega or Beta was shameful and a threat to their masculinity……yet Alpha females were fucked every day by their Omegas or Betas because of their vaginas.

He doubted Mycroft would be anything other than a traditionalist with his upbringing and personality. He wondered what it was going to be like sharing a heat with him, males were said to be more aggressive and territorial. He hoped he would never be like Caroline had been with his last heat. She’d been vicious; he’d been covered in bites, scratches and bruises where she had held him down and taken him so hard he’d been unable to sit properly for days. After that she’d not touched him again and sex had become non-existent….the affair with Lucas had been going on longer than when he’d first learned of it from Sherlock. He’d known Lucas was younger but hadn’t realised he was only around his mid-twenties.

If Mycroft’s fertility was low then even with Greg being very fertile it may be that many heats would need to be shared before he was impregnated. Going into heat was both pleasurable and awful at the same time. It was like an itch that needed scratching, it turned some Omegas into a mindless mess solely focused upon being a receptacle for an Alpha. Though he felt the same need he was lucky to manage to keep most of his wits about him with difficulty.

His breakfast finished, he washed up his dishes and left them on the sink to dry. He switched on his phone that he had found in the bag and went out the kitchen door into the brisk air of the garden. He could smell they were in the countryside, it was fresh and clean. There were missed calls and texts from John, his mother, his sisters and his brother…..there were 14 missed calls from Caroline too. He may as well deal with the devil first. He hit re-dial and waited for her to pick up.

“Hello Greg”

Greg frowned at her calm polite tone which was not her at all.

“I think I have made a big mistake, why don’t you and the kids come back home so we can work it out…..I’m even willing to give you more pups” she said evenly.

“It’s done Caroline, I would never take you back nor would I inflict you on any other children” he said angrily.

“Are you sleeping with that toff?” she demanded.

“What I do is none of your business……”

“It is my business when he is around my kids……”

“You don’t give two shits about the kids…..”
“Where are you, you bring my kids back to the house…..”

“No bloody way, you terrorised them enough yesterday……knock up your Omega whore if you are desperate for more……you won’t get a chance to scare the shit out of mine again……you need to go see a Doctor Caroline…..you have anger issues you need dealt with” he snapped at her.

“What, because I’ve given you a tap around the ear and was aggressive your last heat?” she laughed

“It wasn’t just taps Caroline, you’ve slapped me hard” he shouted furiously “Aggressive? I asked you to stop, you didn’t, you raped me!”

“Don’t be ridiculous, if you think that why didn’t you have me charged? You are a policeman after all” she laughed again “Though you did limp about for a few days didn’t you…..but sorry, I don’t recall you asking me to stop……”

Greg hung up on her shaking with anger. Fucking bitch, he wouldn’t have a hope in hell proving it and she knew it. He started walking, he needed to calm down before he made other calls and he certainly didn’t want his children to see him so fuming angry……god knows they had seen enough of constantly irate parent. A good walk and half an hour later he had calmed down and found a bench by a small pond that had ducks swimming about in it to sit on. He called his parents first who Mycroft had already called the night before apparently, he assured them he didn’t need them to return to England and to stay in France to enjoy their extended stay. His older sister Stephanie had never liked Caroline much and both his younger brother and sister, David and Emma, had tolerated her. They were horrified things had gotten so bad, were shocked he was bonding with Mycroft and he promised to catch up with them soon so they could meet the Alpha.

He called Sally next and found out that he was now on holidays for a week, no doubt Mycroft’s intervention, he told her he had some personal stuff to sort out and left it at that. He next called John.

“Greg! Thank god, Mycroft texted me last night but hasn’t answered any of my texts, then I couldn’t get hold of you…….jesus, are the kids alright?” said John.

“I’m not sure, they are out with Mycroft’s dad at the moment” said Greg “Anthea gave me a couple of tablets last night which I thought were Paracetamol, yeah, I woke up 14 hours later about two hours ago so I haven’t seen the kids”

“I met them both once when they came to London, seem like nice people” commented John.

“What Sherlock said the other day……well, Mycroft and I have come to an agreement of sorts…..so, um, as soon as the bond to Caroline has been dissolved I’ll be bonding with Mycroft” said Greg.

There was silence for several moments.

“You and…….Mycroft?” asked John incredulously

“Yeah, I’m kind of shocked myself……it’s insane…..he’s been great with the kids…..Meg’s taken a shine to him” said Greg running a hand through his hair.

“But you don’t love each other” said John.

“No, it’s a mutually beneficial arrangement like Sherlock said” said Greg matter-of-factly “We don’t have to love each other to bond, loving Caroline made no difference so maybe a bonding for reasons other than love might work”
“Well, it’s between you and Mycroft I suppose, though I’m having a hard time imagining it” said John "If you both are getting something out of it then good for you"

“Hey, I had a hard time imagining you living as a flatmate in Baker St with Sherlock and somehow you’ve made that work” said Greg

“I found human toes in the milk today……..don’t speak too soon” said John in disgust “And I should go, I smell something burning in the kitchen, god only knows what he’s cooking now”

Greg shook his head as John hung up. He began walking back the way he came, the sky had started turning grey and it looked like rain was on the way. He got to the large house just as the heavens opened up, diving through the kitchen door.

“Ah there you are dear, you’d been gone so long I was beginning to worry” said Milly in concern pausing in peeling potatoes Mycroft sat at the table with her, laptop open and phone at his ear focused on the screen.

“Just a walk to clear the cobwebs” said Greg “Are the kids back?”

“Siger has them watching a movie” she said “Can I make you a tea, dear?”

“I can make it” he began raising his eyebrows as Mycroft swore, frowned and thumped his fist on the table.

“Stuff and nonsense…..off you go now, I’ll have it to you in a jiffy” she said rising and waving him from the kitchen as Mycroft began to speak in a stream of what sounded like Russian.

“DADA!” Meg squealed excitedly scrambling from the older Alpha’s lap and into his arms. Lola, Nate, Maddie and Becks joined Meg in giving him a group hug. He sighed in utter contentment surrounded by his pups.
A three cigarettes kind of day

Chapter Summary

A kiss to chase away the blues

Mycroft read the chatter coming through from the cryptos back at Vauxhall on his computer screen.

“Bryant is gone, there was nothing in the room……he’s done a flit” said Vinchenko in his ear who was his double agent in St Petersburg.

“Fuck it all” swore Mycroft angrily, frowning as crypto confirmed Bryant was after selling secrets to the highest bidder. He thumped the table in frustration and switched from English to Russian “Find him, whatever it takes you find that bastard……I want him back under Vauxhall, the traitorous fucker”

Mycroft tossed his phone down and ran a palm across his forehead. Lack of sleep, dealing with idiots, preventing a dirty bomb being smuggled out of Ukraine by terrorists to detonate in the middle of Piccadilly and now one of his officers had done a bunk, selling Official Secrets that could cause deaths. Add to that what his mother had told him when he’d got back to Sussex, well, it was little wonder he was swearing like a sailor.

“Language Mikey” admonished his mother tutting switching on the kettle “Do you want another cup of tea?”

“No thank you, Mummy” said Mycroft rising “Another tot of whisky is in order I think”

Mycroft picked up the empty tumbler he had been using and went through the main lounge instead of through the sitting room where the movie was being watched.

The formal dining room held the sideboard that contained a myriad of liquors, he selected the Chivas Regal and instead of his usual two finger measure he filled the tumbler. He snuck out through the back door into the covered courtyard that would shelter him from the rain. The temperature had dropped a few degrees with the rain and he could have done with his suit jacket but it was tolerable, after trekking for two days in Siberia many years ago he never complained about the cold in England again.

Mycroft took out his cigarettes and lit one. Mummy would have a fit if she caught him smoking. She deplored the habit. Mycroft indulged in one maybe two a day, three on a particularly stressful day. Taking a large mouthful of the Chivas first he then inhaled deeply of the cigarette and blew out a stream of smoke closing his eyes. His mind was restless tonight; he would never sleep unless he set it into order sometime this evening, and a few drinks would quiet his racing mind a little.

He had been looking forward to coming back to Sussex. Meg had been delighted to see him and the other children had been friendly with their greetings, Charlotte was quite shy of him it seemed. They had spent the day being doted on by his parents, Mummy cooking up a storm and clucking over them. Father had taken them out to the village and spoiled them with ice-cream and boiled sweets. He was glad that Gregory had rested well though apparently he hadn’t been to happy waking as late as after lunch.
In between fulfilling her normal duties, Anthea had called his lawyer and asked him to secure a
Family Law Barrister to act on behalf of Gregory, she had shortlisted five homes in the London area
that were suitable family homes and she had wangled getting the court date brought forward to 14
days. She was in the process of securing employees like Jeremy whose credentials were absolutely
impeccable. The children would need a Nanny whose role would also include driver. Of course their
primary role would be as bodyguard to the children. A housekeeper would also be required; again
that person would need to have credentials that included security protection too.

Mycroft took a large gulp of the Chivas again. He had not been happy to learn Gregory had spoken
to Caroline. His mother had overheard the conversation though it hadn’t been a deliberate
eavesdropping. The vegetable gardens were the other side of the courtyard garden where Gregory
had been on the phone. His mother had been livid when she had recounted the conversation to him. 
Mycroft had been infuriated at what she told him. He had done many things in service to his country
that his parents would be absolutely horrified to learn about, but they would outright disown
Sherrinford and himself if they ever physically or sexually abused an Omega.

Their mother would likely thrash them into next week, grown men or not….and if an Alpha ever
dared to touch Sherlock in such a way Mycroft would rip them apart limb by limb.

He stubbed out his cigarette and threw back the rest of the Chivas. He would need to approach
Gregory with caution and treat him with kid gloves when it came time to share his heat and bond
with him. He was not an Alpha who let his knot rule his head, he was no animal that lacked self-
control when he rutted….if Gregory bid him to cease and desist he would do so though it would be
greatly difficult. He should have deduced this, how had he missed it?

Mycroft went back into the house and poured another Chivas.

“Difficult day?”

He turned around at Gregory’s voice. Stubble darkened the older man’s jaw making him look a little
scruffy.

“Yes” said Mycroft simply “One that warrants more than my usual small measure of alcohol in the
evening, may I offer you a drink?”

“I suppose there is no point asking you about it” said Gregory “Just a snifter of brandy if you have it”

Mycroft turned and selected a small brandy balloon and his father’s Cognac and duly poured the
drink.

“No point whatsoever, I’m afraid” he said to the Omega who leaned against the dining table as he
held out the drink to him.

Mycroft noted with satisfaction that Gregory at least knew how to appreciate a Cognac, warming the
liquid in the palm of his hand and holding the brand balloon correctly.

“How many languages do you speak?” asked Gregory

Mycroft took a mouthful of whisky before answering,

“More than ten”

“More than ten?” repeated Gregory in amazement “I struggled to learn French even with a French
background”
Mycroft actually spoke seventeen languages to date.

“I have an ear for languages, linguistics is one of my interests” said Mycroft.

He had a Doctorate in Linguistics to be precise, along with a Masters in Politics and Economics and to round off his university qualifications, a double Bachelor’s Degree in Fine Art and Literature he’d done just for interest.

“Oh, you’ve got a small leaf in your hair” said Gregory leaning forward and picking the offending foliage from the top his hair. Mycroft froze as the man’s scent filled his nose. The small leaf was placed on the dining table and Gregory didn’t move back.

Mycroft shifted closer to the Omega and took a discreet sniff. He smelled different, that Chai smell was still there but…………… He lifted the tumbler to his mouth and hoped Gregory didn’t notice he’d taken a sniff at him. The scent he had smelled when he’d preened at the Omega was there as an undertone, almost barely discernible but his nose picked it up. Gregory had not taken his suppressants or birth control today. His body was already going into the Proestrus cycle which meant within 3 weeks he would go into heat.

He finished the four fingers of whiskey left in his tumbler. He needed to move away but sidled a little closer needing to take another sniff of that sweetly sensual and darkly erotic scent again. He heard the shift in Gregory’s breathing as Mycroft’s Alpha skimmed his nose across a stubbled jaw and growled at the stink of the bond of that Alpha bitch on his soon to be Omega. He released a small amount of his pheromones to scent the man, it was against the law for him to force a bond over another Alpha’s bond if it had not been legally dissolved by a court but there was no law to stop him marking Gregory as his by scenting him.

Mycroft leaned into the palm that cupped his jaw; chocolate coloured eyes regarded him for a moment before a thumb stroked over his cheek. Mycroft closed his eyes as soft lips touched his in a light caress. He chased those soft lips, parting his when teeth gently took hold of his bottom lip and nibbled. When Gregory covered his mouth and kissed him he was quite sure no past kiss had ever been so seductive or his mind so quiet.
The intimacy of a kiss

Chapter Summary

Greg finds that kissing the prim and proper Alpha is quite nice.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, a shorter chapter this time. I wanted to put forward Greg’s point of view about their first kiss.

Greg left the kids watching their movie. After many cuddles and kisses Meg had clambered over everyone to lay across Sigers lap, the older man patted her back as she stuck her thumb in her mouth. Yet another Holmes Meg was smitten with.

Mycroft had left the kitchen when Greg returned his teacup and saucer, Milly was checking on the roast beef sizzling in a baking dish.

“Can I help with anything?” he asked the woman feeling a bit lazy not helping out.

“Thank you for asking, but no dear” she said pushing the baking dish back on the rack and closing the oven “If you are looking for Mycroft he has probably ducked out into the west courtyard, sneaking a cigarette no doubt that he thinks I won’t know about”

Greg snorted as the Omega rolled her eyes at him. It amused him that Mycroft snuck around to hide having a smoke from his mother.

He went in search of the Alpha, not having to go far when he found the man in the formal dining area having poured himself a large drink. Mycroft looked tired, he also looked different without a suit jacket…..in fact he looked quite casual with rolled up sleeves despite still wearing a waistcoat and tie. He’d heard Sherlock poke fun at Mycroft’s weight but he was in fact quite slender and in proportion to his height.

“Difficult day?”

He knew it would be a waste of time asking, and sure enough it was. The question neatly deflected by asking him if he would like a drink. Greg’s couldn’t help glancing down at the pert, slightly rounded backside accentuated by the grey tailored suit trousers that was usually hidden under a suit jacket when Mycroft turned to pour him a Cognac.

“How many languages do you speak?” he asked thinking of the first thing that came into his mind whilst quickly averting his eyes from gawping at the Alphas nice arse as he turned back and offered him the Cognac.

“More than ten”

He muttered something about learning French into his drink hoping Mycroft hadn’t noticed him
“I have an ear for languages, linguistics is one of my interests” said Mycroft.

Pfft. Yep, like everyone could just pick up languages and suddenly speak with fluency at the snap of fingers. At least Mycroft didn’t make him feel like he was a dumbass like Sherlock did sometimes.

He glanced up at the man who was making short work of his drink. A little pale green leaf was poking up out of Mycroft’s perfectly combed dark auburn hair.

“I’ve got a small leaf in your hair” said Greg leaning forward and picking the offending foliage from the top the man’s hair and put it on the dining table.

Greg blinked, he could have sworn the man had just moved closer and sniffed at him. He decided he must be mistaken as the man drained his tumbler of its amber liquid. Greg drew in a shaken breath as Mycroft leaned in; his nose barely touched the line of his jaw as he sniffed. It had been more years than he cared to remember since an Alpha had openly sniffed at him like this, boldly sniffing at a bonded Omega was considered disrespectful and a challenge to their Alpha. He had attended ferocious and bloody confrontations as a result of an Alpha blatantly sniffing up a bonded Omega.

Mycroft growled. The rumble in his throat low and possessive; Greg sucked in his breath as the younger man scented him lightly with his musky Alpha pheromone. The action, though Mycroft didn’t hurt him, was violent and fierce——and of the old ways. Scenting a bonded Omega was issuing a direct challenge to their Alpha, it meant Mycroft was serving notice on Caroline that he intended to make Greg his Omega and it asserted to Greg that he was more than willing to fight to the death to do so. The old ways, before the law had changed, would have seen Greg as merely the chattel to be passed between the fighting Alphas. Now an Omega had the choice to accept a Alphas scenting and challenge or reject them.

Of course Greg had already accepted being bonded to Mycroft but he was touched by the younger man’s old fashioned ways. Cupping the Alphas jaw he lifted his head. Blue eyes gazed back at him, slightly feral and dilated with the effects of his Omega scent. Greg knew if Caroline walked in at that moment the Alpha would rip her throat out in a territorial contest, Mycroft didn’t need to be loud, brash and aggressive to prove he was pure Alpha.

He stroked his thumb over a closely shaven cheek. It had been so long since he’d kissed anyone that he shyly brushed his lips across Mycroft’s. The man sought out his mouth for more; Greg caught his bottom lip in his teeth and lightly tugged at the smooth pink skin for a moment before tentatively pressing his mouth to parted lips.

Mycroft kissed him gently and with a languid slowness. Greg forgot his shyness and kissed him back. He had forgotten what it was like to be kissed without a forceful mashing of his lips and of a tongue pushing in his mouth. He savoured the almost chaste like way the feather-light lips moved over his as if Mycroft too was testing the waters and not just assuming it was his right to maul him. He savoured the intimacy, kissing was very personal.

Mycroft’s tongue touched his lips, tracing their outline before dipping only marginally inside Greg’s mouth to touch his teeth. He slid his tongue over, and Mycroft retracted the appendage back into his own mouth. Greg pursued it and was greeted with it slipping around his own. He could taste the whiskey as well as the cigarette he had smoked. A hand touched the middle of his back lightly; he felt the warmth from slender fingers that were splayed out through the t-shirt he wore and Greg let the hand that cupped Mycroft’s jaw fall and smooth down his shoulder to his waistcoated chest.

“For god’s sake Mycroft, if you are going to molest Geoff at least do it in private where all and
sundry are not subjected to the revolting display…you have quite put me off dinner”
Sherlock

Chapter Summary

Sherlock slips out of Baker Street

Chapter Notes

While Mystrade is my favourite ship I do like a side of Johnlock

Sherlock had slipped out of Baker St while John was in the shower. He was due to visit his childhood home anyway and Mummy had been nagging for him to come out to Sussex for a few months, now seemed as good a time as any. Mycroft had texted John the night before, it seemed his brother had actually taken his advice for once and helped the Lestrade’s do a flit from their home in the night. It would appear he would be gaining a new brother-in-law.

It was plain as day the Lestrade’s bonding was going to end the way it had. Sherlock had deduced all was not good Greg’s life the moment he had woken in that hospital room after deliberately overdosing on cocaine for the fourth time. That was the day he had seen Victor, the Alpha had not even recognised him……like the majority of people, he didn’t see past the shabby clothes and dirt of the homeless who lived on the streets. Victor had been with an Omega, she was very pretty and it was obvious they were bonded……she had also been heavily pregnant.

Shoving a needle into his vein and filling it with his favourite drug had seemed logical, it numbed feelings and affected his thought processes so he didn’t think……he had felt pain when Victor had walked away from him, but the pain of losing his pup to miscarriage had been unbearable.

His parents had been holidaying in Australia for three months when he’d started bleeding, though he had called both Sherrinford and Mycroft, it had been Mycroft he’d managed to contact and who had called for an ambulance. Mycroft had arrived at the hospital just as Sherlock had been admitted. His brother had held his hand while his body went through the agony of aborting his child, had been there when he’d woken from the operation that removed any tissue that remained inside him and had held him while he cried.

Greg had saved his life in more ways than one. It had been sheer fluke that the Met had decided to raid that particular smack house he’d been dosing in looking for a particular person of interest. He had just got a vein up when the police had busted in, it had taken a second to get the needle in and depress the plunger. He had a vague recollection of being shouted at and shaken before he’d fallen unconscious. Greg had performed CPR on him for 9 minutes until the ambulance had arrived.

He’d stuck around while he had been in hospital and then visited him in rehab. It had been the cold case files Greg been carrying that had given him something else to focus on. Greg had not treated him like a circus freak and took seriously what he had to say. Though a qualified Chemist, Sherlock had found his niche and called himself a Consulting Detective, solving cases for Greg and taking on private cases.
He’d watched from the sidelines Greg’s mate treat him like garbage. Then that one time he’d turned up at a crime scene and deduced there had been both physical and sexual abuse inflicted on him in the last few days though the Omega had carried on as usual. Sherlock had found it difficult when Greg had been pregnant, he’d avoided any Omega who was pregnant or with a pup including Olivia when she’d had Madeline and Grace which had made Sherrinford angry. Greg had come to Baker Street to drop off cold case files for him when he’d gone into labour, Sherlock had got him in a London cab snarling at the driver who had protested having an Omega in labour in his cab who had then driven them to the Omega Birthing Centre that Greg was booked into breaking speed limits and running one red light.

He had been going to leave but Greg’s mate had not arrived. Greg’s Omega father had soon arrived and stayed with his son, the mother took care of the other four children. For hours he sat in the hallway outside Greg’s room listening to the Omega labour to bring his pup into the world and heard the healthy lungs of the newborn protest loudly at being born. Caroline Lestrade chose to walk in fifteen minutes after her child was born; she’d been fornicating with another Omega while her mate had provided her with a fifth pup. Sherlock had got up and left fearing he may just punch the bitch in the throat.

He’d returned with John the next day to visit. Greg had been sitting up in bed looking less rotund and glowing. John had made a beeline for the plastic crib on wheels that held the newest Lestrade wrapped in a pink blanket. Megan he had called her. When John had finished making ridiculous baby noises at her he’d plonked the baby girl in Sherlock’s arms without warning. He’d been terrified he might drop her she was so small, when he had looked down at her face his gut had clenched. But the pup had opened her eyes and looked up at him, smacked her tiny lips and turned her head to Sherlock’s chest looking for milk. Sherlock had immediately handed her to Greg and watched as the little girl sniffled, her mouth working furiously to find milk and latched on to rosy nipple to suckle greedily. Instead of opening up a wound…..his inner Omega for the first time since he’d lost his pup yearned to have another baby……and he wanted a baby with John. But John liked Omega females and he was an Omega male.

John had date with a Sally tonight, John never dated a female twice……he bedded them and moved on. He really didn’t feel like listening to John having sex with Sally tonight. John was a proficient lover if the sounds that the females made were anything to go by…..Sherlock could discern between when John was touching their breasts, had his fingers inside them, was performing cunnilingus, if he had his cock inside them, in which position he was having sex and when he took them in the anus.

The weather had turned inclement by the time he pulled the hire car up out the front of the house in Sussex. He turned the collar on his Belstaff up and made the dash to into the front door. It was warm inside and by the smell of it Mummy had a roast beef in the oven.

Sherlock paused walking through the house to the kitchen. He wrinkled his nose at what he saw. He had wondered if Mycroft was possibly dead from the neck down as he had never seen him touch anyone let alone be intimate with them. He watched his brother and Greg kissing, totally oblivious to anything else and made vomiting gestures at them both when he deduced there was tongue action going on.

“For god’s sake Mycroft, if you are going to molest Geoff at least do it in private where all and sundry are not subjected to the revolting display…….you have quite put me off dinner”

Sherlock had the satisfaction of watching them spring apart like a hose had been turned on them. Trying not to snort at their expressions he turned on his heel and went into the sitting room where
there were four Lestrade’s who all turned their brown eyes to look at him.

“Charlotte, Nathaniel, Madison and Rebecca” he reeled off pointing to each of them “Sherlock Holmes”
Introductions done he went through to the kitchen.

“William! Why didn’t you let us know you were popping in for a visit” exclaimed his mother in happy surprise and quickly pecking his cheek as he bent down to her height.

“Spur of the moment” said Sherlock with a shrug and got a hug from his father too.

A tug to the knee of his trousers made him look down. Clad in a plain yellow onesie, the youngest Lestrade looked up at him with her brown eyes from under a mop of equally brown hair. Over her shoulder was a pink blanket depicting unicorns. She took her thumb out of her mouth.

“Who you?” she asked replacing the thumb again.

“Sherlock Holmes” he replied.

She tilted her head as if considering something then put up her arms indicating she wanted to be picked up.

He rolled his eyes and gently picked her up ignoring Mummy who beamed.

“And you must be Megan” he said.

“Nutmeg” she replied.

“Nutmeg is a brown seed from a tree that can be made into two spices, the other being Mace” said Sherlock.

“Nutmeg” insisted the two year old then smiled at him showing two rows of pearly little teeth and patting his cheek.

Again Sherlock longed to grow fat with Johns child inside him.
John

Chapter Summary

John wants Sherlock but has to make believe

John grunted as the Omega pushed him through the door forcefully, this one didn’t waste any time getting him into the bedroom. He’d asked her if she wanted to go to the movies or come back to Baker Street for a nightcap, she wanted the nightcap except the glass of wine didn’t happen. Nine times out of ten that was the answer he got. When he was doing his degree in medicine his friend Mike Stanford made comment that John could pull Omega females without any effort and it was true. He wasn’t sure what it was about him but getting them in to bed was really a no brainer. He’d also been hit on by Omega males; it just seemed Sherlock was immune to his so called charms.

He had met Sally in the cafeteria at St Barts the day before. She had driven a friend to the hospital to visit her Mum and was going to while away the time waiting with a book and coffee. Sally was currently between jobs and a nursery teacher. He’d asked her on a date and she had accepted. The Omega was very attractive but she was also very boring……not that he was interested in her brain anyway. He at least was polite enough to wine and dine a date before taking them back to his room and having sex with them.

Since moving into Baker Street his libido had gone through the roof. He felt like a teenager again with sex on the brain. Living with Sherlock Holmes was like riding a roller coaster. Sherlock could drive him mad with his eccentricities and there were times he could gladly throttle him when he was being an utter pain in the arse. He could make him laugh like a loon and scare the crap out of him with his reckless behaviour. He also desperately loved the consulting detective who had told him in no uncertain terms that he was married to his work and asexual from the start.

He had never been interested in Omega males; he had always preferred Omega females though there had been that one time with his superior Major John Sholto in Afghanistan. It had been a particularly bad day in the sandbox and they’d lost too many men in a few short hours. It had just happened……hot, dusty, sweaty and on a military issue cot. He couldn’t bring himself to pick up an Omega male and bring him back home for sex, it was only Sherlock he wanted.

Then he had met Sherlock after his medical discharge from the Army. Slender, beautiful eyes, dark shiny curls, gorgeous and smart. The Omega had no idea how lascivious John found him and the smell of him, guh……. if there was such thing as his carnal fantasy Sherlock was it……sex on legs……legs which John would be happy to rut at like a common randy mutt. That Sherlock was male was immaterial. John had never wanted an Omega like he wanted Sherlock. The thought of Sherlock in heat and filling his belly with pups gave him plenty of wank material.

He took his phone and wallet out of his pocket but checked his phone again before tossing it on to the bedside table and touching the lamp so it dimmed the room.

“Waiting for a call?” asked Sally licking his ear.

“Uh, no, a text from my roommate” replied John “It’s no big deal”

Except it was a big deal. Sherlock had gone out when John had been in the shower, he’d not been
back when John went to meet Sally and though Sherlock had disappeared before he didn't like it. He had both called and texted Sherlock to no avail, even Mycroft had not responded to his texts. He didn’t recall doing or saying anything that would throw Sherlock into one of his sulks. It wasn’t his fault that he worried about Sherlock; living with an Omega he fancied wasn’t conductive to keeping his territorial Alpha in check.

John huffed out a breath as Sally palmed his crotch through his jeans.

“Impressive” she murmured in his ear “I hope you know what to do with it”

“Why don’t I show you” grinned John, quickly unbuttoning her blouse. He unhooked her pink lacy bra at the front with practiced ease exposing an almost flat chest with dark 20 pence sized nipples. He cupped them with his hands, they were the perfect size.

Sally pulled him down onto his bed, her hands going to his belt while he kissed her. His jeans and underwear was shoved down to his knees. John sucked at her each of her nipples, both rose into hard points in his mouth.

‘Mmmmm, yeah that’s good but I got something better honey” breathed Sally lifting her hips.

John didn’t need prompting. He hitched up her skirt to her waist and drew her matching pink lace panties off. Sally was no shrinking violet and opened her legs giving him an eyeful of her vagina that had been waxed free of hair apart from a perfectly trimmed heart shape on her mound.

Sliding his hands under her arse he tilted her pelvis up and used his thumbs to spread open her labia. John flicked his tongue over her clitoris making her grasp his hair and moan. He’d perfected the art of pleasing a female with his mouth, being a Doctor had it advantages and he was an expert in anatomy.

John lapped at her smooth folds, pushing his tongue inside her and licked at her clitoris until it was engorged. Sally bucked up against his mouth, the hand in his hair pushing his face into her moist swollen vagina. He pushed two fingers inside her hole that was slick with her juices and finger-fucked her while rapidly flicking his tongue over distended bundle of nerves. It took mere seconds to bring her to orgasm, her internal muscles clenching around his two fingers making them and his hand sodden with her fluids. She wasn’t a screamer at least but she wasn’t quiet either.

“Oh my god, that was spectacular” she puffed out breathlessly when she finished.

“Turn over, I wanna take you from behind” he muttered leaning over to grab a condom from out of his bedside table. She turned over with a grin as he ripped open the foil packet and put the latex sheath on. Sliding between her legs he pulled her up by her narrow hips and nudged her knees wider apart so her arse stuck up in the air.

Gently he pushed himself inside her wetness biting his lip at the warmth that enveloped his cock.

“God yeah, feels so good” she groaned “Fuck me hard, I like it hard”

John pulled almost out of her then plunged back it a few times. He ran his hands over her trim arse and up over her narrow hips before reaching to grasp her short dark curls and tugged her head back so that her slender back arched into a graceful bow. He felt his cock grow harder at the sight and he began to fuck her harder so that the bed squeaked in protest.

“Harder” she insisted panting.

John complied, his hips slapping into her arse as he pounded into her. The bed knocked into the wall
and Sally made it known that she was thoroughly enjoying herself. He patiently waited until she tightened around him and had a second orgasm before he closed his eyes for a moment picturing Sherlock flushed and sweating in heat and on his knees taking his knot. Opening them again, he looked at the body he was thrusting in to that looked almost what he imagined the Omega to look like.

He shuddered, snarled then moaned as his climax tore through him.....for a short time Sally didn’t exist and he could make believe it was Sherlock he was fucking.
Camden

Chapter Summary

The new house had been moved in to and both men are closer to getting what they want

Chapter Notes

Sorry, another shortish chapter, hoping to write a couple of longer chapters over the weekend.

It was well after 10pm when his private plane landed at Heathrow. Once in the privacy of his Mercedes he slumped a little and wearily rubbed a hand over his forehead.

The last two weeks had been tiring to say the least, he could scarcely believe it had been two weeks already. Work was work, the pressures of it came in waves of high and low pressure……it had been unfortunate that it had been high pressure dealing with another threat to the United Kingdom, this time an uproar in the denizens of parliament which had spilled into the public arena whereby two high ranking Ministers had been accused of plotting with terrorists. The proverbial shit had hit the fan and he had been left to deal with the resulting mess.

Going between London and Sussex had been exhausting but he had spent time with each of the children in turn. Gregory had informed the children of their plan to bond and they had been surprisingly receptive though Madison was wary of him.

Of course it was natural for her to be protective over her father and siblings, the 12 year old was certainly going to present as an Alpha in the near future.

It had been most fortunate that Sherlock had interrupted him and Gregory in the dining that late afternoon in Sussex, and he had maintained his distance from the Omega so there was no repeat of the incident though he had enjoyed it immensely. While Gregory was still bonded to that Alpha bitch it would not do to let more than that kiss happen. It would be disrespectful to the Omega and Mycroft would be compromising his morals, tomorrow the barrister he had engaged would act on Gregory’s behalf in the Family Court. Gregory would be unbonded and both the Omega and the children would be free of that irritation. Mycroft would bide his time……the rapist bitch would have an unfortunate accident in the future.

A mere four days after that he’d had to leave England for some clandestine work in the Ukraine, he despised doing legwork now…..he had done his years on the ground but thankfully it was a rarity he was called upon to once again go to ground. His car pulled up in the driveway to his new home, it was also going to be different to the one he had barely lived in at Belgravia. He sat in the car a few moments, when he had left for the Ukraine at short notice Gregory had been in a snit with him, he hoped that the Omega had calmed somewhat.

It was large, luxurious and in Camden, a stone throw from Regents Park. It had seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, was detached and had a garden. It was one of the two Gregory had picked from the five on the list Mycroft had given him. The house in Enfield looked like a cramped closet in comparison.
No doubt the children had been exploring and enjoying having their own bedrooms instead of sharing, their belongings had been moved in nearly a week ago, the owner had been happy to take cash for a speedy sale.

Greg had baulked at the homes on the list at first. They had all been in inner London where it cost a fortune to live though each home was in close distance to where they both worked. All the homes were ostentatious and far removed from how they normally lived. He had bickered about it with Mycroft who had put his foot down firmly on the issue, it had been their first argument in the line of a few about the changes they had to make including engaging a housekeeper, driver and nanny. Mycroft acquiesced on giving Gregory the last word in who was engaged as a Nanny, after all child raising was the expertise of an Omega at the risk of sounding sexist. Aside from being suitable family homes they also had been vetted for safety by his security detail….that was a fact that Gregory did not need to know.

Entering the home with a swipe card there was the lingering smell of cooking in the air and the house was silent. He hung up his coat and scarf and headed in the direction of the kitchen noting more furniture needed to be purchased as the house looked sparse with only a few of his own belongings and what had come from Gregory’s.

He paused at the kitchen door where there was a light on and went to the refrigerator to peruse it contents raising his eyebrows at the chocolate chip ice cream sandwiches in the freezer. Taking one out he tore of the wrapper and bit into it, savouring the cold sweet treat and almost jumping out of his skin as the refrigerator door was yanked back and Gregory stood there poised with a bat ready to swing it at his head clad in Hogwarts t-shirt and tracksuit pants.

“Fucking hell Mycroft” swore Gregory lowering the bat “I thought you were an intruder”

It was highly unlikely an intruder would make it to the front door let along actually through it. Lurking in the shadows were those who would silently take down uninvited guests with malicious intent.

“Forgive me, I should have texted to let you know I was arriving” apologised Mycroft flushing at being caught stuffing his face with a dessert still with the refrigerator door open.

He didn’t indulge in many sweeties aside from the couple of Jammy Dodgers he’d vainly tried to discard from his Elevenses. When Gregory snorted loudly evidently amused at finding him eating the dessert he stiffened, he’d spent years as a child and teen being teased for being chubby.

“You know, I wouldn’t have taken you for an ice-cream sandwich eater, more an éclair or petit fours kind of man” said Gregory.

Mycroft relaxed and rolled his eyes.

“Are you calling me a snob, Gregory?” he asked feigning offence.

“Snob, toff, posh bastard….take your pick” replied Gregory with grin.

Well, at least the older man was no longer snitty with him. Mycroft took another bite of the ice-cream.

“The children have settled in, yes?” asked Mycroft.

“Maddie and Becks insisted on sharing a room” said Gregory “So we have an extra guest room now”
“As long as they are happy” acknowledged Mycroft.

“Caroline has been calling and texting non-stop. I haven’t returned any of her calls or messages” said Gregory “She’s been harassing my sisters and brother too”

“She’s grasping at straws my dear, and those straws have slipped through her fingers” said Mycroft evenly “Tomorrow you will be free of her”

“I can’t tell you how glad I am I don’t have to attend court, stupid really given the amount of time I have spent in courts as a copper” said Gregory “I just don’t think I could have listened to all the crap she is going to come out with”

Mycroft daintily licked a drop of ice-cream from his upper lip, he too was glad Gregory was not going to attend. The barrister had been given ammunition Anthea had compiled to use against her; it was going to get very nasty. His PA was going to sit in on the hearing and let him know when it was done. Tomorrow he would shop for a set of bonding rings and Gregory could toss that silver metal off his finger which was worthless. He believed a two tone white gold with rose gold would look nice, perhaps exchanged over a nice dinner.

Then sometime in the next week Gregory would go into heat and they could begin to add to their family. The new Nanny Bridget, whom Gregory had interviewed himself from yet another list of suitable applicants, started with them tomorrow and would be able to whisk the children off to visit with his parents in Sussex for however long Gregory’s heat lasted. He hoped Gregory would fall pregnant but realistically the balance of probability was against him, however 37% was better than where he would be in approximately 18 months.

“Gregory, would you like to go out to dinner tomorrow evening?” he asked the older man.
Full Moon

Chapter Summary

Full moon always brings out unexpected things.

Full moon and all the lunatics seemed to crawl out of the woodwork. He’d started his morning with a domestic stabbing that was straightforward since the male Omega had actually called it in himself that he had shoved a knife through his Alpha’s heart…..he’d been the victim of domestic abuse for years…..his fresh black eye and gashed cheekbone was only the start of the injuries in various stages of healing……once the Alpha had threatened his 14 month old pup, the Omega had snapped…..it was likely the Omega would end up with a suspended sentence with enough evidence to support self-defence.

Next came the body pulled out of the Thames, bloated and half rotted for which he had called in Sherlock to take a look. Sherlock, it seemed, was in tantrum mode. The consulting detective was snappy, short tempered and sarcastic making many of the Alpha uniformed cops and the two staff from the medical examiner office and morgue mutter and growl irately. John was not his usual easy-going self but curt and aloof with Sherlock.

When the double homicide came in tensions ran high. An Omega female was dead from strangulation, a four year old girl lay dead on the footpath outside where she had been thrown out of a window and an Alpha male was an utter mess crying and alleging he’d just woken up after a late shift the evening before and disturbed an intruder who had already killed his Omega then caught him in his soon to be step-daughters room.

Greg felt nauseated at the sight of the broken body of the child, some things you never got used to as a copper. Even John, a hardened soldier, was horrified. Sherlock for the first time since he’d been called stayed quiet as he gently examined the pup after first examining the Omega. He drew the sheet back over her body hiding her from the general public that were gaping like rubbernecks then stood, removing the blue gloves on his hands.

“The child was playing quietly in her room, the Omega had gone back to bed with a headache….there is residual powder in the bottom of a glass sitting on the kitchen counter and on the corner of her mouth from a soluble Aspirin” began the detective pacing around on the footpath “After a time she got up to use the toilet but first checked on her daughter”

Sherlock spun around and marched over to stand in front of the near hysterical Alpha who was with Donovan and Briers.

“You strangled her when she found you in the child’s room” hissed Sherlock “You couldn’t help yourself could you, the temptation was too great…..your little secret came out….. it’s children you desire most…..their innocence and vulnerability…….she interrupted you molesting the child and you strangled her, then to cover up your crime you murdered the child hoping to pass it off as a home invasion”

“No, that’s not true……” protested the Alpha wringing his hands.

“Her mouth is bruised, not consistent with injuries sustained with the violent way you ended her life
but consistent with a hand held over her mouth to keep her quiet” sneered Sherlock “Did your brain bother to think of using gloves or a condom when you violated her, no doubt there are abrasions to yourself when you tore her open like a filthy…..”

“She wanted it!” yelled the Alpha, all pretence of hysteria gone now “Dirty little slapper wanted it, prancing around naked…..just like all you Omega whores flaunting yourselves…..”

“Shit!” swore Greg as the Alpha dived and grabbed Sherlock by the hair dragging him into a choke hold.

“How about I shove my knot in that smart mouth of yours, and then ram it up your cunt” growled the Alpha into Sherlock’s ear and sniffing at his hair.

The growling snarl that came from John was alarming; the blond haired Alpha’s teeth were bared like a rabid dog and many of the Alphas standing in close vicinity looked startled.

“Double shit” swore Greg again, his Omega affected by his knees trembling at the powerful and frankly terrifying display of protective aggression and pungent pheromones…..

John launched himself at the Alpha knocking both he and Sherlock to the ground. Sherlock rolled away and John managed to get three punches into the Alpha’s face after pinning him down, the sound of his nose breaking with the thud of the second punch. It took three of his Alpha officers to pull him off.

“Get that animal out of here!” he barked at Briers and Donovan who quickly restrained and cuffed the Alpha now with a bloodied face.

Sherlock looked absolutely furious and stomped up to John.

“I don’t need rescuing like a damsel in distress, John” the Omega spat angrily “I’m not one of your dumb, useless Omega bitches”

Spinning on his heel Sherlock marched away pulling his coat around himself and turning up the collar. Greg blinked at the jealousy in the Omegas tone. The pair of them needed their heads knocking together for being so bloody blind and stupid.

“Get those knuckles seen to then you and I are going for lunch, John” said Greg.

Wrapping up the crime scene, Greg took the Alpha to Speedy’s next to 221b and ordered them both tea and toasties.

“What’s going on with you two?” asked Greg.

“He’s been a complete and utter dick since coming back from visiting his parents” muttered John. “Did he and Mycroft have an argument?”

“No, actually the pair of them were civil to one another and not bickering like a pair of precocious children for a change” replied Greg.

John was silent again. Greg rolled his eyes.

“Three continents Watson and pulling women with no effort yet too blind to see what is in front of his face” remarked Greg.

“What’s that meant to mean?” snapped John irritably.
Their tea and toasted sandwiches were brought over and Greg waited until the server went back behind the counter before speaking again.

“I mean it’s pretty bloody you are totally in love with him” said Greg taking two large bites of his ham, cheese and tomato toastie.

John groaned and thumped his forehead on the table.

“It’s mad, I don’t go for blokes Greg, it’s just Sherlock…..he drives me to distraction and I can’t stop thinking about him though fat lot of good it does me” whined John pathetically “The man doesn’t do relationships, shows no interest in anything sexual and I do believe he gives new meaning to dead from the neck down”

“Nope, I’ve known Sherlock a heck of a lot longer than you mate” said Greg “He’s jealous, seriously really jealous of you knocking about with the ladies”

“No, he doesn’t care” muttered John picking at his food though he drank his tea.

“Trust me mate, I’m an Omega and know these things…..he’s as jealous as hell and definitely interested in you” said Greg “You just have to find a way through his bullshit and blunder”

Greg’s phone beeped with an incoming message, stuffing the last bite of his toastie in his mouth he took it out of his pocket and read the text from Donovan.

“Sorry John, I have to take you in, that wanker has put in a complaint about you and wants you charged with assault” said Greg.

John walked free two hours later; he had no doubt that Mycroft had intervened somewhere as the charges were miraculously dropped though the other Alpha had been charged with two counts of murder and more charges were to come once the post mortem from the 4 year old child came in.

At 3pm his phone dinged with an incoming message while he was sitting at his desk doing a stack of paperwork which had given him a headache.

*Congratulations, you are now officially unbonded. The court awarded your ex-mate supervised contact visits which she declined - Anthea*

It was done, he was free. He looked at the silver ring on his finger that hadn’t been taken off from the day he’d bonded with her. Turning it round in circles he pulled it off then tossed it into the wastepaper bin beside his desk.

By 4pm his eyesight was affected by a sparkling aura signalling a migraine coming on. He got Sally to drive him home, going to bed in his darkened room after taking three Ibuprofen tablets. Going out to dinner would be out of the question. He spent a miserable few hours being nauseated and vomiting, the pounding in his head lessening enough for him to fall into a an exhausted sleep. Migraines really knocked him for six when he got them.

He woke groggily to a hand stroking over his brow. His head was only mildly thumping now and he was very thirsty.

“Gregory, I’m sorry I couldn’t come home sooner” said Mycroft quietly “How are you feeling now, can I get you anything?”

“Water, thirsty” mumbled Greg “Just need to sleep”
He greedily drank the cool water from the glass put to his lips.

“M’ sorry about dinner” he apologised.

“Don’t be silly, there will be plenty of other dinners” said Mycroft softly stroking his forehead again. He fell back easily back to sleep almost immediately.

Greg woke with a start. His head no longer hurt and the nausea had gone……he sat bolt upright. He felt unusually warm and his stomach was tender……both symptoms of the beginning of a heat. It had only been two weeks since he stopped taking the suppressants, he should have had at least another two weeks before a heat. He quickly took a shower putting on a cotton t-shirt and baggy jersey material shorts.

The house was empty and a note left on the kitchen counter from the nanny Bridget.

-Mr Holmes suggested a couple of days in Sussex with his parents. Lola, Nate, Maddie and Becks give you their love and Meg gives Dada kisses. Bridget. X-

Mycroft would have been well aware last night his body was going into a premature heat, Bridget’s tactful note made that plain, he had left as well to give Greg privacy and time to himself. Greg felt his cheeks go red, sharing a heat with someone new was both frightening and exciting at the same time.

He made himself a hearty breakfast of porridge, toast and pot of tea. Mating burned calories and he needed to prepare his body with sustenance, whilst in the midst of heat Mycroft would fetch him nourishment…..that was the duty of an Alpha during a mating…..keeping an Omega fed and hydrated.

He took two bottles of water and some fruit back upstairs with a novel, as the hours wore he began to perspire as his body heat increased. He took another shower and pulled on a clean singlet and boxer shorts. By lunchtime he was shivering with the onset of fever and the slickness between his legs had begun.

Greg paced the house for a while, going back to the bedroom and tore the bed apart, freezing, then lifting his nose to sniff the air. The scent of cinnamon, oranges and Alpha musk made his nostrils flare and his body responded accordingly with the full release of his Omega pheromones.
Chapter Summary

Mycroft lets Gregory take the lead

Chapter Notes

I did mention this was a non-traditional omega/alpha dynamic so the sex isn't going to be the usual mindless begging Omega face down and ass up presenting to the brute Alpha who fucks like a jackhammer every time.....

Mycroft had risen early that morning to help Bridget pack the children and car up to go visit his parents who he had called the previous night to let them know to expect visitors. Aside from Nutmeg who was too little, the children didn’t need to be told why they suddenly had to go off on an impromptu trip; they were old enough to understand mating.

He was quite sure when he had gone to see Gregory suffering with an awful migraine that his body temperature had risen and he smelled on the cusp of going into heat surprisingly early. He had called his Physician who assured him that an Omega’s body was a law unto itself and did not always run like clockwork, particularly when having taken heat suppressants and birth control for many years like Gregory had.

He had gone to work, setting things in order for at least two days and leaving everything in Anthea’s capable hands before she had ushered him out the door with a lewd wink just after feeding him a high calorie lunch. On the drive home he was quite nervous and just a little bit anxious. He had left Gregory in privacy to do whatever Omega’s did when they began a heat not wanting to intrude; he’d never had to deal with an Omega in the beginning of a heat. Escorts were usually presented to paying Alphas already in full heat.

Taking a deep breath, he unlocked the door and stepped inside. He could smell Gregory’s Chai scent as he hung up his coat and scarf, but was quite unprepared for the blast of strong, sweetly erotic Omega pheromones to smack him straight in the face and take his breath away as he started up the stairs. His knees buckled and he choked in air whilst clutching at the staircase banister.

Dear god, he had never smelled anything like it, had never been brought to his knees by an Omega before….he now understood the gutter talk he had heard whispered between Alphas in tea rooms the world over and scoffed at, never believing the assertion of Omega’s holding power between their legs and turning Alphas into whipped bitches. He breathed though his mouth, taking shallow breaths as he walked unsteadily up the stairs not that it helped much but he managed to discard his suit jacket, waistcoat and leather shoes along the way.

The scent got stronger the closer he got to the bedroom and by the time he stood just outside the door he had to clutch the frame because he felt like he had been drinking. Flushed pink, shivering and shiny with perspiration Gregory stood still beside the bed which had been shoved against the wall. The pillows, sheets and quilt had been re-arranged into the corner of the bed making Mycroft bite his
lip with barely restrained desire at the nest the Omega had constructed to retreat to when resting and preparing for another mating.

Mycroft took three steps into the room, his inner Alpha howled at him to throw Gregory face down and mount him. It took considerable effort to push the animal back and stay in control. He watched a bead of sweat trickle down the side of Gregory’s temple, dark chocolate coloured eyes were fixed upon him as he slowly took the steps to close the gap between them.

Mycroft’s mouth watered with the smell of the Omegas sweat, scent and sex. He could hear Gregory’s shallow but rapid breathing. Swallowing Mycroft reached out to touch him, mindful of what he had endured at Caroline’s hand.

“No”

Mycroft froze as his hand was swiped aside, his inner Alpha snarled and snapped but Mycroft dropped his hand. He pushed through the pheromone fog in his brain and deduced that Gregory was going to be no mindless Omega begging to take an Alpha’s knot and access to his body and sharing his heat was a privilege not a right. Mycroft wordlessly acknowledged the challenge Gregory was setting him, one that he would pass with flying colours.

Dark eyes remained locked on his, hands going to the buttons at his throat. The first few were unbuttoned before the lapels were grasped and the shirt was torn open with a savagery that made him gasp.

Mycroft licked his lips, the action drawing dark eyes downwards and Gregory graced him with one of his lovely, unhurried kisses whilst his trousers and fitted boxers fell to the carpet. He inhaled sharply as a scorching hand drifted over and around his cock. Mycroft desperately hoped the Omega found it pleasing and felt a moment of nervous anxiousness as Gregory took a step back, his eyes dropping further down to look at his near nakedness save for the torn shirt he still wore.

Dark eyes flicked back up to his again and Mycroft felt like strutting at the approval and desire he saw there, instead he gaped like many of the moronic goldfish he worked with as the singlet was pulled off and tossed aside.

Gregory was very attractive and it was evident he looked after himself by his figure. He was quite muscular for an Omega; his chest had some dark hair down the centre. His stomach was quite flat with two stretch marks darkening his skin near the left side of his bellybutton and his dusky nipples that had fed five pups all served to arouse Mycroft further.

Fingers hooked in the band of loose boxers, they were flicked off and thrown in his face. Mycroft grunted in shock, snatching them in his hand then inhaled deeply of the sodden and heavily scented fabric, narrowing his eyes at the teasing amusement he saw in Gregory’s dark eyes. Gregory had quite a large cock for an Omega, it stood out from his body long and thick. He tossed them aside, gaping like a fool again as Gregory turned around giving him a good look at his exquisite bottom and tattoo of a roses twined around a dagger on his left scapula before he sat on the bed and slid backwards.

When Gregory lifted his knees and let them fall open Mycroft’s breath stuttered at the wanton display of his sex. He quickly crossed to and clambered onto the bed, a foot lifted and was planted on his chest stopping him from touching again. For several moments dark eyes dared him to lose control before Gregory removed his foot and leaned up to gently grasp the hair on the back of head and bring his head down between his legs.

Mycroft buried his face into the Omegas swollen opening. The sounds Gregory made were utterly decadent as Mycroft feasted and gorged himself on the taste of him, bathing in the Omegas juices until he was lightheaded and had scented himself. He pushed three fingers into the slickness making
Gregory moaned loudly…...his hair was released and the ripped shirt he wore was pulled up over his back and head, the cuffs catching on his wrists because of the cufflinks. Gregory pushed him onto his back pulling his arms above his head.

Mycroft sucked in his breath as his wrists were effectively bound together with the cuffs of his shirt, the cufflinks preventing them coming apart. Gregory pinned his hands down with one hand then straddled him. Mycroft found the unconventional turn of events extremely stimulating, though he could easily throw Gregory off and release his wrists he laid there knowing full well the Omega meant to use him as he saw fit and allow him to bond bite when he saw fit.

He threw his head back letting out embarrassingly loud moans as Gregory grasped his cock and began to penetrate himself with it. Internally Gregory was blisteringly hot, heated slick dripped onto his thighs and his cock felt like it was being gripped by a fist inside that channel. Mycroft thrust his hips upwards groaning as the Omega controlled how deep he could go.

Gregory closed his eyes and fucked himself leisurely for some time. Mycroft grunted and panted needing to come, his knot was hard and the ache in his cock became a mingled pleasure and pain. Why in god’s name that Alpha bitch had sought out affairs when she had this gorgeous Omega at home was something he could not fathom. Gregory rode him like an exotic dancer, rolling and twisting his hips with his face contorted in pleasure.

“Gregory, please” he pleaded unable to bear the painful aching that had spread to his balls now. He had never begged another person in his life but he refused to fail this test Gregory had set. He grit his teeth as Gregory deliberately made him wait another half a minute before the Omega rolled them over. Mycroft thrust his hips as Gregory lifted his up and bottomed out, the Omega taking his entire length and girth.

Mycroft wasn’t quite sure if it was he or Gregory that screamed as they knotted together but his vision went white as Gregory’s body clenched hard around him. Mycroft sobbed as his own body spilled inside the Omega, the pleasure so intense he forgot that he should bond bite him. Two, three, four then a final fifth orgasm made him shake and cry out as Gregory’s muscles clamped down to milk him of every drop of semen.

He shuddered as his cock spasmed again, a foot hooked over his left calf and fingers drifted up and down his middle back. Locked together they laid silently, for the first time in his life Mycroft forced his mind to empty and be content in the moment. He had indeed passed with flying colours.
Greg was quite sure the top of his head had blown off after the first orgasm had turned him inside out. The scream that had rent the air from Mycroft when he’d knotted him had shocked and excited him. He barely had two moments to recover before he grabbed handfuls of Mycroft’s arse to try and get more of that glorious cock inside him as another orgasm slammed into him. The younger man on top of him shuddered, shoving a hand under Greg’s pelvis and pulling him up; gasping and crying out again into Greg’s neck as his muscles grasped the thick organ inside him and fluttered triggering him off too. Mycroft’s cock was far longer and thicker than Caroline had been and Greg felt as if he’d been impaled on a log.

A third, fourth and fifth had him shaking violently as they seemed to roll into one never ending orgasm, then the sixth and final orgasm he could have sworn he blacked out for a few seconds. As it faded away he could only suck in air but for the moment his Omega was gratified and satiated in a way it had never been before. If he’d been capable of it Greg would have purred, luxuriating in the musky Alpha scent that swathed him both inside and out. A small aftershock made Mycroft stiffen and moan as Greg’s body tried to greedily stuff in more of his hot seed inside despite Greg’s stomach already being distended and almost bursting with the amount of fluid that had spilled from Mycroft.

Greg stretched lazily, sighing with contentment at having been satisfactorily knotted and bred. Hooking a foot over the younger man’s calf, Greg stroked his fingers up and down the heated skin of Mycroft’s back taking pleasure in the humid breath that panted into his throat scarcely able to believe Mycroft had submitted to him, had allowed himself to be used as a fuck toy and then begged to knot him. Greg had no doubt whatsoever that he would never have to worry about abuse at the hands of Mycroft.

Greg closed his eyes as Mycroft relaxed completely. The thudding heartbeat against Greg’s chest slowed down and breathed more calmly into his neck. It was refreshing just to lie silently while knotted together. The younger man felt no need to have to seek out compliments on his performance or have virility commended. He idly wondered if he would have a pup in his belly after this heat, the thought made his internal organs contract and Greg moaned at the ripples of pleasure though Mycroft whimpered at the small orgasm that cruelly caused discomfort to his depleted balls.

It was the one time an Alpha had no control whatsoever; their knot held captive, locked in place and sealed tightly while being forced into repeated orgasms for up to half an hour as the Omega body mercilessly wrung them completely empty of semen. The Alpha could produce bucket loads of semen during a rut thanks to the work of Omega heat pheromones.
Greg’s thighs trembled as his body released the knot inside him and Mycroft’s cock deflated like a balloon. Warm fluid gushed from his body relieving him of the bloated discomfort. He cracked open an eye as the Alpha shakily got up of him a few moments later. Gone was the prim and proper man, Mycroft looked wrecked and dazed and swayed as he stood upright. His auburn hair was damp and in disarray, cock flaccid after being sucked dry and a red, raised welt stood out starkly on the pale skin of his left shoulder where Greg had bitten him.

Greg crawled the short distance to the comfort of his nest, the younger man’s pupils were fully dilated and he was high on Omega pheromones. Greg stretched lazily, his Omega sighing with contentment at having been mated and bred. He took a moment to appreciate long legs, freckles, gingery chest hair and surprisingly fit body and growled approval low in his throat.

Greg closed his eyes to take a short catnap, waking when the smell of food permeated through the smell of sex and scents. Mycroft had brought him fruit juice and two ham and cheese croissants and disappeared again.

Blue eyes fixed upon Greg and lingered before Mycroft sniffed the air and growled. The Alpha darted from the room to do an inspection of the terrain and lay scent to warn any potential intruders that they risked their life by daring to come anywhere near his Omega, territorial scenting is what Alphas did between bouts of rutting. Mycroft stood in the doorway to the bedroom, a greedy expression on his face as his blue eyes roamed over Greg body. His cock was hard and jutting out from his perfectly trimmed fiery ginger thatch of pubes ready to mate again. Slick dribbled down the inside of his thighs at the thought of being taken then filled again. Mycroft’s expression turned predatory and Greg knew the younger man had just deduced his thoughts.

Greg squeaked as Mycroft pounced on him with a rumbling growl trapping him between his body and the wall though he didn’t hold him there forcibly.

“Mine” growled the Alpha possessively sliding a thigh between his knees and rubbing himself over Greg scenting him and not holding back on smothering him with it.

Greg shivered inhaling deeply of the musk, the dribble down his thighs becoming a flood at the Alpha’s scent that acted like an aphrodisiac.

“God” muttered Greg his mind fogging with the pheromones; he didn’t think he’d ever been this turned on before.

“You are mine” repeated Mycroft with a snarl “I can smell that bitch on you…..I will tear her apart if she comes near you, you are mine, Gregory” The younger man kissed him, it was both a sweetly passionate kiss and possessively rough making Greg moan and thrust his hips up to rub his cock against the Alpha’s thigh.

“You have no idea how delectable you smell, how badly I want you” breathed Mycroft biting at Greg’s lips “I want to slowly take you apart with my hands and mouth and arouse you for hours”

“God” muttered Greg again tilting his head to one side so that Mycroft could drag his tongue up his
“Then when you are begging me to take you, I’ll pin you down and take you nice and slow” whispered Mycroft pausing to nibble on his ear lobe “Or maybe I’ll pin you down and fuck you senseless…..”

Greg groaned. The lewd talk and swear word hot coming from the normally reserved younger man.

“And when you come, when that gorgeous cock of yours spills, you’ll only ever want my knot because nothing else will ever satisfy you……the only one who can fuck you like this is me” drawled Mycroft.

“Christ, Mycroft” gasped Greg starting to burn up with fever, the heat coming from Mycroft’s body was like standing next to a blazing furnace.

“Mine” growled Mycroft curling his hands over the back of his thighs and lifting Greg’s feet from the carpeted floor. Greg braced his back against the wall.

“Yes…..god, yes……” pleaded Greg letting his head fall back and wrapping his legs around Mycroft’s waist. He couldn’t remember the last time he was fucked up against a wall. He saw starts and squealed as the Alpha plunged up into him with a wet squelching sound as his natural lubricant dripped out of him

“Fuck……oh, fuck……” whined Mycroft.

Greg scrabbled for purchase on the wall with his hands and elbows. The only sound was the slapping of their skin combining with the squelching noise in an obscene filthy symphony alongside their panted moans and cries. Greg ached with each feel of Mycroft’s knot skirting his sensitive rim of flesh.

“Going to fill you up, put a pup inside you” snarled Mycroft “Maybe I’ll put a litter in there and make you so fat you’ll waddle when you walk……”

“Keep talking……love it when you talk dirty…….” growled Greg.

“And then…….and then when you are fat with child I'll let you fuck yourself on my cock while I lay there…….watch you bounce and pleasure yourself…..Gregory, are you absolutely sure you wish to bond with me” panted Mycroft.

“Yes…..yes, I’m sure” agreed Greg huffing out the words then whined as Mycroft pulled out of him completely and dragged him over to the bed and tossed him face down onto the bed.

For a moment Greg froze waiting to be pinned down like the last time he’d been in this position and forced to present the traditional way. When Mycroft touched his hips lightly to encourage him to lift up his rear end to present he did so, Mycroft wasn’t like Caroline, and he wouldn’t hurt him.

Greg gasped and clutched the sheet in his fists as Mycroft entered him in a smooth and gentle slide. The angle made it feel like he was being stretched open impossibly wide and gasped again with a moan at how deep inside him Mycroft was.

He shuddered when the Alpha almost withdrew then pushed back inside him carefully, it wasn’t enough though he appreciated the fact the younger man didn’t just go at him like a piece of meat. He pushed back trying to get more friction, Mycroft obliged and thrust a little harder. It still wasn’t enough.
“I’m not made of bloody glass, put your back into it and fuck me already!” he snarled out demandingly.

Greg’s fingers dug into the mattress as Mycroft gripped his hips and took him roughly but without viciousness. His mouth dropped open as he was rendered to grunting, moaning and swearing as the Alpha ploughed into him. He thought perhaps Mycroft would fuck him a while and didn’t expect to be knotted so quickly, it hurt as it was pushed through sensitised flesh and locked in place sending him into the throes of violent orgasm. He barely felt the hand that swiftly cupped his jaw or his back leaning into Mycroft’s chest but jerked in pain as teeth bit down at the juncture of his shoulder and neck where the scar of Caroline’s bonding mark was.
Chapter Summary

Inner Alpha and Inner Omega come out to play

Mycroft closed his eyes and shivered, curling his toes into the carpet as his over sensitised cock started to react again to his Omega’s pheromones and knew instinctively that Greg’s heat was coming to an end only a mere 14 hours after it had begun. It seemed the Omega’s body was truly a law unto itself since a heat usually lasted 2 to 3 days.

A very short heat, but dear God it had been intense, Mycroft was utterly knackered. He had come to the conclusion the heats he had shared with the escorts over the years had been chemically manufactured somehow in those Omegas and something in those pheromones had also dulled and controlled an Alpha’s libido as they had never been like this.

Mycroft stumbled into the bedroom that stank wonderfully of their combined scents and sex. His body had bruising, bite marks and scratches…..something which had never happened to him in the past. His inner Alpha revelled in every one of the symbols that tarnished his skin, proudly smug at having brought his mate to such great pleasure breeding and knotting him that he had the trophies to show for it.

Mycroft sniffed the air. Since their bonding his mates scent was stronger and all the more alluring now that he’d literally pissed over that Alpha bitches bond and made Gregory his Omega. He growled contentedly as his eyes roamed over the naked and hopefully already pregnant figure of his bonded in his comfortable nest safely inside Mycroft’s territory. Warm brown eyes regarded him hungrily despite having already been bred 11 times, yes, the heat had been short but Gregory was as insatiable as an Omega half his age and Mycroft couldn’t get enough of him. He waited for the older man to come out of his nest. It was rude for an Alpha to venture uninvited into an Omega’s nest, in pregnancy and both during and after a birth to retreat to though most births now took place in hospitals.

He blinked as Gregory generously indicated he was invited into his nest, quickly crossing the room and crawling over to the pile of pillows, blankets and quilt and pushed his mate onto his back. He frowned at the small bruises his fingers had left dotted on his mate’s skin that had been inflicted unintentionally. Though he was exceeding pleased with the bonding bite that now obscured the one
under it he was appalled at the pain he’d caused his mate and had been alarmed at the bleeding wound he had left.

Bond biting was a completely primal act but he wondered how any Alpha enjoyed rendering their mate completely passive and compliant during the bite……he hadn’t liked his mate going still and submissive though his body had shaken through many silent and powerful climaxes. He was glad that he never had to do that again and winced at the reddened and bruised raised welts that seeped a little blood. Hands came up and framed his face; dark eyes held no fear or recriminations and Gregory gently brought his head down so their lips met in a slow but fiery kiss that fuelled his desire, leaving him breathless with want and need.

Mycroft rubbed himself over Gregory needing to re-scent him, freezing when his mate growled and gripped his hair tightly in hand to unconventionally scent him in return; Mycroft keened as teeth bit down on his throat hard enough to imprint his teeth but not break the skin to simulate possessively marking him as a taken Alpha and as a warning to other Omegas to keep their hands off his personal property. Mycroft had no desire to ever look at another Omega let alone mate with them. “Mine” snarled Gregory exuding aggressive dominance.

The single uttered word and territorial display made him so hard he could probably drill a hole through both mattress and floor with his cock. He roughly nudged the Omega’s knees apart, his inner Alpha drooling with animalistic greed and growled loudly as he jerked his hips and entered his Omega forcefully making Greg arch up and cry out in carnal gratification. The bed knocked against the wall as Mycroft took him vigorously and his mate shamelessly spread his legs wider and bucked up. He growled with every thrust, relishing the pleasured cries of the older man under him and hissed in hedonistic self-satisfaction when nails raked his back.

Mycroft resumed his scenting until Gregory reeked of him. He shivered as his mate grabbed each of his arse cheeks in his large hands trying to pull him in deeper. His inner Alpha bayed with pride as the younger man added another bite to his shoulder, wanting to thrust his cock as deeply inside that hot, slick and snug passage when Gregory angled his hips up invitingly to be knotted. With difficulty he resisted the temptation……he’d had escorts implore him for his knot well aware it had been nothing more than excellent acting to appeal to the Alpha ego. He himself had unashamedly pleaded with Gregory for permission to knot him the first time they’d mated……and once, just once, he wanted his mate begging him to be knotted.

Mycroft fucked him aggressively and soon his mate writhed under him, fingers digging so hard into the cheeks of his arse they had gone numb. He kept rubbing his knot against the rim of his mate’s sex enticingly pulling back as Gregory lifted his pelvis up to take him in. Sweat dribbled down his brow, the heat coming from the younger man’s feverishly burning, damp skin and the needy moans spoke volumes of his self-control despite being only able to find release once knotted.

He panted, his arms trembling so badly they threatened to give way some minutes later as their mating became frantic. His cock had become super sensitive now, his knot throbbed and his balls actually felt like they were going to burst open. He was rapidly losing self-restraint of his inner Alpha who snapped and snarled agitatedly at him as his mate pushed him to the end of his carefully controlled discipline.

Mycroft almost wept with relief when he felt the change in his mate. His chocolate brown eyes glazed as he abandoned himself to his inner Omega. The sounds that came from him were wild and animalistic and Gregory thrashed under him mindlessly now. He bared his teeth ferally and his Alpha ego was stoked, prideful of his virility.

“Mycroft….Mycroft….please, oh please…..” his bonded finally choked out huskily.
His mate’s skin became scorching hot and mottled with a rosy sex flush. Gregory at that moment was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen in his entire life. It hurt as he pushed his knot into his mate crying out as his orgasm was more pain than pleasure. His inner Alpha howled in satisfaction hearing his Omega’s screams of pure carnal gratification. Mycroft was shivering and dizzy by the time Gregory stilled and had finally finished extracting every last drop of seed from his now barren balls that felt like they had been squeezed in a vice and huffed out a breath as his sore cock was expelled.

Gregory's scent changed abruptly as his heat finished. Wearily he carefully moved off his mate who had already fallen into a deep sleep. Mycroft pulled the quilt over them and curled up into his warm Omegas body then after a moment laid his hand over Gregory’s lower abdomen that could already have created his pup and closed his eyes breathing in the Chai scent of his bonded mate that now had an undertone of his own scent as well, also drifting off to into an exhausted sleep.
A visit from Sherlock

Chapter Summary

Sherlock comes to Camden

Chapter Notes

Acknowledgement that the quoted passages from Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban belong to J.K. Rowling and are not my work.

“Ron, what –?”

“SCABBERS! LOOK! SCABBERS!”

Hermoine was leaning away from Ron, looking utterly bewildered. Harry looked down at the sheet Ron was holding. There was something red on it. Something that looked horribly like –

“BLOOD!” Ron yelled into the stunned silence. “HE’S GONE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT WAS ON THE FLOOR?”

N-no” said Hermoine, in a trembling voice.

Ron threw something down onto Hermoine’s Rune translation. Hermoine and Harry leant forward. Lying on top of the weird, spiky shapes were several, long ginger cat hairs.

Greg closed the the novel after he finished the chapter he’d been reading to the kids who all lounged around listening on their new floppy sofas and chairs that had been delivered that morning and put into the kids own lounge room. A delivery truck had brought a multitude of furniture and now the house didn’t look as bare. They’d read all the Harry Potter books and seen all the movies but the collection got read in its entirety every year followed by re-watching all the movies again and it never got boring.

“Wingardium Leviosa” chortled Becks.

“It’s Leviosa, not Leviosar” came back Maddie in a perfect Hermoinesque voice.

“Specto Partonum” announced Meg proudly.

Lola tickled her baby sister sending her into fits of giggles.

“Aren’t you a clever little chicken, Meggie” she said.

Greg chuckled as Becks bopped her twin in the back of the head with a cushion, Maddie rolled her eyes and bopped her sister back. Of course then a cushion fight had ensued with Meg fleeing to him for safety while her four older siblings bopped and smacked each other about.
The change in his kids had been wonderful. They were happy and contented despite the upheavals that they’d endured but in the last 3 weeks they had flourished……he hadn’t realised what a toxic life they had been living under Caroline’s influence. Milly and Siger had loved having them for the two days in Sussex and the kids had loved being there……even Maddie who didn’t warm to people easily had prattled on about helping Milly in the vegetable garden and going into the village with Siger for ice-cream.

Sadly Mycroft had barely been home since the kids had come back, he’d been called away a mere few hours after they had returned from Sussex and had apologised profusely to them and apart from a few text messages he hadn't seen his mate in four days. The kids had asked what job Mycroft did and he had answered with the line Mycroft gave to everyone – minor position in the British Government…….of course Nate had immediately called him Mr Bond because of the fancy suits he wore which seemed to amuse Mycroft greatly.

“Ok you bunch of ruffians, off to bed with you” announced Greg.

It was Bridget’s day off from looking after his tribe. The 27 year old Beta nanny had been an instant hit with the kids and he had chosen well. She was witty, funny, a little zany but firm and took her job seriously. Of course their new housekeeper Natalia, also a Beta, had won the kids with her scrumptious meals……and the steamed syrupy pudding with clotted cream had been to die for that she had made for dessert the previous evening.

Carrying Meg he followed the kids who had all scarpered going first to the twins room and kissed both his identical daughters on the forehead, then into Nate’s room where Meg insisted on getting a kiss from her brother then to Lola’s room who looked embarrassed as he came in. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

“What’s up honey?” he asked as Meg scooted onto her older sisters bed and picked up the Paddington Bear that had been Lola’s favourite when a little girl.

His oldest daughter plucked at her quilt.

“When we were in Sussex……you and Mycroft….you know……shared a heat” said Lola.

“Yes, we did” said Greg.

“Did he hurt you?” asked Lola ducking her head “Only I notice you had bruises on your hip when you picked Meg up earlier today”

“No darling, Mycroft didn’t hurt me…….he wouldn’t hurt me, he isn’t that kind of Alpha” said Greg truthfully.

“But you have bruises, and Mycroft had a bruise on his neck and was walking funny” said Lola blushing.

Greg swallowed. He’d been embarrassed and shocked when Mycroft had got up to take a shower and saw the bruises and deep scratches that littered the Alpha’s pale skin from his shoulders down to his backside, and the bite marks on his shoulder had drawn blood…..the one on his neck had bruised. His few bruises were nothing in comparison…..

“Sometimes mating can get very……intense……Mycroft and I, that is…..our Alpha and Omega found each other…..very pleasing” said Greg also feeling his face warm up “So when an Alpha and Omega find each other……very pleasing…..sometimes it can get a little rough and marking happens……but there is no violence attached to that roughness or marking……he didn’t hurt me.
Lola was blushing furiously now at his candid response. He’d had ‘the talk’ with both Lola and Nate, and soon he would be having ‘the talk’ with his twin girls though they had already done sex education at school………he encouraged them to be open and ask questions about anything if they wanted to know something.

“Good, I’m glad he is good to you” said Lola picking up The Hobbit novel she was reading and hiding her red face behind it “Can I…..can I come in to watch you have his pup if he's put one in your belly?”

“What attack dogs?” Greg asked looking out into the darkness.

“Tell Mycroft his attack dogs need to be better trained……the one mooching around by the gazebo was far too easy to incapacitate” stated Sherlock sweeping into the house.

“Oi, if you are going to be a twat I can throw you back out the door if you like” said Greg closing the door and passing Meg to the consulting detective.

Sherlock rolled his eyes as Meg smacked two wet kisses on his chin though he patted her back and cuddled her as she snuggled into him.

“I was hoping I could have a couch for the night” said Sherlock “Though one of my homeless network could probably put me up if need be…..I have no desire to be in Baker Street at the
moment”

“Falling out with John?” asked Greg wishing both men would sort it out “Tea?”

“Of sorts, I don’t wish to talk about it” said Sherlock nodding at the offer of tea and followed him to the kitchen.

“Fine, won’t say another word” said Greg sticking on the kettle and going to the pantry for the leaf tea Mycroft drank.

“I saw my brother yesterday at Vauxhall” said the younger man “For a pair of oldies you both have quite the libidos........mating so many times in such a short period like that……and quite enthusiastically going by how Mycroft is still suffering with pulled muscles and the scratches healing on his back……..”

“Sherlock!” hissed Greg in mortified embarrassment.

“What?” asked Sherlock raising his eyebrows “Mating is a perfectly normal part of life and nothing to be discomfited about……it’s not exactly a secret what goes on……now when it comes to you having run of the mill every day sex with Mycroft that disgusts me and those deductions will be immediately deleted”

“For goodness sake, change the subject” muttered Greg.

He and Mycroft had been all blushing awkwardness after the heat, but sex was a different matter entirely…..he didn’t even know if they would be sharing a bed or not though all of Mycroft’s clothes had been put in their large walk in robe.

“I want cocaine tonight” admitted Sherlock putting Meg down after she kicked her legs to be put down and toddled off.

“Jesus Sherlock, then I’m glad you came here……I don’t want to see you put that shit in your veins again….no couch, you can have one of the spare rooms….you ever feel like doing drugs you come here” said Greg “Here, finish making your tea I need to go see what Meg is getting into”

He found his daughter playing with the Harry Potter novel he’d left on the couch.

“Bedtime for you too missy” he told her taking the novel and picking her up. She went rigid ready to throw a tantrum.

“No bed, boo bah” she demanded knowing full well he’d give in to her.

Since coming back from Sussex Meg had suddenly regressed and gone back to wanting a morning and night feed from him. Though it was far too early to tell he wondered if Mycroft had got him with a pup as both Lola and Nate had done the same thing when he fallen pregnant.

“Brat” he muttered affectionately putting the lamp on and turning off the overhead light before sitting comfortably on the couch and unbuttoning his shirt. Turning the tele on, he flicked through the channels and left a re-run of the first episode of Torchwood and patted his daughter’s nappy clad bottom.

Sherlock came in minus the Belstaff and toed off his shoes before curling up on the end of the other couch with his cup of tea which he put on the side table.

“Only 29% of Omegas feed their pups themselves nowadays, of those only 11% feed past 12
months, 6% past two and only 2% to the third year” said Sherlock.

“Personal choice, as long as a pup is well fed it doesn’t matter where the milk comes from……Dad fed Steph, David, Emma and I until we were two……Louis breastfed, David bottlefed and Sarah mixed fed” said Greg “I’ve fed all mine until they didn’t want it anymore……Becks was a year old yet Maddie was two and a half…..Meg had just about self-weaned but decided to feed again”

“Mummy will be pleased……like your father she fed us all past two……I think if I were to have another pup I would probably mix feed like your sister-in-law” said Sherlock “I know Mycroft told you about what happened, why I started on d-drugs”

Greg swallowed as Sherlock choked out a sob and covered his face with his hands.

“Come here, Sherlock” said Greg softly switching the television off. His 33 year old brother- in-law immediately scuttled over and pressed into his side curling up like a child.

Greg stroked curly dark hair, the room was silent save for his daughter suckling and the younger Omega crying.
“Mr Holmes”

Mycroft snapped his eyes open at the sound of Jeremy’s voice; his driver had already stopped the car and had the door open for him to get out. It was nearly 2am, the last four days of barely any sleep had caught up with him and he’d nodded off on the way home. Anthea had forcibly ejected him from the offices telling him not to come back until he had slept at least 12 hours, he had departed straight after the debriefing and left the loose ends in her more than capable hands too exhausted to argue with her.

It had been a harrowing four days. His double agent in St Petersburg, Vinchenko, had found Bryant just outside Kiev after eluding them for weeks. He’d lost two good agents capturing the slithery turncoat. The traitor had been smuggled back into England and was currently under Vauxhall in their holding cells. Mycroft had personally dealt with Bryant, it had taken the better part of three days to break the man who had been one of his toughest agents both physically and psychologically but everybody had a pressure point; it just took some longer than others to crack.

“You get a good rest, sir” said his driver after he alighted from his Mercedes.

“Thank you, Jeremy” he replied to the man who, like Anthea, he trusted with his life.

Wearily he entered his home sniffing the air as he hung up his coat and scarf. Through the other scents he could smell just a faint trace of toffee lingering in the air……no, not his mate’s……but his brother was here and it was his distress. He followed his nose pausing before the couch in the children’s lounge room where his brother lay fast asleep tucked under a lavender coloured quilt with ballerina’s on it which obviously belonged to one of Gregory’s girls.

Mycroft compressed his lips. Bone tired as he was he deduced it had been a Danger Night, William had come here seeking out his mate because of Mycroft’s familial scent that was also part of Gregory’s scent now. Past sorrows and current troubles were causing his brother angst. He had not interfered, hoping the natural path would be enough but it was time to have words with John Watson and conclude this dancing around each other. For two intelligent men they were absolutely stupid when it came to each other.

He carded a hand through soft dark curls then swept his knuckles over a high cheekbone. His brother slept on oblivious to the affectionate caress that awake he would not have permitted. Mycroft frowned as unhappy memories came to the forefront of his mind and being at William’s side as he’d
suffered through the motions of birthing his 10 week old stillborn pup, a little girl. He had been hysterical when he’d woken from the operation afterwards and then the subsequent grief had almost killed him. He had kept his parents in the dark until afterwards and had threatened Sherrinford to keep his mouth shut since he’d been unwilling to come to his brothers aid and sparing Mummy from the trauma of having to witness her youngest pup suffer so.

He had sought out Victor Trevor not two days after that terrible time and told him in no uncertain terms should he ever seek William out again he would have some unsavoury characters take him from the street and the sick fuckers would thoroughly enjoy inflicting a multitude of sexual tortures before he himself would put a pistol to his head and splatter his brains over a wall. The Alpha had pissed his pants in terror when Mycroft had pulled out his Glock and pressed it between Victor’s blue eyes to reinforce his threat.

Silently he went through the house checking on each of the sleeping children in turn, placing Charlotte’s Hobbit book tidily on her bedside table from where it had fallen out of her hands while reading, adjusting the curtain in Nathaniel’s room so a sliver of sun in the morning wouldn’t shine across his face from a gap, smiling at the two identical girls who’d hopped in the same bed and the Alpha of the pair with an arm over Omega sister as if protecting her in sleep and finally to Megan who was up one end of her cot while her blankets were down the other end, an arm thrown out between the bars and scrunched up like a caterpillar with her bottom up leaning against the side of the cot.

He gently picked her up and put her up on his shoulder as she stirred, humming and patting her while re-arranging the sheets and blankets. She snuffled into his neck and Mycroft closed his eyes sniffing at her warm sweet infant scent mixed with his mates while he waited for her little body to go lax with sleep again then laid her down and tucked her in.

Finally, after checking his brother and young family were all safe he went to the master bedroom. The lamp on the bedside table on what was going to obviously be his side of the bed was on a dimmed setting. His mate was snoring softly lying on his back with one arm thrown above his head and palm up, the other lay across his t-shirt clad chest. As soundlessly as possible Mycroft showered, brushed his teeth then put on his favourite pair of comfortable blue checked flannelette pyjamas.

Plugging his mobile phone in and putting it on the bedside table he lifted the sheet and thick fluffy quilt and trying not to jostle the bed slid in and lay down. He closed his eyes and went straight to The Library to do his ritualistic end of day sorting, filing, research and cross checking other information and promptly fell asleep in one of his red velvet and gold gilt edged Victorian chairs in the middle of a pile of stacked files.

“Mikee…….Dada!”

Mycroft shrieked, rudely awakened when his balls were stomped up into his throat and then a knee found its way into his stomach as an excited two year old jumped and fell on him.

“Mycroft! What the hell……Meg, too early……!” said his mate sleepily removing the bouncing infant off him. “Oh shit, she didn’t…….ah crap…….”

He curled up on his side cupping his poor abused knackers, gulping in air as he broke out into a cold sweat. His staff would be doubled over laughing if they could see him now……..incapacitated by an exuberant infant.

He closed his eyes and breathed deeply thanking whatever deity was listening for having tough Alpha balls.
“Dear…..God…..she……has……the……makings……of..…..a……ninja” gasped Mycroft.

“Meggie!” called Bridget in a hushed voice slipping into the room in yellow duckie flannelette pyjama “So sorry, Miss Houdini here has the makings of on Olympic sprinter…..come on pumpkin, let your parents sleep a bit later”

The feisty infant giggled and literally jumped off the bed into the nanny’s arms.

Gregory snickered then snorted back a giggle a minute later.

“I’m glad Nutmeg has provided you with amusing entertainment Gregory dear, however, mention this to anyone and I will vehemently deny it ever happened……I have a certain reputation to uphold………”

He jerked with another shriek albeit not as loud as the one when he’d been knackered and one of laughter rather than pain. How the Omega had discerned he was extremely ticklish on his sides was a mystery but muffled his laughter in the pillow as fingers poked at him and just a little mortified at the girly giggles that came from him.

“Yeah, fine reputation you have there Mr Holmes……..” Gregory sniggered.

Mycroft let out an undignified snort and rolled away trying to grab the hands that tormented him and after a brief tussle became conscious of the older man’s body pressed up against his and it seemed Gregory did too as both of them went immobile. Their shared heat had been biologically driven, nature took over and mating had happened….this, this was something entirely different and for once another person had more expertise than he did. Sexually he wasn’t exactly worldly having only had normal sex with two women and three men in total, like William he could put those needs to one side and not be troubled by it.

To cover up his feelings of inadequacy he rubbed against his mate to re-scent him though he really didn’t need to be re-scented. He stifled when Gregory leaned in and brushed his lips across his own. Mycroft happily parted his lips as his mate opened his mouth to kiss him properly uncaring of the smelly morning breath they both had……after smelling a corpse in advanced decomposition once, a bit of morning breath was nothing to get ones tie in a knot about. It was quite lovely to wake and snuggle like this, knackering aside of course. He was quite glad Gregory had made the first move toward initiating a physical relationship for Mycroft wouldn’t have probably been the instigator…..he hadn’t been the instigator of his past sexual dalliances.

Suddenly his mate disappeared under the quilt and Mycroft’s eyes widened as his pyjama bottoms were tugged down his thighs. Mycroft choked out a wheezed moan. Without preamble Gregory had filled his mouth with as much of Mycroft’s cock a he could and Mycroft was quite sure his eyes had rolled up in the back of his head. His mate performed oral sex with such skill that escorts should be paying him to tutor them and such was his talent that Mycroft stuffed a fist into his mouth to stifle the noise he was making. It took an embarrassingly short amount of time before he reached under the quilt to tug frantically at his mate’s hair to warn him he was close to coming.

Gregory pulled off his cock and resurfaced from under the quilt. Mycroft wasn’t prepared for the sight of his mate with his own pants down and pulling himself off…..he dug his teeth into his fist to quiet himself as the older man came first by just a few seconds with harsh pants, hot creamy ejaculate striping Mycroft’s cock before his own erupted. Entirely and blissfully spent, Mycroft yawned muttered thanks minutes later to his mate who went and fetched a damp face washer to clean up.

“Go back to sleep, you look like you need a good 12 hours” said Gregory “I can get another hour in before I have to get up for work”
Mycroft closed his eyes overcome with tiredness, the 4 hours’ sleep he’d had not nearly enough and curled up into his mate breathing in his warm, comforting scent and fell asleep almost immediately, not waking when Gregory rose an hour later.
**John and Sherlock**

Chapter Summary

Sherlock brings Sebastian home and John loses his shit.

Chapter Notes

Both alternating POV between Sherlock and John

Sebastian Moran = think a blond Michael Fassbender in Prometheus ;-) 

*John*

It was early evening before Sherlock returned to Baker Street and the consulting detective had said nothing to him, gone to his room and closed the door. Sherlock had been more sarcastic than usual of late; and at times downright cold. He hadn’t the foggiest idea what in hell he had done and when he’d asked Sherlock had given him one of those maddening shrugs of his and said nothing.

John’s messages and texts had gone unanswered until Greg had texted him to say Sherlock had stayed the night to spend some time with his brother and the kids. Again Sherlock had up and disappeared while he was in the shower. The date with Margie hadn’t gone well, dinner had been fine but Margie had declined an invite for a nightcap mistakenly believing he was interested in another date and pursuing a relationship with her.

Maybe some crap tele and take-away Chinese might work in getting Sherlock to talk to him. John went to the lounge room to hunt up their local Chinese take-away menu that was buried somewhere amongst Sherlock’s crap. Perhaps even a game of Cluedo that Sherlock liked so much but drove John up the wall as his flatmate justified the various murders with outlandish deductions.

Fifteen minutes later Sherlock emerged from his room and John snapped his mouth closed before he’d managed to utter a word.

Sherlock had showered……he rarely showered in the evening.

Sherlock was wearing his good black trousers……the ones that were fitted just so.

Sherlock was wearing THAT shirt, the purple one that distracted John.

Sherlock wore a shirt that accentuated his lean and lightly muscled upper body, he wore trousers that clung to his arse and moulded to his hips like they had been painted on.

“Case?” asked John trying not to sniff as Sherlock flounced past him to rummage through a drawer.

“Yes, called me today to find out who his embezzling money from his organisation and asked me out on a date” answered Sherlock simply.
“You don’t date” he answered not quite believing the consulting detective.

“Boring” shrugged Sherlock “I was asked on a date and I accepted”

“With who?” asked John biting back saying with a snarl.

“Sebastian” answered Sherlock flouncing past again to go back to his room.

John followed close behind.

“And who is Sebastian?” he demanded as his flatmate clipped on cufflinks.

“Investment banker, knew him at University, asked me out a few times but I was already involved with somebody” said Sherlock ‘Oh and that will be him now’

John didn’t hear a thing but as he followed Sherlock again back out of the bedroom he sniffed.

An Alpha, he could smell the musk of him.

He clenched his jaw when he saw the man. Yeah, he had to be fucking gorgeous didn’t he, and bloody tall…..not to mention also much younger than John and a body that was obviously fit. The Alpha’s blue eyes didn’t disguise his desire for Sherlock as they ran over the Omega.

“Hello Sherlock, I must say, you are like a vintage wine….you get better with age” said Sebastian.

“You always were a smooth talker Seb, it’s what made you in your profession……this is my flatmate John” said Sherlock.

“Hello John, nice to meet you” said Sebastian his genuine friendliness irritating to John.

Jealousy coursed through John as the Alpha took Sherlock’s hand and pressed a kiss to the back of it.

“Likewise” bit out John trying not to snarl again.

All he wanted to do was punch this Alpha out, drag Sherlock to his room and cover him in his scent so as to drive any other Alpha who come sniffing around the Omega away.

“Night John, enjoy your own date tonight” said Sherlock over his shoulder as both he and Sebastian went downstairs to leave.

John didn’t say anything. Instead he stomped up to his room and sat on the end of the bed to wait for Sherlock to come home.

*Sherlock*

Sebastian was one of the few he had attended University with that came close to not being a complete goldfish. The man had always been nice though the typical knothead who had laid anything with a heartbeat.

After last night making an absolute fool of himself in front of Greg Sherlock decided he needed to let John go, put it behind him and move it. It had been sheer fluke that Sebastian had called him for a case and of course the Alpha upon finding Sherlock had not bonded and was single asked him out for a date.
Sherlock may not have had a lover since Victor but he wasn’t blind to the fact where the date would end up. He knew it would end up with him in bed with Sebastian because Sebastian was still only interested in the sex……and for once John could be kept awake with the sounds of foreplay and intercourse coming from his room because John always brought them back for a shag.

Sebastian did the gentlemanly Alpha thing and took him to one of the best restaurants in London, bought obscenely priced wine which Sherlock drank. He normally didn’t drink but a few glasses of the deliciously expensive wine was like an acknowledgement and celebration of moving on. Though not completely drunk was intoxicated enough to enjoy himself.

Dinner over he allowed himself to be herded into a cab back to Baker Street. John was nowhere to be seen and his room was quiet. Perhaps his date had ended early and he’d already done the deed. He pulled Sebastian into his room and kicked the door closed. Sebastian picked him up and deposited him on his bed.

“God you are gorgeous, you’ve always been gorgeous……I wanted you so badly at Uni” said Sebastian quickly removing Sherlock’s shoes and socks.

Sebastian stripped off down to nothing with fast, practiced ease and Sherlock had to admit the Alpha wasn’t displeasing in physique…..his cock was already erect in anticipation though he took his time in undressing Sherlock. Sherlock had no hang ups with nudity, being naked didn’t bother him although he was silently gratified with the lust he saw in Sebastian’s blue eyes when his boxers were finally removed and discarded.

“You are utterly beautiful Sherlock, probably the most beautiful Omega I’ve been privileged to bed” said Sebastian, his voice husky in arousal.

The Alpha wasn’t John by any stretch of the imagination but the alcohol he’d had with dinner had relaxed him and Sebastian’s hands on him felt wonderful, while Sebastian might be a bit of a slag he wasn’t a selfish lover and took pleasure in touching and preparing him. It had been so long since he’d been touched sexually it was quite overwhelming, his mind analysed and stored data away.

Sherlock grasped the wooden slats on the bedhead as Sebastian moved up between his legs; his thighs trembled as Sebastian reached down to position his large cock.

“Relax darling, I’m not a brute” murmured Sebastian.

“Oh” breathed Sherlock shuddering as Sebastian entered him, his natural lubrication easing the way….it felt good, so damn good and it had been far too long.

“Holy shit” groaned Sebastian as Sherlock wrapped his legs around the Alpha’s waist.

Sebastian wasn’t a brute, and this was just what Sherlock needed after so many years abstinence from sex and mating. The Alpha knew exactly how to pleasure an Omega, he made love rather than fucked and Sherlock made his enjoyment known without restraint……Sebastian was quietly vocal and spoke of how beautiful he was, how he loved pleasing Sherlock in bed and what a gorgeous Omega he was.

He had thought he might need to imagine John saying the wonderful things Sebastian was saying, John sucking on his neck like Sebastian was doing, John’s cock in him but Sherlock could feel it building, that tightness in his abdomen and the swelling of his sex……when Sebastian curled a hand around his smaller Omega cock he went rigid, the breath stopping in his throat at that moment of nirvana…..
“Yes, that’s it….darling…..so fucking good” panted Sebastian.

Sherlock’s fingers dug into the wood in his hands and using his legs still around Sebastian’s waist he lifted his lower body off the mattress and the Alpha thrust hard just once knowing exactly what he needed.

*John*

John had not slept a wink. The Alpha had gone soon after bedding his flatmate. He’d heard every moment from when they had both entered Sherlock’s room to the conclusion. That they’d had sex was pretty bloody obvious. Neither of them had been particularly quiet though the Alpha much quieter than his Sherlock who made it very loud and clear he liked Sebastian’s attentions and even clearer that the investment banker was very good in bed…..Sherlock was a screamer….it was a wonder Mrs Hudson hadn’t called the police.

Tired and angry John got up, put the kettle on and showered. He’d just sat down to his tea, toast and paper when Sherlock padded out of his room stinking of Sebastian and draped in his sheet.

“G’Morning” muttered Sherlock rubbing his eyes and going to the teapot.

John clenched his jaw so tight he thought his teeth might just snap from the pressure. There were love bites on Sherlock’s throat and shoulder like Sebastian has put his stamp on him.

“Is it?” countered John with a touch of snarl he couldn’t keep back “Some of us didn’t get a wink of sleep for all the racket downstairs”

“Is that a swipe is it then?” asked Sherlock turning around and fixing his pale eyes on John “First time I bring someone home since we started sharing Baker Street and you complain about being kept awake with sex noises……yet night after night I have to listen to you and your Omega sluts yowling like cats in heat……it’s my home too and if I want to shag all night, every night, I will shag all night, every night”

John stood up and laughed a mocking laugh.

“Oh that’s choice that is……who was yowling like an Omega slut last night…….FUCK……!”

John’s eyes watered as Sherlock slapped his face hard, the sound of it sounding like a gunshot. John threw the chair he’d been sitting on then went to yell at Sherlock raising his hand to point a finger at him.

Fear, he could smell fear coming from Sherlock who flinched like John was going to punch him. John dropped his hand in disgust, he’d never hit an Omega in his life and the fact Sherlock thought he would do it sickened him.

“Fuck you Sherlock” he spat “Fuck you”

With that he turned around and walked away grabbing his coat and scarf then slammed the door closed behind him.
Chapter Summary

Caroline seals her fate. This is an unhappy chapter.

The closer to Christmas it got the more homicides there were and today wasn’t any different. The expression ‘silly season’ meant more than just people eating, drinking and being merry. Money, relationships and life in general became a strain on many people and that came out in violent ways and Greg had seen them all.

He really needed to think about presents and the like, he’d put a few aside a few months ago and Christmas was just over a month away. Not that he lacked for money now, his wages were his own and Mycroft had given him a credit card when they’d bonded. He needed to talk to Mycroft about how Christmas was going to work between parents, siblings and the like. Ideally he would like for him and Mycroft to invite everyone to their new home and host Christmas lunch.

Greg grinned. Well, the ice was well and truly broken between them as far as a sexual relationship was concerned…..he’d let his mate know in no uncertain terms that a physical relationship was quite fine by him……and going by how Mycroft had reacted…..it was evident he was quite alright with it to. Greg was stuffed if he was going to live like a monk; he liked sex….and he’d been far too long without it. His mate was attractive and obviously found Greg attractive too.

Checking his phone again he frowned. His texts to both John and Sherlock asking for help on the crime scenes today had gone unanswered so he decided to go out to Baker Street. It may be that John had a shift and Sherlock up to his neck in body parts and microscope so was ignoring the texts. Sherlock had pretended the other night hadn’t happened and Greg had played along with it. It had surprised him that Sherlock had turned to him in the first place though that probably had more to do with the fact of his bond to Mycroft than Greg himself…..though the two brothers played at being hard arses with each other there was a definite closeness between them. He had to wonder what their older brother Sherrinford was like that he was yet to meet.

Greg took one of the Panda’s to drive out to Baker Street, pulling up at the kerb after navigating London’s traffic. His phone rang as he put his hand on the door handle and he frowned at Caroline’s name that had come up on the screen. He rejected the call and changed the setting to block any calls from her then got out, locking the Panda.

“Well well, didn’t take you long did it, bred and bonded already to the posh twat” came Caroline’s voice from behind him.

“Fuck off Caroline, we’re finished” said Greg pulling out his phone from his pocket again.

He didn’t even get the chance to key in the pin before Caroline punched him in the side of the face. She flung him into the side of the Panda and punched him again and he saw stars before he fell down on to the pavement.

“Oi, you get away from him!!” he heard Mrs Hudson yell “Sherlock!”

“Mind your own business you old bitch” spat Caroline.
The kick to his stomach winded him and he curled up in a ball hugging his arms around his belly.

“You don’t get to toss me aside Greg!” screamed Caroline kicking his arms “I’ll kill you, I’ll kill our kids and I’ll kill any fucking brat he gets you with and then I’ll kill that toff”

“Don’t you dare!” screeched Sherlock throwing himself over Greg to protect him. Greg heard Sherlock grunt as Caroline kicked him as well.

There was the rev of an engine, then a screech of tires……Caroline was shouting and snarling but Greg was dazed from the punches to his face.

Greg could taste blood in his mouth and his face felt like it was on fire. He sucked in air trying to fill his lungs after the wind had been driven out of them.

“Jeezus, what the fuck……Sherlock!” called out Johns voice “God….Greg, let me look at your face”

While John was examining his face, a sharp cramp seized across his belly and he cried out in pain, it felt like a labour pain.

“Fuck…….call an ambulance Mrs Hudson!” shouted John.

Greg closed his eyes as another sharp cramp came from deep inside him and he instinctively knew what was going to happen.

“No….no….no” pleaded Sherlock taking his hand.

Greg opened his eyes to the pale tear filled ones of Sherlock who understood, who had walked this road. The loss of any pup was traumatic, but one that had barely had a chance to form was easier to bear than a loss at 10 weeks like Sherlock.

He closed his eyes again, there was nothing he could do and there was little the paramedics could do but make him comfortable and clean up his face on the trip to St Barts.

“Gregory!”

The moment he was taken out of the ambulance Mycroft was there his face etched with fear and worry, next to him was Anthea whose face changed to fury the moment she saw him.

He was put in a room, a drip put in his arm and then a softly spoken Omega Obstetrician came in to examine him kicking both Sherlock and Mycroft out. He asked Greg a number of questions then did a pelvic examination which was not pleasant in the circumstances. Greg didn’t need the Doctor to tell him the results; the pity was written over his face.

Greg closed his eyes hearing muffled shouts coming from outside the in the hallway a minute later as Mycroft lost his shit when the Obstetrician told him news no Alpha wanted to hear.

Hate…….dark, seething and vicious boiled up inside him and he wanted to smash Caroline’s head in for taking this away from him……and for hurting Mycroft in the process. She had managed to kill their pup like she had promised; now he feared for the safety of his other children.

He heard Mycroft come in and opened his eyes again. His mates face was blank and expressionless.

“I failed you” said his mate flatly “I promised to protect you and the children from her and she got to you because my people who were assigned to protect you failed at their job”
Greg couldn’t deal with Mycroft’s self-blame at the moment and turned his face away from him as another vicious cramp grabbed at his insides. His mate stayed with him through it all though he recognised Greg didn’t want to be spoken to or touched.

Just inside an hour he screamed as felt everything inside him give with a final agonising cramp. Nauseated at the feeling of his body expelling his child he threw up the lunch he had eaten. Greg began to cry, mourning the loss of a child that had barely had a chance to begin. Mycroft snarled at the nurse, snatching the damp cloth from her and wiped his sweating face and cleaned the vomit from his chin. His mates hand shook as much as his own as he clased it while the Obstetrician cleaned him up and prepared him for the surgery that would ensure there was nothing left inside him to cause infection. Mycroft didn’t let go of his hand until they wheeled him through the doors to theatre.

“Mr Holmes, wake up sweetie”

When he woke it took a minute to remember why he had woken in recovery. Legally he had taken Mycroft’s name but remained Lestrade to keep the same as his children’s surname. The nursing staff put him in a private room where Mycroft was waiting for him. His mate looked terrible, gone was the blank expression and it was replaced with sorrow. His knuckles on his right hand were swathed in a bandage and Greg could see they were bruised and swollen where he had hit something.

Greg swallowed, his throat was sore from the intubation tube that had been down his throat. The hate still boiled inside his now empty stomach, he had never hated someone so much in his life like he hated Caroline. He reached over and took Mycroft’s damaged hand, his mate was trying to stay strong but Greg knew he was utterly heartbroken at the loss of his child.

“It wasn’t your fault Mycroft, this was Caroline and Caroline alone and I don’t want you to blame yourself” said Greg in a raspy voice.

Mycroft pressed the back of Greg’s hand to his cheek and bowed his head. He didn’t make a sound but the Alpha wept silently. The Obstetrician slipped into the room giving Mycroft a wary look before he spoke.

“I’m very sorry for your loss” said the Doctor sincerely “The surgery went as expected and there were no complications. The hospital offers counselling services should you wish to avail yourself of them. I see no difficulty with conceiving or future pregnancies.”

With that the Obstetrician left. Greg stared at the ceiling for a few moments, compressing his lips as his Alpha sniffled. He had no doubt that if Caroline had opportunity she would fulfil her threats…… he knew that Mycroft could take care of the problem.

“I want her dead, Mycroft” said Greg coldly and flatly “I don’t care how it’s done, I don’t want to know how you do it or when you do it but I want her to suffer and I want her dead……”

His mate lifted his head. Watery blue eyes regarded him, pale cheeks wet with tears. Though his mate didn’t utter a word he knew his ex-mate’s days were numbered by the hardening of his eyes.
John kept well out of the way once arriving at St Barts in the taxicab; Sherlock had gone with Greg in the ambulance and was now hovering around his brother after they had been ejected from Greg’s room by the Doctor. It seemed Anthea had the same idea and lingered alongside him tapping away on her Blackberry and frequently casting an eye at her boss.

He’d seen Alpha’s attack other Alpha’s when it came to do with anything remotely associated with their Omega’s and pups……Doctors, nurses and even bystanders had borne the brunt of the rampages. Mycroft was generally quiet and reserved by nature…..in John’s experience they were the ones who were the very worst.

On a medical level he knew exactly what the Obstetrician was going to say when he came out of the room after his examination of his friend, he’d seen Greg’s face go pale when the pain had started and the Omega was worldly enough to know exactly what was happening to him.

“NO! You fix it, do you hear me……you fix this NOW!” shouted Mycroft “That’s your job isn’t it…..do your BLOODY JOB!”

He had to give the Obstetrician full marks for not flinching at the sight of the Alpha drawn up to full height, eyes blazing, teeth bared, cold expression and looking every bit The Iceman Irene Adler had once called him. John had never seen Mycroft in threatening Alpha mode and even he coughed and gulped feeling a little intimidated when menacing pheromones hit his nose.

Sherlock got in between his brother and the Obstetrician, put his hands on his brother’s chest and pushed him back from out of the Doctors face.

“Mycroft snap out of it, tearing the Doctors head off won’t change anything” said Sherlock firmly.

Blazing eyes flicked from the hastily retreating Obstetrician to that of his brother. John took a step towards them both not liking how Mycroft’s hands clenched into fists and froze when the Alpha’s glacial cold eyes flicked from Sherlock to him and narrowed.

“Don’t be stupid, John” said Anthea quietly and yanked him back by the arm “This is no time for an unnecessary Alpha pissing contest…..put your balls away before you get them ripped off”

Mycroft’s gaze turned back to his younger brother and Sherlock spoke so quietly that John couldn’t
hear what was being said but the Alpha closed his eyes and slumped into his brother, the aggression leaking out of him. John was gobsmacked when Mycroft buried his face into Sherlock’s neck, his flatmate hugged his brother and Mycroft’s hands went around Sherlock’s waist. The Alpha’s knuckles turned white as they clutched handfuls of the t-shirt Sherlock still wore bunching into fists again. His flatmate has still been in his striped pyjama pants and been barefooted out on the pavement with Greg.

It was the first time he had seen the two brothers ever show emotion with one another aside from bicker like children and John gulped again looking away and cringing as Mycroft turned his head to try and silence a howl of grief into his younger brother’s throat. After a few moments Mycroft took a step back, utterly composed now and entered into his mate’s room. Sherlock flung himself into one of the uncomfortable armless chairs in the hallway, drawing his knees up, resting his forehead on them and wrapping his arms around them.

John bit his lip and slowly went over to the Omega and sat beside him on the other uncomfortable chair. After their fight he didn’t know what to say to Sherlock and he didn’t want to start anything inadvertently right now so he kept silent. Staff went in and out of the room opposite and Sherlock didn’t speak to him nor did he move until the sound of a scream came from behind the other side of the door of Greg’s room making Sherlock put his hands over his ears.

It was then that he realised Sherlock had been crying quietly into his knees. For the first time in his life John didn’t know what to do……should he just ignore it, should he say something, should he try and console his flatmate…..Sherlock didn’t do feelings and John was out of his depth with the emotional Omega who was exuding that sickly toffee smell of distress.

John huffed out a breath as he was suddenly dragged from the chair and around a corner.

“Are you completely stupid, what the hell is wrong with you, are you a completely heartless bastard…….comfort the bloody Omega will you” snarled Anthea furiously and shoved him back around the corner.

John sat back down and tentatively put an arm around Sherlock, surprised when the Omega flung his arms around his neck. John exhaled the breath he was holding and pulled Sherlock close into him, Sherlock pushed his face into John’s neck and John breathed in the scent of his flatmate through the smell of his distress.

“Shhhh, it’s alright Sherlock…..” he began.

“No it’s not alright John” sniffed Sherlock "I don't like fighting with you, you were unreasonable and nasty"

John kept his mouth shut again, scared he would say the wrong thing and not wanting Omega to pull away from him. It wasn’t like Sherlock to be sensitive and expressive and he felt like he was missing something here.

He was disappointed when Sherlock sprung away from him when a very drowsy and white faced Greg was wheeled out ready for theatre. Despite only having bonded only a short time ago, Mycroft had hold of Greg’s hand and was pale and angry following alongside the bed, coming back when he wasn’t allowed any further past the theatre lifts.

“I had hoped never to bear witness to that again” said Mycroft through clenched teeth, hands curling into fists again “The first could not be helped, but this…..this was all so unnecessary and my fault” John jumped up and grabbed Sherlock protectively, uncaring if Mycroft ripped his balls off this time
as the Alpha kicked a chair viciously breaking it. John winced as the man punched the wall, Anthea dived forward and quick as a flash had put Mycroft into a military style position of restraint designed to subdue a prisoner by cutting off the blood to their brain.

“Enough Mycroft, your mate is going to need you when he comes back from theatre……keep going and you will end up with Security up here” hissed Anthea "This was not your fault!"

John’s eyes widened as both Alpha’s struggled for dominance over each other, Mycroft swung Anthea round and pushed her against the wall but the smaller Alpha refused to back down and her face was grim and determined as she clung round his neck while he tried battering her up against the wall to loosen her grip. John made a mental note never to piss Anthea off again as she brought Mycroft to his knees, then down to the floor while he clutched at her arm tightly wound around his neck, skidding around like an upturned crab. Finally the much larger man went still as she successfully made him black out.

She got up and primly smoothed her skirt down then picked up her Blackberry before looking at both he and Sherlock.

“Take him home, John……..no protests out of you Sherlock unless you want me to put you in a cab myself?” said Anthea “There is no point in being here now, I will make sure Mycroft behaves himself”

With one final glance at the passed out Alpha on the floor John took Sherlocks arm and lead him away though the Omega was reluctant to leave and dragged his heels.

“Do you want me to carry you out of here on my shoulder?” said John with a snappy growl at Sherlock that made his pale eyes widen.

“You wouldn’t dare” retorted Sherlock incredulously.

John ignored the yelp as he turned and picked Sherlock up, throwing him over his shoulder and carried him.

“For god’s sake put me down, John” spat Sherlock struggling furiously.

“Shaddap” bit out John with another snappy growl.

He shoved Sherlock into a waiting cab and scowled at the Alpha driver who eyed his flatmate…. no, leered at his flatmate.

“Don’t…….just don’t mate!” he snarled at the cabbie that whirled around quickly “221B Baker Street”

John pursed his lips as the cabbie kept glancing at Sherlock in the rear view mirror glad it was a short drive to the flat. He flung the money at the cabbie and dragged Sherlock out of the cab and into 221B and deposited him in his armchair.

“Righto, a good cup of tea I think” announced John going to the kitchen and picking up the teapot "Always fixes......."

John jumped as Sherlock ran at him looking a bit unhinged.

“Sherlock!” he shouted as his flatmate knocked the teapot out of his hands, it smashing on the kitchen floor……..the liquid and tea leaves left in it splattering everywhere “What the actual fuck……!”
John’s arms flailed as he was knocked back into the refrigerator and his eyes bugged out as a mouth was sucking at his lips and a tongue trying to find his tonsils.

Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that Sherlock would do this, John grunted in shock as Sherlock hauled him bodily down to his bedroom and fell on him as John tumbled back on the bed…..stunned at how assertive the Omega was.

“Jeezus……!” whined John before Sherlock attacked his mouth again.

This was better than any fantasy he’d ever had and the feel of Sherlock’s equally hard erection on his thigh made him groan.

“John…..John…..John”

The sound of the Omega moaning his name against his lips was the sexiest thing he had ever heard and John hissed as Sherlock shifted to press their crotches together. Sherlock’s fingers squeezed his biceps, it had been many years since he’d partaken of frottage but it had never been this good. The bed squeaked as they frenziedly rubbed together.

“Oh my god” moaned John in disbelief as he came in his jeans like a teenager……and as fast as a bloody horny teenager.

Sherlock went stiff and still on top of him, fingers bit into his biceps as the Omega noisily spread more warmth across the front of his jeans then flopped panting like a steam train the same as John was.

“Oh, does this mean you are not married to your work anymore?” asked John when he’d caught his breath.

“I guess not” mumbled Sherlock into his shoulder “Does this mean you also like male Omega’s too, John?”

‘No, I don’t like male Omega’s” answered John “Just you Sherlock, just you”
The Holmes household returns to some normality.

The children were less bouncy after a long walk through Regents Park. Though he wasn’t one for sporty things he’d kicked the soccer ball about with Nathaniel and Madison, taking it in his stride when they laughed at his missed kicks though he’d given a dark look to the two bodyguards that lingered at a distance who were doing a poor job of disguising their amusement. Ducks were fed and the playground given a workout for a time. By the time they returned to the house they were more than ready to be warmed up with a delicious hot chocolate Natalia had ready for them once coats, hats, gloves and scarves were discarded.

While the children were occupied with warming themselves he looked for Gregory and found him napping with Megan curled up into his side on the sofa under a fleecy blanket, the television was on some children’s program that had something to do with a family of pink pigs. Their youngest pup had seemed to instinctively know something was wrong with her father when he’d been released from hospital after two days, just over a week later she was still clinging to him and quite demanding which was a blessing in a way. His Omega was dealing with the loss much better than he’d expected, but then he had 5 other children to be concerned about so was largely distracted from dwelling upon it.

Gregory had immediately been put on two weeks mandatory leave, his mate had not brought up Caroline again and the children had no idea what had happened other than their father had suffered an early miscarriage. The bruises of his face were harder to hide so Gregory had told them he’d got into a scuffle between two criminals.

He wasn’t quite sure Charlotte bought the story but she hadn’t pushed the issue. He had tried to suggest to Gregory that perhaps he should go back on his suppressants and give it a few months before he was up to trying for another pup but his mate had refused and would go into heat again when his body decided to do so.

Caroline was now in HM Prison Bronzefield being held indefinitely in the Category A women’s prison under the National Security Act. It had also been leaked that she had murdered an Omega’s unborn child……a fact that would incur the wrath of Alphas in the prison. Mycroft wanted to see how tough the bitch was when it wasn’t a pregnant Omega or defenceless children she was up against. He’d asked Anthea to keep him appraised once a month on how the Alpha was enjoying her new home. He had debated the wisdom of wiping her existence off the face of the earth like Gregory had requested but knew his Omega had spoken those words in anger and sorrow. His mate was a law abiding policeman who protected life and Mycroft believed that Gregory would come to regret the rash decision so had not fulfilled that wish, he did however grant his wish to have her suffer and prison life was indeed a place where she would need to watch her back and live in fear.

He’d still not had a chance to exchange bonding rings with his mate, it seemed life kept interrupting. Christmas was looming closer and Mycroft had agreed it would be nice to invite both their families to their home for lunch when Gregory had brought it up and had Anthea send out invitations. There was Christmas shopping to be done, a tree to put up, a house to decorate and a menu to be discussed.
Megan stirred then turned over, her little face looked happy at seeing him and he couldn’t help smile back at her as she scrambled off the couch dragging the fleecy blanket with her off his mate

“Mikee!”

Her none too quiet exclamation woke Gregory whose brown eyes focused on him sleepily.

He ruffled her scruffy locks and knelt down, removing the fleecy blanket from her foot.

“Natalia has made some hot chocolate, there might even be a Jammy Dodger or two if you ask her nicely Nutmeg” he said to the little girl who gave him a kiss on the chin and darted off.

Mycroft went over to the couch intending to lay the blanket back over Gregory.

“No I need to get up, can’t lie around all day” murmured the man with a yawn and shaking his head.

“Yes you can, you rest as much as you need to” insisted Mycroft “The children are well cared for, the house is taken care of, you are on leave so there is nothing for you to do but rest”

“I’m not sick, Mycroft” said Gregory quietly “I know you mean well but please stop coddling me like I’m a piece of fragile glass”

“I’m sorry, it’s just…..I can’t help wanting to make sure you are comfortable and well taken care of…..I don’t mean to treat you as a fragile Omega” said Mycroft with a sigh and sat on the edge of the couch and plucked at the edge of the blanket.

Gregory laid his hand on the one plucking at the blanket and Mycroft turned his hand over so that he could clasp their fingers together.

His mate was more demonstrative with physical touching than he was, not that Mycroft was complaining. Since the incident with Caroline there had been little contact between them, not that sex was the intention. Megan had moved into their bed since Gregory had come home which meant opportunity to sleep close to each other, scenting and skin contact had been nil.

“I’m very grateful to have a mate who cares about my well-being and I appreciate your efforts, god knows I shouldn’t be bitching after years with a mate who couldn’t care less if I was sick, tired or worn out” said Gregory “And thank you for being patient with Meg, I’m hoping her need to feed and constantly be with me won’t last long”

“No, both an Alpha and Omega’s duty is to their pups first before their own needs” said Mycroft “If Megan or any of our children seek out the comfort of their Omega parent it has nothing to do with patience, it is the natural way of things for an Alpha to take a step back”

“Yeah, well, there are many Alphas’ who don’t see it that way” muttered Gregory "Life revolves around them and keeping them happy"

“There will always be those who are stuck in wanting to preserve the old ways” sighed Mycroft “Alpha’s too stupid to understand that those days are well and truly gone, and rightly so”

“Hmmm, I’m going to have to keep you close otherwise I’ll be having to fight other Omega’s away with talk like that” said Gregory with a grin reaching up to grasp his tie and pulled him close, Mycroft put a hand on the arm of the chair to keep himself propped up “Can’t have them trying to seduce you away with pretty words and carnal wiles”

“No amount of pretty words or carnal wiles will seduce me away” said Mycroft truthfully inhaling the scent of his Omega “What could they possibly offer me that I already have right here”
“You’re a smooth one Mr Holmes” said Gregory then lifted his chin to press his lips to Mycroft’s briefly.

His restless inner Alpha finally calmed at the touch of his Omega and willingly let himself be pulled even closer so he was flush with his mate’s warm t-shirted upper body once Gregory pushed the blanket down. He rubbed against him, now desperate to scent him with his own smell which had faded to that of one his Alpha was not happy with and had tamped down the need to simply pin the man, then scent and remark him over the last week.

It was difficult when one worked with a majority of Alpha’s whose morals were non-existent and would happily poke their dicks into any Omega, mated or not if they had the chance…..some innate behaviour was harder to control. One simply did not piss on their Omega like a mangy mutt marking their territory any more but the desire to ensure that a mate was well scented and marked to keep predatory Alpha’s warned was strong.

Gregory, always flaunting all things traditional, put his own scent on Mycroft. He was more than happy for his Omega to let other Omega’s know he was very much mated. He’d had one colleague, an older counterpart sniff at Gregory’s smell on him and Mycroft had asked the Alpha if there was a problem through clenched teeth.

“No, not at all……just…..nice to see that some couples are not quite the traditional mated types and an Alpha who has no problem with their mate telling other Omega’s to sod off, this one is taken.” said the Alpha cheerfully “If you’ll excuse the personal remarks, that’s what I liked about my Effie, non-traditionalist and thumbing her nose at those who thought she was too progressive…..who wants a meek and docile mate anyway…..a bit of fire and spunk makes for a much more interesting mateship”

Other Alpha’s had sniffed, wrinkled their nose but not had the balls to say anything derogatory to him……not if they valued those balls and so far he’d not needed to rip any off. Mycroft sniffed at his mate who then turned his head to show his bond mark which had healed nicely making the ex-mate’s bond mark barely visible under his own. He bent and covered his mouth over it, fitting his teeth into the marks and bit lightly to agitate the gland then paused closing his eyes. Mycroft felt their new bond for just a few moments. It was delicate in its infancy, like the wispy silk of a spider web……Mycroft’s heart jumped when he briefly glimpsed where the shimmering bond connected them and opened his eyes.

He had never believed in nonsense about destiny, indeed had scoffed at fairy tales, tales of deities, heaven, hell and the supernatural. But at that moment he believed in fate. He and Gregory were fated to be mate’s, perhaps that was why he’d never had a desire to become mated to another Omega…..perhaps that was why Gregory and Caroline's mating had failed. Though it was the stuff of romantic notions mostly in those trashy novels written for Omega’s (yes, Mycroft had read one or two in his time) who liked to read about the stereotypical Alpha come to rescue them, then seduce them into a heat so as to take their virgin bodies and mate with them only to find that the Alpha who had acted the scoundrel had found their one and true soul mate.

Leaving the bonding mark he found his mate’s lips again and caressed his mouth with soft reverent kisses before Meg’s giggles and lisp of “kissy” interrupted them.

It was rare and goodness only knows how the universe worked but Gregory was Mycroft’s soul mate.
Chapter Summary

Greg and Mycroft finally go on that dinner date

Chapter Notes

Wishing my readers a Happy New Year.

-Dinner 7pm, smart casual, won’t be far from home in case Megan gets restless-

“Smart casual…..what is smart casual…..the man wears posh from Bond Street tailors for goodness sake” Greg muttered into the phone to his younger brother “Would help to know where we are having dinner…..I doubt jeans and check shirt would really be suitable for The bloody Ritz or whatever Michelin starred restaurant we end up at…..shit, maybe I should buy a good suit just for going for dinner……”

“Calm down, Greg” laughed David “Smart casual is just a nice pair of pants and nice shirt”

“Yeah, then I look a right berk turning up dressed so simply if he is wearing one of his pin stripe numbers complete with silk tie and handkerchief…..you don’t understand Dave, he wears a pocketwatch and cufflinks” whined Greg pacing the bedroom in just his boxers and a singlet after having a shower.

Greg rifled through his clothes that Natalia had organised neatly in the large walk in robe and picked out a black pair of trousers he’d not worn for over two years that looked smart.

“I can’t believe you live in Camden…… seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, detached and a garden just a hop, skip and jump to Regent’s Park” said David “Can’t wait for Christmas to come and see it, can’t wait to meet your mate…..pocketwatch and cufflinks……he sounds quite the catch, different to Caroline I hope……she was a difficult person to get along with”

“He’s nothing like Caroline” said Greg going through his shirts one by one “I told you I’ve known him for years as he’s Sherlock’s brother……he can be quite reserved so don’t take that as an affront, actually he can be quite shy if you like. Yeah, Caroline was all posturing, brashness and wanted to be known she was the Alpha……Mycroft is….he’s like a tiger really…..quiet, sleek, classy……but there are claws and sharp teeth that will rip you apart if you become threatening……Meg has him wrapped around her little finger”

“As long as he is good to you and your pups then I’m happy big brother” said David “You do know Steph, Zoe and Emma will bail him up to put the hard word on him……after Caroline they won’t put up with an Alpha being an asshole to you or their nieces and nephew”

“Dave, I wouldn’t be with him if he was anything like Caroline……shit, look at the time, going to have to run……see you soon…..give my love to Zoe and the pups” said Greg.
“Have a nice dinner” said David “Bye”

“Bye”

Greg hung up and tossed the phone on the bed and quickly got dressed in the bathroom. He put some product in his hair to try and style it a little and slapped a little of his cologne on then eyed his reflection.

The black trousers were a little snug but not tight, a plain light grey shirt which was also snug then a darker grey fitted jumper over the top. He selected his silver watch to wear then paused seeing his silver stud and hoop in the small jewellery box he hadn’t worn for a couple of years and took out the hoop. The pierced hole in his ear never closed up so he slid the silver through it and clipped it closed.

It was nearly 7pm so he snatched his smartish leather jacket off the hanger than was an impulse buy when he’d become a police cadet that never dated and flushed at the wolf whistle Becks gave him when he went to the lounge room to kiss the kids before going out to meet the car that Mycroft was sending for him.

“You look smashing, Dad” commented Charlotte grinning.

“Have a lovely dinner, Mr Holmes” said Bridget with a smile.

Megs lower lip pouted and quivered but she gave him kiss then huddled into Madison and let him leave without kicking up a stink. His youngest had suddenly stopped feeding from him five days ago though she had still insisted on sleeping between him and Mycroft. Nearly two weeks after the miscarriage he felt like his normal self and had even spent most of yesterday morning shopping for presents while the kids and Mycroft went mad with doing the Christmas tree and decorations with the help of Natalia and Bridget. It was actually their first outing as a couple.

He’d just stepped out the front door when the Mercedes pulled up and Jeremy got up to open the door for him.

“Where are we going?” asked Greg.

“The Painted Heron, Sir” said the driver “Mr Holmes is already at the restaurant awaiting your arrival”

“Sounds swank, what kind of food is it?” asked Greg.

“No idea, Sir” said Jeremy “I’m more of the pub fare type”

Greg snorted.

“Yeah, I’m hearing you” said Greg “Nothing like a good steak and kidney pud and a lager to wash it down with”

“I’m partial to a bit of a fry up mixed grill with a pint of Guinness myself” said Jeremy “I once went for dinner in one of those fancy places…..the main course was two bites of steak with a slice of carrot, two peas and a potato you could smash a window with……three courses that cost a fortune and my stomach was still growling…….took my date home then fixed up the growling with a large lamb kebab dripping in garlic sauce”

Greg laughed. Jeremy was an Alpha that was built like a brick shithouse…….serving up rabbit food to a man his size was actually quite hilarious.
True to his word, the restaurant Mycroft had chosen wasn’t far as the car pulled up to a normal looking restaurant façade. He thanked Jeremy who opened the door for him then escorted him to the door of the restaurant before departing.

“Reservation name, please” asked the concierge looking him over and going to the earring with a slight sneer.

“Holmes” said Greg and the concierge’s demeanor changed immediately and literally jumped to attention.

“You other party has already arrived Mr Holmes, this way if you please”

He was lead through a restaurant that also looked quite normal and far from ostentatious in muted colours of beige and cream, the smells of food and spices was divine and already many tables were taken. The concierge took him to a table that was a little secluded; Mycroft rose and stood beside it as he spotted him and then stared.

Greg did a double take at what Mycroft was wearing. Jeans! Dark denim jeans that made his legs look incredibly long…..and gone was the shirt, waistcoat and suit jacket and was replaced with a dark navy checked shirt that showed above the collar of the cobalt blue knit jumper he wore. He looked…….very nice…..very, very nice in fact. The colours brought out the blue in his eyes and complimented his skin and hair colour.

He was beginning to feel like he’d made some kind of faux paus so turned away from the staring blue eyes to remove his jacket and hung it on the back of his chair. It seemed to make Mycroft spring suddenly into action and remember his manners as he pulled out Greg’s chair for him and then take his own chair.

“Your server will be with you shortly, in the meantime please browse our wonderful menu” said the concierge and scuttled away.

“Well, I for one am utterly starving, hope they have great food” prattled Greg nervously as Mycroft stared at him again “Have you eaten here before, what do you recommend?”

Mycroft’s ears went pink and he picked up the menu.

“Yes, I have eaten here many times for business meetings and it’s all good, you cannot go wrong with anything your order” replied Mycroft.

Greg read the menu surprised to find it was an Indian restaurant and sighed in relief that he wasn’t going to have to eat food that was fit for rabbits or without substance.

“Do you like seafood, the grazing platter is good as an entrée though it is shared” said Mycroft.

“I love seafood” said Greg “Sounds good”

He mentally chose what else he wanted then looked at the drinks menu.

“Good evening, I’m Kate and I will be your server for tonight” said the very pretty Omega who looked to be about mid-twenties who addressed Mycroft. “May I take your beverage order for the bar, and if you are ready, your selections from the menu”

“Do you mind me ordering our drinks, Gregory?” asked Mycroft scanning the drinks menu.

“Order away” said Greg having no idea what wine went with what anyway.
“A bottle of Louis Roederer Cristal Brut for now” said Mycroft.

Kate’s eyes widened for a moment before she scribbled it down on her pad. Greg searched for the name of the drink…..it was Champagne……his own eyes widened when he saw the price…..250 quid!

“We will have the Seafood Grazing Platter for an entrée, I would like Pork Vindaloo and ask the chef to make it for an Indian palate, not a Western palate served with Coconut Rice and to finish I would like the Walnut and Chocolate Brownie……could we also please have the shared basket of bread unless you prefer to order a Naan of your own, Gregory?” asked Mycroft.

“No, that’s fine” said Greg “Um, I’ll have the Lamb Biriyani for a main and the Pistachio & pear ‘cup cake’ with ‘chai’ cream & mango samosa please” said Greg closing the menu.

“Would you like water for the table” she asked Mycroft flashing him a smile as he looked up at her after taking Greg’s menus and handing them to her.

“Thank you, yes” said his mate.

Greg watched her walk away; she shamelessly swung her hips to attract his Alpha. Greg looked back at Mycroft who was watching him again.

“What other food nationalities do you like?” asked Greg resting his chin in his hand

“I very much enjoy most international food” said Mycroft “I confess to a liking of chillies…….the hotter the better hence my choice of Indian tonight”

“I can do spicy and a just a tad of heat” said Greg “I suppose you’ve eaten in many places around the world”

“Yes, quite a few” answered Mycroft “Did you enjoy working in your father’s restaurant?”

Greg grinned as Mycroft neatly deflected his question with another question.

“Yeah, I loved working in there, if I hadn’t of wanted to be a cop so much I probably would have apprenticed as a Chef” said Greg remembering the homey warmth of the establishment. “Dad sold the restaurant to one of the Chefs who wanted to buy it when he retired”

“I’m looking forward to meeting all your family, the house will be bursting at the seams with our combined families” said Mycroft “I’m glad your parents are coming for a few days”

Yeah, it’ll be nice seeing them” said Greg.

Kate came back with their champagne in an ice bucket and sat two flutes down with a flourish. She stood too close to Mycroft when pouring the small amount in his glass to taste and approve then deliberately leaned over to fill Greg’s flute to show her ample breasts.

“Thank you, the champagne is lovely” said Mycroft dismissively as she lingered. Again she made a show of walking away and Greg snickered softly watching her.

“You do realise she is trying to catch your eye” said Greg turning back to Mycroft who was watching her too.

“I am well aware of her antics, Gregory” said Mycroft “Let her make a fool of herself, my only interest is enjoying dinner with my mate”
Greg sipped the champagne and found it quite delicious. He was more of a beer man which the restaurant didn’t sell, it certainly didn’t taste like the insipid shit he’d had at functions and weddings over the years that made his face turn like a cat’s arse with the sourness.

They now both ignored Kate though Mycroft was polite with manners as she brought out their entrée and then main courses. Greg ate with gusto having eaten little at lunch and only picked through the afternoon in anticipation of dinner out. Kate took their empty plates and dishes away. Mycroft ordered a glass of dessert wine for them each to drink when dessert was served.

“Gregory, I realise our mating has been quite unconventional and I have been remiss in following etiquette which Mummy would be scandalised at” said Mycroft quietly “I have been meaning to do this but something always came up……so tonight is my opportunity when there is just the two of us to ask you properly”

Mycroft reached around into his own jacket that hung on his chair and took out a small box and opened it. Inside were a pair of bonding rings, they were three toned rose gold, gold and white gold plaited together.

“Will you do me the honour of becoming my mate” asked Mycroft.

“You already know the answer to that, yes” said Gregory.

Mycroft took one of the rings out and put it on Greg’s finger where the white line from where Caroline’s had sat still showed. The new ring covered it. Greg put the other ring onto Myroft’s left hand.

“You have good taste, they are lovely” said Greg admiring the jewellery on his hand.

“Yes, I do” said Mycroft softly gazing at him. Greg felt his face grow warm and when Mycroft suddenly stood and took off his jumper then sat back down. He grabbed his champagne flute and drank what remained in it feeling flustered at how the jeans Mycroft wore looked so damn good on his slender body.

Dessert was absolutely delicious and if he’d been able to fit in more he would have asked for another serve. The sweet sticky wine that went with it was quite strong and after the champagne it made him feel a bit giddy.

Kate had given up trying to get Mycroft to notice her and brought the billfold out on a tray which Mycroft checked then laid a credit card upon it for the bill to be finalised.

“I do believe I’m a little bit pissed” said Greg with a grin as Mycroft texted Jeremy to collect them.

“Are you feeling a bit pissed?”

“Sherlock once challenged me to a drinking contest” said Mycroft with a smirk “I drank him under the table…..it would take far more I’m afraid to feel the effects of alcohol”

“Are you saying I’m a lightweight?” asked Greg “I don’t usually drink this kind of stuff, I normally have beer”

“Well tonight you have broadened your horizons” said Mycroft “It has done you good to eat, drink and get a little merry”

It had been nice to go out, just the two of them. They should do it more often. Three and a half hours of adult time just wining and dining. Greg rose and pulled on his jacket and let Mycroft guide him through the restaurant with an arm around his waist and then into the waiting car.
The short drive home was silent as was the house when they entered. Mycroft’s phone chirped and he apologised saying he needed to take the call and went back outside.

Greg checked on the kids and found them all asleep; Meg wasn’t in her cot but tucked up fast asleep with Bridget in the spare bed in Meg’s room.

He hung up his leather jacket and jumper then kicked off his shoes looking over his shoulder as Mycroft came in to the walk in robe and also hung up his jacket and jumper and bent to toe his shoes off. Greg bit his lip and couldn’t help appreciating the view of his mate’s arse clad in those flattering jeans and grabbed a handful of that rounded bum and squeezed making Mycroft startle and whip around.

He could later blame it on the champagne but right now he was a little pissed, his daughter wasn’t in their bed, they were alone and his mate looked rather delectable in those casual clothes. He couldn’t even remember the last time he’d had normal sex it had been so long. Mycroft’s cheeks went pink as Greg reached out and started unbuttoning the blue checked shirt.

“Gregory it’s too soon for us to…..” began Mycroft in a low voice.

“No, after a week the Omega body is fully healed and able to mate and reproduce again” answered Greg “Harks back to the days where biology made up for Alpha’s stealing Omega’s from other Alpha’s. An Omega was forced into spontaneous abortion of another Alpha’s child and then nature had them ready to mate and to be bred with their new owner soon after”

“Barbarians…..I am not a barbarian, Gregory” said Mycroft.

“I didn’t say I was ready for penetrative sex, but we could, you know, fool around” said Greg untucking Mycroft’s shirt so he could undo the rest of the buttons.

His mate didn't raise any objection to that suggestion.
More dessert

Chapter Summary

Dinner, Champagne, Dessert.....then more dessert.

Mycroft swallowed as his mate finished unbuttoning his shirt. From the moment he had seen Gregory coming towards the table in those tight trousers, fitted jumper, leather jacket and sporting that earring he’d been aroused. He looked roguish and Mycroft could well imagine him astride a motorbike which had distracted him no end with the delightful images that had popped up in his mind. How that stupid Omega at the restaurant thought she could compete with his mate was laughable.

He really should deter his mate from going any further, the older man was slightly intoxicated and his inhibitions were lowered thus his decision making was skewed but he was finding that he could deny his mate little. After all, wasn’t it the duty of an Alpha to see to his Omega’s needs and wants? Fool around. He wasn’t even quite sure what that entailed, he’d never fooled around before….with previous partners there had been some foreplay before they’d had intercourse.

It would be wise to just let Gregory take the lead and he would follow, he wasn’t going to pass up some intimate time with his mate while they had the rare chance to be alone. All of this was more than he dared hoped for when he’d first approached the Omega to suggest the arrangement. To be granted access to his body in a heat for the purpose of creating pups of his own had been more than generous of Gregory, but to also be sought out to have normal sex without reservation or hesitation was truly unexpected and welcome.

His shirt dropped to the wardrobe floor and Mycroft could do little to hide the obvious erection inside the jeans Anthea had selected. She had assured him his mate would find them pleasing though Mycroft had found them dreadfully revealing, too low on his hips and way outside his normal conservative attire. Anthea had been correct, his mate found them very pleasing and he made a mental note to ask her to buy more in various colours to wear at home.

Gregory pulled his own shirt over his head without bothering with buttons and tossed it aside, the Omega simply closed the space between them to embrace him. Mycroft closed his eyes at the skin on skin contact and breathed in the fragrance of their mingled scents, taking a moment to enjoy the warmth and closeness of his mate’s body. His inner Alpha now knowing that the Omega was his soul mate whined and rolled over, Mycroft snorted inwardly……he was a whipped bitch indeed now.

“C’mon, let’s make use of our bed while we have it to ourselves” said Gregory moving back and Mycroft followed as he walked out of the walk in robe. He felt his face grow warm as Gregory sashayed his hips like the server had at the restaurant. Mycroft watched his lovely bottom in those tight trousers as he walked, finding it terribly erotic having his mate use his Omega wiles to seduce him…..though he had never employed the tactics of Alpha’s to seduce an Omega he had seen it in action plenty of times……the probability he had calculated was 93% success, 6% a slap to the face and 1% indifference.

Just a small release of his pheromones then he drew himself up and let out a little of his inner Alpha that happily leapt up to throw his shoulders back and then warily approach the Omega who looked
over his tattooed shoulder at him. Little more pheromones as he circled his prey slowly pushing out his hips to draw attention to his Alpha virility trying to bust though the material of the jeans. Yes, the Omega looked at what he was offering, just a little dash more of his pheromones…..he didn’t want to asphyxiate him……just wanted to attract his attentions……now all that was left to do was……

Mycroft let out a very undignified yelp as he toppled over, his back bounced on the mattress as he was very suddenly swooped upon and found himself under his mate who had clambered over him. No slap to the face or indifference here then, Alpha seduction successful. Though it was usually the Alpha who would be the aggressor and not the Omega……but then his mate had hardly been the stereotypical Omega……he hoped when they were more comfortable in their relationship sexually that his mate was open to non-traditional sexual behaviours and would be receptive to mounting and taking him.

He had no interest in an Alpha doing so, but Mycroft had always desired to be taken by an Omega but had never submitted to one to allow it. It was an act considered more shameful that an Alpha submitting to another Alpha though his parents had let Sherrinford, himself and Sherlock know as they grew up they didn’t care what went on in the privacy of peoples homes as long as they were happy and the relationship was a healthy and loving one which had made him wonder about his own parents relationship behind closed doors. His father was an Alpha but Mummy wore the pants bossing and clucking over him, the love and respect between them was undeniable.

Mycroft’s musing was forgotten as fingers trailed across his abdomen, sucking in his breath when Gregory’s lips followed them. He closed his eyes and relaxed feeling a bit of a selfish Alpha just lying back and giving his mate free rein of doing what he liked to him, it was quite lazy of him really but as the older man dipped his tongue in his belly button that sent shivers down into his cock he thought he could be selfish and lazy just this once.

It had never felt like this with the few others he’d had sex with, yes there had been touching to ensure adequate arousal to facilitate an orgasm but it had been perfunctory and largely impersonal. He had no idea that the tops of his hips were so sensitive when then were nibbled at, that he liked his chest hair tugged lightly or having barely there touches to the insides of his wrists felt lovely. He couldn’t believe his cock reacted at the way Gregory fellated his fingers, remembering the morning he’d pleasured him in such a way and moaning softly at the simulated act.

He wasn’t particularly sensitive on his nipples though it was pleasant to have them touched with fingers and mouth. He was, however, very sensitive to having his throat and neck touched which his mate took every advantage of……..nipping, licking, kissing and biting until he was almost on the brink of coming in his jeans and scared he was making an unholy racket that would wake the children.

His mate sat back across his waist with a smug expression. Mycroft reached up and cupped the back of his head to bring him down, wanting one of his lovely kisses and wasn’t disappointed. Very quickly the soft kisses turned ardent, Mycroft’s knees went weak as Gregory made love to his mouth with his lips and tongue……..it was nonsensical but perhaps his heritage was responsible for his devastating proficiency in French kissing.

When his mate finally halted his sensual assault on his lips Mycroft could without doubt now say he understood the term snogged stupid for he did watch on stupidly as his mate took out a brand new and unopened bottle of lubrication gel from under the various contents in the drawer of his bedside table.

Mycroft lifted up his hips as both his jeans and underwear were peeled off him and thrown aside to the floor, his mate’s trousers and boxers joined them. He hissed as the cold lubricant that smelled of
strawberries plopped onto his cock as his mate squirted it on his then Mycroft’s but warmed up quickly. Mycroft caught on what his mate intended and opened his legs so that it made it easier for Gregory and watched as the older man fitted his larger hand around as much of their combined cocks as he could.

His head dropped back onto the mattress, exhaling a shaky breath at the pressure and slick slide pressed against the silky skin of another cock and hand that wasn’t his own.

“Good?” asked his mate also a little breathless too.

Mycroft could only nod, it was very good.

He let his hands slide down to his mate’s chest, the small mounds had almost gone flat again now that Meg had decided to wean again. Hesitantly he stroked his thumb over one of those beautiful dusky nipples expecting to be told not to touch, instead his mates hips stuttered and he moaned softly. Taking that as permission to fondle, he gently stroked both of them to pointed nubs which his mate clearly very much liked by the closed eyes and expression of pleasure on his face.

Mycroft’s breath hitched in his throat as Gregory twisted his hand and his frenulum caught on the edges of his fingers just so.

“Close…..so close…..” moaned his mate, his eyes opening for a moment to look at Mycroft before his whole body shuddered “My….god, My”

It was lovely to watch his mate’s screwed up face with slack jaw as he came, unlike when he’d been in heat he wasn’t overly vocal but his evident pleasure brought his own climax to the fore and unfortunately he wasn’t as quiet as his mate as he added to the warm mess that coated his belly, not really caring that they would probably be stuck together when Gregory slumped on top of him and nosed his mates hair putting his arms around him.

He quite liked his mate calling him My too.
Charlotte brushed her hair and gave her reflection the once over again before she skipped out of her bedroom down to the kitchen. It was only three days to Christmas and the house was beautifully decorated, the tree stood in their lounge rather than the formal lounge and already there were two gaily wrapped gifts under the tree that had been given to her Dad from people at work. Last year hadn’t been much of a Christmas but this year it was going to be SPECTACULAR!

This year there would be lots of guests as her Dad and Mycroft hosted Christmas lunch. She counted them all, 25 plus their family. She giggled at her Dad who was putting melted chocolate on freshly baked Florentines and badly singing a cheerful rendition of Jingle Bells. He’d been baking since that morning – Florentines, Shortbread, French Jellies, Fudges…..he was a fantastic cook and even Natalia was helping as she would be going home to spend Christmas with her own family for four days. Bridget was also going home.

Her Dad had just finished the Florentines when Mycroft walked into the kitchen surprising her Dad.

“You’re home early” said her Dad.

“Yes, I am” said Mycroft pinching a piece of the Rum Fudge “Have we bought a cat, Gregory?”

“A cat?” asked her Dad quizzically “Why would I buy a cat, I don’t even like cats”

“Oh, it’s just, as I came in the house I could have sworn I heard caterwauling like a cat had its tail stood upon” said Mycroft nibbling at the fudge. "Mmmm, this is very good"

Charlotte stifled a snigger at the obvious poke at her Dad’s terrible singing.

“Really?” asked her Dad with a deadpan expression “Maybe we have a phantom barnyard hiding in the house, I could have sworn I heard a turkey gobbling early this morning in your office…..of course it's good, I cooked it”

Mycroft paused in nibbling the fudge.

“A gobbling turkey?” asked Mycroft “My enunciation of Afrikaans does not sound like a gobbling turkey, Gregory”

At that moment Bridget came in with Meg rugged up ready to go out.

“Nutmeg honey, what sound does a turkey make?” asked her Dad.

“Gobble…..gobble…..gobble” chortled her sister clapping her mitten clad hands.

“Very well, touché Gregory” said Mycroft with an exaggerated sigh.
Her Dad grinned and winked at her.

“So what’s going on?” he asked Mycroft “You are home early and the kids are dressed to go out”

“Top Secret Christmas business” said Mycroft “I could tell you, but then I’d have to kill you”

“Arse” snorted her Dad tossing a tea-towel at Mycroft “Come along then Mr Bond, I’ll walk you out”

Once in the car Charlotte looked out the window at her Dad and Mycroft still talking at the front door. Her Mum and Dad had never acted this way with each other, like in the kitchen her parents never had a bit of fun like that, Mum would have just told Dad to shut up.

“Kissing eww, gross” muttered Becks rolling her eyes but Charlotte grinned as her Dad pecked a kiss on Mycroft’s mouth. “Somebody poke my eyes out”

If that grossed Becks out then goodness only knows how she would feel if she’d heard what Charlotte had heard the other night when she had woken busting to use the toilet then went to get a glass of water from the kitchen. The Master bedroom was the other end of the house just down from the kitchen, the door had been pulled to and not actually closed so she could see the light was on which meant her Dad and Mycroft were back from having dinner. She had gone down and put her hand up to knock intending to ask how their dinner went.

She had frozen, hand in the air when she heard noises……her feet wouldn’t move for several moments and she had stood there face hot and probably blazing red. Her Dad and Mycroft were being intimate outside of heats, and by the sound of it both of them were very much enjoying it. She had run, snatching her drink off the kitchen bench and jumped back into bed stifling her mortified giggles in her quilt. She was very glad her Dad and Mycroft were happy with each other but now took a glass to bed with her and filled it up in the bathroom so she didn’t need to venture near the kitchen at night again.

Getting out of the warm car Charlotte shivered at an icy cold blast and reckoned snow would be falling very soon, but once inside Harrods it was lovely and warm.

“Now, buy your father something nice and we will meet back here in exactly one hour” said Mycroft taking out his wallet. Charlotte was astounded at the two hundred and fifty pounds he gave each of them, and Bridget for Meg. “Please do not leave the store”

Harrods was glorious. She had heard about it but had never been inside it. She wandered around browsing at things, it was so large! Charlotte took the lift to the different levels, admiring the Christmas décor and festive feel. A very nice Omega helped her to pick out a nice cologne for her Dad, buying a Giorgio Armani one…..he’d never had expensive cologne and paying 155 pounds for a bottle of cologne seemed very extravagant. She wanted to buy Mycroft something nice with the rest of the money she had and picked out a charcoal grey tie that was embossed with lighter grey that looked classy.

Having ten minutes left before having to meet up she went to the books for a quick look at the teen section to see what was new.

“Mmmm, now what do we have here, are you all alone……a pretty Omega like you, hello gorgeous”

Charlotte turned around, there were three of them. Alpha’s a couple of years older that were looking at her like a piece of meat and acting like they were every Omega’s gift.
“Hey there, got something for you I know you’ll like” said the dark haired one whose blue eyes looked mean and nasty.

She turned back to the books to ignore them. There were very few people in the book department and she was beginning to get frightened.

The knot heads didn’t like being ignored and moved in closer to her.

“Stuck up bitch, you’d change your tune with my knot up your cunt” hissed one of them filthily.

Charlotte slapped a hand away that grabbed her breast hard from behind and whirled around.

“Go away and leave me alone” she shouted trembling with fear now.

“Slut, playing hard to get, you’re all the same” spat the dark haired one pushing her against the bookshelf and trying to grope up under her coat.

“Get your fucking hands off her!”

An older man, an Alpha, in a dark suit growled heading towards them and she spotted Mycroft barely a step behind him with an expression on his face that made her knees shake.

The dark haired one stepped back from her a scant two inches and sneered.

“Fuck off and find your own Omega boys…….”

Mycroft snatched the Alpha up by his lapels like a rag doll and dragged him away from Charlotte and shook him like a dog.

“Boys? Think you are the big Alpha harassing and assaulting a 16 year old Omega that is half your size” snarled Mycroft beyond furious “Nobody, but nobody puts their hands on my daughter without her consent you animal”

The other two Alphas with him tried to flee but there were two suited Alpha’s who grabbed them as Mycroft punched the dark haired one in the jaw with a terrible growl of anger.

There was the sound of bones crunching and the Alpha fell to the floor and didn’t move.

It was all too much and she suddenly felt light headed and started shaking.

“Oh Charlotte, come here sweetheart” said Mycroft pulling her gently into his arms and cuddling her.

Security came demanding to know what was going on and Mycroft took out a slim card holder from inside his suit and flipped it open to show the security people a card that seemed to make them scared.

“There’s the matter with Lola?” asked her sister Maddie demandingly of Mycroft.

“Alpha scum” growled Mycroft “They are being dealt with”

“What the hell?” Maddie snarled sounding like a protective Alpha just like Mycroft. “I hope you
knocked the fuck out of the Alpha”

“Of course I did” growled Mycroft “Language Madison”

Mycroft put her in the backseat of the car with him, did her seatbelt on the put his arm around her to draw her close and she hiccupped a sob.

“Hush now, you are safe here with me” said Mycroft softly and gently stroked her hair “You did nothing wrong, they were in the wrong”

She nuzzled into his side and breathed in his Alpha scent and let it imprint over the top of her mother’s. Her mother would have told her it was her fault she’d been attacked and to grow up. But Mycroft had done what her mother wouldn’t have, he was not her biological parent but he was the Alpha that would protect and defend her…….he’d accepted all of them as his children regardless of the fact he hadn’t fathered them.

Yes, she was very glad that Mycroft Holmes had come into their lives and that Caroline Lestrade was no longer a part of it.

She did wonder later who the other two Alpha's in suits were, what the card was that Mycroft had shown security and how he had known exactly where she was.
Christmas Morning

Chapter Summary

Christmas morning finds the family gathered around the tree, a few unexpected surprises for all and an overwhelmed Omega.

Greg woke as a mobile phone jingled, closing his eyes again when it was Mycroft's and not his. His mate shifted and yawned answering the call. Sleepily, Greg burrowed under the quilt where it was warm and toasty. Mycroft spoke to the other person on the end of the phone in one of the Asian languages; he had no idea what time the younger man had come to bed. Mycroft had needed to go in to work to deal with something and had missed out on laying out the presents under the tree. It would be Megs first Christmas understanding the jolly fellow in red had delivered presents with the help of his reindeer.

He should get up with having so much to do and take the quiet time before the kids got up to enjoy a nice cup of tea in peace before the bedlam started for the day. With so many people coming and a dining table too small to seat everyone he’d gone with a buffet style lunch where people could help themselves. He fumbled under the covers and found Mycroft’s hand, slender fingers twined with his and he gave a squeeze as a silent good morning not wanting to disturb his call and his mate squeezed his hand back.

Showering and dressing quickly, he left Mycroft to his call and made himself a cuppa and put one of his Florentines on a plate. He went to the kid’s lounge where the Christmas tree was, he wanted to take a look at it one last time before the kids hauled out their gifts and tossed paper everywhere. Greg skidded to a halt at the extra presents that had been added under the tree after he had put the others out. It seemed his mate had smuggled more in during the night that were wrapped in shiny paper and adorned with ribbons.

He sat on the sofa, eating the Florentine and drinking his cuppa watching the twinkling coloured lights until he was unable to refrain any longer, he picked up one of the shiny wrapped ones and he opened the tag on the small square box that was labelled to Charlotte from Mycroft in the younger man’s elegant scrawl.

“Snooping Gregory?” asked Mycroft making Greg jump and he put the present back quickly.

“No” replied Greg turning around and trying to look innocent.

Mycroft had also showered and was dressed in THOSE denim jeans again with a brown checked shirt that was untucked. He looked positively scruffy for Mycroft who had left for work the previous evening in a smart black pinstripe and not a hair out of place.

“You do know that Father Christmas has a naughty and nice list” said Mycroft in amusement “Do you think you are on the naughty or nice list, Gregory?”

Greg grinned then winked at his mate,

“Definitely naughty…….being naughty has its perks, don’t you think?” he said suggestively “Merry
Christmas, My”

Mycroft’s ears went pink at the innuendo.

Greg had made plans to wrap himself in just a ribbon so his mate could unwrap him as an early present last night but work had thwarted those plans……plans that were now forwarded to this evening……lazy Christmas sex to top off what promised to be a wonderful day sounded divine.

Greg reached out and put an arm around his mate’s waist and Mycroft drew him into an embrace.

“Merry Christmas, Gregory”

Mycroft never initiated physical contact between them but always quite willingly received Greg’s attentions. He was glad he didn’t have an Alpha who groped when the touches were not wanted, or that a simple hug had to lead to sex. Mycroft’s feelings on the matter were more than explicit when Lola had told him her version of what had happened during the shopping trip. He was happy to know that anyone who wrongly looked at their pups or inappropriately touched without permission would be dealing with one very pissed off and protective Alpha.

His mate bent his head a little as Greg lifted his chin to kiss him. Mycroft readily parted his lips, quite keen for an adult type kiss. His mate was the model of propriety in that no more than quick chaste kisses and touches were displayed in front of the children and any more was done away from young eyes. However that morning their kissing had indeed been witnessed by five pairs of eyes and Mycroft immediately ceased trying to find Greg’s tonsils, moving back and clearing his throat when a voice spoke interrupting them.

“Ewwww, get a room” groaned Becks

“Kissy kissy” observed Meg then squealed in excitement spotting the presents under the tree “Santa been!”

Greg snickered softly at the blush on Mycroft’s face and his shy expression at having been caught kissing.

“Well, bog in then kids, let’s see what Santa has brought” whooped Greg and the kids dived in. Greg took the obligatory happy snaps with his digital camera that he’d already put in the lounge ready for the morning.

“Please open the ones with the red ribbons last” requested Mycroft.

The kids passed over his and Mycroft’s gifts which Greg liked to open once the kids had done theirs and his mate put his aside too.

Last Christmas had been thin on presents and the kids hadn’t got much from him at all though their grandparents, aunts and uncles had bought practical things that would help them out. It didn’t take long for the five kids to mow through the gifts. He was thankful to Mycroft. He hated to even think about where he and the pups would be this Christmas had this arrangement not been suggested. This Christmas he was fortunate with five happy children who had stability, a roof over their heads, no ex-mate making life hell, an Alpha who was decent and kind, a gorgeous Christmas tree and later today, a large family who would join them. He hoped that once again he and Mycroft were blessed and had a sixth pup to join with them Christmas day next year.

Clothes, toys, books and an assortment of opened gifts were strewn around the rug in front of the Christmas tree. There were family presents now left under the tree as well as the five Mycroft had put under the tree plus a large envelope and a round shaped gift with Greg’s name on it.
When Lola passed four same sized square boxes wrapped in the shiny paper with red ribbons to her sisters Greg watched on, dying to see what Mycroft had bought them. Nate helped Meg with hers.

Inside the boxes stamped Pandora were four gold rope bracelets each with a two tone gold and silver charm with a delicate snowflake on them. He’d seen the bracelets in jewellers when he’d window shopped for Christmas and swallowed at the expense his mate had gone to, he knew Christmas wasn’t about the money that was spent but about thoughtfulness of the gift itself. That he considered his daughters special enough to buy them such stunning jewellery made his heart flutter.

Though Meg was too young to appreciate the gift yet and was more interested in the red ribbons Greg could see that his three older daughters were very surprised and just a bit speechless as they took them out of the boxes.

“They’re beautiful!” said Maddie who had always been his tomboy and rose to go to Mycroft to put it on her wrist and gave him a hug. Her twin did the same and Lola even gave him a kiss on the cheek. Meg was always happy to cuddle with Mycroft, navigating her way through ripped paper and presents after Nate had murmured at her to clamber up on his lap and stand up on his thighs to throw her arms around his neck.

Nate’s was a large box along with a smaller box taped to it. He tore off the paper, his eyes going wide at what he found.

“Whoa, no way!” Nate shouted in disbelief, his face truly shocked and surprised as he went to the smaller box and tore off that paper too “This is just too awesome!”

His son was now the owner of a brand new Xbox 360 console with an array of games to play with gaming headphones and extra controllers. Caroline had refused to let Nate have any gaming consoles like his friends had, not for any particular reason other than to be spiteful. Greg knew if he’d gone against her she would smash it up and toss it in the bin.

“Thank you, Mycroft…..this is just too awesome!” said Nate excitedly tripping over his feet as he gave Mycroft a quick hug the dashing back to his bounty “Your turn!”

One by one Mycroft opened his gifts from the children exhorting his pleasure in each and every one of them and was especially fond of the lovely tie that Lola had bought him, claiming it would go perfectly with his black pinstripe. He’d left Greg’s gifts until last. Greg nervously watched as Mycroft methodically opened the first small box, he hoped the younger man liked what he had bought. Greg had found them in an antique store he’d once visited when one of the employees had been a witness to a homicide and he had returned, choosing carefully knowing his mate was very fussy with his appearance.

Greg swallowed when Mycroft opened the first box that contained a set of gold Gothic sapphire cufflinks from the 1920’s then laid the box aside without a word and began to open the second box silently. He had fucked up, his mate hated them……..The second box had an 1857 gold, diamond and ruby Victorian tie pin. Mycroft too laid it beside the cufflink box and Greg wanted to flee as his mate turned to him and took his hand.

“Thank you Gregory, they are truly lovely and your taste in antiques is exquisite” said Mycroft “I couldn’t have chosen better myself and I am touched by your thoughtfulness”

Relieved Greg beamed at his mate words. No matter what Greg had ever bought Caroline the ungrateful bitch had always had a criticism.

“Yours now, Dad” said Nate who was handling one of his Xbox games.
Greg started opening his pile, his haul of gifts coming from Harrods and included socks, ties, cologne that smelled deliciously spicy, DVD’s, books, music CD’s, Tardis mug, a soft woollen grey scarf and another in blue, warm fleecy gloves and a new Tottenham Hotspur jumper with matching beanie. He hugged each of his pups their presents were opened, almost in tears at the numerous gifts.

Last came the round one from Mycroft and the mysterious envelope. Mycroft gave him the round one first. He wasn’t as pedantic unwrapping presents like his mate and tore the paper off it. The box was embossed with Tiffany & Co, a name most people knew. He opened the box and gasped at the beautiful gold ID bracelet engraved with his name and simple gold band that was dotted with diamonds around its face.

“Do you like it?” asked Mycroft shyly taking the bracelet out of the box and turning it over to show him more engraving on the back.

**Yours Always, Mycroft**

“Of course I do, how could I not like a present so gorgeous, I don’t have much jewellery” said Greg overwhelmed with the enchanting gifts.

Mycroft put the bracelet on his right wrist then slid the ring on fourth finger of his right hand. Aside from his watch, his old bonding ring which was now on a refuse heap somewhere, the stud and hoop earrings which he’d bought when he was single and a silver cross and chain his parents had bought him he owned nothing more.

“I know, I confess to prying through your jewellery box to see what you owned” said Mycroft “Last but not least”

Mycroft gave him the large envelope. Inside he found a first class return air ticket to Paris for a weekend in mid-January, a brand new passport (Caroline had destroyed his the day she had walked out) a booking for the Empire Suite for two nights at the Four Seasons for both himself and Mycroft and a booking for a 3 hour spa in the hotel. Under that was a folder which he opened and inside found the title deeds to the property in Camden solely in his name that had been drawn up by a lawyer.

Greg slapped a hand over his mouth when he saw the value of the property, the tears that had threatened when he’d open his pups gifts now pricked at his eyes and spilled over.

“Gregory?” asked Mycroft, voice laced with concern and worry.

Overwhelmed by it all he choked out a sob and fled, mentally berating himself for acting like a pathetic teary Omega, and locked himself in the bathroom. He ignored the knock on the door and his mate calling his name from the other side.
Mycroft shivered, after the warmth of the house it was blasted freezing outside even with his coat on. He’d snuck out for a cigarette after assisting Nathaniel in connecting the X-box to the television in his room; he desperately needed one, and a tot of Brandy wouldn’t have gone astray either. It had taken nearly 20 minutes for Gregory to open the bathroom door and Mycroft had felt an absolute shit though he had no idea what he had done to bring his mate to tears then bolt off, upsetting one’s mate was not a pleasant business at all.

Of course, Mycroft had immediately enfolded his mate in his arms the moment the door opened, petting Gregory and asking forgiveness for whatever he had done to distress him so. Gregory had said Mycroft had done nothing wrong and had told him he was just being silly and emotional. It was one of those times that as an Alpha he couldn’t fathom the intricacies of the Omega mind or their rapidly changing emotions though that sounded quite sexist. His mate was of tough mettle but like any Omega, inherent behaviour won out at times.

Gregory was now in the kitchen having ushered Mycroft out so he could prepare lunch for their guests. He was more than happy to help the older man though he was quite useless in a kitchen if truth be told. Mycroft had learned his mate was an excellent cook, lunch would be an epicurean feasting of traditional English fare and he knew his own Mother would be most impressed with her new son-in-laws culinary skills.

He grimaced pulling at the jeans that were trying to crawl up his bum, he’d donned them in the hope he could entice his mate into more sex tonight. Yesterday he had planned to conveniently forget his pyjamas when he took his shower and then would go back to fetch them with just a towel on him so as to invite attention but of course work and dealing with crypto chatter that suggested plans we afoot in several Commonwealth countries to simultaneously assassinate Prime Ministers sometime in the coming months, his people were now both at Vauxhall and in the field seeking out further information. At this time they had confirmation of both the Canadian and Australian Prime Ministers as targets and liaising had begun with their relative security and intelligence services.

Mycroft quickly hid the cigarette behind his back as his parents car came up the driveway taking another quick puff when Mummy was getting out then discarding it under his shoe. His father shook his head at him with a roll of eyes. He strode to the car, helping her with large gift bags of presents and a basket full of produce from the garden in Sussex.

“Hello Mikey, have you been smoking those filthy things again?” she asked with a tut after he kissed
her cheek “And why aren’t you helping your mate with lunch preparations instead of standing out here filling your lungs with tar?”

“Gregory ejected me from the kitchen, declining my offer of help” said Mycroft “He probably knows like most Alphas I am sadly lacking skills that extend beyond making a good pot of tea and a bit of toast”

“Codswallop” said Mummy “If you can master a foreign language in four hours then putting together a nice roast is child’s play Myc”

Mycroft sighed.

“Mycroft is the name you gave me, could you possible struggle all the way to the end?” he said under his breath.

Mummy fixed him with a look that meant business.

“You just remember, my boy, that you are never too old to be put across my knee for cheek” she said wagging her finger then walking away to the house.

Mycroft raised his eyebrows. His mother had never put any of them across her knee to be disciplined.

“Even after all these years, when she gets that look I find it unbelievably hot” remarked his father.

Mycroft glanced at his father who gazing at his mother in a way he wished he disinfect from his brain, he so did not need to know that.

“Too much information, Dad” said Mycroft wrinkling his nose as they both followed her to the house.

After being outside the house was warmly welcoming and filled with delicious smells of cooking. His mother had already rounded up the children and once again shredded Christmas paper adorned the rug as presents were opened. Mycroft was pleased with the manners the pups displayed thanking his parents for their gifts, and Mycroft himself was chuffed with the new silk handkerchiefs for the breast pockets of his suits and matching ties. He had to hide his smile as his mate declared the five shirts he was given were given much nicer than the others he owned, Gregory was totally oblivious to the fact that the garments that his father had likely commissioned had been made by the family tailor on Bond Street.

His mother disappeared into the kitchen with his mate and Mycroft and his father partook of a tea party with Megan who had invited other guests that included Paddington Bear and a pink pig Gregory had bought her called Peppa. Mycroft scowled at his brothers amused smirk when he flounced in seeing him holding a bright pink Princess tea cup and saucer and being plied with plastic chocolate chip cookies then smirked himself as Megan presented William with a purple tea cup and saucer complete with a plastic Bakewell Tart.

When John came in and plonked himself next to William it took him exactly three seconds to deduce that finally……finally the pair of them had sorted themselves out though a bonding had not taken place as yet. Unfortunately, with that came the unwelcome deduction that before they had come for lunch they had once, no twice fornicated with each other…..in the shower and then on…..Mycroft shuddered making a mental note never to sit in John’s chair again at their flat.

“Do shut up, Mycroft” muttered his brother deducing what Mycroft had been deducing.
John looked between them, as always an expression of confusion on features then going bright red as he caught on.

Mycroft silently sent an offer of congratulations to his brother and William quirked his cheek in a thank you.

Once the tea party had concluded and Meg had drawn both William and John into reading one of her books to her, Mycroft went to the kitchen to seek out his mate. The kitchen smelled divine and his mouth watered at the fat, juicy goose that sat on a serving platter.

“There you go Mikey, make yourself useful and take that to the dining table” instructed his mother also having donned an apron and was putting whipped cream on top of a delectable looking trifle his mate had created. The dining room table had been festooned with a red and green chevron striped tablecloth and two simple centrepieces of poinsettia flowers with gold baubles which was where he put the serving platter.

Already there was food making an appearance, on the dining table was a ham and piece of pork with perfectly cooked crackling he was tempted to pull off and crunch between his teeth. On the sideboard were the sweets that Gregory had made – fudges, Florentines, shortbread, French jellies, fruit mince pies and a Christmas cake that Mummy had provided. Mycroft had seen to the drinks trolley, there was an assortment of scotch, brandy, port, sherry and rum plus he’d bought various mixed beers, pre-mixed drinks, fruit juices and fizzy drinks. White wine was chilling in the refrigerator and red wine was decanting on a kitchen bench and he could put together a mulled wine if anybody wished.

His mother came trotting in with a platter of stuffing taken from inside the goose and one that had been cooked separately and cut into neat uniform slices.

“Mikey your mate is an absolute treasure” complimented his mother “Whilst I don’t believe in Omega’s being the dogsbody of an Alpha it is lovely to see an Omega who can cook properly…..and the old fashioned way….I must say I cringe when I hear of pre-packaged foods or take-away’s eaten on Christmas Day when a home baked lunch is far more delicious and rewarding….Gregory has outdone himself”

With that she was off again and Mycroft couldn’t help smile at her words. This time last year he had been stuck at work sorting out a mess between Secret Service and the CIA, one of the goldfish had managed to rustle up some Chinese takeaway from somewhere for lunch and dinner had been a greasy portion of fish and chips

The doorbell rang and Mycroft heard voices that must be Gregory’s family having arrived. He smoothed down his hair and debated on tucking his shirt, suddenly wishing he was in one of his suits of armour. He gave his mate a brief amount of time to greet his family first then nervously he walked to the entrance hall where his mate beamed at him then linked his arm through Mycroft’s elbow, the chatter having ceased.

“I’d like you lot to meet Mycroft” said Gregory “Maman and Papa are still on the way”

There were a few moments of butterflies beating a flurry in his stomach as he grew nervous in the silence while he was stared at……he had been less nervous and anxious the time a sniper in Iran had taken pot shots at him while on an assignment for Her Majesty than standing there being assessed by his mate’s family. Of course he had already read through files put together by Anthea on all of his mate’s family to ensure there were no nasty surprises……plus he had to ensure for security reasons that he could not be compromised in any way. Thankfully the entire Lestrade clan checked out without any problems.
“My, this is my oldest sister Stephanie and her mate Louis……they have Hannah, Alex, Ben and Katie who are 17, 15, 15, and 13” said Gregory. Stephanie looked nothing like Gregory apart from her brown eyes and he discerned that her hair had been coloured to a dirty blonde. Stephanie was an interior designer and Louis was a Midwife.

“Nice to meet you at last, Mycroft” said Stephanie stepping forward to press a kiss to each of his cheeks in greeting, startled when Louis did the same bucking all formal etiquette between non mated Alphas and Omegas. Louis’ mother was Jamaican and his father Welsh and his mixed heritage made him a very beautiful looking Omega with his exotic skin colour and features…..Mycroft glanced at Stephanie to ensure that no boundaries had been overstepped and found her to be not concerned in the least.

“My younger brother David and his mate Zoe…..and Aliyah, Jayden and Christian who are 13, 10 and 9” said Gregory. David looked like a younger version of his mate but was shorter and more slight like many Omegas, he worked in computers and communication systems……Zoe was muscular and very much what one expected to be a Private Trainer to look like.

It would appear the Lestrade family were all demonstrative when both Gregory's Omega brother and Alpha mate kissed each of his cheeks too.

“And this is my younger sister Emma and her mate Sarah…..this is Skylar and Peyton who are 9 and 6” said his mate “Plus of course ‘The Bump’”

Emma and Sarah also kissed his cheeks welcoming him to the family.

“No longer ‘The Bump’, we are having another girl so we have named her Persephone” said Sarah rubbing her fat belly. The blond haired blue eyed Omega was very petite; she ran a home business making and selling hand crafted children’s wear and was a temporary nursery school teacher that filled in when other teachers were sick or on leave. Emma was a ginger with freckles like himself and both the pups had her colouring too……she worked in the banking industry. Gregory had once told him that the family joke was that the Alpha postman who had been a ginger had once ducked in to deliver the mail personally to his Dad and out popped Emma…..of course an Alpha knew when a child was theirs or not, an Omega could not lie about parentage nor could an Alpha deny it.

Mycroft liked the name from Greek Mythology……Persephone was the daughter of Zeus and Demeter and had been a Queen, albeit Queen of the Underworld.

“Lovely to meet you all and welcome to our home” said Mycroft.

Mycroft inwardly cringed, he sounded like a posh twat with a stick wedged up his bottom.

“Cor, he sounds like the Queen…..are you related to the Queen Uncle Mycroft?” asked Peyton with interest.

Sarah looked mortified at her daughter’s inquisitiveness.

“Sadly, no, but I have met the Queen several times” said Mycroft truthfully, in fact he had taken tea and lemon barley water with her on numerous occasions. Her Majesty was quick witted with quite the sense of humour and partial to Eccles Cakes* this seemed to satisfy the young pup who joined with her sister and cousins to find Charlotte, Nathaniel, Madison, Rebecca and Megan.

Louis, David and Sarah hurried off to the kitchen and he was left with the three Alphas’ of the Lestrad families.

Ah yes, he had expected this…..he too would be having a quiet word with John about Sherlock.
“I don’t think it really needs to be said that we will be very disappointed if our Greg has mated to another Caroline who will treat him badly” said Stephanie “We respected his wishes to stay out of his business solely because that bitch did not physically abuse the pups though as a parent and mate she failed miserably. She put them through hell and we have trusted his judgment in accepting another mate”

“Caroline is no longer a problem to either Gregory or any of the children” said Mycroft “I can assure you that my own mother would beat me to an inch of my life if I ever raised a hand to an Omega or defenceless pups…..my mate is an equal and will be afforded the respect any decently raised Alpha extends to their Omega…..similarly all our pups regardless of biology will be treated the same and I will rip the throat out of anyone who dares to harm them in any way”

There was a tense silence for a few moments.

“Well, familial formalities dispensed let’s do the presents” said Stephanie cheerfully looking much like her brother when she smiled “Whatever Greg is cooking smells fabulous, can’t wait for lunch!”

Next it was his turn to introduce Sherrinford and Olivia to Gregory along with 8 year old Grace and 6 year old Madeline who were more interested in the prospect of meeting new cousins and dashed off.

“So do you possess a massive brain and vast intellect too?” asked his mate of his older brother.

“No, I’m the normal one” laughed Sherrinford “Standard average IQ, you have no idea what it was like having two younger brothers who spoke like Einstein by the time they were 5 years old…..Mycroft could recite the Periodic Table by the time he was 3 and could tell you the properties of each element……of course William was slow in comparison……I believe he was 4 when he could do the same”

“William was 4 and a half” corrected Mycroft “And he got Strontium incorrect, it is not an alkaline metal but an alkaline earth metal”

“Oooooooookay, I think at 4 and a half I was playing with my toy cars and making mud pies to throw at my younger sister” said Gregory with a snort.

“Oh I like him Mikey, you should bring the pups out to the farm……plenty of mud to throw around there” said Sherrinford referring to the family farm he ran in Kent.

Mycroft could see his mate was going to get along famously with his older brother as his mate asked about the farm.

Bronwyn and Gabriel Lestrade were the last to arrive. He could see where Gregory and most of the Lestrades got their eye colour; Bronwyn Lestrade had dark brown eyes that regarded him openly with warmth and friendliness and deducing that Gregory had been complimentary about him when he had talked to his parents on the phone. Similarly Gabriel Lestrade looked like an older version of his mate albeit with green eyes. Like his own parents it wasn’t difficult to see the love between them and they gifted him three very smart Lacoste polo shirts for Christmas.

Relaxed now that he had met his mate’s family, he poured himself a scotch and chatted until lunch was called. The dining table was now laden with the meats, steaming plates of roast potatoes, parsnips, sprouts, peas and carrots. There was the stuffing, gravies, cranberry sauce, apple sauce and little pigs in blankets* for the children if they didn’t want the other meats. It was truly a gastronomic feast and everyone tucked in with gusto making short work of the delicious food that was cooked to perfection……..even William who was a swine with food partook of an entire plate and John ate like
a starving dog polishing off three plates of food.

He managed to catch Gregory on his own in the kitchen and being quite forward tugged him into the hallway just outside the kitchen that lead to their wing of the house.

“I haven’t had a chance to say thank you for doing all this” said Mycroft “It has been wonderful to have a house full of people and the spread you have put on would rival any five star restaurant serving Christmas luncheon today”

“It’s been pleasure, My” said Gregory flushing with the praise then leaned in “Why don’t you show me your thanks later tonight in the privacy of our bedroom”

His inner Alpha quickly sat up and took notice excitedly. Oh dear lord, yes.

“I will be more than happy to express my appreciation, Gregory” said Mycroft huskily.

Gregory pressed their mouths together for a quick kiss but Mycroft stopped him from moving away and being forward a second time, caught his lips again wanting a proper kiss and a taste of his mate. Every kiss they had shared was unique, this one was not slow or languid or soft and sweet…..it was spur of the moment and fervent. It ignited a flame in his lower belly, Gregory’s tongue slid over his lips into his mouth and Mycroft greeted it with his own. His mate stoked the flame pulling his mouth away for a moment before bringing them back together and kissing him quite forcefully. The bite to his bottom lip that wasn’t a painful one made him want to drag his mate down to the bedroom, kick the door closed and take him up against it.

Instead it was Gregory who kept the level head and put his hands on Mycroft’s chest to separate them.

“Later” said Gregory breathlessly “We have guests and it probably wouldn’t be terribly appropriate to sneak off to boink……though I did catch your brother and John in a compromising position earlier in the front parlour when I went to fetch the Royal Doulton teacup that you have for your mother for her tea”

The thought of his brother doing anything sexual in his home took care of the problem that had risen in his jeans. He would be having words with both John and his brother before day’s end it seemed.

Indeed in just a few hours he was fairly stuffed with good food and had imbibed a few glasses of wine and a port after lunch, he couldn’t fit another bite more of trifle or plum pudding in. If nothing else all the guests had been very well fed and it appeared all the pups were firm friends, in particular Madeline and Peyton had been inseparable since they’d met and were currently playing with little coloured ponies together in Megan’s teepee.

He had no idea he had nodded off on the kid’s comfortable sofa watching one of Megan’s DVD’s with her. The combination of a belly full of food, a few drinks, warmth of the house and the fact he’d not got home until nearly 3am the previous night taking its toll

* Eccles cake is a small, round cake filled with currants and made from flaky pastry with butter, sometimes topped with demerara sugar.

*Pigs in blankets are round sausages with strips of bacon wrapped around them
Caught in the Act

Chapter Summary

John, Sherlock and Mycroft.

John rubbed his still very full stomach a few hours after having a third helping of trifle. He had to admit, Greg was one hell of a cook. He’d not eaten such a fantastic Christmas lunch like that in years. The last time he’d bothered to try and do Christmas lunch with his sister Harry and her mate Clara it had ended in disaster. With both of their parents dead and no other family he’d gone to their house on leave from the Army. He had helped Clara cook the lunch and Harry had got shitfaced drunk. Lunch had ended up plastered to walls, all over the kitchen and the dining room when the two ended up having a row about Harry’s drinking.

Clara and Harry had split up, Harry was still a drunk and was probably rats arsed right now. Clara had gone back to her parents and was currently dating another Alpha. He stayed the hell out of it, Harry was a right wanker but she hadn’t belted Clara around and Clara had always stood up to Harry anyway.

He went looking for Sherlock who had said he was going to the bathroom fifteen minutes ago. Quite a few of the adults were relaxing now and he was surprised to pass Mycroft asleep on a couch, a discarded pink pig tucked into the crook of his elbow, Paddington Bear on his shoulder and two colourful pink ponies standing on his forearm that was on the armrest. Stifling a snigger he took out his phone and took a picture then sent it to Greg.

He asked one of the many pups where the bathroom was, sticking his head in the door cautiously as the door was ajar and he didn’t want to scare the crap out of a child if they were using it.

“Finally” muttered Sherlock pulling him into the bathroom from behind the door which he snapped closed and turned the lock on the door knob “I’ve been waiting simply forever, John”

John grunted as Sherlock devoured his lips and squeezed his cock through his jeans before fumbling with button and zip.

“Sherlock, I don’t think this is a good idea………..”

John banged his head back on the wall as Sherlock sucked at his half hard cock. He’d already fucked him in the shower that morning then fucked him in his chair before leaving for Camden and sucked him off in Greg’s front parlour. His flatmate was insatiable, since coming home from the hospital that day they’d been at it up to 6 times a day…..god knows what Sherlock would be like in a heat.

Greg had already discovered them in the front parlour, simply backing out and closing the door without a word. It had been awkward going back to the lunch but Greg acted like he had seen nothing and now Sherlock wanted to risk being caught again. John bit his lips together breathing through his nose trying to not make noise. Like everything he did Sherlock gave blow jobs with devastating precision, and the sex…..guh, Sherlock was brilliant, amazing…..the younger man was very flexible, had the stamina of a racehorse and John’s thighs constantly ached. He ran a hand through the silky soft curls of the Omega he loved and closed his eyes trying to not make a sound….

He yelped as teeth bit his cock. He clutched his bitten dick in surprised shock after the bathroom
door was flung open and slammed closed. Sherlock had risen to his feet and his pale cheeks were scarlet.....as scarlet as Mycroft’s face was too. With a simple butterknife he had unlocked the door. John turned his back and stuffed himself back into his jeans wincing at the now tender skin.

“For god’s sake William this is the children’s bathroom……have you no sense of decency?” hissed Mycroft quietly so as not to attract attention outside “I am very glad you and John have at last got your shit together and begun a relationship…..I don’t care if you shag on the lawns of Buckingham Palace or in the middle of Piccadilly Circus but in future keep your sexual endeavours out of my home. Now get out”

John moved to follow Sherlock who said nothing to his older brother but stomped out of the bathroom. Mycroft stood in front of the door and snapped it shut preventing him from leaving. John stood his ground as Sherlock’s brother drew himself up, his face going cold and radiating a threatening demeanour.

“I am quite sure I don’t need to impress upon you what will happen if you hurt him, John” said Mycroft with a growl lifting a hand when John opened his mouth to speak “My brother met an Alpha many years ago, fell in love with him and wanted to bond……the Alpha put a pup in his belly. Upon being told he had fathered a child the Alpha threw him aside like a used up whore. William was heartbroken. Ten weeks into the pregnancy William miscarried the pup, I was with him through the entire ordeal……to cope with the loss of both things he loved he turned to drugs……he nearly died, John. I had thought he may never recover from it until you entered his life. If you hurt him physically, mentally or sexually I will kill you. If you run, I will hunt you, find you and kill you. I hope I have made myself clear.

Now, I do hope to welcome you as a new brother-in-law in the near future…..Mummy will be overjoyed that she will gain yet another son-in-law and will no doubt expect a litter of grandpups in her youngest son’s belly”

With that the Alpha turned around, opened the door and left the bathroom. John exhaled the breath he was holding. Mycroft was a scary bastard, he had no doubt the man would follow through with those threats. He rubbed a shaking hand across his forehead, so much about Sherlock made sense now.

He quickly left the bathroom in search of Sherlock, trying to walk normally though his cock was bloody sore and his thighs were killing him. He found his flatmate and lover in the formal lounge huddled on a recliner chair. John perched on the edge of it.

“He told you, didn’t he……about Victor, the pup and the drugs” said Sherlock flatly.

“Yes, he did……fucking prick didn’t deserve you or the pup” said John softly “I’m so sorry you went through that Sherlock and I cannot even imagine how terrible it was for you…..the drugs were a coping mechanism, I understand that”

Sherlock said nothing so John reached out and stroked a soft cheek.

“I want to bond with you Sherlock if you’ll have me” said John.

His lovers pale blue eyes turned to him.

“On one condition, John” said Sherlock “I want a house full of pups”
Showing Appreciation

Chapter Summary

Mycroft shows his appreciation to Greg once everyone goes to bed.

Chapter Notes

Ok so I have tagged this fic as being Non-traditional Alpha/Omega dynamics which gives me liberty to stray from the traditional types.....I have always had trouble comprehending male Omega's getting pregnant via anal sex and then having assbabies.....so therefore male Omega's and female Alpha's in this fic are hermaphrodite/intersex having both female and male genitalia because it makes sense to me.....hope that doesn't squick or send any of my readers fleeing.

Greg stripped off his clothes and dumped them in the hamper for dirty washing then stepped into the shower raising his face to the warm spray, finally relaxing now that it was evening and as Omega of the house had ensured everyone had been well fed. The house finally settled down around 10pm. Meg had dropped at 7 not even waking while he put her in pyjamas, she hadn’t napped today and had fallen asleep on the rug still playing with her toys.

Everyone had been ready for bed after the long day including Greg. Milly and Siger were in one of the spare guest rooms staying the night along with Sherrinford and Olivia in the other. Madeline and Grace had been put either end of the sofa in the kids lounge. Everyone else had gone home, he had promised to be at Hannah’s 18th at the end of January which Maman and Papa were going to come back again from France to attend.

Greg sighed happily. It had been a wonderful day seeing his family, his kids had enjoyed catching up with their cousins and little Madeline and Grace had slipped right in and been welcomed with opened arms. He had noticed Madeline and Peyton were joined at the hip and both had been quite upset when Peyton had to go home. He twirled the beautiful bracelet on his wrist and stretched out his fingers admiring the diamond ring; he had been utterly spoiled with gifts today and the biggest gift of all was his happy laughing children.

He washed his hair then body quickly, rinsing off the suds then brushed his teeth.

Both his parents had liked Mycroft as had his siblings and their mates He knew Steph, Zoe and Emma had done the Alpha thing and got him alone to put the hard word on him, they’d done it to Caroline who had told them to piss off. Steph had confided in him she was impressed with his new Alpha, from first impressions she had no bad vibes from him and how happy she was that he was taking very good care of him and the pups.

It had always pained him Caroline had alienated them and had made it difficult for family get together’s, always sitting on tenterhooks in case a row started……the barely disguised hostility coming from both his family and Caroline. He sneered, the miserable bitch hadn’t won despite her nastiness and spite……the text messages from her had abruptly stopped the same day he had lost the
pup…..his mate had dealt with her and didn’t want to know how…….wherever she was he hoped her Christmas had been dismal and depressing.

Turning the shower off he grabbed his bath towel to dry off quickly only putting on his deodorant not wanting to cover his natural scent with cologne. His mate was already in bed having showered first and waited for him already naked in bed, it was nice to live in a house with ducted heating…….at least he didn’t need to wear a pile of clothes to keep warm. It seemed quite fitting that their first time having proper sex together should be Christmas Day, it was like giving and receiving another gift.

He opened the bathroom door and stepped into the bedroom and took a moment to admire his mate’s long legs and nude form lying back on plumped up pillows. Mycroft’s hair was in disarray from where he had dried it with the towel and not bothered combing it. Blue eyes took in every inch of Greg’s body before Greg trod over to the end of the bed and gracefully crept up to also lay back on the pillows.

“I spoke to John and William this afternoon, I caught them at it again in the children’s bathroom…..needless to say they won’t be using our home in such a way again” said Mycroft

His mate rolled up to perch over the top of him leaning down to nuzzle at his neck, drawn to his natural scent. Mycroft was being quite uninhibited today and Greg quivered as elegant hands drifted down his arms then circled his wrists loosely to draw his arms up and brought Greg’s hands together over his head and rested them on the pillow.

“Can we not bring up John, Sherlock and sex in one sentence, its bad enough I now have an image of the pair of them in flagrante delicto in our good parlour etched on the brain” said Greg wrinkling his nose. “Now, I do believe you said you were going to express some appreciation, My”

While he was glad his friend and his new brother-in-law had at last got together, it was just a tad disturbing to walk in and unexpectedly find Sherlock with his pants around his ankles and John on his knees sucking him off.

His mate’s cheeks flushed pink with a blush as he lifted his head just a few scant inches from Greg’s face, there was also that hint of adorable shyness that Mycroft sometimes displayed. Greg was quite glad that his mate was a little nervous too about having normal sex for the first time which was much more intimate than sex during a heat because they were both not influenced by each other’s pheromones and didn't have one track minds.

There was nothing shy about the way Mycroft kissed him. He teased him with delicate faint kisses drawing away each time Greg chased his lips for a proper kiss; moving on to press the same type of kisses along his jaw then around his neck only to start again at his lips with nibbles of his teeth. The teeth on his lips and skin were intense, any form of biting was intense and Greg squirmed with ragged indrawn breaths.

“You smell delectable” murmured Mycroft coming back to his lips and this time covered them with his, he lifted his hand from behind his head wanting to touch his mate but Mycroft gently put it back on the pillow then laid his hands over both his wrists. He didn’t hold him down or lie upon him to keep him in place and knowing the Alpha would never harm him, the mere suggestion of Mycroft keeping his hands there like that while having his wicked way with him made him kiss the Alpha with a rough passion to his mouth which pulled a groan from both of them.

He slipped his hand out again to card it through Mycroft’s soft hair and gently pulled his head back with it, nipping at the slightly stubbled skin of his neck knowing how much his mate had liked it before. Like last time his mate made those little whining growls and whimpers as he lavished his
throat with nips, kisses, licks and bites; Greg felt a drop of precome splash onto his stomach from his mate's arousal and sought it out with his other hand, swiping it onto his finger and then lifting it to his mouth.

Mycroft’s eyes darkened as he licked the slightly salty fluid off his finger; there was no bitterness like the taste of Caroline’s. His mate bent and kissed him, his tongue seeking to lick over Greg’s to taste himself. A knee nudged his legs apart slightly and slender fingers touched his sex, Greg moaned as a single digit entered him gently finding him wet already. Unlike a heat there was no copious floods of pheromone laden slick, rather, the Omega body produced a small amount of lubrication to make penetration pleasant since he wasn’t swollen and open.

His mate withdrew his finger and brought it up to his own mouth and inserted the entire digit up to the knuckle, sucking on it like he had a cock in his mouth then bent and kissed him again to taste his own sweetness on Mycroft’s tongue. A gasp escaped him as the wetted finger slid up inside him again and a thumb brushed over the bundle of nerves down there below his small balls and he drew his knees up a little and let them fall to the mattress.

It was Greg’s turn to be shy as his mate sat back between his legs, feeling totally exposed as blue eyes focused on an Omega’s most sacred place on their body that looked different when not in heat. His shyness was soon forgotten; he reached up one hand to grab the pillow under his head rocking his hips as those slender fingers pushed and stroked and the other hand caressed his cock———he felt like a wanton slut spread open under his Alpha’s gaze, with a jagged breath and moan he let his other hand drift to his chest to toy with a nipple biting his lip as the flesh grew taut and his arousal grew.

The delicious touching ceased and Greg looked up into Mycroft’s face as the Alpha covered his body, his cock was hard and heavy on Greg’s stomach before he fitted himself down between his spread knees.

“Are you happy to stay in this position or do you have a position you prefer?” asked Mycroft, almost ridiculously polite but his voice was deep and husky betraying his desire.

“No preference, this is good” murmured Greg, his heart hammering in his chest.

Mycroft’s cock nudged against his wet and ready body, then with infinite gentleness slid slowly inside him. His mate’s face creased with pleasure, his breath stuttering. Greg could only moan at the hardness entering him, sliding along his snug passage and stimulating the nerve endings inside. Mycroft paused as their pelvic bones met and pressed a kiss to Greg’s lips then began to move.

His mate’s eyes fluttered closed and Mycroft began to tremble, one of his hands stroking up and down Greg’s hip. Greg selfishly pulled his knees up to his mate’s hips and let him do the work, there was no brutal thrusting, no concern about making sure his Alpha was the one being pleasured and no worry he might get slapped.

Mycroft didn’t fuck him, he made love to him. An array of foreign words fell from his mate’s mouth as he canted and rolled his hips. Blue eyes opened and closed to look down at him. Greg could feel himself getting closer and skimmed his hands down his mate’s side and up over his lover's back to lightly scratch his nails over the smooth skin.

Though Mycroft had tolerated him touching his backside during the heat he wasn’t sure how it would be received during normal sex and he tentatively slid his hands lower lightly squeezing the fleshy globes when the Alpha didn’t growl or snarl at him. In fact his mate shuddered and dropped his head to Greg’s shoulder. Greg sucked in his breath as Mycroft shuddered again when he kneaded the pale freckled cheeks, grunting as his mate’s hips stuttered and faltered in his rhythm and knocked...
their joined bits together a bit harder than he’d been doing.

If he wasn’t mistaken his mate liked his bottom touched and it was a knowledge he filed away for later use, many Alpha’s wouldn’t ask for anal play or anal sex out of fear of ridicule or culturally and socially conditioned shame. Greg had no qualms about it, if that was what his mate liked or wanted he wouldn’t think any less of him for it. He kneaded his mate’s backside again and Mycroft shuddered again, stifling a moan into Greg’s shoulder.

He had no idea how his mate contorted himself but he managed to get his mouth onto Greg’s right nipple and rasp his tongue across it, when he bit lightly Greg abruptly went to the point where there was no return or stopping the tide and it seemed Mycroft had been on that cusp too.

His insides contracted around his mate’s cock which grew slippery with Mycroft’s release. His own cock spilled between them as they both came together, he murmured Mycroft’s name in pleasure while Mycroft buried his loud noises in Greg's neck.

Their first time could not have been any lovelier; Greg was quite glad that an Alpha only produced a small amount of ejaculate during normal sex…..at least there was no floods and soaking wet bed linen to worry about.

'Well, you can show me your appreciation anytime" said Greg with a yawn splaying his hands across his mate's back.

His mate mumbled something unintelligible into his neck after having just slumped on top of him like an unmoving sloth.

He had almost dozed off when Mycroft moved off him to go fetch a warm wet flannel to clean them up and put on his pyjamas. His mate then dimmed the lamp to a low light before pulling up the sheet and quilt over them both. Greg couldn’t be bothered to get his pyjamas and stayed naked.

Greg opened his eyes sleepily sometime in the night finding his mate tucked up against his back, arm around his stomach and breathing evenly into his hair. He clasped his fingers through his mate’s slender ones that were slack in slumber then closed his eyes again.
Chapter Summary

Charlotte goes into her first heat.........then a problem arises for Greg and Mycroft.

It was with trepidation that Mycroft had donned his coat and scarf, picked up his briefcase and slipped into the back of his Mercedes to go home. He had no idea to what to expect, indeed when he had rushed out the door that morning he had been flustered and way out of his depth. Had the pup been his biologically there would have been no issue but he had been more than horrified and disconcerted at his reaction regardless of the fact he had no control over it.

He’d woken abruptly; the scent yanking him out of sleep. Charlotte had come into their room looking scared and obviously going into her first heat. The normally faint minty lemon smell of the young Omega had intensified and with it mingled her sex pheromones to attract an Alpha. He had hissed at his mate, shaking him awake trying to breathe as shallowly as he could and scrambled over the top of him to get away, disgusted that his body was reacting to the pheromones.

Mycroft had snatched up clothes out of the walk in robe and fled to his office slamming the door behind him upturning the contents of his briefcase looking for a silver compact he kept in there. With shaking hands he had uttered profanity viciously in three different languages searching and unable to find the Heat Blocker then swore again in good old fashioned English as he remembered giving it to Anthea to use only a week ago. He’d needed to leave immediately.

He’d dressed with lightning speed, repulsed at the unwanted erection he had to stuff into his underpants, he could shower and dress properly at Diogenes though he would raise more than one eyebrow clad in jeans and jumper rather than his usual attire.

After a hurried call to Jeremy he shoved everything back into his briefcase then then ventured back out of the office having to pass through the master bedroom where his mate was dealing with Charlotte who was quite understandably in a bit of a state with going into her first heat. This was no place for him at the moment because he had no Heat Blocker and this sort of thing came under the purview of the Omega parent in this case anyway regardless of whether Charlotte had been biologically his or not. Alpha’s knew what went on when there was no Alpha around to service an Omega in heat but it was generally not polite to make mention of it.

“I’m sorry…….do you need…..” he began trying to hold his breath and speak at the same time hoping his mate understood his need to get the heck out of there and that he was trying to ask if he had all that was necessary for the young Omega to take care of her heat. Mycroft had seen the vast accoutrements which were available to Omegas in the catalogues that sometimes did the rounds of the tea room at Diogenes which also had a section for Alpha’s to purchase sex toys.

“Go” said his mate nodding obviously understanding and pushing him out of the room after one look at his face and locking the door which was flimsy protection from an Alpha who could bust the door down with a kick. But Mycroft was not that kind of Alpha and rapidly left the house, gratefully sucking in the cold, icy air outside.

He placed another quick call informing his security detail to keep a sharp eye out for any Alpha’s suddenly loitering anywhere close to the surrounds of the house. When his car had pulled up a short time later Jeremy had lifted an eyebrow at his attire and his nose had twitched obviously smelling the
Omega pheromones but always the modicum of professionalism pretended nothing was amiss.

Upon entering Diogenes his mode of dress raised a few eyebrows but mouths were wisely kept shut aside from one unfortunate colleague. He was a scoundrel with the Omegas and realised he could smell a different Omega on Mycroft making a lewd comment about him having a bit of tart on the side before Mycroft could get to his private office. Said colleague had scuttled away with a bloodied nose not just for calling his daughter a tart, but for also having sniffed Gregory’s scent upon him like a pervert.

It had been a relief to discard the clothes and put them in a sealed laundry bag in his private rooms at the club that included his office, sitting room, kitchenette, bathroom and a small bedroom for the times he worked out of Vauxhall. He kept three complete suit outfits and shoes in the tiny cupboard along with spare underwear, socks, pyjamas, dressing gown and slippers…..he had probably spent more time sleeping here than he’d done whilst living alone in Belgravia.

He’d spent the day after showering and dressing properly between Diogenes and Vauxhall, also making a trip to the German Embassy to take tea with their new Ambassador who was delighted to converse in his native tongue with him. It seemed between Christmas and New Year that the world and the United Kingdom had gone quiet on security and intelligence matters aside from the pesky troublemakers looking to assassinate the Commonwealth Prime Ministers…..information was slow on that issue but somewhere out there a mistake had been made or something inadvertently spoken of and they would find it.

Before he got out of the car he opened the silver compact he had got back from Anthea and dipped his finger into the oily clear balm and spread it under his nose and around his nostrils. All he could smell now was the antiseptic medicinal smell of eucalyptus. The Heat Blocker meant that no Omega pheromones would affect him now. This was another reason he did not comprehend why there were Alpha’s who used the time old excuse that pheromones made them rape an Omega……between Heat Blocker and Alpha Heat Suppressants which both rendered smells neutral there was absolutely little reason why it should happen. He had also showered and changed his clothes again using a Beta body wash and shampoo that masked his Alpha scent though it didn’t completely cover it.

“If I may be so bold, please give Miss Charlotte my regards Mr Holmes” said Jeremy carefully skirting around mentioning any reference to her heat but Mycroft understood his sentiment……the Alpha had five younger Omega sisters and two older ones and had probably seen and heard it all.

“Thank you Jeremy, I will” said Mycroft.

He texted his mate to let him know he was home then went in search of the pups. Nathaniel was on his X-box, Maddison and Rebecca were watching television and Megan was already asleep. The door to his and Gregory’s wing of the house was closed and Mycroft ate the salmon pasta Natalia had left for him.

Mycroft froze as the door opened. Gregory looked weary and his cheeks and jaw were dark with unshaven stubble. He wished he could help out but Charlotte would be able to smell his Alpha scent if he got too close to her despite the Beta body products.

“Ugh, you don’t smell right” muttered Gregory as Mycroft got up to put on the kettle to make his mate a cup of coffee to keep him going.

“At least you can smell something, Heat Blocker, all I can smell is eucalyptus” said Mycroft leaning in to his mate and sniffing, finding it not natural and just a little perturbed he couldn’t even pick up a whiff of his mate’s scent. “How is Charlotte?”
“Asleep at the moment though it won’t last long……..she’s a sensitive soul and has found it all quite overwhelming” said Gregory “No amount of reading or sex ed classes can prepare you for it…..she said she cannot believe Omega’s were forced to go through this every month against their will”

Mycroft compressed his lips. Those were the days Omega’s could not get birth control or heat suppressants. They were lied to about it, told the drugs caused birth defects, death and sterility……the same as treating them like they had half a brain and incapable of doing more than looking after pups, keeping house or carrying out menial positions Alpha’s believed beneath them thus denied work in positions considered only for Alpha intelligence or physical strength. What they ate or drank was controlled, their education controlled and their social lives and mating were controlled…..essentially they had no life other than to live to serve. Many Omegas’ were forced into bonds. Rapists and abusers walked away scot free. Omegas had once been treated as little more than property to be bred, turning out pup after pup.

“I agree” said Mycroft grimly “Not a pleasant life for an Omega at all”

“I’m sorry to kick you out of our bedroom, I thought this was the best option so she was away from the other pups……” began his mate.

“No, I’ll take one of the spare rooms……and if any difficulties arise I can go to Diogenes if need be” said Mycroft handing his mate a mug of strong coffee “You look tired”

“Exhausted already, yeah” said Gregory “We also have a problem”

“Problem?” asked Mycroft his mind rapidly running through what problem Charlotte could be suffering.

Gregory took his hand and laid it across his forehead which was very warm

“You can’t smell it because of the Heat Blocker but in the next 12 to 36 hours I am going to be going into heat again” said his mate “It’s too late for me to stop it now and Charlotte could go on for a full 3 days”

Mycroft blinked and thought quickly.

Mummy. She was no longer fertile, thus no threat or competition to both the Omegas……he was hardly going sniff up or challenge his own Mother……Charlotte liked her and she would be able to protect the young Omega from him should he not keep control of himself. His father could take the other children and care for them.

“Shit” he muttered “I’ll call Mummy”
**Mating and Marking**

Chapter Summary

Greg goes into heat again.

*Greg*

Just over 17 hours later his heat started. He’d never expected to have a heat the same time as one of his pups going through their first heat. It was like Mother Nature had decided to play a cruel joke. His place was at his daughter’s side, to help, to instruct and soothe her through what was a frightening time for many young Omegas. He remembered his first heat; it had been nothing like they’d said in the Sex Ed classes, and certainly nothing like the trashy novels he had read. Romantic? Beautiful? A truly wonderful time? Ha, yeah right; more like hot, sweaty, messy and all sense of decorum going out the window having been replaced with a sex maniac for looking for a knot.

It was scary to suddenly have your body control you for up to three days, embarrassing to be handed an assortment of toy Alpha cocks complete with knots to sate the all-consuming need that wouldn’t go away and then telling yourself you didn’t need to use the monstrous looking things, lasting until the pain started then getting to the point you didn’t care anymore and took one of those toys to use, finally finding relief only to have it start all over again.

When Milly had arrived, Lola had hidden in herself in the bathroom in mortification until eventually she had no choice but to come out again. As his Papa had said, there was no point being puritanical or prudish when it came to heats because there was nothing dignified about it the same as birthing a pup, he had told him eventually an Omega couldn’t care less if the Queen of England herself came visiting for a look.

“My dear child, both your father and I have been through this and I helped my youngest through it, there is nothing to be ashamed of and nothing that can shock us” Milly had said clasping his crying naked daughter to her.

He was torn having to leave his pup even though he knew Milly would take excellent care of her. Milly had texted Mycroft hours ago to come home when Greg had started to sweat, he could smell his mate waiting for him and so could Lola who had tried to go to the bedroom door. Eventually Milly put her foot down as Greg dallied and knew he wasn’t being fair to his mate either.

“My boy has the patience of a saint but there is a point where he will be driven to come and get you, my dear” said Milly “Charlotte and I will be absolutely fine, now, off you go and see to your own needs and that of Mikey’s”.

He was not happy as he left the bedroom and his daughter behind, furious he had been made to choose between his mate and his pup…..angry that his body couldn’t have just waited another two days and threw open the door that lead to the kitchen. He snarled expecting to find his mate in the kitchen and strode to the spare room his mate had been sleeping in. Mycroft’s pheromones were strong everywhere from territorially scenting the house.

He tore off his clothes then ripped the bed apart to build his nest; he knew the moment his mate entered the room clicking the door closed not even having to look behind him. Greg ignored the
muttered growls and impatient low snarls as Mycroft prowled the room waiting for him to finish. His own body was feverish and starting to ache and as much as he wanted his mate inside him he needed to have his little retreat. After a few more minutes he was quite happy with his construction and stepped back.

Immediately Mycroft seized upon him to first frenetically scent him all over; then sniffed at the bonding mark making Greg shiver as he flicked his tongue across it before kissing the scar. The younger man growled, a dark and possessive growl as if there were Alpha’s lurking about the house daring to venture near Greg. Slick ran in rivulets down his thighs; that territorial possessiveness that was nothing to do with ownership electrified him. Knowing that his Alpha who showed gentle caring towards him and the pups could turn into a ferocious, protective creature as that mangy mutt who had touched Lola in Harrods had found out, aroused him no end like it would any Omega.

Mycroft manhandled him onto the bed having waited long enough and his patience at an end. This time Greg didn’t freeze or have any qualms as he lay comfortably on the mattress with his arse up in the air and knees spread apart hissing at his mate to hurry up. His eyes almost rolled into the back of his head as his mate filled his body with hot, hard flesh. Greg groaned in ecstasy at the hard thrusts thankful Mycroft didn’t try to treat him like he was fragile this time. Their joined flesh slickly dragged together and Greg could feel every inch of that grand cock inside him. His mate’s moans of pleasure got louder as Greg pushed back, corkscrewing his hips with gasping breaths trying to find his release and needing his mate’s knot to do so.

Greg shouted in mingled pain and pleasure as his mate obliged and gave that final thrust, the swollen knot stretching him impossibly wide to send him into an absolutely glorious orgasm that made him shake with the force of it. Mycroft’s growls and cries of gratification were loud as he knotted and bred his him, hot fluid bathed Greg’s insides and he sent up a silent prayer that the heat would gift them with another pregnancy. After hoovering his mate’s body dry, he fell to the mattress with a sloshing belly. Mycroft gently turned them so his weight wasn’t bearing down on Greg, their bodies still as one and lay behind him nosing his hair and hand splayed across his fatted stomach.

*Mycroft*

Mycroft lay with his sleeping mate who had nodded off after ravenously devouring two glasses of fruit juice, an apple and two cheese and chicken wraps. Seven times in eleven hours, it was hard to believe his mate would cease breeding within the next 5 years given the intensity of his heats when not taking suppressants. Gazing at the older man’s sleeping face. He found it quite incredible only a few short months ago he was living alone between his office at Diogenes and the house in Belgravia. He now could not imagine life without this beautiful creature and the house full of pups.

From the day he had met Gregory he had thought him attractive, like any Alpha he could appreciate the Omega form when it caught his eye. He had liked and respected the Omega who had saved his brother’s life and who had looked past his difficult behaviours to see the brilliance of William’s mind. Many, like Phillip Anderson and Sally Donovan felt threatened by an Omega with vast intelligence and labelled him a freak….yet knowing the two Alpha’s were sexually involved with each other his brother was the better person since he had not outed them and labelled them the freaks because he had been raised not to pass judgement on such things.

He reached and smoothed away a stray strand of damp silvery hair from his mate’s temple, eyelids fluttered and half lifted and chocolaty eyes fixed on him but for a moment before dropping closed again. His heart gave a flutter. Mycroft had spent many hours in The Library examining that flutter in his chest that had started of late. Some things were ambiguous, not quite being tangible or concrete and could not be put into a box and defined or explained. Sentiment he had little experience with, indeed he felt familial love for his family members but romantic love was not quantifiable or clear to
him. After much consideration and analysis he concluded the balance of probability was that he was falling in love with his mate.

It was only natural that he would, after all, the older man was his soul mate. There would never be another Omega for him; Gregory would be the only one he could ever love. He had wondered why fate had not brought them together sooner and tried to fathom why it had brought Caroline into the equation. He wanted to tell Gregory they were soul mates but it was up to the universe to show his mate that and he needed to be patient. His mate stirred and Mycroft sniffed, in a few short minutes Gregory would be ripe for taking again. Mycroft waited; quite content in the cosy nest with his mate who had allowed him to rest in it and hoped he was able to put another pup into his mate's womb.

"Mycroft"

His already hard cock jerked against his stomach at his name falling from his mate’s mouth, the word was laden with want. Gregory was not shy in voicing his need; or in helping himself to Mycroft’s body. He hissed as his mate simply rolled on top of him, took his cock in his hand and guided it into himself. Watching his mate with his head tipped back making noises of pleasure and desire as he undulated and rotated his hips fucking himself was a vision more sensual and erotic than any of the paid escorts who had tried to stroke his Alpha ego doing the same thing. Once again he mentally thanked Caroline for tossing Gregory aside so that he was privileged to have this exquisite Omega as his, sucking in his breath as his mate’s nails scratched across his chest hard enough to raise welts and groaned in bliss.

Mycroft lifted his chin as his mate bent to nuzzle at his throat; he liked it very much when his mate paid attention to his throat, it was particularly arousing. He closed his eyes, fisting the sheets in his hands so hard that they tore when Gregory sucked at that particular spot over his pulse. He turned his head exposing more of his throat whining for more. His mate licked over his jugular then put a bite just under his jaw.

"Mine" growled his mate scenting him.

Teeth scraped over his collarbone and another mark was sucked into the side of his throat.

"Gregory” he pleaded shamelessly shredding the sheets under his fingers.

He writhed and groaned at another bite to the same place just under his jaw sending his heart hammering into overdrive. He had never been this turned on before; it felt like he was on fire and his blood molten lava. Mycroft thrust his cock upwards trying to bury his knot inside his mate’s body snarling when it didn’t even come near to doing so and grasped his mate’s hips to hold him in place and slammed home.

Mycroft’s mind skidded to a halt and imploded. He could hear his heart pounding in his ears as his body exploded, wave after wave of pleasure washed over him until he didn’t know where it started or finished indeed time seemed to stand still. He slumped back on the bed panting, feeling lightheaded and slightly dizzy he focused on his mate whose dark eyes were terrified, there was blood smeared over his lips.

For a moment Mycroft thought he had hurt the older man somehow and sat up to embrace him stopping as pain radiated up into his jaw from his shoulder at the juncture of his neck above his gland. He touched shaking fingers to it, staring stupidly at the crimson staining them before lifting his eyes to his mate and then promptly fainted.
The luxury car had been waiting outside St Barts at precisely 5pm when he finished his shift in A & E; the driver had stepped out to open the door for him and had not spoken a word on the drive to meet Mycroft. When the car had arrived at the destination John had been more than a little apprehensive as he was lead through a maze of corridors, lifts and security check points until somewhere under the imposing building Anthea greeted him.

“Take a seat, John” said Anthea indicating two armchairs behind a coffee table. “Can I get you tea?”

Of course tea was served in dainty bone china cups complete with two wafer thin almond biscotti and after taking a sip of the fragrant tea he silently commended the personal assistant for an excellent brew……given the Omega was a qualified Chemist, Sherlock’s tea making skills were terrible and John had long ago appointed himself tea maker at 221B.

It was eerily silent in the concrete like bunker, a far cry from the hustle and bustle of St Barts where at times you had to shout to be heard. He had known Mycroft worked somewhere in the British Government since the first night he’d met Sherlock but one could never be sure what was true or not when the brothers were bickering with each other like a pair of young pups. Anthea sat at her desk silently tapping away at a laptop and frowning at the screen, the lack of sound would probably drive him crazy inside a day in this place. He was supposed to meet Mycroft at the flat in Baker Street but had been texted by Anthea that plans had changed and a car would be sent for him.

“….the most dangerous man you could ever meet……..he is the British Government when he’s not too busy being the British Secret Service or the CIA on a freelance basis……..” his lovers voice resonated from the past in his mind.

Now here he was sitting in SIS*, the home of both MI5 and MI6 supping on tea waiting for his future brother-in-law like it was nothing out of the ordinary. He’d met people like Mycroft in Afghanistan. People who you did not want to meet as an enemy…..people who were cold, hard and without conscience. One day they could be rolling along their lounge room floors playing with their pups and the next they could be in another country waterboarding a prisoner to extract information. John swallowed and sat up straighter……he wondered if the Alpha that had hurt Sherlock or Greg’s ex mate were still alive……

The steel like door complete with a security keypad buzzed then opened and John looked over the Alpha male and Omega female who walked out clad in normal clothes that were smart casual rather than suits…..of course Mycroft was suited up in his armour as Sherlock called it, the charcoal one was the flavour of the day minus the suit jacket. Sherlock liked his suits too but didn’t wear the waistcoat, cufflinks and pocket watch like his brother did.

“Get on to GCHQ Audrey and have those files sent over” said Mycroft to the Omega female who nodded. “And Stewart, once again welcome aboard, no doubt Audrey will see you through any teething problems during your probationary period”
“Thank you Sir” the Alpha shook Mycroft’s hand and both went off into the labyrinth of the building after sparing him a glance.

“Ah, John, my apologies for messing you about’ said Mycroft gesturing that he should come into the office and John followed. “Work today has been extremely demanding of my time, things arise unexpectedly…..bugger, excuse me a moment”

There were two phones on the desk, a red one and a black one. Mycroft picked up the red one that was ringing and turned his back to John. There wasn’t much on the desk……a laptop, files, a glass of water, a lamp and glass paperweight. The office itself held little, a filing cabinet with fan on top, a huge portrait of the Queen, two chairs for visitors, black drinks trolley holding water and glasses and another lamp in the corner behind the desk. Minimalistic was the word that came to mind.

“Then why are you calling me?” asked Mycroft irritatedly to whomever was on the other end of the phone “You have your orders, now do your jobs and fire the fucking weapon”

John’s eyes widened.

“Is it done?” asked Mycroft in a tone laced with boredom only a few moments later “Good”

The man hung the phone up, turned around and started loosening his tie with an expressionless face. Holy shit had that been an assassination? An execution? Perhaps a hit?

“You are thinking too loudly” said Mycroft evenly “Don’t ask and I won’t have to lie, John”

John cleared his throat, he was here as a Doctor and not to pry into things that didn’t concern him. He went around the back of the desk after Mycroft sat and put his medical bag on the highly polished wood pretending he didn’t see files stamped with security levels he had never even heard of in the military.

“Have you had any pain that is more than normal?” asked John professionally putting on a pair of latex gloves while Mycroft laid his tie neatly aside then unbuttoned his shirt enough to loosen it from his throat.

“No” answered Mycroft simply tilting his head so John could carefully peel the medical tape and gauze pad off his skin.

John grimaced at the wound. It had been a nasty bite, little wonder the man had fainted….Greg had pierced the Alpha gland and bitten too deep…..whilst an Omega gland could take a deep bite an Alpha gland was not as tough….Mycroft’s system had been sent into overload between the hormones flooding his body during knotting and his Omega claiming him a little too zealously.

Things obviously got very heated between Greg and Mycroft when they mated……..the room had been a shambles, the sheets shredded and torn and though John had only seen minor finger mark bruising on Greg’s naked body, Mycroft’s had been scratched, bitten and marks had been sucked into his freckly skin…..it was quite obvious Mycroft treated Greg like precious porcelain during mating, he had seen Omega’s battered from matings…..he was also fiercely protective and would rip apart any Alpha who touched him. It had worried him a little when Greg had chosen to bond with Mycroft, the man was always aloof, chilly and reserved…..quite the opposite of Greg who was warm, friendly and open……it was quite evident Greg had thawed his mate out.

John had used Heat Blocker and Beta Spray albeit hurriedly as he and Sherlock rushed out of Baker Street after the 2am call. Milly had been beside herself and upon entering the house in Camden and he’d understood why. Charlotte, in her first heat, had come rushing at him from the direction of the
kitchen in her birthday suit to try and mate with him while snarling at Sherlock to get the fuck away from the Alpha. Then Greg smeared with blood crying, shaking and in shock with his hands pressed to his unconscious mate’s neck topped off with Mycroft who lay stark bollock naked looking like an axe had been taken to him with his blood spread over his jaw, shoulder, throat and staining the bed linen.

He’d given Greg an Omega sedative after Sherlock had wrapped him in a quilt, one that was for pregnant Omega’s just to be on the safe side. And then Mycroft had come round likely smelling John and snapping and snarling like a feral, rabid mutt. John was an Alpha with a cock…an unmated Alpha at that and a twice the threat……Mycroft had every intention of tearing John’s throat out and had taken one step towards him before John had took aim and shot him with the Tranq Gun. The dart had hit him in the left shoulder and the Alpha had crumpled to his knees but kept coming, a second dart took him down, and it had taken a third to put the stubborn bastard out. Tranq Guns were standard issue for medical staff at St Barts for dealing with aggressive or violent Alphas. He’d tossed a sheet over the Alpha to cover his modesty though John had seen all manner of naked bodies as a Doctor and really couldn’t care less.

John examined the wound that still looked painful three days later. His neat stiches would leave minimal tiny scars though the bite itself would leave a very noticeable mark, there was no sign of infection or irritation on the surface but he would give the Alpha a second shot of anti-biotic just to play it safe.

“It’s healing nicely; I’ll give you another anti-biotic after I re-dress it” said John “How is Greg?”

“Quite well” said Mycroft offering nothing further.

After a wipe with an antibacterial swab John laid a fresh gauze pad over the wound and picked up his scissors and medical tape.

“So, um, many Alpha’s won’t allow themselves to be claimed by an Omega” said John cutting strips of tape “A single bond can be imprinted over by Alpha like you have done with Greg but a double bond requires chemical intervention which is painful both physically and psychologically for an Alpha and even then the success rate of breaking the bond is low…….”

“I am well aware of the implications of Omega claiming, John” said Mycroft “Do I take your tone to mean you will be one of those Alphas who will not let an Omega claim him?”

John neatly stuck the tape over the edges of the gauze.

“No, I wouldn’t let any Omega claim me” said John truthfully “Before Sherlock I played the field with the ladies, there was even a male Omega that happened while I was in Afghanistan even though I have had no interest in male Omega’s before or since……it was once, just once after an utterly shit day of blood, death and despair…..when I got back I met Sherlock and I wanted him from the day I met him………..so no, I wouldn’t let any Omega claim me but I would let Sherlock claim me because it’s Sherlock and Sherlock alone that does it for me……and because I love him……need your upper arm, thanks”

“Precisely” said Mycroft, as usual not expanding upon his answer.

Mycroft unbuttoned his shirt further and shrugged it down to expose his left shoulder while John prepared a syringe.

“You wanted Greg from the day you met him, Greg does it for you or you love him?” pestered John.
“I am not in the habit of coveting mated Omegas, so no, I did not desire to have Gregory from the day I met him” said Mycroft “I’m quite sure I don’t need to threaten you with not repeating what is said in here, John”

John rolled his eyes having lost count on how many times Mycroft had threatened him with threatening not to repeat things.

“I’m here in the capacity of a physician so bound by Doctor/Patient confidentiality” said John wiping a swab over a patch of skin on Mycroft’s upper arm and stabbing the needle in just a little bit harder than he normally would with a patient though Mycroft didn’t even blink.

“To quote a phrase of my father that I did not need to hear about my mother……I find Gregory unbelievably hot; when he gives me that doe-eyed look with those brown eyes of his I want to drag him into our bedroom and take him on any available surface” said Mycroft bluntly “Before Gregory I had little interest or experience with normal sex……now I constantly feel like scenting him and having sex”

John snorted tossing the empty syringe back in his bag after putting the cap back on the needle then tossed the gloves in too.

“Welcome to my world mate” said John surprised by Mycroft’s frankness on a personal issue.

He went back around the other side of the desk and Mycroft started re-dressing.

“I think I am in love with him too” said Mycroft softly.

Now that was unexpected but then if he was anything like Sherlock nothing was surprising…..it was all or nothing with Sherlock with emotions and feelings.

“Yeah, well, good luck with that mate……once you love them you’re their bitch” said John with a grin and Mycroft blushed.

On his way home in Mycroft’s car he grinned again, Sherlock had promised he’d be only clad in his Belstaff and scarf when he got home from work and he shifted on the backseat adjusting the hard present he had for his flatmate very shortly.

*Secret Intelligence Service*
Sherlock and Mycroft are quite happy with domesticity.

*Sherlock*

BORED! He was bored waiting for John to come home. Sherlock’s violin screeched under his bow as he played tempestuously. Waiting was so boring, he wanted John home NOW!

His John, his lover, soon to be mate and the love of his life.

Sherlock whirled around making the violin sing. His heat suppressants and birth control had been tossed into the bathroom cupboard instead of on his bedside table where they normally would be, he would go into heat sometime early to mid-New Year and the he and John would bond……John and Sherlock……Sherlock and John…

He skidded to a halt at the visitor who had entered the flat, quickly he laid his violin and bow to the chair and pulled his coat together with a blush.

“Well, that’s something I don’t see every day…..do you normally play the violin wearing only a coat and scarf, Sherlock?” asked Sebastian with a grin.

“Of course not Sebastian, what are you doing here?” asked Sherlock. Well, it wasn’t as if the Alpha hadn’t already seen him nude.

“I did try to call but you never answer your phone it seems” said Sebastian “I was wondering if you would like to go out for dinner if you are free tonight?”

Dinner, drinking and sex were what Sebastian was hoping for.

“I’m sorry Seb but I’m seeing someone…..it’s serious between us so no, I’m not free unfortunately” said Sherlock.

If John hadn’t of finally happened he probably would have gone out with Sebastian again, he knew Seb would never settle down and be playing the field probably until he died and that would have suited Sherlock. No sentimental entanglements.

“Ah well, can’t help a chap for trying eh what?” said Sebastian with a laugh “But seriously, I had a very lovely time with you that night and I envy whoever has managed to catch your eye…..I also wanted to make sure the cheque from the bank came as I notice it hasn’t been cashed”

Sherlock thought quickly then went to the skull and pulled the cheque out from underneath and shrugged.

“Must have slipped my mind” said Sherlock. He made a mental note to give it to John to do; he was good with that sort of thing.

“Well Sherlock, best of luck to you and the lucky sod who has nabbed you” said Sebastian holding
out his hand. "Though you know where I am if you ever wish to find me"

Sherlock shook it and smiled at his old friend, he wouldn't be cheating on John.

“What is going on here?”

Sherlock dropped Sebastian’s hand at John’s voice, his future mate stood inside the doorway holding his medical bag and his face was like granite looking at Sebastian.

“Sebastian swung by to see if I had received the cheque for payment, only forgot to put it in the bank didn’t I” said Sherlock “He was just leaving”

He could see it in Sebastian’s face that it clicked who that someone was that had nabbed him and his old university friend’s face became wary of John as he realised what it looked like with him there.

“That I was, take care won’t you Sherlock” said Sebastian "keep out of trouble"

“Goodbye Seb” said Sherlock.

Sebastian to his credit didn’t falter as he walked around John to leave the flat despite the hostility from him and even inclined his head at John as he passed.

The moment the downstairs door banged closed John was on him, throwing the Belstaff off his arms so he was naked apart from the scarf round his throat.

His John was seething with jealousy. Sherlock clutched at John as the Alpha covered him in his scent. A jealous John was a sexy John……when he was thrown over his lovers shoulder and marched into the bedroom he growled wanting John NOW…….

It appeared John was on the same page as he dragged Sherlock to the edge of the bed on his hands and knees. with John standing behind him they were the perfect height. Sherlock shuddered as John filled him up to the hilt.

“You are mine, nobody gets to touch you like this, nobody” hissed John running his hands up and down Sherlock’s back.

“Yours John, always yours” murmured Sherlock wriggling his hips enticingly which John grabbed.

Sherlock dropped his head to the mattress rendered inarticulate as John took him hard and fast just the way he loved it. The sex noises John made were luscious as his pelvis smacked up against Sherlock’s arse. He whined as John dragged him back after his knees skidded along the bedspread not wanting this to end, wishing their bodies could be joined like this all the time…….

Being a Doctor John knew how to stimulate his prostate through his perineum and the touch made Sherlock grab at the bedspread, he then snarled at John demandingly when he slowed to a snail’s pace until he thought he would go mad it then John took him hard again. Sherlock thought he should surely die when he at last he came, storing the data away after John shouted through his.

Though it was still early Sherlock dozed with John stroking his shoulders. Fast, furious and fantastic……..just the way he preferred it though it was quite nice too when John drew it out to have him almost mindless with wanting.

“I love you Sherlock” said John

“Love you too, John” murmured Sherlock.
Totally contented Sherlock fell into a peaceful deep sleep.

*Mycroft*

Mycroft managed to get home before midnight and did his nightly ritual of checking on each of the pups. Charlotte was still embarrassed about her heat and had taken to ducking her head; he ignored the behaviour and spoke to her as normal which Gregory agreed with. His mate had taken her to an Omega doctor who had her put on heat suppressants and birth control so she didn’t have to go through that again until she chose to mate. Megan had left him a funny looking scribble drawing of bright colours in which Bridget had written underneath “Mikee and Nutmeg” which he tucked in his briefcase to take to work to put up next to his picture of the Queen.

He was pleasantly surprised to find his mate still up, walking around their lounge room that had files and crime scene photos spread around on the carpet. Mycroft bit back a smile at his striped pyjama bottoms and matching striped pyjama t-shirt top that his mate wore finding it quite adorable he had pilfered Mycroft’s clothes to wear to bed.

“Oh hey, how was your day?” asked his mate giving him a tired smile when he looked up from his work he’d brought home.

“The usual, far too busy and stressful” said Mycroft. A day of toppling a world leader by constructing a scandal that would see him thrown out of office, organising a military coup d’état in another country and having a top ranking terrorist assassinated had been the order of the day at work. “A difficult case you are working on?”

“Some cold case files I’m looking at before giving them to Sherlock” said Gregory, pointing at graphic pictures of a murder “This one is seventeen years old and there was little to go on, gives any copper the shits when clues are just not there and some murdering scumbag is still at large”

Mycroft flicked his eyes over the nine pictures.

“You are looking for a person who is left handed, probably an expert in using a scalpel since the incisions made to the body have been placed in the optimum positions for the victim to bleed out slowly……the blood spatter patterns look wrong……the symmetry suggests that not just one body but two bodies were murdered at the same time” said Mycroft “And the smear of blood here, here and here indicate the other body was murdered after this one”

“There were two bodies? There was only one found at the scene” said Gregory snatching up his notebook and scribbling across it “If it weren’t for the fact these cold case files keep Sherlock occupied and out of trouble when London’s criminal element goes quiet I’d be hitting you up for deductions, you look far more fetching doing that deduction thing than Sherlock”

Fetching? His mind ran through synonyms – attractive, enticing, appealing, alluring, becoming, dishy….

Gregory found him………dishy?

His inner Alpha puffed up his chest. His mate found him dishy……

Gregory gave him THAT look, his chocolate coloured eyes were doe eyed as he looked at Mycroft from under his lashes. His trousers were suddenly too tight and Mycroft flushed as his mate dropped the notebook to the floor and closed the gap between them, smoothing his hands up Mycroft’s suited chest.

Stubble scraped over his upper lip as his mate kissed him. Mycroft had deduced when a kiss should
lead to sex or when it meant just an affectionate touch; he had further deduced the meaning of each kiss……oh yes, sex was definitely on the cards……and his mate was in the mood for some unhurried lovemaking.

He reluctantly broke the kiss intending to go and take a shower and meet Gregory in bed when his mate stopped him, took his hand and lead him to the chaise lounge.

“Gregory I smell and wouldn’t the bedroom be more appropriate……..what if Bridget comes down to the kitchen?” protested Mycroft…….his protests died on his throat as pyjama pants fell to the carpet and Gregory gracefully laid back on the chaise which was thankfully covered with a throw and casually threw an arm over the head of it and bent a leg. He gave him THAT look again and biting his lip trailed his fingers up his thigh looking like one of those paintings in the Louvre he had seen of Omega’s in tasteful sensual poses designed to seduce the viewer.

“You smell scrumptious, now come here and have your wicked way with me, My” purred his mate, his hand slipping under the pyjama top to touch his nipples.

Oh dear lord……

Who was he to deny his mate…..with a growl he fell upon Gregory and with his teeth, lips and tongue reduced him to a squirming, panting beast though Mycroft himself was little better…..his suit never made it off his body and he took his mate with trousers down at his knees. He hoped to goodness that their noise couldn’t be heard at the other end of the house, how was one supposed to keep quiet when the sex was so heavenly.

There was something quite rousing about having sex in the lounge where there was the risk of being caught and he closed his eyes picturing the scene one would walk in to. Him on top of Gregory, arse clenching as he plunged into his mate’s wet body puffing like an old steam train, and Gregory slack jawed, eyes scrunched closed gripping Mycroft’s biceps and ankles hooked together across the top of his back.

After ensuring his mate was more than satisfied he grunted and moaned in quite the undignified manner, coming hard as Gregory licked his throat and squeezed his backside.

Showered, in pyjamas and under the warm quilt, he was just starting to nod off when lips pressed a kiss to temple. He hummed in contentment, falling asleep to a hand stroking through his hair.

His last sleepy though was that he was quite happy to be Gregory’s bitch.
Eating those three chocolate coated ice-creams hadn't been a great idea......

Their trip to Paris never eventuated. His mate had to leave the country to attend to some business. To where and for how long Mycroft was unable to tell him but had promised to re-book the weekend after apologising so profusely he nearly had Greg in tears.

Three days after Mycroft had left England Greg lay in bed wearing the pyjamas his mate had left tucked under his pillow which were suffused with his scent. He missed the text messages throughout the day and though Mycroft quite often worked through the night he missed sleeping next to him when he could.

Unable to sleep he got up and went to the kitchen hoping the kids had left one of the chocolate covered ice-creams in the freezer and grinned finding three of them.

Tossing the wrappers in the bin he belched feeling like a bit of a pig then grimaced as his stomach turned. Clapping a hand over his mouth he just made it to the bathroom before he threw up. Greg sat back against the bath sweating after losing both his dinner and the ice-creams and wiped his forehead, mouth and chin with a hand towel swallowing as he dry reached a few times glad when the nausea abated.

He put a hand down to his lower abdomen; it would appear the pup in his belly had made himself or herself known. Greg had been sick like this with Nate, thankfully he had escaped any sickness with the other kids. He could only hope that gorging himself with ice-creams had turned his stomach though it was probably wishful thinking. Three weeks along which meant a September baby. He knew Mycroft had been subtly looking for signs he was pregnant and now his child had decided to say hello. He brushed his teeth and washed his mouth out getting rid of the foul taste of vomit before crawling back into bed. He debated picking up his phone and texting his mate about the pup but decided the news wasn’t really a text thing.

Greg went to work the next day after helping Bridget get the kids ready for school, a last minute hunt for a missing shoe held them up but they were out the door only 3 minutes behind schedule according to the Nanny. He managed to get stuck into paperwork for a few hours, snatching a cuppa and strawberry doughnut from a box one of the Constables had brought in for morning tea, then bacon & egg sandwich he scarfed down on the way to a body found in Hyde Park. The body was a Beta female, a well-known prostitute called Fiorella who had walked the park for years turning tricks. Someone had cut her throat from ear to ear, cutting so deep that her spine was visible.

“Anderson, bag and tag” he said to his forensics man “Sally…..”

He swallowed as his stomach suddenly rolled and managed to get to the rose garden close by and threw up.

“Greg, are you ok?” asked Sally in concern.

He waved her away just wanting to be left alone to feed the roses but she hung about waiting for him
to finish emptying his stomach and handed him some tissues when he had stopped dry reaching.

“Yeah, don’t think the bacon & egg sarnie agreed with me” he lied.

“That’s bullshit and everyone knows it” said Sally bluntly under her voice “You’re pregnant and chucking up, you are entitled to sickness leave”

Every Alpha would have smelled his pregnancy but unlike Sally most were polite enough to not mention it until he made the announcement so it was official. He’d known Sally for over 10 years and had been good friends with the Alpha over the years on a professional level so a level of personal comfort was between them.

“I don’t need sickness leave and my mate doesn’t even know yet so shut it” said Greg grimacing as he tried not to dry reach again.

Despite his snappy remark she still went and got him a cup of tea and even produced one of her own clean floral handkerchiefs to put in his pocket in case he threw up again.

Back at the Met he was making himself another cup of tea when a visiting Detective Chief Inspector sidled up to him and sniffed which he ignored. Some Alpha’s liked the smell of a pregnant Omega even if it wasn’t their pup, it wasn’t the first time he’d been sniffed and it was a harmless fetish. This Alpha wasn’t content just to have a sniff; he pretended to reach around Greg to grab a teaspoon and rubbed himself deliberately against Greg. Greg shoved him away and the bastard snarled at him, calling him a slut under his breath.

Dirty fucker, he’d get his. Greg turned on the waterworks and sent out distress pheromones. In seconds his Alpha colleagues were tumbling into the tea room in full protective mode including the Chief Superintendent. Greg sobbed out that the now terrified looking Alpha had sniffed at him and touched him inappropriately. Because Greg was never an emotional weepy type his story wasn’t questioned and the Chief snarled for the Detective Chief Inspector to get his arse in his office and tore strips off the handsy bastard who would think twice about doing that again. Meanwhile he had Alpha’s falling over each other to pacify and please him who made him feel bad for playing the sobby Omega. There was nothing more powerful than a distressed pregnant Omega……unless you were Caroline of course who hadn’t blinked an eye when he had been upset while pregnant.

That night he was hanging over the toilet bowl again wasting Natalia’s delicious lamb roast feeling quite miserable. He wanted Mycroft home, wanted to be scented to keep creepy Alpha’s away and needed to smell him. Greg knew he was being ridiculous; it was the hormones making him silly.

“Dad, are you sick….do you want me to call John?” asked Lola who had come through to his bedroom.

She rubbed his back as he retched again and then rinsed a flannel with cold water for him to wipe his sweating face when he finished.

“No honey, it’s just your little brother or sister not liking dinner” said Greg dry heaving into the flannel. “Don’t tell the others yet”

His daughters face lit up at the news.

“I hope it’s a little brother, it would be nice to have another boy to even things up” she said grinning happily “Does Mycroft know?”

“No, I’ve had no contact with him since he left” said Greg “Wherever or whatever he is doing is secret government stuff so communications go silent, do you understand?”
“Stuff we aren’t meant to talk about” said Lola nodding “Feeling better now?”

“Yeah, nothing else left to bring up” said Greg "Little bugger has cleaned me out"

“Oh, can Jasmine and Cody stay over this weekend?” asked Lola and he nodded picking up his toothbrush.

After cleaning his mouth out he went and lay back down and Lola hopped in too, his eldest pup snuggled into his side like she’d done when little and fell asleep.

Two days later just after 3pm he walked out of an operational meeting that had gone for two hours regarding an upcoming sting on meth labs that was being coordinated. Sally waylaid him to confer on rostering for the sting before he strode to his office reading the brief and kicked the door closed, looking up as the scent wafted into his nose.

His mate’s eyes were wide and his nostrils flared as he stood up from having been seated in one of the chairs opposite his desk.

He flung himself at Mycroft breathing in his scent, letting the cinnamon and orange smell wash over him like a soothing balm.

Mycroft murmured softly at him in a foreign language he couldn’t place embracing him tightly and nosing his hair.

“Such a precious gift you have given me, Gregory” said Mycroft sounding awed “I could smell you were pregnant the moment I walked in your office an hour ago, you have no idea how difficult it has been to restrain myself from bursting into that meeting to find you”

“Would have been a bit not good, the Chief Super has a hornet up his arse at the moment over a technical stuff up in court yesterday so he probably would have chewed you a new one” said Greg “And the pup is our gift My, it took you to make the bairn too”

His mate cupped both his cheeks in his hands and kissed him.

“I’m sorry but I uh……” stammered Mycroft dropping to his knees.

The younger man laid his hands over his clothed belly and pressed his nose against it to inhale then laid his head there as if to listen to the pup. Greg smiled and stroked his auburn hair, at least his new mate acted the way an Alpha should when finding out they were with child.

Sally peeked through the blinds at her boss and his mate. She had seen Mycroft Holmes a few times over the years. The stiff, cold Alpha radiated power and authority and even she could feel the hair stand up on her arms and neck when he was around, he was a scary bastard. She had despised Caroline, the Alpha had been an utter bitch to Greg and the slag hadn’t deserved him. When Greg had told her he was bonding to the Freak’s brother she had been appalled and frightened for him…..but her boss had been very happy with his new mate and looking in on their private moment, well, it seemed the Alpha had his finer points and was clearly smitten with Greg. With a grin she left the pair of them to it.
Strange tastes

Chapter Summary

Mycroft shops for Gregory

Chapter Notes

Just a short chapter, busy week coming up so the updates may not be as frequent.

It wasn’t until his phone buzzed in the inner breast pocket of his suit that he realised he had nodded off. The absolute silence of the Diogenes main sitting room combined with the well-worn antique armchairs were very much conductive to doing some housekeeping in The Library to clear some of the clutter that had been building up and had ducked in for an hour before he headed home.

Mycroft raised his eyebrows at the text message; it would appear a stop was required on the way home. Jeremy too raised his eyebrows at Mycroft’s request when he got into the rear of the car but said nothing and did as he was bid. Some twenty minutes later they both exited the car and went into an establishment Mycroft had never been in.

“How beans?” asked Mycroft consulting the list “What are beans, Jeremy?”

His driver led him to the confectionary aisle and picked up a large bag and a smaller box with coloured discs filled with chocolate. He had no idea which one to get so took the large bag from Jeremy just to be on the safe side and placed it alongside the plain potato crisps and wedge of Gorgonzola cheese.

After adding dark grape juice, a cinnamon bun and pickled onions to the basket they headed to the checkout and lined up. Interestingly Mycroft took everything in entertaining himself with the deductions that came to him from customers and staff before it was his turn to place his basket on the conveyor belt and watched as the young Beta male swiped them over the laser to read the barcodes with boredom. He paid for the purchases, thanked Jeremy for his help and very soon the car pulled up outside his home.

The house was imbued with the aroma of Natalia cooking something that smelled like Italian; the herby, garlicky pungency in the air was quite appetising. His mate accosted him just outside the kitchen and he was spared barely a quick peck to the cheek in favour of the shopping bag before Gregory turned and darted back into the kitchen without a backward glance.

Mystified and slightly apprehensive, Mycroft followed. Gregory took the items out and first poured a glass of the dark grape juice before unwrapping cinnamon bun. Even Natalia paused when his mate first sliced the cinnamon bun in half then picked up and opened the wedge of Gorgonzola. Mycroft watched in horrified fascination as some of the Gorgonzola was crumbled over the cinnamon bun followed by the beans………he felt slightly ill as a layer of sliced pickled onions were added topped off by a generous addition of potato crisps.
With a flourish his mate put the other half on top, licking the sticky pink icing from a finger that had stuck to it. He glanced at Natalia who was as mesmerised as he was by the disgusting concoction Gregory had created. Mycroft grimaced as the older man took a large bite with relish, obviously thoroughly enjoying the mixture of bizarre flavours then gulped down a few mouthfuls the dark grape juice totally absorbed in feeding the craving.

Half way through the cinnamon bun Gregory put it back down on the counter pausing in chewing the food and Mycroft blinked as his mate paled, put a hand over his mouth and fled down the hall to their bedroom. He hurried after the Omega, pausing outside the open bathroom door hearing the sounds of vomiting.

He wrung his hands and paced. Did he go in and assist his mate, would it embarrass him to go in and see him in such a predicament, perhaps he would get growled at and be summarily ejected. He had done his reading on Omega pregnancy….50% of pregnant Omega’s suffered morning sickness at any time of the day, the influx of hormones upset their system and usually it abated around the end of the first trimester. Food cravings and aversions were completely normal unless the pregnant Omega wanted to ingest substances that would harm them or the unborn pup…..there was no scientific explanation for the strange cravings and it was best just to satisfy one’s mate with what they wanted.

Mycroft cringed as Gregory both coughed, choked and vomited all at once. Throwing all caution to the wind he strode into the bathroom finding the older man kneeling and hunched over the toilet bowl. There was little he could really do but rinse a flannel under cool water and squat behind him to rub his back soothingly until he had purged the contents of his stomach.

After a time his mate eventually heaved but there was nothing coming up and Gregory lifted a hand to flush the regurgitated mess away.

“Come here you poor thing” murmured Mycroft gently putting an arm around his mate’s stomach to draw him up and against his chest "Caro mio"

“Ew, I smell My” muttered his mate.

“I have smelt things that would have you bring up your intestines with revulsion” said Mycroft softly “Believe me, a little vomit is nothing”

“Still, just give me a moment” said Gregory reaching for a bottle of minty mouthwash and rinsed his mouth out.

Mycroft was pleased when his mate pressed close to him again, his inner Alpha liked to cosset him and he was relieved the Omega sought to be coddled……it did not mean that he was being patronising or that Gregory was weak…..it was just the natural way of things according to what he had read.

Gregory was very warm and sweating from his exertions. Mycroft patted his face with the cool flannel gratified when the older man pressed his face into his suited shoulder seeking out his scent. Mycroft took the opportunity to nuzzle at his mate’s neck to scent him, also indulging in his scent made much sweeter with pregnancy.

“I hope Natalia hasn’t thrown out the Gorgonzola or the pickled onions” commented Gregory after a moment.

Mycroft closed his eyes and tried not to shudder, he wondered what other grotesque creations Gregory would come up with in the next few months.
First fight and drunken confessions

Chapter Summary

Mycroft interferes, Greg lets him know in no uncertain terms the interferences is not welcome, Mycroft has one to many drinkies

Forbidden?

Greg slumped down in his seat behind his desk after most of the Met disappeared on the meth lab raids and ran a hand through his hair.

“Sorry Lestrade you’re off the operation, orders from above that you are forbidden to take part in any active operational procedures that carry a mere whiff of danger” the Chief Super had said seemingly reluctant to have to tell him the news. By the way his superior officer avoided his eyes and how fast he had dashed away told him exactly where from above and from whom the order had come from.

What the actual fuck?

Greg clenched his jaw. How fucking dare Mycroft interfere in his work, not to mention make him look like a fool. Omega’s had worked hard to get equal bloody rights and then his mate pulls something like this. If Greg asked to be removed from the operation of his own accord because of pregnancy then that was his right the same as the right of a Beta officer to ask the same. But to pull the dominant Alpha shit and forbid him? Bullshit!

Caroline might have been a control freak at home, in his social life and with life in general but she had never interfered with his work like this. He sat up straighter as a thought struck him. This was how it had started with Caroline….once pregnant with Lola she had started the control shit little by little then before he knew it the physical abuse started. He should have known the peace and harmony was too good to be true.

He stood up and grabbed his keys, well, Mycroft Holmes was going to find out he wasn’t going to put up with the shit again. Still clad in ballistics vest with POLICE stamped across the front and back he drove over to Vauxhall Cross and was halted at security.

“Gregory Holmes, tell Mycroft Holmes I want to see him, now” growled Greg showing his New Scotland Yard identification.

That seemed to snap the Alpha guard out of his bad attitude and the man snatched up the phone, after speaking to someone in a hushed tone he couldn’t be nice enough to Greg.

Within less than a minute he was being ushered along by a nameless suited Alpha female once a visitor’s badge had been clipped to his ballistics vest. The building was like a rabbit warren of corridors, lifts, offices and floors. Stepping out the lift after the Alpha female silently indicated he should exit, he saw Anthea waiting for him.

“Gregory, may I get you something to drink?” asked the PA pleasantly “Mycroft is in a meeting at the moment but he should be finished very shortly, he has been informed you are here”

“No drink thank you” said Greg curtly and sat in one of the chairs to wait.
At last the steel door buzzed and opened after nearly half an hour. He clenched his jaw at the breathy tittering laugh that came from inside it.

“As always a pleasure Mycroft darling, I must say it again, that suit is very becoming on you….navy blue is definitely your colour….it brings your eyes out”

His anger ratcheted up another few notches as a twenty something and utterly gorgeously coiffed Omega came trotting out of Mycroft’s office in a suit cut to flatter his very young and appealing assets…..the dark haired Omega was an Alpha wet dream……and fucking flirting with his mate!

Greg stormed in before Mycroft had even come out behind his desk. His blue eyes took in the ballistics vest, black cargo pants and boots.

“Gregory, I…..” began his mate.

“No, shut it” snarled Greg furiously “I’m a copper, Mycroft, you knew what I was well before you decided to ask me to bond with you……this is what I do and you don’t have ANY fucking right to dictate my job to me……..”

“I will not have you put my child in danger…….”

“Don’t you dare embarrass me or make a fool of me again by forbidding me to do anything….if you wanted a safe incubator for your child then maybe you should have bonded with an Omega who was happy to arrange your flowers and spend their day shopping and pandering to your whims without question” yelled Greg

“You are being ridiculous…..”

“Ridiculous?” shouted Greg “Oh of course, whenever an Omega doesn’t want to take shit or dares go against an Alpha we are being ridiculous……you want to see ridiculous, yeah”

Greg snatched up a carafe of water that was on a low drinks trolley and hurled it at the wall next to a painting of the Queen making Mycroft dart away from the splash of water and splintering glass. With great satisfaction a decanter of alcohol joined it as did a two glass tumblers.

“Have you finished with your tantrum……?”

Greg compressed his lips at the maddeningly even tone of his mate whose neutral expression hadn’t changed and whose voice hadn’t been raised at him. No, he wasn’t like Caroline, she would have slapped him stupid by now.

He picked up the round glass paperweight and pitched that at the wall too, turning on his heel as it smashed into pieces.

Anthea stepped aside out of the doorway so he could pass. The same suited Alpha waited for him in the lift to escort him back to the security desk and he went back to work.

He blocked Mycroft’s number on his phone and didn’t answer any of Anthea’s texts or unknown numbers that called.

For nearly 36 hours he gave his mate the cold shoulder, speaking as little as possible when he asked him something and not engaging him in conversation until he got a text from Anthea at nearly 10pm.

- Just to give you a heads up, Jeremy is on his way home with Mycroft who has exceeded his normally high threshold for alcohol and is intoxicated. He has your best interests at heart Gregory
and there was no malice in what he did, Mycroft never gets so drunk that his mouth engages before his brain, you need to fix this.....if for nothing else but national security – Anthea –

Greg had nearly fifteen minutes to muse upon the message before the bedroom door opened. He had seen enough drunks in his time as a copper to know his mate was extremely intoxicated.

“Gregory!” Mycroft grinned stupidly at him. His face was flushed pink

“Thanks Jeremy, I’ll take it from here” said Greg taking his mates arm from the driver who bade him a goodnight.

“I’m quite alright m’dear” slurred the younger man as Greg guided him to the bed and got him to sit “Just a few drinks is all”

“You’re shitfaced My” said Greg removing his shoes and socks.

“Nonsense” insisted his mate “Clear head…..could put a bullet straight and narrow in a target with my sniper rifle easily”

“Too much information, best keep quiet and not chit chat I think” said Greg not really wanting to discover how many bullets had travelled straight and narrow at the hand of his mate into targets.

He got the suit jacket, pocket watch and tie off before his mate processed that.

“Oopsie” snorted Mycroft “Loose lips sink ships”

This seemed to strike his mate as hilarious and he started chuckling. Greg couldn’t help grin at the sound as he took the cufflinks from his long sleeved shirt.

“Something like that” said Greg removing the charcoal waistcoat.

His mate fumbled with the buttons on his shirt and Greg tapped his fingers quickly undoing them all and tossing the still crisp white shirt on the rest of the pile.

Mycroft would have a fit in the morning at his expensive suit thrown to the carpet.

“C’mon, into bed with you” said Greg prodding his mate to swing around and get into his side of the bed so he could remove his trousers.

Greg squeaked as Mycroft pulled him down onto him so he lay between his open legs, the stupid look had gone from his face and had been replaced with naked lust.

“See what you do to me” slurred his mate pressing his half hard erection up into Greg’s lower abdomen.

Mycroft’s kisses were sloppy and uncoordinated and Greg could taste scotch and cigarettes on his tongue as it prodded into his mouth. The alcohol had lowered his inhibitions.

Greg reached down between them and palmed his mate through his trousers earning him a moan.

“Like that do you” asked Greg against Mycroft’s mouth.

“Oh yes, like anything you do” breathed the younger man turning his head as Greg nosed his way over to his throat and canted his hips to rub his still half hard cock into Greg’s hand.

“Feeling a bit frisky are we?” asked Greg knowing full well the consumption of so much alcohol
meant that it was unlikely Mycroft could achieve no more than a partial erection….namely drinkers droop.

Mycroft hummed in agreement.

“Your smell makes my mouth water” mumbled Mycroft running a hand through Greg’s hair while Greg licked a stripe across his jaw line “So beautiful……want you to take me…..”

Greg raised his eyebrows at the confession and pressed a few kisses up to his mate’s ear.

“You want me to mount you?” asked Greg.

He was more than happy to oblige that request, the hand slid out of his hair and flopped to the mattress.

Greg lifted his head when he got no response then grinned, Mycroft was out for the count.

Rolling off his mate he pulled the sheet and quilts up over them and chuckled when his mate snorted in his sleep.

When Mycroft woke the next morning with a leprechaun dancing a jig in his skull and feeling nauseated he couldn’t remember past cracking open the second bottle of scotch. He hoped to god he hadn't told Gregory anything of a sensitive nature regarding his work. This was why he didn't drink past a certain point.

On the upside his mate wasn’t in the spare room like the other night and obviously Mycroft wasn’t in the doghouse any more. He would have to tread very carefully in future protecting Gregory and his child. He didn't want a repeat of the last two days.

He supposed he could put up with the headache and nausea longer, after all, having ones mate cuddled up to them exuding beautiful sweet pregnancy pheromones was to be enjoyed.

He closed his eyes and brought up the delicious image of Greg in those boots, cargo's and ballistics vest.......definite masturbation material
John swirled the remnants of his hot chocolate in his mug, the delicious richness certainly warmed a body and he would ask Siger for the recipe to take back to London. It was lovely to come out to Sussex again. Sherlock’s father and now his father-in-law was a very nice man. The older Alpha was vastly different to John’s Alpha father. Siger was relaxed, quiet and seemingly in a good humour all the time. It was plain to see that though Greg’s pups weren’t sired by Mycroft, the Alpha doted on them promising to take them to feed the ducks and into the village for sweets. Milly had started clucking over him, Greg and the pups before they had even got out of the cars.

Adam Watson, his father, hadn’t cared about anyone but himself. His Omega mother, Leanne, had died from complications giving birth to him, a fact his father never let him forget. He’d bonded to Veronica less than a year later who had been a Beta and the mother that had raised Harry and him until he was 15 and who had died alongside his father in car accident. Like Harry, his Dad had a fondness for alcohol and had also been a drunk, he had been twice the legal limit when he’d hit a truck on the motorway at excessive speed. Adam had never forgiven him for killing his mother and hated Harry because she was the spitting image of her. Veronica hadn’t treated him or Harry badly but she hadn’t cared either.

John peered down out of the window from Sherlock’s childhood bedroom. It was bitterly cold outside yet all the kids, two of Charlotte’s friends Cody and Jasmine and Greg and Mycroft were wrapped up and out in the snow. He had to admit, the icy layer covering everything was a lovely pristine white out here in the country unlike the sludgy dirty grey it had gone in Baker Street. John grinned as little Megan toppled over and disappeared into the snow that came up to her waist. Greg was laughing as he righted her back to her feet when she toppled over again just a few moments later it was Mycroft who put her back on her feet and kept hold of her little hand as she danced about in it.

John watched as Mycroft bent down to help Megan craft a snowball in her gloved hands then picked her up whispering in her ear. The man then casually strolled over to Greg and Megan tossed the snowball at her Dad which Megan found highly entertaining, the little girl was laughing heartily though Mycroft just gave a shrug to Greg feigning ignorance but smirked as he turned his back to Greg. John chuckled as Greg rapidly put together a snowball of his own and lobbed it at Mycroft as he turned around. The snow exploded across his shoulder and with it being loosely packed quite a bit ended up in the Alpha’s face, John grinned again as Mycroft raised an eyebrow at Greg as Greg stuck his tongue out at him.

A snowball fight ensued, explosions of the powdery ice burst about and steamy laughs issued from mouths in the frigid air. He had never seen Greg look so happy, the Omega frolicked scooping up balls of snow to toss at Mycroft who ducked and dodged holding a gaily laughing Megan who kicked her legs and waved her arms as she was showered in snow. Unbelievably, Mycroft bent and scooped up a large handful of snow after setting Megan down who peered out from the safety of his legs, packing it into a loose ball with a sly expression when Greg was occupied with pelting snow at Nathaniel. He had never seen Mycroft look so carefree and less like a pompous prick with a stick up his arse than now……and gosh, was that actually a bit of a smile he saw?
Mycroft pitched the snowball at Greg which hit him square in the face. The bit of a smile turned to consternation as Greg fell back into the snow and didn’t get back up. In four large strides Mycroft was at his side and kneeling down, his face was etched with worry as he bent down and John laughed a Greg flung his arms around Mycroft’s neck and kissed him. That a man with an intellect like Mycroft could fall for that old trick amused him. John raised his eyebrows. The kiss was no chaste peck either and he felt like giving a wolf whistle at the obvious ardour between them. Mycroft’s already pink ruddy cheeks darkened after Rebecca threw a snowball at them rolling her eyes.

“Ugh, disgusting aren’t they……yet despite his waning fertility he’s managed to knock his mate up again and anyone with half a brain can see he is besotted and wants sex constantly with Geoff” remarked Sherlock having sauntered up behind him to see what John was looking at out the window.

“It's Greg, and I think it’s wonderful, the whole thing could have turned badly but it has worked” said John truthfully turning around and leering at the shirt his mate wore, namely that purple shirt of sexiness that always distracted John and had him thinking naughty things.

Sherlock’s beautiful eyes fixed upon John; today they were more aquamarine than either a blue or green. John reached out and traced a finger down one of the younger man’s high cheekbones unable to quite believe this stunning Omega was now his and dipped down into the collar of the shirt to touch the square gauze patch that covered the bonding bite from four days ago. Their mating had been ferocious on both sides. When Sherlock had gone into heat John had been hopelessly lost in Sherlock’s seductive Omega’s pheromones and Sherlock had turned into a wild frenzied animal at his Alpha pheromones……Sherlock’s bed had actually broken from their furious and quite violent mating. His only disappointment was that Sherlock had not claimed him.

“And what is wrong with being besotted and wanting to constantly have sex with their mate?” he asked Sherlock. “That’s a big improvement on that nasty bitch Greg was bonded to. Mycroft and I have had our differences but I give him full marks as an Alpha mate to Greg and parent to those pups…..many Alpha’s are complete dicks……they would have considered Greg too close to being not able to breed anymore with his age and indifferent if not cruel to another Alpha’s pups”

“Yes, I admit even Mycroft has surprised me” said Sherlock going over to shut and lock the bedroom door “Now, why don’t you show me how much you are besotted and wanting to have sex with your mate?”

John needed no prompting and discarded his slippers and clothes at breakneck speed and dived onto the bed already hard. Sherlock took his sweet time about it all until he was naked from the waist down.

“Oh god yes” breathed John as his mate left the purple shirt of sex on with a coy smirk, slithering up his legs and straddling his thighs.

Cheekily his mate plucked open a few of the buttons to the shirt to reveal milky white skin dotted with fading marks John had sucked into the pale flesh during their mating and John growled possessively.

“Jeeesus, Sherlock!” hissed John as tight wetness enveloped him.

Clearly Sherlock was in no mood for foreplay and had simply risen up and lowered himself in one smooth movement onto Johns cock biting his lip with a moan.

They both froze at the knock on the bedroom door some minutes later, Sherlock in mid-rise and John having just shoved his tongue into his mates mouth and both panting with their exertions.
“Boys, lunch will be served in 10 minutes” called Milly from the other side of the door.

John bit back a whimper as his mate sat back on his cock with a smacking of skin.

“Motherrrr” whinged Sherlock “We’re busy at the moment, be down in 12 minutes”

Milly didn’t reply obviously already having gone.

They actually made it down to lunch in 15 minutes and everyone was already seated and eating a gorgeous smelling chicken and vegetable soup with crusty bread rolls that were generously buttered.

Though the pups were oblivious with the exception of Charlotte who was blushing and avoiding looking their way both Siger and Milly gave him and Sherlock a knowing look, Mycroft curled his lip in disgust and Greg grinned at the pair of them with a wink.

John thought chicken and vegetable soup had never looked more interesting at that moment.
All in a days work

Chapter Summary

After an extremely long workday Mycroft is glad to go home

Chapter Notes

Just a warning that this chapter touches on terrorism and implies torture with no graphic scenes.

I don't know if was successful or not but I was trying to convey the dual nature of Mycroft in this chapter.

I wanted to try and show that while he has his gentle caring side there is also the hard, violent nature of the Alpha in there too that he chooses to be at times.

Secret Operation Shadow began with a 2am road trip to a building in the Binley Industrial Estate just outside Coventry. The inadvertent slip of tongue had happened; they had the intelligence needed to make raids simultaneously in several different Commonwealth countries. Like a tree, the roots had started in Afghanistan and the branches had led out, it hadn’t been difficult to connect the dots once firm information had been found.

Mycroft tossed off his night vision goggles with a grimace. He detested doing fieldwork but the Prime Minister had wanted assurance he was on the job so had thus suited up in ops gear toting two Glock pistols and a knife that had been with him for many years. His people had taken out the two bodies patrolling the perimeter of the building then he and four operatives had silently infiltrated the building.

It had gone off without a hitch or bullet fired, five bodies had been hauled from mattresses thrown on the floor and were now on their way to the cells under Vauxhall Cross for questioning. Computers, papers, weapons, bomb making apparatus and communications devices were seized and would be inspected and analysed to find out every piece of information that could be found. He would allow his best to question them for several hours before going down into the bowels to check on progress.

By 9am he had been availed of the information from other raids via video conference calls, a total of twenty three terrorists had been picked up by security services in four other Commonwealth countries with one unfortunate having been shot and killed in Canada when pulling a grenade.

At 10am he had a briefing with the Prime Minister at Number 10, then 11.15am a video conference with the head of the CIA to apprise him of the situation and reassure him that the US would be kept in the loop with shared information.

He had an hour between 12 noon and 1pm to eat a lunch of Vietnamese pork rolls that Anthea had picked up, also indulging in a fizzy lemon squash for a sugar hit while seeing to a few files that needed immediate attention.
From 1pm until 2pm he attended to phone calls that needed returning then at 2.15pm donned his coat and scarf to leave Vauxhall.

Mycroft was quite nervous as Jeremy let him out of the car at The Portland Maternity on Harley Street. This was their first visit. It had been yet another argument between him and Gregory with his mate had flat out refusing to use the hospital stating his other pups hadn’t been born in posh expensiveness and if it was good enough for them then it was good enough for this pup……it was an issue Mycroft would not budge on and thankfully Gregory had conceded and allowed him to have his way.

He took a seat after introducing himself to the friendly receptionist, deducing the Beta receptionist was 31, in a polyamorous relationship with two other Beta’s and enjoyed her job at Harley Street immensely. Only a moment after making his deduction Gregory walked in clad in his good dark suit, with a furrowed brow and carrying the paperwork he’d needed to fill out for the obstetrician which also included Mycroft’s own family medical history which had nothing of note.

“Sorry, was hoping to be here a bit earlier but the court case has ended up a complete fiasco” said his mate “The Chief Super is going to blow a gasket when he finds out evidence has gone missing and one of the Constables embellished his official report….how’s your day been, you must be dead on your feet by now…..have you managed at least a cat nap today?”

Mycroft was warmed by his mate’s concern and the larger hand that covered his. He’d been going 33 hours now but still had a few hours left in him.

“My day has been……productive” answered Mycroft without needing to say more since his mate understood he could not elaborate “And I am quite fine, a little tired but far from fatigued”

A door opened and a female Alpha came out with her heavily pregnant male Omega. Mycroft averted his eyes politely so as not to stare, he couldn’t wait to see Gregory fat with his child inside him though at this stage just waiting for a bump to appear seemed too far away.

“Mr Gregory Holmes”

Dr Christina Leong. He’d deliberately booked the impossibly young looking obstetrician because not only were the qualifications of the 32 year old impeccable, but because she was only one of two Omega obstetric consultants with pups herself. He was of the opinion that at least an obstetrician who had birthed fully understood the pregnant and birthing Omega whereas one who had not been with pup and certainly not an Alpha obstetrician could appreciate the complexities of it.

They both sat down in the Doctor’s office which Mycroft noted with satisfaction was orderly and neat.

“Now, how far along is your Omega, Mr Holmes?” asked Dr Leong addressing Mycroft then opened the folder Gregory had given her.

“Perhaps it would be better to ask Gregory since he is the one who is pregnant, I confess I am rather the novice at all this since it is my first child, and at the risk of sounding obnoxious I don’t prescribe to the sexist notion of speaking for my mate when he has his own mind and mouth” said Mycroft coolly “In saying that Gregory is four weeks”

Perhaps he had made a mistake choosing this obstetrician if she was going to treat Gregory as the passive Omega patient……

“Thank goodness for that, I’m sorry if I have offended either of you but I do still frequently get
Alpha’s in here who do in fact speak for their Omega’s and Beta’s…….I much prefer dealing with a patient directly” she said in relief.

Perhaps not a mistake after all, how in the heck could an Alpha answer questions only a pregnant Omega would know for goodness sake?

“So no history of medical problems on either side, you have carried four pregnancies to term, one with identical twins, no complications both in pregnancy and childbirth…..well, you appear to be absolutely textbook Mr Holmes” said Dr Leong “So what I need from you today is official confirmation…..namely peeing on the stick and just some basics…….can you pop on the gown behind the door for me please”

His mate took the slim packet that the Doctor gave him and disappeared into the bathroom.

“Your first child, you must be quite excited” said the Doctor with a smile.

“Quite so” agreed Mycroft.

“What would you like, boy or girl?” asked the Doctor chattily.

“As long as Gregory and the pup are healthy I don’t mind what gender we have” said Mycroft truthfully.

“I think Gregory would be a perfect candidate for a midwife led delivery given his history of problem free pregnancies and deliveries” said Dr Leong “Of course I will be in the background should any difficulty or emergency arise, I will have my receptionist page the midwife who will look after Gregory……now I am sorry to ask but I did not wish to upset Gregory with it being so recent…..he has put down he recently suffered a miscarriage but not put any information as to causation?”

“Gregory was assaulted…….I am sure you can imagine that in a profession as a policeman assaults by criminals occur” said Mycroft evenly.

“We prefer an Omega usually take a few months before falling pregnant again” said Dr Leong with a hint of reproach in her voice as if Mycroft had forced Gregory to into heat again.

“I suggested to Gregory that perhaps a few months of going back on his heat suppressants would be wise, it was completely his choice to want to try again” said Mycroft.

His mate came out of the bathroom clad in a mint green loose gown that thankfully had a back on it unlike normal hospital gowns.

“Two pink lines, but then I didn’t doubt it would be positive given the little one has already had me being sick” said Gregory showing the pregnancy test to the Doctor. Mycroft had not doubted it either with the change in his mates scent.

The tap at the office door heralded the arrival of the Midwife……..and Mycroft had to immediately counter his natural response to show no reaction, his years of dealing with sometimes highly volatile situations where just a twitch of an eyebrow could bring fatal results came to the fore.

"I’d like you to meet Ashleigh, he’s one of our best Midwives” said Dr Leong “Ashleigh, this is Gregory and Mycroft Holmes…..this will be Gregory’s sixth child and Mycroft’s first”

“How exciting!” exclaimed Ashleigh cheerfully “Big families are wonderful, my own mate is intent we should have a soccer team…..number 3 is due soon and we cannot wait!”
His mate was grinning at the midwife, not perturbed at all by the bubbly young man of around 25. Mycroft had not expected an Alpha to be their Midwife. It was to be expected that since Omega’s now undertook all professions that were previously the realm of the Alpha that Alpha’s would also undertake professions that had once been the field of Omega’s or Beta’s.

“Let’s get the basics done, though I’m sure you are a dab hand at all of this…..may I call you Gregory or would you prefer Mr Holmes?” asked Ashleigh.

“Greg is fine” said his mate hopping on the scales.

“173lbs, perfect” commented Ashleigh writing in his own folder he had brought with him “Height?”

“Five foot eleven inches” said Gregory.

“Lovely, hop up on the bed and we’ll get your blood pressure” said Ashleigh chirpily and also commented perfect again at the reading.

So far so good, he had kept his composure but when the Midwife laid a light, small mint green blanket over his mate’s lower half then washed his hands and snapped on a pair of gloves that’s when his inner Alpha sat up.

He took calming breaths…..the man was a midwife, examinations were an everyday occurrence as was delivering pups…..still, he found it extraordinarily difficult to remain seated and plucked at the ironed crease on his trousers as the Alpha delved between his mates legs to perform the standard pelvic examination all pregnant Omega’s and Beta’s were subject to. He could not help being unsettled though his mate wasn’t displaying any signs of distress and was quite relieved when it was over though now he had a pressing need to scent Gregory.

Mycroft kept silent and relaxed his hands on his knees as his mate re-dressed and both Doctor and Midwife chit-chatted. Any other Alpha would require medical attention by now, he would tolerate the sunny young man whom his mate seemed content with and defer to the Doctor’s judgement that he was an excellent Midwife. He would need to work on the troubling feeling of disliking his Gregory being touched by the Alpha…..

With that, the appointment with Dr Leong was over, She handed Gregory a form for blood work down the corridor at Pathology and made the next appointment for the 8 week mark. The Midwife accompanied them to the Pathology office and bid them a cheery farewell until the next appointment but handed Gregory his card if he needed to call for any reason between appointments. It was once Gregory’s name was called he noticed his mate had gone a bit pale.

“Gregory, are you not feeling well?” he asked in concern and had noted earlier there had been a toilet close by the reception area in case he was feeling nauseated during their visit.

“I don’t like needles, My” said Gregory grimacing “It’s stupid because I’ve done these heaps of times but I still find them horrible”

“It’s not stupid to have a fear of something” said Mycroft “I confess to being intensely uncomfortable with dentistry myself, in particular the drilling”

The Beta Phlebotomist wordlessly took stock of his mate’s countenance the moment they entered and spoke in a calming tone and was quietly proficient in making the preparations to draw blood. He took Gregory’s hand which was shaking slightly and stroked the back of it, his own anxiety level rising as the faint smell of distress came from his mate when the Phlebotomist slid the needle into his vein. Five small vials were filled with the dark ruby fluid and his mate calmed once it was over.
Gregory’s colour returned and after he’d drank a small cupful of sweet lemonade they exited The Portland Maternity back onto Harley Street where Jeremy was already waiting.

“Can you give us a lift back to the Yard, Sally dropped me off in one of the panda’s” asked Gregory.

“Of course” said Mycroft opening the door himself for his mate after shaking his head at Jeremy to not bother getting out.

The interior of the car was warm in comparison to the chill outside.

“New Scotland Yard then Vauxhall Cross please Jeremy” he told his driver who looked back at him in the rear view mirror. The screen between front and back seats went up to give them privacy after he had indicated to Jeremy to raise it with a twitch of his eyebrow.

He slid across the back seat to his mate and frantically rubbed himself against him, the unsettled feeling leaving him as he scented himself on Gregory.

Mycroft cleared his throat backing away a little and felt his cheeks grow warm at his actions which had clearly startled his mate if his expression was anything to go by.

“Forgive me, but I could not abide that Alpha’s smell on you any longer……….I had to restrain myself from punching his teeth down his throat” said Mycroft ending the last word on the barest hint of snarl.

His mate’s warm brown eyes regarded him soberly.

“If Ashleigh bothers you then we’ll get an Omega or Beta midwife” said Gregory “I don’t want you feeling threatened or unhappy………..”

“No, I trust Dr Leong’s judgement of his skills and manner” answered Mycroft “It is not unreasonable that there are Alpha’s out there who, like Omega’s, have entered professions where it has traditionally been either Omega’s or Beta’s who have fulfilled those roles…..I just need to tame the unruly Alpha who wants to tear his heart out in a jealous rage for touching you”

Mycroft suppressed the urge to gulp as his mate turned all doe-eyed with those beautiful eyes.

“You’re jealous?” asked Gregory in surprise.

“Inordinately jealous” admitted Mycroft trying to ignore the fact he could feel himself blushing.

His mate cupped his jaw in his large hands, swiping a rough thumb over his smoothly shaved cheek before leaning in to brush his lips over Mycroft’s. The soft and chaste butterfly kisses that were pressed to his lips reminded him of their first kiss in the dining room at Sussex and he tried to chase his mate’s lips that pulled away only to come back and then nibble at his bottom lip gently. A tongue traced around his lips with tantalising laziness and Mycroft caught it between his lips and slid the muscle into his mouth flicking his own tongue over it. Gregory made a little moan in his throat as Mycroft sucked on his tongue suggestively.

It was most frustrating when the car pulled up outside the Yard and they had to reluctantly break apart when devouring each other’s faces. Jeremy knew better than to open the door while his mate was in the car and the privacy screen up and waited patiently still in the front with the engine running.

“If not for work I would have you right here, right now” murmured Mycroft with regret “Sadly, duty awaits me”
“You keep that thought My” said Gregory who looked like he had been snogged silly with his puffy kissed lips “And later tonight you can let the unruly jealous Alpha out of confinement”

Dear lord he would be walking around with an erection for the rest of the day with that promise.

Mycroft smoothed down his hair and opened the door to get out then let his mate out to return to work.

Back at Vauxhall Cross Anthea smirked at him as they went down the lift into the bowels of the building, the Alpha was by far too damn nosy and perceptive.

“The bodies haven’t given up much, perhaps you can give them the added encouragement to start talking” said Anthea taking his suit jacket from him then his cufflinks.

“Indeed” he said “Though perhaps some of my staff requires a refresher on how to perform an interrogation…..we are not paying them to have tea parties down here”

He rolled up his sleeves and took the soft brown leather gloves from his PA.

“I have a date tonight…….decided to ask out that pretty thing at St Barts who pined for Sherlock a while ago” said Anthea “Molly Hooper”

Mycroft recalled the Medical Examiner……brown haired, and yes a quite pretty Beta as well as intelligent and honest…. perfect for Anthea who seemed to prefer the Beta’s over Omega’s.

The lift opened to the corridor where the cells were and he nodded at the two guards posted there.

“Where are you taking her?” asked Mycroft in an approving tone.

“I thought perhaps that little Italian place off Euston Road” said Anthea.

“Yes, nice place, the Tiramisu was quite delicious” noted Mycroft.

The door to the cell opened and Mycroft stepped in and sat in the other chair across from the prisoner.

He sat still and silent, allowing the prisoner to swear, insult and spit at him until he got bored with the lack of reaction from Mycroft.

“Tell me where I will find other terrorist cells planning harm” asked Mycroft coldly in fluent Punjabi.

Five hours later Anthea met him in the lift leaving the cells behind of which he had spent roughly an hour in each of the five. She opened a black zip lock bag for him to drop his leather gloves into and frowned at the spot of blood on the rolled up cuff of his sleeve as she handed him his cufflinks.

“If only the others were as good as you” commented Anthea “Do you think a trip on the London Eye would be too much on top of dinner?”

“Not at all, first impressions my dear” said Mycroft taking his suit jacket “Do I have anything else that needs attending to?”

“No, I managed to be able to deal with things while you were occupied” said Anthea.

“Off you go then, do have a lovely dinner Anthea and give Miss Hooper my warmest regards” said Mycroft.
Anthea gave him a wink and knowing smile.

“Have fun with Gregory tonight, Mycroft” she said cheekily and disappeared.

He smiled.

He had absolutely every intention of enjoying himself with this gorgeous mate.
Unruly, jealous Alpha

Chapter Summary

Mycroft hasn't forgotten Greg's promise

Chapter Notes

A chapter of smut really 'cause I felt like writing smutty times.

For once it was he that was home after Mycroft instead of the other way around. The afternoon had delivered four separate homicides, the last from a hostage siege at a house where a Beta had killed another Beta after finding out about an affair with an Omega. Social Services had been called in to take custody of two young pups which had been heartbreaking to watch, he hoped that there was other family who could take them and that they didn’t end up in the system. Needless to say the moment he got home he went and checked on his own pups, kissing each slumbering face in turn.

Wearily he trudged through the house in search of his mate, finding the younger man in his office working on his open laptop though he’d showered and was in his blue check pyjamas. Mycroft looked up as he entered, closing a file that had Top Secret Eyes Only stamped across the front then clipping his computer closed whilst surveying Greg from shoes to his grey hairs.

“You’re still working?” asked Greg in disbelief, the man was an automaton and appeared to look only mildly fatigued which was ridiculous given how long he’d not slept for “How can you not be tired?”

“My dear, I am utterly exhausted” said Mycroft rising from behind the desk and padding over to him and his nose brushed Greg’s stubbly cheek.

Greg’s breath hitched at both the closeness and scent of his mate rousing his inner Omega. He found it quite astonishing the effect the Alpha had on him in such a short amount of time. Though he’d always thought Mycroft quite attractive over the years he’d never before looked at him in a sexual manner previous to their arrangement and now he wondered how he hadn’t. Maybe it had something to do with the lack of expression on his face, cool demeanour and…..

“But not exhausted enough for the jealous unruly Alpha that is currently snapping at the bit to come out of confinement” drawled his mate indicating they were going to pick up where they had left off in the car that afternoon and hadn’t forgotten he was on a promise.

Mycroft’s pupils were wide as his blue eyes fixed upon his and damn if he didn’t grow damp in response to the want in both his mate’s voice and eyes…..eyes that didn’t leave his as they went to the buttons and unfastened them with deft quickness.

It would appear his mate had no qualms anymore in initiating intimacy, it gave him a little thrill to know that his mate desired him…..god knows the desire had long left Caroline’s eyes when they were together and the sex had become more about her need to control…..and in this day and age
Despite Mycroft’s claims that a highly fertile Omega was desirable, the majority of Alpha’s eyes followed the younger Omega’s rather than an older Omega like himself… it was only in heat that they wouldn’t care about his age…….any receptive Omega would do for their knot.

His breath hitched again at the barely audible growl that came from his mate as his nose immediately pressed into Greg’s bonding mark when the shirt fell back over his shoulders and arms though it was still tucked into his trousers. Goosebumps suddenly broke out across his skin that had nothing to do with being cold but everything to do with the warm humid breath that fanned across his neck.

A shiver trickled down his spine as the Alpha drew himself up and Greg took two steps back instinctively. His posture bore the trademark arrogance of an Alpha. Greg took in the slightly bared teeth, ferocious expression and mere sliver of blue in his dilated eyes….that look would have had him cowering with Caroline but in Mycroft it excited him and provoked an unconscious release of his pheromones.

His mate’s nostrils flared and Greg trembled as Mycroft pressed him flush against the wall at his back to cover him with his body and felt very much the smaller and weaker Omega mate at that moment, though the display of dominance didn’t trouble Greg as Mycroft did indeed let out his unruly, jealous Alpha. What he wasn’t prepared for was the unrestrained and almost savage scenting though Mycroft was gentle as he rubbed himself over Greg.

What he wasn’t prepared for was the unrestrained and almost savage scenting though Mycroft was gentle as he rubbed himself over Greg. Orange and cinnamon combined with an Alpha musk so strong it hinted of the animal inside the younger man…..pheromones that were laden with dark violence, ruthlessness, possessiveness and a brutal beast willing to go to any lengths to protect him and his own……

"My….." was all he managed to stammer out gasping for breath as his knees buckled, his mate’s body pressed against him all that stopped him from going to the carpeted floor in submission. The power he radiated was intoxicating and Greg had no doubt that his mate could bring a room full of Omegas to his feet and cower more than a few Alphas….Caroline had never been able to make him submit reflexively like that, it should frighten the hell out of him but knowing Mycroft as he did that power made him whine with lust.

His mate growled again, lifting his wobbly legs to circle round his waist and carried him to the bedroom and laid him down on the edge of the bed to bend over him. His kisses were rough and Greg tried to pull him down on top of him with his legs desperate for body contact. His mate dropped his mouth to his throat to nip at it and Greg bucked up against the hardness pressing against his groin from inside Mycroft’s pyjama pants, fingers going to his own nipples to toy with them. Mycroft lifted his head to watch him for a moment then gripped his wrists and took his hands away to hold them either side of his shoulders. Greg hissed as his mate took his left nipple between his teeth gently and flicked his tongue back and forth across it then went to the right one to give it the same treatment. He mewled at the delicate tugging of his teeth to both the hardened nubs feeling himself growing wet as each was sucked and let go with a wet plopping sound.

Hands left his wrists and his mate made short work of divesting him of his trousers and underpants tossing them over his shoulder then his own pyjamas were tossed with them. Dropping to his knees beside the bed and curling an arm around his thighs, his mate pulled him so his bottom was to the very edge of the bed and his Greg’s feet resting on his shoulders. Mycroft pushed his knees apart so he was spread open and exposed.

Greg curled his toes into Mycroft’s freckled shoulders as his mate’s tongue swirled over his cock; many Alphas ignored an Omega’s smaller cock in favour of going straight for the Omega genitals. In truth his cock was less responsive to sexual stimulation but as Mycroft took him in his mouth he moaned blissfully at the slurping sucking tutting in annoyance when his mate pulled off as he started
towards an orgasm.

The younger man pressed kisses to the insides of his thighs tormenting him with little licks and nibbles. Greg moaned at his mate’s tongue prodded below his balls to press on the bundle of nerves and wantonly spread his knees wider as two fingers pushed inside his embarrassingly wet folds. His mate fucked him with his fingers withdrawing them as he once again started towards an orgasm.

“My!” snarled Greg demandingly in frustration knocking an ankle into his ear.

Mycroft growled and Greg gasped as his mate went back to sucking on his cock again which felt extremely sensitive now. A finger touched his arsehole and using the wetness which had dribbled down there Mycroft gently inserted the tip of his finger and rubbed his thumb up and down his Omega genitals and Greg’s back bowed at the intensity of the stimulation. In only moments he cried out, legs shaking as his mate brought him to orgasm and slumped down again panting.

His mate rose from his knees, his cock looked as if it could smash a window it was so hard and swollen. Mycroft licked his lips, his face and chest glistened with Greg’s juices. Effortlessly his mate moved him up the bed crawling up between his legs and Greg bit his lip as Mycroft slid his length inside him and got him to sit astride his lap while he also sat up facing him and resting back on one arm. With a possessive growl Mycroft sniffed his hair and Greg shivered as his mate grasped it and tugged his head back to bare his throat.

This time he was a little frightened, Caroline had forced him to bare his throat…..it was the most submissive gesture an Omega could display since it gave an Alpha free rein to actually tear their throat out. His ex-mate had grasped his oesophagus numerous times in her teeth and had taken cruel delight in sometimes cutting off his airway. He jumped as teeth scraped along his oesophagus, Mycroft’s growl was deep and rumbling when he grasped it between his teeth gently. Greg whimpered as his mate let go, pressed a kiss there and licked up his throat in an intimate fashion instead.

Greg rocked his hips to stimulate himself as his mate moved inside him, and ran his hands over the smooth freckled skin of Mycroft’s back. His mate moaned as he scratched his fingers lightly into his shoulders, his head fell back to breathe raggedly and Greg bent his head to lick stripes across his throat then rubbed the Alpha to put more of his own scent on him.

His mate moaned turning his head so that Greg could sniff over the raised white scar on the base of his neck and shoulder where Greg had marked him. The strong scent of the Alpha made him shiver with desire and rock his hips faster and with a growl of his own he bit his mate to re-claim him though this time he bit only deep enough to just puncture the skin. Mycroft hissed and fell back to the bed trembling, his face creased with pleasure as Greg rode him furiously clenching his internal muscles to grip at the hardness inside him.

Mycroft swore with a snarl and pushed Greg back down onto the bed, pulled out and after rolling him over onto his stomach and pushing his thighs apart thrust back into him making Greg shudder as his mate covered him with his own body again in Alpha dominance. He closed his eyes inhaling deeply when Mycroft scented him for a second time with those darkly powerful pheromones. When his mate bit into their bonding mark, Greg could only lie there as he was rendered into submissive passivity while Mycroft whimpered and growled through an orgasm that made him shudder violently and Greg felt every pulse of his cock inside him.

Greg was completely silent and still as his own body followed once his mate was satisfied, the second orgasm as fantastic as the first and he closed his eyes heart hammering in his chest and trying to catch his breath when it was over. He winced as teeth were removed from his neck and Mycroft shifted his weight off him to get up.
Greg yawned as his mate murmured at him to sit up when he came back out of the bathroom with the first aid kit. Mycroft quickly cleaned and dressed the bond mark then Greg did the same to the mark he had left on his mate. Yawning again he got up and went into the bathroom to use the toilet then pulled on his pyjama pants that had been placed in there by Natalia. He washed his hands and looked in the mirror narrowing his eyes at the smear of blood on his upper lip, that should keep those slutty Omega's away that came sniffing around HIS mate. He then rubbed it off with bit of water.

Mycroft had turned the bedclothes back, dimmed the lamp, put his pillows how Greg liked them and even plugged Greg’s phone in. His mate looked tired, weary and in need of a good sleep but still he sat up against his pillows, eyes closed and hands steepled under his chin just like Sherlock did when he was in that Mind Palace of his. Greg got into bed, pulled the quilt up and threw an arm over his face. After several minutes his mate shifted and rolled into his side to put his head on Greg’s chest. Greg put his arm around him and closed his eyes; it took exactly two minutes and four seconds for his mate to fall asleep. He turned his head and pressed a gentle kiss to his mate’s freckled forehead before he too fell asleep. His last thought was that he could possibly well be falling for the Alpha.

Across London in a two bedroom flat, Anthea lay naked in a florally decorated bedroom and kissed Molly Hooper’s forehead after stroking a stray strand of brown hair that had fallen across her sleeping face and smiled.

A pretty thing indeed mused the Alpha.
Chapter Summary

A blast from Mycroft’s past is about to re-enter his life.

The flat had been blissfully silent for the last 3 hours; he wasn’t sure what was bothering Sherlock but his mate had spent most of the morning murdering his violin with screeches or tempestuous melodies that had even had Mrs Hudson complaining. Their landlady had ended up going to her friend Mrs Turner’s home for some peace and quiet. Sherlock now lay quietly on the couch, fingers steepled under his chin, eyes closed and off in that Mind Palace of his.

John could scarcely believe his mate was already nearly 4 weeks pregnant and come November they would have a little one, the joy on Sherlock’s face when John had smelled the change in his mate’s scent was something he would never forget. He scowled darkly remembering Anderson’s nasty comment about freaks breeding which had set Sherlock off in unexpected tears. Enraged John had bailed the Alpha up snarling he’d rip his fucking head off if he upset his mate again. Anderson had given both of them a wide berth since.

His mate suddenly sat up and looked at the door mere moments before Mycroft walked in. He had no idea how Sherlock did it but he always knew when his brother had arrived despite the Alpha’s scent and expensive cologne never preceding him. He rolled his eyes as both brothers gazed at each other, deducing and getting each others measure before speaking.

“What do you want?” asked Sherlock irritably.

“What I need an excuse to visit my brother?” replied Mycroft calmly taking Sherlock’s seat opposite John’s.

“Obviously since you are carrying a file, Mycroft” retorted Sherlock getting up and holding out his hand for the file which Mycroft gave him.

Sherlock glared at his brother and Mycroft sighed getting up out of the chair which Sherlock then curled up in opening the file. Whatever was in the file made Sherlock blanch and spring back out of the chair to pace.

“When did you come by this intelligence?” asked Sherlock clearly agitated.

“This morning, I need for you to consult with your homeless network….someone, somewhere will have heard the name but for the time being he has given my people the slip” said Mycroft with a frown “Heads are rolling as we speak, clearly I have someone in my employ who has allowed him to enter the United Kingdom quite freely without being recognised”

“Clearly your screening process is flawed” snapped Sherlock. "Idiots!"

“Nothing is infallible, Sherlock, people can be bought with bribes and threatened” Mycroft snapped back "Not everyone is a paragon of virtue"

John turned and headed into the kitchen to put the kettle on for tea and took out two mugs and a teacup with saucer for Mycroft. He had no idea what they were on about, half the time he was not
privy to information though Mycroft had no qualms about handing Sherlock documents labelled with extremely high security status’ which broke the Official Secrets Act. He tuned out their bickering while he made tea, pondering on why Harry had texted him last night asking to meet him. Of course John would go to see her though how the meeting would go was anyone’s guess. Maybe a miracle had occurred and his sister had finally cleaned herself up at last.

Leaving the tea to steep in the pot for a few minutes when there was absolute silence, John returned to the lounge and rolled his eyes. They were both now ignoring each other…..Sherlock with his nose back in the file and Mycroft tapping his umbrella on the rug leaning against the desk near the window.

“How’s the diet……oops, don’t need to diet now with all that exercise you are getting between the sheets with George” muttered Sherlock bitchily “They say some Alpha’s are driven to rut constantly with their Omega’s pregnancy hormones……just as well Geoffrey has a libido to match you in order to swing from the chandeliers……”

“Sherlock!” hissed John slightly mortified at the personal remarks that had sent Mycroft’s cheeks pink.

“No, it’s fine John” said Mycroft coolly “But perhaps next time you decide to go at it in an alleyway near a crime scene you might want to ensure you don’t have an audience on the CCTV network…… similarly, when you come back from solving a crime you might want to actually make it upstairs instead of fornicating on them and shocking poor Mrs Hudson”

John’s own face went hot, a fucking audience?

Sherlock stalked up to Mycroft standing almost nose to nose with him and poked his brother none to gently in the chest.

“You want to turn this into a sledging match, Mycroft?” drawled Sherlock “The back of Griffin’s police panda……really?”

Mycroft’s cheeks went from pink to scarlet.

Suddenly there was the red laser light in the middle of Mycroft’s forehead through the window. His military training came to the fore.

“Mycroft, sniper!” he shouted already ducking and running at them to grab his mate.

In a split second the glass shattered and Mycroft moved to shield Sherlock with his body, both of them going to the floor. Fear and adrenaline pumped through John as he first yanked the curtains closed then went straight to his mate who had blood on his forehead and on the shoulder of his beige housecoat.

“John, it’s not mine!” snapped Sherlock slapping his hands away "Mycroft!"

John swore realising Mycroft was unconscious, there was a bloody wound on his right temple and the rapidly spreading stain on his light green suit jacket that had a hole in it suggested he’d taken a bullet to the shoulder too. Ignoring the security people who burst into the flat he opened his brother-in-law’s jacket and pushed aside his waistcoat to press his hand against the shoulder wound and examined the head wound quickly.

“Call an ambulance NOW!” he shouted at one of Mycroft’s men who was toting a pistol.

*Greg*
Greg wiped his mouth with toilet paper; he should not have eaten those Danish pastries Constable Ryan had brought in though they had been delicious at the time.

“So you don’t like Danish pastries” he murmured rubbing his still flat belly “Obviously going to take after your sire because he doesn’t eat much sweet stuff either”

“You alright in there, Greg?” asked Sally having poked her head into the bathroom down from his office.

“Yeah, it’s passed, I’m fine” called Greg flushing the toilet.

Nearly eight weeks and hopefully only another 4 weeks of vomiting, it wouldn’t be so bad if it was just at home but it could be any time of the day……he had never understood why it was called morning sickness because there was no puking in the morning really.

Washing his hands, he then grabbed out a packet of chewing gum and popped two of the pellets in his mouth to replace the taste of vomit with mint. Hopefully once he finished his official report on the murder near Hammersmith Bridge his pup would allow him to at least keep lunch down for today.

“You want a cup of tea?” asked Sally hovering to make sure he was fine.

“Nah, I’ll wait a bit for the stomach to settle I think” said Greg “Thanks for asking, Sal”

“Okay, well, in that case forensics have found some DNA evidence on that…..Greg?”

Greg stumbled suddenly reeling with a moment of fear, then dizziness then nothing. Sally swore and grabbed him as he clutched a hand to her shoulder and lowered him to the carpeted corridor.

“Mycroft” he murmured.

“You want me to call Mycroft?” asked Sally.

“Mycroft’s been hurt” murmured Greg.

He didn’t know how he knew, he just knew Mycroft had just been hurt badly.

“You’re not making any sense, Greg” said Sally.

Greg took out his phone with shaking fingers and dialled Mycroft’s number which went to messages; he then dialled Anthea’s number twice before she answered.

“What’s happened to him?” he demanded.

There was a moment’s pause before she answered.

“He’s been shot, sniper tried to take him out in Baker Street……I don’t know all the details yet but under no circumstances are you to leave New Scotland Yard” said Anthea briskly “Jeremy will fetch you, you do not leave with anyone else”

“Are the pups safe?” he asked closing his eyes trying to remain calm.

“Our people will ensure the safety of the children” said Anthea softly “Do not leave the Yard, do you understand Greg?

“Yes, I understand” repeated Greg and Anthea disconnected the call.
“What is it, what’s happened?” asked Sally worriedly.

He hesitated not sure if he should be saying anything.

“Mycroft has been shot” said Greg simply “I don't know the details but it's not good”

He had to keep his distress under control; he didn’t want every Alpha on their floor knowing what had happened.

“How did you know….oh my god is he your Soulmate, Greg?” asked Sally eyes going wide.

“Soulmate?” asked Greg stupidly.

*Lola*

Charlotte disliked Algebra intensely. Both Mycroft and Uncle Sherlock had sat with her to do her homework and explain it but it was one of those things she would never understand.

She glanced up to Mr Nichols who was marking their homework after setting them work in their textbooks to do then looked over at the new student who had started a week ago. Xander Morgan was gorgeous; he was softly spoken with a hint of Irish accent and had Alpha’s falling all over each other to be noticed by him and he ignored them all. He ran a hand through his cropped black hair then turned his head, Charlotte flushed as the Omega's moss green eyes fell on her.

The door to the classroom opened and the Principal Mr Duffy stood in the doorway.

“Pardon the interruption Mr Nichols” apologised Mr Duffy who then looked at her “Charlotte, collect your belongings please and accompany me to the office”

“Settle” warned Mr Nichols as she got sniggered at and ribbed for being in trouble.

“Have I done something wrong, Mr Duffy?” she asked trying to work out what she may have done.

“Not at all, my dear” said Mr Duffy pleasantly “I have two gentlemen in the office who have been sent to collect you and your siblings, they have refused to tell me the nature of why they have been sent to collect you but given their credentials I am hardly in a position to argue with them……it’s not every day I have Secret Service in my office”

Charlotte blinked. Secret Service?

Nate, Becks and Maddie were already at the office and with them were two suited Alpha’s waiting patiently.

“Here we go” said Mr Duffy just handing them over.

“No” said Charlotte “I’m not just going to get in a car with people who could be anyone, have you even checked out their credentials to ensure they are who they say they are?”

“Exactly what I was saying” said Maddie eyeing the two suits suspiciously who seemed amused by them.

“One moment, please” said one of the suits who turned away taking out his phone and speaking quietly to someone at the other end before turning back around and holding the phone out to her.

“Hello?”
“Charlotte, this is Anthea, I’m very glad you questioned just accompanying the two agents but I assure you they are who they say they are” said Anthea “I need you to go with them, they have been directed to drive you all home and will remain in the house with you……a situation has arisen and there are steps we have to follow…..”

“What situation?” she asked getting scared now.

“I don’t want you to panic, Charlotte, but Mycroft has been badly injured…..your father is quite safe and is at the hospital with Uncle John and Uncle Sherlock……I have to go now, honey, go with the two agents” said Anthea then hung up.

“It’s ok, they are who they say they are” said Charlotte handing the phone back to the suited Alpha.

The Range Rover was practically at the gate on the pavement waiting for them and Charlotte couldn’t help feel more than scared at the way both Alpha’s seemed to keep looking around while almost shielding them as they walked the short distance to the car and bundled them in to it and wondered how Mycroft had been injured, that he wasn’t badly injured and why Secret Service were involved.

At least now some things about Mycroft Holmes were falling in to place.
chapter summary

Greg puts Anthea in her place

Greg sat away from Sherlock and John wanting to be left alone while his mate was in surgery. He was angry at Anthea for being deliberately evasive and not telling him what the fuck was going on, and who had shot Mycroft and why. He was pissed off with the hospital staff trying to treat him like a hysterical, weak Omega whose only answer was try to ply him with tranquilisers despite the fact he had been calm. According to John his mate would be dead now had he not turned to shield Sherlock, the bullet had grazed his temple instead of entering his skull and the sniper bastard had tried a second time and shot Mycroft in the shoulder.

And soul mates……where the fuck had that come from? Greg closed his eyes and rubbed a hand over his forehead, he had definitely felt Mycroft in those few seconds. Had Mycroft known they were soul mates? The universe had brought them together in an arse about way which he would not change, his bonding to Caroline had been crap but he wouldn’t have his 5 beautiful pups without it….fate had intended on bringing them together at this point in time…..things had happened for a reason in the past so that they would end up bonded. He would be majorly pissed off with the universe if it took his mate from him now…..John had said he had bled quite a bit.

He now understood why he was driven to need to mark his mate……he had never marked Caroline, had never had the desire to. He had no need to fret about his mate straying like Caroline did, his mate would never stray….yes an Omega in heat would still entice him but he would never go through with it. Mycroft was his and his alone. As they grew closer their bond would grow stronger, feeling each other would be part of that.

Greg combed his hand through his hair nervously, standing when the surgeon finally came out and clenched his fist as both the Alpha and Anthea walked towards each other and spoke. Greg spun on his heel absolutely fucking furious going to a nearby bulletin board to stare at it.

“Gregory, the surgeon wishes to speak with you” said Anthea as they both wandered over a minute later.

“And why would he want to do that, he’s already spoken with you so why does he need to speak to me” said Greg angrily but in a completely calm manner.

“Mr Holmes, perhaps a sedative……” began the surgeon flicking a glance at Anthea.

“Oh yes, drug the Omega because god forbid we should get pissed off and annoy Alphas……..do I smell distressed, Doctor……no, I fucking don’t so don’t try the hysterical Omega shit with me, I’m a cop and have seen things that would make your hair curl on end” spat Greg to the sexist asshole

“You had no right speaking to her first, how dare you……last time I looked your patient was MY mate therefore you speak with ME first”

He fixed his eyes on Anthea who was staring at Greg with an expressionless face.

“It’s hard enough I am shut out of a large part of his life of which I understand and accept” snapped
Greg “But this is personal and you just insulted me. Unless you want to presume again and go in and be at his bedside, hold his hand and worry over him I suggest you leave me to speak to the surgeon and deal with Mycroft as is MY duty and right as his bonded mate”

The Alpha wordlessly turned on her heel and hurried away, the surgeon looked at him like he was a bizarre specimen.

“The surgery went well” said the surgeon “He hasn’t reacted well to the drugs and is having difficulty regaining consciousness and thought perhaps with you there, particularly with being pregnant, that it might help things along should that not alarm you”

“Mate, I’m a Homicide Detective……blood, gore, dead bodies and body parts in various states of decomposition and deal with scumbags of the earth…..there isn’t much that can alarm me” stated Greg not liking this dickhead at all who was stuck in the dark ages.

He followed the Alpha who seemed to disapprove of what he said……no doubt the wanker thought Omega’s should be tied to the kitchen sink, fat and pregnant with a litter of pups underfoot still.

“The bullet merely grazed across his skull and other than a dreadful headache caused no damage” said the surgeon “His shoulder should gain full mobility and some physiotherapy will be needed”

There were two suited Alpha’s outside Mycroft’s private room that silently stood aside to let them pass.

“Mr Holmes”

A Beta nurse hovered over Mycroft patting his cheek after saying his name to try and rouse him from the drug induced sleep.

“His vital signs are all normal and stable so please don’t be concerned” said the nurse moving away from the sleeping younger man so Greg could come to his side.

His mate looked a little pale, his freckles looking darker against his skin. A gauze pad was stuck on his right temple and his left arm was in a sling, the shoulder bandaged up. There was a needle in the back of his right hand where a drip was attached. He carefully picked up his mate's limp right hand in his and leaned over to press a kiss to the freckled forehead and inhale his familiar scent.

“Are you trying to send me completely grey?” asked Greg softly “You have no idea what a scare you’ve given me and the pups are beside themselves with worry”

Greg cupped the sleeping man’s jaw and brushed his thumb over the smooth cheek.

“But you’re gonna be fine, the Doctors have fixed you up” said Greg

The limp hand in his twitched.

“That’s it My, time to wake up now” said Greg pressing a gentle kiss to his cool lips and rubbed his cheek over his mate’s nose.

Mycroft’s hand twitched again and Greg drew back when slender fingers closed over his loosely.

“Gregory?”

The word was barely audible and slurred; his mate’s eyelids fluttered and opened a fraction. Blue eyes were confused and drowsy before they fell shut again.
“I’m here, love” replied Greg “Not going anywhere”

“Pups?”

“Safe at home and being protected” answered Greg.

“William?”

“Sherlock is fine, absolutely fine honey” said Greg.

The surgeon had left and the nurse smiled at him as Mycroft dropped off again.

“Works every time” she said quietly “I’ll be back in about 15 minutes to take his obs again”

She disappeared out the door then came back in a few moments later.

“His personal assistant asked me to ask you if she is allowed to come in and check that her employer is recovering well” said the nurse.

Greg nodded still pissed at Anthea.

The Alpha slipped in and Greg ignored her studying his mate’s lax hand in his and stroking the slender fingers.

“I apologise for earlier, Gregory, it was not my intention to insult you” said Anthea evenly “I’ve worked for Mycroft for 18 years and old habits are sometimes hard to break…..particularly when I view him like the older brother I never had”

“Apology accepted” said Greg hearing sincerity in her voice and looked at his mate as his leg moved under the pristine white hospital linen.

“Gregory?”

His mate sounded like a tired drunk after a night out drinking with the drugs they’d given him.

“I’m here, honey” said Greg squeezing his hand gently.

“Love you” murmured the younger man drowsily.

Greg leaned down kissed his freckled forehead then rested his cheek on it.

“Love you too, My”

Anthea slipped back out the door, she wasn’t needed and her boss was in excellent hands. Gregory was quite the firecracker when he got angry, the look on the sexist surgeons face had been priceless.
Betrayal of Trust

Chapter Summary

Mycroft has a fair idea of who was behind the sniper.

The files revealed nothing new no matter how many times he looked over them, it was exceedingly annoying and he tossed them back into the perfectly arranged walnut cabinet haphazardly then kicked the ornately carved leaf and grape twined door closed in temper.

“Bloody……buggering……fuck!” spluttered Mycroft, rudely yanked out of his mind and back into his hospital room as pain laced up his shoulder and down his arm as he lifted his arm reflexively to shift up. His bloody head ached too.

His Beta nurse, Nancy, who was in the room tutted and frowned at the language while filling up his water cup.

“Perhaps if you stop tampering with your pain relief every time my back is turned you would be more comfortable” she admonished placing the cup on his bed tray and then adjusted the drug pump to increase the morphine that he had turned down.

“Not good for thinking though…..and I need to think” muttered Mycroft.

He grimaced when it dulled his mind making him drowsy, but at least his shoulder and head didn’t hurt much now. He closed his eyes, letting his head fall back on the pillow and exhaled a breath before seeking out The Library again. He padded across the Axminster carpet to his favourite button backed chair and plonked down in the comfort of it closing his eyes and steepling his fingers under his chin.

James Moriarty.

Dark hair, almost black coloured eyes, Alpha, 37, intelligent, clever, definitely not a goldfish and had once been in service to Her Majesty as well.

He was very nearly sure he was responsible for the sniper, the fact he had been discovered entering the country was no coincidence. The slimy bastard had paid or threatened someone to turn a blind eye on his staff so he could slip through security. The Alpha was playing recklessly coming back to England and Mycroft had a bullet with James’ name on it. Every now and then an incident overseas would happen that had James’ fingerprints all over it just to let Mycroft know the fucker was still alive and kicking. The sniper had been his twisted ‘I’m here’ shot……mere surgery and not deadly…..the psychopath was toying with him…..James had always got off on playing games.

He had his people hunting for him and Sherlock was consulting his homeless network in case he’d gone underground. For too many years James had been running free, it was time to take him down…..he had betrayed Mycroft’s trust and betrayed his country. In his world, when an agent sold out their country secrets they were put down like the dogs they were……for Mycroft it was even more personal since he’d lost five of his colleagues and almost lost his own life too thanks to James’ double cross in Germany thirteen years ago.
Since then James had proved invisible to their surveillance abroad but he’d let Mycroft know with subtle hints where he was – Pakistan, Istanbul, Thailand, New Zealand, Serbia, Greece…..emails and notes found their way to him that had a picture of a landmark with ‘Jim’ scrawled across it. By the time IP addresses were raided the Alpha was long gone and the notes, devoid of any fingerprints, had been difficult to trace though once they had been able to get CCTV outside a post office in Ireland where one of the notes had been sent from, only to find a six year old boy had posted it after the lad had turned to the hidden camera, showed the envelope then pulled a finger at the camera.

He yawned and let his hands drop, opening his eyes as the faces of his dead colleagues flashed through his mind – Kittie Hampson, Ryan Kerr, Samantha Cooper, Hugh Wiley and George Malouf. Murdered for no reason other than for entertainment. Atropa Belladonna, commonly known as Deadly Nightshade and a very effective poison when laced into sweet fruit juice….and when one is thirsty due care and diligence are not a foremost priority especially when poured by a fellow operative whom you had recently slept with.

James had laughed continuing to drink his own untouched juice while they had all succumbed to the effects of the poison……losing one’s centre of balance, a tachycardic heart rate, dry mouth and confusion had just been the pre-cursor to the terrifying hallucinations before the convulsions had started.

He had woken in that room with a massive headache, blurred vision and still having hallucinations. To this day he had no idea how he had survived and his memory was hazy at best trying to remember what he had done and how he had got out of there but he had collapsed again in the street and woken in a delirium in a hotel room with Anthea at his side who had remained in Berlin while he and the other operatives carried out their orders from above. When the safe house had been searched the bodies of his colleagues were gone and the place had been thoroughly cleaned of any evidence bar a note left on the table for Mycroft.

- I let you live Mikey boy; you are far too much fun to kill unlike the other goldfish. Got a better offer than what Her Majesty has given me so I think I’ll be taking it. Somewhere, sometime when I am bored again I’ll be seeing you and we’ll play again……maybe. Love Jim –

He needed to think, analyse what could possibly be the next move James would make and slipped into sleep without even noticing it until he opened his eyes at the scent that drifted into his nostrils. Its familiarity was like a soothing balm on his restless mind…..sweetly aromatic with hints of Chai spices intermingled with the smell of his unborn pup and the undertone of his own Alpha musk.

“Hey there, how are you doing honey?” asked his mate and Mycroft interlaced his fingers with the larger ones that clasped his hand. The endearment was most agreeable to his ears.

“Better for seeing you, Gregory” replied Mycroft still quite drowsy from the morphine and humming in contentment as his mate kissed his forehead.

“Are you up to having the pups visit, your henchmen agreed after much persuasion from them to allow them to come and see you if you felt up to it” said Gregory with a grin “In other words your suits caved to whining kids and I think Meg may have decided to spray nearly an entire bottle of baby talcum powder over one of the suits who smells like a nursery now”

Mycrof chuckled; persuasive children and showers of talcum powder were probably a welcome change to babysitting whining politicians and pain in the arse diplomats.

“Little Nutmeg does have a tendency for strategic persuasion about her” said Mycroft fondly. Who could resist an infant batting their big dark eyes from under an unruly mop of brown curly hair? “Much like her father”
“Nah, she doesn’t get that from me……probably passed down from her Grand-père who is the master of strategic persuasion” said Gregory with a snort “He has always had Maman wrapped around his little finger”

Mycroft smiled. Gregory had no idea he also did that doey-eyed look which he found irresistible and charming for much different reasons.

“Yes of course I am up to seeing the pups though having Nutmeg keep my staff on their toes is tempting…….perhaps she can be persuaded to add lovely sticky jammy fingerprints to their highly shined shoes too” said Mycroft in amusement.

Gregory grinned for a moment before his expression became sober.

“Who did this My, and why do we have Secret Service agents crawling over our home and why do I have one attached to me whenever I leave the house?” asked Gregory. “And why are there two on your door and why haven’t you involved my lot?”

Mycroft sighed wishing he could be honest with his mate.

“My dear, it is simply protocol while my staff works to find the perpetrators responsible for my current predicament, and this is not a police matter rather an internal matter for my people to deal with” said Mycroft carefully “I am quite sure over the years you have made enemies out of criminals when you have brought them to justice…….”

“I haven’t had a sniper trying to put a bullet in my head” interrupted Gregory frowning “Internal matter? Sounds to me you know exactly who is responsible and they are pretty pissed”

“I assure you there is nothing to worry about, Gregory” lied Mycroft keeping eye contact with his mate and using both tone and expression to project being truthful “The measures are just precautionary, now, why don’t you give me one of your lovely kisses”

Gregory narrowed his eyes and Mycroft didn’t waver under the examination of the Police Detective.

“I know what you are trying to do, I’m not a nitwit, My” said Gregory leaning over and covering Mycroft’s lips with his own.

Mycroft breathed in his mates scent, the older man was far from a nitwit, but for now he would ask no more questions and for the time being Mycroft put James Moriarty out of his mind as his mate kissed him.
Visiting hours

Chapter Summary

The kids get to go to the hospital, and Greg looks forward to visiting his mate again but on his own next time.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the lovely comments and the huge amount of kudos I have received for this work, it is very humbling. I never imagined when I started this work, quite tentatively I might add since there are so many fantastic Omegaverse works by brilliant authors in AO3, that it would be read so widely and liked. At this point I have no idea how long this work will be and will just keep writing as the inspiration continues.

*Greg*

Taking the kids to the hospital to see Mycroft was like launching a major operation. The entire perimeter and grounds of the house were vetted, and then the car vetted then the all clear to actually drive out of the grounds where two cars accompanied them with two of his mate’s staff in each vehicle plus their driver. Bridget was in the car behind and Greg had guessed with all that was going on she wasn’t just a Nanny after all and had to wonder if Natalia was also one of Mycroft’s people.

The kids were quite subdued, even Meg was quiet as if sensing all was not good. Even he was starting to get jittery and paranoid with all the security and had been relegated to desk work where he wasn’t out in the open on crime scenes. Whatever was going on it was now starting to scare Greg, worrying about the kids safety and Mycroft’s safety……his mate was lying to him about it all being under control and that alone was not exactly reassuring. Still, he had to trust that Mycroft would protect both he and the pups from harm.

Bridget wordlessly handed Meg to him when he indicated he wanted to carry her into the hospital and hugged her close as they left the cars behind with four suited Alphas flanking them. Greg ignored the curious looks they got from both staff and patients as they were ushered through in the direction of his mate’s room. Once again there were two suits outside the room that moved aside to let them all through.

“Mikke!”

Meg bounced in his arms as if trying to leap onto the bed and Greg sat her on the end of the neatly tuck blanket.

“Gently, baby, or you’ll hurt Mycroft” said Greg firmly.

Mycroft had modestly dressed in his green silk dressing gown as best he could with the garment draped over his sling rather than in his normal bare-chested state. His mate smiled at the 2 year old
who did her best to be gentle shuffling up on his lap and burrowing herself into his side seeking out
his scent.

“How’s my girl?” asked Mycroft wrapping his good arm around her.

“Mikee home” said Meg then touched his sling “Ouchie”

“Yes, an ouchie, darling” said Mycroft “I’ll be home very soon”

“Given how many Men In Black we have I assume the gunman that shot you still hasn’t been
found?” asked Maddie with a growl, arms crossed and in stance that Greg tried not smile at. His little
girl was growing into her protective Alpha more and more, he hadn’t missed the fact she was
sticking closer to her twin at the moment.

“And they’ve got guns, I’ve seen the outline under their jackets” piped up Becks.

“And two cars coming with us to the hospital?” chimed in Nate.

“I’m scared, Mycroft” confessed Lola.

“Scarwy” added Meg.

Mycroft’s blue eyes flicked to him and suddenly he couldn’t stand there and listen to him fudge the
truth diplomatically to the kids even though it was necessary. Greg turned around and walked back
out of the room into the corridor, immediately one of the suits was on his tail as he strode off in the
direction of the coffee shop.

Right now he wanted a cigarette and couldn’t have one so he would have the next best thing,chocolate.

Once in the coffee shop he purchased a Kit-Kat and a double iced chocolate then sat at one of the
small tables while the suit lingered a few tables away. The pups had grown up with lies, he’d told
lies to them to cover up how much of an uncaring bitch Caroline had been and now both he and My
were lying to again and he hated it. He systematically snapped off each finger from the Kit-Kat and
ate it in three bites, when the four fingers were gone he gulped down the double iced chocolate
hoping he didn’t spew it back up again.

The chocolate wasn’t as quite satisfying as a cigarette but satisfied the sweet tooth he’d had all
morning. He sat back in the chair and rubbed his belly silently apologising to the pup in there for the
influx of sugar which was better than the nicotine and other various chemicals he fancied. Greg
grinned remembering how Charlotte had rolled and kicked like an acrobat each time he had eaten
Jaffa Cakes, Nate had been a quiet pup, the twins hadn’t had much room to tumble about but Meg
had loved poking her feet into his bladder.

Another month and they would get to see their first ultrasound pictures of the pup though he or she
would only be about the size of a plum. Still, it would be exciting for Mycroft to see the little sprog
all snug and growing in his belly. Not for the first time he sighed in contentment, though he couldn’t
stand sexist attitudes about Omegas he had to admit that his inner Omega loved breeding. There was
something very satisfying about doing what they were made for…..especially when having been
bred by an Alpha who was more than happy to sire a pup.

Greg stood, speaking of Alphas he should get back to his own. He tossed the chocolate wrapper and
drink container in the bin, the suit had risen as well and was only a few steps behind him again until
he entered his mate’s room. Mycroft was surrounded by the pups who all sat along the edges of his
bed while Lola read them a chapter from Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows they were reading.
Meg had made herself quite at home and was now tucked under the blanket still burrowed into his mate’s side and Mycroft was eating one of the chocolate chip cookies the twins had baked for him.

Blue eyes met his again and Greg could see the younger man rapidly making deductions.

With an internal snigger Greg raised an eyebrow.

Deduce this, he thought.

His mate froze with a chocolate chip cookie mid-air that fell from his fingers to the hospital blanket, blue eyes widened slightly and Mycroft’s expression turned to one of an Alpha being led along by his knot. To top it off Greg gave him those cow eyes, the ones that never failed to affect his mate…….

“Ewwww, do you two want us to leave and come back later?” commented Becks grimacing.

Greg wasn’t sure which one of them was the most scarlet with embarrassment but one thing was certain after Mycroft had deduced exactly what he was thinking…….his mate had every intention of giving orders to his suits to let no-one enter the hospital room on his next visit while Greg played nurse with him.

*James*

Jim watched quite boldly in his disguise as the family left the hospital. Now wasn’t that cute, Mycroft had himself an entire litter by default……and that mate of his, well, wasn’t he quite the pretty thing.

He’d got a whiff of the mate as he’d passed him in the corridor; the stupid suit following Lestrade had been too busy staring at the Omega’s arse that had quite a lovely swish to it as he walked to take much notice of him. Yes, the pair had fully bonded and the Omega was with pup too.

Lucky man, Mycroft had been quite satisfying in bed and one of the few Alpha’s he’d slept with that at least hadn’t treated him like he was worthless for taking it in the arse or scorned him for his preference. That, along with respect for how brilliant a mind Mycroft had, was what had saved him from the poison in Germany though he had waited for Mycroft to suffer a little before administering a small amount of medicine that would counteract the tropane alkaloid enough to prevent death when the man had passed out.

He’d given his hello to Mycroft thanks to his lovely sniper Mary, such a naughty Beta with a taste for killing. She handled her weapons like they were her lovers. Pity he had to leave the country again so soon but it was best not to tempt the devil, his business was complete and he could say hello to Mycroft again soon and perhaps play a little more.

Plugging his earphones in, he took out a piece of peppermint gum and popped it into his mouth.

Business in Switzerland waited.
Brotherly Love

Chapter Summary

Sherlock visits Mycroft in hospital

John had done a nightshift and was asleep. Sherlock was so bored he decided to visit his brother plus John had been nagging him to go see Mycroft. It wasn’t hard to spot his brothers staff loitering around the hospital though if Moriarty had wanted to get at Mycroft he would have done so regardless of the security and his brother knew that. Approaching the room his brother was occupying he spared a glance for the two Alpha’s barring the door, the one on the left was boring and took his job seriously……however the one on the right was gazing at Sherlock like he was a cunt on legs and took two seconds longer to move aside than the one on the left but it was the eyes on his body and an unnecessary moment of deliberate closeness that concerned Sherlock.

Upon entering the room Mycroft was half sitting up sleeping and Sherlock mouthed the word ‘disgusting’ silently so as not to wake him. Even the most stupid of people would be able to deduce that the bitten lip, tousled hair and flushed face of his brother as well as the lingering scent of his brother-in-law in the room meant that some sort of sexual activity had taken place quite recently.

Interestingly his brother had heavily scented Greg during their intimacy…..given Mycroft had shown no interest in ever taking a mate it appeared in a relatively short amount of time he had become intensely possessive of his mate….even more interesting was that he had submitted to the Omega and allowed himself to be claimed and marked in an even shorter amount of time.

Sherlock took the comfortable armchair next to the bed and gazed at his older brother in slumber, reminding him of the time when he had been 4 and woken scared of the lightning and storm outside. He had scrambled out of bed petrified and hopped into Mycroft’s bed expecting to be ejected like Sherrinford had done to him. Instead Mycroft, who had been 11, had curled an arm around him and drew him close. Sherlock had burrowed into his older brothers warmth, reassured by his familial scent and protective embrace, falling asleep while Mycroft hummed Debussy to him.

Then there was the time they were on holiday in Spain when he’d been 7 and Mycroft had taken him to the beach because both Mummy and Daddy had been sick from the seafood the night before at dinner. He’d spent an enjoyable two hours building a castle complete with moat and then three boys, all Alphas of 16, had decided to be assholes. They had thrown him to the sand after he’d told them to get lost when one had called him a baby and then stomped on his castle and moat to destroy it.

Mycroft had been up like shot utterly furious and swearing in Spanish at them, a fight had ensued with three on to one resulting in his brother gaining a bloody nose, black eye, many bruises and broken knuckles but the three Alphas had scarpered spitting teeth and sporting just as many injuries. Even as an adult his brother still protected him, turning to shield him had likely saved his life with the bullet grazing his temple rather than entering it.

Of course it had been Mycroft and not Sherrinford who had done the Alpha thing at Christmas and threatened John with his very life if he mistreated Sherlock. John hadn’t needed to tell him what had taken place between them but he could guess that his brother would do anything necessary to protect him……but becoming part of the Holmes family also meant that John was now under Mycroft’s protection too and woe betide anyone who harmed him as well.
Mycroft shifted his head in his sleep, a furrow forming between his eyebrows as his sleeping face showed discomfort at the movement. Sherlock, for a moment, saw the brother of his youth again in that open expression…..he sometimes forgot his brother was still that young lad in an older body. Sherlock shifted to the edge of the armchair and laid his head on Mycroft’s blanket covered side. He closed his eyes and turned his head into his brother’s waist.

Mycroft still smelled the same though he could smell Greg’s scent mixed with it now. He found Greg’s scent on Mycroft comforting, some Omegas he didn’t like the smell of, but Greg smelled of pups, sweet spices and now Mycroft ……..being an older Omega by 11 years it was like having an older Omega brother. His Alpha brother would protect him and his Omega brother-in-law would instinctively care for and nurture him if he needed it.

Sherlock stiffened opening his eyes as fingers carded into his hair; he waited for Mycroft to make some scoffing remark at displaying childish sentiment. Instead his brother hummed Debussy softly and combed his curls with his fingers like he’d done when they were children. Sherlock closed his eyes again and let his brother indulge him in the childhood gestures.

He couldn’t recall how many nights he had silently slipped into Mycroft’s bed to curl up with him but he did remember the night he had snuck into Mycroft’s empty bed and burrowed down into the pillow and blankets that were suffused with his scent and missed him terribly……he’d been 9 and Mycroft 16. Looking back Sherlock knew he had been an utter horrible shit to his brother, accusing him of abandoning him and not loving him anymore because he had chosen to go to University………that day had been the first time he’d ever seen Mycroft cry and it was because of Sherlock’s distress at him leaving. When his brother had come home on break he’d stayed in his own bed and never cuddled with his brother again even though he wanted to.

Sherlock turned his head to look up at his brother who opened his eyes to look down at him. There was no mockery in Mycroft’s face as he continued to stroke his fingers through his hair. Sherrinford was his brother and he loved him but he didn’t have the same kind of relationship with him like he did Mycroft, the familial tie was much stronger between them.

“How are you feeling Will?” asked Mycroft “Any sickness like Gregory?”

“No, not even any nausea” said Sherlock.

“I do hope John is taking care of you properly” said Mycroft.

Sherlock rolled his eyes at his brother.

“I’m not a child anymore, Mikey” said Sherlock petulantly.

“No, but you are pregnant and it is his duty to ensure you and the pup are well taken care of” said Mycroft caressing his cheek fondly.

“John is well aware of his duty” replied Sherlock lifting his head up “Seems you are taking very good care of your mate, or was it him taking very good care of you earlier?”

Sherlock smirked as his brother’s cheeks went pink.

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean” said Mycroft lifting the hand that had been combing Sherlock’s curls and smoothed down his own hair that Greg had mussed up, unaware of his bitten lip.

“Well, I think I’ll go home and get John to take very good care of me” said Sherlock standing up.
“So crass, William” remarked Mycroft with a tut; his cheeks going darker as he blushed.

“The Alpha you have outside, the one with the short blonde hair, get rid of him Mycroft” said Sherlock.

“Why?” asked Mycroft narrowing his eyes “On what grounds, William?”

“He is ogling your Omega and I’m not sure he will keep his hands to himself” said Sherlock “And I’m not entirely sure if he is completely trustworthy full stop”

He left the room as his brother growled, then looked back over his shoulder at the Alpha in question who was openly staring at Sherlock’s bum.

Sherlock pitied the poor sod when Anthea got her claws into him.

Pulling his Belstaff coat around himself and turning up the collar he hailed a taxi cab.

It was time to claim and mark his own Alpha.
Taken, claimed and marked.

Chapter Summary

John gets some unexpected afternoon delight from Sherlock.

Chapter Notes

A chapter of smut for the Johnlock shippers :-) 

John woke with a start. He wasn’t sure what had woken him but rolled over onto his stomach and listened sleepily. He could hear the faint murmur of Sherlock and Mrs Hudson coming from the kitchen and it sounded like she was henpecking his mate about eating lunch and slipped into sleep again.

He wasn’t sure how long he had nodded off for but woke again when his mate joined him in bed by sitting himself along the back of his thighs. John yawned, then sniffed, recognising the scents Sherlock brought with him and also the pleasant fact that his mates naked skin was on his skin. There was the scent of Mycroft with an undertone of Greg on his mate.

“You went to see Mycroft then?” murmured John.

“I dragged myself to the hospital, yes” said Sherlock “You have no idea how tedious it is visiting Mycroft”

“I’m quite sure your brother appreciated the effort’ murmured John “Taking a bullet to the shoulder isn’t much fun you know”’

“Well of course it isn’t much fun, John” said his mate with a tsk “Enough about Mycroft, I’m more interested in other matters at the moment”

John closed his eyes and shivered as soft fingers drew a line down his spine from the nape of his neck to the band of his underpants. He wouldn’t say no to some afternoon delight with his mate.

“And what matters would those be, Sherlock?” asked John.

Warm breath tickled his ear and he felt the silken skin of his mates erect cock drag along his lower back.

“I’m going to mark and claim you” said Sherlock in THAT voice.

THAT voice dripped with sensuality, of temptation and sin which made John’s half hard prick stand to attention under him. God, the thought of his mate biting through his skin to claim him and leaving a permanent mark for all to see made his breath catch in his throat.

Teeth nipped at his shoulder that bore the scar of the bullet wound from Afghanistan.
“Every Omega that comes near you will not fail to understand that you belong to ME” growled his mate, the last word on a snarl.

John groaned at the possessive roughness in his mate’s voice, sucking in his breath when Sherlock pressed his warm skin along his back and doused John with his Omega scent.

“God, Sherlock” he exclaimed inhaling the captivating smell of his pregnant mate that was utterly irresistible.

“I want to take you, John”

He froze when Sherlock rubbed his hard cock along the crack of his cloth covered arse. His first instinct was to roll away; and indeed a growl rose from his throat without even consciously doing it. John had never been in this situation before since he’d gone for female Omegas aside from James Sholto.

Major Sholto had certainly not asked this of him, more than happy to present to John on that small Army cot, though in the Army many things had gone on in sleeping cots that had stayed in Afghanistan…..in the middle of a desert where a bullet or bomb could end your life at any time, social mores of home that attached shame and stigma to certain things were left back at home. Alphas had taken Alphas and many Alphas had been taken by Omegas, there had even been two Omegas get it on. Army tents hardly gave privacy and all and sundry were privy to the most private of things, things that were not spoken of there or back home.

He’d been on the giving end of anal sex before and the partners who had asked it of him had enjoyed it immensely. In the Army yearly prostrate examinations were par for the course and he’d had plenty of gloved fingers probing up his arse which didn’t rate up there as the most pleasant of experiences but they weren’t as bad as some Alpha’s made out who snapped, snarled and got physical about it. As a Doctor versed in sexual health and anatomy, he knew there was no reason why being on the receiving end should not be pleasurable…..he just didn’t think he could offer his arse up and present like an Omega on his hands and knees.

“Yeah, fine but not like this” said John shifting to roll over on his back.

John licked his lips nervously as Sherlock removed the underpants he’d slept in. He never got tired of admiring his mate’s beautiful alabaster skin as he stretched across to the bedside table to find a small bottle of lubricant that was kept in there.

He wanted other Omegas to know he belonged to this gorgeous creature; he wanted other Alphas to be green with envy at his Omega and most of all he wanted Sherlock to know he loved him.

“You’ve done this before?” asked John “Because I haven’t”

“Yes, I have” answered Sherlock “Would be a bit hard for a female Omega to do this to you without a cock, John”

Jealously flared up in John and he wondered if Victor had offered himself up to Sherlock to be taken. With a growl he pulled mate down on him, Sherlock growled back and their teeth clacked together as they kissed each other with a rough passion. He wanted nothing more than to just push himself into his mate’s body and have him, instead he lay back and let Sherlock take the lead.

Of course Sherlock being Sherlock and ever the scientist took his bloody time, no doubt making deductions and storing data in that Mind Palace of his. Before Sherlock he would have hurried things along to the main event with a dawdling Omega but his mate had growled and snarled at him from the very first if he got pushy and Sherlock wanted to and liked to touch. John swore his mate had
been a courtesan in a previous life, how in the hell could he know that drawing little circles with his
tongue just below his armpits made John break out in goose bumps or tugging at the little tufts of
blond hair underneath his belly button made his nipples go hard.

However he had deduced such things John really didn’t care while gasping at his nails that scratched
lightly over his stomach. He grasped the pillow under his head with a fist, whimpering as a wet
tongue flicked over and around his cock and hissed when his mate sucked on one of his already
tormented nipples.

“Bloody hell, Sherlock!” swore John almost at the end of his tether and hissed again when Sherlock
grabbed his hair, yanking his head to one side to bare his neck. He panted as his mate licked over the
skin above the Alpha gland, his panting turning into ragged breaths as Sherlock nudged his knees
apart then lifted one over his shoulder. He clutched his mates shoulder tensing as his slippery finger
touched his arsehole.

Again his mate scented him heavily and John gulped with the urge to close his legs, tamping down
the feeling of it being wrong and refusing to feel any shame at what he was doing. Teeth dug into his
skin without breaking it, John groaned, he’d never let an Omega near that part of his neck before and
the sensation was incredible…..the slender finger breached him and for a moment he teetered on the
cusp of throwing Sherlock off him, took two deep breaths then relaxed.

Once he got past the ingrained social stigma of being taken by an Omega as wrong and shameful and
actually submitted to his mate, it was quite liberating to relinquish all control and give free rein over
his body.

“My, you are mine, John” murmured Sherlock licking stripes over the skin he had dug his teeth
into.

John moaned at the pleasure he felt both on his neck and in his arse.

He didn’t care that he whined at his mate to bite and fuck him, nor did he care when his mate shoved
a pillow under his hips and stuffed three fingers into his arse when John growled at him to fucking
well get on with it, he didn’t care that he was spreadeagled, exposed and begging for his mates cock
in him like a willing Omega in heat.

John cried out in shocked pleasure and pain as Sherlock bit his neck and breached his virgin arse at
the same time, his submission was complete in more ways than one as his mate took him, claimed
him and marked him. After several moments his mate let go of his hair and carefully took his teeth
out of his neck. John’s blood was over his lips and chin as he raised his head and braced his arms
either side of Johns shoulders.

Sherlock bent and kissed him, John could taste the metallic tang of his blood on his lips. John
shuddered at the feel of his mates cock sliding inside him as Sherlock drew his hips back, huffing
when he pushed back in again and doing so several times in gentle strokes.

“Jeeeesus!”

John’s jaw dropped as his mate got the angle just right, thrusting harder and all John could do was
grunt and cling on to his mates arms as Sherlock set a pace that was neither too slow nor too fast but
dragged out the pleasure.

He now understood why the Alphas in the army who had indulged in sodomy had difficulty being
quiet; having one’s arse full of cock was exquisitely pleasurable.
“Johnnnnnn” groaned his mate dropping his head into John’s neck.

“God…..Sherlock……” there was no lead up; it was just there without warning.

John clenched, involuntarily contracting around his mate’s cock growling and with stuttered moans as he came with an unexpected intensity and without even a touch to his own cock. He gasped at feeling his mate thicken inside him then pulse to warmly bathe his insides with his fluids while grinding himself into John’s body, trembling with choked off grunts.

Sherlock lay still on top of him, breathing into his neck. John closed his eyes and smoothed a hand up his mate’s slender back.

Taken, claimed and marked. Many Alphas out there would be appalled, would ridicule him as less than an Alpha and call him an Omegas bitch.

Personally, John thought the homophobic and sexist idiots didn’t know what they were missing.

He’d sure as hell have no hesitation bending over for Sherlock in the future if that is what his mate wanted.
Anthea

Chapter Summary

Working for Mycroft Holmes has it's challenges but after 18 years there was no one else she would rather be at the beck and call of.

Anthea compressed her lips at the sight of the Omega nurse who was supposed to be helping Mycroft suddenly exit his hospital room with a hand over her mouth, crying and disappearing through a door further down the corridor.

"Fucking hell" she swore getting the barest whiff of the upset Omega.

Pocketing her mobile phone as she approached the door and frowned upon opening it at finding her boss looking quite useless in socks, boxer shorts and his shirt half hanging off his good shoulder. The sling on his arm had been removed to dress him and he hugged the arm across his chest so that the weight of it wouldn’t cause strain to the injured shoulder. Her nose wrinkled at the sugary scent of distress that the Omega had left behind. Mycroft Holmes was acting like his younger brother, like a bear with a sore head with his grumpy growls and snapping but being rude and abrasive. His blue eyes flicked to her for a split second then quickly averted away at the expression on her face, he at least had the decency to look ashamed of his bad behaviour.

She tossed the snap-lock bag of medications issued from the pharmacy she had just collected into the overnight back and wordlessly removed the shirt off his good shoulder then slapped his face hard though it was no worse to him than a swat really. The hand on his good arm curled into a fist and he growled menacingly having had his Alpha pride wounded and she slapped him again to wound it even further. Millicent Holmes had instructed her in front of Mycroft more years ago than she cared to remember to put her son in his place if he verbally bullied Omegas and made them cry. It wasn’t the first time she’d given him a good slap for being a bully and likely wouldn’t be the last.

“Really Mycroft, I might have to tell your mother you’ve sent two Omegas nurses crying from your hospital room in within three days of each other” she threatened with a snarl.

If there was one thing that could make the tough and powerful Alpha tremble with fear it was the threat of facing the wrath of his mother. He towered over her yet she had seen Mycroft cower when on the receiving end of her displeased ire, it was quite easy to see where her son had inherited the gift of his acerbic tongue from. A nice bunch of flowers with a note of apology would be sent to both Omegas before the end of the day on behalf of her boss to hopefully placate them.

She none to gently poked the arm of his injured shoulder into the armhole of the shirt for upsetting the Omega who had not deserved his crap in addition to yanking it up over his shoulder for subjecting her to the unsettling smell of distress pheromones. Mycroft didn’t make a sound though the blood drained from his face at the movements and she didn’t feel a bit guilty for inflicting pain on him. He had suffered far worse pain in the past at the hands of enemies.

His shitty mood had everything to do with the fact he had not seen his mate for four days rather than anything the Omegas had done wrong, plus he was pissed off that powers above him had vetoed his attempt to discharge himself against Doctors advice to go home early. It was only natural he wanted to ensure his family were safe and protected when unwell……still, it didn’t give him the right to treat
gentle Omegas who had been his nurses like that.

Poor Gregory had his hands full with sick pups. Charlotte, Nathaniel, Rebecca and Madison had all come down with the flu bug that was going around school. John had been out to the house to check them over pronouncing plenty of cooling fluids, bland food, paracetamol, rest and waiting for the bug to pass as his prescription to treat the high temperatures, runny noses, inflamed throats, coughs and sore tummies.

Unfortunately Mycroft had been neglected which was par for the course when there were sick pups. Gregory had done what all Omegas did and gone into full blown caring and nurturing mode putting his pups above all else.

Her boss was not resentful of the fact, but like all Alphas it hurt to be pushed aside and ignored by ones mate. Both Milly and Siger had come from Sussex to help with the pups as both Bridget and Natalia had picked the bug up from the children too.

Shirt on and buttoned up, Anthea sighed as Mycroft snatched the jeans from her and struggled to pull them up once he got them over his socked feet. She noted with satisfaction they were the ones she had bought at his request and that Gregory very much liked.

“Oh for fuck sake” she swore after several moments and smacking his good hand away pulled the jeans up his legs.

“Anthea!”

She ignored the indignant squawk that came from him as she poked his boxer clad tackle in so she could button and zipper them up.

“Well, if you hadn’t of been such a shit to the nurse you wouldn’t have to put up with me touching your bits” she snapped grabbing the sling to put back on and stifled a smirk as her boss looked at it in trepidation.

She had made her point, he knew she refused to put up with his shit past a certain point but wasn’t about to be a complete cow by deliberately hurting him again and put the support back on his arm so he could rest his shoulder comfortably. His coat went on next then the scarf which she irritated him with by looping it the same way his brother did. He gave her a gruff ‘Thank you’ before pocketing his phone and picking up his overnight bag.

Mycroft couldn’t leave the hospital fast enough, striding out at breakneck speed eager to get home.

“Nice to see you back on your feet, Mr Holmes” greeted Jeremy opening the door.

“It’s nice to be back, thank you Jeremy” said Mycroft, the crabby attitude beginning to lift thankfully.

Anthea took out her phone and dealt with a few emails while Jeremy and Mycroft made small talk about various current affairs before dashing off a text message.

- Dinner? A
- Would love to. M
- 7.30pm? A
- Perfect. M

It was a shame she had a 2am flight to catch otherwise she would have enjoyed spending the night with the sweet Beta. Molly was truly lovely, they were both career orientated and neither of them
saw children in their futures.

“I took the liberty of re-booking your trip to Paris for the following weekend, it won’t be all pleasure I’m afraid……you’ll have a meeting with DGSI* who wish to have you consult about a potential threat to internal security” said Anthea pocketing her phone again as they neared the house in Camden. “I thought perhaps while you are thus occupied I could accompany Gregory to a few of the upmarket boutiques to acquire some maternity clothes in the latest Paris fashions and do some general shopping?”

Not to mention she could also do a little shopping of her own and perhaps pick Molly up something nice.

“Yes, I think that would be agreeable” nodded Mycroft “As well as a satisfactory excuse to ensure his safety while he is out…..those French Alpha’s are notorious for sniffing around Omegas, bonded or not.....bloody think they are all Casanovas”

The car had barely stopped and Jeremy hadn’t even put it into park but Mycroft was out the door.

Jeremy looked back at her in the rear view mirror and she just rolled her eyes and shook her head at him making him chuckle.

Anthea followed carrying Mycroft’s overnight bag and his briefcase with some work that needed his attention, placing both on the hallway table before heading in the direction of voices when she got inside.

The casual lounge room looked like a bedroom with quilts, pillows and bodies lying around. The television had a movie on that was for kids which Charlotte and Nathaniel were watching. Madison was cuddled up to her twin sister and both were asleep. None of them looked their usual sunny and happy selves though both the older two children greeted her with nasal sounding voices that were friendly. It was easy to see they were unwell.

“Ah hello there my dear” greeted Milly “I don’t suppose little Megan has come your way, the little devil is giving Siger the run around”

She opened her mouth to respond and closed it again hearing the giggle of the little girl who came running from down the hallway into the casual lounge devoid of any clothes and dragging her pink unicorn blanket behind her with Siger in hot pursuit

Anthea chuckled as Milly gave chase, the little nudist evading her with more giggles and heading in the direction of the kitchen. Siger had plonked himself on the edge of the sofa puffing slightly but Anthea grinned at him knowing the older Alpha was having a ball being led a merry chase by the little pup and he winked at her grinning back.

She followed Milly who had scooped the naked little bundle up just inside the kitchen door; Megan had put her blanket over her own head as if hiding.

"Kissy, kissy" the little girl chanted.

“Oh I wouldn’t got in there dear, seems the boys are reacquainting themselves with each other” said Milly smiling happily then patted the little bottom of the pup “Come on Missy, let's get you some clothes on before you get sick too”

Anthea trod silently to the door and pushed it ajar an inch to peer into the kitchen.

Her boss had his mate pinned to the pantry door; the low growl coming from him along with the tang
of Alpha pheromones she got a whiff of suggested a very possessive territorial scenting from Mycroft. Gregory had his hands in his mate’s hair, it no longer combed to perfection and in messy disarray, she bit back a snicker at what looked like the pair of them trying to eat each others faces as their mouths mashed together and was quite sure Gregory was trying to find Mycroft’s tonsils with his tongue.

At the sound of a zipper opening and Mycroft disappearing from view behind the island bench she withdrew, allowing the door to close noiselessly but not before she heard Gregory make a pleasured sound that made it evident exactly what Mycroft was doing to him.

Mycroft had never been the most physically or emotionally demonstrative of people and at times was so frighteningly cold even she had wondered if there was a heart in his chest but the last few days had clearly shown that despite their arrangement Mycroft was desperately in love with Gregory……and couldn’t keep his hands off him.

She grinned wolfishly, perhaps she would have Molly before and after dinner tonight.

*General Directorate for Internal Security - Direction générale de la sécurité intérieure. It is tasked with counter-espionage, counter-terrorism and the surveillance of potential threats on French territory.
The Alpha driver that had been sent to collect him had shoulders like a brick wall. He waited patiently by the car, seemingly admiring a red rosebush in a pot nearby and Greg wondered what had happened to the other driver, Jay, with the blonde hair who had driven him around when Jeremy had not been available. He hadn’t seen this particular Alpha on Mycroft’s staff. Greg kissed each of his pups again, he felt guilty leaving them behind while he spent the weekend in Paris but they were excited about going to the farm that Sherrinford and Olivia owned with Milly and Siger….particularly since horse riding had been promised and even a pony for Meg.

“Be off with you Gregory, Siger and I have all in hand and you need not worry about a thing” declared Milly ushering him towards the BMW then gave him a wink after a quick hug “Paris, the most romantic city in the world…..I’m quite sure you will have no trouble seducing that son of mine with your Omega charms…..particularly now your pregnancy is becoming obvious”

Greg blushed at her suggestive remark and giggle, a quick glance at the new driver indicated he either didn’t hear or was very good at pretending not to hear as he stowed Greg’s suitcase and man bag in the boot of the car.

“Mr Holmes” nodded the Alpha speaking with a very slight accent as he opened the rear door for him and stood well back like Jeremy did for him to enter.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know your name” said Greg apologetically once they were in the car.

Vivid ice blue eyes swung to him in the rear view mirror as he was addressed. His hair was almost white blond and Greg presumed he was of Nordic origins.

“Johannes, sir” replied the driver. “I will be a personal driver to both yourself and the children when Jeremy or Bridget is otherwise engaged”

The personal bodyguard part was left unspoken as the Alpha’s icy blue eyes went to the road as he drove out of the driveway.

“Did Jay leave?” asked Greg.

“Jay has left Mr Holmes’ employment and both Anthea and Jeremy selected me as a suitable replacement” replied Johannes steadily.

The sudden departure of Jay made Greg wonder if there was more to it but he wasn’t about to question his mate’s decisions as far as his staff were concerned and certainly not with one of his staff. As long as his pups were safe that was Mycroft’s area, the only staff member he expected to have a say in was any Nanny they had and thus far Bridget was loved by the kids and he liked her too.

“Mr Holmes is already at the airport and the plane is scheduled to leave on time at 6pm with no delays” said Johannes politely.
“And people say Heathrow never runs on time” said Greg with a chuckle.

“Indeed” replied Johannes. It was clear the Alpha was not a chatty sort like Jeremy but then Jeremy had been with Mycroft for years and perhaps Johannes wasn’t comfortable chatting with him. Greg looked out the window as the London streets streaked by through the tinted windows.

Though he was reluctant to leave his pups he was looking forward to spending time with his mate without other distractions. The last month between the shooting, kids getting sick and both their respective work it felt like there had been little time for just them. Mycroft had some government meeting to attend to from 9am until 4pm tomorrow but the rest of the weekend was theirs. It had been a very long time since he had been in France; the last time had been with his parents before he’d met Caroline.

Holidays had been an almost non-existent feature of their bonding once the pups had come along, they’d been to Bournemouth once and Blackpool once but being stuck in a hotel room with the pups had irritated Caroline who had pissed off out on her own anyway for peace. Mycroft had mentioned a summer holiday abroad with all five pups when the school year ended, it would be interesting to see how that went down with the Alpha if it happened.

Greg yawned. It had been a long tedious day in court giving police evidence on two separate homicide cases and by 4pm he had been well and truly ready to get out of there after listening to defence lawyers try and poke holes, put forward ridiculous theories and grasp at straws. The idiots knew their clients were fucked; the evidence in both cases was water tight thanks to Sherlock. If the buggers got off then it was not from lack of evidence on their part.

He shifted in his seat uncomfortably. At 10 weeks his jeans had already become tight with the small swell of his stomach, his breasts had begun to mound again and his hips had become a little rounder too. It was fairly normal to show earlier with subsequent pregnancies after the first two but Greg had only grown this fast with Rebecca and Madison which left him to suspect he may be pregnant with twins again. Greg smiled to himself, twins would be quite the feat at his age and with Mycroft’s flagging sperm production….well, the Alpha’s ego would be stroked at having put two pups in his Omegas belly.

Milly was right, his pregnancy was becoming quite obvious. Alphas had stood closer than normal, stared longer and he’d had quite a few lustful gazes, which, at going on 45 quite flattering though he certainly didn’t encourage it; he’d got envious glances from Omegas and approving glances from older Omegas whose bodies were past breeding.

Greg frowned as Johannes bypassed the public terminals once they got to Heathrow and was starting to get quite worried until the car slowed at the small hangars where private aircraft were kept. The worry dissipated when he saw the black Mercedes parked inside that belonged to Mycroft which Johannes parked next to. A gorgeous Gulfstream was lit up outside the hanger with the engines running and Greg’s chest fluttered with excitement at the prospect of flying in a private jet……a little thing that Mycroft hadn’t told him and he had assumed they were going normal commercial flight.

Johannes retrieved his luggage before opening the car door for him and handed Greg the man bag, the large Alpha flanked him the short distance to the aircraft though didn’t invade his personal space and had Greg enter the cabin first. He was met by a very attractive man in his early thirties dressed in black trousers, black waistcoat, burgundy tie and crisp white shirt who smiled at him.

“Good evening, I’m Mark and your attendant for the duration of the flight” greeted the friendly Omega “May I take your coat and scarf, Sir?”

Greg shucked off his coat and removed his scarf handing them to the Omega.
“If you’d like to take your seat, Mr Holmes I’ll be along in a few moments to make sure you are comfortable” said Mark turning to open a small cupboard.

Greg looked around the cabin which was a far cry from the cattle class he had flown in his younger years. He took the seat across from Mycroft whose back was facing the front of the plane and Johannes took the spare seat next to them at the other window.

“How were the children?” asked Mycroft, his eyes falling upon his chest. The small mounds were quite visible against the fitted soft cotton of the fawn and white checked shirt that Siger and Milly had given him Christmas.

“Looking forward to getting out to the farm, Sherrinford has promised horse and pony rides, and between hunting for chicken eggs and chasing pigs I don’t think our absence will trouble them” said Greg with a grin.

Anthea and Jeremy were already seated and chatting quietly. Johannes had removed his suit jacket and Greg was taken aback by the shoulder holster he wore over his shirt that held what looked to be a Beretta pistol.

“They will have a wonderful time at the farm, I believe Sherrinford also mentioned four wheelers and lots of mud too” said Mycroft.

Greg dragged his eyes away from the pistol to his mate whose face was expressionless at his discovery. He wondered if Anthea and Jeremy were carrying too.

“Ah well, the poor nags, chickens and pigs probably won’t get a look in then” said Greg.

“Pardon me, Mr Holmes, let’s get you buckled in as the pilots have informed me that they are ready to disembark” said Mark cheerfully and Greg leaned back so the Omega could adjust the lap belt and click it together so it was firm but not tight across his belly.

The Omega glided off and took his own seat further down the back of the plane which had begun to move. Greg laid his hands on the glass top table that separated him and Mycroft who was silently gazing at him. He looked out of the oval window but not before Greg swallowed at the feral glint in his mate’s blue eyes as they roamed his body hungrily.

Milly was right, he didn’t have to seduce his mate. His pregnancy hormones and the changes in his body were quite enough. After Caroline’s disinterest in him it was quite the eye opener to see how a normal Alpha acted with their pregnant mate behind closed doors….and even sometimes when it wasn’t closed. Greg knew the moment they were alone the calm, quiet and composed man in the suit would be gone and replaced with a rutting Alpha.

John had assured him the behaviour Mycroft was exhibiting was completely normal and innate, then blushing gave him a few tips on how to drive his mate mad during his pregnancy. He had also said not to be shy in warning the Alpha to back off if it was getting too much who would likely be pissed off and sulk. Since getting out of hospital Mycroft had taken to obsessively pinning him so he could smell and territorially scent him, the obsessive behaviour had run to the Alpha prowling at night and laying aggressive scent at doors and windows then coming back to bed to pounce on him up to three times a night.

The last two nights he had sleepily protested at his mate. He was tired and needed some unbroken sleep and really wasn’t in any mood to be woken, sniffed at, scented, and then taken in a fast and furious rut. Mycroft had growled at him while sniffing his neck and trying to get a hand inside his boxers but had quickly retreated to the other side of the bed when Greg had given him a snarling
growl. Like a petulant pup having a tantrum, his mate had muttered and whinged with little growls and snarls and last night had even whimpered like a kicked puppy to try and get his own way.

Mycroft had still been sulking this morning when he’d hastily risen after answering his phone. He’d tossed off his pyjamas while snappily shouting in a low voice down the phone in what sounded like Arabic and had stomped about completely naked which he never did in the morning as if to draw attention to his bouncing neglected prick. Greg had muffled his laughter after his mate had flounced into the bathroom and closed the door, finding the performance hilarious; there had been shades of Sherlock’s dummy spitting in his actions. He bit back a snort, if this morning’s erection was anything to go by his mate’s cock could probably be classed as a deadly weapon by now and knock someone clean out if the hit them across the head with it.

Greg watched out the window as the plane raced down the runway then lifted off from the ground, fascinated as the lights and buildings of London got further away as they ascended into the darkening sky.

“So no commercial flight then?” asked Greg sitting back in his very comfortable seat once the novelty of looking out the window wore off and toed his shoes off under the table.

“Official business entitles me to travel privately” answered Mycroft taking his belt off when the plane levelled “I thought I might surprise you since it will probably be a rarity, and you can now say you have travelled on a multi-million dollar business jet”

“Anderson will be green, he flew some crappy budget airline on his last holiday and he reckoned they were packed in like sardines” said Greg frowning as Mycroft took his laptop out of his briefcase which didn’t go unnoticed by his mate.

“I’m sorry, I have a few things to do….if I do them now I won’t have to do them later this evening when I can be devoting my time to you” said Mycroft apologetically flipping up the lid of the computer.

Greg took out the magazine he had brought, an Omega glossy that was sold in Tesco he’d nicked from one of his Constables when she had finished reading it. It was trashy but entertaining and filled with gossip, recipes, Dear Jane, household tips and sometimes a steamy excerpt of a new novel. Yes, he was guilty of enjoying trashy Omega magazines.

Mark brought a scotch for Mycroft then came back with a cocktail glass decorated with a bright orange straw and a slice of twisted pineapple on rim for Greg and also laid down a platter of assorted little dainty canapés, cheese and crackers and sliced fruits. The Omega looked positively scandalised when Mycroft asked if there was alcohol in it.

“Definitely not Mr Holmes, looks like a Cocktail and tastes like a Cocktail but purely a Mocktail that I whipped up especially for Mr Holmes since he is unable to have alcoholic beverages in his delicate condition” sing-songed the Omega then directed his attention to Greg “Enjoy your Coco Colada, and page 37 dear, you’ll definitely want to read that”

Greg selected a smoked salmon canapé and popped it in his mouth, turning the magazine to page 37 and almost inhaled the bloody canape thing at the colourful picture of a beautiful sun dappled beach and right there in the surf looking like a bronzed muscled god was Brad Pitt in all his Alpha glory clad only in a pair of water drenched Speedo pants that left nothing to the imagination as they clung to his body. Greg’s eyes widened……Angelina was one very lucky Omega, dear god it would be like climbing a tree……not to mention his package looked as bloody big as a log.

Greg turned the magazine to get a better look at the Adonis then glanced up at Mark who grinned at
him from back in the galley and Greg barked a laugh as the Omega waggled his eyebrows and winked. Brad Pitt was Omega equivalent of a wet dream…especially after he had made the movie Troy……all tanned skin, bulging muscles and ravishing that Omega……and that arse, bloody hell you could bounce a coin off it and crack the ceiling from the rebound…….

“What is such an interesting read on page 37 that is amusing both you and Mark?” asked Mycroft

“Isn’t that one of those gutter rags they peddle to Omegas in the supermarkets?”

“Just as many gutter rags are peddled to Alphas too, My” said Greg without looking up at his mate and took a large gulp of his Coco Colada which was deliciously cool since he was feeling a little flustered. The taste of pineapple and creamy coconut was very tropical and he turned the magazine again to ogle at the Alpha.

“Show me?” asked Mycroft evenly with an expressionless face.

He proffered the magazine to his mate who took it, his blue eyes flicked over the photos for a moment before it was handed back to him wordlessly. Mycroft went back to his laptop but it was clear as he tapped the keys much harder and how his eyebrows looked pinched that his mate was jealous and annoyed.

Greg popped another canapé into his mouth and turned to recipe section of the magazine. A few more canapés and half his drink gone after finding two recipes he’d like to cook, he lifted his socked foot and drew circles his mate’s left calf with his toe and kept reading. Taking a piece of cheddar and a cracker he noted that the kids would probably like the caramel apple pancakes for breakfast one morning before turning to the novel excerpt.

The taps on the on the computer keyboard paused as Greg ran his toes up the side of his mates knee and rubbed his inner thigh, Greg scanned the excerpt just to get to the juicy bit.

Rhiannon undid her coat, the Alphas desire swirlled all around her, hot and strong and demanding. She welcomed it, breathed it deep and let it mingle with the urgency pounding through her veins. It was all she could do to restrain her own desire to rip off his clothes and taste of him. The ache was becoming all consuming; she wanted to mate and wanted it now. He growled deep in his throat and lifted her, she wrapped her legs around his waist and pushed him deep inside her, groaning at the glory of his huge petard spearing into her like no other. She rode him hard, desperate to claim every inch of his rigid heat, flesh slapping flesh and only needy grunts of fill and be filled came from them both. She could barely breathe as he found that spot within, hitting it over and over……then that impossible opening up where only sensation existed and he took her beyond it as his knot claimed her, and as one fell into the abyss of nirvana

Greg slid his toes into his mate’s trousered crotch and he kept his face straight with his eyes on the magazine as Mycroft jerked banging a knee into the table.

Selecting a strawberry from the pile of fruit he bit off the pointed end with a nibble and then put it between his lips to suck on it while he ran his foot along the hard length that had grown in seconds under his toes. He dabbed the strawberry into the little pot of dark chocolate sauce and slowly licked off the bitter but sweet liquid before biting into the strawberry.

He lifted his eyes to his mate as he slid his foot down to massage his balls with his toes, blue eyes that had been fixed upon him fell to the computer. Both Jeremy and Johannes were taking a cat nap, Mark had his nose in a romance novel but Anthea was smirking at her phone well aware of what was going on. Greg opened another button on his shirt so that the collar loosened and turned his head to look out of the window and felt his mate’s eyes boring into the exposed mark of their bond on his skin.
Greg picked up his drink, slowly sucking the cool freshness up the straw as his foot kneaded at his mate’s crotch. Mycroft remained utterly composed and silent though his face had become flushed and little beads of sweat sat on his upper lip. He put his empty drink back on the table and withdrew his foot. Unbuckling the lap belt he rose and walked to the rear of the plane where the bathroom, it was nothing like the poky, barely able to turn around cubicles on commercial flights.

He washed his hands not really needing to go to the toilet, barely half a minute later his distraction of Mycroft had paid off and with the click of the lock Mycroft was in the bathroom too, his blue eyes took in his dangling shirt and naked lower half apart from the socks, the younger man’s composure was left outside the door.

Greg shivered as his mate pounced, pushing him face first to the cupboard that probably held bathroom paraphernalia. The sniffing and territorial scenting were skipped and Greg tilted his hips back as Mycroft hurriedly undid his own belt and trousers while growling and panting like a rabid dog. He muted his groan into the back of his arm as his mate took him in a swift hard thrust that drew him up onto the tips of his toes, another snap of his hips and Mycroft sounded like he was hyperventilating; shaking violently against the back of him as he silently came in only seconds.

Well, that was a bit unexpected......Greg would have to wait until later to get some satisfaction from Mycroft.

His mate huffed into his neck trying to catch his breath; Greg could feel his mate’s heart hammering in his chest, and could also feel the weapon strapped to his body under his suit jacket pressing into his back. An arm snaked around his hips and slender fingers stretched out over his belly.

He could also tell Anderson he’d joined the Mile High Club too.
First night in Paris

Chapter Summary

Mycroft thinks their trip to Paris has got off to a bad start.

Chapter Notes

Finally got to do an update, had a holiday with the family and found the resort we stayed in had no bloody internet for guests.

An animal.
He was nothing but a base animal.

An animal that had taken his mate far too roughly and not had any thought to anything but his own needs……needs that had been met in a mortifyingly quick space of time by using his mate as nothing more than a receptacle…..barely 2 seconds…….guilty of premature ejaculation like an oversexed, horny teenager instead of mature 38 year old Alpha. It was little wonder his mate had started rejecting his advances the previous two nights. He lamented over his failures.

Shameful, utterly shameful……and he had in fact fled in shame and embarrassment at his actions from the bathroom when the lust filled fog of rutting had lifted mere moments after having spent himself.

He had promised to keep control of himself and not act like a ridiculous infant pup being denied something he wanted. But when the phone call had woken him that morning from an operative in Syria, his raging erection had made him act like just that. Once in the privacy of their bathroom he had eased his blue aching balls with some very fast masturbation in the shower with his face pressed into a dirty shirt from the washing basket that was permeated with his mates scent. He had done fine all day until Gregory walked into the plane and was wearing that tailored shirt which accentuated how his chest, hips and belly was growing…..and his delicious scent, he wanted to drown in it…..it was like lighting a match and tossing it onto kindling.

When Gregory had ogled that magazine, Mycroft had felt irrational jealousy over the picture, Brad bloody Pitt made many an male Alpha feel inadequate with his tanned skin, good looks, muscles and larger than average endowment…………well, of course that had made him want to first take out his pistol and shred the magazine up by using it as target practice then throw his mate over the glass top table and make him forget the very name of Brad Pitt.

The foot under the table had been most unexpected, he had barely been able to concentrate on the crypto messages sent from Vauxhall with his mate giving him an erotic massage……that, and then his oral display with the strawberry and the straw of the drink had him almost coming in his trousers but he had still maintained his composure……but with the flick of that shirt button his mate had exposed their bond mark and turned his head submissively in public, which, for a private person like himself was like throwing fuel on the fire.
Sexist and outdated as it may be, his inner Alpha was greatly scintillated at his Omega exhibiting his stamp of ownership for all to see, the dominant creature he sought to keep caged and tamed roared with lust at the exhibitionism……for Mycroft, it was akin to his mate getting on all fours and presenting himself, thus he had lost the struggle with staying in his seat when Gregory had got up to use the bathroom. He’d had every intention of unashamedly begging his Omega for access to his body. Finding his mate half naked and offering himself had been his undoing, scenting had not even come into the equation this time…..god, upon sane reflection he didn’t even know if Gregory had made that muted sound in pain or pleasure…..the thought of possibly having hurt his mate made him break out in a cold sweat.

Mycroft grimaced inwardly and flicked a sideways glance past Anthea to his mate who sat in the rear seat next to the other window, Jeremy and Johannes sat in the front of the hired car. He was watching the passing Paris streets silently. He didn’t think he would live down the added mortification of both Mark and Anthea’s surprise when he’d fled the bathroom having barely done his trousers up and tucked his shirt back in, getting tangled in curtain that Mark had discreetly drawn across the galley and bathroom area……the flight attendant had known what Mycroft had intended with his mate.

Thank god both Jeremy and Johannes were unaware of what had gone on and had still been napping. Gregory had come out some five minutes later, silently picked up the magazine and hadn’t spoken a word to him since. He’d consulted Dr Montgomery yesterday with his concerns; the aging Doctor had laughed and reassured him that he was demonstrating absolutely normal behaviour towards Gregory. Mycroft had been quite taken aback with the old Doctors suggestion that his Omega should be ignored if he got stroppy at his attentions and to persuade him to be cooperative. Persuasion was just a polite way of phrasing forcing his attentions on his Omega regardless of whether or not he wanted to cooperate. From now on he would consult with John in his capacity as a physician if he needed advice regarding Gregory. Medically, Dr Montgomery had been an excellent physician but taking relationship advice from the Alpha who obviously subscribed to sexual assault on a pregnant Omega as acceptable turned his stomach.

What a fucking wonderful start to their time in Paris, perhaps he should ask Anthea to just shoot him now and be done with it. He could only hope that Gregory might forgive his deplorable behaviour…..perhaps Gregory might like to shoot him……what a fuck up……that was F-U-C-K U-P in capitals, bolded and underlined, thank you very much.

Mycroft was glad when the car arrived at the Shangri-La Hotel that Anthea chosen. She had booked the Shangri-La Suite on the 7th floor for himself and Gregory then Premier rooms the next floor down for herself, Johannes and Jeremy. He had stayed here before with Anthea and enjoyed his stay, hopefully it would please his mate too and looked over at Gregory whom, he noted with satisfaction, was being closely guarded by both Jeremy once out of the car while Johannes took out the suitcases for concierge to bring up to their rooms. Mycroft knew Moriarty had left the United Kingdom but as to where he had gone was still a mystery and he was taking no chances with Gregory’s safety and that of his unborn pup.

The lobby of the hotel had changed little since his last visit and the young Omega on reception greeted them warmly and politely. He stood back letting Anthea take care of checking them in.

“Holmes party” said Anthea fluently in French “We have reservations for the Shangri La Suite and three Premier rooms”

Mycroft stepped forward to sign his name on the contract that would agree for the hotel to deduct any charges for damage or theft. He turned his head noticing Gregory had moved away to peruse a
rack of pamphlets on restaurants, attractions and shopping around Paris with Johannes a few steps away appreciating a very nice painting of the Taj Mahal hanging on the wall.

Of course it looked like Gregory was a lone Omega and it attracted the attention of a lone Alpha of around forty almost immediately whose nose sniffed the air and detoured from returning to his room to make a bee line for his mate. He took a step with his fists clenched but Jeremy slipped in front of him to prevent him going over to do murder as the swine stood too close behind his mate and murmured at him.

“Calm down and let Johannes do his job, Mycroft” said Jeremy under his breath as Johannes turned his head and took notice of the sniffing Alpha.

Mycroft growled, Gregory turned around at the sound. Mycroft’s heart started racing as the insolent bastard went to put a hand on his mates shoulder and Jeremy nudged him back as his hackles rose, it was only the fact that Jeremy was trying to diffuse the situation that prevented Mycroft from knocking him down.

In a blink of an eye Johannes put the trespassing Alpha onto the floor and had his highly polished leather shoe across his throat while keeping Gregory pressed behind him with one hand to shield him with his body.

The Alpha swore loudly in German while choking.

“Did your own Omega not teach you to not look at or approach a bonded pregnant Omega unless you want to be put down like a filthy dog?” snarled Johannes in German, his face no longer genially attractive but mean and hard.

Johannes took his foot off the Alphas throat and the man rolled away and fled. The large blond Alpha’s face returned to his genial attractiveness as he stepped away from his mate to return to admiring the painting. Gregory just stood there with the pamphlets in his hand looking at the bodyguard come driver in surprise then turned his brown eyes to Mycroft for a several moments before going back to the rack.

The young Omega behind the reception desk was gazing at Johannes with adoration as he handed over the room cards and even the Beta concierge was swooning at the Alphas display of aggressive protection. Onlookers in the lobby had gone about their their business pretending nothing was happening in case a vicious Alpha fight broke out, others had given them a wide berth.

Mycroft breathed though his mouth once they were in the lift. He could smell the musk pheromones the dirty bastard had tried to attract his mate with, he could also smell Johannes on him though that affected him much less given he had only touched his mate in protection.

Anthea, Johannes and Jeremy vacated the lift on the 6th floor taking their own luggage, the concierge showed he and Gregory to their suite which his mate immediately went to inspect. He tipped the concierge generously asking for him to organise a dozen red roses and a selection of chocolates from an excellent chocolatier to be delivered the room tomorrow and ordered a full continental breakfast for his mate in the morning. He wasn’t sure if Gregory wanted to dine in the restaurant or have something sent to their room for dinner and once he discarded his coat he went in search of the older man.

He paused inside the bedroom finding his mate standing at the window looking out at the lights of Paris; the Eiffel Tower was lit up in all its glory. Mycroft fidgeted as he was ignored, his inner Alpha was screeching at him to cover the obnoxious scents on his mate but he refrained, unwilling to have Gregory reject his territorial urges and snarl at him……especially after the incident in the aircraft. For
all his intellectual genius, his ability to think quickly and years of diplomatic and negotiation skills at this moment his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth as he searched for something to say, to smooth over the situation he had created.

Mycroft held breath when Gregory turned around. After a moment Gregory moved towards him with an expression on his face that he couldn’t discern, but when his mate stood before him he wrinkled his nose at the stink of other Alphas tainting him. Unable to stifle the sound, he huffed a pleading growl of need because he was so offended and angry at the smells on him.

Mycroft was surprised when his mate reached out and undid the three buttons on his suit jacket and tipped it off so it fell to the carpet. Practiced fingers unclipped buckles and drew his holstered loaded Glock from his shoulder which was dropped to the carpet like the jacket.

“You are so magnificent when you get jealously protective, I wanted to drag you to the floor of that lobby and have you there and then” murmured his mate gazing at him with those warm, brown eyes and giving him THE look.

He blinked at the unexpected words. His inner Alpha ceased the irritating screeching, paused, and then fairly pranced at his mate’s adoration, basking in the praise. Perhaps he hadn’t fucked up after all though the mind of his Omega still flummoxed him.

Mycroft sprang at his mate; lifting him off his feet and gently tossing him down onto the king sized bed with a snarl.

“God, yes…..yours, scent me, make me smell of you so every fucking Alpha knows I belong to you, My” hissed Gregory.

Mycroft pinned his hands up over his head. His mate tried to twist around under him as if to escape and he kneed his legs apart and held him in place with his hips.

His arousal slid against him and Gregory’s breath hitched as he arched up into it.

He growled ferociously, rubbing his scent over the top of the other Alpha smell. This time there would be no selfish taking, this time it was about his mate. He let go of the larger hands he’d pinned and rapidly unbuttoned the shirt Gregory wore, wanting to feel and smell his naked skin.

He kissed the older man, deep and long until he felt dizzy, gasping for air against his mate’s mouth though he extended his tongue and licked over the parted lips. Hunggrily he took his mouth again, thrusting his tongue into that juicy cavern to map over teeth, seeking out familiar nooks and crannies he’d committed to memory.

Gregory moaned and the sound made his cock jump in his trousers.

He opened his eyes, his mate looked debauched…..lips puffed and shiny with their saliva, cheeks pink and eyes liquid chocolate.

Mycroft leaned up, god he could smell the sexual heat coming from his mate through the fabric of his jeans. Hot, spicy, creamy and sweet.

Pushing the shirt open he gazed down at Gregory’s chest, the swell of each breast that had grown with his pregnancy and the tight dusky nipples that sat like plump summer raspberries. He promptly sucked one into his mouth, drawing upon it so it tightened further knowing how much his mate liked to have them stimulated.

He was slow and deliberate with his foreplay, wanting to please his mate. Hands ran through his
hair; his mate’s heavy breaths and mewls of pleasure as he alternated between using his mouth and his fingers on the sensitive pointed tips made his own trousers grow damp as he leaked inside his boxer shorts.

Mycroft got up on his knees so he could unfasten Gregory’s jeans and tug them down over his hips. He kissed his way down the middle of the lightly furred chest to his mate’s stomach, pressing his nose into the small bump there. He murmured terms of endearment in different languages to both his pup and his Omega, worshipping the soft skin that nurtured and protected his child as it grew inside.

Despite having released earlier on the aircraft, his ached with the need to take his mate again. He fantasised about keeping his mate pregnant until he could have no more, the thought of breeding Gregory through heats, getting him fat and having him waddling around with a pup in his stomach and a pup at his breast made him pant with lust.

Roused by those images Mycroft ripped both jeans and underwear from his mate’s body. Gregory reached out for the belt on Mycroft’s trousers but he shooed his hands away and gave him a gentle prod to lie back again.

“No, this is about you” he growled to his mate.

Gregory, never one for shyness or holding back sexually drew up his knees and let his knees fall open after parting his legs in invitation.

Mycroft’s hand drifted up the inside of a bare leg, he gazed at the glistening, aroused sex of his Omega. His mouth watered at the scent of him and he lightly stroked over the soft folds that wetted his fingers, his mate tilted his hips up with a hiss.

“What do you want?” he growled softly at his mate, wanting to hear him articulate his need for Mycroft……wanting to know his Omega desired him as much as he desired his Omega.

He slid two fingers up to the knuckle into that vulnerable, hot place on Gregory’s body.

“Oh…….god!” groaned his mate in pleasure, chest heaving at the unexpected invasion ‘You, just you....in me”

Mycroft withdrew his fingers and again stroked them over the soft folds before sliding them into his Omega again. Gregory strained, biting his lips in both pleasure and frustration as Mycroft repeated the process over and over slowly and gently, feeling his mate get wetter and wetter.

“My, please……!” pleaded his mate with a snarl of bossiness.

With a groan he dove down and covered his mate’s sex with his mouth, sucking and pulling the folds into his mouth while driving his tongue inside, the wet sweetness of his sex exploding over his tastebuds.

Nails dug into the back of his neck and Gregory’s cries were music to his ears as he came in his mouth. He kept going, sucking and fucking him with his tongue, riding out his jerks as he arched and bucked, rising up with his guttural cries as he pushed three fingers into the dripping wetness and flicked his tongue over the hard nub of nerves making his mate climax again and again.

Mycroft panted on the inside of his mate’s thigh when he’d pleasured his mate for the fourth time, the bottom half of his face was smeared with sweet juices and his three fingers still buried inside his mates body which twitched in aftershocks along them.

He withdrew his fingers from Gregory and licked them clean with deliberate strokes of his tongue.
while his mate’s dark eyes watched. His eyes stayed locked with his mate as he undid his trousers and pushed them down to his knees with his boxers before he crawled up between trembling thighs. A rosy flush broke out across Gregory’s throat and chest as Mycroft rubbed the hardness between his legs over the slickened, swollen softness of his mate’s sex.

“I need to have you” he growled at Gregory.

“I want you” growled his mate in return.

Gregory let out a keening cry as he penetrated him in a single slide. Mycroft let his head drop to his mate’s shoulder with a groan. He was always so incredibly tight and hot, he paused for a moment inside the warm, welcoming body that hugged his cock and inhaled their mingled scents.

MINE......

He wanted to plow into his mate, sate his Alpha’s need to mark him, to mark his sexual territory, to dominate……..Gregory was so slick and wet and soft and willing…….

Mycroft growled and moved his hips, being gentle as he slid in and out of his gorgeous body. Gregory would have none of it and moved with him bringing a leg up over his shoulder and used the leverage to snap his pelvis up, his mate made a noise between a grunt and a groan. The rough friction and deeper penetration was intense, Mycroft huffed out rumbling growls of pleasure and buried his nose into his mate’s neck; Gregory shuddered as he sucked marks into the raised skin of his bonding mark.

He felt his mate tightening and his body writhed and bucked as his orgasm approached; his breath coming faster between his grunted groans. Mycroft thrust a little harder which took his mate over the edge; he went rigid underneath him……his own pleasure was but a mere second behind.

Mycroft grabbed the cotton quilt, clutching it in his fists and sucking in his breath. He could feel his mate, feel him on the outer of his mind and felt his emotions......it was only brief but it was there……. pleasure, love and desire for him……it made their coming together deeply passionate if not more forceful.

Both of them were shaking when their ardour cooled and neither of them needed words to express their emotions, it was now on the edges of each others periphery of their soul.

Mated as Alpha and Omega and now mated as Soulmates.

He could bet that his mate was no longer thinking of Brad bloody Pitt now.......
Gregory spends the day living it up in Paris

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the lack of updates, entire family has been sick including myself and finally today we are all feeling almost like human beings again. Hoping to get a few chapters in this week as well as update Twenty Years.

Greg groaned, utterly boneless at the fingers and hands of an Omega named Fleur who was expertly massaging away at his back with some type of floral lotion suitable in pregnancy. First a decadent bath drawn with fragrant oils and floating with flowers, then a manicure and pedicure, then a green tea facial with a scalp massage and now he was being treated to a body massage that could only be described as blissfully relaxing.

When he got back to London he was going to find a place that did spa treatments and book himself in, it was worth every penny of the scandalous price. He felt like a rich, pampered kept Omega today. Lazy sleep in, breakfast served in bed, a dozen beautiful red roses and melt in your mouth chocolates waiting when he had come back to the hotel after spending hours shopping and having lunch and now a one and a half hour in room pampering by the spa in the hotel itself.

Greg had woken sleepily at some godforsaken early hour to his mate plastered to his back and growling. Mycroft had been insatiable last night and Greg had got to the point he had merely rolled over onto his side so his mate could easily take him……he’d fallen back to sleep afterwards only to be woken again by the sheets being dragged off him, his knees spread open and Mycroft fully dressed complete with pistol in his holster diving between his legs for a bout of oral sex that had left Greg trembling when he had lifted his head. His mate had smoothed down his hair that had been pulled at, merely dabbed daintily at the wetness smearing his mouth, chin and cheeks with a napkin and left for work smelling of sex.

Of course Anthea had greeted him with a knowing smirk later that morning to take him out. Going shopping with Anthea was quite the experience, and of course Johannes had accompanied them too with Jeremy staying at Mycroft’s side. She had taken him to a boutique specialising in paternity clothes solely for male Omegas instead of lumping male and female Omegas together where half the time the clothes didn't fit quite right.

The garments were deliciously soft fabrics that were cut beautifully to accentuate rather than hide a pregnancy. The trousers had hidden elastic and buttons sewn into the waistbands to be discreetly let out as ones hips and belly grew. Shirts were flattering rather than like barrage balloons……..underwear, t-shirts, shorts and nightwear…..all of it was fashionable, functional and very comfortable for both casual and work wear. Then he saw the prices and nearly had a heart attack, baulking at their cost.
Anthea had taken him aside after gently shooing off a hovering male Omega in rapid French who was eager to assist them in their purchases. Johannes didn’t even look up from the novel he had taken out of his pocket to read while he waited patiently.

“You have oodles of money, Gregory, and these clothes are of such quality that if you decide to have more pups you won’t need to buy anything again” had said Anthea quietly “I know you work, earn your own money and barely make a dent in what Mycroft puts into your account but he will expect to come back to a hotel room filled with shopping bags where you have bought things for yourself, the pups in London and the pup in your belly”

“Four hundred euros for a shirt?” he’d hissed at the brunette under his breath “I used to barely spend five quid on a shirt”

“It’s up to you entirely, but while Caroline didn’t give two shits about you and the pups, Mycroft is old fashioned” said Anthea “Mycroft has money, other Alphas know he has plenty of money……as an Alpha with money it would reflect badly on Mycroft should his Omega wear cheap, ill-fitting garments during pregnancy when it would be expected for him to be seen in the best”

Greg had gone to protest it was ridiculous for upper classes to think like stuck up twats as to what was spent on their Omegas like trophies on display.

“I’ll put it bluntly; you will not only slight him as an Alpha whose desire is to provide for his Omega, but you will make him the brunt of mockery in certain circles who miss nothing and take pleasure in ridicule and sarcasm” said Anthea “Do you want the pretentious weasels scoffing at him behind his back?”

There was no way in hell he would deliberately bring shame on his mate, stuck up twats and weasels or not. If it meant strutting around in obscenely priced French haute couture to please his mate he would do so and the ‘certain circles’ could go fuck themselves.

The hovering male Omega appeared out of nowhere when Anthea called and had fawned over him with clucks, tuts and softly spoken French that Anthea translated while the young man selected pieces for him to try on in the elegant fitting room. With the help of Anthea who knew Mycrofts tastes, the garments piled up and he tried not to faint at the bill when the clothes had been folded carefully into swanky carry bags with the boutique logo on the side. Anthea had laughed at something the Omega said coyly in French and the Omega blushed and giggle at the response she gave.

“What did he say?” Greg had asked.

“He said you are a very attractive older Omega and your Alpha won’t be able to take his eyes from you in the beautiful clothes that will show off his pup in your belly” said Anthea with a wicked grin “I said your Alpha already can’t take his eyes off you and the pup in your belly has him rutting and scenting you like a young teenage pup around his first Omega in heat”

Greg was quite sure his cheeks had glowed like red neon signs, particularly when Johannes had snorted and pretended to cough in stifling a barked laugh.

Going to more boutiques Greg had bought clothes for each of his older pups and upon entering a small store for baby and infant wear had two male and female Omega shop assistants clucking and cooing and touching his belly while he bought clothes for Meg. He bought a few baby outfits in neutral cream or white colours that were adorable as well as booties, mittens and a cute fleecy blanket of a creamy yellow colour with sunny yellow ducks on it.
He had been quite hungry after three hours of shopping. His leisurely lunch at a sidewalk café consisted of a hearty bouillabaisse and lavishly buttered baguette followed by a luscious Crème Brûlée which stopped his tummy complaining of being empty. Revived and fortified he did the touristy thing and checked out the Eiffel Tower along with buying tacky souvenirs. By two o’clock he was back at the hotel more than ready for his spa treatment. Being lazy and shopping all day was exhausting.

By the time the spa had ended and Fleur had left he donned a brand new pair of pyjamas he had bought and curled up on the bed putting the flat screen television on and found a romantic movie in English to watch while waiting for Mycroft to return.

Greg woke with a start not even realising he had fallen asleep; the television was still on talking to itself. It was dark outside, a hotel blanket had been laid over him and one of the bedside lamps put on a dim setting. He rolled over and grabbed his mobile phone to check the time, 7.34pm, he’d slept four hours. He could hear voices speaking in the living area of the hotel suite.

With a yawn he got up and went in search of his mate who was seated at the dining table next to Anthea, both with laptops open, a tumbler of scotch each and obviously working since Anthea was chatting away to someone in an Eastern European language. Mycroft closed his laptop immediately upon spotting him and quickly rose to come over to join him.

“Are you feeling unwell, you were sound asleep when I returned” asked his mate concern written all over his face.

“I didn’t even realise I had dropped off” said Greg “Being lazy, shopping, lunching and then having a spa treatment is hard work, My”

His mate’s relief was palpable; his face cleared of the concern and he beamed at Greg.

“I saw your purchases, I’m glad you found some things you liked for yourself and the children” said his mate quite happy at having seen the numerous embossed and showy boutique carry bags and boxes stowed in the powder room.

“Anthea is a shopping demon and I think she may have created a monster, I am so booking in for spa treatments when we get back to London” said Greg with a grin “I had so much fun today, thank you for spoiling me”

Anthea had been very correct. Mycroft very much liked to feel he was discharging his duties as an Alpha, his chest fairly puffed up with pride at his words and if Anthea had not been in the room he was quite sure by the look in those blue eyes he would have been dragged to the bedroom and pounced upon.

Instead his mate sedately embraced him and pressed a kiss to his cheek. Greg melted into him and they both took a moment to enjoy each others warmth and scents.

“What would you like to do this evening?” murmured Mycroft against his hair.

“I really don’t feel like traversing all over Paris, why not eat in the hotel restaurant and then we can hit their nightclub” said Greg “Dinner then dancing”

“Nightclub?” asked Mycroft drawing away with an expression of surprise “Isn’t that for the younger people?”

“Never too old for a nightclub, My” said Greg with a grin “You can dance, can’t you?”
His mate looked decidedly uncomfortable.

“Uh, Mummy had me take some ballroom lessons so I could at least dance a waltz or foxtrot without stomping on a partners feet” said Mycroft “But not the kind of dancing one would assume goes on in a nightclub, isn’t it a little racy and risqué?”

Greg snorted.

“Well of course it’s a little racy and risqué….always has been even when I was a teenager going to the clubs” said Greg “You’ve honestly never been in a club?…..well there’s always a first time for everything”

“I think it sounds fabulous, don’t you Mycroft?” said Anthea with a smirk “I’ll let Jeremy and Johannes know the evenings itinerary……perhaps half an hour-ish and we will go down for dinner?”

Mycroft gave a faint smile to his PA though his eyes looked like he wanted to murder her.

“Yes, that will be fine” said his mate acquiescing.

The moment the door clicked closed behind Anthea Mycroft growled possessively.

“Oh no you don’t…….we only have half an hour so get that pert bottom of yours into the bathroom, put on your finery and lets go eat and dance” said Greg firmly and making his escape.

“Gregory” whined Mycroft right on his heels as Greg went to the powder room to find something to wear in the boutique bags.

Greg giggled as his mate patted his bottom gently when he bent over to retrieve two bags.

“Go on, off to the bathroom with you” insisted Greg "Time enough for that later"

His mate pouted and Greg bit back a snicker as Mycroft did that snarly growl of petulance as he did as he was told.

The clothes from the Omega boutique may have been exorbitant but they fit beautifully and Greg admired the black long sleeved shirt and black corduroy trousers that were so damn comfortable and soft around his belly. They certainly did accentuate and flatter his curves and when Mycroft emerged damp and wrapped only a towel from the bathroom, he skidded to a halt and his jaw dropped.

“I don’t think I should let you out the door dressed like that” muttered his mate after a few moments of staring at him “Poor bloody Alphas out there won’t stand a chance, they’ll be falling over tongues at how desirable you are”

“Care factor zero, I happen to be a very a happily bonded Omega” said Greg with a wink “There’s only one Alpha I’m interested in having fall over his tongue and he happens to be younger than me and pretty damn hot”

Mycroft dropped the towel and in three steps had Greg in his arms rubbing his scent into him with soft growls then after a quick snog let him go to stalk naked to the robe and select his own clothes.

Greg went in the bathroom to wash his hands and face, then smoothed product through his hair to style it.

He grinned at his mate when he went back out into the bedroom seeing he had put on loose legged
black denim trousers with a long sleeved white shirt and black waistcoat instead of a stuffy suit and tie.

“Not carrying tonight?” asked Greg curiously.

Greg raised his eyebrows as Mycroft lifted the right cuff of his jeans to show him a smaller pistol strapped around his calf.

“Is there something I should be aware of since all four of you are armed?” asked Greg knowing it was probably futile to ask anything.

“Precautionary, my dear, nothing more than that” said Mycroft evenly “Now, I don’t know about you but I am absolutely famished…….hopefully they make a very nice Lobster Bisque….shall we, Mr Holmes?”

“Delighted to, Mr Holmes” said Greg with a grin and took his mates proffered arm to leave their room for an evening of dinner and dancing.
Why have French when you can have Cantonese?

Chapter Summary

The party of five have dinner in the hotel, Mycroft is not looking forward to the prospect of a nightclub.

*Anthea*

Shang Palace was very elegant and not very busy, the traditional French fare of the other dining room in the hotel had been decided against and they were going to have Cantonese. Anthea grinned to herself, it would appear since Mycroft very much enjoyed French food that Gregory’s tastes ran to the more spicy type of foods and had influenced the choice of what dinner would be. The dining room was tastefully decorated in dark woods inspired by oriental designs, snow white tablecloths, silverware and crystal with smatterings of bright yellows provided by perfect roses in dainty bowls on the tables.

Herself, Jeremy and Johannes were shown to a table that was far enough away it lent privacy to her boss and his mate but close enough to respond to an immediate threat. She watched Mycroft fuss over Gregory, reluctantly letting go of his hand to seat his mate himself much to the consternation of the stiff and proper Beta waiter who had been brushed aside, once Gregory was comfortable then Mycroft took his own seat.

Her taste in clothes was exemplary even if she did say so herself. Clad in paternity garments of quality, a gorgeously mature Omega like Gregory whose body had already taken on the appealing curves of pregnancy looked very classy and attractive in the black shirt and corduroy trousers. She was very gratified that her boss was very pleased with how beautiful his mate looked and even Jeremy had given her a silent nod of approval at her good taste after casting an appreciative eye over the silver haired Omega.

Sadly, it was quite true what Gregory had said. In the circles Mycroft moved in, many Omegas were nothing more than trophies and brood mares so that their Alphas could partake in pissing contests as to whose knot was the biggest. There were a few who had whispered in corners about Mycroft having bonded beneath himself, taking on another Alpha’s pups, allowing his Omega to work and having allowed himself to be marked. They were Alphas who adorned their Omegas in finery and trinkets, relegating them as nothing more brainless ornaments and brought out on display when needed.

Those Alphas were pissweak in nature, if Mycroft fronted them instead of ignoring their pettiness they would shit themselves. Mycroft was normally cool, sedate and aloof but when The Iceman came out to play, the toughest of Alphas trembled and cowered in fear when Mycroft went into full Alpha mode.

She snickered perusing the menu, she couldn’t wait to see Mycroft in a nightclub, the well hidden horror in his countenance had been priceless and Jeremy had burst into laughter when she had told him. Anthea made a mental note to take a few clandestine pictures on her camera, she was quite sure Milly would have a bit of a giggle over them. Johannes had been silently quizzical and asked what was so funny.
“Millicent Holmes spent a fortune on all three of her pups learning to dance properly……by all accounts it was only young William who took to it like a duck to water though Sherrinford wasn’t too bad” Jeremy had said sniggering “Mycroft Holmes has the smartest brain in the country, he can look through a crosshair and put a bullet right between the eyes of a target at astounding distances and in the most ridiculous or difficult of circumstances, is renowned for persuading the most reluctant of prisoners to give up information, give him a puzzle that makes no sense and he can solve it…..put him on a dance floor for anything other than a waltz and it’s like watching an uncoordinated marionette with tangled up strings”

*Mycroft*

The Lobster Bisque did not eventuate. Once Gregory saw that Cantonese was on offer and expressed a ‘hankering’ for chilli Mycroft had immediately pandered to his Omegas wishes unable to deny him what he fancied. Instead, he settled for an entrée of shredded chicken salad with Sichuan style sauce and crispy egg noodles with braised seafood for a main.

Gregory had ordered an entrée of sliced pork and cucumber rolls with garlic and chilli oil; then ploughed his way through wok-fired squid with green beans and XO sauce along with the better part of a portion of fried rice served in a lotus leaf for a main. Mycroft could only hope the pup inside his belly had a strong constitution for hot chilli.

“Can you fit dessert in, my dear?” asked Mycroft hopefully, taking a sip of his plum wine. He’d already decided on the mango cream with sago.

“Think I’ll have the glutinous rice balls filled with black sesame paste” said his mate scanning the dessert menu.

Mycroft nodded approvingly and gave the waiter their order. He was very happy and relieved that his mate was eating without worrying about his weight…..he couldn’t stand Alphas who regulated the food their pregnant Omegas ate so that they didn’t carry excess weight after the birthing or Omegas that didn't care about sustaining their bodies or unborn pups properly. Anthea had reported Gregory had eaten very well at lunch too, he hadn't been overly concerned about it since his mate displayed no sign of fretting about his figure or having to buy bigger clothes already.

He simply did not comprehend the growing idea that had begun quite a few years ago of Omegas being svelte and lean, it was one of the reasons he disliked attending functions. Watching Omegas who were with pup or feeding pups picking at food like sparrows was horrible, especially when their Alpha was quaffing from buffet tables, it was not normal and a proven fact that pregnant and nursing Omegas required a higher calorie diet.

Perhaps it was his own childhood experiences; he could never recall a time when Mummy wasn’t curvy and rounded….his earliest memories were of being enveloped into a softly cushioned, plump body that he could squash himself into when looking for comfort, love or reassurance……and even now he was 40, a squishy hug suffused with the familial scent of the Omega who had carried and nurtured him with her body made him feel like a young pup again.

His Father had also been an equal role model, as a child he had been blind to it but once he was old enough to understand sexuality he pretended not to see his sire regard his Mother with sexual desire and recognised he was totally besotted with her. He gazed at his mate who regarded him back happily. Had someone told him six months ago that he would share the same sentiments as his Father towards Gregory Lestrade he would have sneered and told them sentiment was dangerous and for fools.

Mycroft reached over and covered the larger hand of his mate with his own. How he could have
considered the impersonal path of bonding to someone from an agency and breeding with them was inconceivable to him now. Yes, he would have sired pups but he would not have been coming home to a real family, five lovely children, a bed warmed by a mate, and a mate that felt something for him more than just what his bank balance and position held. Gregory was not greedy, he did not waste money for the sake of it and he whilst he had some idea of his work never drew him to talk about it nor took advantage of using the Holmes name. Gregory would love and adore Mycroft's pups the same way he loved and adored Caroline's pups, they would never be just the bartering chip of a contract.

“You get that same look as Sherlock when the cogs are turning full steam in your mind” said Gregory, amusement in his voice “On you it’s quite sexy”

Mycroft flushed.

Dishy, gorgeous, sexy.

They were adjectives nobody had used to describe him previously, especially not a charming and exquisite Omega like Gregory who turned heads of Alphas like a moth to a flame. Gregory was as open with his compliments as he was in his enjoyment of having sex with him. He held none of the insincere or toady type flattery he got from sychophants, none of it was conceived or by design but entirely honest…..and of course his inner Alpha just sucked the direct and indirect praise up like a sponge.

“Gregory dear, you say such nice things to me” said Mycroft “I think I could be having the worst possible day but five minutes in your sunny company and the day is immediately brighter and warmer”

Gregory stared at him. The waiter chose that moment to bring their desserts as his mate’s breath hitched with a sob and tears filled his brown eyes, spilling over his cheeks as he blinked. Mycroft shifted in his seat in consternation, the waiter panicked pausing with the plates hovering in mid-air then shot Mycroft a filthy look before laying the plates before them both and scurrying away. He was conscious of Anthea, Jeremy and Johannes looking their way……dear lord, if one of them carried tales to his Mother she would give him an ear bashing for upsetting his pregnant mate.

“Gregory……”

“Sorry, I’m being stupid, it’s the hormones I think” sniffled his mate picking up his napkin and dabbing his eyes then gave him a watery smile “I spent years just being part of the furniture, barely spoken to and treated like a nuisance…….despite how our bonding came about, in such a short time you have made me feel valued, wanted and appreciated…….I cannot believe how lucky I am”

Mycroft swallowed and picked up his dessert spoon quite unsure what to say.

“Yes, well, you might not think yourself so lucky when you get me on a dance floor” he admitted lightly “Visualise Thunderbirds meets four clown feet and stick up the arse…..it’s not pretty”

His mate raised his eyebrows before he burst into out into a belly laugh then dissolved into laughter.

Mycroft’s lips curved in a smile, Gregory thought he was joking……in actual fact Mycroft was deadly serious……and dreading his mate seeing him looking like a ‘scarecrow being electrocuted’ as Sherrinford had so eloquently put it once.
Thunderbirds are go

*Mycroft*

~ doof doof doof doof ~

The music that greeted him was a world away from Mozart, Tchaikovsky or Debussy, and as for a waltz or foxtrot…..well, this was obviously no place for ballroom type dancing.

Mycroft squinted as a glaring coloured light flicked across his face and his eyes widened when he took in the interior of establishment within the classy hotel…..racy and risqué had been an understatement as a description. Scantily clad Omegas and Betas along with a few Alphas were gyrating on the dance floor, some standing or seated around high tables and many Alphas were at the bar area, eyes glued to proceedings on the dance floor.

The scents in the large room were mixed but the unmistakeable smell of sexual arousal was up there in the high notes and if he wasn’t mistaken at least one Omega was ripening for a heat. Mycroft straightened noticing four Alphas at the bar focus their attention on Gregory and stare at him like he had walked in wearing nothing rather than being the most covered up Omega in the room.

Surely his mate did not want to be subjected to the noise, the smells and the people in this hellhole he had called a nightclub. It was little more than a meat market, bodies on display for voyeurs with the sole purpose of titillation and sex…..it was simply asking for trouble. He opened his mouth to suggest to his mate they leave, the words didn’t have a chance to be articulated with Gregory taking his hand and pulling him along to onto dance floor.

He gaped at his mate as he began to move perfectly in time with the thud, thud, and thud of the music. It was very clear that Gregory had spent time in nightclubs, likely before Caroline and he could certainly dance. Mycroft gulped at how his body twisted and hips swayed as he danced, his mouth going dry with hunger and want. For a moment he pitied his fellow Alphas sitting over at the bar being teased by those on the dance floor as he stared at the way his sinuous and graceful mate moved. He was more than aware Gregory had gained more attention and greedy eyes were glued to him.

Gregory sidled up to him and pushed up against his body, not breaking his rhythm he put an arm around Mycroft’s waist.

“Relax and move with me” said his mate.

He moved like a robot and he was chagrined to admit to himself that his brain functioning had been reduced to supply the blood that had travelled south which Gregory could not fail to feel pressed up against him like he was. He felt woefully inadequate, especially when he darted a glance to the few other Alphas that were like Gregory and could choreograph movements perfectly in time with the music.

His mate didn’t seem to care he was hopeless at dancing and thankfully made no comment of his shortcomings in regard to it. Mycroft slid an arm around the older man, resting his hand in the middle of his shoulder blades. The warm scent of his mate almost drowned out the other smells, he should be being attentive to his surroundings for any danger but Gregory moving against him like an erotic Jezebel made it very difficult……and it wasn’t like he didn’t have three trained killers watching their back. A hand slid into the back pocket of his jeans and his mind momentarily went offline as it squeezed a handful of his arse.
She was enjoying herself immensely, she shouldn’t be laughing but the sight of her boss on the
dance floor was hilarious. Poor Gregory had the good grace to keep dancing with him despite the
fact his mate looked like someone had shoved a broom up his arse and moved quite pathetically.

“Not for anyone else but Gregory or those pups would Mycroft subject himself to such indignity”
said Jeremy also sniggering.

“I thought you said he was like a marionette with his strings cut?” asked Johannes incredulously “He
looks more like one of those Muppets with a hand up his rear”

Johannes stuck a hand up and gestured like he had a talking puppet on his hand.

Anthea had to turn away in case Mycroft saw her almost choking with laughter; thank god Johannes
had a sense of humour…..even Jeremy was snorting at what he said.

She turned back keeping her face straight and serious taking out her Blackberry when Mycroft was
not facing their way and snapped a few photographs to send to his Mother.

Three songs later the music tempo turned very fast, she could see Mycroft was struggling and
decided to take pity on him. With a sigh she put her phone to her ear, winked at both Jeremy and
Johannes and proceeded to go on the dance floor pretending to be talking into the phone. Tapping
Mycroft on the arm she handed him the phone, quirking her lip in communication that she was
giving him an escape.

He took the phone, spoke in Gregory’s ear then put the phone to his ear and
hurried away.

Anthea grinned at Gregory who grinned back and he leaned forward.

“I’m not stupid you know; I’m surprised he stuck it out as long as he did” said Gregory loudly not at
all angry having been ditched on the dance floor “Can you bust a move, Miss Moneypenny?”

Anthea laughed at the name and nodded. She knew Mycroft would have no problem with her
dancing with his mate and Gregory was a very good dancer. She put out her hand and Gregory took
it. He was by far the most attractive Omega on the dance floor without even having to dress skimpily
and many of the Alphas were envious of Mycroft and now her, coveting Gregory with their eyes
which Gregory didn’t notice or care a whit about.

*Greg*

Greg was having a ball; Anthea was a demon on the dance floor and could sure as hell bust a move
and more. He snuck glances over at Mycroft who seemed much more comfortable now he was off
the dance floor and at the bar enjoying a drink flanked by Jeremy and Johannes. One Alpha had
dared tried to intervene in an effort to butt in but a growl from Anthea had sent him on his way.

Greg was well aware of predatory eyes on him and ignored them. He couldn’t fathom why anyone
would bother to look at him when there were much younger Omegas who were half naked and more
than willing to have attention. One of them was close to going into heat by the smell of ripe
pheromones in the air and that should be enough to catch their attention and their knots.

He laughed as Anthea spun and dipped him, the smile falling off his face when he looked in the
direction of his mate and saw the very pretty male Omega barely half his age standing close to
Mycroft. He went still, hackles rising as Mycroft turned his head to run his eyes up the scantily clad
tart.
Greg ignored Anthea, shaking off her hand that she gently laid across his forearm and clenched his fists as the tart moved closer to his mate. He exhaled a breath in disbelief as the Omega leaned in to Mycroft. The cheeky slut didn’t even hide the fact he preened at his mate or take any notice of the fact he was bonded.

“Oh like hell, no you don’t!!” snarled Greg stomping across the dance floor furious that his mate hadn’t even made an attempt to push the Omega away.

He slid in between his mate and the dirty mutt who had dared make a pass at Mycroft, becoming even more incensed at the unmistakeable sharp tang of heat pheromones that he had tried enticing his mate with.

“This one is taken, honey, why don’t you toddle off and find yourself one of the other Alphas here to take care of your predicament” snapped Greg between his teeth.

The bitch sneered at Greg with a smirk.

“Well he wasn’t pushing me away sweetie, perhaps your Alpha is ready to trade up to a younger model” said the tart nastily in thickly accented English “Maybe he’s tired of your old, worn out twat”

Greg snarled furiously and belted the slapper onto his arse. He then whirled around to face Mycroft who hadn’t pushed the stinking cow away and slapped his face before stalking away to go back to the room.

*Mycroft*

He blinked in shock at the stinging slap that had struck his face, taken aback that Gregory had hit him.

“Christ Mycroft, what were you thinking allowing an Omega nearly in heat stand so close to you and then allow him to preen at you?” hissed Anthea in disgust.

Mycroft had barely looked at the young Omega, of course he had smelled the younger man but he hadn’t expected the Omega to come closer since he'd not indicated any interest in him whatsoever, and as for preening at him, well, he hadn’t expected that at all and hardly his fault. He had been about to tell the Omega to piss off when Gregory had come between them spitting with jealousy and assaulting the other Omega.

“Don’t just bloody sit there, go after him or there will be hell to pay” snapped Jeremy “Johannes go with him as far as the suite, Anthea and I will deal down here”

Mycroft got to his feet and almost ran in his haste to get to the suite, swiping the card and going in with trepidation. He hadn’t forgotten the day Gregory had turned up at Vauxhall and went on a smashing spree in his office.

Instead of a lamp, vase or something breakable this time, a shopping bag went hurtling past him, the clothes inside flying in the air as he stepped into the bedroom.

“I don’t want to hear it, you sat there while that……that........ slag came on to you…..!”

Gregory huffed and threw another bag at him. He was absolutely furious at Mycroft.

“No excuse…..no fucking excuse at all!” swore Gregory throwing two bags at once sending the clothes inside scattering over the floor “You Alphas go into a raging fucking snit if another Alpha looks sideways or takes a sniff at us, fucking double standard hypocrisy!”
Mycroft kept his mouth shut; he deduced that if he tried defending himself at the moment it might make the situation worse. He took small steps around the bed advancing on Gregory who swore at him quite imaginatively and tossing bags from out the Powder Room and Mycroft ducked as a box was thrown at him. He froze as his mate growled darkly baring his teeth at him then suddenly stomped over towards him, brown eyes blazing.

“You reek of that tart!”

He winced as Gregory jabbed a finger in his left shoulder; it still had some tenderness from the gunshot wound.

“His slutty stink is all over you!”

Mycroft braced himself to be struck again but instead Gregory smashed their mouths together and Mycroft hissed as his bottom lip got a savage bite. With an angrily snarl he was shoved hard so that he fell back onto the bed. Mycroft licked the blood from his bitten lip and stared up at his mate’s livid face as he scowled down over him after sitting astride his thighs.

Gregory bent and kissed him, it wasn’t tender and loving but hard and possessive. The tongue that pushed into his mouth sought to invade it; his mate was rough and dominating as he tasted him. The smell of his Omega hit his nose….strong, hot and rich as he zealously scented Mycroft in his enraged state and Mycroft dragged the provocative aroma into his nostrils to get his fill of it.

Fingers were not gentle as they yanked both the buttons on his shirt and waistcoat open, he pulled his mouth away gasping as nails scratched across his chest. Teeth nibbled along his jaw and Mycroft groaned, dragging oxygen into his lungs as they bit the skin on the side of his throat. His mate was seething; his angry jealousy was fairly sizzling off him making him very, very aggressive.

Mycroft flicked his tongue over his bitten lip; his mate was all fire when riled up…..passionate, fierce and intense. He moved to sit up and Gregory shoved him down again licking a stripe over where he had bit him.

“No, tonight I’m going to take you Mycroft” growled Gregory against his throat.
Anger and afterwards

Chapter Summary

Tensions explode between Mycroft and Gregory

Chapter Notes

Sick household again, trying to get a few chapters out :-)

*Greg*

Greg bit at the base of Mycroft’s throat and the younger man swore jerking away. In the blink of an eye he found himself rolled onto his back and pinned down at the hips and wrists.

Mycroft’s eyes were darkened and dilated with desire but his expression was shuttered and blank.

“ENOUGH! You will calm yourself, Gregory” growled Mycroft in a quiet voice “I was not interested in, nor did I encourage that harlot. There is no-one for me but you. You have made your point that you are very angry about it and whilst I have no objection to being taken you are displaying a violence that is not welcome in our bed at any time”

Greg snarled furiously lifting his head and snapping his teeth at his mate.

He recoiled, shrinking back as his mate smothered him in his Alpha pheromones that made the hair on his body prickle and skin crawl. He went slack under him, meekly turning his head and offered his throat to his mate. Greg whimpered, unable to prevent the involuntary shaking as Mycroft imposed his dominance over him and forced him into a submission that rendered him completely powerless and helpless against him, it made Caroline’s dominance look like child’s play.

“M…..My” he choked out eyes widening, scared of the intensity and power that was beginning to make him feel nauseated.

Greg had never acted violent like this before, ever. Perhaps it was his heightened hormones combined with insecurity, jealousy and love for his mate that had made him act like a beast towards Mycroft. The ferocity of the forced dominance was nothing compared to sudden movement of his mate as he rolled off him and stomped to the bathroom slamming the door behind him.

The abrupt abandonment of him by his mate cut him to the core, much more than if he’d had hit him like Caroline would have at his abominable behaviour. He rolled onto his side facing away from the bathroom, humiliated and shamed that his behaviour had compelled his mate to take him in hand like a disobedient Omega and discipline him in an old fashioned and outdated manner.

He wanted to go after Mycroft but refused to humiliate himself any further by grovelling and hoped he would not ignore him when he eventually came out.

*Mycroft*
Mycroft sat on the toilet with his head between his knees and gulped in air and punched the side of his fist into the marble tiles on the bathroom wall.

“Shit, shit, shit, shit!” he hissed under his breath grimacing at the dinner in his stomach threatening to make its way back up.

The smell of his mate's fear had followed him into the bathroom and it was repulsive. He should not have forced his mate in anger; he had gone too far and terrified Gregory with his overpowering dominance that was usually reserved for pissing contests with other Alphas.

The snapping of those teeth in defiance had shit him off but now he was completely pissed off with himself for reducing Gregory to a servile Omega who was meek, docile and offering himself up to him.

God the way his eyes had gone wide and shook......and the fear in his voice......bloody barbaric behaviour.

He had no qualms about the biting and scratching that were inflicted upon him during lovemaking from passion and pleasure, in actual fact he liked it very much, but he did not find it pleasurable or arousing when they were inflicted out of anger.

The slap across the face was no worse than a swat, the throwing of things were par for the course when Omegas got emotional……his Mummy had thrown every teacup in the house at his Father when he had criticised her cooking once as had William throwing his toys petulantly, sometimes that was far preferable to having them cry or get distressed.

The nauseating feeling passed and he stood up to scowl at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. The bite marks on his throat had gone purple with bruising, four red scratch marks across his chest stood out on his pale skin, quite starkly where the skin had been broken and blood had been drawn and his bottom lip had fattened from where Gregory had bit that.

Mycroft splashed cool water on his face and dabbed it dry with a hand towel before feeling much calmer now. With a sigh he put his hand on the door handle preparing to be greeted with fear and distress and opened the bathroom door. He peered out, taken aback with the smell of nothing other than Gregory's normal scent though he grew uneasy at the sight of his mate lying on the bed with his back to the bathroom door.

He approached the bed cautiously and tried not to make much movement as he lay back down on the bed keeping his distance. He took a delicate sniff of the air and inched forward, sniffed, inched forward, sniffed, inched forward until he was so close to the back of his mate he could feel the warmth coming from him.

Gently he pushed his nose into the darker patches of hair underneath the silver, concerned when his mate made no move to do anything. Becoming anxious now, he dipped his nose down into the collar of the black shirt seeking out the bond mark on his skin and inhaling where their combined scents were the strongest.

Mycroft withdrew his nose quickly as Gregory turned over. His mate was perfectly calm now though when brown eyes fell upon the scratches and bites there was remorse in their depths.

He sought for the words to express his own remorse at having acted like a Neanderthal but when he went to articulate them Gregory laid a finger over his lips to quieten him. His mate leaned over and bent his head going to his throat and Mycroft closed his eyes as he gently laved his tongue over the bite marks to soothe them.
Fingers went to his shoulder to lightly push him over onto his back and Mycroft growled mellifluously as Gregory straddled his thighs once again. Lips covered his, god what those soft parted lips could do to him as they moved lightly so as not to hurt where he had bitten it viciously. He growled with want as Gregory covered him with his scent, heat and need rising up in him.

“Do you still want to take me?” murmured Mycroft nipping at his mate’s lips.

Gregory drew back, dark eyes searching his.

“Only if you are comfortable for me to do so” said his mate quietly “Have you uh, done it before?”

Mycroft felt his face grow hot at the conversation, wanting to be taken up the arse by an Omega was something one simply found difficult to discuss even with a mate.

“I’ve not been taken by anyone in that way” said Mycroft, quite sure his face was scarlet “Though I have an Omega toy penis or two from those mail order catalogues you can purchase anonymously that are I have tried……have you taken an Alpha before?”

There was no judgement from his mate at the confession nor would he judge what his mate had done in the past.

“Believe me, after using toys during a heat before, they are definitely not as good as the real thing” said Gregory matter-of-factly “Despite the shame society tries to put on Alphas who stray from the ‘accepted and done’ thing, you would be surprised at how many Alphas enjoy being mounted…..and yes, there were a couple before Caroline”

Mycroft had an idea that may be the case since Gregory had been single until 27 and quite liberal in his ideas.

“So lie back, you are going to enjoy this” said his mate with a wink.
You are mine as I am yours

Chapter Summary

Greg introduces Mycroft to forbidden delights

Chapter Notes

Just about over the illness that has plagued my household for the last few weeks.

Finally got this chapter written which has been the hardest of all to write and I'm still not 100% sure I like it.

Again, thank you to everyone who has read and showed their enjoyment for this fic with their kudos, you are so very kind.

*Greg*

When the younger man admitted to owning sex toys and blushed scarlet he looked utterly adorable, almost like a naughty Alpha schoolboy having admitted dipping into an Omegas honeypot for the first time. The thought of his mate stuffing one of those coloured Omega sized cocks up himself in private and getting off on it was as sexy as fuck……

“Are you going to sit there daydreaming all evening, my dear?” asked Mycroft with a raised eyebrow.

Greg grinned and slid off the bed flicking a lamp on and turning off the main light.

“I was just thinking how hot I would find it to watch you pleasure yourself with one of your toys” said Greg fingers going to the buttons of his black shirt and slipping the fabric off his shoulders.

“Is that so?” asked Mycroft tossing off his own shirt and waistcoat.

Greg nodded taking his sweet time to unbutton and unzip his jeans.

Mycroft licked his lips as he watched him undress with a hot and hungry gaze, his hand drifted to the large bulge in his own jeans and stroked over it lazily.

Greg tugged his thumbs into the waistbands of both his jeans and boxer shorts and peeled them down his legs and kicked them aside. He ran his hands over the mounds of his chest, pausing to rub his thumbs over each of his nipples and humming at how sensitive they were. Many Omegas complained of reduced sensitivity after feeding quite a few pups but his never changed.

“Such a tease, Gregory” murmured Mycroft unbuckling his belt.

“Do you like what you see, My?” purred Greg sliding on to the bed to perch upon it with spread knees.
Mycroft manoeuvred his jeans down his hips and Greg raised his eyebrows when a thick cock sprang out, who would have thought after being so prim and proper with fancy suits that the man would go commando.

“I think this should answer your question” said Mycroft stroking his fingers up the side of his erection.

“Yes, it answers it quite nicely thank you” he said and bit his lip leaning back.

Mycroft’s fingers paused in touching his hard flesh as Greg slid a hand down under his smaller cock and balls and drew a finger down between his folds.

His mate made a noise of surprise, the beads of pearly liquid that bubbled up then dribbled down the side of his cock betraying how much he liked Greg touching himself.

“You like seeing me do this” asked Greg spreading his folds apart knowing full bloody well the majority of Alphas would since Omega porn was either masturbating Omegas or Omegas in positions of submission to an Alpha.

“Very much so” murmured Mycroft softly, cheeks going pink.

Mycroft’s eyes almost bugged out of his head and his breath heaved as Greg slipped two fingers into himself.

“Gregory!”

His name was exhaled out on a growl, lust lacing Mycroft’s voice as he rolled his hips seductively and fucked himself on his fingers.

“Do you want to taste?” he asked Mycroft after several moments removing his wet fingers from inside himself and leaned forward offered them to his Alpha.

His mate took his hand and greedily stuffed both fingers into his mouth, eyes fluttering closed in bliss. Greg grazed his lips against Mycroft’s jaw while his tongue cleaned his fingers then made short work of stripping off and dumping his mate’s jeans onto the carpet. He nuzzled into his neck snuffling at the mark he’d put on the juncture of his shoulder, pressing their naked bodies together. Mycroft’s head lolled back and he growled deep down in his throat as Greg daintily licked at the mark and rubbed himself on his mate to bathe in his Alpha scent.

“You are a beautiful Omega, Gregory” breathed his mate, his slender fingers tracing across Greg’s shoulders.

Greg dotted little bites over Mycroft’s chest marking the pale flesh without the viciousness between lapping at the scratches he’d inflicted so viciously. His mate mewedled arching up while running a hand through his hair and tugging it gently. Greg sucked more marks into the skin across his abdomen. Milky thighs parted for him and Greg lightly scratched his nails up the insides of them while lowering his head. He groaned in enjoyment at taste of his mate’s essence, licking his tongue over the turgid flesh leaking copious amounts of pre-come, relishing every drop of the slightly bitter liquid.

“Ungh….my god, your mouth should be illegal” praised his mate when Greg swirled his tongue along the ridge and poked it into the slit.

He stretched his jaw wide to get his mouth around the bulbous head, Mycroft’s breathing stuttered and his hips kicked up to push as much of his cock as Greg could take into his mouth without

Greg could quite happily spend hours doing this, it was quite heady and powerful as an Omega to make an Alpha writhe, shiver and groan with pleasure…..god knows Caroline hadn’t appreciated his efforts to please her…..for her it was about the fucking or just using his mouth rather than intimacy. His mouth made wet sounds that were loudly crude and Mycroft’s enjoyment of having his cock sucked was always evident with his sputtered moans and shattered breathing.

“Darling, stop….please stop” pleaded his mate tugging at his hair in frantically indicating he was getting too close to coming.

Greg ran his nose across his mates shoulder inhaling the warm orange and cinnamon scent rising from him then placed a line of kisses along where he had traced his nose. Kneading lightly at Mycroft’s hipbone, he cautiously shifted closer to press his erection against his mate’s bottom. There was no tensing up, flinching away or aggressiveness at having come up behind him, rather, Mycroft sighed and leaned back into him.

He could try and take him this way but it was an awkward position to do so. Stroking a hand over a shoulder, waist and hips, Greg nudged at Mycroft to coax him onto his belly. Of course Mycroft was hesitant and resistant, in Greg’s own experience there had only ever been one Alpha that had offered himself up without reserve. Sometimes the mind and body were willing but the mind needed that extra bit of encouragement to set aside the ingrained wrongness of it.

“My gorgeous Alpha” murmured Greg nipping gently along his shoulders “Mine, you are all mine, as I am yours, Mycroft”
underneath his spread knees along with his heavy prick that swayed from the movement of getting on his knees. Mycroft dragged two pillows to his chest to hug underneath him to rest comfortably.

“Are you going to gaze at my bottom all night, Gregory?” asked Mycroft in amusement.

“But it’s such a lovely bum, My” said Gregory patting the freckled plushness “Are you going to be a pushy, demanding bottom?”

“Of course I am, my dear” said his mate with a chuckle “It’s in my nature to........yooh!”

Greg let out a chuckle of his own as his mate yelped and jerked flexing his arse muscles at the nip to his left bum cheek, the little quiver that rippled along his flesh betraying that it was found to be pleasurable. Mycroft didn’t shy away again as Greg nipped away at lovely bum, the initial yelp of surprise had given away to delightful little whimpers.

Mycroft stiffened as Greg grasped his buttocks and parted them to expose the tightly furled pink skin. The younger man made a choked off noise as Greg licked a wet stripe up the crevice tasting the Alpha in the most intimate way possible. Breathing harshly Mycroft pushed his backside back in a silent plea for more clutching at the pillows tucked under him. He was more than happy to indulge his mate, dragging his tongue up and down from perineum to the topmost cleft of his bottom repeatedly.

Greg blew gently on the moistened skin. Mycroft sounded like he was in the midst of running a marathon with his rapid raspy pants at his ministrations but had made little sound which was unusual since he wasn’t usually shy vocalising his enjoyment of all things sexual. Greg prodded the rigid tip of his tongue at the tight tiny orifice drawing a startled cry from his mate whose entire body jerked as he drew little circles on the puckered rosebud. Ah, there we go.

The inarticulate sounds that came from Mycroft were a sensual smorgasbord of aural erotica on their own. Coupled with his mate shoving his bum back in Greg’s face and spreading his knees wider apart, one would have to surmise that the Alpha was beyond caring that he was offering himself up like a presenting Omega and in a world of sexual excitement from indulging in what society termed as forbidden.

Greg found it exhilarating to practice such things that were seen as utterly filthy, having an Alpha mate willingly and completely submit to have their Omega sodomise their body was delightfully dirty. Even more delightfully dirty was using his bodily fluids to slick up his fingers, the slippery substance easing the way for his middle finger to slide right up to the knuckle inside Mycroft’s tight channel.

Perspiration dewed across his mate’s skin, the younger man was huffing so hard Greg feared he might hyperventilate. Mycroft was completely at ease with proceedings making it easy to prepare him to take another finger. The muscle loosened so much easier when the recipient was relaxed. He curled both fingers inside and the younger man shuddered at the stimulation to the gland that lay inside.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god……do that again!” whined his mate pleadingly.

Greg complied with the request and Mycroft lifted his head and cried out clenching around his fingers arms shooting out to grip at the quilt.

“God……I can’t……fuck me, fuck me now Gregory!” demanded the Alpha arching the long line of his slender back as sensuously as any Omega enticing their mate to take them.
Greg removed his fingers and used his other hand to scoop up the slick that was dribbling out of him. He liberally smeared it over his cock and moved into position behind his mate still being cautious despite his demands. He ran his hands over the smooth freckly skin then put one hand on his hip, rubbing it reassuringly and used the other to guide his cock and gently pressed against the slippery sphincter muscle.

“For god’s sake Gregory I am not a delicate Omega that needs petting……fuck me!” snarled his mate.

Greg clenched his jaw. If that was what Mycroft wanted then he would indulge his mate in what he wished. He had planned on taking it slowly, demanding bloody bottom indeed.

"Bossy bottom” growled Greg.

He grabbed both of Mycroft’s hips and thrust hard, burying himself as far inside his mate’s virgin arse as he could go. The younger man lurched forward, knees skidding on the quilt at the forceful movement. A desperate cry of mingled pain and pleasure came from Mycroft. Greg almost pulled completely out of him and then thrust back inside the tight passage and his mate shrieked. He wrenched him back and held his hips in place; the younger man thrust back to meet Greg’s every hard thrust. Mycroft grunted and whined in pleasure.

That Mycroft would prefer it rough came as a surprise. Taking an Alpha was a dominant act, in days of old it was not uncommon for an Alpha to challenge another Alpha for leader when they ran in clans or rogue packs. Dominance over another Alpha was asserted when they would first fight, if the dominant Alpha was kind a throat would get ripped out and it would be over. If they wanted to shame the losing party then a losing Alpha would be forced to their belly and the dominant Alpha would fuck them in front of the clan or pack……a really sadistic Alpha leader would have their Omega fuck the losing Alpha, even more shameful. Other Alphas he had known in this way had wanted to be taken gently and slowly.

Greg pushed Mycroft down flat onto the bed and covered his body with his own. Keeping his legs open he smacked his pelvis into the rounded buttocks as he continued to fuck his mate. Reaching up he grasped a handful of auburn hair and pulled his mates head back, the noises Mycroft made were pornographic.

“You like this, My?” asked Greg in a whisper against his ear “Being taken by your Omega?”

“Yes” grunted Mycroft “Keep talking to me like that”

Greg licked his lips, who would have thought Mycroft could be kinky. He wondered what other kinks his mate might have.

“You should see yourself” murmured Greg sniffing his mate’s damp hair “Arse greedily grasping for more of my cock, such a dirty Alpha Mycroft”

“God yes…..more”

“After you have come with my cock inside you, I’m going to pull out and come all over your back and arse and neither of us are going to shower so that tomorrow everyone will know I’ve had my cock inside you and can smell what a filthy bitch you are” drawled Greg.

“Dear god…..”

Greg pulled out of his mate, shifted and hauled Mycroft’s hips up from the mattress and plunged back in. The way his mate scrabbled at the quilt and squealed let him know he had got the angle just
“Gregory……Gregory……fuck!”

Mycroft went eerily silent though his body contracted and shuddered through a hard and prolonged orgasm as Greg took him roughly.

*Mycroft*

Spent, out of breath and groaning with debauched pleasure Mycroft’s mind sparked back online. He should feel shame, embarrassment and less than the Alpha he was but in truth he couldn’t wait for Gregory to take him again.

Dirty Alpha……filthy bitch.

Yes, he felt every bit a dirty Alpha and filthy bitch and it was glorious. He felt thoroughly fucked. His arse had been well used and he lay in his own ejaculate. The sex toys had been a poor imitation of the real thing as Gregory had suggested, his mate’s cock had given him pleasures he had not known before.

He winced as his mate removed himself from his backside and grimaced at the empty feeling inside him. Was this how Gregory felt after they had made love, empty?

Mycroft opened his eyes as his mate grasped his left bum cheek in his large hand and groped it, the movement of the bed implied Gregory was masturbating. He bit his lip; the older man was so utterly beautiful and sexy. He sucked in his breath as a thick finger breached his sore hole, shuddering as his mate came over his back and arse, warm semen striping his skin. After a few moments Gregory then rubbed it into his skin as promised.

Deliciously marking and owning him for all to smell.

He closed his eyes again as his Omega sprawled himself over his back and kissed his temple before he covered Mycroft’s hand with his own.

Mycroft sighed in utter contentment at the smell of their mingled scents and the swell of his mate’s belly against his lower back that held their pup.
Family ties

Chapter Summary

Sherlock stays over at Camden while John and Mycroft are away.

*FLASHBACK*

He stood before one of the starkly white blank walls that didn’t have a painting on it dressed in his blue paisley pyjamas and matching blue housecoat with crime scene pictures and case notes taped to it. Despite the attempted homely feel the rehab centre had strived for it was still essentially like a prison to him but with the colourful photos, empty containers of Indian takeaway and cigarette smoke that lingered on the older man it felt less so.

He was thoroughly enjoying getting stuck in to a cold case file and stimulating his mind, this was not boring and neither was Sergeant Lestrade despite it being his brothers doing at having the policeman bring in cold cases to keep him from being bored.

“I’m telling you, the tea tray was planted there to look like he’d been having breakfast, Lestrade” he insisted with a touch of exasperation.

“How in the hell can you make that out, Holmes?” asked the Sergeant stepping closer to look at one of the photos “The autopsy showed there was buttered toast in the contents of her stomach”

“It’s there in front of your eyes, as plain as the nose on your face……” drawled Sherlock acting like an arrogant swine that surely would annoy the Sergeant like it did everyone else and wish he’d never bothered to save him from the overdose.

“Stop being a bloody know-it-all twat and tell me” interjected the older man.

Normally by now he’d have been told to piss off, verbally abused or at the worst, punched in the face but when Lestrade spoke there was no trace of anger or impatience at Sherlock’s taunts but rather with amusement and interest at his antics.

“The brief states the victim was right handed, but look here on the butter knife…..the butter is on the wrong side of the blade to have been buttered by him, a left handed person spread the butter on that toast” he revealed triumphantly rapidly jabbing at a photos “Similarly the placement of the mug handle makes it more convenient for a left handed person to pick it up, not a right handed person”

“Shit” exclaimed Sergeant Lestrade leaning in closer to one of the photographs and squinting a little.

“A silly error to overlook on the part of the team who handled the case 30 years ago” said Sherlock turning around then scowling at his brother spotting him standing at the open door to his room “Spying, Mycroft?”

Sherlock turned around and Mycroft swallowed nervously.

“I see you are making progress” said Mycroft looking unusually uncomfortable that he’d been caught watching them unobserved.
“Go away Mycroft, your presence is not needed” said Sherlock folding his arms and pouting and feeling like a petulant child whose playdate had been interrupted.

“Oi, shut it Sherlock” scolded Gregory whacking Sherlock across the side of the head with a folder like he was swatting a fly “Don’t be such an arse to your brother”

“That’s quite alright Sergeant Lestrade, I am used to my brother’s rudeness” said Mycroft evenly, eyes on the silvery haired Omega Sergeant very casually clad in faded denim jeans and plain untucked brown checked shirt.

*END FLASHBACK*

“Unca Lockie"

Sherlock kept his eyes closed though he retreated out of his Mind Palace and back into the sitting room in Camden at the child’s voice and prod to his knee.

Ooooooh! How had he missed that! Oh yes, Mycroft had definitely been attracted to the then Sergeant Lestrade. It had been as fleeting as a mere blink of an eye. Mycroft had never looked at Greg that way again, hiding it well like he did everything else.

It was little wonder then that when he had albeit crassly suggested Mycroft should bond to the Omega that he had followed up on it, the attraction had already been there and it was pretty much obvious Mycroft was now head over heels for his bonded mate.

He had been so caught up in his own selfishness during that stint in rehab he had missed it, not that his brother would have or had acted on that attraction since Greg was a bonded Omega and would have never broken his own moral codes to pursue an Omega who was bonded…..he doubted Mycroft would have pursued him even if unbonded at that time since he’d never had any interest settling down. But once unbonded and both of them in need……

“Sleepy, Unca Lockie?” asked the young child.

“Thinking, analysing, deducing” replied Sherlock “And filtering out the unnecessary noise, Megan”

“Nutmeg” insisted the little girl.

Sherlock opened his eyes.

Megan was regarding him intently with big brown eyes that were uncannily like her Omega. It appeared the toddler was making the most of the nanny’s day off and had discarded her clothes somewhere and was clad only with the pink unicorn blanket over her shoulder, Megan was somewhat of a rebel and Mycroft had more than once tutted over the fondness the little pup had for streaking about the house as naked as the day she was born whenever she could.

“I must admit, Nutmeg, I too am partial to being attired in just a sheet from the bed” said Sherlock with a conspiratorial smile “I find I do my best thinking clad in nothing more than toga like dress, having ones birthday suit airing is quite liberating……encouraging the creativity to flow……though John prefers I cover up when we have company though he makes no complaint when we are on our own”

“Nudie bum bum” giggled Megan nodding making her messy curls bounce.

“Indeed” agreed Sherlock “Partners in crime you and I, rebelling at the stifling of creativity and individuality”
“Where Unca John?” asked Megan

“Uncle John has gone to Wales for a few days to attend some medical thing” answered Sherlock with a grimace “It sounded boring so I tuned him out when he was wittering on about it, besides I was focused more on the spores I have been growing on a piece of healthy lung and one on a smokers lung riddled with cancer…..very much not boring….quite fascinating really”

“Borwing” nodded Megan solemnly “Fasnatin”

Sherlock snickered and gathered up the little pup into his arms. The infant snuggled into him and he buried his nose into her hair sniffing at her sweet infant scent for a moment. Having to wait another 6 months for his own pup to arrive seemed so long away, so far at 3 months his pregnancy had been uneventful unlike poor Greg who had been plagued with morning sickness then a week of dizzy spells after coming back from Paris.

Sherlock smirked; his brother had looked like he was suffering a dizzy spell after the attending Greg’s 3 month visit to the obstetrician. Mycroft had been taken aback and completely stunned to find out his mate was carrying twins….of course Mycroft was going to be floored after being told he’d be sterile inside 18 months with only a 37% chance of siring pups….Greg’s highly fertile womb had already carried one set of twins, to carry another set had been less than probable with Mycroft’s floundering fertility….however, one could never discount the wonders of nature and biology. Mummy was ecstatic, having gone from two grandpups to ten grandpups inside a year had sent her over the moon.

“Not so boring if your Dada catches you with a nudie bum bum” said Sherlock getting up “Though probably quite boring if Mycroft was home to find you nudie bum bum, guh, the lectures I was subjected to when I was young….bored me to tears let me tell you Nutmeg…..it’s not polite, William….nobody wants to see you in a state of déshabillé, William…blah, blah, blah…..worse than any nagging Omega”

“Mikey gone away” explained Megan.

“Unfortunately going abroad and dealing with imbecilic morons who make money out of instigating a random coup d’état with little thought to the innocent people who will suffer in the crossfire is part of what he does” said Sherlock with a sigh and walking from the sitting room “Give it a few days and it will be on the news that a certain General in a certain country died a hero, the reality will be that the General met with one of Mycroft’s bullets thus curbing an attempted coup d’état before it even starts”

Sherlock stopped dead upon entering the kitchen, the gaze from Greg skewering him to the spot. It was clear what he had just said had been heard and his brother-in-law was less than impressed and had paused in laying out homemade shortbread on a plate. Charlotte was also in the kitchen stirring a spoon in a saucepan of hot cocoa, the young Omega was doing her best to pretend she hadn’t heard any of it.

“Not good?” he asked trying for the innocent act and got a roll of brown eyes from Charlotte, interesting…….the young quiet girl had made her own deductions about what Mycroft did which hadn’t fallen short of the mark

The compressed lips of the older Omega suggested to Sherlock he should just drop the matter and be done with it.

“So Charlotte, you have found someone worth your time at school…..a boy” said Sherlock startling the brunette who looked from him to her father.
“What?” barked Greg turning to now skewer his oldest daughter with his brown eyes.

Sherlock shifted uncomfortably in the realisation he had just stuffed up again, poor Charlotte debated for just a moment lying to her father and denying it wasn’t true.

“His name is Xander Morgan” said Charlotte quietly dragging her eyes to the pot that was beginning to bubble.

“Ah yes, once the heats start the Alphas come sniffing” growled Greg darkly “I thought you weren’t interested in running about with Alphas, Lola, you said your studies and getting into Uni were more important?”

“I’m not running around with Alphas, Dad” retorted Charlotte face blazing with embarrassment now.

Sherlock blinked, his mind making rapid deductions.

“He’s an Omega” stated Sherlock bluntly.

“Borwing” added Megan waving her hand again.

“An Omega?” repeated Greg, eyebrows almost lifting off his forehead in surprise.

“Why does that surprise you when you yourself have had sex with Omegas in your early years?” asked Sherlock frowning.

“For god’s sake Sherlock!” snapped Greg “Will you sod off, make yourself useful and go put some clothes on my bare arsed pup instead of sharing your deductions”

“Nudie bum bum” exclaimed Megan importantly and waved her hand with a flourish “Mikey… blah…blah”

Sherlock made a quick exit from the kitchen before he put his foot in his mouth any further, the dark look Greg also gave him at Megan’s exclamations were clearly also not good. He didn’t want to go home, Mrs Hudson had gone to her sisters and with John away it was too quiet and lonely.

“Hush Nutmeg or your father will toss me out on my ear” said Sherlock in a whisper “Let’s make ourselves scarce for a while so as not to annoy your Omega further, yes?”

Sherlock redressed the pup in another pair of pyjamas whilst admonishing her gently for wriggling like a worm, it was quite difficult to fasten the tiny buttons and after several attempts he gave up much to the delight of Megan.

“I wonder how Miss Bridget manages to dress such a wriggly little worm” said Sherlock taking the stuffed piglet she handed him.

Megan chortled with laughter as he made piggy noises with it, and proceeded to entertain her with a myriad of animal noises suited to the various stuffed toys that she handed to him.

“Why don’t we build a cubby?” asked Sherlock of the pup once she was bored with soft toys and an impromptu tea party.

He put a finger to his lips and instructed Megan to ‘Shhh’ as they both silently crept to the door of the room Sherlock was going to stay in and stripped the bed of its sheets, quilt and pillows then snuck back to Megan’s room.

Cubby building he was good at. Mycroft had spent hours with him when they were young raiding
Mummy’s neat and tidy linen closet for sheets, blankets and towels. Sometimes Mycroft would help him build a pretend pirate ship for he and Redbeard to sail in, attacking Mycroft’s sturdy stronghold of a fort he would build to withstand a pirate attack. One memorable time his brother had made it to his ship, Sherlock had made him beg for his life then made him walk the plank at sword point. Mycroft had played dead quite convincingly until Redbeard had licked his face.

Sherlock grinned finding nappy pins in a drawer, though Megan wasn’t much help she offered encouragement from in amongst the pile of stuffed animals that she showed him and made noises to.

It didn’t take long for him to construct a cubby; in the meantime Megan had tossed off her pyjamas but kept her nappy on and shuffled inside the construction to throw herself out on the pillows in delight.

“Unca Lockie good!” said the pup grinning happily.

Sherlock grinned at her obvious approval of his engineering skills and flopped down next to her. She really was an adorable little thing, how that beast of an Alpha who had sired her could treat her with such disregard was abominable. He fluffed up her curls making them even messier, how well he remembered Mummy’s exasperation at his own constantly messy curls when he had refused to have haircuts for three years.

Impulsively he pressed his mouth to the soft little bare tummy and blew a loud raspberry sending the small pup into fits of laughter. Megan crawled onto his chest and graced him with a few sweet kisses on his cheek before splaying herself on top of him and sucking her thumb.

Sherlock hummed Debussy and stroked her curls like Mycroft had once done with him, adding in gentle rhythmic pats to her nappy clad bottom to encourage her to go to sleep which took her a good hour to fall into a deep sleep. He laid her on the pillows and tucked her quilt from her bed around her then pressed a gentle kiss to her cheek before silently getting up and leaving her bedroom.

The house was quiet; evidently the other children had also gone to bed and a quick search indicated Greg had also retired too. Sherlock went to the spare guest room he had divested of bed linen and changed into his pyjamas. He lay down on the bare bed and stroked a hand over his lower abdomen feeling the slight swelling there that fascinated John…..it fascinated him too, to think a little person was growing in there that only a few weeks ago had been just a bunch of cells forming and before that had been just an egg and single sperm.

Sherlock tossed and turned for a time, missing John’s presence beside him in bed and finding it difficult to sleep. He had gotten used to having him there. Getting up, Sherlock tip-toed through the house, past the kitchen and down the hall to the master bedroom and peered into the room that was dimly lit by a lamp.

Greg was in bed and also awake reading a book, the older Omega glanced over to him standing in the doorway.

“Nice cubbyhouse, I’ll bet Meg loved it” said Greg with a grin.

No hard feelings over what had transpired in the kitchen then.

“It’s something Mycroft and I did as children” said Sherlock “Everything sorted with Charlotte?”

Greg laid his novel down and nodded.

“Just growing up too fast and it doesn’t help when I know what I was getting up to at that age” said Greg with a frown “I don’t want some Alpha sniffing around her just to get into her pants, there are
still plenty out there that won’t take no for an answer…..you and I both know that a heat can be forced upon an Omega if an Alpha is really intent on mating”

“Charlotte is a gentle, smart soul” said Sherlock truthfully “It’s hardly surprising that she will choose an Omega over an Alpha. Look at her role models, a caring, decent and loving Omega father and an abusive, dominating and nasty Alpha mother. I don’t know if it is what you want to hear but I am pretty sure there won’t ever be an Alpha in your daughter’s life…..she simply has no time or trust for Alpha’s other than those in her immediate family barring Caroline”

“If an Omega is what makes Lola feel safe and happy then that is all I want for her” said Greg “All I want is for all my pups to feel safe and happy with whatever they choose in life”

Sherlock sneered.

“If any Alpha, Omega or Beta doesn’t ensure any of the pups are safe and happy I’m quite sure Mycroft will not be standing back and allowing it to happen” he said “And behind him will be my father, Sherrinford, your mother, Stephanie, Zoe and Emma......and very soon I daresay Maddison will join the fray too”

“Why do they have to grow up, why can’t they stay Megs age” said Greg with a yawn and rubbing his belly that already had quite the bump.

“Can I…..can I stay here tonight?” asked Sherlock indicating the bed “It’s just I am having trouble getting to sleep without John……..”

“You need your rest Sherlock…..if it means you’ll get a decent night’s sleep, hop in” said Greg yawning again.

Sherlock needed no more encouragement and promptly clambered into the bed. He burrowed down into the sheets, quilt and pillow and Greg put his book on the bedside table and also lay down, pulling the quilt up and making himself comfortable.

In a relatively short period of time Greg fell asleep; his soft snoring was more a comfort than an irritation since John snored too. Sherlock closed his eyes, if he couldn’t be in his own bed with John then this was the next best thing, he could smell his brother’s familial scent imbued on the linens that was reassuring to him, that combined with the warm scent of the older Omega next to him ensured he had little difficulty in starting to drift off.

Before he fell asleep he acknowledged he was grateful to have a brother-in-law like Greg, it would have been awful if Mycroft had of bonded to some twit who he may not have got along with. Greg could be a goldfish sometimes but at least he wasn’t a boring goldfish…..plus he accepted Sherlock’s many quirks. Yes, it was little wonder young Charlotte chose to find someone who would emulate her Omega parent. He was indeed a good man.
Cockblocked

Chapter Summary

A surprise visitor interrupts some sexy time.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the long wait between chapters, had a bit of writers block unfortunately.

“Something smells really good” commented Sherlock peering over his shoulder to look at what was in the pots on the stove.

“Finished your experiment then?” asked John giving the sauce a stir.

“Of course not John, I’ll have to go to the morgue tomorrow and ask Molly for more toes” said Sherlock.

John didn’t ask why he needed more toes, in fact he had no idea what Sherlock was doing with them and as long as they stayed out of their fridge that was all he cared about.

“Maybe I should try to cook out of one of Mrs Hudson’s recipe books again” said Sherlock musingly.

“No” said John quickly “Not necessary, love, I enjoy doing the cooking”

Sherlock’s few attempts at cooking had ended in disaster, whoever said that Omegas were naturally domestic creatures had not met his mate who could destroy perfectly good food and render it inedible.

“I’m not a very good Omega in ensuring my mate is well fed” said Sherlock bluntly obviously feeling guilty when John’s stomach growled very loudly.

John turned around and put his arms around his mate.

“Just because we bonded it didn’t mean you suddenly had to start doing everything for me, Sherlock” said John “I did the cooking before so why should a bond change that?”

“Greg can cook” shrugged Sherlock.

“Greg was bonded to a lazy bitch of an Alpha who would have let him and the pups starve before she would have reduced herself to cook a meal like an Omega” said John “And Greg learned to cook in his Dads restaurant because he enjoyed it, not because it was expected he should learn to because of being an Omega”

Sherlock smirked.
“Mycroft has put on a few kilos, maybe fed too well” he commented “I told him the other day he was looking like a porker”

John rolled his eyes.

“It’s in your imagination, love” said John not having noticed anything different about his brother-in-law “Besides, a bonded Alpha that puts on a few kilos means that they are content and happy”

“Perhaps” said Sherlock “Though in Mycroft’s case it is a fondness for Jammy Dodgers and Greg indulging his mate in his sweet tooth with copious amounts of home baked goodies much to Mummy’s delight”

John grinned and made a mental note to pick up a packet or two to put in the pantry for when Mycroft visited.

“Well, Jammy Dodgers are nice dunked in a cup of tea” said John.

“I can think of nicer things” said Sherlock with a leer.

“Is that so?” asked John raising his eyebrows “Like what?”

“Mmmm, kisses tasting of tea and buttery shortbread” answered Sherlock bending his head down.

Ah yes, Mycroft might be fond of the Jammy Dodgers but John had a fondness for Mrs Hudson’s tins of shortbread that found their way onto the kitchen bench next to the kettle.

Dinner was momentarily forgotten as John lost himself in the smell of his mate as Sherlock snogged him enthusiastically.

“Do you think dinner would keep?” asked Sherlock suggestively when they broke apart for some air.

He turned and quickly flipped off the burners on the stove, giggling as Sherlock started to manhandle him out of his jumper while dragging him along to the kitchen table. It wouldn’t be the first time the kitchen table had been used to shag on and it likely wouldn’t be the last.

“Feeling frisky are we?” asked John giggling again as the kitchen table squeaked on the floor in protest as it slid a little when Sherlock bumped into it.

“Pregnancy hormones, John, always feeling frisky” said Sherlock matter-of-factly palming John’s crotch which had quickly sat up and taken notice “We can even have faux heats during pregnancy”

“I am well aware of that I am a Doctor after all, Sherlock” replied John, hissing as his mate squeezed his cock through his jeans then going for the button and zipper.

Sherlock huffed out an excited breath as John grabbed his thin wrists and pressed them above his head, viridian eyes darkening with arousal.

John licked his tongue across a full bottom lip.

“My frisky Omega” whispered John “Going to fill you up with my cock and fuck you senseless”

“John” whined Sherlock.

Dinner was forgotten. John lost himself in his mate’s passionate kisses and the body squirming underneath him.
“Oh my!”

Mrs Hudson’s exclamation of embarrassed surprise came as an unwelcome interruption and John hastily drew back from his mate who also looked over at their landlady standing just outside the doorway to the kitchen. Thank god they were still both clothed and hadn’t been in the midst of fucking.

John sucked in his breath at the Alpha standing beside her whose blue eyes were the exact same colour as his own.

“Hello, John”

His sister’s eyes darted to Sherlock.

“You didn’t tell me you had taken your flatmate as your bond mate; or that you are going to be a sire” said Harry.

“I’ll just be going back to my tele then” said Mrs Hudson hurrying away.

John cleared his throat and Sherlock pushed him away sitting upright and not in the least bit embarrassed at having been caught nearly having it off.

“You’ve never asked when you’ve bothered to call, Harry” said John “What are you doing here?”

“Can’t I visit my brother?” asked Harry, her words slurring slightly indicating she was still drinking.

“You’ve never gone out of your way before so excuse me if I’m curious” said John.

“Clara wants to dissolve our bond” said Harry.

John compressed his lips together. He wanted to yell at her and ask her what had she had expected when she was a drunk and treated her mate like shit. Clara was lovely and it had only been a matter of time before she’d had enough of Harry and her crap, similarly, it would have only been a matter of time before another Alpha snapped her up.

“Go and sit down, I’ll put the kettle on” said John “I have to finish dinner too”

“Isn’t that your Omega’s job” said Harry wrinkling her nose.

“John and I don’t define what the Omegas or the Alphas job is” said Sherlock bluntly “Kindly keep your stereotypical ideas to yourself, they are not welcome in our home”

Harry raised her eyebrows at John.

“Are you going to allow him to speak to me like that, John?” asked Harry obviously mistakenly believing that he would run his own home the same way they had been brought up.

“That was half the trouble between you and Clara, you treated her beneath you because she is an Omega” said John “Our relationship is equal Harry and yes, Sherlock can speak to you any way he likes because I don’t own him nor do I try and pretend I am superior to him in any way because I am an Alpha…..if you don’t like that then you know where the door is…..don’t let it smack you in the arse on the way out”

Harry looked at Sherlock then back to John.

“Do you think there is enough dinner for a plate for me, I’m starved……cooking is not my forte”
said Harry, wise enough to keep her mouth shut.

“John won’t let me cook more than baked beans on toast” said Sherlock “The last time I tried to cook a meal I had to throw a saucepan out because the rice had burnt to the bottom and was like cement and blew the microwave up.......how was I to know you needed to remove the foil from the top of a frozen apple pie?”

Harry raised her eyebrows again this time at Sherlock.

“I can do you one better, I tossed the sausages into a frypan and set fire to them then set fire to the tea-towel when I threw it on top to try and put it out.......which in turn set fire to the net curtains at the window” said Harry “Even the cat wouldn’t eat the charred remains of the sausages, just flicked his tail at me and gave me a look of utter contempt”

“Christ, thank god you two never bonded.....would be like dumb leading dumber along” muttered John “Neither of you can make a half decent cup of tea either”

“You said I made a wonderful cup of tea, John” said Sherlock frowning at him.

John swallowed caught out in his lie. Sherlock made terrible tea but John drank it anyway.

“It’s wonderful because you made it, love” said John trying to placate his mate.

“God you two are sickening” said Harry in amusement “I’ll go sit down before I throw up, shall I?”

Sherlock turned his head to John after Harry had moved out of earshot.

“I still expect to be filled up and fucked senseless later, John” said Sherlock with a leer “After all, it is the job of an Omega to ensure their Alpha is well serviced is it not?”

John snorted as his mate flounced off to annoy Harry.

He’d be making sure Sherlock rode him tonight while laying back and letting him do all the work and servicing him.

Sherlock was no Clara……not the quiet, submissive and docile mate his sister-in-law was.

And Harry only ever bothered with him when she wanted something.
Meet the Iceman

Chapter Summary

Mycroft questions what he does and what he is.

Chapter Notes

A very brief mention of torture is made, so brief if you blink you will miss it.

Mycroft pushed the tumbler away in disgust, he’d already partaken of far too much Scotch, any more and he would be too drunk to think straight.

What had started as a well-planned operation had turned into a complete fuck-fest. One of his agents was dead and another had disappeared off the face of the earth, he was absolutely sure Agent Duggan would not have double crossed him or her country and he had other agents searching for her.

Innocent people had died today because of the fuck-up and heads would damn well roll for it. Whilst he bathed in the blood of those who would cause harm to Britain and its citizens, the blood of innocents also stained his hands as collateral damage.

After wiping a hand across his brow he snapped his laptop closed and rose from his chair.

Collecting himself he left his office grimacing at his slightly unsteady gait that gave him away as being somewhat inebriated. He felt ashamed to greet his mate in such a manner, intoxicated and reeking of Scotch. He already felt guilty his job was swallowing up so much time of late which left little time to stretch between Gregory, the children, his parents and his brother.

He paused in the doorway of their sitting room and drank in the sight of his pyjama clad mate who looked to be asleep on the chaise lounge; his favourite Tottenham t-shirt was getting too small and had ridden up to expose his pronounced belly. He glanced over to the television which was on the BBC news, a perfectly coiffed presenter was on about the upcoming visit of Prince Charles and his wife to Australia.

A fresh wave of guilt ran over him as he looked back to his tired mate who did far more than himself with working full time and running all over London to solve homicides, was raising 5 children, growing two more in his stomach yet still found time for him, indulging in cooking, taking care of William when his brother sought him out and even caught up with John for cups of tea instead of catching up at the pub like they used to since he couldn’t drink alcohol now.

Dark eyes opened sleepily as if sensing he was being watched and swung to him.

“You’ve had a really bad day haven’t you” stated Gregory perceptively after a moment.

“Is it so obvious?” asked Mycroft wryly.
“Yes” replied Gregory simply “Come here”

“I’ve been drinking, Gregory, quite heavily and I stink of alcohol” confessed Mycroft.

“Hence how I know you’ve had a really bad day” said Gregory “You normally have one or two at the most if you have a drink in the evening”

Mycroft crossed the room and plonked down on the side of the chaise. He put a hand on his mates belly; he could scarcely believe there were two little lives growing inside. It seemed incredible that despite his lack of motile sperm he should sire twin pups though he knew that was more to do with Gregory’s fertility rather than his own virility.

He smooshed his face into Gregory’s abdomen and rubbed his nose along the swelling, sniffing at the soft warm skin. Not only could he smell Gregory’s normal scent and his own bonding scent, but he could smell the faint mixed scents of his young. A DNA test always proved with certainty a sire, but from a certain point in a pregnancy an Alpha could smell if pups had been sired elsewhere or from their own body.

Fingers carded into his hair and rubbed his scalp soothingly. After pressing two kisses on the swelling he turned his head and closed his eyes listening to the sounds Gregory’s stomach made.

“I lost one of my people today and another is missing” said Mycroft after several moments.

“Losing people we work with is one of the hardest parts of a job where there is a high probability of it occurring” said Gregory.

“An operation, months in the planning was compromised, we were double crossed and it went down badly” said Mycroft.

“Bloody hell” swore Gregory “Do you know who had double crossed you?”

“No, but my people are searching and they will find who is responsible” said Mycroft.

“And then what?” asked Gregory “I don’t think I’ve ever heard of people being charged with treason these days”

“I cannot answer that question” murmured Mycroft.

“I didn’t expect you to, My” said Gregory softly.

Mycroft swallowed. He should not be speaking of this, he had never before brought up his work with anyone outside the establishment, but then he had never before been bonded to somebody or had somebody that he could come home to and unload some of the burden he carried some days, even in a manner that gave little detail.

“People died because of it, innocent people Gregory, blood that I can never wash off my hands…..I have gone over every moment of it, every minute from start to finished I have scrutinised and analysed……”

Fingers paused rubbing at his scalp when Mycroft broke off, he could not say any more for he had already said far too much…..perhaps admitting he was responsible for deaths that should not have occurred was too much…..perhaps Gregory would be disgusted at his actions…..

“Innocent people die every day Mycroft” said Gregory quietly “Murder, domestic violence, child abuse, genocide, war, terrorism, medical issues, wrong judicial rulings……police stuff
“It should not have happened, Gregory!” snapped Mycroft sitting back up and scowling at his mate. “Everything had been planned to the finest detail, all conceivable parameter accounted for…..”

“It shouldn’t happen, but it does, and it’s terrible…..but we are humans and none of us who are in jobs whose profession seeks to protect the greater good are infallible despite trying to do our very best…..our very best can be thwarted through no fault of our own” said Gregory vehemently “All the planning in the world, taking into account every parameter and having everything in place to go off without a hitch still cannot account for human nature…..if you have had somebody poke a stick into the wheel then it comes tumbling down and they are responsible for stuff up and the blood is on their hands”

Mycroft huffed out an angry breath and scrubbed a hand over his face wanting to say more and couldn’t say more so held his tongue.

“It’s good you have a conscience, so many in government and the services that work in the shadows don’t and have no care to who they tramp over…..it makes you human” said Gregory caressing his cheek with a knuckle.

Mycroft recoiled and brushed the hand away from the touching him, he wasn’t human and he had trampled over people without a flying fuck to conscience……he wondered how his mate would react to knowing how many times he had splattered brain matter out of a skull with a bullet or that he had tortured people with his own hands to gain information and never gave it a second thought.

“All things die, caring is not an advantage…..a conscience has no place in my work…..I am not called The Iceman for nothing and you’d best remember that” snapped Mycroft coldly rising and walking out of the sitting room.

It took effort not to return to his office and resume drinking more Scotch but instead went to the bedroom to prepare for bed. It wasn’t until he was standing under the shower that he cringed at his behaviour for being such a prick to Gregory and speaking to him like that.

“Well done you fucking idiot” he swore under his breath berating himself.

His mate was not a co-worker or minion he could snap and snarl at; uncaring if feelings were hurt or if he was hated and despised for being a cold, unemotional machine. Gregory was his mate, his heart, his lover, his home and Omega to all their children and deserved more respect than what he had shown him.

Mycroft fully expected to find an empty bed and to be sleeping alone after being such a bastard but was surprised to find Gregory already under the quilt in their bed when he came out of the bathroom. He plugged in his phone, dimmed the lamp and got into bed.

He stared at the back he was presented with, he knew Gregory was awake and deliberately ignoring him. The silence grew uncomfortable and when he could bear it no more he slid over to his mate seeking out his warmth and scent. He opened his mouth to apologise and the breath caught in his throat as Gregory shifted away from him.

“Well did you do that?” asked Gregory in a flat voice.

“Do what?” ventured Mycroft unsure which part of what had happened his mate was speaking of and playing it safe by replying with another question.

“You never speak of your work which I understand, and then when you do you get defensive and
“I am not worthy of the pedestal you tried to put me up on…….”

“You do what you have to do to protect this country and its people however unsavoury….yeah, I might be a goldfish according to you and Sherlock but I’m smart enough to deduce some things too” said Gregory coolly.

Mycroft winced at the goldfish remark that could have only come from William since he himself would not use the term in front of anyone other than his younger brother.

“Gregory……”

“I know what kind of man you are when it comes to your work….some of the awful things you do” said Gregory bluntly.

Mycroft closed his eyes; it was something he would have preferred to be left unspoken and not acknowledged….for Gregory, a good man, to verbally confirm and then accept the terrible things he did made his actions seem all the more monstrous though that was not his mate’s intention.

“I lived for years with someone who was without conscience, uncaring and lacking emotion unless it was to dominate or be violent so don’t come home and tell me you have no conscience and that you don’t care and act like an emotionless bastard because while that might be true when you have to be The Iceman, it isn’t true when you shuck off that persona and become a son, a brother, a mate and a parent” said Gregory quite categorically.

Mycroft opened his eyes searched for something to say to that but it seemed Gregory was not interested in further discourse on the matter.

“Now, if The Iceman has left the building I would like my mate to cuddle me” said Gregory shifting back the two inches he had moved away before.

Mycroft needed no prompting and quickly molded himself to the back of his mate, throwing an arm around him and pushing his nose into the crease of shoulder and neck to gulp in the spicy fragrance of him. He disliked it immensely when they quarrelled for all he wanted to do was keep his mate happy and satisfied the way he deserved to be.

He let out a shuddered breath as Gregory pushed his bottom back against the half hard erection that sprung to life not shy in hinting at wanting more than just a cuddle.

Mycroft dragged his tongue across the bonding mark drawing back in surprise when his mate suddenly squirmed about taking off his pyjama pants and shoved the quilt down.

An undignified splatter escaped him as his mate rolled over onto his front and presented, stirring his inner Alpha to growl lustily at both the submissive gesture and the rounded belly that now curved underneath him.

He licked his lips, mouth watering for a taste of what was on offer and shifted over.

“Need you inside me NOW” rumbled Gregory and wiggling his bottom enticingly.

Any thoughts of indulging his oral desires were dashed by his mate’s bossy demand which he hurried to obey, merely pushing his own pyjama pants down his thighs. He wasn’t going to complain at skipping prolonged foreplay and going straight to the main event. Any lovemaking had been infrequent of late with other demands on their time and they seldom had a just bout of sex like
this and if Gregory wanted to get off quickly then that is what he would get.....what was it he once read in one of those Omega magazines he’d found at work.....variety was the spice of life?

Gregory groaned pushing back as he slid into the warm, welcoming heat of his body. Mycroft huffed, clutching his mate’s hips as the older man began to vigorously fuck himself on his cock. Clearly pregnancy hormones were making his mate highly aroused if the tell-tale slickness and his impatience was anything to go by.

Gregory snarled shoving back harder indicating some rough fucking would be appreciated. Mycroft leaned over and grasped his shoulders then snapped his hips giving his mate what he wanted. He listened as grunts quickly turned to gasped out groans that rose in volume as his mate grew closer to orgasm then slipped a hand down to curl his fingers around Gregory’s lovely cock and pumped the shaft in his fist.

Mycroft growled in gratification as his mate tightened like a vice around cock and spilled over his fingers in such a short time, his silent but shaking body intimated his Omega had been needy for his cock to fill him. That made Mycroft growl in gratification again, his mate was strong and very independent but it stroked his ego to know that when it came to base needs his mate would make demand of him like an Alpha stud.....just like there were Omega escorts, there were also Alpha escorts who serviced Omegas for money too.

“Are you well satisfied, my lovely mate” asked Mycroft smoothing a hand down the damp skin of his mates back after he relaxed again, trembling and breathless.

Mycroft withdrew when Gregory indicated he wanted to roll over. His mate was flushed in the face and his silvery hair was darkened with sweat above his ears and forehead.

“I’ll tell you after you have me again” said Gregory and reached up to pull Mycroft down by his pyjama shirt with one hand and then moving his legs to frame Mycroft’s hips with his knees.

“Is that so?” asked Mycroft planting his hands either side of his mates head and leaning up slightly “Then I best ensure I carry out my Alpha duty properly, hadn’t I?”

He sunk into the warm depths of his mate again, the alcohol he had drank earlier had slowed his libido down thus he wouldn’t disgrace himself by crossing the finish line before his mates needs had been attended to. Gregory’s brown eyes never left his between hard kisses, his hands and fingers roamed over Mycroft’s body and carded into his hair.

Gregory threw up a leg over his bicep and lifted his hips gasping as Mycroft plunged further inside him. He pulled almost all the way out shifting back so he could grasp his mate’s ankles and then push his legs back so his knees were almost near his ears. His mate’s mouth dropped open, eyes closing and brow creasing as Mycroft thrust back in and took him deeply. The resultant cry of pleasure was most pleasing.

Mycroft panted, this way also afforded him a voyeuristic view to able to watch his cock slide in and out of his mates body and how his mates sex grasped at his cock while being stretched to take his size. He sped up his thrusting hearing his mates breathing and vocal sounds change then growled at the sight of both his mates cock ejaculating a small amount of semen while he visibly tightened and contracted around his cock as another climax was attained.

He hissed as his balls suddenly tightened and pushed himself as far as he could go into his mate’s wet channel. Tingles licked up his spine just as he spilled, calling Gregory’s name he pulsed repeatedly deep inside his beautiful mate.
Both of them lay panting, hearts hammering in their chests after Mycroft collapsed on top of Gregory once his mate lowered his legs back down. They spent several minutes like that just enjoying each others warmth and scent.

“More than well satisfied my stud of an Alpha” murmured Gregory “Though I hope you are up for another round in the morning…..makes me less growly at my Constables when I get serviced before work”

Mycroft lifted his head and gave his mate a leer.

“I was thinking more along the lines of breakfast in bed, I’m thinking sausage* and crumpet**” said Mycroft waggling his eyebrows.

Gregory raised his eyebrows in disbelief then barked out a laugh.

“You dirty bugger, underneath all that posh and prim you are just as bad as any riff raff knot head” said Gregory thoroughly amused.

Mycroft smirked. Actually the upper classes were worse than common riff raff as were the public school types.

The smirk fell from his face as his phone buzzed. Without moving from his warm and comfortable position he grabbed his phone, pausing a moment to brush his lips over Gregory’s before he frowned at the caller ID and answering it.

“What is it?” he asked his PA irritably.

“Apologies Mycroft but you are needed at Vauxhall immediately, the shit is flying” said Anthea quickly “The CIA agent that was undercover investigating the mole in the US Embassy has been found dead in St James Park, professional hit made to look like mugging…….the US Ambassador has disappeared”

“Fuck” spat Mycroft “Send Jeremy with the car”

“On his way, give my regards to Gregory” said Anthea who then hung up.

Mycroft sighed; he would much prefer to spend the night cuddled up to his mate instead of dealing with yet another shit-fight.

“Do you want me to make you a coffee to take?” asked Gregory.

“No, Anthea will have one waiting for me” said Mycroft “But thank you”

He pressed another kiss to his mate’s lips before reluctantly getting up.

In twelve minutes he was out the door and Jeremy glanced sideways at him as he slid into the back of the car.

Mycroft smiled to himself, as always Gregory was the light on his bad days.

His smile turned to a cold smirk. He hadn’t bothered to shower again, deliberately leaving the scent of his mate and sex over himself to let those he had to deal with that night know exactly what they had interrupted in order clean up their shit.

The Iceman had returned.
* sausage - slang in many cultures for a penis.
** crumpet - an English slang word for a vagina.
Surrounded by family

Chapter Summary

Milly Holmes loves her family

Chapter Notes

Finally, finally, I got a chapter written after a terrible case of writers block and having doubts about getting on with this fanfiction. I have another chapter half written which should be up fairly quickly and promise I won't leave such a gap between posting chapters again.

I have wanted to write about Milly Holmes somewhere in the fanfiction, I loved the characters of the Holmes parents in Season 3 of Sherlock.....both Mummy and Daddy Holmes were lovely and just a wee bit cheeky in the series.....and I think Mummy Holmes has a little bit of badass in her too.

Thank you for continuing to read. xx

“Siger my love, did you put that fleecy blanket on the little one’s bed that she likes?” asked Milly as her mate came into the kitchen rosy cheeked from the chill outside “And I must put some extra towels into the bathroom….”

“My darling do stop fussing, all is ready” said Siger pilfering a scone* from one of many plates of goodies she had baked in readiness for their weekend visitors and broke it in half.

Humming to himself he took up a butterknife and selected a pot of preserves.

“Keep that up and there won’t be anything left” observed Milly nodding at the goodies Siger had been snacking steadily on all afternoon.

“There is plenty here, enough to feed a small army my dear” said her mate lavishly adding home-made raspberry preserves over the top of the butter he had smeared across the two halves.

“The pups get hungry with the country air, not to mention both our son and Gregory are eating for hungry pups inside them” said Milly tutting as Siger dolloped a generous spoonful of clotted cream on each half. “And Mikey is always partial to a sweetie even if he pretends he is on a diet”

“You make such wonderful scones sweetheart, how am I possibly supposed to resist such temptation?” complimented her mate taking a bite of the sweet pastry.

“Oh you old smooth talking charmer” murmured Milly flicking him gently with a hand towel.

“I could never resist you either, my lovely mate” grinned Siger curling an arm around her waist “Such temptation…….”
“Behave yourself” admonished Milly though she leaned into her mate chuckling at his cheekiness, tutting again as he gave her bottom a gentle pinch “Frisky old Alpha”

Even all these years later their passion for each other hadn’t diminished; their sex life might be less frequent and less physical than in their younger years but it was no less passionate and satisfying.

His kisses, sticky and sweet from the creamy, jammy scones were lavished on her and Milly cuddled into her beloved Alpha who had now forgotten the half-eaten scone in his hand.

Siger relinquished her lips reluctantly stepping back at the sound of cars arriving at the house, his softly murmured hint at retiring to the comfort of their bed for some loving only moments before was now on hold.

Milly tucked a stray strand of hair back behind her ear and smoothed the wrinkles on the front of her apron, a chuckle escaped her again when she noted Sigers flushed cheeks and hungry look in his eye….no, age had certainly not dimmed her frisky Alpha at all.

“Later, my love” promised Milly pecking the corner of her mate’s mouth.

The too quiet house was suddenly filled with voices and laughter, the sound of the exuberant young pups was music to her ears. While it was nice to have a tranquil peaceful life in their older years there was nothing like the lovely smell and energetic zing of the young filling the empty house.

Milly couldn’t help beam at the smiles on the pup’s faces at coming to visit, her adopted grandpups were utterly delightful….it was not hard to adore all of them with their beautiful manners and sunny dispositions….they were certainly a credit to their Omega whose nurturing shone through on each of their faces….her inner Omega wanted to shower them with the same love and affection she had for Grace and Madeline.

She smiled at how relaxed they were with Mycroft who could be reserved and cool, yet Megan quite comfortably sat in the crook of his arm watching her siblings greet Siger with hugs before she too dived at her mate seeking out hugs and kisses. Many pups after having an Alpha like Caroline would have been quite reluctant, scared even, of Alphas who had become family by extension and distrusting them and goodness knows there were enough bad stories of blended families that didn’t work but there was no such hesitancy with Siger and Mycroft, and by all accounts John and Sherrinford.

Milly embraced each of the older pups, joyfully smelling their own individual scents as well as that of both Gregory and Mycroft on them. Charlotte also had a new scent on her though slightly so and Milly looked to the dark haired young man who stood back appearing to be very shy.

Ah, so this was the young Omega that Mycroft had spoken of.

“Milly, Siger, this is Xander Morgan” introduced Charlotte just as shyly as the young man who stood back.

“Hello Xander” greeted Siger “Lovely to have you here”

Xander looked up from underneath his long fringe** with the loveliest green eyes she had ever seen then.

“Hello, Sir” responded the young Omega with a quietly spoken voice that held the lilt of an Irish accent.

“No no, Siger is just fine” said her mate with a nod.
“Welcome my dear” greeted Milly warmly “Call me Milly”

“Nice to meet you, Milly” he replied then flicked a glance to Charlotte whose cheeks went as pink as Xanders.

Oh my, they were absolutely adorable. Xander was very beautiful and clearly had a gentle nature that would suit Charlotte’s equally gentle, kind nature. Mycroft had said that Charlotte and Xander attended the same school and then confided that the pair were more than just friends according to what Gregory had told him. Thankfully both he and Gregory were uncaring that they were two Omega’s though there would be some out there who would ridicule it. Of course Milly and Siger were broadminded people and didn't care a fig about what people thought; that Charlotte would be attracted to Omega’s had been hardly surprising given her Alpha sire had not been a positive advertisement of an Alpha mate.

Milly grinned as Siger handed Megan over to her who was squirming in his arms to get to her. The little pup threw her arms around her neck and covered her cheeks with kisses.

“Oh my, what a wonderful greeting” she said burying her nose in the unruly dark curls of the toddler who made herself quite a home on her hip, babbling excitedly as her youngest pup came forward to give her a hug.

“Mummy”

She refrained from frowning, noting her Omega son looked tired and distracted as he dutifully kissing her cheek, it was unfortunate that John was unable to come for the weekend. St Barts was short staffed and he had been rostered on extra hours to work in A & E so William had come for the weekend by himself. Evidently her pup was not very happy and she didn't like it one bit.

Mycroft caught her eye and compressed his lips to indicate trouble was afoot, she knew William would keep things to himself like had always done and it would be Mycroft who would whisper to her the troubles of her youngest pup. Now in his fourth month of pregnancy his belly was slightly rounded but the rest of him was still far too slender, she would be having words with John to fatten his mate up....perhaps amongst other things if the Alpha was not treating her boy right.

“Will, darling” she murmured kissing the cheek of her Omega pup then reached up to curl her fingers through his dark curls while sniffing at him to ensure there was no illness that ailed him. For a moment her pup leaned into her, rubbing his cheek on her cheek affectionately and indulging her natural instincts to ensure her pup was not sickening before stepping back and going to greet his Alpha.

Mycroft, she noted, had gained a kilo or two in his contentment with his mate and Gregory looked glowingly radiant. He too had put on some weight and his belly was growing deliciously fat with the two pups in his fifth month of pregnancy. Breeding certainly became Gregory; it was quite evident that having his belly full of pups made him cheerfully happy……something she completely understood, she herself had loved breeding and had hoped to suckle many pups but they had been content with the three gorgeous young men they had been blessed with. She need not worry about her son-in-law not taking care of himself during his pregnancy but William was another matter, her youngest had always been one to worry her the most out of her three boys.

“Hello Milly” greeted Gregory hugging her close.

"Hello dear” greeted Milly fondly, kissing his cheek “I hope you are keeping well?”

“Crazily busy but wouldn’t have it any other way” replied the Omega with a big smile “My would
have me to drop back to part-time but while I’m feeling good I’ll work up until the requisite time I
have to go on paternity leave”

“It was only a suggestion, Gregory” said Mycroft quickly coming to his mate’s side and also bending
to kiss her cheek. “It’s not like you need to work, my dear”

“I know I don’t need to work” said Gregory turning his gaze to his mate “And perhaps I will take an
extended period of leave when the pups are born since finances are not an issue….it would be nice
just to be a stay-at-home Omega for a while”

Milly bit her lips so as not to chuckle at the flush that came to her sons cheeks….for all his belief in
equality and progressiveness it appeared Mycroft was much like his Alpha sire and liked the thought
of his mate being a homebody….. it was quite evident he would be an Alpha more than happy to
have his Omega at home tending the family nest with pups underfoot, a pup at the breast and a pup
fattening the belly if Gregory chose to do so…..but would not in any way curtail Gregory from his
career in the police force either if that was what he wished to do.

“Unca Lockie!”

Megan squirmed; holding out her hands to her son who feigned boredom as the pup launched herself
into his arms and hugged his neck after taking her from Milly. Megan whispered in his ear, whatever
was said made William visibly brighten and made his lips curl into the beginnings of a small smile.

“What are you two up to?” asked Mycroft suspiciously when Megan giggled at William’s whispered
response in her ear.

“Noffin” said Megan almost looking affronted that they could possibly be up to something.

Again Milly bit her lips at the innocent look pasted on the face of the little pup that mirrored
William’s now blank expression. Mycroft raised his eyebrows at the little girl who also raised her
eyebrows back and Milly snorted the same time Gregory did who also found it very amusing……it
would appear the two year old had both her boys wrapped around her little finger.

“Nothing you would be interested in” replied William evenly and dismissively.

“Borwing” added Megan in the same even tone and nodded as if to confirm it was indeed so.

Veridian eyes met dark brown eyes……conspirators and partners in crime for sure.

Mycroft rolled his eyes as Gregory snickered at his daughter’s antics. At least William had cheered
up somewhat now.

“Well, I think a nice pot of tea, hot chocolate and supper is in order” said Milly wishing Sherrinford,
Olivia, Madeline and Grace could have left the farm for the weekend as well. It would have been
lovely to have the entire family under her roof at once.

Late in the evening after the house had fell silent she checked upon her youngest pup who’d
disappeared with Megan and couldn’t help but silently chuckle at the pilfered bed linens constructed
into an impressive cubby house. It reminded her of the days when Mycroft would build forts, ships
and castles for William when they were young and Redbeard would join in the fray.

Peeking between a gap in the hanging fleecy blankets she sighed gratefully. William was tucked up
under the fleecy blanket Megan favoured, his tired face looking younger in much needed slumber.
Megan appeared to have a soothing, therapeutic effect on Will, the little pup was curled up into his
chest sucking her thumb and a little hand in his hair as if she had fallen asleep playing with it. The
sweet tableau made her smile for William tried to emulate Mycroft with his cool aloofness but knew her youngest had been the neediest emotionally out her three pups.

Not only had he a fondness for the little pup but her youngest had also grown close to Gregory who had clucked at him for picking at supper and allowed the older Omega to gently bully him into eating more than a few crumbs and a second cup of hot chocolate. Even Siger had raised an eyebrow at her when William had meekly obeyed without any of his bull-headedness, and not a whit of sarcasm or petulant tantrum had fell from his lips as Gregory placed a third buttered piece of fruit toast on his plate and cut it up into triangles for him to eat.

Her smile fell recalling Mycroft taking her to one side and whispering of the hornet in the 221B Baker Street nest causing difficulties between William and John. Mycroft was biding his time hoping John would deal with the problem, namely the drunken Alpha sister whose head was stuck in the Dark Ages that had taken up residence in the upstairs bedroom. He had promised to intervene before the week was out if no resolution appeared forthcoming, she had muttered angrily to her middle pup that she herself would travel to London and take out the rubbish that was upsetting her boy……when it came to her pups she would turn absolutely monstrous in her protection of them……after all, Mycroft certainly did not get his darker side from his good natured Alpha sire who wouldn’t swat a fly.

Quietly clicking the door closed she tiptoed through the house checking on sleeping pups and pretending she didn’t see that young Charlotte and Xander were holding hands with each other quite innocently in their sleep on the sofa bed in one of the spare rooms. Deciding to have another cup of tea before retiring herself she headed back downstairs only to pause at the giggle that came from the lounge.

Carefully she peered around the door frame to where the television was barely audible and two figures were still up. Mycroft was reading a book, a giggle escaping him as his mate tickled him in the side.

“You are being very distracting, Gregory” murmured Mycroft not taking his eyes from the book.

“Not distracting enough since you haven’t taken your nose out of that book” returned Gregory.

“Is there a point to your distracting me, Gregory?” asked Mycroft who didn’t so much as blink when his mate plucked the book from his hands, snapped it closed and tossed to the coffee table.

“Perhaps I am not being obvious enough in my distraction, Mycroft” said Gregory “Maybe I need to be more direct”

Gregory climbing over onto his mates lap and kissed him. It was plainly obvious that fire was not lacking between them as their kiss quickly became passionate, one set of hands kneaded at the small of Gregory’s back and the other set tangling into Mycrofts orderly combed down hair

Milly felt her cheeks go warm as the kiss was broken, for only a moment she saw the utterly smitten expression on her sons face as he gazed at his Omega breathless and aroused, quickly she turned away from their private intimacy. A blush blazed at the needily whimpered “Gregory” and she hoped the pair of them took it to their bedroom before things got too heated. One never knew if a pup might come down looking for a drink.

Siger was just finishing buttoning up his pyjama shirt when she entered their bedroom and he raised both eyebrows at her still blushing face.

“Mycroft and Gregory in the front lounge, let’s just say our boy is hopelessly in love and his Omega
more than welcoming his attentions outside of heats….in fact I would say Mycroft has been well and truly seduced” said Milly.

“Well it was to be expected my dear” said Siger “Gregory is very attractive and his charms alone could seduce many Alpha’s young and old, when the right one comes along and sets their Omega wiles upon you we don’t stand a chance, though I prefer mine of an older vintage……blond, beautiful, brainy…..you still seduce me and you know it, my love”

This time it was Milly who giggled as her Alpha pounced at her with a growl, their bed soft and comfortable as they shared their bodies and whispered loving endearments.

Before Milly fell asleep with her beloved wound around her she smiled happily, to be surrounded by family was a blessing.

*Scone - for American readers I believe you call them a biscuit.

**Fringe - I believe Americans call them bangs.
Greg scrawled his signature on the bottom of the completed report he’d just finished that was now ready to hand over to the Chief Super for his final perusal and signature. The investigation and subsequent arrest of a serial sex offender and murderer that had managed to evade being caught had slipped up when the Omega nurse she had targeted as her next victim had taken the Beta down not knowing the Omega was a black belt in Karate. The case against the Beta was air-tight despite her lawyers threats of getting his client off, she would be going to prison for a long time.

He laid the report aside then opened the next folder containing the findings of another case from the Medical Examiner’s office and compressed his lips together. Well shit, this really wasn’t helpful at all….the DNA samples collected from the crime scene were hairs from a Yorkshire Terrier and fibres found on the body of the victim were from a generic garment that could be purchased from numerous stores……to top that off the substance under the nails of the victim turned out to be dried pet food and not skin cells.

Greg looked up from the disappointing report as his door opened, Sherlock flounced in and plonked himself down in a chair with a face like he’d been sucking on a lemon…..he also looked very tired and quite a bit paler than he’d been in Sussex last weekend.

“Out with it” demanded Greg when Sherlock remained silent.

“Harriet Watson”

Greg sat back and closed the file giving Sherlock his undivided attention, bristling at the mention of the Alphas name.

“I’m sick of her and John arguing, I cannot abide her attitude regarding Omegas, she’s as nice as pie while John is around then acts like a complete knothead when he isn’t around…..little wonder Clara refuses to entertain ever taking her back, why the hell would she…..I have no idea what she saw in Harry in the first place….she leaves her crap lying around everywhere, is incapable of even making a sandwich for herself and doesn’t lift a finger to even pick up her dirty knickers from the bathroom floor when the laundry basket is barely a foot away……and then she had the hide to say to me when John went to work not an hour ago that John deserved better than me sitting around all day doing nothing…..that he should have found an Omega who had been trained properly to look after their Alpha rather than one who……”

Sherlock snapped his mouth closed halting venting his tirade delivered without so much as taking a breath.

“Rather than one who what…..Sherlock?” asked Greg on a snarl having a good idea of what had been said……after all, what Omega hadn’t heard an Alpha at some time talk like they were put on the earth as servants and bitches to breed with.

Sherlock averted his eyes to gaze to the floor, his high cheekbones blazed as red as the single rose in
the dainty vase that Mycroft had delivered to him that morning. Whatever had been said was so mortifying to Sherlock he would not repeat it and normally Sherlock ran off at the mouth without a care to how awful it was and who it was about.

“Have you told John?” asked Greg wondering why the hell John let her continue to stay if it was upsetting his mate.

Sherlock shook his head.

Greg had not liked Harry Watson at all; the Alpha was completely different to John despite their shared genes. He and John had met up at the pub for lunch a few days ago and the Alpha had invited herself along. Whilst John had indulged in a pint since it was his day off and Greg had stuck to soda water with lime, Harry had poured down the lagers moaning about Clara.

When John had ducked off to the toilet Harry had implied that a pregnant Omega should be at home rather than working and certainly not having lunches with Alphas they were not bonded to as if he were sneaking around and cheating behind both Mycroft and Sherlocks back like a slut with John. Greg had told her he had little interest in her opinions and would be happy to send Mycroft round to have a chat about her interest in their bond……she had kept her mouth shut after that……most likely because John returned back from the toilet.

“Harry is the only family John has left, I don’t want to be responsible for destroying that” said Sherlock unhappily.

“You aren’t destroying anything, Sherlock” said Greg “John and Harrys relationship is tenuous at best, and she is the one doing the destroying with her idea that an Omega is under the thumb of an Alpha and there solely to serve them plus treating her brother-in-law like shit……you need to tell John so he can kick her out”

“Do you know that even Mrs Hudson has stopped popping by and avoids her too by spending more time over at Mrs Turner’s house” said Sherlock looking miserable “I was in the middle of writing up my findings from an experiment when she came down from Johns old room, found there was no beer left and told me to go fetch her some like a good little subservient Omega……so I grabbed my coat and instead of fetching her beer I came here”

Greg stared in disbelief…..how could John not see what was happening…..maybe he was scared of his sister….surely he wasn’t taking Harriet’s side? No, John was nothing like Harriet, there was no way in hell he would take the side of his sister over his mate and John didn't scare easily.

“Mrs Hudson is a sweetie with a heart of gold, how anyone can be rude and disparaging to her is beyond belief” stated Greg who was very fond of the older Omega and though Sherlock could be curt sometimes he knew he was also fond of his landlady underneath his bluster.

Greg looked at his watch, it was only an hour until he would normally finish work and he knew it wouldn’t be a problem to leave early.

“Look, how about I knock off now, I just have to put a report into the Chief Super and let Sally know I’m off early so she can hand over to Dimmock” said Greg “We can swing by Baker Street to grab your things and come stay at ours tonight….its Natalia’s night off so dinner will be pot luck but you can get your experiment findings written, bug Mycroft and have pups annoy you….far more nicer than having an Alpha swing their knot about like a complete dick”

After Sherlock nodded looking quite relieved, Greg put his report into the in tray in the Chief Supers office since he was out then quickly found Sally to tell her he was going early, making the excuse
that Sherlock was feeling unwell and that John was on shift.

Instead of calling Johannes they got a cab to Baker Street and Greg beamed at Mrs Hudson who came out to greet him and he gave the older Omega an affectionate hug.

“I don’t suppose you have come to arrest that…..that horrible Alpha, Detective Chief Inspector…..oh Sherlock you have to get John to get her to go back to where she came from…..honestly, my nerves…..the amount of herbal soothers I’ve been having” said Mrs Hudson in a low voice.

“I haven’t grounds to arrest her for anything and by the sounds of it I’d need a few of my Alpha officers here to do the job since god forbid, an Omega is allowed to arrest her” said Greg lowly “Just come with Sherlock to pick up a few things then I’m taking him to ours to stay the night”

“It’s not right, being driven out of your home by the likes of her” said Mrs Hudson “Go on dear, get your things….the faster you do then the faster you can go….I’ve a nice tin of Jam Drops put aside for you to give to Mycroft that he likes when he comes to visit Sherlock….won’t take a moment to fetch them, dear”

Sherlock went upstairs and Mrs Hudson disappeared into her flat, his brother-in-law had been up there barely a moment before he heard something break and Harriet yell.

“Where is my goddam beer you useless Omega bitch?”

Greg took the stairs two at a time, probably not the safest of things to do whilst 5 months pregnant but worried for Sherlock. Entering the flat Greg was immediately besieged by the stink of Alpha aggression, the smell of Johns Alpha was barely discernible from where his sister had taken over the territory.

“Get your own beer, Sherlock is not your servant” said Greg calmly to Harriet who looked extremely angry and had thrown a cup at the wall which had shattered.

“Oh looky, it’s the mouthy Omega slut…..did you know he has lunch with John behind your back?” spat Harriet to Sherlock then rounded on Greg again “What point is having an Omega in the house if they don’t fetch for an Alpha”

“It’s not your house and Sherlock isn’t your Omega…….Sherlock, get your things and let’s go” said Greg taking a step back as Harriet snarled.

“He’s not going anywhere…..his Alpha is not home and I am the family Alpha in charge and what I say goes” shouted Harriet kicking a table over then pointed at Greg “You, get out or I will throw you out”

“Sherlock, get your things…….”

Greg swallowed as Harry let out a growl that made a lick of fear curl up his spine and hated that both he and Sherlock began to smell of distress……but Greg stood his ground.

“Greg…..”

At the sound of his name spoken in a voice that didn’t sound quite right for Sherlock and a hand that seized his upper arm he turned his head. His brother-in-law had gone as white as a ghost and was swaying. Greg clutched Sherlock to him, his knees shaking as Harry growled again.

Tyres screeched outside and footsteps thundered up the stairs, Sherlock leaned heavily against him also shaking then fainted. Greg kept hold of Sherlock, lowering him down and keeping him against
him as Mycroft entered the flat, Anthea and Jeremy hung back by the door. His mates blue eyes swept over everything, going dark when they stopped at Sherlock and himself on the floor.

Greg checked Sherlock’s pulse which was a little fast but then so was his, the younger man had likely fainted from the aggression, lack of nourishment and lack of decent sleep in his condition. He cuddled Sherlock to his chest, scenting him to reassure him with his own Omega scent like he would his pups to let him know he was safe and protected.

“I suggest you begin packing your things Harriet so that Anthea can put you in a cab and send you on your way from here” said Mycroft in an ice cold voice, drawing himself up and stepping closer to Harry menacingly.

“No, you get the fuck out of here….this is Johns house and you have no right coming into his territory and giving orders” snarled Harry also drawing herself up.

“I have every right when my brother is being threatened and intimidated by an alcoholic Alpha who is under the misapprehension that just because he is an Omega he is a servant to any Alpha…..similarly, you have threatened and intimidated my own mate and I do not appreciate you insinuating my mate is anything more than good friends with John and should be kept home chained to the kitchen sink” said Mycroft snarling on each word “I do hope Clara’s new Alpha is a big improvement on you, Harriet”

Greg shivered burying his face into Sherlock’s neck as Alpha pheromones saturated the air and hugged the Omega protectively as Harry went for Mycroft. There were loud sounds of fists hitting skin, snarls, growls, things being knocked over. A hand on his arm made him jump and Greg lifted his head to Jeremy crouched beside him.

“Let me take Mr Sherlock and we’ll be off to the car, this is no place for two pregnant Omegas” said the minder under his breath.

He relinquished the younger man to Jeremy who picked him up and cradled him in his arms. Legs a bit wobbly because he was still shaking, Greg followed behind him and didn’t look over to the fight going on. Downstairs Mrs Hudson had gone into her flat and closed the door to stay the heck out of it all.

Once safely in the back of the car Jeremy went back into the building, Greg kept Sherlock close to him who was now coming round from having fainted. They both waited; Greg patting Sherlock’s shoulder and murmuring that once at home it would be a cup of tea, hot bath, pyjamas, dinner, which would ALL be eaten, and bed for the younger man. It was several minutes before Jeremy got into the driver’s seat followed by Mycroft getting into the back of the car with a tin from Mrs Hudson under his arm.

“Anthea is going to escort Harriet while she packs up and gets a cab then help Mrs Hudson tidy the place up” said Mycroft “John will be told that Harriet decided to leave of her own volition, he need not know that she was thrown out on her ear and politely asked not to return and Mrs Hudson will be asked to call if she comes near 221B again”

Greg huffed out a breath at the dark bruising on his mate’s jaw, the blood staining the light blue handkerchief he pressed to the corner of his mouth and the skinned knuckles on his right hand. Blue eyes went from appraising Sherlock up to Greg’s face at the sound of his huff.

“I hope she came out worse” said Greg with a scowl.

Jeremy snorted from the front of the car.
“My dear, I didn’t get a chance to do much more than get a single punch in after Harriet got the first two in” said Mycroft “Harriet didn’t know what hit her when Anthea pushed me aside and took her on….she does so love the bloodthirsty work….I don’t think Harriet will linger with Anthea breathing down her neck. She took great pleasure in informing her she would take her by the scruff of the neck and drag her like an annoying mutt to throw her head first into a cab”

Greg cuddled Sherlock tighter feeling his relief at knowing when he went home it would be just him and John again. Greg grinned at Mycroft and silently conveyed he’d be jumping his bones later to which Mycroft flushed pink at.

“Ugh, must you both….so disgusting” muttered Sherlock.
No More Problems With Harry

Chapter Summary

John learns a few truths from Mycroft.

John yawned tiredly, stretching his shoulder muscles that felt stiff and quite glad that his shift and rostered nights on was finished. It had been a busy night in A & E but it had also been a long night as it always was on the last night shift, he didn’t sleep very well when on night shift and he was also worrying about Sherlock.

His mate was not himself at the moment and hadn't been for a few weeks; quiet, tired looking plus the last week and a half had not shown any interest in sex and rebuffed John’s advances both affectionate and sexual. John had backed off not wanting to upset or annoy his mate and hoped it was just a phase in his pregnancy that would pass quickly.

Stepping out into the early morning coolness he headed towards the tube station to catch the train to Baker Street, surprised when a familiar dark sedan glided into the kerb a few steps ahead and the driver got out to open the rear passenger door for him.

Well shit, this was unusual and the last time Mycroft had sent a car for him he’d been kidnapped to an empty warehouse where the Alpha had tried intimidating and threatening him. Mycroft had scared the shit out of him but John had held his ground, the other Alpha respected him for it but John knew full well if it got down to brass tacks Mycroft could wipe the floor with him though John would sure as heck give back as good as he got and Mycroft wouldn’t come out unscathed. He wondered what Mycroft wanted with him this time and so early.

“Dr Watson” greeted Jeremy as John resignedly stepped towards the open door.

Seated in the rear of the car was Mycroft clothed in jeans and jumper rather than one of his immaculately tailored suits, his laptop was open on his knee he looked less imposing. John eyed the bruised jaw and split lower lip that had fatted surprised that Mycroft had obviously been in a physical altercation.

“I didn’t think you were the type to get his hands dirty brawling like a common thug, Mycroft” remarked John curious despite himself especially since the Alpha had once grimaced and basically admitted he disliked legwork of any kind.

“Good morning, John” said Mycroft evenly if not a little coolly flicking his eyes up from his laptop screen at John “Don’t let the suits or the posh demeanour fool you, it isn’t the first time I have needed to brawl like any common Alpha thug... and when protecting my own I would dirty them in the filthiest of shit”

John frowned feeling suddenly uneasy under the gaze of the Alpha.

“Is Greg ok?” he asked quickly of his friend.

“Gregory was involved in an unfortunate incident in the late afternoon yesterday. He was threatened by an aggressive Alpha whilst accompanying a pregnant Omega to his home to collect some
belongings; he then defended the Omega who has been subjected to constant bullying and vicious remarks. The Omega fainted and despite the Alpha continuing to be aggressive and intending to throw Gregory physically from the house, my mate shielded and protected the Omega” growled Mycroft in a tone that made the hairs stand up on the back of Johns neck.

“Jeesus….was Greg hurt…..”

“No, Greg was not hurt but he was frightened despite his bravery given what he has already endured at the hands of a violent Alpha” interrupted Mycroft whose gaze turned to ice “As you can imagine when ones mate and unborn pups are threatened I was ready to rip the throat out of the Alpha who managed to land me with a good right hook”

“I don’t have to imagine, I would do the same” nodded John very relieved Greg had not been hurt.

“Would you, John?” asked Mycroft with a faint sneer.

John glared at his brother-in-law.

“What kind of bloody fool question is that, Mycroft?” snapped John “What the hell is going on?”

Wordlessly Mycroft tapped a key and turned the laptop so he could see the screen. He scowled at the recorded video of the living area at 221B from the point-of-view of the corner next to the kitchen and opened his mouth to snarl at his brother-in-law for invading his privacy then watched and listened to the recording from inside his home, incredulous and gobsmacked at what he was seeing and hearing. Mycroft abruptly snapped the laptop closed after Harry punched him in the side of the jaw.

John was furious…..furious that Harry had been such a sly fucking cow the way she had treated his mate and pulling the wool over his eyes. He was fucking furious that Sherlock had kept from him how badly Harry had acted towards him, also pulling the wool over his eyes and pretending all was fine. The next time he saw Harry he would kick her arse from here to Scotland, and if Clara entertained ever taking her back then she was a bloody idiot and he would wash his hands of her.

“I would have preferred to just let you assume Harriet had simply upped and left but William insisted on you having the truth, ironic given he himself had not informed you of Harriet’s abysmal attitude and treatment of him” said Mycroft wryly “Instead, Anthea stepped in after her assault on me and convinced your sister that moving out was the wisest option and assisted her thus”

He cringed inwardly. Sherlock, his Sherlock fainting like that and Greg cowering over his vulnerable pregnant mate protecting him against his drunken aggressive sister…. 

“How could you not see it John…..even Mummy could see something was wrong on the weekend….do you care so little for him…..”

“DON’T YOU DARE!” snarled John “Don’t you dare EVER accuse me of not caring for Sherlock, of course I noticed that something was up with him but I never dreamed that was the reason, I can’t deduce shit like you and Sherlock and obviously your Mother…..I just thought it was pregnancy related and he’s always been difficult about eating properly and kept odd sleeping hours, if I’d realised that Harry was acting like such an asshole she would have been out on her arse quicker than you can say Westminster!”

“It was only a matter of time before she went from verbal to physical, it is your responsibility to ensure your mate is safe from harm, John, especially so when carrying” reprimanded Mycroft angrily.

“Yeah, and you are so perfect at that aren’t you, Mycroft” shot back John his hackles rising “Greg
got the shit kicked out of him by his ex-mate and ended up in hospital losing a pup under your vigilant care”

Mycroft recoiled as if he had punched him and John immediately regretted saying the vicious words in the heat of the moment. Whilst he had bonded to Greg as an arrangement it was quite obvious that Mycroft loved Greg and that his mate returned those affections, he had seen the way Mycroft had reacted to that terrible incident, how grievously it had hurt the normally unemotional Alpha….he had no idea what had happened to Caroline and didn’t ask but the fact she had not been seen or heard of meant that Mycroft had taken steps to ensure Greg and the children were safe and there would be no repeat of his family being hurt again.

“I’m sorry, that was a terrible thing to say and totally uncalled for” said John in disgust at himself after a minute of strained silence between them.

“No, you are quite right to point out my own faults and failures” said Mycroft, the anger gone from his voice “Neither of us is infallible and I should not have intimated you care little for William or his safety, your sentiment towards my brother is quite evident…..Harriet cleverly ensured you did not witness her nasty bigotry and William should have brought her actions to your attention instead of remaining silent”

“Why?” muttered John smacking his fist into the leather seat “Why didn’t he bloody say something?”

“Because Harriet is all you have and William did not want to cause either of you to fall out with each other” explained Mycroft “Gregory did encourage William to speak up about Harriet to you, I think William went to Gregory yesterday afternoon because he could not put up with it any longer and had every intention of speaking with you this morning”

“Yeah well, Harriet can go fuck herself” said John darkly remembering his sister calling Sherlock an Omega bitch “She won’t ever have the chance to speak to Sherlock like that again and I am sorry that she spoke so damn nastily to and threatened Greg, thank god Greg had Sherlock’s back like that….god knows what would have happened if he hadn’t been there”

“I’m afraid Harriet also spoke badly to Mrs Hudson who has been avoiding running into her, is your sister of the same demeanour when sober or is it the alcohol that makes her so disagreeable?” asked Mycroft.

“She’s not too bad off the alcohol, but still a bit of a wanker like our Dad was with Omegas” said John “She can’t see that it is the alcohol that is ruining her life and rehab is a waste of time, inside a month she is back in the pub”

“He and Gregory have become close which I am pleased about” said Mycroft after a few moments “It is good for William to have another Omega he can be comfortable with, he and Olivia never really hit it off, while they are civil to each other Olivia finds Williams…quirks…irritating and Sherrinford has never encouraged closer familiar ties between them”

“Greg has always been good to Sherlock, even when Sherlock is being difficult or having one of his tantrums” said John fond of Greg himself who he counted as a best friend “I can’t believe Harry thought Greg and I were carrying on together….makes me wonder if she was screwing other Omegas behind Clara’s back”

“Sadly she is not alone in her opinion that an Alpha and Omega or Alpha and Beta are unable to be just good friends without something more sinister going on, given her out-dated views I would venture to say that while Clara remained true to her mate Harriet’s own fidelity was sorely lacking under the influence of alcohol” said Mycroft with evident distaste "I cannot abide Alphas who view
Omegas as merely sexual objects incapable of anything more"

“You know that I would never, that Greg would never…” John wanting to ensure Mycroft knew that Harriet had been talking shit about he and Greg going around behind his back.

Mycroft waved his hand dismissively.

“No need to even say it John, the thought never crossed my mind” said Mycroft “Do not let your sister’s vile suppositions change the friendship you have with Gregory, you are one of the few Alphas I trust implicitly with my Omega”

John didn’t know what to say to that and a well-timed yawn saved him from doing so.

“Gregory took it upon himself to cluck over William once home who acquiesced to the henpecking and obediently consumed two cups of tea, a hot bath, donned his pyjamas, ate every bit of the dinner Gregory had prepared which by that time he was ready to fall into slumber at the dining table much to the amusement of the pups, William allowed himself to be tucked into bed without a grumble….when I left home not half an hour ago he was still hidden in the linens” said Mycroft in amusement “You might as well come back with me rather than go to Baker Street, I’m quite sure you will sleep much better close to your mate who will most likely sleep most of the day away catching up on the rest he has sorely been lacking”

“I don’t want to be a nuisance” said John though curling up close to his mate in any bed sounded wonderful, it seemed an age since they had been in bed at the same time let alone just to cuddle up with each other.

“Nonsense” exclaimed Mycroft turning his head to look out of the tinted window “Besides, Gregory insisted I fetch you and bring you to ours to be with William rather than go to an empty Baker Street, and I would rather not catch it from my mate if I turn up empty handed”

John closed his eyes tiredly and tried not to grin at the Alpha who Sherlock had referred to on numerous occasions as the most dangerous man you could ever meet which John truly believed. Yet here he was, the ice cold British Government who could topple world governments pandering to the wishes of his mate so he didn’t get growled at.

"There is only a surveillance camera in the downstairs entrance to Baker Street, the others have been removed and were only installed when Harriet moved in“ said Mycroft "Given her alcoholic tendencies I wanted to ensure there was no danger to Sherlock or your pup should anyone come looking for her for any reason”

John understood the implication, he had seen drunks come through A & E that had been beaten up through mouthing off, gambling debts and debt collectors seeking recompense. Unsavoury characters didn't care if a pregnant Omega got in the way.....something John should have thought of himself and told Harry to find somewhere else to live.

It seemed he nodded off for just a few minutes before a shake to his shoulder from Jeremy woke him. Blearily he trudged after his brother-in-law, entering the house in Camden that was filled with the smells of toast and tea.

“Nate don’t forget to take in your Science assignment” he heard Greg call out as they approached the kitchen.

“Dad, where’s my hat?”

“Where you threw it when you came home yesterday, Maddie.....Lola honey, Johannes will pick
you up at 5 from Xanders”

The kitchen was a bevy of pups, school bags and breakfast dishes….the morning domesticity of this Holmes household quite different to the quiet domesticity of his home where it was just Sherlock and himself. A chorus of ‘Hi Uncle John’ greeted him to which he greeted each pup in turn.

“Long night, John?” asked Greg dressed for work and eating a piece of toast slathered in orange marmalade “Can I get you a cup of tea?”

“Last night shift on the roster is always a long one though we were run off our feet” said John “I’ll skip the tea and thanks for yesterday afternoon Greg”

Greg nodded not saying anything in front of the kids about what had happened.

“His nibs needs a bit of TLC and I don’t want to see him at the Yard for the next 24 hours at least” said Greg through a mouthful of toast then looked at his watch “Oi you lot, off you go, Bridget will be waiting to take you to school”

There was a flurry of snatching up school bags, kisses and bye-byes as the four older pups departed for school and again there was a chorus of “Hi Anthea” before the Alpha herself appeared in the kitchen and the house was quiet.

“Hello Gregory, John” greeted the personal assistant before grinning at Meg who was waving gaily at her “And hello to you too Miss Nutmeg”

"Miss 'thea" said Meg tossing her toast crust down onto the tray of her high chair.

“Better get off too, the Chief Super will have a shit-fit if everyone isn’t on time for the weekly brief” said Greg going to his youngest and kissing the top of her head “You behave yourself and don’t bother Uncle Sherlock”

“Unca Lockie sleeping” nodded Meg “Bye Bye Dadda”

“You behave yourself too” said Gregory fixing his dark eyes on Mycroft

“Anthea will keep me out of trouble” said Mycroft evenly.

Greg snorted going to Mycroft who gently wiped his thumb over his mates upper lip that had a smear of butter on it to remove it.

“Miss Moneypenny here is as bad as you are” said Greg flicking a glance over to Anthea and winking at her before pressing a kiss to his mate’s lips then turning his gaze to John “Go to bed before you keel over, mate”

With that Greg was out of the kitchen and on his way to New Scotland Yard.

“Off you pop” said Mycroft picking Megan up “Myself, Anthea and Miss Nutmeg here will endeavour to keep our unruly troublesome behaviour down won’t we darling”

“Borwing” exclaimed Meg patting Mycroft on the cheek and sounding uncannily like Sherlock.

“Goodnight then” said John with a snort at the funny little girl and left them to it.

He found his mate in the spare room furthest away from the main living area asleep, a still lump burrowed under the covers just visible in dimmed room.
Ducking to the bathroom John took a piss, washed his hands then went back to the bedroom to quickly strip down to just his underwear and carefully lifted the covers and crawled into bed.

“John” murmured Sherlock sleepily as he shifted up behind his mate and into his warmth.

“Go back to sleep, love” said John nuzzling into the space between his mates shoulder blades to rest his forehead there.

He closed his eyes and breathed in his mates scent picking out the undertones of Mycroft and Greg as well as the kids mixed in with it…..the smells of kinship….family…..home. Harry was his sister but there was nothing of family and home about her, it was all about Harry and nobody else mattered in her eyes. This was his family now.

John curled an arm over his mate and spooned their bodies together, his prick gave a half-hearted twitch of interest against Sherlock’s arse but quite frankly he was too damn tired and his mate appeared to have little interest in getting off and slipped back into sleep. He yawned in exhaustion making a mental note to take his mate out for dinner or perhaps they would get lucky and a juicy case would come their way on his days off.

Warm, comfortable and with the scent of his mate in his nose John dropped off to sleep, there would be time for talking when they woke and hopefully, just maybe, time for some much needed scenting and sex.
High Tea and Harley Street

Chapter Summary

Greg’s day starts off a tad depressing but only gets better from there.

Chapter Notes

Bit of a longer chapter to make up for the next one which will be a bit shorter though with the promise of smut for both Greg & Mycroft and Sherlock & John.

---

Greg took one last look at the ornate wooden casket as he rose from his seat. Along with other police colleagues who had also joined him in rising from their seats, it was time for them to leave the family in peace to privately mourn and cremate their loved one. He hadn’t really known the young constable who had died and had attended on behalf of the homicide division but it didn’t lessen the sadness that one of their own had been taken far too soon. Thankfully his death had been from a sudden illness rather than on the job, it was always far worse when a copper was killed in the line of duty….those funerals were not only upsetting but an undercurrent of anger brimmed under the mourning, still it would be a relief to escape the grief stricken atmosphere.

Stepping outside he gladly sucked in the warmth of the spring air, taking a deep breath to cleanse out the distress that had hung heavily during the service. After dispelling the depressing ambience of the chapel Greg gave thanks to the heavens for being so fortunate to enjoy good health…then sent up a second thanks for being so fortunate to have a healthy, happy family and a wonderful life. Sometimes he couldn’t quite believe how much had changed in such a short period of time, this time last year money had been unbelievably tight, his pups were scared and Caroline had been making life hell.

Greg spared but a moment to dwell on Caroline though he really didn’t care about her or what Mycroft had done with her; after all, she couldn’t have cared less about him or the pups and hadn’t hesitated to kill the unborn pup he had been carrying when he last saw her. He shook his head to throw off those thoughts, that was the past and all he cared about was the future and what better way to fill his head with positivity than with the recent speedy visit to his younger sister’s house to meet his new niece Persephone. Emma and Sarah’s new addition had been a bonnie wee pup at 9lb 5oz, had a gorgeous head of blond hair and was going to definitely take after her Omega parent. Lola had been utterly enchanted helping Louis deliver the little girl, it would appear his eldest pup had found her true vocation as a Midwife.

Johannes had respectfully waited outside and the Alpha quickly got out of the car to open the door for him no doubt having been watching for his return. He was grateful that the Alpha said little apart from greeting him for Greg couldn’t help but feel a little down after such a service. Though he had dealt with the dead each day for more years than he cared to remember and quite often in the most gruesome of manners in homicide division, it still made him feel empty inside at the loss of human life whether through natural causes, illness or murder….the loss was somebody’s parent, child, sibling or other family member and grief was an empathetic experience even if it wasn’t your own.
Lifting his head to look out of the window he frowned at the different direction Johannes was heading in that was not back to New Scotland Yard.

“Mr Holmes called while you were attending the service; he requested to see you” said Johannes by way of explanation.

Greg turned his head to meet the ice blue eyes in the rear view mirror, his mood immediately lightened at the prospect of seeing his mate who had been detained with work for the last three days and nodded at his driver. He’d received a text from Anthea apologising for Mycroft and stating his mate was dealing with a highly volatile situation and would be delayed at work for an indefinite period at that time. Greg was pretty much used to the coming and goings that were sometimes at a moment’s notice; that was life being bonded to Mycroft.

Johannes pulled the car up on Park Lane in Mayfair inside the Four Seasons driveway and quickly got out heading off the concierge who had stepped forward and opened the door for Greg himself. His driver come bodyguard took his job very seriously and he had no doubt that the Alpha had prowled the area while he had attended the service, after what had happened in France Greg pitied anyone who put a foot wrong when Johannes was on the job. Anthea appeared as if from nowhere and Greg felt a bit like a rugby ball being passed on though he grinned at the personal assistant who winked at him.

“He’s missed you dreadfully you know, before he would just work and work but now he has a home to go to he is the first one to be out the door” said Anthea “You’ve been good for him”

“I miss him too but I know sometimes home has to come second and I don’t have a problem with that” said Greg truthfully “Like Sherlock he is doing what he does best and if he didn’t have the work his mind would be bored…..and if he is anything like Sherlock when he is bored he’d be a right twat”

Anthea sniggered and nodded.

“He has had his right twat moments over the years I’ve worked for him” she said then lowered her voice as they went out onto a terrace dappled in sunshine and surrounded by gorgeous hedges and shrubbery “You’ve seen Sherlocks tantrums…..Mycroft can best that at times”

Greg snorted remembering the muttered snaps, growls and snarls and petulant behaviour before going to Paris when Mycroft had been denied sex, yep, his mate could rival Sherlocks tantrums indeed.

“I’ll leave you to it” said Anthea veering off to where Jeremy was seated the other side of the terrace.

Mycroft stood as he approached and Greg cast an appreciative eye over the navy blue check suit his mate wore, the sun highlighted the gingerly glints in his hair despite the colour he had put in it. His Alpha looked tired and a little pale, he would hedge his bets that Mycroft had barely slept in the last three days but much like his brother could still function where most people would be dead on their feet and brain farting with incomprehension from exhaustion.

“Well, this is a nice surprise Mr Holmes” said Greg smiling at his mate “I wasn’t sure to expect to see you for our appointment later let alone for an impromptu afternoon tea”

His mate kissed his cheek lightly and for a brief second ran his nose over the skin to breathe in his scent. Both actions were unexpected since Mycroft was not normally given to public displays of
“I was able to bring to conclusion, let us say, difficulties that had arisen abroad quicker than expected than found myself without any appointments so thought I might get out into this lovely weather and perhaps have a bit of afternoon tea with my even lovelier neglected mate” said Mycroft drawing back and pulling out a chair for Greg to seat himself “Unless, of course, you have other matters to attend to, Mr Holmes?”

“Nothing that can’t wait, just have to brush up on a pile of evidence for court tomorrow, us pregnant ones get to do the boring and safe work” said Greg seating himself comfortably “And I am rather hungry, I think the fruit of your loins are ravenously devouring every morsel I eat for I am constantly peckish”

“I happen to know they do a scrumptious high tea here” said Mycroft taking his own seat “And I thought perhaps after attending a less than happy event you might enjoy the lovely surroundings and something a little more cheerful……I took the liberty of ordering the English Afternoon Tea and though I requested the Assam Breakfast tea for myself I thought you might enjoy the Classic Hot Chocolate”

“This is gorgeous, I’ve never had a high tea before though Sally raved about the one she went on with a couple of friends” said Greg picking up the menu, a hot chocolate sounded fantastic……he didn’t mind tea but much preferred coffee which he had been avoiding apart from the odd decaffeinated one at work which just wasn’t the same “You found my chocolate stash didn’t you?”

Mycroft picked up the other menu and studied it intently, face carefully devoid of any expression. And here he had thought one of the pups had nicked the Galaxy he’d tucked away on the top shelf of the kitchen pantry along with a Yorkie and Mars Bar for when he fancied it.

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean, my dear” said Mycroft evenly “Perhaps William deduced you had a stash, or maybe Madison sniffed them out since both are fond of chocolate”

Greg giggled at the picture of innocence on his mate’s face and his shameless pointing the finger at another culprit when it was he himself who had thieved the Galaxy.

“I think as a Detective Inspector I can pretty much surmise who the perpetrator is. I might let them off with a warning this time but next time I might not be so magnanimous” said Greg gruffly.

Blue eyes flicked up from the menu and eyebrows raised upwards.

“Oh?” asked Mycroft with a pretended faint air of boredom “And what will you do to the perpetrator despite having no evidence to the fact?”

Greg thought about that for a moment as he opened the small menu in his hand to read.

“I think I would probably have to handcuff them first” said Greg jokingly “Then interrogate them to get at the truth, probably involving my mouth and tongue until they were ready to confess to their crime of petty theft”

He glanced up over the menu at Mycroft whose blue eyes were wide as they gazed at him, his fair cheeks had gone pink as had the tips of his ears which Greg was fairly sure had nothing to do with the warmth of the sun……he raised his eyebrows at the Alpha whose cheeks darkened to a dark rosy colour, his blue eyes fell back to the menu…..well, who would have guessed his mate might have a bit of a fetish for handcuffs and interrogation….definitely something to investigate like a good detective inspector should.
ENGLISH AFTERNOON TEA

~ Selection of Sandwiches ~

Organic egg and Montgomery cheddar with cress on malted bread
Cucumber and minted cream cheese on walnut bread
Smoked Scottish salmon with black pepper and lemon butter on brown bread
Honey roast ham and English mustard on white bread
Roast organic chicken with tarragon and mustard mayonnaise on white bread

~ Pastries & Cakes ~

Traditional and raisin scones served warm with strawberry jam and thick clotted cream
Pear and ginger roly-poly
Raspberry, lychee and rose éclair
Dark chocolate and crème brûlée mousse
Lemon and mandarin cake
Apple and blackberry crumble tartlet

“You’re right, this does look delicious” said Greg when Mycroft didn’t speak.

His mate was saved having to respond by the arrival of the waiters with two tiered cake stands laden
with dainty crust-less sandwiches and an array of yummy looking cakes and pastries he couldn’t wait
to try.

A fat teapot for one matched the flowery festooned chinaware already upon the table and a rich,
sweet smelling hot chocolate was placed before him in a tall highball glass tied prettily with a floral
napkin so he didn’t burn his fingers.

The waiter poured Mycroft his Assam Breakfast into his delicate teacup then departed leaving them
alone again. There was still a faint pink hue on his mate’s cheeks as he added a lump of sugar and
dash of cream to his tea. Blue eyes once again met his as Greg took a sip of his hot chocolate that
was utterly and sinfully decadent with chocolatey sweetness.

“Good?” asked Mycroft watching as Greg took what looked to be a ham and mustard triangle
sandwich to try.

“It’s fantastic” replied Greg nodding and took a bite out of the small triangle that would be gone in
two bites.

After he had devoured two more triangles he raised his eyebrows to his mate who was sipping at his
tea but had taken nothing from the cake stands as yet.

“Aren’t you having some of this luscious fare?” he asked.

“Perhaps a sandwich or two” said Mycroft selecting one of the cucumber and mint triangles “I am
watching my weight”

Greg hurriedly swallowed the egg and cheddar sandwich in his mouth while shaking his head
remembering Sherlock taking the piss out of Mycroft in having gained weight and asking his brother
when he would be going on a diet.

“You don’t need to watch your weight, there is nothing wrong with it” said Greg “Sherlock is an
arse, don’t listen to his shit-stirring….he only says it because he knows it upsets you”
“I can afford to lose a pound or two, I really don’t want to have to update my wardrobe to accommodate a widening girth” said Mycroft “Besides, you are eating for three and I would much rather just pick a little and know that you are eating your fill”

Greg selected one of the beef and mustard sandwiches, one of the egg and cheddar sandwiches and one of the chicken and tarragon sandwiches then put them on his mate’s plate while giving him the same pointed look he gave his pups when they dilly dallied over food.

Mycroft clucked and rolled his eyes.

“Bully” he growled in a voice laden with affection “But it won’t distract me from feeding you up”

Greg winked at his mate who began to eat the sandwiches he had placed on his plate.

“Feed me up?” asked Greg changing the subject knowing that it was a touchy subject with his mate “You just want to fatten me up so you can watch me waddle about like a duck”

“Guilty as charged, Detective Inspector” replied Mycroft “You can hardly fault me as an Alpha in wanting my Omega to be soft, luscious and growing so fat with my pups that he does indeed waddle about like a duck….one cannot help some base natures from occurring….though I was only seven it is vivid in my memory of Father plying Mummy with all sorts of tempting treats while carrying William….so while I shun many of the old fashioned and outdated values, I do not agree with the modern notion of an Omega watching their figure and weight, pregnant or not….call me sexist but padding and curves belong on an Omega….not skin and bone”

Greg had read the nonsense in one or two of the Omega magazines that encouraged restraint with eating so only a minimum amount of weight was gained during pregnancy, and had Omega models both male and female who looked like maybe 1% of the Omegas out there that lacked body fat and any curves….he was of the opinion that if an Omega wanted to deliberately try and look like that then that was up to them and their choice…..while he was carrying he would eat what he liked and when he liked and didn’t give it a second thought. If the envious glances from other Omegas and lust-filled gazes from other Alphas were to go by then padding and curves were still highly valued and sought after and sod restraint and dieting.

“I’m telling you now that I won’t be giving up chocolate any time soon and the way this pair of pups inside me is growing I need to eat plenty” said Greg selecting a raisin scone and placing it on his mate’s plate “And just so you know My, if you happen to gain a few pounds I will still find you incredibly sexy”

Greg munched on the last of the dainty sandwiches as his mate searched his face for a moment before taking up the silverware and halving the sultana scone on his plate.

“I don’t know how I managed to be so lucky to have you as my mate” said Mycroft softly, liberally buttering, adding strawberry jam and plopping a dollop of cream on each half.

They chitchatted about each of the children, of the court case Greg was attending the next day and Mycroft regaled him with a story about how Sherlock had burnt down the old unused outdoor lavatory on the property when all of four years old doing an experiment with a cow pat.

“I’m sorry to interrupt but it’s time to get you both to your appointment at Harley Street” said Anthea.

“So it is” exclaimed Mycroft glancing at his watch in surprise and rose from his chair “Shall we, my dear?”
Jeremy drove them the ten minutes it took to get from Park Lane to Harley Street. Mycroft’s phone rang before they had even entered the car and conversed with the person on the other end for the entire drive to The Portland Maternity in Russian while Anthea tapped away at her phone with a furrow between her eyebrows.

They had five minutes to spare once arriving, Mycroft was still engaged in his phone call but had dropped his voice down to a lower tone though the receptionist still cast him a curious look hearing him speaking in a foreign language while Greg let her know they had arrived for their appointment. Thankfully his mate hung up the call as they took their seats to wait.

“My apologies Gregory, I had been waiting on that call and needed to take it” said Mycroft contritely pocketing his phone then reached to grasp Greg’s hand in his, lifting it to his lips to kiss the back of it “Wild horses could not drag me away from this appointment”

The last appointment when it had been revealed he was carrying twins, Mycroft had been abroad somewhere doing goodness only knows what, he knew it had pained his mate greatly to not be able to be with him. At this appointment they could learn the sex of the pups if they wished. Greg wasn’t bothered what gender the babies were and told Mycroft he would leave the decision with him as to whether or not they were revealed.

“I’m glad you’re here today, My” said Greg squeezing his hand and spotted their midwife Ashleigh heading in their direction.

Though Mycroft hid it he knew his mate had some difficulty that the midwife tending them was an Alpha, Greg liked Ashleigh and felt comfortable with him…..if Mycroft had insisted he would have acqiesced to changing their midwife to a Beta or another Omega but really, it would have been so unfair to Ashleigh who clearly adored his work…..and how was society in relation to professional roles going to change if there was no acceptance of Alphas in traditionally Omega/Beta roles and Omegas/Betas in traditionally Alpha roles.

“Hello Greg, lovely to see you Mycroft” greeted Ashleigh with his usual bright smile and his mate nodded his head “Shall we get the vampire part done and over with first, then we’ll do the fashionable gown and other bits and bobs ready for Dr Leong”

Greg turned his head away from the blood being drawn from his arm, it always made him feel slightly light headed and nauseated for some inexplicable reason and he concentrated on Mycroft holding his other hand stroking his thumb over his own thumb.

After it was thankfully over they went to Dr Leong’s second office and Greg took the green gown and empty sterile container into the little bathroom while Mycroft sat stiffly on one of the chairs. He could hear the tone of their voices on the other side of the door as he undressed leaving his underwear on since there was no need for any pelvic examinations now until closer to delivery.

He snickered to himself and shook his head, you could always guarantee when a urine sample was required the bladder didn’t want to give anything up yet any other time during pregnancy there were times he felt like he lived in the toilet piddling away constantly. It took a few minutes but finally he peed into the container then washed his hands before going back into the office where Ashleigh was stifling laughter at something Mycroft had said, and surprise of surprises his mate was almost smiling at the other Alpha.

“Is this a private joke or can anyone join in?” he asked both the Alpha’s with a grin.

“Up on the scales please Greg” said Ashleigh between snorts “Mycroft was just telling me how your youngest hid her toast crusts and a piece of bacon in the pocket of his suit jacket which he then found after a twelve hour flight and during a four hour meeting”
“Oh she didn’t?” exclaimed Greg with a snort and Mycroft nodded at him.

The adorable little bugger.

“And how the little miss streaks about naked, sounds like my youngest pup….he’s twenty two months and gets naked every chance he gets” said Ashleigh noting his weight after taking the sample bottle from him.

“She does it at day-care too, there are a couple of them who discard everything and go hiding in the cubby house….not so bad now it’s warm” said Greg.

“Budding naturalists” quipped Ashleigh “Oh to be young and so innocent again”

“Yeah, shame they have to grow up and find out that life cannot be so simple and easy” said Greg.

“Maybe in a generation or two it will be, who knows, by the time our youngest ones are grown all the stupid prejudices and stereotypes out there will have been swept away” said Ashleigh “What do you think, Mycroft?”

“I indeed hope so, though there will always be those who hanker for the days when there was a dominant class of society who believed others should still be in servitude and submission” said Mycroft with a shrug “All we can do is rear our offspring to treat all people with respect, ensure we as parents provide as excellent role models for our children to emulate and not bring our pups up any differently in respect to how we believe they will present….a pup should not be raised to believe they are more or less than a sibling or siblings based on whether they will be Alpha, Omega or Beta”

“My sentiments exactly” agreed Ashleigh now taking his blood pressure “It’s a pity so many more Alpha parents are not like you Mycroft, it seems to me that it is mostly the Alpha who have difficulty throwing off the shackles they’ve had on others”

“I was fortunate to have progressive parents who allowed my two brothers, one an Alpha and the other an Omega, and I to be ourselves” said Mycroft.

“I had an Alpha who believed in traditional roles and professions, he is a Lawyer and expected me to enter the profession too and bullied my older brother who is an Omega into a bonding that was arranged with a fellow lawyer to their Alpha daughter, he would have made a fantastic lawyer but his mate treats him well and he is happy…..I left home the day I got my acceptance into Uni to become a Midwife after lying to my Dad about having applied to read Corporate Law…..he all but threw me out anyway” said Ashleigh “I won’t deign to repeat the names he called me for going into Midwifery…. I love the miracle of birth, the gorgeous little pups I have the honour of delivering and the lovely Omegas who trust me to allow an Alpha to bring their young into the world….it’s been difficult I won’t kid you…..not many Alpha’s want another Alpha near their Omega in such an intimate way despite it all being on a purely professional level, I have been ridiculed for my choice of profession and even securing employment was hard after Uni”

“Yet here you are in one of London’s top maternity hospitals doing a job you clearly love” said Mycroft “I admit to being uncomfortable with an Alpha midwife tending to my mate who has no qualms himself about it at all, but as long as my mate is happy then I am happy, I wish some of my staff were as dedicated as you are Ashleigh”

Greg could tell Ashleigh was pleased with the compliment, and was glad that Mycroft had admitted to the midwife he was uncomfortable but acknowledged he accepted his professional position over that uncomfortableness.
“At the risk of sounding modest I am good at what I love doing and both Greg and your pups are in very good hands” said Ashleigh proudly tidily folding up the green gown so his belly was exposed then neatly laid a hospital blanket over Greg to keep him warm while waiting for Dr Leong who arrived not a moment later.

“Good afternoon, well don’t you look the picture of health Greg….such a glow about you, pregnancy definitely suits you” said Dr Leong cheerfully then nodded at Mycroft “And of course a happy, healthy Omega means an Alpha who is doing a wonderful job of providing and caring for their mate needs”

This time it was Mycroft who looked pleased at the compliment at his proficiency as an excellent mate.

“Your weight looks good, blood pressure good, last blood results showed up perfect which you already know otherwise you would have been called in for another appointment, just need the results to your urine sample which Ashleigh can pop off and do in a few moments” said Dr Leong nodding at the file Ashleigh handed to her “So today we’ll do an ultrasound to see how both babies are growing, have you decided whether or not you wish to know the sex of the babies?”

“Gregory has kindly given me the decision to make” said Mycroft “So with his blessing I would like to know what we are going to be having”

Greg smiled at his mate letting him know it was fine by him; in fact it would be the first time he had not left it until the birth to find out the gender of his pups. It would make it easier to buy gender specific items rather than staying with the standard neutral colours. Ashleigh ducked out of the office to tend to the urine sample.

“Any questions or concerns we need to discuss?” asked Dr Leong indicating for Mycroft to come over and stand the other side of the bed.

“No” both he and Mycroft answered in unison.

Greg grinned at his mate and took his hand in his while Dr Leong turned the blanket back. The gel she squirted on his belly made him break out in goose bumps at it coolness on his skin. Mycroft’s eyes were riveted on the screen as the transducer probe was pressed to gel slicked skin.

“Baby number one” said Dr Leong as the clearly defined picture came into focus “Measurements first then we’ll find out the sexes”

Dr Leong pointed out head, spine, arms, legs, abdomen as she clicked with her mouse taking the necessary measurements. Then she did the same with baby number two who was being a bit uncooperative and moving around. Looking at the measurements it appeared baby number two was a tad smaller than baby number one. Leaving the babies for a few minutes the Doctor took other measurements, rolling the transducer around his stomach and right down low into his pubic hair.

“Everything looks perfectly normal, though it looks like you won’t be having identical twins this time….this pair are fraternal” said Dr Leong “Two eggs and two sperm”

“Two sperm?” repeated Mycroft “Given my fertility count I had thought one at a 37% chance of achieving conception was going to be difficult but two of my sperm….my goodness….fraternal twins, Gregory!”

“The human body works in mysterious ways” said Dr Leong smiling “Now, the sex of baby number two…….”
The Doctor gave the pup a little nudge, the tiny body rolled and kicked at the probe.

“You have a very feisty pup there” said Dr Leong with a chuckle “Baby number two is a boy”

“Oh Gregory, a boy!” exclaimed Mycroft in delight “Nathaniel will have his wish of a little brother”

“Now for baby number one” said Dr Leong sliding the probe over to the other side of his belly and searched for several moments “Baby number one is a girl”

“One of each, Gregory!” breathed Mycroft beaming at Greg “A son and a daughter, my goodness… so much more than I dared hoped for”

“Have you any names picked out?” asked Dr Leong smiling at Mycroft’s excitement.

“I thought perhaps you might like to choose their names, My” said Greg as the Doctor wiped the gel from his stomach. “I named all the other pups since their other parent wasn’t interested”

“But what if you dislike the names I like, Gregory?” asked Mycroft taken aback.

Greg got up from the bed and Dr Leong carefully guided him down so he didn’t fall.

“I’m quite sure I will love what you choose, My” said Greg “You have good taste”

With that Greg went into the bathroom to re-dress and to relieve his bladder which had no qualms about performance now there was no specimen cup around.

“Mackenzie and Alexander” said Mycroft the moment he stepped out of the bathroom “I’d like to call them Mackenzie Harper and Alexander Nolan Holmes”

“Well that didn’t take long” said Greg in surprise though with the way Mycrofts mind worked it shouldn’t surprise him at all.

Both Dr Leong and Ashleigh were silent looking between them both.

“No, but do you like them?” asked Mycroft almost sounding anxious now as if fearing he’d upset Greg.

Charlotte, Madison, Rebecca, Nathaniel, Megan, Mackenzie and Alexander.
“I love them” smiled Greg.
A restless mind

Chapter Summary

Even when there is orderliness and things are filed away The Library is causing Mycroft to brood upon several things.

Mycroft jerked awake, immediately alert and listening intently though he was unsure what had actually woken him so abruptly at 2.17am. He slid his hand between the mattresses and drew out a gun he kept tucked there before carefully sliding out of bed. Taking the safety off he silently crept out of the bedroom sniffing the air he stole through the house checking on each slumbering pup and found all as it should be. He peered out of the curtains in the lounge to where his people kept vigil over his home and family blending into the darkness and out of sight. It would appear the many things he had on his mind were troubling him even when sleeping despite having firmly locked them away in the ‘To Deal With’ room inside The Library.

The previous night his stubborn mate had attended a siege situation where there were already been two homicides….his equally stubborn younger brother had also attended the scene with John in tow the entire situation had made him very uncomfortable. Though he knew Gregory would not be reckless or take any risks, unlike William who was a different matter, it still worried him greatly to know his mate could still be exposed to danger and it had taken all his willpower not to put his foot down and forbid Gregory from attending when the call had come in at 11pm. Aside from the fact it was his job to be there on the nights he was on call, he knew if he started placing restrictions upon his mate it would result in an argument leading to the cold shoulder, sleeping in the spare room or a tantrum….none of which he wished to provoke, nor did he wish to appear to be undermining the position his mate had earned at New Scotland Yard.

The Chief Superintendent had thus far towed the line with his discreet request Gregory be kept busy with less dangerous tasks as much as possible but it would have looked suspicious had the man called Detective Inspector Dimmock or Detective Inspector Carter on a night when Gregory was on call. Mycroft would always fret when his mate was placed into situations where his safety would be threatened in the future, but while he was carrying the worry was increased a hundred-fold that something might happen to the pups as well.

Also preying on his mind was Jim Moriarty who was again letting him know he hadn’t forgotten him; he’d received an email containing a picture of the Sydney Harbour Bridge in the background with the man himself in the picture with a smug grin on his face that he had avoided Australian security agencies in entering the country…..his fingers fairly itched to wipe that smirk off his face. It wasn’t a coincidence he was there for Mycroft had booked a week’s holiday in Australia only last week, thankfully he hadn’t informed Gregory or the pups so had been able to cancel the trip without any disappointment or fuss….perhaps a trip to the seaside here in England might be the safer option though he had wanted to go abroad.

Then there was the matter of Lucas Richard Hardy, the Omega who had been involved with Caroline. Mycroft had not bothered to keep watch over the man since there had been little need to; the Omega had quickly parted ways with Caroline after her vulgar display that day at the house in Enfield and had posed no threat to either Gregory or the children. It had been Anthea who had brought him the news that Lucas was pregnant with Caroline’s child, the Omega was due to give
birth in a little over a month.

That news had been a complete surprise as the Omega had not been showing that day, not uncommon in an Omega bearing their first child nor had Mycroft smelled pregnancy on the man though, as Anthea pointed out, between the fear coming from both Gregory and the children and the aggression coming from Mycroft and Caroline it was probably drowned out. Lucas had filed the paperwork to put the pup into foster care rather than adoption, clearly the new Alpha in the Omegas life did not want another Alphas pup about but Lucas was not going to relinquish ties with the child completely.

Mycroft was now in a quandary what to do; the child was a half-sibling to the Lestrade children therefore the ties of kinship existed. The pup was an innocent party to Caroline’s affair with Lucas and while many foster carers were fantastic there were many who were not. The child could end up with a long term place with a family who would care properly for him or her, or could end up being passed from family to family with little stability and little love…..he would need to meet with Lucas very soon but he needed to speak with Gregory first though he had low expectations that his mate would agree to his proposal.

He was prepared to accept the child into his family to be raised alongside his or her blood kin. There would be conditions, Lucas would never be able to take custody of the child though Mycroft would allow the Omega to have contact with his child……and the child would raised from birth to know Lucas was his or her birth parent. The pup would have protection, family, stability, love and lack for nothing. Of course Gregory would have to agree and Charlotte, Madison, Rebecca, Nathaniel and Megan would need to be informed and the matter discussed should his mate be agreeable.

Letting out a sigh he clicked the safety back on and trod silently back to the bedroom and frowned, carefully concealing the gun in his hand upon finding he had disturbed his mate when he’d got up who opened his eyes at his return.

“Is something wrong? Are the pups ok?” asked Gregory sleepily as he got back into bed and replaced the gun between the mattresses.

“Nothing my dear, I’m simply being over anxious” murmured Mycroft closing his eyes.

“Are you expecting trouble?” asked Gregory through a yawn “It’s the second night you’ve been up prowling about”

“It’s nothing for you to worry about” lied Mycroft.

He opened his eyes again as Gregory shifted and spooned himself along his back.

“It would appear we aren’t the only ones awake” he observed as a little foot kicked between them.

“Don’t try to change the subject, Mycroft” said Gregory persistently “It isn’t nothing when you take out a loaded gun in the house given there are spooks crawling about outside and surveillance on top of that”

Trust his mate to notice the gun, but then he hadn’t made the position of Detective Inspector for being stupid and unobservant.

“So just drop it, Gregory”

He mate quickly got out of bed, the loss of his warmth and softness pressed up against his back made him scowl and the bathroom door banged closed. Mycroft grimaced. He hadn’t meant to be so sharp and snappy with his retort. Wonderful, just wonderful. Now he had pissed off his mate. He rolled
onto his stomach and swore angrily into his pillow in four different languages. What would Gregory say if for once he was bluntly honest?

“Gregory dear, it drives me out of my mind when you go out on operational matters because I am terrified something may happen to you or our children, I once got involved with a fellow agent….we had sex, he sold out my country and my Queen, killed my colleagues, tried to poison me and shot me….he’s taunted and evaded me for years, he wants to play games again…..oh, and by the way, Caroline sired a pup with Lucas who is going to give it up into the system….I wonder if you would mind terribly if we added another to our growing family by taking Caroline’s bastard in and raise the pup as one of ours?.....did you know I have to frame up a high ranking Minister in the House of Commons……the usual tawdry affair…..underage call girls, drugs, misuse of public money and to top that off this morning at work I had to ‘persuade’ two suspected fundamentalist terrorists born on British soil to give up all their secrets…..Anthea was most put out I got blood and snot on her Jimmy Choo flats and insisted I buy her a new pair”

There were times he wished he could be as outspoken as William, well, was until it had come to Harriet Watson anyway. That particular Alpha wouldn’t be back in any hurry after Anthea had told her if she troubled John again she’d need to make sure her health insurance was well paid up to spend an extended stay in hospital when Anthea kicked her arse from one end of Baker Street to the other if she was feeling generous and if she wasn't then would probably need to ensure her funeral expenses were paid up.

The bathroom door banged opened and Gregory came back to bed. He was quite sure anything he said would compound his mate’s annoyance at him so kept quiet having learnt the Omega was quick to flare in temper but generally just as quickly went to a low simmer.

After a few moments he opened his eyes, quite surprised when a hand slid over his lower back and then down to his backside. It had been several days since there had been any intimate contact with his mate thanks to both their respective work schedules and pregnancy tiredness. He blinked into the pillow as the hand slipped into his pyjama pants to caress the bare skin, shivering at the finger that dipped between the cheeks of his bottom.

Mycroft turned his head from where it was stuffed in the pillow and blinked again. Saliva pooled in his mouth, he could taste in the air the sweetly sensual and darkly erotic aroma on the back of his tongue. His Alpha inhaled deeply of his mate’s carnal scent….. Flirtatious minx…..any other Omega he could ignore that seductive scent but with Gregory it was like a siren call attracting him like a bee to the honeypot. He rolled over onto his back, the loose pyjama pants Gregory had been wearing were flung over onto the floor beside the bed.

His mate swung a leg over his thighs, planting both hands either side of his head on the pillow. Yes he was angry but not furious with him, the press of lips when it came was hard and demanding, Mycroft opened his mouth to the tongue that sought entry and when it entered his mouth it kept his own in check ensuring Mycroft knew exactly who was in charge of the kiss. He moaned low in his throat as his cock tried to break out of the confines of his pyjama pants making its neglect known but eagerly anticipated some attention.

His mate broke the kiss though didn’t draw away, Mycroft sucked in his breath as Gregory bit his bottom lip, it hurt the way he liked it but lacked any viciousness like he’d displayed in Paris.

“You can be a right bastard twat, Mycroft Holmes” said his mate merely annoyed with him now “You are utterly infuriating sometimes”

Yes, Gregory was quite correct in his assessment of him. At work he was called far worse; at home he would rather have his mate angry or annoyed at him for the sake of his well-being and safety.
“But still you love me anyway?”

Beautiful brown eyes regarded him and Mycroft held his breath when his mate didn’t answer right away.

“What kind of question is that, course I bloody love you….snarkiness and all” said Gregory after a moment

Mycroft huffed out a breath at the hand that slid into his pyjama bottoms, the next one stuttering as said hand grasped the girth of his cock. Simultaneously a thumb brushed over the head while Gregory wiped his tongue over his bottom lip.

“Gregory” he pleaded softly hoping his mate would understand the entreaty, hear the unspoken want and need in his voice.

He spent his days ruthlessly wielding his skills, manipulating, influencing and operating with self-control…….with his mate it was an opportunity to give up control, let go of restraint and give himself both in body and mind to the one person he trusted to use him so intimately.

Mycroft had not forgotten how skilled Gregory had been at taking an Alpha and how sexually gratifying it had been to be fucked by an Omega…..no, his Omega, he would never have allowed another to have him in such a way.

His mate pressed their lips together, this time the kiss was hungry and passionate and Mycroft could only gasp into his mate’s mouth as the hand down below stroked and squeezed at his erection.

By the time Gregory drew back again sensing that Mycroft was close to coming he could feel his own heartbeat thumping against his chest and was short of breath, he was almost dizzy from the lack of oxygen to his brain. His mate could indeed kiss him senseless.

“I want you inside me” he whispered quickly.

He felt the blood rush to his face at what he was asking for. Gregory had not sought to dominate him in bed since that night in Paris and though Mycroft had no qualms about his Omega mounting and taking him his Alpha still shied away from actually asking Gregory for his cock up his arse.

In a trice his pyjama pants were peeled off and discarded on the floor by the side of the bed joining those of his mate.

“Like this, My”

A hand on his ankle stilled him from intending to roll over and present his backside to his mate. Facing away he felt less threatened being able to hide his expressions, though he trusted and loved his mate he found it more difficult to be taken this way than presenting like an Omega would….this way he was laid completely bare and there was nowhere to hide.

“Lift up, love”

Wordlessly he complied with the request so as to allow his mate to slot two pillows under him to lift his hips for easier access made more difficult with a belly full of pups.

Mycroft closed his eyes, cheeks growing hot at the dark eyes he could feel looking at him, at the hands that touched him. Self-consciousness was tinged with shyness at having his legs spread so he lay completely exposed. The innate shame that momentarily reared its ugly head he easily shrugged off for he felt no fear or wrongness at giving his body to his mate.
“Yes”

He breathed out the word with a shiver at the sharp nip to the inside of his left thigh, making a noise of approval at another sharp nip bestowed upon the inside of his right thigh.

“Guh”

Mycroft choked out the ridiculous sound, how in hell was he meant to utter anything else when Gregory drew his left nut into his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue…..oh that clever tongue…..dear god…..Mycroft almost swallowed his own tongue as teeth scraped along the tender flesh before the other nut was pulled into his mates mouth and given the same attention.

At the probing touch to his opening he fought the automatic instinct to recoil and close his legs. His eyes opened wide and he gasped, shocked at the jolt of pleasure that went straight to his cock at the finger coated with his Omega’s own slick pushing into him. The intrusion once again was delicious….he couldn’t help the groan of gratification at Gregory’s thick finger sliding all the way in.

“So gorgeous, My” murmured his mate curling an arm around his leg and drawing a hand up his side to his chest “I love this, pleasuring you and hearing how much you enjoy it”

Oh yes, he enjoyed this very much. To be on the receiving end of such attentions of his lovely Omega…..he thought of his mate doing this with other Alphas and growled aggressively with jealousy, his Alpha feeling the rapid need to thoroughly scent his mate.

With a snarl his hand found the soft silvery hair of his mate and he tugged him upwards probably a little too forcefully given Gregory hissed, he quickly and carefully switched their positions so he was above his mate.

“Mine” he growled insistently and bared his teeth savagely “My Omega”

Dark eyes watched his face without any hint of fear at his sudden aggression, it went unspoken who held the power in the bedroom….behind closed doors it was Mycroft who acquiesced to his mates wants and needs, Mycroft who was led by his knot and Mycroft who begged.

Without hesitation Gregory bared his throat to him and he buried his face into the bond mark, sniffing at the symbol of what warned others this was his Omega then licked over the scarred skin before lowering himself to gently rub his body over his mate and scent mark him.

His eyes fluttered closed and his breath faltered at the feel of his mate’s stomach against his cock, how he would love to rub himself all over that swollen belly he had filled and paint it with his ejaculate…..he wondered idly for a moment if Gregory would consider letting him breed him again…..perhaps as soon as Mackenzie and Alexander turned 3 months old….he would engage all the staff they would need to accommodate their growing family….a fat and pregnant mate was certainly all it was made out to be.

It was Mycroft’s turn to hiss as a hand gripped at his hair. His mate growled just as aggressively at him and the snap of his teeth had Mycroft growl back in challenge. No. He didn’t want soft touches and gentle petting. He wanted his Omega to be rough, to inflict a little pain with the pleasure and to assert sexual dominance over him.

He rolled as Gregory pulled his hair, manhandling him onto his back again and had he not been pregnant there would have certainly been some tussling while he put up a token show of resistance. Mycroft growled as the hand left his hair and joined the other to push his legs apart exposing him again then huffed out a shocked breath as his Gregory bared his teeth with a snarl and slapped him
smartly across the left buttock with a stinging smack.

Oh yes, that was utterly delightful. He snarled again in protest and moaned with satisfaction as his mate snapped his teeth at him while he was rewarded with another slap across his arse. He still felt vulnerable this way, but not really giving a fat rat’s arse about self-consciousness now. God, he wondered what his subordinates at work would think if they could see him now…on his back, knees bent up on his mate’s shoulders, arsehole bared to his Omega, being smacked about like a naughty child and gagging to have his Omega’s cock inside him. It was so very wonderfully depraved and debauched.

“Please” he pleaded shamelessly.

He sucked in his breath as his Omega breached him like last time. Clutching at the bedlinen with his fists Mycroft cried out at the burning sensation in his arse, the mingled pain and pleasure of the violation made him whine with gratification and he panted as his passage was stretched to accommodate the slicked up cock inside him. Withdrawing to almost leaving his body completely, Gregory rocked, teasing him with the just crown of his cock before thrusting in and he cried out again.

His mate gave him exactly what he wanted and needed, fucking him roughly and making him beg for harder……faster. Shyness gone he reached his hands under his knees and pulled his legs higher and wider to open himself further wanting more and had to repress the scream that rose up in his throat at the deeper penetration and drag of hard cock against his prostrate.

“What are you doing?” he hissed at his mate who suddenly stilled inside him after giving him a good pounding that had him closer to coming “Don’t stop!”

“Such a bossy and demanding Alpha” drawled his mate shifting his position so that his belly was pressed against his cock “Does my belly turn you on, My, you like seeing and feeling me fat with your pups?”

“Gregory!” he whined.

He had no idea how his mate managed to fuck him so roughly without causing discomfort to his stomach, nor was he sure if it was his imagination or not that he screamed from the indescribable pleasure of having both his mate inside him and angled just so with the rub of his fat belly across his cock but Mycroft came undone.

His earlier wish was fulfilled and he spilled; coming so hard his mind greyed out for several seconds as he coated both their bellies with his come. When he was spent and the pleasure gave way to post coital bliss he was quite sure he smiled stupidly at his mate looking for all the world like a love-struck Omega and far from the hardened British Government Alpha agent.

Mycroft eased his trembling legs down a little, his arse was quite sore now but he kept his face free from showing any discomfort as his Omega continued to use his body albeit much less roughly than before. Gregory was close, he could tell by his breathing and how his eyes had flickered closed. His mate found orgasm harder to achieve with his secondary sex and it was another minute and a half before he gasped and stilled. While Gregory moaned and shuddered through his orgasm Mycroft felt each and every pulse of his Omegas cock and the warm spurts that bathed his passage.

Still out of breath his mate slipped out of him and rolled over onto his back. For a moment Mycroft was disconcerted to the feel come dribbling out of his arse but then sighed in satisfaction at the evidence of his debasement as an Alpha for it meant he had been fully marked by his mate.
“I love you”

His sentiment towards Gregory was so much more than those three words but more was not necessary. His mate was not an Omega who needed to hear unnecessary fluff or tooth rotting sweet declarations.

Gregory’s larger hand clasped his and threaded their fingers together.

“The sentiment is shared, love” murmured Gregory with a yawn “But you’re still a bastard twat”

Mycroft smirked then also yawned.

Gregory nodded off back to sleep within minutes and Mycroft got up taking care to not wake him, going to the bathroom to clean himself up before returning to the bedroom with a warm flannel and gently cleaned up his mate as well.

Climbing back into bed he pulled up the covers over them both and lay awake for a time watching Gregory sleep until he too succumbed and dozed off.
The moment John departed from his office he logged onto his computer to first gain the information he wanted and within fifteen minutes he had the keys to one of the unmarked cars in his hand instead of calling for Johannes. He was angry, so angry his hands shook while trying to jam the keys into the ignition to start the car. Lunch with John had been very pleasant until his brother-in-law unwittingly dropped a bombshell on him.

Thankfully, despite the unexpected shock, he was able to do a passable job pretending he knew what John was talking about though in fact he had been totally clueless. When the Alpha had brought up Caroline’s bit on the side Lucas and the baby he was expecting but then John had stunned him, expressing suprise at the possibility of Greg and Mycroft taking the child to raise. Clearly Mycroft had discussed the subject with Sherlock who in turn had discussed it with John meaning he had been left completely in the dark about it. He wasn’t angry at John, he couldn’t have known the subject had not been spoken of between himself and Mycroft, no, he was bloody angry at Mycroft for keeping this from him.

Then there was Caroline. For an Alpha who couldn’t be bothered with pups she didn’t give a fuck about siring them, god forbid she should take any bloody responsibility and either wear a condom or take contraception……no, all that mutt cared about was getting her knot into a heat-wet cunt and gratifying herself, leaving it to an Omega to worry about preventing pups. He wondered if there were any others she had sired out there, it wouldn’t surprise him in the least…..after all he now had evidence with the pup Lucas was carrying and there had been other Omegas she had cheated on him with. Stupid damn knot-heads and their cocks, stupid bloody Lucas getting himself knocked up by Caroline……and even stupider taking up with a knot-head who didn’t want another Alpha’s pup about……and bloody Mycroft….the man was a genius and Greg loved him fiercely but he was being a bloody knot-head too.

Greg harboured no hostility towards the unborn pup that shared blood ties with Lola, Maddie, Becs, Nate and Meg. The child was an innocent, free from blame and the conduct of its parents. Truth be told he no longer harboured any ill will towards Lucas despite having carried on behind his back with Caroline, it was likely his time with her would have been limited anyway once the Omega had begun to show. Unlike John and Mycroft, Caroline did not find the changes pregnancy wrought upon an Omega attractive in the least. Had Caroline stayed with Lucas the life Greg had lived with her would have become his life - abused, ignored and irrelevant until there was a heat to be had and fucking around behind his back.

It felt strange going back to Enfield. Despite having lived there for so many years it no longer felt like home and was a world away from Camden. His pups had shown no homesickness for the place they had grown up in and were very settled and contented with their new home and new life. He couldn’t be more contented and happier as well though at this moment in time he was very pissed off with his mate, why had Mycroft kept this from him? He was well aware the Alpha had many secrets that would never be spoken of, but this….. Mycroft should have been open and truthful with him, not kept him in the dark. Lucas was only a few weeks off birthing the pup for fuck’s sake, had Mycroft just intended turning up with the newborn babe and insisting it become part of the family?

Pulling the car up outside a block of flats he sat for a moment to calm himself and shake off any anger. If he went and confronted Lucas in a huff the other Omega would smell his hostility and consider him a threat and would both call the police and refuse to speak with him. He had not come here to cause a scene with Lucas, there was little point in playing a blame game or starting a pissing contest, he just needed to speak with the Omega and find out what the fuck was going on. He
needed to know what agreements, if any, had been made without him knowing.

Calm and collected now, he found the ground floor flat Lucas lived in and knocked on the door. The net curtain was twitched aside revealing the younger man whose eyes widened upon recognising him then twitched back in place. For several moments the door remained firmly closed and Greg went to knock again, hand pausing mid-air as the door was opened. The normally svelte Omega looked uncomfortable with his large protruding belly, with the dark circles under his eyes and slightly pale pallor he certainly did not look like he was glowing with pregnancy.

“May I come in?” asked Greg when the silence grew awkward.

Lucas hesitated then opened the door wider and stood back to allow him entry into his home, the one bedroom studio flat was small but neat and tidy. Greg refrained from wrinkling his nose at the sharp musky scent of an Alpha that lingered heavily in the air. There was a definite nervousness coming from the younger Omega as he indicated for Greg to take a seat on the sofa.

A year ago Greg would have not thought twice about grabbing the Omega and giving him a good belting but now, even if they both weren’t pregnant, he had no desire to belt the living daylights out of the younger man for being a homewrecker…..it had been Caroline who had chosen to dishonour their bond. Yes, Lucas was at fault for involving himself with a mated Alpha but it was Caroline who’d had the choice to be faithful or not. He wasn’t the first Omega to be cheated on and he wouldn’t be the last.

“I haven’t come here to cause trouble, what’s done is done as far as Caroline is concerned……”

“I didn’t think I would ever see you again, to tell you how very sorry I am for being the ‘other’ Omega……”

They both spoke at once, and then both went silent to let the other speak.

“Can I get you a cup of tea, glass of water or fruit juice?” asked Lucas rubbing his back.

“Why don’t you sit down and I’ll get us a cuppa, you look knackered” said Greg going to the Omega and gently bullying him to sit down on the sofa “Is your pregnancy difficult?”

Greg busied himself filling the kettle and sorting out two cups to make the tea while Lucas spoke.

“I was fine until I hit three months, then I started getting terrible morning sickness for most of the day……I had to give up my job, couldn’t keep much down aside from apple juice and buttered toast which in turn made me very tired” responded Lucas “I don’t know how you’ve done it 4 times and now you’re doing it again…..I know it sounds awful because we are meant to do this but I don’t ever want to be pregnant again……it was one of the reasons I suppose I got caught up with Caroline, she said she didn’t want any more and promised she would take precautions…..”

“Caroline never took precautions, said it was an Omegas responsibility to not get themselves knocked up……as far as she was concerned condoms reduced HER pleasure and why should HER pleasure be affected taking Alpha suppressants or using contraceptives…..siring pups proved her cock worked and nothing more” said Greg flatly “You know, you had a lucky escape if she’d chosen to stick around despite the pregnancy……your pup would have been just another insignificant child like my pups”

Lucas sniffled, tears had started to well in his eyes.

“I stupidly thought it would be different, that I could change her……but that day at your home when she went ballistic, I could smell how terrified your pups were of her and I think had your Alpha not
been stronger than her things would have gone badly” said Lucas “She told me to get an abortion when I told her I was pregnant, I didn’t want this pregnancy but I could never do something like that”

Greg squeezed out the teabags and added a dash of milk and a bit of sugar to each cup before carrying them over to the small lounge and handed Lucas one of them.

“You had a lucky escape with her, Lucas” said Greg sinking into the sofa next to him “She was knocking me around, she would have let Meg sit in her cot in a stinking nappy and crying with hunger rather than be a parent and had no qualms about rape if she felt like it……after I bonded with Mycroft Caroline showed up unexpectedly outside my brother-in-law’s home, she threatened to kill me, the pups and Mycroft….she hit me, kicked me deliberately in the stomach……I lost the pup I was carrying”

Lucas was truly horrified by what he was hearing; he’d had no idea about the true nature of Caroline….while Lucas was deferring to her, presenting himself to be mounted when she snapped her fingers and didn’t have pups underfoot she was likely nice to him. Greg swallowed; the child he had lost would always be mourned by him and he knew his mate had been truly devastated by the loss.

“My god how could she do something so…..so terrible” sniffed Lucas “Where is she now, I’ve heard nothing from her since before Christmas?”

“Honestly, I don’t know and I don’t care, but I do know I am safe, my pups are safe, my unborn pups are safe and you are safe from her” said Greg rubbing a hand over his belly.

“Pups? You are having twins again?” asked Lucas dabbing his eyes with a tissue “So you’ll have seven pups together, gosh”

“A boy and a girl this time, not identical twins like Maddison and Rebecca” said Greg “Do you know what you are having?”

“No, I didn’t ask……and since I won’t be keeping the pup it doesn’t really matter as long as its healthy” said Lucas “Is your new mate good to you and your pups, he seems very nice”

Greg smiled thinking of that morning when he woke to Mycroft pressing kisses to his belly and murmuring loving words in French to his pups, the Alpha playfully growling while chasing a naked Meg through the house after discarding her pyjamas to her delighted peals of laughter and sneakily taking the strawberry Natalia had put on Lola’s breakfast that she didn’t want but Greg insisted she eat…..Lola had giggled when Greg raised his eyebrows at his mate who knew he had been caught but feigned innocence. As always there had been a rose awaiting him in his office with a sweet endearment scrawled on an embossed tag in his mate’s flowy, neat handwriting. It didn’t stop him being pissed off and angry at him though.

“My is wonderful……the pups adore him and it wasn’t difficult for me to fall in love with him” said Greg honestly “He’s been more of a parent than Caroline ever was and as a mate he makes her look piss poor”

“Mark, the Alpha I met not long after I stepped away from Caroline is wonderful too” said Lucas “He doesn’t want pups either and unlike Caroline does take medication every day to ensure there won’t be any……I know you must think me horrible to give up my own child but…..”

“No, I’m not judging you at all for your choice and I confess to knowing little about what you and Mycroft have spoken about……my mate hasn’t broached the subject with me and I only found out
this morning from my brother-in-law that you were pregnant” said Greg truthfully.

“Mycroft came to see me when he somehow found out I was carrying Caroline’s child” said Lucas after taking a sip of tea “I was going to put the child up for adoption but Mark suggested not to cut all ties completely in case later on I came to regret the decision and that Caroline might contest my decisions later down the track so I looked into foster caring which I didn’t know if I really want to do but I’ve put the application in anyway”

“Caroline won’t have the power to contest anything, whatever you decide Mycroft can have it made watertight” said Greg.

“When Mycroft turned up he spoke about the child going into your family, that at least it would be beside family kin with a brother and sisters who had blood ties. It made sense though it did concern me how you would feel raising a pup that was the result of an affair with your mate” admitted Lucas.

Greg opened his mouth to speak but Lucas put a hand up to stop him.

“No, it was only a fleeting concern which I dismissed because you would not have bonded to another Alpha who was not the sire of your pups if you thought for a moment he would treat them badly or abuse them” said Lucas “Despite the crap that has passed between us I know you are an excellent parent, I may have little maternal feelings but I am an Omega and we know instinctively when another Omega is a good parent and when pups are happy, well taken care of and loved. That’s all I want for this little one”

“Christ, I would never…..” started Greg, horrified that Lucas would ever think he could be cruel to a baby because it was the result of an affair.

“I know” smiled Lucas “That is why if you and your pups agree I am more than happy to relinquish custody to you and Mycroft. Your mate has said that I would be able to see the pup if I wanted to and the child would know I am their biological parent but that he or she would be loved and raised the same as the other children. At least I would know he or she would be safe with you both as parents and be with blood kin in their brother and sisters……and though money doesn’t mean everything you are clearly well off and the child will not want for anything”

Greg took a gulp of his tea. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined raising Caroline’s bastard child. Dear lord, they would have eight children under their roof in the coming months and Mycroft had hinted perhaps they could try just once more for another child before he was unable to sire any more.

His family would be surprised by the addition; he doubted they would make much ado or oppose it…..and Mycroft’s parents would simply take it in their stride and open their arms to yet another grandpup joining the family. Lola would certainly accept a new sibling, her gentle heart loved babies…….Meg would fuss over it, Nate and Becks would be surprised and a little standoffish though would accept it, Maddie was the unknown quantity, she despised her Alpha sire and her own Alpha side was making itself known…….she would cause no harm to the child, she might perhaps ignore it or have little to do with it……though she could end up just as protective over it as her other siblings…..plus seeing Mycroft accept the child as the non-siring Alpha would influence her.

“God, my back is killing me, it’s been aching on and off since late last night…..I shouldn’t have gone for that walk to the local for some cheese and onion crisps early this morning….but when you crave something…..well, no doubt you know all about that” said Lucas with a sigh heaving himself to his feet.

“Oh yes, when one craves it has to be sated…….the repulsed expression on Mycroft’s face is
priceless when I tuck into a craving……the Beef Pot Noodles with sliced banana and chocolate sauce in a buttered batch was quite memorable….I thought he might actually be sick” grinned Greg.

Lucas giggled then gasped loudly, Greg rolled up off the sofa, eyes going wide as the light grey baggy sweatpants the Omega wore darkened with the gush of his waters breaking.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god….“ exclaimed Lucas wild eyed.

Oh shit, it was likely the back pain Lucas had been suffering was the early stages of labour. Given it was his first pregnancy and birth he was probably pretty much clueless about it all like Greg had been.

“Okay, calm down…..first things first, let’s get those wet things off you, check where you are at, get you comfortable and then decide what to do” said Greg gently taking the panicked Omegas arm and leading him through the small flat to the bedroom.

“It’s early, I still have two weeks” said Lucas in a scared voice.

“They come when they decide to come, love, and it looks like your little one has decided today is the day” said Greg.

He helped Lucas onto the bed, fluffing a pillow up to put under his head and wrestled with the wet pants getting them off, the loose comfortable boxer shorts underneath came off next and Greg grabbed a folded up throw blanket from the top of a blanket box in the corner and covered the Omegas naked lower half to give him some modesty.

“I’m just going to wash my hands, I’ll be right back” assured Greg darting into the bathroom and liberally foaming up his hands with the liquid pump soap on the sink. Lucas cried out his name and Greg hurried from the bathroom shaking his hands dry, drawing the sheet down he rubbed the enlarged belly soothingly as the frightened Omega experienced his first real contraction.

“I think you might have been in the first stages of labour since last night, that’s probably why your back has been aching” said Greg when the contraction subsided “Throw whatever you have read about Omega birthing out of the window because no birth is ever what those idiot Alpha medical nitwits write in their textbooks, they have no bloody idea”

“I’m scared” said Lucas.

“I know, so was I the first time……now, I’m going to help you over onto your hands and knees so I can have a look and see where you are at, Lucas” said Greg.

It was an effort for Lucas even with Greg’s help to get over, thankfully Lucas wasn’t blushing or being a prude like some Omega’s had been when Greg had been in hospital having his pups, any dignity or prudishness disappeared quickly when birthing.

“Legs a little wider, like you are presenting for your Alpha, honey” said Greg softly.

He gently touched the Omega’s intimate parts, finding the passage had slackened and was slick with the lubricating fluids to ease the pup through the birth canal. Pushing two fingers inside carefully he bit his lip, Lucas was almost fully dilated and he could feel the head of the pup already. Lucas was going to be one of those lucky Omegas who birthed quickly and easily unlike Greg who spent hour after hour labouring to bring newborns into the world. The younger Omega whimpered and tensed and Greg quickly removed his fingers as another contraction started. Using his clean hand he slipped it under the baggy t-shirt Lucas wore and rubbed his lower back.
“You are doing wonderfully, it’s going to be quick Lucas, your body is nearly ready and the pup is on its way……breathe honey, breathe through it” encouraged Greg and waited for it to subside.

“It hurts” moaned Lucas.

Greg grimaced; this part was a picnic in comparison to what was to come.

“How you want me to call Mark?” asked Greg looking for his phone in his pockets then remembering he’d left it under a pile of papers on his desk.

“No, he didn’t really want to be present though he said he would if I really wanted him there…..but I don’t want him to see me like this” said Lucas struggling to turn over onto his back again.

Greg covered his lower half with the blanket again.

“What about your parents?” asked Greg “Which hospital are you booked into?”

“My sire is god only knows where, he took off when I was thirteen with another Alpha and my Omega turned his back on me for getting in the family way without being properly bonded first” said Lucas “I’m booked in at the Chase Farm Birthing Centre with a midwife overseeing, her number is by the phone in the kitchen, Mycroft did say about booking me into one of the London hospitals…… oh god, another one”

“You aren’t going to make it to a London hospital” said Greg rubbing the whimpering Omegas belly again “Your contractions are too close…… ….Chase Farm Hospital is close and we should get you there in plenty of time, is your hospital bag packed and ready?” asked Greg.

“Under the bed” nodded Lucas.

“Let’s get you to the centre then, first we’ll need to get some sweat pants on you again……and we are going to have to hurry because both of us are too fat to squeeze into the backseat for you to give birth” said Greg with a chuckle going back to the bathroom to wash his hands again.

Within ten minutes they were on their way. Despite his pain and fear Lucas snorted as Greg stuck the blue light up on the roof and put on the sirens……traffic moved quickly out of the way to let them pass and they pulled up outside the Birthing Centre exactly twelve minutes later. By that time Lucas’ contractions were coming quicker and becoming far more painful. Staff came out to help Lucas into a wheelchair after Greg ducked inside to let them know the Omega was booked in and currently in labour in his car.

“Don’t leave me, please don’t leave me on my own” pleaded Lucas grabbing his arm as an orderly started to wheel him away to a birthing room.

“You’ll need to sign the necessary forms if you are going to stay as a birthing partner” advised the Beta on reception at the nod from Lucas’ Midwife, Mona, who was an Omega in her mid-thirties.

“We’ll be in Room 19 on Level 2” said Mona before heading off with Lucas and the orderly.

Greg signed several forms, hesitating at the question that asked what his relationship was to the birthing Omega. With a shrug he wrote ‘extended family member’ and didn’t expand on that any further, it was nobody's business. Thrusting the paperwork at the Beta he went in search of Lucas, finding him behind the locked closed door of his bathroom and Mona trying to coax him out.

“Come now, Lucas, there is nothing to be shy or scared about……oh here we go, Greg wasn’t it?” asked Mona in a calming voice though loudly.
“Hey Lucas, I’m here” called Greg through the door.

The door unlocked immediately and opened, Lucas gave a sob and flung himself at Greg, clinging to him and shaking with both fear and pain.

“I thought you might just take off…….leave me here on my own” whined Lucas tensing up as another contraction took hold.

“No, not going anywhere” said Greg watching Mona nod approvingly at him as he rubbed the younger Omegas lower back as he moaned in pain.

“You don’t look far from dropping yourself” observed the Midwife.

“Six weeks-ish” said Greg “Twins, number six and seven”

“Lovely” grinned Mona “Lucas, how about you let Greg help you get onto the bed and then I’ll do a quick examination?”

The Midwife lowered the bed so that Greg could slip onto it easily with his bulky body; again Mona nodded approvingly at his support, snapping gloves on her hands. Lucas did as before with Greg and presented himself on his hands and knees to the Midwife. The younger Omega, having no-one else to be with him in this vulnerable time, deferred to him and hesitantly laid his head on Greg’s knee seeking out his protection, comfort and reassurance. Greg would no more reject Lucas in his time of need than Sherlock who sought him out for both his maternal Omega scent as well as Mycroids familial scent on him when stressed and upset.

Greg murmured encouraging words to the Omega, stroking his blonde hair when he panted through another contraction, doing what Caroline or Mark should have been doing. He could not fathom how Lucas’ Omega parent could turn his back on him during such a frightening time for the younger Omega……there was no way in hell he could ever turn his back on any of his Omega children under any circumstances when it came to being there for the birth of their pups should there be any. Lucas’ carrier, as far as Greg was concerned, failed as an Omega for not doing their duty by their child.

“You are progressing nicely Lucas, baby is in quite the hurry to come into the world” said Mona “I’m going to pop out for just a few minutes, you are in more than capable hands at the moment and I’m sure Greg can help you with anything you need”

“I’m sorry, you probably wish you’d never come to see me today” murmured Lucas shifting to move onto his side but kept his head on Greg’s knee.

“No, I’m glad I did otherwise you would be doing this alone and nobody should have to do this alone” said Greg truthfully “The past is in the past, Lucas”

“I don’t deserve this after how shitty I was to you” sniffed the younger Omega tearing up “I don’t know why Caroline was such an arsehole about you because you are so not an arsehole”

He was saved having to answer that, Mona returned and Lucas started another contraction. Clearly the pain was intensifying with each new contraction and Lucas snatched the Nitrous Oxide mask from Mona when it was offered and sucked in the gas that provided a little relief. Greg winced in sympathy at Lucas’ shrieks of pain; all he could do was praise, hold his hand, stroke his hair and allow the Omega to snuffle into his own fat stomach to calm himself with Greg’s scent.

All too soon the Omega dropped off into a doze for a few minutes as the contractions disappeared; Mona quickly had an Omega student Midwife named Bethany bring in a hospital crib as well as the portable table to check the pup over. The younger Midwife remained in the room to watch and learn.
Lucas woke with a start, rolling onto his knees and clutching at Greg’s shoulders. The Omega was frightened again and burrowed his face into Greg’s neck as his body signalled to him it was time to push.

“Breathe, Lucas” encouraged Mona as Lucas bore down silently.

After a few moments Lucas relaxed, breathing heavily from the exertion.

“You are doing so well, Lucas” murmured Greg “Only a little bit more and your pup will be born”

“I….am….never….doing….this….again….=” insisted Lucas “Oh god…….”

Greg was quite sure he would have bruises from where Lucas’ fingers dug into his shoulders each time he pushed, he winced at the scream that rang in his left ear when the head of the pup began to crown…..empathising with the Omega who would now be feeling the sensation akin to someone having pressed a branding iron on his most intimate bits as his body was stretched to accommodate the circumference of the head.

“On the next feeling to push I want you to pant through it Lucas and try not to push” advised Mona.

“I can’t……” whined Lucas.

“You can honey, copy my breathing pattern” said Greg and coached Lucas who panted loudly, shaking with the effort, Greg well knew how hard it was not to do what your body was instructing it to do when it automatically bore down to push a pup out.

“Good, good Lucas” praised Mona “Now, on the next one I want you to push as long and as hard as you can”

“Burns, feels like I am on fire down there” moaned Lucas into his neck.

“I know, but you are so close now, it doesn’t last long…..this is the worst bit of the birthing…..a few more good hard pushes and it will be over Lucas, be brave honey” cooed Greg petting the sweating young man “You can do this”

Greg held him, offering more praise and encouragement as Lucas grunted, panted, screamed and birthed the pups head out with three huge pushes.

“Wonderful work, Lucas, one more big push and your pup will be born” prompted Mona grinning now.

Lucas did as he was bid; bearing down one last time then slumped against Greg as the pup left his body.

“Oh what a beautiful bonny bairn” exclaimed Mona “You have a lovely boy, Lucas”

He didn’t get a look at the pup as he was whisked to the portable table where the Mona and Bethany worked to clean up, check, then weigh and measure the baby who gave little cries of protest. He helped Lucas turn over and smoothed away the sweaty hair stuck to the Omegas face.

“Never again, I don’t know how you have done that five times and going back to do it again” mumbled Lucas.

“That was quick, especially for a first birth Lucas” said Greg “My Dad was in labour three days with my younger brother David, he swore that there would be no more then had Emma who literally ran
“I’m not much of an Omega am I?” sighed Lucas “It’s meant to be something we long to do……”

“No, it isn’t and no Omega should feel any less for not wanting to breed, there are plenty not choosing to have pups and are career orientated instead” said Greg then changed the subject “Do you have a name picked out, Lucas?”

“James” said Lucas “After my Pop, James Andrew…..a girl would have been Lucy Alice after my Nan’

“James Andrew is a fine name” agreed Greg liking both names.

“Do you think I should give him my last name too” asked Lucas “Will that make it difficult being a different name?”

“Of course not, just means our household is going to read like a lawyers firm with all the last names of the pups” snickered Greg "Holmes, Lestrade and Hardy"

Both turned their attention to the small wrapped bundle of blue the student Midwife held as she brought him to Lucas.

“He’s perfect, 8lbs 6oz, 19 inches long” announced Bethany smiling from ear to ear as she laid the newborn on Lucas’ chest.

Greg gazed down at the infant; he was indeed perfectly beautiful. With his very fair skin, snub nose and blonde hair peeking out from under the wrap he was the image of his Omega. James’ dark blue baby coloured eyes looked up at Lucas, the infant knew immediately this was who had carried and birthed him, the pup turning his head towards the younger man’s chest and nuzzled, both to seek out the warm scent of his Omega and the milk he could smell.

“Do you want me to show you how to latch him on to feed him?” asked Bethany with a gentle smile.

“I’m not going to be keeping him, he’s going to live with another family so it would be unfair to him to have to take that away” said Lucas bluntly.

“You can mix feed him until that time then it won’t be difficult for him just to transition him straight to formula” said Mona after a moment “The first few days it’s not really milk as such but colostrum which is full of very good things for this young man, of course it is entirely up to you and we won’t pressure you to do something you don’t want to do”

“If you wear a specific t-shirt for the next few days and suffuse it with your scent that will make it easier for James too” said Greg taking a quick look at the time and gasped at the hour “I am really sorry but I have to get back, I hate to run like this and I’m not ditching you…..”

“Thank you, Greg” said Lucas “Will I see you in a few days?”

“Yes I’ll be back as soon as possible…..you’ll be alright, yeah? You are in good hands here” said Greg patting the younger Omegas shoulder “He’s a real cutie, Lucas”

He reluctantly left the birthing centre, it had been quite the unexpected afternoon but one that had ended quite lovely. The loveliness didn’t last, the moment he took two steps outside the building Jeremy was by his side, the police car he had borrowed from work was gone and a black Mercedes in its place. The rear door opened and his mate stepped out of the car, Greg swallowed at the look on Mycrofts face…..his expression was eerily blank and closed off.
“A wee bit pissed off?” murmured Greg in a whisper to Jeremy without looking at the
driver/bodyguard.

“Pissed off would be an understatement” murmured Jeremy under his breath.

“He’s not the only one” returned Greg, hackles rising.

"Shit” muttered Jeremy.

Mycroft’s expression did not waver at the scowl Greg graced him with before getting into the rear
seat of the car. His mate got in on the other side and Jeremy flicked Greg a look of pity before
putting up the privacy screen. Greg’s knees trembled at the waves of anger rolling off of Mycroft
making his Alpha scent stronger in a not pleasant way.

“I trust both Lucas and the infant are well?” asked Mycroft in a calm but cool voice.

“It seems everybody but myself knew about Lucas, the pregnancy and adding to the family so I’m
quite sure one of your skivvies has already availed you of all information regarding Lucas and the
infant” replied Greg just as coolly and calmly.

“You should not have taken a car without signing it out or gone gallivanting across London……”

“Gallivanting?” shot back Greg “I wouldn’t have to go gallivanting across London if people were
honest and truthful, so I went to find out what the bloody hell was going on……do you know how
utterly stupid I felt when John sat there and told me about Lucas and I didn’t know what the heck he
was talking about……don’t you think you should have told ME before discussing it with Sherlock
who then discussed it with John……no, you didn’t bother…..something so important and you just
completely bypassed me like I was insignificant in the equation…..do your parents know too?

A flash of guilt crossed Mycroft’s face before he opened his mouth to speak and Greg snarled at him
baring his teeth.

“Don’t, just don’t……I don’t want to speak with you at this minute” snapped Greg turning away
from his mate to look out of the window.

The ride home was silent and uncomfortable.
Advice given and advice taken

Chapter Summary

In the wee hours of the early morning Mycroft has an unexpected visitor

Chapter Notes

The muse bit and the chapter ended up quite long.

He tapped the keys switching view from the photographs on the screen back to reading the transcripts that GCHQ had shared from bugging the home and business of a suspected brothel madam who had been entertaining a certain international diplomat suspected of trying to facilitate the trafficking of Omegas for the underground sex trade. He had been a suspect in the last country he had served as a diplomat in but evidence had conveniently disappeared and people had gone silent. The photos were of several Jane and John Doe Omegas that had turned up dead from horrific injuries, just dumped like so much rubbish in the gutter or in bins.

“Mycroft?”

Startled, he looked up from his laptop surprised he’d been so engrossed in his work he’d not heard the light tread of footfalls of the youngster now standing at the door to the bedroom clad in tartan sleep pants and one of Gregory’s rugby t-shirts. Charlotte gave him a sleepy smile and wandered in carrying two mugs.

“It’s after 3, you should get some sleep, you’ll make yourself ill with how little sleep you are living on” she chided with a tut and proffered one of the mugs at him “I made you some warm milk and honey, it’s proven to help with sleep”

Mycroft smiled at her admonishments that reminded him of the henpecking his own Mother was fond of dealing out. For all of Caroline’s harshness she had not diminished the beautiful personality of this child, it truly touched him that the young Omega expressed concern and cared enough to worry about him. It would have been very easy for her to avoid and dislike him for simply being an Alpha after her treatment from Caroline yet she didn’t show any indecisiveness in plopping herself on the bottom corner of the bed. He remembered quite fondly doing exactly the same thing as a child in his parent’s room when he wanted to talk with them. Lola had kept a careful distance between them even after what had happened in Harrods at Christmas, she trusted in him but there was still her innate mistrust of any Alpha which did not offend Mycroft in the least. Though she had nothing whatsoever to fear from him he was glad she was carefully selective in whom she placed complete trust in.

There had been a subtle shift in their relationship not three weeks ago when he and Gregory had taken the family to the London Zoo along with Gregory’s parents who had only days before returned from their long sojourn in France. It had been a lovely day out, Meg had been a live wire almost bouncing out of her skin with excitement upon seeing so many animals, Rebecca had declared she wouldn’t mind becoming a Zoologist declaring she’d take care of the Meerkats and Otters because
they were just so cute. After a nice morning seeing a number of the exhibits they had then enjoyed a picnic lunch they had brought in the warm sun before going inside the Aquarium.

Mycroft had needed to take a private call in Hall 3 regarding changes to security arrangements for an upcoming function the Prime Minister was to attend then lingered behind after finishing the call although the rest of the family had moved on to the next exhibit and had gazed with interest at Amazonian tank full of fish, interested in watching the piranha swim about. He’d been indulging in an internal monologue as to whether they best resembled Charles Augustus Magnussen rather than the simple White Pointer Shark William had suggested the newspaper magnate looked like when his musings had come screeching to a sudden halt at the appearance of Charlotte.

Hormones had flooded his brain and body when the smell of her anxiety hit his nostrils. He had drawn himself up at the expression of utter fear on her face, a growl had erupted from him and he’d immediately shed thick aggressive scent in warning. Despite his violent and threatening manner Charlotte did not hesitate to pitch herself forward and plaster herself up against him, he’d wrapped his arms around her small trembling body and given her a perfunctory sniff to ensure she hadn’t been sexually molested in any way. It didn’t take a genius to deduce what had frightened her and he’d curled his upper lip in disgust at the musky scent of an Alpha whose arousal was quite evident from where a hand had touched Charlotte’s shoulder which had made him bare his teeth and growl viciously as he scanned the area. The Alpha in question had wisely disappeared no doubt the moment she had seen Lola approach Mycroft. The threat now nowhere in sight he turned his attention back to the frightened Omega, scenting her lightly with his pheromones to calm and soothe her so she knew she was quite safe. By pecking order Lola should have naturally gone to her Grand-mère as the familial Alpha but instead had sought him out, trusting him implicitly to protect her from harm.

With gentle strokes to her hair he had murmured to her in quiet tones, promising the pup he would always protect her to the best of his ability and would destroy any Alpha who dared harm her or any of her Omega siblings in any way until she ceased her trembling and relaxed into him. Joining again with the family, Bronwyn’s dark eyes had examined Charlotte who had left the safety of his arms to go to the comforting arms of Gregory and then turned on Mycroft. He had respectfully deferred to the elder Alpha by lowering his eyes and posturing apologetically as she approached him. There had been no resentment in Bronwyn’s demeanor when after several moments he carefully lifted his gaze, rather than be offended at having been overlooked by Lola the elder Alpha had silently communicated her satisfied approval at his protection and care of her grandpup…..and any small sliver of mistrust that had remained with Lola had completely disappeared.

Once Gregory had spoken to Charlotte he had confided in Mycroft that unlike the last time this Alpha hadn’t tried groping her but had laid a hand on her shoulder the moment she’d come out of the toilet had followed her too close for comfort back to the Aquarium. The mongrel had likely been watching and waiting for an opportunity when an Omega was alone and without a nearby Alpha watching over them. Thankfully Lola had kept her wits about her, moving quickly away from her and keeping her composure as the Alpha tried to coax her back to the toilets to suck her off in one of the cubicles.

Mycroft had alerted the relevant authorities with a scant description of the unbonded female Alpha aged in the region of 40. Quite understandably Lola had not been able to give detailed information but Mycroft deduced the mongrel to be one of those types that had a taste for the newly fertile Omega who loitered about looking to solicit sexual acts from them. It was unlikely the Alpha would be caught, she probably frequented many hunting grounds and the number of complaints authorities received regarding the sexual harassment of Omegas wasn’t exactly small.

“Much like your Dad, some things I have to deal with do not run on a 9 till 5 workday” answered
Mycroft and tried the sweetened warm milk that also had a pinch of cinnamon added to it then neatly deflected “And why are you up at such an hour, young ladies who have school in a few hours should be sound asleep”

“Yes, you do work very odd hours” agreed Lola then gave a dramatic sigh that prompted Mycroft to raise his eyebrows questioningly “Big Maths test tomorrow”

Nope. Lola had no worry over the Maths test at all; more than confident she would do well with the study she had put in.

“I don’t think you have anything to worry about, you will do very well in the Maths test” said Mycroft truthfully.

“Jasmine started seeing someone, an Alpha who is four years older she met at a work……she’s changed since she started going out with Kelly, she’s barely speaking to Cody and is really rude to Xander…..until she met Kelly she didn’t have a problem about me and Xander but now she’s being really nasty and said…….”

Charlotte stopped and fidgeted with the mug in her hands.

“What did Jasmine say, Charlotte?” prompted Mycroft.

The pup drew in a deep breath before answering obviously upset with her best friend.

“She said we weren’t normal….that it wasn’t normal for Xander and I to be what only an Alpha and Omega should be and I should be finding myself an Alpha”

Normal. How he despised that word. How did one define normal aside from being a functional setting on the washing machine? He’d experienced sex with another Alpha, he knew that Gregory had experienced sex with another Omega… for the both of them it felt right to be in an Alpha/Omega pairing, it was normal for them.

“How do you feel when you spend time with Xander?” asked Mycroft.

“Happy….contented….warm….comfortable…..like I don’t have to be something I’m not or change anything about myself because he likes me the way I am the same as I like him just the way he is” answered Lola “Jasmine never used to look for attention from Alphas, she’d rather have her nose in a book or having intelligent conversations rather than worry what an Alpha thought of her……but now she dresses in clothes she said she wouldn’t be caught dead in, pretends to like things she doesn’t like at all and it makes me sad to see her prancing about with the other silly Omegas at school, acting dumb when she’s not and flirting with them”

“So you wouldn’t be happy, contented, warm or comfortable to seek attention from a particular Alpha, dress in clothes or act in a way designed to catch an Alphas eye, put aside all the things you like, pretend you are not smart and flirt to pique and keep an Alphas interest?” posed Mycroft.

“Uh-uh no!” insisted Lola pulling a face of revulsion.

“When you look at Xander what do you think?” asked Mycroft.

“How beautiful and perfect he is” said Charlotte smiling shyly.

“Do you think it would be different if an Alpha touched you the same way Xander touches you?” asked Mycroft taking care with his wording.
Charlotte’s cheeks pinked at the delicate question Mycroft had posed as politely as he could think of but so she didn't misunderstand his meaning. Though Gregory had made no reference to him about it and Mycroft would certainly never broach the subject with her unless she approached him and brought it up for whatever reason, he was well aware that Charlotte and Xander had been sexually intimate several times when she had been at the Omegas home. That was up to Gregory to speak with Charlotte and Xander about and deal with since they were both Omegas.

“Yes….I don’t want to flinch away from Xander, he doesn’t make me feel dirty or like my skin is crawling when he touches me” whispered Charlotte cheeks going scarlet “The things….the things I had to do when I had my heat…..I couldn’t stand for an Alpha to do those things to me”

Mycroft cleared his throat not needing any further information of that nature to continue on with their conversation.

“Jasmine is wrong” stated Mycroft “It is not wrong to be with the person who accepts you and nurtures you to bring out the very best in you…..it is wrong to conform to other people’s expectations and go against what our instincts tell us…..sweetheart, Xander IS your normal…..the relationship you have with him is exactly how a relationship should be and don’t let her try and make you feel differently or bad because her normal is NOT your normal”

“I know….inside I know he is…. Cody and I are going to lose one of our best friends because of all this” sighed Lola “But I can’t change her any more than she can change me….I just hope she is careful and doesn’t get hurt”

“I hope so too” agreed Mycroft. He’d met Jasmine, he had little doubt the nice young lady was still there despite the changes and sadly there were many Alphas only too happy to sully naïve Omegas like Jasmine without a backward glance. It may well be this Kelly was quite decent but it was most likely a twenty-ish year old had no interest in the schoolgirl past getting inside her knickers.

“Okay, you and Dad are rowing about something, clearly it hasn’t been resolved since this is the fifth night you’ve slept in the spare room” said Lola in a rush, turning the conversation round as impressively as a diplomat.

The word ‘rowing’ was probably an excessive description…..the adjective brought to mind loud quarrels, things being thrown and at the very extreme….violence. While Gregory, like many Omegas, was fond of throwing things when in a snit thus far nothing had been thrown and nor had there been loud quarrels. Since collecting his mate from Chase Farm Hospital when he’d assisted Lucas with his birthing there had been what only could be described as an Arctic blast directed at him. Gregory had avoided speaking to Mycroft unless absolutely necessary but answered Mycroft when he’d spoken to him in front of the children in an effort to appear normal. Aside from Meg they had all noticed something was amiss and it was worrying Charlotte that Jamie was the source of their falling out.

To say the pups were shocked when they learned about James Andrew Hardy was an understatement. Maddison had been beyond furious about it, even stomping off to her bedroom and slamming the door in the face of her twin. In the end Mycroft had braved entering the young Alpha’s domain when he could no longer stand the upset rolling off Rebecca from her sisters rejection of her that set his teeth on edge.

“Why isn’t that tart keeping his damn pup, why do we have to take it?” she had barked angrily after realising her attempts at intimidating him with teeth baring, growling and drawing herself up wasn’t making him back out the door again though he was quite impressed at her for it.

“Because Lucas hadn’t planned to have pups and your sire didn’t trouble herself using protection.
The Alpha he's now with doesn’t want pups either” Mycroft had said bluntly “Perhaps if Mark had been happy to raise the pup Lucas might have kept him, I was the one who offered James a home”

He had asked Maddison outright if she was going to reject Alexander and Mackenzie after they were birthed to which she had shook her head, horrified at the suggestion. Mycroft had then pointed out that James shared the same blood as Maddison through Caroline the same as Mackenzie and Alexander shared the same blood as Maddison through Gregory meaning there was no difference in blood relationship to Maddison.

“James will go into care should we not take him, he is an innocent pup who has no choice in any of this…..he could go to one home or he could end up with several homes……he will have no familial protection….as an Alpha he could be ostracised and abused, as an Omega subjected to unwanted attentions and abused” said Mycroft then appealed to her innate instincts when it came to family “He’s your half-brother by blood regardless of who sired and carried him, he deserves the protection of his oldest Alpha sibling…..and as the oldest Alpha it is your duty to protect and look after him…..the same as it is my duty to protect your Uncle Sherlock”

Actually it was Sherrinford’s duty to protect both he and Sherlock as the oldest Alpha brother but it was a duty he had failed miserably at.

“You could have forced Dad to get rid of us after you bonded to him” Maddison had pointed out.

“Yes, I could have and broken your Fathers heart and made him hate me. I don’t believe in separating an Omega from their pups……it’s barbaric, unnatural, unnecessary and I have never understood why Alphas do it” said Mycroft truthfully “Don’t ever think for one minute I didn’t want you all, I may not be your sire but you, your siblings, the pups your Dad is carrying and now James are all equals in this family and loved exactly the same”

He had left it at that, he couldn’t force Maddison to acknowledge the pup and it would be her choice alone as to whether she accepted or rejected him. When Lucas had brought James to the house none of the pups spoke to him which Lucas took in his stride and understood, but neither were they rude or hostile to him. Meg had been curious and cooed at the infant from the safety of Bridget’s arms; Nate along with Rebecca had gazed at the sleeping bundle in his car seat. Maddison had completely ignored him but had darted forward to approach the car seat the moment Lucas was out of the house and peered silently at the infant who was beginning to wake. Lola, who had been smitten the moment she laid eyes on the blond haired pup that was the image of Lucas, had gazed at Mycroft worriedly and made to get up but he had shook his head at her to not interfere.

The young Alpha had stolen a glance at him and Mycroft had kept his face completely blank and free from judgement. Gregory had paused in the doorway, a wary look crossing his face as Maddison took the small infant out of his car seat and held the pup at arm’s length to study him before burying her nose in the infant’s neck to sniff at him for several moments. The newborn had flailed his arms, drawn his tiny legs up and let out a frightened squawk at the unknown scent he could smell. Though he was not Maddison’s sire he was as proud as if he were when she gently put the newborn up on her shoulder with a growl of acceptance, then demanded a bottle of milk and let the pup snuffle at her neck to learn her scent…..she was responsible for James being duly nicknamed ‘Jamie’ which then led to a discussion of what the twins would be nicknamed……Alexander became ‘Alex’ and Mackenzie became ‘Mae’.

“I did something incredibly stupid and your Dad is very angry at me for it but please don’t worry about us” said Mycroft after finishing up the cup of milk, being honest without going into details “It isn’t the first disagreement we’ve had and it certainly won’t be the last. I promise it has nothing whatsoever to do with Jamie”
“I just don’t like my Dads being at odds with each other, wouldn’t it be better to just have a huge argument and get it out in the open instead of giving each other the silent and polite treatment?” exclaimed Lola.

“Normally I would agree with you, I much prefer to be direct and to the point but John has advised me not to provoke or confront Gregory……” he paused for a moment upon realising what Charlotte had just said then continued on “He is only 5 weeks away from having the twins, it would not be prudent to upset him further or stir up an argument that could bring on an early labour”

“Having a spat isn’t going to bring on an early labour…..if his blood pressure is already raised it wouldn’t be smart to raise it even further with a row… or if there were other complications …but Omegas are not dainty creatures, they are made to carry and birth…..he didn’t have difficulties with all us kids despite the frequent barneys and violence when he was mated to…..her” stated Lola matter-of-factly refusing to even say her sire’s name.

“Charlotte, I am not her…..I would need to be pushed to tremendous extremes to even just raise my voice to Gregory” said Mycroft softly, thinking about the one and only time in their relationship he had been pissed off with his mate.

He had been very angry that night in Paris when Gregory went into that jealous rage and became physically abusive but still he had spoken quietly to his mate albeit with a touch of growl. Mycroft clenched his jaw, he had no issue with using violence to protect his family and he had a cast iron stomach in regard to the cold, efficient violence he used down in the bowels of his workplace. If forcing Alpha domination over his mate in a calm manner to subdue a jealous rage nauseated him then actually shouting at him in an angry temper completely revolted him. And as for ever striking Gregory; that would never happen no matter how far he was pushed……it was sickening to think there were Alphas out there who had no conscience about hitting their Omegas routinely even when carrying precious cargo.

“I didn’t mean to insinuate you were anything like her because you aren’t…..but not talking to each other about whatever the problem is isn’t going to make anything change or go away…..Uncle John is a sweetie but he’s wrong, even Uncle Sherlock agrees you need to go to both say what needs to be said and have it done with” said Lola.

Oh lovely. It was disconcerting to know that his brother was having deep and meaningful conversations about the state of his marital life with Charlotte though it gave him food for thought if William was in disagreement with John’s advice. William and Gregory had become very chummy and no doubt they confided in each other thus William would have a much better insight to Gregory than John did despite also being good friends with his mate.

He had given up trying to fathom the intricacies of the relationship between Gregory and William, the close intimacy they shared now was something William had never had with another Omega growing up. It had astonished him the first time he’d found William curled up with Gregory in their bed, and the time he had peeked into the front lounge after coming home late and found his mate and brother cuddled up on the couch together sharing a blanket and large box of chocolates whispering and stifling their giggles like a pair of silly teenage Omegas having a slumber party though he’d been quite glad he hadn’t disturbed them. He had expected to see one of those soppy romantic Omega flicks on the television but instead was a little shocked at the unexpected sight of an explicit sex scene involving an Alpha cuffed to a bed enjoying the attentions of an Omega in what was obviously soft BDSM. Mycroft still couldn’t help wonder if Gregory might want to introduce some spicier things to the bedroom if he was watching non-vanilla pornography pilfered from Johns collection courtesy of William.
“Perhaps we will speak tomorrow” said Mycroft “I couldn’t possibly disturb your Father now, he needs his rest”

“That’s the point, neither of you are getting decent rest with this hanging over you” said Lola, rising and plucking the now empty mug from his hand and tucking it under her elbow “Off you pop”

Mycroft’s heart filled with affection as the pup reached out to caress his cheek before going back to bed. He wondered if she realised what she had slipped out earlier, saying ‘my Dads’ and not ‘you and Dad’. He had not expected to be called anything other than Mycroft or Meg's Mikee, nor would he have stupidly insisted he be called by the other name when he and Gregory had bonded because he wasn't their Dad. Being honoured with such a moniker had made him feel ridiculously pleased though.

Silently he got up and trod through the house, tentatively pushing open the bedroom door and ready to spring back should something be thrown his way. The bathroom light provided a dim light to illuminate the room; his mate was asleep on Mycroft’s side of the bed, covers shoved down to his feet. He wore only a pair of large boxers and a too small singlet top that had ridden up over his stomach. Anybody who looked at Gregory now couldn’t fail to recognise he was not carrying just one pup and walked with a gait that spoke of his back and legs aching with the extra weight though he never complained. Gregory had said he was far bigger with these twins than he’d been with Maddison and Rebecca and laughingly joked he would need to be rolled through the front door of the hospital since he was beginning to look like a beach ball.

Mycroft slipped inside the room, closing the door soundlessly. On tenterhooks he carefully laid down next to Gregory and drank in the enormous bared belly with the skin stretched tight over the pups sleeping inside. A dark line ran from the middle of his belly button down into the boxer shorts and several new stretch marks had joined old ones….his breasts had grown more since they’d last made love, one visible where the singlet had twisted when Gregory had turned over from his side and exposing the fatty mound preparing itself for the arrival of the pups. His mouth watered with want for his mate. His breath froze in his throat as Gregory shifted turning his head towards Mycroft and opened his eyes.

It was not beneath his inner Alpha on this occasion to tuck his tail between his legs and crawl to get back into the good graces of his mate. He had fucked up, something he wouldn’t make the mistake of doing again because it just wasn’t worth the deep hurt to be shut out from his mate even if he had deserved it. He bit his lip for a moment trying to gage from those dark eyes whether he would be forgiven, merely have a back turned to him or be tossed out into the hallway and have to return to the spare room. Gregory closed his eyes again, not back to the spare room then. Mycroft shuffled in small increments towards his mate whimpering softly and imploringly, sounding every bit like a pathetic grovelling Alpha and winced when Gregory shifted and rolled over presenting his back. So, not quite forgiven but preferable to spending more nights alone in the spare room.

Mycroft tentatively moulded himself to the back of his mate and put an arm over his waist to touch his fat belly. He nosed the crease of his mate’s neck and breathe in his scent, having so desperately missed it the last five nights. He groaned as his cock swiftly grew as hard as a rock and he wanted nothing more than to bury it deep inside his mate, to scent and remark his bond bite and know his mate still desired him. It had been well over a week since they’d made love and the bad feeling between them had dampened his libido. His cock had dangled limply like a sorry sight between his legs, taking little interest at his attempts to coax it to life for a bit of self-pleasuring but now it came back with a vengeance.

His mate couldn’t fail to not smell that he was extremely aroused and he moved his hand slowly up Gregory’s belly towards a breast to press his luck and stilled as his mate shuffled away giving him an
unspoken answer. He was now in a bit of a dilemma. He didn’t want to leave the bed in case his mate changed his mind and didn’t let him back into it and there was no way in heck he would be able to get any sleep with his cock deciding to play the game now and making his balls ache. He moved onto his back, slipped the front of his pyjama pants down and took himself in hand....this wouldn’t take very long at all. He closed his eyes, as always using Gregory as wank material. His mind first went to those delicious new stretch marks then upwards to the mounds on his chest….mmmm, how he would love to flick those ripe pointed peaks with his tongue, taking the entirety of the darkened skin into his mouth and sucking until Gregory was utterly soaking wet, mewling and quivering as he worshipped his chest.....squirming and rubbing his thighs together to get some kind of friction……creamy juices running down his cock, the sweet perfume of his arousal in the air and making those needy sounds when he wanted to be fucked… his fingers pulling at Mycroft’s hair as licked circles around engorged and leaking nipples…..

Mycroft grunted and panted heavily; the bed jiggled as he wanked himself furiously and closed his eyes again to rewind and play the fantasy once more. He gasped as his climax struck and then stayed completely silent as he spattered streams of ejaculate over himself, some landing on his forehead and cheek. He lay stunned and out of breath when it was over, his heart trying to beat its way out of his chest and cock rapidly shriveling in his hand.

A drowsy lethargy crept up on him and he yawned warily while taking off his soiled pyjama top to clean himself up. Tossing the top away he shuffled up and spooned himself up against the back of his mate who was still awake and allowed him to cuddle up. He wondered sleepily when the hell he had suddenly developed a fetish for breasts grown to feed pups and not for the sexual gratification of an Alpha.
Time for Greg to go on Paternal Leave.

Yeah, I know my bad for being absent for 10 months but I assure you this work and Twenty Years have not been abandoned. Thank you for sticking with me <3

When the day finally arrived Greg had to admit he was more than ready to go on paternity leave. Though he would miss some of the people he worked with and of course the work itself he looked forward to being a stay at home parent. Many Omegas balked at and resented being tied to the home constantly pregnant and knee deep in pups but the very thought of being in his home surrounded by his family and doing all things domestic filled him with a deep seated contentment and happiness.

His colleagues had put on a little lunch party to farewell him and given they’d already done this four times previously it hadn’t diminished the well wishes or abundance of gifts he’d received. He’d put in the paperwork for the maximum 12 months paid paternal leave of absence but hadn’t told anyone it was highly likely he wouldn’t be returning to New Scotland Yard, he knew Mycroft would support him whether he decided to be a stay at home parent or returned to work and had encouraged him not to do anything permanent in case he wished to return to career.

“So, an Omega of leisure for a while…..I’m glad you’re taking the full 12 months Greg, coming back after only three months like you did with the other pups was tough on both you and the youngsters” said Sally once Johannes had ducked off on his second and last trip to the car with the many gifts he’d received.

“Hardly going to be an Omega of leisure in our household, six pups and two more to be added to the fold in four weeks is going to be keeping me very busy” snorted Greg then he looked down at his ample stomach barely contained in his shirt “Though, I wouldn’t be surprised if these two arrive early. There isn’t much more room inside for them to keep turning somersaults”

Greg rubbed his protruding belly and one of the pups moved, a foot giving him a good kick as if to reiterate the point. Alex and Mae were far bigger than Maddie and Becks had been and if he was honest he probably could have done with giving up work a month ago. His back and legs ached: his ankles were swelling up by the end of the day though his blood pressure was normal and he just felt clumsy and cumbersome now, not to mention physically tired. Unlike his previous experiences with late pregnancy and childbirth, this time he was going to be able to put up his feet a little since he was spoiled with two nannies and a housekeeper though it made him feel very lazy.

Phillip or ‘Pip’ as the pups called him had joined their family as the new Nanny. Meg had been unable to pronounce the name correctly and called him ‘Pip’ instead and thus the name had stuck. Bridget would have the main care of the older pups and Pip would be responsible for Jamie, Alex and Mae. Of course Greg and Mycroft would be in the mix too caring for all the pups as well. Pip
was one of two nannies Anthea had selected and deemed suitable for Greg to give final approval of and whilst there had been nothing wrong with the other nanny Greg had liked Pip within seconds of meeting him.

It was unusual for an Alpha to take a position of Nanny but he came with impeccable training, references and experience. The 29 year old looked more like a kid out of university and was built much like Johannes with huge shoulders and equally huge hands that looked more suited to knocking people’s teeth down their throats than tending to infants…..in fact, little Jamie was lost in the size of them and it was fascinating to watch Pip handle the tiny pup in his massive paws with the expertise of a gentle giant. Much like Bridget, Greg was under no illusions the Alpha was merely just a Nanny and had other training and experience to protect the pups under his care that didn’t make it on to his CV. So far Pip had settled easily into the family, Bridget and Natalya appeared quite friendly with him and all in all he had a happy, harmonious home.

“Your mate is certainly intent on making you an Omega of leisure, you won’t be running yourself into the ground with everything this time round” said Sally in satisfied approval after they got in the lift and the door had closed “It’s funny, the few times I met him when he would turn up in that mysterious car of his to a crime scene to see Sherlock I thought he had even more of a stick up his arse than his brother…….turns out the stick is dependent on who he is dealing with, he’s a pussycat when it comes to you and the pups”

Greg laughed; both brothers had their sticks firmly lodged when it suited them.

“Well, Sherlock once told me Mycroft was the most dangerous man I could ever meet” said Greg quite seriously “I couldn’t ask for any better in a mate, he’s been a wonderful parent to the pups and as far as family is concerned he’s a kitten…..but don’t let that fool you Sally……professionally he is dangerous, when it comes to his family he is dangerous….you have no idea how bloody dangerous…….”

“Oh give me some credit, Greg” scoffed Sally “Of course he’s bloody dangerous, Sherlock isn’t the only one who can make deductions…..the fact Caroline has disappeared from your life without trial or legal representation speaks volumes, and don’t get me wrong she deserves everything your mate dishes out, I’ve been around long enough to know he’s someone high up somewhere in one of the British Government services that either doesn’t exist on paper or isn’t open slather to the public”

Greg didn’t comment on her deductions, it wasn’t needed because Sally wasn’t stupid and also because the lift had reached the basement carpark.

“All that’s important to me is you and your family are happy, Greg” said Sally with affection in her voice “God I’m going to miss you around here, the place just won’t be the same”

“Well, you know where I live, don’t be a stranger……an extra plate on the dinner table is easy enough” said Greg, he was going to miss her too.

“If Natalya’s pumpkin and cheese risotto is on the table I’ll be there like a shot” grinned Sally who had demolished a large bowl of Natalya’s delectable rice dish he’d brought in for lunch one day, giving it to her when he felt a little queasy to eat much more than some dry biscuits with tea.

With difficulty because of his stomach Sally threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug, he glanced at the returned Johannes whose left eye twitched at the embrace of the Alpha but he made no move to haul her away. Clearly, like John, she was probably on a list somewhere of people Mycroft had approved physical contact with……and much like John she was a best friend and neither of them had ever regarded each other in a romantic or sexual way.
Johannes closed the car door once he had settled himself on the back seat and Greg sighed with relief at taking the weight off his feet. He waved at Sally as Johannes pulled away then rested his head back on the seat wearily.

“Is there anywhere you need to stop before going home, Mr Holmes?” asked Johannes once they were in the midst of traffic.

“No, just home please Johannes” replied Greg.

Johannes’ peered at him in the rear-view mirror for a moment before returning his attention to back to the road.

“If you don’t mind me saying so, you look tired, Sir” said Johannes in concern “More rest now is probably a wise thing to do so close to the little ones arriving”

“Just over four weeks and counting now, I’m starting to feel like a cross between a waddling duck and lumbering cow” sighed Greg.

Ice blue eyes flickered with amusement as they glanced back at him again in the mirror. The Alpha was relaxed somewhat into his role now, helped along by the pups that drew him into their chatter at every opportunity when he was around. Like Jeremy, Johannes was patient and kind to the pups and both Alphas seemingly never got irritated or annoyed with the chatter and noise of them.

The rest of the drive home was silent and the house was empty bar Natalya when he arrived home who was reading a foodie magazine. She informed him Bridget and Pip had taken the pups for a long walk around Regents Park. He left Johannes to bring in the gifts from the car while he swapped his work clothes for something more casual and comfortably loose then going to the formal lounge grabbed the TV remote, switched the television on and groaned as he lay down on the chaise sofa to relax a while. An hour of just lying down would help refresh and recharge him.

When he opened his eyes, the telly had been switched off and a light throw blanket had been draped over him, yawning drowsily he had not realised he’d drifted off and by the look of the sunlight coming through the window it was late afternoon. He heard the muted sounds of the house drifting through the closed door and gave a little stretch before snickering madly as he rolled about like a beached whale getting up from the chaise to go greet the kids.

The smell of pizza and the sound of Sully from Monsters Inc came from the informal lounge where he found his brood with the addition of Xander sprawled about between the sofas and the rug on the floor eating pizza out of boxes that had been delivered while watching the movie, neither Nanny was in evidence though Greg was pleasantly surprised to see Mycroft was home already.

Still clad in his suit trousers, shirt and tie he stood in the hallway that led to the kid’s part of the house phone pressed to an ear in one hand and was bouncing lightly on his heels with Jamie propped up securely against his chest with his little head resting on his shoulder on the other side. Mycroft’s eyes lit up when he spotted him at the same time Meg scrambled off the sofa where she was tucked up against Nate and darted over to Greg.

“Dada!”

“How’s my Nutmeg?” smiled Greg leaning over to pick his little girl up, all worth the difficulty and strain of doing so in a heavily pregnant state when she threw her arms around his neck and gave him cheesy pizza kisses.

“She took her clothes off and did a nudie run about Regents Park, Dad” said Maddie rolling her eyes
“She had Pip on a merry goose chase to catch her, actually, it was hilarious”

“Nooo” denied Meg shaking her head and giving him a wide eyed innocent look like butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth.

Greg bit back a laugh and instead gave her the frowny face.

“We’ve talked about this before Poppet, you can’t be running about with no clothes on when you go out” admonished Greg with a growl though with little bite in it.

“I’m sorry Dada” she mumbled cuddling into him.

Greg nosed at her curly mop and breathed in her sweet childish scent as she rubbed her face along his neck sniffing him and then sighed cuddling in even closer. He dropped a kiss on the messy brown curls then looked up as Becks spoke around a mouthful of what looked to be a slice of ham and pineapple pizza.

“How was your last day, Dad?”

“Busy but the crew were nice enough to put on a little baby shower lunch for me again” replied Greg bending to set Meg down who went and plopped down next to Xander, the young Omega petted her head as she cuddled up to him before she helped herself to a slice of garlic bread.

He sucked in a breath pressing a hand to his lower belly at the tightening sensation that seized his insides. In a flash his mate was at his side, phone nowhere in evidence and a hand on his shoulder and more than a hint of panic in his voice.

“Gregory?……”

“S’ok” said Greg adding a reassuring smile to allay the worry on Mycroft’s face though the false contraction was mildly painful “Braxton Hicks, body just doing it’s warm ups in preparation for the big day, having them on and off for the last couple of days”

“We have been invited to a ‘do’, most annoyingly with little notice but if you are not up to going out this evening I can make our excuses…..” said Mycroft, his voice still tinged with an anxious tone.

“No need, I’m perfectly fine, love” said Greg truthfully. Mycroft’s expression suggested he wasn’t fully convinced.

Greg’s heart swelled at his mates concern, Mycroft leaned into him for an awkward hug due to his huge belly and sniffed to ensure Greg was fine. Unlike Caroline who never gave a fuck about his well-being so close to delivery, Mycroft was acting like the textbook Alpha and becoming more overprotective than normal and hyper-vigilant over him and the unborn pups.

“See, all fine” murmured Greg taking the opportunity to breathe in his mates scent under the crisp cologne he wore today.

The cinnamon and orange warmth was stronger than normal, much like Greg’s body preparing for childbirth his mate’s pheromones were also changing in response to the changes in Greg’s. Mycroft’s scent was like a soothing balm and Greg knew instinctively that the pups wouldn’t be going to full term and would be arriving early. He’d never had the benefit of his Alpha close by during childbirth, never had the pheromones of his Alpha relaxing and calming him, never had his expectant Alpha hovering about jittery and a wracked with frazzled nerves growling at medical staff and feeling utterly helpless while he laboured and certainly had never seen the wonder and joy of his Alpha’s face as they set eyes on their newborn pup for the first time.

“I just worry…..constantly now” said Mycroft softly leaning in to press a kiss to his cheek.
Jamie squawked, little legs kicking and trying to crane his head in Greg’s direction. Mycroft gently deposited the wriggling baby into his waiting hands. Greg grinned at the adorable pup clad in a cute light summer onesie with yellow ducks on it.

“Hello to you too Poppet” he greeted “I think you’ve grown since this morning little man”

Jamie smacked his lips, dark blue eyes fixing upon Greg intently.

“It’s meant to be an informal ‘do’ but these things rarely are, don’t give personal details….don’t ask personal details, keep to simple chatty subjects and please don’t be offended when I shoo you off with the other Omegas and Betas…..these are Alphas who like to congregate together and bring the mates along just for window dressing…..I promise to only inflict such a social gathering upon you for only an hour or two….god knows I have no taste for mingling any longer than necessary” said Mycroft with a curled lip.

Greg gave a belly laugh that startled Jamie, quickly he tucked the pup up into his shoulder and patted his padded bottom. The pup clutched at his t-shirt and snuffled against him, instinctively seeking out Greg’s Omega scent.

“Window dressing?” chuckled Greg in amusement “An Omega who is almost bursting with a belly full of arms and legs and looking like a beach ball is hardly going to be fetching window dressing”

“My darling you look delectable with a belly bursting full of arms and legs and looking like a beach ball is hardly going to be fetching window dressing” murmured Mycroft in a low voice only meant for Greg’s ears “An Omega in a heavily pregnant state is like eye candy to a red blooded Alpha even if the Omega and pups aren’t theirs”

Greg raised his eyebrows at Mycroft.

“You ogle other pregnant Omega’s?” asked Greg quizzically.

Mycroft shifted putting his back to the lounge and his expression changed to one of naked desire.

“Not interested, I could find no other as desirable as you are” said Mycroft lowly again “You have no idea how difficult it is to keep things under control with you looking as you do”

Mycroft glanced down meaningfully and Greg followed his gaze to the crotch of the Alphas trousers that was distended with an obvious erection.

Greg licked his lips remembering sucking Mycroft’s thick cock off before the alarm chimed to wake them up that morning. Mycroft uttered a groan that was almost inaudible, his blue eyes on Greg’s mouth.

“On that note I do believe I’ll take a shower now and get ready for this evening” said Mycroft hurrying away.

Greg grinned. It sounded like it was going to be a very boring hour or two at this ‘do’ but once they got home, well, he might just suck his mate off again after the Alpha properly serviced him with his mouth first.
After seeing yet another Alpha, a much younger Alpha barely out of his teens, avert his eyes quickly after none too politely staring at his belly Greg was indeed quite glad that his mate had mentioned staying as shortest time that was politely possible. Mycroft had clasped his hand a little tighter, drawing him closer when they’d entered the high-end restaurant in a Belgravia Hotel which had obviously been booked out for the private event. All the tables had been pushed to one side making one long buffet table and people milled in groups while hovering wait staff holding trays of various drinks proffered them to those whose glasses looked to be nearly empty.

Greg had inwardly cringed when nearly all eyes turned to them feeling more than a little uncomfortable at the silent scrutiny. Only ten minutes after having arrived Greg was bored out of his skull and wished he had lied to Mycroft and said he needed to rest for the evening but he wasn’t alone, nearly all the other Omegas looked just as bored as he did while they were ignored and their Alphas chatted with one another.

If he’d felt like a lumbering cow earlier now he felt like a big, fat hippopotamus in comparison to the majority of Omegas in the restaurant and more than one of them had looked him over with ill-concealed distaste. Mycroft had spoken the truth, they were just window dressing clad in designer labels, many were alarmingly bone thin and underneath the make-up more than one had evidence of bruises on the face. The few that hadn’t looked at him in distaste either eyed his large belly longingly or were second and third trimester along in their pregnancies too but only one other was like him and waddling along with a wide load on the front next to their Alpha who was heading their way.

“Mycroft!” greeted the very handsome older Alpha heartily. “Glad you could make it my boy, and lovely to see your mate by your side.”

“Gordon, may I present Gregory.” said Mycroft. “Gregory this is Gordon and his mate Lynne.”

Formalities over Lynne gave Greg a friendly smile and held out her hand to shake. The Omega was at least the same age as Gordon, perhaps only a little younger.

“Hello Gregory, I see you’re not far off the end of your pregnancy like me, Gordon said this is number 7 and 8 for you both. It must be wonderful to have such a large family.” gushed Lynne then clasped her hands over her belly.
“Why don’t you and Gregory go and have a bite to eat my love, I’m quite sure you will both have plenty to chat about.” suggested Gordon beaming at his mate. Mycroft lifted Greg’s hand clasped in his and kissed it.

“You haven’t had dinner yet so that’s a good idea, darling.” agreed Mycroft.

Greg took the hint both he and Lynne had been dismissed but at least in a nice way and Greg accompanied Lynne to the buffet tables.

“I’m positively famished, I don’t recall being this hungry when I had our older pups.” said Lynne cheerfully picking up a plate and gazing over the delicious looking spread of finger foods. “This one came as a complete surprise, so many years of hoping and we’d given up being blessed then voila!”

“That’s so lovely.” smiled Greg picking up a plate. “How old are your pups?”

“Simon is 22 and Ben is 20.” replied Lynne. “They are dear boys, I secretly hope we are blessed with a daughter but if a third son comes along then I will be equally ecstatic! We’ve chosen Nicholas for a boy and Katy for a girl.”

“Lovely names. We’re having one of each.” said Greg happy to be socialising a bit now. “So we’ll have 3 boys and 5 girls. Charlotte, Nathaniel, Rebecca, Madison, Megan, James and these two will be Mackenzie and Alexander.”

Greg selected several little quiche tarts and a couple of small savoury pastries that looked interesting glancing over at the array of appetising sweets further along that he couldn’t wait to get into. He noticed out the corner of his eye two of the other pregnant Omegas drift over and also take plates.

“Hello Lynne, you are looking well, not long too for you by the looks” greeted one who was in his early thirties then nodded at Greg.

“Hi Ryan, this is Gregory, yes I’m doing very well, three weeks till he or she makes the grand appearance…..you are looking good too.” greeted Lynne. “Hi there Lisa, how’s little Sam?”

“He’s doing great Lynne, thanks for asking.” replied Lisa grabbing several of the vol au vents that Greg considered getting next. “Hi Gregory, gosh you look ready to pop as well.”

“I think these two are going to come any day, no room left in there now.” said Greg popping another one of the chicken and leek quiches in his mouth hungrily.

“Non-alcoholic beverages.” a beta waiter said proffering a tray of juices and water. Greg took a glass of orange juice thanking the waiter.

“Nothing looks less classy than an Omega stuffing their face.” quipped a voice in disdain and Greg turned to look at the slender Omega whose dress hung off her svelte slender body and had obviously directed the insult at Greg since she was looking at him.

“I’d rather arse than class darling, both of which you don’t seem to have.” quipped Greg biting into a cheese & tomato pastry.

Lynne, Lisa and Ryan tittered but the Omega narrowed her eyes at him, a few other Omegas similarly clad to this catty one came over to join her that Greg had labelled the ‘trophy Omegas’.

“Definitely no class and definitely from the arse of London with that accent.” continued the Omega getting smirks from her little posse obviously backing her up.
Greg grinned.

“Really? That the best you can do?” asked Greg. “I’ve worked with the hardest of London’s criminal element so you’ll have to try a little harder to make me feel insulted, nobody gets more insults and threats than us London bobbies….better still, keep the insults until I’ve a least sampled a few of those desserts there then I’ll be happy to play Mean Girls.”

There were snorts from Lynne, Lisa and Ryan now and a couple of other Omega’s had drifted over to listen, one or two stifling giggles.

“Get lost Jacinta, same old shit with you, get a life honey.” said Lynne.

“Fat cows.” hissed Jacinta turning and gliding away with the posse in her wake.

“Self-centred bitch.” muttered Lisa. “She needs that Alpha of hers to get her with a pup so she thinks of more than just looking like Stepford mate.”

“She’s the mistress, the mate is at home with the pups……she’s the window dressing.” confided Lynne. “God forbid that Alpha bring someone who might look like an Omega who clearly looks like they’ve been bred a few times.”

“Which one is her sugar daddy?” asked Greg making Ryan snort.

“That one by the Alpha with the ponytail.” said Lisa.

Greg discreetly looked over the room seeing Mycroft deep in conversation with Gordon still then found the ponytailed Alpha standing with an Alpha who was pot bellied and not at all attractive with dingy looking dark hair and face that was rat like.

“Wealthy but not rolling in it, the money is more attractive than he is I think.” murmured Lisa.

“Certainly not my cup of tea.” said Greg with a grimace. "Paper bag job."

All three Omegas snickered at his response.

“Certainly not a gentleman either like your mate.” said Lynne. “Mycroft and Gordon are similar in that regard.”

Greg looked to Mycroft again whose eyes also looked over to where he was and a small smile graced his lips. They had their ups and downs but his Alpha was pretty smashing. Greg smiled back then placed his empty glass on the tray the waiter brought around again and took an iced water this time.

“Did any of you watch the new series of Doctor Who?” asked Ryan. “What do you think of the new Doctor?”

Thus started a lively discussion of all things Doctor Who, that then lead to Torchwood and all of them swooning over Captain Jack Harkness and the relationship he had with Ianto Jones. By the time Greg started on the dessert table they were in to exchanging whether they were Team Dean, Team Sam or Team Castiel in Supernatural and several other Omegas had joined them. They’d just got started on Harry Potter when the several glasses of juice and water made Greg require relieving the pressure on his bladder, Lynne pointing the way to the restrooms that were down a corridor then off to the left.

Business done and feeling much less pressured he washed his hands startled when a cold blade
pressed against his throat and looked up in the mirror to find Johannes behind him in tears.

“I’m sorry…..so, so sorry.” said the driver quietly. “I don’t want to do this but he has my sisters and will kill them one by one if I don’t do what he says.”

“Johannes…..”

A cloth came up covering his nose and mouth, Greg struggled trying not to breathe in the sweet smell he knew was chloroform while Johannes kept saying he was sorry, so sorry in his ear. In the end he had no choice, his struggling in vain against the large Alpha and breathed in seeking air, lethargy overcoming him before he fell unconscious.

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