Khan and Kirk have a great life. They've been bonded for almost six years and are heading back to Earth after wrapping up their five year mission. They are planning to have their first child, when all hell breaks loose. They are thrown out of their reality, and into one where
Alphas, Betas, and Omegas don't exist. They get a second chance to live their lives the right way, starting from the beginning, making sure the events of Stardate 2259.55 do not happen. But someone wants to have the events happen again, start a war with the Klingons. Is Marcus behind it this time, or is someone else pulling the strings?

A rewrite of Star Trek Into Darkness with A/B/O Dynamics and a large helping of Khirk porn.

Notes

Hello everyone! This is my first story on AO3, so be nice! Yes, the tags are correct, and if this does not sound like your thing, do not write a horrible review because it is not your cup of tea. This is a dark fic, but it is also a happy and light one. Feel free to review, constructive criticism is especially welcomed. Feel free to leave a kudos, and any nasty reviews from anons with be ignored. Enjoy!
Chapter I

Kirk watches the storm roll across San Francisco, the thunder making the windows rattle. Lightning streaks across the sky, illuminating everything. He sits on the bed, his sheet pooled in his lap. He watches the fat raindrops pelt the windows, fully engrossed in the storm. The rain picks up until it is pounding the windows, thunder booming over the city. He pulls his knees to his chest, resting his chin on them as he watches with rapt fascination.

“James?”

The velvet baritone voice washes over him as the owner speaks in their native tongue, still half asleep.

“Are you awake?” They ask, slowly sitting up.

“Yeah,” he replies in the same tongue.

Strong arms slip around his waist as they rest their chin on his shoulder, nuzzling his neck tenderly.

“You should be asleep, saving your strength,” they say softly, kissing his neck.

“So should you,” Kirk replies, tipping his head to allow better access. “You do most of the work.”

His bedmate chuckles, a deep rumble that makes the blond shiver involuntarily.

“But I have the stamina to keep going,” they rumble, tugging on his earlobe gently. “You do not.”

“Yes, but we will not have to,” Kirk says, freezing as soon as the words leave his mouth.

His bedmate lets go of his earlobe, moving so they are kneeling beside him. Glacial meets arctic as the unsaid question hangs in the air. Kirk smiles and takes their hand, placing it on his stomach. Their eyes widen as their lips part, shock clear across their face.

“I am really hoping you’ll take the job as father,” Kirk says, resting his hand over theirs. “After all, you did knock me up.”

Their fingers spread across his stomach, a stunned look on their face.

“Noonien?” Kirk asks worriedly. “Are you alright?”

Khan Noonien Singh looks up, tears beginning to roll down his cheeks. He takes the blond’s face in his large hands and kisses Kirk so tenderly, his heart aches.

“I am prefect,” he murmurs against Kirk’s lips. “I am better than perfect, if that is possible.”

Kirk feels his own tears fall down his face as Khan strokes his cheeks, resting their foreheads together. His hands sweep to the blond’s neck, rubbing the left side of his neck. He focuses on the junction between his neck and shoulder, tracing a bite mark on his skin. Khan can feel his own bite mark tingle as he touches the blond’s, their bond thrumming. The dark haired male cups the back of the Captain’s necks, claiming his lips in a heated kiss. Kirk unfolds his body, twisting himself so he can pull Khan down on top of him, keeping their mouths sealed together. He threads his fingers into his mate’s jet black locks, gripping tightly. Their hands roam each other’s bodies, lips working against each other.
They part when a rather loud strike of thunder violently rattles the windows, but that is not why they part.

Kirk’s chrono goes off, the time reading 0416.

But this alarm is set to go off exactly three months apart, the exact same time as his Heats.

Khan reaches over and turns off the alarm, his face split in two by the biggest smile Kirk has ever seen.

“A baby,” he breathes, turning to his mate. “We are going to have a baby.”

The Brit cups his cheek, kissing Kirk again. He trails soft kisses down the blond’s body, lingering on the skin above his navel. He holds the blond’s hips in his hands, stroking the crests of his hips. Kirk smiles and plays with his mate’s hair, his smile widening when he feels Khan murmur in Hindi to their unborn child, love clear in his voice. The Augment rests his cheek against the blond’s stomach, his eyes closed in bliss.

“I can assume that you are three months along?” He asks, not moving an inch.

“You can assume correctly,” the Captain replies with a smile.

“Fifteen months,” he murmurs, rubbing his mate’s hips and waist. “It seems as if it is an eternity.”

“It will go by fast,” Kirk replies, playing with his mate’s hair.

Khan scoffs softly, rolling his eyes.

“Sixty-eight weeks is not short by anyone’s standards,” he snaps, but it lacks any real bite.

His face softens as his nuzzles his mate’s belly, his eyes falling closed.

“Especially my own,” he adds softly, his hands gentle. “I have waited nearly three hundred years for this moment, and I am not about to let it slip through my fingers.”

He does not have to say anymore, for Kirk understands why.

In just over a week, he and his crew will be heading to Nibiru for a week-long mission, the same events that sent the pair crashing headlong into each other, neither expecting that outcome that had come about from the events.

They were unnaturally compatible.

That first punch Kirk had thrown on Qo’noS had an effect that no one had had ever seen before.

It formed a mating bond, an almost supernaturally strong mating bond.

The moment it formed, Khan’s personality quickly did a one-eighty, telling Kirk that his priority had once been revenge on Marcus for using his crew against him, but now, it was his new mate’s happiness.

Bonded pairs could lie to others, but they could not lie to their mates. It was excruciatingly painful to even attempt to do so, the stronger the bond, the more painful it became. After the events that happened, Khan had confided in his new mate that his head was filled with lies and half truths, but when he looked at his mate, they all dried up and vanished. Kirk had replied that he did not truly understand for his upbringing had raised him to tell the truth, having never really told a lie until he
entered Starfleet.

Khan had simply smiled and nodded.

Kirk snaps out of his memories when he feels Khan brush his lips against his stomach again, murmuring softly.

“I cannot wait to meet him,” he says quietly, planting soft kisses all over Kirk’s flat stomach.

“Who says it’s a boy?” The blond asks, a hint of amusement in his voice.

The Augment looks up and smiles, his eyes crinkling around the corners.

“I should know better than to argue with a Pure Omega,” he chuckles, crawling back up to lay beside his mate.

The dark haired male pulls the blond to him, wrapping his arms protectively around him. Kirk draws his knees to his chest, Khan’s following so he is cocooned by his mate. The Augment nuzzles his Omega’s neck, peppering kisses on every millimeter of skin he can reach. His large hands rub the blond’s stomach gently, murmuring softly against his skin. The storm continues to grow worse as the couple cuddles, enjoying the moment of peace and alone time.

“I almost do not know what to do with myself as normally, as Leonard so eloquently puts it, I would be balls deep and fucking your brains out like a rabbit on crack,” Khan says with a snort. “Or something of that nature.”

“Bones definitely has a way with words,” Kirk giggles, nudging his mate’s shin with his heel.

Khan lets out a low rumble of content, tightening his grip on his Omega.

“Mine,” Khan rumbles.

Kirk thumps him hard on the thigh, growling softly. Khan lets out his own threatening rumble, a sound that would make anything and everything flee in terror, but Kirk knows with full confidence that Khan would never hurt him on leave a mark.

Except for his bite.

The dark haired male rests his forehead against the blond’s neck, trembling softly. Guilt settles in Kirk’s stomach like a lead weight, having completely forgotten that his thoughts are no longer private.

He was the most powerful telepath in their reality, and that was because of his Pure Blood lineage.

Kirk’s Pure Blood lineage could be traced back over seventeen thousand years, back to when the first of their modern ancestors, Neo Homo sapiens, emerged, all Pure Bloods. Kirk’s family was the oldest Pure Blood family, qualifying all Omegas to be Empress of Earth. Kirk was the next in line for the throne when he gave it up at twenty-two, choosing to enter Starfleet instead.

It was the first time a Pure Omega had entered the Academy, so Starfleet was a little baffled.

His telepathic abilities were unheard of, even in telepathic species. With his ability unfocused, he could read the foremost thought on any mind within a thousand miles of him, but if he focused his ability, he could reach a single mind at the maximum distance of a parsec, but only the foremost thought. The closer the mind, the deeper he can read. At a certain point, it varies from person to
person, as Kirk has said before, he can no longer just read the mind, he begins to read the entire nervous system. And at another point, he can read every system in their body.

The closer the person is after that point, he can begin to read further back into their body, but it starts to become painful.

Within five hundred feet of him, Kirk can read everything, every thought, emotion, action, all the way back to when they were a zygote.

But at that point, the amount of energy he uses to do so causes every cell in their body to spontaneously explode.

But that is just his passive ability, the one that is always active, the one he can focus.

He has many other abilities, even more that not even Kirk knew about.

“James?” Khan asks softly, cupping his mate’s cheek. “Are you alright?”

Kirk snaps back to reality, smiling up at his mate as he nuzzles his palm. He takes his large hand and kisses every millimeter of skin, his lips gentle.

“I’m fine,” the blond replies once he is finished, murmuring against his palm.

He releases his mate’s hand, smiling softly. The Augment cups his cheek, stroking his cheekbone. Khan stares into the Captain’s eyes, his gaze soft.

“I love you,” he says softly, a smile tugging on his lips.

“I love you too,” Kirk says quietly, a smile also on his lips.

The dark haired male’s smile widens, taking Kirk’s face in his hands as he leans in to kiss his Omega. The blond kisses back, rolling over completely so he faces his mate. Their lips part with a soft plop, Kirk tucking his head under the Augment’s chin. Khan wraps his arms around the Omega, tangling their legs. The storm continues to rage outside, lightning illuminating the apartment. The couple ignores the storm, choosing to favor their time together instead. They hold onto each other, enjoying the chance to be close without being under the complete control of their hormones and primal instincts.

Khan lets out a low rumble of pleasure, nuzzling the blond’s hairline. Kirk lets out his own purr, nuzzling the hollow base of his mate’s throat. The Augment’s hands smooth down his back and spine, trailing over his hips and waist.

The only way Khan could even begin to describe the enigma that is his mate was that he is yin and yang.

He is Yin; slow, soft, yielding, diffuse, passive, feminine.

He is Yang; fast, hard, solid, focused, aggressive, masculine.

He has the hard angles of a man, as well as the soft curves of a woman. He has the waist and hips of a woman, soft and slender, as well as the dexterity and flexibility, but on the other hand, he has the musculature of a man, hard and robust, as well as the strength and power. Kirk’s personality is of both genders as well, blended together that he would sometimes display a quality from each gender at the same time.
The one thing Kirk loathed about being an Omega was the fact that he cried like a female, and sometimes in the most awkward situations.

“I do not,” Kirk snarls, attempting to knee Khan in the groin.

Khan catches the knee and tips Kirk’s chin up, a small smirk on his face.

“I am afraid so, love,” he says quietly, kissing the very tip of his mate’s nose. “But it is something I would not change about you. I absolutely love being the shoulder you cry on, in a way I cannot begin to describe. I love being your pillar of strength, of support. I love being your rock, your anchor, the shoulders you climb on. If someone had asked me what is my dream job, I will reply without any hesitation that I currently have my dream job. Being your mate.”

He captures Kirk’s lips in a chaste kiss, feeling the heat rise off his mate’s face.

“I thought my life had meaning before I met you,” he says softly against his Omega’s lips. “But I quickly realized that I was a fool. You are my purpose. You are my life. You are my reason for living. And I will fight with my last breath to keep you by my side, even if it kills me.”

That statement takes Kirk’s breath away.

He knows that Khan loves him fiercely, but he did not realize how much. He was taught that Alphas were fiercely protective of their Omegas especially Pure Alphas, but for an Alpha/Beta chimera to be so deeply in love with a Pure Omega, it…

Kirk cannot find the words to describe the feeling he is experiencing, but he knows how to show it. The shock on Khan’s face when he rolls him onto his back, kneeling over him with pure possessiveness is something he will remember for a very long time. The Omega begins the vicious assault, it’s the only word either would claim to even begin to describe the event at a later time, on his Alpha’s neck, right over his mark of claim. The tables are turned when the ever-dominant Khan is the submissive one, squirming and whimpering under his Omega. Kirk is not gentle either, biting, nipping, and sucking with such ferocity he will leave his Alpha’s neck, shoulder, and throat nearly black with bruises. His nails are scratching bright red lines on his chest, stomach, and sides. He is careful not to break skin, though the Augment can feel him become dangerously close to doing so.

Kirk gives one last lick to his Alpha’s heavily marked skin before settling against his side, using Khan’s chest as a pillow. He can hear his mate’s heart hammer beneath his ribs, his chest rising and falling rapidly. The Omega’s own heart and breathing are in perfect sync with the dark haired male’s, an unforeseen side effect of their highly unusual bond. Khan wraps his arm around his mate, wincing at the tenderness of his shoulder and neck. He rubs his bruised skin with his other hand gently, wincing again at how sensitive his skin is, even with the lightest of touches.

But it feels, satisfying.

Khan closes his eyes in bliss, starting violently when a lightning strike hits the top of his mate’s apartment building. Kirk lets out an eardrum shattering shriek that rivals the lightning strike, jumping high enough that he clears the bed by a whole two feet.

Khan would have laughed at the absurdity of their situation until he realizes just a split second too late that Kirk is going to land on him.

Hard.
The wind is knocked out of the Augment when his mate crashes on top of him, Kirk letting out a yelp of pain when he lands on something considerably harder than his bed. The blond whimpers in pain, right up until he feels what he landed on is struggling to breathe. He scrambles off his Alpha, mortification coloring his cheeks. He wants the ground to swallow him whole as dark purple bruises appear on the dark haired male’s pale skin, Khan clutching what appears to be fractured ribs. Kirk curls up and hides his face, mortified not even begin to cover what he is feeling.

Khan lets out a small huff of laughter before regretting his action as it tweaks his ribs harshly. He can feel his ribs knitting themselves back together, but he is more worried about his mate.

The Augment knows that he can heal from pretty much everything except the loss of bone. If a bone is completely separated from his body he cannot regrow it, even a tiny portion. However, if the bone that was separated is aligned properly, he can kit the bones back together as well as the rest of his tissue.

Within reason.

Any separation of his spinal cord and skull he cannot heal, decapitation a sure death.

But other than that, he was golden.

His completely boring human mate, on the other hand, is a delicate flower.

With one hell of a temper.

Kirk lets out a low growl, one that makes Khan smirk with amusement. He gently pokes fun at his mate by letting out a deep, threatening rumble that makes the Omega gape at him. The blond scrunches his face in annoyance, sitting up and turning his back to the Alpha/Beta, arms crossed over his chest. He lets out a high pitched squeak when Khan yanks him back, pinning him to the bed. The bruises have faded to a sickening green, which were quickly disappearing. But that was not why Kirk’s eyes were widening to dinner plates. Khan’s smirk grows wider before dishing out his punishment.

“Captain James Tiberius Kirk happens to be ridiculously ticklish.”

He squeals, shrieks, and giggles, tears rolling down his cheeks as his as his mate proceeds to tickle and blow raspberries on his skin until he is in danger of losing bladder control. Khan is grinning the whole time, rather enjoying this form of punishment.

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” Kirk shrieks, trying to escape the Augment’s clutches. “I have to pee! I have to pee!”

The dark haired male reluctantly lets his prey go, who practically trips over his own feet in his mad scramble to the bathroom. Khan chuckles, reaching over to the bedside table for his PADD. He leans against the pillows, opening his book app to read. The Augment has numerous books on his PADD, the one he is currently engrossed in is Jean M. Auel’s *The Earth’s Children Series*, specifically *The Clan of the Cave Bear*. He opens his book, beginning to read. The Alpha/Beta looks up when he hears his mate reenter the bedroom, looking particularly displeased.

But none the less, when he climbs on the bed, he curls up next to his Alpha, snuggling against his side. Kirk rests his head on Khan’s chest, arm thrown across his waist. The Augment wraps an arm around the blond’s shoulders, rubbing his bicep. The Omega leans into the touch, his eyes closing in bliss. The dark haired male plants a soft kiss on his forehead, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“Do you feel alright?” Khan asks quietly, his lips brushing against his Omega’s skin. “You do not
feel ill or anything?”

“Morning sickness is rare in Omega males,” Kirk explains. “Because our pregnancies are double the length of Omega and Beta females, we are not subjected to the rapid change of hormones present in the pregnancies of the female genders. But it is possible, though most likely not.”

The Alpha/Beta presses a tender kiss to the top of his mate’s head, resuming to read. Kirk cuddles closer, closing his eyes in bliss. The storm had died down, but it is still raining heavily, impressive lightning displays in the distance. The occasional roll of thunder made itself known, but other than that, the night is quiet. Khan rubs his mate’s back, sides, and shoulders, his caresses tender and gentle. The Omega periodically makes soft sounds of happiness, pressing himself closer. The gently touches leave him sleepy, feeling Khan become drowsy through their bond. Once he begins to yawn, the Augment turns off his PADD and sets it on the bedside table, rolling over onto his side. Khan moves to the other side, pressing his back side flush with his Alpha’s chest. The dark haired male wraps his arms around the Captain, tangling their legs together. The sheet has been shoved down to the foot of the bed, Khan’s warmer body is all his mate needs to keep away the early February chill. Kirk entwines his fingers between the Alpha/Beta’s, tipping his head forward slightly so Khan can rest his forehead against his neck.

“Good night, James,” Khan says softly.

“Good night, Noonien,” Kirk replies quietly.

The couple slips under the waves of sleep, their dreams about the unborn child in Kirk’s womb, Khan’s hand resting over it, fingers entwined.

The couple wakes up at the same time, though Khan is quicker to full alertness. He smiles as his mate slowly rouses himself, encouraging him with soft kisses and gentle caresses. Kirk hums sleepily, arching slightly into those touches. The dark haired male gently nibbles on the sleep warm skin of his shoulder, a low, content purr rumbling in his ribcage. His large hands skim over the blond’s chest and abdomen, fingers waltzing on his warm flesh. The Omega is purring now, squirming slowly under his Alpha’s touch. Khan can feel the phantom touch of his own hands against his skin, something he has yet to get use to.

His mate is just slightly more awake than half asleep, so the Alpha/Beta has to fight to pull of sleep, wanting nothing more than a shower, breakfast, and a day of city exploration with the most beautiful creature in the whole galaxy.

Correction, universe.

“Biased,” Kirk mutters, turning his head to peer out of the corner of his eye.

Khan smiles and leans over his Omega to plant a loving kiss on his cheek.

“Horribly,” he murmurs.

The Captain rolls over so he is facing his mate, capturing his lips in a chaste kiss. The Augment worms his fingers into his blond locks, tugging softly. The Omega locks his wrists behind his mate’s neck, knowing full well that Khan’s scalp is an erogenous zone. He has learned from experience not to stimulate his mate’s scalp after he wakes, unless he wants to be limping all day. When they part, the Augment gently rubs noses with his Omega, a soft smile gracing his lips.

“Good morning, James,” he murmurs.
“Good morning, Noonien,” his mate murmurs back. “What time is it?”

Khan twists his head to glance at the chrono, reluctantly turning his body to be able to see it.

“Just a few minutes before six,” he replies, rolling back over.

He props his chin on his hand, elbow on the pillow, smiling down at his mate. Kirk stares up at him before bursting into giggles, covering his mouth to try and stifle them.

“What?” The dark haired male asks, frowning.

The blond reaches up and playfully ruffles his Alpha’s rather spectacular bedhead, much to his annoyance. He gives his mate a look that, to his amusement and annoyance, he has dubbed Bitch Face, which only causes Kirk to giggle louder. He pecks the very tip of his nose before rolling off the bed and heading into the bathroom, tossing a smile over his shoulder in the doorway. The Augment hears the shower running, an honest to god water shower, quickly following his mate.

When he passes the mirror in the bathroom, he backtracks, staring at his reflection. His long hair is wild, some of the gel still holding, but it makes his hair stick out a crazy angles. The rest is hanging down, making him look insane. The Alpha/Beta hears his mate snickering, rolling his eyes in response. He slides the shower door open, slipping in behind his mate.

Many have admitted that Kirk is breathtaking, but only Khan has been allowed to see how stunning he truly is. He was his first, he will be his last, his only.

His mate had been sheltered and privileged since the moment he had been born. He had been groomed to be the next Empress of Earth, taking the throne on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth, as his ancestors had done before him. He would have ruled right up to the moment he passed on, three or four hundred years later. It was what he had been born to do, why he was placed on this planet, his mentor had drilled into him. It was his destiny.

But it was not what Kirk wanted to do.

He had always been drawn to the stars, so in his twenty-second year, he gave up his birthright to join Starfleet.

Empresses were remembered for their contributions to society, learned about after they were dead.

His contribution to society surpassed all seventeen thousand years of his ancestry, combined.

Many so desperately wanted to be Captain James Tiberius Kirk, Captain of the United Federation Starship USS Enterprise. They wanted to know everything about the legendary, young, brilliant Captain, and only Khan can say he does.

Khan can say with confidence that his mate is just someone that a series of highly improbable incidences occurred and he just happened to be there.

He did not believe in chance, luck, or a higher power, not until it punched him in the face. Literally.

He had been in a rather dark place, not truly able to put someone else’s needs before his, not until his Sun chased every bit of darkness from him, purifying his blackened soul. Khan thought he had been able to see before, but his Sun removed the Veil of Darkness over his eyes blind to everything around him. He had not been able to truly feel anything, not until the Light filled every corner and niche in his twisted mind.
He did not know what it meant to love, be loved, or even what it felt like. He had been trapped in a dark Hell, until his Angel of Light parted the clouds and took his hand, pulling him out of The Pit’s clutches.

He did not know what it meant to live, to be alive until Life gave him one hell of a right hook.

To Khan, Kirk was more than his mate.

He is his Savior.

Every time he wakes up and before he falls asleep, Khan silent thanks the higher power that dropped this Angel in his lap, to give him a reason each and every day and that he will have another one tomorrow.

Khan knows that Kirk knows he changed his life, but he does not have an inkling on how much he has changed the Augment’s life. He does not know how to even begin to show his mate, his Savior, how thankful he is, but he does his best.

Khan slips out of his headspace to find his mate, his reason for living, staring at him with confusion, head cocked slightly. The dark haired male just smiles and closes the shower door, crossing the short distance to cradle his Omega’s face between his hands. The tiny piece of Darkness, the small part of his old self that regrew after being purified, screams that he claim his mate, hard and brutal, as he has done before when he was ruler of a quarter of the Earth.

But he never listens to it, no matter how loud he screams.

He strokes the Captain’s cheekbones with his thumbs, gazing into his glacial blue eyes. He knows that the eyes are the windows to the soul, but that barely scratches the surface of Kirk’s. Even with their bond, there is so much that Khan does not know about him. There is so much to learn about his mate, and he thankful that he has three or four hundred years with him.

His heart clenches at the thought.

Kirk would only live three or four hundred years while Khan would most likely live forever. He knew that he was frozen at the age of twenty-five, as was his mate, but Marcus had added eleven years to his appearance. Kirk would remain that way until the last hundred or so years of his life, where he would begin to age normally. He would then pass on, peaceful and easy.

Khan would not.

Once his mate left this world, their bond would be severed, and he will be left alone for the rest of his eternal life.

All that would be left will be his descendants, but he will long out live them all.

Tears stream down his face as his knees give out, falling to the shower floor. Kirk kneels on front of his mate, taking his face in his hands. He tips the Alpha/Beta’s head up, stroking his highly defined cheekbones. He pulls his mate’s head to his neck, holding him close. Khan holds him tightly, tears still pouring down his face. The water runs down their bodies as Kirk begins to gently rock, sobs spilling from the Augment’s lips. Pleas spill from his lips, and endless loop of a single sentence.

Don’t leave me.

Tears begin to fall down the Omega’s face, burying his nose into his mate’s jet black locks.
He wants to promise his mate that he will not, but they both know it is a lie.

It is the one promise he cannot keep.
Chapter II

Okay, chapter 2 is here! I want to tell you guys that when I saw I got six kudos within the first 24 hours, my dad had to yell at me to stop dancing around the basement. The first six kudos-givers get a virtual tribble pushie, so here *tosses plushie.* I will be updating this story on a weekly basis, every Wednesday at 8:30 pm East coast time. If you don't know what that means, East Coast means Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington DC, you get the gist. I want to tell you guys that this rewrite is based on the novelization of the movie, and you will have to wait until chapter 10 to get to the movie. Don't worry, you will be distracted by pretty shiny things (AKA smut), and I have the story hand written on paper, so you guys don't have to worry about me pulling stuff out of my ass.

Am I ranting?
Sorry, I am just so excited that this story is getting more attention than I anticipated.
And also, do the first six kudos givers stalk AO3 for Khirk smut or something? I'm just kidding.

Read on my lovelies!

The automatic shut off on the shower kicks in after fifteen minutes, prompting the couple to move off the shower floor. Khan looks up, his eyes red and puffy. He makes a futile swipe at his eyes, sniffing. He is embarrassed that he broke down, crying like an Omega during pregnancy, when he should be the strong one. Kirk presses soft kisses to his eyelids, those beautiful, gorgeous arctic blue eyes, kissing away his tears. The Alpha/Beta tries to look away, but the Omega keeps his face turned towards him.

“You do not have to keep giving.” Kirk says in his mate’s native tongue, stroking his cheeks. “You are allowed to take, you know. You do not have to be the strong one all the time. I can be the strong one for you. I can be your rock, your pillar. I want to be there for you, just as you are for me.”

The blond rests his forehead against the Augment’s, tears gently rolling down his cheeks.

“Let me give,” he breathes. “Let yourself take. Please, Noonien. Let me be the strong one.”

Khan tips his head up, tears falling down his face.

“Yes,” Khan breathes. “Yes.”

He stretches up and closes the short distance between their lips, cupping his cheek. The kiss is slow and tender, emotion pouring into such a simple action. When they part, they are both breathless, cheeks flush.

“Why don’t we finish our shower, then I take you out for breakfast?” Kirk suggests.

Khan smiles and kisses the tip of his Omega’s nose, lingering for a few seconds.
“That sounds perfect, love,” the Alpha/Beta says softly.

After their shower, the couple is out in the bedroom, deciding what to wear. Kirk has multiple outfits on the bed, fretting. Khan is searching the room for his overnight bag, unable to find it. The Captain is making quiet noises of distress, his mate glancing over. He walks over and wraps his arms around the Omega’s slender waist, kissing his mark tenderly.

“You know you look good in anything,” the Augment murmurs against his skin. “And I do mean anything.”

“Biased,” the blond mutters, leaning into his mate’s strong embrace.

Khan teases the sensitive skin behind Kirk’s ear, causing him to shiver.

“Horribly,” he mumbles, a smile tugging at his lips. “But you know that already.”

His hands slide to rest over the Omega’s heart and abdomen, fingers curling slightly into his skin. He buries his head into his neck, inhaling deeply. Kirk turns his head, nuzzling the top of his Alpha’s head with his cheek.

“Tell me about this little café,” Khan murmurs.

“It’s not really a café,” the blond replies, enjoying his mate’s touch. “It is a twenty story restaurant that is simply massive, but it looks like a café. It serves over nine different types of meals, and all are available throughout the day. It has every cuisine from every member represented in the Federation, and every regional cuisine. None of the food is replicated, all grown at the restaurant, all organic. And they’re expanding. Five more floors are being added to Café Federation, it’s that popular.”

“Sounds amazing,” the dark haired male says softly against the Captain’s skin. “Not as amazing as you are, though.”

“Biased,” Kirk mutters again.

“You should find another word,” Khan smirks. “You are wearing that one out.”

“Biased,” the Omega replies, a smirk tugging at his lips.

“You know what that does to me,” the Alpha/Beta purrs, nibbling on his mate’s skin. “When you speak my native tongue.”

“What do you mean?” Kirk asks. “I do not know what are you talking about. Care to explain?”

Khan lets out a low rumble, hoisting his mate off the floor and tosses him onto the bed. The Captain barely has time to roll onto his back before the Augment is on him, claiming his lips in a hard, demanding kiss, but gentle and tender. His lips work hungrily against the blond’s, shoving the clothes out from under him. He slips a hand between his Omega’s shoulder blades, holding him against his body. He rocks against his mate’s body, grinding his hips against his. Kirk begins to tremble, whimpering softly.

Khan finds the dichotomy of his mate fascinating, and frustrating.

During his Heats, Kirk was insatiable. His Heats were so strong that he can only remember the first
and last two hours of a seventy-two hour period, and that is only vaguely. Once two hours passed, his personality flipped quickly. The shy, quiet, easily embarrassed Captain James Tiberius Kirk became a sex-crazed fiend that Khan could barely keep up with.

And he was augmented.

Khan is damn sure that not even a Pure Alpha would be able to keep with him, and that is saying something.

But outside of Heat, Kirk acted as if he was a virgin, and somehow it did not surprise him.

His mate had never been taught about sex while he was being trained to be Empress, only learning about it when he was in the Academy. It terrified him to the core, having been sheltered for twenty-two years. He had never been kissed, and after their first shared Heat, Kirk had admitted that he had never been touched, not even a handshake, not before the Academy. It was an ancient custom that only the Alpha chosen to be his mate would be allowed to touch him, and that was with strict guidelines.

Kirk had cried afterwards, terrified of what the future held for them. He knew how to deal with everything else with his training, but love, a relationship, he knew nothing.

Khan had cradled him to his chest, murmuring softly in his ear. He had told his new mate that he had never been in love or in a relationship, or had sex with someone who was willing. It was something he despised about himself, but Kirk had forgiven him, knowing he was a different person.

He snaps out of his thoughts when his mate sinks his teeth into the soft tissue of his lower lip, drawing blood. Kirk growls softly, the Augment feeling his frustration from being ignored through their bond. The dark haired male lets out his own growl, a low, sensual purr, before kissing the Captain thoroughly. He rolls them over so Kirk is on top, holding him tight to his body. He slides a hand into his Omega's still damp hair, curling his fingers. The blond purrs, lightly raking his nails over his mate's pale chest. Khan's lip keeps bleeding as they kiss, but neither cares about a little blood spilled.

When they officially marked each other as mates, the bite was deep enough to mark bone, but the enzymes in their saliva put their blood clotting factors in a state of hyperactivity. It was in case the bite hit a major blood vessel, the factors able to stop the bleeding of the aorta and the vena cava, the two largest blood vessels in the body, fast enough that the person would not die in the seconds it would take to suffer massive blood loss. Also in the saliva were other enzymes designed to accelerate the healing process and linger until three days after the bite was formed, when the mark would be nothing more than a pale scar. It their day and age, it was unheard of for an Omega to mark their Alpha, but it did happen.

Khan sweeps his other hand up and down his Omega's back, long, slow strokes, before sliding his hand between his legs. He is shocked when his mate slides out of his grip and stands at the end of his bed, moving with such grace and fluidity that it leaves his in awe.

“Do you want breakfast or not?” Kirk growls, crossing his arms over his chest.

The Augment blinks for a few seconds before smiling softly, propping himself on his elbows.

“If you can choose and outfit quickly,” he teases. “And have you seen my bag? I cannot remember where I placed it, which confuses me even more.”
“That’s because you were dead on your feet,” the Omega says. “Marcus worked you hard, harder than usual. Check the drawers and closet.”

Khan’s eyes widen at the statement, Kirk’s smile widening just as much. The Alpha/Beta slides off the bed and moves to the closet, opening it with a touch. He reaches out and gently touches his trench coat, right next to his mate’s jacket. His clothes are mingled with the Captain’s, sorted by what article they were. He turns to the drawers next to the closet, opening under his touch. His clothes are neatly folded, all of his clothes, not just the five days he carries in his overnight bag.

He turns to Kirk, his beautiful, gorgeous, brilliant James, tears in his eyes. He crosses the distance and takes his face in his hands, kissing him so his mate feels it all the way to his toes.

“You are too good for me,” he breathes against his lips. “You are far too good for me.”

“No,” Kirk breathes. “We are perfect.”

He takes the Augment’s cheeks in his hands, thumbing his cheekbones.

“We are perfect,” he repeats.

“Perfect,” Khan echoes in agreement.

The dark haired male kisses the blond again, trying to put every emotion he is feeling in to the kiss. Kirk smiles into the kiss, worming his fingers into Khan’s jet black hair. The Augment slides his hands to the back of the Omega’s head and the small of his back, holding him close.

‘I love you,’ Khan thinks.

‘I love you too,’ Kirk replies.

Their lips linger, leaving them both breathless when they part.

“Marry me,” the Alpha/Beta whispers. “Forget the risks. Forget Marcus. Make me, us, the happiest couple alive.”

“Nothing would make me happier,” the Omega says, looking away sadly. “But…”

He exhales through his nose, resting his forehead against his Alpha’s/

“Not counting the danger if Marcus found out,” he begins. “As a Captain, I can’t marry someone of lower rank, not until I am a civilian. Even though your record is false, you are still a Commander. The rules are less strict for those with the rank of Commander and below, which is why Commander Spock can date Lieutenant Uhura, however Vulcans date. As a Captain, the dating policy practically prevents us from dating anyone in Starfleet, in case of favoritism. And that is excluding Marcus. He’ll kiss us both.”

He closes his eyes and wraps his arms around the Augment’s torso, digging his fingers into his back as tears fall.

“I want to. Oh god, I want to,” he whispers. “But we can’t. The risk, it’s just…”

He exhales through his nose, clinging to his mate. Khan smooths his hands down the Captain’s back, feeling him tremble under his touch. He dots kisses all over his face, kissing away his tears.

“Some time then,” he murmurs. “Some other time.”
He holds the blond close, soothing him.

“Do you know what today is?” Khan asks quietly.

“Stardate 2259.41,” Kirk replies, sniffing.

“I mean the Gregorian calendar,” his mate chuckles.

“Umm…” The Omega trails off, cheeks flush with embarrassment.

The Alpha/Beta chuckles, nuzzling his mate’s reddened cheeks.

“Thursday, February 10th, 2259,” he replies.

“And that has some significance?” The blond asks, pulling away so he can stare in his mate’s arctic blue eyes.

“In four days, it will be the most romantic day of the year,” he says with a smile. “Valentine’s Day.”

Kirk’s brow furrows, highly confused.

“Valawhat?” He asks.

Khan chuckles, highly amused.

“Never mind,” he says, shaking his head. “Consider me old fashioned.”

He turns away, but Kirk catches his wrist, holding him. The Augment turns, already knowing that his mate knows what he knows, but wants to hear it out loud.

“Tell me about this day,” he says softly. “Tell me about Valentine’s Day.”

The dark haired male smiles and kisses the tip of the blond’s nose, their bond thrumming.

“To put it simply,” he begins. “It is a day for couples. Of gift giving and of declaration of love, things of that nature. The most common gift is boxes of assorted chocolates in the shapes of hearts.”

He hugs the Omega tightly, foreheads resting against each other.

“Red, pink, and white are the most common colors, as well as the shape of a heart,” he continues. “Flowers, specifically red roses, are given, as well as greeting cards. I am surprised the holiday has not continued.”

The blond threads his fingers into his Alpha’s black hair, lightly scratching his scalp with his short nails.

“It sounds romantic,” he murmurs, nuzzling his nose in an eskimo kiss. “I especially like the fact that it involves the man giving the woman gifts, to woo her off her feet.”

“And you are the woman in this situation?” The Augment asks, a smile tugging on his lips.

“Of course I am,” he replies. “I am pregnant.”

“That you are,” his mate chuckles. “Now, shall we get dressed and go out?”
Absolutely,” his Omega replies.

They part and dress, Kirk pulling on jeans, a white long sleeve t-shirt, his jacket, boots, long socks, and gray boxers. Khan dresses head-to-toe in black, though when Kirk looks over, he sees him pull on navy blue boxers and socks. His trench coat, a black so dark the Captain swears it absorbs all light, is put on last, a knife slipped into its hidden sheath in his right boot. In the beginning on their relationship, it terrified Kirk that Khan kept at least one weapon within reach, whether it be on his person when he was awake, on under his pillow when he slept. Khan had explained that a fellow Augment, an Omega/Alpha by the name of Rani, had told him to keep a knife on his person at all times, as many of the Augments would kill the ones that were weaker than them.

That tip had saved him more times than he could count.

Kirk says nothing as Khan adjusts the hilt so it is not seen, feeling safe knowing that his mate is armed. The Augment turns to the Omega, flashing a dazzling smile at him.

“Shall we go?” He asks, his voice slipping into that special drawl that sends a shiver down Kirk’s spine.

“Let’s,” he says, smiling.

Though the café is less than a mile away from Kirk’s apartment, within walking distance of Starfleet Headquarters, Kirk takes the long route so they can meander through a park, known to be a place for lovers.

They walk side-by-side, stopping at the intersection just before the entrance to the park. Khan glances down at his mate, standing to his left, a place that feels perfect to him. He slips his hand into the blond’s, threading their fingers together. The Captain looks up and smiles, squeezing gently. A smile is automatically on the Augment’s lips, a response that has been ingrained into him the moment their bond formed.

When Khan smiles at him, Kirk just watches his entire face light up, his eyes sparkling with pure happiness, It makes him feel as if he is the only one in the world right at that moment, the only one that truly mattered. It takes his breath away when he sees his mate smile at him, a simple action that held so much meaning to them both.

He is the only one Khan has ever truly smiled at, in all three hundred years of his life. Khan never had a reason to smile, to laugh, to love, not until he was bonded to Kirk.

Once they are cleared to walk across the street, they head into the park, a slight wind playing with their clothes. Kirk rests his head on his mate’s shoulder, wrapping his arms around the one he had been holding. Khan turns his head and plants a soft kiss to his Omega’s temple, murmuring softly in his native tongue. The blond hums softly in happiness, tightening his grip slightly. A smile tugs at the corners of the Augment’s mouth, a sight not seen by anyone but the Omega on his arm.

They pause when the path touches the rock shore, a railing marking the edge. Kirk pulls away and leans on it, gazing out at the gray waters of the bay, the sky filled with pregnant clouds. The irony is not lost on them when Khan steps up behind him, Khan straightening as his mate slides his hands to his flat abdomen, holding his Omega close. The blond places his hands over the dark haired male’s, smiling as his eyes close, leaning into his embrace.

“I love you,” Khan breathes softly.
“I love you too,” Kirk breathes back.

He can feel his heart flutter with his mate’s, a reaction that happens every time the words are uttered. Their bond thrums with joy, their blood singing at the closeness.

The Augment tightens his grip on his mate slightly, fingers curling in possession. The Captain strokes the backs of the Alpha/Beta’s hands with his thumbs, not minding the possessiveness in his Alpha. He knows that it is part of his nature, from both his Alpha DNA and his personality, to be possessive of his mate, especially now that he is pregnant.

Khan rumbles in approval, nuzzling the back of his Omega’s head. Kirk chuckles softly, feeling the dark haired male’s hands nub his belly tenderly. The blond opens his mind and allows his mate to feel his body the way he feels it, hearing the Augment inhale sharply when he feels the life inside his womb. His hands grip tightly as he feels the tiny heart beat steady and rapidly, wonder and awe flooding their bond. He whirls the Omega around and cradles his jaw as he claims his lips in a heated kiss, on the blond feels all the way to his toes.

“You are perfect,” he murmurs against his lips. “You are perfect.”

“I know I am,” Kirk murmurs back, smiling.

“Narcissist,” Khan teases, pulling away.

“No,” the Omega breathes, pulling his Alpha back down. “Because you told me.”

They kiss again, slow and sweet. Their lips part with a soft plop, slightly swollen from kissing.

“Because I am perfect for you,” he breathes again. “Just as you are perfect for me. We are perfect.”

“Perfect,” the Augment echoes.

They kiss once more, parting to continue walking. Kirk looks up at his mate, standing to his right. He slips his hand into Khan’s left, squeezing gently. The Alpha/Beta squeezes back, smiling down at him. They exit the park, continuing to wander through San Francisco. They thread their fingers together, hands be their sides.

The city is a ghost town, most sane people still asleep in their warm beds. Kirk would be too, if it wasn’t for his “I-need-less-sleep-because-I-am-better” mate. Their bonding evened things out between them, and that meant everything. Kirk needs at least eight hour of sleep, Khan only needs three, so they sleep five-and-a-half. Their resting heart rates became even, beating in unison. As did everything else.

Except their libido.

Somehow, their libido was multiplied by each other, but thankfully, Khan’s was extremely low, only having sex twice a day on the five-year mission. Kirk had been thanking the heavens because he didn’t think his body could handle more than twice a day.

Khan smirks and opens his mouth to saw a lewd comment, but his mate shuts him up with a glare.

‘Don’t even think it,’ Kirk spits.

‘Think what?’ Khan asks innocently.

The blond growls softly, pinching his Alpha in the side. Khan jumps slightly, growling back. The
Omega glares up at him, then suddenly stops. The Augment turns, feeling shock radiate through their bond.

“James?” He asks softly, frightened by the deer-in-the-headlights look upon his mate’s face. “Is everything alright?”

“My mom is waiting for us at the café,” he whispers, still staring straight ahead. “My human mother.”

“Oh,” is all the dark haired male can say.

Kirk is still glued to the spot when Khan comes over, taking his face in his hands. He strokes his cheeks, his mate still looking through him.

“What should we do?”

The Captain turns his gaze to his mate, both knowing the answer.

“Are you sure?” The Alpha/Beta asks, stroking his cheeks.

Kirk trembles slightly in fear, a few tears rolling down his cheeks.

“I,” he begins. “I, I don’t know. I don’t know.”

Tears stream down his face, leaning in to rest his forehead against his mate’s.

“I don’t know,” he whispers, shaking.

He clings to his Alpha, breathing harshly.

“I’m scared,” he sobs. “I’m scared.”

“I know,” the Augment whispers, his own tears falling. “I am too.”

They kiss softly, their tears mingling. They pull apart, gazing into each other’s eyes.

“But we need to,” Kirk says softly.

Khan nods, wiping away his mate’s tears. They hold each other’s hands, heading towards the café. They enter the café, Kirk scanning the minds to find his mother. Since the café had just opened, there were not many people there, so he finds her easy enough. He pulls away from his Alpha and heads to the back where it faces the water, finding his mother there, just as he had expected. Khan hangs back, giving the Kirks some privacy. Winona looks up and smiles, rising to her feet. She moves to her son and pulls him into a tight hug, a wide smile on her face. Kirk holds his mother, but Khan can see his mate is tense and uncomfortable. Winona pulls away, a frown marring her features.

“Is everything okay?” She asks. “You’re shaking.”

Kirk shakes his head, glancing back at his mate. Khan is instantly by his side, pressing a hand to the small of his back. They share a fleeting glance, one that Winona does not miss. Her eyes widen slightly, lips making a soft “O.”

“I, we, need to tell you something,” Kirk says softly, turning back to his mother. “It’s, it’s really important.”

Khan gestures for them to sit, Winona practically falling into her chair. The Augment pulls out the chair for his mate, pushing him in before taking his own seat. The blonde’s eyes widen further when Khan places his hand on the table, her son slipping his fingers between his Alpha’s, gripping tightly. The Omega turns to his mother, takes a deep breath, and asks a simple question.
Chapter III

Chapter Notes

I want to apologize for not posting this on time, but AO3 was down. Anyway...
I want to give you guys a heads up on this chapter, it is a fricken behemoth. 50 words shy of 7000, which is a lot more than what I had planned to have. Another thing I want to tell you is that this chapter is heavily science based, explaining in detail how my Omegaverse works.
And why I have a spot reserved next to Lucifer.
And another thing. Next chapter, I won’t be giving you smut, I’ll be giving you fifteen pages of Khirk porn.
And it will be well worth the wait.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Where should we begin?”

Winona licks her lips nervously, thinking.

“From the beginning, I guess,” she replies.

Kirk nods, his gaze flicking to his mate. Khan glances back, rubbing the back of his hand soothingly.

“The question is, what is the beginning?” The blond murmurs. “How, how do I even begin to explain?”

“Explain what?” Winona asks, confused. “What’s going on?”

The Omega looks at the dark haired male, the most helpless expression on his face. Khan’s face softens, his gaze tender. He brings his Omega’s hand to his lips, pressing a tender kiss to his skin. The blonde’s eyes flick back and forth between the couple, observing them. Kirk calms down after the kiss, nodding in thanks. He turns back to his mother, not as nervous as before.

“I guess,” he begins. “I guess we should begin with a simple question; What do you know about the multiverse theory, or parallel universes?”

“I remember reading about it back in the Academy,” his mother says. “I don’t really remember what it said, though…”

“The multiverse is the hypothetical set of infinite or finite universes, including the universe we constantly experience, that together comprise everything that exists,” Khan explains. “The entirety of space, time, matter, and energy, as well as the physical laws and constants that describe them.”

Winona gives the Augment a confused look while Kirk gives his mate a glare, annoyed.

‘I thought we promised you would keep quiet,’ the Omega growls.

‘We never promised that,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks back.
“To put it simply,” Kirk says. “Everything that can happen does happen.”

The couples’ gaze meets, steadying themselves.

“Including males being able to carry children,” the blond says quietly.

Winona’s jaw drops, staring between the two. She is speechless, unable to believe her ears. Her jaw flaps as she tries to speak, but no words come out. The couple waits with baited breath, hearts pounding.

Finally, Winona Kirk speaks.

“Are you, expecting?” She asks softly.

“I, we,” Kirk says, squeezing his mate’s hand. “Are. We are expecting.”

She stares, and then begins to cry, their hearts sinking.

“We’ll just, go,” the Captain says, standing.

His mother is instantly on him, holding his face in her hands as she kisses his cheeks.

“My baby’s having a baby,” she whispers, tears rolling down her cheeks. “My baby’s having a baby.”

Kirk begins to cry as well, hugging his mother tightly. Khan sits and smiles, tears of happiness down his cheeks. The Kirks finally sit, wiping away their tears.

“Do you want an explanation?” Kirk asks, taking his mate’s hand back.

“Not at all,” his mother says, shaking her head. “I don’t really care. I’m just, I’m just really happy. For the both of you.”

The couple smiles and glances at each other, squeezing their hands.

“And you!” Winona snarls, jabbing a finger at Khan. “So help me, if you hurt my son or my grandchild, ‘Hell’ will not even begin to cover what I will bring down on your fucking head. Am I clear?”

Khan pales a little, nodding.

“Mom!” Kirk laughs. “Don’t scare the father of your grandchild!”

Winona gives the Augment a firm glare, one that makes him shift his chair closer to his mate. Kirk chuckles, shaking his head. The blonde sits back down, still glaring at Khan. She turns back to her son, smiling.

“Actually, I’m a little curious,” Winona says. “How does a man carry a child?”

“We come from an alternate reality, one where about seventeen thousand years ago, the species Homo sapiens sapiens died out, being replaced by a new species, Neo Homo sapiens sapiens,” Kirk explains. “Neo Homo sapiens are radically different from their ancestors, instead of having only twenty-three chromosomes, they have sixty. The extra thirty-seven chromosomes are much larger than the twenty-three in what would be your ancestors, and what determines our primary gender.”
“Primary gender?” His mother asks. “You have more than one gender?”

“A primary and a secondary,” Khan explains. “Secondary you already know about, being male and female. Primary genders are a bit more, how do you explain this?”

“There are three genders: Alpha, Beta, and Omega,” Kirk says. “Betas are closer to those of humans in this reality, though they can smell the hormones of Alphas and Omegas. Omegas, no matter what secondary gender, can carry children, with Omega males being unable to impregnate. They go through a cycle of fertility called pyresus, more commonly known as Heats. Alphas respond to this cycle by going into a state called rut, where they, um…”

He glances at the Alpha/Beta, flushing.

“They mate with the Omega,” Khan says. “They have a muscle at the base of their penis that inflates to become a knot, as a way to impregnate the Omega and keep their seed inside, increasing their chances of fertilization.”

“Like, dogs,” Winona says slowly.

“Essentially,” Khan says with a smile. “Only Alphas are capable of, satisfying, an Omega’s Heat, and are the only ones able to claim them as mates.”

“Wait, claim?” The blonde asks, her expression darkening. “Is my son a piece of fucking property?”

“No, ma’am,” the Augment says with a shake of his head. “Omegas must give explicit permission for the Alpha to claim them as their mate, especially to share Heats. To take an Omega during their Heats without their consent is a life sentence. To claim an Omega during their Heats without their consent is punished by death. This law is absolute, even for those who are only part Omega.”

“Part?” Winona asks.

“I will explain that in a moment,” Khan says. “But back to the topic of Heats, when an Omega goes into Heat, they produce natural lubrication that allows their chosen Alpha to share their Heats without hurting them. Omega females produce this from their vaginas the same way a female of this reality would, only in much larger quantities. An Omega male also produces lubrication, but from their internal vagina, which is sealed off by an internal vaginal sphincter located a few centimeters inside their rectum when they are not in Heat. Oh, grow up.”

Kirk has his face buried in his arm on the table, his blush extending all the way down his neck. The dark haired male gives his mate a glare, before shaking his head and sighing.

“Ignore him, he is easily embarrassed on the topic of sex,” Khan sighs.

Winona gives her son a confused look before turning back to the Augment, waiting.

“During the mating process, an Alpha’s knot will remain outside of their Omega until they are about to orgasm, which is when the Alpha will, for lack of a better term, force their knot inside the Omega, tying them together when the Omega responds by locking them in place, a ring of muscles called a Bartolic ring and the internal vaginal sphincter for Omega males, as they have the same female reproductive system, only the vagina does not have an external opening,” the Alpha/Beta continues. “Omega females have a Bartolic ring as well, and once the Alpha is locked tightly inside the Omega, they orgasm, which is when an Alpha can claim them as their mate. The way an Alpha claims an Omega is symbolized by their bite on their intended mate’s neck, deep enough to leave a scar in the muscles, and even bone. It leaves a scar that shows the Omega is taken, a bond formed
between Alpha and Omega.”

Kirk sits up, still flush, and pulls his collar down to expose his Alpha’s bite, watching the rage blossom on his mother’s face.

“And in very rare cases,” Khan says, exposing his own mark. “Omegas can mark their Alphas.”

“Mom, it didn’t hurt,” Kirk says, his blush fading as he tries to reassure his mother. “Okay, it did a little, maybe a lot, but only for three days, the time it takes for the scar to form and leave behind the mark. The three days of pain is something every Omega will deal with to be with the one they love, the one they want to spend the rest of their life with.”

The couple lowers their hands, smiling at each other.

“When the bond forms, the minds of the mate pair become connected, and in our case, become one,” Kirk says softly. “Our bond is unnaturally strong, as we are highly compatible for each other. Our bodies are linked, balanced, so much so that our hearts beat as one, our breathing the same.”

The dark haired male brings his Omega’s hand to his lips, kissing his skin softly, their eyes locked.

“We can feel what the other feels, emotionally and physically,” the blond continues. “Anything that affects one affects the other. If one of us is scared, the other is scared too. If one of us is sad, the other is sad too, but will do everything to cheer their mate up.”

“And I can assume this applies to sex too?” Winona asks.

Kirk flushes so darkly that he becomes dizzy, Khan roaring with laughter.

“Absolutely,” he grins, his eyes shining. “And it is fantast-”

Khan grunts when his Omega jams his elbow hard into his ribs, feeling them crack.

“You are only hurting yourself,” he mutters rubbing his side.

“I can control my bodily functions, including nerve impulses, Noonien,” Kirk replies.

“Noonien?” Winona asks, tipping her head to the side. “You’re name is Noonien?”

The couples’ gaze flicks to each other, uncertainty and other unpleasant emotions cross their gaze and bond.

“I, wasn’t suppose to know that, was I?” Winona asks, looking nervous.

“Just call him John,” her son replies, sighing. “It is better for all of us if you pretend you didn’t hear it.”

An African woman approaches their table, three PADDs under her arm.

“My name is Amaya and I will be your waitress for today,” she says, her massive afro streaked with varying shades of the “red/gold/blue” shirt colors of Starfleet. “Here are your menus, and may I take your drink orders?”

“Coffee will be perfect,” Khan says, smiling at Amaya.

She flushes heavily as the Kirks second and third that option, her eyes wide.

Amaya scurries away, nearly tripping over her feet. Kirk is grinning ear to ear, a smile tugging on the Alpha/Beta’s lips.

“She finds your voice incredibly hot,” his mate says. “Almost orgasmic.”

The Augment turns to the blond, raising an eyebrow. The blonde stares at her son, eyes blown wide.

“Really?” The dark haired male asks, curious. “How orgasmic?”

The Captain simply smirks, Khan’s grin widening.

“Interesting,” he murmurs, his lips curling into a wicked smile.

He rests his elbow on the table, resting his chin in his hand. His next words are low sensual purrs, ones that have Winona gaping.

“Tell me,” he purrs. “How does my voice affect you?”

Kirk threads his fingers together, his elbows on the table, his chin on his fingers.

“You should know this,” the blond purrs back. “In the first two years of our relationship, I could not stop shivering at your voice. I still do occasionally, especially when—”

He stops cold, his face turning bright red. Khan laughs as his mate covers his face with his hands, reaching out to stroke his cheek.

“Leave the dirty talk to me, love,” he says softly, stroking his mate’s cheek with his knuckles. “You blush like a virgin when the words even turns slightly, dirty, in any shape or form. Tell you what, if you can go without blushing for the rest of the meal, I will—”

“Better yet, if I can make you blush in the next, say, thirty seconds, you buy me a tribble,” Kirk offers, pulling his hands away from his face.

“You know that—” Khan begins.

“Do you remember that time in the shower,” he purrs. “When I bent you over and—”

Heat slams the Alpha/Beta’s cheeks, defining his sharp cheekbones. Kirk smirks as the waitress returns with their drinks, still blushing.

“Thanks,” the dark haired male murmurs, picking up his coffee and taking a big swallow, burning his tongue in the process.

He then picks up the menu, becoming thoroughly engrossed in the contents of the PADD. He refuses to look at his Omega, much his amusement.

“You two seem very comfortable around each other,” Winona observes once Amaya is gone. “How long have you two been, bonded? Is that the right term?”

“It is, Mom,” her son smiles, amused by his mate’s scattered thoughts. “And it’s been seven years, six in our reality.”

“And how did you, um, know that our waitress finds Noo-John’s, voice attractive?” The blonde
asks.

“And that,” the Omega says, leaning back in his chair. “Is where we go into detail about primary genders.”

“Alpha, Beta, and Omega, right?” Winona asks.

“Correct,” Kirk smiles. “But unlike secondary genders, you can be more than one.”

His mother frowns, thoroughly confused.

“This might take awhile, you might want to look over the menu,” the Captain chuckles, shaking his head. “And the menu is massive.”

Winona nods, taking a look. Kirk smiles softly at his mother’s internal swears as she sees how big the menu is, catching Khan’s eye. The Augment is glaring something fierce, color still on his cheeks. The blond glares back with just as much ferocity, a mental war going on.

“I hate you,” the dark haired male mutters when he inevitably loses.

Kirk leans in and kisses his mate’s cheeks, giggling softly. His Alpha hums with approval, turning his head to nuzzle the top of his with his cheek.

“No you don’t,” the Captain murmurs. “You love me.”

“That I do,” the dark haired male murmurs back.

The blond rests his head against his mate’s neck, flicking his eyes to his mother.

“Can you cover your eyes for a sec, Mom?” He asks.

Winona looks away, but peeks out of the corner of her eye as the expectant couple kisses, a chaste, simple press of lips. But she can see the love clear between them, a smile gracing her lips. The couple lingers, not wanting to part, but they reluctantly do so.

“I love you,” Khan says quietly against his mate’s lips.

“I love you too,” Kirk breathes back.

“I take back my earlier statement,” the blonde says, smiling. “I can see that John will not harm the both of you at all.”

The Augment laughs, shaking his head.

“Believe me when I saw that if I did, I would be dead by his hands, or my own,” he states simply.

The Alpha/Beta gives his mate a smile and turns to the menu, surprised by the size of it. His Omega reaches over and touches the screen, reorganizing it so the dark haired male can sort by any number of categories. Kirk does the same for his mother, smiling when she nods her thanks. They finally decide what to eat, Amaya coming back over to take their order.

“Have you decided?” She asks, still slightly flushed.

“I will have the Full English,” Khan says, handing over his menu. “As well as a glass of water.”

“Ma’am?” She asks, turning to Winona.
“Chicken fajita omelet with a water as well,” she replies.

“And you, sir?” Amaya asks.

“I’ll third the water,” he says, smiling. “And have the Asia special.”

“That’s, not on the menu,” the waitress says slowly.

“The chef will know what I mean,” Kirk replies, handing her the menu.

Amaya gives him a confused look, but scribbles the order down anyway. She walks away, glancing back over her shoulder. Khan gives her a polite smile, the waitress’ cheeks flushing. The Alpha/Beta links his fingers with his Omega’s, setting them on the table.

“Primary genders,” Kirk says softly. “Because thirty-seven chromosomes determine the primary gender, you can be more than one gender. To be classified as a single gender, you have to have at least seventy percent of that gender’s genetic markers. Any less and you are qualified as a chimera.”

“Chimera?” Winona asks.

“That is the, nicer term,” Khan says. “To be called a hybrid is the most derogatory insult anyone can say to those of mixed genders, even from another chimera.”

The blonde nods, grasping the concept.

“Those of mixed genders put the gender they have the most genetic markers of first, between seventy and fifty percent,” Kirk continues. “John here is an Alpha/Beta chimera, fifty-fifty each. Below fifty percent, he would have all three genders, just as those of other mixed genders. It starts to get complicated when an Alpha chimera isn’t at least half Alpha and they want to bond with an Omega, needing to go to a specialist to help form the bond.”

“What about those who have more than seventy percent of a gender’s genetic marker?” His mother asks.

“There is one exception to those who have more than seventy percent of a gender, specifically those who only have the genetic marker of a single gender,” Khan says.

“And that would be?” The blonde asks.

“Pure Bloods,” the couple says in unison.

“Pure bloods?” Winona asks.

“The ‘P’ and ‘B’ are capitalized,” the Omega says. “Pure Bloods have only one gender’s genetic marker in their DNA, which puts them at the pinnacle of social hierarchy. Pure Omegas are at the top, followed by Pure Betas, then Pure Alphas. After that it is Omega, Betas, Alphas, and then the chimeras are based on the same pattern, with Omega/Betas and so on. Among Pure Bloods, lineage is important to determine where they stand amongst their gender. The bloodline is traced back through those of their gender, the longer a bloodline has been producing that gender, the higher the status. Since Pure Omegas are at the pinnacle, they are an elite group of individuals who oversee pretty much everything that has to do with members of the human race. The oldest bloodline of the Pure Omegas is the ruler of the human race, given the title of Empress of Earth. Only Pure Omegas from that bloodline, who can trace their lineage back seventeen thousand years, can be Empress, which also happens to be the oldest bloodline of any gender.”
“How is the primary gender determined when there are thirty-seven chromosomes?” Winona asks. “And since they are larger than the twenty-three we carry, there has to be more than all the base pairs and genes in one of those chromosomes than half of what’s in the last twenty-three.”

Khan and Kirk share a look, caught off guard by that question.

“I mean, secondary gender is determined by the XY sex-determination system, same as this reality, right?” The blonde asks.

The couple nods, surprised by this line of questioning.

“So there are only two possible outcomes, XX and XY, male and female respectively,” Winona says. “But how is primary gender determined, when there is clearly more than two possible genders?”

“We, we don’t actually know,” her son says. “The way we determine primary gender is by counting the number of a gender’s genetic markers by running a complete genetic sequence once a child is born. *Neo Homo sapiens* can smell each other by the pheromones they emit, able to determine primary gender through scent. But we run the DNA of a newborn to determine their gender with one hundred percent accuracy, as each gender has a different set of genetic disorders, depending on how many genetic markers they have of that gender. Some combinations of primary genders have genetic disorders that exacerbate each other, and some that cancel each other out. We have a complete map of the entire *Neo Homo sapiens* genome, including the disorders linked with genetic mutations.”

“How?” His mother asks.

“In the late 1980’s,” Khan says. “It was decreed that when a child was born, a genetic sample was taken and analyzed to form the Human Genome project. Those alive at the time were encouraged to donate a sample to help determine the genetic mutations of the sixty chromosomes we carry, as there are more than a trillion base pairs. Since that time, we have been able to have a complete map of our genetic code, which is to be expected after taking samples and mapping the genetic mutations of our species for nearly three hundred years. We are still no closer to determining how primary gender is passed on, but we can help parents deal with the genetic disorders their child may carry.”

Winona nods, satisfied with that explanation.

“How many Pure Bloods are there? It has to be rare to only carry the genetic markers of one gender.”

“You are correct,” Kirk smiles. “There are only about a thousand members of each Pure Blood gender, with Pure Omegas having the widest range of lineages, ranging from seventeen thousand years to a single generation. Pure Betas have bloodlines that go back nearly that far, within a few generations of the purest Omega bloodline, while the oldest Pure Alpha bloodline is roughly seven or eight thousand years old. The reason being is that a bloodline stops when they have several generations of non-Pure Bloods, only starting when a Pure Blood is born and continues to produce Pure Bloods. All Pure Bloods know everyone of their gender, so all of us, the Pure Omegas, know the Empress.”

“Us?” The blonde asks, tipping her head to the side.

The Omega smiles, just a soft, shy one.
“I am a Pure Omega, so I know the Empress,” he says.

“Rather intimately, if I do say so,” Khan smirks. “You share a bed with them.”

Kirk gives his Alpha a glare, Winona having a look of puzzlement on her face.

“Isn’t seventeen thousand years roughly the same time Neo Homo sapiens emerged?” She asks. “How does a bloodline produce Pure Omegas for that long?”

“They’re just lucky, I guess,” the Captain says with a shy smile.

Then it clicks.

Winona’s jaw hits the floor as her eyes widen to the size of dinner plates, gaping at her son. The blond blushes lightly, dropping his gaze. The dark haired male squeezes his mate’s hand, his gaze soft.

“I, I gave that up though,” the Omega says quietly. “Everyone told me it was my destiny, but I didn’t feel as if it was. I always knew I was destined to do other things, even at the age of two. But since I was the only Pure Omega of my bloodline, I had to become Empress, whether I liked it or not. When I was two, just two months after my birthday, the same amount of time I had been training to be Empress, the Council, the collection of Pure Bloods who oversaw everything until I could claim the throne on my twenty-fifth birthday, decreed that I must have my destined mate chosen for me. The ancient custom of Empresses said that a Pure Omega must mate with a Pure Alpha, one whose bloodline is the purest. If a member of that bloodline is unable to be mated to the future Empress, it falls to the next purest bloodline. It just so happened that the last member of the purest Alpha bloodline was available, only going back roughly eight thousand years. It didn’t matter to the Council that their bloodline was young in Pure Blood terms, they were the purest Alpha available. It also didn’t matter that they were fifty years my senior, and a Pure Alpha elitist.”

Kirk shudders, pulling his hand away so he can cross his arms over his chest. He looks away, his eyes watering.

“As a Pure Alpha elitist, they hated that Pure Omegas were at the pinnacle of social hierarchy, believing that Pure Alphas should be, and that Omegas were nothing more than property to Alphas,” he says quietly. “Because I was promised to them, the ancient customs involving the future Empress and their chosen mate must share quarters, the Alpha only leaving when the Omega goes into Heat. The custom says that the future Empress must be a virgin when they mate during the first Heat after the Omega claims the throne and become Empress. They must remain pure in body, mind, and soul, knowing nothing about mating or sex. They must never be bonded or have any romantic relations with any Alpha or Alpha chimera specifically, but it means anyone of any gender, primary and secondary. They must never be touched by anyone other than their Alpha during their first shared Heat, by any gender, even their own family, with the exception of when medical attention is required.”

He shrinks into himself, tears rolling down his cheeks as he squeezes his eyes tightly closed.

“I only wish that were true,” the Omega says, his voice cracking. “They had the purest Omega in their grasp, and they didn’t care that they were only two. They took their rage out on me, did things to me that no two year old should ever know about. Once my Heats began at fifteen, they left, but when they were over, they, they hurt me. I couldn’t tell anyone because no one would believe me. I never had a mark or bruise on me, and no one was around to hear me scream. There wasn’t any physical proof to support my story, and no one would believe that an Alpha would touch the future Empress before they are mated because they would be put death, as well as their entire bloodline.”
He whimpers, quivering slightly.

“I, I couldn’t do anything, I was so terrified of what they would do to me if I told anyone, I kept quiet,” he whimpers. “It went on for twenty years until I finally found the courage to do something. I went to the Council, gave up the throne, and ran. As soon as the words left my mouth, I ran out of the Council Chambers, out of the Palace, and just kept running, trying to get away from my future mate. But they caught me, and they were livid. Once I gave up the throne, the plan they had to force me to make Alphas have all the power and Omegas their property went up in smoke. They, they…”

Kirk lets out a quiet sob, trembling as his pulls into himself more.

“They punished me,” he whispers, his voice cracking even more. “They punished me and left me for dead in a ditch. It would take nothing but an act from God himself to make sure I lived, for no one would find me, hidden in the bushes on the side of a dirt road in the middle of nowhere. I couldn’t move, I couldn’t make a sound. There was nothing I could do to alert someone I was there.”

He lets out a sob, but a smile spreads across his face.

“And God himself saved me,” the Omega says quietly. “Starfleet cadets found me by the scent me dying, alerting their Commanding Officer of my immediate need of medical attention. Their Commanding Officer happened to be Admiral Christopher Pike, Captain at the time, who nursed me back to health himself, despite all his duties as a Captain. I owed him my life, I owed Starfleet my life, for there was a Doctor among those cadets who helped keep me alive until medical attention arrived. My heart stopped three times, but he fought to keep me alive.”

“Leonard,” Khan breathes.

Kirk nods, smiling.

“That stubborn ass saved my life, and we’ve been fast friends ever since,” the blond says. “I joined Starfleet, and that’s when I knew, I knew that this was what I was suppose to be doing. And I was right.”

He looks at his mate, taking his hand as tears of joy run down his face.

“I would have never met John if I hadn’t joined Starfleet,” he says, smiling. “He saved me, he put me back together. I will always consider him my first, my only, for we chose each other.”

The couple rests their foreheads together, tears rolling down their cheeks.

“We saved each other,” Khan breathes, squeezing his mate’s hand. “We made each other whole. We healed wounds that no one else could heal, ones we did not even know about.”

He reaches out and cups his Omega’s cheek, stroking softly.

“We owe each other our lives,” the Augment says quietly, their eyes closed.

“We own each other our lives,” his mate echoes softly.

Amaya comes out with their food, but Winona waves her away vehemently, trying to give the couple a moment. The waitress instantly darts back into the kitchen, peaking out just enough to know when to serve their food. Tears are running down the blonde’s face, pulling out a tissue to dab at her eyes. She hands the couple some tissues as well, allowing the to wipe away their tears.
“You’ve had a hard life,” Winona says softly. “Harder than anyone should have.”

“Twice,” Kirk adds.

His mother nods solemnly, turning to Khan.

“You said you’ve saved each other,” she says. “What did you mean?”

The Augment’s eyes flick to his mate, hesitating.

“My story, is something that should remain between James and I,” he says. “It is for your safety, and ours.”

Winona nods again, waving Amaya over. The waitress comes back over with their food and drinks, giving Winona and Khan theirs.

“Your food will be out shortly,” she says, tucking her tray under her arm.

Kirk nods his thanks, taking a sip of his water.

“So, what exactly is the Asia special?” Khan asks, curious.

“The owner is actually from our reality, and my former roommate at the Academy,” the Captain explains. “She is the Pure Beta whose bloodline is within a few generations of mine, which is why she roomed with me. The Asia special is a little in-joke between the two of us when the power went out in our dorm for almost two-and-a-half weeks.”

“It fucking sucked because the only ways to get out of the building need power to open,” a rather short Oriental lady says, coming up behind Kirk with a blue and white china bowl. “We got trapped inside with no power, and the damn replicators went offline. But somehow, our neighbors had won a year’s supply of ramen, and the kitchen had the ingredients to make homemade ‘instant mi goreng,’ enough to feed the seventeen of us who got trapped inside.”

“It was during winter vacation, so everyone went home to see their families,” Kirk explains. “Except seventeen of us who didn’t have a place to go home to or didn’t want to go.”

“I’m the only one who knew how to actually cook, so it was my duty to keep everyone from starving,” the woman says, her short black hair in a pixie cut, the ends dyes bright blue. “And dumbass here picked up how to cook rather quickly, even though he could burn water.”

“At least I knew which end was the business end of a knife, Amanda,” the blond shoots back, a grin on his face.

Amanda claps him on the shoulder, grinning.

“That you did,” she grins.

She finally sees Khan and does a double take, before grinning wickedly.

“Oh, please tell me he is single,” she purrs.

“Father of my unborn child,” Kirk growls.

The Oriental throws her hands up in the air, groaning.

“All the good ones are either married, gay, or fucking Omegas,” she groans. “Do you have any
idea how hard it is to find a hot piece of ass that doesn’t have some sort of emotional baggage or need a fucking instruction booklet? I can’t remember the last time I had a scream-yourself-hoarse fu-“

“I am going to stop you right there,” the blond says, holding up his hand. “And tell you that you should stop sleeping with random strangers and try to have a meaningful relationship with someone.”

Amanda clicks her tongue in annoyance, glaring.

“You Omegas are all the same,” she growls. “Sticks in the mud. I mean, c’mon! Live a little! Have sex with random strangers. Get drunk. Hell, get drunk and have sex with two random strangers!”

“One, I have a mate,” Kirk growls. “Two, I’m pregnant. Three, I have no alcohol tolerance. Four, my mother is here. Five, I’m starship Captain. Six, I’m the former Empress of Earth. Seven-”

“God, there’s more?” Amanda groans, running a hand down her face.

“At least thirty,” the blond replies, glaring. “And if you keep up this reckless behavior, you are going to wind up in a bathtub full of ice with your organs missing.”

“Isn’t that what happened to Jake?” The Oriental asks, eyes wide.

“It is,” Kirk replies. “Tell you what, I know a few Betas in the market looking for a relationship. I’ll give them a call and set you two up on a date. One condition, you do not sleep with them on the first date.”

Amanda groans and shakes her head, walking away. The Omega watches her with concern, turning back to his food.

“Why do you care about her?” Winona asks. “She is clearly in a self destruct cycle. Why help her?”

“Because I am the one who could have stopped it,” Kirk says quietly. “A year ago, when Vulcan was destroyed, her mate, Jacob Olsen, the Enterprise’s Chief Engineer at the time, died while trying to save it. I tried to save him, but I couldn’t stop him in time. I blame myself for his death, but it was his own stupidity and recklessness that killed him. It still feels as if it was my fault.”

Khan takes his hand, squeezing.

“Olson wasn’t the Chief Engineer in our reality, so he lived,” the Captain continues. “But he had higher aspirations, so he became Chief Engineer of the Enterprise. And he died.”

“You were not Captain at the time,” his mate says softly. “His death is not on you.”

“I know,” the blond sighs. “Still feels like it.”

“You never answered my question,” Winona says. “About how you knew our waitress found John’s voice attractive.”

Kirk smiles softly, a light blush on his cheeks.

“As a Pure Omega, I am a telepath,” he says softly. “And because my bloodline is the purest, I am the most powerful telepath of any member of a telepathic species. My passive ability is reading the foremost thought of every mind with in a thousand miles of me, and that is unfocused. With it
focused, I can read the foremost thought of a single mind at the distance of a parsec. I have many other abilities, some that I don’t even know about. But that is my main one, my primary ability.”

Winona stares at him, eyes blown wide.

“I know this is a lot to take in,” the Omega says softly, reaching out to take his mother’s hand. “But I feel as if I need to let my mother know, even though she is not my mother genetically.”

Winona reaches across the table and lightly slaps him, growling. “As far as I am concerned, I force your bowling ball sized body out of my very tiny vagina,” she growls. “I carried you inside me, I gave birth to you. You may have thirty-seven more chromosomes than me, but you have half my DNA in the last twenty-three. You are my son. So don’t ever tell me you are not.”

Kirk blinks, then smiles, nodding. Tears roll down his cheeks, standing to hug his mother. Winona hugs back, smiling. They part and the blonde motions for Khan to hug her, the Augment complying.

“Welcome to the family,” she says softly.

Kirk waves goodbye to his mother, his finger interlaced with Khan’s. The dark haired male smiles down at his mate, tugging on their joined hands to encourage him to move.

“Alright, I get it,” the blond laughs, wrapping his arms around the Alpha/Beta’s.

The couple heads back to the Captain’s apartment, detouring to head to a pet shop. It is almost 0800 hours, so the streets are beginning to fill. The thoughts of those awake float through Kirk’s mind, but with nearly sixty years of living, he’s pretty good at filtering out the thoughts. Khan smiles down at the blond, their bond communicating his complete agreement with that statement. He presses a soft kiss to his temple, chuckling at how his mate hums with pleasure.

Such simple actions of affection have a greater effect on Kirk than most people, having long been starved of what one would call “normal” physical contact. The Augment can feel his Omega’s lingering pain from dragging up his past, knowing how painful it is to talk about it. He can see the memories flicker in his mate’s mind, hating the Alpha who did this to him with a fury that was on the edge of murderous. The Captain put on a front of having accepted and moved on, but Khan could see how damaged he really was. There were many nights in their reality where the Alpha/Beta had to wake up his mate from the clutches of the past, trapped so deep in them he could not move, could not utter a sound. If they were not bonded, Khan would never know that at least once a week his mate was forced to relive his past, but he was grateful that he was, able to help calm and soothe the Captain. Kirk would cling to him, knowing that his mate would never hurt him, never punish him for any reason, but he would still not utter a sound.

Khan experienced nightmares as well, but nowhere near as frequent as his mate. Because he needed less sleep, his mind would slip into a restful, but very light sleep, ready to act upon any danger he sensed. Since bonding, the Augment slipped in to deeper periods of slumber, experiencing dreams, a highly rare event that he almost never had the luxury of experiencing. He had been highly confused by the random events in his dreams the first few times, appearing to him as if his mind pulled pieces out of a hat and mashed them together. Kirk had explained that it was his body’s way of sorting out what happened to him when he was awake, as well as random neurons firing during REM sleep. He also told him that they shared dreams, and the next time, the Omega showed his
Alpha how real dreams could feel.

And after nearly seven years of bonding, Khan never wanted to lose the ability to dream.

But Kirk’s mind is elsewhere, recalling all the birthdays he has experienced, nearly sixty in all, but only seven with his mate. A thought pops into his head, one that makes the dark haired male flinch, but the blond asks anyway.

“When is your birthday?” He asks, looking up.

Khan looks away, the answer coming to his forethoughts against his will. Tears begin to fall down the Captain’s cheeks, pulling away from his mate to walk ahead of him. He suddenly bolts, startling the Alpha/Beta. He chases after his mate, barely keeping up with him. He swears when Kirk accelerates ahead, as Pure Omegas were born to do.

Alphas were born for strength.

Betas were born for intelligence.

Omegas were born for speed.

The purer the blood, the stronger the qualities became. Omegas had the unique ability of being telepathic, a genetic safe guard to protect their young from any threat. The older the bloodline, the stronger they were.

And Kirk’s bloodline is the purest.

Khan relies on his heightened sense of smell and their bond to locate his mate, following him back to the park. He slows down, following the tug of their bond to a large tree located near the place they had stopped before. On a strange impulse, he looks up into the branches, his Augmented vision allowing him to see the huddled mass of his Omega high up in the tree. He begins to climb, ignoring the strange looks from those in the park, reaching his mate quickly, and sits on the branch that is currently supporting the blond’s weight.

He isn’t actually sitting on the branch, Kirk is huddled against the trunk, trembling as tears roll down his face.

The Omega had found a niche in the core of the tree, still dry after the rain. A breeze begins to blow, slowly picking up. If Khan had to guess, on the Beaufort scale, it was between a Moderate breeze and a Fresh breeze, roughly 28.7km/h, or 17.9 mph. It is enough to cause moderate branches to move, rain beginning to fall. Khan is becoming soaked to the bone, Kirk still dry. The dark haired male just sits and waits, gazing at his mate with a sad tenderness.

“You should have told me,” Kirk says eventually, barely audible. “You should have told me.”

“I know,” the Alpha/Beta replies quietly.

He reaches out to touch the Captain, but the blond moves away from his touch, as much as the tree allows him to. Khan drops his hand, looking away.

The storm continues around them, those who are sane are taking shelter, while those who need to be somewhere brave the storm. The couple continues to sit in the tree, the storm between them far worse than what Mother Nature could dish out.

“I still owe you a tribble,” the Augment says quietly. “Would you like to go get one together?”
“No,” the Omega replies, uncurling. “I’ll get it myself. You just go home.”

Khan’s heart sinks when he realizes that his mate closed off his mind from his, unable to hear his thoughts or feel his emotions.

He has never felt more alone.

Chapter End Notes

This totally slipped my mind, but if you guys have questions, comments, concerns, and notice things that I screwed up on, leave a comment and I will answer it. If I do not answer all of your questions or I give vague answers, it is because; A-that would give something away, or B-... It’s just A. I tend to forget that my readers do not know what I know, so I am absolutely fine with someone leaving a comment to clear things up. With that said, check the comments before I update to see if your question is answered. There are no stupid questions, except "What's taking so long?" or "What happens next?" because I will completely ignore those. I am more than happy to answer your questions, as I do not want you guys confused.

Alright?

See you guys Wednesday!
Chapter IV

Chapter Notes

I promised you guys smut, I'm giving you fifteen pages of porn. This is graphic, but it is tender and loving. I kept having to splash water on my face while writing this, no lie. And trust me when I tell you it is worth the wait.

Also, I posted this in my last chapter, but if you guys are confused by anything, have a comment, a concern, or noticed something I royally screwed up on, leave a comment and I will help clear up the confusion. I some times forget I'm writing for someone else. I know this is a repeat, but I just want to make myself clear.

Also, this was my shortest handwritten chapter, and I had to split it in two because the porn took over.

Have fun reading!

Khan does not remember how he managed to make it back to the apartment at all, let alone without leaving a trail of destruction in his wake, but somehow, he does. He is numb as he sheds his sopping wet clothes, stepping into the shower he had been in less than two hours ago. He turns the water as hot as it can go, trying to feel something.

All it does is raise bright red welts on his pale skin.

He closes his eyes, tipping his face into the spray.

He cannot feel anything, physically, emotionally, in any way, shape, or form.

He finishes his shower and dries himself off, heading back into the bedroom. The Alpha/Beta picks up his wet clothes from the floor, tossing them into the recycler that would clean them, dry them, and then place his clothes in their intended receptacles. The dark haired male changes into dry clothes, almost identical to the ones he had on. He crawls onto the bed, the one they made before they left, and curls up on the comforter, his knees tucked up against his chest. The Augment stares out the window, the storm still raging outside.

He hears the apartment door slide open, but he does not move from the bed. With his Augmented hearing, the dark haired male can pick up the sounds of not one, but two tribbles purring in their cage. The Brit can hear his mate moving about the apartment, but he does not move from their bed. It is not until Kirk is pressed up against him, cocooning him in the way he had done to his Omega in the early hours of the morning, that Khan finally acknowledges the blond.

He tries to rise, but the opening of their bond floods him with images, dropping back onto the bed. He finally feels something when tears stream down his face, realizing that these are not just images, but the rare occurrence of absolute precognition. Khan knows that his mate can see all possible outcomes of his future, just as any Omega can when they focus, precognition, but with all Omega abilities, the purer the bloodline, the clearer the visions are. Absolute precognition, as Kirk had explained, is a safe guard in all Omegas when there is only one possibility of their future. It “kicks in” when an Omega’s future has a catastrophic event that will occur, allowing them to
change and prevent the event from happening. Kirk had said that it when an Omega, even part Omegas, have an absolute precognition, the clarity of the vision puts even his precognition visions to shame. Absolute precognition is an ability that scares every Omega, the thought of having only one possible future, containing a catastrophic event, is something that no Omega wants to experience.

This, would have been catastrophic.

Khan turns around to face his mate, tears also streaming down the blond’s face. They suddenly begin to giggle, bursting out laughing. They cling to each other, laughing uncontrollably.

When they finally stop laughing, they are gasping for breath, holding onto each other.

“We’ve barely been awake for two hours,” Kirk gasps. “And our day is already shit.”

The Augment smiles, wiping away the blond’s tears with his thumbs.

“It certainly is,” he says, his Augmented genes allowing them to catch their breath quickly.

He cups the Captain’s face, stroking his cheek. Kirk nuzzles his palm, kissing his skin. The Alpha/Beta pulls his mate close, holding him tight. He places a hand on the small of his back, his other hand tangling in his golden blond hair, cradling him in his embrace. Kirk cuddles closer to his Alpha, feeling his heart, the organ responsible for keeping him here, beat steady beneath his ribs.

“I love you,” Khan says softly, stroking his skin.

“I love you too,” Kirk murmurs back.

They just hold onto each other, not wanting to let go.

“Is it okay if we, just not move?” The blond asks, his eyes closing.

The Augment kisses his Omega’s forehead, continuing to hold him.

“That is perfectly acceptable,” he murmurs. “I would like nothing better.”

Kirk looks up from his mission assignment when Khan enters the apartment, groceries in hand. He smiles when his mate begins to put them away, under a strict mental order to not move.

“How are you feeling?” The dark haired male asks, his arctic blue eyes carefully observing the Captain’s appearance.

“You don’t have to do this,” the blond says softly. “You don’t have to cook and clean and, and, hover. I’m fine. Honestly.”

“I enjoy taking care of you,” he replies, smiling. “And you are not fine. You are growing a human being inside you, and you have to urinate alarmingly frequent.”

“I’m twelve weeks, four days pregnant,” Kirk says. “What do you expect?”

“For you to take your supplements,” the Alpha/Beta says, pulling out a pill bottle. “Leonard told me to tell you-”

“I know what Bones said,” the Omega growls softly.
“He told me to tell you anyways,” Khan replies. “And I quote, ‘If you don’t take your goddamn supplements, I will drag your corn fed ass down to the hospital, strap you down to a goddamn bed and force feed you.’”

“Nice imitation,” Kirk smirks.

The Augment smiles softly, continuing to put the groceries away. Kirk stands and walks over to his mate, tugging on his wrist. The dark haired male turns and captures the blond’s lips in a tender kiss, the food momentarily forgotten. The Captain locks his wrists behind his Alpha’s neck, smiling into the kiss. Khan smiles as well, taking his Omega’s hips in his hands.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” Kirk murmurs against his mate’s lips.

“You remembered,” the dark haired male breathes, kissing him. “I cannot believe you did.”

He hoists the blond onto the counter, ravishing his mouth. The Captain tangles one hand into his Alpha’s hair, the other gripping his bicep. The Augment’s hands are placed on the small of his back and on the counter, keeping his mate steady as rocks his hips against the Omega’s in a smooth motion, a low rumble in his throat. The kisses turn sloppy as a deep-seated hunger makes itself known, both males breathing harshly.

“Bed, now,” Kirk gasps, his fingers curling into his mate’s skin.

Khan gives a low growl of approval, hoisting his mate onto his hips as he easily carries him to their bedroom, lips still glued together. He drops the blond onto the bed, following him as he scoots backwards, crawling very much like the predator he was born to be. Kirk shivers at the sheer need in his mate’s eyes, finding himself pinned to the bed as his Alpha continues his assault on his lips. The Augment slips a knee between his Omega’s legs, pushing upward as the Captain rocks down on it, whimpering at the contact. The blond grips his mate tightly as he continues to plunder his mouth, helplessly submitting to his dominating Alpha. Khan growls with approval, the more primal side of him highly pleased at the submission of his Omega. His hands roam over the Captain’s clothed body, helplessly submitting to his dominating Alpha. Khan growls with approval, the more primal side of him highly pleased at the submission of his Omega. His hands roam over the Captain’s clothed body, snarling at the lack of skin contact. He proceeds to tear off every stich of clothing on his mate’s body, his eyes raking hungrily over his naked form with approval.

Kirk looks away, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as embarrassment colors his cheeks. He tries to hide his face with his arm, but the Alpha/Beta pulls it away, claiming his lips once again. The kiss is brief as Khan pulls away to tear off his own clothing, not caring that it is now ruined. He claims the blond’s lips once again, lightly nipping a path to his ear to growl filthy things into it. Kirk whimpered at the promises of the things his Alpha will do with his body, rocking against the knee Khan slipped back between his legs. The dark haired male moves down his mate’s body, leaving bright red splotches on his skin from his nipping and sucking, fingers caressing his skin. He pauses at the base of his neck, sucking a dark mark of claim on the side opposite his bite. The Omega is whimpering, slowly squirming under his mate’s ministrations. The Augment slips a path down to his chest, claiming one of his mate’s nipples. He bites lightly, rolling it between his teeth before wrapping his lips around, sucking hard. Kirk cries out, writhing under his Alpha. Khan knew that his nipples were sensitive, deciding to toy with him a little. The blond raises his hands to grip his hair, but the Alpha/Beta pulls away and pins his hands to the mattress, growling.

“Keep them there,” he rumbles.

The Omega nods, tightening his fingers into the sheet. The Augment resumes to play with his nipples, his hand toying with the one his mouth is not on. Kirk writhes under his mate’s mouth, gasping for air. He cries out as his Alpha sharply tugs on the one in his mouth with his teeth, his back arching off the bed. Khan pushes him back down, growling in disapproval. The blond
whimpers, tears threatening to spill as his body trembles, his fingers gripping the sheets almost
tight enough to cause them to rip. The dark haired male gives his nipple one last satisfactory lick
before moving to the other one, repeating his actions exactly. The Captain throws his head back,
gasping for air. The Alpha/Beta finally lets his nipple go, continuing his path of nips down his
body. His nips turn to soft kisses as he reaches his abdomen, his touches tender on his mate’s skin.
The dark haired male presses a ring of tender kisses around his navel before licking into it, his
Omega writhing under his touches.

Khan smirks and continues his path down his mate’s body, avoiding his groin to nip at the skin of
his inner thighs. Kirk jerks under the bite, his chest heaving as he gasps for air. His knuckles are
bone white as his Alpha nips up his inner thighs to lick at the crease of his groin. He repeats the
action on his other thigh, smirking against his skin as he licks. He pins his Omega’s hips down his
hands, proceeding to swallow his mate all the way down to the root. The blond screams, thrashing
as his Alpha’s throat muscles contract around his sensitive flesh. Khan smirks and bobs his head up
and down, hollowing his cheeks as he grazes his teeth on the sensitive underside. Kirk is panting
now, head thrown back as he salivates, trembling almost violently. The Augment releases his
mate’s hardened flesh, giving the spongy head one last lick before moving on to his real
destination.

He rises to his knees to snatch a pillow from the head of the bed, shoving it under his mate’s hips.
Kirk whimpers loudly, knowing exactly what is coming next. The Alpha/Beta smirks again, gently
licking his testes before taking one in his mouth and sucking on the wrinkled flesh. The Captain
desperately wants to grab his Alpha’s hair, but keeps his hands where they are, his body shaking.
The dark haired male hoists his Omega’s knees over his shoulders, moving onto the other testis,
releasing that one as well once he is done. He licks his mate from tailbone to the base of his
scrotum, enjoying the increase in his trembling. He does not give his mate any preparation,
plunging his tongue inside him without warning. Kirk screams, his back arching off the bed as his
mate does things with his tongue and mouth that should be illegal planet-wide. His toes curl in
pleasure, cries spilling from his throat as he continues to salivate, his body quaking.

He can feel it. He can feel it building beneath his skin, starting from deep inside him. The pleasure
rises ever higher as his mate continues between his legs, his cries growing louder.

He suddenly stills, throwing back his head and screaming as the pressure snaps inside him, his
back arching high off the bed. His fingers tear into the sheets when he collapses onto the bed,
thrashing as his mate continues to drive him ever higher. He didn’t know it was even possible, but
his Alpha drives him into a second orgasm, screaming even louder.

When his mate finally pulls away, Kirk is a gasping, quivering mess, sucking in air with each harsh
gasp as his chest threatens to burst. He is covered in his own release, his fingers falling lax as his
head swims, barely able to remember his own name. He can vaguely feel his legs being slowly
lowered to the bed, someone moving beside him. Soft kisses are pressed against his cheek, softly
murmured words of praise breathed in his ear, as well as a promise that has the Omega shivering,
and it was definitely not caused by his two orgasms.

If you think I am done with you, you are sorely mistaken.

Khan watches his mate slowly come back to reality, careful of his oversensitive skin. He murmurs
softly in his ear, both in Hindi and in English, praising him for his beauty. Kirk finally turns his
head toward his Alpha, his gaze hazy and unfocused. He is still breathing harshly, though not as
much as before, and his trembling is less intense. He swallows, unable to form words. The
Augment can hear his mate’s scattered thoughts, gently kissing his lips.
“Rest, my love,” he murmurs. “Only when you have recovered shall we go again.”

The Captain does not even acknowledge the promise, falling into blissful unconsciousness as soon as the words are uttered. Since Kirk is not truly asleep, Khan can indulge himself in the opportunity he has not been able to experience since their bonding. He watches his mate’s body go lax, his expression changing from exhausted to peaceful, oblivious to the world around him. The dark haired male props his head on his hand, elbow digging into the mattress, watching his Omega with a tenderness rarely seen. His breathing evens out, too exhausted to even sleep. Khan could not remember when, if ever, Kirk had looked this young in the seven years they had been bonded, looking as if he were his twenty-six years, not the older, world weary man with the weight of the universe on his shoulders.

He had never seen his mate look so innocent, almost childlike innocent. All the hardships he had face in his nearly sixty years of existing were gone, revealing a peacefulness that had the Alpha/Beta’s heart fluttering, determined to let his mate experience that peacefulness while awake. Kirk’s mind is completely blank, revealing just how exhausted he truly was. Khan could not think of a time when his Omega’s mind was empty, not even when he is barely awake.

The blond’s lips are swollen, his skin still red from his Alpha’s nips. His trembling had finally ceased, his body so still that the Augment was almost afraid that his heart stopped beating, but the steady rise and fall of his chest eased the irrational fear away.

He is unconscious for awhile before Kirk finally comes around, slowly dragging his eyes open. He licks his lips slowly, blinking as if it was a struggle.

“You, you didn’t fall asleep?” He asks quietly, his voice having a slight rasp to it.

“You were not truly asleep,” Khan replies, kissing his Omega tenderly.

The blond lets out a low hum, gently touching his mate. He is still exhausted, but his strength is slowly returning little by little bit. The Augment gently nuzzles his mate’s skin, pressing tender kisses to his warm flesh. The Captain continues to hum, pleased by the attention he is receiving.

“This time, I will be gentle,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs against his Omega’s skin, kissing softly.

Kirk lets out an approving hum, gently threading his fingers into his Alpha’s jet black hair. He lightly tugs him up for a kiss, the Augment’s hair in complete disarray. When his hair is slicked back, it always looked hard and unforgiving to the blond, but only he has the luxury of feeling just how soft and silky the former ruler of Earth’s hair truly is. He lightly scratches the Alpha/Beta’s scalp, the kiss turning harder as the dark haired male becomes more aroused. Khan cups the Captain’s cheek, gently nudging his thighs apart with his knees to settle between them. The kiss is slow and tender, but that does not mean it was not intimate. Tongues, lips, and teeth are expertly used, knowing what the other wants, knowing what they need.

Kirk’s hands gently roam and stroke his Alpha’s broad shoulders and back, feeling the muscles ripple beneath his palms. Khan’s hands brush his mate’s sides, sliding down his the sides of his ribs, stroking his waist, before continuing down his thighs to his knees. The dark haired male gently hooks a hand under his knee, resting it over his hip. The Captain does one further and wraps his long legs around his Alpha’s waist, locking his ankles behind his back. The Augment gently rocks against his mate, a slow, sinuous motion that no male should be capable of doing. He rolls his hips gently, his touch tender. The couple pulls away briefly to catch their breath, color on their cheeks.

Khan claims his Omega’s lips again, his hips never pausing. Kirk moves with him, continuing at a
leisurely pace. The dark haired male slowly trails his lips down his mate’s neck, his kisses still tender. He pauses over his pulse point, counting the beats with his tongue before continuing on his way down. The Captain reluctantly releases his Alpha, watching his mate press kisses over every place he nipped, soothing the reddened skin with his tongue. This time though, he takes advantage of his free hands, threading his fingers through his mate’s hair, lightly toying with the loose strands. The Augment bypasses his groin, kissing his inner thighs as he continues to trail his way down.

The Alpha/Beta kisses his Omega’s knee, moving down his shin to lift his foot up, kissing his instep. He moves to the other foot, repeating his actions, only in reverse. He peppers kisses over his hips, stroking the skin of his waist with his thumbs. Kirk hums with approval as Khan peppers those same tender kisses up and down his penis, erect, but not really aroused. The Augment crawls up his mate’s body, placing one last kiss on his nose before kissing his lips again. The dark haired male pulls away, arctic meeting glacial, asking a silent question. The blond tangles his fingers in his Alpha’s hair, pulling him down for a kiss, as well as answering his question. The Alpha/Beta’s lips linger before pulling away, reaching for the drawer in the bedside table, opening it to extract its contents.

The lubrication is medical grade, engineered to replicate the natural lubrication of Omegas during Heat. It was common knowledge that an Omega’s anatomy changed to accommodate the massive size of Alphas during Heat, allowing the pair to couple without fear of injury while in a mating frenzy, almost violently so. Outside of Heat though, Alphas remained the same size while an Omega’s anatomy reverted back to the anatomy of Betas, an Omega male’s internal vagina closing, an Omega female’s vagina shrinking. Sex injuries occurred far more often outside of Heats in couples than during, something no couple ever wanted to happen.

Kirk bends his knees, his feet flat on the bed as he spreads his thighs, resting his cheek against the pillow as he closes his eyes, trusting his Alpha explicitly. Khan flicks the cap open, squeezing the lube on his finger before closing the bottle, slipping his finger to between his mate’s legs. He gently circles the rim, still open slightly from his early ministrations, before gently pushing in. The blond relaxes his muscles as the pressure builds, sighing in relief as his body gives in to the intrusion. The Augment gently moves his finger in and out of his mate, feeling him slowly loosen under his touch. The hard walls slowly yield, becoming spongy against his finger. He lightly tugs on his mate’s walls, spreading him further. The dark haired male pulls his finger out to spread more lube onto the digit, this time, he applies it to two. The bottle goes back on the bed as he slips his fingers to between his Omega’s legs, slowly pushing in. Kirk’s eyes squeeze slightly tighter as the pressure builds, more so than before, but his body yields, the fingers sliding home.

The blond gently rocks against the hand, his hips moving on their own accord. The Alpha/Beta lowers his mouth to his mate’s stomach, kissing lightly below his navel as he continues to move his fingers in and out, scissoring on every other thrust. His fingers curl slightly, searching for the small bump inside him. Kirk jerks and whimpers softly when he brushes it, his toes curling slightly. Khan murmurs softly against his mate’s skin, brushing his vestigial prostate once more. He earns the same reaction, only the whimper is louder this time, his hips slowly writhing against his hand.

“One more?” The Augment asks softly, lifting his head.

Kirk pauses before shaking his head, letting it fall back onto the pillow. Khan pulls his hand out and squirts enough lube into his palm to coat himself completely, placing the bottle on the table when his task is complete. He sits on his heels, pulling his mate into his lap, who instinctively wraps his legs around his Alpha’s waist, arms around his neck. He locks his appendages, his cheek against his mate’s. The Alpha/Beta holds his hips in his hands, slowly lowering his Omega onto
him. Kirk slowly lets out the breath he was holding as he is lowered down, feeling his mate slide deep within him, letting out a whimper when there is no more left to slip inside. Khan lets out a soft growl, also wishing there was more. He shifts his hands to get a better grip on his Omega, waiting for the blond’s permission to move.

Kirk’s breathing is heavy, feeling so full he might burst. He tightens his grip marginally, trying to get his body to relax. Even as an Alpha/Beta chimera, Khan was large, on par with the size of Pure Alphas. The Omega only knew that from reading an anatomy textbook, a class recommended to him by Pike to fill in the gaps of his knowledge. His body adjusts to the intrusion slower than he would like, but finally, he is open enough to allow his mate to move freely. He nods softly against his mate’s cheek, his breath hitching with every upward roll of his Alpha’s hips. The pace is glacial, the Augment taking his time, keeping his promise of being gentle. The Captain does not even try to move with Khan, knowing that he is fully using their bond to please him. The dark haired male does not mind that his Omega is just along for the ride, both knowing full well that the more experienced of the two can move them into the right positions to heighten the pleasure of their coupling.

The Omega tightens his legs around his Alpha’s waist, wrapping his arms completely around his neck. His breathing is heavy, highly aroused as he is rocked into. Khan is also breathing heavy, tightening his grip on his mate hard enough to leave bruises. Kirk pulls away just enough so he can seal their lips together, keeping his grip tight. They rest their foreheads together, their scent filling the space between them. The blond’s back arches as he lets out a soft gasp, his mate hitting a spot inside him that he did not even know he had. The Augment nibbles on the skin of his collarbone, the pace still glacial. Khan rocks harder into his Omega, but keeps the same pace, wanting to draw this moment out as long as possible. Soft moans spill from the Captain’s lips, moving his head back to its original position, completely in agreement.

The Alpha/Beta keeps his grip on his mate, even though their skin is becoming slick with sweat. Kirk’s fingers slip a little, but he manages to hang on, sliding a hand into his mate’s hair. They do not know how long they have been going, nor at the moment, do they care. They plan to draw this moment out as long as possible, relishing in the lack of urgency their normal couplings had demanded from them since entering this reality. The blond is thankful for his mate’s stamina, able to keep going long after a non-Augmented Alpha would quit. The Captain’s head falls back, softly gasping as his Alpha stimulates spots that he would not be able to reach if he were in control, his mate murmuring against his skin. Khan shifts his Omega’s hips slightly, earning a genuine cry as he brushes past his prostate, his mate clinging to him as he begins to tremble. Kirk digs his nails into the Augment’s skin, breathing harshly in his ear.

His third orgasm was looming over him, slowly building from even deeper inside him. The Alpha/Beta can feel his mate’s walls beginning to spasm around him, deeper than any of their pervious couplings. He could feel his Omega’s orgasm building, his insides clenching and relaxing rapidly. The blond is salivating, his gasps loud and harsh in his Alpha’s ear as he feels both their orgasms building, knowing that this was going to be earth shattering. Khan’s breathing becomes harsh, his pace hitching randomly as their pleasure climbs ever higher. Kirk pulls away and seals their mouths together, their kisses frantic. The Captain grips his mate’s hair tightly as they teeter on the edge, sealing their mouths harder against each other, the pleasure borderline on painful.

It was that one moment, that one single moment where they could feel the pleasure grip them tightly, just before all Hell breaks loose, when they feel themselves become one, and then they are heaved over the edge, shaking and shuddering, swallowing each other’s screams as they try to fuse themselves together. They grip each other tightly, hard enough to leave dark purple bruises, clinging and clawing as they rock, the force of their orgasms enough to have them nearly fall unconscious, by themselves. Their bond is allowing them to feel each other’s orgasm, their heads
reeling as wave after wave of pleasure rocks their already shaking frames, keeping their mouths sealed tightly together because they know that not even the soundproofing in the walls would be able keep their screams from being heard from the whole damn floor.

It seemed to go on forever, each wave more intense than the last, before finally, it slowly fades to nothing, the couple collapsing onto the bed. They are still shuddering, Kirk lying on top of his mate as they struggle to catch their breath, not even Khan’s Augmented genes helping them recover faster. They are drenched in so much sweat that it is if they had taken a shower, though they know that they will reek when it dries. They are still linked together, both too tired to even attempt to move, gulping air as if it was the last thing they could do. They swallow hard, their bodies still shaking as their heads spin wildly, neither knowing their names at the moment. It hurt to breathe, all the energy drained from them as they struggle to stay conscious, focusing on inhaling, then exhaling. The couples’ breathing is harsh and ragged, gasping as they slowly come down from their high, their minds slowly clearing the smear of endorphins that their orgasms left behind.

When Khan finally has enough energy to move, his slowly wraps a trembling hand around his mate’s waist, his grip weak even with his Augmented recovery time. That small movement leaves him drained, gulping air as if it was his lifeline. It could have been minutes, it could have been hours for all they know, before finally, Kirk could raise himself up to look upon his mate’s face, a shaky smile on his lips. The Alpha/Beta smiles back, a look of realization crossing their faces at the same time.

“You owe me a new set of sheets,” the blond growls, his voice quivering just as bad as his arms were.

He collapses onto the bed, still breathing harshly as he digs his fingers into his mate’s skin.

“Fuck,” he moans. “How did you even manage to create that much?”

“Augmented,” is Khan’s smug reply, but his voice is shaking so much it ruins the effect. “On second thought, I don’t even fucking know anymore.”

Kirk smiles when he hears the Augment use a contraction and a curse, knowing full well that his prim and proper British mate only did that when he was exhausted, or when they were in some seriously deep shit. He has heard the Alpha/Beta slip into Hindi when he was pushed past the point of using contractions and swears, but that was rarely. His mate only spoke his native tongue when he is roughly a minute from passing out on his feet due to exhaustion, other times, he slipped into it out of habit. Speaking English however, he never used contractions or swears, except when he was exhausted, or he was experiencing rather strong emotions, mostly frustration and fury.

Khan may be scary when he was angry, but Kirk was down right terrifying.

Most people reacted by screaming or acts of violence when they were angry, but the Captain became calmer and quieter. He began to speak formally, and the more pissed he was, the calmer he became, as well as quieter. It sent shivers down his mate’s spine when he saw his Omega pissed during their five year mission, the hairs standing on the back of his neck. Calm before the storm didn’t even begin to cover what happened when Kirk was livid, but he never lashed out, which only heightened the terror because you were waiting for the levees to give and all Hell break loose. The blond was always startled when his Alpha lost his temper, but he knew that his mate wanted to flee in terror when he was pissed, rooted to the spot.

He chuckles quietly, Khan wrapping his arms around his mate.
“What’s so funny, gorgeous?” He murmurs in his ear.

“You’re using contractions and swears,” he replies, snuggling closer to his Alpha.

The Augment gently pushes Kirk up so he can see his face, looking as wrecked as he felt. The smile on his face is soft, his scent soothing.

“Only you have the ability to make me do that, love,” he says softly, pulling his mate back down.

He holds his Omega to his chest, burying his nose in his golden blond hair. The Captain pillows his cheek against the dark haired male’s chest, his fingers curling into his sweat-slicked flesh. Their hearts are finally beginning to calm, their breathing returning to what they would call “normal,” though it is still heavy. The tremors have diminished to the occasional shiver, their skin still quite warm to the touch. The couple remains linked, still too tired to deal with the mess that would occur when they separated.

“You’re cleaning up the mess,” Kirk murmurs against his skin. “And I’m still pissed that you’re gonna ruin my favorite sheets.”

Khan chuckles, a low rumble in his chest.

“But who’s the one who tore holes in their favorite sheets?” He asks in return, a smile tugging on his lips.

“You’re the one who caused me to do it,” the blond replies. “And seriously, where the hell did you learn to do that with your tongue?”

“An Orion taught me before I met you in our reality,” the Augment replies honestly. “Well, two of them. They were rather skilled in the art of sex, though they could barely keep up with me.”

Kirk lets out a huff of laughter, closing his eyes.

“It is a little sad though,” he says quietly.

“What is?” The Alpha/Beta asks, running his hands up and down his mate’s back.

“That I came three times and you only once,” he replies.

“Believe me when I tell you that my one is all I need,” Khan laughs, his rumble of approval causing Kirk to shiver as it vibrates in his core.

The Omega lifts his head to rest his chin on his hands, gazing past his mate’s head. They are almost back to normal, but neither wants to move from their positions.

“As fun as that was though,” the Captain says quietly, lifting himself just enough to rest on his crossed forearms. “I don’t think I could handle that more than every two months or so. I mean, we’ve had great sex before, mind blowing, even earth shatteringly good, but that was…”

He shakes his head, unable to describe the events that just occurred.

“There is something I need to tell you,” Khan says, looking into his mate’s face. “I was trying for four.”

Kirk stares at his Alpha’s face with wide eyes before bursting into a fit of giggles, his mate grinning in response, his eyes shinning with amusement.
“You’re an evil, evil man,” the Omega giggles, a few tears leaking down his cheeks. “But that is why I love you.”

He leans down and presses his lips to the dark haired male’s, the kiss soft and sweet.

“Maybe next time,” he murmurs against his Alpha’s lips, pulling away.

“Is that a promise?” The Alpha/Beta asks almost eagerly.

Kirk shakes his head, amused.

“Do we have to kiss on it?” The blond asks, half joking.

The Augment reaches up and threads his fingers into his Omega’s golden blond hair, tugging him down lightly.

“Yes,” he breathes.

Kirk lets his mate pull him down, sealing the deal with a kiss. A simple press of lips turns into something hotter, both pulling away, breathless.

“I don’t know about you, but I think I’m going to be satisfied for the next week,” the Captain says, smiling.

“More than likely, two weeks,” the dark haired male replies.

“So, three days?” Kirk asks with a lewd grin.

“You have no idea,” Khan rumbles, pulling his mate down for another heated kiss.

The Augment wraps his arms around the blond’s waist and the Omega takes his face in his hands, lips working hungrily against each other.

“Or three minutes,” the Captain pants, their breathing heavy.

“I am good with that,” the Alpha/Beta replies, rolling them over.

The couple clings to each other, their kisses heated and hungry. They move in perfect harmony, stroking, twisting, gripping, gasping, panting, pleading, begging, swearing, moaning, knowing what the other needed. Just as with every coupling, they could feel what the other felt, being inside the other, the other inside them.

Kirk is on his back, his head turned to the side as his Alpha mouths at the sensitive skin below his ear. His heavy panting hitches with every deep thrust, his hips lifting in rhythm to allow Khan to go deeper. The Augment’s hands are above his Omega’s shoulders, keeping him from sliding off the bed with each hard thrust, his pelvis meeting his mate’s every time. The blond’s fingernails dig into the dark haired male’s biceps, creating half moon impressions, almost breaking skin. His feet are flat on the bed, allowing him to have the leverage he needs to keep in time with his Alpha, who is going at a slow enough pace for him to keep up. The Alpha/Beta pulls his mouth away, the Omega turning his head so they can rest their foreheads together, their lips centimeters away.

The couple opens their eyes to look into each other’s, but Kirk closes his quickly, turning his head away as his cheeks flush darker. Khan nuzzles his reddened cheek with the tip of his nose affectionately, kissing softly. He loves the fact that his mate can be embarrassed despite all they have done in seven years, Hell, what they’ve done today, as if it were his first time all over again.
He trails soft kisses over the cheekbone he can reach, a counterpoint to the incessant beat of his hips. With his mate’s head turned, the Alpha/Beta can focus his attention on one of his favorite erogenous zones, besides his nipples.

Khan gently tugs his Omega’s earlobe between his teeth, tracing the shell with the tip of his tongue. He licks the delicate skin behind his ear, tracing the whorl inside as his mate cries out and writhes beneath him. It is one of his favorites, god, there were so many, to play with because it was one of his more sensitive areas. The Augment had experimented with his mate’s erogenous zones when they were waiting for repairs to be finished, all in the name of science, and sexual boredom, finding that he could orgasm from only stimulating his ears, breathing on them caused him to shiver, every single time. It was something the Captain made him swear to secrecy, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t take full advantage of it.

He continues to stimulates his Omega’s ear, letting out a squeak when Kirk grabs a chunk of his hair and smashes their lips together. When he yanks Khan away, his hips falter when he sees the sheer want in his eyes, shivering slightly. The Augment lets out another squeak when he suddenly finds himself on his back, shivering again as his mate looms over him like the predator he is suppose to be. They are still linked, so the Captain continues to their coupling, lifting his hips to slam himself back down. He is on his knees, his thighs bracketing his Alpha’s, his hands on his chest. He continues to move, his breathing heavy as he lifts himself off and slams back down, his eyes closed. Khan shakily lifts his hands to help, but the Omega snarls, pinning his hands by his sides.

“Keep them there,” he growls.

Tables reversed, the dark haired male curls his fingers into the sheets, watching his mate continue to ride him. He bends his knees to give the blond some leverage, the Captain taking full advantage of it. Kirk places his hands on his knees, shifting to the balls of his feet to use his full body, giving his Alpha an excellent view. Khan swallows thickly as he watches himself slide in and out of his mate, entranced by the sight. He tears his gaze away when he hears his Omega whimper, shaking his head as tears fall down his cheeks. The dark haired male instantly tugs him down to his chest, rolling them back over to take control. He continues pace as before, maneuvering his mate back into the position they were in, kissing his tear streaked cheeks tenderly. He could feel his mate’s pleasure had diminished when he took control, as did his own, something that he knew ashamed him.

The Augment could feel that the blond had been extremely aroused when he stimulated his ear, desire sweeping through him, as well as hunger and the need for domination. When he had dominated him, the Omega had quickly realized that he didn’t know how to keep their pleasure going, scrabbling like a man drowning.

“Now is not the time or place,” he murmurs in his mate’s ear. “But I will show you how to dominate me, alright love?”

Kirk turns his face toward him, flush from embarrassment, his eyes damp, but he nods, knowing that his Alpha will keep his promise. He closes his eyes and submits himself to the Alpha/Beta, his head lolling to the side. Khan avoids his ear and nibbles on the skin of his jaw, keeping his hips moving. He continues to work them toward their orgasms, his hips keeping a steady, even beat, one that Kirk is damn sure he could use a metronome to time him.

But now is not the time, using his hips to help them along, turning his head so they can rest their foreheads together. Khan opens his eyes, watching the pleasure play across his mate’s face, his Adam’s apple bobbing with each hard swallow, his swollen lips parting to take in the desperate
oxygen he needs. The Augment thought his mate had been beautiful before, even breathtaking, but watching him in the grips of pleasure, watching him submit to his most basic desires, it was as if he was looking upon the face of the highest power in the whole fucking universe.

A shaky smirk finds its way across Kirk’s lips, before it is quickly wiped off by a new wave of pleasure as his Alpha stimulates a spot inside him, his hips never cease moving. Their orgasms slowly build, both knowing that they will not be as intense as before, both letting out a shaky exhale as it slowly washes over them, their minds whiting out in bliss. Khan milks out the pleasure for as long as he can, before finally, his hips cease, lowering himself onto his mate. It only takes a few minutes before they are recovered, the Augment lifting his upper body to smile down at his mate. The Captain smiles back, before horror crosses his face, hiding his burning flesh with his hands.

“That was bigger than the last one,” he moans, his ears turning bright red. “I’m going to need a fucking enema to get clean.”

“Sorry,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, kissing his cheek in apology.

Kirk pulls his hands away, glaring.

“Augmented, my ass,” he mutters. “You have to be a fucking sex machine to have a larger load for your second orgasm than your first did. Do you like making a mess of my ass or something?”

“As long as I am the only one allowed to do so,” Khan replies cheekily.

The Omega flushes, turning his head away. The dark haired male kisses his cheek softly, murmuring an apology.

“I can start wearing a condom if you do not like the mess that much,” he offers.

Kirk shakes his head, turning back to his Alpha.

“I, I don’t mind the mess,” he says quietly, his eyes staring at the ceiling just to the right of his mate’s head, his cheeks darkening. “Yeah, it’s a pain in the ass to clean up, but I, I like knowing that you have an, an internal mark of claim, one that only we know about.”

His glacial blue eyes flick to his Alpha’s arctic blue ones, his gaze soft. He looks away, but turns his head back, locking eyes. He wraps his arms around the dark haired male’s neck, locking his wrists. He takes a few steadying breaths, his eyes closed, before opening them and continuing.

“It makes me feel, it makes me feel as if I’m wanted, that someone wants me enough to mark me externally and internally,” he says softly. “To know that someone cares about me enough to want to, to…”

“Have sex with you,” Khan adds softly.

Kirk nods, swallowing.

“Have sex with me,” he repeats. “No, wrong term of phrase. To make love to me. With me. To care about my wants and needs and even put them ahead of their own. To desire to embrace me, hold me, never let me go. To care about me enough to spend hours exploring my body while I scream myself hoarse as they lick my ears.”

The Augment smiles softly, letting his mate continue.
“To know that they want to break me down to my atoms and build me back up with their fingerprints on every molecule of my being,” the blond says quietly. “To know that they will follow me to the ends of the universe and beyond. To know that they will do anything and everything to prove their love for me.”

Tears spill down his cheeks as he tugs his Alpha down, resting their foreheads together as his mate’s tears splash onto his cheeks.

“To know that they will say the two hardest things anyone can say to another person without hesitation to me, and mean it,” he whispers.

“I love you’ and ‘I am sorry,’” Khan murmurs, touching his Omega’s cheek.

Kirk nods, trembling.

“And I know I can say them back without any hesitation, and mean it,” he whispers.

The Augment lightly presses his lips to his mate’s, their tears mixing on the blond’s flushed cheeks.

“And I know that they care about me enough to leave a mess inside me and listen to me ramble because I’m upset that my sheets are going to be ruined when they pull out after six orgasms,” he finishes.

Khan chuckles, kissing the tip of the Captain’s nose.

“I would listen to you ramble any time,” he murmurs softly. “And I will buy you new sheets, alright love?”

Kirk smiles, flushing at the use of the pet name, but not from embarrassment.

“Since the sheets are already ruined,” he says quietly.

The Augment understands and pulls his mate into his lap as he sits up, resting on his heels.

“Oh god,” the Omega whispers, feeling his mate’s seed move down inside him.

He clings to his Alpha tightly, whimpering as it puts pressure on his already sensitive walls, the Alpha/Beta inhaling sharply as he feels the phantom pain inside him. Wanting to relieve his mate’s pain quickly, the dark haired male slowly lifts him up, stopping when only his head inside him.

“Yes?” He asks quietly.

Kirk gives a jerky nod, inhaling sharply as his Alpha completely pulls out, clinging tightly as it spills out of him. Khan inhales sharply when he realizes just how much there was, profusely apologizing in his mate’s ear. When Kirk is sure that there is no more inside him, he pulls away and looks down, eyes widening.

“Holy fuck, that came from you?” He asks incredulously.

“I am startled myself,” the Alpha/Beta replies, his gaze downward as well.

The next comment from his Omega has the Augment giggling uncontrollably, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Fuck, you know how to fill a guy up,” Kirk says without thinking.
He begins to giggle as well, pulling his mate into a tight hug. They pull away, the blond wiping away his Alpha’s tears with his thumbs, tracing his high cheekbones.

“Only you can,” Khan says softly, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles.

“Only I can,” Kirk murmurs in response, smiling back.

He leans in and brushes his lips over the dark haired male’s, lingering. He pulls away and slips out of his mate’s embrace, standing on the side of the bed. He extends his hand with a soft smile, the Augment taking it without hesitation, a smile on his lips as well. He stands and tugs his Omega to him, wrapping his arms around him as he kisses him again.

“Just promise me no round four in the shower, ‘kay?” Kirk asks, looking up into his Alpha’s eyes.

“Fuck no,” is Khan’s response, looking horrified at the idea.

“That’s what I thought,” the blond confirms.

Khan keeps his promise, though Kirk lingers in the shower to make sure that he is fully clean inside and out. Khan tosses the scraps of what were their clothes in the trash, pulling off the ruined sheets and the rest of the set that was with it. The Augment had to admit, he did like the sheets, a blue-gray in color that was a microfiber weave, and there were a lot of good memories in them. He has an idea, tearing off a small square about the size of his palm. He stores it in the bedside table, disposing the rest of them in the trash. He hears the incinerator kick in when it detects that the container is full, vaporizing the contents into ash. He moves back into the bedroom, dressing in clothes almost identical to the ones he had on, only the shirt is navy in color. A quick glance at the chrono shows that he does have enough time to cook dinner for the two of them, tugging his socks before heading back into the front half of the apartment, descending the three steps that led to the bedroom. He moves to the moderately sized kitchen, a feature Kirk chose for the fact that they both loved to cook.

As he begins to prepare their food, the Alpha/Beta stiffens when arms suddenly wrap around his waist, relaxing into his mate’s embrace once he realizes who it was.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” Kirk asks softly, pulling away.

Khan turns to look at his mate, smiling in approval of his appearance.

The blond is wearing a long sleeve white shirt under a short sleeve navy shirt, the exact same color as his mate’s, jeans, and the necklace the Augment gave him.

It is a sterling silver inch wide Celtic yin yang pendant, the one Khan had been hiding from Marcus for nine months until Kirk’s Heat closest to the ancient holiday of Christmas, leaving it on the pillow next to his slumbering mate before leaving. It was ironically when he gave his mate another present, one they would not receive for another sixty-seven weeks, three days.

He gently touches the pendant, his Omega’s hand coming up to brush against his. They lock eyes, smiles spreading across their lips at the meaning behind the simple piece of jewelry only they can understand.

“I did indeed,” the dark haired male replies softly, extending his arm.

Kirk steps into his embrace, tipping his head back to kiss his mate softly.
“I did too,” he murmurs back.

They rub noses affectionately, chuckling softly. The blond steps out of his embrace, but Khan holds him back.

“Can I hear it, one more time?” He asks softly.

Kirk smiles and opens the bond, allowing his Alpha to hear the tiny heart beat rapidly inside his womb. He allows him to feel their child growing cell by cell, feel their tiny neurons firing. The Augment sinks to his knees to kiss his mate’s flat abdomen, holding his hips in his hands. He murmurs softly in Hindi, words of praise that spill forth from his lips. The blond smiles and plays with his mate’s perfect hair, feeling his love and awe flood their bond. Khan lifts up his mate’s shirts to press a tender kiss to the skin below his navel, stroking his the top curves of his hips with his thumbs.

“I love you, James,” he breathes against his skin.

“I love you too, Noonien,” is the blond’s reply.

The expectant father kisses the mother of his unborn child’s belly again, murmuring softly.

“And I love you, little one,” he murmurs, hoping their child can hear him.

“I’m sure they can,” Kirk murmurs, smiling.
Okay people, Chapter 5 is up. I want to clear a few things up. I am Autistic, so there are no hidden meanings behind anything. I will hint at things, but I will not have hidden meanings. Also, I do not believe in fluff, so I want to give you guys a heads up. I highly suggest that if you are confused that you go back and read every line that I have posted. I am not being rude, but that is my writing style. I do not mean to offend anyone by this statement, but as someone with Autism, I am very straightforward and blunt. It is only a suggestion, but it is something I highly recommend. If I offend anyone, I am truly sorry, as I only want to help my readers.
Have fun.

Khan’s lips linger on his mate’s abdomen, a few tears splashing onto his skin.

“*Beautiful,*” he breathes. “*Absolutely beautiful.*”

Kirk smiles and runs his fingers through his Alpha’s hair, feeling that even slicked back, the strands are soft and silky.

“What are you making for dinner?” He asks softly.

“Chicken makhani, saffron basmati rice, and fresh naan bread,” Khan murmurs against his Omega’s stomach.

“Going back to your roots, huh?” The blond asks, loving the fact he can play with his mate’s jet black hair.

“Of course,” he replies, smiling. “But you also love the cuisine of my childhood, the staples of my culture.”

“You mean Indian,” the Omega says. “You could say Indian.”

“I am Sihk,” Khan replies, his fingers stroking his mate’s skin, lips pressed against his abdomen. “Do not let the British accent fool you.”

“With the last name of Singh kinda gave it away,” Kirk teases, continuing to play with his Alpha’s hair. “And the bond. Is it cruel that I prefer the new you over the old you?”

“No,” the Augment murmurs, nuzzling his belly with his cheek.

“I mean appearance wise,” the Captain explains.

“No,” he replies again.

Kirk tips his head down to look at his mate, his hand pausing. The dark haired male flicks his gaze up, a smile tugging on his lips.

“The new me is better in every way,” he responds, kissing his Omega’s abdomen. “And that is a
Khan rises to his feet, pulling his shirt down as he stands, kissing his mate’s lips.

“Do not feel sorry that you prefer one version of me over another,” he murmurs. “For I feel the same way.”

Kirk smiles and kisses back, wrapping his arms around his Alpha’s waist. He pulls away suddenly, his eyes wide.

“Maeve is awake?” He asks, blinking in surprise. “And Bones has taken her as his mate?”

The Alpha/Beta smiles, kissing the tip of his mate’s nose as he chuckles softly.

“There were seventy-four cryotubes on the *Botany Bay* when Marcus awoken me,” He explains, smiling. “I had hidden Maeve’s cryotube, allowing me to awaken her and sneak her out from under his nose, never knowing that she was there the whole time. As far as he knows, there were seventy-three cryotubes on my ship.”

“Because Bones loved her from the moment he laid eyes on her,” the Omega says quietly. “That way, he’s not alone.”

“That is one reason,” the Alpha/Beta corrects. “The other is that Maeve is a Doctor, who knows how to handle injuries inflicted on Augments.”

“But you’re the only Augment who was awakened,” Kirk says, frowning. “Besides the two of you, there aren’t any more Augments.”

Khan hesitates, clearly holding something back.

“Am I wrong?” The blond asks, slightly worried.

“Yes, and no,” the dark haired male replies slowly, licking his lips. “It is something I do not wish to discuss.”

Kirk nods, understanding his mate’s need for privacy. They have so little of it, and he knows that Khan is use to keeping secrets, it was how he was raised, unlike himself who had grown up where people were brutally honest, never softening the blow.

It was ironic that he himself had kept a secret for twenty years, something he had never done before.

“You were scared,” the Augment says softly, tightening his grip. “You were just a child when it happened.”

The Omega rests his head into the crook of his Alpha’s neck, inhaling his scent.

“Doesn’t mean I still don’t feel guilty,” he says quietly.

Khan presses a soft kiss to his forehead, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“Oh, shut up,” Kirk growls, glaring at the cage sitting on the raised counter.

The Alpha/Beta laughs, shaking his head.

“They cannot understand you,” he says quietly, releasing his mate.
“It makes me feel better,” the blond mutters, still glaring at the cage.

Their two tribbles reside in the cage, on a tiny golden blond one that could fit in the palm of Khan’s hand, the other a jet black one the size of his head. The tiny gold one, Tiberius, is far more curious about the world around it than it’s much larger counterpart, Noonien, who is fiercely protective of its “mate.” Tiberius is currently squishing itself against the bars, purring curiously while Noonien hovers over it, purring louder almost warningly. Kirk pulls away completely and moves around the counter to sit in the raised chairs, sitting beside the cage. Tiberius is instantly on the side nearest to him, trying to force itself through the bars. The blond slips a finger through the bars, gently stroking its fur. The tribble purrs louder, causing the couple to smile.

Khan resumes preparing dinner, their bond still thrumming long after their bodies had stopped. He flicks his gaze upwards occasionally, smiling when he locks eyes with his Omega. Kirk flushes lightly under the attention, his smile shy as he looks down, slightly embarrassed. The Alpha/Beta chuckles at his mate’s reaction, shaking his head slightly as he continues to work. He flicks his gaze up, smirking as he feels something through their bond.

“There are saltines in the pantry and hummus in the refrigerator,” he informs his mate.

“Oh thank god,” Kirk praises, the sheer look of relief on his face causes Khan to grin.

The Captain is instantly pulling out the food, sitting back at the island as he opens the products. The look of absolute bliss when the food hits his tongue is enough to cause his mate to laugh, swearing that he is about to have another orgasm right then and there.

“You wish,” the blond mutters, flushing.

“I am surprised that you did not ask earlier,” the Augment muses, reaching for a spoon. “That was rather aerobic sex, even for myself. And you had double the orgasms I experienced.”

“I sort of dozed off in the shower,” the Omega admits, accepting the spoon so he can mix the contents of the hummus. “I was surprised that I didn’t pass out during our little workout.”

Khan snorts in derision, shaking his head.

“Shut up,” Kirk snaps, pointing the spoon accusingly at his mate.

The dark haired male just smirks at his Omega, before shaking his head and resuming to prepare dinner.

“Just make sure you do not ruin your appetite,” he requests.

This time, the blond snorts in derision.

“I could eat my body weight in food right now and still be hungry,” he mutters, nibbling on a saltine.

Khan pauses, lifting his head to look at his mate, an eyebrow raised in confusion. Kirk mutters something under his breath before shoving the cracker in his mouth, flushing furiously. Both eyebrows go up in surprise, before he shakes his head, baffled by his mate’s reactions. He continues his work, eventually reaching a point where he can clean up the mess on the counter, as he needs to wait before continuing onto the next step. He scrubs the cutting board and knives clean, glancing over his shoulder at his Omega.

“Would you like something to drink?” He asks, knowing full well that his answer will be
something non-alcoholic.

“Sparkling cider?” Kirk asks hesitantly.

The Augment smiles and nods, requesting two glasses of the drink out of respect for his mate. The blond blushes lightly, accepting the glass as his Alpha sits in the chair beside him.

“You know you are allowed to have alcohol around me,” he says quietly, swirling the contents of the glass. “You don’t get drunk.”

“Yes, but the fumes alone are enough to have you intoxicated,” the dark haired male replies, sipping his glass. “I have seen people with low tolerances for alcohol, but it is a first to meet someone with absolutely no tolerance at all.”

“It occurs in all Pure Omegas,” Kirk explains. “Omegas have a low tolerance for alcohol and pretty much every substance that can be used recreationally. Canary in a coal mine, except the coal mine is the entire fucking universe.”

“Canary in a what?” Khan asks, blinking in surprise.

“You’ve never heard that phrase before?” The blond asks, a little baffled.

The Augment shakes his head, clearly confused.

“It was back in the early twentieth century, when people had to mine the coal by hand, that they would bring canaries down into the coal mine,” the Omega begins. “There was carbon monoxide in the tunnels, and the birds would get sick sooner than the miners would, as they were more sensitive to the gas. Canary in a coal mine means that they are sensitive to things than most people.”

The Alpha/Beta’s eyes are wide, shocked at the cruelty of humans towards innocent animals.

“Not one of humans’ finest moments in history,” Kirk agrees, sipping his drink.

Khan blinks a few times, shaking his head slightly as he sips his drink.

“Definitely not,” he murmurs, crossing his legs.

He looks down when a hand is placed on his thigh, lifting his head back up just in time to meet his Omega’s lips. The Augment places his glass down so he can frame his mate’s face, tipping his head slightly to deepen the kiss. The Captain curls his fingers into the muscle of his Alpha’s thigh, fully content to have him lead. Khan sweeps his thumbs over the blond’s cheeks, tracing his jaw. He slips a hand into his golden blond hair, tightening his grip slightly. His other hand moves to his neck, wrapping his fingers around it, his thumb resting over his Adam’s apple in possession. Kirk makes a show of swallowing, feeling his mate’s thumb rub his skin gently.

They pull away to catch their breath, foreheads resting against each other. The Omega’s hands are resting on his mate’s thighs, his fingernails digging into his skin. The Captain leans back in to brush his lips over his Alpha’s, the Augment meeting him halfway. Their lips part, moving in unison as their hands gently roam each other’s bodies, but not in a sensual manner. Their touch is tender, loving, gentle strokes that are not designed to cause arousal, but on a far deeper level of intimacy. They know each other’s touches as well as they do their own, able to feel what the other feels, knowing what something feels like to them.

Khan cups the base of his Omega’s head, stroking the top of his spine his thumb. Kirk lets out a
soft hum, inching his hands up his mate’s thighs to his waist.

He does not make it any further than his hips for the door rings, both groaning in disappointment. The Augment picks his mate’s lips thrice before reluctantly letting him go, watching him move to the door. When Kirk answers it, he is not surprised by the pair standing at his doorstep, though he is surprised that his Alpha forgot to mention them. Khan swears softly in Hindi, clearly having forgotten that he had invited his sister and her mate over for dinner.

“I hope you don’t mind,” Maeve says, her wild flame red curls framing her face. “But we’ve brought over some food as well.”

Standing about three inches taller than McCoy, Maeve was Irish through and through, pale skin, freckles across the bridge of her nose, and emerald green eyes so bright they practically shone. The Augment is tall and slender, and her already superior intellect is only enhanced by her Beta DNA, almost pure enough to classify her as a Pure Blood. She is a fast learner, able to repeat things exactly after seeing, or hearing them, only once. She was adaptive, almost unnaturally so, and her perfect memory allowed her to be able to diagnose and treat injuries and illnesses, even if she had only read them in a textbook. When Maeve had been awoken, McCoy had been smitten by her, but it was she who made the first move, much to her brother’s surprise.

And speaking of McCoy, the Doctor is almost bouncing with glee beside his mate, a pitcher in his hand. Maeve has a casserole dish in her long pale fingers, the nails clipped short.

“What’s in the dish?” Kirk asks, nodding to it.

“Homemade cottage pie,” the Irishwoman explains. “And when I mean homemade, I mean homemade.”

“Wait, you made everything from scratch?” The blond asks, surprised.

“Flour, beef stock, tomato purée, Worcester sauce, milk, butter, and even the cheese,” she replies with a grin.

“Since when did you have the time?” The Omega asks, letting them pass.

“There are machines that can speed up the processes,” the redhead laughs, placing the dish on the counter. “As well as the southern sweet tea in Leonard’s pitcher.”

Kirk glares at his mate, slightly annoyed that he had forgotten to tell him that they were having company.

“I was distracted,” Khan mutters, glaring back.

“I know you were,” McCoy growls, turning to his Captain. “You need to work at cleaning yourself harder, Jim. I can smell you four orgasms on you, as well as Khan’s two.”

The blond flushed, embarrassed that his Doctor can smell what he and his Alpha had just been doing. The dark haired male flushes lightly, but smiles, shaking his head.

“Shall we continue with dinner, sister?” The Alpha/Beta asks, rising to his feet

“Of course, dear brother,” Maeve replies, following him into the kitchen. “You two can sit down and drink tea while we cook.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the brunet says, causing the Omega to laugh.
The two humans sit down at the counter, the Augments resuming to cook dinner. They chatter rapidly in several languages, flicking back and forth so rapidly that it would have made Uhura’s head spin, but Kirk knows the languages as well as his mate, sharing knowledge across their bond. He keeps up with them, listening to how informal his Alpha is with his sibling.

“Uh, Bones? What the fuck are you doing?” Kirk asks, leaning away as McCoy sniffs his collar.

“You smell, weird,” he mutters, pulling away.

“As you said, you can smell the sex on us,” the blond snaps, blushing.

The Doctor shakes his head, licking his lips.

“It’s not that,” he says. “That only masks your scent. This, this is embedded in your scent, but I don’t-holy shit!”

He gapes at his Captain, Maeve’s jaw dropping at the same time as it clicks.

“Last Heat,” the Omega says quietly, a shy smile on his lips.

The two Betas blink before grinning like fools, their eyes sparkling.

“Congratulations, Jim,” the Doctor says, clapping his friend on the shoulder with a vigorous shake. “If anyone deserves to be happy, it’s you two. You’ve been through a lot of shit, and I know that you both really want this.”

Maeve is shaking her brother hard enough that the knife is in danger of slipping out of his hand, so he puts it down, allowing her to shake him as she babbles in a multitude of languages, grinning. Most of them are congratulations, others are about her excitement of having a niece or nephew.

“Crap,” Kirk swears, just realizing something. “Our child is going to have seventy-three aunts and uncles.”

Khan simply laughs, shaking his head yet again.

“They will be spoiled rotten by my siblings,” the Alpha/Beta agrees. “Dear god, your crew will be insufferable during our five-year mission.”

The Omega blinks, startled by the news.

“You’re, you’re going to be on the five-year mission?” He asks, his eyes wide.

“I have no intention of staying behind while my mate and child go galloping across the galaxy and never see them again for five years,” the dark haired male replies. “And I have no intention of staying behind while you go to Nibiru and risk your life, again.”

“Wait, what?” Kirk demands, his eyes narrowed.

Khan grimaces, looking away, a light blush on his cheeks.

“Since when are you going to be on the Enterprise when you weren’t there before?” The Captain growls, annoyed. “And you didn’t tell me?”

“So I am not on Earth when the, events, begin,” the dark haired male says quietly.

The blond flinches slightly, understanding why. He reaches out for his Alpha’s hand, who touches
his. They linger, before pulling away to continue their tasks.

“Oh, and since we are on the subject,” Maeve says. “I’ll be joining too. I’m not leaving this one alone.”

McCoy laughs, grinning.

“Do you not trust him or something?” Kirk asks, sipping his tea.

“Oh, I trust him,” the redhead says. “I trust him as far as I can throw him, but I know he will get into a shit ton of trouble if I’m not around to save his ass. And this one,” she points a finger accusingly at her sibling. “Will charge headlong into danger without fear of the consequences for you and I’m the only one who can stich him up due to our altered anatomy.”

“So, I don’t have a choice,” the Captain states.

“Damn straight,” the Augments say in unison.

Kirk smiles and shakes his head, resuming to drink his tea.

“I’ve been dying to ask this, but what the bloody hell are those?” The Irishwoman asks, pointing to Tiberius and Noonien.

“Tribbles,” McCoy says. “Useless balls of fur that are born pregnant and reproduce worse than rabbits if you feed them too often. They’ll beg for food, but if you ignore them, they’ll quiet down. The only redeeming quality about them is their purring is very soothing.”

Maeve eyes the tribbles warily, not sure what to make of them.

“Say, why are there two?” The Doctor asks, curious.

“I had to take them both,” the Omega explains. “Noonien, the black one, is protective of its mate, Tiberius, the gold one. Tiberius loves to explore the world, so we let it out on the bedroom floor to explore. Noonien just follows it and protects it from any danger that it thinks might occur. At the pet store, I really wanted the gold one, but when I took it out, the black one made the most horrendous noise. When I put Tiberius back into the cage, it just cuddled up next to Noonien and, for lack of a better term, soothed its fears away.”

“So, your relationship in tribble form,” the brunet concludes.

The expectant couple nods, smiling at each other.

“Dinner is about ready,” Khan says. “How about you and Leonard set the table for us?”

“Since you guys did the cooking,” Kirk says, smiling. “I think that’s a fair trade.”

The humans set the table as the Augments finish up preparing dinner, placing it in a family style dinner. The conversation was idle, current events, the pros and cons of something in this time and in the past, events in their lives, just light talk. Even with all the food that was prepared, most of it is devoured, maybe a three or four servings left in total. The Betas offer to help clean up, but the couple residing in the apartment shoo them away, as they were their guests. Kirk cleans up the dishes, as his mate had cooked, while Khan pulls out the spare sheets and remakes the bed. The Omega can pick up the sounds of his mate humming softly in the bedroom, smiling at how easily they can slip into domesticity.
Once he is done cleaning up after dinner, the blond heads to the back half of the apartment, crawling onto the bed so he can lay beside his mate. The Alpha/Beta puts down his PADD and rolls onto his side, pulling his Omega to him, wrapping his arms around his waist as he cocoons his mate with his body. Kirk draws his knees up so the Augment can curl around him, bending his head forward so the dark haired male can press tender kisses to the back of his neck. The Captain feels his mate’s hands rub his belly tenderly, murmuring soft words of praise against his skin. The blond hums softly, tangling their fingers together as he presses closer to his Alpha’s warmer body. The couple just lays there, content to not move for the rest of their lives. Their bond thrums between them, relishing the closeness they have been craving for a long time.

“Two days,” Khan murmurs against his mate’s skin. “Two days and we will be far away from Earth.”

“And ten days until your birthday,” Kirk murmurs, a note of sadness in his voice.

The dark haired male pauses in his kiss, his Omega’s scent filling his nostrils.

He knows that Kirk can see his past through their bond, something that is unavoidable, but it still makes him feel guilty. His past is something that should be shoved into the back of a closet, locked in a trunk, inside six more trunks just to be sure, each chained and padlocked, and then incinerated. It is something that should never be exposed to anything at any time, nor seen by anyone’s eyes, not even his own. When the bond formed, his past was laid out before his mate, his soul a twisted grotesque, warped monstrosity that was an unsightly and repulsive atrocity. It thrived off the darkest and most vile feelings of the human consciousness, a savage, wild, uncontrolled thing.

But his Sun, his Savior, changed that demonic entity into something that could be called human.

His blackened soul chose Stardate 2259.55 to put his plan into effect, his two hundred eighty-ninth birthday, so he could die. He thought it was a fitting end, a sort of birthday gift to himself, the end of his enemies, the end of himself.

He had nothing to lose, no one to mourn his loss.

But fate threw him a curveball.

An Angel punching him in the face.

“This time,” Kirk says softly, rubbing the back of his mate’s hands. “This time, things will be different.”

Khan kisses his Omega’s neck, agreeing with him.

“It will be different,” he murmurs against his skin. “It will be different.”

He rests his forehead against his mate’s neck, letting their scent wash over them.

“Do you ever miss being in our reality?” The blond asks quietly.

“What do you mean?” The dark haired male asks, nuzzling his mate’s neck.

“Do you ever miss not having to hide what we are, that we are not human?” Kirk asks. “That we have lived through our lives to this point twice?”

He curls up slightly, sighing.
“I know there are others from our reality who are here with us,” he continues. “But there are so few that we actually know, personally. That understand what we are going through. To know what it feels like to be twice as our physical age.”

“In my case, I am twenty times my physical age,” the Augment clarifies. “And whether you are twenty-six, sixty, or even three hundred, you are still the most beautiful creature in the universe.”

“Biased,” the blond mutters.

“Horribly,” Khan murmurs against his Omega’s skin.

He continues to kiss his mate’s neck, mouthing gently at his spine. The blond’s hips slowly begin to roll, a slow, sensual motion that is doing nothing to help with the ever-growing tightness of the dark haired male’s pants. Their breathing grows heavy, the Augment trailing his hand down to cup between his mate’s legs as they slowly uncurl to allow for more movement. Kirk rubs against the hand, his own reaching back to grab his Alpha’s hips for better leverage. Khan expertly undoes the button and zipper on his Omega’s jeans with one hand, snaking said hand in to draw out his mate. The Augment trails softly as his large hand wraps around him, pushing up into the touch. He coats them with his saliva, before releasing them with a soft plop, feeling them slip between his legs and gently push inwards.

He relaxes into the touch, allowing his Alpha to make sure than he can accept him without any pain, ceasing the motion of his hips as his mate pulls his hand away, waiting. Khan slides between his cheeks, moving just a few times to make sure he can glide easily, before angling and sliding home. Kirk’s eyes roll into the back of his head at how deep his mate is slipping inside, a soft moan spilling from his lips. The Augment grunts at just how tight his Omega is, moving slowly to make sure he does not injure him. Once he is fully seated inside, he waits for the blond’s permission to move, peppering soft kisses on his skin.

He does not have to wait long before his mate nods his head, slowly pumping his hips in and out. The Augment reluctantly releases the grip on the Captain’s hand, sliding his hand down his chest to wrap around his mate. The blond nearly jerks out of his grasp, but the dark haired male tightens his grip around his mate’s waist. The Omega is trembling, salivating at being caught between two excruciatingly good stimuli. He jerks forward to slide through the hand wrapped around him,
pushing back at where he is spread open, unable to decide which one felt better. He is moaning softly now, mewls sporadically making themselves known, spurring his Alpha on. Khan murmurs softly against his ear, doing his best to not stimulate the sensitive organ as he angles his hips to glide deeper into his Omega, the noises of the creature beneath him doing nothing to calm his raging desires.

Last thing he needs is his mate having a sexual break down when he is caught between three stimuli.

Their orgasms suddenly descend on them, a soft rise and ebb of bliss that gently whites out their minds, soft exhales spilling past their lips. Their orgasms fade to nothing, leaving them more sated than exhausted. The Augment gently slips out, reaching for the tissues to clean themselves up. Kirk hums with approval, his eyes closed as his mate manipulates his body to remove the evidence of their actions. The dark haired male pulls up Omega’s pants and closes the fly, kissing his cheek softly before fixing himself. He disposes of the tissues, crawling back into bed with his satisfied mate, brushing his cheek softly.


“Just promise me one thing,” the blond requests. “No more sex for the next month.”

“Done,” the Alpha/Beta agrees.

Khan swears internally as he tugs on the sleeves of his flight suit, wondering how he got himself into this mess.

He was a planner, always thinking thirty steps ahead, no matter what the situation was.

But when that situation involved his mate, he flew by the seat of his pants.

And now, he is walking through the crowded shuttle hangar with a PADD tucked under his arm, silently praying that a Section 31 Officer was not among the Starfleet personnel currently around him.

He spots the golden hair of his mate just ahead of him, picking up his pace. The Augment spots his sister also heading towards his mate, dressed in a flight suit as well. The dark haired male raises an eyebrow, a slight smirk on his face. Maeve smirks as well, picking up her pace.

The Alpha/Beta reaches Kirk first, politely grabbing his attention.

“Captain Kirk?” He asks, standing at a respectable distance.

The Omega turns around, his Captain-ly persona in full effect.

“Is there something you need help with, Officer?” He asks, an air of authority around him.

“Commander John Harrison,” Khan says, handing his PADD to his mate. “Your new Exobiologist and Astrophysicist.”

Kirk takes the PADD and reads over the transfer request, skimming the words.

“Impressive service record,” he murmurs, scribbling his signature.
He hands the tablet back, turning to Maeve.

“Lieutenant Commander Maeve O’Riley,” the redhead says. “Attending physician at Starfleet Medical.”

She hands the blond her PADD, who looks over it with a critical eye.

“You your service record is also impressive,” he says, signing as well.

He hands her PADD back, looking over them both.

“You two will be fine additions to my crew,” the Omega says. “Now, if you excuse me, I have a shuttle to get to, and so do you.”

He turns on his heel and heads deeper into the hangar, the two Augments following. Khan cannot help but look his mate up and down, appreciating Starfleet’s requirement of tight fitting uniforms. Kirk gives him a discreet glare over his shoulder, picking up the pace. The dark haired male smiles, quickly wiping it off his face.

When they enter the shuttle, Spock turns his gaze to the trio, and arched eyebrow raised.

“Spock, meet Commander Harrison and Lieutenant Commander O’Riley,” Kirk says. “Our new Exobiologist and Astrophysicist, as well as another Doctor.”

“Captain, it is unheard of for there to be two Commanders on a Federation vessel,” the Vulcan states simply.

The Omega gives a one shouldered shrug, sitting on the other side of the shuttle from his First Officer.

“It is an honor to meet you, Commander Spock,” Khan says, a wide smile on his face as he extends his hand. “I have followed your career since the beginning.”

Spock eyes the hand with the closest thing a Vulcan can get to distaste, causing the Augment to chuckle nervously and pull his hand away. He scratches the back of his head, a light blush on his cheeks.

“May I see your transfer request?” Spock asks flatly, clearly not trusting the new Commander.

The Alpha/Beta reluctantly hands over his PADD, allowing the Vulcan to view his file. He steps aside to let his sister slip past him, heading towards the back of the shuttle. The Augment begins to genuinely fidget, worrying his lower lip.

Kirk can smell his mate’s distress, a scent that was so cloying, it was nauseating. He coughs discreetly, trying to hide his urge to vomit.

“Commander,” Spock says finally. “Your file states that you specialize in Exobiology and Astrophysics, but you also have a background in Meteorology, Engineering, Xenolinguistics, Anatomy, Exopsychology, Exosociology, and Quantum Mechanics. Is this correct?”

“Yes, sir,” Khan says.

“And you have been in Starfleet for nineteen years,” Spock states.

“Yes, sir,” the Alpha/Beta says again, still fidgeting.
Kirk worries his lower lip, waiting for his First Officer’s decision. His mate is in serious distress, and he cannot comfort him.

Spock finally nods, handing back the tablet. The dark haired male visibly deflates, moving to sit beside his mate. Kirk is in the seat furthest from the aisle, Khan sitting to his left. The Augment rests his hand on the arm rest, the blond brushing his fingers discreetly over his mate’s.

‘Will you be okay with taking off?’ Kirk asks, pulling his hand away. ‘I know you don’t like flying, and I can’t hold your hand.’

‘I will be alright,’ Khan replies, his gaze flicking to the Vulcan. ‘I hope.’

McCoy enters the shuttle, looking grumpier than usual. He spots Maeve, frowning at the appearance of his mate. The Captain can hear the Doctor bouncing around in his skull with sheer glee, a smile tugging on his lips at his friend’s happiness. The brunet drops himself into the seat beside the redhead, interrogating her. The four of them know it is just an act, but it looks and sounds very real.

‘I love you,’ Kirk thinks softly.

‘I love you too,’ Khan thinks back.

They touch middle and index fingers lightly, a Vulcan kiss, trying to be discreet.

And somehow, the ever vigilant Vulcan gaze misses the little piece of his culture.
Chapter VI

Chapter Notes

So here we go again! I want to thank all my kudos givers and my readers, and yes, you too lurkers. I promise you guys, stay with me and the story will pick up! Next chapter is a big one! I promise you guys! Have fun~!

The couple parts hands when the blond hears his crew’s thoughts approach the shuttle, not wanting to get caught. The Augment begins to work on his PADD, fingers flying over the screen. The shuttle begins to fill with crew from the Enterprise, saying “Hello” to their Captain. Kirk gives nods to his crew, picking up his own PADD to check over his mission parameters. His gaze flicks to his mate occasionally, meeting his gaze.

Normally, he would blush, but that is not what Starfleet Captains do, especially towards subordinates. As a Captain, he kept a tight reign on his emotions, but as an Omega, he was ruled by them. Alphas followed instinct while Betas followed logic, but Omegas were highly emotional creatures. And the stress of being a Captain had him nearly bursting into tears on the bridge and during staff meeting back in their reality during their five-year mission, but he kept them in check.

Most of the time.

The shuttle pilot announces that they have been cleared for take off, the engines beginning to power up. The shuttle smoothly lifts off the ground and glides out of the hangar, only the soft whine of the thrusters giving away that they were no longer on the ground. Kirk can feel his heart rate pick up in response to his mate’s, smelling his fear. He tangles his fingers with his Alpha’s squeezing lightly. Khan glances at his Omega, his arctic blue eyes soft.

‘Thank you,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks softly.

‘Your thanks isn’t necessary,’ the blond replies, still looking at his PADD. ‘You’d do the same for me.’

‘I would indeed,’ the Augment responds.

The dark haired male flips his hand over so their palms kiss, their wrists pressed against each other. The two scent glands on the inside of their wrists rub against each other, stimulating them to release their unique, shared scent.

Peaches, raspberries, vanilla, honey, and sweet cream came from Khan, while Kirk contributed cocoa, butter, sugar, milk, rich dark chocolate, fresh strawberries, lavender, wood burning fires, pine trees, cinnamon, and thunderstorms.

At least, that was what the couple could identify.

Khan’s scent by itself had three layers, the top the scents that displayed his emotions, the middle his scents that were unique to himself and identified his gender, and the base was his pheromones that responded to others.
But Kirk’s scent was more complex than any other scent either had come across.

With at least seven different layers, the Omega’s scent had very few smells that either could identify right off the bat, as the rest were complex and abstract concepts that had no reason to be scents at all. He did have the same three layers as his Alpha, as did every human in their reality, but Kirk’s scent was by far one of the strangest anyone had encountered.

The couple discreetly inhales their scent, parting hands as they approach Starbase 1. They dock with the *Enterprise*, the pair disembarking and parting ways to head to their separate quarters. Kirk changes into his standard duty uniform, catching a glance of his reflection in his full-length mirror before he pulls on his back undershirt. He pauses, turning to the mirror to examine himself from the side. The blond runs a hand over his still flat abdomen, wondering how he will explain to his crew he is pregnant once he begins to show.

How will he tell them that he is not “human,” and that he is from another reality?

How will they react?

The Omega wraps his arms around himself, sitting on the edge of his queen-sized bed. He wants to cry, wants to crawl into bed with his mate and not move, wants his Alpha to hold him, to cradle him, to kiss away his fears, to make the bad things go away.

But he can’t.

He is the Captain of the *USS Enterprise*, he has to be strong for his crew.

That doesn’t mean he wants to.

When he enters the bridge, he receives Chekov’s usual “Keptin on the bridge,” something he has grown use to. The faces of his bridge crew are familiar, ones he knows as well as his own.

But another familiar face is on his bridge, one that makes his heart flutter.

“Commander Harrison,” Kirk says, nodding to his mate. “Welcome to my bridge.”

“Thank you, Captain,” Khan says, a small smile on his face.

The blond nods and takes his chair, his air of authority returning after wavering slightly.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” Kirk begins. “Have we been cleared for departure?”

“Affirmative, Captain,” the Helmsman says.

“Then Mr. Sulu, take us out,” the Captain orders.

“Aye, Captain,” Sulu says.

The Lieutenant proceeds to retract the moorings and inform Dock Command of their departure, transmitting the usual exit information.

“Mr. Scott, do we have warp?” Kirk asks his Chief Engineer.

“Warp ready at your command, Captain,” Scott informs him.
“Mr. Chekov, set course for Nibiru,” the blond orders.

“Course laid in, Keptin,” Chekov informs him once his task is complete.

“Punch it,” Kirk says.

The high pitched whine of the warp core fills the ship, stars on the edge of the viewport beginning to create trails. The starship elegantly slips into warp, her mission underway.

“What is our ETA, Mr. Chekov?” The Omega asks.

“At our current warp, fifty-eight-point-four-three hours, Keptin,” the Ensign replies.

The Captain nods, leaning back into his chair.

“Lieutenant Uhura, give me shipwide,” he says.

“Channel open, sir,” she says after complying.

Kirk address the crew, giving a brief outline of their mission before saying a few words of encouragement.

Khan cannot help but admire his mate, watching the Yang side of him come out in full force out of the corner of his eye. He may be a Pure Omega and pregnant, at that moment, he is definitely giving off the air of a Pure Alpha.

A smile tugs on the Augment’s lips, but he forces it back, discretely turning back to his console. He begins his duties as a secondary Science Officer, knowing full well that he is under the scrutiny of the ever vigilant Vulcan.

Can’t afford to fuck up now.

‘No shit,’ Kirk thinks.

‘Shut up,’ the Alpha/Beta snaps.

The turbo lift doors slide open, an irate McCoy exiting.

“Well, this is an unusual visit,” the Captain teases, glancing over his shoulder.

“You and Commander Harrison need to drag your asses down to medbay in the next two minutes so I can do your damn pre-departure check-ups,” he growls. “And that is an order by the Chief Medical Officer.”

Kirk relieves command to his First Officer, the couple following the Beta down to the medbay.

“Bones, what is this about?” The Omega asks, his friend’s thoughts closed off.

“Pre-departure check-ups,” is all McCoy says.

The trio enters the medbay, the Doctor leading them to the exam table that offers the most privacy.

“Both of you hop on it,” he says, gesturing to the table.

The couple follows his orders, sitting beside each other, worry dancing across their bond. The Beta proceeds with his examination, drawing blood from both.
“Doctor, answer honestly,” Khan begins. “Is this truly pre-departure check-ups?”

“It is,” McCoy says. “I need to make sure that you are both fit for duty, and that you can handle the stress of being on a starship. Mated pairs always have a harder time with being on a starship, due to the fact that they not only have their stress to deal with, but their mate’s as well.”

“We have our bond partially closed to hide our relationship,” Kirk says. “Our minds are connected and we can hear each other’s thoughts, but that’s as far as we are connected.”

The Beta nods, labeling the vials of blood.

“Bones, what aren’t you telling us?” The Omega asks quietly.

The Doctor pauses, his gaze flicking between the pair.

“I’m checking for Mating Sickness,” he says quietly.

The blond utters an exclamation of despair under his breath while the Alpha/Beta furrows his brows, puzzled by the term.

“Mating Sickness?” He asks. “I am, not familiar with this disease.”

“Trust me when I say you don’t want to be,” the brunet mutters, waving Maeve over. He speaks quietly to his mate as he hands her the blood vials, making sure they are not overheard. The redhead nods, moving away quickly to test the vials.

“Doctor, what is Mating Sickness?” The Augment asks.

“It is a very rare disease that occurs in the sixth or twelfth week of pregnancy in Omegas, depending on the secondary gender,” McCoy says, continuing his examination. “Mating Sickness is a misnomer, as it is not caused by a pregnant Omega’s mate. It is caused by the rapid change in hormones during pregnancy, something that even Omega males suffer from. For reasons we still are not sure of, an Omega’s Alpha can even out the hormone fluctuations during pregnancy by just being near them. Mating Sickness occurs when the shifts in hormones become erratic because their Alpha is not there to stabilize them, but the length of time differs from Omega to Omega. And in Pure Omegas, the time is incredibly short, only hours.”

“And what happens if the hormones are not stabilized?” The dark haired male asks.

“Once the fluctuations reach a certain point, the point-of-no-return,” the Doctor says. “Things become a living Hell for the Omega.”

“H-how?” Khan asks, paling slightly.

“The fetus becomes cancerous, toxic to the mother,” Kirk says quietly. “It takes ten minutes for the fetus to become a malignant tumor inside the uterus, and then, less than five minutes for the toxins to flood the entire body of the Omega.”

All the color drains from the Alpha/Beta’s face when the end result hits home, squeezing his mate’s hand.

“There are other things I am checking for,” the brunet says quickly. “But that is my main concern.”

He continues the couple’s examination, ordering Khan off the table so his mate can lie down. The Augment stands beside him as a vigilant sentinel, guarding his Omega and their unborn child. The
Captain slips his hand into his Alpha’s, squeezing lightly. The Doctor palpitates his abdomen, the dark haired male watching with a critical eye. McCoy gives his Captain an ultrasound, turning the screen away so the Medbay does not see. He does allow the couple to view the screen, soft smiles gracing their faces. Once the Beta is finished with his through examination of his Captain, he orders the blond off the table and the Alpha/Beta on, allowing him to complete the rest of Khan’s check-up. The Brit voices his displeasure at being poked and prodded with low rumbles, which McCoy ignores, much to his mate’s amusement. The dark haired male lets out a low grunt of annoyance, proceeding to pout like a child. Kirk giggles softly, causing his Alpha to glare at him.

“Your results, Doctor,” Maeve says, handing over the blood work.

The Beta nods to his mate, accepting the PADD and looking over them with a critical eye. The redhead walks away, resuming her duties in the Medbay.

“You two have a clean bill of health,” McCoy says, relief clear in his voice. “And you two are negative for Mating Sickness.”

The couple visibly deflates, squeezing each other’s hand in comfort.

“In fact,” he continues. “Kha-John’s genetic makeup prevents you from getting Mating Sickness, Jim.”

“That’s the best news I could ever receive,” Kirk breathes.

“I’m not done,” the Beta snaps. “I will have to prescribe supplements to help with your pregnancy, just to be on the safe side. Your levels are fine, Jim, but they are a little too low for my liking. I’ll also be changing your meal card so you can have the increasing calories you need. And decaf coffee only.”

“No more salads?” The Omega asks hopefully.

“No more salads,” McCoy grins.

The look of sheer delight on the blond’s face makes both his Doctor and mate laugh, amused by their Captain’s disgust of “rabbit food.”

“Go on,” the brunet grins. “Get out of my medbay. Commander, I need to speak with you in private.”

Kirk gives a cocky two-finger salute, heading back to the bridge with a slight spring in his step. Once he exits the turbo lift, Spock vacates the command chair, allowing the Captain to retake command. The chair always felt like a second home to the blond, as did the Enterprise.

His first is in his mate’s arms.

Speaking of whom…

Khan returns to the bridge and retakes his station, not even casting a glance at his mate when he enters. The Omega frowns slightly, his fingers twitching against the armrests, wanting to touch the pendant under his shirt. He does not give into the action, continuing his command. His Alpha’s mind is closed off to him, something that does not happen often. The blond can tell that his mate’s barrier is flimsy, one that a simple poke of his own mind would cause it to shatter. But he respects his mate’s privacy, leaving the barrier in peace.

At 1600 hours, Alpha shift ends and Kirk retires to his quarters, using his meal card for a light
snack. He is surprised when a bowl of mac and cheese appears, but a quick scan of the ingredients shows that it has less than two hundred fifty calories, and contains broccoli. The Omega’s stomach growls loudly, so he picks up the bowl and settles down at his table to work on his paperwork. He sighs at the massive amount he has to work through, getting down to business. His food goes untouched as he continues to work, time slipping away.

Kirk jumps slightly when he feels lips press against the back of his neck, hands roaming over his shoulder and upper back.

“*I see my Captain is hard at work,*” Khan purrs softly in Hindi.

The Captain giggles and tips his head back, allowing his Alpha to kiss him. The Augment hums in approval, stroking his mate’s cheeks with wide, sweeping touches of his thumbs. The Omega reaches up and gently grips the back of the dark haired male’s head, tugging on his scalp.

“As much as I would love to ravish your body right here on this table,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs against his Captain’s lips. “You have paperwork to complete, and I am distracting you.”

The blond whines when his Alpha pulls away, heading over to his replicator. He puts in his meal card, a bowl of seafood scampi appearing. Kirk can smell the lobster, shrimp, and scallops from where he is sitting, his stomach growling loudly.

“How come you get that?” He growls, eyeing his mate’s food as he sits across from him.

“I require less food, but higher calories,” Khan replies, picking up his fork. “Leonard has organized our meals so I can supply the calories you need without giving away the fact that you are expecting. And yes, our bond shares nutrition and calories, which is only part of what the good Doctor informed me of. And if it smells so good, you have food before you, so eat it.”

“So, you’re pregnant as well?” The Omega asks.

“I am not carrying a foetus,” the Augment says. “But your nutritional and caloric needs are also my own, to a lesser extent.”

“So, you’re pregnant,” Kirk says.

The dark haired male smiles, his eyes shinning.

“To put it simply,” he replies, chuckling.

“Cool,” the Captain grins.

The Alpha/Beta laughs, shaking his head. He begins to eat his food, watching his mate work. After about half an hour and his food untouched, Khan scoots closer to his mate, picks up his fork, and begins to feed him. The Omega lets his Alpha feed him, only giving up enough brain cells to know when to open his mouth and not injure himself on the fork. The Augment decides to poke fun at his Captain by making airplane noises, earning a bite to the meaty part of his hand that was dangerously close to breaking skin, and will leave a rather nice impression of nearly all his mate’s teeth. Khan sucks on his injury, glaring at his mate, who is grinning wickedly.

“That’ll teach ya,” Kirk declares, resuming his work.

“You can feed yourself,” the dark haired male growls, scooting away from his mate. “Have you ever heard the phrase, ‘Do not bite the hand that feed you?’”
“Do you mean literally or metaphorically?” The blond asks, glancing at his Alpha. “Cuz I totally literally just bit you.”

Khan gives Kirk his Bitch Face, which never fails to make his mate giggle like mad. The Augment groans loudly, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Oh my god,” he groans. “Do you ever take anything I do seriously?”

He is surprised when his Captain sits in his lap, hands on his shoulders. The blond smiles down at his Alpha, cupping his cheek. He strokes his gorgeously high cheekbone, his touch tender.

“I take your love for me seriously,” he says quietly.

The Alpha/Beta smiles softly, tipping his head to the side as his Omega presses his lips to his. The Captain knots his hand into the mate’s hair, his other hand curling into his Science Blue clad shoulder. Khan’s hands rest on his thigh and between his shoulder blades, fingers curling into his Command Gold shirt. Tongues, lips, and teeth are expertly used, knowing what the other likes. The Augment slides his hand up his mate’s thigh, slipping his hand under his shirt to stroke the skin on his narrow waist. The Alpha/Beta’s lips move to his Captain’s throat, nibbling on his skin.

“Noonien,” Kirk breathes, trembling slightly.

“James,” Khan murmurs against his skin.

They rest their foreheads against each other’s, Kirk’s hands on the Augment’s shoulders, Khan’s hands on the Captain’s waist. The blond slides a hand down his mate’s chest, resting it over his heart. He can feel it beat steady beneath his palm, faster than normal, but nowhere near the rabbit quick hammering of his own.

“It doesn’t feel right,” he whispers, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. “It doesn’t feel right to have only our minds connected completely and our bodies by only a thin, sputtering thread. I can feel your emotions, but I can’t feel them. It feels, wrong.”

“I know what you mean,” the dark haired male whispers back. “It is as if I am only a fraction of the man I once was, even though this is only a normal bond.”

He wraps his arms around his Captain, holding him tight. He squeezes his waist gently, rubbing his back.

“But Leonard explained to me that it was vital for your, stability, that we share a bed and fully open our bond while we sleep, at least eight hours a day,” Khan murmurs. “It is to help keep you at peak performance to continue to command the Enterprise.”

A smirk tugs at his lips.

“I am afraid that your frail human body has become use to me superior-”

The Augment lets out a yelp when Kirk uses his speed to yank on his ear viciously, feeling as if it was about to be torn off. He rubs his ear when his mate lets go, glaring daggers at him.

“Superior my ass,” the blond mutters, rising out of his Alpha’s lap. “Who’s supposed to be Empress of Earth?”

“And who gave up the throne?” The Brit growls, his anger flaring.
The Darkness had gotten a foothold since they had partially closed the bond to prevent discovery, a small one, but it was still a victory.

*Show him who is superior!* It laughs, voice a horrible shrieking orchestra. *You are the Alpha! You are better!*

It never talked to him before, but It was gaining ground, tearing the Light with Its claws.

He was at war with himself, nearly six hundred years of combined savagery from two lifetimes against a measly seven years of... what?

He has been happy during those seven years, but there was always that nagging feeling of, *wrongness.*

He was not created to love or care for another being, he was created to rule, to conquer continents, to be superior in every way. On a deep, unconscious, so unconscious it was the very core his being, level, his being, his *soul,* shrieked and howled as it was denied time and time again.

And he will keep denying it.

But with the Darkness growing, how long could he hold out?

Kirk begins to grow worried when he can no longer hear Khan’s thoughts, or sense his feelings, an even that is becoming more and more frequent. It is still rare, but it was starting to worry him.

He wants Khan to talk about it, but if it wasn’t for their bond, he wouldn’t know how his Alpha was feeling. Alphas did not like to talk about their feelings, especially males. They kept their feelings to themselves, but they were excellent listeners. They would listen to their Omegas chatter for hours, and not just nod and tune out, but ask questions and inquire for details.

Kirk reaches out and takes his mate’s hand, squeezing lightly. Khan’s face softens, squeezing back. He flips his hand over and entangles their fingers, bringing the back of his Omega’s hand to his lips.

“I love you, Noonien,” the blond says quietly. “I will never stop loving you.”

“Nor shall I, James,” the Augment whispers.

The dark haired male’s lips linger on his mate’s hand before releasing his hand, picking his fork back up. The couple flicks their gaze to their tribbles purring in their cage at the foot of the Captain’s bed, smiles tugging at their lips. The Alpha/Beta idly pokes at his food, his mate resuming his paperwork, but keeps an eye on his Alpha. Khan plays with his food for a few more minutes, before sighing and pushing his bowl away, crossing his arms over his chest. Kirk pauses before standing, taking his mate’s hand and leading him towards the bed. He lays down on his massive bed, tugging the Augment down so his head is pillowed on his Omega’s flat belly. The blond props himself on his pillows, allowing his Alpha to curl up against him. The Captain continues his paperwork, propping his PADD on his mate’s head. The Alpha/Beta chuckles, nuzzling his Captain’s belly.

Khan looks over at the foot of the bed again where Noonien and Tiberius trill happily in their cage, snuggled closer than two people trapped in a cabin in a blizzard with no heat, trying to fuse themselves together. The dark haired male smiles and snuggles closer to his mate, letting out his own happy rumble. Kirk smiles and opens their bond, his smile widening when he hears his Alpha gasp softly. They can feel their biorhythms fall back in sync, feel what the other feels.
And right then, they were hungry.

“Let us eat, love,” Khan laughs.

“Let’s,” Kirk laughs back, smiling.
Chapter VII

Chapter Notes

I want to give you guys a heads up on this chapter. There is a lot of stuff in this one, and it's not porn. There is a reason this fic has the tag of graphic descriptions of violence. There is a lot of blood in this chapter, as well as talk about death and afterlife, and abortion. But it's only a single line on the last part. So do not bring Hell down on my head for this one. This is a very dark fic, and it's only going to get darker. There will be some light points, but it is definitely a story not for the faint of heart further down the road. But have fun~!

Kirk loves his crew.

He would die for his crew, well, he has died for his crew. He loves being Captain of the Enterprise more than anything, except being Khan’s mate and mother of his unborn child.

But sometimes, he does not feel as if he is Captain of the Enterprise.

He feels like he is a teacher of a nightmarish class of four hundred eighty-three preschoolers.

And right now, he is a teacher.

Four Ensigns and a Lieutenant sit before him, the Ensigns sporting various superficial, the Lieutenant, a female Operations Officer, a few bruises on her wrists from being grabbed. Two Security Officers stand on either side of the five crew members, phasers set to high stun. His two Commanders are on either side of him as he stands in the rec room, hands clasped behind his back. The Omega’s glacial blue eyes flick from crew member to crew member, unsettlingly calm. The crew members have their gazes glued to the floor, doing their best not to squirm.

Khan can feel his mate’s boiling rage through their bond, rooted to the spot with sheer terror at his Captain’s displayed calmness. When Kirk speaks, his voice is even, calm, and slightly quieter than normal, sending chills down the Augment’s spine.

“Explain to me again,” he says. “How this event occurred.”

The four Ensigns squirm under his gaze, refusing to look up. The Lieutenant has tear tracks on her face, but she too, refuses to look up. The silence is thick, lasting several minutes, far too long for anyone’s liking. When the blond speaks again, his voice is even quieter, his rage even greater.

“No one wishes to speak up?” He asks. “No one wants to explain what happened?”

Several minutes pass before he speaks again, his voice quieter, calmer, and even more even. Goosebumps spread all across Khan’s body, the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end as he fights the urge to shiver.

“Maybe no one wishes to speak up because they realize how embarrassing this is for Starfleet,” Kirk says. “How badly this reflects on your Captain. It is mind boggling how four Starfleet Officers think that it is alright to fight over their Commanding Officer as if they are horny teenagers
fighting over who gets to bang a hot piece of ass. I am embarrassed to even call you four members of my crew, and that is something I do not say lightly.”

He pauses, letting the silence make his crew members squirm.

“Until we reach Earth,” he continues. “The four of you are to be sequestered to your quarters, and the very moment we are docked with Starbase 1, you will be transported down to Starfleet Headquarters, where you will face disciplinary action. This will be placed on your permanent record, and I assure you, I will file a report. Once I leave this room, your last chance to explain yourselves will leave as well. Now, do you wish to explain yourselves?”

The silence answers his question. Kirk nods to the Security Officers, turning on his heel and walks out of the room without saying a word. Both Commanders see the few tears roll down their Captain’s cheeks, their gaze flicking to each other. With only their eyes, they reach the unanimous decision that Spock will take command and Khan checks on their Captain. Both exit the room, heading in different directions to complete their tasks. The Augment picks up a brisk pace, worried about his mate.

Right now, he is only a concerned Commander worried about his Captain.

He enters his mate’s quarters, finding him face down on his bed, screaming into a pillow. Khan heads over to the bed and sits down on the edge, placing a hand on his back. He rubs soothingly, his Omega still screaming.

The dark haired male is startled when his Captain suddenly wraps his arms around his neck, burying his face into his Science Blue clad shoulder. Khan blinks a few times before wrapping his arms around the Omega in response, holding him tightly. He can feel his shirt becoming damp from his mate’s tears, but he still hold onto him.

It could be the hormones from his pregnancy, it could be his Omega nature, it could be the stress of being a Captain, some combination of the two of them, or all three that was causing Kirk to be emotional.

But Khan could not give two shits about what was causing the blond to cry.

Right now, Kirk is not Captain and Khan is not his subordinate.

Right now, Kirk needs his mate, and that is what Khan is.

The dark haired male rubs small circles up and down his Omega’s back, rocking gently. The blond digs his fingers into his Alpha’s skin, clinging to him. The Augment’s scent fills his nose, comforting, soothing, and so familiar. He presses closer to that scent, needing the comfort. The Alpha/Beta tightens his grip, pulling his mate into his lap. Kirk sits sideways in his mate’s lap, his head buried in his neck. Khan hooks a hand under the blond’s knees, his other on his back. He rests his cheek against his forehead, shifting so he can lean against the pillows. He holds his mate close, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“And we were having such a nice dinner,” the Captain hiccups, clinging to his Alpha like a blond octopus.

The dark haired male kisses his forehead, lips lingering.

“Yes we were,” the Augment replies. “And we still can, if you would like.”

“I’m not hungry,” Kirk says, closing his eyes. “Just, just hold me.”
“If that is what you wish,” the dark haired male murmurs.

“It is,” the blond replies.

“Then that is what I will do,” Khan says, cradling his mate in his arms. “And that is what you shall receive.”

Kirk shifts so his head is tucked under his Alpha’s chin, curled up on top of him. The Augment holds him tightly, fully opening their bond to synchronize their biorhythms again. Kirk can feel his heart and breathing fall back in sync with his mate’s, something that makes him smile. He can feel his mate’s tentative mind slip through their bond, hesitant and timid. He tries to listen to their baby’s heart, but he gets lost along the way. The blond smiles and mentally takes his hand, showing him the path to their child. Khan smiles as he hears their unborn child’s heart beat rapidly in his Omega’s womb, feeling his mate’s body as he feels it.

“You may not be hungry,” he chuckles. “But your body is. And you need to take your supplements.”

“Yes, mother,” Kirk groans, sitting up and moving off his mate.

Khan picks up his PADD as he mate returns to his table, continuing to read The Clan of the Cave Bear. Kirk glances over, curious about what his Alpha is reading. The Augment marks his page and returns to the beginning of the book, moving to sit beside his Omega.

“Chapter one,” he begins. “The naked child ran out of the hide-covered lean-to toward the rocky beach at the bend in the small river. It didn’t occur to her to look back. Nothing in her experience ever gave her reason to doubt the shelter and those within it would be there when she returned.”

He continues to read to his mate, his gaze flicking to the blond periodically to make sure he is eating and taking his supplements. The Omega listens with rapt attention, finishing his food and taking his supplements under the watchful eye of his Alpha. He is thankful that he has such an understanding and considerate Alpha, allowing his mate to experience the childhood he had been denied twice. Simple things, such as hugs and bedtime stories, adult stories, Kirk was never allowed, due to his upbringing as the future Empress, and his alcoholic abusive stepfather and absent mother. He never had any friends until he joined Starfleet, and that piece of his past pissed Khan off just as much as the abuse he suffered.

The Augment had to admit that his upbringing was dark, twisted, and inhumane, but as least he had his brothers and sisters to interact with. He had almost two hundred fifty fellow Augments, but only ninety-seven made it to adulthood, eighty-four of those his brothers and sisters. He was a natural leader, taking control of any situation. His siblings looked up to him, and he made damn sure to do them proud.

He was not engineered to be nurturing, kind, caring, and supportive, but that was what his mate needed.

And that is what he shall be.

Khan groans softly as his mate pulls out of his embrace, reaching to turn off his alarm. He does not want to move from their nice, cozy, very warm nest, does not want to let his mate leave his embrace, and most certainly does not want to stop being his pregnant mate’s Alpha.

But Kirk has his duties as Captain, and he has his duties as a Science Officer.
The dark haired male shucks off the sheets, goose bumps spreading across his skin from the rapid change in temperature. He swings his legs off the bed, rising to his feet in a smooth motion. He glances over his shoulder to gaze at his mate, gasping loudly.

Two long, thin, bright pink scars are on his shoulder blades, perfectly straight and parallel. He has never seen them before, and that scares him.

Khan crosses the room, his panic flaring.

“Where the bloody hell did you get these?” He breathes, tracing the scars on his mate’s back.

“Get what?” Kirk asks, twisting his head to see.

The Alpha/Beta leads his mate to the bathroom, turning him around.

“These,” Khan says, pointing to the scars.

When the blond sees what his mate is talking about, he pales, his eyes widening. His jaw goes slack, the terror clear in his eyes.

“I, I don’t know,” he whispers. “I’ve never seen them before.”

The hair stands on the back of the Augment’s neck, turning around so his back is to the mirror. He looks over his shoulder, paling.

The same pink scars are on his back, in the exact same place.

They look roughly a month old, and they should be healing.

Khan’s stomach drops when he realizes that they are not.

The couple looks at each other, their terror clear in their eyes and through their bond.

“Do you remember…” Kirk begins.

The Alpha/Beta shakes his head, his insides clenching and unclenching.

“What does this mean?” The blond whispers.

“I do not know, love,” the dark haired male whispers back, staring at the scars. “I do not know.”

The couple enters the bridge, taking their respective places. Kirk forces the scars from his mind, focusing entirely on his duties as Captain. He throws himself into his work, knowing Khan is doing the same. He does not complain about the amount of reports or paperwork he needs to complete, earning what would be a mild look of surprise by a Vulcan. He can hear Uhura questioning his lack of protest, Hell, his whole damn bridge crew is.

“Are you feeling ill, Captain?” Spock inquires, startling the blond from his thoughts.

He blinks up at his First Officer, confused.

“Why, why are you asking?” The Omega asks, surprised.

“You keep rolling your shoulders,” Uhura says from her station. “Both you and Commander
Harrison. In the exact same way, if I might add, sir.”

Kirk frowns, watching his mate turn partially to hear.

“I had not noticed, Commander,” the Captain says coolly, rising to his feet. “Perhaps you can-”

The rest of his words are cut off by an ear splitting shriek, pain racing up his spine like liquid fire as screams tear themselves past his lips, every nerve in his body howling in agony. His knees completely give out, Spock barely catching him in time to stop his head from smashing onto the floor. He tears himself out of his First Officer’s arms, moving to his hands and knees by sheer instinct alone, his shoulder blades the most painful part of his body, screams still shredding his throat raw. His senses are almost completely blocked by pain, but he can vaguely make out the sounds of his mate’s own howls of agony. Kirk can feel his skin and muscles tearing over his shoulder blades, blood pouring from his wounds. If he were not on the verge of passing out, he would have noticed that the exact source of his wounds and pain was the two scars that had appeared. The blond can feel something building under his skin, ready to burst like a supervolcano. The pain consumes him completely, blocking everything, even the bond.

He is violently thrust back into reality as the thing under his skin explodes, sucking all the air from his lungs.

He collapses onto the floor, covered in his own blood, which is quickly spreading across the once pristine white floor. His brand new wings are spread limply over the floor, covered in his blood. His breathing is harsh as he feels his skin knitting around his wing joints, every cell in his body aching and sore. His face is turned towards his mate, blinking slowly as he hears his bridge crew screaming orders around him, the loudest voice of them all is his normally stoic First Officer. The Captain feebly stretches a hand towards his mate, who is lying terrifyingly still on the floor, his blood continuing to spill. Even his dark wings are still, while Kirk’s twitch sporadically against the floor. His voice is wrecked, coughing out a single word before falling unconscious.

Noonien…

Kirk drags his eyes open.

All his senses are dim, hazy, and not working properly, but they are coming back slowly. His mind is slowly kicking back into gear, slowly feeling the bond come back “online.”

The blond instinctively turns to the right, seeing splotches of blue, black, and cream, recognizing his mate. He can vaguely smell his Alpha, wishing he could reach out and touch him. His fingers twitch slightly, gasping softly in pain at the simple movement.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” McCoy shouts when he attempts to sit up. “Don’t you dare try to move off this bed!”

Kirk complies, letting his eyes fall shut in sheer exhaustion. He hurts all over, and in places he didn’t even know he had. He lets his Chief Medical Officer examine him, his strength slowly returning piece by piece. He opens his eyes, finally able to see straight. He can feel the oxygen mask pinching his skin, reaching up to adjust it.

“Oh now you don’t!” McCoy spits, pinning his hand to the table. “You just suffered massive blood loss and had two fucking wings sprout from your back. “You so much as twitch, I’ll declare you unfit for duty, capiche?”
Kirk touches his friend’s mind with his own, communicating his understanding. The Beta nods, resuming his examination. The Omega closes his eyes again, letting himself drift off into a half doze. He is concerned about his mate, but he is also concerned about his unborn child. He communicates his concern with the doctor, his mate his first priority.

He can always create another child, he cannot create another Khan.

“John’s okay,” McCoy replies. “He’s just not handling the change as well as I would like.”

He can feel that Khan is wide-awake and already healed, but Maeve is faking his vitals and he is pretending to be unconscious. Kirk inquires how long he has been out, receiving an answer of four hours for the both of them.

“And the baby is fine,” the brunet adds under his breath.

The Omega’s relief is clear in his body language, his wings twitching slightly against the biobed. McCoy eyes them with annoyance, shaking his head in disbelief.

“First the bond, then the pregnancy, and now fucking wings,” he mutters, giving his Captain a hard glare. “You really can’t be a normal Omega, can you?”

‘Then that would be boring,’ Kirk thinks, his eyes shining with amusement.

He can hear Khan laughing through their bond, completely in agreement with his Omega.

Thirty minutes later, the couple walks out of the medbay with a clean bill of health, and under the strict order of rest and paperwork.

And an honest to god water shower.

Every crew member they pass stares at them, but only because of the amount of blood on them, much to the couple’s relief. They enter the Captain’s quarters, shedding their blood soaked and ripped clothes, placing them in the recycler. They step into the bathroom, thankful that the shower is large enough for the both of them and their new wings. Kirk switches the shower from sonic to water, the spray beginning to wash off the blood, the amount startling them both. The blood on their bodies comes off easily enough, but with the layers of feathers on their new appendages, it is a Hell of a lot harder to clean.

They work on cleaning their mate’s body, rotating on who is under the spray. As the blood is slowly cleaned off their feathers, they can finally see what color their wings are. Kirk’s wings are the same color as his hair, “highlights” ranging from a dark gold to a pale, almost white, blond, and shimmer like the sun when the light hits them just right. Khan’s are jet black, amethyst purple, sapphire blue, and emerald green appearing when the light is at the right angle, flashing briefly. Both their wings are incredibly soft, but in size, the Augment’s wings are massive, much larger than his mate’s. Kirk can see the sheer power in his Alpha’s wings when they move, the muscles rippling even with the smallest twitch. He reaches out and touches the Brit’s wings, stroking the damp feathers. When he pulls his hand away, his fingers are coated in blood, surprising the pair on how much is still left.

“Bloody Hell,” Khan breathes. “How much blood did we lose?”

“When I touched Bones’ mind, I think I read it was our entire blood volume,” Kirk replies, letting the water wash away the blood on his finger. “Or close to it.”
He lets out a soft squeak when the Alpha/Beta pins him to the wall, claiming his lips in a heated kiss. He can feel something hard pressing against his thigh as his mate slips his tongue into his mouth, gripping tightly.

“Wait, wait,” the blond pants, pushing the Augment away. “We promised no sex for a month.”

“James, I nearly lost you,” the dark haired male says, his voice cracking.

He rests his forehead against his Captain’s, tears running down his face as he holds him close.

“I nearly lost you,” he whispers again.

He captures his Omega’s lips, tears splashing onto his skin.

“Please,” he begs in his native tongue, his voice cracking. “Please.”

“No,” Kirk says firmly, pushing him away.

He locks eyes with him, firm and steadfast.

“Having sex will not fix this,” he says. “It will only make you feel empty. You can’t run away from this.”

He cups his mate’s cheek, stroking his skin.

“You need to come to grips with the fact that I will not be here for forever, and it is only because of my Pure Blood lineage that you will have me for as long as you will,” he says softly. “Omegas live longer than any other gender, even chimeras. As a Pure Blood, I will live three or four hundred years, maybe even half a century.”

He takes his mate’s face in his hands, his eyes watering.

“But I am human, a frail, easily damaged human,” he says quietly. “I will die at some point, whether it be by natural causes, or other methods. It is inevitable that my time will come and it is something you cannot stop.”

“My blood saved you last time,” Khan growls softly. “I will not lose you. I will make sure of that.”

“Don’t you dare,” Kirk snarls. “It is something I have accepted, as painful as it is to me. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me, and to know that I will never see you again is something that damn near sent me to a psych ward. You know what will happen to you after I am gone, I do not. Not a single person who is alive knows what will happen when their time comes, and even those with near death experiences have a wide range of stories on what happened. And that is not counting those who were brought back from the dead. Every culture, every religion, Hell, every living being has a different view of the afterlife, and they could be all right, all wrong, or somewhere in the middle. No one knows. Hell, there may not even be an afterlife. We may just stop existing once we past on, we don’t know.”

“An existence without you is not an existence at all,” the Augment snarls back. “It is not a life I want, nor will I let it happen.”

The Captain grits his teeth, frustrated.

“I don’t want to have my life artificially extended,” he snaps, his eyes hard. “To continue to exist in a frail, weak body, long after it was supposed to cease functioning. That is not an existence, that is
Hell. And I will only grow weaker the longer I live. I don’t want to not be able to have you hold me, make love to me, or touch me without fear of damage that will only weaken my body further. You will remain virile and youthful, while I will be frail, weak, and not even a shadow of my former self. That is not something I want. That is not something I can even think about living with, that is not something I want our child to see.”

The Brit looks away, understanding his mate’s point.

“It is not something I would want either,” he says quietly.

He turns back to his mate, resting his forehead against his. They hold onto each other, letting the water run down their bodies.

“We should probably continue to clean ourselves up,” Kirk says softly, starting to feel slightly dizzy.

His head swims violently as his knees begin to feel weak, gripping his Alpha tightly. Khan holds him to his chest and lowers both of them to the ground, supporting his Omega.

“You just relax,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs softly. “I shall clean us both off.”

The blond nods, exhaustion pulling him into a light doze. The Augment purses his lips when he feels his mate’s exhaustion through their bond as if it was his own, but he does not feel the exhaustion himself. He pushes the thought from his mind for a moment, focusing on the task of cleaning the last of his mate’s blood off his wings. He can feel how sore his muscles are, but his own body is sore in a different way. The dark haired male catalogs this information for later, deciding to look into it when he is not occupied.

Once he has completed the task of cleaning the blood of his Captain’s wings, he finishes cleaning the rest of his body, checking over every millimeter of skin and wing to make sure he did not miss any. The Brit then begins to clean his own body, making sure to remove all traces of their violent experience. When the water turns from red to pink to clear, and stays clear for several minutes, Khan turns off the water and carries his mate out of the shower, carefully drying both of them off. He then carries the blond into the main room of his quarters, setting him carefully on the bed. A quick scan of the closet reveals that his own clothes are inside, causing the Augment to blink a few times in surprise. On further examination of their uniforms, he can see that their shirts have been altered, a flap on the back that allows them to slip their wings through when putting them on, as well as slits when the flap is closed that does not restrict the wide range of motion on their new appendages.

A smile tugs on the dark haired male’s lips as he dresses his mate, pulling on his own clothes while leaving their overshirts off. While completing these tasks, he realizes the Kirk is asleep and their bond is fully open, and yet, he does not feel the urge to join his Omega in his blissful slumber. The Augment is puzzled at this new development, wondering if the emergence of their wings was as the historians had concluded about mates during the first two thousand years of their modern ancestors, and the myth of the unbreakable bond. It was only a hypothesis, as the depth of the bond is not corporeal to anyone but the bonded pair, and the unification of their scents. Bonds did have varying strengths between mated pairs, but every bond could be broken, some easier than others. The only way to form a bond was through the claiming during the intended pair’s shared Heat, at least, until Khan and Kirk had come along.

As far as Khan knew, there is not a single record of a bond forming through skin-to-skin contact, let alone have such a deep and strong connection between mind, body, and soul.
Did the fact that their unnatural bonding mean that the myth was true, even fifteen thousand years after the last physical example had lived?

His mate stirs, trying to shift into a more comfortable position to sleep in. The Augment arranges his Omega so he can sleep without hurting his wings, a soft smile gracing his lips when he falls back into a deep slumber. He plants a soft kiss on his mate’s temple, his lips lingering.

“Sleep well, my love,” he murmurs. “For I shall be watching over you, my precious golden angel.”

He hears the door slide open, female footsteps entering the Captain’s quarters. Khan pulls away, his gaze flicking to the intruder.

“Yes, Lieutenant Uhura?” The Augment asks, slipping into his Commander persona. “Is there something you need?”

“I just came to check on the Captain, sir,” the Communications Officer says.

Khan can read her mind on his own, but somehow, that does not surprise him. He rises to his full height and turns to face Uhura completely, his wings spreading slightly on their own accord.

“I can tell you are lying to me, Lieutenant,” he says, his gaze cold. “You know who I am, and you know that I am not someone you want to provoke.”

His wings spread even more in intimidation, but the Lieutenant does not move from her position.

“You are either incredibly brave, or unbelievably foolish,” the dark haired male says, his face hard. “You know my capabilities. You know what I can do to those who I consider my enemies, and yet, you stand before me, lying to my face. So let me ask, are you brave, or foolish?”

“What I want to know is why someone who is nearly three hundred years out of his time doing on this starship getting cozy with my Captain and using a fake name,” Uhura snaps. “You only create a new identity for yourself when you plan to infiltrate an organization and destroy it, and I demand to know why are you are leading my Captain around like an animal to the slaughter. Tell me now or I will call Security.”

Khan narrows his eyes, her mind a jumble of emotions, but he can read the truth in her threat.

“You are neither brave nor foolish,” he rumbles. “You are an asinine, feeble-minded moron who is blind. Do you really think I will kill your Captain on a starship with four hundred eighty-three crew members who will die for their Commanding Officer, far away from anywhere safe and not a single way to escape if I did so? The better question is, what purpose would I have for killing the man who I would die for to save his life? What would I gain from killing the mother of my unborn child, something I have waited for for my entire existence? What reason would I have to take the life of the man who saved my own from absolute annihilation? Explain to me, what would I gain from killing your Captain?”

He watches the shock spread across the Lieutenant’s face, her lips parting in a soft “O.” The Augment can feel that his mate is awake, ready to spring into action in case things turn south. Khan turns his back on Uhura, not waiting for her answer. His gaze is soft as he reaches out and touches his Omega’s cheek, stroking gently. His wings fold against his back as he sits on the bed, still stroking his mate’s cheek.

“I would rather die than harm James in anyway,” he murmurs softly. “He is my savior, something that no one could possibly understand. What he is to me, neither words nor actions could ever begin to describe that meaning.”
He turns to the Communications Officer, still stroking his mate’s cheek.

“We are not from this reality, and I cannot begin to explain for it will take too long.” he says. “In the short version, humans can mate with each other by claiming them as their own with a bite on their necks. This bonds the pair, becoming soul mates, as it fuses their souls together, but better known as mates. Even though they are soul mates, there is a fable, a myth, a dream that every mated pair hopes to be; Perfect Mates.”

He glances down at his mate, a smile tugging on his lips.

“Perfect Mates are as the name suggests, perfect in every way for each other,” he continues. “Their bond is unbreakable, something that is not tangible to anyone but the bonded pair. The last pair of Perfect Mates was over fifteen thousand years ago in our reality, only existing for two thousand years. The only way to discern a Perfect Mate from normal mates is a simple physical feature, just one. Care to take a guess?”

Uhura’s eyes flick to the elephant in the room, which shift slightly under her gaze.

“You are correct,” Khan confirms, rising to his feet. “In fifteen thousand years, there has never been a recording of a pair of Perfect Mates emerging. Why would I kill the person who is perfect for me, let alone the person who is carrying my progeny? What would I gain from this action?”

The dark haired male tips his head slightly, daring her to answer to the question.

“You would not gain anything,” she says quietly. “You would lose everything.”

Khan nods, his wings shifting slightly behind him.

“I understand your distrust, Nyota,” he says softly. “But I am only telling you this to ease your fears.”

He crosses the distance in two quick strides, taking her hands in his.

“I need you to never utter a word of this conversation to anyone, as if it had never taken place,” he says. “You must erase your tracks on how you found out my true identity, making sure that no one will ever know that you know who I am. I am not telling you this to protect myself; I am telling you this to protect everyone else. It is not my past that I am afraid of catching up to me, it is my present that I fear more. If anyone finds out that I am here, everyone onboard will cease to exist, as if they had never been born.”

Uhura’s eyes widen at the statement, seeing the fear in his eyes.

“I am sorry to ask you this,” the Brit says softly. “But I need you to swear on your life that-”

“You have my word,” the Lieutenant says, cutting him off. “This conversation never happened.”

She stretches up to kiss his cheek, pulling away to head out of her Captain’s quarters. She pauses before the door, glancing over her shoulder.

“Tell the Captain I said congratulations,” she adds softly.

With that, the Communications Officer heads out into the hall, leaving the couple alone. Khan sits back down on the bed, gazing at the door. He does not jump when arms wrap around his neck, large golden blond wings folding around him as best they can. Soft lips press against his skin in a tender kiss, the Augment feeling the body of his mate press against his back. He reaches up and
places a hand on his arm, stroking his clothed skin with his thumb.

“You didn’t need to tell her,” Kirk murmurs softly. “You outranked her. You could’ve just sent her away with an order.”

“If I had not told her, she would have kept looking,” the Alpha/Beta replies. “And that would have exposed my location, putting everyone in danger. I do not need any more blood on my hands than I already have.”

He looks down at his lap, staring at his free hand as if he could see it.

“I have already spilled too much for one lifetime,” he adds quietly.

The Omega threads his fingers between his, squeezing gently. The Brit pulls his hand away to face his mate, gently pulling him into his arms. He holds him tightly, his nose buried in his hair. The Captain holds his Alpha, rubbing his bicep tenderly.

“You are no longer that person,” the blond says quietly. “That person no longer exists.”

“That person still exists,” Khan says, pulling away.

He stands and moves to stare out the viewport, crossing his arms over his chest.

“That was the person who I was designed to be,” he says. “It was what I was built for, not this.”

He makes a wide sweeping gesture, shaking his head.

“This is not the life I was supposed to live,” he says. “I am not supposed to be, happy. I am not supposed to feel fucking guilty at all the lives I have taken. I am supposed to be the one who is superior that everyone and know it, to be the one who controls the world with an iron fist and stop the idiocy of humans. I am not supposes to have a mate who I worship the ground he walks on. He’s supposed to worship me.”

Khan snarls the last part, tightening his posture.

“If you’re so unhappy, then leave,” Kirk says quietly. “Leave and don’t ever come back.”

The Augment shakes his head, looking out the viewport.

“I cannot do that,” he says softly. “I am obligated to-”

“If that is what is making you stay,” the blond snarls. “The fact that you knocked me up and you feel guilty about doing it, then maybe I shouldn’t keep it if that is the only thing that is keeping you with me.”

Khan whips around as soon as the words leave his mate’s mouth, his entire being radiating pure horror. Kirk’s hands are slapped over his mouth, his eyes blown wide. Neither dares to breathe, their chests tight. The Captain’s wings fold around him tightly, hiding him from view. The Brit can see his Omega’s form shaking violently, quickly crossing the distance to hold him tightly. The blond clings to his mate, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“I didn’t, I didn’t mean to…” He sobs, unable to finish.

The dark haired male just holds him tightly, his own tears falling.

“Can we get off the emotional rollercoaster from Hell now?” Khan asks after a few minutes.
Kirk giggles softly, tipping his head up to watch a smile spread across his Alpha’s face. He leans into his touch as his mate softly kisses his tears away, mimicking his actions once he is done.

“It’s got to be the damn pregnancy hormones that’s causing our mood swings,” the Omega says.

“Or we could be the characters in some crazy-arse story,” the Alpha/Beta counters.

The Captain scoffs at the idea, rolling his eyes.

“Like that’s a possibility,” he says.

“You never know,” the Brit replies, smiling.

“Then the author is a dick,” Kirk mutters.

“They brought us together,” Khan murmurs.

“True, but they are still a dick,” his mate counters.

The Augment chuckles, gently pulling them down onto the bed as he moves to fit his body against his mate’s, lifting him up to wrap his wings around them. The blond folds his wings against his back as he draws his knees towards his chest, his Alpha following with his own. The Alpha/Beta cocoons them tightly in his massive wings, large enough to cover them both. The silk-like flight feathers brush against their skin, the soft down feathers trapping heat better than anything the pair had experienced. Kirk closes his eyes and Khan rests his head against his mate’s neck, resting his hands on his flat abdomen. The Omega places his hands over his Alpha’s, threading their fingers together. The dark haired male softly kisses his mate’s skin, murmuring in Hindi.

“I love you, James,” Khan murmurs.

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk murmurs back.

“Sleep well, my love,” the Brit says softly. “For I shall—James?”

Khan lifts his head when his mate goes limp on him, a soft smile curling on his lips when he realizes that he is asleep. He lays back down and tightens his grip on his mate, kissing his neck softly.

“Sweet dreams, my angel,” he murmurs.

The Augment closes his eyes, quickly asleep as he follows his mate to their shared dreamscape, fingers threaded tightly together.

The couple makes loud noises of protest when the lights are turned on full strength, Kirk turning to bury his face into his mate’s shoulder as Khan shifts his top wing to cover their faces.

“Who the fuck has the balls to disturb their Captain when there isn’t a red alert?” Kirk demands from his mate’s shoulder.

“I have the balls,” McCoy says, placing his medical bag on the bed. “I need to clear you for active duty. Now sit up and shut up.”

Both let out loud grumbles, reluctantly leaving their warm nest. They sit up and let the Chief Medical Officer examine them, planning ways to kill him slowly and painfully.
“What time is it?” Khan asks, covering his mouth as he yawns widely.

“2200 hours,” the Beta replies.

The Augment blinks, his mind fuzzy as he tries to figure out how long they have been asleep.

“How long has it been since we left the medbay?” The Captain asks, covering his own yawn.

“Roughly seven-and-a-half hours,” McCoy says. “I cleared you medically at 1427 hours, and it’s now…”

He pauses and checks his communicator for the time, allowing Kirk to make the “kill” motion at his Doctor.

“I saw that,” the Doctor mutters, looking up. “And the time is 2203 hours.”

The couple looks at each other, surprised.

“But we only sleep five-and-a-half,” they murmur in unison.

“Trust me,” the Beta says. “You need the sleep. Both of you.”

He examines them thoroughly, the couple nodding off a few times. McCoy awakens them rudely, earning swears and fingers, and a few multilingual curses.

“You two are cleared for duty,” the brunet says, packing up his things. “Now, sleep.”

He stands up and heads to the door, pausing.

“And don’t wake the damn crew when you hump like bunnies,” he snaps.

He walks out the door, leaving the expectant couple blinking a few times.

“Wait, what?” Kirk asks, startled.

“Are we really that loud?” Khan asks under his breath.

The couple looks at each other before shrugging, too exhausted to put any real brainpower into it.

“Do you mind if you, um…” The blond begins, flushing slightly.

The dark haired male smiles and gently removes their clothes, the couple returning to the position they had been in before McCoy disturbed them. This time though, the couple tangles their legs together, trying to get as much skin-to-skin contact as possible. The Augment reaches up and gently touches the pendant around his neck, his mate’s hand resting over his. The Omega takes his hand and slides it down to his abdomen, where the long, pale fingers curl slightly in possession. His other hand joins the first, rubbing tenderly. Tanned fingers join pale, interweaving them tightly. Khan rests his forehead against mate’s neck, kissing his skin.

“Did you know that in Japanese sexuality, the nape of the neck is considered to be a primary erotic area?” Khan asks softly against his Omega’s skin.

“Is that why you kiss that area so much?” Kirk asks, rubbing the back of his Alpha’s hands.

“It is also the primary area where an Alpha marks their Omega,” the Augment says. “An Alpha’s eyes are drawn to that area, the same way the human males’ eyes of this reality are drawn to a
woman’s breasts.”

“That explains a lot,” the Captain murmurs.

The Brit chuckles softly, nuzzling his skin. The blond hums softly, enjoying the much warmer body temperature of his mate. His higher metabolism generated more body heat, and his massive jet black wings trap that body heat, creating a nice, cozy cocoon for the couple.

“I love you, Noonien,” Kirk says softly.

“I love you too, James,” Khan replies just as soft.

They cuddle closer, lulled to sleep by the warmth. They close their eyes and fall asleep, returning to their shared dreamscape.
Chapter VIII

Chapter Notes

We have crossed a 1000 views! All you guys get virtual cookies, every single one of you. I promise you guys, this story will end, but I have not a single clue on how long that will take to get to said end. On paper, I have 17 chapters in total, but since I split up chapter 4 on paper to chapters 4 and 5 electronically, I have 10 more chapters already written, or more if I decide to split it up again. I know that this is slow going, but promise me, hang with me to the end and you shall be rewarded. And if you still have any questions, the magic comment button is your friend.
And once again, the characters are sent through the ringer for the sake of a story. I am a dick.
And have fun reading!

Kirk does not know what to expect when he returns to the bridge, worst-case scenarios running through his mind as he enters the turbo lift, his wings point blank refusing to stay still. Khan is beside him, his own wings restless, but for the brief ride, they interlace their fingers, silent prayers in their thoughts.

When the turbo lift doors open, they did not plan for clapping.

Every member of his bridge crew is on their feet, clapping with wide smiles on their faces. Kirk was not expecting that, so he flushes with embarrassment, his wings folding around him to hide himself. The bridge crew laughs when Khan lightly shoves his mate out of the turbo lift, causing him to stumble. The blond glares at his mate, though his wings flap almost playfully. The Augment smiles and returns to his console, a wing stretching out to brush against his Captain’s. The Omega’s wings stretch out towards the dark haired male, but he forces them back, moving to his chair. He is thankful that his crew does not mention his little flirting with his mate, returning to their stations as their Captain folds his wings against his back so he can sit without hurting them. He can hear his crew thoughts, but when he focuses on a single mind, all of their conscious thoughts come into focus.

It never happened before, but Kirk is not surprised that his abilities are heightened with the emergence of their wings.

He is surprised when he senses his mate scanning the minds of his crew, and not using the Omega as a conduit.

He mentally shakes himself, accepting the reports he needs to sign from his yeoman. She is a pretty, slim, green eyed, blonde thing, but he is already taken, the mark on his neck proving it.

He rubs it unconsciously, thankful the high collar hides the bite. Last thing he needs is someone to see the mark and put two-and-two together, especially since one could see how violent the formation of the mark was. Khan mentally agrees, subtly pulling up his own collar to cover his mark.

The next few hours go by smoothly, allowing the bridge crew to rotate for the hour-long break for
lunch at 1200 hours depending on when their half hour break was scheduled. The bridge had a specific rec room for this time slot, the bridge rec room located a floor down. When Kirk puts his meal card in, he is surprised when he receives chicken, rice, and peas, which is rather high in calories. He picks up his tray and carries it to a table, careful not to spill his glass of milk. When he sits down, Khan sits beside him, shepherds pie on his tray as well as a glass of water. Spock and Uhura sit with them as well, plomeek soup and a salad on their trays, respectively. The Vulcan gives his Captain a funny look, but Kirk ignores it. The couple eats, Khan discretely slipping his mate his supplement, which the Omega forgot to take in the morning. He manages to take it without anyone noticing, not wanting anyone to know that he is pregnant.

Though, Spock does not miss it.

He opens his mouth to speak, but Uhura slams her foot down on his, shutting him up. The blond gives his Communications Officer a grateful look, earning a smile. Khan slips his fingers between his, squeezing lightly. The Omega squeezes back, a smile tugging on his lips.

At this moment, his life is perfect.

When the crew returns to the bridge, Chekov informs them that they are six-point-two-seven hours ahead of schedule, much to his surprise. Kirk couldn’t be happier because in his reality, they had been two minutes behind schedule, and at least things were different.

“Mr. Scott, did you happen to tweak the engines during our trip?” The Captain asks, smiling.

“I did indeed, sir,” the Chief Engineer replies. “It was Commander Harrison who managed to come up with a way to make our engines forty-seven percent more efficient. I don’t know what rock he crawled out from, but if you transfer him off the Enterprise, you can bet your bleedin’ arse that I’m leaving too. That man is a bleedin’ genius!”

“Elegantly put, Mr. Scott,” Kirk laughs, shaking his head. “I can assure you that Commander Harrison is a permanent part of the Enterprise crew.”

“No disrespect, sir, but where the bleedin’ Hell did you find him?” Scott asks.

The blond flicks his gaze to his mate, whose jet black wings tremble with silent laughter.

“Heaven,” he replies quietly.

“I can honestly believe that,” the Scotsman says over the comm. “When we return to Earth, I’m buying that man a good, stiff drink.”

Khan lets out a huff of laughter, shaking his head before glancing at his Captain. He nods, turning back to his console.

“I believe the Commander shall take you up on that offer,” the Omega says.

“He’d better,” Scott mutters. “Engineering out.”

“Mr. Sulu, prepare to drop out of warp on my command,” Kirk says as he terminates the communication.

“Aye, sir,” Sulu says, preparing.
“Three, two, one, now,” the Captain orders.

The Lieutenant drops the Enterprise out of warp, the Class-M planet dubbed “Nibiru” appearing before them. Soft gasps rise up from the bridge crew, even Spock lets out a quiet breath. Kirk leans forward in the command chair, his own jaw falling slack in fake shock. His Alpha’s reaction is genuine, cursing softly as he rises, staring out the viewport in shock.

“It’s… red,” Chekov says quietly. “Sir.”

“It most certainly is,” the blond replies, leaning back into his chair. “Lieutenant, proceed to enter standard orbit around Nibiru.”

“Aye, sir,” Sulu says, activating the autopilot to place the ship in standard orbit.

The image on the viewport changes as the Enterprise automatically adjusts herself to enter standard orbit, the thrusters making minute adjustments to correct herself.

“Maneuver complete, sir,” the Helmsman says, turning to his Captain.

The Omega nods, steepling his fingers together, pressing his index fingers to his lips. He thinks, watching the starfield before him for a few minutes.

“Captain?” Spock asks, moving to stand by the blond. “Is there a problem?”

Kirk looks up, his wings fluttering softly.

“There is not, Commander,” he replies, flicking his gaze back to the viewport. “Lieutenant Uhura, give me shipwide.”

The Communications Officer blinks, nodding to her Captain. She turns back to her console, complying with his order.

“Channel open, sir,” Uhura says, turning back to the Omega.

He leans forward so the command chair can recognize his voice and separate it from the background noise, speaking with an air of authority.

“Attention, crew of the Enterprise. This is your Captain speaking.” Kirk begins, his eyes flicking to his mate. “We have just entered orbit around Nibiru roughly six hours ahead of schedule. You can thank our Chief Engineer for that. Those on the survey team shall begin at 1500 hours, Commander Spock will be in charge.”

He pauses, thinking.

“We must follow Starfleet regulations to the letter, and under no circumstance, are we to break the Prim Directive. These are our orders.”

He leans back, closing his eyes for a moment.

When he opens his eyes, even the ever-logical Vulcan First Officer can see the guilt in them.

“Commander Spock, you have the conn,” he says quietly, rising to his feet. “I, I need to be alone.”

He heads towards the turbo lift, Khan rising to his feet.

‘I said alone!’ The blond snarls, causing the Augment to sit back down.
The Omega’s emotions dominate their bond, anger the primary emotion. Guilt, terror, hurt, and grief are other emotions, but Khan is more worried about the fact that his mate lashed out, even though no one could see.

He was never violent, even mentally.

So why is he now?

The dark haired male watches with worry as his mate continues to head out of the bridge, never pausing. He turns back to his console, unable to work.

“Commander Harrison, you are relieved from duty,” the Vulcan says.

The Alpha/Beta turns to the First Officer, confused and startled.

“Sir?” Khan asks, brows furrowed.

He catches movement from behind Spock, his gaze resting on Uhura. She is jerking her thumb towards the turbo lift, mouthing words at him.

Go get him.

“Yes, sir,” Khan says, rising to his feet.

He moves quickly to the turbo lift, riding it down the deck where the Senior Officers and VIP quarters reside. His wings shiver with worry as he approaches the Captain’s quarters, entering.

Khan is slammed against the wall, his mate’s hands around his throat.

“I said alone!” He shrieks, squeezing.

The Augment’s breathing is restricted slightly, but Kirk’s Pure Omega DNA made sure that his body was built solely for speed, not strength. Khan easily pulls his Omega’s hands off his neck, holding him to his chest. The blond shrieks and howls, clawing, biting, hitting, fighting his Alpha’s grip. Khan holds on as his mate twists and writhes in his embrace, tearing his clothes and breaking skin.

“I have you,” the dark haired male whispers. “I have you.”

He lets his Omega take his anger, his frustration, out on him, knowing that he could take it. Kirk’s wings tremble violently, flapping angrily.

Finally, finally, Kirk’s knees give out, clutching onto his mate as his anger gives way to grief, sobbing uncontrollably. His wings droop as he gives up, his grief overwhelming their bond.

“I just gave them a death sentence,” he sobs. “And they don’t know.”

Things fall into place as the Brit rubs his Captain’s back soothingly, softly hushing him.

“You do not know that,” he murmurs softly.

“I do,” Kirk sobs. “I can see the outcomes, and all of them have the supervolcano exploding. I have just sent an entire sentient species to death.”

The wail that spills from his mate’s lips shatters his Alpha’s heart, cradling him close.
As a Pure Omega, Kirk valued life above all else, but they had sore spots with that topic. They were against abortion, but for a child that would have a horrible life, sired out of rape, incest, or other reasons, they would give. They were against killing, but would also give on certain issues.

But the murder of an entire sentient species, they were radically against that.

And for Kirk to have given that order…

It will destroy him.

Khan scoops up his mate and carries him to the bed, holding him close as he lays them both down. He swings a leg over his Omega’s holding him tight. His wings enfold around his mate, Kirk’s own wings limp and still. The Alpha/Beta’s clothes are ripped, blood on the edges of the cuts. His wounds have already healed, but he is more worried about the wound his Captain inflicted on himself. He rubs the blond’s back, right between his wings, trying to work out the knots. Tears still splash on the Augment’s skin, his body trembling.

The dark haired male kisses his Omega’s temple, beginning to sing softly in Hindi. Kirk recognizes it as a lullaby, but he is still too distraught to relax. Khan touches his mate soothingly, trying to relax his tense muscles, lulling him to sleep with his voice. He switches languages smoothly, singing as many lullabies he can to relax his mate. He sings in as many languages as he can, trying to get his mate to sleep.

Finally, finally, Kirk falls asleep, much to his mate’s relief. Khan makes sure that he is asleep and will not wake up before slipping out of bed, careful not to disturb his Captain. He changes clothes, glancing over his shoulder.

“I am sorry,” he whispers, closing his eyes. “But we need to come clean.”

He exits the Captain’s quarters, heading towards the conference room used for diplomatic meetings.

It also happens to be the one that has a lockdown function.

Khan slips into the room and pings the Senior Officers, making sure that it is only Kirk’s most trusted Officers. He takes a breath to steady himself, adding that it was urgent.

He takes a seat and waits, forcing his wings to be still.

The Augment is hesitant, but he knows that it is the right move. He knows that coming clean, laying all his cards out on the table, explaining everything, is going to help his mate not have a black mark on his pure soul.

Fifteen minutes after the ping is sent, the six individuals that received the message enter the room, taking their seats. Khan reaches out and enters the lockdown command on the touchpad, listening to the whir of the electronics kick in. The Brit leans back in his chair, taking a breath.

“What I am about to tell you, does not leave this room,” he says. “Once we leave this room, this conversation never happened. Any questions you have not asked, will never be answered outside this room. Once lockdown is lifted, you will return to your lives as if nothing happened. Any hint about this conversation outside of this room will have disastrous consequences. I do not mean discharge from Starfleet. That is only a minor, temporary consequence. I mean the permanent consequence. If the wrong people hear any hint of this conversation, every crewmember aboard the Enterprise will be dead shortly. Do not take this matter lightly. Because not only will the Enterprise lose her best crew, her best Captain, Earth will have lost her last chance at peace.”
He pauses, letting his words sink in.

“I think we shall begin with something simple; my name,” Khan says.

Kirk opens his eyes to the sound of his communicator beeping, sitting up to reach for it. When he opens the device, the message he reads is surprising. He does a quick scan of the room, finding his mate is gone. He slips out of bed and heads to the bridge, finding that his Senior Officers are missing.

Even Spock is missing, which is really startling.

He sits in the command chair, taking over as Commanding Officer during Beta shift, when his First Officer should be in command. He scans the minds of his crew, finding seven missing. A quick scan of the Enterprise shows that all seven communicators had been in the conference room used for diplomatic meetings, and lockdown had been initiated twenty-seven minutes ago.

“What the hell are you doing?” The blond mutters, highly concerned.

The survey team begins to bring him reports on the planet, the supervolcano on the other side of the planet. Remote viewing, probes, and samples taken from said probes were revealing interesting results. Most of the contents of the planetary survey reports went well over the Captain’s head, but he did his best to understand them, wishing that his mate and First Officer were on the bridge so they could dumb it down. He checks the status of the conference room, praying the lockdown would be deactivated soon.

The lockdown was designed to block all forms of spying, inorganic and organic. All signals were blocked once lockdown was activated, and it blocked all signals. If one were to look on the room through a monitor, it would appear as a blank space, even through mental and other sensory organs.

It was highly disconcerting to Kirk, feeling that the bond is still string, but it just, stopped. The bond was not broken, but any information from his Alpha is gone. It is completely blank, leaving a Khan shaped hole in him. It is scary to be on his own, having grown accustom to his mate’s sensory input and constant thoughts. He is scrambling to keep himself from floating away, not having realized that it was Khan holding him together.

Was he that really that damaged?

Did the Alpha he was promised to really break him so much that it takes his mate to keep him together? That he cannot stand on his own two feet?

The answer is apparently yes.

When the lockdown is finally disengaged and Kirk can read the minds of his crew, he is shocked.

With each passing second, his blood pressure rises to dangerous levels, going from shocked to angry, to pissed, to livid. As soon as Spock is on the bridge, the Omega hands over the conn then tracks his mate’s soon-to-be-dead ass down. He violently hauls him into his quarters, making sure the door is sealed before rounding on him.

“You told them? You fucking told them!” He screeches, wings bristling with fury.
Khan’s face hardens, his eyes cold steel as his own anger floods their bond.

“I needed them to understand,” he says, his words clipped. “I needed them to understand that this decision would destroy.”

“That was not your decision to make!” Kirk shrieks, his wings snapping out.

The Augment’s wings spread in response, his stance shifting to domineering instinctively.

“You are not the only one in this relationship,” he says, his voice a low rumble. “You are not the only one this decision would affect.”

“Are you trying to control me?” The Omega snarls, fists clenched. “Because that’s the kind of shit Khan would do.”

The Alpha/Beta’s jaw clenches, his fingernails digging into his palms. His wings spreading threateningly, enraged at the suggestion.

“That is the old me,” he says, rumbling.

“Is it?” Kirk spits.

Khan’s wings snap out, crossing the distance so they are nose-to-nose. The raw fury in their scents is gagging, filling the room with its putrid smell.

“Say it,” the Brit snarls. “Say the words you so desperately want to utter.”

Kirk’s jaw clenches, hot tears stinging his eyes as he utters the phrase that no mated pair should ever say.

“We should have never been bonded!”

Kirk starts violently, drenched in a cold sweat, his heart threatening to burst from his chest. He is trembling, gasping for air as the adrenaline pumps through his blood from his nightmare. He can feel that his mate is in a similar state, his breathing harsh in his ear. His jet black wings cocoon them tighter, his embrace almost vice-like. The blond knows that he will have bruises later from his mate’s grip, but that is later.

Right now, they both need comfort.

Khan relaxes his grip so his Omega can turn in his arms, but quickly holds onto him the moment he finishes turning. The Captain buries his head into the crook of his mate’s neck, wrapping his arms around his broad chest. His own golden blond wings wrap around the Augment as much as they can, which is not much, but he tries his best.

“I know you are,” Khan breathes in Hindi. “I know you are, love.”

Kirk pushes closer, holding tighter to his Alpha. The Augment tightens his grip marginally, relaxing after a few seconds.

“Two absolute precognitions within ten days of each other?” The Captain asks, shuddering slightly. “What the fuck is wrong with our lives that we have to avoid two catastrophic events in less that two weeks?”
“I do not know, love,” the dark haired male breathes. “Maybe, we are…”

He trails off, hesitating.

“We are not compatible?” The blond asks, looking up. “That’s what you wanted to say, right? Or am I wrong?”

The Alpha/Beta licks his lips, hesitating.

“You are not wrong,” he replies softly. “But, I, I wonder how we could be Perfect Mates, and be from two completely different times? We have a nearly three hundred-year age gap, and we had two completely different upbringings. If Marcus…”

He pauses, sighing.

“If Marcus had not wanted to start a war with the Klingons, twice,” he says. “We would have never been able to meet, to bond, to have a child. It is a cruel twist of fate to have a war be the turning point in our lives that will finally bring happiness, true, honest to god happiness, to the bleak darkness that is our lives.”

“You’re kinda morbid, you know that?” Kirk mutters.

Khan chuckles and plants a kiss to the mother of his unborn child’s brow, his lips lingering.

“You know I have only had seven years of light in my nearly six hundred years of living,” the Brit says. “Even in cryosleep, I did not have any light in my dreams. You are my Sun. You are my Light.”

He gently kisses his Captain, rubbing between his wing joints tenderly.

“My Savior,” he murmurs.

Kirk shivers at his mate’s words, arching into his touch. He kisses back, letting his Alpha lead, like always. The Augment kisses his mate tenderly, his love clear through their bond. Khan gently rolls his Omega onto his back, sitting up to pull him into his lap. Kirk wraps his legs around his mate’s waist, his arms around his neck. Their lips never break apart as Khan enfolds them in his wings, his hands between his wings and on the small of his back. Their lips work against each other, parting to tangle tongues.

“Can we, can we not have sex?” Kirk pants, pulling away. “I’m just-”

The Augment silences his mate with a kiss, telling him to shut up physically and mentally. The Captain smiles as his mate blows his mind with his fantastic kissing skills, leaving him breathless when he pulls away. He barely has time to take half a gasp before the dark haired male claims his lips, pinning him to the bed. His jet black wings spread and drape over his mate, clinging to each other. The Alpha/Beta pulls away, breathless as well.

“Was that good for you, James?” Khan asks, stroking his mate’s jaw.

The Captain makes a low noise of content, writhing slowly. He smiles at his mate seductively, his eyes half lidded.

“Maybe sex wouldn’t be so bad,” he purrs.

Khan smiles down at his Omega, tugging on his lower lip with his thumb. He kisses him softly,
pulling away to dot kisses all over his face.

“Not this time, love,” he says softly in Hindi. “I have a promise to keep.”

Kirk smiles and lets his mate pepper kisses over every millimeter of his body, making sure not a single one is missed. The dark haired male ends on the skin just above his navel, his lips lingering.

“I still cannot wait to meet her,” Khan murmurs.

“Who says it’s a girl?” The blond teases.

The Alpha/Beta gives his mate a stern glare, but the smile on his lips ruins the picture.

“I hope it is a girl,” he says, nuzzling his mate’s flat abdomen, his wings creating a canopy over them. “I have always wanted a baby girl.”

“Because of all the pink?” Kirk asks playfully.

Khan chuckles, his eyes crinkling around the corners. He kisses his mate’s belly again, his wings fluttering softly. The blond threads his fingers into his Alpha’s jet black hair, massaging his scalp. He lightly tugs on his hair, earning a low rumble. The Augment folds his wings against his back, crawling up to be face-to-face.

“It looks like we are still at warp,” he murmurs, glancing out the viewport.

The starfield is streaks of light as Kirk looks out the window, the couple watching. Khan lets him sit up, the blond crawling into his lap. He wings fold against his back, pressing against his mate’s chest. The Alpha/Beta sits cross-legged, his Omega folding his legs under himself, his arms wrapping around the blond. The Augment’s wings fold around them, his cheek against his mate’s temple. They hold onto each other, not wanting to let go.

“I love you, Noonien,” Kirk breathes.

“I love you too, James,” Khan breathes back.

The dark haired male kisses his mate’s temple, gently rocking them. Kirk holds onto his Alpha, leaning back into his embrace. The Augment tightens his grip on his Omega, his wings enfold around them tighter. The warmth from Khan’s higher body temperature and his great insulating feathered appendages create a toasty warm and extremely soft cocoon around them, one that would normally put them to sleep.

But they could not be further from sleep if they tried.

Kirk shifts so his knees are tucked against his chest, Khan’s hands moving to wrap around his knees. The dark haired male nuzzles his mate’s temple, kissing his skin.

“Do you want to sleep some more?” He asks softly.

“I’ve slept enough for one day,” the Captain sighs, turning his head towards the father of his unborn child. “I don’t want to sleep anymore.”

‘I’m afraid to go back to sleep,’ Kirk thinks. ‘I’m afraid of what horrors await me if I close my eyes again.’

‘I am too, love,’ Khan thinks back.
‘Don’t let go of me,’ the blond pleads. ‘Don’t you ever let me go.’

“Never,” the Alpha/Beta breathes. “Absolutely never.”

“I don’t know what is real anymore,” Kirk whispers, his wings trying to fold around himself.

Khan spreads his wings just enough so his Omega can wrap his wings around him, the massive jet black appendages enfolding around them again.

“My love is real,” he murmurs. “My love for you is real.”

“I don’t know anymore,” the Captain says quietly.

Khan flinches as if he had been struck violently, tightening his grip. Kirk forces himself out of his Alpha’s grip, who reluctantly lets him go. The Omega walks away, standing before the viewport furthest from the bed, arms crossed over his chest. His wings are constantly shifting, refusing to look at his mate.

“How can you say that?” The Augment asks, an edge in his voice. “How can you doubt my love for you? We are Perfect Mates.”

“That doesn’t mean shit,” his mate snaps, his wings snapping out.

“What the fuck does that mean?” The Alpha/Beta snarls.

Kirk’s wings wrap tightly around himself before he forces them back, his arms tightening.

“There is something only Pure Bloods know about Perfect Mates, something that not even Pure Betas know,” the blond says quietly. “Something that is forbidden for anyone but Pure Omegas and Pure Alphas.”

He pauses, hesitating.

“Perfect Mates did not exist for the first two thousand years of our existence,” he says. “They existed for five thousand. But it is the last three thousand years that we must keep secret, we must never let out into the open.”

He tenses, his gaze fixed on the starscape.

“Have you ever wondered why there are so few Pure Alphas and Pure Omegas in the world?” Kirk asks quietly.

“It has crossed my mind,” Khan admits. “Why does it matter?”

“Because the last three thousand years of Perfect Mates is the reason why,” he says. “Because the Perfect Mates killed themselves off. Because they hated each other.”

He closes his eyes, sighing.

“They may have been perfect for each other,” he says. “But there was not love between mates. There was so few of our ancestors, not even two million in total, so anyone they mated with made them Perfect Mates. In the first two thousand years, there was love, absolute, unconditional love. But in the last three thousand years…”

He shudders, tears rolling down his cheeks.
“There was so much violence between mates, many of them had at least a quarter of their bones broken by the time they were killed,” he says quietly. “Multiple times, and some had every bone in their body broken by their mates. We could tell because their mates had identical fractures, some not even healed properly.”

He begins to whimper, his shoulders shaking.

“Even though we are Perfect Mates,” he whimpers, his wings folding around him tightly. “Does not mean that we love each other.”

Khan is instantly on his feet, crossing the room to turn his Omega around, taking his face in his hands.

“My love for you is unconditional,” he says quietly, brushing his lips against his mate’s. “No matter what you say, no matter what you do, I will always love you. Nothing can ever make me stop loving you. Not a single damn thing in this universe will ever make me stop loving you. Nothing.”

“Not even murder?” Kirk sniffles.

Khan chuckles, wiping away his tears.

“You have a twisted mind, James,” he purrs, kissing him.

“Wonder where I get that from,” the Captain purrs back.

They kiss long and slow, their lips swollen when they finally part. Khan threads his fingers with his Captain’s, tugging him towards the bed. The blond goes willingly, allowing his mate to lead him, though he just wants to be alone.

‘No you do not,’ the Augment thinks, pulling his mate to him as they lay down. ‘This is not a time you should be left alone.’

“Okay,” the Omega says in a small, child-like voice, separating the two syllables.

The Alpha/Beta holds his mate tightly, kissing his forehead. Kirk shifts in his mate’s arms, wrapping his around his waist.

“I love you,” the blond says softly.

“I love you too,” the dark haired male replies.

Kirk closes his eyes, listening to his Alpha’s heart beat.

“Would you like me to read to you?” Khan asks.

“Yeah,” the Omega says. “I’d like that.”

“Then that is what I shall do,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, reaching for his PADD.
Chapter IX

Hello my little lurkers! A new chapter has been posted! I really don't have much to say on this one, except the action train has just begun to pull out of the station!

....

It's not obvious that I'm a little hyper, right?
Have fun~!

The couple changes things up in the morning, having breakfast so Kirk can take his supplement, and avoid the possibility of the crew finding out about their Captain’s pregnancy. When they arrive on the bridge, the crew claps for them, smiling. Kirk walks out of the turbo lift, head held high, a commanding air around him. He takes his seat in the command chair, Khan taking his own seat at his console as the rest of the bridge resumes their duties, glancing at their Captain. Spock is called away to check over last minute details with the planetary survey team, something about a faulty probe, if the blond heard correctly.

They break for lunch, the couple receiving the same meal as the precognition, Uhura joining them. Spock does not at first, but eventually joins them in the end.

“How is the survey team?” The Omega asks, taking a bite of his rice. “Something wrong with a probe, right?”

“Affirmative, Captain,” the Vulcan replies.

He then begins to explain what was wrong, Kirk’s face quickly becoming blank as the explanation goes well over his head.

“A wire was loose?” Khan asks, surprised.

The blond’s jaw goes slack, his eyes widening.

“That’s it?” He asks, slightly peeved. “That’s what was wrong?”

“In, simple terms,” Spock says.

“It sounded a Hell of a lot worse,” Kirk mutters, stabbing a piece of chicken.

“It would have taken out the entire Science section,” his Alpha explains. “So, it is as bad as it sounds.”

“Open mouth, stick in foot,” the Captain mutters, shoving the chicken in his mouth, his cheeks flush.

The First Officer quirks an eyebrow up, confusion clear on his face. He does not say anything, picking up his spoon to eat his plomeek soup. Kirk is grateful that he does not say anything, not wanting to explain the phrase. Khan and Spock begin to talk shop, which goes well over their Captain’s head. The blond listens with one ear while he eats, and one hand on his Alpha’s thigh. The Brit threads his fingers with his Omega’s, squeezing.
He may be a genius in his own right, scoring off the charts with an IQ of 231, having mind blowing high scores in all categories, and a higher-than-average score in social skills, but Khan and Spock did laps around him, and sometimes he felt as if he was moron when the Augment showed off his intelligence. Spock was naturally a genius because he was a Vulcan, but Khan had an intelligence on par with his, and Kirk felt stupid.

The Alpha/Beta flicks his gaze to his mate, concern flowing through their bond. The Captain ignores him, idly poking at his food as he pulls his hand away.

“Are you alright, sir?” Uhura asks, concerned.

“Dumbass here is making me feel like a moron,” Kirk sighs, speaking flawless Klingon as he jerks his fork towards his mate.

“Since when do you speak Klingon?” Uhura ask.

“Since he can’t,” he says, Khan frowning in confusion. “It is one of the few languages he can’t speak.”

“You do realize that he will learn Klingon quickly,” the Communications Officer says. “And is it wise to insult him?”

“He is not prone to violence, unless he thinks I am in danger,” Kirk explains. “All mates are that way. If I thought he was in danger, I would protect him with my life.”

Uhura nods, glancing at the Brit. The Omega can hear that she does not really understand, something he does not take personally. Khan tips his head slightly, his brows furrowed as his wings shift behind him.

‘What are you talking about?’ The Alpha/Beta asks, frustrated.

‘You,’ Kirk replies.

‘Explain,’ Khan all but demands.

The Captain smirks, resuming to eat. The dark haired male’s wings flare out slightly in frustration, glaring hard. The Omega’s smirk becomes a lopsided grin, even more smug at the fact his mate cannot figure it out. He finishes his milk before depositing his tray into the recycler, heading back up to the bridge. The Alpha shift replaces the Beta once they come back from lunch break, Chekov informing them that they are six-point-seven-one hours ahead of schedule. Kirk shakes his head in disbelief, comming Scott to thank him for increasing their efficiency.

And once again, he has his mate to thank as well.

They drop out of warp, complete the “Surprise! It’s red!” bit of their day, allowing Kirk to give the speech about their mission, and leave out the part about following Starfleet regulation, much to his Alpha’s relief.

“Mr. Spock, you have the conn,” the blond says, rising to his feet.

He heads back to his quarters, knowing that he has a ton of paperwork he needs to complete. He has a migraine just thinking about how much he has piled up, and it is a never-ending pile. The blond enters his quarters, already finding a massive pile of electronic reports and paperwork waiting for him. The Captain groans, pinching the bridge of his nose in an attempt to stave off his oncoming freight train of a migraine.
Kirk sits down at his table, launching himself straight into his work. It is not until Khan comes in and forcibly removes the PADD from his hands does Kirk look up from his work, his head pounding something fierce. The Brit kneels before his mate, taking his face in his large hands. He strokes the blond’s cheekbones, arctic locked with glacial.

“Are you alright, James?” The Augment asks softly. “I can barely hear your thoughts.”

“Migraines,” the Captain replies, closing his eyes as the dim lighting begins to hurt. “All Pure Omegas suffer from them, due to our abilities. Omegas suffer them to a lesser extent, and Omega chimeras even less.”

“Is there anything I can do to help relieve the pain?” Khan asks, worried.

“You already are,” Kirk says quietly. “When a Pure Omega is not mated, they’re usually put into a medically induced coma for about a week to, how to put this, purge and reboot the system.”

“So, you are a computer?” The Alpha/Beta asks, arching an eyebrow.

“A very fragile biochemical computer,” he replies, leaning into his mate’s touch. “Nobody knows why, but an Omega’s Alpha can help in ways to relieve the migraine that are different for each Omega. And yours seems to be touch.”

“By touching you, I am helping you with your migraines?” The dark haired male asks, curious. “How often do these occur?”

“Do you remember during our five-year mission that I would come down with a cold and we’d lie in bed until I got better?” The blond asks.

“Of course,” his Alpha replies. “They usually lasted between three days and a week.”

His eye widen as it clicks, his lips parting.

“Those were migraines?” He asks.

Kirk nods, smiling weakly. Khan pauses, thinking.

“You always did feel better when we were naked,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs.

He stands and tugs his Omega to the bed, gently taking off their clothes. The Captain does not resist, letting his mate manipulate his body to keep as much skin-to-skin contact as possible, his wings enfolding them tightly. Kirk’s wings move around his mate on their own accord, helping keep contact as he tucks his head under his Alpha’s chin.

“Better?” Khan asks softly.

“Much,” Kirk murmurs. “The migraine should be done within a few hours, but it’ll be Hell-and-a-half in a little bit. I don’t know why, but it seems that the duration of my migraine has been condensed. Maybe it’s because of the stronger bond?”

“That is a high possibility,” the Augment murmurs. “But we may never know.”

“It’s the only variable that has changed,” the Captain replies. “What else could it be?”

“I can think of one lasting eighty weeks,” his mate replies.

“Oh,” is all the blond can say.
Khan nuzzles his Omega’s temple, smiling. The Alpha/Beta tightens his grip marginally, relaxing after a few seconds. Kirk cuddles closer to his Alpha, enjoying the warmth. The dark haired male rubs his mate’s back soothingly as he begins to whimper, quietly ordering the lights off.

“Kill me now,” the Omega moans, shifting closer.

The Brit tightens his hold on his mate, his scent displaying his concern and helplessness at not being able to ease his mate’s pain.

After about two hours though, Khan can hear his Captain’s thoughts again, loud and crystal clear.

“I can assume that your migraine is over?” The Augment asks softly.

“Yeah,” the blond replies quietly.

Neither move from their positions, for neither want to move. They hold onto each other, enjoying the closeness.

“I love you,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs in Hindi.

“I love you too,” the Omega murmurs back.

Kirk shifts closer, digging his fingers into his mate’s skin.

“We need to get up, love,” Khan says softly, pulling his wings away. “The first planetary survey is almost finished, and the last thing we need is one of your many fine female crewmembers who would give their left breast to warm your bed for a night to see you naked.”

“Jealous?” The blond teases, grinning.

The Augment props himself on his side, smiling down at his mate.

“Why do I have any reason to be jealous?” He asks, trailing his fingers over his Omega’s cheek. “You are carrying my child, and we are Perfect Mates. The same women, and men, that were on the Enterprise during our five-year mission are onboard, and you never had them warm your bed.”

He leans down and brushes his lips against his mate’s, purring softly.

“Only I have had the privilege,” he murmurs. “Only I have been allowed to warm the bed of the legendary Captain James Tiberius Kirk of the USS Enterprise, savior of Earth and the youngest Captain in the history of Starfleet.”

“In the nearly sixty years I have been alive,” the Captain says softly, touching his Alpha’s cheek. “You are the only person who I have chosen to share my bed with.”

The Brit catches his hand and softly kisses his palm, his eyes closed. He pulls away after a gentle nip to the inside of his wrist, stimulating the scent glands there, capturing his Captain’s lips in a soft and tender kiss. When they pull away, their lips part with a soft plop, rubbing noses together, smiling softly. The dark haired male lets his mate up, allowing him to redress himself. It also allows the Alpha/Beta to admire his Omega’s nude form, his eyes taking in every detail. Kirk blushes under his mate’s gaze, dressing hurriedly while leaving his overshirt off. Khan also dresses, though he is quick and efficient as he hears the thoughts of one of the crew approach. He leaves his overshirt off as well, joining his mate at the table.

The first of many planetary survey reports comes in with a rather striking female Lieutenant,
dressed in Sciences blue. Khan is quick to notice that she appears to be a Black Irish, having pale skin, jet black hair, and piercing moss green eyes, which are solely focused on him. Her long sleeved skirt accents her slender figure, which the Augment has to admit is rather attractive, though her thoughts are not.

The couple knows that the more experienced of the pair has a few harmless fetishes, the main one being his Omega in female clothing, something Kirk was more comfortable wearing because of his Omega nature, but the Lieutenant had some rather, disturbing, ones.

All involving the dark haired male.

The Captain forces a smile on his face, doing his best not to leap at her and throttle her into unconsciousness at what she wants to do to his mate.

“Thank you, Lieutenant,” he says, trying to keep the venom out of his voice. “You are dismissed.”

The dark haired woman nods, barely glancing at her Captain before heading out his quarters, allowing the blond to snarl once the doors close, livid. Khan pinches the bridge of his nose, paling slightly.

“I did not know that someone could even be turned on by those kinds of things,” he mutters, groaning. “Honestly, I will never look at a butternut squash the same way again, nor shall I ever eat one from this point forward.”

“At least, not on this ship,” Kirk comments, reaching forward to take his Alpha’s hand, squeezing gently. “Or anything in the pumpkin family.”

The Augment groans again, shaking his head.

“I do not even know how one could possibly make that fit,” he says. “The human body is not designed for that.”

“If you think about it, the same logic can be applied for an Alpha’s knot,” the blond replies. “If we weren’t in such a fuck-or-die mentality, it’s actually terrifying to the Omega on how something that big could even fit inside us, especially for an Omega male. And from what I vaguely remember from my Heats, you’re no small fish either. We could almost call it ‘Cockzilla’ or something.”

The Brit studies him intently, his brows furrowed.

“What?” The Captain asks, wary.

“You are not blushing,” he states.

“Should I be?” The Omega asks.

“Yes,” the Alpha/Beta replies.

Kirk rolls his eyes and pulls his hand away, shaking his head.

“Maybe I’m not embarrassed by sex anymore,” he suggests.

Khan raises an eyebrow and creates a few images in his head that has his mate turning a color that puts the Operations red to shame, much to his amusement.

“Obviously not,” the dark haired male observes, shaking his head. “If those images can make you
“Th-those were pretty provocative!” The blond stammers.

“No, James,” the dark haired male sighs. “Those are actually the least provocative images in the world of sex. If I had shown you something that was much more provocative, you would have passed out from all the blood rushing to your face.”

The Omega flushes even darker, his wings folding around him to hide him from the world. His mate sighs and rises to his feet, moving to stand by his Omega. The Alpha/Beta presses a soft kiss to the top of his blond head, murmuring softly.

“I am sorry for embarrassing you, love,” he says softly.

The Captain peeks out, his flush lightening. He folds his wings back, tipping his head up to capture his Alpha’s lips.

“Let me go over the planetary survey report,” Kirk says quietly, pulling away. “Then we can, I don’t know, have an early dinner?”

Khan smiles softly, his wings fluffing up in happiness as he sits down.

“I would love that,” he says, taking his mate’s hand, squeezing gently.

Kirk smiles shyly, squeezing back. The Brit pulls his hand away and begins to work on his Captain’s paperwork, signing his name flawlessly.

“Since when can you forge my signature?” The blond asks, surprised.

“Your muscle memory is my muscle memory,” the Augment says, flicking his gaze up as he continues to sign. “I need to focus a bit, but I can sign your name and write the way you can as if it was my own handwriting. Our bond allows us to exchange information that we have learned over our lifetime, even the ones that we do not give a second thought to. It is how you can speak Hindi fluently, as well as the other languages I have learned over my life.”

He smirks slightly, finishing a signature with the same flourish his mate does.

“It is also how I can speak Klingon fluently,” he says, Kirk’s eyes widening.

“Crap,” the Captain curses softly, flushing lightly.

“Crap, indeed,” he says, giving his mate a stern look. “I do not appreciate being called, what was your turn of phrase? Oh yes, ‘Dumbass.’ That is rather insulting for someone of my intelligence, and especially when you use it when talking to your crew.”

The Omega looks away, lips pursed as he blushes lightly. The Brit reaches out and takes his mate’s hand, squeezing gently. The blond looks over, his blush darkening slightly as he smiles softly, earning a smile back. The Augment lifts his hand to his lips, kissing his knuckles softly, his eyes shining.

“I love you,” he says softly.

“I love you too,” is his mate’s automatic reply.

The dark haired male releases his Omega’s hand after placing a soft kiss on his inner wrist, continuing to work on his reports and paperwork. Kirk opens the planetary survey report and...
begins to read, the report stating the same thing as the one in the couple’s absolute precognition.

And it goes well over the Captain’s head, again.

“This might as well be written in, I don’t know, some language neither of us know,” Kirk mutters, scrubbing his face tiredly. “I don’t understand any of this.”

Khan pauses in his mate’s paperwork, flicking his gaze up to him. He puts down the stylus and extends a hand for the PADD, which the blond gladly hands over. The Alpha/Beta reads the report, his mind already beginning to simplify it for his mate. The Omega nods, his head cocked slightly as their bond transfers over information, able to understand the report as the Augment continues read. Not a single word is uttered until the Brit finishes reading, both sighing in relief.

“So the volcano is not in an eruptive state;” Kirk sighs, his wings relaxing and folding against his back. “Yet.”

Khan can feel the tension in his mate’s back from his wings, as well as his chest and shoulders through their bond. The Alpha/Beta stands and extends a hand, a soft smile on his face. The blond instantly understands his intentions, smiling back as he rises to his feet. He takes his Alpha’s hand, allowing him to lead him to the bed. The Omega kneels on it, allowing his mate to take his shirt off and toss it aside. The Brit places his hands on his Captain’s skin, gently skimming over his flesh. He kneels behind him, his wings fluttering.

He begins on his neck, working out the knots in his muscles. His mate groans in relief, his head falling forward. Khan makes sure his neck is loose before moving to his shoulders, thumbs digging into his knots. He only moves to another tense area once he feels that the tension in the current area is gone, working out his own tension by proxy. Kirk’s back is a mess, the Augment having to dig his thumbs into his knots so hard that his Omega has to slap his hands over his mouth to hold back his increasing louder noises of pain.

“I know it hurts, love,” the Brit says quietly. “But it will feel better. I promise.”

Kirk whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut. The dark haired male finishes his back, pulling him to his chest as his hands slide to his front, working out the knots in his pectorals. The Alpha/Beta decides to try distracting his mate from the pain as he continues to whimper, one hand still working out the knots while the other slides across his chest, brushing against a nipple. The effect is instantaneous, the Captain slumping against his body as he gently pinches and rolls it, the nub hardening under his touch. The dark haired male switches hands to wrap up his massage, the blond collapsing onto the bed once his mate lets go of him. He moans softly, his eyes fluttering as his Alpha kneels over him, leaning down to kiss his cheek. His massive wings spread over his Omega, creating a canopy that traps his scent under them.

“Feel better?” He murmurs, brushing his lips over his mark of claim.

“Much,” the blond murmurs back, his body feeling as if it had been turned to goo.

Khan rumbles with approval, gently scrapping his teeth over his skin before carefully placing them over his bite. He applies only enough pressure to make sure his mate feels them before trailing his lips to the back of his neck, gently placing his teeth over his spine, applying the same amount of pressure as he did on his bite. One of his large hands slides down the Captain’s arm, tangling their fingers together. He squeezes lightly, his mate squeezing back. Kirk hums softly as his Alpha dots kisses across his shoulders, nuzzling his pillow.

“Thanks,” he says quietly. “I needed that.”
“I know,” the Alpha/Beta replies, nuzzling his mark again. “I could feel it.”

He moves to kiss the base of his Omega’s skull, trailing kisses down his spine to the hem of his pants, then back up, lingering between his shoulders. His free hand rubs his side gently, causing the blond to squirm as it tickles. The dark haired male chuckles, moving back up to blow against his ear, earning a soft whine from his mate. He then breathes softly against the sensory organ, earning a low, breathy moan.

“As much as I would love to continue this little game,” the Augment says quietly, giving his mark one last kiss. “You need to get up, love. Another report is begin prepared as we speak.”

The Captain groans loudly, reluctantly sitting up. He slips off the bed and begins to search for his discarded shirt, pulling it on before moving to sit at his table. He picks up where his mate left off in his paperwork, giggling softly as he kisses his cheek. Khan brings over their meals, shepherds pie for the blond, creamy pesto shrimp for himself. Kirk frowns at his Alpha’s meal, annoyed that his mate is allowed to eat the kind of food he wants.

“Leonard told me that we can share meals,” the Alpha/Beta says, placing the shepherds pie before his Omega. “But not while the possibility of someone catching us is high.”

The Omega nods, eating his dinner as another planetary survey report comes in. This time, the Captain’s First Officer brings it in personally.

“Spock?” Kirk asks, surprised. “What’s going on?”

The Vulcan has what would be considered a solemn look on his face, handing over the report. The blond takes the PADD, reading the report.

This time, he does not need it to be dumbed down.

“Oh no,” Khan breathes, his eyes widening as their bond reveals the information. “The volcano…”

The Captain swallows, nodding. He looks up, his panic clear as Spock looks between the couple, his brows furrowed slightly.

“How much time do we have?” The Augment asks.

“Five-point-six-five-two-three hours,” he breathes.

The Vulcan’s brows furrow even more, highly confused by his Captain’s and fellow Commander’s reactions. Kirk puts down the PADD, clasping his hands as he rests his elbows on the table. He rests his forehead against his hands, closing his eyes as his mind whirls, focused on the problem at hand.

‘Do you-’ Khan begins.

“Shut up,” the Omega growls, not moving a muscle. “And stay out of my head.”

The Alpha/Beta silences his thoughts, though the First Officer’s are loud and highly emotional.

“Spock, if there was ever a time to be a true Vulcan,” the Captain spits, lifting his head up to glare. “Now would be the perfect time. I can’t fucking think because your emotions are too damn strong!”

Both eyebrows shoot up in shock, his lips parting slightly.
“Captain?” The Vulcan asks.

“I will render you unconscious with a thought,” the blond threatens. “So. Shut. Up.”

The First Officer reigns in his emotions, allowing the Omega room to breathe.

“Call the Senior Staff,” Kirk orders, rising to his feet. “We have roughly five hours and forty minutes before the volcano explodes. We will spend every second we can to try and stop it from doing so.”
Okay my lurkers! Chapter 10 is now up! And now we get to the movie! I know it has been nine weeks since I first posted, but as I had stated earlier, this will be slow going, but once it hits a certain point, it will charge ahead like a maglev. Keep with me and this will be one Hell of a ride!
And as a bonus, we crossed 50k words!

Kirk pinches the bridge of his nose, feeling a headache coming on.

“And how, exactly, do you propose we do that?” He groans, glancing at his Transporter Chief.

The Transporter Chief, and older gentleman by the name of Lieutenant James Mackavoy, hesitates, thinking. The blond wants to bang his head against a wall, but resists. He rubs his temples, his wings shifting in agitation.

“We have spent two hours on this and no one can come up with an idea?” He groans.

His Senior Staff glances at each other, their thoughts clear.

“Lieutenant Maximillion,” he says, looking at his Geologist. “Please give us a rundown on the status of the volcano again.

“The supervolcano is situated directly above a conjoining of three continental plates, which is further destabilized by a number of proximate major earthquake faults,” she says. “A very unstable tectonic situation, and highly dangerous. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to study such a unique and highly unusual geological nexus, a career maker, if I do say so.”


The Geologist clears her throat, a light blush on her cheeks.

“The volcano is in the beginning stages of an Ultra-Plinian eruption, possibly a Supervolcanic eruption,” Maxamillion says.

“Hold on,” Khan interrupts, brows furrowed. “I thought the volcano was a supervolcano.”

“A misnomer,” the Geologist explains. “A supervolcano is any volcano capable of producing a volcanic eruption with an ejecta volume greater than a thousand cubic kilometers. The volcano is actually a stratovolcano, only much larger than anything on Earth.”

“Stratovolcano?” Kirk asks, frowning.

“Also known as a composite volcano, Captain,” Spock interjects. “They are conical volcanoes built up from many layers of hardened lava, tephra, pumice, and volcanic ash. They are characterized by a steep profile and periodic explosive and effusive eruptions, although some have.”

The Omega holds up his hand, stopping his First Officer.
“Lieutenant, continue with the report on the volcano,” he says, gesturing to his Geologist.

“As I said, the volcano is in the beginning stages of a possible Ultra-Plinian eruption, currently in the active stages of Strombolian eruptions,” Maxamillion says, pulling up a diagram. “If the volcano were to go above a volcanic explosivity index, or VEI, of a three, it will begin to jostle the tectonic plates, destabilizing the area. As the VEI increases, the earthquakes will grow stronger. A VEI of a six will begin the chain reaction of earthquakes that will further destabilize the area, and will launch the volcano directly into an Ultra-Plinian eruption. Once that happens, the resulting earthquakes and eruptions will wipe out all life on this part of the planet, and its higher intelligent life. The ash cloud and aftershocks will most likely spread across the globe, the ash cloud lasting well over a hundred years.”

“Which will block out the sun, killing the flora,” Spock explains. “The-”

“I get it,” Kirk snaps. “The planet will die.”

The words hung in the air, the silence thick. The blond pinches the bridge of his nose again, wishing he had a blocker for his damn headache.

“So, if we do not do something,” he says slowly. “The planet will die. On the other hand, we are bound by the Prime Directive, which states that we must not interfere with a civilization’s development.”

He rests his elbows on the table, his lips against his interlaced fingers.

“So, how do we do both?” The Captain murmurs.

The thoughts of his Senior Staff whirl, but his mate’s are by far the most interesting.

“I, might have an idea, Captain,” Khan says slowly, hesitating. “It is possibly insane, but it, it might be feasible.”

Kirk gestures for him to continue, the Augment’s wings shifting nervously.

“We know that the mechanics of a volcanic eruption is a result from the build up of gases in the magma,” he says slowly. “Gases that result from the boiling of the magma, ones that are highly volatile. As the temperature of the magma increases, more gas is produced. The gases vesiculate and accumulate as they rise up from the magma chamber and into the magma conduit. Once they reach a certain size, they explode, the narrowness of the conduit forcing the gases and associated magma up and out of the volcano.”

He pause, licking his lips.

“What if we, stopped the build up of gases?” He asks. “By stopping the boiling of the magma?”

“How do you stop the boiling of 1600 °C fluid substance?” The Omega asks.

Khan hesitates, his wings shifting.

“Temperature is based on the vibrations of a substance’s atoms,” his mate says slowly. “The faster the vibrations, the higher temperature. What if we were to, stop the vibrations, or slow them down?”

“Commander, are you suggesting we create a counterthermal Rankine wave device?” Spock asks, his eyebrow rising.
The Alpha/Beta hesitates, his wings shifting slightly more violent.

“I, I, yeah?” he says quietly, his cheeks flushing before the words rapidly tumble out of his mouth. “But thermodynamics is not my field of expertise, so I do not know if my theory is even possible, or even correct. I-”

“The Commander is correct,” the Vulcan interrupts, turning to his Captain. “I estimate that in approximately forty-five-point-seven-two minutes, I will have the device created.”

“But Keptin,” Chekov pipes up. “How will we deliver the device without breaking the Prime Directive.”

“Drop it in the volcano,” Sulu says.

Everyone turns to look at him, stunned.

“A shuttlecraft is small enough to hide in the ash cloud,” the Helmsman explains. “We have a thermal protection exosuit available, tested to withstand 3000 °C. What if someone were to place the device inside the volcano, with a cable lift?”

“The problem with that theory is the shuttle is not capable of handling the stress of atmospheric entry,” Scott argues. “You’ll be ripped apart the moment you exceed the maximum number of G’s they can handle, which is only three or four when reentry can be anywhere upwards of five, depending on the atmosphere. And this one will create eight.”

“Then we don’t enter the atmosphere with the shuttle,” Sulu replies calmly. “We enter with the Enterprise.”

Everyone is on their feet, shouting, telling the Helmsman he is insane.

“Sit down!” Kirk roars, his wings snapping out as he shoots to his feet.

His crew slowly sits down, their thoughts whirling. The Captain slowly lowers himself back into his chair, forcing his wings back. He turns to his Helmsman, calm.

“And if we enter with the Enterprise,” he says. “She will be seen by the natives, breaking the Prime Directive.”

“Not if we hide her, sir,” the Lieutenant replies.

“How?” Scott demands. “It’s not like we can hide her in a cave or something. She’s too large.”

“But what natural feature is even larger than a starship?” Sulu asks. “One that covers the entire planet below?”

Everyone thinks, minds working furiously.

But it is Uhura who breaks the silence.

“The ocean,” she says quietly. “We can hide the Enterprise at the bottom of the ocean.”

“Hold on a sec!” The Chief Engineer shouts. “We are not designed to handle seawater!”

“But we are air tight, are we not, Mr. Scott?” The Omega asks.

“Technically,” the Scotsman replies. “But we designed to handle the vacuum of space, not the
“But it is feasible, correct?” Kirk asks.

The Chief Engineer hesitates, but nods.

“Then it is settled,” the blond says, rising.

“But not quite, Captain,” Khan interjects.

Kirk sits back down, clasping his hands and resting his elbows on the table, leaning forward slightly.

“What is the problem with this plan, Commander?” His Captain asks.

“Remote viewing has revealed that the indigenous life-forms, or natives, have created a structure at the base of the volcano,” the Augment begins. “And in the same remote viewing session, it was revealed to the science team that this, tribe, were inside the structure, congregating in a similar manner to the way our own species have done throughout our history for religious prayer. I have hypothesized that this structure is a temple to which the tribe is worshipping in to appease the higher beings that the believe control every aspect of their lives, to which they will most likely not move from. When the volcano erupts, the temple will more than likely be destroyed, wiping out the only species on the planet that has evolved to be self aware.”

“What do you propose to remedy this situation?” The blond asks, leaning back into his chair.

“At this stage of sociocultural development,” the dark haired male says. “The species will believe in a higher power to explain phenomena in their lives that they do not understand, such as gods. In that same breath, they will also believe in an item that represents their higher power, or is the word of said power.”

“So, an idol,” the Omega says.

“Correct, sir,” the Brit confirms. “This idol will reside in a structure or place that is sacred to the beings who believe in the power that it represents. With that said, the beings will do everything to protect that object or place from those who wish to defy their gods. The one the natives happen to be praying to is small enough to be carried.”

Kirk’s eyes widen when he realizes that his mate is suggesting what he had suggested in their reality, without using his memories. He sits up straight, highly impressed.

“Commander, are you suggesting, what I think you are suggesting?” He asks slowly.

Puzzled looks dart across the faces of his Senior Officers, turning to look at the Alpha/Beta. A small smile tugs on the Augment’s lips, his eyes glinting mischievously.

“If you mean defile a primitive civilization’s most holy place by stealing their object of worship to lure them away from their imminent destruction,” Khan says, smiling. “Then, yes, that is exactly what I am suggesting.”

“How?” The Captain asks, leaning forward.

“While the shuttle takes the crew to the volcano, they can drop a two man team on a beach near the temple who can steal the idol while in disguise,” his mate explains. “That team can then be picked up once the device has been placed, at a pre-determined location.”
The Omega nods, leaning back.

“Then who will be on this mission?” He asks.

“Captain, the odds are higher for success if I were to place the device, as I will be creating it,” Spock says. “I am better equipped to handle any problems that may occur with the device, though it is highly improbable.”

Kirk lets a soft huff of laughter, shaking his head.

“Sir, I volunteer myself to pilot the shuttle,” Sulu offers, his Captain nodding in response.

“Captain, I am going as well,” Uhura says, her tone clearly saying that she will not take “No” for an answer.

“Of course, Lieutenant,” the Omega replies.

“Captain, I also volunteer myself for this mission,” Khan says, his wings shivering slightly. “I would be best suited for the ground mission.”

“Great,” McCoy mutters, groaning loudly. “Which means I have to go to make sure that you two don’t kill yourselves.”

Kirk blinks, not expecting that response.

“Do you really think you won’t go with Commander Harrison?” The Doctor growls. “You two are joined at the hip. Front wise.”

The Omega’s face turns bright red, his wings instinctively folding around him. The Alpha/Beta face also heats up, scratching the back of his head as he looks away, refusing to make eye contact with anyone.

“Captain, a blind man could see that you two are in love,” Scott chuckles, shaking his head. “You may have been trying to be discrete, but the communicators we’re all carrying sort of gave it away. That and the sensors that track life-forms onboard the ship at all times.”

The couple flushes even darker, wishing the ground would swallow them whole.

“Keptin, it is nothing to be ashamed of,” Chekov pipes up. “We can all see that you are much happier with Commander Harrison around, and we all agreed to keep quite, even though Starfleet regulations say otherwise.”

The blond’s wings part slightly, peeking at his First Officer.

“Even you?” He asks quietly.

“The repercussions of revealing your relationship with Commander Harrison to Starfleet Command would not be beneficial for the crew of the Enterprise.”

Kirk smiles and lets his wings fold back, his blush lightening.

“So, we have a plan?” The Captain asks, earning nods from his crew. “Then, you are dismissed.”

Chairs scrape across the floor as the Enterprise Senior Staff stands, exiting the conference room, Kirk leaving last. He heads back to his room, finding that his mate is already there, working on his paperwork at the table. The Omega smiles and walks over to his Alpha, standing behind him. His
mate tips his head back, a smile curling on his lips as his Omega takes his cheeks in his hands. The blond leans down and captures his mate’s lips, stroking his high cheekbones. The dark haired male chuckles quietly, reaching back to tangle his fingers in his mate’s golden blond hair as they kiss, toying with the stands. His Omega hums softly, stroking his cheeks tenderly, their bond thrumming.

Khan suddenly rises and scoops his mate, spinning him around gently. The blond laughs with joy, his arms locking around his mate’s neck as his Alpha laughs as well, his baritone laugh soothing a familiar. He carries his Omega to the bed, lowering the mother of his unborn child carefully on top of the covers, his wings vibrating. He kneels over him, their faces split in two by smiles. The Alpha/Beta’s wings create a canopy over them, their scent trapped underneath them. The blond cradles his Alpha’s jaw in his hands, tracing his cheekbones with his thumbs. The Brit closes his eyes, leaning into the touch as he rumbles softly. The noise is one of content, a deep, baritone purr much like the ones the pair of tribbles in their cage at the foot of the bed are making.

“That could’ve gone a lot worse,” Kirk says softly, pulling his mate down for a kiss.

“It certainly could have,” Khan murmurs, kissing back. “But it did not. Looks like things are finally looking up for us.”

He slides his hand down to his mate’s abdomen, smiling softly. He crawls down his body, lifting up his Omega’s shirts to kiss his flat belly, wings fluttering. The Captain hums softly, playing with the father of his unborn child’s hair, toying with the strands. The dark haired male smiles and hums back, the blond giggling as it tickles him.

“You are only thirteen weeks, two days pregnant,” Khan murmurs against his skin. “It is still far too early to choose names. I would recommend that we wait until you are twenty weeks, or even thirty before we choose.”

“You’re right,” the blond sighs, continuing to play with his hair. “It’s still too early.”

The Alpha/Beta smiles, kissing his Omega’s abdomen one last time before crawling back up to his lips, capturing them gently. The Captain kisses back, humming softly.

“I love you,” the Omega murmurs against his mate’s lips.

“I love you too,” his Alpha murmurs back, smiling.

They kiss softly, holding onto each other as they draw the moment out as long as they can. They only part when they need air, taking just enough so their heads stop spinning before kissing again.

“It’s just too bad that we’ve decided to not have sex for a month,” Kirk sighs as his mate nibbles on his neck, tipping his head to the side. “I kinda miss it.”

“I know you do,” Khan murmurs, moving to the junction of his neck and shoulder. “Your dreams say so rather explicitly.”

The Augment chuckles when he feels his mate flush heavily, heat rising off his skin. His lips slide to his bite, carefully placing his teeth exactly over the scar. He applies a small amount of pressure, causing the Captain’s breath to hitch as it brings up memories of claiming each other. The Brit’s hand slides under his mate’s shirts, gliding over his skin to rest over his heart.

“Oh for the love of…!”
The couple sighs and looks at the Beta, scowling something fierce.

“What is it, Bones?” Kirk sighs, sitting up as the dark haired male removes his hand from under his shirt.

“Other than the fact that I got more than I bargained for,” McCoy mutters, pulling out his PADD. “I found a way to allow you two to retract your wings.”

The couple turns to him, waiting.

“You two have a nerve bundle located just to the side of your scapula’s medial border, deep within the rhomboideus major muscle,” the Doctor explains, showing the couple a diagram as he stands before them. “The nerve bundle is connected to the tissue surrounding the joint of your wings in such a way that I hypothesize that when stimulated, it can retract your wings. Try rolling your shoulders like this.”

He then demonstrates the movement, pushing his chest out while forcing his shoulders back, his elbows going behind him and towards his spine. The couple glances at each other and mimic the movement, gasping when they feel the skin around their wings split, the appendages quickly pulled back into their body. Kirk reaches behind to feel, but Khan’s hand is already there, tracing the long, pink scar that had been visible before their wings emerged.

“Roll your shoulders the same way, and they should reemerge,” McCoy says, turning away. “And don’t wake up the damn crew.”

He does not see the finger gestured in his direction from his Captain as his back is turned, the door closing behind him. The expectant couple rolls their shoulders again, the scars splitting open as their wings spread once more. Not a single drop of blood was shed at either moment, their wings emerging in the exact state they had entered their bodies. The pair rests their foreheads together, their wings folding around each other. The couple laughs when their stomachs growl at the same time, moving to sit back down at the table with their now cold food. Khan has the replicator reheat their meals, placing his Omega’s meal before him while stealing a kiss. Kirk hums softly, giggling when his Alpha’s fingers brush against his ribs, squirming. The Augment rumbles and repeats the action, earning a louder fit of giggles.

“Don’t!” The Captain giggles as his mate decides to tickle him, tears biting at his eyes. “Please don’t!”

The Alpha/Beta grins and picks up his Omega, carrying him to the bed despite him wiggling like an eel in his arms. He places him on the bed and proceeds to tickle him, grinning as his mate squeals and giggles loudly, tears rolling down his face. His wings are flapping wildly, almost taking out his Alpha.

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” Kirk shouts, thrashing.

Khan releases his mate, grinning as they catch their breath. The blond sits up and smiles, his face wet from his tears as he leans in to kiss his mate. The Brit smiles and kisses back, framing his face with his large hands as he tips his head to the side. They kiss softly, pulling away to rest their foreheads together.

“What have I ever done to deserve you?” The dark haired male asks, his lips curled in a soft smile. “What have I ever done to deserve the most perfect being in existence?”

“I don’t know,” the blond replies, smiling as well. “Though if you keep tickling me, you won’t
have me for long.”

The Augment smiles and nods, kissing the tip of his Omega’s nose softly.

“Would you care to finish dinner?” He asks softly, pulling away to gaze into his mate’s glacial blue eyes. “It might still be warm.”

“I would love to,” the Captain says softly, smiling. “Though you might need to heat it up again.”

Khan smiles and slides off the bed, kneeling before his mate as he takes his hand, kissing his knuckles softly.

“It is my only desire to serve you, Empress,” the Alpha/Beta says softly against his Omega’s skin. “It is my dream to serve you, to wait on you hand and-”

He lets out a squeak as he is yanked onto the bed, pinned to it by his mate’s lighter body, lips crushed against his. He is stiff for a few seconds before giving into his Omega’s demands, wrapping his arms around him. The blond grips the fabric of his shirts in his hands, his entire being radiating dominance as he kisses his Alpha hungrily. The Augment lets his mate lead, pushing him away when they cannot see, let alone think straight. They take several gulps of air before attacking each other’s mouths again, the dark haired male quickly pinning his mate to the other end of the bed while keeping their lips pressed together, his massive wings spreading. The giant feathered appendages create a canopy over them briefly before the Brit pulls his Omega into his lap, wrapping his wings tightly around him as he holds him close. They pull away to catch their breath, their lips swollen from their activity as they rest their foreheads against each other’s.

“Why can’t the month be over now?” Kirk whines, toying with the back of his Alpha’s hair.

Khan chuckles softly, nuzzling his mate’s cheeks.

“If that is what you desire so much, my love,” the Alpha/Beta replies, his lips curled slightly. “Then we can call this the end of the month. Is that what you desire the most?”

The Captain opens his mouth to speak, but his body decides to state his need rather loudly, as does his mate’s.

“I guess that answers my question,” the Augment sighs, releasing his mate.

The couple heads back over to the table and begins to eat their dinner, working slowly through the blond’s paperwork. The Omega sighs when his communicator goes off, flipping the device open to read the message.

“Spock finished the device faster than he expected,” he says, closing the communicator. “They need me to oversee the positioning of the Enterprise, and check over a few last minute details.”

Kirk exhales through his nose and retracts his wings, changing his shirts to unaltered ones. Khan copies his actions, giving one longing look at their dinners before following his Captain up to the bridge. They take their positions, receiving strange looks from the crew when they notice their wings are missing.

“Mr. Sulu, are we ready for your insane plan?” The Captain asks, earning a huff of laughter from his Helmsman.

“I believe so, sir,” Sulu says, a barely there smile on his face. “I think it is insane myself, Captain, but we are ready.”
“Mr. Scott, is Engineering prepared?” The Omega asks, leaning forward.

“Ready as we’ll ever be,” Scott replies. “I still don’t like this plan, Captain.”

“You have made that very clear, Mr. Scott,” Kirk says, closing the link. “Mr. Sulu, begin maneuvering us into the ocean.”

“Aye, sir,” Sulu says, breaking out of standard orbit.

Chekov plots the course to a part of the ocean near the temple that is deep enough to hide the Enterprise, entering the atmosphere at a high angle far enough away so the giant fireball they will become on reentry will not be seen. They enter the ocean at a low angle, theEnterprise’s Navigator and Helmsman working in perfect harmony to maneuver her massive bulk through the water.

“Maneuver complete, Captain,” the Helmsman says, turning to the blond.

Sulu blinks in surprise, startled.

“Your wings…” He breathes.

Chekov turns, his eyes blown wide when he sees that his Captain’s wings are indeed gone.

“I can retract them,” Kirk states simply, giving his two Officers a look as he rises. “Mr. Chekov, you have the conn.”

“Yes, Keptin,” the Ensign says slowly, taking the chair once his Captain leaves the bridge.

Those assigned to the mission head down to the shuttlebay, not before changing into the appropriate clothing, advanced divesuits underneath either native kaftans or flight suits. They all pick up goggles with attached recycling breathers, Khan storing a phaser next to his goggles. The couple casts a longing glance at their food before heading down to the hangar, fingers brushing against each other. They find the rest of the crew waiting for them, causing Kirk’s cheeks to heat up as he ducks into the shuttle, slipping into the safety harness. The Augment slips in beside him, glancing at his mate before glancing at Vulcan’s lap. The silver metallic case gleams in the light of the shuttle, the whole reason for this mission. His arctic gaze flicks to the Doctor beside the First Officer, then at the Helmsman and the Communications Officer in the front of the shuttle. The Alpha/Beta slips his hand into his mate’s, paler than normal.

“Are you alright, Commander?” Spock asks, his head cocked slightly. “You appear to suffering from a reduced amount of oxyhaemoglobin to your skin.”

“If you mean that I am pale, Commander,” Khan says quietly. “It is because I suffer from a slightly case of aviophobia.”

“I know how that feels,” McCoy mutters, looking pale as well.

Spock flicks his gaze to the Beta, leaning away slightly from him as he shifts to move as far as the restraints allow him. Once the shuttle door closes, Sulu expertly pilots the craft out of the shuttlebay, the shield keeping the seawater out. Kirk looks out the front viewport at the alien ocean, the whole interior painted blue. Strange aquatic creatures darts out of the way of the shuttle, the Captain’s lips parted in awe.

“I think I may be sick,” his mate mutters, looking a little green.
‘I thought you were superior?’ The Omega asks, worried.

‘They did not account for flying machines in my genetic code,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks, looking much greener than before.

Something is tossed into Khan’s lap, who instantly recognizes it as an airsick bag. He opens it up rapidly and empties his stomach contents into it, much to his Omega’s horror.

“Are you okay?” The blond asks, highly concerned.

“I am fine, it-”

The Augment is cut off by a violent retch, clearly not fine at all. Uhura turns around, startled by the sound.

“That’s not a minor case of aviophobia,” McCoy mutters, watching the Brit carefully.

“There’s an incinerator to your right,” the Communications Officer says, turning back around. “As well as more bags, just in case.”

“Trust me when I say there is nothing left,” the dark haired male mutters, sealing the bag and dropping it in the incinerator.

“Grab a bag, Commander,” Kirk says. “That’s an order.”

His Alpha complies, but thankfully, does not become sick again. Sulu pilots the shuttle to the surface, flying low to the beach drop-off point. Once they reach the beach, the ground team exits the shuttle, all but one wrapping their faces up to disguise themselves. The blond glances at his mate, worried as he rests his hands on his knees, groaning and moaning quietly.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” He asks, concern coloring his voice.

Khan holds up a finger before proceeding to heave onto the pristine white sand, his Omega’s worry spiking.

“An Augment getting airsick,” McCoy mutters, shaking his head. “That’s a new one.”

“They did not account for flying in my genes as I was suppose to rule India, where the Eugenics program was located,” the Alpha/Beta groans. “So the aviophobia is genuine.”

He groans louder, gagging slightly.

“I’ll prescribe you some Alprazolam when we return to the Enterprise,” the Beta says. “Meanwhile, we should get going.”

“Two minutes,” the Brit says. “Or we will be stopping every thirty seconds. I need to calm my stomach down before we continue.”

“We can spare two minutes,” the Omega says.

Only forty-seven seconds later, Khan wraps his face up and nods, the group heading towards the temple. The Captain glances at his mate, concerned. The Augment gently takes his Omega’s hand, squeezing reassuringly. They drop their hands, picking up the pace through the Nibirian forest as the volcano rumbles threateningly, the ground quivering beneath their feet. They make good time, the trio pausing maybe one or two miles away from the temple.
“Bones, you might want to wait here while Noonien and I go and grab the scroll,” Kirk says.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it,” the Doctor mutters. “I don’t have the stamina to keep up.”

He waves them off, the couple nodding in reply. The head towards the temple, moving at a fast jog that was on the border of a sprint, knowing that both could keep it up for awhile. They stop at the edge of a massive clearing, multiple pathways leading to the temple, surrounded by water. Khan kneels beside the water, pulling down his mask as he glances around. He cups his hands, scooping up water to clean his mouth out. He swishes and swallows, taking another handful to drink. He then rises, walking over to his Omega before pulling down his mask to kiss him. Kirk grips his mate’s biceps, leaning into his embrace. Both can feel the phantom movement of their wings wrapping around each other, even though they are retracted.

“What was that for?” The Captain asks when they part.

“Luck,” the Augment says softly, smiling. “And because I have always wanted to kiss you on an exoplanet.”

“You’ve done that already,” the blond states.

“Not in this reality,” the dark haired male smiles.

“Again,” Kirk demands.

Khan chuckles and kisses his Omega again, lingering.

“That is the last one,” he murmurs. “We have to lure the natives away.”

His head suddenly snaps up, freezing for a split second before quickly hauling his mate behind a nearby boulder, pinning him to the stone.

“Don’t move,” he breathes. “Don’t speak. Fuck, don’t make a fucking sound.”

Kirk’s eyes widen when his mate speaks, knowing that they are in deep shit.

Arctic is locked with glacial, terror in both.

For less then fifteen feet away, a pair of Nibirans, armed with primitive spears, emerge from the forest.

Looking for them.
Chapter XI

Chapter Notes

Okay, I know I am a dick for giving you guys an ending like that, and once again, I am a dick. I have warned you guys that this is a dark story, but there will be light parts. Stick with me and you will be rewarded. Also, if you guys are confused, magic button on the bottom is your answer! Have fun reading!

Kirk had never been so terrified in his life.

His heart will either break his ribs wide open and land on the ground, or he will vomit it, and still have it land on the ground. His fingers curl into the red earth, tearing the grass. He trembles, almost quaking as bad as the ground beneath him. His breathing is rabbit quick, his eyes blown wide.

The man kneeling over him, shielding him with his body, is in an identical state, their eyes locked. Their faces are mere centimeters apart, but it feels as if it is light years to the pair. Kirk’s knees are jammed against his chest as his mate is pressed tightly against his body, allowing the blond to feel every feature, every hard edge of the boulder against his back. A particularly sharp ridge is digging into his scapula, nearly breaking skin, but he will not complain, not say a word, not utter a sound.

His life depends on it.

Both their lives depend on it.

The couple’s minds are focused on the two Nibirans’ thoughts, waiting for the inevitable.

Waiting to be killed.

The natives do not move, looking around for the intruders. The couple they are looking, less than fifteen feet, is praying furiously that they are not found, knowing full well that the two members of the primitive tribal species will kill them if they do.

Or offer them up to their gods as tribute to appease their anger, which will be excruciating when they do so.

‘George Isaac or Rani Sarina,’ Khan mouths, saying the first thing off the top of his head. ‘Kirk-Singh.’

Kirk blinks thrice rapidly, completely in agreement with his mate. The Augment forces himself not to curl his fingers into the rock, crumbling it to dust and give away their position.

‘I love you,’ Kirk mouths. ‘I love you so much.’

‘I love you too,’ Khan mouths back. ‘I love you more than you can ever know.’

They want to hold onto each other, but they cannot.
Finally, finally, the natives head to the temple, the couple collapsing in relief,

“Thank the gods,” the Brit breathes, closing his eyes.

“Gods probably had nothing to do with it,” the Captain mutters, trying to get up.

Khan helps his mate to his feet, both pulling their masks back up to hide their faces once again. The couple heads to the temple, the volcano rumbling loudly, a few landslides thundering down its slopes. The ground is shaking beneath their feet, the serpentine smoke rising out of the monstrosity, and if Kirk had to guess, it went all the way out to the ocean.

The temple is massive by anyone’s standards, made out of red hand-hewn stone, and the blond is thoroughly impressed by how well built it is. The expectant couple sneaks to the entrance, standing just to the side. They peer in, counting at least thirty Nibirans inside. Kirk can tell that they are far muscular than the last time, which means the natives are going to be faster as well. Khan had seen what the Nibirans looked like through his mate’s memories, but to actually see them with his own eyes, he is startled.

Their skin is white, but it resembles cracked and splitting clay at the bottom of a dried lakebed, not the smooth expanse of flesh of the humans they so closely resembled. Bright yellow cowls and loincloths cover their otherwise bare bodies, primitive, simple symbols and lines painted in black vegetable dye, which the Augment wonders where they even found black plants, ritually mark their skin, different for each Nibiran.

The couple spots what has to be the high priest, dressed in a long yellow robe, a staff in his hand as he kneel before their idol, leading his fellows in prayer. The interlopers share a look, the tension running high through their bond.

A sudden tremor shakes the ground, the Omega clinging to his mate to keep his balance. The flying creatures native to Nibiru let out distressed screeches, taking to the air. The pair sinks to their knees, the temple trembling behind them. The volcano coughs violently, the Nibirans’ chants rising to try and appease their gods. The tremor continues, violent and strong. Kirk digs his fingers into his Alpha’s shoulders, feeling the rough cloth chafe his palms. Khan holds his Omega tightly, his own terror flooding their bond.

The tremor finally stops after what feels like hours, the couple clings to one another for just a few extra seconds. They part reluctantly, rising to their feet.

“Wish me luck,” Kirk whispers, peering into the temple.

He takes several steadying breaths, then bolts into the temple, snatches the scroll, and then proceeds to run like a bat out of Hell. Khan swears loudly and chases after his mate, pushing himself to his limit. The Nibirans follow them, screaming and yelling in fury. Their yells form a nightmarish cacophony, one that sends the hairs on the backs of the expectant couple’s necks on end.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Kirk swears, glancing behind him. “They shouldn’t be this fucking fast!”

“You mean-!?” Khan shouts, panicked.

The masks they are wearing are too thick to allow them to take in the high oxygen demand their bodies need, whipping them off to take in a desperate lungful of alien air, thankful that the atmosphere has a higher oxygen content. Nibiru’s atmosphere has a thirty-two-point-five-one percent oxygen content compared to Earth’s twenty-point-nine-five percent, allowing the couple to
meet their oxygen demands faster with each breath, creating more energy, but with severe consequences.

They both know that with the higher oxygen content in the air and their increasing energy demands, their bodies do not know how to regulate the high amount of oxygen entering their bodies. They know that it will metabolize glucose faster, creating more ATP, giving their bodies more energy to use. That is exactly what they need short term, but long term, they are building up lactic acid faster than they normally would.

They will run out of steam long before the natives chasing them will.

Primitive spears are thrown at the couple, dodging them as they suck desperate lungful after lungful of air. Both know that the weapons will kill the normal human as sure as any phaser, severing their bond violently.

And both know that it will drive his mate mad with grief, and in all likelihood, cause him to take his own life, or it will kill him within ten minutes. Their bond is unbreakable, no exception.

Their bond is so strong that neither can function without the other, becoming ill at the same time is just one example. They are one being with two bodies, and even then they are still one. They need each other more than water and oxygen, something they cannot explain to those who cannot bond. And if one were to die suddenly, there would be nothing to hold the other together. Their mind would shatter, any rational though destroyed upon death of their mate, and only one of four possible outcomes would occur. They would either take their own life, or their body would self-destruct and cease functioning within ten minutes.

The other two possibilities were the most frightening.

All higher brain function would cease, trapping them in an endless loop of their mate’s death, symbolized by the irises turning a lifeless gray. They were mindless, reacting by only their bodies natural reflexes, and nothing else. They were nothing but human shells, unable to react, unable to care for themselves.

The last possibility was the most terrifying of all.

The surviving mate would become mad with grief, driven insane without their other half. They would be given superhuman strength and speed, regenerative abilities, and an insatiable hunger.

For human flesh.

They could only be killed by the blood of their mate on a silver dagger, stabbed directly through the heart. Many died to do so, many more died while it was still alive. Though the number of cases that occurred through time was under thirty, the last one almost two hundred years ago, the body count in each case was over two thousand, and sometimes much higher. The strength and speed of the being was far greater than the Purest Omega and Alpha that had been born to this day, and they were near perfect hunters.

The word for these beings struck fear at the core of every human, a monster that was as real as they were, and could become real again.

Khan panics when Kirk stumbles, but he recovers almost instantaneously. He glances behind him as the high Nibiran priest emits a chilling howl, shaking his weapon as he urged on his fellows.

“How does he run in that?” The Augment mutters.
“Just keep running!” The Captain screams.

The dark haired male takes one last look at their pursuers, noting that they were decidedly humanoid, but their rounded facial features, ritually marked clay-colored skin, and black pupilless eyes marked them as genetically and evolutionarily different from them. Kirk shoots him a glare, knowing full well that they were genetically and evolutionarily different from the humans that vastly outnumbered them. They fight to lengthen their stride, only Pure Omega speed, Augmented genes, and adrenaline are allowing them to keep the distance between them and the angry mob, and even increase the gap further. The Nibirans still continue to chase after the objects of their fury with a single mindedness that would be fascinating, if their lives were not in danger. The couple knew that if they were caught in possession of their idol, and it was a very tiny “if,” the Nibirans would show them no mercy. Both of them would most likely be dead, one definitely dead, before they could explain that their intentions are wholly benign, to save their lives.

They had to keep running, and if all went according to the insane plan created in the nice and safe Enterprise, it would not be much longer.

At least, it should not be much longer. Their legs are beginning to turn to rubber while their lungs threaten imminent surrender, and not even Khan’s Augmented genes will be able to save their asses. The branches and tendrils of the red Nibiran forest whip at them, every fraction of second they slowed them down allowed the furious Nibirans to keep and close the distance. A foraging mother and child stare at them with wide eyes as they bolt past, the child dropping their basket to hide behind their mother. Khan leaps over a fallen branch, ducking as spears are thrown. One passes a little to close for Kirk’s liking, nearly clipping the blond in the head. He could hear the sound of the weapon whoosh by his ear, feel his mate’s terror through their bond. Sitting on a red branch, a creature that looks like a yellow anemone draws its tentacles back into its sack-like body as they speed by, but only Kirk sees it.

“What the Hell was that?” Kirk asks.

“What the Hell was what?” Khan asks, ducking under a spear.

“Never mind,” his mate gasps. “How much longer until we reach Bones?”

“No clue,” the Augment pants.

They slide down a slope blanketed in red foliage, leap over a stream, and run into a small clearing, where they come face-to-face with a massive fanged quadruped. Kirk screams as it rears up, Khan whipping his phaser out from an inner pocket in response to the threat towards his mate. Before the animal’s paws could come down on his Omega, the Augment hits the quadruped with a full stunning blast, neutralizing the threat. It promptly collapsed into a massive pile of legs and fur, revealing McCoy standing behind it. He fumbles for his wrappings, revealing his contorted face, but no more so than usual.

“Dammit, man!” The Beta sputters. “That was our ride! You just stunned our ride! Again!”

“That was him!” The Omega screeches, pointing a finger at the gaping Alpha/Beta.

The couple whips around as a howl pierces the air from the furious Nibirans, hair standing on end.

“Run!” Khan bellows.

The couple continues their flight, McCoy right behind them. The babble and screams of the pursuing mob of enrage Nibirans rises above every sound except the dangerously deepening growl
of the looming volcano. The Doctor does not have the speed of his Captain, or the stamina of his mate, so he slows them down considerably.

Luckily for the trio, Khan and Kirk’s leg of the run had given them rather large headway.

Unfortunately, they do not seem to be out of the Nibirans’ throwing range.

“Where the Hell are they getting all these spears!?” Kirk screams as more fly overhead.

McCoy ducks as a spear whistles over his head, impaling into a tree just to his left.

“Is that it!?” The brunet shouts leaping over a fallen tree.

“Yes!” Kirk gasps, each lungful of alien air demanding an increasingly painful effort.

As he glances over his shoulder, he can see that the lead Nibirans are closing the gap between them faster than he would like. He reaches into his kaftan with his free hand, drawing out his communicator. He snaps the instrument open, gasping as he speaks.

“Kirk to Shuttle One: Locals are out of the immediate kill zone!” The blond gasps. “I’ve… I’ve given them something else to focus on! You’re clear to proceed as we discussed! I repeat, you’re clear to proceed. Operation’s a go now!”

He lowers his communicator, glancing to his left at his Chief Medical Officer.

“You know, for someone whose expertise resides in what is essentially a sedentary profession, you move pretty good,” the Omega pants, a spear brushing past his sleeve as he speaks, creating a small rip in the cloth.

The forest’s tendrils whip at them, costing them precious fractions of seconds. More spears rain down on them, as well as rocks. A quick look over the couple’s shoulders informs them that streams of bright red-orange ultramafic lava pour down the dark basaltic flanks, the lava having the same viscosity as water.

The Beta’s gasping reply is as dry as the Enterprise’s Chief Engineer’s favorite gin, something that makes the couple laugh.

“Being chased by howling homicidal indigenes has a way of enhancing one’s sprinting ability,” he gasps, his tone darkening. “Of course, if your mate hadn’t shot our ride…”

Kirk suddenly stumbles and falls, Khan sliding to a stop to turn and bolt back to his mate. He grabs him by the scruff of his neck, hauling him to his feet as he snatches up the dropped scroll in one smooth motion.

“Gogogo!” The Alpha/Beta roars, shoving him forward.

The Captain sprints ahead, his Alpha right behind him. McCoy had not stopped running, the couple catching up to him quickly. Their hearts are pounding in their chest, their terror flooding their bond.

“Jim!” The Beta shouts, glancing behind him. “Are you okay!?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” the blond pants.

“Copy that, Captain!” The Helmsman shouts through his Captain’s communicator.
Kirk glances over at his mate, knowing that there was no one he would rather have by his side.

He had to admit, when he first saw Khan in the jumpship at the Daystrom Conference room, when they locked eyes, the Augment took his breath away. His ethereal beauty, pale skin, arctic blue eyes, high cheekbones, sharp angular features, everything about his appearance made his knees weak, threatening to give way at the sight. There had been a pause in the firing, the dark haired male’s eyes widening just a fraction when he got a good look at the Omega, his lips parting only slightly.

His restricted affect morphed into something Kirk could call awe and longing, sparks flying between them.

But that was gone in a second, the emotionless mask slipped back on “John Harrison’s” face.

But only they knew how much the Captain’s appearance had shaken him, how much he wanted to take him away from the danger and live their lives out in “Paradise.”

When they had met on Qo’noS, when they finally got a wiff of each other scents, “John’s” thoughts had scattered to the wind, as did Kirk’s.

But anger swept over the blond, fury at what he had done to his mentor, the only person he had considered as a father, punching the traitor in the face.

And that was when it happened.

The threads of their minds entangled, interweaving so tightly together that they became one. Kirk’s knees had given way, his new mate, Khan Noonien Singh, catching him and carefully lowering them to the ground. They stared into each other eyes, the Brit’s knuckles brushing against his new, his first, Omega’s, cheek, love radiating through their forming bond.

“How?” Kirk had breathed. “How did we form a bond?”

“I do not know,” his Alpha had replied.

The next thing the Omega remembers is sitting in Khan’s lap, both of them naked and covered in sweat. The Augment had been knotted inside him, clinging to each other, their teeth sunk deep into their mate’s skin, claiming them as their own. They were shaking and shuddering, fingers gripping tight enough to leave bruises. When they had removed their teeth, Khan had gently licked the wound, cleaning up the blood.

Their bond had sealed when they marked each other, tying them in ways they could not even begin to understand at the moment, still too high on their orgasms to think straight. They felt safe in each other’s embrace, feeling as if they had finally found their home. Khan had been rough and brutal at first, as Kirk had been, both driven mad with lust at being bonded, but unclaimed. But afterwards, the Augment had shown the Captain a gentleness that neither knew could come from the dark haired male, but was appreciated by both.

“Tree!” Khan bellow.

Kirk ducks just in time to avoid being clotheslined by a branch, thankful that his mate is watching his back.

“Captain, did any of the representatives of the indigenous intelligence see you?” Spock asks over the comm. “At the risk of repeating the obvious and despite difficulties inherent in our current effort, I must repeat that the Prime Directive clearly states that there can be no perceived external
“No, Mr. Spock, they did not,” Kirk snaps into his communicator. “I know what it says! I might have missed a few details here and there in certain classes…” McCoy snickers sarcastically next to him. “…But I didn’t miss that one! We’re not supposed to be here at all! It’s because of the Prime Directive that we’re having to do this the hard way! Now, drop off your super ice cube, and let’s get the Hell out of here! Kirk out!”

The trio continues to run, the bellowing native throng closing the distance as the humans tire and slow. Khan glances at his mate, knowing that there was no one who he would rather be by their side at the moment. He had found the blond attractive, even through photos in Starfleet’s records. He had read that he was a Pure Omega, something that had peaked his interest, but that moment on the jumpship, when he saw him with his own eyes, he had been shaken to his core on just how beautiful he was.

He had always been attracted to females, did not matter which primary gender they were, but he never gave an Omega male a second glance.

Until Kirk.

Pictures did not do him justice, nothing did him justice until he laid his eyes on him. He had been breathtaking, he is, breathtaking, and it went against the Alpha/Beta’s very nature, but he wanted nothing more than to submit to the Omega, to be given permission to be his mate.

But he had a job to do, as much as he wanted to forget it and whisk Kirk away to somewhere safe, away from everything.

“Captain,” Sulu says over the communicator. “We’re pulling out while we still can. Even so, I don’t know if we’ll be able to make it back to the designated drop location for the ship. I’m ditching the shuttle. You’ve got to make it to the Enterprise on your own.”

“Wonderful,” Kirk groans.

He snaps the communicator closed, gasping.

“They’re trying to kill us!” McCoy shouts, ducking. “They’re trying to kill us, Jim!”

“No shit!” Khan snarls, glancing over his shoulder. “They might even be able to kill me!”

Kirk continues to run, right past the way to the pick up beach.

“Shit!” McCoy swears. “We’re not gonna make it to the beach are we!?”

“Fuck no!” Kirk shouts back. “Noonien, you need-”

Khan barely slows to a stop, draping the parchment over a nearby tree branch. As he lets go, the scroll unfurls all the way to the ground, letting him see what was on it. He only catches a glimpse, but he does not take the time to examine it further. The Augment grunts as a spear grazes his bicep, slicing into skin and ripping muscle, but it is a shallow wound, one that will heal in under a minute. He flicks his gaze backwards, seeing that nearly all the Nibirans had stopped to pray to their scroll, but a small group is determined to take revenge on the interlopers. The howling native throng was nearly on top of them, and the Alpha/Beta knew that a flung knife, a spear, or a stone would bring down the fragile humans at this distance.

There is not a lot of red forest left before them, and all three knew what they had to do.
With a sudden burst of adrenaline, they race ahead, the forest giving way to a sheer cliff, too high for them to survive if it had been anything but water underneath.

They just head to enter at the right angle or it would be the same as hitting a solid surface.

Without breaking stride, the trio hurled themselves over the edge, angling their bodies to enter the water so they can slip under safely, arms crossed over their chests tightly. If they had not, their arms would be wrenched out of their sockets, but more than likely, completely torn off.

When they hit the water, pain explodes in Kirk’s arm, but he realizes that it is Khan who is injured.

The Captain tears off his kaftan, slipping on his goggles and rebreather, swimming to his mate using the jets on his advanced diveskin. He helps his Alpha put on his goggles after tearing off his kaftan, recognizing that Khan’s shoulder is dislocated. With only thirty minutes of air on the emergency devices, a quick calculation shows that they will have enough time to make it to the Enterprise, even with the Augment injured.

With an arm wrapped around the father of his unborn child’s waist, the blond helps him swim to the Enterprise. Though the water is slightly saltier than Earth’s oceans, it is unpolluted and crystal clear. The landscape is beautiful, brightly hued local aquatic life-forms swim past and around them, sometimes in large groups, or as large, multi-finned predators. The latter flashes an impressive set of cutlery, sometimes multiple sets, when they approach for a closer look. They circle the trio of swimmers a few times, but sinuously twist away, having decided that the humans did not conform to anything recognizable as their natural prey. McCoy is thankful that they do not come any closer, as are the couple.

The vegetation is just a brightly colored as the life-forms, and just as diverse.

They know the location of the ship, but it takes them awhile to orient themselves in their unfamiliar surroundings. Despite the couple being able to read the minds of their crew, the sheer number of other minds around them crowd out the four hundred eighty-three of the crew of the Enterprise, even though the other minds are nothing that they recognize. The trio would communicate through the link of their minds, one that Kirk created, but only temporary. The bulk of the USS Enterprise appears before them, her massive, familiar shape comforting to the trio. She is huge and foreign to Nibiru, looming before them like a great shining inhabitant of the deep. Schools of alien water dwellers flash and dart around her, glowing softly through the clear depths.

Kirk almost wishes he was an artist so he can paint his beautiful girl, his mate promising to complete his wish. Khan is an amazing painter, his perfect memory able to bring detail into his paintings of the planets they visited that even Spock missed. Even his nudes of his mate had exquisite detail.

‘Didn’t need to hear that!’ McCoy screams mentally as they swim to the small personnel airlock.

The doors slide open, the trio entering and grabbing the bars overhead as the doors closes, the water draining quickly. Even though it was designed to deal with the airlessness of space and not an influx of seawater, it serves its purpose, though it will piss off the Operations crew members who have to clean up the mess when they leave. The Science labs will be doing cartwheels when the few unlucky ocean dwellers flopping on the floor who got caught into the trio’s entrance find their way to them, rather enjoying the opportunity to examine alien life-forms.

The two uninjured Officers remove their goggles and inhalers, the Captain instantly by his mate’s side as he collapses, clutching his shoulder. Kirk removes his goggles and inhaler, touching his cheek tenderly. The blond touches his shoulder lightly, jerking his hand back when Khan lets out
an uncharacteristically loud scream of pain, sobbing uncontrollably. The Doctor is kneeling next to his Captain, fear and concern prominent on his face.

The inner portal cycles open, Kirk glancing over his shoulder as the disgruntled figure of his Chief Engineer is revealed.

“D’you lot ‘ave any idea how ridiculous it is to hide a starship on the bottom of a bleedin’ ocean?” He spits. “Just so the locals-”

“Get me Medical now!” McCoy roars, startling Kirk and Scott.

He turns back to his patient, rapid and unpleasant emotions flicking across his face. He begins to examine the Augment’s shoulder physically, the dark haired male shrieking and howling in agony.

“His arm was nearly torn off when we hit the water,” the Beta explains rapidly. “This isn’t a simple dislocation, the ligaments that connect the bones of his humerus, scapula, and clavicle together are completely severed, which is why his humerus head is no longer in his socket. The muscles were also torn, and the bursa that keeps his bones, his muscles, and tendons around his joints from rubbing have burst, but that’s only part of the problem. His humerus, scapula, and clavicle are fractured, and more than likely, broken or shattered. I’m more worried about the nerve damage and broken blood vessels, and if I don’t get him into surgery soon, he may lose the arm.”

‘Even if he is an Augment,’ McCoy adds mentally.

Kirk’s heart clenches as he realizes the Doctor is not softening the blow, and that he speaks the absolute truth.

He looks down at his mate, his own tears falling as his heart breaks.

There is nothing he can do to ease his Alpha’s pain.
Chapter XII

Chapter Notes

Okay people! I have been following the novelization of STID since the last chapter, with my own twist, and now this twist becomes a full on lemon! But not the good kind. I kinda gave away who Kirk was promised to, but now you get to learn something about his past without going into the gory details. And trust me when I tell you don't want to go there. This is a bit of a heart wrencher, but the ending is sweet. Have fun~!

The Medical Staff arrives quickly, Maeve leading the team. She is instantly kneeling beside her brother, scanning him with a tricorder. She is pale as her brother continues to whimper and cry softly, paling even further as the tricorder confirms her fears. She whips around and begins to bark orders at the crew members behind her, who quickly scramble to comply. They take the backboard and place it next to the whimpering Augment, carefully lifting him onto it. The straps automatically wrap around his body to hold him in place onto the board, gently maneuvering him so he is flat on his back before tightening to keep the Brit immobile. The staff lift him off the floor by the handles on the board, allowing Kirk to see that his Alpha is pale, his face scrunched up in pain. Maeve leads the team out of the airlock, the Medical Staff quickly heading to the medbay without a backwards glance. The blond rises to his feet to follow, but McCoy claps him on the shoulder, shaking his head.

“She’s got this,” he says.

Translation: She won’t fuck up like a human will.

A flicker of worry crosses the Captain’s face, but he nods and turns to his Chief Engineer.

“Did the shuttle team make it back safely?” The Omega asks.

Scott hesitates, the Captain’s worry spiking.

“Mr. Scott, where’s Spock?” He demands.

“Still in the volcano, sir,” he replies, his face etched with worry. “We picked up Uhura and Sulu not long ago, and they say that’s where they left ‘im.”

“Left him?” Kirk whispers, eyes wide.

“Sulu sais he was losing the shuttle and they had no choice but to pull back,” the Scotsman rushes to explain. “Apparently they were in the process of dropping him when… the life cable broke.”

“Broke…” The blond breathes, his voice strangled.

He was going to lose both his Commanders, one a man who considers to be a good friend and trusted Officer, the other the father of the child he carries in his womb and his mate, his Perfect Mate.

It was too much.
“Do you smell oranges?” Scott asks, frowning.

The Omega is instantly on his feet, fighting to extricate himself from the diveskin. He snarls as the smooth, but scaled material slips and slides in his fingers, still wet from the ocean. Tears are threatening to spill down his cheeks, his emotions running rampant. The Doctor is instantly helping his friend out of the diveskin, his panic noxious.

‘I’m right behind you,’ McCoy thinks. ‘Just like last time.’

Translation: I’ll be producing pheromones to keep you calm and hope nobody mentions the oranges.

Kirk gives him an immeasurably grateful look, racing out of the airlock. His Yeoman is standing just to the side, his Command gold shirt in her hands. He gives her a nod of thanks, yanking it over his head once he finds which way is the front. He sees that there are no wing slits in the back, so as long as he does not roll his shoulders, he will be fine.

The blond races to the bridge, attempting collecting himself so he can slip back into his Captain-ly persona. His hands are shaking, clenching his fists to try to make them stop. He takes gulps of air, trying to calm his nerves.

A hand slips into his, turning the blond around so he can see that it is his Chief Medical Officer. McCoy pulls him into a tight hug, his scent mimicking Khan’s to the best of the Beta’s ability. Kirk hugs back, fighting to keep tears at bay.

“Keep it together,” the Beta murmurs in his ear. “You can collapse after this is over.”

He pulls away, his hands on his Captain’s shoulders.

“Keep it together,” he repeats.

The Omega nods, gathering his composure before stepping into the turbolift, his friend by his side. As soon as he steps off, Chekov’s usual “Keptin on the bridge!” greets him, the Ensign vacating his chair.

“Thank you, Mr. Chekov,” the Captain says, taking command as easily as he does his chair.

The Ensign gratefully returns to his Navigator’s station as Kirk turns to Communications, unsurprised that Uhura is there. He can tell that she is shaken, both through her thoughts and her smell, but she is holding it together.

“Lieutenant, do we have a channel open to Mr. Spock?” The blond asks. “Any channel, however limited.”

“Extreme heat distortion is interfering with his equipment,” she says, her voice taut. “But we’ve still got contact. I’ll push it as much as we have to.”

The Omega nods, turning to the viewscreen as he leans forward.

“Spock… report!” He shouts into the mic.

“I have activated the device, Captain,” the Vulcan states, his voice distorted by static. “When the
countdown is complete, the consequent geochemical reaction should render the volcano inert, thereby eliminating the volatile tectonic trigger that our calculations indicated would set off catastrophic seismic disturbances throughout the crust of Nibiru.”

“Yeah, and that’s gonna render him inert,” McCoy mutters right on cue.

Kirk growls an extremely vulgar insult in Klingon, one that had Uhura staring at him.

“Can we use our transporters to pull him out yet?” The Captain asks his Helmsman, glad he is back at his station.

Sulu shakes his head, his thoughts racing.

“Negative, Captain,” he says. “No more than we could use them from the start, when it was decided to carry out the operation utilizing one of our shuttlecraft. The unstable nature of the magnetic and other fields within the throat of the volcano are such that the usual immutable transporter reach and positioning systematics could be knocked off by as much as several millimeters, which, of course, would be fatal to anyone traveling via beam. I regret to say that the situation has not changed. If anything, it has grown worse.”

“A Mr. Spock retrieved several millimeters out of proper entanglement would not be a Mr. Spock as we know him, Keptin,” Chekov chimes in unnecessarily. “Or likely one who would appear alive.”

“Thank you, Mr. Chekov,” Kirk says, snapping a little harder than he intended.

“Medbay to bridge,” Maeve says. “Commander Harrison is currently in surgery and is doing well.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” the blond says in relief.

He slumps slightly in his chair, thinking.

“There has to be a work-around, Mr. Chekov,” he says. “Something we can do to make it function effectively. We need to beam Spock back onto the ship. If there’s no perfect way to do it, then give me the next best way.”

Chekov’s face lights up at the challenge, something that nearly makes Kirk laugh out loud. He listens to his Navigator’s thoughts whirl around inside his mind, colliding and reforming even as he ventured some of them aloud.

“Maybe if we could manage a direct line of sight?” He muses. “One as close as possible. If we could get right above him, the interference would not be eliminated, but it would be greatly minimized. There’s no guarantee it would work, Keptin, but it’s the best option I can think of.”

“Hold position above an active volcano on the verge of a cataclysmic explosion?” Scott asks, eyes wide. “Sir, this ship is designed to hold a position in interstellar space, or in orbit. It was not built to cope with radical in-atmospheric distortions. She maneuvers better at warp speed than on thruster power.”

“Seems to be doing okay right now, Mr. Scott,” Kirk says, smiling thinly.

The Chief Engineer lets out a noise that sounds like a “hmpf,” not backing down as he continues.

“Because the surroundin’ atmosphere is relatively stable, sir,” Scott continues. “I am willing to
predict that if we are hoverin’ directly above the volcano and it blows, conditions will be more than slightly altered, and not for the better.”

“I believe Mr. Scott is correct, sir,” Sulu adds without looking up from his station. “If we were to be caught in a sufficiently violent eruption, I don’t think I could maintain altitude. Especially taking into account how close we would be to the surface. There would be essentially no room in which to attempt emergency maneuvering.”

The Captain is scrambling to find a solution, even though he has been in this position before, he cannot remember for the life of him what he did the first time. He wracks his brain furiously, trying to find an option that did not end in someone dying.

Spock’s voice over the comm interrupts his thoughts, sending them scattering. The distortion fractures the message, but thankfully, Kirk could tell that it is his First Officer, but for once, there is a great deal of annoyance displayed in the voice. The Omega listens to him speak, deciding that exasperation is a better word.

“That is unacceptable, Mr. Chekov,” the Vulcan states. “In the course of our approach, the shuttle we employed was concealed within the ash cloud and subsequently within the volcano itself, but the Enterprise is too large to employ such methods. If utilized in a rescue effort, it would be invariably revealed to the indigenous species.”

McCoy mutters something about the Prime Directive, but Kirk’s head is spinning. His hand instinctively goes to the necklace hidden under his shirts, feeling the metal press against his skin. Almost instantaneously, he is grounded, his head clear and he remembers.

He just has to act exactly as he did before.

“Spock, nobody knows the rules better than you,” he says, trying a more logical approach. “So you know that depending on the circumstances, there has to be variance allowed. There must be some exception to-”

“There are none, Captain,” his First Officer says, cutting him off. “Not in this instance. Revealing the superior technology represented by the Enterprise would constitute an action that unequivocally violates the Prime Directive.”

The Omega knows this already, but he still has to play his part.

“Spock, we’re talking about your life!” Kirk practically shouts, shooting to his feet as his wings snap out.

He does not take the time to analyze how his wings emerged without him rolling his shoulders, or that his shirt is ruined. He listens to his Science Officer speak, knowing what he was going to say.

“The rule cannot be broken under any circumstance…”

The communication link fizzles and dies out, much to the horror of the bridge crew.

“Spock!” The Captain shouts, whirling to his Chief Communications Officer. “Try to get him back online.”

Uhura instantly turns to her station, desperately trying to get the First Officer’s link reestablished. Kirk knows she will not, but when she turns and shakes her head once, slowly, his wings droop as
the loss hits him. Silence descends on the bridge, almost no one daring to breathe.

“Ninety seconds until detonation, sir,” Chekov says uncomfortably.

The blond stares into Nibiru’s ocean, pausing just long enough.

“If Spock was here, and I was down there, what would he do?” He asks quietly.

No one speaks up, but the same thought crosses everyone’s mind.

Only McCoy says it out loud.

“He’d let you die,” he says bluntly. ‘So don’t let him.’

Kirk agrees vehemently.

“Get us within transporter range,” the Captain orders, straightening. “And beam him the Hell out.”

The Omega’s tone is one that no one dares to defy, the Enterprise rising out of the ocean, passing over the Nibirans that had followed them to the edge of the cliff.

Suddenly, Kirk’s head reels and he crumples to the floor in a tangle of limbs and feathers, unconscious before he hits the ground.

When he finally comes to, Kirk cannot move a single muscle in his body, struggling to breathe. He can feel that he is on his side, but that is about it. His head is filled with cotton, his mouth and throat like sandpaper, and he hurts. Each raspy inhale is agony, and each exhale is torture. He cannot think straight, it hurts to think, but right now, he wants Khan.

He needs Khan.

Everything is an uphill battle, his chest is hurting from his heart beating, but he keeps fighting for every single breath of air, fervently wishing for his mate.

Something pricks him in the side of his neck, and he quickly fades away to nothing.

“Jimmy!”

Kirk turns to see Noonien waving to him, a ball in his hands.

“Play with us!” He shouts, beaming widely.

Kirk runs as fast as he can on his short two year old legs, squealing when Noonien picks him up by the waist and holds him in the air above him.

“I’m fwying!” Kirk giggles. “I’m fwying!”

Noonien throws him the air, Kirk squealing in delight. Noonien catches him every time before putting him down and smiling at him, running towards the tall grass behind him, just as his brothers and sisters do. Kirk follows them, giggling at the shouts and laughter in front of him. They become faint, and soon he hears nothing, leaving him alone in the tall grass.
“Noonien?” Kirk asks, whimpering.

There is no response, no other sound than the whisper of the tall grass.

“Noonien?” He calls out again, tears rolling down his cheeks.

A hand is placed on his shoulder, and he turns around, glad that Noonien came back.

He pees himself when he sees that it is not Noonien.

“Hello, Omega whore,” the Bad Man says.

Kirk screams and tries to run away, but the Bad Man yanks his back, shoving him to the ground. His pants come off and something pushes inside him, Kirk screaming louder in pain. The thing moves inside him, the Bad Man making funny noises behind him.

Kirk is no longer two anymore, he is twenty-six, so he fights with every fiber of his being to get the Alpha off him. The Alpha laughs and shoves deeper into him, tearing his inside as he fucks him dry. The Omega howls in agony, fingers curling into the dirt as he tries to buck his rapist off. That only gets him a mouthful of dirt and the Alpha continues rape him, grunting loudly.

He is being split in two, he can feel his insides tearing as the Alpha’s dick continues to pound into him mercilessly.

The Alpha suddenly grabs a fistful of hair and yanks his head back, the Captain letting out a shriek of agony. His rapist sinks his teeth into his neck, drawing blood before hissing in his ear.

“Say my name, whore,” he snarls.

Kirk refuses, until the Alpha yanks his head back so hard, he is afraid his spine will snap.

“Marcus!” He shrieks. “Alexander Marcus!”

“And who do you belong to?” Marcus hisses in his ear.

“You, Master,” the blond sobs. “I belong to you.”

“Good, whore,” the Alpha hisses, shoving his face back into the dirt.

He slams into the Captain harder, Kirk sobbing uncontrollably. Marcus gives one last brutal thrust before roaring in his ear, filling his ruined channel with come. The blond screams, not wanting to have his rapist’s internal mark of claim. The Alpha yanks out and grabs his hair, forcing him to face his rapist. Marcus spits in his face and then drops him, not before giving one last kick to the ribs.

“Filthy Omega whore,” he snarls.

He walks away, leaving him alone in the grass once more. Kirk just lays there, his eyes squeezed tightly closed, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Whore.”

Kirk’s head snaps up, staring into the face of his Alpha, but it is not him.

Khan is sneering at him with utter disgust, his eyes burning with hatred.
“Whore,” he snarls again. “You let another Alpha fuck you, Omega whore.”

“No, I-”

Kirk never finishes his sentence as a scream tears from his lips when the Augment slams his foot on his hand, crushing his bones to dust. He looks up and sees his mate’s boot coming down on his head and-

Kirk bolts out of bed, screaming at the top of his lungs. He clutches the sheets before scrambling out of bed, barely making it to the toilet before he heaves violently. He cannot stop throwing up, his stomach twisting itself into knots when nothing comes up, but he is still violently ill. Tears are streaming down his face as his stomach churns violently, still coughing as he retches.

His stomach settles down, but he is shaking so bad he cannot see straight. He manages to flush to the toilet, but he cannot go anywhere, so he curls up in the fetal position on the floor, not bothering to wipe the sick off his face. His wings shake along with the rest of his body, freezing and boiling at the same time.

He does not want to be alone, but he cannot move off the floor, too terrified of what may lay beyond the walls of the bathroom. He can hear the minds of his crew, sobbing when he realizes that no one heard him scream due to the privacy seal. He instantly seeks out his mate, but he is unconscious, recoiling into himself when he realizes he cannot wake up him.

He curls up tighter, crying silently.

He is completely alone.

His Light is hurting.

His angel needs him.

Khan claws his way to consciousness, fighting the drugs in his system. Of all the battles he has fought, this is the hardest one. The Darkness is holding him back, wrapping Its tendrils around him, entangling him tightly.

And that is on top of the sedatives.

He manages to open his eyes, still fighting the pull of nothingness, when his mate’s feelings hit him like a brick wall. He is knock sober, bolting upright. The Augment’s shoulder burns, but he shoves it to the back of his mind, tearing out of the medbay to race towards his mate. He bolts into his Captain’s quarters, staggering slightly as the stench of sick, fear, and urine hits him hard. He shakes himself and cautiously moves to the bathroom, kneeling in the doorway as his heart breaks at the sight before him.

Kirk is curled up on the bathroom floor, shaking as tears roll down his cheeks. His wings look dull, his skin gray and sweaty. Khan reaches out and touches his mate, his skin cold and clammy. The blond’s eyes open, his glacial blue orbs dull as he flicks his gaze towards his Alpha. Khan can feel his terror and fear, but he does not know why. The Omega’s mind is sealed off from him, clamped tighter than a steel trap, refusing to let his mate know what terrified him. The Augment stands and wets a washcloth, wiping the sick off his mate’s face. The Omega watches him, not objecting to the contact, but also not consenting.
The Alpha/Beta washes the cloth, soaking it in cool water before dabbing at his mate’s sweaty forehead, glad that he has stopped shaking. He wipes down the Captain’s body, but when he nears his genitals, Kirk flinches as if struck. Khan pauses, his lips in a thin line as worry crosses his face, but his emotions are dwarfed by his Omega’s. The blond does not explain, so the dark haired male continues to clean his body, giving his genitals a wide berth. Periodically, he stands and wrings the cloth out, soaking it in cool water once again before continuing.

Once he is done, he rises, but the Omega snatches his wrist, his grip vice-like. The Augment kneels again, understanding what his mate wants. His hand with the washcloth pauses over the area he missed, arctic meeting glacial. Kirk nods, trembling slightly. The Augment kneels again, understanding what his mate wants. His hand with the washcloth pauses over the area he missed, arctic meeting glacial. Kirk nods, trembling slightly. The Brit is gently as he cleans the areas he missed, gently maneuvering his mate to make sure he does not miss a single millimeter of skin. He rises again, placing the washcloth on the sink as he grabs a towel, carefully drying his mate.

Once that task is complete, he rises and turns to the bedroom, taking one step forward before hands snatch his ankles. The Augment turns back to his mate, kneeling as he gently touches his Omega’s cheek.

“I will be in the next room, love,” he says softly, pressing a tender kiss to his forehead. “I am not going anywhere. I promise you.”

Kirk clenches his shirt, trembling, his fear pouring off him in waves. Khan’s heart crumbles to dust, an idea forming in his mind.

Though his shoulder screams in agony, the Alpha/Beta removes his undershirt and bundles in a ball, placing it before his mate. The Omega snatches up the ball and buries his nose in it, inhaling his Alpha’s scent.

Not wanting to leave his terrified mate alone for too long, the dark haired male works quickly to deal with the soiled sheets, thanking the gods that Starfleet issued mattresses on starships can be destroyed and replaced in less than thirty seconds, complete with brand new clean sheets. He returns to the bathroom and carefully picks up his Omega, ignoring his shoulder’s violent protests at the action. The Captain is still clutching his shirt, though, when his Alpha picks him up, he releases the piece of cloth and clings to him instead, deciding that the source of the scent is better than something that only has traces of it.

“I have you, baby boy,” Khan breathes, using the term of endearment to describe their age gap. “I have you.”

That term of endearment is rarely used, and only in special circumstances.

This, is a special circumstance.

The Brit places his Omega on the bed, only pausing to take off his clothes and spread his wings, before crawling onto the bed. He pulls his mate to his chest, throwing a leg over his mate’s and slipping it between to hold him closer. His massive wings wrap around them, creating a cocoon of warmth and comfort, their scents trapped inside. Khan rubs his mate’s back soothingly, their foreheads resting against each other.

“I do not want you to be like this,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs softly. “Please, tell me what terrifies you so much, my love.”

Kirk shakes his head, trembling. The Augment drops the subject, wishing he knew how to ease his Omega’s fear. He continues to soothe his mate through touch, wishing he could do something
more. The Captain cuddles closer, trying to get as much skin-to-skin contact as possible. The Alpha/Beta cannot hear his mate’s thoughts, but he does not try to force his mind past the barrier his Omega put up. He knows that he will hurt himself if he tries, knowing that his mate is far too powerful to even attempt to break through. Khan holds the blond tighter, pulling away so he can turn his mate onto his other side, manipulating his body so the Augment can cover every square millimeter of him with his.

Kirk relaxes when he knows that no one but his Alpha can see him, cocooned completely in his embrace. He wishes he could see his mate’s face, but he knows it would be hard to conceal him from the world.

“I dreamed about my Alpha,” he says quietly.

The dark haired male instantly knows that he is not referring to the Alpha he is bonded with, but the Alpha he was promised to. He wants to know their name, so he can track them down and kill them, but he will not ask.

“Marcus,” Kirk whispers.

Khan’s world shatters.

The pieces turn to dust as his Omega fully opens his side of the bond, startled by the fact that it was never fully opened in the first place. He can completely see his mate’s past, unfiltered, and he realizes why his mate never fully opened their bond in the seven years they have been bonded.

The things Marcus did to his mate Khan would never do to his worst enemies, no matter what they did.

And that was before he began his Heats.

Once Kirk’s Heats began at the age of twelve, the things the Pure Alpha did made the Augment’s stomach churn violently. He never took the Omega during his pyresus, the scientifically correct term, something Khan is grateful for, but after them…

The Alpha/Beta bolts off the bed and into the bathroom, violently ill as the images keep coming.

His last act, the one where he caught him after giving up the throne, Khan was sure that all his internal organs would make an appearance.

When his stomach finally settles and nothing else makes a guest appearance, he flushes the toilet and cleans out his mouth to remove any traces of the violent upheaval of his stomach. After brushing, he uses mouthwash, but heavily diluted with water before even putting it anywhere near his mouth. They both know that alcohol has long since been used in mouthwash, but for whatever reason, Kirk still gets buzzed from being around it. The Augment returns to the bedroom, finding his mate sitting on the bed, his knees tucked under his chin and his wings splayed out behind him.

“There is, something at only three people know about my past, including myself,” the blond says quietly, looking down at his feet. “Something I feel you need to know.”

The dark haired male sits on the end of the bed cross-legged, his elbows on his thighs as he faces his mate, waiting. Kirk swallows thickly, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

“This isn’t,” he begins, barely audible. “This isn’t my first pregnancy.”

Khan’s heart clenches, but allows his mate to continue.
“Two months after I joined Starfleet, roughly three months after I fled the palace,” he continues. “I missed my Heat. I immediately went to Pike and told him that I had missed my Heat, even though I had never been knotted. I told him that I would rather die then spend another day pregnant, sobbing uncontrollably in his office as I clutched his uniform, and he said something I did not expect. ‘Give me two days and I will make this go away.’”

He pauses swallowing.

“I gave him two day, even though I did not want to, but he called me back to his office and told me that he had everything prepared to terminate the pregnancy. Including a Doctor who would make sure this event never happened,” he says.

The Omega wets his lips, quivering slightly.

“I thought he was going to take me to a back alley, and he did, but it was the back alley behind Starfleet Medical,” he continues. “The Doctor met us there and led us to a procedure room, making sure no one saw us. He did the procedure and asked if I wanted a paternity test. I said yes, but to only run one DNA sample.”

“Marcus’,” Khan breathed.

Kirk nods, confirming his Alpha’s worst fears.

“The test was a perfect match, which baffled both Pike and the Doctor, as the latter found no evidence of having my internal vagina penetrated,” the blond says quietly. “But he did not look into the matter, destroying all traces of our meeting, leading us out the back after giving Pike instructions on how to take care of me for the next few days.”

He tightens his grip on his knees, swallowing thickly.

“And that’s it,” he says. “That’s all she wrote.”

The silence between them is thick, and after several minutes, the Brit speaks, but it is not what the Omega expected.

“You are wrong,” he says firmly.

Kirk looks up, his lips parting to reply, but the words die in his throat the instant his Alpha steals his breath away. He slides a hand to his abdomen, fingers curling in possession, only pulling away when their heads are spinning.

“Nothing he did to you was your first,” the Augment murmurs, resting their foreheads together, lips brushing with every syllable.

“Because I couldn’t consent?” The blond asks. “Because I didn’t want it?”

“Yes, and no, to both,” the dark haired male replies.

He cups his mate’s cheek, his next words so tender, the Captain’s heart aches.

“Because it was not with someone you loved, someone you wanted,” he breathes. “Because it was not with someone who wanted you, who loved you, just as much as you love them.”

The gravity of the Alpha/Beta’s words take his breath way, but the Omega still says it out loud.

“I was your first,” he whispers.
His mate’s response comes out as a choked sob, holding his face in his hands as he claims his lips.

Kirk is pushed onto the bed, his wings folded against his back as his Alpha lowers his body on top of his, tangling their fingers. The dark haired male settles between his Omega’s legs, their lips working against each other. His wings drape over them, creating a warm space filled with their scent. The blond gently runs a foot up the outside of his mate’s leg, even managing to run his heel up to the small of his mate’s back.

“In all the years we have been bonded,” Khan purrs softly, pulling away to smile at his Omega, highly pleased. “I have never known you to be this flexible.”

Kirk smiles shyly, a light blush on his cheeks as his gaze flicks away from his Alpha, then back to him.

“I’ve never had a reason to be,” he says quietly, earning a soft kiss.

The Augment catches the leg, running his hand up his mate’s baby smooth skin. Besides the hair on his head and his groin, he did not have any “typical” male body hair. The short hair that covers everyone’s body is nearly white and baby fine, making his skin feel as if it was hairless.

And his skin is ridiculously soft.

Khan loves to touch his Omega’s skin, occasionally in a sexual way, but a warm feeling always curls pleasantly in his abdomen knowing that he is the first and the only one who has been given permission to know every millimeter of it, and will be the only one with that permission.

The Captain lets out a low hum, enjoying the feel of the Brit’s hands on his skin. The Augment places a soft kiss on his mate’s hip before nuzzling his belly tenderly, rumbling softly. He pillows his cheek on his abdomen, hands on his hips, as he slips through the bond to hear the heartbeat of their unborn child.

“Mine,” the dark haired male breathes softly.

“Yours,” the blond breathes back, tangling his fingers into his hair.

“Yours,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs.

“Mine,” the Omega whispers.

The Augment gently presses kisses to his mate’s belly, his lips lingering.

“Ours,” he breathes.

Kirk cannot deny that statement.

Khan pulls away and crawls back up to his Omega’s lips, kissing him softly. The Captain hums with approval, rolling onto his side so he can tuck his head under his Alpha’s chin.

“Dammit man!” McCoy sputters from the doorway. “I didn’t clear you to leave!”

The Brit does not move a single muscle as he mutters, “Mate trumps self.”

“That doesn’t mean-”

“Bones, shut up,” the Captain growls. “I wanted him. Rather, I was in dire need of him.”
The Beta lets out a string of curses, stalking towards the couple to examine the dark haired male’s shoulder. The Alpha/Beta growls softly, but allows the examination, much to his displeasure. The Omega makes a soft cooing sound, nuzzling his neck lovingly. He makes the sound again, tender and soft, an attempt to soothe his mate. Khan rumbles softly, nuzzling the top of the blond’s head affectionately in response.

“Your shoulder may be healing,” the Doctor mutters, putting his instruments away. “But that doesn’t mean you can exert yourself.”

He mutters an insult questioning the dark haired male’s parentage before stalking out of his Captain’s quarters, allowing the Augment to growl out an insult that has his mate letting out a huff of laughter.

“You shouldn’t insult Bones,” Kirk says, smiling into his mate’s skin. “He’s the only one who can deliver our child.”

“That does not mean I will let him insult me,” Khan rumbles, glaring at the door.

The blond stretches up to kiss the tip of his Alpha’s nose, humming softly. The Brit smiles and captures his Omega’s lips, wrapping his arms around him.

“I love you, James,” Khan says softly.

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk murmurs.

They hold onto each other, wings folded around them. The Captain is suddenly on his back, the Augment kneeling over him, a wide smile on his face.

“How am I so lucky?” He murmurs, stroking his cheek. “I do not know what I have done in my life to deserve the most perfect being to ever exist.”

“I am not perfect,” the blond says quietly, looking away as a light blush reappears on his cheeks. “Not—”

His breath is stolen by the dark haired male, his mind wiped clear.

“You are perfect,” the Alpha/Beta says quietly, skimming the tip of his nose over his mate’s flushed cheeks.

He pulls away, gazing down at his mate, his arctic blue eyes soft as he speaks.

“You are perfect,” he says. “Your flaws are what make you perfect, what make you strong. Stronger than you can imagine. Stronger than you will ever know.”

The Augment smiles, brushing his knuckles against his Omega’s cheek, his eyes shining.

“With all that you have been through, you have survived,” he says softly. “You have learned from your experiences and you have grown. You may bear the weight of the world on your shoulders, but you have me to share the burden.”

His smile widens, kissing the tip of his Captain’s nose.

“You are the most beautiful creature to ever exist,” he breathes.

“I don’t know about that,” the Captain says quietly. “I think I might lose that title in about sixty-six weeks.”
“Sixty-six weeks, four days,” Khan smiles. “I can do the hours if you would like.”

“You probably have the seconds figured out,” Kirk laughs.

“Of course,” his mate chuckles. “Your body’s biorhythms are better than any clock ever created.”

He crawls down his mate’s body, taking his hips in his large hands as he kisses his belly tenderly.

“After exactly eighty weeks from Stardate 2258.314, at precisely 0416 hours,” he murmurs. “You will go into labour.”

“What? You don’t know when our child will be born?” The blond teases.

“I said your biorhythms are clockwork,” the Augment snorts. “If they receive your stubbornness, you will be in a labour for over thirty-six hours.”

“Please don’t jinx us,” he groans, hands over his face.

“I do not want to,” the Alpha/Beta says quietly, looking up. “That was not my intention.”

The Captain peeks through his fingers before lowering his hands, his face slightly flush.

“I know,” he says softly, tangling his fingers into his mate’s silky jet black hair. “I know.”

The Brit lowers his lips to his Omega’s belly, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“I cannot wait to meet them,” he murmurs.

“Nor can I,” the blond breathes.
Chapter XIII

Chapter Notes

I want to give you guys a BIG heads up. This IS the darkest chapter I have posted so far, and the most graphic. And there is a reason why it has the tags it does, but it does further the story. I also want to tell you that not next week, but the week after I will not be posting for it is the Thanksgiving holiday, and I will be at my grandparents house, which has cruddy wifi. I will continue regular posting after that, unless noted otherwise.
You have been warned.
PS. I know I royally screwed up on the dates in the flashback, and it bugs the sh!t out of me, but I can't change it. Be nice to the author!

“The Admiral wants you.”

Khan flicks his gaze over his shoulder, pausing at his workstation.

He is still ungodly sore from his mate’s Heat, his neck still throbbing from being claimed, even though his Heat ended two days ago.

“Now,” the Section 31 Officer says.

The Augment saves his work and shuts down his terminals, following the Officer through the Io facility, dread coiling in his gut.

Had they found out about James?

Or worse, had they found out about Maeve?

The Brit clamps down on his emotions, keeping his body language and face neutral.

At least, he hoped it was neutral.

And he prays that his blockers still work and keep his scent his scent.

He is led to Marcus’ office, gestured into the room. The dark haired male is surprised when the Officer stays outside the room, his insides clenching. The doors slide shut behind him with a soft hiss, the light from the hallway vanishing. The reflection of sunlight from Jupiter’s atmosphere fills the room, a shadow on the far wall cast by Marcus. Khan stands near the doorway waiting for the inevitable.

The silence is tense and thick, lasting for too long to be reassuring.

“Have a seat,” the Fleet Admiral says finally.

Like the predator he was born to be, the Augment gracefully glides to one of the two chairs before the Admiral’s massive desk, taking a seat and waits for Hell to rain down on his head. Several minutes pass before Marcus turns and sits, his gaze intense.
“I have an assignment for you,” he says. “One that has a higher priority than the construction of the Vengeance.”

Khan’s eyebrows shoot up, stunned.

As far as he knew, nothing could have a higher priority than the Vengeance.

What could be so important?

“In under twenty-three hours,” he says. “You will return to Earth with two newborns in your care.”

Now the Brit is really floored.

Newborns? What the fuck was going on?

“You will raise them in housing we have set aside, and you will work on the Vengeance,” the Admiral says. “You are dismissed.”

The Augment blinks before rising, heading out of Marcus’ office. He is led back to his workstation, allowing him to try and figure out what happened.

Where the Hell did two newborns come from?

And why him?

Twenty-two hours and thirty-seven minutes later, Khan is called away from his station and led to a section of the Io Facility he had never known about. Several biological locks are opened before he is led in, and now he knows why.

Section 31 was cloning.

And he was the donor.

Two artificial wombs are in the center of a swarm of scientists, each having a fetus inside, at full term. From what he could glimpse off the PADDs the scientists were scribbling furiously on, the two newborns have his DNA, but they are Pure Bloods, not a chimera like him. One is a Pure Beta, the other is a Pure Alpha.

A scientist shoos him into a corner, ordering him to stay out of their way. Khan leans against the wall, arms crossed over his chest.

He had only been awoken thirty days ago, as the Stardate is 2258.75, and he had been revived 2258.45. James’ Heat was only three days ago, but he could not wrap his head on how two fetuses could be brought to term in only a month.

The Alpha/Beta is pulled out of his thoughts when the scientists begin to babble excitedly, the wombs contracting. Someone calls for Marcus, alerting him that their “projects” were about to be born. The Augment watches as the scientists flock to the wombs and examine them, their excitement noxious.

Khan nearly sneers in disgust, but keeps his face neutral, though, he does settle for sending any scientist who gets too close to him scurrying away with a glare. The Admiral enters the room, looking quite pleased with himself. His Pure Alpha scent is making the Augment wish the scientists who created him had completely removed his gag reflex and not given him the ability to
suppress it, and at that moment, that ability is doing jack shit. The dark haired male coughs discretely, when he really wants to ruin the Pure Alpha’s brand new shoes.

He turns back to the wombs, watching them as they continue to contract. It is maybe five more minutes later when a scientist calls the Brit over to the center of the room, giving him an unobstructed view of the births. The newborns are small, with misshapen heads too large for their bodies. They are screaming at the top of their lungs as the cords are cut, and then it is a flurry of activity that Khan barely remembers until he finds himself on a shuttle just leaving the Io Facility. He feels a weight in his arms and looks down, finding one of the newborns swaddled in a blanket cradled in them, asleep. A glance to his right shows that the other is in a baby carrier, also asleep.

The Augment leans against the seat in the back of the shuttle, closing his eyes as he tips his head back.

“How the fuck did this happen to me?” He asks himself quietly.

The shuttle back to Earth is maybe three hours, and Khan can already tell that the newborns are bigger. It takes an additional three to reach the house set aside for him, and the two under his care, and by then, the newborns look about two weeks old, not six hours.

The Augment has to admit, the house is almost a prefect replica of the one he had pictured in his mind to the raise the child, or children, of James and himself. The house is done in whites and creams with a splash of robin’s egg blue, the furniture matching the scheme. A PADD on the table has all the information on the house, as well as a mobile link to his workstation on the Io Facility.

The newborn, infant, Khan mentally corrects, in his arms begins to whimper softly, squirming. The dark haired male instantly knows that he is hungry, and a quick look at the PADD informs him that the replicator can produce a bottle of artificial breast milk at the perfect temperature. He requests the item and sits down in a chair at the table, bringing the nipple to the infant’s mouth. He happily accepts the artificial nipple, sucking eagerly.

Khan always wanted children, but this felt, wrong. He cannot put his finger on it, but something is wrong with this situation. It frustrates him that he cannot put his nagging feeling into words, but he shoves it aside so he can take care of the two infants that are his charges.

He looks down at the infant in his arms, watching him drink his fill. The Brit chuckles when he watches the infant’s mouth fall slack, sleeping soundly. His other charge lets out a high-pitched wail, but that is the only sound he makes. Khan refills the bottle and switches infants, but any attempts to try and feed the hungry infant prove futile. He lets out a soft growl, wondering how a hungry infant could refuse to eat.

The infant finally takes the nipple and begins to eat, much to the Augment’s relief. He tips his head back, closing his eyes. Then he opens them, looking down at the two infants, sighing through his nose.

He is Khan Noonien Singh, former ruler of a quarter of the Earth, feared across the globe.

Now, he is just a glorified babysitter.

Of his clones.

The dark haired male wishes he could tell his mate, but that would mean opening their bond and revealing his secret. He needs to keep James safe, and that must be for another year. But with his
Heats every three months, Khan had to be very careful to make sure they are not discovered.

Last thing he needs is his mate in harms way.

Once the infant is done feeding, the Alpha/Beta carries the twins up to their nursery, surprised that it has glow-in-the-dark stars on the walls. A mobile of the solar storm is above each crib, the walls painted a soft blue. The Augment lowers the infants into a crib, taking a moment to watch them sleep.

With the house plan memorized, Khan heads down to what was labeled “Study,” finding the room to be a large study, but with multiple terminals. He sees that one terminal is feeds from security cameras that cover every inch of the house, as well as the backyard, sides, and front. There is one on the damn roof, much to Khan’s amusement. The other terminals are his workstations, but there is also an early twenty-first century desk in the study, as well as shelves filled wall-to-wall with books. A quick scan of the titles show that there is at least one book in each classification of the mid twenty-first century Library of Congress classification, around 2073 AD, when the Library of Congress became Earth’s largest library.

The dark haired male choses to ignore the books in the study in favor of working at his terminals, continuing to work on the *Vengeance*, even though he is no longer in the Io Facility. He absentmindedly touches the mark on his neck, his skin still tender to the touch. He is thankful that Starfleet uniforms have a high collar, able to hide the bite on the junction of his neck and shoulder, as well as the dark bruise on his skin. It is sore, but it is a good sore, the kind that Khan does not want to fade away. His mark tingles slightly under his touch, feeling the newly formed bond still thrum as it works on solidifying their connection.

Khan’s ears pick up the faint sounds of the twins stirring, but the built-in baby monitor in his terminal amplify the sounds, allowing him to hear the tiny differences between the infants. The Augment pauses in his work, letting out a soft sigh when they fall back asleep. He chides himself, wondering how the Mighty Khan, conqueror of a quarter of the Earth, could be intimidated by two *newborns*.

The Brit curses under his breath when the twins begin to wail at the top of their lungs, pinching the bridge of his nose as he rises.

“How the fuck did this happen to me?” He mutters, climbing the stairs.

Khan realizes *why* something is off with the twins.

Every twelve hours after their birth, they age one month.

At only thirteen hours old, the twins can lift their heads and stare at faces, well, face, but they can also follow objects, make oohs and ahs, as well as laugh, and hold their heads at a forty-five degree angle. Even if they were actually a month old, they are doing things far beyond what a baby that age could do.

At least, one would do.

The twins had completely different personalities, the Pure Beta was a happy baby, smiling, laughing, and wailing at the top of his lungs when he is not being held. The Pure Alpha is stubborn and a loner, crying when he is held, refusing to feed, and a pain in the ass. Their files only have
scientific data, no names, nothing but numbers. The Augment could not call them by their project names, so he tried to come up with names for them.

He is currently carrying the Beta on his hip as he stirs a pot of curry on the stove, still trying to come up with names. The Alpha/Beta glances down at the infant, his lips pursed.

“Sam?” He asks.

The Beta just blinks up at him.

“Jacob?”

“Abhay?”

“Amar?”

“Benson?”

“Anantha?”

“Timothy?”

“Benedict?”

That earns a smile.

“John?”

The Beta squeals and giggles, clearly happy with the name. Khan laughs, shifting his newly names infant on his hip.

“John Benedict Singh?” The Augment asks.

The squeals turn louder, the giggles manic. The Brit laughs, stirring the curry.

“John Benedict Singh it is,” the dark haired male chuckles.

John giggles, his laughter infectious. Khan smiles, shaking his head as he turns off the stove, plating the rice and curry before replicating a bottle of breast milk for the Beta. He sits down and feeds himself, bringing the nipple to John’s mouth. He happily sucks his meal down, the Augment keeping one ear out for the Alpha, knowing that he will make a sound once and then nothing for a while.

“What should we call your brother?” The Alpha/Beta muses, keeping John supported.

The Beta stares up at him with wide arctic blue eyes, and Khan notes that there are flecks of green in them.

Then the name hits him.

“Naki,” he murmurs, John letting out a grunt of agreement. “Just Naki.”

John finishes the bottle and lets out a burp, which sends him giggling. The Brit raises an eyebrow, causing a fresh set of giggles to fill the kitchen. The dark haired male smiles and shakes his head, hearing Naki let out a wail before falling silent.
“Looks like your brother is up,” he says to the Beta. “Let us go see if he is hungry.”

John just blinks at him.

Twenty-four hours after birth, John is rather vocal at his caregiver, able to hold his head steady, and follow Khan’s movements with his head. He still wails when he is not held, but he is progressing rapidly. Naki is as well, but wants as little human contact as possible. The Augment can easily work on the *Vengeance* while caring for twins, as only one needs to be in his sight at all times.

He is currently at his terminals, John in his lap, held secure by a “leg bar,” as the Brit has his ankle on his other thigh. The infant is happily emphasizing his excitement at being in his caregiver’s lap, gurgling and cooing loudly. The dark haired male’s fingers fly over the screens, working furiously. He reaches over for his tea, sipping it slowly as his other hand continues to dance over the terminals. John continues to talk, though the Alpha/Beta is only half listening. He has his other ear listening for Naki, making sure he can hear the sound he will make.

Khan’s eyes open, staring at the far wall over his mate’s head. His wings are folded tightly around them, unsure why he is awake. Kirk twitches in his arms, muttering something under his breath, clearly agitated. The Alpha/Beta rubs his belly tenderly, murmuring softly against his neck. The blond settles and stills, deep asleep.

Now Khan was rather confused.

He knew that their new bond gave them a bit more independence, but did being Perfect Mates allow them to live separate lives?

The Omega stirs in his arms, scattering his thoughts to the wind as he turns his head to glance at his mate, still very much asleep.

“Can’t sleep?” He asks softly.

“Yeah,” the dark haired male says quietly.

“Bad dream?” The Captain asks.

“Sort of,” is the Augment’s reply.

“Would you like to talk about it?”

*Yes.*

Khan hesitates, debating. Kirk turns around, sitting up. The Brit sits up as well, still debating.

“*Noonien*?” The Omega asks, worried.

“I was cloned,” the dark haired male says in one breath.

The blond blinks, confused.

“Back on Valentine’s day,” the Alpha/Beta begins. “When you asked me about other Augments, I had said that I did not wish to talk about it. Do you remember?”
“Yeah?” The Captain asks hesitantly.

Khan licks his lips, hesitating.

“There are, there are two more Augments,” he says. “Ones that were not cryogenically frozen with the rest of my family.”

Kirk’s eyes widen, his lips parting. The dark haired male swallows thickly, looking away. The silence is tense and thick before the Captain speaks.

“You, you were cloned?” He asks quietly.

The Alpha/Beta nods, refusing to look at him. The silence continues for several minutes before the Omega takes his mate’s face in his hands, resting his forehead against his Alpha’s.

“Are you still the same fearless Brit who is drop dead terrified of giant spiders?” The blond asks.

“Prodigious araneae,” the dark haired male corrects.

“Whatever,” the Captain snorts.

He maneuvers his mate down onto the bed so his head in on the pillows, lying down on top of him. Khan wraps his arms and wings around his Omega, holding him close.

“But are you?” Kirk asks quietly.

“Yes,” his mate murmurs softly.

“This is wrong.”

I look at me brother, his arctic blue eyes with emerald flecks mimicking his fearful expression.

“We should not be doing this,” he says. “This is not what Ni Ni would-”

“Fuck him,” I snarl, causing my brother to take a step back. “He left us for that Omega whore.”

“But Omegas are life givers,” he protests. “If Omegas did not exist, none of the-”

I strike him across the face, sending him crashing to the ground. I’m instantly on him gripping his shirt as I hoist him off the ground, our noses mere millimeters apart.

“He left when we were only a hundred and fifty days old,” I hiss. “He. Left. Us.”

“But we were physically twenty-five,” he says quietly. “We could-”

I smash his head against the ground, bringing him back up with a violent jerk.

“That’s not was he was supposed to do,” I snarl. “Are you going to deny the fact that he abandoned us?”

My brother hesitates, his conflict clear.

“Are you!?” I roar.

My brother flinches, whimpering softly in fear. I snarl and drop him, stalking away to the other
side of the isolated loft. I growl and snarl, pacing furiously. I pause glancing at me twin. He’s struggling to get to his feet, scrubbing at his face in an attempt to wipe his tears away.

He was always the more emotional one of us, as well as the social one. He was happier in a group when we were with one, as well as happier to follow the rules. He’s the extrovert, the light.

He worshipped the ground The Traitor walked on, even after he abandoned us. I can still remember him following our caregiver around the moment he began to crawl, always within his sight. He always wanted to show off to him, to earn his praise.

My twin stands, touching the back of his head with a grimace. His fingers come away bloody, but I take his hand in mine, licking his fingers clean. I pull away and knot my fingers in his hair, feeling the dried blood crunch under my grip. He tries to turn his head away, but I tighten my grip, keeping him from moving. I press my lips to his, feeling him tremble. I push him back towards our shared bed, lowering him down gently. I swallow my twin’s protests, feeling the tears roll down his cheeks.

“Gonna make you feel so good,” I breathe against his lips.

I undo his pants with one hand, hearing him whimper as I reach in to grab him. He tries to jerk out of my grasp, but I hold him down, murmuring softly in his ear. He softly cries out as I wrap around him, drawing him out to admire his beauty. He tries to turn his head away, but I tighten my grip, keeping him from moving. I press my lips to his, feeling him tremble. I push him back towards our shared bed, lowering him down gently. I swallow my twin’s protests, feeling the tears roll down his cheeks.

“Feels so good, doesn’t it?” I murmur.

My twin doesn’t respond, clearly too lost in the pleasure to reply. I kiss his cheek as he continues to grow slicker, stiff and throbbing in my grip. He trembles under my touch, his cheeks flush with arousal. His fingers are curled into the sheets, threatening to tear under them. His whimpers are louder, more insistent as his still hips finally begin to rock up with each stroke.

“Good boy,” I breathe into my twin’s ear, picking up the pace.

My screams rattle inside my head as my hips start to move in time with Naki’s strokes, wanting nothing more than to claw his eyes out and strangle him with his own intestines.

But he is a Pure Alpha, an Augmented Pure Alpha, while I am only a Pure Beta, even though I am Augmented just as he is.

I may be far smarter than he will ever be, he is stronger, and a Hell of a faster. He follows his instincts, more in-tuned with the primal part of his brain then I am, Noonien, or any person with a primary and secondary gender.

Except Marcus.

I am not sure about that anymore.

He cares deeply about my wellbeing, wanting to protect me, but by protecting me, he hurts me far worse than any other person could.

When Noonien had “abandoned” us, he had given me explicit instructions on how to escape Marcus’ clutches, as well as Naki’s. He noticed the unhealthy attachment my twin had made to me
long before I did, but I quickly picked up on it.

Just a second too late.

He had been crying, we were at the physical age of six, a detail stuck forever in my mind, when I asked him what was wrong. We had been in our toy room when he said that nobody loved him, so I replied that I did.

And that was when the floodgates of Hell opened.

“Bare my mark then,” he had said.

He had slammed me to the ground and sunk his teeth into my neck, the way an Alpha would claim and Omega, and the damn thing had scarred and became a bite. Noonien had panicked, explaining to me to stay in his sight at all times.

I whimper as Naki twists his hand over my head, smearing moisture all over the tip. I squirm as my hips continue to rock, releasing my hands to throw my arms over my eyes. My twin tears them away, capturing my lips. He forces his tongue into my mouth, his slick hand slipping into my boxers past my testes to plunge a finger inside me. I cry out before slapping a hand over my mouth, tears rolling down my cheeks. Naki pulls my hand off my mouth, brushing his lips against mine.

“I want to hear you,” he murmurs, thrusting his finger in and out.

I keep my lips pressed tightly together until my twin curls his finger, brushing against my prostate. I cry out, my hips rocking into his thrusts. He slips his second finger inside me, murmuring, into my ear. Tears roll down my cheeks as I turn my face away, wanting to be anywhere but here.


I shake my head violently, choking as my twin clamps his hand around my throat. He squeezes tightly, cutting off my air as he lowers his face millimeters from mine.

“That wasn’t something you can say no to,” he snarls, his eyes flashing cold steel.

I could see the tiny flecks of blood in his irises, only visible up close. My world is narrowing to pinpoints when he finally lets go, sucking in a lungful of air that makes my head spin, coughing violently.

“Strip,” he orders.

I nod, sitting up once my world has stopped being a nightmarish carousel. I slowly lift my shirt off, trembling as I remove the rest of my clothes. Naki eyes me as if he were starving and I was a feast, shivering at how accurate the description is. My twin removes his own clothes, crawling over me to capture my lips.

“We’re going to have so much fun,” he purrs.

Khan reluctantly releases his mate from his embrace as his alarm goes off, groaning softly. He stretches his jet black wings, wincing at the soreness of his shoulder. Kirk flashes a quick glance at him, his lips pursed with worry.
“I am fine, love,” the Augment says softly. “The damage will heal.”

“I’m more worried about my crew noticing that you are almost healed,” the blond replies. “Gossip travels faster than warp, especially on a starship, especially when it involves the Captain, and the head of the gossip chain is Lieutenant Hikaru Sulu.”

“Only your Senior Officers know about our relationship,” the dark haired male replies, standing. “Have you *read* the minds of my crew?” The Omega asks incredulously. “The whole goddamn ship knows!”

“I have, but only three crew members know the true extent of our relationship,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, crossing the room.

He takes his mate’s face in his large hands, kissing him softly. Kirk hums softly, his fingers curling around Khan’s biceps. Lips move in unison as they kiss, pulling away just enough to catch their breath.

“I love you,” the Augment says softly.

“I love you too,” the Captain replies quietly.

The expectant couple rests their foreheads together, savoring their moment.

“You know what the one thing I am not looking forward to is?” The blond asks softly.

“Commander Spock?” The dark haired male asks, though he knows the answer.

“Love how you can read my mind,” Kirk whispers, kissing his Alpha softly.

Khan hums softly in approval, kissing back as his thumbs stroke his mate’s cheeks. His massive jet black wings enfold around them, separating them from the rest of the world. The Brit’s hands slide down his Omega’s neck, down his chest, past his waist, to his hips, pulling them flush against his. The Captain squeaks softly before a soft moan spills past his lips, tangling his fingers into his mate’s wild bedhead.

“Wait, wait,” he pants, pushing his Alpha away. “If we do this, we’ll be late, and we’ll be breaking our promise.”

“So we will be late,” the Augment purrs, kissing him again.

Kirk makes a soft noise of protest, but any other sound he makes is swallowed by his mate, pushing him against the wall as his wings enfolded around them tighter. The Omega instinctively wraps his legs around Alpha’s waist, wrapping his arms around his neck as he clings for dear life. The Alpha/Beta rocks his hips against his mate’s, panting softly. The kisses steal the blond’s breath away, digging his nails into his mate’s pale skin.

Khan all but snarls when the Captain’s communicator goes off, reluctantly releasing his prisoner as he folds his wings against his back. His massive wings bristle slightly in frustration, heading into the bathroom to make himself presentable to the crew. The dark haired male half listens to the conversation in the next room, and judging by the tone of his mate’s voice and the feelings through their bond, he is not pleased with the topic of discussion. The Augment turns slightly to listen, only catching the tail end of the conversation before his Omega snaps the communicator closed.
“…and that’s final,” he growls.

“Spock?” The Brit inquires, wincing as his mate slams the device down the table.

“Who else?” He snarls, sitting on the bed with his arms crossed over his chest.

Khan is still thankful that their evolved bond allows him to feel his mate’s emotions as if they were his own, but not have to express them. He moves to the bed and kneels behind his Captain, folding his wings around them.

“You knew this moment would come,” he says softly, embracing the blond. “You knew you would have to deal with this at some point.”

Yeah, well I didn’t want it to be now,” Kirk sighs, leaning into his Alpha’s touch.

“The sooner you deal with it, the faster it will go away,” his mate reminds him, kissing his neck. “But you know this already, love.”

“Doesn’t mean I want to,” the Omega mutters, letting out a quick exhale through his nose.

“We are only two days from Earth, love,” Khan reminds him, murmuring against his skin. “Less than that with our highly efficient engines.”

“How did you do that, exactly?” Kirk inquires, curious.

“You do know how warp propulsion works, correct?” The Augment asks.

“It’s why we have nacelles, dilithium crystals, and matter/antimatter reactions, right?” The Captain asks.

“That is only the equipment that allows warp propulsion,” the dark haired male chuckles.

“I’m not an Engineer,” the blond growls. “Sue me.”

“The matter/antimatter reaction creates high energy warp plasma, controlled by dilithium crystals,” the Alpha/Beta explains. “Without the dilithium crystals, the reaction cannot be controlled and would create an explosion with a massive blast radius.”

The Omega winces slightly at the thought, disturbed by the massive number of lives lost.

“This plasma is then channeled to the ship’s nacelles where it passes through the warp coils, creating a warp field around the ship,” he continues. “This warp field create a warp bubble around the ship, where space is not distorted, even though the ship is moving at sublight speeds, the bubble itself pushes through space faster than light can.”

“Wait, what?” Kirk asks, looking over his shoulder. “You lost me.”

Khan chuckles softly, kissing his mate’s cheek.

“The nacelles on a starship generate a series of nested warp fields around the ship, creating the warp bubble,” he explains. “The amount of distortion to the fabric of space is controlled by the distance of the nacelle, which is where we come to warp factors. The shape of the warp fields is controlled from the front to the back of the nacelle by altering the frequency at which the plasma I was telling you earlier is sent through the warp coils of each nacelle. The more the warp fields press against each other, the more they distort the fabric of space around the ship, thus the faster the ship will travel.”
“But how do we maneuver at warp speed?” The Captain asks.

“The reason starships have two nacelles is so the shape of the field can be varied asymmetrically, thus allowing the ship to maneuver at warp speed,” the Augment finishes.

“I still don’t know how you made my ship move faster,” the blond mutters.

“I increased the efficiency of the entire warp propulsion reaction in the same way I made the Vengeance faster,” the dark haired male replies kissing his Omega’s cheek. “Now get dressed, we have a very busy day before us, and do not roll your eyes at me.”

“Fuck,” Kirk grumbles. “Can I at least have a kiss?”

Khan presses a kiss to the very tip of his Captain’s nose, one on each of his eyelids, his cheeks, just beneath where his jaw and neck meet, before placing one on his lips.

“Now, stop stalling and get dressed before I shove your naked arse out into the hallway,” the Brit orders, tapping his nose lightly.

“You wouldn’t,” the Omega says, narrowing his eyes.

“Try me,” is his Alpha’s cheeky reply.

The couple stares at each other before the younger of the pair throws his hands up in surrender.

“I can’t win, can I?” He groans, rising to his feet.

“Not a chance in Hell,” the Alpha/Beta replies.

I struggle to breathe as Naki keeps a hand firmly placed between my shoulder blades, forcing my upper body against the mattress. My knees are spread wide over his lap, my arse up in the air like some filthy whore. His other hand is gripping my wrist tightly, forcing my arm behind my back. His hips are brutal, rocking into me with so much force that I am nearly sent flying into the headboard, even with his hold on me. He is bent over me, grunting like some animal in heat, the bedframe rattling dangerously.

I keep praying that he will rape my to death, but I heal too fast to have any lasting damage. I hope that he will go too far and snap my neck in anger, but he always restrains himself before going off the deep end. Escape has always been on my mind, but with the fucking tracker molecularly bonded to me, it is impossible. Killing him in his sleep seemed like my only option, but the torture he inflicted on me for two straight weeks when I had attempted to do so completely closed that avenue down.

He had to restrain me for I had gone temporarily insane for three days after his punishment.

Taking my own life was out of the question for my self preservation instinct kicks in when I attempt to do so, and the only way to stay dead is decapitation.

Not an easy thing to do solo.

I whimper as Naki tightens his grip on my wrist, feeling my bone fracture under his grip. Tears roll down my cheeks as he thickens further, stilling as he leaves his mark of claim inside me, though another part does not. My insides are shrieking in protest at how much of his seed is inside me,
having gone for nearly eighteen hours straight with no refractory period and him never pulling out. My abdomen is distended enough that someone would have to be blind in order to not mistake me having a small baby bump. I nearly wail when I see him pick up the plug, moving fast enough that nothing spills out.

It should not be physically possible to do what he does to me, but I cannot even count on my hands the number of times Naki has done it.

My twin presses his chest against my back, mouthing my mark gently.

“Beautiful, darling,” he murmurs softly. “So beautiful.”

Someone kill me.

Khan nearly trips over a discarded boot when he enters his mate’s quarters, the lights completely turned off. He can vaguely make out the shape of his mate sprawled across his bed, out cold. The Augment smiles softly and removes his clothing, crawling into bed with his mate. He maneuvers the dead weight that is the mother of his unborn child, holding him in his arms.

“Sleep well, my love,” he murmurs softly. “For I shall be watching over you.”

The Brit presses a soft kiss to his Omega’s temple, tightening his wings around them as he settles down to sleep. He closes his eyes, and drifts off into blissful slumber.

Kill him!

I stare at the tiny vial in my hand, containing just one-tenth of a gram of pure abrin in powder form, far more than I will ever need. I know Naki’s bodyweight, and I only need seven-tenths of a milligram to be lethal. It is far more toxic than ricin, and still one of the most lethal poisons to humans even in this day and age. No antidote has been created, but the toxicity has been amplified to be even more deadly, killing in less than twenty-four hours and not three days. The yellowish-white powder looks innocent enough, but it was Hell-and-a-half to obtain it.

I grip the vial tightly, wondering if it was worth it.

I had hacked into Section 31’s servers, searching for anything on the limitation of Augments, anything that would help me break Naki’s hold on me.

What I had found was startling.

It was a massive medical file under the highest security possible, tucked away in the servers and split into a million pieces. It was random strings of code hidden in all the data that only Section 31 had access to, and compiling it together would have taken decades without the passcode, even with an army of supercomputers.

Child’s play.

A few lines of code later, I had the entire file at my fingertips with only a single bit as the title.

I had opened the file, and realized why.

Subject 0.
Noonien had been Subject 0.

The data in the file contained a year’s work of research, and the scientists had been through.

*Very* through.

And it was not from this reality.

Noonien had come from a different reality.

“What the fuck is taking so long?” Naki snarls from the main room.

I flinch at his voice, dropping the vial in my pocket as I pick up our meals, heading to the table. I place the food before my twin, taking my seat. I flinch at his gaze, dropping mine to my plate. I poke at my curry, pushing it around my plate. My gaze flicks to my twin, watching him eat his red meat.

We are clones from the same DNA sample, but we could not be any more different.

I glance at the terminal Naki is working on, wincing as I see him examining the patient file of a Lucille Harewood, daughter of the Section 31 Officer Thomas Harewood. The Officer works to the Section 31 facility beneath the Kelvin Memorial Archive, where his real goal was.

The portable transwarp beaming device.

I flick my gaze to the bulky Starfleet ring made of dull slivery metal on the table, knowing its exact purpose.

I could not stand by and let this happen.

I could not let Naki kill innocent lives.

I had no choice.

I had to make sure Noonien’s mate lived, and I had to keep Naki from going too far.

The vial felt as if it was being pulled to the Earth’s core with the gravity of a black hole.
Chapter XIV

Chapter Notes

This will be my last chapter until December, as I will be celebrating the Thanksgiving holiday with my family next week. And as I have said before, this story is dark. Have fun~!

“Wait,” Khan says softly, stopping his mate from opening his apartment door.

Kirk turns to his Alpha, squeaking when he is picked up bridal style. He clings to the dark haired male’s neck, flushing furiously. The Augment carries his Omega easily, opening the apartment door.

“I will never drop you,” he murmurs, activating the privacy seal.

“I know,” the blond says quietly.

Their personal affects were sent ahead, Noonien and Tiberius happily purring in their cage. The Alpha/Beta carries his mate to the bed, gently lowering him down onto the sheets. The Captain crawls back onto the pillows as his mate crawls over him, the Brit rolling his shoulders to spread his wings. He creates a canopy over them, lowering his lips to his Omega’s. They kiss softly, their touch tender on their mate’s body. The dark haired male pulls away and rubs his nose against the blond’s, smiling softly.

“I love you,” Khan murmurs softly.

“I love you too,” Kirk murmurs back.

The Augment gently places one hand on his Omega’s flat abdomen, rubbing tenderly.

“Just one day shy of fourteen weeks,” the expectant father murmurs. “I still do not know how I ever became so lucky.”

“Because and angel punched you in the face,” the mother replies.

“More of a right hook,” the Augment corrects.

Kirk smiles softly, his cheeks still slightly flushed. Khan gently traces his mate’s blush with his lips, nibbling on his heated skin. He hums softly, his hand sliding to the blond’s hip to stroke his feminine-like hipbone. The Brit slides his lips to his mate’s pulse point, mouthing gently at his skin as his hand slips under his shirt to stroke the Captain’s narrow waist. The blond hums, pleased by the attention he is receiving.

He shoves his mate off the bed when he nips at his skin, squawking as he falls off in a tangle of limbs and feathers. Khan glares at his Omega, slightly peeved at his reaction.

“You bit me harder than you intended,” Kirk snaps, slipping off the bed.

He heads to the front half of the apartment to find something to nibble on, leaving his mate on the
floor. The Augment peels himself off the carpet, following the Omega into the kitchen. He leans in the doorway, watching his mate pull out a banana. The dark haired male grins as the blond peels it completely, tossing the peel. The Captain begins to eat it sideways, much to the Alpha/Beta’s amusement. He chuckles softly, causing his mate to frown.

“What?” He asks.

“You are so innocent,” his Alpha replies. “It is adorable.”

Kirk flushes darkly, staring at the floor.

“It’s how good Omegas eat bananas,” he says quietly.

“And who says you are a good Omega?” Khan asks, his voice a deep, sensual rumble.

The blond squeaks as his mate stalks towards him like the predator he was born to be, pinning him to the counter. The Augment carefully extracts the fruit from his mate’s hand to avoid a mess, smiling wickedly at him. He leans so their noses are brushing, allowing them to feel each other’s breaths on their skin.

“And how can you be good when you chose me as your mate?” He purrs. “I am the epitome of a ‘bad boy,’ and yet, someone as innocent as you chose me. Tell me how that makes you good?”

The blond trembles slightly as his Alpha raises his hand and takes his chin in his hand, stroking his lower lip as he smiles predatorily.

“How does the lamb, the most innocent lamb to ever exist, seduce the lion?” The Brit rumbles. “How does the innocent maiden capture the heart of the king with far more experience?”

The dark haired male tugs his Omega’s lip down, gently biting his lip. Kirk shoves him away and races into the bedroom, locking the bathroom door behind him. Khan blinks a few times, guilt freezing his insides as he realized what he had done.

He caused his mate to flashback to the abuse he suffered at the hands of the one who was suppose to protect him, and judging by the fact that the Captain shut off their bond, the Augment triggered a bad one.

The Alpha/Beta’s wings droop as he sits on the floor, spreading limply on the tile. His head thumps against the cabinet, tears streaming down his face.

“God forgive me,” he pleads in Hindi. “Please forgive me.”

He rests his forehead on his knees, arms wrapped around his legs.

“Forgive me,” he whispers.

I sit on the shower floor, the water running down my body from the showerhead as I hold my wrist under the spray, watching as my life is drained with each beat of my heart. The razor blade in my other hand has my blood on it, red curling in the water. As the wound heals, I slice it open again, deep enough to score my bones. The blood pours out of my wound, adding three more slashes down my arm, parallel to my first. They go just as deep as the first cut, cutting my bones. They heal in minutes, my skin unmarred, as it always is.
I slice down my arm parallel to my radius and ulna, as deep as I can go with the small blade. My blood gushes out of the wound, something that would kill a normal human quickly and painfully, but only causes the water to turn to blood. The wound heals as always, the pink scar fading in the seconds.

I found that the act of cutting did not help me, it was watching my blood be expelled from my body in copious amounts that made me feel better. It is knowing that my life was going down the drain that made my feel better. It did hurt when I cut myself, and I did feel dizzy at the blood loss, but I always recovered.

I part my legs to slice my inner thigh, severing my femoral artery. I watch the blood spurt from my wound, but it heals like the others.

I tip my head back, my tears mixing with the water. Soft sobs spill past my lips, but I make sure that Naki cannot hear me, stifling them. I do not need my twin to come in and “make me feel better.” That is the last thing I need.

“Please kill me,” I whisper.

Khan knocks on the bathroom door, worried.

“James?” He asks softly. “Are you alright, love?”

He is greeted be silence, even through their bond.

“James, please talk to me,” he pleads, tears rolling down his face. “I am worried about you.”

Silence still talks to him, the Augment’s heart sinking.

“O-okay,” he says softly.

The dark haired male turns and begins to walk away, but pauses and turns back, placing a hand on the door.

“I’m sorry,” he says softly.

He turns away again, but the lock disengages behind him. The Alpha/Beta turns back, watching his Omega scrub at his red eyes as he emerges from the bathroom. His wings are folded against his back as he steps out, glancing up at his Alpha.

“You didn’t know,” he says softly. “So I don’t blame you at all.”

The blond stretches up and plants a soft kiss on his lips, pulling away quickly. He rests his forehead against the Brit’s, digging his fingers into his muscular biceps.

“I am still sorry,” the dark haired male murmurs.

“I know you are,” his mate murmurs back.

They hold onto each other, wings folding around them, trapping their scents.

“Fucking author,” Kirk mutters after a few minutes.

Khan chuckles, kissing his Captain’s forehead.
“Just let it go, love,” he murmurs.
“I’ll try,” his mate sighs.
“That is all I ask for,” the Brit replies.

“It’s almost time, dear brother,” Naki purrs as he strokes my cheek.

My back is to him as he leans over me, kissing my cheek gently. I stare at the wall as we lay on our shared bed, my twin’s hand running up and down my side.

“In just a few short hours, our plan shall begin,” he purrs in my ear, licking the shell.

I shiver involuntarily, Naki taking that as a sign that I wanted to continue. He licks the vulnerable skin behind my ear, his hand sliding over my hip to squeeze my crotch. I want to protest, but I have learned that by rejecting Naki’s “acts of affection,” the punishment will be far worse than allowing him to continue.

I squeeze my eyes shut as his hand undoes the button on my pants, opening my fly. He slips his hand underneath the waistband of my boxers, wrapping his fingers around me. I quickly swell under his touch, much to his delight and my despair. Naki slowly pumps his hand up and down my length, moisture spilling from the tip. He spreads the fluid down my entire length, his hand easily gliding across my hardened flesh. He purrs in my ear, moving his hand faster over me.

Was my life ever mine at all?

Kirk knew he was dreaming.

There was not a doubt in his mind that this was not real.

The blond trembles as he moves to his elbows and knees, spreading his legs to display himself to the world.

Or more accurately, the three males behind him.

His natural lubrication is spilling out of him, running down his thighs and soaking the sheets. He whimpers as the males murmur behind him, his mate’s wings shifting as well. The bed dips slightly as one of the males crawls onto it, his mate’s wings brushing against his back. The Captain’s own wings are sheathed, allowing his Alpha to run his large hands up and down his back. He presses his chest against his Omega’s back, kissing the back of his neck.

“So beautiful,” he murmurs against his skin.

Khan trails kisses down his spine, kissing the skin over each vertebra before planting one on the tip of his coccyx. Kirk is leaking as his mate breathes over his winking anus, causing him to shiver. The Alpha/Beta trails his fingers over the Captain’s slick thighs before taking his mate’s cheeks in his hands, his thumbs on either side of his anus. He pulls his Omega’s cheeks apart, breathing over the loose knot of muscle before plunging his tongue inside without warning. The blond cries out as the frigid tongue worms inside his overheated body, his body temperature at 42°C, or 107.6°F, while Khan’s is 32°C, or 90°F.
Kirk knows that his temperature increases as a side effect of an Omega’s Heat, while an Alpha’s lowers to counteract the increase in an Omega’s temperature. The difference in body temperature was a physical reaction that had mind blowing effects; the first being that an Omega’s body became oversensitive, the second being that an Alpha’s touch was enough to bring some Omegas over the edge so hard that they blacked out.

The Omega whines as the tongue pulls out, a finger slipping inside his loosened body. The digit is just as cold as the rest of the Augment, spreading ice as it thrusts slowly inside. Kirk pushes back to keep the finger inside him, but Khan holds his hips still as he continues his glacial pace.

“Don’t move or you’ll be forced to use one of your toys,” the Brit says, his voice rough.

The Captain whines but complies, his body trembling. The Augment continues to move his finger inside before pulling out, two pushing inside his mate. Kirk is panting as the finger thrust faster, twisting and scissoring inside him. He cries out as they brush over his prostate, thrusting back to have them hit the spot again.

“What did I say?” His Alpha growls, pulling his fingers out.

“Please, no. I’ll be good. I promise, Please, don’t stop. Don’t stop,” Kirk all but sobs, clenching empty air.

Khan chuckles and slips three fingers inside, thrusting faster, but avoiding the spot the blond desperately wants to have touched. He whimpers as a fourth is added, still thrusting inside him.

“God, he’s leaking,” one of the males say, the Pure Alpha.

Kirk can feel his fluids pouring down his thighs as his Alpha pulls his hand out partially, folding his thumb against his palm. The Omega forces his body to relax as the widest part of his hand breeches him, crying out as he closes around his wrist. The Augment moves his hand inside, wiggling his fingers occasionally in such a way that have his mate sobbing. The dark haired male pats his hip gently as he searches for his true goal inside his mate, brushing over the knot of muscle. Kirk cries out as his Alpha’s fingers tease his internal vaginal sphincter, his trembling increasing. He is drenched in sweat, his breathing ragged as he rests his forehead on his folded arms, trying to relax his body.

The Alpha/Beta pushes a finger past the sphincter and into his internal vagina, wiggling it around in the fluid-filled channel.

“God, he’s tight,” the Augment rumbles as he informs the other males, thrusting.

The blond whimpers as a second finger is pushed in, feeling the fluid rush out of him. He knows that the image of him currently is beyond pornographic, but he is too far gone to care about his appearance, panting as his mate stretches him. A third finger is slipped in, his body beginning to protest at the stretch. Kirk grips the sheets as his Alpha slips in a fourth finger, his body protests becoming his own. He whimpered softly as his mate thrusts his finger inside his internal vagina before folding his thumb against his palm, pushing in once again. Kirk cries out loudly as the hand sinks inside him, his body clamping down at the intrusion.

“It’s okay, baby boy,” Khan murmurs softly as he strokes his hip. “It’s okay. Just relax.”

Bit by bit, the Captain’s body relaxes, allowing the dark haired male to move inside him. The blond moans at the feeling of the freezing hand so deep inside him, unable to stop his hips from moving in time. The Brit murmurs softly before holding his hips still, stilling his hand inside him.
as well.

“Are you ready to continue?” The Augment asks softly.

Kirk hesitates, thinking, before giving his reply.

“You heard him,” the Alpha/Beta chuckles, shifting slightly.

The bed dips as the Pure Alpha moves to sit beside Khan, teasing the Omega’s stretched entrance.

“Gorgeous,” he breathes before slipping a finger inside.

The Captain’s breath hitches at the intrusion, his body freezing.

“Are you alright, love?” The Alpha/Beta asks worriedly.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Kirk pants. “He’s just, colder than I thought he would be. No, no, no, don’t pull out.”

The Pure Alpha pauses, waiting.


The Pure Alpha pushes his finger all the way in, the two Alphas holding the blond’s hips as his legs threaten to give way. Khan rocks his hand gently as the Pure Alpha stretches him, slipping in another finger. The third male, the Pure Beta, kneels beside the Captain’s head, stroking the two scars on his shoulder blades.

“He’s beautiful, isn’t he?” The Pure Beta murmurs, his large hands roaming his sweaty back.

“He is,” the Augment chuckles, still rocking.

The Pure Alpha slips a third finger inside, Kirk moaning at the stretch. His body is producing lube like mad, soaking the sheets even more, but allows a smooth glide for the two Alphas. The Pure Beta’s hands roam over every inch of skin he can reach, murmuring softly. The Omega moans louder as the Pure Alpha slips a fourth finger inside, his body beginning to protest quite loudly. The Alpha/Beta’s wings gently brush against his mate’s skin, his hand thumbing his hipbone.

“Just one more, love,” Khan murmurs. “And then you’re halfway done.”

Kirk groans loudly at that statement, gripping the sheets tighter. The Pure Alpha folds his thumb against his palm, pushing his hand in.

“Ohgodohgodohgod,” the blond gasps as the widest part of the Pure Alpha’s hand pushes against him.

He nearly screams as his whole hand pushes in him, closing around his wrist. The Pure Alpha grunts, cursing softly.

“He’s still so fucking tight,” he groans, wiggling his fingers.

Kirk whimpers at the movement as the two Alphas begin to rock inside him, his entire body shaking. The Pure Alpha moves his hand towards his vaginal sphincter, already stretched so wide.

“Wait, wait,” the Captain gasps, his trembling increasing. “Give me a minute.”
The two Alphas stroke his hips as the Pure Beta gently massages his skin, all three murmuring softly.

“I’m good,” the blond pants after a few minutes.

His breath hitches as the Pure Alpha traces his sphincter, the muscle already protesting at the stretch of his mate’s hand. He swears softly as he tries to push in, the muscle clamping tightly around the Alpha/Beta’s wrist.

“Just relax, baby boy,” the Augment says softly. “It’ll be over soon.”

The Omega slowly relaxes, allowing the Pure Alpha to slip a digit past the sphincter. The Captain screams at the intrusion, his muscles protesting.

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” He screams.

The Pure Alpha works to fit inside the blond’s internal vagina, sinking his hand inside to his wrist the tipping point. Kirk screams as his sphincter clamps around the two Alphas’ wrists, his entire body clamping down as he is shoved off the cliff, his orgasm so strong that his vision is reduced to pinpoints. He collapses onto the bed, shaking hard. The three males are stroking his skin, the two Alphas keeping their hands still to prevent overstimulation. The Captain’s body is preventing their hands from leaving, knowing full well that they could, but not without literally tearing him open. Khan’s wings brush against his back, murmuring softly. The blond gasps for air as he struggles to come down from his high, trembling.

“Beautiful, baby boy,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, stroking his skin.

Kirk gives a shaky smiles before falling limp, too exhausted to put any effort in except to remember how to breathe. He feels obscene with the Alphas’ arms so deep inside him, spreading him wide open. He does his best to relax, which is not hard, knowing that they would be here for a while.

It is maybe twenty minutes later when his body relaxes enough to allow the Alphas to remove their hands, gasping at the slick rush. He knows he is gaping and obscene, feeling his lubrication gush out of him. His body begins to overheat, whimper pathetically. Three sets of hands manipulate him so the Pure Alpha can slide under him, pulling him to his chest. He easily angles himself and slides into Kirk’s vagina, causing the blond to moan as he finally gets what his body so desperately craved.

He can feel the Pure Alpha’s knot pushing against him, so wide open that he could easily accept him.

But that is not the goal.

The Pure Alpha begins to move inside him, ice spreading through his burning body. The Omega whimpers at finally being filled, the flames that boiled beneath his skin, consuming him from the inside out, are finally beginning to diminish, letting himself be pushed up by the Pure Alpha as his chin is tipped up by the Pure Beta. He smears his pre-seminal fluid over the Captain’s lips before pushing past them, stilling when just the head is in. Kirk sucks at the head, the Pure Beta groaning at the feeling. He slowly pushes in, thrusting slowly. The blond has to relax his jaw to allow the Pure Beta in, his cheeks hurting at how wide his mouth his stretched. When he nudges against the back of his mouth, he stops, beginning to thrust. The Captain swallows awkwardly around the penis in his mouth, pre-ejaculate and saliva dribbling out of the corners of his mouth.

Khan presses his chest to his Omega’s back, kissing his neck gently. He angles himself and sides
home, joining the Pure Alpha inside. The blond moans at the feeling, choking when the Pure Beta pushes in too far.

“Idiot!” The Augment snarls, glaring at the Pure Beta.

“Sorry,” the Pure Beta murmurs, pulling out so only the head is in.

He slowly begins to push inward, thrusting slowly. The three males begin to thrust at different speeds, until Kirk realizes that they are only slightly different. They sometimes fall in sync, but only briefly, or are at completely different rhythms. It keeps the Omega on edge, something he is grateful for. The Pure Beta begins to inch towards the back of his mouth, allowing the Captain to relax as he pushes into his throat.

He has tried deep throating with Khan maybe once or twice, okay, four, but he usually panicked when he pushed into his throat. The Brit would immediately back off, calm his mate down, and then move onto an activity that did not involve something larger than his tongue in his Omega’s mouth.

All three males continue at their separate paces, the two Alphas holding Kirk up as he slowly loses strength in his arms and legs. The blond can feel the Alphas’ knots pressing against him, whimpering at the thought of having them both in. The three males gently stroke and caress his skin, murmuring softly. The Pure Beta groans as the Omega’s lips touch his pelvis, keeping his pace.

Kirk does not know how long they have been going at it, but he is quickly starting to lose his patience at being denied release. He communicates his displeasure by scraping his teeth a little harder than necessary on the penis in his mouth, while simultaneously clamping down on the two inside him. He gets exactly what he wants, the three males grunting as they thrust harder, sending frissons of pleasure up and down the Omega’s spine. He moans softly, repeating the action to sate his needs.

“I think we’ve denied ourselves long enough,” Khan rumbles.

They set a brutal pace that would have the blond screaming if it were not for his mouthful, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. Tears stream down his face as the pleasure coursing through his body climbs to impossible levels, every cell in his body tingling. The three males grunt loudly as they thrust, drawing ever closer to the edge.

With one last brutal thrust, the Alphas shove their knots into the Omega, his body clamping down on them in response. The Pure Beta shoves himself as deep as he can into the blond’s throat, all three roaring as they orgasm. Kirk has to be lightly restrained as his orgasm takes control, shaking so much that he cannot see straight. The Pure Beta pulls out quickly and spills the rest of his seed on the Captain’s face, pumping to milk it as long as he can.

The Omega collapses into an extremely satisfied puddle of goo, boneless not even beginning to cover how limp he is. The three males begin to lick his face clean, murmuring soft words of praise.

“Hello, Omega whore.”

Kirk’s eyes snap open as hands clamp around his throat, completely cutting off his air. He claws at the hands, choking as he thrashes, his wings beating violently. His legs scrabble for purchase on the bed as he claws at every inch of skin he can reach, digging hard into his attacker’s flesh.

The blond is clawing at Khan’s face, a murderous smile on his lips. Blood flecked arctic irises
gleam down at him, practically glowing in the darkness. His pale skin and blindingly white teeth are a sore thumb in the pitch blackness of the apartment, his entire being seeming to glow with an inner light.

Kirk’s vision is narrowing as he is denied air, desperately trying to get his mate off of him. He can see that he is not doing any damage, Khan not budging an inch. He clings to the hands tightly, trying to peel them off his throat, but to no avail. His mate only squeezes tighter, his laughter chilling.

“James!”

Kirk thrashes against his hold, his hands breaking free to gouge at his attacker’s skin. He can feel hot liquid splashing onto his skin as his nails scratch something hard, screaming at the top of his lungs. His attacker tries to grab his hands and pin them to the mattress, but the blond wriggles out of their grasp, falling off the bed. He scrambles to his feet and bolts towards the door, but they snatch him by the waist and hoist him off his feet.

Kirk thrashes, his wings churning violently. He continues to scream, clawing at his attacker’s arms. They stumble and fall, the Captain leaping towards the door, but they grab him by the ankle, yanking his feet out from under him. The blond claws at the floor as they haul him backwards, flipping him onto his back. They pin his wrists to the floor, but Kirk slips out of their grasp. He tries to scramble away, his attacker one step ahead of him as they tackle him to the floor, using their full body weight to pin him.

The Omega thrashes and screams, clawing at the floor again. They flip him over and pin his hands above him with one hand, clamping their knees on either side of his thighs. They are shouting at him, but Kirk does not bother listening, focusing only on escaping. He slams a knee into their groin, gaining the upper hand as he flips them over, clawing and gouging and hitting as hard as he can. His hands become slick and he stops once his attacker is still.

Kirk is breathing hard, shaking. He can finally see who is his attacker, and his universe shatters. Khan is still beneath him, his body covered in bruises, blood, scratches, and gashes. His wings are bent at awkward angles, still beside his body. Kirk can see that some of his bones are broken, and see that some of his gashes have slivers of white in them. His limbs are at awkward angles, his head turned to the side.

His eyes are wide open, unfocused, unblinking.

His lips are parted slightly, and when the blond places a trembling hand before them, he does not feel any movement of air. He places a hand over his pulse, feeling nothing. Kirk raises his hands, covered in his mate’s blood. He turns them over, seeing his Alpha’s tissue under his nails.

He sees movement out of the corner of his eye, turning his head to look.

His feathers are beginning to fall off, crumbling to dust before they hit the ground. More fall off, his wings gone in under four minutes. He shakily turns to his mate, watching as the last of his massive jet black wings vanish. The Omega looks down at his hands, trembling.

A hand is placed on his shoulder, the blond turning to look.

Khan smiles down at him, his blood flecked arctic irises glinting maliciously.

Kirk blinks as Khan snaps his fingers in front of his face, the Augment’s features marred with a frown.
“You alright, love?” He asks worriedly. “You just stopped talking and your eyes sort of, glazed over.”

The Omega looks around, finding that they are having dinner. He can feel that he messed himself, but he raises his hands, staring at them.

“James?” The Alpha/Beta asks worriedly, concern clear in his voice. “Are you alright?”

His arctic eyes widen when he smells it, taking his mate’s hand.

“James?” He asks, voice shaking.

He takes both his hands in his large pale ones, squeezing.

“Please, look at me,” he begs.

Kirk keeps staring at his hands, his dead mate’s blood still on them.
Chapter XV

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry to do this to you guys, but I won't be able to update for awhile due to finals coming up. And film is not light friendly. Unfortunately, it may not be until the 23rd when I can post next, and since photography takes a lot of time, I will be preoccupied trying to make sure I don't lose my laptop. I might be able to post the 16th, but don't hold me to it. Hope you guys enjoy this, and this chapter was a bitch to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kirk sits on the bed, his skin slightly damp from the shower. He continues to stare at his hands, still not having spoken a word. He can vaguely hear his mate talking in the next room, but he does not bother to listen. The blood is still on his hands, his tissue under his nails. The blond feels nothing, not even through their bond.

His mate is dead, so why is it still intact?

If his mate is dead, then the person taking care of him is not his mate.

But he does not care, he killed his mate with his own hands.

He does not deserve to live.

The false Khan kneels before him, enveloping his blood cover hands with his.

“James, please,” he begs. “Look at me.”

Kirk does not lift his head, nor does he move. The false Khan takes the blond’s face in his hands, tipping his head so they can lock eyes. His false mate strokes his cheekbones, worry in his arctic eyes.

“Please,” he whispers.

The Captain says nothing.

The dark haired male rests his forehead against the Omega’s, tears pouring down his cheeks.

Why does he care?

He has no reason to keep up the charade, for he is not Noonien.

The door alerts them that there is someone waiting in the hallway, the false Khan leaving the blond alone. Kirk continues to stare at his bloody hands. McCoy kneels in front of him, the Omega lifting his head to look at the Doctor. His gaze flicks to the dark haired male, then back to the Beta.

“What is he still here?” He asks.

McCoy frowns, looking at the false Khan.

“Khan’s your mate,” he begins. “He’s wor-”
“That is not Noonien,” he says forcefully.

He looks down at his hands, his mate’s blood still on them.

“Noonien is dead,” he says quietly. “I killed him.”

There is silence before the Doctor speaks.

“Jim, I can assure you,” the brunet says reassuringly. “Khan is very much al-

“I killed him!” Kirk screams, bolting to his feet. “Can’t you see!? His blood is still on my hands!”

The blond clenches his fists, shaking as tears pour down his cheeks.

“I killed him,” he repeats quietly. “I took my Alpha’s life.”

He sits down on the bed, staring at his hands, shaking.

“I killed Noonien,” he whispers.

There is shifting and the false Khan kneels before him, a knife in his hands. He wraps the Omega’s hand around the handle, his hand wrapped over his, angling the blade over his heart so it will slide between his ribs. He plunges the knife into his heart and pulls it out, taking Kirk’s other hand and placing his index and middle fingers over his pulse. The Captain’s eyes widen as he feels it beat steady and strong beneath his fingers, not as if he had just been stabbed in the heart.

He blinks and the blood is gone from his hands, his tears spilling faster down his cheeks.

“No-Noonien?” He asks shakily.

The Alpha/Beta places the knife on the floor, holding his Omega’s face in his hands.

“It is me, baby boy,” he says softly. “I am not leaving you.”

Kirk slips off the bed and collapses into his Alpha’s arms, sobbing uncontrollably. Khan holds him tightly, folding his wings around him.

“I am not leaving you,” he murmurs softly.

Khan covers his mouth with a shaky hand, all the color drained from his face.

“I’ve, I’ve never heard of such a thing,” Maeve says quietly, shaking her head. “Have you?”

McCoy hesitates, the color also gone from his face.

“You have, haven’t you?” Kirk asks quietly.

The Doctor nods, leaning back into his chair.

“In our entire history, there are maybe twenty documented cases,” he begins. “The name is not something pleasant, nor is it accurate in describing the event.”

“What is it?” Khan asks.

“Multidimensional intent occurrence,” the brunet says. “The event only occurs in Pure Omegas,
and involves many levels of dreams, as well as hallucinations once awake. It always has a level with a ‘strong intent’ from someone, but other than that, we do not know what it is.”

“What do you mean by ‘strong intent?’” The blond asks, looking down at his clean hands.

“The cases all say that there was someone in their dreams who had a strong intent towards them, but that’s it,” McCoy says.

“Are they harmless?” Kirk asks.

“For all intents and purposes, absolutely,” the Doctor replies. “They’re just terrifyingly vivid, and once awake, the Omega can become violent from their hallucinations.”

“But how do you know that I am awake?” The Captain asks, glancing at his mate as he slides his fingers between his.

“Khan, he spaced out for a few seconds and then came back dazed, correct?” The Beta asks.

The Augment nods, squeezing.

“Then you’re awake,” he says. “And how did you know that the knife trick would work?”

“I did not,” the Alpha/Beta replies, shaking his head. “Nor did I know if it would only make things worse.”

“So you stabbed yourself and prayed on dumb luck?” Maeve asks, surprised.

“If our places were reversed,” the Brit says softly, glancing at his Omega. “It is what would have worked for me.”

The blond squeezes his Alpha’s hand, his lips twitching.

“But what does it mean?” The Captain asks. “If it has only twenty documented cases, it must mean something, right?”

McCoy shakes his head, exhaling.

“We don’t know,” he says, looking away. “It might mean everything, or it could mean nothing. We don’t know.”

The expectant couple grips hands, flicking their eyes to each other.

“So, it could be a prophecy, or just a nightmare,” Kirk says quietly. “Or both.”

The Doctor nods, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Or both,” he echoes.

I lie perfectly still as Naki stirs behind me, only to roll over so his back is to mine. I wait until I am absolutely sure that he will not wake up before carefully slipping out of bed, moving slowly and cautiously. I dress silently, keeping my gaze on my twin. I pull on my gray overcoat, the one with the high collar and closes by wrapping the top flap over my body, and silently slip out of the loft, heading into the very early morning hours of London. A quick glance at my watch reveals that it is 0119 hours, just under four hours until I need to return to the loft, and pray that Naki does not wake
up and find me gone.

I inhale the air, and even with the pollution, I enjoy my small sliver of freedom. I hardly ever sleep, too afraid of what my twin might do if I were vulnerable, and it allows me to keep track of Naki’s sleep patterns.

I do not escape often, but only when I am absolutely certain I can have a few hours of freedom do I try.

It has been almost three weeks since my last outing, for it was too dangerous to do so, but it was well worth the wait.

I head to a small twenty-four hour diner, one that is large enough that I cannot be remembered if asked about. I slip into the diner, choosing to sit in a booth with as much privacy as the open seating restaurant can offer. I gaze out the window, watching the London skyline.

“What can I get you, love?” The waitress asks, a wide smile on her face.

“Just a cup of Earl gray,” I reply, giving her a weak smile.

“You don’t want anything to eat?” She asks, surprised.

“Thank you, but no,” I say, really wishing she would go away.

The waitress nods, scribbling my order down before walking away. I exhale softly, returning my gaze to the window. I rest my chin on my knuckles, exhaling again.

So this was my life.

It was absolutely pitiful.

But it was my life.

And I had to accept that.

But had I?

Khan watches his mate like a hawk, something the blond is grateful for, and pisses him off. Kirk communicates his displeasure with glares and a few growls, much to his Alpha’s amusement, and annoyance.

‘It is for your own good,’ he thinks, his massive wings shifting slightly. ‘You gave me quite a scare.’

‘But do you have to follow me to the bathroom?’ Kirk thinks back.

‘I stay outside,’ the Alpha/Beta snaps.

‘That’s not the point!’ His mate growls. ‘I have no privacy!’

“I could not hear your thoughts,” the Augment says softly in Hindi. “That was the first time I could not feel you without you intentionally closing our bond.”

The Captain’s wings shift behind his back, looking away.
“I sometimes, I’m sometimes unable to hear your thoughts,” he says quietly. “And you don’t close our bond.”

“When was the last time?” Khan asks.

“After I bit your hand when you tried to feed me on the Enterprise,” Kirk replies. “No, wait, after your comment of, ‘I am afraid that your frail human body has become use to my superior,’ and then I yanked your ear.”

The Darkness flares at the comment, livid.

The blond can no longer feel his mate as he watched his demeanor shift, swallowing when he realizes that it is the old Khan. He takes a step back as the Augment rises, his eyes cold and hard as steel. He moves forward as the Omega continues to back up, closing the distance as he snatches his mate’s wrist. He grips it tightly, hard enough to bruise.

“You’re, you’re hurting me!” Kirk whimpers, crying out as Khan tightens his grip. “Noonien! Noonien, stop!”

The blond whimpers when he sees a malicious smirk curl on his lips, sobbing as his arm is yanked behind his back. The dark haired male is standing behind him, his other hand wrapped lightly around his throat.

“I don’t appreciate being disrespected by some Omega whor-”

Khan is violently thrown backwards as Kirk mentally hurls him away, smashing the glass table in the living room. The blond quickly backs himself into the kitchen, throwing up a barrier that completely surrounds the area, going through the walls and floor. He clutches his wrist, breathing hard and trembling. He watches as his Alpha stirs on the floor, clutching his head he sits up. The Augment pulls his hand away, finding blood. He struggles to rise completely, but he does so, stumbling slightly. He turns to his mate, who flinches at his gaze.

“What, what happened?” He asks, his voice small.

The Captain swallows, his wings shifting violently.

“The, the old Khan came out,” he says quietly, gripping his wrist.

The Brit’s eyes fall to the injury, his eyes quickly becoming almost comically wide. He backs up, turning to bolt.

“Don’t!” Kirk shouts. “Don’t leave me!”

The blond does not know if he said it in English or some other language, but Khan stops, shaking.

“Why?” The dark haired male asks through clenched teeth. “Why should I stay? I hurt you. What reason do I have?”

“You don’t,” the Omega says. “But I need you. We, need you.”

The Augment looks at his mate out of the corner of his eye, his conflict clear, especially through their bond.

“Please,” the Captain whispers.

The Alpha/Beta hesitates, but turns and sits by the edge of the barrier, looking away. One long leg
is stretched out before him, the other bent so he can rest his elbow on his knee. The blond sits on the other side, his injured arm clutched against his chest as he plants his feet flat on the floor, leaning against the wall. Neither want to break the silence, mentally or verbally, the tension palatable. The Brit’s hand inches towards the barrier, pressing the tip of his middle finger against it. The Captain can feel the touch, his gaze flicking to the hand.

“What is happening to us?” Khan asks quietly.

“I, I don’t know,” Kirk replies quietly.

His injured hand touches his pendant, feeling the ridges on the necklace. His other hand slides to his flat abdomen, curling his fingers slightly. The blond looks down before closing his eyes, exhaling softly.

“God, how will we be parents?” The Captain asks softly.

The Augment chuckles quietly, shaking his head.

“We will, somehow,” he replies.

“Yeah,” his Omega says softly.

I finish my tea and leave a tip, paying the cashier with the few credits I stole from my twin. I glance at the chrono on the wall, finding that the time to be 0347 hours. I wince slightly, knowing I pushed my luck staying out so long, dramatically increasing my chances of being caught.

I head back to the loft, picking up my pace as I silently pray to whatever deity that might be looking over me for protection. Once I enter the building though, I take my time, moving silently. I silently open the door, closing it the same way as well.

I am suddenly yanked backwards, thrown onto the bed. Naki is instantly on my chest, his thumbs crushing my throat. I thrash and claw, gasping for air. I fight his hold, but he digs his thumbs in harder, snarling.

“I should kill you,” he snarls.

Only one thing comes to mind for those words.


I cling to his hands, gasping for air.

“Kill me,” I rasp.

His grip loosens slightly, but I am flipped over onto my stomach, my pants yanked down. I clap a hand over my mouth as Naki brutally thrusts into me, setting a savage and merciless pace. I keep my hand over my mouth as tears pour down my cheeks, my fist clenching the sheets. My twin is making animalistic noises over me, raping my hard enough that my bones rattle. I can feel the blood pouring down my thighs as he continues, my eyes squeezed closed as tight as I can.

Naki roars as he orgasms inside me, feeling his hot seed fill me. He yanks out, leaving me to collapse on the bed, shaking as I continue to sob silently. He walks away moving to his console. My breathing is harsh and rapid, my hand still over my mouth. I can feel myself leaking, both
blood and semen, my fist clenching the sheet tighter.

Please, have mercy on me.

Kill me.

Khan turns his head to look at his mate as his head bobs, jerking up as tries to stay awake. It continues for several minutes before the blond falls to the side, his head landing on his Alpha’s shoulder. The Augment watches as his Omega sleeps, conflicted.

“I love you,” he says softly.

He gently carries his sleeping mate to their bed, placing him on it. The dark haired male kisses his temple before gently picking up his injured hand, kissing it softly.

“I am sorry,” he whispers. “But I cannot stay.”

He rises to his feet, giving one last longing look at the mother of his unborn child before sheathing his wings, changing into an unaltered shirt. He moves to slip his knife in his boot, hesitating. The Brit looks at the sleeping figure on the bed, moving to place it on the bedside table, pressing another kiss to his Omega’s temple.

“Please forgive me,” he whispers, tears rolling down his cheeks.

He rises again, heading out of the bedroom. He slips on his greatcoat, glancing at the bedroom one last time before stepping out into the hallway.

Khan makes it a grand total of five steps before his knees give way, his arms wrapped around himself as he sobs quietly.

He cannot leave.

He cannot abandon his mate and unborn child.

He hurts.

His heart is breaking.

The Darkness curls and coils unpleasantly inside him, silent for once. But he thinks It agrees with him.

The Alpha/Beta stands and returns to his Captain’s apartment, shedding his coat and toeing off his boots. He peels off his shirt and spreads his wings, moving back into the bedroom. He lays down on the bed, pulling his Omega to his chest as he folds his wings around him tightly.

He does not want to let his mate go, nor shall he.

He nuzzles his mate’s temple, kissing his skin softly.

“I promise you,” he murmurs. “I will not attempt to leave you again.”

He closes his eyes and falls asleep, joining his mate in their shared dreamscape.
I look out the window of the hovercar as my twin drives through the streets of London, not trusting the autopilot of the car. Even though the guidestrips in the surface would prevent any driver error, he trusts technology as much as he knows about how it works, which is very little. My hands are folded in my lap, the cuffs riding the bruises that encircle my wrists. They are fresh, almost jet black in color, and they hurt.

I tug on my sleeves, wincing slightly.

“I found the tattoo pattern,” Naki says.

I flinch, waiting.

“Where would you put it?” He asks.

I swallow thickly before replying.

“Dead center of my back,” I say quietly.

“How big would it be?” My twin asks.

“Each dot would only be a millimeter in size,” I say.

“Each dot?” Naki asks.

I hesitate, swallowing as my mind races to figure out why he is suddenly showing concern for me.

“The tattoo pattern is made up of dots that follow a simple growth pattern,” I say quietly, staring at my lap. “Each dot is actually a square only a millimeter in size, and the growth pattern has only one rule; each new generation must only touch one side of the pervious generation.”

My twin nods, flicking his gaze to me, then at the road. I wait for Hell to be unleashed upon my head, but he speaks calmly, as if he is not seething with fury.

“How would you place it there?” He asks.

I hesitate again, fearing what would happen if I did not answer his questions.

“I have been working on a dye that is composed of nanites,” I begin quietly. “Placed subcutaneously, the dye would self-replicate to create the tattoo, where the nanites would explode, releasing the dye upon destruction. Each new generation would only release their dye once the pervious generation is destroyed, creating a border to control where the dye is released. Each generation would be a different color, unique to that generation.”

“When would the dye stop growing?” Naki asks.

“When the nanites run out of canvas,” I say quietly.

“When your entire body is covered?” My twin asks.

I flinch, tensing as I swallow, tears pricking at my eyes in fear.

“Yes,” I say quietly.

Naki is silent as we leave the sprawling urban landscape for the country, lush and vibrant. The sky is cloudy, a dark, ominous shadow in the distance. I can see flashes of lightning in the clouds as I stare out my side window, noting how it mirrors my twin’s mood. The suburban outskirts of
London surround us, slowly giving way to the beautiful English countryside. I had never been this far away from London before, remaining within at most three blocks from the loft on my outings, moving in to the space not long after Noonien “left us.” I had never returned to the house we grew up in, for it was too far away to reach during my outings, also because I am too afraid that Naki would consider it fleeing and punish me for it. I can still remember playing in the backyard when I was little, however briefly, helping Noonien in the garden, climbing the old oak tree to the very top so I could see as far as I could, examining the insects, watching, and feeding, the wild birds, things one would do during a “normal” childhood. My twin would just watch me from inside, but he never did the same things I did.

I am pulled out of my thoughts as it begins to mist, falling gently and softly. It slowly begins to rain harder, but it does not last for long. I just hope it means something.

I gasp when my twin takes my hand out of my lap, placing it on the divider. He entwines our fingers, our palms touching. He squeezes lightly, but I squeeze back, too terrified of what will happen if I do not. I glance at him, waiting for my twin to snap and attack me. He flicks his gaze to me, a smile tugging on his lips.

Is my twin, blushing?

He is.

I look away, my cheeks heating up in response.

Fuck fuck fuck!

What the fuck is wrong with me!?

I have no love for him, not even as a sibling.

Why the fuck am I blushing!?

My fist curls in my lap, swallowing. Naki brings my hand to his lips, kissing the back of my hand. He releases it, placing his own on the steering wheel. I clench my fists in my lap, forcing myself to look away.

“My love you,” Naki says softly.

All the blood drains from my body and onto the earth, my stomach churning violently.

“My love you too,” I say quietly.

I am almost sick just saying those words, fighting to not tremble. I have to fight to keep my tears at bay, terrified of what Naki’s definition of “love” is.

Please, kill me.

I’m not a fool.

I can smell John’s terror, a cloying cloud that’s been around him since the day I “claimed” him.

It’s the day my soul died.

I pray that he can understand that my words are genuine, that it kills me every time I defile him.
I swallow, flicking my gaze to him.

I need to tell him.

He needs to know.

No, he *must* know.

I take John’s hand, placing it on the divider again. I’m trembling, my twin’s scent displaying his shock.

“John, shut up and listen,” I say. “I, I don’t want to do this. I don’t want to do any of this. None of this has been my plan, I’ve never wanted to hurt you, not once in my life. It, it kills me on what I’ve been forced to do to you, but I do it to keep you safe.”

Tears are pouring down my cheeks, my twin’s shock increasing.

“The same way they manipulated Noonien, they’ve manipulated me,” I say. “If I don’t do what they say, they’ll take you away, and take you apart cell by cell. And that’s only the beginning of what they’ll do to you if I don’t follow their instructions to the letter. Please, you must believe me. You must believe me that it destroys me every time I…”

I let out a choked sob, gripping tightly.

“Please,” I whisper. “Please.”

I wait for John’s reply, terrified.

My twin squeezes my hand, causing me to look at him. His own cheeks are damp, his eyes are watering. I squeeze back, hiccupping softly.

“This is the first time I have been able to smell you,” he says quietly. “Since we were children, I have not been able to smell you. Not since…”

I nod, turning my gaze to the road.

“Not since Marcus visited us,” I say quietly. “One week before I claimed you. When we were one day shy of being physically five.”

“He made you do this?” John asks.

I shake my head, trembling slightly.

“No, Marcus is following someone else’s orders,” I reply. “Not even he knows who they are, they only go by a name: Sylar. Other than that name, nothing’s known about them, not even species or gender. No voice communications, text only. But Sylar’s controlling everything, and they’re making me do this.”

“Does Marcus wish to not comply?” My twin asks.

I laugh, the sound cold and harsh.

“God no,” I say. “He enjoys it. It’s exactly what he wants, and he’s getting it.”

“Oh,” John says quietly.
We continue to drive towards our destination, silent.

“What do you want?” My twin asks, curious.

I glance at him, flicking my gaze away quickly.

“For you to have never known me,” I say softly.

John flinches slightly, looking away.

“Why?” He asks. “Why do you never want me to know you?”

“Because I’ve hurt you,” I whisper, tears falling down my cheeks again. “I’ve hurt you for nearly all our lives. Why’s it wrong for my to want the only person who I’ve ever truly loved to lead a normal life? To not have the person who’s damaged them in their life? Is that so wrong?”

“You are my brother, my twin,” John says. “Why-

“I’m not,” I snap, pulling my hand away. “I’m your abuser, your captor. Your rapist. I’m not your brother, your twin. I’m not your sibling. I’m not someone who you should feel anything but hatred and murderous intent for. That’s the only thing you should feel towards me.”

We’re silent for a long period of time, heading deeper into the countryside.

“Pull over,” John says.

“Wha-”

“For fuck’s sake, pull the damn car over!” He shouts.

I comply, stopping on the narrow shoulder. I turn to him, but my twin’s quickly in my lap, his lips crushed against mine. The kiss is hard and demanding, and when he pulls away, we’re both breathing hard. I can smell his arousal, feel his body tremble against mine. He places his hands on my shoulders, mine falling to his hips. Our foreheads rest against each other, our breaths filling the space between us.

“We, we shouldn’t be doing this,” I says, panting slightly. “This, this is wrong.”

“We are way past wrong,” he murmurs, knotting his fingers in my hair as he crushes his mouth against mine again.

It quickly becomes apparent that we’re both completely clueless and inexperienced at this, but that doesn’t mean we don’t try our damnedest to get it right. We’re both a mess when we part, breathing heavy.

“We need to get going if we’re gonna make it to our destination at the right time,” I pant. “I can make up the lost time, but only if we leave now.”

“Okay,” Johan says softly.

He doesn’t move from my lap, playing with my hair.

“I need you to move,” I whisper.

“Judging by what I feel, I do not think you want me to,” he murmurs, smiling as he rolls his hips slightly.
I hiss at the friction, fighting the urge to just fuck him right here and now.

“I don’t want you to, but I need you to,” I reply, groaning as he rolls his hips again. “For fuck’s sake, please get out of my lap before I do something we’ll both regret.”

He lets out a soft whine of reluctance, but gets out of my lap and back into his seat, “hot mess” not even beginning to cover his appearance. I wolf whistle at him, grinning mischievously. My twin blushes lightly, smiling shyly. I pull back onto the road as John fixes his appearance, watching me out of the corner of his eye.

“So, what made you want to jump my bones?” I ask, straightening myself as best I can with one hand.

Who’s the goddamn moron that decided guidestrips should only be in the city?

“I, I do not know,” John says softly. “Your honesty, I guess.”

“Note to self, honesty equals turn on,” I grin.

My twin blushes, smiling.

“I guess,” he replies quietly.

I take his hand and kiss his palm, smiling.

“Do we really have to do this?” John asks quietly.

“Unfortunately, yes,” I reply. “Sylar’s made it clear that this is my task, and I’ve got more unpleasant ones to do if I want to keep you safe. As much as it pains me to do so, I value your safety above all else. I don’t want you to be destroyed and rebuilt, only to be destroyed again.”

“Cell by cell,” my twin says quietly.

I nod, releasing his hand. We continue driving, our gazes flicking to each other.

“We’ve got one seriously fucked up sibling relationship, don’t we?” I ask.

“We cannot call our origins and upbringing normal, now can we?” My twin asks, smiling. “We were never normal to begin with, so how can we know if this relationship is normal for those in our position?”

“Fucking Beta logic,” I curse.

“Fucking Pure Beta logic,” John corrects, grinning.

I groan and shake my head, but a smile is on my face.

“Smartass,” I tease.

“Dumbass,” he teases back.

“Bitch,” I jab.

“Jerk,” he jabs right back.

I chuckle, shaking my head. John chuckles as well, looking out the window.
“How much longer is the drive?” My twin asks softly after a little bit.

“We’ve been driving for just under an hour, so we’ve got maybe thirty minutes to go,” I reply.

“So, this place is a little bit out of the way,” John comments.

“It’s the best hospital the Harewoods could afford for their daughter,” I say. “The hospital was originally a sixteenth century Victorian mansion built by some beached whale of an aristocrat, and the thing is fucking massive. The grounds are huge, and many extensive modern additions have been added, but you can’t tell the difference.”

My twin nods, looking out the window.

“When we return home, will you…” He begins.

He shifts slightly, moving in such a way that is all too familiar to me, and that’s because I’m trying to not move that way.

“No,” I say firmly, shaking my head. “No, I won’t do that to you. I won’t have sex with you.”

“Then don’t have sex with me,” John says firmly.

I flick my gaze over to him at the use of the contraction, studying him.

His fists are clenches in his lap, his body trembling. He’s staring out the front window, but from what I can see, his pupils have nearly swallowed his irises. I can smell his arousal, the scent still not going away.

“Then what do suggest I do then?” I ask quietly.

My twin flicks his gaze to me, a burning need in his eyes.

“Make love to me,” he says quietly.

I shake my head, baffled at his sudden change in personality.

“It’s not that simple,” I murmur.

“It is that simple,” he replies.

I glance at him, watching him. He’s staring at his lap, quivering. I purse my lips, thinking.

“And how do suggest I do that?” I ask, curious, and slightly disturbed at my twin’s reactions.

This wasn’t like him.

I could only compare his reactions to the month after we were created for untainted results, before Marcus had given me my assignment. During the nearly five months after our creation to the day Noonien left gave me a wider data pool, but after the visit, it’s tainted.

And with all that evidence, I could say with absolute certainty that this is abso-fucking-lutely not normal for him.

“You care about me, do you not?” John asks, returning his gaze to the window.

“I do, with every fiber of my being,” I reply.
“And do you not love me?” He inquires.

“I do,” I reply, watching as rain splatters the window.

“Then show me,” my twin says simply.

I purse my lips again, thinking about his logic.

John may be a Hell of a lot smarter than me, but that doesn’t mean I’m a complete moron. I know how technology works, I’ve even got a slightly advanced grasp of physics beyond the Standard Model and have ideas on how to solve the Grand Unification Theory. I just prefer to be hands-on and do it myself, more comfortable with the physical and tactile part of reality than the hypothetical aspect.

Knowing my twin, he’s already solved all the unsolved problems of the universe and is keeping them to himself.

And that’s exactly what he is: logical.

He’s almost Vulcan-like when it comes to problems, but he’s also emotional.

And this logic is pure emotion.

It’s simple enough in theory, but a Hell of a lot more complex to apply it in reality.

“We’ll see,” I say quietly.

John just nods, looking out the passenger window.

What the fuck is wrong with him?

Khan is instantly awake when he feels his mate slip out of his arms, sitting up.

“Relax, Noonien,” Kirk says, smiling softly. “I’m just using the bathroom.”

The blond turns and flicks on the bathroom light, closing the door behind him. The Augment props himself on his elbow, lying partially on his side as he watches the bathroom door. His wings move to fold against his back, shifting slightly. The Omega is quickly out of the bathroom, crawling to lie down on the bed.

A glint of steel catches his eye, causing him to pause. He reaches over and picks it up, examining the blade.

He has seen this blade every day for nearly seven years, as much a part of Khan as a limb or his personality.

“You were going to leave,” he says quietly.

The Brit flinches, looking away.

“You were going to leave you knife behind,” he continues.

“It is just a knife, James,” his Alpha says quietly.
“It’s not,” the Captain says firmly.

The dark haired male looks at his Omega, his brows furrowed.

“This knife has been on your person for over half a millennia,” he says softly. “This is a part of you, as much as your hand or mind is.”

He presses a soft kiss to the tip of his mate’s nose before capturing his lips. The kiss is slow and tender, lips parting with an audible plop.

“You see far too much into things, James,” Khan sighs, a smile tugging on his lips.

“But am I wrong?” Kirk asks, smiling.

The Alpha/Beta smiles, shaking his head.

“You are not,” he murmurs softly.

“Then let’s go back to bed,” his mate murmurs.

“Gladly,” his Alpha replies.

I pull onto the turnoff through the trees, the sign passing by reading “Royal Children’s Hospital.”

“How old is the child?” John asks.

“Eight,” I reply. “She won’t live to see her next birthday.”

“Do you want to save the child?” My twin asks.

“I’m not a monster,” I snort, shaking my head. “I do want to save her, but not at the cost of her father’s life.”

John nods, still looking out the window.

“Do you know her name?” He asks.

“Like I said, I’m not a monster,” I say. “But it’s Lucille.”

My twin nods again, gazing at his lap. I pull into the underground parking structure, quickly finding a spot. I park and turn off the car, leaning back into my seat.

“We’re a few minutes early,” I state, closing my eyes. “Timing is everything, as Sylar’s informed me.”

I take a deep breath, centering myself before cracking an eyes open to glance at my passenger.

“You don’t have to do this,” I say quietly. “You can stay in the car, keep your nose clean. You don’t have to fall down the rabbit hole with me and land in a great big steaming pile of shit.”

John takes my hand, squeezing it.

“You are my twin, my brother, my sibling,” he says softly. “My lover. I would follow you to the edge of the universe.”
He smiles softly, earning a smile back.

“Say, how early are we?” He asks.

“About twenty minutes,” I reply. “Why?”

He climbs into my lap, straddling my thighs. His hands are threaded in my hair, his lips brushing against mine as I place my hands on his hips.

“Let us see how long we can hold our breaths,” he purrs before claiming my lips.

Chapter End Notes

Plot twist! Didn't expect that one, did ya? I didn't either when I wrote it. And I wasn't kidding about it being a bitch to write. When I write, I become very formal because it slows my thinking process down. Naki's speech pattern is what the Japanese would consider to be "rude," and it kinda is in English. I really hope you guys enjoy this, and see you next update, whenever that is.
I know it has been awhile since I posted, but here it is! And now I can talk about the Star Trek Beyond trailer! Anybody like Chris Pine's new hair cut? And yes, as soon as I can get my hands on the movie, but more likely the novelization, I will do it. So yes, I have an ending in mind, AND I have sequels planned.

...  
I am so rambling...
Have fun~!

I run my hands up from my twin’s knees to his hips, sliding up his back to the nape of his neck, then back down. Our lips work against each other, my twin’s hands toying with my hair. His jacket’s open, allowing me to slide my hands to the hem of his shirt and slip my fingers under. I stroke the skin on his waist, small circles that are slow and gentle. My hands slide up to his ribs, pushing his shirt up as well. I can feel his muscles ripple under my touch, his figure svelte compared to my robust Alpha body, accented even more by being a Pure Blood.

My twin, my lover, pulls away, both of us breathing hard.

“I love you,” John whispers.

“I love you too,” I reply.

He rests his forehead against mine, framing my face with his hands. He strokes my cheekbones, pressing a soft kiss to my lips.

A sudden rumble of thunder reaches us, even in the underground parking structure. We look up, surprised. We look back at each other, then up at the ceiling. Another roll rumbles through, stronger than the first one, confusing us both. Our gazes lock, the same thought crossing our minds.

What the fuck is going on?

The expectant couple jerks awake at the sudden clap of thunder, sitting up. An unexpected and powerful storm is rolling through, rattling the windows with powerful claps of thunder directly after blinding flashes of lightning. Khan’s wings wrap around his mate at the perceived threat to his Omega and unborn child, holding them close. The massive jet black feathered appendages enfold around them tightly, the blond resting his cheek against his Alpha’s pale chest. The Omega nuzzles his mate’s skin, lifting his gaze to look up at the Augment. The dark haired male looks down at him, brushing his cheek against his mate’s temple. He kisses his hairline, resting his cheek on the top of his head.

The storm grows even stronger with each passing minute, the thunder nearly deafening. Khan shields their faces with his wings, holding his Omega tighter. Kirk whimpers at a lightning strike that hits close to them, pressing closer to his mate’s warm body. The Brit strokes his Captain’s
skin, murmuring softly. The storm takes a long time to dissipate, but it does eventually. The couple parts and moves to stand in front of the windows, looking out. The Captain places his hand on the smudge-resistant glass, staring at San Francisco. The Augment places his hand over his Omega’s, his fingers naturally falling into the spaces between his mate’s. They flick their gazes to one another, then back to the skyline.

“This storm should not have occurred,” Khan says softly. “I saw the weather report, stating that the conditions were improper to create a storm, let alone one this size for the next week.”

“I saw it too,” Kirk says softly.

“Is it possible that an Omega could have, psychically created this atmospheric disturbance?” The Alpha/Beta asks.

“Not a chance,” the Omega says. “Atmospheric phenomena are incredibly complex and require a massive amount of energy to power. I could only create dust devils, and even that is incredibly taxing. But…”

“But what?” The dark haired male asks.

“No, it’s not possible,” Kirk murmurs.

“What is not possible?” Khan asks.

The blond exhales through his nose, refusing to look at his Alpha. He begins to tremble, his terror clear through their bond.

“James?” The Brit asks, turning to face his Omega completely. “Are you alright? What is scaring you so much?”

“A conduit,” his mate whispers.

“A conduit?” The Alpha/Beta asks. “What is that?”

“A being that has been exterminated since before eighth century BCE,” Kirk says quietly. “The Council deemed them too dangerous to exist, and I agree.”

“Wait, The Council, made up of Pure Omegas, killed off an entire species?” Khan asks, startled.

“They are not a species,” the Captain snarls. “They are demons. Beings who do not have a gender or form, and yet are human. They do not care for life, and only want to cause chaos, destruction, and death. Their abilities allowed them to sink continents on a whim, and they were not bound by any laws of the universe, known or unknown. They destroyed worlds, but were forced to return to Earth for reasons unknown.”

“Did you at least try to reason and communicate with them?” The Brit asks.

“Since the beginning of our species, we have attempted to do so,” the blond says. “But they would not listen. They destroyed things just because they could, and they enjoyed it. There were maybe thirty conduits in existence, and it was not until the eleventh century BCE that our ancestors captured and successfully killed one. Then they proceeded to kill the others, the last one remaining in hiding until the ninth century BCE, until it was caught and killed.”

“Did they wish to do any good?” The dark haired male asks.
Kirk moves away from the window, wrapping his arms around himself as he sits on the bed. He is trembling, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“No,” Kirk whispers, shaking. “The conduits took a specific, interest, in Pure Omegas, especially about sex with them.”

Khan sits on the bed, his hand on his mate’s knee.

“They raped them,” he says quietly.

“To death,” his mate adds.

The Augment pulls his Omega into his lap, holding him tightly.

“They have been dead for over three millennia,” he says softly. “They cannot still be alive.”

“It’s the fear that keeps every Pure Omega up at night,” the Captain says quietly. “Because we don’t know if we got them all.”

The Alpha/Beta kisses his mate’s forehead, holding him tightly.

“I am sure that they are all gone,” the dark haired male says.

“God I hope so,” the Omega whimpers.

I stare out the ancient glass windows of the hospital, watching the rain pelt them. My twin stands beside me, his arms crossed over his chest. His arctic eyes flecked with emerald are flicking through emotions rapidly, his scent shifting.

“This isn’t a normal storm,” I say quietly, glancing at him. “This wasn’t what I was told that would happen.”

I glance at the chrono, biting my lip.

“They’re late,” I murmur. “Sylar’s not gonna be happy.”

John tenses, tightening his stance.

“John? Are you okay?” I ask quietly.

I place my hand on his arm, trying to look as if it’s only concern for my brother, not my mate, my lover.

“What’s wrong?” I ask softly.

John swallows, squaring his shoulders.

“I hacked into Section 31’s computer,” my twin says. “There is a file from another reality, the one where humans have a primary and secondary gender, like us, like Noonien.”

I nod, encouraging him to continue.

“It has all the data about that reality, as far as I can tell,” he continues. “And mentions something that terrifies me.”
“What is it?” I ask.

“Conduits,” he says quietly. “Demons without gender or form, but are human. They only want to cause chaos, destruction, and death, and kill just because they can. They took a special interest in Pure Omegas and sex, and…”

He pauses, swallowing.

“Pure Betas as well,” John says. “Conduits would rape them to death. These demons could destroy continents on a whim, and destroyed worlds. They did not follow any laws of the universe, known or unknown. But they did return to Earth.”

He shudders, a few tears rolling down his cheeks.

“They were more powerful than any Omega ever was or ever could be,” he continues. “They existed until the ninth century BCE, when the last one was killed. Maybe thirty existed, but they were not sure.”

He looks away, a few more tears rolling down my twin’s cheeks.

“I, I do not wish to talk about it anymore,” he says quietly.

I place my hand on his shoulder, squeezing. I press a kiss to his temple, murmuring softly.

“Then don’t,” I say softly. “Don’t do anything you don’t want to.”

John leans into my touch, sighing softly. I place my hand on his back, rubbing gently. I kiss his cheek, keeping an eye out on those in the hospital. Once I deem it safe, I kiss his lips, but only briefly. John hums softly, resting his head on my shoulder. I wrap my arms around his shoulders, rubbing his arm.

“I love you,” I say softly.

“I love you too,” he replies.

We stare out the window, watching the storm roll through.

“Even though you’re not an Omega,” I say after a few minutes. “I consider you my mate. Do you?”

John looks up, smiling.

“I do,” he replies. “My Alpha.”

The words send warm tingles down my spine, my smile widening. I kiss his temple, murmuring again.

“Do you know when the Harewoods will be arriving?” My twin asks, looking back out the window.

“I don’t, in all honesty,” I reply, looking out as well. “My instructions never mentioned a storm passing through.”

John nods, leaning into my embrace. I watch the reactions of the others, making sure that we’re not acting as if we’re more than very close siblings.

Discretion is key, as my instructions had stated. Along with threats to the welfare of my mate.
A smile tugs on my lips at the thought, the term sounding, right, to me. As it was exactly what we’re suppose to be. My twin glances up at me, curious, most likely about what I was thinking at the moment. I shake my head, causing John to frown.

“You don’t get to know everything I’m thinking about,” I murmur softly, kissing his forehead. “Some things are best left as a mystery.”

“How come?” He asks.

“A way to get to know each other,” I reply. “Why should we reveal everything about ourselves so quickly?”

My mate nods, a smile on his lips. He rests his head on my shoulder again, his scent displaying his comfort and ease. I smile softly, my hand moving to wrap around his waist. I rub his side, relaxing.

A loud clap of thunder startles us both, a few children crying in fright. Another blinding strike of lightning is followed by a roar of thunder, more frightened cries going up from the patients. My twin and I lock eyes, emotions flicking through his. The storm grows stronger around us, the wind howling around the hospital. The children are crying, personnel and visitors doing their best to soothe them.

“We should help,” John says softly.

I nod and we part, moving to help the terrified young ones. I quickly find that my voice is extremely soothing to young ones, for some odd reason. I can easily soothe them with a few sentences and calming words, much to the amazement of visitors, parents, staff, and myself.

I’m not a monster, no matter what I was created for, or what I’ve been forced to do. I know next to nothing on how to care for children, having only been one for maybe four months, when I became physically eighteen. I can’t even begin to consider my upbringing anywhere close to normal, so I don’t have an idea on what a childhood is like.

I move into a room, a child whimpering in fear. She’s curled up under the sheets, terrified and trembling. I move to stand beside her bed, gently shushing her as I kneel.

“It’s okay, little one,” I say softly. “There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

“I want Momma,” she whimpers.

“Where’s Momma?” I ask softly.

“I don’t know,” she whimpers.

“Do you have a Papa?” I ask.

“He’s with Momma,” she says.

“Where did they go?” I ask.

“I don’t know,” she says.

Another blast of thunder rattles the hospital, the child crying. I shush her softly, gently touching her covered body. The child bolts out of bed, clinging to me. I blink before wrapping my arms around her, holding her close. She can’t be more than six, small and frail. She sobs into my shoulder, her small frame shaking. She’s too thin and weak, her grip barely wrinkling my clothes. Her scent
displays her terror, one that is around everyone here. She has only one gender, but even humans’
scents can display their emotions, as flat as they are.

“Can you tell me your name?” I ask.

“Jasmine,” she whimpers.

“Jasmine,” I say softly. “My name’s Naki.”

My head snaps up as the power goes out, the entire hospital falling dark. Jasmine begins to cry,
clinging tighter. I hold her tighter as I rise, moving to look out into the hallway. The staff is passing
out emergency supplies, terror clear in their scents. I pull out my encoded communicator, the one I
receive Sylar’s instructions on. I hesitate on sending a message to them, but I do, quickly reporting
that the entire plan is falling apart. I give a quick outline of what’s happening before closing the
device, accepting the emergency supplies handed to me.

“I want Momma,” Jasmine whimpers.

“I know, little one,” I say quietly. “I know.”

“Jasmine!”

The pair of humans that race towards us can only be the child’s parents, their eyes wide.

“Momma!” The child cries.

I quickly hand the child over, nodding to the father as I exit the room. I move to the other rooms,
helping as much as I can. My communicator beeps, a coded message coming through.

Help as much as you can. Plan has been altered. Do not fail.

The message is surprising, not expecting that answer. I send a quick, one word reply.

Understood.

“Where the bloody Hell do you keep your emergency supplies?” Khan asks, searching the front
half of the apartment. “Or do you have any at all?”

He turns to find his mate holding up a large container of emergency supplies, an eyebrow raised.

“Can you not see in the dark?” Kirk asks.

“I can see just fine,” his Alpha snaps. “I am a pentachromat, and I have twenty-five times the
number of photoreceptor cells in my eyes than humans. And those cells are far more sensitive than
a non-Augment’s will ever be.”

“Wait, you’re a what?” The blond asks, blinking.

“You did not know?” The Augment asks, head tipped slightly.

“Know what?” The Omega asks. “That you can use very large words that I have no idea what they
mean? That I knew.”

“No,” the dark haired male says, shaking his head. “That I am physically different from you.”
“Um, Omega?” The Captain replies. “Part of the job description? But I still don’t see how that’s relevant.”

“Humans are trichromats, meaning that they have three color sensitive photoreceptors, red, green, and blue,” the Brit explains. “While I have five.”

“You’re talking about rods and cones, right?” His mate asks.

“Correct,” the Alpha/Beta replies, a soft smile on his face.

“Huh,” Kirk says. “Didn’t know that. So you see the world differently?”

“I do,” Khan says.

“How so?” The Captain asks.

“It is, hard to explain,” the Augment replies, hesitating. “I can see far more colors than a normal human can, but I am starting to think that I may have more than five different cone cells. It is, possible, that some may have mutated to respond to different wavelengths of light.”

“Does that mean you’re highly sensitive to light?” The blond asks.

“No,” his mate replies.

“Then can I activate a damn glowstick before I break my neck?” Kirk asks.

The Alpha/Beta laughs, shaking his head.

“Of course, love,” he replies. “But how did you find the supplies in the first place?”

“On my hands and knees,” his Omega explains, pulling out and breaking an emergency glowstick.

The brilliant yellow-green light illuminates the room when the Captain shakes it, casting eerie shadows in the apartment.

“Anyone up for shadow puppets?” He asks, grinning.

The Brit gives him Bitch Face, causing his Omega to giggle. He groans softly, shaking his head.

“Do you ever take me seriously?” He asks.

Kirk stretches up and kisses his Alpha’s lips, lingering.

“Not when you make that face,” he murmurs. “I can never take you seriously when you make that face.”

“Really,” Khan murmurs, smiling as he takes his mate’s hips in his hands. “Only when I make that face?”

“Only,” the Captain replies, locking his wrists behind his mate’s neck.

The dark haired male purrs softly, rolling their hips together. The Omega slides a hand into his hair, tangling his fingers in the silk-like strands as they bring their lips together. The Augment folds his wings around them, creating their own private little universe. Their lips part as they kiss, Kirk pulling his Alpha’s mouth back to his before he finishes taking his breath, pressing their lips harder against each other’s. The blond laughs as his mate hoists him onto his hips, carrying him to the
“I will be right back,” the Alpha/Beta says softly after placing his Omega on the bed.

“Wait,” the Captain says, grabbing his wrist. “I don’t think we’ve done it in the dark before. Not like this at least.”

Khan moves back onto the bed, cupping his Omega’s cheek. He strokes his cheekbone, smiling softly.

“How much time do you think we have?” Kirk asks.

The Brit smiles softly, kissing his mate’s lips.

“Plenty of time, if that is what you are asking,” he replies.

“I am,” the Omega replies, smiling.

“Are you sure that this is what you want to do?” The dark haired male asks, curious. “There are, far more fun and aerobic ways of passing the time.”

“Hey,” the blond says, tapping his nose. “We promised not for a month. I’m holding you to that.”

The Augment smiles and shakes his head, chuckling softly.

“As you wish, my love,” he says softly, kissing his Captain’s lips. “I just need to grab my kit and a few supplies.”

“Okay,” his mate says softly, smiling.

Khan rises off the bed, moving to the dresser holding his clothes. He pulls out a drawer, pulling out a rather sizeable hard cased container. He returns to the bed, placing it down before grabbing a few disinfecting supplies from the bathroom. The Brit kneels on the bed and undoes the latches, revealing many rows and layers of acupuncture needles.

“God, I’m always afraid that it will hurt,” Kirk whimpers softly, propping himself on his elbows. “Will it?”

“The needles are very thin, so thin that they break easily,” the Augment explains, pulling out a layer. “They are far superior compared to the ones I had back in my time, thinner, sharper, and designed to hurt less.”

“You said they break easily,” the Omega whimpers.

“Only for those who do not have a steady and practiced hand,” his Alpha replies. “In all my years, no one has ever been hurt when I apply the needles, even with the thicker, blunter, and more painful ones. Pain still occurred with those who had been doing the art for most of their lives, even if it was just a light pinch.”

“No pinch?” The Captain asks hopefully.

“Have you ever experienced pain while I was doing this?” The dark haired male asks, smiling softly.

Kirk shakes his head, flopping onto the bed in relief, causing his mate to chuckle softly. He feels along his mate’s body, tracing unseen paths that only he knows. The Augment applies pressure on
a few spots, his eyes closed as he feels. He opens his eyes, disinfecting a few needles.

The door rings, causing the couple to groan. Khan pulls on a pair of boxers, heading to the front
door.

“Maeve? Leonard?” The dark haired male asks, startled. “What, what are you doing here?”

“He’s a mother hen!” The blond shouts from the bedroom.

“Shut up!” McCoy shouts back! “You freak out every time it rains!”

Kirk lets loose a few highly creative swears in a multitude of languages causing those who can
understand him to laugh.

“You two should come in before somebody pokes their head out,” the Brit says, his wings
fluttering in emphasis as he shakes his head.

The couple comes inside, their own emergency supplies in hand. They move to the couch, looking
around in confusions.

“Where’s the table?” McCoy asks, looking at where it had once been.

Maeve kneels down, touching a dark spot on the floor.

“Blood,” she says quietly.

She licks her fingers, eyes wide. The Omega comes out of the bedroom, his own boxers on. The
Beta sucks in air and snatches his Captain’s wrist, causing him to flinch. The bruise around his
wrist is clearly defined and nearly black in color, and clearly the handprint of the only other person
in the apartment. The Doctor’s gaze is murderous as he turns to the Alpha/Beta, suddenly
launching himself at him. He slams his fist into the dark haired male’s jaw, sending him sprawling.

“You bastard!” He roars.

“Bones! Stop!” Kirk shouts. “It wasn’t him!”

“The Hell it was!” The brunet snarls. “He’s the only other person in the apartment!”

“I am not,” Khan says, touching his cheek. “The Old Khan is still alive.”

The redhead swears, falling to her knees. Her hand is over her mouth, her eyes wide.

“Is that who takes over when I can no longer hear your thoughts?” The blond asks.

The Brit nods, rising to his feet. He moves to stand in front of his mate, taking his hand gently
between his, bringing it to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” the Beta growls.

“You don’t want to,” Kirk says quietly.

The Augment gently touches his Omega’s wrist, stroking the bruised skin. Both can smell
McCoy’s distrust, but they know that the Alpha/Beta will not consciously hurt his mate. The dark
haired male presses a soft kiss to his mate’s temple, his lips lingering.

“So, he really is alive,” Maeve says quietly.
“Unfortunately,” the Brit says softly.

“Someone please explain,” McCoy demands.

“When I bonded with James, my personality split,” Khan says quietly. “The person I was before became an entity called The Darkness, but It was only eclipsed by the person I am now when I am bonded. It, It is growing stronger.”

He frames Kirk’s face in his large hands, tears rolling down their faces.

“Today is the first day It took control,” he whispers. “I, I was no longer in control of my own body. I, I was conscious the entire time, but I could not do anything to stop It.”

He whimpers softly, trembling.

“I have never been so terrified in my life,” the Augment whimpers. “It was going to kill James. If he had not thrown my body away and rendered It unconscious and allowed me to regain control, It would have.”

“I why wasn’t I told earlier?” The Doctor spits.

“I told Maeve what was going on with me in our reality,” the Alpha/Beta says quietly. “We had done a few therapy sessions during our five-year mission, but she deemed it too dangerous to allow It to have even the smallest bit of control. She helped me put barriers to keep It controlled, to keep It locked away. But It is tearing them down. I, I do not know if rendering myself unconscious will stop It next time.”

“How do we stop It?” The brunet asks.

“We can’t,” the Pure Beta says quietly.

“I think, I think I can,” Kirk says quietly.

“No! Absolutely not!” Khan shouts. “I will not let you do that!”

“Do what?” McCoy asks.

“Slip into his mind and put the barriers back up,” the blond says. “I know the psyche of humans better than any person alive, and I have the most powerful mental abilities in the reality, or possibly any.”

“This, thing, is not human!” His mate protests.

“But It was once you, was It not?” The Omega asks.

“Yes, but I agree with Noonien,” Maeve says, shaking her head. “It’s too dangerous.”

“You are just as strong as Noonien, Maeve,” the Captain says. “And Bones can hypo him into unconsciousness. You do have your kit, right?”

“I do,” the Doctor says.

Kirk nods, turning to his mate.

“Please, let me help you,” he pleads, taking the dark haired male’s hands in his. “Please.”
Khan’s conflict is clear, hesitating before nodding slowly.

“I need you to promise me something,” he says quietly, taking his Omega’s face in his hands. “If you feel that you are in danger, no matter how small, you stop and flee. I do not want to see you, or the baby hurt. And if it does…”

“I won’t stop from leaving,” the blond says quietly. “But will you at least help support me and the baby? And be there for the birth?”

“You need not have asked,” the Brit says softly. “I will do anything and everything to help my family, without hesitation. Just promise me, you will not go after me, and our child cannot know me. Promise?”

Kirk sniffs softly, tears falling down his face.

“Yeah,” he says quietly.

The Alpha/Beta leans in, pressing his lips to his Omega’s face. Tears fall down their cheeks, clinging to each other.

“Let’s get this over with,” Maeve says quietly.

The three males nod, heading into the bedroom, the couple gripping each other’s hands tightly.

I head down into the generator room, following my mate’s scent to the main generator. Johns got a glowstick in his mouth as he examines and fiddles with the wires, wiping at his forehead occasionally.

“You okay?” I ask softly, kneeling beside him.

He jerks his hands back, covering his eyes as sparks fly, turning away. He coughs, waving the smoke away.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” he pants, pulling the glowstick out of his mouth. “Though I’m not so sure about this generator.”

He begins to explain what’s wrong with it, but I hold up my hand, stopping him.

“You don’t need to explain,” I say, brushing his wild hair out of his eyes and back to kiss his forehead. “It goes well over my head anyways.”

John hums softly under my touch, tipping his head up to peck my lips. I look behind me to make sure we’re alone before taking his face in my hands, ravishing his mouth with my own. My mate squeaks softly before moaning, gripping my shoulders tightly as I plunder his mouth with my tongue. He tastes better than anything I’ve experienced in my nearly-year-long existence, which isn’t saying much, but he’s definitely the most succulent of treats. I can’t pick out the individual flavors, but the combination is almost orgasm inducing.

I pull away, but John yanks me down, pulling me on top of him. I smile down at him, kissing him again, sweeter and gentler this time. He threads his fingers into my hair, gripping gently. I really pull away this time, rubbing noses gently as we smile.

“I love you,” he says softly.
“I love you too,” I reply, kissing him softly.

I rise to my feet, helping him sit up before heading back up to the main floor. I help out moving the ancient back up generators to power the more critical patients, the less critical being moved into as little space as possible. The scent of terror and confusion is gagging, causing me to cough. The generators are quickly divided among the patients, some supplying two or more. I know I can easily heft the massive device off the floor as if it is a feather, but I fake weakness to be discrete.

The storm rages outside as preparations are strategically placed and divided, allowing everyone to hunker down. An inquiry about electrical engineering is passed by word of mouth, a few visitors heading down to the basement to most likely help my mate out. It’s maybe an hour later before my twin and company leave the basement, talking to the head of the hospital. He then heads towards me, looking grim.

“Some of the components have fused together and we cannot find any replacement parts,” John says, running a hand through his hair. “It is going to be maybe two days before the parts arrive to fix the generator.”

He shakes his head, glancing at the others in the hospital.

“I need to do a quick examination of the back up generators to make sure that they can last that long,” my mate says. “I shall be right back.”

He places a hand on my shoulder, squeezing lightly before walking away. I follow him with my eyes before sighing, leaning against the wall. I sit down on the floor and stretch one leg out, bending the other so I can rest my elbow on it. I tip my head back, closing my eyes as I wait for my twin to return. The storm doesn’t seem as if it’s going to die anytime soon, no matter how much the adults promise to frightened children. I crack an eye open as I hear John’s footsteps approach, a PADD in hand.

“Where’d you get that?” I ask, opening the other eye to watch him sit down beside me.

“I pickpocketed the keys from you to pick up a few supplies from the car,” he replies, holding them up. “I am surprised that you did not notice.”

My hand flies to my pocket, finding that my keys have indeed been taken off my person. My twin smirks as I snatch the keys back, glaring at him. He simply chuckles and shakes his head, bending his knees so he can prop his PADD on them. I watch him for a little bit before deciding that whatever he’s doing is well over my head, closing my eyes once again.

“Here,” he says, dropping something heavy into my lap.

I look down to see that it’s a large sized tote bag, one that I recognize instantly. I blush heavily, embarrassed that John knows about this, little passion of mine.

“It is okay, Naki,” he says softly. “I do not judge you. I have, I have actually seen some of your work. It is, beautiful.”

I smile shyly, opening the tote bag to find the activity I did secretly, as well as all the supplies.

Needlepoint’s always been considered a woman’s craft, but somehow, I found myself drawn to it. I had rejected the desire, knowing that a Pure Alpha would never be seen doing it, but I eventually gave into it. I completed it in secret, mortified at the thought of anyone finding out, but to hear my mate praise my work…
A warm, pleasant feeling coils inside me as I pull out my embroidery hoop, my needle already pinned to the cloth. I glance at my twin, the feeling spreading through my body the longer I look at him. I smile and begin my work, my hand practiced and steady. I can feel John’s gaze on me occasionally, just a glance, but I can feel that there’s more than just sibling affection in it.

“Careful, John,” I murmur. “We don’t want to get caught, now do we?”

My mate blushed lightly, looking away. Silence passes between us, alone for most of the time. Almost everyone else is with the kids, allowing us some privacy. My twin scoots closer to me, pressing his side against mine. His hand slips between us, moving to stroke my side. I flick my gaze up to watch the hall, making sure that no one’s around as he slowly inches his hand towards my lap. He begins to rub the inside of my right thigh, the one closest to him, stroking along my length. My breathing deepens as he continues to rub, feeling my heart rate pick up the longer he strokes.

My pants are starting to become tight, his touch becoming lighter, electrifying against my sensitive skin. I swallow thickly, my heart hammering in my chest. My mate focuses his attention on the head, teasing gently. I glance over at him, finding him in the same state. His nearly black eyes lock with mine, the same thought crossing our minds.

Calmly, we pack up our things and rise, heading towards an emptier wing of the hospital. My twin’s trembling, his scent so strong I swear humans could smell it. We pass by a janitor’s closet, pausing so I can make sure the hallway is clear. I hold the door open so my mate can slip in, checking the hallway before closing the door. I put my things down quickly as his scent displays not only his arousal, but terror, fear, and hesitation. I turn to John, watching him stand in the middle of the small space, stiff and shaking.

“Hey, it’s alright,” I says softly, taking a step forward.

My twin steps back, his terror spiking. I step back, giving him more room to maneuver.

“We don’t have to do this,” I say softly. “We can walk out of this closet and I won’t think any less of you. Just say the word and we’ll go.”

John shakes his head, trembling.

“Then take your time,” I say. “Don’t rush thing. Go at the pace you’re comfortable with. Don’t worry about me, only think of you. Okay?”

My mate nods, swallowing. He closes his eyes, taking deep breaths. He takes a step forward, but I gently push him away.

“You’re thinking about me,” I say softly, trying to get him to understand. “Don’t think about me, think about you, and only you.”

John nods, backing away. He takes deep breaths, calming his frayed nerves. He shakily extends a hand, my own reaching out to brush fingertips with him. He shies away, extending his hand back out to touch mine again. He steps forward, sliding his hand over my palm. His skin is baby smooth, and amazingly soft. My twin begins to physically examine my hand with his fingertips, manipulating the appendage to touch it. He traces the lines of my palm, feeling my muscles and joints. His touch is gentle and soft, curious. His fingertips brush over my skin, my fingers, exploring my hand.

“Your skin is soft,” I murmur smiling.

My mate smiles shyly, continuing to touch my skin. His hand slides up my arm, tracing my
muscles. He rests his hand on my shoulder, sliding up my neck to cup my cheek. He traces my cheekbone, leaning in to press his lips against mine. It’s a simple touch of closed lips, lingering before he pulls away.

“You would not think any less of me?” John asks softly.

I take his face in my hands, kissing him softly.

“I wouldn’t, love,” I say quietly.

He rests his forehead against mine, holding me as I hold him.

“Thank you,” he murmurs.

“I will never hurt you again,” I promise quietly.

“I know,” is his quiet reply.

“This is a bad idea,” McCoy mutters as the expectant couple takes their places.

Kirk kneels on the bed as his mate rests his head in his lap, the two Betas sitting beside them. The couple’s wings are sheathed to prevent injury, though both can feel the phantom movements of their shifting wings. Maeve is sitting to the couple’s left, a knife in her hand while her mate is on the right, an army of hypos within reach.

“You’ve said that already,” the blond mutters, glaring at his Chief Medical Officer. “But we’ve run out of options. And no, I will not let him be locked away or his brain dissected.”

Khan glares at the Beta, annoyed.

“Oi! Put your head back!” The Captain orders.

The Augment grunts, returning his head so he is staring straight up at the ceiling. He closes his eyes, focusing on his breathing.

“Hold on a sec,” the Omega says.

The Brit opens his eyes to see his mate undo his necklace, slipping it off his neck before redoing the clasp. He places the pendant in his Alpha’s hand, closing his fingers around it.

“If you start to lose yourself…” He murmurs.

The Alpha/Beta nods, closing his eyes again. Kirk hovers his index and middle fingers over the dark haired male’s temple, closing his eyes as he slows his breathing. The Betas keep watch, making sure that the Omega is safe.

Suddenly, Khan’s eyes snap open, his gaze murderous.
Chapter XVII

Chapter Notes

So, this will be our last chapter of 2015. I really can't believe that it's almost over. And as I have said before, stick with me and it will really start to pick up speed. I promise. It will get there, and once it reaches a certain point, if you guys have seen the movie, I really hope you have, it's just go go go! And when we hit that point I will let you guys know. And I know that for some of you read it for porn, but I write this as an escape, and some of you may read this to escape too. And to write porn. And as I have said before, writing in Naki's perspective is a beeotch.

Have fun and Happy New Year!

Khan rumbles threateningly, his hands twitching.

“Wait,” Kirk orders when the Betas move. “I’ve got him paralyzed. You two so much as jostle him a millimeter and he’s free.”

McCoy and Maeve back off, hypo and knife in a vice grip. The blond is concentrating, his eyes flicking back and forth under closed eyelids. The Augment rumbles again, his teeth barred.

“Get the fuck out of my head, human,” he snarls, startling his sister.

“That’s his old voice,” she whispers.

The dark haired male snarls again, his hands twitching more with each second.

“Jim,” the brunet warns.

“I go any faster and I’ll injure him,” the blond snaps, his eyes still closed.

The Alpha/Beta’s fingers are flexing, curling further and further with each passing second.

“Jim,” McCoy warns again.

“I know, I know, don’t fucking rush me,” the Captain says quickly, fully understanding the urgency.

The Brit is beginning to touch his fingers to his palms, his hands starting to clench. Sweat is beading at the Omega’s brow, his breathing picking up.

“Get out of my head,” Khan rumbles.

Kirk’s eyes open, staring him down.

“It was never yours to begin with,” he replies coldly.

The dark haired male snarls, his hand shooting up to crush the Captain’s throat, but he becomes limp, almost boneless, deathly still. The Omega’s hands drop, panting heavily. Everyone is waiting, praying.
“You can stop praying,” the Alpha/Beta mutters, cracking his eyes open.

The blond exhales in relief when he can hear his mate’s thoughts, touching his cheek. Khan smiles up at him, placing his hand over his Omega’s as he nuzzles into his palm.

“Can I go home now?” McCoy asks, clearly itching to leave.

“You both can,” Kirk says, exhausted.

The Betas quickly pack up and leave, allowing the Captain to collapse in exhaustion in his mate’s arms. The Alpha/Beta maneuvers his body so he is cocooned by his Alpha, wings folded tightly around them as the blond teeters on the cusp of sleep. The Brit kisses his mate’s neck, murmuring softly.

“Sleep well, my beloved,” he says quietly.

The Omega is out cold in less than two seconds, his body limp in his mate’s arm. Khan can no longer feel The Darkness inside him, but he is still cautious.

The cage must never be opened.

“What are we looking for again?” I ask, using my flashlight to search a section of the massive storage area.

“Large containers with ‘Meal, Ready-to-Eat’ on the side,” the maintenance worker says, looking around. “Or ‘Unitized Group Ration.’”

“Mm-hmm,” I say, sweeping the area. “And when did you last see them?”

“I know they’re here,” he says.

I continue to look, my eye caught by a flash of metal. I move in closer to examine it further, shifting a few boxes aside.

“Found them!” I shout. “And you didn’t say that they’re eight cubic meters in size!”

“I’d forgotten how big they were,” the maintenance worker mutters.

“But how do we get them out of the basement?” I ask.

“By the armful,” he replies.

“Great,” I mutter. “How about I go grab others to help with the task?”

“Sounds good,” he replies.

I nod, heading up to the main floor to recruit a dozen visitors to help with the task. We move the contents, tan packages, up to what would be the cafeteria, stacking them in an ordered pile. The entire container holds enough meals for the entire hospital for a day, if they only ate two meals. And there are five more containers.

“What are these?” I ask, examining a package.

All the packages weigh between half-a-kilo to a kilo, but they all look the same.
“Field rations,” the maintenance worker says. “Instant meals. Taste like shit, but provide the calories we need.”

I nod, watching the staff pass them out. John’s helping out, but a nurse shoos him away, shoving two packages into his hands. He heads towards me, shrugging as we head towards the room where our cots had been set up.

The parents and family members had been set up near the children, while those who weren’t blood related were set up further away. My twin and I had been given a room to ourselves, as it’s small and we only have each other. It had been a private room, but could only fit a single bed, three chairs, a dresser, and a bedside table. It does have a private bathroom, but with the power out, none of the plumbing is working. We sit down on our respective cots, all the furniture having been taken away, facing each other.

“This was not part of the plan, was it?” My mate asks, looking at his lap.

“Not at all,” I reply.

I look down at my package, reading the label. I glance at him when my twin sits down beside me, placing his hand over mine. I look up as John cups my cheek, stroking my cheekbone. We lock eyes, our scents shifting. I lean in the same time he does, our lips meeting in the middle. The kiss is chaste until my mate traces the seam of my lips with his tongue, opening my mouth to meet his. Things quickly become heated as our tongues tangle, more clashing and battling than a sensual waltz. I gently pull him into my lap, wrapping my arms around her slender waist as he tangles his fingers into my hair, gripping tightly.

He’s making these soft needy sounds that’s got me devouring them greedily, eager to hear more. I easily dominate the kiss, shifting John in my lap so I can rock my hips against him, earning high pitched, softly uttered whimpers at the action. I grin against his mouth, repeating the action a little harder to earn slightly louder whimpers. I continue to rock my hips, my mate clinging onto me for dear life. I release one hand to slide between us, undoing our belts and flies so I can pull us both out. I wrap my hand around us both, pumping slowly as we become slicker.

“Wait, wait,” John pants, pulling away.

I still my hand, waiting.

“I, I want to suck you-”

“John-”

“-While you suck me,” he finishes.

His cheeks are bright red as he stares at a spot over my head, trembling. I smile and kiss his throat, murmuring softly.

“God, you’re hot,” I rumble softly.

He squeaks when I move quickly into position, moaning softly as I take him in my mouth. I grin and bob my head, hollowing my cheeks as I suck. My mate tentatively licks me, shying away from the taste. I pull away and glance down at him, watching as he licks me again before taking my head in his mouth. I grin again and swallow him down, bobbing eagerly. He’s hard and throbbing, his hips rocking slightly as I suck him. John’s timid and slow, but he’s definitely using his tongue creatively.
I swallow him down completely, just to see how he would react, earning a muffled cry. I nearly choke as he swallows me down, his throat muscles contracting in a way that has my eyes rolling into the back of my head. I mimic his actions, earning a low moan that makes me respond in kind. My mate becomes bolder, bobbing his head and sucking eagerly. I follow his lead, wrapping my hand around the base to pump whatever I don’t have in my mouth. John mirrors me, pulling back to tease the frenulum before tonguing the slit.

“You keep doing that…” I rumble before mimicking him.

My twin grins around me, moaning as I take him deeper. He pulls off, panting as his hips continue to rock. He wraps his hand around me and pumps in time with my hips, licking with broad flat strokes. I pull back so just the head is in, teasing the foreskin with lips and tongue.

I grunt in surprise as he comes in my mouth, crying out softly. I swallow him down, letting out my own muffled cry as I come. I hear him squeak in surprise as I blow my load onto his face before he wraps his mouth around me, swallowing the rest down. I let him fall out of my mouth once I’m sure he’s dry, sitting up so I can pull my twin up and examine him. I catch his hand as he tries to wipe my come off his face, the white streaks standing out against his reddened skin. I turn his head side-to-side, examining his face.

“God, you’re beautiful, baby boy,” I murmur.

John trembles under my praise, whimpering softly. I lean in and lick a stripe of come off his cheek, tasting myself. I tip my head side-to-side, pleased by the taste of my mate mingling with my own. I lick again, my twin whimpering once more.

“Please,” he whispers.

I smile and clean his face, my mate trembling. I lick him clean, holding the last bit of come in my mouth when I kiss him, pushing it into his. He moans softly, kissing me back.

“Nothing we can do is dirty, baby boy,” I murmur against his mouth. “Nothing.”

John pulls away, looking me in the eyes.

“Really?” He asks, breathless.

“Of course,” I reply, smiling. “What would make you think otherwise?”

“I, I do not know,” He says softly.

I smile and stand, allowing me to straightening myself and put myself back into my pants. My twin does the same, his cheeks slightly flushed. I sit back down, picking up my discarded package to read it again. I look up as the storm continues to rage, my mate’s hand resting on mine.

“It should have died down by now,” he says quietly.

“That doesn’t mean it will,” I reply.

Khan lies on his stomach as he watches Tiberius wander around the bedroom, his chin on his stacked hands, his wings sheathed. Noonien is right behind its mate, trilling cautiously. Kirk is lying in front of the doorway to the other half of the apartment, also on his stomach and wings sheathed. Several everyday objects are scattered across the floor, from socks to shirts, a boot, but
nothing that would harm the tribbles. Tiberius purrs curiously, eagerly exploring its “playground.”
The one thing the couple has found highly amusing is that the antique Earth-shaped stress ball that
the blond had gotten his mate as a gag gift is the tiny tribble’s new favorite toy, pushing it around
and chasing it. It spent the better part of fifteen minutes playing with it, climbing on top of it only
to fall and have the ball land harmlessly on top of it.

Noonien had not been pleased by the little incident.

The tiny gold tribble wanders back to the stress ball, nudging it again. The jet black tribble trills
angrily, herding its mate away from “danger.” Tiberius trills sadly, almost piteously, attempting to
move back to its toy. Once again, Noonien herds it away to the sock nest it made, blockading its
mate. The gold tribble deflates, purring piteously. The massive tribble almost seems to pause,
thinking, before moving back to the stress ball and rolling it to its mate.

The couple laughs as Tiberius instantly perks up, racing to the ball to roll it around. It rolls it to its
mate, who nudges it cautiously before rolling it. Noonien trills with delight, the two tribbles
happily playing with their new toy, trilling happily. Arctic meets glacial, both sparkling. They
smile at each other, a light blush on their cheeks. Khan laughs as Tiberius bumps the ball into the
face of its namesake, trilling loudly. Kirk rolls the ball away, the tribble chasing it excitedly. It
pushes back, trilling again.

“I think it wants to play,” the Augment chuckles.

“I think so,” the blond laughs.

He rolls the ball to the tribble, laughing. Khan smiles as Noonien moves to him, rubbing against
his face. It trills happily, but both are watching their mates. Tiberius nuzzles against the Captain’s
cheek before moving to its mate, purring. Kirk rises and moves to lie beside his mate, pressing
against his side.

“I love you, Noonien,” the Omega says softly.

“I love you too, James,” his Alpha replies in kind.

The Brit kisses his mate’s cheek, earning a soft hum in response. He nuzzles his cheek
affectionately, chuckling.

“How much longer do you think we will be without power?” The Alpha/Beta asks, looking out the
window.

“I don’t know,” the blond says quietly. “This is the longest I’ve been without power in this
reality.”

The Augment nods, turning to his mate.

“Have you ever wondered what determines if a mated pair is compatible?” Khan asks, resting his
cheek on his hands. “What makes a pair Perfect Mates?”

Kirk opens his mouth to speak, but the power kicks in, causing them to look up. They look at each
other, then at the lights.

“Huh,” they say in unison.

The Captain looks at the chrono, blinking a few times.
“Happy two hundred eighty-ninth birthday, Noonien,” he says softly.

“Five hundred eighty-fourth,” the Brit corrects, a soft smile on his face. “You forgot that I was two hundred ninety-five when we were forced from our reality, as you were thirty-two.”

“Don’t remind me,” the Omega mutters, sitting up.

The Augment sits up as well, the two tribbles climbing into his lap. He strokes their fur, the pair trilling happily.

“James,” he says softly. “I do not care that you are fifty-eight, for it is only a number. Just as five hundred eighty-four is only a number.”

He reaches out and cups his Captain’s cheek, stroking gently.

“Age is only a number,” he continues. “Do not count our time together in years, count it in moments.”

The blond smiles, a few tears rolling down his cheeks.

“You have accepted that our time shall end,” he says softly. “As much as it pains you to do so.”

“As much as it pains me,” his Alpha echoes. “But three or four hundred years is more than all human shall have.”

“Oh half a century,” Kirk replies. “My bloodline’s life expectancy has been increasing, slowly, but it has been increasing.”

Khan nods, a few tears in his eyes. They rest their foreheads together, smiling. The tribbles purr loudly in the dark haired male’s lap, oblivious to the world. The couple looks up, gazing into each other’s eyes. Khan strokes his Omega’s cheek unable to look away. He does so reluctantly, putting the tribbles back into their cage before returning to his mate. He spreads his wings, extending his hand with a soft smile on his face. The blond takes his Alpha’s hand, letting him pull him to his feet. He spreads his wings as well, letting his mate wrap his arms around him, his wings enfolding them in their own private little universe.

The Captain tips his head up, their noses brushing against each other and skimming across their cheeks. The Alpha/Beta’s hands slide up his mate’s sides to frame his face, his lips ghosting over his Captain’s. He presses a feather light kiss to his lips, pulling away at the perfect moment so that is just enough, but nowhere near as well. Kirk chases after his lips, whining softly. Khan cannot deny his Omega, kissing him again. The blond grips his Alpha’s biceps, his nails digging into his skin. Their lips part, tongues tangling. The dark haired male’s hands slide into his hair to hold his head steady as his other hand moves to the small of his Omega’s back, holding him close.

They pull away, breathing hard as they rest their foreheads together. Kirk pulls away, tugging on his mate’s hand as he crawls backwards onto the bed. Khan follows him on his hands and knees, his wings fluttering against his back. He kneels over his Omega, their eyes locked. He cups the blond’s cheek, stroking his skin. His hand trails down to rest over his heart, feeling it beat beneath his palm. The Captain places his hand over his mate’s heart, also feeling it beat beneath his palm. Their hearts beat steadily and rhythmically, completely in harmony.

The Augment pulls his hand away to lower his body onto the Omega’s, their lips brushing. The kiss is slow and sweet, fingers tangling.

“I love you, James,” Khan says quietly.
“I love you too, Noonien,” is Kirk’s automatic reply.

They kiss softly, needing to say nothing more.

I look up from my needlework, frowning.

Something’s different, but I couldn’t place my finger on what it is. I place my needle into the fabric, putting it on my cot as I rise, my frown deepening. John looks up from his PADD, his scent displaying his confusion. I move to the door, peering into the hall. I look around, baffled on what the fuck is different. My twin stands beside me, looking around.

“It is, quiet,” he says softly.

I notice instantly that it is, now that he said it. I move to the window, looking out at the grounds. I find that the storm has passed over us, moving away slowly. The sky’s still gray and depressing, but at least Mother Nature’s PMS is gone. John moves to my side, slipping his hand into mine. I look down at him as he looks up, his gaze soft. I bring his hand to my lips, kissing his knuckles softly. My mate blushes lightly, closing his eyes as I kiss between his brows.

We’re twins, clones more accurately, born from the same DNA sample, but I’m slightly taller than my Pure Beta counterpart. I guess it’s because of my Pure Alpha DNA, but I’m not sure. I kinda like it, I guess. And judging by John’s scent, he really likes it.

I kiss his eyelids, the tip of his nose, skimming his cheekbones, before pressing my lips against his. He hums softly, leaning into the kiss. Our lips part with a soft plop, resting our foreheads together. I rub noses with him, earning a soft, pleased hum.

“I love you, John,” I say softly.

“I love you too, Naki,” my mate replies softly.

We hold onto each other, enjoying the moment.

“I have a question,” John says softly.

“Shoot,” I reply.

“In the threads you use, do you see color variations between them, even though they are suppose to be one color?” He asks.

I pull away, looking at him with surprise.

“You see it too?” I ask, eyebrows raised. “I thought I’m the only one!”

My twin smiles softly, shaking his head. He stretches up and captures my lips, kissing me tenderly. I frame his face with my hands, tipping my head to the side to deepen the kiss. Our lips part as the kiss becomes heated, my mate gripping my biceps to ground himself.

We’re definitely getting better at this kissing thing, even though he’s my twin. But social norms can go fuck themselves. After all, we aged to thirty-seven years in two hundred twenty-two days. I think aging nearly four decades in only seven months and eight days gives us the right to shit on what society considers “normal,” and I’m rather enjoying it.

I push my mate against the wall, pinning him with my body. I slip a leg between his, pressing my
thigh against his crotch. He moans softly, tightening his grip on me. He begins to rock against my thigh, his hands inching towards my fly. I pull away, earning a desperate whine from him. He chases after me, but I hold out a hand, stopping him.

“Not yet, baby boy,” I promise. “I’m gonna need a bed and sound proofing for the things I’m gonna do to you.”

John’s eyes get huge, his irises gone as he shudders, his knees giving way. I catch him just in time, my twin clinging to me.

“You promise?” He asks quietly, looking up at me with sheer need.

I smile down at him, stroking his cheek.

“I promise,” I say softly.

My mate smiles up at me, stretching up to kiss me. I kiss back, grinning. We pull away, rising to our feet as we straighten ourselves. We look up as the power kicks in, surprised.

“I thought you said the generator was broken,” I say, looking at my twin.

“It was,” he replies, looking back. “This should not be possible.”

My communicator beeps, a message coming through.

Plan is unchanged.

I close the device, sighing.

“John,” I say softly. “I need you to obey me and not question my order. Take our things, go to the car, and stay there.”

John opens his mouth to speak, but I clamp my hand over it, silencing him.

“I’m not letting you follow me into this shit pile,” I growl. “You’re not gonna get your hands dirty from my actions. I won’t let you have a black mark on your soul from me. I won’t let you take the fall for any part of this.”

I lower my hand to cup his cheek, stroking his cheekbone.

“I love you far too much to let you take part in this,” I say softly. “So please, stay in the car.”

My mate looks at me, his gaze soft before hardening.

“No,” he says firmly. “I will not let you go through this alone.”

“John-” I begin.

My twin clamps his hand over my mouth, his eyes steely.

“I am your mate,” he says firmly. “If you are doing this, then I am following you into this shit pile, whether you like it or not.”

I blink at him, surprised. Then I frown something fierce, pulling his hand away.

“I don’t care if you’re my mate or not,” I snap. “I won’t let you-”
My twin steals my breath away with a mind blowing kiss, leaving me dizzy with want. When he pulls away, it takes me a few seconds to reorient myself, blinking at him.

“This is not up for debate,” he says firmly.

I blink at him again before grinning, returning the favor with a mind blowing kiss of my own. John clings to me as his knees go weak, moaning softly against my mouth. I knot my fingers into his hair as I place my hand on the small of his back, holding him close.

“I didn’t know you could be so damn bossy,” I murmur against his mouth. “That’s kinda hot.”

My mate makes a soft squeak of embarrassment, his cheeks heating up in response.

“God, the things I’m gonna do to you when I get a real bed,” I purr, claiming his lips again.

My twin moans again, his grip tightening. I can feel him against me, hard and throbbing, causing me to grin. I continue to drive him insane with only my mouth, earning soft whimpers and whines. I pull away, both of us breathless.

“You better make me scream,” John demands.

I blink rapidly in surprise before grinning wolfishly, claiming his mouth in a hard and demanding kiss.

“That, I can promise,” I purr, causing my mate to shiver.

He whimpers softly, kissing me briefly. We pull away and straighten ourselves, my twin picking up our things to carry them back to the car after I hand him the keys. I sit down on my cot and wait, John returning quickly. We fix each other so we look formidable, walking side-by-side towards the room where the Harewoods would be. I pause briefly, turning to head towards the old stone deck where Thomas Harewood had fled to. My mate turns with me without pause, matching my stride perfectly. His scent displays his terror, but his exterior’s collected and neutral, extruding an air of unshakable confidence.

Fuck, that’s hot.

I mentally shake myself, thinking about anything but my baby brother underneath me, screaming himself hoarse as I split him open with my dick.

Yep, that’s definitely working.

I think about Marcus in fishnets, which totally quiets my dick down, allowing me to focus on my task. We approach the deck, Harewood the only one there. I give one last look at my twin before approaching the grief-stricken father, stopping at the perfect distance.

“We can save her,” we say in unison, our voices soft, but confident.

Harewood starts slightly, turning towards us, clearly uncomfortable, but other emotions flash across his face.

“What did you say?” He asks, his eyes wide.

“Your daughter,” we say. “We can save her.”

He stares at us, startled, but intrigued.
Bingo.

“Who are you…?” He asks, trialing off.

My lips are tugged upward slightly, and I know John’s are as well.

Thomas Harewood has no idea what’s about to happen to him.

I’m a monster.
Hello people! How was your New Year's? Mine was good. And this chapter's ending is one that you guys have probably been waiting for for awhile. And any REAL Star Trek nerds, don't kill me on my (possible) mutilation of the Vulcan language. Hope you guys really like this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What do you want to do?”

Khan opens his eyes, lifting his head up from his mate’s abdomen, his brows furrowed in confusion.

“Pardon?” He asks, rather enjoying listening to his unborn child’s heart beat.

Kirk smiles as if it is the most obvious thing in the world, toying with the Brit’s jet black hair.

“For your birthday,” he says softly. “What do you want to do to celebrate it?”

The Augment makes a face as if he had just been ordered to eat his own waste, sitting up and moving off the bed. He stands in front of the window, arms crossed over his chest as his wings shift in agitation.

“There is a reason why I did not tell you the date in the first place,” he says quietly, his voice hard. “It is not something that should be celebrated, least of all by the mother of my unborn child.”

“Tough shit,” the blond snaps. “Once our son or daughter is born and when they are old enough, they’ll want to make you cards and presents, and celebrate having another year with their father. They’ll want to celebrate the anniversary of their birth as a way of showing how thankful they are to have been born, to have loving parents who brought them into this world, and you can show them by giving gifts once a year, as every other family does.”

“We will celebrate their birthday, but we will not celebrate mine,” the dark haired male states adamantly.

“Khan Noonien Singh, I will tie you to the bed and force feed you cake if it comes down to it,” the Omega growls.

The Alpha/Beta groans, running a hand through his hair.

“I will not win this one at all, correct?” He asks, exhaling.

“Yep,” his mate replies, popping his “P.”

The Augment groans loudly, pinching his nose.

“Sometimes I question my sanity,” he mutters.
He looks up as hands frame his face, lips pressed against his. The couple kisses softly, lips lingering.

“If you questioned your sanity,” the Captain says softly against his lips. “You would not have the most beautiful Omega as your mate and expecting your first child, both of which you have been waiting for for nearly six centuries. You should celebrate your birthday as a way of thanking the universe for rewarding your patience, and not see it as another year closer to losing what you so desperately wanted more than anything.”

“And no I am beginning to wonder why I ever doubted myself in the first place,” the Brit murmurs softly, smiling as he folds his wings around them. “Or you.”

“Because you’re an Alpha and thick skulled,” the Omega replies, smiling back. “And you’re an Augment, so that doesn’t help.”

“And being an Omega makes you so rational and level-headed?” The Alpha/Beta teases.

“Touché,” Kirk grins.

Khan smiles, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he gently kisses his mate. He threads his long pale fingers into his golden blond hair, cradling his skull gently in his large hands. The Captain hums softly, leaning into the kiss as he wraps his arms around his mate’s waist. They kiss long and slow, savoring the moment. They pull apart, breathing hard and lips swollen.

“So, what does one do to celebrate the five hundred eighty-fourth anniversary of someone’s birth?” The Augment asks, resting his forehead against his mate’s.

“I don’t know how to celebrate that,” the blond replies, leaning into his touch. “But Uhura did tell me how to celebrate a significant other’s birthday no matter what year they turn.”

“And how shall you do that?” The Alpha/Beta asks, smiling softly.

“Take them out to an expensive, romantic restaurant,” the Omega says, smiling back. “Treat them like royalty, share a dessert, or go back to their dwelling and have a different kind of dessert.”

Khan smiles and kisses the tip of his Omega’s nose, chuckling.

“And what if I want my dessert now?” He rumbles, taking the blond’s hips in his hands. “What if I do not want to wait until the end?”

He rocks his hips against his mate’s, slow and sensual. The Augment is rumbling softly, a smile tugging on his lips. Kirk locks his wrists behind his Alpha’s neck, his cheeks flush as he moves with him.

“Haven’t you ever been told to eat your veggies before you get dessert?” He asks quietly.

“I have not,” the dark haired male replies, brushing their lips together. “But are you really going to deny me on my-”

He opens his eyes, blinking when he no longer feels his Omega in his arms. The Brit looks around to find his mate on the other side of the room, arms crossed over his chest, scowling.

“You’ll just have to wait, just like everyone else,” he states.

Khan groans again, shaking his head.
“Why do I keep fighting a losing battle?” He asks, pinching the bridge of his nose. 

He looks up as Kirk kisses his cheek, smiling. 

“Because you love me,” he says softly. 

“That I do,” the Alpha/Beta replies softly, kissing him back. 

They kiss until they are both dizzy from lack of air, pulling away to catch their breath. 

“You still haven’t told me what you want to do,” the Omega pants. 

“Dinner sounds lovely,” the Augment replies, breathless as well. 

“Dinner it is,” the Captain confirms. 

Guilt sits in my stomach like a lead weight as John and I enter the underground parking structure, each step becoming heavier as we approach the car. I hesitate near it, my twin turning to me. He extends his hand and I instantly drop the keys into his palm, climbing into the passenger seat. I stare out the side window as he pulls out of the structure, driving back to the loft. I don’t say a word during the drive, fighting to keep my tears at bay. My mate doesn’t say a word either, which I’m thankful for. Things are a blur until I blink and find myself in bed, John curled around me. His arms are wrapped around my waist, my back flush with his chest. 

I place my hand over his, threading our fingers together. He kisses the back of my neck, murmuring softly. I press into his embrace, enjoying the contact. His hand slips under my shirt to stroke my abs, his touch tender. I close my eyes, trying to relax into his embrace. 

I can’t. 

I slip out of his grasp and sit in the chair at the table, holding my face in my hands. Tears roll down my cheeks, sniffing quietly. 

“Hey.” 

John lifts my face up to him, holding it between his hands. He strokes my cheekbones, his own face wet. He rests his forehead against mine, still stroking my skin. 

“Do not let yourself shoulder this burden alone,” he says softly. “I am a part of this too, you know.” 

“You shouldn’t be,” I reply. “You shouldn’t be part of this.” 

“But I am,” he says. “And we cannot go back.” 

He presses his lips against mine, but I pull away, refusing to look at him. My mate tries to turn my head back, but I push him away, rising to my feet. 

“Don’t,” John snaps, snatching my wrist. “Don’t push me away. Not when you need me the most.” 

“What the fuck has gotten into you?” I growl, yanking my wrist away as I turn to face him. “I’ve been abusing and defiling you for most of your fucking life and suddenly you decide to care about me? Has your brain short-circuited or some shit like that?” 

My twin’s face hardens, his eyes flashing.
“Why can’t you accept that I care about you?” He snarls. “Is that so hard to believe?”

“It is when you love your rapist!” I spit, furious. “It wasn’t until today when I finally said something nice or did something that wasn’t an attempt to degrade or break you! For almost a year, I’ve been raping and beating you into submission!”

“Because you were forced to!” John shouts, fists curled. “You didn’t want to do that to me!”

“Only because I told you today!” I shout back. “You didn’t fucking know until now! And you shouldn’t have any reason to believe me because I could be lying to you to-”

John slams his mouth against mine, his lips hard and brutal. He’s clawing at me, snarling and growling. I snarl back, tearing at his clothes. We’re vicious and brutal, and more than once do I taste blood. My hands are becoming slick as I tear my twin’s clothes to shreds, not caring about blood being spilt. John’s apparently not caring either, raking his nails hard enough to draw blood. I snarl and herd him to the bed, practically throwing him on top of it so I can pin him down. He grabs a chunk of my hair and yanks my head to the side, sinking his teeth into my neck.

I snap.

I barely remember flipping him onto his stomach before it becomes a blur, unable to define anything clearly. When I’m finally able to think straight, I’ve got my teeth clamped over the back of my mate’s neck, biting deep into his flesh. Blood fills my mouth as John shakes under me, breathing harsh as he struggles to remain on his hands and knees. I have one hand wrapped around his waist, the other pressed deep into the mattress as I hold him up. I remove my mouth and lick the bite, moving to pull out.

John groans loudly when I do so, collapsing onto the bed in a boneless heap. I give him a once over, finding that any injuries are healing, so I’m not really concerned, but the sheets are ruined. I growl in frustration, causing my twin to chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” I ask, eyeing him intently.

“The fact that you seem to be more worried about the sheets being ruined than you are about the fact that you may have re-traumatized your mate,” he replies, moving to prop himself on his elbows.

“And did I?” I ask, worried about the fact that he brought it up.

My mate shakes his head, wincing as he attempts to sit up. He quickly lies back down, trying to find a comfortable position.

“You okay?” I ask, worried.

“I will heal, Naki,” John assures me, his voice soft. “It was just a lot of emotions put into a single moment.”

“But I still hurt you,” I say quietly.

“Naki?”

“Yes?”

“Shut up.”
I chuckle, kissing my twin’s forehead. He hums softly, smiling. I pull away and nuzzle his sharp cheekbones, my fifth favorite feature. My first was his mind, followed by his eyes, his smile, and then his laugh.

“What are you thinking about?” John asks, pillowing his cheek on his folded arms.

“You,” I reply, leaning back onto the propped pillows.

“What about me?” My mate asks, smiling.

I just smile back, causing him to frown. He opens his mouth to speak, but I press a finger to his lips, silencing him. My twin nods, kissing my finger. I chuckle again, planting a kiss on top of his wild hair. He hums softly, closing his eyes. I look out the window, the sky still light, but overcast.

“So, we have until tomorrow, correct?” John asks, causing me to turn to him.

“Yeah,” I say softly. “I’ve still got to draw the blood and alter it so Lucille can receive it without any harmful effects. She doesn’t have the extra thirty-seven chromosomes we have, so I don’t want to cause any harm by introducing DNA she doesn’t have.”

“You really are not a monster,” my mate murmurs.

I glare at him, growling in annoyance. John cracks an eye open to look at me, rolling it as he exhales loudly. He turns his head so his chin is on his hands, thinking.

“Do you think we will live to see our first birthday?” He asks softly.

I look away, drawing my knees to my chest as I wrap my arms around them. I don’t answer his question, afraid to speak. My mate doesn’t speak either, also afraid, I guess. The silence is thick and tense, lasting awhile before John sits up, stretching. His joints crack as he stretches out his entire body, and gives me a show on just how flexible he is. I whistle and grin, causing my mate to blush lightly, smiling shyly. I take his chin in my thumb and index, making him look me in the eyes. We stare into each other’s eyes, unable to look away.

“Do you love me?” I ask softly.

“Of course,” he says quietly. “Do you love me?”

“Without a doubt,” I reply.

He takes my face in his hands and kisses me, slow and gentle.

“Care to join me in the shower?” He murmurs against my lips.

I grin, scooping him up and carrying him into the bathroom, my mate laughing along the way.

“Get dressed,” Kirk says, throwing his Alpha’s only non-dark outfit at him. “We’re going out.”

Khan removes his gray suit and white dress shirt off his face, glaring at his mate from his position on the bed.

“It is barely seven in the morning,” he replies, frowning. “I thought we were going to dinner, or am I wrong?”
“You’re not and we are,” the Omega replies, smiling. “But I also need you to pack a variety of outfits for a few different variables.”

“As in…” The Augment trails off.

“Bad weather, city, countryside, things of that nature,” the blond replies, pulling out his own clothes. “And don’t you fucking dare try to read my mind, unless you want to be in a puddle of your own drool on the floor.”

The Alpha/Beta scowls, crossing his arms over his chest.

“And if you don’t move, I will turn you into a drooling mess anyways,” the Captain threatens.

Khan’s scowl deepens, but he moves off the bed and begins to pack.

“And no altered clothes,” Kirk adds. “We’ll have to keep our wings sheathed the entire time.”

“You know I really hate surprises,” the Augment mutters, shoving clothes into his bag.

“You didn’t seem to mind the surprise I sprung on you two weeks ago,” the blond counters, his eyes flicking to his Alpha as a hand rests on his flat abdomen. “You reacted the exact opposite of hate, if my memory serves me.”

“That was something I wanted,” the Brit snaps, his wings shifting against his back. “I never wanted to celebrate the anniversary of my birth.”

“Fire, you stay here, and I’ll go enjoy the surprise,” Kirk states, still packing. “Have fun pouting alone.”

Khan glares at his mate, but resumes to shove clothes into his bag.

“Who would have thought that a five hundred-eighty four year old Augment can throw a temper tantrum worse than a two year old,” the blond observes dryly.

“I’m not throwing a temper tantrum!” The Augment growls.

“Case in point,” the Captain says.

Khan gives his Omega a look that is nothing short of murderous, causing him to snort.

“Fine, have it your way,” he snaps, resuming to pack. “I can live with leaving your ass here on your birthday. I hear Bora Bora is nice this time of year, not that that’s where your surprise is.”

“You are not serious,” the Alpha/Beta growls, narrowing his eyes.

“Can I lie to you?” The Omega growls back.

The Augment looks away, uncomfortable. Kirk’s face softens as he touches his Alpha’s cheek, stroking his skin.

“I’m sorry,” he apologizes. “That was rather nasty of me to do that.”

Khan places his hand over his Omega’s stroking his skin. He turns his head and presses a soft kiss to his palm, nuzzling the inside of his wrist. He inhales his mate’s scent, breathing out softly. He kisses the sensitive and fragile skin there, his touch feather light. It is electrifying, the blond’s breathing deepening as his pupils dilate, his pulse racing. The Augment kisses up his arm,
lingering on the skin of his inner elbow, moving up his bicep to his shoulder, his hands moving to rest on his mate’s prominent hipbones. He kisses along his collarbone, placing his teeth over his mark of claim exactly before trialing kisses up his neck right over his jugular, under the junction of his jaw and neck, along his baby smooth jaw line, up beside his ear, across his cheekbone, but the Captain captures his lips, impatient. The dark haired male chuckles, kissing back as his Omega’s arms wrap around his neck. His wings fold around them, keeping them pressed tightly against each other’s bodies, soft curves molding perfectly with hard angles. The Alpha/Beta’s hands slide to cup the back of his Captain’s head and rest in the small of his back, tipping his head to the side as their lips part, tongues becoming involved. The Omega tangles his fingers into his Alpha’s wild silken hair, his grip light as the Brit’s massive wings fold around them even tighter.

They part briefly to catch their breaths, the dark haired male sinking to his knees as he takes his mate’s hips in his large hands, pressing his lips to the skin just above his navel. His massive wings fold around them as he murmurs softly in Hindi to his unborn child, his mate gently playing with his hair, a soft smile on his face.

“Now pack,” Kirk orders, smiling.

Khan exhales through his nose as he reluctantly pulls away, giving one last kiss to his mate’s abdomen before rising to his feet, his Omega resuming to pack. The Brit gives one last longing look at his mate before packing as well, though he cannot stop looking at him. The blond smiles shyly, blushing lightly. The Alpha/Beta reaches out and takes his mate’s hand, squeezing lightly as he brushing a wing against the blond’s. The Omega squeezes back, turning to his Alpha. The Augment turns to face him as well, wrapping his arms around his slender waist as he leans in. The Captain leans in at the same time, their lips brushing. They kiss softly, lips working slowly. The blond locks his wrists behind his Alpha’s neck, whose massive jet black wings enclose them in their own private universe, encompassed by ebony, emerald, sapphire, amethyst, and sunlight. Their lips part, deepening the kiss as they still kiss slowly, heads tipping slightly. They part when they need air, resting their foreheads together.

“I love you, James,” the Brit murmurs in Hindi.

“I love you too, Noonien,” the Captain replies.

The dark haired male falls to his knees once more, taking his mate’s hips in his large hands as he presses his lips to the skin above his navel. He strokes his skin, murmuring softly in Hindi. The Omega threads his fingers into his mate’s silky jet black hair, toying with the strands as his wings fold around them. He smiles softly as his Alpha murmurs to their unborn child, feeling his lips curl against his skin. The Augment tips his head up and smiles at his Omega, his eyes crinkling around the corners.

“We need to get going,” Kirk says softly, still toying with his hair. “Your surprise is kind of time sensitive.”

“Can you give me a hint?” Khan asks as he rises to his feet. “Something, anything to ease my fears. Where are we going?”

The Captain just smiles, his mind closed off from his Alpha. The Brit scowls, shaking his head as he stuffs a pair of boxers into his bag.

“You still have the Union Jack boxers I gave you?” The Omega asks, surprised.

“Should I have not kept them?” The dark haired male asks, raising an eyebrow.
“You should, but I didn’t think you would,” is his mate’s reply.

The Augment leans in and presses a kiss to his forehead, his lips curled slightly.

“I have kept everything you have ever given me,” he murmurs. “In our reality, and in this one.”

“Everything?” The Captain asks, tipping his head up as he closes his eyes.

“Everything,” the Brit replies, kissing him gently.

The blond hums softly before pulling away, lightly pinching his mate’s hip.

“We seriously need to hurry up,” Kirk urges. “I’m not kidding about being in a time crunch.”

“Do we have dinner reservations on the other side of the planet?” Khan asks jokingly.

The Captain bites his lip, hesitating. The Alpha/Beta’s jaw drops in shock, gaping at his mate as he ducks into the bathroom to grab his toiletries.

“Close your jaw and pack,” the blond snaps, his urgency clear.

The Brit closes his mouth with a click, hurrying his packing. Once they have finished packing, the couple sheaths their wings and dresses, Khan in his gray suit while Kirk dresses in his navy one, both wearing white dress shirts. The Augment folds his trench coat over his arm, picking up his bag to follow his Omega out the door.

“Shuttle or transporter?” He asks, falling in stride.

“Transporter,” his mate replies, glancing at his communicator.

“When is our reservation?” The dark haired male asks.

“Fifteen minutes ago,” the Captain replies, breaking into a run when they exit the building.

John hums as his mate works his hands up and down his body, his lips curled in a smile. Naki is smiling as well as he works his twin’s hamstrings, his touch tender, but firm. He pulls his hands away, picking up the bottle of massage oil and flicking the cap open. He drizzles the oil onto his mate’s body, closing the bottle. He places his hands back onto the Pure Beta’s body, continuing his task.

“Feels good,” John murmurs, pillowing his cheek on his folded hands. “Where did you learn to do this?”

The Pure Alpha just chuckles, continuing to massage his mate’s body. The Pure Beta exhales softly, closing his eyes as he melts into his twin’s touch. He hums and purrs softly, causing his mate to chuckle again.

“You’re enjoying this very much, aren’t you?” Naki rumbles, leaning down to kiss his twin’s pale skin.

“I think my highly pleased noises are a giveaway,” John purrs, humming again. “Oh, little harder. Right there. Oh, god yes.”

“Needy little thing, aren’t you?” The Pure Alpha rumbles.
“You have no idea,” his twin replies, humming once more. “Keep doing this and I may never leave.”

Naki rumbles in approval, moving up his mate’s legs to skim over the curve of his rear, settling on his lower back. John whines softly in disappointment before groaning as his twin begins to work his back, his head falling down onto his hands.

“Oh my god,” he moans. “Little to the left. Little more. Little har-”

He moans loudly, shuddering under the Pure Alpha’s hands. His mate grins and continues his task, earning moans and softly uttered curses from the man beneath him. He continues to work up his mate’s body, turning him loose and relaxed under his touch. John continues to make pleased noises, much to his twin’s delight. Naki’s grin becomes wider with each passing minute, continuing to coat his mate’s body with oil as he massages his body. He moves up to his twin’s upper back, earning louder moans. He takes his hands away as they begin to cramp, earning a loud growl from the Pure Beta.

“Put your hands back,” he growls, turning to face his mate. “Put your fucking hands back now!”

Naki just shakes his head, chuckling.

“So bossy,” he teases, pushing his twin back down.

He pours more oil onto his body, continuing his massage. The Pure Alpha works down his mate’s arms, massaging his hands before working on his shoulders and neck. John hums with approval, his toes curling into the bed.

“Roll over,” the Pure Alpha murmurs softly.

His mate complies, his eyes half lidded as he sensually writhes on the bed, purring softly. Naki looks him up and down, focusing on his mouth after a few passes. He claims his twin’s mouth, pulling away to focus on his mark on his neck. The Pure Beta hums, sliding his fingers into his twin’s hair. He gasps softly as his slick fingers tease him, slipping in without any resistance. He crooks them, brushing over the small bump inside him. John’s hips jerk in response, a low moan spilling from his lips. The Pure Alpha purrs, brushing his fingers over the spot again.

“Please,” John begs softly. “Please.”

Naki removes his fingers to coat them in oil, slipping three inside his mate. The Pure Beta winces slightly at the intrusion, but lets his twin stretch him out, rocking against his fingers.

“Easy, baby boy,” the Pure Alpha breathes. “Let me do all the work.”

John nods, stilling his hips as his mate works him open. Naki pulls his fingers out and sits up, pulling his twin to his lap. The Pure Beta wraps his legs around his mate’s waist as he locks his wrists behind his back, resting his forehead against his twin’s. The Pure Alpha shifts so he can sheath himself inside his mate, threading his fingers into his jet black hair as the other rests on the small of his back, kissing him softly.

He begins to move slowly, their breathing deepening. John tightens his grip, tipping his head to the side as his twin mouths at his neck.

“So beautiful,” he breathes against his skin. “And you’re all mine.”

“You’re mine too,” the Pure Beta pants, his nails digging into his mate’s skin.
“Without a doubt,” Naki murmurs.

“Welcome to the Fio Country Kitchen and Bar,” the hostess says. “Do you have a reservation?”

“I do,” Kirk replies, pulling out a slip of e-paper.

He hands the reservation number to the hostess, watching her punch the number into the system, waiting for it to validate. She nods as it does, a wide smile on her face.

“Please, follow me,” she says, picking up two e-menus as she leads them out onto the patio.

The couple follows, Khan placing his hand on the small of his mate’s back, both scanning the minds around them as a precaution. When they arrive at their table, the Augment pulls out a chair for his Omega, who blushes lightly at the action. The blond sits down in the offered chair, smiling up at his Alpha. The hostess cannot keep the smile off her face as the dark haired male sits in the opposite chair, extending the menus to the couple.

“Your waitress will be with you shortly,” the hostess says, smiling.

The couple smiles and nods their thanks, turning to look over the menu.

“And they say chivalry is dead,” the Captain muses, flicking his gaze up. “At least in this century.”

The Alpha/Beta chuckles softly, looking at the towering skyscrapers above them.

“New Delhi, the city of my birth,” he murmurs to himself before turning to his mate. “God, the last time I was here was…”

He pauses, writing in the air as he quickly does the math.

“Noonien,” the blond says softly, placing a hand over his mate’s. “That’s the past. That’s the old Khan, not the one before me. Leave the past alone, let the person you were go, and accept the one you want to be.”

The Brit smiles softly, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he flips his hand over, allowing them to hold hands. The Augment strokes his wrist, stimulating the two scent glands there, the Omega responding in kind. Khan smiles softly again, his cheeks lightly flushed as he rubs his wrist. Kirk smiles back shyly, his gaze flicking back and forth, unable to lock eyes with his mate. The dark haired male brings his mate’s hand to his lips, kissing his knuckles softly. His arctic blue eyes are locked with his Omega’s glacial blue ones, holding his gaze.

“Du ma t’nas’veh khaf-spol,” he says softly in Vulcan. “You have my heart. You have had my heart since the moment we locked eyes in our reality.”

The blond inhales sharply, his eyes blown wide.

“It became clear to me at that moment that my heart was never mine to begin with,” he continues. “Even before you were born, before I knew what it felt like to be in love or be loves, it was yours. It has always been yours, and even after you are gone, it will be yours, forever.”

“Noonien,” the Captain says softly, tears welling up in his eyes. “I…”

He swallows his lower lips trembling.
“I want the death-rebirth ritual,” he says in one breath.

“Pardon?” Khan asks, pulling his lips away partly.

“I want the Death-Rebirth ritual,” Kirk replies, tears falling down his cheeks. “As soon as this is done, I want to complete it, one that rivals the size of every Empresses’ before me, and that will ever occur. One that is fit for the unification of the former ruler of a quarter of the Earth and the Empress of Earth, ruler of all of humanity, the first pair of Perfect Mates in twelve thousand years, loving Perfect Mates in fifteen thousand. I want it all. I want it to be something that will be remembered for many millennia.”

The Augment’s face is split in two by his smile, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Of course,” he says softly, slipping into his native tongue due to sheer emotion. “Of course. Anything you want. Everything you want.”

He kisses his palm, tears streaming down both their faces.

“Anything you want,” he repeats into his fiancée’s palm.

Chapter End Notes

Did you guys like the ending? And the Death-Rebirth ritual will be explained in later chapters.
Hello people! Yes, I am back! I also want to tell you guys that the information about Khan's past comes from the comic "Khan," published by IDW Publishing. When I wrote this chapter, on Halloween, give you guys an idea how long it takes me to handwrite a chapter, as this is 18 and I'm on 35, I finally got ahold of this comic, and I do recommend it. Clears up a lot of things. But I hope you guys enjoy the fact that our little couple is finally engaged!

Have fun!

Kirk pulls his hand away to dab at his eyes with his sleeve, giggling softly.

“I can’t believe I just did that,” he giggles. “I can’t believe I just asked you to complete the Death-Rebirth ritual with me.”

“Believe it, baby boy,” Khan smiles dabbing at his eyes. “What is baffling to me is that I am going to see you in a black, then white dress. God, every woman and feminine man will be seething with jealousy.”

“You know I’ve always wanted to complete the Death-Rebirth ritual?” The blond says, looking over the menu. “I’ve always wanted to wear the black, then white dress for my Alpha, but I’d always thought I would be a virgin and unbonded. But at least my Alpha is my Perfect Mate, something I did not expect.”

He smiles softly at the father of his unborn child, his eyes still wet. The Augment smiles back, dabbing at his eyes.

“Who would have thought that the day I hated the most would be the happiest one in my life,” he says softly, unable to stop smiling.

“So far,” the Omega adds, also unable to stop smiling. “I can think of two days in our future that will be even happier.”

The Brit nods, looking down at the menu.

“Happy birthday, Noonien,” Kirk says softly.

“Indeed it is,” Khan replies, reaching out to take his mate’s hand.

The Captain extends his hand, the couple holding onto each other as their bond thrums with elation.

John groans loudly as his twin’s encrypted communicator goes off, yanking a pillow over his head.

“Tell them to fuck off,” he says, muffled by the pillow. “Go find someone else’s life to fuck with.”
Naki shoots his mate a look as he climbs out of bed, moving to the table to flip open the communicator.

“The fuck…” He breathes, staring down at the device in shock.

The Pure Beta removes the pillow from his head so he can look at his mate, turning so he faces him while sitting cross-legged.

“Something wrong?” He asks softly, tipping his head slightly.

“You bet your fucking arse that something’s wrong,” the Pure Alpha swears, closing the communicator as he looks at his twin. “We’re delayed a day.”

He runs a hand through his hair as he puts the device down, tugging on the back of his skull.

“And they have never done this before?” John asks, studying his twin.

“They’re anal about keeping on schedule,” Naki replies, his scent erratic. “So no, they’ve never done this before.”

He sits down in the chair, holding his face in his hands.

“It’s a test,” he says suddenly, shooting to his feet. “It’s a test to see if I’ll remain loyal to the plan.”

“Naki…” His mate says softly.

The Pure Alpha paces, muttering under his breath.

“Naki!” The Pure Beta roars, catching his twin off-guard.

Naki blinks at him, a little startled.

“This is not a test,” John says firmly. “From what limited information you have given me, Sylar is not someone, or something, to test someone. We do not have the full story, only our portion, so it is more than likely that something we do not know about is causing this delay. From that information, I can deduce that you, we, are an integral part of their plan. If they did decide to test you, they have a fifty-fifty chance of their plan backfiring before it even begins. And why would they take that risk if they have been planning it since the moment Noonien had his DNA taken?”

The Pure Alpha hesitates, thinking.

“You’re right,” he sighs, shaking his head. “It’s too big of a risk.”

He sits down on the bed, kissing his mate’s forehead.

“This is why you’re the smart one,” he murmurs, causing his twin to giggle.

“I cannot deny that,” the Pure Beta replies, nuzzling his mate’s cheek.

Naki rumbles softly in approval, capturing his twin’s lips in a gentle kiss. John hums softly, eagerly kissing back. The Pure Alpha gently pushes his mate down onto the bed, kneeling over him as they continue to kiss. He pulls away so he can trail kisses down his twin’s neck, mouthing at his mark. The Pure Beta exhales softly through his nose as he turns his head away, allowing his mate easier access. Naki rumbles again, moving down his mate’s body to gently lick a nipple, earning a soft moan. He teases the nipple until it is a hard nub, taking it between his teeth to gently roll it, earning a louder moan. The Pure Alpha bites the nub gently, a soft gasp spilling from his twin’s lips before
followed by a moan as he sucks lightly.

John’s fingers slide into his twin’s hair, tangling into the wild silk-like locks, just to have something to hold onto. He lightly scratches his scalp, earning a low rumble from his mate. Naki lifts his head up, his eyes burning with lust as he crawls back up to his twin’s, mouth, claiming his lips.

“There’s something I want to do to you, John,” the Pure Alpha says when he pulls away. “Do you trust me?”

His mate smiles softly and nods, his cheeks flush, accenting his sharp cheekbones.

“Then on your hands and knees, baby boy,” Naki says softly.

The Pure Beta complies, looking over shoulder curiously before crying out as his twin licks him. His arms collapse under him, gasping as his mate teases him with the tip of his tongue before wrapping his lips around him, driving more cries from his mate as he sucks. Naki grins as his twin is reduced to monosyllables and wordless sounds, continuing to lick his mate. John lets out a wail when his twin works his tongue inside him, gripping the sheets tightly as he rocks against the intrusion. The Pure Alpha is more than happy to let his twin work himself on his tongue, but he has another plan.

Naki removes his tongue, earning a loud sob from the Pure Beta, but he quickly flips him onto his back, hoisting his knees over his shoulder before plunging his tongue back inside. The new position gives him the perfect view to watch his mate lose his mind, thrashing his head side-to-side as he continues to scream himself hoarse, much to his delight. John’s thighs are quaking, his toes curled as he digs his heels into his twin’s back, trying to get his mate’s tongue deeper. The Pure Alpha smirks and mashes his face deeper into his twin’s rear, high pitched wails issuing from his mouth as he gets exactly what he wants.

He throws his head back, screaming his mate’s name as he peaks, spilling all over himself without a hand on him. Naki lowers the Pure Beta’s trembling body onto the bed, pumping himself three times before spilling over his mate, shuddering. He collapses next to him, breathing harshly as his heart pounds in his chest. The pair catches their breath quickly, looking at each other before giggling manically.

“Oh my god,” John laughs, propping himself on his elbows. “That was fucking fantastic!”

“It was,” Naki chuckles, sitting up. “And you were so beautiful, coming without a hand on you.”

The Pure Beta blushes, smiling shyly. His twin leans in and captures his lips, kissing him softly. The kiss is gentle and tender, lingering before pulling away to catch their breath.

“I love you, Naki,” John says softly.

“I love you too, John,” Naki says quietly, cupping his twin’s cheek.

They rest their foreheads together, smiling softly.

“C’mon,” the Pure Alpha says, rising to his feet as he extends his hand. “You’re covered in spunk.”

The Pure Beta smiles, taking his mate’s hand.
“What do you wish to order?” Khan asks, flicking his gaze up to his mate.

Kirk looks up, his lips pursed as he thinks.

“I don’t know,” he replies, looking back down at the menu. “I’m still debating on the antipasti.”

“What does the baby want?” The Augment asks.

“Fritto misto di mare,” the blond replies immediately.

“See?” The Brit laughs, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “The baby knows what they want.”

The Captain smiles back, his eyes shining.

“So, that’s what I want,” he says. “What do you want?”

“Camberi al vino Bianco,” the Alpha/Beta replies, his eyes twinkling. “Unfortunately, it contains white wine, so you cannot eat it.”

“And for the soup?” The Omega asks.

Khan purses his lips, looking over the menu.

“Zuppa di pamodri e’ basilica,” he says.

“I’ll second that,” his mate replies.

The dark haired male chuckles, shaking his head.

“What’s so funny?” Kirk asks, his brows furrowed slightly.

“Everything,” his Alpha replies, extending his hand.

The blond takes it, rubbing his wrist.

“You’ll have to be a little more specific,” the Captain says, smiling. “Everything is a little broad.”

“Being in the city of my birth and celebrating it,” he says softly. “And being engaged to the mother of my unborn child, who is my Perfect Mate, my Savior, my golden angel, my reason for living. And…”

He smiles, lifting his mate’s hand to kiss his knuckles.

“That I would have something I so desperately wanted without knowing that it was what I wanted,” he continues.

A few tears roll down his cheeks as his lips curl against his Omega’s skin, their bond thrumming.

“That I would be happy,” he finishes.

Kirk’s eyes water, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Noonien,” he says softly, his lower lips trembling. “If anyone deserves to be happy, it’s you.”

“Us,” Khan breathes, kissing his knuckles again.
“Hello, my name is Avanti,” a beautiful Indian woman says, smiling as she steps up to the table. “And I shall be your waitress for this evening. Are you ready to order?”

“Can we have a few more minutes?” The Alpha/Beta asks, lowering his mate’s hand to the table.

“Absolutely,” Avanti replies, smiling. “Do you know what you would like to drink?”

“Just water for now,” the Brit says, flashing a smile.

“Coming right up,” she says, walking away.

The Augment stares after her, waiting for a beat. He smiles when she glances over her shoulder at their joined hands, shaking his head.

“So, you heard them too,” the blond says softly, smiling.

“Her thoughts were rather loud,” his Alpha replies, smiling back. “But she changed her mind once she saw that we only have eyes for each other.”

The Captain lowers his gaze, a light blush on his cheeks as he smiles shyly. The dark haired male brings his Omega’s knuckles to his lips, kissing his skin softly. His lips linger before lowering his hand, picking the e-menu back up. He flicks his gaze up to his mate, his lips curling softly.

“This really is wonderful, James,” Khan says softly. “You have outdone yourself.”

“Not yet,” Kirk replies, his blush deepening. “Wait until we get to the hotel.”

The Augment’s eyebrows shoot up before a smirk crosses his face, his arctic eyes glittering with mischief.

“Then I cannot wait,” he rumbles softly.

Naki indulges himself as he watches his mate doze on their shared bed, his body spread out over the sheets in a lazy, but graceful way. The Pure Alpha turns back to the terminal working furiously on sequencing his DNA in the small blood sample he provided, allowing it to identify the largest thirty-seven chromosomes in his genetic code and isolate it from the smallest twenty-three. He frowns when the computer only identifies the smallest twenty-three chromosomes, the exact opposite of what he wanted the machine to do.

“Tell the computer to analyze an unknown blood sample, not a human one,” John murmurs from the bed. “As far as every machine in the universe is concerned, humans only have only twenty-three chromosomes and two genders. Unless it happens to be the machines that belong to Section 31, which it is not.”

His mate shoots him a grateful look, pricking his finger one more time to retry his task. He changes the settings on the terminal, activating the program.

“Now I’ve got about an hour-and-a-half to kill,” he sighs, rising to his feet.

The Pure Alpha flops gracelessly next to his mate, staring at the ceiling. He exhales loudly through his nose, glancing at his twin out of the corner of his eye.

“No,” the Pure Beta says firmly, not moving an inch.
“You don’t even know what I’m gonna ask,” his twin whines, pouting.

“You want sex, and I am telling you no,” John says, cracking an eye open. “You have had enough.”

Naki whines loudly, rolling onto his side so he faces his mate.

“But I wanna make you feel so good,” he says, his voice dropping an octave. “Drug you out on so much pleasure that you don’t know your own name. Keep you coming and coming until you can’t come anymore. Fill you up so much that you’re swollen with my come, so full that you might bur-”

He lets out a yelp when he is shoved violently off the bed, landing with a hard thud. He is dazed for a few seconds before shaking it off, rumbling threateningly.

“What the fuck was that for?” He growls, rising to his feet.

His twin had rolled onto his side so his back was to him, glancing over his shoulder as he huffs in annoyance.

“Just because you want to does not mean I want to,” is his terse reply, turning his head away. “You are not the only one who has needs.”

“And what do you need?” The Pure Alpha asks, scowling.

“That our relationship is not just about sex,” his mate says quietly. “That we can do something other than intercourse. That we can be physical, but not intimate.”

Naki’s face softens as he puts two-and-two together, climbing onto the bed to pull his twin flush against his body, curling around him protectively. He kisses the nape of his mate’s neck, holding him tight. John relaxes into his touch, pressing back into his embrace. His scent displays how at ease he is, his body loose and relax.

“Sorry I didn’t think about your needs before mine,” the Pure Alpha murmurs against his mate’s skin.

“That is alright,” his twin replies softly. “We are still learning.”

“That we are,” his mate replies, kissing his neck again.

He tightens his grip marginally, the twins content to doze in each other’s embrace.

Khan stares out the window of the taxi, mentally comparing the New Delhi around him to the one from his past, still startled by all the changes in just over twenty-six decades. He can clearly remember the last time he saw the city of his birth, after his sibling, Bernard Maltuvis, attacked him to gain control of his empire. He had been on the governing council, ruling the Pacific islands, Australia, and New Zealand, his empire of Maltuvisland, an uncreative name the Augment had thought at the time, from the moment he and his siblings took over Earth. But Maltuvis, as well as his other siblings, had become greedy, attacking each other for more land. His sibling had attacked his empire with plans to kill him, claiming that he had grown weak.

He can clearly remember the date, May 17th, 1996, remember every moment of his fight with his brother, his declaration that they were dying. He remembers his other sibling, John Ericssen, his former ally, informing him that the Chinese had developed a bioweapon designed to their genetic
code, the resistance spreading the weapon that forced he and his family to flee to Australia and board the **SS Botany Bay**. He can remember the pain of only eighty-five of his siblings surviving, barely hanging onto life as he sealed them in their cryotubes, unsure that any would survive a few more minutes, let alone nearly two centuries. He can vividly remember the boiling cold as his tube activated, but he cannot remember what his last thought was before he was locked into cryosleep. Hazy images from his time in cryostasis floated randomly throughout the day, when he was awake or not, snippets of his dreams too short to comprehend, but the feelings from those snippets painted an unpleasant picture.

The Alpha/Beta feels a hand slip into his, a warm body pressing against his side. He turns and nuzzles the top of his mate’s golden blond head, his scent grounding him to the present and out of his twisted memories. He can feel his Omega’s worry and concern through their bond, knowing that he felt and saw everything, even when his Alpha did not want him to. The moment the Augment bonded with his mate the first time, he had sworn to protect his innocence with every ounce of his being, even from himself. He wanted, no, he **needed** to shield his mate from the things that had been done to him, and the things he had done to others.

Kirk pinches his Alpha’s side lightly, growling softly.

Khan knows that his Omega is not as innocent as he seems, his past twisted and dark, but he **was** innocent. He radiated purity, an innocence that was child-like to some extent, but was mature beyond his years. He had so many different facets to his personality that it left the Brit dizzy on how fast it shifted, but he knew that it was due to his genders, and his past.

They had been damaged, broken, barely holding the pieces of themselves when they had met, a simple touch of skin, a punch, tying them together so tightly that neither knew where one began and the other ended. Their scattered pieces had been sewn together by each other, but their own pieces had been woven into the fabric of each other. When the incisions had healed, the pieces had blended, two becoming one. They had not believed in fate, or destiny, not until they had bonded. They had been thrown headlong into each other, but the outcome was something not even a precognition could see.

It was cliché and sappy, love healing all wounds, but it was the absolute truth. Love healed their wounds, put them back on their feet, made everything better. They had been made whole, the sun finally shining through the black clouds, and were finally happy.

Nothing will ever make them think of losing what they have now.

Khan squeezes his mate’s hand before letting go, slipping his arm around his slender waist, holding him tight. He kisses his temple, murmuring softly. Kirk presses against his side, resting his head on his Alpha’s shoulder as he closes his eyes, exhaling softly through his nose as his mate rests his cheek on top of his head.

They are silent, mentally and physically, the rest of the ride to the hotel, the Augment tipping their driver before extending his arm. The Captain smiles softly, taking his arm as they walk into the hotel. They head up to their room, lavish, but not the most expensive one in the building, but the built-in privacy seal was the reason for the room. Kirk sits on the bed and pats beside him, his cheeks flush as he squirms. Khan decides to humor his mate, sitting beside him as he crosses his legs, waiting patiently. The blond squirms almost violently before launching himself at the head of the bed, yanking a pillow over his head to hide his burning face. The Brit chuckles softly and lies next to his mate, chin propped on his hand.

“James, were you trying to be seductive?” The Alpha/Beta asks softly, amused.
His Omega squeaks loudly, his blush spreading further. The dark haired male smiles softly, placing a hand between his mate’s shoulder blades, rubbing small, tender circles.

“James,” his Alpha says softly. “You do not have to attempt to be seductive for you are seductive. You are my mate, the mother of my unborn child, my savior. I only have eyes for you, and I will only have eyes for you. Have you not noticed how both men and women’s eyes follow you, and those of non-human species who find human’s attractive? You are of both genders, but neither are dominant. You look like a man, but you move like a woman. You appeal to nearly all sexual orientations, but you are the only one I have ever loved, and will ever love. What more do you need to feel attractive?”

Kirk lifts the pillow up enough that he can peek out, his face still bright red. Khan lowers his face so their eyes are level, arctic locked with glacial. He reaches out and touches his Omega’s cheek, stroking his heated skin. The Captain slowly uncovers his face, but his blush does not fade. The Augment leans in and captures his mate’s lips, kissing him softly. The blond kisses back, lips slowly working against each other. The Alpha/Beta gently rolls his mate onto his back as he carefully lowers his weight onto his body, their lips never parting. The Brit settles between his Captain’s legs, entangling their fingers together.

They part just long enough to catch their breath before kissing again, lips parting to deepen the kiss. The Omega slides one hand into his mate’s hair while the other slides to his back, gripping the fabric of his jacket. The dark haired male begins to gently rock his hips against his Omega’s, earning soft whimpers. Kirk draws his knees up to get better leverage, moving with his Alpha.

Khan pulls away, sitting up so he can take off his jacket, his eyes locked with his mate’s. The removal of his jacket is slow and sensual, tossing it aside before leaning down to kiss his mate again. He gently pushes at his Omega’s jacket, Kirk arching off the bed so his mate can take it off, tossing it aside so they can find it later. They kiss once more, a little more intimate this time. The Augment sits up again, his hands moving to the collar of dress shirt. His nimble fingers slowly undo the buttons, revealing the white undershirt instead of the pale skin the blond desperately wanted to see. The shirt is tossed haphazardly aside before the Brit takes the hem of his t-shirt and slowly lifts it off, once again, tossing it somewhere in the room.

The Captain raises his hands, gently skimming over the pale, muscular body of his Alpha. The dark haired male places his hands on either side of his mate’s head, watching his hands roam over his skin. Like his Omega, the Augment lacked the typical male body hair, except that he did have to shave. The blond’s hands slide into his hair, gently tugging him down for a kiss. The Alpha/Beta complies, tilting his head slightly for an even more intimate kiss. He sides his lips down to his Omega’s pulse point, counting the beats against his tongue. A pointless act, as he can feel his heart hammering in his chest in perfect time with hi mate’s, but the sheer trust his mate puts into his hands at having his teeth so close to a major blood vessel is the real reason why he does it. He gently scrapes his teeth across his skin, hearing as well as feeling his Omega’s breath hitch before moving onto the skin of his collarbone.

Khan’s nimble fingers toy with the top button of his mate’s shirt, teasing the skin beneath. With one hand, he begins to undo his Captain’s buttons, sliding his hand underneath his white t-shirt. Kirk’s breathing deepens as the Augment slides his hand over his skin, tipping his head back as his lips part slightly. The Alpha/Beta pulls away, pushing his unbuttoned shirt off his shoulders. The blond sits up to help with the removal of his clothes, discarded as the rest of their clothes had been. The couple removes their shoes and socks, throwing them somewhere in the room. The Brit lowers his mate back down on the bed, kissing him while using his tongue, lips, and teeth. The Captain kisses his back while his Alpha’s deft hands undo their belts, removing both their pants and underwear without breaking contact.
Kirk hums softly when he feels his Alpha’s nude body fit against his, his weight pinning him to the bed. His hands slide to his back, tracing the long, raised scars on his shoulder blades, feeling the muscles ripple beneath his palms. Khan begins to gently rock against his mate, groaning at the skin-to-skin contact as he moves. The Captain whimpers softly, digging his short nails into his mate’s pale skin. The dark haired male pulls away, pecking his Omega’s lips before slipping off the bed to search for his bag. He rifles through the contents, cursing loudly when he comes up empty handed. He quickly searches his mate’s bag, swearing when his search proves futile.

“Nothing?” Kirk asks, a soft whine in his voice.

“Unfortunately not, love,” Khan sighs, running a hand through his nearly perfect hair. “Not even the type of lotion we use as a last resort. And I highly doubt that the hotel has the right kind, let alone enough in the complimentary bottles. And no, I am not using shampoo or conditioner.”

The Omega lets out his own string of curses, rolling over to yank a pillow over his face. The Augment climbs onto the bed beside his mate, a quick glance showing that he was also flaccid. The Brit gently pulls his Omega to his chest, curling around him.

“God hates us,” the Captain mutters, scowling.

The Alpha/Beta chuckles softly, nuzzling his mate’s neck.

“God had nothing to do with it,” he says softly, smiling. “We did promise not to have sex for a month, and it has been only ten days.”

“Has it really?” The blond asks, turning his head to look. “It feels as if it has been longer.”

“It may be to you, but a month is nothing compared to how long I have been waiting,” the dark haired male says softly. “Five hundred eighty-four years of living for almost seven years of happiness, the odds were not in my favor.”

“But you have me,” Kirk says softly, bringing his mate’s wrist to his lips. “You have us.”

“I do,” Khan says quietly, kissing his Omega’s skin. “And that is something I will never let go.”

“I hope not,” his mate murmurs, kissing his wrist again.

The Brit smiles against his skin, tightening his grip. The Captain tips his head forward, his Alpha resting his forehead against his neck.

“Did you manage to obtain the pills?” The Alpha/Beta asks. “The ones to fix the time difference?”

“Crap,” the blond swears, slipping out of his arms.

He moves to the table where the room’s coffee pot is, a black jewelry box-like container resting there. He punches in a combination on the keypad, the box spitting out two round white pills. The Omega carries the pills back to the bed, handing one to his mate.

“Just to give you a heads up,” he says. “Once we take these, we’ll fall asleep within a few minutes, which is why they recommend taking them at night.”

The Augment nods, taking the pills at the same time his mate does. They maneuver back to their standard sleeping position, asleep within two minutes.
Late chapter is late. But go Broncos! My great grandmother passed away recently, able to see her favorite team make it to the playoffs, but not the Super Bowl. We miss you, Granny! Anyway, enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Nana!”

Naki looks up from his roses bushes as his niece runs towards him, a paper clutched in her hand. He wipes his hands on his jeans, rising to his feet. The seven year-old girl runs to him, faster than any seven year-old is capable of, he face split in two by a wide smile.

“Nana! Nana!” She shouts, clearing the white picket fence in a single bound. “Look what I did!”

“Watch out for my portulacas!” The Pure Alpha shouts, watching his niece clear the five-foot wide bed and leap into John’s outstretched arms.

The little girl giggles, extending the paper to her uncle. Naki takes it and looks at it, smiling.

“I see we have a new theory on warp propulsion,” he says, reading over the equations written in very tiny handwriting in colored pencil. “And what was the reason for this?”

“The teacher wouldn’t let me play with my PADD,” she says sadly. “And I need to finish my equations of The Grand Unified Theory to complete my Theory of Everything!”

“So, you were bored,” John translates.

“Isn’t that what I said?” His niece asks.

The Alpha shakes his head, chuckling.

“C’mon,” he says. “Let’s go show your parents.”

John carries their niece inside the picturesque house done in whites and creams, modern, but still a homage to her father’s time. The Pure Beta places the seven year-old on the floor of the entryway, watching her race away to her parents. The twins smile at each other, following their niece into the living room where her father was reading. Khan has his daughter in his lap, beaming like the proud parent he is at his child’s work, his mate nowhere in sight.

“Is Mama still sleeping?” The little girl asks, looking up at her father with her glacial blue eyes.

“Mama is not sleeping,” her mother replies, descending the stairs. “He is right here, Rani.”

“Mama!” Rani cries, racing to her mother.

Kirk smiles and scoops up his daughter, carrying her on his hip.

“Did we have fun at school today?” The Omega asks, smiling.
“Mr. Knopp wouldn’t let me play with my PADD,” the little girl says sadly.

“Did you insult him?” The blond asks.

“You told me that princesses are regal and polite, even when they are pissed off,” Rani says. “And that we must respect our teachers and elders, even though we have royal blood.”

“That’s my girl,” the Captain says softly, smiling.

He kisses his daughter’s cheek, who giggles and squirms in his arms, wanting to be put down. Kirk does so and watches her race off into the kitchen, rubbing his wrists carefully. Khan stands and takes one wrist in his hand, bringing the dark bruise circling his wrist to his lips, kissing gently. The blond looks up at his mate, his gaze soft. The Augment holds his gaze for a few seconds before closing his eyes, nuzzling his bruised skin.

“Mama, am I going to have a baby brother?” Rani asks, her large glacial blue eyes wide.

“Why do you ask?” The Omega inquires, turning to face his daughter.

“You’re only bruised after the three days you’re fertile,” the little girl says. “Does that mean I’m gonna have a baby brother?”

Instead of acting as every normal parent would about their child knowing what “fertile” means, the couple just smiles, their eyes shining.

“We’ll just have to wait and see,” Kirk says, shaking his head.

Rani pouts, but ducks back into the kitchen to make herself an afterschool snack.

“Were you that light naturally?” The Captain asks, turning to his mate.

“If you mean when I was Sikh, no,” Khan replies, shaking his head. “I was a few shades darker than what she was at birth, but I was relatively fair compared to my siblings.”

“Now you blind people with your white arse,” Naki snickers, grunting when his twin slams his elbow into his side.

“We do too,” the Pure Beta retorts, glaring. “We are clones of him.”

“Shut up,” the Pure Alpha snaps, glaring back.

“I will go get the yard stick and beat you two over the head with it,” the Omega growls, hands on his hips.

“What are you, my mother?” Naki snaps.

Kirk glares hard at the Pure Alpha, tapping his foot slowly. Naki quickly backs down, staring at the floor as he mumbles an apology. The blond does stop tapping his foot, but he does not stop glaring. The Pure Alpha flushes lightly, deciding that the floor is far more interesting than he had previously thought.

“Hey, Mom?” Rani asks, poking her head back out. “I would really like to have Nana in one piece so I can toss him around later.”

The adults laugh and smile, the situation diffused by one child’s wishes. The Captain walks over to his daughter and picks her up, kissing her forehead gently.
“C’mon, let’s see about whipping up something for us as a snack,” the blond says, earning a loud cheer from the little girl.

Khan watches his mate and child head into the kitchen, a soft smile on his face.

“Oh grow up,” he snaps when he sees his Pure Alpha clone making a face, hurling a pillow at him.

“Take it outside!” Kirk roars from the kitchen as the three Augments begin to grapple.

The Omega watches the triplets brawl in the backyard, shaking his head as he sighs.

“Men,” he sighs. “Can’t live with them, can’t live without them.”

Rani just stares at her mother with confusion, her glacial blue eyes wide.

“You’ll understand when you get older,” Kirk says, patting the top of his daughter’s jet black head.

Naki blinks as her stares up at the ceiling, his mate’s head on his chest. He looks around with confusion, wondering why he is awake.

And why he cannot remember if he had dreamed or not.

John stirs, opening his eyes as he sits up, stretching. He yawns widely, blinking as he tries to wake up. He squeaks when his twin yanks him down, capturing his lips in a tender kiss. The Pure Beta hums softly, smiling when they part.

“What time is it?” Naki asks, sitting up.

“2147 hours,” his mate replies.

“English, please,” the Pure Alpha groans.

“9:47 PM,” John says.

Naki curses softly, flopping down on the bed.

“We’ve slept most of the day away,” he groans, running a hand down his face.

“We have barely slept for six hours,” the Pure Beta says, slipping out of bed to pad naked to the toilet. “That is not most of the day.”

“It is for us!” His twin replies, throwing off the sheets as he swings his legs over the edge. “I don’t think I’ll have enough time to draw, sequence, and fix the blood sample.”

John emerges from the bathroom, rolling his head side-to-side as he thinks. Naki moves to the terminal and checks the status, finding that the program had completed and gave him the twenty-three chromosomal DNA blood sample.

“Now I know I won’t have enough time,” the Pure Alpha groans, his head thumping against the table.

“Yes, you do,” his twin states, placing his hand on his shoulder. “As long as I am at the wheel.”

Naki looks up, confused. John smiles down at his mate, kissing him softly.
“I have a plan,” the Pure Beta murmurs, smiling. “I just need a few supplies.”

The cashier eyes Naki as he rings up his order, much to the Pure Alpha’s annoyance and embarrassment. He pays the clerk and picks up his four grocery bags worth of takeout, quickly fleeing the restaurant. The late February chill nips at his exposed skin, his eyes watering as the wind blows in them. He carries the food back to the loft, growling and cursing as the wind decides to blow harder. He stomps up to the loft, dropping the food onto the counter as he glares at his twin.

“I hate you,” he mutters, leaving a trail of clothes as he ducks into the shower.

He takes his time, enjoying the hot water heating up his cold skin. When he does emerge, John has already begun to work on the takeout, one box open before him.

“Seriously?” The Pure Alpha growls, annoyed. “A salad? I went out for a fucking salad?”

“Not just a salad,” his mate replies. “Now get your arse over here and give me a blood sample.”

Naki growls and throws himself into a chair, shoving up his sleeve. John smacks him upside the head as he hooks his twin up to the extractor, drawing twice the amount of blood he needs.

“Keep sulking and you will never get sex again,” the Pure Beta states.

His mate instantly perks up, as does another part of his anatomy.

“Slow down, cowboy,” John laughs, shaking his head. “You may have bought me dinner, but you have not convinced me that you can give me what I want. Just wait a little bit, alright?”

Naki pouts, but nods, much to his twin’s amusement. He presses a soft kiss to his temple, smiling.


Kirk slowly opens his eyes, groggy and aching. He struggles to sit up, his upper body in agony. He moves off the bed and stands in a spot in the room that will allow him to stretch his wings out completely, groaning as he cannot do so. He wings have cramped so much that he can barely stretch them halfway, whimpering softly. He slowly works his muscles loose, moving them in ways that he would not normally do so. He spreads them further and further until he can spread them completely. He sighs and folds them against his back, smiling as he feels his mate’s gaze on him.

He moves to the table and begins to brew coffee, hearing his mate move around the room. He feels his Alpha’s wings spread and stretch, working out his own cramps. The blond smiles as his mate wraps his arms around his slender waist, nuzzling his temple.

“Good morning, love,” Khan says softly, smiling. “Did you sleep well?”

“You know the answer,” Kirk says softly, his wings fluttering slightly.

The Augment exhales through his nose, closing his eyes.

“I was afraid you would say that,” he says softly, tightening his grip.
The Captain nods, placing his hands over his Alpha’s. The coffee pot burbles and bubbles as it brews, ignored for the most part.

“What did you dream about?” The Alpha/Beta asks quietly, though he knows the answer.

“I, I did not exist,” the blond replies, his voice quiet. “I was alive, but nobody saw me. They walked right through me, as if I wasn’t even there.”

The dark haired male holds his mate tighter, knowing what comes next.

“Even you didn’t see me,” he finishes, his words barely audible.

The silence is tense and thick, before the Brit breaks it.

“I had the same dream,” he says quietly.

The Omega squeezes his hands, their bond displaying his sympathy. Kirk’s communicator goes off, causing the couple to part so he can retrieve it.

“Admiral Pike wants to meet with me at 1100 hours,” he says, reading the message. “It’s 0717 hours here, which means it’s…”

He trails off, frowning as he thinks.

“1747 hours at Starfleet HQ,” Khan informs his mate. “Which means we have roughly seventeen hours until your meeting, for it is still Stardate 2259.55 there.”

“This is why you’re the Beta,” the blond says, smiling.

The Augment chuckles softly, shaking his head.

“I suppose you had a plan for our day?” He asks, changing subjects.

“Yeah, I figured we could go see your palace,” his mate replies, putting his communicator down.

“It is still around?” The Brit asks, surprised. “I thought they would have torn it down long ago.”

“You may have been a dictator, but you did bring peace to your empire,” the Captain says, moving to the beeping coffee pot. “People just don’t like to be told what to do. Every person with authority over someone else is not liked at one point or another, from parents to emperors, and everything in between.”

“Speaking from personal experience?” Khan teases, earning a soft snort from his Omega.

“I was never officially Empress of Earth,” Kirk replies, glaring. “I gave up the throne three years before I would have automatically claimed it, whether I was ready or not.”

He looks away, his past threatening to break open the cage he had carefully locked it away in. The dark haired male gently pulls his mate to him, enfolding him tightly in his embrace. The Omega buries his face into his mate’s pale, muscular chest, tears stinging the corners of his eyes. The Augment rubs his mate’s back soothingly, rocking subtly.

“This was supposed to be a happy day,” the blond sniffs, clinging to his Alpha.

“The day is not over yet, love,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs. “We still have several hours before the day is over, as the day is not over until it is no longer that day anywhere on Earth.”
The Captain smiles, looking up at his mate, his glacial blue eyes soft.

“‘You always know just what to say,’” he says softly, tears in his eyes. “‘Is there a secret or something?’”

“All Alphas come with a built-in manual, handbook, guidebook, and rulebook, filled with every situation possible,” his mate replies, smiling. “‘Even the ones precognitions cannot see.’”

Kirk laughs, a true, honest-to-god laugh, shaking his head.

“‘Smartass,’” he says, a few tears of joy leaking from his eyes.

Khan smiles and gently captures his Omega’s lips, kissing him softly. The blond kisses back, their bond thrumming softly. When they part, they are breathless, lips swollen.

“‘We should get going,’” the Omega pants, gripping his Alpha tightly.

“‘Coffee first,’” the Alpha/Beta says softly.

“‘Done,’” his mate replies.

After several cups of coffee, sheathing their wings, and dressing, the couple takes a cab out of New Delhi and up to the Punjab region, where Khan’s palace had been built. The Augment is a little nervous, knowing that his mate would see something from before his Time of Light, when he was roughly the same age his mate is now.

Back when he was a savage.

Kirk slips his hand into his mate’s, squeezing gently. The Alpha/Beta looks down at his mate, his gaze soft as he gently kisses his temple, murmuring softly.

“Are you sure this is when you want to go?” The driver asks, glancing at the couple in his rearview mirror.

“Pardon?” The Brit asks, slightly confused.

“‘To Khan Noonien Singh’s palace,’” the driver says, looking back at the road. “‘Not very romantic for a couple who only has eyes for each other. I know a better place, much more romantic.’”

“Thank you for the offer, but we are content with our current destination,” the dark haired male says, leaning back into this seat. “‘It is, a piece of my history.’”

“One of your ancestors then has some tie to it?” The driver asks, curious.

“You, could stay that,” Khan replies.

“Can you tell us about some of its history?” Kirk asks, a long string of mental curses hurled at him. “‘And maybe its creator?’”

The Augment gives his mate a rather epic Bitch Face, the mental curses becoming more graphic and creative.

“Sure I can,” the driver says, unable to keep the glee out of his voice. “‘What do you want to know about first; the palace, or its creator?’”
“Its creator,” the Omega says, smiling.

“Good call,” the driver says. “I’m actually a bit of a history buff and one of the leading experts about the life of Khan Noonien Singh. I just drive my cab to pay off my bills.”

“Fuck me,” the Augment in question swears in Klingon under his breath.

“Did your partner say something?” The driver asks, glancing in his mirror.

“No, he did not,” the Captain lies, pinching his mate’s hip hard.

Khan rumbles quietly, shooting his Omega a dirty look. Kirk ignores it though, eager to hear about his mate’s past from an outside source.

“What can you tell me about him?” The blond asks, leaning forward slightly.

“As everyone knows, Khan Noonien Singh is a genetically engineered human known as an Augment,” the driver begins. “What they don’t know was that the Augments were not genetically engineered from test tubes, but had their DNA rewritten through the injection of a sequenced blood sample. And that they were orphans taken off the streets, children without names or parents.”

“Wait, you said ‘is’ when referring to Khan,” the Captain says. “You believe he is still alive?”

“Believe it?” The driver snorts, shaking his head. “A man as smart as him would find a way to somehow survive, no matter what. So, yes, I believe he is still alive, somewhere. Will he look like what he did three centuries ago? Not a chance. But, yeah, he’s still alive.”

The dark haired male fights to not roll his eyes, choosing to stare out the window and pout like a spoiled child as he attempts to ignore his mate.

“Why were orphans chosen to be Augments? Would it not be easier to start from scratch?” The Omega asks, ignoring his sulking his Alpha.

“I believe the leader of the Eugenics program said something along the lines of, ‘We’re genetic engineers, not farmers,’” the driver says. “Orphans wouldn’t be missed, and they could be, ‘reprogrammed,’ physically and mentally, because they were ‘rescued’ from poverty. And they were expendable. There would always be more.”

“So, Khan was an orphan?” Kirk asks, fighting to not look at his mate. “And ‘reprogrammed’ for what?”

“Back in January of 1972, the leader of the Eugenics program, a man by the name of Dr. Heisen proposed to a bunch of possible private investors in New York City that he needed money to create soldiers, bred specifically to fight and obey orders,” the driver says.

“Wasn’t Khan’s birthday yesterday?” The blond asks. “His two hundred eighty-ninth, as he was born in 1970?”

“Yes, and no,” the driver replies. “He was actually fifteen when he was taken off the streets, born with only one leg. 1970 was when he was abducted into the Eugenics program, when he was ‘born.’ And how did you know that it was his two hundred eighty-ninth?”

“Bit of a fascination with him,” the Captain replies, slipping his hand into his mate’s, squeezing gently.
Khan flicks his gaze to his mate, squeezing back. The Augment pulls his hand away and wraps his arm around his Omega’s slender waist, holding him tight against him. The blond leans against his mate, his head on his shoulder, his body pressed tight against his Alpha’s.

“Did you guys have breakfast?” The driver asks, flicking his gaze back to the couple.

“No, we did not,” the Omega replies, cuddling closer to his mate.

“I know a great little place that’s open right now,” the driver says, smiling. “That’s nearby if you’d like it.”

“That’s really nice, Mr…” Kirk trails off.

“Sibahl,” the driver says. “Sibahl Aaron.”

“Mr. Aaron,” the Omega says, smiling. “That’s really nice, but you don’t have to do that for us. We’re fine, honestly.”

“Nonsense,” Sibahl replies, waving dismissively. “It’s the last stop before the road to the palace. It’s just a little bit out of the way, but it’s well worth the drive.”

The blond glances at the Alpha/Beta, the two mentally debating on whether to go or not.

“If you insist,” the Augment says, nodding.

Sibahl grins and heads toward the restaurant, the couple threading their fingers together.

John curses softly, running a hand down his face at the results from the terminal. His twin glances over, worry in his blood flecked arctic irises.

“You okay?” Naki asks, rising to his feet.

“The sample only gave me an eighth of the amount we need,” the Pure Beta sighs, leaning back in his chair as he stretches his arms over his head. “I will need more blood than I had anticipated.”

“Take as much as you need,” his twin says, rolling up his sleeve.

“I will only take twice the amount of blood we need to procure each time,” John says, preparing the extractor. “It only takes me about forty-five minutes to complete each sample, so I should be done in less than six hours, if my math is correct.”

“When is your math not correct?” Naki asks, raising an eyebrow.

“You would be surprised,” his twin replies, slipping the needle into the Pure Alpha’s skin.

Naki flinches slightly, but remains still as his mate draws his blood, watching him carefully. John removes the needle, the extractor automatically sealing the wound as it leaves his flesh. The Pure Beta leans down and brings his mate’s arm up, kissing his unmarred skin. The Pure Alpha’s fingers slip under his twin’s collar, tracing his mark. John closes his eyes, feeling his mate’s finger brush over his skin.

When he opens his eyes, his pupils have swallowed his irises, his pulse racing.

The Pure Beta climbs into his twin’s lap, taking his face in his hands as he leans in to kiss him.
Naki picks up his mate and carries him to the bed, placing him on the sheets. John crawls backwards so his head is on the pillows, his twin following him. He leans down and kisses him, lowering his body onto his. The Pure Alpha slides his hands down his mate’s sides, slipping his fingers under his shirt. He strokes his waist, pushing his shirt up so he can lower his mouth to his twin’s chest. The Pure Beta’s breathing deepens, his pulse racing.

“Wait,” John gasps, pushing him off. “I need to finish.”

Naki pushes him down, claiming his lips. The Pure Beta can feel the kiss all the way down to his toes, moaning softly. When the Pure Alpha pulls away, his mate rolls them over, squeaking when they fall off the bed. The twins stare at each other before laughing, kissing softly.

“Well, that was a mood killer,” Naki laughs, helping his twin up. “I guess we will have to try another time.”

John smiles softly, kissing the Pure Alpha’s cheek.

“Absolutely,” he smiles.

“That looks… interesting,” Kirk comments upon seeing his mate’s palace.

Khan winces, scratching the back of his head as he looks away.

“Is it really that bad?” The Augment asks, a light blush on his cheeks.

“You have to take into account that, yeah, it’s really that bad,” the Omega says bluntly.

The Brit groans, running a hand down his face.

“I should have never let you come here,” he groans, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You have to also take into account that were only twenty-two when you began construction,” the blond says, a thin smile on his face. “You were also a very different person then. But yeah, it’s a bit of an eyesore.”

“I did not tell you about my life before I became an Augment because I barely remember it,” the Alpha/Beta explains. “It is a distant memory and something I do not wish to remember.”

He sighs and shakes his head, looking away from his palace. Kirk slips his hand into his mate’s, squeezing gently. Khan looks down at him, squeezing back.

“It still is not that pleasant to look at,” the Captain says.

The dark haired male gives him Bitch Face, the Omega stifling his giggles at the look. The Augment shakes his head, tugging on their joined hands. The couple heads to the palace, forgoing the guided tour as the Brit knows the layout better than anyone alive today. He shows his fiancée around, both ecstatic at the term, giving some history on each room. The one he desperately avoids is the one that brings him the most shame, the one that brings up memories he has tried to suppress.

“Show me,” Kirk whispers.

Khan looks away, but leads his mate to the only room that has a completely different purpose than the rest of them. The interior has changed, but the people trying to preserve the palace have kept true to its original look.
The Augment cannot stop the memories involving the room from surfacing, looking away as his insides clench. The Captain pulls away, seeing his Alpha’s memories as vividly as the day they were created, looking around.

“It’s weird,” he says softly. “I can feel… I don’t know how to describe what I’m feeling, but it’s as if the palace is speaking to me, if that makes any sense.”

He closes his eyes, tipping his head back.

“I can, I can feel what transpired within these walls,” he says quietly. “All the emotions that happened, positive and negative, but I feel repressed grief and sorrow. You grief and sorrow.”

He looks back at his Alpha, emotions flicking across his eyes.

“It is covered by your other emotions,” he says. “But it is there. You just may not have felt them completely. You…”

He closes his eyes, focusing.

“You missed me,” he says softly. “Even though I never consciously crossed your thoughts.”

The Omega turns to face his Alpha, walking towards him. He takes his face in his hands, wiping away his tears with his thumbs. He stretches up and kisses his mate’s lips, his own tears falling. The Alpha/Beta slides his hands to the small of his mate’s back and between his shoulder blades, holding him close. When they part, they rest their foreheads together, holding onto each other.

“Noonien?” Kirk asks softly.

“Yes, love?” Khan asks quietly.

“If you ever try to do to me what you did to the women of your harem,” the blond threatens, giving the Brit a look that he never wants to see again.

The Augment pales, nodding as he trembles. The Captain nods back, smiling softly as his kisses his fiancé’s cheek.

“C’mon,” he says softly. “We’ve spent enough time dwelling in the past.”

The dark haired male blinks at the abrupt change in his Omega, slightly startled. The blond smiles again and takes his Alpha’s hand, leading him out of the room.

“Where are we going?” The Alpha/Beta asks, letting his mate lead him.

“Home,” he replies softly.

Naki looks up from his PADD as his twin curses loudly, and not very well either. The Pure Alpha raises an eyebrow, placing the PADD on the bed as he slides off, heading towards his mate. He stands behind him, wrapping his arms around his twin’s neck and shoulders, kissing his cheek.

“Relax, love,” he murmurs softly against his skin. “Take a quick break and then come back to it. You are thinking so hard that my brain is starting to hurt.”

“I cannot,” John sighs, gently shrugging off his mate. “If I do not finish this, Sylar will be unhappy, and we do not want that, now do we?”
Naki shakes his head, exhaling through his nose.

“Is there anything I can do?” The Pure Alpha asks, concerned. “Anything to help ease your burden?”

The Pure Beta shakes his head, sighing softly.

“Unfortunately, no,” he says quietly. “You cannot help me. Though, I wish you could.”

He looks up, his emerald flecked eyes sad. Naki leans in and rests his forehead against his twin’s, their noses brushing. The Pure Alpha cups his mate’s cheek, stroking his cheekbone.

“Are you sure?” He asks quietly, skimming his nose over his twin’s cheekbones.

“Yeah,” John replies quietly.

Naki leans in and brushes his lips over his twin’s, kissing him softly. They kiss softly, a simple press of lips, but it is not chaste. Their lips part with a soft plop, rubbing noses.

“I have to keep working,” the Pure Beta says softly. “I am sorry, but you have to leave me alone.”

He stretches up and pecks his mate’s lips, lingering slightly. The Pure Alpha nods, kissing his twin’s forehead.

“Alright, love,” he says softly. “I shall leave you alone. As much as I do not want to.”

He kisses his forehead one last time, pulling away reluctantly. He moves back to the bed, picking up his PADD as he lies back down. His blood flecked arctic irises are on his twin, watching him carefully. John continues to work on their project, but Naki’s mind wanders, thinking about their trip to the children’s hospital. He still cannot wrap his head around the sudden personality change of his twin, just because he told the truth. He does not understand why his twin would suddenly fall in love with him, his rapist, abuser, and just forget about everything he had done to him.

But he has been in love with him for as long as he can remember, and it destroyed him to do what he had been forced to do to his mate.

And he will stay in love with him, as long as they both shall live, which should not be for much longer.

John pauses, turning to look at his mate, confusion clear across his face.

“Did you say something?” He asks, his brows furrowed.

“No,” Naki replies, also confused. “I did not.”

The Pure Beta’s confusion deepens, looking at the floor.

“I could have sworn…” He says quietly.

He shakes his head, running a hand down his face.

“I am losing it,” he mutters, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I am losing my mind.”

The Pure Alpha tips his head to the side, frowning.

“What did you think I said?” He asks.
John looks up, hesitating.

“It, it does not matter,” he says quietly, turning back to his terminal. “Just forget I said anything.”

Naki frowns, sitting up straighter. He tips his head to the side, his frown deepening as he watches his twin. He puts his PADD down, sitting cross-legged so he can rest his elbows on his knees, leaning forward. He studies his mate carefully, trying to figure him out.

What did he think he said?

Khan places their bags down in their bedroom, taking his shirt off so they can spread his wings. He can feel his mate’s wings spread as well, feels his arms wrap around him, his bare chest pressed against his back.

“Did you have fun at least?” Kirk asks softly, nuzzling his Alpha’s skin.

“I did, love,” the Alpha/Beta replies, turning around to face his mate.

He pulls him into a tender embrace, kissing him softly. The blond giggles as his Alpha picks him up, carrying him to the bed. The Augment gently lowers his Omega to the bed, carefully applying his weight onto his body.

“I will actually be looking forward to my next birthday,” the dark haired male admits, nuzzling his mate’s cheeks. “And I am regretting not telling you sooner.”

The Captain threads his fingers into his Alpha’s hair, pulling him down for a kiss. Khan settles between his mate’s legs, kissing back eagerly.

“So,” he says, his voice a low rumble as he pulls away. “Is sex still on the menu?”

Kirk gives him a look that makes the Brit smile, shaking his head as he chuckles.

“I will take that as a no,” he says, sitting up. “And in that case, I will take a shower. Feel free to join me.”

The Augment sheds the rest of his clothes and moves into the bathroom, the sound of the shower running floating out from the door. The blond props himself on his elbows, looking into the bathroom as he debates with himself, deciding to stay in the bedroom. He lies back down on the bed, closing his eyes as he feels his mate slip through their bond so he can listen to their unborn child’s heart beat, a smile tugging on his lips. The Omega places his hand on his flat abdomen, feeling their child grow inside him.

‘I love you,’ Kirk thinks.

“I love you too,” Khan thinks back.

John stretches his arms over his head, feeling his spine crack as he does so, groaning in relief. He glances over at his twin, watching him doze slightly. He has just finished the fourth blood sample, and a quick glance at the chrono reveals that it is nearly one in the morning. He needs the fifth sample, but he indulges himself as he watches his mate sleep, enjoying the moment. His mind wanders to the trip to the children’s hospital, when his twin told him the truth. He knows that his
personality changed at that moment, he could tell by Naki’s reactions, but he does not feel any different.

The Pure Beta’s fingers reach up and brush against the only scar on his body, feeling the indentations of his twin’s teeth in his skin. He has seen the mark many times, looking in the mirror to view it better. It is very pale and very deep, but it is also jagged, as if he had torn away while being bitten. And he had. There are clear indentations of Naki’s teeth, clear enough that a dental mold could be made and matched.

The Pure Alpha stirs, shifting on the bed, but does not wake up. John smiles softly, rising to his feet. He crosses over to the bed, kneeling next to his twin on the bed as he leans down to kiss him. He presses his lips softly against his mate’s, squeezing when he is suddenly on his back, his twin kneeling above him. A light blush is on his cheeks as Naki grins down at him, his eyes gleaming wickedly.

“You cannot escape me this time,” the Pure Alpha grins. “You are mine.”

John shudders as Naki leans down, pressing his lips to his pulse point, feeling it race beneath his lips. He purrs softly, mouthing at his skin.

“Just let me know if you want to stop,” the Pure Alpha murmurs, breathing in his scent. “Do you want to?”

The Pure Beta moans as his mate’s other hand gently cups him between his legs, kneading carefully. His back arches slightly, pushing his hips into his hand while grinding against it, gasping softly.

“Feels, feels good,” he pants. “Don’t stop.”

“Don’t plan on it,” Naki growls, his voice rough. “But we are in a bit of time crunch so…”

John growls as he removes his hand, but his eyes fall shut, his breathing deepening as his twin continues to kiss his neck, his hand sliding up under his shirt to tweak his nipples, his pulse racing.

“Do you want to stop?” Naki asks, lifting his head to look into his mate’s eyes.

“No,” John gasps, yanking him down for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Dreams are weird aren’t they? Could it be a possible view into the future, or just some picture perfect world? Up to you!
(I’m not kidding, it’s up to you.)
Khan feels his mate peel off his clothes, smiling as he steps into the shower with him. The Alpha/Beta turns and holds his Omega close, kissing him heavily. Kirk locks his wrists behind his neck, pressing his body close to his Alpha’s. The Augment’s large hands slide to cup the back of his mate’s head and rest on the small of his back, fingers curling into his skin. The blond’s short nails dig into his mate’s skin, loving the way his soft curves mold into his Alpha’s hard angles. The dark haired male rumbles softly in approval, tilting his head to deepen the kiss. The Brit back the Captain up against the wall, keeping him there with just his body. The water pours down their bodies, rolling off their wings without soaking the feathers underneath.

When they part, they are breathing hard, lips swollen from kissing. Khan’s hands slide to his Omega’s hips, stroking his prominent hipbones with his thumbs. He rests his forehead against his mate’s, smiling softly. Kirk slides his hands to frame his Alpha’s face, stroking his cheekbones.

“Do you want to…” The Augment asks softly, rubbing noses with his mate.

His fiancée thinks about it for a little bit before nodding, gasping softly when his Alpha kisses him heavily. He clings to his biceps, gripping tightly as his fiancé rocks against him, tongues tangling. The Alpha/Beta’s hands stroke his mate’s waist before one slides between his legs, reaching back to tease him gently. Kirk’s head thumps against the shower wall, panting as his mate continues to tease him. Khan removes his hand and turns off the water, reaching towards the bottle of lube they keep in the shower. He pours the contents into his hand, slicking himself up as his Captain turns around, glancing over his shoulder as he widens his stance. The Brit moves closer to his mate, slipping into the Omega.

The blond’s eyes roll into the back of his head, shuddering slightly as the Augment slides deep within him. He gasps as his Alpha fully sheathes himself inside him, hearing him softly grunt behind him. The dark haired male braces himself up against the shower wall, gently rocking upward into his Omega. They are both breathing heavily. Kirk’s breath hitching with every thrust upward. Khan tangles their fingers together, his own breathing harsh.

Only soft, shuddering exhales give away their peaks, slumping forward slightly. They are still breathing harshly, the Brit gripping his mate’s hands tightly.

“Never again shall we go that long,” the Alpha/Beta breathes, kissing his mate’s skin.

“Yeah,” the Captain agrees quietly.
Khan exhales softly through his nose as he gazes up at the ceiling, running a hand up and down his fiancée’s spine. Kirk has his head pillowed over his Alpha’s heart, cuddled up against his side, an arm around his waist. They are still slightly damp from their shower, but they are clean from head to toe. The Omega cuddles closer to his mate, enjoying his warmth that keeps away the February chill. The Augment tightens his grip on his mate slightly before relaxing, exhaling softly once again.

“Noonien?” The blond asks quietly.

“Yes, love?” The dark haired male asks in response.

“Promise me that you’ll still be here after I return from my meeting with Pike,” he says quietly, cuddling even closer to his fiancé’s side.

The Alpha/Beta hesitates, too long to be a good thing. The Omega sits up, looking down at his mate as worry spikes through their bond, his wings shifting.

“You will be here, right?” He asks, his voice wavering slightly.

The Brit looks away, refusing to make eye contact.

“Noonien?” The Captain asks, suddenly afraid.

“I do not know if I can keep that promise,” his fiancé says quietly, barely audible.

He sits up and moves to the window, looking out at the setting sun.

“Please, don’t kill Marcus,” Kirk begs, tears stinging his eyes. “I know it hurts to know that-”

“I’m not going to kill the bastard,” Khan snaps, his voice harsh. “Even though I want to inflict everything that he did to you twice over on his pathetic body.”

He exhales loudly, pinching the bridge of his nose. Silence descends upon the room, the Omega’s wings shifting almost violently against his back. It goes on for far too long for the Captain’s comfort, worrying his lower lip to the point of almost breaking skin.

“I just,” the Augment begins quietly. “I just feel as if I need to be somewhere to, how to put this…”

He pauses, thinking.

“I do not know how, or why,” he continues, his wings shifting slightly. “But I feel as if I am, I am being drawn to somewhere, and it is growing stronger.”

The dark haired male looks up, gazing out at the cityscape that stretches out before him. Silence descends again, this time though, it is not uncomfortable. The blond draws his knees to his chest, resting his chin on them as he waits for his Alpha to speak again.

“I need to be somewhere, wherever that is,” the Alpha/Beta says quietly. “And I need to be there soon.”

“You feel as if our history will repeat itself,” Kirk says quietly.

Khan turns to look over his shoulder, hesitating, but nods once.
“I do, James,” he replies, looking out once again. “But I feel as if it is more complex than before, and that there are more pieces in play.”

He turns to his fiancée, crossing the short distance to sit beside him, his emotions flickering through their bond.

“James,” he begins softly. “I need you to promise me that you will stay safe- Let me finish.”

The Omega closes his mouth, waiting. The Augment breathes shakily, his wings shifting.

“James,” he repeats. “I need you to stay safe, even when I am around. At any moment, the barriers you put up could break, and I am not sure that It could be stopped again. This time, I feel as if there is, something waiting in the shadows, something we have never come across before. There is, there is something just beyond my senses that I cannot, but I know that it is there.”

He pauses, trembling.

“Can you sense it?” He asks quietly. “Can you sense that something is different? Not just from our reality, but from a week ago, a day ago. There is something there, and I do not have a good feeling about it.”

The Captain looks down, but nods, his own feelings of dread joining his mate’s.

“We are in far greater danger than before,” the Alpha/Beta says quietly. “And I do not think we will be safe until whatever is occurring has passed…”

“…But one of us may no longer be here,” the Omega finishes quietly. “Or both.”

The dark haired male nods solemnly, looking away.

“Or both,” he echoes.

The couple sits in silence, the tension palatable. Kirk threads his fingers between his fiancé’s, unfolding himself so he can sit in his lap, head buried in the crook of his neck. Khan folds his wings around his Omega, holding him tight. The blond clings to his mate, tucking his legs under him.

“Don’t ever let me go,” the Captain says quietly, his voice small and child-like.

The Augment kisses the top of his fiancée’s golden blond head, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“Never,” he promises.

Naki kneels beside his mate, gently wafting the freshly brewed cup of coffee towards his snoring, drooling twin. John awakes with a jerk, blinking a few times before wiping the drool off his face with his sleeve, his gaze unfocused. The Pure Alpha extends the coffee cup, his mate blinking in a way that he automatically knows is “Thank you.” John downs the cup in one swallow, choking violently when the taste hits his tongue.

“What the fuck was that shit?” He chokes, coughing. “That was not coffee. Are you trying to poison me?”

“Are you awake?” His twin asks.
“Yes, but-” The Pure Beta begins.

“Then it did its job,” Naki replies, taking the mug out of his hand. “And did I wear you out that much, so much so that you drooled? I am surprised that you can speak after all the screaming, as well as the fact that no one else heard. You do have quite the set of lungs, you know.”

He grins as John squeaks and turns a brilliant shade of red, refusing to lift his gaze from the floor. The Pure Alpha heads back into the kitchen to wash the mug, picking up a bite to eat from the open takeout box, quietly spitting out the tofu burger. He hears his twin work on the second-to-last blood sample, almost finished. Naki smiles softly as his body still thrums from their “little” session, still highly sensitive. The Pure Alpha looks up, watching his mate work.

“I need the last blood sample,” the Pure Beta says, turning around. “Mind becoming a pincushion one last time? And then you may have me anyway you want.”

“You really do not want to promise me that,” his twin purrs, a low rumble in his chest. “You will regret saying that to me.”

John just smiles, his eyes shining. Naki’s eyebrows shoot up in shock before grinning wickedly, his eyes glinting. He moves to the chair beside his twin, rolling up his sleeve as he extends his arm. The Pure Beta uses the extractor one last time, his touch gentle as he draws his twin’s blood, fingers brushing over his skin. Emerald meets blood, and both swear that there is a little more there than before. Arctic still dominates, but the flecks are just slightly more noticeable than before.

John finishes drawing the blood, tracing his fingers over where the extractor had been. He lingers over his twin’s skin before turning back to the terminal, beginning to work on the eighth and final blood sample. Naki watches him, his gaze tender as he observes his mate. The Pure Beta flicks his gaze up to his twin, a light blush on his cheeks. His mate leans in and gently kisses him, his lips lingering. They pull away, rubbing noses.

“I have to get back to work,” John says softly, their foreheads resting against each other. “Even though I do not want to.”

“Just a bit longer, love,” Naki says softly, cupping his cheek. “Then we are finished.”

“For now,” the Pure Beta says quietly.

His mate nods, exhaling softly.

“For now,” he echoes quietly.

Kirk exhales softly through his nose as his Alpha kisses down his spine, his hands stroking his slender waist. His golden blond wings are folded against his back, forcing them to keep still so he does not smack his mate in the face. Khan chuckles softly, his Omega shivering under his lips. He continues to kiss down his spine, lipsghosting over his fiancée’s skin. The blond pillows his head on his hands, an actual pillow propping them up. The Augment’s wings are spread slightly, draped over his mate like a canopy. His lips brush over the curve of his rear, but do not move any farther southward, trailing back up his Omega’s spine. He lavishes attention on the nape of the Captain’s neck, scraping his teeth over the knob that is part of his seventh cervical vertebra before gently clamping them over it.

Kirk knows that it is an Alpha’s instinct to be drawn to the back of the neck, as most Alpha’s mark their Omegas there, but he is marked at the junction of his neck and shoulder, as is his mate. And
there are other areas he would like him to focus on.

Khan quickly moves his attention to his mark of claim, teasing the area with his tongue, lips, and teeth. The Captain hums softly in approval, enjoying the attention he is receiving. His Alpha rumbles as well, moving his lips up his neck to below his ear, kissing softly. The Omega shivers slightly, his breathing deepening as his fiancé teases the skin near his ear.

“I did promise to teach you how to dominate me,” the Alpha/Beta says softly against his mate’s skin. “Would you like me to show you how?”

The blond nods, gasping when he finds himself on top of his mate, sitting up. The dark haired male runs his hands up and down his fiancée’s sides, stroking his skin gently. He takes his hips in his large hands, gently moving them over his. Kirk moves with him, letting his mate control his movements, shivering as he rubs over his fully engorged mate. The Omega places his hands on his Alpha’s pale chest, feeling the muscles ripple under his touch. The Augment lets go of his Omega’s hips, letting him take control. The blond is hesitant, but he continues to move, growing bolder. He begins to whimper softly, grinding against his mate as he slips between his cheeks, rutting harder. Khan watches for a few seconds before reaching for the bottle of lube on the bedside table, handing it to his fiancée. The Captain flushes slightly, but does not hesitate in slicking up his Alpha, his gaze burning with need. Once the bottle is back on the table, the Brit grips the base as his mate lines up, his wings fluttering softly as he smears lube between his cheeks.

The Omega looks down at his fiancé, taking a breath before lowing himself onto him, placing his hands on his chest. He does his best to relax as the pressure builds, throwing his head back when his mate slips inside, gasping loudly. He shudders at the feeling, his breathing unsteady as he curses softly, trembling slightly. He continues to lower himself down, moaning softly once his hips are flush with his Alpha’s, his trembling increasing. The dark haired male shivers as his mate clenches around him, tighter than normal, which is not saying much.

“Were you always this fucking big?” Kirk pants, his breathing unsteady.

He whimpers loudly as his mate shifts slightly, adjusting slower than he would like. Khan takes his Omega’s hips in his hands, waiting. The blond nods, his breath hitching as he lifts himself up with his fiancé’s help, slowly lowered back down. The Augment rocks his mate’s hips, causing him to gasp softly. The Captain begins to pick up the pace, soon moving without his Alpha’s help. He is letting gravity do most of the work, gasping as he rolls his hips in such away that sends sparks down his spine. The Alpha/Beta tangles their fingers together as his Captain sits up, straightening his spine as he tips his head back. His arctic eyes rake over his form, watching him move rapidly.

“More, please, more,” the Omega begs, tears in his eyes as he locks gazes.

His fiancé’s eyes flash, quickly flipping them over before setting a rapid pace that has the bed frame shaking. Kirk nearly screams, his back arching as he clings to his fiancé, drawing blood as he claws at his back. He cannot stop the noises from spilling past his lips, trembling violently as he pulls his mate closer, tears streaming down his face.

“Do you trust me?” Khan growls in his ear, fingers gripping tight enough to almost bruise.

“Yes,” his Omega sobs, nails breaking skin. “Fuck, Noonien!”

The Augment picks up the pace, his mate’s cries growing louder as he draws closer, clinging even tighter. The blond wails as he stops moving, desperately trying to get him to move as he feels his orgasm fade away. The Alpha/Beta captures his lips in a gentle kiss, jerking back as his fiancée bites his tongue hard enough to draw blood, the Omega snarling beneath him. He gasps loudly as
he finds himself on his back, the Captain moving rapidly over him, gasping as he bounces. His Alpha rumbles threateningly before pining him to the bed, holding his wrists down next his head. Kirk immediately begins to fight, thrashing violently as he struggles to break free, tears streaming down his face.

“Stop moving,” Khan orders, his voice a low growl.

His mate freezes instantly, so still that he is unsure if he is breathing. Tears continue to stream down his face, curling in on himself as he trembles, trying to make himself a smaller target.

“Please, don’t hurt me,” he whimpers. “I’ll do whatever you want, just don’t hurt me. Please, Master. Don’t hurt me. Please.”

The Augment jerks away, scrambling backwards as he puts as much distance as he can between them. A hand covers his mouth, tears pouring down his cheeks as he stumbles, catching himself as he falls. He suddenly cannot draw any air into his lungs, his heart threatening to burst from his chest, trembling.

“No-Noonien?” The blond whimpers, sitting up slowly.

His eyes land on his fiancé, trembling slightly as he slips off the bed.

“Don’t!” The dark haired male shouts, shooting to his feet as he moves backwards. “Don’t come any closer.”

The Omega whimpers, wrapping his arms around himself as his wings fold around him tightly, sinking to his knees as he trembles. The most pathetic sounds spill past his lips, soft panicked trills rising up from behind the golden blond wings.

The Brit knows that sound anywhere. It is his Omega’s cry of distress, often occurring during his Heats when he cannot find him anywhere after waking up, a sound that sends his Alpha instincts into overdrive.

Khan is instantly pulling his mate into his embrace, folding his wings around him as he holds him tightly, quietly shushing his trilling mate. Kirk clings, tears pouring down his face, his trills becoming soft sobs as he is soothed, burying his head into his chest. The Augment gently picks up his Captain, carrying him to the bed so he can curl around him, his wings folding around them tightly. The blond places his hands over his mate’s as they rest on his flat abdomen, threading their fingers together.

“I love you, James,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, nuzzling his neck.

“I love you too, Noonien,” his fiancée replies, closing his eyes.

The Omega cuddles closer to the dark haired male, feeling his grip tighten around him.

“You know this reality does not have anything we need for the Death-Rebirth ritual, right?” Kirk asks, playing with his mate’s fingers that are rubbing his still flat abdomen. “Especially not the cloth, or those capable of creating the outfits we need. And definitely not the dress.”

“And who did not think of this before they proposed?” Khan asks, amusement coloring his voice as he smiles against his skin, glad for the distraction.

“Shut up,” his Omega snaps, but his voice is shaky, lacking any real bite.
The Augment tightens his grip, murmuring softly as he kisses his skin.

“We will find a way to make it happen,” he says softly. “More accurately, I will find a way to make your dream a reality. All I want is for you to be happy.”

“And what if I’m happy right now?” The Captain asks, glancing over his shoulder. “What if I have everything I want and more than I’ll ever desire for the rest of my life?”

“And that would be?” The Brit asks, brows furrowed in confusion as a small sliver of worry slips in.

“You,” the blond says softly, smiling.

The dark haired male sits up, gazing down at the face of the mother of his unborn child with a hint of bemusement on his face, his gaze soft. His mate rolls over onto his back, smiling up at him.

“You have given me everything I have ever wanted, and what I didn’t even know I wanted,” he explains. “And more than I could ever wish for. And I have given you two things you desire most: An Omega who will do anything and everything for you, and a family.”

He places his hand over his Alpha’s, guiding his mate through their bond to listen to the tiny heart beat in his womb. His other hand cups the father of his unborn child’s cheek, stroking away his tears.

“Do you really think that everything would be sunshine and rainbows?” He asks softly.

The Alpha/Beta nuzzles his palm gently, kissing softly.

“Two weeks ago, I learned that I was going to be a father,” Khan breathes, resting his forehead against his Omega’s. “Now I am going to be both a father and a husband, with my Perfect Mate by my side. Did I think that I would not have to fight tooth and nail to be where I am: No. I knew that I would have to fight to my last breath to have everything I desire from the universe. I require nothing more.”

He leans down and presses his lips to his Captain’s, kissing him softly. It is a press of closed lips, sweet and tender, and filled to the brim with love. Kirk’s fingers tangle into his mate’s wild hair, gripping the jet black silk-like strands gently. Khan slips between his legs as their lips work against each other, lips parting. Tongues tangle as the Augment slips a hand to the small of his mate’s back, pressing his body closer as he tips his head to the side, deepening the kiss. The Omega hums softly, wrapping his arms around his neck as he runs a foot up the outside of his mate’s leg, trailing up to the small of his back before moving back down. The Alpha/Beta rumbles with approval, gently pulling his fiancée up with him so he is in his lap, lips never parting. He is kneeling on their bed, hands between his shoulder blades and on the small of his back, his massive jet black wings folding around them over top of smaller golden blond ones. Their lips still work against each other, the blond toying with his fiancé’s wild hair, lightly scratching his scalp. The Brit rumbles softly, shifting his Omega higher into his lap so he is slotted between his cheeks. The couple parts, breathing heavily, cheeks flush and lips swollen as they rest their foreheads against each other, their scents mingling.

“Yes,” Kirk breathes after a little bit.

His breath hitches as Khan slips inside, his nails digging into his pale skin. He wraps his legs around his waist, holding on tight as his mate’s large hands grip his hips, shifting slightly so he can move without harming him. The Augment moves slowly, taking control as his Captain submits to
him completely, feeling his lips press against his ear.

“Only you,” he breathes.

The Alpha/Beta feels a few tears roll down his cheeks at the words, knowing that any meanings he can come up with them as answer will barely scratch the surface of what his fiancée means. The blond kisses his cheek, kissing away his tears as his Alpha continues to move, tipping his head up to rub noses with him. The Brit smiles softly, his smile fading when he sees that his Omega’s glacial blue eyes are open, holding his gaze. His arctic eyes are wide, his shock clear at the fact that his mate’s are open, during sex no less.

“Only you,” Kirk repeats, stroking his mate’s razor sharp cheekbones. “Only you.”

He leans in and presses their lips together, their eyes open as they kiss. They part with a soft plop, eyes locked as they continue to move, enclosed in a gold and black feathered cocoon. Khan feels his mate tighten his grip so he can cup his cheek, his pale skin a startling contrast to his Omega’s. He cups the back of his head, tangling his long fingers into his golden blond hair, holding his head steady as they kiss. Their eyes fall shut as they die a little death, shivering slightly as they tighten their grip, holding onto one another. The Augment moves so he is sitting cross-legged on the bed, his fiancée sitting his lap, toying with his hair.

“I love you, Noonien,” the Omega says softly.

“I love you too, James,” the Alpha/Beta replies softly.

He nuzzles his mate’s face with the tip of his nose, smiling softly as his eyes crinkle around the corners.

“Only you,” he says softly, his Captain giggling quietly.

“That’s my line,” he murmurs, kissing him softly.

They rub noses, smiling softly as they hold onto each other.

“We need to take the pill one last time so our bodies are adjusted,” Kirk says, his mate nodding.

The Alpha/Beta reluctantly lets his mate go, watching the Omega head into his kitchen to replicate the two pills they need. The Augment waits for his mate to return, the two pills in hand as he crawls back onto the bed. The blond hands one to his Alpha before they return to their usual sleeping positions, swallowing the pills.

“Good night, James,” Khan says softly.

“Good night, Noonien,” Kirk replies softly.

They settle in for the night, asleep in less than two minutes.

“It’s done,” John groans, struggling to get out of his chair.

His mate picks him up and carries him the short distance to the bed, placing him down gently. The Pure Beta’s hair is loose and wild while his twin’s is perfect, the former having run his fingers through his hair so much that the gel has become useless. Naki sniffs his mate’s collar, grimacing at his smell.
“You need a shower,” the Pure Alpha states, standing.

“Too tired,” John mutters, burying his head into his pillow. “Just let me sleep.”

“How about one of those long soaks in the tub with one of the startling amount of bubble bath bottles you have collected?” Naki asks. “While I hold you in my arms and lather up your-”

“And I’m up,” the Pure Beta says, wincing as he does so.”

His mate extends his hand, but John reaches out with both of his, pouting like a child. The Pure Alpha laughs and picks up his twin, carrying him to the bathroom. The antique claw foot tub is out of place in the loft, but it is large, large enough to fit two fully-grown clones, and submerge them up to their chests. Naki places his mate on the floor, turning the faucets on so the tub fills at the perfect temperature.

“What one do you want?” He asks, turning to his twin.

The Pure Beta tips his head side-to-side, thinking.

He then smiles, his eyes shining.

“Loveswept,” he says softly.

The Pure Alpha nods, picking out the bottle with the name. He opens it and sniffs, closing his eyes as he smells bergamot, blue violet, lotus blossom, pink jasmine, purple passion fruit, creamy amber, white cedar wood, and the scent of his mate’s skin. It was not his scent, but his skin’s scent. Naki smiles and pours a bit into the rising water, the scent filling the bathroom.

“Smells good,” the Pure Alpha hums, smiling at his twin. “Almost as good as you.”

John flushes slightly, smiling shyly. The bubbles fill the bath, and once it is deep enough, Naki turns off the water and strips, climbing into the bath. His mate strips as well, climbing in and settling between his thighs, his twin wrapping his arms around his shoulders. The Pure Beta smiles and hums, leaning back into his twin’s embrace. He rests his forehead in the crook of his mate’s neck, humming softly again.

“I love you, John,” Naki says softly.

“I love you too, Naki,” John replies softly.

The Pure Beta exhales through his nose, closing his eyes.

“Six hours and sixteen time the amount we need, but we finally have our blood vial,” he says quietly, cuddling closer. “We need to send it out soon so the rest of the plan falls into place.”

“Just relax, baby boy,” his mate says softly, tightening his grip slightly. “You have earned it.”

John nods and relaxes into his twin’s embrace, slipping into a light doze. Naki gently kisses his cheek, murmuring softly against his skin.

“Rest now, baby boy,” he murmurs, settling against the tub. “For I shall be watching over you.”

The Pure Alpha rests his cheek against his mate’s forehead, holding him close.

“I will not let anything happen to you,” he breathes. “I promise.”
The twins share a look over the rectangular box of polished wood, their hair still damp from their bath. They are dressed identically, fingers threaded on the table. Before them is the vial of blood and the ring, ready to finish this part of their task.

But they are hesitant to do so.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Naki asks softly, worry and concern in his voice and scent. “Are you sure you want to follow me down this path? You still have a chance to back out, to keep your nose clean, but if you do this, you cannot go back.”

John squeezes his twin’s hand, nodding.

“I know, and I am,” he says softly.

The Pure Alpha nods, parting his hands to pick up the blood vial as his mate picks up the ring. They share one last look before slipping them into the box, closing the lid.

“We cannot go back,” the Pure Beta says quietly, lifting his gaze to his twin’s. “We have crossed the point of no return.”

Naki nods, taking his mate’s hand.

“We cannot go back,” he echoes.

Kirk groans loudly as his communicator goes off, cursing loudly as he reaches over for the infernal device. His Alpha curses as well, pulling his pillow over his head as the blond flips it open, reading the message.

“My meeting with Pike has been moved to 0700 hours,” he groans, closing the communicator and placing in to the bedside table. “And it’s 0347 hours.”

Khan curses creatively in a multitude of languages, his mate flopping back onto the bed. The Captain cuddles closer to his fiancé, enjoying the warmth. The Augment wraps his arms around him, holding him close. They lay there for a bit before sighing softly, sitting up.

“I hate it when we’re woken up early,” the Omega groans, his Alpha grunting in agreement.

Kirk moves to slide off the bed, but his mate has a different plan. The blond squeaks loudly as the Alpha/Beta pulls him into his lap, folding his wings around them. He wraps his arms around his Omega, holding him tightly as he nuzzles the top of his head.

“Noonien!” The Captain squeaks, flushing as his Alpha’s large hands roam over his chest.

The dark haired male rumbles as his fiancée shivers under his touch, brushing the tips of his fingers over his mate’s skin, applying barely any pressure. He can feel his breathing deepen and his heart race in response to his actions, feeling the ghost of his own touch on his skin. He breathes on his Omega’s ear, feeling him shiver in his lap. The Brit smiles and gently licks the shell of the blond’s ear, a soft cry spilling past his fiancée’s lips. Khan rumbles with approval, his hands siding down his mate’s chest to-

The Augment suddenly finds himself on his back, unable to move off the bed by a crushing weight
on his body.

“Not funny,” he growls, unable to fight the telepathic hold the Omega has on him.

“Wasn’t suppose to be,” Kirk replies, glaring at his Alpha. “It’s too early in the fucking morning for this.”

Khan just grunts, sitting up when his mate releases his hold on him. He glares at him in annoyance, his expression softening when his fiancée climbs into his lap, leaning in to kiss him gently. The Brit wraps his arms around his slender waist, holding him close as he folds his massive jet black wings over top of his mate’s smaller golden blond ones. The blond wraps his arms around his mate’s neck, tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss. He does not resist as the father of the child growing inside him gently pushes him down onto the bed, keeping their lips pressed against each other as he slides a hand down his arm, tangling their fingers together. He trails soft kisses down his neck to his mark of claim, lining his teeth up with the impressions, gripping gently as he squeezes their hands. He sucks lightly, careful to not leave a mark on his skin, scraping his teeth over his skin. The dark haired male tips his head to the side, gently clamping his teeth over his mate’s throat, counting the beats of his Omega’s racing heart against his tongue. He removes his mouth from his throat, capturing his lips in a tender kiss as he pulls his mate back into his lap, cupping the back of his head as his other hand rests on the small of his back, the mother of his unborn child wrapping his arms around his pale neck. Their lips part with a soft lip, chuckling as they rub noses.

“Good morning, Noonien,” the Omega says softly.

“Good morning, James,” the Alpha/Beta replies. “Coffee?”

“God yes,” his fiancée moans.

The couple parts and moves to the front half of the apartment, slowly raising the light so the normal human can see just fine at a minimum light level. They begin to prepare breakfast, the Augment cooking their meals as the Captain brews the coffee, their wings brushing against each other. The dark haired male flicks his gaze to his mate occasionally, a smile on his lips as his arctic blue eyes shine. The blond flicks his gaze to his Alpha, his glacial blue eyes meeting his mate’s. They smile softly, a light blush on their cheeks. They stretch their wings, brushing against each other.

“I love you,” Khan says softly.

“I love you too,” Kirk replies.

They finish making breakfast, the Brit plating the food as his fiancée pours and prepares their coffee, knowing just they way his mate likes it. The Augment suddenly begins to laugh, an honest, joyous sound, and the Omega does not have a clue why.

“Mind cluing me in?” He asks, giving his mate a look.

“I would have never thought in my life that I would behave so, boring and-”

His head snaps to the side as his mate strikes him hard across the face, his palm stinging in response. He touches his stinging cheek, turning his gaze to the blond before him. The dark haired male narrows his eyes as his mate gives him a look of hatred, tears streaming down his face.

“How can you say that?” His Omega hisses, his wings flaring. “How can you call our life boring? We’re engaged, and expecting. Do you not want this life? Do you not want me?”
The Alpha/Beta feels something snap inside him, and before he knows it, they are screaming at each other, switching between languages rapidly, sometimes not even speaking the same one. They are making wide, violent, and wild gestures, their wings shifting and flaring violently behind them as they continue to scream, but he is unsure what he is saying exactly. Hot tears steam down his Captain’s face, his young and beautiful face contorted in rage as his eyes flash dangerously, loose objects rattling around the apartment.

The sound of skin-on-skin echoes in the apartment, a soft cry rising up from the blow. Kirk holds his cheek as he grips the counter top, looking up at his Alpha with a look of pure terror, trembling. Khan’s hand strings from striking his mate, all the color drained from his body as his chest constricts tightly, unable to take in any air. He can only watch in horror as a bruise begins to form, the skin beginning to swell.

“James, I—” The Augment begins, reaching out.

The blond is on the other side of the room, loose objects rustling at how fast he had moved, his other arm wrapped protectively around his abdomen. He stares at his fiancé, his breathing harsh and rapid.

“Get out,” he whispers, his voice strangled. “Take your stuff and get out. And don’t come back.”

“James,” the Brit says quietly.

His breakfast is hurled at his head, ducking to avoid being struck violently.

“Get out!” The Omega shrieks, his wings flaring out. “Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out of my apartment and out of my life!”

The Alpha/Beta’s wings fall limp, tears streaming down his face as he backs up, shaking his head.

“James, please,” he pleads.

He ducks as his mate’s set of kitchen knives go flying at his head, embedding themselves in the wall to the hilt. He stares at them before backing into the bedroom as they are mentally pulled out of the wall, all floating at him. He sheaths his wings and begins to pack, his Omega sliding down the wall, arms wrapped tightly around his body. His wings fold around him as tears stream down his face, his body shaking with silent sobs. His mate slips on his coat and boots, casting a longing look at his crying Captain, opening his mouth to speak. He closes it, tears streaming down his face as he picks up his things and exits the apartment, his mate beginning to sob loudly.

Every word his Alpha had screamed at him cut to his bones, salt poured into the wounds. He had promised to never lay a finger on him, but he had just struck him across the face, while he is pregnant with his child no less. How can he trust him around his child if he broke his promise about never harming him? His Perfect Mate?

He can feel his mate’s grief howl through their bond, but he closes his end, refusing to listen. He does not deserve his ear.

His cheek throbs, his skin swelling and turning an ugly shade of purple. The only person who had ever laid a finger on him in anger was Marcus, but his mate loved him to a fault, promising to never harm him.

“And I never will.”
The Captain shoots to his feet, shrieking at the sudden noise. His fiancé sheds his clothes, his wings flaring out as he stares him down.

“I thought I told you to get out,” Kirk snarls, his wings flaring out. “I thought I told you to never come back. Why the fuck are you here?”

“Because I will never leave you,” Khan growls, his fists clenched. “I cannot leave either of you. I love you far too much to do so.”

“Then why the fuck did you do this!?” His Omega shrieks, gesturing to his bruise. “That is not any act of love I know about!”

“I do not know why I did that,” the Alpha/Beta replies, a low rumble in his throat. “I would never strike you. You know this.”

“You just did,” the Captain snarls. “You broke your promise. You lied.”

His fiancé flinches, looking away.

“The engagement is off,” the Omega snarls, tears streaming down his face. “Get the fuck out of my life. And don’t even think about trying to come to the birth, because they’re won’t be one.”

The Augment narrows his eyes, his lips pulling back.

“What do you mean, ‘There will not be one?’” He rumbles.

“I’m not keeping it,” his fiancée snarls. “I’m not going to be an incubator for this, thing, inside me! It’s part you, and you haven’t changed at all. So I know it’s going to grow up with your temper, and it’ll probably start beating the shit out of me like you will!”

He takes a step forward as the dark haired male takes a step back, hands flying up defensively.

“James,” he says quietly, eyes wide.

“Don’t you fucking ‘James’ me!” Kirk snarls, hot tears streaming down his cheeks. “You haven’t changed at all since you became a tyrant. I was clearly desperate for love to bond with you in the first place, but I am a moron to have bonded with you a second time. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me.”

He looks away, tears streaming down his face before speaks again.

“I should have done what I was suppose to do in the first place,” he hisses, his eyes cold as he screams the next bit.

“I should have fired those torpedoes at you like I was suppose to and killed you!”

He claps both hands over his mouth as soon they are uttered, all the color draining from his body as his blood freezes, stiller than a statue. Khan stops breathing, his eyes wide as he stares in horror at his mate, unable to believe what had been uttered. The Omega backs up, stumbling as he falls, barely catching himself in time. He does not pick himself up, tears streaming down his face as he struggles to breathe, trembling. His fiancé is kneeling beside him, holding him in his arms as he begins to wail, clinging desperately to him. He rocks as he holds him, sobbing quietly.

“Why did I say that?” The Captain sobs. “Why the fuck did I say that? Why did you hit me? Why is everything going to shit?”
“I do not know, baby boy,” the Augment whispers, his wings folding around them tightly. “I do not know what is going on.”

He pulls away and looks at his mate’s bruised face, tears flowing faster down his cheeks at the sight of the mark he left.

“I am so sorry, baby boy,” he whispers, his voice strangled. “I would never hit you, I would never lay a finger on you, but I am terrified that I did, for I do not know why I did.”

He lightly touches the bruise, jerking his hand back as the blond whimpered softly.

“Let us fix that bruise, love,” he says softly, carrying his Captain to the bathroom.

He pulls out the med kit, pulling out the regenerator to fix the bruise he caused. He holds his Omega’s chin, gently running the regenerator over his cheek, watching the bruise heal.

“Why is our life boring?” Kirk asks quietly, his eyes closed.

His Alpha hesitates, pausing in his healing.

“Compared to my life as a tyrant, this life is boring,” he says quietly. “And I want nothing more than to have this one. To have the white picket fence, cookie cutter life that I despised as a tyrant, the one that is everyone’s dream. There is nothing I will not do to have, and keep, this life.”

He places the regenerator on the sink, taking his fiancée’s healed face in his large hands, stroking his cheeks.

“There is nothing I will not do to keep you,” he says quietly.

The dark haired male rests their foreheads against each other, tears streaming down their faces. He presses their lips together, kissing softly.

“I know I hurt you,” he says, barely audible. “But I never want to do so, in any way. I know I can never make it up to you, but is there any way I can?”

“Two things,” the blond says quietly. “One, do you promise to never harm this child in carry?”

“Never,” his Alpha whispers. “I will never harm them.”

He places a hand on his flat abdomen, curling his fingers in possession.

“Two, flowers, chocolate, and make-up sex,” the Captain rattles off.

The Brit chuckles softly, smiling as he nuzzles his Omega’s cheeks.

“I will have the first two done before you return, my love,” he murmurs, scooping up his Captain. “But the sex I can do now, if that is what you would like.”

“Not sex,” the Omega replies. “Don’t have sex with me. Make love to me. And it better be good, and gentle. Tender, and gentle.”

“When I am ever not?” The Alpha/Beta retorts, smiling softly as he heads into the bedroom.
Holy crap I am a dick. I'm so sorry for not posting a month but school made me it's b!tch, and I couldn't find the time to type this. I finally got time to type it with one of my classes having ended, so I could type this the way I wanted to write it. Long chapter is 17 pages and nearly 10,000 words, but this is the way I wanted it to happen. And I'm ending on a cliff hanger, so I guess I'm a double dick. I really will try to keep a regular posting schedule, but I don't know if I can now that I'm in the second semester. But spring break is coming up, so I should have the time.

Have fun reading!!

Kirk exhales softly through his nose as he listens to his Alpha’s heart beat steadily beneath his ear, tracing patterns on his pale chest. He is curled up against his side, his wings folded against his back as his body thrums, silent as he thinks. Khan stares up at the ceiling, his arm wrapped around his mate’s slender waist as he rubs his prominent hipbone, his own thoughts whirling. The sheet is up to their chests, as the Augment’s large wings are folded against his back, not wanting to invade his Captain’s personal space anymore than he has. The blond shifts slightly, exhaling once again as he thinks, closing his eyes.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers, digging his fingers into his pale, muscular chest.

“James,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, rubbing his side as tears splash onto this chest.

“I’m sorry for hitting you,” his fiancée whispers, squeezing his eyes shut. “I don’t know why I did that. But I, I was just, I was just so angry. I didn’t have any reason to be, but I just was. And then I was just irrationally distraught. And then angry.”

The Brit begins to laugh, causing the Omega to sit up, startled.

“What’s so funny?” He asks, worried.

The dark haired male sits up, leaning back on his elbows as he smiles, his eyes crinkling around the corners.

“James, you are hormonal,” he laughs. “You are hormonal because you are pregnant. And what is the most common side effect of pregnancy?”

“Morning sickness?” His Omega asks.

“Mood swings,” his fiancé replies, completely sitting up. “You suffered from mood swings. We suffered from mood swings.”

Kirk’s hands fly to his flat abdomen, full lips parted in shock.

“Mood swings?” He asks, glacial blue eyes wide. “That’s it? No evil force or something like that? Just my biology working against me?”

“That is all, love,” Khan replies, taking his Omega’s face in his large hands, his arctic blue eyes
sparkling. “Just your biology.”

He leans in and kisses him softly, stroking his cheeks as he parts their lips. The blond hums softly, threading his fingers into the silk-like strands, letting his mate take the lead as he is gently tugged into his lap. His hands cup the back of his golden blond head and rest on the small of his back, holding him tight against his muscular body as arms slide around his pale neck, tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss. The Omega shivers as the hands brush over his body, goose flesh rising on his skin as his breathing deepens.

“Noonien,” he breathes.

“How much time do we have?” The Alpha/Beta rumbles, nipping at his lips. “Correction, what time is it?”

“0439 hours,” his Captain replies. “What did you have in mind?”

The Augment rumbles loudly, pinning his mate to the bed as his instincts take over, his mate reciprocating his acts.

Kirk groans softly as he stretches, his body sore and aching, but in a good way. He smiles at his sleeping Alpha, his body thrumming pleasantly. He sits up and watches him sleep, wincing at the pain that flares up from the action. He grimaces at the mess they created, using the soiled sheet to wipe away the fluid on the inside of his upper thighs, knowing that there is much more out of sight. He glances at the Brit sleeping beside him before slipping out of bed, padding quietly to the bathroom to clean himself thoroughly, inside and out. He closes his eyes and tips his head up into the spray, feeling the water roll down his body, a soft smile gracing his lips. He begins to gently clean himself, his skin still highly sensitive to the touch, but he makes sure that he does not miss any skin.

He turns off the water and towels himself dry, stepping out into the bedroom to find the Augment sitting up, a look of relief on his face once his eyes fall on him. A soft smile graces his face, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he swings his legs off the bed, rising to his feet. He crosses the short distance to take the blond’s face in his hands, pressing their lips together.

“And how did I do?” Khan murmurs against his lips, stroking his Captain’s damp golden blond hair.

“That was an act worthy of a sex god,” he murmurs back, smiling. “Or sex machine. Take your pick.”

The Alpha/Beta rumbles softly, tugging on his mate’s towel so it slips out of his grasp, pressing their bodies flush against each other. He tips his head to the side as he claims his lips, cradling his jaw as their lips work hungrily against each other, tongues, lips, and teeth expertly used. The Omega clings to his broad shoulders, nails digging into his pale skin before squeaking as he is suddenly swept off his feet.

“Noonien!” He squeaks, clinging to his Alpha’s neck for support. “Don’t do that!”

The dark haired male chuckles, placing his fiancée carefully on the bed, gasping as he suddenly finds himself on his back, lips parted in shock. The blond takes advantage of the situation, slipping his tongue into his mouth as he claims his lips. He squeaks again as he is flipped onto his back, his cheeks flush as the Brit smirks down at him, eyes locked. The Captain moans softly as he is kissed
heavily, wrists locking behind his fiancé’s pale neck as he slips between his legs. He gently pushes at his mate’s broad shoulders, trying to get him off.

“What is it, love?” Khan asks, brows furrowed with confusion as he looks down at the man beneath him.

“I have to get up or I’ll be late,” Kirk replies urgently, pushing again. “And I really don’t want to have things fucked up more than they already are.”

He tries to get up again, and his mate allows him to, sitting on his heels as he watches. The blond slips off the bed as he sheathes his wings, moving to his closet to don his gray dress uniform, standing before his full-length mirror. He feels uncomfortable in the stiff dress uniform, hating having to dress so formal. It may not be the handspun spider silk gowns and fine gold, silver, and platinum jewelry with precious stones he wore in his reality, but it is no different. It is still the same dog and pony show, no matter what window dressings are put on.

Strong, pale, muscular arms wrap around his slender waist, accented by the tailored uniform, kissing his neck. The Augment tightens his arms around him, his wings folding around them, concealing them from the world. He nuzzles his golden blond hair, murmuring softly in Hindi as he rubs his flat abdomen.

“I know you hate this more than anything,” he murmurs. “But you need to play your part. I will wait for you to return.”

“But you said that-” The Captain begins.

“For now, it does not matter,” his Alpha replies, leaning in to his mate’s ear.

He pauses, his senses on high alert before speaking softly and low, barely audible.

“Can he be trusted?” He asks in Hindi. “Can he be trusted with the truth about the nature of our relationship, both in our reality and this one? About me?”

Kirk hesitates, his mind in overdrive as he strokes the large pale hands on his abdomen, looking at his mate’s face in the mirror.

“I, I don’t know,” he replies, timid. “I don’t know if he can be. I don’t know if I should have let my crew know about us, if I should have repeated history again. It kills me to say it, but maybe, maybe I should have let the volcano erupt. I’m not sure about anything anymore.”

“James,” Khan says softly. “Can you look at me, love?”

The Omega turns around in fiancé’s arms, tipping his head to look into his eyes.

“Promise me that you will stay safe,” he breathes, resting his forehead against his mate’s. “Promise me that you will not do anything to put yourself in danger, you, or the baby.”

He places a large hand on his flat abdomen, slipping through their bond.

“The thought of losing you before I have had the chance to bring our child into this world,” he says softly.

He does not continue, his Omega understanding what he does not utter. He places his hand over his Alpha’s, threading their fingers together. The blond nuzzles hismate’s face gently, kissing him softly.
“I’ll stay out of trouble,” he says quietly. “But we both know what this meeting is about. I was stupid to repeat history, but I couldn’t let them die. I couldn’t let them die.”

“I know,” the Augment replies. “But I shall have your flowers and chocolate when you come home. As well as your lunch surprise.”

“My lunch surprise?” Kirk asks, curious.

Khan just smiles, his mind closed off. The Captain frowns, but does not press further. He plants a soft kiss on the tip of his Alpha’s nose, turning to head out the door, but his fiancé wraps his fingers around his wrist before he gets too far, tugging him back. The blond turns back to his mate, letting him pull him into a tight embrace to kiss him softly. His hands rest on his bare, muscular chest, palms flat against his warm skin as his large hands cup the back of his head and rest on the small of his back, holding him tight as his massive wings fold around them, enclosing them in their own private universe. Their lips work against each other, gentle and tender, fingers curling lightly in possession against their mate’s skin. The Omega cups his fiancé’s cheeks, stroking his razor sharp cheekbones before locking his wrists behind his neck, pressing closer. They part with a soft plop, the older of the pair falling to his knees to take his Captain’s prominent hips in his hands, pressing his lips to his flat abdomen. He slips through their bond to feel the life growing beneath his lips, stroking gently as his hair is toyed with.

“Noonien,” Kirk urges quietly, looking down with longing.

Khan looks up at his mate before rising to his feet, planting a soft kiss on his lips before letting him out of their cocoon, casting one last glance backward before slipping out of the apartment, leaving his mate alone. The Augment exhales softly through his nose, glancing out the window at the city, his thoughts whirling. His wings shift against his back as he gazes out, his emotions conflicting as his mind processes the recent events. He smiles softly and shakes his head, chuckling as he looks back at their irrational outburst with amusement.

“Hormones,” he says quietly. “Who would have thought?”

He heads into the kitchen to clean up what had been his untouched breakfast, picking up the broken plate pieces and the tiny slivers, hissing as he cuts himself. He dumps the pieces in the trash, washing the blood off his fingers before setting to work on scraping the food off the wall and picking it off the ground, sighing at the waste of food. He tosses his food and polishes off his mate’s, proceeding to work on the dishes.

Khan pauses in his work, putting down the dish and turning off the water, resting his hands on the edge of the sink as he stares into its depths. His mate has hit him before, in a variety of situations, but they both know that the Omega could not seriously injure him if he wanted to. He has never struck anybody he cared about, unless they were his siblings during sparring. Not even when his fiancée would attack him during their sparring sessions during their five-year mission would he land a direct blow onto his body, always giving full intent and power, but pulling back his strikes to lightly tap him in the area where he would have hit. The Captain never pulled his punches or grabs, knowing his mate could take it and work away his stress by hitting something that fought back. The sessions usually ended with a highly inappropriate snogging session on the floor of the gym, getting yelled at, and then a high cardio activity in a completely different and still inappropriate location. The crew looked the other way, all knowing the trauma that their Captain had suffered, and just one look at the way the pair looked at each other was enough to keep any new crew member that caught them to stay silent.

Everyone could see that they were madly in love with each other, and the crew seemed to follow the unsaid rule of, “If it does not interfere with their duties, we will not say a word.”
The hairs on the back of his neck stand on end, causing the Augment to whirl around, scanning the apartment for any sign of an intruder. He uses all of his senses to search for the intruder, but he quickly calms down when he realizes that it was just the air conditioning turning on. He shakes his head as he turns back to his dishes, humming softly to himself before pausing, turning back around.

“Air conditioning?” He asks quietly. “This early in the year?”

He looks around, wondering about all the strange things that have been happening, something nagging at the back of his mind. He then feels a presence on the edge of his senses, trying to narrow in on it, but it dances out of his reach. The Brit cannot tell if it is good or evil, but for now, it does not appear to want to harm him. He begins to worry that the being heard their conversation, deeply concerned for his mate. He strains all his senses, more the five, the exact number he is unsure of, but he still cannot identify the presence before it quickly vanishes. His wings bristle with agitation, his senses on high alert in case the being comes back.

The Alpha/Beta turns around, his wings shifting, on edge. He searches the apartment in vain, hoping, praying, to be able to sense something with his five senses, anything that could help identify the being. He can see the variations in thickness of the paint on the walls, see the air currents in the room, hear the couple having an argument down the hall, and smell the cadet burning his coffee two floors below him. He can still taste his mate as if he is still kissing him, still feel the touch of his skin on his.

But he cannot detect anything about the being that was with him.

“Stay safe, James,” he whispers.

Kirk looks out the window as the cab takes him to Starfleet Headquarters, playing with his cap residing in his lap.

His mind keeps flashing back to the fight he and his mate had just gotten into, worrying his lower lips with his teeth.

He and Khan had gotten into fights before, small lovers’ quarrels that they quickly apologized after, the spat forgotten after they made up in a high cardio activity. But this one felt different than their previous fights, and not just because of his mood swings caused by his pregnancy. Since they cannot lie to each other, anything they say in the heat of an argument they absolutely mean, and more often than not, their words cut deep. He knows that his mate has an incredibly short temper, but never once has that temper been turned on him, let alone full force. He knows that even his own temper is far more volatile, especially for a Pure Omega, and can give a tongue lashing that is more violent than any physical one. But the things they said to each other, he wishes he could take it all back, to say that he did not mean it at all, that he did not think those thoughts, but that would be a lie.

And he cannot lie to his mate.

The words his Alpha had said to him in their mood swing induced rage cut deep, scoring his bones, still stinging as salt was poured into the wounds, causing them to burn with a pain he has never felt before.

The Captain’s mind also flashes back to the conversation they had the day before, remembering how scared Khan had been. He had sensed that there is something different about this reality since the moment his fiancé touched down on Earth, a day before they coupled and claimed each other
for the second time. In fact, he had felt that something was off for as long as he could remember, and it was not the fact that humans had only two genders. He could never place his finger on what was wrong, but the fact that his mate could leave and meet him so easily had only added to his suspicions, something that has been nagging at him since the day it happened.

He can remember it clearly, sitting in his apartment alone, drinking a cup of coffee, reading some cheap, trashy Omega/Alpha pornographic romance novel, when someone had pounded on his door. He had been startled out of his private universe, dropping his book in his rush to let the person inside once he had read their mind.

Khan had been drenched, shivering and cold, but he had the widest grin on his face the moment his eyes landed on the blond, claiming his lips in a kiss that had Kirk on the verge of shoving the Augment to the floor and riding him until they both passed out. But he had not, letting his guest enjoy the luxury of a hot shower while he had prepared a late lunch to share with his soon-to-be mate, half tempted to join him in the shower. When the Alpha/Beta had emerged from the shower, he had discovered the book the Omega had been reading, highly amused by his choice of genre, teasing him by suggesting even filthier novels for his enjoyment. They had enjoyed their meal together, knowing that they had twelve hours before they could not indulge themselves in the luxury again, losing their minds for seventy-two hours due to the pheromones produced by an unbonded Omega, made worse by Kirk’s Pure Blood lineage.

After cleaning up the table, they had sat down in the Captain’s living room and just talked, the conversation drifting from subject to subject, not really caring about what the topic was, just enjoying their last few precious moments of clarity. They had cuddled and shared their first kiss together, and definitely not their last, their second quickly becoming a heated make out session that had them clutching at each other, desperate for more. Despite the overwhelming urge to submit to his baser instincts and ravish his future Omega on the couch right then and there, the Brit had carried him into the bedroom and made love to him, not only making his first time unforgettable, but their first time together something they would remember for as long as they lived.

Kirk can remember being violently started awake when his body, deciding that since a highly compatible Alpha was in extremely close proximity, went into full-blown pyresus without any warning, leaving him writhing on the bed. The raging inferno had consumed him from the inside out, his natural lubrication gushing out of him, soaking the sheets. Khan was suddenly above him, a wild, uncontrolled, primal expression contorting his features, fully erect and his knot completely engorged. Their coupling had been violent and rough, the scorching flames burning away his sanity as the ice clawed at his insides with each brutal thrust, the Augment leaving clearly defined finger-shaped bruises all over his body. He had been wild, uncontrolled, savage, and brutal as he claimed the Omega, but he also responded in kind, drawing blood as they mated.

Once the seventy-two hours were up, the pheromone fog cleared from their minds, the newly bonded couple had been exhausted, battered, bruised, aching, but completely satisfied and happy. They had cuddled and kissed, bathing in the luxury of the smear of endorphins left in the wake of their shared pyresus, their new bond beginning to solidify the connection between them. The blond had been disappointed when his new, but old, Alpha only stayed for a few hours after his Heat ended, knowing that he had stayed as long as he could before he had to return to the Io Facility. The Alpha/Beta had closed their bond to keep him safe, not daring to open it for fear of someone listening in to his thoughts and expose his relationship to the Captain. He had returned to his Omega for five days every three months, but not once did he mention anything he had done in the time between their meetings. When his mate had inquired about the topic, the dark haired male had promptly told him to drop the subject and not bring it up again, but now, the pieces are falling into place.
The only thing that did not make sense is what happened between their third shared Heat and now, as Kirk is being blocked from that time period. He could not understand why his mate did not trust him enough to keep his mind completely open, blocking him from his memories. In actuality, there are a lot of questions that he cannot find answers to, too many to be reassuring.

The Captain exhales softly through his nose, turning to look out the window of his cab at the passing scenery, the Golden Gate Bridge rising into view. He watches the fog roll in from the cold Pacific, wishing he could spread his wings and soar high above San Francisco, feel the wind on his face and the sun on his back. He always thought that the antique bridge was beautiful, even though it is over thirty-two decades old, no matter how advanced humanity became. He smiles softly, but it does not reach his eyes, his cheek throbbing slightly from the lingering ache of being struck. The blond touches his cheek, memories he had locked away for forever breaking out to resurface violently, squeezing his eyes tightly shut as he is forced to relive his past, fighting back tears. He hates the fact that he is broken, questioning on how he is still sane from his life in the palace, let alone the childhood he suffered in this reality. He knows that his fiancé had a horrible upbringing, twice, and knows that he is broken in different ways than him.

The Omega suddenly has doubts that they could be good parents, remembering the words his mate had screamed at him, questioning how he could ever be a good mother to the child growing in his womb. His heart aches from the words they had violently exchanged, wishing that there is some way to wipe the slate clean, to not be able to remember what they had said, to not be able to feel how deep the cuts are. He places a hand on his flat abdomen, fingers curling slightly as he rests his forehead on the window, exhaling softly. He does not know if the thousand cuts that have been delivered upon him will ever heal, or would ever stop burning. Sunlight streams through the clouds, bathing San Francisco in light, something that he seems to lack in his life.

‘James?’ Khan asks, sounding uncertain, for once.

‘Yes?’ Kirk replies, opening his eyes.

‘I love you,’ he thinks softly. ‘I will never stop loving you. I would rather die a thousand gruesome deaths than ever stop loving you.’

‘Why are you telling me this?’ The blond asks, worried. ‘Is something wrong?’

‘A lot of things are wrong,’ the Augment thinks. ‘I would not know where to begin to list all the things that are wrong. But that is not the point. There was something in our apartment, but whatever it was, it is gone now. I could not tell what it was, nor what its purpose for being there.’

‘It scared you, didn’t it?’ The Omega asks, sitting up straight.

‘To the core,’ his fiancé replies. ‘Please be safe. For both your sakes.’

‘I will,’ the Captain promises.

‘And James?’ The Alpha/Beta asks.

‘Yes?’ His Omega asks.

‘I cannot even begin to tell you how sorry I am,’ the dark haired male thinks softly. ‘My actions are unforgivable, and I do not expect to ever be able to make it up to you for them.’

‘The fact that you are so apologetic helps your case,’ his fiancée replies. ‘The old Khan Noonien Singh would have never apologized. I think.’
His mate laughs softly, the sound bringing a smile to his lips.

‘He would not have,’ he replies. ‘And that is why the new me is better. In every way.’

Kirk chuckles softly, earning a look from the cabbie.

‘I wouldn’t know,’ he thinks. ‘I didn’t meet the old you, and your memories don’t count. After all, they are biased.’

‘I would have to agree with that,’ Khan replies, his tone turning solemn. ‘The past is something that should be left alone. Especially mine.’

‘I do-sushi?’ The Omega asks. ‘My lunch surprise is sushi?’

‘You have been craving fish for some reason,’ the Alpha/Beta teases, his tone light once more. ‘And for some odd reason, you are aroused by my knife skills.’

‘Shut up,’ his fiancée snaps, a light blush on his cheeks.

‘Not a chance,’ the Brit laughs before turning serious. ‘James, please return home safely. If something were to happen to you…’

‘I won’t let anything happen to me,’ the Captain replies, slipping on his cap as he steps out of the cab. ‘I promise.’

Spock is waiting for him as he exits the cab, dressed in his own gray dress uniform, his cap placed on his head with the precision only a Vulcan can manage.

“Our meeting has been pushed back to 0815 hours,” the Vulcan states matter-of-factly. “We currently-”

The First Officer cuts himself off when his Captain shoots him a look, closing his mouth. The Omega tips his head up into the sun, fighting the urge to spread his wings and soak up the warmth. He always preferred perpetual summer to the seasons, his mate teasing him due to the fact that he is made of sun, needing more to survive. The Alpha/Beta, on the other hand, preferred the cold, having experienced very little of it before he sealed himself in his cryotube. He found the cold exhilarating, making him feel alive after the oppressing heat of India. He did admit that the heat had its uses, mostly involving the lack of clothing on his Captain and semi-public sex, and sometimes a cold beverage or food item. Both know that they are polar opposites in some ways, and even though they share a consciousness, it is always an adventure to find out something about their mate, share new experiences, and even old ones.

The blond closes his eyes as a soft smile curls on his lips, basking in the warmth of the sun. The Vulcan studies him for a moment before observing the lower-ranking personnel and civilian visitors, noting their reactions. The women are staring at him as if he is a feast, as are the men, and a few non-human species who find humans intriguing.

Spock is surprised that a fellow Vulcan is staring at his Captain lustfully, until he catches himself and reigns in his emotions, quickly hurrying to his destination. He does not see the appeal in the blond, but it puzzles him on what others find a desirable quality. Kirk’s smile widens at his First Officer’s thoughts, ignoring the lustful, and even disturbing, thoughts of those around him.

“Coffee?” The Captain asks, glancing at his First Officer. “My treat.”

Spock debates, but nods eventually, earning a soft smile. The blond leads the way to a café, a few
Officer there already, as it is close by to Starfleet Headquarters. They step out of the way as an
Admiral races out of the shop, coffee in one hand, a stack of files in the other, and what looks like
some sort of pastry in her mouth. The two share a look before heading inside, removing their caps
as they wait in line. The Omega attempts to brush off the lustful looks he is receiving, his Pure
Omega nature kicking into high gear.

His fiancé would give him a look like the ones he is receiving now when they were on their five-
year mission, but unlike those around him, he would never even think of leaving a bruise on him,
cherishing him as if were a fragile and delicate newborn. Outside of his pyresus, the Augment
would always be gentle with him, even when he had him pinned in a small side storage area in one
of the corridors, praying that they would not be caught. On their shore leave, the first few hours
were always dedicated to a slow, tender, but intense carnal activity that had him riding the high for
days. It was almost a ritual, and their crew quickly learned to not disturb them until they emerged
from their room on their own, not wanting to face the wrath of a frustrated Alpha, let alone an
Augmented one. The blond was always thankful for his mate’s almost limitless stamina, and
eagerness to bring him to heights he did not think was physically possible to achieve, more
interested in his pleasing his Captain than give a thought about his own pleasure. The Brit would
whisper things in his ear that he would dare not utter out loud, not just because they were
inappropriate to be used outside of the bedroom, but because they were declarations of how he felt
towards his Omega, leaving him so exposed and vulnerable, worried about his pride. It had taken
him awhile before he could tell him that he loved him out loud, but he quickly learned that his
mate’s reaction to his words far outweighed the amount he exposed himself to by admitting it,
enjoying every moment of it.

Kirk fights to keep his blush at bay as he feels the phantom movements of his wings folding around
him, attempting to shield him from the world. He feels Khan wrapping his arms around his slender
waist, his wings folding around him. The Omega glances over his shoulder to see a translucent
image of his mate behind him, realizing that he has mastered the ability of Astral Projection when
it took him two years to do so.

“Show off,” Kirk mutters under his breath, earning a huff of laughter from his fiancé.

‘Just better,’ he murmers, nuzzling his neck tenderly.

‘I’m gonna kick your ass when I get home,’ the blond growls, annoyed.

‘I would like to see you try,’ the Augment replies, gently kissing his mark.

‘Put some clothes on,’ the Captain orders.

He feels his Alpha’s presence vanish, when a sudden realization hits him.

‘Were Omegas working on the Io Facility?’ He asks.

‘I believe so,’ the Brit replies. ‘Why?’

‘The presence you felt might have been an Omega doing Astral Projection,’ the Omega explains.
‘And the extent of Astral Projection is practically limitless, as there is no physical body to drain
energy. It is all mental, and an Omega’s mental abilities are hindered by their blood’s purity and
length of bloodline.’

‘Fuck,’ the Alpha/Beta swears. ‘That means that someone from Section 31 could be alerting
Marcus as we speak.’
‘Possibly,’ Kirk replies. ‘But Marcus is on Earth and within a thousand miles of me, so I highly
doubt that if he learned about you being here and bonded to me that it wouldn’t be the foremost
thought on his mind. He’s too busy thinking about bending his hot blonde secretary over his desk
and fucking her senseless to focus on his work.’

‘I hate the fact that you know that,’ Khan mutters.

‘Are you still naked?’ The Captain asks.

‘I get the message,’ the Brit sighs.

The Omega orders his coffee and pastry, picking up quickly before he heads to an open table,
Spock in tow with his tea. The blond is getting a kick out of his First Officer’s thoughts as he tries
to figure out why people are looking at him as if he is a feast, much to his Alpha’s annoyance, and
his embarrassment. He flicks his gaze to the empty chair to his right with his arms crossed over his chest, sulking, pouting, and
scowling at the same time, a smile curling on his lips. He gets a funny look from Spock as he sits
down at the table, but he ignores it to sip his cappuccino, enjoying the coffee, milk, caramel, and
whipped cream. His training as the Empress comes into play, his back straight as he drinks, the
Vulcan blinking in surprise at how formal and proper his Captain has just become, while his Alpha
continues to sulk.

‘What is it with you sweets?’ Khan thinks, eyeing his Omega’s drink with annoyance. ‘It seems
that you love sweets more than me, sometimes.’

‘What’s my gender?’ Kirk asks, hiding his smile as he drinks.

‘I know that Omegas prefer sweets like women prefer chocolate,’ the Augment snaps. ‘But you
seem to have a larger sweet tooth than any other Omega.’

‘One, I have the purist blood of all Omegas,’ the Captain thinks, smiling. ‘Two, I’m pregnant, with
your child. Don’t you make that face at me!’

The Alpha/Beta gives Bitch Face, causing him to choke on his beverage.

“Captain,” Spock asks worriedly.

“I’m good,” he says, clearing his throat. ‘Don’t fucking do that!’

Khan stands up and wraps his arms around the mother of his unborn child, his wings folding
around him. He kisses his cheek before sitting back down, having finally stopped pouting,
sulking, and scowling. He watches his mate eat his pastry, a chocolate filled croissant to be exact,
his wings fluttering against his back as he smiles softly. He rests his chin in his hand, his other
reaching out to stroke his cheek gently.

‘You are so beautiful,’ he thinks softly. ‘And all mine. Just as I am yours.’

‘That you are,’ his fiancée thinks back, a blush creeping across his cheeks, no matter how hard he
tries to suppress it. ‘And I could never love you more than sweets. No matter how good the sweet
is. And I’ve had Romulan chocolate.’

‘Alas,’ the Brit sighs. ‘I could not see you enjoy it. Or enjoy it off your body.’
He rumbles softly, leaning over the table to gently nibble on his neck, his Omega fighting to not show a reaction. He nuzzles his neck, purring softly as he rises to stand behind him, wrapping his arms around him before pressing their cheeks together. He rumbles again, his wings fluttering happily as he holds onto the blond. He glares at a Lieutenant licking his lips as he rakes his eyes all over his Captain, his thoughts not appropriate for anyone.

The Omega fights to not show a reaction as the Lieutenant’s cap suddenly goes flying off his head, leaving him bewildered and baffled as he tries to figures out how his cap suddenly went airborne. The Augment sits back down, scowling at the man searching for his cap.

‘You shouldn’t torture the corporeal,’ the Captain thinks, sipping his cappuccino as he nibbles on his croissant. ‘But he kinda deserved it.’

‘I know he did,’ the Brit growls, glaring. ‘He should not have those thoughts about any person, least of all my pregnant mate.’

‘But you really shouldn’t use your powers for evil,’ Kirk thinks, nodding when his First Officer suggests they should head back to Starfleet Headquarters.

‘Can anyone see me?’ Khan asks, following his fiancée out of the café, looking around.

‘I’m the only one that can see you clearly,’ the Omega replies, donning his cap. ‘Otherwise only Omegas can sense you, and bonded Alphas, consistently. It’s considered rude for an Omega to do Astral Projection, as most of the population is unaware if an Omega uses that ability. Though, some Betas, Alphas, and chimeras are more sensitive to the fluctuations of the electrical field caused by Astral Projection, but very rarely are they able to figure out what caused the hairs on the back of their necks to stand up on end. Humans can’t understand our abilities, which is why we keep them a secret.’

‘Good to know,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks back.

As the corporeal pair walk across the sunlight bathed grounds of Starfleet Headquarters, the blond does his best to come off as if his ego is being stroked, much to his fiancé’s amusement, as he is being stared at. What he really wants to do is flee with his tail between his legs and not pretend to be the hot shot, arrogant, cocky, youngest-Captain-in-the-fleet-or-possibly-ever person everyone believes him to be.

And not be stared at as if everyone is starving and he is an all-you-can-eat buffet.

Khan curses mentally, standing beside his mate so he can wrap a wing around him, shielding him from the stares.

The Brit knows that nearly all Pure Omegas are introverts, shy, modest, easily flustered, easily embarrassed, among other things. Once in a while, they could be outgoing, as the dark haired male has seen in his mate occasionally, but most of the time, his Omega hid behind him at social gatherings.

Kirk shoots his Alpha a grateful look, discretely of course, touching the backs of their hands together. The Augment smiles down at his fiancée, kissing his temple tenderly. Spock observes his Captain, slightly baffled by his behavior.

“This is it,” Kirk says, smiling. “I can feel it. Can’t you, Spock?”

“Your ‘feeling’ aside,” the Vulcan replies. “I consider it highly unlikely that we will be selected for the new program.”
The Omega feigns hurt, causing his Alpha to roll his eyes.

“Why else would Pike want to see us?” Kirk asks.

‘To nail your arse to a wall,’ Khan thinks.

“Forget about seniority,” the Captain continues, ignoring his mate. “This isn’t about procedure. It all adds up. Consider: They gave us the newest ship in the fleet. Who’s better prepared or better equipped?”

“I can think of numerous possibilities,” the Science Officer replies without hesitation.

‘As can I,’ the Alpha/Beta comments. ‘You in another year.’

The blond looks to the sky, smiling softly as his fiancé wraps an arm around his slender waist, holding him close.

“A five-year mission,” he murmurs, smiling. “Five years! Just think about what that would be like. No proscribed patrol responsibilities, no spending months and months on standard maneuvers. Five years doing nothing but exploring deep space. An extended mission devoted to science and discovery. We could really get out there.”

And no one could hear you scream as I toy with your ears for hours, maybe even days,’ Khan purrs.

Kirk lowers his gaze to his First Officer, smiling as he has plans forming in his mind to strangle his Alpha, much to his horror.

“As a Science Officer, I can’t imagine anything that would be more appealing to you,” he says, his eyes flashing impishly.

“In that opinion, I most heartily concur,” the Vulcan says, oblivious to his Captain’s expression, much to the Alpha/Beta’s disbelief. “However, I estimate the odds of our being chosen for the project at less than three-point-two percent.”

The Captain eyes Spock, shaking his head in disbelief, murder still on his mind.

‘How does four dozen roses sound?’ The Augment asks, trying to placate his mate.

“So you’re saying that the odds of our being chosen are more than three-point-one percent?” The Omega asks sarcastically.

“Obviously,” the First Officer replies, oblivious to his Captain’s teasing.

‘Is he serious?’ The Brit gapes, floored.

“Where do you even get those numbers?” The blond asks for his Alpha. “We are for certain getting chosen. Why wouldn’t we? Don’t be such a pessimist, Spock.”

‘Look in the mirror,’ Khan thinks, earning a mental elbow-to-the-gut. ‘What is with you today?’

‘My mood swings started,’ Kirk snaps.

The Vulcan looks at his Captain as they turn a corner on the open quad, wondering why he is just slightly off.
“Realistic and considered analysis of a given situation is not pessimism,” Spock replies matter-of-factly. “It is reality. My life is firmly grounded in reality. Something of which I believe yours could do with a more frequent injection.”

‘He really does not know how grounded you actually are,’ the dark haired male muses.

The blond glares at his mate for a split second, only noticeable if you were paying close attention, before shaking his head sadly.

“Shoot me if I prefer excitement and happiness over stability,” he sighs.

‘That could possibly be mood swings,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks.

‘One more word, I swear to God,’ his fiancée snarls.

‘I love you, James,’ the Brit thinks, placating his mate with a tender kiss to his temple.

One of the Vulcan’s slanted eyebrows rises as they approach the building housing their destination, passing by a group of female Officers.

“I find more than adequate happiness in a firm appreciation of reality,” he says. “As for excitement, in my capacity as your Science Officer, I experience a surfeit of that particular quality without having to seek it out. I would venture to go so far as to say I experience it to excess.”

‘And what, if I may inquire, did you do when I was not around?’ The Augment inquires, eyeing his Omega with suspicion.

‘Fighting aliens, saving the universe,’ he replies. ‘The usual.’

The dark haired male rolls his eyes, exhaling loudly through his nose.

‘Never use sarcasm against its owner,’ he thinks.

‘That wasn’t sarcasm,’ is the reply.

“Ah, yes,” the Captain murmurs. “Moderation in all things. How typically Vulcan.”

“It would not hurt you to try it,” Spock shot back, in a Vulcan way. “It might even benefit your captaincy.”

Kirk straightens himself, switching from shy Omega to the Empress of Earth in a heartbeat, something that takes his Alpha’s breath away.

Khan knows that his fiancée was born and trained to rule humanity, as his ancestors had been, for his entire lifespan. Born into the oldest and purest bloodline of Neo Homo sapiens sapiens, he is the head of every bloodline, no matter what gender the bloodline was, but he never acted like it. He has a natural air of authority around him due to being a Captain, but during the moments when his bloodline’s true nature shone through…

The Alpha/Beta can not only feel, but see the change that his mate causes by his presence in ways that humans cannot. He can see his abilities change the way the energy around him flows, as well as feel the electricity crackle over his skin, despite being a projection. The Augment had always wondered how shy, meek Pure Omegas could hold so much power over the other genders, right up until he was falling over himself to obey the Empress’ wishes.

Just as every other gender does.
The dark haired male had observed in their reality this event that occurred with Pure Omegas, and had understood why their Alphas and family members fought to protect the purity they radiated. They are highly sensitive and timid, especially Pure Omega males, and the authoritative side of them came out once in a blue moon. When that side did come out, every other gender scrambled to obey them, even Alpha elitists who despised the fact that Omegas held all the power. In fact, they are the ones who went out of their way to appease the ones they loathed.

But for some reason, Alphas bonded to Pure Omegas could resist the urge to obey, but only if the Pure Omega’s bloodline was shorter than the Omega they were bonded to.

Except if you happened to be a chimera and bonded to the Empress of Earth.

“All right, I will,” Kirk says.

Khan blinks rapidly as he is jerked out of his thoughts, quickening his pace to catch up to his corporeal mate, a smile tugging on his lips.

Spock blinks, genuinely surprised at his Captain’s words.

“You will?” He asks, stunned.

“Absolutely,” the Captain replies as they approach the doors of the building. “We’re here. When Pike tells us we’ve been selected for the mission, I promise to exercise moderation by saying ‘I told you so’ only one time. Per day. For no more than several weeks, whose absolute number shall remain indeterminate until you express contrition.”

Kirk pauses when they enter the building, shaking his head as he takes off his cap. He heads towards the stairs, his First Officer right beside him, his fiancé on the other side. Khan is laughing at his mate’s words, knowing that his Omega is both modest and humble, and did not mean what he said. He brushes the back of his hand against his fiancée’s, worried when he pulls away just slightly.

The blond is clearly shaken by something, and a quick scan of the minds around them tell the dark haired male all he needs.

‘I will not let him hurt you,’ the Augment promises. ‘With my last dying breath, I will protect you from harm.’

‘I know,’ the Captain replies. ‘I love you, Noonien.’

‘I love you too, James,’ the dark haired male thinks softly. ‘Never forget that.’

He kisses his cheek before vanishing, whispering a promise to return.

‘Don’t leave me,’ Kirk begs, fighting to keep tears at bay. ‘Please don’t leave me.’

‘I will never leave you,’ Khan thinks, materializing once again. ‘I cannot leave you.’

He brushes one massive jet black wing his fiancée’s skin, wishing he could materialize his scent to soothe him.

‘Your presence is enough,’ the Omega thinks, his lips twitching.

The corporeal pair approaches Pike’s secretary, who just lifts her head, her amber eyes cold. The moment they land on the Captain, they melt, giving him the most subtle of nods. Kirk instantly
recognizes her as second in line for the throne, the second purest bloodline of the Pure Omegas, around fifteen thousand, seven hundred fifty years old, if the math is correct.

And her hair is a dead giveaway.

Platinum blonde at the roots to rich chestnut on the ends, falling to her knees in a thick braid, only her bloodline has the unique nature ombré hair, and all subsequent off shoots. Only Pure Omegas kept the trait in the bloodline with every generation, the trait fading in a few in the off shoots. It was always natural hair colors with the Pure Omegas, but unnatural hair colors showed up when the trait was about to vanish.

The Omega can remember playing with her, Rosébella Mathilda Sommners, when he was a young child and learned side-by-side in the palace. While he is the most powerful Pure Omega due to his bloodline, on the same footing, she would be the most powerful empath, on top of her insane telepathic abilities. She is nowhere near his level due to their bloodlines, but she is still miles ahead of the Pure Omega behind her. They had the same upbringing, and it was, and still is, impossible to keep secrets from her. She had known Kirk’s secret the moment it happened, but she kept silent as she is only two weeks younger than him, afraid of what might have happened to her if she told.

‘Jimmy!’ Sommners chirps, pointing to the couch. ‘I haven’t seen you in, God, how long has it been?’

‘I think twenty-six years,’ the Omega replies, sitting. ‘We really have to catch up.’

‘We do,’ she replies. ‘And who is beside you?’

‘How the bloody Hell can she see me?’ Khan gapes, startled.

‘My mate,’ his fiancée replies, glancing at him. ‘Correction, my Perfect Mate.’

‘Holy shit,’ Sommners thinks, though, outwardly she is calm and collected. ‘They can still exist?’

‘Not since twelve thousand years ago in our reality, as you know,’ the blond thinks. ‘But for whatever reason, we are.’

‘I so have to meet your Alpha,’ the blonde-brunette thinks back. ‘Your place for dinner?’

‘Of course,’ the Captain replies.

“The Admiral will see you now,” Sommners says, waving the trio into the office. ‘Good luck. He’s pissed.’

‘Great,’ Kirk groans.

Pike stands at the window behind his desk, his back to them, not saying a word. The two younger Officers stand before his desk, the silence thick. The view of the city in the window is impressive, and engrossing on such a beautiful day, the engaged couple longing to spread their wings and soar above it all. But the blond is more worried about the fact that he cannot read his Commanding Officer’s mind, a feat that he knows is incredibly hard to do, even when one happens to be an Omega. He shares a look of bemusement with his First Officer, feeling his Alpha shift behind him nervously.

The seconds tick by, ratcheting up the tension with each one.

After what was enough time to even be remotely reassuring, the Senior Officer finally speaks.
“Uneventful,” Pike says.

Kirk has to strain to hear the word, though it is perfectly intelligible. He knows exactly it signifies, and his heart sinks at the words.

“Admiral?” He asks. “Sir?”

The Admiral abandons the view, turning to seat himself at his desk. The blond glances at the silver-headed cane in his hand, noting that it is a new one. He does not spend long looking at it, turning his gaze to Pike as he waves a hand, activating the readouts before him. He spends a moment studying it before his gaze rises to meet Kirk’s, his expression neutral.

“That’s how you described, in your Captain’s log, your survey of the world its inhabitants call Nibiru,” the Admiral says. “Uneventful.”

‘Fuck,’ Khan curses, folding his arms over his chest as he shifts on the edge of the desk. ‘You really had to repeat history, James. Are you trying to get us both killed? Or worse?’

‘Shut up,’ the Captain growls, his gaze unconsciously flicking to his mate. ‘I lied on my official report to protect you. Ever bother to think about what would happen if I deterred from our reality and found about you, about us? What do you think he would do if he found out that you were with me? Or that I’m pregnant, with your child? That we’re Perfect Mates? What then?’

The Augment is silent, though his wings shift against his back, glancing at the highest-ranking Officer in the room. He can feel Spock’s pure astonishment through his thoughts, and his limited empathic abilities, but he cannot feel anything from Pike, and judging by his mate’s reactions, his scent is non-existent. With barely a shrug, Kirk indicates the readout, feeling the phantom movements of his wings shifting violently against his back.

“You know me, sir,” he says. “I like my reports to be concise. Senior Officers are confronted with so much information these days that I’d be the last to overload a Captain’s log with excessive detail. I didn’t want to waste anyone’s time going over-”

“That’s alright, Captain,” the Admiral says, his voice and face neutral. “I’m not put off by detail. I tend to find much of it more enlightening than excessive. Some of it proves to be quite interesting, in fact.”

He waves a forefinger at the readout, a sliver of his scent emerging.

But it is gone too fast for the Omega to pick out anything.

“Take this report’s subsection on planetary geology, for example,” he continues. “Tell me about this supervolcano. Supervolcanoes are very interesting structures. According to the data, this one was situated directly above a conjoining of three continental plates, a unique geological nexus that was further destabilized by a number of proximate major earthquake faults. A very unstable tectonic situation; one might even say volatile. Sufficiently volatile, one could conclude, that if the volcano were to advance to a highly eruptive state, it might set off a series of quakes that in turn could severely jostle the relevant trio of continental plates. The resulting catastrophe could wipe out all life on that part of the planet. Certainly higher life.”

Pike narrows his gaze on Kirk, who has to fight to not squirm.

“If it were to erupt,” he finishes.

Kirk lets out a weak smile, feeling his mate’s wings fold around him.
“Let’s hope it doesn’t, sir,” he says.

“Something tells me it won’t.” Pike says, not smiling back.

The Omega winces slightly, clearing his throat.

“W-well, sir,” he begins, his voice trembling just barely. “‘Volatile’ is a relative t-term.”

He clears his throat again, trying to settle his nerves.

“Far from scientifically specific,” he continues. “Anything is possible in such a situation. Maybe our data was off. We weren’t at Nibiru long. Under such circumstances, a lot of data has to be gathered as quickly as possible and refined later. Information needs to be adjusted in light of additional study. Even data relating to a supervolcano that might at first glance appear to be on the verge of a violent eruption.”

The Admiral nods slowly, his gaze flicking to the translucent image of the Alpha/Beta’s head resting on his fiancée’s shoulder. His face and body language are unchanged, but his scent emerges, and once again, it is gone too fast.

“Or, maybe it won’t erupt because Commander Spock detonated a meticulously crafted and custom-designed counterthermal Rankine wave device inside it right before a civilization that’s barely discovered the concept of the wheel happened to see a starship rising out of their ocean,” he says, his voice rising to a volume that could almost be considered yelling.

He turns to the Science Officer, anger burning in his eyes.

“My apologies for the somewhat condensed summary of your report,” Pike spits. “But that is the way you described it, is it not?”

The Captain whirls on his First Officer, his jaw slack with fake shock.

“You… filed a report?” He gapes, his eyes blown wide.

“Following exploration of a new or lightly contacted world, all individual starship sections are required to file a full report,” Spock states, fixing his Captain with an unblinking stare. “Why would you assume Science would not do the same?”

“I thought you would, of course,” the Omega snaps, suddenly struggling with actually trying to keep his temper in check. “But I assumed you’d run it by me first. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I incorrectly assumed you would tell the truth in your report,” the Vulcan says, his voice flatter and more machine-like than usual.

‘Where’s the popcorn?’ Someone thinks, and Kirk realizes that it is from Pike.

The blond’s expression tightens, his wings mantling invisibly against his back as his fiancé struggles to remember how to breathe, doubled over with howling laughter.

“I would have if not for the inconvenient exception I had to make in order to save your life,” the Captain spits, fighting to keep tears from streaming down his face. “Or did you decide to omit that from your report because you considered it an ‘excessive detail?’”

“Oh the contrary,” the Science Officer replies. “I took care to include it along with all related information. It is something for which, on subsequent reflection, I am immeasurably grateful, and
the very reason why I felt it necessary to take responsibility—"

“And that would be so noble,” Kirk snarls. “It I wasn’t the one getting thrown under the bus, Pointy!”

Both eyebrows rise at the statement, jaw falling slight slack as a few loose objects rattle dangerously, the Augment looking around nervously.

“‘Pointy?’” Spock asks. “Is that an attempt at a derogatory reference to my-

“Gentlemen,” Pike says firmly, shutting up both younger Officers with a single word.

Kirk can hear the Admiral’s thoughts, and he is a bit floored when he realizes that he is trying to not laugh.

Pike rises from his seat behind his desk, using his cane for support as he fixes his subordinates with a stern glare, eyeing the Omega with a looking clearly telling him to reign in his emotions right that second.

“As you have clearly forgotten,” he begins, watching the blond take deep breaths to regain his control over his abilities. “Please, allow me to remind you: Starfleet’s mandate is to explore and observe, and if necessary to defend. Not to interfere. The Prime Directive is the first thing new cadets memorize, not the last. No matter how stressful the circumstances, I find it difficult to believe that it could be forgotten. Or worse, overlooked.”

The Admiral eyes them meaningfully, his face hard.


“Had the mission that we set ourselves gone as planned, Admiral,” Spock says. “The indigenous sentient species of Nibiru would never have become aware of interference. Or our presence. The operation was designed from the outset to preserve every aspect of the Prime Directive.”

“That’s a technicality,” Pike says, displeased by the First Officer’s response.

“I am Vulcan, sir,” the Science Officer replies. “We embrace technicality.”

“Sir, if I can be allowed to explain—” Kirk hurriedly interjects, his abilities under his control once more.

“Kirk, shut up,” the Admiral snaps, glaring at the Vulcan. “Are you giving me attitude, Spock?”

“I am expressing multiple attitudes simultaneously, sir each one of which can be differently parsed,” Spock says, unfazed. “To which are you referring?”

Pike sits back in his chair, tapping the fingers of one hand on his desktop.

“Logic should serve to illuminate, not complicate, he says. “Your attempt to substitute ambiguity for clarity is misguided. Out. You’re dismissed, Commander.”

Spock hesitates, casting an indecipherable look at the Omega before wordlessly departing. Pike gestures for Kirk to sit, silent as he watches the Captain’s training take hold, his expression unreadable. The blond takes the seat the way a lady trained in the etiquette of European nobility would, his back straight as he folds his hands in his lap, but his nervousness is palatable, trembling
slightly. His superior’s mind is closed off, his scent nonexistent as the silence ticks by, the younger Officer fighting to not squirm.

“Why is Commander John Harrison in your ship’s reports?” Pike asks after a long silence.

Kirk swallows hard, knowing he is in deep, deep shit.
Chapter XXIII

Chapter Notes

Holy crap am I sorry. But this is a monster, and now, full steam ahead. 21 pages and almost 12,000 words later, this is the chapter I wanted to have. I will try to post regularly, but with my hectic school schedule, I'll post every other Sunday if I can’t post on that Sunday.
Enjoy~!

Kirk stares at the floor, debating on how to answer the question, his sheathed wings shifting violently against his back.

“Why is Commander John Richard Harrison in your ship’s reports?” Pike asks again.

The Omega flinches at his tone, his mind whirling as he tries to simultaneously figure out how to say his answer delicately, and figure out how he knows his mate’s alias’ middle name.

“And I want the truth,” the Admiral adds, his fingers still drumming.

‘Can we trust him?’ Khan asks worriedly, his wings shifting almost violently against his back. ‘I cannot hear his thoughts.’

‘I don’t know,’ his fiancée thinks back, his own wings still shifting violently. ‘I can’t hear them either.’

The blond swallows thickly, his gaze fixed on the floor.

“He is my mate,” he says quietly. “But his name isn’t John Harrison.”

Pike’s drumming intensifies, his gaze unsettling.

“And what, pray tell me, is his name?” He asks, his voice hard.

The ex-Captain swallows again, beginning to tremble. He remains silent, his hands toying nervously with his cap.

“I am your Commanding Officer,” the Admiral says, his voice even harder. “I order you to tell me his name.”

“I can’t,” Kirk whimpers, tears biting his eyes. “I can’t tell you.”

Pike narrows his eyes, his drumming ceasing.

“You are already sent back to the Academy,” he says. “You’ve lost the Enterprise. Who the Hell are you protecting that would be even more important that your career, what you have devoted your life to? What Alpha could be that important to ruin your entire life for?”

The Omega remains silent, his Alpha wrapping his around his shoulders, holding him tightly as his wings fold around him. The Admiral flicks his gaze to the Augment, studying him.
“He’s here, isn’t he?” He asks.

His subordinate does not answer, still refusing to look up.

“Answer me!” He barks.

Kirk flinches, tears rolling down his cheeks, shaking as he whimpers softly. Pike studies him for a few seconds before nodding, his posture relaxing.

“Then start from the beginning,” he says softly. “I’m assuming that this started after I died?”

The ex-Captain nods, but does not say a word, or lift his gaze. The silence lasts for several minutes before the Admiral breaks it, his voice soft.

“James, whatever it is,” he says. “Whatever secret you are keeping, you can tell me. You can trus-”

“No, I can’t,” the blond says abruptly, squeezing his eyes shut as tears fall. “I can’t trust anybody. I can’t trust myself.”

Pike is silent, waiting as the Omega tries to pull himself together, watching him tuck his legs under himself.

“If, if the wrong people learned of what I know,” he begins, his voice barely above a whisper. “A lot of people will die, starting with my entire crew. And that would be just the beginning.”

He looks out the window, his entire being trembling as tears flow freely down his cheeks.

“I know too much for my own good, not just from being the Empress of Earth, but too much of everything,” he says quietly. “If someone got inside my head, and I know they can, secrets that should never have even been thought of will be revealed, and too many people will be hurt.”

“The Council is gone,” the Admiral replies, folding his hands in his lap as he leans back in his chair. “Most of the members are human now, and those that are not have decided to not form it again. That takes care of one problem, but I know of only one person who terrifies you this much, to keep you tighter lipped than your Omega reproductive system outside of Heat. This has something to do with Marcus, doesn’t it?”

Kirk hesitates, but nods, refusing to look at his Commanding Officer.

“James,” the older Officer says quietly, resting his elbows on his desk. “You don’t know much about my personal life, do you?”

The Omega shakes his head, turning his teary eyed gaze to him.

“I know that you’ve seen my file,” he says softly. “So you know that Fleet Admiral Alexander Marcus is the one that talked me into joining Starfleet, and I was once a hellion that put all others to shame. Starfleet beat that troublemaker right out of me and I rose through the ranks to Captain, I was even given my own ship. The jewel of the fleet, the USS Enterprise. I never married, never had kids, Starfleet was my life. Keyword: was.”

The ex-Captain blinks, his tears beginning to dry on his cheeks.

“I was down in Riverside, Iowa,” he continues. “With a few new Cadets, when one shouted that he saw something. We stopped and investigated, and found that it was someone on the side of the road in a ditch, all but pronounced dead. An Omega, correction, a Pure Omega male, raped and
beaten to the point that he was barely recognizable as human, almost every bone in his body broken or fractured. Our newest recruit, Doctor Leonard McCoy, examined him, and found evidence of abuse that spanned two decades. He determined the Omega’s age to be twenty-two, and that he had not only ran an incredible distance to escape from his abuser, or abusers, but put up a Hell of a fight, evident by the tissue under his nails and in between his teeth.”

Pike looks out his window, staring past the scenery and into the past. “He should not have been able to speak, but he began to plead, begging for help,” he says quietly. “The sound broke my heart, and I picked him up and held him tight against my body as we sought out help, but he refused to let go, even to be examined. I nursed him back to health, by his side for three weeks straight, and the moment he was coherent, he requested the paperwork to join Starfleet Academy. That was four days after he placed into my care. It was three days later that I had The Council pounding at my door to drag their still half-dead Empress back to the palace, all but demanding my head.”

He turns to the blond, his gaze soft. “I had simply turned and asked him if he still wanted to join the Academy,” he says softly. “And he said-”

“‘It’s the only thing that has brought any light into my life,’” Kirk finishes quietly, a smile curling on his lips. “‘If that’s where you are, it’s where I want to be.’”

“And I’ll admit, the look on The Council’s face when I shut the door on them, I enjoyed it way more than I should have,” Pike grins, his eyes flashing wickedly before turning serious. “At that moment, that young Omega, who I had no blood relation to, became my daughter, and I took him under my wing, because someone that broken needs to know that there will always be someone to catch them.”

He looks out the window, exhaling softly through his nose as tears start to stream down his subordinate’s cheeks. “And when I found out that the man who talked me into joining Starfleet had not only abused, raped, and molested my daughter, but impregnated him without his consent,” he says coldly, his eyes flashing dangerously. “I about walked into his office and killed him with my own two hands, and only the thought that I would leave that young, innocent, broken Omega alone stopped me from doing so. The biggest regret in my life was the fact that the man who started me down the path to bring what my entire universe centers around into it, who changed me into the man I am today, is the one who caused my daughter to need me in the first place.”

The Omega lets out a quiet sob, hand covering his mouth as he begins to tremble, weeping quietly. His Commanding Officer turns his gaze to him, his expression tender. “There is nothing I will not do for him,” he says softly, extending a tissue. “And there are no limits on how far I will go, or how many rules, regulations, laws, or personal beliefs I will break to keep him safe.”

The ex-Captain takes to tissue and dabs at his tears, blowing his nose before sinking the balled up tissue into the wastebasket, accepting another. “If I tell you everything,” he sniffs, looking up with watery glacial blue eyes. “You have to take this to your grave.”
The Admiral nods, watching him collect himself as he waits, his expression tender and vulnerable. The blond takes a deep breath and begins to explain what happened after his, passing, leaving nothing out, no matter what expression crosses his superior’s face. Khan remains behind him, holding him close, his wings folding around him.

Once he has finished, Pike leans back in his chair, running a hand down his face.

“God damn it, James,” he mutters, shaking his head in disbelief. “Khan Noonien Singh? Of all people, you had to bond with him? You had to bond with the most famous, or more accurately, infamous, Augment in human history, and carry his child? And he had to be your Perfect Mate?”

He pinches the bridge of his nose, shaking his head before looking up at his subordinate.

“But to hear you confirm it,” he says, shaking his head again. “To hear you confirm that I was not imagining the mention of wings in your reports…”

He exhales softly, running a hand down his face.

“Perfect Mates,” the Admiral says quietly. “This is why I sometimes wish I was not a Pure Beta. But thank God I thought I was removing that, and any mention of your mate from the reports. Marcus would have not just killed your crew, he would have wiped out their families and friends if he read them.”

He shakes his head one more time before looking up, his expression tender, a small smile gracing his lips.

“But I’m glad that you’re happy,” he says softly. “I really am happy for you, my daughter. If anyone deserves to be happy, it’s you.”

“Thank you,” Kirk says quietly, smiling. “Noonien is thanking you too, and apologizing for taking you away from me.”

“So he has changed,” the Pure Beta murmurs softly, more to himself. “But is it enough?”

‘Tell him that I will protect the both of you with my last breath,’ Khan thinks softly, his wings fluttering softly. ‘There is nothing I will not do for you. Either of you. I love you far too much to let you slip out from my grasp, again. I am a better person, in every way.’

His fiancée looks up at him, his glacial blue eyes watering before falling closed as their lips meet, Pike raising an eyebrow at the sight before him. He clears his throat, suppressing a grin as his subordinate’s cheeks flush heavily, his gaze glued to the ground.

“I’ve never fully understood the abilities of Omegas, let alone Pure Omegas,” the Pure Beta says. “But am I correct to assume that the faint, shimmery cloud that’s around you is Khan?”

“You can see him?” The blond asks, surprised at the question. “Anyone who has Beta DNA can almost never see an Astral Projection, unless they have Omega and Alpha DNA in large quantities.”

“I’ve always been a bit more sensitive to the abilities of Omegas, though I’ve never fully grasped the concept of them,” the Admiral replies. “But am I correct?”

“You are,” the Omega replies, smiling shyly.

“And can he hear me?” His superior asks.
‘I am not deaf,’ the Brit growls, his wings shifting in annoyance.

“Yes he can,” his Omega translates.

“Well then,” Pike says, clearing his throat. “If you hurt James in any way, I will personally make sure that you will wish you had never been born, and I will find a way to permanently kill you.”

‘First your mother, and now him,’ the Augment groans, shaking his head. ‘What is it with people and thinking I will harm you?’

“He understands,” Kirk says, smiling. “And he promises he won’t. I’m his reason for living.”

‘Damn straight,’ Khan thinks.

“Good,” the Admiral replies, nodding. “Then I shall see you in that Omega friendly bar, and try not to look happy as you leave.”

The ex-Captain nods, elegantly unfolding from his chair as he puts the appropriate mask, his shoulders drooping as well as he exits the office. Sommners looks up, her face showing sympathy, but her mind is curious.

‘Care to join me for lunch?’ Kirk asks.

‘Nothing would please me more, Empress,’ she replies, a smile tugging at her lips. ‘Where shall I meet you?’

The Omega gives her his address, the blonde-brunette confirming that she will be there. The blond heads out of the building and back to his apartment, surprised to find it empty. A note on the fridge confirms that his fiancé is out and about, promising to be back soon, though they both have been gone for a few hours.

On the table is a single flower, a primrose, the color a beautiful and brilliant sunshine yellow.

“I cannot live without you,” Kirk murmurs softly, picking up the flower. “Amazing how much a simple plant can mean.”

He brings the flower to his nose, sniffing gently, a smile curling on his lips. He places the primrose on his table before heading into the kitchen to grab a glass of water, pulling out his supplements as he looks out the floor-to-ceiling window, exhaling softly. He rests a hand on his abdomen, looking past the scenery as his mind wanders elsewhere, worrying his lower lips with his teeth. The blond sighs quietly, taking his supplements and heads into the bedroom, shedding his uniform to dress in his civilian attire, spreading his wings. He looks out the window again, his arms wrapped around himself as he moves to stand in front of it, his sad reflection staring back. He places a hand on the glass, the warmth of his hand fogging the pane around it, the glass cold to the touch. He locks gazes with his reflection, searching for answers to the thousands of questions churning violently in his mind.

“Can I be a good parent?” He asks himself, the main question that screams to be voiced.

Silence answers him, his reflection staring back at him with not a single answer on its lips. Its eyes turn to a deep sapphire, its expression turning into a look of tenderness that is not on his face. Out of the glass, its hand emerges, cupping his cheek with a very real appendage, warm to the touch. Its reflection steps out of the glass, becoming flesh and bone, gesturing to the bed with a wave of its hand.
“You would only call us if you cannot seek the answer in yourself, James,” his reflection says. “Your ancestors hear your cry for help, and will do our best to guide you. What is on your mind, Little One?”

The Omega draws his knees to his chest and rests his chin on them, wrapping his arms around them as he thinks about how to reply to his ancestors’ question.

“Did you have any doubts about who to select as your Dahrrii?” He asks softly, looking at his reflection.

His ancestors shake their head, sighing softly as they close their eyes. “You are too young to make that decision,” they say softly. “That is not a choice to take lightly. An Empress’ husband is not for life, but their mate is. Especially when they are their Dahrrii. You only have one Dahrrii, and you only have one mate. Even though Noonien is your Perfect Mate and the father of the child growing inside you, you must not choose him to be your Dahrrii, not when you are this young and inexperienced.”

“But I know that he is the one,” their descendant protests. “I know that he is the one I want to spend the rest of my life with. I know-”

His ancestors press a finger to his lips, silencing him with a stern look. “We forbid you from choosing your Dahrrii at this age,” they say firmly. “This decision takes decades to choose, and you have only fallen in love with one Alpha, even before you were bonded.”

Kirk fights back tears as he looks away, his ancestors cupping his cheek to turn his head back, pressing a kiss between his brows. “We know it hurts, Little One,” they murmur. “But one cannot experience love without experiencing loss and hurt. You have not suffered from the pain of having your heart broken, truly being broken, and you have not interacted with enough Alphas to truly know if he could be your Dahrrii.”

They pull away and nuzzle their descendant’s cheeks, murmuring softly. “You must wait, Little One,” they say softly. “Once you are more experienced, you will truly understand the gravity of this decision. And we know that you have a more pressing question on your mind. Ask us that one.”

“It doesn’t matter,” the blond sniffs, moving to lie down on the bed so his back is to his ancestors. “I shouldn’t have called you in the first place. I’m sorry I did, so go back to, wherever you came from.”

His ancestors let out a frustrated groan, turning to face their descendant as they sit cross-legged on his bed, hands folded in their lap. “You may not like what we have said,” they say softly. “But we spoke the truth, and you must listen.”

The Omega curls up in a ball, his wings folding around him as he sniffs softly, squeezing his eyes tightly shut. “Little One,” his ancestors say softly. “Though you may love your mate fiercely, there are many
things that you are too young to understand. And a child having a child… an Empress at your age
would still be under the guidance of their mother, and not thinking about the rest of their life with
their mate. You never claimed the throne, something we strongly disapprove of, but—"

“I didn’t take the fucking throne because I was being raped!” The ex-Captain snarls, whirling on
his ancestors. “Or did you forget that fact that my future husband took two decades from me,
because he’s a fucking Pure Alpha elitist!? He was trying to break me so I would hand over all
power to him because all Omegas are whores just looking for their next fuck, or did you forget that
as he raped me when just two weeks after my second birthday!?”

Their ancestors’ expression hardens, their deep sapphire eyes cold.

“That is something we will never forget,” they say coldly. “The moment his soul leaves his body,
he will experience our full wrath, as every Alpha elitist does. But that is the past, and you have a
mate that loves you with every cell in his body, though we strongly disapprove.”

They gesture to their descendant’s bedside table, a flash of metal gleaming in the light.

“Observe,” they say.

Kirk looks at the two items on the table, scooting over to his side so he can pick up the first, his
heart fluttering in his chest.

His necklace gleams in the light, the pendant spinning slowly on its chain. He slips it back around
his neck, touching the pendant lightly, feeling the grooves and ridges on its surface. His wrist hurts
slightly, but the pain is going away, slowly, as is the pain in his cheek. His wings flutter against his
back, holding the pendant tightly as he closes his eyes, exhaling softly.

“He does love you,” his ancestors say, their tone tender. “And he has changed, but we do not
approve, but we know that we cannot stop you. But we will intervene if you begin to obsess about
choosing who your Dahrrii is, and you will not like our choice.”

They rise to their feet and hold his face in their hands, pressing a kiss between his brows.

“In the eyes of all past Empresses,” they murmur. “You are but a child. You may be mature, but
you are not experienced, nor wise. You have a lot of growing up to do, but you have a lot of time to
do it. Do not rush to make a decision, for there is no reason to do so.”

They take a step back and place their hand up, the Omega raising his hand to meet his ancestors’,
hands pressed together. They take a step back and step into the glass, turning to meet their
descendant’s gaze, raising their hand again. He presses his hand to the glass, his reflection’s eyes
turning back to glacial blue, his ancestors gone once more.

“That didn’t help,” he mutters, turning to his bedside table once again.

He picks up the second item, a black sheath with a razor thin blade, sharp enough to cut a hair by
having one just dropped on it. The straps reveal that it is designed to rest on the inside of his
forearm, and a simple test shows that it has a quick release. He slips on the sheath, startled when it
cloaks itself, turning his forearm this way and that to show that it camouflages from everything.

On a strange impulse, he drums his fingers in a specific pattern, a holoscreen appearing on his
palm. The ex-Captain controls the screen, flicking through multiple settings, and multiple screens.
He smiles and turns the screen off, sitting on the bed as he places his hands on his flat abdomen,
slipping inside his body to listen to the rapidly beating heart in his womb. He lies down on his
back, his wings half spread as he moves into the middle of the bed, slipping his hands under his
shirt to rest them on his warm skin.

“Can I still be a good parent?” He asks himself, rubbing his skin gently. “Even though I don’t have a good role model?”

He opens his eyes and sits up, looking down as he exhales softly. He pulls his shirt down and rises to his feet, standing in front of the glass to look out at the city stretched out before him, his arms wrapped around himself.

“James?” Khan asks as he enters the apartment.

“I’m in the bedroom,” his fiancée replies, not moving from his spot.

The Augment places the groceries in the kitchen before shedding his coat, moving into the bedroom to change shirts so he can spread his wings, standing behind his mate. He looks down at the blond with a tender expression, closing the distance to wrap his arms around his waist, resting his chin on his shoulder as he nuzzles his neck gently.

“Are you alright, love?” He asks quietly, kissing his skin tenderly. “You are awfully quiet.”

“I talked with my ancestors,” the blond says quietly, feeling his Alpha stiffen behind him. “I couldn’t find the answer in myself, so I called them.”

“Did they help answer your question?” The dark haired male asks softly, lifting his gaze to lock eyes with his Omega’s reflection.

He shakes his head, feeling his mate’s large hands slip under his shirt to rub his abdomen tenderly, holding his gaze.

“Can we talk?” The Alpha/Beta asks quietly, raising his head. “Right now?”

The Omega nods, letting himself be led to their shared bed, sitting down the edge facing his fiancé. The Brit exhales softly through his nose, looking down at his lap before looking up, conflict clear in his eyes.

“Are, are you sure that you want this, child?” He asks hesitantly, his wings shifting against his back. “I know that you doubt yourself, and I can understand if you are not ready to be a parent, and I am willing to wait until you are ready.”

Kirk’s breath catches in his throat, his glacial blue eyes widening in shock. He is too stunned to say a word, his chest tight.

“I am not ready to be a parent,” Khan admits quietly, looking away. “I wish I had someone who was a good more role model, but I had no one. I have no one. Besides my crew, the only other family member I have is you, and I will do anything for you.”

He turns to his mate, taking his hand in his large one as he strokes his skin, holding his gaze.

“I need to know, James,” he says softly. “Are you ready to be a parent?”

The blond hesitates, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he thinks, debating.

“I, I don’t know,” he says quietly, resting his other hand on his abdomen, looking down. “I don’t know if I’ll ever be ready.”

A large pale hand rests over his, threading their fingers together as the older of the pair nuzzles the
younger’s cheeks, moving to bury his head into the crook of his neck, inhaling his scent deeply.

“Then we can be not ready together,” he murmurs, lips brushing over his pulse.

His fiancée slides a hand into his jet black hair, toying with the silk-like strands as his eyes fall shut, holding him tight. They just sit on the bed and hold each other, their wings folding around each other before the Augment rises, scooping up his Captain to hold him in his arms, moving to stand in front of the window. The Omega loops his arms around his mate’s neck, resting his head on his shoulder as they stare out at the city, content to just to hold onto each other. A pair of massive jet black wings fold around them, shimmering amethyst, sapphire, and emerald in the light, cocooning them in warmth.

“Why is Sommners coming over her for lunch, when you said that you cannot trust yourself?” The Alpha/Beta asks quietly.

“Rosébella was the second-in-line for the throne in our reality,” his Omega replies. “The strength of a Pure Omega’s passive ability is determined by the bloodline, and they can block the thoughts of those of a shorter line, but not those who have a longer one. And as second-in-line for the throne, she can shield her thoughts from all Omegas except one.”

“You,” the dark haired male says quietly.

“She also grew up beside me in the palace, and she knows my secret, from the very beginning,” the ex-Captain replies, tightening his grip slightly. “I can trust her with my life, and so can you.”

The Brit nods, shifting his mate slightly so he has a better grip.

“Why could you not trust yourself?” He asks quietly.

“There are, other ways to read an Omega’s mind without using another Omega,” the blond says quietly. “They are, not pleasant.”

His fiancé winces, tightening his grip as the expectant couple stares out the window, silent as they enjoy each other’s company. The dark haired male laughs as his mate’s stomach growls loudly, shaking his head as he carries him into the front half of their shared apartment, setting him on his feet as he begins to work on his lunch surprise.

“Since when did your culinary skills include sushi?” Kirk asks as he sits at the bar, resting his elbows on the countertop and his chin in his hands.

“I am better,” Khan smirks, pulling out the utensils and ingredients.

“Bullshit,” his fiancée snorts. “You memorized a hundred page book in fifteen minutes, or am I wrong?”

The Augment scratches the back of his head, a light blush creeping across his razor sharp cheekbones as turns to the sink, washing and drying his hands thoroughly before handling the ingredients.

“You are correct,” he admits quietly, refusing to meet his gaze.

The blond grins and leans forward over the counter to peck his mate on the lips, pulling away so he can replicate himself a glass of cranberry, blueberry, and blackberry juice, causing the dark haired male to snicker.
“Bones bitched at me that I need to drink this shit,” the ex-Captain snaps, glaring at him as he sits at the bar. “I hate cranberry juice, so shut up.”

He takes a large swallow, gagging as he makes a face, scowling at the dark liquid in his glass.

“I hate cranberry juice,” he mutters.

“You could do cranberry with something sweet,” his Alpha suggests, flicking his gaze up. “It would counteract the taste which you so despise.”

“Wouldn’t help,” his mate mutters, taking another swallow.

The Alpha/Beta moves to stand in front of him, drinking his beverage before pressing their lips together as he frames his face with his large hands, passing the liquid through the kiss. Not a drop is spilled before they part, the Omega pulling him back to lick into his mouth, chasing the flavor. The older of the pair rumbles loudly, pulling the younger tight to his body as he claims his mouth in a heavy and demanding kiss, his massive wings folding around them tightly. He has his hands on the small of his back and cradling the back of his head, fingers curling in possession, lips hungry and demanding. His Omega clings to him as his knees go weak, sinking to the floor as he grabs a double fistful of jet black silk-like hair, crushing their mouths together as their tongues tangle. The Brit pushes him to the floor, looming over him as his eyes rake over his form hungrily, watching his mate stretch out sensually on the floor underneath him as his cheeks flush darkly.

“Beautiful,” he murmurs in Hindi before dropping to smear their mouths together.

Kirk grips his hair tightly, moaning softly as his fiancé grinds their hips together, shivering under him. He clings to him tightly, gasping against his lips.

“Can I join in?”

They pair looks at the door, the blond tipping his head back to see his childhood friend standing in the doorway, a wicked gleam in her eyes. Somnners closes the door, moving to hop up onto a seat of the bar, crossing her legs in such a ways that it is obvious that she is wearing a string thong.

“Sorry,” Khan says, rising to his feet. “But I am not interested. I have a beautiful mate that I love deeply, nor I am interested in a threesome.”

The blonde-brunette shrugs, looking the Augment up and down lustfully.

“I can hear your thoughts, Rosé,” the ex-Captain groans, taking his Alpha’s hand so he can be pulled to his feet. “Please stop thinking about ways to convince my mate to have an affair.”

“Fine, but I want to know everything,” Somnners sighs before grinning. “And I do mean every gory carnal driven detail.”

The Alpha/Beta gives a weak smile from over the counter, his wings fluttering against his back as he shifts uncomfortably, clearing his throat.

“It is, a long story,” he says, refusing to meet either Omega’s gaze.

“I’ve got time,” the blonde-brunette replies, leaning back in her chair.

“That is what I am afraid of,” the Brit mutters.
Naki hated waiting.

It always seemed to him as if time stopped while waiting, as if the universe decided to flip him off. He hated having nothing to do, and he could not sit still long enough to do a single stitch of his needlework. So he took up pacing when he had to wait, pacing back and forth across the loft, as if he is trying to wear a path into the floor.

The only person who hated waiting more than the Pure Alpha, is his mate.

John scowls something fierce at his twin from his position on the bed, ready to wring his neck just so he can work in peace. He has to debug his code before the dye is ready, and even though the program he is using to do it automatically, he prefers to do it himself, though he cannot focus long enough with his mate constantly moving in his field of view.

He knows that they have to wait until Harewood returns from the hospital, and receive the all clear from Sylar, before approaching Section 31’s secret facility to retrieve the transwarp beaming device. Neither knows what the next part of the plan is, but the Pure Beta is pretty sure that his mate will not be living in the next *ten minutes*, let alone how long it will take to continue on.

A wicked plan forms in his mind, smirking as he places his PADD down on the bed next to him, stretching out slowly and sensually. He hums softly, sinuously writhing on the bed as he does so, deliberately putting on a show. He looks at his twin with half lidded eyes, sliding a hand down his body to gently palm himself before slipping under the waist band of his pants, teasing himself with what little room he has. John watches the Pure Alpha as he slowly undoes his zipper, pulling it apart to reveal his dark blue boxers, slipping a hand underneath the elastic of them. The Pure Beta frowns as Naki does not cast a glance in his direction, drawing himself out, his head barely peeking out from the foreskin. He teases himself to hardness, slowly pumping as it becomes easier to stroke. John tips his head back, his breathing becoming heavier as he grows slicker, easily gliding his hand over his hardened flesh. He slips his slick hand under his boxers, sliding back to tease himself before gently breaching himself with one finger, shuddering at the intrusion. He thrusts slowly before slipping in a second finger, curling upwards so each thrust stimulates his prostate, shivering at the feeling.

It is not long after than he clamping down on his fingers, his back arching slightly as he peaks, trembling with each wave that hits him. Still riding his high, he pulls his fingers out and props himself on his elbows, looking at his mate. Fury chases away any pleasure still left in his body, gritting his teeth as he cleans himself up and redoes his pants, picking up a pillow to violently hurl it at his twin. Naki starts as the pillow strikes him, blinking as his twin violently shoves him to the side on his way past, stumbling slightly before catching his balance as the bathroom door slams shut violently.

“Did I miss something?” The Pure Alpha asks, earning a scream of frustration from his mate.

Naki flinches at the sound, scratching the back of his head in embarrassment as he realizes what he had missed, his cheeks flushing slightly.

“I guess I did,” he says quietly, moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

He waits for his twin to come out of the bathroom, ignoring the growing tightness of his pants as his body reacts to the scent in the air, and the fantasies that demand his attention.

“John?” He asks after a few minutes when he has not emerged from the bathroom. “Is everything alright?”
The Pure Alpha slowly rises to his feet and cautiously approaches to bathroom door, hesitating before knocking softly, waiting a few beats before knocking again.

“Are you alright, love?” He asks worriedly, his voice wavering slightly. “Did you drown or something?”

He tests the door and is surprised to find it unlocked, hesitating before peeking in, opening the door fully, remaining outside the bathroom to not cross any boundaries.

John has his hands on the edge of the sink, staring into the bowl as he remains silent, looking a bit off color.

“John?” Naki asks softly, moving to stand behind him. “You look a bit, peaky. Is there something wrong that you are not telling me?”

The Pure Beta nods once slowly, not lifting his gaze as he trembles, barely noticeable, even for an Augment.

“I feel… off,” he says quietly, hesitating. “I have been feeling off for about two weeks now, but I do not know why. But the way I feel now, it feels, different, than the way I was feeling before, and is more prominent.”

“Off how?” His twin asks, placing his hand on his back.

“Light headed, a little dizzy when I stand,” John says quietly, looking at his mate. “Feeling as if something is caught in my throat, and a few small bouts of nausea. Nothing really major.”

Naki places a hand on his forehead, checking his temperature as he takes his wrist, taking his pulse as well.

“You are not running a fever,” he says quietly. “At least for us, nor is your heart rate too fast or too slow. I do not think you are sick, but I do not recall you drinking that much water while you were working. Is your mouth and throat dry?”

“Now that you mention it, they both are,” the Pure Beta says, giving a sheepish smile. “I guess I forgot to take care of myself while worrying about Lucille.”

His mate nods, heading into the kitchen to fill a glass with water, watching his twin with a critical eye. He murmurs his thanks before sipping the water slowly, his eyes closing as the water quenches a thirst he did not realize he had until that moment.

“I guess I was thirstier than I thought,” he laughs as he finishes the glass swiftly.

The Pure Alpha nods and refills the glass, watching his twin down it again.

“Are you sure that you are alright?” He asks, refilling the glass for the third time.

“Why do you ask?” John inquires, tipping his head to the side.

“Your personality change that happened two days ago,” Naki replies, placing his hand over his twin’s. “My head is still spinning from that event and I would really like to know why it happened in the first place.”

The Pure Beta looks away and places his glass down, looking out the window at London that stretches as far as he can see.
“I, I do not really know,” he admits quietly. “I, I just felt something, fuck….”

He pinches the bridge of his nose as his mind whirls, trying to explain what he felt at that moment.

“I, I felt something, something fell into place,” he says, struggling to explain. “As if the missing piece of me that I did not know I was missing just, just found its place. I feel, whole, and looking back, I unconsciously knew that something was missing, though I do not know what. I feel, I feel as if that the timing that when you confessed your true feelings and my personality change occurring almost simultaneously was not a coincidence. Everything that has occurred does not feel as if it has been blind luck or random at all. It feels, orchestrated, by who or what, I do not know.”

His mate nods, looking out the window as he mulls over his words.

“It feels too perfect,” He murmurs, earning a nod of agreement. “Everything feels too perfect.”

John nods again, looking out the window as well.

“Too perfect,” he echoes.

The twins sit in silence before the Pure Alpha takes his twin’s face in his hands, pressing their soft lips together as he cradles his jaw carefully, stroking his razor sharp cheekbones with his thumbs. Naki parts their lips with a skilled tongue, seeking out his mate’s as he cups the back of his head, long pale fingers tangling in his jet black silk-like hair. The Pure Beta crawls into his lap without breaking contact, gripping his twin’s black shirt as their heads tip to the side, deepening the kiss. He clings to his broad shoulders as his mate rises to his feet, wrapping his long legs around his waist as he holds on, carried into the bedroom as he can be lowered carefully their shared bed. He locks eyes with his mate as he kneels over him, stroking his cheek tenderly before curling up against his side, resting his head over his heart. He wraps an arm around his waist, closing his eyes as he listens to the beating heart in the ribcage under his ear, slipping under his shirt to stroke the warm, soft, pale skin under the cloth.

“I’m scared,” John whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut as he fights back tears. “I don’t know what’s going on, and I don’t know what’s wrong with me. What is wrong with me?”

“I do not know, love,” Naki says softly, tightening his grip.

“Could Sylar be doing something to me?” His twin asks, trembling. “Could he be making me feel this way?”

“I do not know,” the Pure Alpha murmurs, rubbing his side. “But I hope to God not.”

They hold onto each other, their thoughts whirling as they cuddle, trying to make sense of everything.

“I promise, love,” Naki says quietly, stretching up to kiss his cheek. “I will protect you with my last dying breath.”

“And I will do the same,” John says quietly, sighing softly.

His mate shifts position and moves up his body so he can nuzzle his neck, rumbling softly in possession. The Pure Beta is silent as he thinks, gently pushing his twin off so he can use the restroom, the Pure Alpha watching carefully. As soon as the door closes, John clamps a hand over his mouth to stifle his cough, his other shooting out to grip the sink as his body shakes with the force of his suppressed cough, desperate to keep quiet. He tastes copper in his mouth, pulling his hand away to find small flecks of blood on his palm, the darker, reddish-purple liquid is glaring
against his pale skin, as is the brilliant, bright red specks. He looks up to find blood on his lips, his eyes wide with shock. He clamps his blood stained hand over his mouth again as his body wracks with spasms, forcing himself to keep quiet as he sinks to the floor, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. When he pulls his hand away, there are a few more small flecks of his blood on his palm, but they are still tiny. He cannot stop the tears from flowing down his cheeks, nor can he stop the feeling as if he has breathed in a small amount of powdered glass with each breath he takes, his body shaking.

He washes away the evidence of his affliction, using the facilities along the way before crawling back into bed with his mate, praying that he will not smell the blood. Naki rolls onto his side and holds his twin tight against his body, nuzzling the top of his head tenderly.

“I love you,” he says softly.

“I love you too,” his mate replies, fighting back tears.

Sommners shakes her head, her ombré braid whipping side-to-side with the action.

“Holy shit,” she curses. “And I thought my upbringing was bad.”

“Bad how?” Kirk asks, his wings fluttering against his back as he scowls at his juice.

“My parents were human, and they dyed my hair since I was a baby,” she says, sipping her water. “Jet black, because that’s what they had. Ugh. And your Alpha is smoking. Can I please, please, please steal him away and have him fuck my brains out? Pretty please with a cherry on top?”

Khan glares at the only female in the room as he prepares his Omega’s lunch, his wings shifting against his back.

“What am I, some sort of communal toy?” He growls. “I am standing right here.”

“I know, Noonien,” the blond sighs softly, casting a dirty look at his glass. “But you are all mine. The Empress has priority over their choice of mate, and that chosen Alpha is owned solely by their Omega, the Empress of Earth. So, I own every piece of you, no matter how large or small. Just as you own me.”

The Augment frowns at the conflicting information, his mind trying to figure out what the truth is. The Omega closes off his mind, though he knows that his conversation with his ancestors is inaccessible, he is still cautious. His childhood friend tips her head to the side in confusion, but does not say a word about it, and he is thankful for that. He watches his mate prepare his lunch, his hand practiced and steady, as if he had been doing this for years.

“Please?” Sommners pleads, her amber eyes wide and pleading. “Pretty please?”

“Fuck off,” the ex-Captain snarls, downing his glass. “He’s mine.”

“Whoa,” the blonde-brunette says, holding up her hands defensively. “I’ll back off, okay? Jesus, you are hormonal.”

“Sorry,” the blond sighs, putting down his glass as he folds his hands in his lap. “I had a bad day today. And a morning.”

“Want to talk about it?” His childhood friend asks quietly.
The Omega shakes his head, glancing at his mate.

“It’s not appropriate for me to talk about our personal life with others,” he sighs. “Even with someone as close to me as you are.”

Sommners nods, sipping her water as she looks at the Alpha/Beta, but she does not voice her thoughts.

“By the way, I would kill to have your life right now,” she admits, bringing her glass to her lips. “You have an Alpha who will do anything and everything for you, who is your Perfect Mate, and the father of your baby, who I get first dibs on holding when they’re born.”

Kirk laughs at the statement, shaking his head before scowling as his fiancé places another glass of juice before him.

“You suck,” he mutters, picking up the glass.

“I do enjoy having parts of your body in my mouth,” the Brit replies calmly, grinning as his Omega squeaks and flushes all the way down to his toes, chuckling softly.

“You made him into a squeak toy!” The blonde-brunette cackles, grunting as she is kicked in the shin. “Man you are bitchy for a pregnant Omega.”

The ex-Captain childishly sticks out his tongue before bringing his glass to his lips, gagging softly at the taste.

“My god,” Sommners groans. “You still haven’t grown up when it comes to foods you don’t like.”

“Cranberries are icky,” the blond whines, glaring at his glass. “They are the devil’s berries.”

“You say the same thing about pickles,” his childhood friend sighs. “And olives, lima beans, and avocados.”

“It’s black beans I don’t like, not lima beans,” the Omega corrects, noting his Alpha’s look. “A representative from the Hispanic countries made me a dish involving black beans and I got a really bad case of food poisoning, almost had to go to a regular hospital. The sight and smell of them makes me queasy. To this day, I cannot be on the same block as a Hispanic restaurant.”

The dark haired male nods, continuing to work as he watches his mate, pointing to his glass. His fiancée whines piteously, pouting before chugging the rest of the juice, shuddering.

“Is lunch done yet?” Sommners asks, earning a groan from the couple.

John exhales softly through his nose, tracing unseen patterns on his twin’s chest, listening to his heart beat steadily beneath his ear. Naki has his arms wrapped around him, holding him close to his body, his nose buried in his hair. They are sweaty and flush from their high cardio activity, their bodies thrumming gently from it as well. The Pure Alpha is silent as he thinks, paying close attention to his mate’s well being, while also wondering why he is not telling him the whole truth.

He is not a fool.

He could hear his twin’s attempts to suppress his coughing while he was in the bathroom, something that worries him, but he does not press him on the matter. He knows that they both need
some privacy, but he wishes that he would talk to him, to not feel the need to hide anything from him.

“Has your communicator gone off yet?” The Pure Beta asks quietly, still tracing patterns.

“No,” his mate replies softly, glancing at the device. “We have not received the signal yet.”

“We?” John asks, sitting up to study his twin’s face.

The Pure Alpha smiles and cups his twin’s cheek before sliding his hand into his hair, pulling him down for a kiss as he rolls them over, settling between his thighs.

“Yes, we,” he murmurs against his lips.

“I like the sound of that,” his mate says quietly, smiling against his lips as he tangles his fingers in his hair.

“I do too,” Naki replies, smiling as well.

He seals their mouths together, hooking one long leg over his hip as he begins to rock against his twin. Before they can go any further, the communicator decides to go off at that moment, causing the twins to groan in frustration. The Pure Alpha picks up the device and reads the message, turning to his twin and nods solemnly.

“It is time,” he says quietly, earning a nod.

The twins dress in silence, their next task having finally been revealed leaves them cold, dreading what they must do now. They pull on their coats and head to the door, pausing to turn back into the interior, casting longing looks around the loft. The twins thread their fingers together before turning their gazes to one another, knowing that they are too far down the rabbit hole to have a chance of ever coming back, regret in their eyes. They step into the hall after one last look, closing the door before Naki locks it, staring at the keys in his hand. He glances at his twin before dropping the keys into his pocket, taking his hand and squeezes it gently, the twins heading to the stairs in silence. They exit the building without a single glance backwards, their hands instinctively slipping into one another’s, threading their fingers together. The twins glance up as a roll of thunder echoes through London, a light drizzle beginning to fall across the metropolis. John closes his eyes, his tears mixing with the rain, his mate allowing him his moment of weakness before nudging him forward.

“We have to go,” Naki urges, wrapping an arm around his waist to help guide him.

The Pure Beta nods, letting his mate lead him to the designated location, fighting to suppress the urge to cough. He is unsuccessful, coving his mouth with his hand as he coughs lightly, grateful that it was just to clear his throat and that he does not taste blood. He misses the worried look his twin gives him, looking up at the sign above the imposing building, vehicles soaring overhead carrying commuters to their jobs. John wishes that he could be one of them, any of them, rising in the early morning while it is still dark to go to a dead-end job, boring and pedestrian, and not about to become a mass murderer.

“If we make it through this,” the Pure Alpha murmurs in his ear. “I am taking you far away from all of this and making damn sure that we are never found. I will find some uncharted sector of space with an undiscovered planet, beautiful, paradise worthy, and very, very remote, and live the rest of our lives there. It will just be the two of us, an entire planet to ourselves, living in paradise.”

He lets out a soft hiss, the Pure Beta standing up straight, the twins tall and imposing. They watch
Harewood on the other side of the street, quiet, calm, and not the slightest sign or suggestion of concern in their body language or facial expressions.

But only they know how disturbed they are by the orders they have been forced to follow and give.

Harewood turns and looks at them, his expression flicking rapidly through emotions, his conflict clear. He turns and heads inside the Kelvin Memorial Archive, the cover for Section 31’s secret base in London. John leans against his mate, tears rolling down his cheeks as he stamps down his urge to sob, instead sniffling quietly. His mate looks around to make sure no is looking before leading him to a coffee shop a few blocks away, and out of the blast radius. They sit at a booth in front of the window, ordering coffee and tea, as well as some sort of pastry that Naki cannot remember to name of.

Well, he orders for them both.

John just stares at the table, his hands in his lap as his tears dry on his cheeks, his scent displaying his despair. The Pure Alpha reaches out and places an upturned palm onto the tabletop, waiting patiently. His twin flicks his emerald flecked arctic gaze up, flicking it to his hand before sliding his palm over his mate’s. He holds his hand, his grip vice-like.

“What are we doing?” He asks quietly, looking at the table. “Why are we doing this? How, how can we live with this?”

“I do not know if we can live with it,” Naki says quietly. “But I began doing this to keep you safe. The things I did to you… I was ordered to do so, in an attempt to break me. But I think it was more to break you.”

John nods, still staring at the table. The Pure Alpha squeezes his twin’s hand, gently stroking his skin as he watches him with a look of sympathy, longing to soothe his fears away. He pulls his hand away as their waitress comes back with their coffee, tea, and pastry, which looks like a flakey doughnut. Naki is facing in the direction of the archive, watching carefully as he pushes the tea to his twin, nodding to his murmur of thanks. He also keeps an eyes on his mate, watching him bring his tea to his lips, looking a bit more off color than he did a few hours ago. The Pure Alpha drinks his coffee as they wait, the pastry not as appealing now that it is in front of him. The Pure Beta does nibble on it though, sipping his tea occasionally under the watchful eye of his mate.

Both of them calmly look out the window as an explosion rips through the city, concussions following one after another, people shouting and screaming in the streets. The twins watch the people as chaos and panic spread like wildfire, sharing a look before rising to their feet, exiting the shop in a calm and collected manner.

“Into the jaws of Death,” Naki begins.

“Into the mouth of Hell,” John finishes.

They do not speak another word after that, sharing a look before climbing into the rubble, ignoring the injured and dead.

They have a job to do, no matter how much they did not want to.

Kirk hugs his childhood friend goodbye, his mate using up the last of the ingredients before storing them away, watching carefully.
“She was, interesting,” Khan says slowly after a pause, flicking his gaze to his fiancée as he sits at the bar.

“It was a surprise to me too,” he admits, resting his chin in his hands. “She was a typical Pure Omega in our reality, but now she’s more like a Pure Alpha, and even they have less raunchier sense of humor!”

“I concur vehemently,” the Augment replies, his wings fluttering against his back. “I have never seen an Omega, let alone a Pure Omega, try to verbally mount me.”

“You mean physically,” the Omega replies, shaking his head.

He eyes the food his mate is preparing, his wings fluttering against his back. His mate just smiles and places more sushi before his Omega, feeling how ravenous he is.

“Usually, the expectant mother is turned off by the smell of food,” the Brit comments, amused. “I am surprised you have not experienced morning sickness yet.”

“Like I said, Omega males rarely do,” the ex-Captain replies, expertly using his chopsticks. “The slow pregnancy allows our male bodies to adjust to the rapid change of hormones involved, except for the mood swing debacle of this morning, and I have been craving fish for God knows how long.”

“I know,” his Alpha replies, smiling as his mate flushes.

The blond eats his food in silence, eating several more plates before finally putting down his utensils, flushing even darker as he burps softly.

“I can see that someone is finally full,” the Alpha/Beta teases, grinning at the glare thrown at him.

He chuckles softly as he watches his mate slip off the stool to help him clean up, wings brushing against each other. The dark haired male glances over his shoulder at the mother of his unborn child, his expression tender and vulnerable before stepping up behind him, wrapping his arms around his slender waist as he nuzzles his golden blond hair gently. He rubs his abdomen tenderly as he murmurs softly in Hindi, smiling as the blond leans into his embrace, tipping his head up to kiss the underside of his jaw. He turns his head to capture his lips, reaching forward to turn off the water before turning his mate around in his arms to give him a proper kiss, cradling the back of his head as his other hand rests on the small of his back. He holds him tight against his body as his massive wings fold tightly around them, cocooning the expectant couple in their warm, downy softness, sealing them off from the rest of the world. Kirk stretches up on his toes as he wraps his arms around his fiancé’s long pale neck, opening his mouth to his skilled tongue as he lightly scratches the back of his mate’s head with his short nails, earning a low rumble that vibrates in his chest. Khan tightens his grip on his Captain as he pushes him up against the counter, tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss as he gently moves against him, rumbling loudly.

The blond gasps loudly as he finds himself suddenly on his back, his cheeks flushing as his mate looms over him hungrily, turning his head away in embarrassment. The Augment leans in and breathes over his ear, rumbling at the full body shiver of the man underneath him before gently licking the shell, grinning at the loud cry. The Omega suddenly finds himself leaning against his Alpha’s strong chest, blinking in surprise before crying out as he begins to lick at his ear again, his fingers digging into his strong thighs. He feels his pants being undone, a large, warm hand slicking itself up with his fluids before sliding further back, teasing him before breaching him with ease. He spreads his legs wider and tips his head back and to the side, allowing easier access. The ex-Captain is breathing harshly, his chest heaving as he shakes, fingers digging into the strong thighs
of the Alpha/Beta behind him. The dark haired male has his eyes open as he watches his mate come undone, ignoring the pain from sitting on the hard ground as he continues to finger and lick his fiancée, rumbling softly.

The Brit listens to his Omega’s wordless cries, tears streaming down his cheeks as he is driven closer and closer to the edge, desperately taking in air. His back arches as he clamps down, shaking as he peaks before slumping against his mate, gasping for air. The older of the pair pulls his fingers out as he kisses his cheek gently, murmuring softly. He brings his fingers to his own lips, licking the taste of his Captain off his fingers, surprised to find him lick his fingers along with him. They clean his pale fingers before sharing a sloppy kiss, humming softly.

“I love you, James,” Khan murmurs softly, smiling.

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk murmurs back.

The Brit rumbles softly as he kisses his mate, gasping softly when the younger of the pair twists in his arms and undoes his pants, pulling him out as he gently strokes his hardened flesh. He presses a soft kiss to the head before taking him in his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as a flush spreads across them. The Augment moans softly, his eyes fluttering shut as his head thumps back, his breathing quickly becoming ragged. He keeps his palms flat on the floor, fingers curling on the hard surface as the blond bobs his head between his legs, watching his Alpha’s face through his eyelashes.

Omegas rarely, if ever, initiated interactions with Alphas, let alone sexual ones, even with their own Alphas. Alphas almost always tended to be the dominant personality in interactions with Omegas, but they were well aware of the fact that anyone who identified themselves as an Omega, even part Omega, had complete and total control over the interaction and possible relationship, even if the Alpha was a Pure Blood. It would be their word against the Omega’s, guilty until proven innocent, but not punished until all avenues had been exhausted. Alpha elitists, specifically Pure Alpha elitists, have been present for as long the gender hierarchy has been around, committing heinous acts of sexist violence against Omegas for those who truly believed in the cause, though most kept quiet, but did occasionally discriminate. Victims of the more violent acts rarely came forward, too afraid of what would happen if they did. But when an Omega does initiate an interaction with an Alpha, said Alpha allows the Omega to take the lead, giving them words of encouragement or gently nudges them in the right direction, but only takes control of the situation when the Omega directly asks for it.

The Omega teases the foreskin with his lips, tonguing the slit before swallowing him down, his other hand stroking whatever he does not have in his mouth. He gently scrapes his teeth across the silky smooth flesh, the Alpha/Beta above him inhaling sharply before letting out a low, drawn out moan, shuddering at the feeling. He watches carefully at his sharp, angular face for any signs of discomfort, watching pink spread across his sharp cheekbones as his mouth falls further open, deep, low, rumbling moans spilling past his lips. His fiancé’s chest is heaving rapidly, swallowing every few seconds to make sure he does not choke on body’s own response to the feeling of having something in his mouth, even though it is his fiancée’s mouth that is currently occupied. The dark haired male shudders as his mate’s tongue teases the sensitive spot below the head, hands clenching tight enough to dig his nails into his skin, moaning a little bit louder. The ex-Captain decides to be a bit bolder, taking as much as he can into his mouth, feeling him the back of his throat before fighting to not gag at the feeling, continuing to bob and suck. He watches his mate’s face before slowly letting him into this throat, starting slightly at the loud cry from the man above him.

“Fuck, James!” Khan shouts in Hindi.
Kirk pulls off as he gags softly, swallowing before letting his Alpha into his throat, the Augment fighting to hold still as he is swallowed down to the root, shuddering at the feeling. The blond pulls off and licks up the underside, taking the head in his mouth before squeaking as his mate peaks, swallowing to make sure he does not choke. The Alpha/Beta slumps against the cabinet, dazed before his mate kisses him, quickly becoming alert as his own seed is pushed into his mouth, startled at how bold he is. He closes his eyes and kisses back, tongues tangling before they part, resting their foreheads together.

“Fuck, James,” the dark haired male groans, cupping his cheek. “That was amazing. You are amazing.”

The ex-Captain blushes as his cheeks are nuzzled gently, the pair standing and fixing themselves before resuming the dishes, wings brushing against each other.

“How exactly does a pregnant Pure Omega male go into a bar and drink alcohol when they have no tolerance and are pregnant?” The Brit asks, putting down his dish to look at his mate.

“Ever heard of synthehol?” His Omega asks.

“Synthe-what?” His fiancé asks, blinking.

Kirk groans and shakes his head, his wings fluttering against his back.

“Synthetic alcohol,” he explains, flicking his gaze to his mate. “Same taste and smell as real alcohol, so Alphas tell us, but none of the side effects. It’s safe during pregnancy, and Omegas can’t get drunk off the fumes because it doesn’t contain any actual alcohol. It was a pretty popular joint for not just Omegas, but for their Alphas as well, and unbonded Alphas. It was, and is, a safe place for Omegas, as there is a no tolerance policy about any unwanted advances, comments, thoughts, looks, anything that an Omega does not want towards them, throwing the person out and banned from the bar when it happens.”

Khan nods, continuing to clean.

“Occasionally a human wanders into the bar,” the Omega continues. “So the synthehol with the nasty side effects come out, but it’s still synthehol. It can’t be replicated, and only three places in on the planet sell synthehol, Rome, Sydney, and San Francisco, all done by small hole-in-the-wall bars. Maybe, we could pick up a bottle if things are quiet, a nice bottle for red wine for a dinner?”

The Augment smiles and presses a kiss to his fiancée’s cheek, murmuring softly in Hindi.

“I would love that, James,” he says softly. “A nice bottle of Chianti with a homemade Italian dish with handmade pasta, homegrown red sauce, freshly baked bread with extra virgin olive oil, and my crème brûlée, though it is French and not Italian, is to die for. I have not made it since before I was sealed in my cryotube, but I would like for you to be the first person I make it for since being awoken.”

“I would love that, Noonien,” the blond murmurs softly, turning to rub noses with him. “I really would.”

His fiancé smiles and wraps his arms around his waist, nuzzling his neck tenderly before lightly pulling the collar of his shirt to the side to expose his mark, tracing the scar with his lips and tongue. The mother of his unborn child hums softly, a smile curling his lips as a large warm hand rests on his flat abdomen, fingers curling gently. A hand slides up to tangle with his jet black hair, the silk-like strands soft against his fingers.
“James,” the Brit says quietly, his lips brushing against his skin.

His tone of voice makes his fiancée turn around in his arms, glacial locking with arctic as the pair studies each other, their wings shifting slightly against their backs. The younger of the pair stretches up and lightly presses his lips against the dark haired male’s, wrapping his arms around his neck as he kisses him tenderly, his smaller golden blond wings folding around them as much as they can. The Alpha/Beta holds his Captain close as his own wings fold over his mate’s, trapping their scents as they kiss, sealed in their own private universe, not wanting to part.

When they do so, the older of the pair sinks to his knees, taking his fiancée’s hips in his large hands as he kisses his still flat abdomen tenderly, his wings doing their best to enclose them. His lips linger before rising to his feet, the expectant couple sheathing their wings as they change into unaltered clothes, glancing at each other. The ex-Captain snatches his Alpha’s wrist before he steps out of the bedroom, tugging him back as he fights to control his raging hormones. The father of his unborn child turns to him, watching tears well up in his eyes as his heart clenches in sympathy.

“You damn well better come back,” Kirk orders, sniffling as he scrubs fruitlessly at his face.

“Nothing can make me leave,” Khan replies softly, a soft smile on his lips as he kisses his Omega’s cheek.

He pulls away and heads out the door, glancing backwards before slipping out into the night, closing off his end of the bond after whispering words of encouragement, affection, and a plea to be strong. The blond sniffs again and scrubs at his face, gripping his pendant tightly as he tries to calm his breathing, slipping it under his shirt once he is grounded. He glances at the hidden sheath under his clothes before following his mate out, heading in a different direction to the Omega friendly bar. He checks behind him periodically as he walks, his senses open and on high alert, feeling that there is a different kind of electricity in the air. He composes himself before entering, sitting at the counter as he orders something “strong,” staring at the wood in misery. The bartender serves him his drink, the blond taking a swallow before staring at his ice cube in the golden liquid, hoping his scent does not reveal anything.

Old blues plays behind him as soft conversations float up from the customers, most of them dual gendered, some with their mates, some not, a few unbonded Alphas, and even a few humans, one or two with their dual gendered significant other, much to his surprise. He glances to his right to find a drop dead gorgeous Alpha, Pure Alpha he corrects, staring at him, licking her lips slightly. The ex-Captain scratches his neck in such a way that signals that he is bonded and to back off, but the woman just smiles, her eyes glinting.

“Oh thank god,” Kirk mutters under his breath as Pike sits down between them.

The Admiral glances over his shoulder at the Pure Alpha, studying her before making a sign that sends her off in a huff. He watches her carefully to make sure that she does not come back before turning to his former subordinate, waiting.

“How did you find me?” The ex-Captain sighs on cue, staring down at his glass.

“I know you better than you think I do,” the Pure Beta replies, ordering from the bartender. “The first time I found, fuck this.”

The last part is uttered very quietly under his breath, causing the Omega to look up at him.

“Everything is repeating, but we have a much bigger problem,” Pike says quietly. “Marcus caught your scent, and I mean that literally.”
The blond wishes he could have real alcohol, wanting to have an excuse to pass out on his bed and home, and wake up vomiting in a toilet. He has to remind himself that as long as he is pregnant, that is not an option.

“How much does he know?” He asks instead, worried.

“You’re not pregnant enough that it shows in your scent,” the Admiral replies, not touching his drink. “But I don’t know if he knows about you being bonded, or how much your scent gives it away. An Omega’s scent is always the dominant one in a bonded pair, even if the Alpha’s blood is purer. I just pray that because of your bloodline that it overpowers Khan’s, and hope to god Marcus can’t identify his.”

Kirk nods, sipping his drink.

He comes dangerously close to bursting into tears as Pike’s communicator goes off, his heart clenching as he confirms his worst fears.

“Emergency session, Daystrom,” the Pure Beta says quietly.

The Omega knocks back his drink, fighting to keep tears at bay.

“Suit up,” Pike says quietly.

Kirk nods, rising to his feet.

Marcus had caught his scent, and now, he is about to be enclosed in a small space without his mate and a very pissed off Pure Alpha, and no way out.

He is beyond screwed.
Chapter XXIV

Chapter Notes

Whoo hoo! Got this on time~! Like I said, this train is on a roll. Also, dark ending. Just a warning.

Kirk secures and overlooked fastener on his uniform as he rounds a corner, his heart in his throat. The interior of Starfleet headquarters is bathed in light less harsh than bright sunlight, reflecting the lateness of the hour. He knows that there will be additional security due to what happened last time, but there is even more than in their reality.

Something is very wrong, or there would not be this much security in the complex.

“Where the fuck are you, Noonien?” He hisses under his breath, poking the still closed bond in an attempt to pry it open.

A figure appears off to his right, the blond increasing his pace in an attempt to avoid talking to them, and failing. Spock recognizes him an intercepts the ex-Captain before he could hurry out of sight, neither slowing down or acknowledging his former First Officer.

“Captain,” the Vulcan says.

“Hey,” is all Kirk says.

He keeps walking fast, the Science Officer right beside him. He is annoyed that it does not offend Spock or register as an indication of discontentment, but his lack of continued response does.

“I sense,” his former First Officer observes. “That you remain displeased.”

“As usual, your powers of observation and analysis remain unsurpassed,” the Omega snaps.

“Sarcasm,” Spock states. “You see, experience has taught me how to recognize it more accurately.”

“Bully for you,” Kirk says. “Why don’t you put your discovery in a report?”

“Linguistics are not my specialty,” the Vulcan says. “They are more the department of…”

His voice trails off as if he is remembering something else, allowing the blond to scan the minds around him deeper than the foremost thought, trying to glean any information on how this is different from their reality.

“Oh, I see,” Spock resumes. “More sarcasm. Perhaps my sensitivity to that particular aspect of human speech is not as perfected as I thought.”

“What?” The ex-Captain asks, his temper flaring, and not just from hormones. “Something about the redoubtable Commander Spock is not perfect?”

“Please, Captain,” the Science Officer says. “I am trying to make general, nonspecific
conversation. This will prove difficult if you respond with derision to everything I say.”

‘Don’t kill him, don’t kill him,’ the blond chants in his head, his hormones making the incredibly violent act of disemboweling his former First Officer in the lobby of Starfleet headquarters seem very, very appealing.

“What do you expect?” He snaps, his voice rising but not enough to draw attention. “They took the Enterprise away from me. From both of us.”

“Captain?” His former First Officer asks, and the Omega can smell that he is not faking his reaction.

He towards the elevator, passing many serious faced personnel moving quickly as he shakes his head sharply, his heart beating rapidly in his chest.

“Not anymore. ‘First Officer,’” he says, a look of surprise on the Vulcan’s face. “I lost my ship, Spock. Demoted. And you were reassigned.”

The Science Officer says nothing as they enter the elevator, the Omega snapping at the audio pickup to the level they need to be at, slightly worried that he still cannot hear his Alpha’s thoughts.

“Where are you, Noonien?” He asks under his breath, barely audible.

“It is fortunate the consequences were not more severe,” Spock comments as the door closes.

“What!” Kirk gapes, whirling to his former First Officer. “Oh, come on! You’ve got to be kidding me! No, no, maybe you’re right. I could’ve been kicked out of Starfleet altogether, right? Parsing the Prime Directive, that’s a dismissal charge. Except that it resulted in saving a burgeoning civilization from being knocked back in-”

He hears two minds coming in rapidly, but he does not pause.

“-development a couple of thousand years. Ordinarily that’d be reason for praise and promotion. It might’ve been too, if the whole business had been left alone for awhile. Things could have-”

He thinks that he can read the two incoming minds deeper than the foremost thought, even though he is not focusing on them, but their thoughts feel, off.

“-been mentioned through channels, revealed quietly a little bit at a time. Starting with the Xenologists’ news of the good we did would have percolated gradually upward through Starfleet. Words would have led to papers, papers to discussion of-”

The thoughts feel strange and foreign, almost as if they are scrambled and encoded, something he has never felt before.

What the fuck is going on?

“-an exception. But, oh, no, there’s no room for patience in the mind of certain Officers. It’s all gotta be reported right away and by the book, or not at all.”

The Vulcan is silent through his rant, and remains silent as he digests his friend’s rant, giving the blond a chance to search for his fiancé, and calm his hormones.

“Captain,” Spock begins. “It was not my intention-”
“Not Captain!” Kirk snarls as he cuts him off.

His smile is sardonic and empty of humor, trying to find his mate.

“Let’s keep the new ranks straight, shall we?” He says. “By the book, as it were. I saved your life, Spock. I suppose I should be glad that you mentioned that. Maybe that’s why I’m still in Starfleet.”

He waves a dismissive hand at the Vulcan as the lift doors start to open, stepping out.

“It all boils down to one thing, Spock,” he says. “You wrote a report, and as a result I lost my ship.”

Fewer personnel are in the upper level walkway, not pausing in their grim-faced hurrying to notice the two Officers. Kirk is grateful for that, because he knows that the scent he is giving off is noxious and exposes his inner turmoil for all those who can smell it.

‘Where the fuck are you, Noonien?’ The ex-Captain thinks, a plea that only one person can hear. ‘Please, give me a sign that you are still alive and that you didn’t do this again.’

He feels a touch on the back of his hand, lips brushing against his mark. The Omega has to look to make sure that it is not his friend beside him is not the one touching him, but the phantom touch of the father of the child growing inside him.

“I see now,” Spock murmurs. “That I should have alerted you about the report I submitted.”

Kirk takes a deep breath, shaking his head as he tries to explain, while also seek the source of the phantom touch.

“This isn’t about the report!” He groans. “You just don’t get it, do you?”

“Please, enlighten me, Captain,” his former First Officer says. “Please show me where I am failing to ‘get it.’”

They turn a corner, all the while the two minds draw ever closer, but their thoughts still baffle the ex-Captain.

“Look,” the blond begins. “What’s done is done, okay? Nothing’s going to change that. I made a decision to do certain things on Nibiru, and you made the decision to file a formal report. That’s all.”

Kirk picks up multiple scents, the strongest being the one person he would be thrilled to never think of again, but he can barely detect the one he cannot live without.

“-over with, finished. I’m talking about afterwards. I’m talking about now. I respect your subsequent discipline or whatever it is, your decision to act but not feel.”

The Omega is definitely feeling something right now, and he does not have the option of camping out in a bathroom until his body is done emptying itself out. He is dangerously close to losing it, leaping out the nearest window and fly as far and as fast as he can until he drops out of the sky.

“-anything about the consequences of your action, but I can’t react like that. So, yeah, I’m a little pissed off. What-”

He is not pissed off. He is literally about to vacate his bowls in sheer terror and lose his sanity about being in the same building as his molester/abuser/rapist, and he does not have a single escape
route.

He does, actually, but not without turning a bad situation into a guaranteed death one.

“-I’m trying to say is that it would be nice to see a little compassion for what’s happened,” he finishes.

The ex-Captain “changes” his mind, rejecting Spock with a wave.

“Forget it,” he says. “This is like trying to explain a kid’s reaction on Christmas morning to a computer.”

The Vulcan opens his mouth to speak, when they are stopped by an approaching Captain. He gives a perfunctory nod to the Omega, directing his attention to the man beside him.

“Commander Spock,” he says. “Captain Frank Abbott, USS Bradbury. Guess you’re with me.”

“Yes, Captain,” the Science Officer says. “I was only recently informed that I had been reassigned.”

Abbott heads back down the corridor the way the Officers had come, the Vulcan watching him until turns around the last corner, but the ex-Captain is focused on a door further ahead.

He can see it is cracked just a sliver, and see a flash of pale skin.

Noonien.

Khan is hiding in the room directly across from the Daystrom Conference room, a quick glimpse of him reveals that only his exposed, and the flash of pale skin had been the Augment exposing his wrist to signal that he is present. He quickly pulls up his glove to hide his presence, but the signal is enough to begin to soothe his stressed fiancée. The blond feels a little better, but he wishes he could hear his thoughts, though he knows that it is too dangerous to open their bond. He does feel his mate’s hand on his flat abdomen, rubbing tenderly as lips touch his cheek, feeling his breath against his skin.

“The truth, Spock…” He mumbles under his breath before sighing softly. “The truth is, I’m gonna miss you.”

He does not receive a reply, only a mildly quizzical Vulcan stare. The ex-Captain turns without another word and heads to his destination, casting a quick discrete glance at the door before heading inside the room, his knees nearly giving out at the smell of the Pure Alpha who plagued his nightmares for nearly his entire life. The Omega forces himself to walk past the Fleet Admiral and sit next to Pike, refusing to look in the direction of the most powerful person in Starfleet. He can feel Marcus’ eyes on him, his gaze intense, and if his thoughts are anything to go by, the blond does not want to meet his eyes.

The light in the conference room is dimmer than in the corridor outside, throwing the faces of the still assembling group into sharp relief, but only Kirk seems to notice this. He does notice of the nearly two dozen Starfleet Officers present, except for the two Admirals, they consist of entirely active Captains and their First Officers.

And not a single one is from his reality.

The Omega begins to panic slightly, knowing that Marcus is blocking his only escape route, and not even his Augmented fiancé stands a chance of taking him on one-on-one. And if he somehow
manages to make it out of the room, he will not make it out of the building if Marcus does not want him to. He can only go so fast around corners, as his Omega speed is tailored to large, flat plains, the kind of spaces that his first ancestors had, which is when he can really go all out. And when he does reach his top speed, he needs an incredible distance to brake, as he can break the sound barrier at his maximum speed. Pike squeezes his thigh under the table, his scent wrapping around him in an attempt to soothe him.

“Thank you for convening on such short notice,” Marcus says, silencing all conversation. “By now, all of you have heard what happened in London. The target was a Starfleet ‘data’ archive. Now it’s a damn hole in the ground and the body count so far is over one hundred seventy, and rising. One hour ago, I received a message from a Starfleet Officer who confessed to carrying out the attack, and that he was being forced to do it by this man.”

Khan’s face appears on the screens before the assembled Officers, but what the Pure Alpha has to say next floors the blond.

“The message also stated that this man, Commander John Harrison, one of our own, has a twin that is not in any record,” he continues.

The flurry of mental curses that come tearing through the bond from the Augment have Kirk nearly falling out of his seat, his head pounding at the bombardment of emotions that follow right behind. Terror, disbelief, horror, and disappointment are the main ones, but currently, the Alpha/Beta is more emotional than the ex-Captain on a bad day.

“We have done an extensive search into Harrison’s life, all the way back to his damn grandparents,” Marcus says. “But we cannot find a single mention of a sibling, let alone a twin. Footage from security recordings confirms that Harrison does indeed have a partner, and the family resemblance is uncanny. These two men are responsible for this act of savagery. For reasons unknown, John Harrison and his twin just declared a two-man war against Starfleet.”

Murmurs of disbelief and uncertainty rise up from those assembled, Pike turning to Kirk to speak quietly.

“Where the fuck was Khan an hour ago?” He asks softly, keeping an eye on Marcus. “And where the fuck is he now?”

“In my apartment,” his subordinate replies, his blush screaming what he does not say. “And Noonien is currently having a silent mental breakdown in the room across from us.”

“He’s here?” The Pure Beta asks in disbelief, unable to stop the small grin from gracing his face.

“Would you believe me if I told you that he was unconsciously pulled here?” The ex-Captain asks, his blush fading. “He’s been pulled here since yesterday, and it’s never a good sign when he’s losing his mind. But he wants me to tell you that he will do everything to make sure…”

He trails off, tears biting his eyes at the brief message from his mate.

“He’ll make sure that I don’t lose my father twice,” he finishes.

The Admiral nods slightly, turning to the screen to study the man responsible. The blond turns as well, studying the image intently.

Something looks, different, about the face before him than the one he knows as well as his own, belonging to the being that he knows inside and out, and who knows him the same way. The being who he is one with, who he cannot live without, who he cannot survive without. The person who
picked up his shattered, broken, and scattered pieces, put him back together and filled the missing gaps with their own, and he replied in kind. Who has held his hand every step of the way, who has been by his side through thick and thin, remained calm and rational when he is hysterical, has been his rock, his net, the shoulders he stands on, has been every person he need to be at that moment, and that is when he knows.

He knows that his mate, Khan Noonien Singh, is his Dahrrii.

He catches a glimpse of his reflection in the glass table, his eyes deep sapphire as his ancestors look back at him, and he knows that they finally understand. He flicks his gaze to the Vulcan across from him, locking away the image of the man before them, but otherwise, there is no reaction.

The image changes to the image from the security recording that had showed his future mate fleeing, but with major differences.

John Harrison and his twin are in the process of entering a Starfleet jumpship, two duffel bags in hand. One is just standing outside, handing a bag to his twin, glancing behind as if guarding him. The other is accepting the bag, a look on his face that is not appropriate for a sibling.

“Five minutes after the explosion in London,” Marcus begins. “Harrison and his twin commandeered the jumpship that you see and made a run for it. Despite the confusion attendant upon destruction, security was able to locate them only moments after their departure. We had them on our scanners until they entered orbit, then-”

“Any idea where they might be headed, sir?” One of the assembled Officers inquires.

The Pure Alpha shakes his head, his eyes flicking to the Pure Omega.

“The natural assumption is that they’re not operating alone,” he says. “You are all aware that there are numerous entities, human and otherwise, who would be delighted to see Starfleet’s operational capabilities impaired. Whether Harrison and his twin are doing this for reasons of their own or on the behalf of as-yet-unknown forces, we have no way of knowing. Until individually eliminated, all possibilities must be considered. Bearing that in mind, under no circumstances are we to allow these men to escape Federation space.”

Harrison and his twin’s image is now replaced by a dimensional map of the immediate stellar vicinity, but only four know how useless it is.

“You here tonight represent the Senior Command of all Starfleet vessels in the region, whether for R&R, refurbishment, or other reasons,” Marcus says. “As of now, your ships are recalled to full active duty. Those whose crews are presently aground will recall them immediately, and in the name of those we lost, you will run these bastards down. This is a manhunt, pure and simple, on a scale and of importance unmatched in recent Starfleet history. So let’s get to work. Captain…”

The ex-Captain stops listening at that point, trying to get a clear reading of the two incoming minds as he returns to the still of the twins, pinching the bridge of his nose as his head begins to throb. Pike looks at him sideways, his scent displaying his worry as the headache begins to feel as if someone has shoved an icepick into his eye socket and is wiggling it, beginning to have a visual migraine. He blinks a few times, a useless attempt to try and clear his vision as his stomach flips, but he quickly realizes that the minds are not his problem. Marcus’ presence is enough to cause his body to attack itself, presenting as a migraine. He knows that his abilities is not just the only cause of his migraines, but his genetics are just one of many, as well as stress.
And having an enraged Pure Alpha that raped, abused, and molested him for twenty years in very close proximity is not helping.

Pike takes his hand and applies acupressure to a point on his hand, the migraine fading away. He subtly nods his thanks, looking at the still before him.

‘The eyes,’ Khan thinks. ‘Check the eyes.’

Kirk examines the still of the twins with greater attention, zooming in on their eyes. The one outside the jumpship has the same arctic blue eyes as the Alpha/Beta, only that they have small flecks the color of oxygenated blood.

The same eyes that the Omega saw in his nightmare.

‘Naki,’ the Augment thinks. ‘The Pure Alpha.’

His fiancée checks the eyes of the other clone, finding the flecks to be emerald.

‘John,’ the Brit explains. ‘The Pure Beta, though I have not a god damn clue why he is looking at Naki like that.’

‘It’s the same way you look at me,’ the ex-Captain thinks softly.

‘Which is impossible,’ the dark haired male thinks back. ‘Naki raped his twin. There is no way in Hell John would, or should, look at him like that.’

“Wonder what’s in the bags,” the Omega murmurs speculatively. “Where’s he going?”

“Keep your mouth shut,” Pike chides, his mind and scent displaying his alarm.

‘What the fuck are you doing!?’ Khan screeches in panic.

‘Playing my part,’ the mother of his unborn child replies. ‘And hope to god I don’t shit myself.’

Khan curses under his breath as his mate decides to commit suicide, waiting for the inevitable, waiting for the jumpship to arrive and begin its onslaught. The minds of his clones are drawing near, but he cannot read them, his head starting to throb as well. The high pitched whine of the jumpship moves within his hearing range, long before anyone else could hear it, but the thoughts of his clones are still scrambled.

“What the fuck are you doing?” The Alpha/Beta mutters under his breath, glancing out the door.

John covers his mouth as he coughs, stifling the noise so his mate can focus on the task at hand. He doubles over slightly with the force of it, knowing that it would be a hacking wet cough if he did not try to silence it. The Pure Beta pulls his hand away to look at his palm, finding too much blood to have any outcome but one, his heart clenching at the thought. Each breath is requiring more energy as he begins to tremble, feeling as if all the warmth is being leeched from him while being replaced with a cold so painful, it feels as if he is being burned from the inside out. He feels stiff and uncoordinated while at the same time feeling as if he no longer has any bones, his head spinning wildly as his thoughts become cloudy, his entire being aching.

He closes his hand, glancing into the nearly transparent cockpit where his twin now sits, silent as
he handles the controls.

He cannot let Naki know that he is falling ill.

At least one of them needs to see their first birthday.

As the room around him disintegrates piecemeal on violent explosion following close upon another, Kirk throws himself over the table and flattens himself against the floor, letting out a startled cry as glass shatters over him, curling up as he throws his arms over his head. Those gathered are screaming as phaser blasts destroy the room, begging for help, coming in the form of a group of Security Officers.

And Khan Noonien Singh.

The Officers fire through the gaps in the damaged walls at the jumpship, which is hovering just outside, darting back and forth. The blond glances up through the chaos to see his mate flat on the floor, arctic locking with glacial for the briefest of seconds before the younger cries out again, more glass raining down on him. The expectant couple is not surprised that the automated weapons systems mounted above the eightieth floor are not active, the twins mimicking their genetic donor by rendering them inert. The Omega would have snickered at Marcus’ genuine panic, clearly having thought he had fixed that problem, but he is far too busy with trying to keep himself, and the child inside him, alive to pay much more attention. He scrambles to get away, but a blast from the jumpship sends him flying into a Captain, both of them sprawling on the floor. The Captain is female, rather attractive, but definitely not his type. He has always been more attractive to Alpha males, but that does not mean he could not appreciate those who are female.

And judging by her thoughts, she is attracted to his Omega traits.

And then he realizes that she is half *Homo sapiens sapiens* and half *Neo Homo sapiens sapiens*, specifically part Alpha with the barest hint of Omega.

The touch on his mind is weak and uncoordinated, unsure how to use her powers, but he touches her mind reassuringly, quickly rolling off to help her flee. She does not make it very far, the jumpship landing a direct blow to her chest, killing her instantly. Kirk screams as the ceiling collapses, scrambling away as the debris smashes to where he had just been. He cannot think straight, the emotions around him consuming him and holding him tight, bringing him to his knees. His head feels as if it is about to explode, too many physical stimuli occurring at the same time for his already overloaded brain to process, but he forces himself to clear his mind, looking up at the chaos around him.

The jumpship swings out of range from the barrage of rifle blasts, returning to deal with the Officers that are firing upon it, allowing those who had been present in the room when the attack began to flee if they can. Khan is helping those who cannot escape on their own power out of the room, glancing at his mate as he hauls a First Officer to the Medical Staff arriving. Spock is hauling his injured Commanding Officer out of the room, noticing the only person not dressed in Starfleet uniform while the others are too occupied to do so, but he does not spend too long on the thought. The Vulcan’s hand brushes against a sliver of the Augment’s exposed skin, the Alpha/Beta jerking away quickly at the contact, but the expectant couple felt the Science Officer’s mind inside theirs, however briefly. The Omega locks eyes with his former First Officer, seeing the shock in those very human eyes before breaking contact as debris rains down on him, curling up protectively as he cries out. His Alpha quickly shields him with his body, grunting as the heavier pieces strike him before carrying his fiancée out of the room, dodging debris and phaser blasts.
along the way. Once the Brit confirms that his mate is out of danger, he turns back into the room to haul Pike out of the chaos, the Admiral somehow unscathed.

“Thanks,” the Pure Beta gasps, clutching his cane like a lifeline, or that he was about to hit someone, or something, with it.

Khan nods and snatches up a pulse rifle from a dead Security Officer, tossing it to the blond before dashing back into the conference room. The Omega races into the cross corridor and turns around a corner at a speed only an Omega can handle at, pushing into an empty suite of offices perpendicular to the conference room. Through the transparent wall, he can see the jumpship hovering directly outside, still darting back and forth as it dodges defensive shots from the remaining Security Officers inside the conference room, its own armament continuing to unleash Hellfire into the ruined room. The ex-Captain raises his rifle and with a single blast, he takes down the thick, transparent safety glass separating him from the raging jumpship, covering his face as shards of glass rain down on him.

Kirk cries out as the shards slice through his uniform like a hot knife through butter at the sudden change in pressure, flying back at him at a high velocity as he sinks to his knees at the sudden and violent onslaught of emotions from inside the jumpship, dropping the rifle so he can catch himself. His howl of pain goes unheard as he curls up in a ball on the floor, clutching his head as a gust of cool, moist air rushes through the new opening, but he does not notice it. Tears stream down his face as he continues to scream, teetering on the verge of blacking out as he vision narrows to pinpoints, unable to describe what he is feeling at the moment.

‘Focus on me!’ Khan screeches through their bond. ‘James! Focus on me!’

The ex-Captain clings to the mind that cuts through the agony, clinging to it as if his life depends on it, knowing that they will risk life and limb for him. He clutches the necklace hidden under his uniform, feeling as if it is both white hot and freezing cold in his grip, grounding him to the present. He lifts his head as he blinks away his tears, forcing himself to rise before falling to his hands and knees, his breath catching in his throat as a mind tentatively touches his.

A brand new Pure Omega mind.

From within the jumpship.

He forces it out of his mind as he rises to his feet, unsteady before picking up the pulse rifle he dropped, firing on the undamaged jumpship in a vain hope that it will have some effect. His fiancé is instantly by his side, catching him in the nick of time as he sways dangerously, cradling him to his body as the younger of the pair drops the rifle. His heart clenches as he watches his shots simply spark off the armored flanks of the ship, slipping through their bond to tap into his mate’s nearly limitless stamina, replenishing his own nearly depleted reserves. He opens his eyes to lock with his Alpha’s, closing them as a bare hand cups his cheek before soft lips press against his, pulling away quickly so the pair can rise to their feet. Staring into the darkness, they could clearly make out the figure, or figures in the cockpit, one seated, the other standing.

Arctic and glacial lock with twin arctic, and there is a pause in the firing, a look of shock morphing on the twins’ faces before it is gone in a flash, the jumpship turning to aim directly at them. The Omega instantly sends his mate flying into the safety of the offices with a violent mental hurl before using his Omega speed to join him, the Augment quickly rolling on top of him as the jumpship unleashes its full armament towards the couple, the room quickly being destroyed by the fury of the Pure Alpha clone. The ex-Captain whimpers underneath his mate as he remains curled up as tight as he can, the older of the pair covering the younger with as much of his body as he can, holding him tightly as their surroundings are being quickly demolished. Debris rains down on
them, partially covering them, and the blond uses that opportunity to cloak their heat signature. The jumpship pauses in its firing, as if checking to make sure that the signature has actually vanished, before turning back to the conference room. The moment the firing is no longer directed towards them, Kirk tears out from under his fiancé to frantically search through the offices, ignoring the yell from behind him as he looks around desperately for the one thing that could take down the jumpship, yelping as a hand snatches his wrist and jerks him to a stop. He whirls around to find his Alpha holding his wrist tightly, his face contorted into a look that he does not want to see ever again.

It is not anger, or sadness, or any emotional word in his repertoire that he can think of, but several words best fit the look.

He has accepted that he cannot keep his mate in a gilded cage, give him everything he wants without putting him in harms way, and still have him love him unconditionally. He knows that his mate belongs among the stars, and that keeping him grounded, however brief, is the cruelest form of punishment one can inflict upon him. He cannot be happy without being able to stretch his wings, in any form, and shake off the chains that hold him back, to be completely free. But as the Empress of Earth, it has been drilled into him that he must take care of his people first, and since he bonded after he fled the palace, it is still his first priority.

The Omega turns to fully face his mate, looking him up and down before locking eyes with him. He takes a step forward and pushes the cloths that disguise him off his face, his jet black hair loose and wild, falling in his eyes. The Augment watches as his mate studies his face intently, framing his face in his hands as he strokes his razor sharp cheekbones, the entire world around them vanishing as they hold each other’s gazes. They lean in and press their lips together, eyes fluttering shut as their lips part, hands moving to hold each other tight against their bodies. The Alpha/Beta’s hands cup the back of his fiancée’s head and rest on the small of his back, the ex-Captain’s tangling one hand into his wild silk-like strands while the other grips the fabric of his greatcoat between his shoulder blades, lips working against each other.

“I will always come back to you, Noonien,” he whispers against his lips. “You are my Da-”

He immediately cuts himself off, a blush spreading across his cheeks as he realizes what was about to slip out of his mouth.

“Darling,” he whispers, hoping his Alpha does not catch his mistake. “You are my darling.”

He pulls away and cups his fiancé’s cheek, stroking his cheekbone with his thumb before turning away to search for the fire panel, the dark haired male watching him with a look of longing. His Omega looks back at him as he finds the fire panel, opening it as he pulls out the thin fire hose made of unyielding carbon fiber, snatching up the dropped pulse rifle to wrap around it. He glances over before darting back to the window, taking out a section that has once framed the window, taking one last look at his mate before dashing out of the offices. He rushes to the edge of the now windowless gap and slides to his knees, grasping a bunch of cables to hold him as he waits patiently, watching the jumpship intently, the minds around him making his head throb.

A large, warm hand slides into his, gripping tightly as the Alpha/Beta’s scent wrapping around him, grounding him. The blond looks over at his fiancé, meeting his eyes briefly before looking back at the ground and the jumpship, watching as ground based defenses gather eighty stories
below around the base of the tower. Khan cannot help but appreciate the way his Pure Alpha clone keeps the jumpship bobbing and weaving like a prizefighter, darting upward, then down as a sharp angle, cutting around one flank of the building before returning to let off another burst at the interior. He handles the ship as well, if not better, than he did, the thought making his heart clench. He knows how cruel the events were that brought them together, but he still feels guilt for all the pain he unintentionally inflicted upon his, unknown at the time, future mate, determined to make up for a lifetime of sin.

His ex-Captain glances at him, worrying his lower lip with his teeth before looking back at the jumpship, forcing himself to wait as he begins to tremble from cold, stress, and nervousness. He waits until the jumpship is closer, shooting to his feet to hurl the rifle as hard as he could at the ship’s cylindrical starboard air intake once it is in range, watching it be sucked into the ship. The jumpship’s sophisticated propulsion system easily took in the rifle and the slender fire hose attached, the Brit tackling his fiancée to the ground as a massive chunk of free-pour polycræte and reinforced metal mesh torn from the wall goes flying overhead, nearly taking the expectant couple on a one-way trip. The Augment lifts his head slightly to look at the jumpship before quickly dropping it back down as an eruption of light, flames, and a massive explosion emerge from the ship, the couple feeling the two minds vanish quickly. There is the sound of smashing glass and a deafening explosion, the couple rising to their feet to look down at the remains of the jumpship, clinging to the dangling cables before looking at each other.

“Go,” the Omega whispers.

The Alpha/Beta takes his face in his large hands, kissing him briefly before disguising himself, quickly fleeing the scene of the crime. His fiancée watches him before rising to his feet, moving quickly back to his Commanding Officer after casting one last glance at the destroyed jumpship below.

“Are you alright, sir?” Kirk asks, kneeling beside the Admiral.

“You better marry that damn man or I will file the paperwork myself, no matter what the consequences are,” the Pure Beta threatens.

“I asked him to complete the Death-Rebirth ritual yesterday,” the ex-Captain says softly, his smile just as soft. “And he said yes. And…”

He blushes lightly, looking away before looking back.

“And I would like for you to walk me down the aisle and officiate over the ceremony,” he says.

“It will be my honor,” Pike says softly, smiling. “Now go get your damn fiancé. That’s an order.”

The blond smiles and kisses his “father’s” cheek before dashing away, the Admiral watching his “daughter” with a soft smile, touching his cheek. Kirk races down the hall and around a corner, yelping as he is yanked into an empty office, clawing at the hand that holds him to the wall. It is gripping his throat tightly, slowly dragging his back up the wall as it cuts off his air, desperately trying to draw air into his lungs. The scent of an enraged Pure Alpha fills his nose, his stomach churning violently at the noxious smell, his vision beginning to narrow.

“Omega whore,” Marcus snarls, holding the ex-Captain against the wall with one hand.

Kirk’s feet scramble against the frictionless wall, clawing at the hand holding him, gasping for air. He activates the quick release to eject his knife, but the Fleet Admiral grabs his wrist and forces him to drop it, snarling.
“Were you about to attack me, whore?” The Pure Alpha snarls, moving his hand so he is cupping his jaw. “A lowly Omega slut, attack me?”

He throws the blond across the room, grinning at the loud cry when he smashes into the wall, falling to the floor in a graceless sprawl. The Omega lifts his head, feeling the gash on his forehead drip blood into his eyes, dragging himself on his elbows to get away, but he cries out as his former Alpha smashes his head to the floor, pinning him as he snarls.

“Trying to get away?” He hisses, lips near his ear. “You’re as stupid as you are needy. I think it’s time to give you what you want.”

The ex-Captain is quickly flipped onto his back, the Admiral holding him down by his throat as he quickly yanks his pants and underwear down to his knees, quickly pulling himself out. He pulls his former Omega’s hips into his lap as he pins his wrists next to his head, bringing his face millimeters from his.

“Scream and I’ll kill everyone you love,” he hisses before forcing himself inside.

Kirk’s head snaps back as his lips part in a silent scream, tears streaming down his face as he violently fights to get free, thrashing side to side. Marcus is grunting above him, thrusting hard and fast as he holds the Omega down, clearly enjoying the situation. The blond is biting his lip hard enough to bleed as he flights to keep silent, reluctantly submitting to prevent further damage at the sheer size of him, already beginning to smell blood. Tears fall faster down his cheeks as his body reacts to the situation in the worst possible way, silently screaming in protest.

He begins to move with him, his insides screaming at the stretch, but it also feels so good. His biology is reacting to the presence of a Pure Alpha, the gender he was supposed to bond and mate with, and it is making him feel in a way he has never felt before.

The Admiral leans down and hisses in his ear something that makes his blood run cold.

“Here’s something you didn’t know; Pure Alphas can knot and claim Omegas outside of Heat, whore.”

The ex-Captain’s eyes widen at the sudden surge of hormones, before throwing his head back and screaming as he feels Marcus’ knot rapidly inflate, growing to a size that is massive even during Heat, and agonizing outside. The Pure Alpha yanks Kirk’s uniform open, exposing the side of his neck.

His eyes land on his mark of claim.

The Admiral’s scent becomes even more volatile, his rage boiling over as he continues to inflate, trembling with fury.

The Omega howls as Marcus sinks his teeth into his skin, right over Khan’s mark of claim. Plasma tears through his system, burning him from the inside out as his former Alpha finishes growing and climaxes inside him, acid pouring into him as his body rejects the foreign material. He screams for his mate, begging, pleading for mercy, for it to stop.

But the Fleet Admiral keeps him pinned to the floor, ignoring his cries for help.

Khan is nearly outside of the building, having been forced to take an incredibly long route, even backtracking and ascending several floors, going around through passages that are only used for
maintenance in order to make sure that he is unnoticed and not detained, when he is slammed against a wall in a stairwell, his hand flying to his neck as he sags against the wall, feeling teeth slip into his neck.

“James,” he gasps, struggling to his feet.

The dark haired male takes the shortest route up to the eightieth floor, not caring if anyone sees him, following his mate’s scent to an empty office, feeling the cloth starting to grow wet with his blood. He tries to open the door before breaking it down with a violent front stomp, sending it smashing into the far wall, his breath catching at the sight before him.

His fiancée’s uniform is torn, a deep bite right over his mark of claim, cuts and bruises over what visible skin he can see, the edges around the cuts crimson with his blood. Marcus is pinned against the floor by his mate’s abilities, gasping for air as he stares wide eyed in the direction of the Omega holding him captive. Kirk calmly picks up his dropped knife, flipping it as he turns to the Fleet Admiral, the Alpha/Beta’s chest suddenly tight. The ex-Captain is not expressing a single emotion as he approaches the Pure Alpha, his terror palatable as his former Omega kneels beside him, the knife glinting.

“James!” The Brit half shouts.

The blond turns to his mate, his eyes blank as he stares at him, his posture relaxed.

“We have to go,” his fiancé urges, glancing down the hall. “James, please.”

Kirk blinks in response, but rises to his feet, slipping the knife back into its holster. He calmly walks out of the room, allowing the Augment to kneel beside the one man he does not want to be near, let alone leave unharmed, or alive, removing the cloths that disguise him so the Pure Alpha can see his face.

“You say a word of this to anyone,” he threatens, leaning down so Marcus can see the fury in his eyes. “Or lay a finger on James, the word ‘Hell’ will not even begin to cover what I will bring down on your head. Am. I. Clear?”

The Fleet Admiral nods vigorously, the smell of urine in the air. The Alpha/Beta wraps his face up again, leaving the building unnoticed, even on the direct route he takes, before joining up with his machine-like mate. He looks over his Omega as they head back to their apartment, taking a route to make sure they are not followed, slightly terrified about his state.

It is not the fact that his mate nearly killed someone that scares him, even if they did deserve to die a thousand gruesome deaths for his transgressions.

It is the fact that he could hear his thoughts the entire time.
Kirk is silent the whole trip back to the apartment, his fiancé glancing at him worriedly as he leads them on a route to make sure they are not followed, double backing several times. Khan is silent as well, his thoughts racing, trying to figure out what to say.

Once the couple is safely in the apartment and the privacy seal is activated, the Augment rounds on the blond, tearing off the cloths that disguised him.

“You were going to kill him,” he states, emotions flicking rapidly across his face. “You were going to kill him without a second thought.”

The Omega just looks at him, his face blank as he blinks.

“Isn’t that what we both want?” He asks calmly, as if he is talking about the weather. “Him dead?”

The Alpha/Beta can shake his head in shock, unable to believe his ears.

“That is not the point, James,” he says.

“Then what is the point, Noonien?” The ex-Captain snaps, his anger flaring. “We want him dead, and why shouldn’t he be?”

“Because you’ll put all three of us in danger,” his Alpha snaps back. “If Marcus dies, there will be an investigation, exposing the truth of his agenda, exposing the truth of us. Do you honestly think those with the power to do something will let us stay together? Will let our child live?”

Kirk just looks at him, his face blank once more.

“The truth will come out at some point,” he says. “Do you think it matters if it is sooner or later? The results will be the same, no matter what we do. We can’t change it.”

Khan grits his teeth, infuriated.

“This is our life,” he snarls. “This is our child. Are you just going to give up on it? On me?”

“I’m being realistic,” his mate says coolly.

“That’s not being realistic!” The Brit snarls in Hindi.

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves, trying to not lash out at his mate. The dark haired male walks away, looking out the window as his thoughts whirl, his conflicted reflection staring back.

“What the bloody Hell has gotten into you?” He asks quietly. “Why did you nearly kill Marcus?”
The Omega is silent, his thoughts revealing nothing, his expression blank. The Augment glances over his shoulder, trying to figure out what is going on. His fiancée heads into the bedroom, shedding his clothes and spreading his wings before heading into the bathroom, still silent. He examines the wound on his neck, touching the still drying blood around the bite, closing his end of the bond to conceal the truth from his mate. His Alpha stands behind him, every inch of pale and feathered skin exposed, a deep bruise on his neck on his neck around his mark. Their bites are identical, as are the conditions they are in. The Brit touches his mate’s wound, feeling him flinch at the light touch. The Alpha/Beta wraps his arms around his Omega’s slender waist, lowering his mouth to the bite to gently lick it clean.

The last thing Khan wants is to put his mouth anywhere near where Marcus’ had been, but a deep, primal instinct is demanding that he be the only one whose teeth leave a mark on the Omega’s neck. He licks the blood off the ex-Captain’s neck before placing his mouth over the bite, gently drawing the “tainted” blood out of his mate’s body. The Augment knows that his mate can hide his scent, but he cannot hide the hormones in his blood, and not only can he taste them, he can identify them. He does not say a word as he bites his tongue hard enough to draw blood, slipping it into the bite to accelerate the healing process. He continues to spill blood into his fiancée’s wound until only his bite is on the blond’s neck, feeling his own wound close up in response to the one being healed. The dark haired male squeezes his fiancée’s waist gently before wrapping his arms, stumbling as Kirk gives a light mental shove to get him out of the bathroom, locking the door behind him. The Alpha/Beta looks at the door before moving into the kitchen to clean the blood off his neck, glancing into the bedroom before moving to sit on the bed.

The blond turns on the shower and steps under the hot spray, tears streaming down his face as he allows his emotions to gain control of him, biting his lip to hold back the sobs as he feels the thick blood spill down his thighs. He sags against the wall, shaking as he silently sobs, unable to grasp the concept that he is now childless. He covers his mouth with his hand to silence his sobs, glancing fearfully at the locked door, afraid of how his mate would react. He comes to the silent conclusion that Khan cannot know that he failed as his life giver, that he lost his child because his former Alpha raped him, and that he let him. He cannot know that he was knotted without his consent, or the fact that he desperately wants the Pure Alpha to do it again, over and over and over again, to fill him and sate him in a way that his Alpha has never been able to. He wants the Admiral in the most primal of ways, and it scares him on how dangerously close he is to submitting to his instincts and crawl back to his abuser, begging to be taken back, to be forgiven.

He curls up on the shower floor, tears pouring down his face as the water runs red, then pink, and finally clear, the soft, fluffy down under his feathers completely soaked. He can barely lift his wings, nor does he want to move from the floor, but he rises and cleans off the rest of the blood, keeping the bond tightly sealed. The Omega turns off the water and steps out of the shower, drying off his body as best he can before stepping into the bedroom, actively avoiding his fiancé to lie on the far side of the bed, closest the window, which happened to also be his side. The Augment watches as his mate curls up tightly and folds his golden blond wings around himself, his back to him as tears continue to stream down his face.

“James,” he says softly. “Please talk to me. I cannot ease your hurt if you do not let me in.”

His Omega is silent, refusing to talk or open the bond, even curling up tighter in response. The Alpha/Beta reaches out to touch an exposed calf, the ex-Captain jerking away in response as if he had been burned with a hot poker, a soft whimper spilling past his lips. He folds his wings around him even tighter, covering up as much skin as he can, his mind still closed off. The Brit feels his temper flare before rising, moving into the kitchen to fill a glass with water, taking a sip before looking down at the counter, his fist clenched tightly. He suddenly hurls the glass against the wall as he snarls, frustrated that his fiancée will not open to him, running a hand down his face.
“Dammit, James,” he curses under his breath in his native tongue. “Why the fuck will you not talk to me?”

“Because you’ll hate me.”

The dark haired male turns around at his mate’s voice, his heart clenching at how frail his Omega looks, how weak and vulnerable he appears to be.

“James,” he says softly. “I could never-”

“Yes, you will,” Kirk says firmly, looking away as tears pour down his cheeks. “You’ll hate me. Because I failed.”

Khan’s eyes widen as he quickly understands what his fiancée is talking about, quickly crossing the distance to pull him into his embrace, his wings folding around him.

“You did not miscarry,” he murmurs softly in his ear. “I do not smell death, nor am I mad with grief at the ‘loss’ of our child. You did not fail, James. You are still my life giver.”

“But all the blood…” The Omega whispers, looking up. “There was so much blood.”

His fiancé pulls away and frames his face with his large hands, stroking his wet cheeks with him thumbs before leaning in, pressing a soft kiss to his lips.

‘Marcus forcefully knotted you, correct?’ He thinks softly. ’Your body is purging him from itself, and the fastest way to remove the hormones in your blood is to concentrate the tainted blood and remove it from your body by any means necessary. And since you were violently and aggressively joined, the damaged tissue would be the easiest way to expel incompatible material, as it is already contaminated.’

“Contaminated?” The blond asks, frowning. “You make it sound like I’m diseased.”

“Your body sees any foreign human biological material that is not mine as an invading organism, and must be purged,” the Augment says softly, stroking his cheeks. “In a way, you are infected.”

His Omega frowns at him, lightly thumping him in the chest before stretching up on his toes to kiss him gently, palms flat against his muscular chest. The dark haired male wraps his arms around his slender waist, holding him tight against his body as his wings fold around them, tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss.

“Let us go back to bed, love,” the older of the pair murmurs softly, smiling as he earns a nod.

He lifts the younger into his hips, his long legs wrapping around his waist as he tightens his grip on him, allowing himself to be lowered onto the bed and his mate kneel over top of him. His Alpha spreads his massive wings over them, brushing a strand of golden blond hair out of his face before cupping his cheek, stroking with his thumb.

“I claim the right to be the Left Hand of the Empress,” the Alpha/Beta says firmly.

The ex-Captain sits up right, his mate sitting on his heels in time to avoid their heads crashing against each other, his eyes blown wide with shock. His mouth open and closes, unable to form a single word.

“Is it not my right as your mate to claim the title?” Khan asks, tipping his head slightly. “Am I not the only one who can claim this position, not be given it?”
“You, you are correct,” Kirk replies after a few seconds. “But, but why would you want to?”

“To keep your hands clean,” his fiancé replies. “To prevent a black mark on you soul. My soul is already marked, what is one more?”

Tears well up in the Omega’s eyes, but he looks away, his wings folding around him. The Alpha/Beta reaches out to cup his cheek, but his mate pulls away, closing his eyes.

“I want him,” the ex-Captain whispers, shaking as he rises to stand in front of the window. “I want him so bad it scares me. It felt, it felt so good that I want more, because he sated me in a way that you haven’t been able to. I, I feel like I need him.”

“Do you love him?” His Alpha asks abruptly.

The mother of his unborn child turns around, everything about him expressing pure, unfiltered shock.

“What? No! God no!” He exclaims, his cheeks flushing darkly.

“Do you love me?” The Augment asks, rising to his feet.

“What kind of question is that?” The blond gapes. “Of course I love you!”

“Then that is all I need,” the dark haired male replies, moving to stand in front of him. “As long as you only love me, I am happy.”

He leans down and kisses his fiancée gently, gasping as he is pinned to the bed by his abilities, the younger of the pair clambering on top of him, his eyes alit with a fire he has never seen before. The Brit rumbles and suddenly flips them over, claiming his lips in a kiss that is more feral than passion, holding his Captain tight enough to bruise. Kirk claws at his back viciously, breaking skin as he writhes slowly underneath him, snarling as he digs his nails into his skin. Khan rumbles threateningly before hooking one of his fiancée’s knees over his hip, tangling one hand into his golden bold hair to pull his head to the side, attacking his neck viciously. The blond moans loudly, shivering as he claws between his shoulder blades again, tightening his grip on him. The Augment rumbles approvingly, claiming his lips again as he rocks against him, parting them with a skilled tongue as he applies his fully weight on top of his mate, jerking back as he whimpers loudly in pain.

“I am so sorry, love,” he murmurs, pecking his lips thrice. “I did not mean to hurt you. It was not my intention.”

The ex-Captain nods, nuzzling his fiancée’s sharp cheekbones with his nose, making soft cooing noises. The Alpha/Beta nuzzles back, his own soft pleased noises joining his mate’s, one of them being a low rumble in his throat. He chuckles softly as his fiancée babbles softly in the tongue of his bloodline, not understanding a single word, nor would he ever be able to. His voice is high and melodic, and Khan knows that his mate can hit the lowest and highest note ever produced by a human, the same range that contains every bloodline’s language, but there is no correlation with the length or gender of the bloodline and the notes.

The dark haired male listens to his singing, his wings fluttering against his back in time with his heart’s wings. He almost never slips into his native tongue, as it is considered rude to speak a language only a handful of speak, but the Brit enjoys it when his Omega does, knowing that he is one of the few people who ever hear the ancient language. He closes his eyes and rests his head in the crook of the blond’s neck, sliding on of his hands down his arm to tangling their fingers
together, listening to his mate sing. Kirk tangles his other hand into his mate’s jet black hair, still babbling softly.

“I could listen to you all day,” Khan murmurs, earning a soft giggle.

“Thank you,” the ex-Captain giggles.

The dark haired male props himself on his side, smiling down at his Omega as he drapes a wing over him, trailing his fingers over his face. The blond sings something softly, and his mate does not need a translation.

“I love you too,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, smiling wider.

The Omega rolls onto his side and tucks himself against the father of his unborn child’s robust body, letting out a low purr of content. The Augment gently runs a hand up and down his side, smiling as his mate begins to babble again.

“My, we certainly are talkative tonight,” the Brit chuckles. “I would expect you to still be brooding and silent after your little, adventure.”

“Why should I be?” The blond asks, snuggling closer. “My Alpha will protect me and smite my enemies, as the Left Hand of the Empress does. And he will not let Marcus come anywhere near me, once I teach him a special little trick known only to Pure Bloods, after I take a little walk.”

“What trick would that be, and where are you going?” Khan asks, tipping his head to the side.

“Site-to-mate teleportation,” Kirk replies. “The ability of a bonded pair, if it contains a Pure Blood, to teleport instantly to their mate’s side, without any limitations or exceptions, but I am not telling you where I am going.”

“Fine, then how does it work?” The dark haired male asks, sitting on his heels ass he tips his head to the side.

The ex-Captain smiles, sitting up.

“There’s only one way to learn,” he says slipping out of bed to his closet. “And it’s gonna hurt. A lot. But I’ll be back in about an hour.”

“Great,” his Alpha mutters, rising to his feet.

Naki watches his twin out of the corner of his eye as he keeps the large piece of scrap metal red hot, keeping the chill of Qo’noS at bay. John is currently curled up on his side facing the “fire,” struggling to breathe as he sleeps. His breathing is raspy and wet, coughing occasionally in such away that it makes the Pure Alpha’s chest hurt in sympathy. He has not said it out loud, but Naki knows his mate is seriously ill, evident by the blood on his lips when he coughs. He cannot understand why his twin refuses to admit that he may be dying, even though there is nothing they can do about it at this point, he knows they both need to be prepared when it happens.

If, Naki chides himself. If it happens.

He knows that it more than likely wishful thinking to believe his mate will come out of this alive, but he clings to it, praying to whatever deity that exists that they both survive.
John coughs again, spitting up blood that coats his lips and lands on the ground, but he does not wake. The Pure Alpha watches his mate as he sleeps, his heart clenching at his strangled breathing. He is thankful that his twin is still able to oxygenate his blood enough to survive, but his skin is slightly paler than normal, taking on a slight gray tint. Naki is deeply concerned for his mate, worried about their last few days together.

The personality change, the feeling “off,” and now this…

The Pure Alpha has no idea what is going on, and it terrifies him to the core.

Something, everything, is terribly wrong, and he does not have any idea what to do.

Khan looks up from his PADD as his mate enters the apartment, putting it aside so he can rise to his feet, moving to the front half to greet the other occupant, his breath catching in his throat.

The Omega brushes a strand of his now long dark golden blond hair out of his face, worrying his lower lip with his teeth.

“Do you not like it?” Kirk asks, nervous as his Alpha stares at him. “I can always get it cut short again.”

The Augment’s mouth open and closes rapidly, his arctic eyes wide as he stares, his mate squirming under his gaze.

“Nooni-” He begins, squeaking as his fiancé pins him to the wall, claiming his lips in a heated kiss.

He blinks in surprise before submitting to the Alpha/Beta, tangling his fingers into the silk-like strands as he kisses back, his mate’s hands sliding under his shirt to stroke the skin on his narrow waist and the top curve of his flared hips. He lets out a hum deep within his chest as the Brit pushes his Captain against the wall a little more, his hard angles molding with his soft curves as the mother of his unborn child toys with his loose and wild hair, lightly scratching his scalp with his short nails. The dark haired male rumbles before tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss, his hand sliding up his sides to feel the bumps and spaces of his ribcage, gently pulling his shirt over his head before holding him tight against his body. His hands roam over his soft skin, gently tugging him back into the bedroom as he carefully removes the rest of his clothes, picking him up in his arms bridal style as the ex-Captain laughs softly, his arms around his neck.

“Ready to practice on teleportation?” Kirk asks, earning a grimace. “Trust me, once you get over the fear of it, it’s incredibly simple to do. And…”

He pauses, listening to the thoughts around him before dropping his voice, barely audible as he moves his lips closer to his fiancé’s ear.

“It will allow you to have a precise location of where I am and what state I am in, as both are vital to make sure you can teleport,” he says quietly in his ear. “You can keep an even closer eye on me, because once you teleport for the first time, it will make our incredibly strong bond even stronger. You will have complete sensory input from me, and I from you, as it is a safety measure to make sure that the teleporter does not end up in a solid object, or other dangerous location.”

Khan nods in response, putting his mate back onto his feet, his wings shifting against his back as he watches his fiancée spread his golden blond wings, nervous for once.

“Don’t be nervous, Noonien,” he says softly, cupping his cheek. “You’ve got this. I know, and you
know, that you have this.”

The Augment nods, exhaling softly through his nose as he glances out the window before looking back.

“I am ready,” he says softly, his Omega smiling at him.

Khan flops on the bed as he tries to catch his breath, drenched head to toe and his chest is heaving, trembling slightly.

“Holy fuck,” he gasps, throwing an arm over his eyes. “What, fuck…”

Kirk sits beside him on the bed with his legs tucked under him, stroking a strand of his jet black hair out of his face, babbling softly in his native tongue reassuringly. The Augment lowers his arm and glances at his mate, still gasping for air as he slides further back on the bed, sprawling ungracefully over the sheets.

“How the fuck are you so composed?” He demands, trembling. “I’m an Augment for fuck’s sake and I’m about to pass out.”

“You are an Alpha/Beta chimera using a Pure Omega’s abilities, and one of their most powerful and taxing ones as well,” the blond replies, stroking his cheek. “You did very well, given the circumstances.”

The ex-Captain sits up and traces his fingers over his sharply defined muscles covered in acres of flawless pale skin, still warm to the touch despite all the sweat on his body, his fingers gliding easily over his skin. The Brit watches him as he regains his breathing, studying his face with a tender expression as he feels the fingers on his skin, the touch feather light. His fiancée glances at him, glacial locking with arctic before the former breaks eye contact, looking down at the scar on the junction of his neck and shoulder. He leans down and presses a kiss to the scar, the only one on his body, the only one that will ever be there. He gasps softly as his Alpha rolls them so he is on top, a light blush on his cheeks as he looks up in the soft arctic eyes of his mate, his own glacial eyes falling shut as soft lips press against his. His mate’s scent wraps around him in a cocoon as he loops his arms around his pale neck, slipping his fingers into his jet black hair, the silk-like strands caressing his skin. He draws his knees up as the Alpha/Beta settles between his legs, their hips flush against each other as they kiss, lips parting to deepen the kiss as their heads tip to the side.

Khan pulls away to nuzzle his mate’s mark, peppering soft kisses on his skin. Kirk hums softly, smiling as his Alpha lavishes attention to his neck, enjoying the affection. The dark haired male chuckles softly, kissing along the underside of his jaw to attach his lips to the junction of his neck.
and jaw, sucking lightly. He kisses down his down his body, stopping at the skin just above his navel. He kisses softly, stroking his fiancée’s prominent hipbones, slipping through their bond to listen to the rapidly beating heart of their unborn child.

“I still find it amazing that there is a tiny person containing half my DNA just under my lips,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, smiling softly. “Let alone that someone I love is the other half.”

“Considering the fact you are the only person who I have ever allowed to shared my Heats, in our reality and this one,” his Omega replies. “I think the odds are in your favor of being the father.”

The Augment just smiles, nuzzling the blond’s abdomen tenderly as he murmurs softly in Hindi. The ex-Captain tips his head back, toying with the silk-like strands of his fiancé’s hair, smiling as he mate talks to the child inside him.

“Any idea why your clones would reenact your actions to a ‘T’?” Kirk asks after a few minutes of tender silence.

Khan pillows his cheek on his mate’s flat abdomen, exhaling softly through his nose as he thinks.

“I do not,” he replies quietly, his wings spreading protectively over his Omega. “Nor do I know how they learned of the events. I never told them of my past, nor did I allow them anywhere near files that contained any data about our reality, so how they acquired the knowledge of my actions in beyond me.”

The blond nods, settling back into the pillows as his Alpha nuzzles his still flat abdomen, toying with his hair. The Brit kisses his skin before moving up his body, capturing his lips gently as one hand rests on his slender waist, rubbing small circles onto his skin. His fiancée locks his wrists behind his neck, holding him close as their lips part, but that is as far as they go. The Augment’s massive wings spread to cover the entire bed and nearly touch the floor, the tiny sliver of the moon that is barely visible is not emitting enough light to be a glimmer in anyone’s eye. It is, however, dwarfed by the beacon of light that is Starfleet headquarters, the highlights of the Alpha/Beta’s wings shifting with their movements from it, his pale muscles rippling in the light as well. The dark haired male’s lips trace his Omega’s jaw, moving to place his lips over his bite, nibbling on the skin gently. He lines up his teeth with the scar, gently holding his mate in place as he counts the rapid beats of his heart with his tongue.

The ex-Captain feels his heart begin to race as his fiancé runs a hand up and down his side, walking his fingers across his skin, his breathing picking up. Khan moves to settle between his legs, capturing his mate’s lips again. The kiss is slow as the Brit begins to gently rock against his Omega, tangling their hands together. Kirk squeezes his eyes tightly closed as he trembles, whimpering softly as he is suddenly consumed with panic, pushing at the dark haired male’s chest to get him off. His fiancé sits up and gives his Captain some space by slipping off the bed, moving into the bathroom to use the facilities, then proceeding to take his time while washing his hands. The blond sits up and wraps his arms around his knees, his wings folding around himself as he tries to control his shallow and rapid breathing, shaking as tears cascade down his cheeks. He feels his mate sits on the bed beside him, feeling his gaze on him, but he cannot fold back his wings to meets his eyes. He shrieks and bolts away when he feels a hand on his ankle, cowering in the far corner as his gaze fearfully darts around, his head spinning with lack of oxygen. The Alpha/Beta takes a step forward towards him, but the ex-Captain whimpers loudly in fear, curling in on himself even tighter.

“James, you need to breathe,” his Alpha instructs him, his voice calm and soothing despite the raging panic inside. “Can you do that for me, love? Can you take a deep breath, hold it for three seconds, then slowly let it out?”
The blond whimpers again, his trembling increasing as his breathing remains rabbit fast, his eyes darting around the room. The Augment motions for him to copy him, doing as he had instructed his mate, keeping his eyes focused on his panicked fiancée the whole time. The Omega finally locks his gaze with him, his mind too consumed by panic to even attempt the action, shaking violently. He tries several attempts at it, too shaky to take a deep breath before he succeeds in doing as he was instructed, each one easier than the previous one.

“That is it, baby boy,” Khan says softly, rising to his feet to cautiously approach his fiancée. “Just keep breathing.”

Kirk continues to take deep breaths as his wide glacial blue focus on his approaching Alpha, his breath hitching as he approaches too close, the older male taking a few steps back to give him breathing room, approaching him again when his breathing is under control. He comes in hugging the wall, giving his mate an escape route before crouching beside him, placing a finger on his toe. He watches his Omega carefully before placing a second finger on his skin, slowly working him up to his whole hand, resting gently on his skin. The blond shivers as goose bumps rise across his skin, trembling with cold, but the Augment does not move to hold him. He does, however, slowly slide his hand up his body, watching his mate’s reaction before gasping softly as the younger male throws himself at him, clinging desperately as he sobs. The dark haired male blinks before wrapping his arms around him, holding him tight as his wings fold around them, trapping the warmth inside their feathered cocoon.

“I have you, love,” he murmurs, rubbing his back gently. “I have you.”

“I’m sorry,” the ex-Captain whispers, his voice strangled.

“For what?” His fiancé asks, pulling away. “What do you have to be sorry about?”

His Captain’s lower lip quivers, tears rolling down his cheeks as he trembles.

“I, I don’t know,” he whimpers, burying his head into his neck.

“Then do not apologize,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, rubbing his back. “If there is nothing to be forgiven.”

His fiancée is silent, letting his mate pick him up and carry him back to the bed, holding him tight to his chest as they lay on the bed.

“I love you, James,” Khan murmurs in Hindi after a few minutes of tender silence.

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk murmurs back.

Naki heats up the metal “fire” until it is white hot, unable to watch his mate continue to shiver, feeling helpless in the situation. John is still asleep, trembling as he still struggles to breathe, his body vibrating almost violently. The Pure Alpha’s heart is breaking at the sound, turning to dust at the sight of his twin’s health taking rapid downward dive, terrified of the next moment.

The Pure Beta’s skin is even paler than it was a few hours ago, looking even closer to death as well. His mate can tell that he is thinner than when they left loft, his clothes already falling off his body.

Naki gets up from his spot on the ground and walks over to his twin, kneeling beside him. He reaches out to touch him, but hesitates, drawing his hand back. The Pure Alpha sheds his coat and
drapes it over his mate, covering as much of his body as he can. He turns away, but John weakly grasps his wrist, trembling. A newborn could break his grip, but Naki lets his twin gently tug him back.

“Please,” the Pure Beta rasps, coughing.

The Pure Alpha gently picks up his mate and cradles him in his arms, keeping them wrapped up in their coats to conserve as much body heat as possible. He keeps his twin tucked tight against his body, holding him tightly. John’s slender frame trembles in his arms, his breathing harsh and strangled. He grips him as tight as he can, barely wrinkling his clothes.

“I, I think I’m sick,” he says quietly, coughing.


John spits up blood, a low gurgle in the back of his throat as he tries to clear his airway, coughing up more. His twin gently wipes the blood off his lips, tightening his grip on him.

“Promise me something,” the Pure Beta whispers.

“Anything,” his mate whispers back.

“Don’t leave me alone,” John rasps, the gurgling returning. “Please don’t leave me.”

Naki gently kisses his twin’s cold forehead, feeling his shake beneath his lips.

“I won’t,” he promises softly. “I won’t leave you. I will never leave you.”

The Pure Beta nods, tucking his head into the crook of his mate’s neck, clutching as tight as he can as he fights for air, eyes falling shut.

“God, baby,” Naki breathes, holding his twin close. “You’re so cold.”

John whimpers as he clings tighter, shivering as he seeks warmth from the incredibly warm body that is pressing against his, the low gurgling starting to become louder. His twin rests his cheek on his forehead, holding him tighter against his body as he fights back tears, turning to press a kiss between his brows as a few fall against his wishes.

He continues to pray for help, in any form.

Kirk stares out the window of his apartment, his arms wrapped around his legs, his chin resting on his knees. His wings are folded against his back, still for once as he looks out at the cityscape before him, Starfleet headquarters continuing to be a hive of activity as the sun begins to crest over the horizon. His mate is soundly asleep behind him even though he is awake and alert, lying on his side with his back to him, his breathing soft and even. While he loves his Alpha dearly, he sometimes craves quiet and alone time to himself, something he did not get much while on their five-year mission. With a crew of four hundred eighty-three, there were very few places that he could escape to have time to himself and be alone, but after crawling in places only used for maintenance, and some that were not even on the schematics, he found a “sweet spot” where the artificial gravity was nonexistent. He would spend hours there, away from everyone with only the sounds of the Enterprise surrounding him, floating in zero gravity.

And much to his surprise, he had found out that his secret spot was someone else’s.
In fact, his mate had found the spot long ago, and had planted the location in his subconscious so he could escape to a place that he had found so relaxing.

The blond glances at his fiancé as he stirs slightly, watching the muscles on his back and shoulders ripple with the movement, able to see the power in them. He always knew that the Alpha/Beta is incredibly powerful, but he did not realize how much until he was kidnapped by a group of cannibalistic aliens capable of space flight, brought down to the planet’s surface and was about to be cooked alive when the Augment had transported down and ripped all twelve of them limb from limb. He tore them into pieces that would be served as food in a restaurant, covered head to toe in blood, snarling like some feral animal.

That was the one time he had been truly terrified of his mate, using the chaos of the brawl to break his bindings and flee as fast and as far as he could from the scene, not glancing back once. He had taken shelter in an outcropping of rocks almost seventeen miles away, covering that distance in under thirty minutes, closing the bond so he could not be found, going so far as to cloak his signature. He was not found for three days, not until he was too weak to keep up his cloaking, Spock transporting to him and carrying him back to the Enterprise.

Khan stirs behind him and turns to look over his shoulder, blinking away the sleep.

“James?” He asks softly in Hindi, a sleepy rasp in his voice. “What are you doing up?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” his fiancée sighs, closing his eyes.

The Brit rolls over onto his other side and smoothly rises to his knees behind his mate, wrapping his arms around his slender waist as he rests his chin on his shoulder, nuzzling his neck tenderly. He peppers soft kisses onto his skin as he rubs his abdomen tenderly, his massive wings folding around them as he presses closer to the ex-Captain, paying careful attention to his scent.

“You are afraid of what you will see if you close your eyes,” he states softly, earning a nod. “You have nothing to be afraid of while I am around, James. I will protect you, even from the demons inside your head.”

“How?” The blond asks, turning his head to look at the dark haired male.

“We are one,” is the reply, a smile tugging on his lips. “Our individual demons are the other’s as well. Let me help you, let me ease your fears. Let me give. Let yourself take, James. Please, love.”

Kirk nods and allows his Alpha to tug him backwards onto the bed, lying on their sides so they facing each other, the younger of the pair curled up while the older is more or less straight. He has a hand tucked under his pillow while the other rests on his flared hip, rubbing the crest gently as he holds his Omega’s gaze, his expression tender, exposed, and vulnerable. Khan slides his hand up his side, his touch feather light as he traces the bumps and valleys of his ribcage, moving to cup his cheek. He strokes his cheekbone before scooting closer, resting their foreheads together as his top wing folds over them, the feathers sinfully soft. Their eyes flutter shut as their lips brush against each other, barely any pressure on their skin as they live in the moment, more intimate than any sexual act. They close the last few millimeters between them, holding onto each other as their bodies mold against each other, but they do not close the distance between their lips. The Augment tangles his fingers into his Captain’s long dark golden blond hair, holding his head steady as he holds him tight against his body, his wings cocooning them tightly. The Omega slowly opens his eyes to see the most vulnerable expression on his fiancé’s face, knowing that he is the only one who will ever see him this exposed, this naked. Pale eyelids part to expose arctic blue eyes that lock with his, holding his gaze tightly. They fall shut as they close the distance between their lips, the kiss chaste and tender as they hold onto each other, a simple press of closed lips. They part with
a soft plop, nuzzling each other’s faces as soft smiles grace their lips, hands gently stroking the other’s skin.

“How does breakfast sound?” The Alpha/Beta asks, sitting up to look down at him.

“Sounds perfect,” the ex-Captain replies, smiling as a light blush spreads across his cheeks. “As long as you cook.”

“Of course I will prepare our meals,” his mate laughs. “You burn water.”

“I do not!” His fiancée protests, his blush darkening.

Khan leans down and pecks his Omega’s lips before slipping off the bed, tossing a dazzling smile over his shoulder before slipping into the dark front half of their shared apartment, lifting the lights so it is just bright enough to see, but not enough to hurt someone’s eyes in the still weak sunlight. Kirk slips out of bed and joins his mate in the kitchen, sitting on the chair at the bar near the tribbles purring in their cage, slipping a finger between the bars to stroke their fur, opening the cage to reach in and pet them both. He coos softly at the two purring balls of fur, babbling softly in his native tongue as his mate prepares their breakfast, a simple omelet, his jet black wings fluttering against his back.

“You hardly ever speak in you native tongue,” he comments flipping the omelet over. “Why are you so talkative now?”

The blond furrows his eyebrows at him, slightly confused by the question. The Augment shakes his head as a smile curls on his lips, continuing to cook their breakfast as his fiancée stares at him.

The ex-Captain looks into the bedroom as his communicator goes off, sighing softly before moving into the back half of their apartment, glancing over his shoulder before answering.

“Yeah?” He asks once he flips open the device, his wings shifting against his back slightly.

“Jim,” Scott says, his voice coming through clear. “I searched the wreckage of the jumpship. You’re not gonna believe what I found. You’ve got ta come, right away.”

The Omega glances over his shoulder once more, hesitating before replying that he will be there, closing the device with a heavy heart. His Alpha slips his arms around his slender waist once their breakfasts are cooked, resting his chin on his shoulder as his wings fold around them, nuzzling his neck tenderly.

“So, history is repeating itself,” the dark haired male murmurs, his arctic gaze flicking to the window. “I just hope the ending is different this time.”

“I hope so too,” his mate sighs, turning his head to nuzzle the Brit’s face affectionately. “I hope so too.”

He slips out of his fiancé’s embrace as he sheathes his wings, changing into his standard duty uniform without his overshirt, the older of the pair watching with a tender, but sad expression. Kirk is turned around to face his mate, the Augment’s large hands framing his face as he kisses him tenderly, his wings enclosing tightly around them. The blond’s wrists lock behind his neck, holding onto him before threading his fingers into his mate’s wild bedhead, his lips parting to his skilled tongue. He toys with the silk-like strands as he lets the Alpha/Beta take the lead, gently scratching his scalp with his short nails, feeling the low rumble vibrate in the ribcage pressed against his. His Alpha tightens his grip on him as he crushes his mouth harder against the mother of his unborn child’s, herding him back to the bed as he feverishly attacks his lips. The Omega gasps as he finds
himself flat on his back, his fiancé looking down at him as if he were a feast, an involuntary shiver shooting down his body under the look.

“Noonien,” Kirk gasps, weakly pushing at his mate’s chest as he fights to not submit and let the older male do as he pleases to his body. “I’ve got to go. I’ve got to go.”

Khan snarls with frustration, but reluctantly slips off the bed to allow his mate to sit up, his body trembling with tension teetering on the verge of snapping and giving into his instincts. His fiancée is in an almost identical state, shivering as he is given a clear image on exactly how his Alpha is reacting to the situation, taking several deep calming breaths as the Brit forces his body to return to a neutral state.

“I’ll be back,” the blond promises, planting a shaky kiss to the father of his unborn child’s cheek. “And then I’m yours. I promise.”

“Then I will not have fun without you,” the Augment rumbles, though they both know that he really, really, wants to.

The Omega’s cheeks turn bright red as he forces his gaze to the floor, mumbling something under his breath before dashing out of the apartment, leaving his very frustrated mate alone. The Alpha/Beta runs a hand through his wild hair, tugging on the back of his scalp as he curses under his breath, deciding that a cold shower is required.

One very, very, cold and long shower, to be exact.

“How the fuck did I get myself into the mess?” He mutters under his breath to the empty apartment. “Oh, right.”

He exhales softly through his nose as he runs a hand down his face, glancing out the window of the apartment as he thoughts turn elsewhere, his wings shifting against back.

‘Please be safe,’ he thinks.
‘I will,’ his mate thinks back.

Kirk runs to Starfleet headquarters in record time, thanks to his primary gender, slowing down as Spock joins him along the way. The entrance is undamaged, and only crews atop of the building and around the crash site give any indication that something out of the ordinary had occurred last night, for the second time no less. The blond glances up at the eightieth floor, finding that repairs are being made, the wreckage of the destroyed jumpship slowly being moved out of sight. The sun is out in full force, creating a beautiful sunny day that makes the Omega want to spread his wings and soar high above the city, not caring about the consequences.

“D’you have any idea what we’re dealin’ with here, man?” Scott asks at the entrance, cradling a piece of debris.

“No, but I hope you’re gonna tell me you’ve got something that’ll help us find who did this,” the ex-Captain lies, frowning at the lump of mangled metal, metallic glass, and synthetics.

His former Chief Engineer hefts the mass of battered and fused metal, allowing the Officers to see inside the device, making out the still intact individual components that had somehow survived.

“This was recovered from the crashed jumpship,” Scott says, nodding to the wreckage still being
picked apart by the salvage team. “Nobody was quite sure what it might be, so images were flashed around. As soon as I saw it, I came down and requested possession. Close inspection confirms that I saw what I thought I saw… I think.”

“What do you—” Kirk begins, cutting himself off as he hears something.

It is on the extreme edge of his mental hearing range, but there is a vague sense of direction from what he could only call as static, his head turning in that direction unconsciously. He focuses on the general direction, giving him a narrower and more specific sense of direction, though it is still on the far edge of his range. He could not believe that he is extending his ability beyond a parsec, easily extending to almost thirty before finally able to hear the thoughts, muffled and distorted as if not only is there a great distance between them, but as if the mind producing them is-

“Sir?” Spock asks, snapping him out of his thoughts.

The blond blinks a few times and looks behind him, finding his friends staring at him with looks of puzzlement and bewilderment, succeeding in suppressing the urge to blush brightly, clearing his throat as he turns back to his former crew.

“What is it you saw that you say you think you saw?” He asks, tipping his head slightly, choosing to completely ignore the funny looks from the others. “Something worth saying?”

“I’ll say,” the Chief Engineer says, turning serious after studying his former Captain for a moment. “If I’m right, and I’d bet ‘alf the contents of the best bar back in Aberdeen that I am, this is the remains of a portable transwarp beamin’ device. No wonder the scrap iron boys cuttin’ apart that mess o’ a jumpship didn’t recognize it!”

The Omega stares at the Scotsman, feeling his Alpha’s wings fold around him as his terror spikes, fearing the worst.

“You know what happened here?” He asks, fighting to not touch his necklace under his shirt.

Scott nods somberly, shifting the device again.

“Makes no sense,” he says. “Word is it might be some kind o’ personal vendetta or somethin’.”

“We’ll learn the motivation when we find the perpetrators,” the ex-Captain says.

‘Motivation my arse,’ Khan snorts. ‘You felt their terror, did you not?’

Kirk reaches out and taps the ruined transporter, ignoring his fiancé.

“Do you think there’s enough math left in this thing’s memory for you to trace where they went?” He asks.

“I already did, sir,” the Chief Engineer says, his tone grim. “And you’re not gonna like it.”

One readout is still intact despite all the damage the device had suffered, and it shows the last possible number Kirk wanted to see.

2314-3456

‘He so much as blinks the wrong way at you,’ the Augment snarls. ‘He will be nothing but a smear on the ground.’

‘Not if I do it first,’ the Omega thinks back.
Chapter End Notes

I really wanted to put Chris Pine's new haircut in the story, so I finally found a spot to do it.
Chapter XXVI

Chapter Notes

Late chapter is late, but only by a few minutes. And the moment you have all been waiting for(?)! How will Kirk react to being forced into the same room with his rapist for not only twenty years, but also a few hours ago? Read on and find out!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kirk is not surprised by the sheer number of Security and Administrative personnel packed into Marcus’ office, though he is surprised by just how many are from his reality. Every single one of them discretely makes the gesture of apology for not being able to show respect to the Empress, murmuring softly in their native tongue in apology once they smell his scent. The two young Officers linger outside the crowd, the ex-Captain nodding to the few personnel who openly make the gesture near him, causing the Vulcan’s brows to furrow. Khan is a bit surprised, and perplexed, on the fact that it is the Pure Alphas who make the gestures more visible, but his mate is not. When the crowd thins considerably, the younger Officers decide that they cannot wait any longer, pushing their way forward through the crowd.

They stand in front and slightly to the side of the Admiral’s desk, watching in silence. Marcus looks drained, and as soon as he smells the Omega behind him, he tenses slightly, anxiety spiking in his scent. The blond watches the others’ reactions, making sure that everyone stays in the dark about their, little encounter. He takes great joy in knowing how unnerved the Pure Alpha is by his presence, as does his fiancé.

‘I think my services are not needed,’ the Augment purrs, wrapping his arms around his mate’s slender waist as he rests his chin on his shoulder, a smile creeping on his lips. ‘Though I would love to get my hands around his neck.’

‘Get in line,’ the ex-Captain thinks, rubbing his neck.

“…triple security details outside all major Federation facilities: Paris, Rome, Sydney,” Marcus is saying. “All automatics are to be activated, and I want anyone requesting access to a sensitive area to have to pass visual inspection based on the latest distributed data, as well as face-to-face querying from a live human being. Right now, we can’t trust security to mere machines. I want yellow alert imposed on-”

“Admiral,” Kirk says quickly, enjoying the slight start at his voice. “There’s no need for the enhanced security, sir.”

The title has a slight scathing tone to it, but it is quickly gone as he continues to speak rapidly.

“Not if your intention is to take them into custody,” he says. “They’re no longer on Earth.”

Everyone is staring at him, thankful that his mate is right beside him, and that Admiral Pike is not dead.

“They’re on Qo’noS, sir,” he finishes.
His scathing tone is not missed this time, a few of those from his reality making rude gestures at the Pure Alpha. Dead silence engulfs the room, and the blond knows that his almost Alpha is terrified to break it.

“Gentlemen, ladies, others,” he says finally. “Give us a minute.”

The Security and Administrative personnel cast curious glances at the two younger Officers who do not have two genders, while those who do show respect to their Empress by murmuring his full name and title in their native tongue on their way past, touching their foreheads gently. The last one out kisses his hand, much to Spock’s shock, but the others ignore it.

In fact, Marcus looks a little pissed.

The silence lasts for a minute or two, the heads of the two longest Pure Blood bloodlines staring each other down before the Pure Alpha speaks.

“Qo’noS?” He asks.

“Yes,” Kirk replies, ignoring formality.

“And you know this how?” The Admiral asks.

“Mr. Montgomery Scott, my, former, Chief Engineer, is an expert on many things, from the newest warp drive to the oldest scotch,” the Omega says. “Something in the widely disseminated visuals of the wreck of the jumpship Harrison and his twin used to attack Starfleet caught Mr. Scott’s attention. At his request, this object was delivered to him. Upon more detailed examination and analysis, it was determined to be a portable transwarp beaming device.”

The Admiral’s eyes widen slightly at the statement, Khan smirking from his position on the edge of his desk.

“Externally, it was a mess,” his fiancée continues. “But internally, much of it remained intact. By examining its innards and inner records, Mr. Scott was able to divine the receive point from its last use.”

He flicks his gaze to the powerwall, watching the news on the screen before flicking his gaze back to the older man.

“Obviously no matter how advanced its tech, a unit small enough to fit on a jumpship wouldn’t have the power to transport anyone, or two someones, much farther than orbit,” Kirk says. “Under Mr. Scott’s probing, the device gave up a whole sequence of numbers and coordinates. Harrison and his twin transported to an automated cargo station, but before anyone on a nearby inhabited monitoring station could think to question what they were doing there, they had accessed its heavy-load transporter and continued on their way.”

The Augment turns his head to look at something the blond cannot see, his translucent head tipping to the side as he frowns at something.

‘Do you hear something?’ He asks, listening intently.

“According to Mr. Scott, that transporter was employed to relay them to an unmanned vessel in orbit around the moon,” the ex-Captain continues. “Subsequent inspection revealed that another unauthorized transwarp device had been placed on it and wired into the empty ship’s engine. A device powerful enough, if its entire energy output was complied and utilized for a single massive burst, to send someone, or two someones, willing to take the risk of attenuated physical
dissemination and consequent serious injury to a single destination anywhere in this galactic region. The effort burned out the device, but a record of the attempt was retained.”

He pauses thinking he heard something, but mentally shakes himself.

“Mathematically, at least, it appears to have been successful,” the Omega finishes.

Kirk turns slightly toward a sound on the extreme edge of his hearing, his Alpha rising to his feet when he hears it too.

‘What is that?’ The dark haired male asks, his brows furrowed.

‘I don’t know,’ his mate replies.

“Very clever,” Spock comments. “It would take an exceptionally robust human to survive such a radical transporting.”

The Brit snorts and rolls his eyes, following up with a noise of, many things.

‘He does not have a fucking clue how robust we are,’ he scoffs.

‘Shut up,’ the ex-Captain snaps.

“Even a Vulcan would be stressed,” the Science Officer continues. “But if successful, the perpetrators would be safe. Burning itself out with the effort, the transwarp device could not be used by anyone to follow.”

The Pure Alpha listens to both men, nodding after a little bit, his eyes glued to the Omega that was promised to him, specifically where his bond bite is located. Khan growls softly, his wings flaring out in annoyance as he keeps a careful eye on the one person he despises with every ounce of his being. His mate ignores him, flinching slightly as static bursts into his mind, disguising it by brushing a strand of his long dark golden blond hair back behind his ear. The Augment flies up to the landing above them, the Admiral point blank refusing to look up at him when he sees him move.

“So, they’ve gone to the Klingon homeworld,” he murmurs. “Are they defecting? Or just defective?”

“There’s no way to know for sure,” Kirk says, flicking his gaze up to the landing to see his mate watching them like a massive, dark feathered bird-of-prey. “Without interviewing them ourselves.”

Marcus shakes his head slowly, glancing up at the landing by accident before flicking his gaze back down quickly.

“Somehow I don’t think John Harrison and Na-his twin,” he corrects, clearing his throat. “Are going to sit still and answer questions, even if you capture them alive. Which you cannot.”

‘Oh fuck,’ the Alpha/Beta curses, his wings shifting. ‘He was in on it from the very beginning.’

‘He did,’ his fiancée thinks. ‘But that’s not the worst of it: Someone else is pulling the strings.’

“That remains to be seen, sir,” Spock points out. “The recordings preserved by the now-useless transwarp transporter were very precise. Not only can we tell that they transported to Qo’noS, we can resolve the transmitting to a specific corner of that world. It is apparent that they have taken refuge in the Ketha Province. Their choice of Qo’noS as a refuge now makes sense.”
A hovercraft moves by the window, ignored for the most part. The Brit stares out the window at the bay, frowning at something, but his Omega does not pay attention to him.

“They likely believe that even if the Federation can determine where they went, it will not dare to follow,” the Science Officer continues. “At the same time, they can hardly be certain of a welcome by the Klingons. So they transport to their homeworld, but chose to materialize in a region that has been uninhabited for decades.”

The Pure Alpha frowns, glancing up at the non-corporeal figure above them, his gaze uncertain. Khan scowls down at him, his wings shifting against his back as he debates on whether or not to teleport to his mate’s side.

“How do we know that this Ketha Province is uninhabited?” He asks, turning his gaze to the two younger Officers.

“The Klingons make no secret of its long-ago abandonment, sir,” the Vulcan continues. “There was a plague in what was formerly a heavily developed region that their medical science could not counteract. The most ruthless methods were employed to finally stamp it out.”

“I’d rather not ponder what passes for ‘ruthless methods’ among Klingons,” the Admiral mutters. “And this province has not been repopulated since?”

“No, Admiral,” Spock replies. “It is a well-known fact among those who are familiar with Klingon history and society. While the Klingon Empire has expanded to other worlds, this one province on their own homeworld remains deserted, rather like the obverse of a national park. Its extensive central conurbation and abandoned industrial facilities remain a place to be noted but shunned, not visited.”

“They must be hiding there,” Kirk says, stepping up to the edge of the desk. “Spock’s analysis is correct.”

He can feel his former First Officer’s surprise, glad that he does not say anything.

“They know if we even go near Klingon space, much less their homeworld, without a formal invitation, that would be all the excuse they’d need to ignite all-out war,” the blond continues. “They’d welcome it, I suspect. Starfleet can’t go after them. Not formally. If we tell the Klingons there are two human refugees wanted on Earth for mass murder, they’d delight in giving them sanctuary just to spite us.”

Khan snorts above them, muttering something in Klingon under his breath that the ex-Captain did not want a translation for, or dares to repeat. He flicks his gaze upwards, finding his mate turning his gaze back to the bay briefly before looking back.

“That’s if they haven’t done so already,” he says. “We both know that a formal Federation request for extradition sent through normal diplomatic channels would be laughed at. But if the Enterprise can get close enough to insert a small landing party, say, one hoping to quietly study the lingering effects of the plague that ravage the Ketha Province…”

‘And have sex on a hostile planet,’ the Alpha/Beta smirks.

‘I swear to god, one more comment like that and I’m banishing you to the couch,’ the ex-Captain snarls.

He feels his fiancé’s wings fold around him, his arms around his slender waist as he gently kisses his neck, the Omega relaxing in his arms slightly, a bit calmer.
‘Does “I am sorry” count?’ The Augment asks softly.

‘No, it does not,’ his mate replies.

“And if the Klingons discover you…?” Marcus asks with a derisive snort.

The blond smiles, but there is no humor behind the action.

“We’ll say that we just wanted to do a quick study and be gone,” he explains. “That much is true. We’ll add that we did it without telling them because we know that if we’d asked, they never would have given their permission. They’ll appreciate that: It’s in line with typical Klingon humor. They might still start shooting, but they’ll appreciate it. Hopefully, we won’t have to employ that excuse. If we move fast enough, we can get in and out before they can detect our presence.”

‘Did you hear that?’ Khan asks, standing before the window.

“We’ll have surprise on our sea,” Kirk continues. “By the time they get over their shock at having their planetary defenses breached, we’ll be warping out of their system, and no harm done. My guess is they’ll be too embarrassed to raise a stink.”

The Pure Alpha considers it carefully, glancing at the Alpha/Beta.

“What if you don’t get out in time?” He asks, looking back at the Omega.

The ex-Captain shrugs, amused by how unnerved the Admiral is around them.

“Then we’ll have to shoot back. I didn’t say the plan was perfect,” he says, giving a weak smile. “We’ll tell ’em we experienced a severe navigational malfunction and got lost.”

His smile vanishes, his expression and demeanor turning serious.

“They are there,” the blond says. “They might not stay there for long, so we have to act fast. Starfleet can’t formally go after them, but I can.”

He does not plead or beg, he does not have to. The air of absolute authority is around him, and it is quite clear that Marcus is having a rather difficult time not submitting to the Omega.

“Admiral,” Spock says, stepping forward. “I would like to second Captain Kirk’s suggestion.”

“‘Captain’ Kirk?” The Pure Alpha asks, eyebrows rising at the term. “You presume too much, gentlemen.”

He studies them carefully, the Alpha/Beta wrapping his arms around his mate protectively, growling at the highest-ranking Officer in the room with a look of abhorrence.

“Mr. Kirk, Mr. Spock: I am going to share something with you that is not to be repeated outside this room,” the Admiral says, his entire being radiating seriousness.

‘The crazy talk is about to start, correct?’ The dark haired male asks, grinning.

‘You have no idea,’ his fiancée replies.

“All-out war with the Klingons is inevitable, Mr. Kirk,” Marcus says. “If you ask me, it’s already begun.”

He waves his hand and the room fills with surveillance imagery: different types of Klingon
warships, armed Klingon soldiers, worlds, statistics, and more, but only Spock has never seen it before. The expectant couple studies them, but they are surprised to find that the information is different than the previous time. The Admiral eyes the display, sniffing derisively.

“‘Diplomacy’ and ‘friendship’ don’t seem to have a place in the Klingon vocabulary,” he begins. “In fact, there’s a whole section that might be labeled ‘getting along with others’ that seems to be missing from their culture.”

‘And yours,’ Khan mutters, his mate biting his lip to keep from giggling.

“Since we first learned of their existence, the Klingon Empire has conquered and occupied two inhabited worlds that we know of: worlds populated by sentient species with no burning racial desire other than to be left alone,” the Pure Alpha continues. “The Klingons don’t like to leave other species alone. In their mind, pacificity is a sign of weakness, and weakness is something to be exploited.”

‘Look at the models on his desk,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks, resting his chin on his Omega’s shoulder.

The ex-Captain subtly rolls, bumping his fiancé’s chin as a way to shush him. The Augment rumbles softly, kissing his neck.

“They’ve fired on our ships half a dozen times, always on the flimsiest of reasons,” Marcus says, staring at the dark haired male. “When we have the temerity to fire back, they withdraw, recalculate, and if necessary, offer up whatever excuses they think we’ll accept. Our diplomats hem and haw, but, being diplomats, end up coming to agreements.”

‘Something you know jack shit about,’ the Brit growls, squeezing his fiancée’s slender waist. ‘Can I kill him now?’

‘I get first dibs, Noonien,’ he growls back.

“Those ‘agreements’ will only last until the Klingons believe they’ve achieved an overwhelming superiority in firepower,” the Admiral says, his tone hardening. “Then there’ll be another ‘accident,’ only this time there’ll be no more agreements. They’ll come straight at us, and they won’t stop until they get to Earth itself.”

‘Holy fuck,’ Kirk breathes, keeping his face neutral. ‘He’s not planning to start a war; he’s planning genocide. And that’s not his instructions.’

“The galactic clock is ticking, gentlemen,” the Pure Alpha says. “They’re coming our way, and I’ll be damned if we’re not gonna be ready for them.”

He fixes his gaze on Spock, the Augment’s wings folding around his mate instinctively from the gaze being so close to him, growling once more. The ex-Captain can feel his own wings moving against his back, uncomfortable and uncertain.

“We intend to see to it, Mr. Spock,” Marcus says. “That what happened to you world will never happen again, to Earth, or anywhere else.”

‘He’s serious,’ the blond whispers, unable to believe his ears. ‘He’s going to exterminate the Klingons.’

‘But how do Naki and John play into this?’ The dark haired male asks. ‘What role do they have?’

‘I don’t know,’ his fiancée thinks back.
"London, that was not an ‘archive,’” the Pure Alpha continues after a breath. “It was the staging area for a top-secret branch of Starfleet research and development called ‘Section 31,’ as innocuous a designation as could be applied. The Scientists, Engineers, and military far-seers that were tasked with developing defensive technology, as well as training operatives to gather intelligence on the Klingons and any other potential enemies who mean to do us harm.”

As he speaks, images from the destroyed Section 31 facility appear in the air above his desk, which the trio studies intently. They are followed by a plethora of research material on the Klingon Empire: its ships, weapons, statistics, and much more.

Once again the information is different, and the ex-Captain pays careful attention to the data, his Alpha holding him tightly in his embrace. He catches a brief glimpse of video footage of three pale skin, dark haired males, two of them much smaller that the third, but it is gone before he can process it. His instincts react to the “image” of his mate, his rational mind unsure if it was him, or someone else.

‘It was me,’ the Augment thinks. ‘And I fear what else they have.’

“I’m sure you realize, gentlemen,” the Admiral continues. “That the galaxy is not an inherently benign place. In addition to dangerous natural phenomena, there are hostile intelligences out there who have reasons of their own for wishing to see the influences of Federation reduced, or eliminated entirely.”

‘And in here,’ the Omega thinks, his sheathed wings shifting in agitation.

“It is the task of Starfleet never to let down our guard against such entities,” Marcus finishes.

“I thought our task was to seek out and explore,” Spock interjects pointedly.

The Admiral nods in agreement, his eyes locked on a spot just above the blond’s shoulder, which also happened to be where the Alpha/Beta’s head was resting.

“Indeed it is, Mr. Spock,” he says, turning his gaze to the Vulcan. “Also to be wary of what we find when we seek out and explore. Starfleet’s approach has always been to extend the hand of greeting and friendship to whoever we encounter, while keeping a full charged phaser ready in our back pocket.”

He shakes his head dubiously as Kirk fights to not throttle the Pure Alpha before him, unable to believe that what he is saying might even be slightly true.

Starfleet saved his life, he believes in it with every fiber of his being, second only to his Alpha. It is not a militaristic organization, it is for deep-space exploration and defense, to advance knowledge about the galaxy and its inhabitants, to advance science and technology, diplomacy, and military defense.

Not offense.

He believes in its non-militaristic objectives, its ideal diplomacy.

Every person he has known in Starfleet, both in their reality and this one, has used military action as the last resort, when all other non-aggressive options had been exhausted. Even he had been put into positions where militaristic actions were his only option, something he did not enjoy due to his non-violent Omega personality, but he had his crew to protect, his family. He knew that Starfleet has a militaristic branch that is used in special circumstances, but only once they are provoked, and never before.
Could he have been so naïve that he ignored the fact that this is a different reality, so could this Starfleet be different?

That he saw only what he wanted to see?

And not what it truly is?

The thought turns his blood to ice, a chill running down his spine.

How much of his life in this reality has been only what he wants to see, and not what is reality?

Khan can feel his mate’s world spiraling out of control, coming apart at the seams as his mind races wildly. His instincts are screeching to teleport to his distressed Omega and conceal him entirely from the world, knowing that if he does so, it will start a reaction of events that will be catastrophic. He does not care, he needs to be with the mother of his unborn child, but he forces himself to not do so, his heart breaking at his mate’s mental pleas for him. The Alpha/Beta knows that his fiancée naturally lacks confidence, a part of his Pure Omega nature, and his duty as his Alpha is to be his pillar of strength, his rock.

An idea hits him.

‘Can I lie to you?’ He asks.

He instantly feels the change in his mate’s mind, his whirling thoughts screeching to a halt, grounded in an instant. The necklace around the blond’s feels white hot against their skin, though it is only as warm as body heat and outside temperature allow it to be.

‘No,’ the ex-Captain breathes.

“Extend both hands to the Klingons, and they’re likely to come back missing a finger or two,” Marcus says, his lips curled up at the corners slightly in response to the Omega’s scent. “Plans are being made to defeat them, by any means necessary.”

‘Biologically,’ the Augment mutters, tightening his grip on his fiancée’s waist. ‘And by defeat, you mean extinction.’

Visual information on the Klingon Empire is abruptly replaced by a personnel file: that of Thomas Harewood.

“But Harrison and his twin somehow coerced a Section 31 Officer to sacrifice his own life and detonate a device that destroyed the facility and killed innocent men and women,” the Pure Alpha says. “We don’t know why Harrison turned against us, or where his twin came from.”

He stares off into the distance, momentarily focusing his thoughts on another matter entirely, allowing the blond to softly utter something in his natural tongue, one that his fiancé does not want translated. The Brit growls softly, knowing that the Admiral had fed his not-then mate the same line of bullshit that he is now, and that he is the reason things happened last time.

He has to remind himself that if things had not happened the way they did, he would not have his Perfect Mate, and be expecting his first child, the two things he wanted so desperately he is willing to give up everything to protect them. His large hands rest on his Omega’s still-flat abdomen, fingers curling slightly in possession.

“He was one of our best agents,” Marcus says when he snaps back to reality. “You cannot imagine how talented and valuable he was. One might almost say unique.”
“You have no idea,” slips out of Kirk’s mouth before he can stop it.

He feels Spock’s gaze on him, but his is locked on his almost-Alpha, cold, hard, and down right terrifying.

The Augment rumbles with approval, kissing his Omega’s neck as he promises to do things that would normally have his mate fainting from all the blood rushing to his face, but instead have him asking for something that the dark haired male never thought would come out past his lips. The one thing that he has kept throughout his entire life, the one thing that he thought he would never give away, but he knows that his mate is the one who deserves it.

‘Yes,’ he whispers. ‘You can have it. You can have my virginity.’

The Admiral swallows, unnerved by the “lesser” sex before him, the one person who should be afraid of him, but is not.

‘Fucking Pure Alpha elitists,’ the ex-Captain snarls, placing his hand over his Alpha’s.

“But now, he and his twin are fugitive mass murders, and I want the chance to take them out,” the blond says, refusing to submit to his molester at any point.

“‘Take them out?’” Marcus asks, frowning slightly. “You are very young, Mr. Kirk.”

Kirk has to bite his tongue to prevent him from hurling curses at the Pure Alpha in his native tongue, just to piss him off so he has an excuse to hurl him through a window, from a very lethal height.

“In fact, I would go so far as to say your response about sounds a bit,” the Admiral smiles wickedly before finishing. “Klingonish.”

All five coffee pots on the wall near the end of the meeting table in the office explode violently, glass flying everywhere as hot coffee stains the white walls around it, other objects rattling dangerously as the most powerful telepath in the room, possibly universe, starts to lose control of his abilities as his emotions take control. Marcus’ head whips to the pots, his jaw unhinging slightly at the force of the explosion, not realizing that the head of the older Pure Blood bloodlines had done it on purpose.

“Starfleet isn’t about vendettas,” he says shakily, knowing full well that could have been his head, not the coffee pots. “You know this.”

“Maybe it should be,” the ex-Captain growls, taking a step forward. “Maybe if the Klingons thought we were more like them, instead of, say, the inhabitants of those two worlds they recently occupied, they’d show us a little more respect and stop shooting at our ships. I’m all for diplomacy, first and foremost, but there’s a time for talk, and a time for stalk.”

He sings a few choice words softly, thrilled when the Admiral takes a step back. The Pure Alpha steels himself, his scent wildly fluctuating, terror being the main note.

“St-straightforwardly put,” Marcus stutters, fighting to not submit to the dominating Omega. “I’d have exp-expected nothing less. Pike always said you were one of our best and brightest. Also one of our most… imp-impetuous? I think that’s the word he used. You should hear him defend you. He’s the one who talked you into joining Starfleet, wasn’t he?”

“No, he saved me,” the blond snarls. “Something you should know about. First hand.”
“Captain?” Spock asks, highly confused.

“Did he ever tell you talked him into joining?” The Admiral asks, his tone hardening.

“He did, actually,” Kirk replies. “He told me that his biggest regret is the fact that it was you.”

“Captain?” The Vulcan asks again. “May I inquire to what-”

“No,” the ex-Captain snarls, a low rumble deep within his chest.

The two longest Pure Blood bloodlines stare each other down, the tension palatable as the air crackles with energy from the oldest bloodline’s abilities, but not enough to cause hair to stand on end. Khan’s wings shift in agitation against his back, feeling his mate’s fury through their bond as he flicks his gaze between the two Pure Bloods, goose bumps rising all over his body.

“His death would have been on me,” the Admiral says quietly. “And yours can’t be. I won’t allow that. Harrison and his twin have cost Starfleet too many fine Officers. I will not see your name added to that list. The Klingon homeworld, really, now. I’m not letting you get anywhere near that planet. Not even if the object is to ‘take out’ John Harrison and his twin.”

The Omega knows that his words are genuine, but that does not stop him from wanting to snarl a comment about since he cared so much about his well being in the past, why should he care now? His fiancé is looking out the window again, frowning at something he cannot sense, his wings shifting slightly.

“We’ll deal with them through other means,” the Pure Alpha says, starting to turn away. “There are less-known diplomatic channels that-”

“Diplomacy,” the ex-Captain interrupts. “If they declare their presence to the Klingons and tells them what they’ve done, they’ll view them as an ally. They’re just two rogue humans, sure, but they’re ones who’ve accomplished something that would accrue considerable merit to any of them had they carried out such a stealthy attack. It would be just like them to grant them diplomatic immunity and parade them at a conference, or use them for general propaganda purposes. They have to be… excised… so that can’t happen.”

The words taste foul in his mouth, his rage threatening to boil over.

Khan swears that the roots of his hair at the base of his neck are darker, but it is gone as soon as he sees it. He stares hard at the neck of the mother of his unborn child, determining that it was just a trick of the light when it happens again.

“‘Vendetta’ aside” the Omega continues. “There are practical reasons why they have to be dealt with as soon as possible.”

Marcus appears to mull it over, but the blond knows that he has already made up his mind. He turns to the Science Officer staring quizzically at his friend, his head tipped slightly.

“Mr. Spock,” the Pure Alpha begins. “You said the city they’re hiding in is uninhabited?”

“Affirmative, sir,” the Vulcan replies. “And has been for quite some time. On a map of Qo’noS, it is an empty place: abandoned, deserted, and unvisited.”

The Admiral nods to himself, glancing at the Augment currently perched on the edge of his desk, a look of smug satisfaction on his pale face.
“As part of our extended defensive strategy, Section 31 has developed a number of new, highly advanced weapons systems,” Marcus says, pressing a few buttons on his desk. “One of these is a new kind of photon torpedo: long-range and undetectable. It’s designed to be invisible to Klingon sensors.”

The diagram of the photon torpedo appears, rotating above his desk slowly and smoothly. The Alpha/Beta growls, recognizing them as the ones that hold his crew, his family.

And soon to be his mate’s.

Just as the Enterprise is about to be his.

“Designed to be,” Spock says, considering the statement. “Is it?”

The Admiral does not smile, glancing at the Brit who is eyeing him with distaste, lips pulled back slightly in a snarl.

“In all computer simulations, it has functioned as intended. In a real combat situation, we have yet to find out,” he says. “You’re going to have the opportunity to find out.”

‘Can I kill him now?’ The dark haired male rumbles, his distaste turning into malicious intent.

His fiancée flicks his gaze to him, his glacial blue eyes flashing through emotions rapidly. The older of the pair rises and stands behind his mate, wrapping his arms around his slender waist, resting his chin on his shoulder. He folds his massive wings around them, holding him tight as he watches the highest ranking Officer in the room intently.

“Mr. Kirk, you will proceed to locate John Harrison and his twin,” the Admiral says. “I don’t want you hurt, but I want you to take them out. When you have conclusively established their position and, provided they remain isolated from their unknowing Klingon hosts, you lock onto their position, you fire, you kill them, then you haul ass.”

Kirk swallows around the hard lump in his throat, feeling ill at those words.

‘They are innocent,’ Khan growls, tightening his grip. ‘You know this.’

‘I do,’ the blond replies. ‘Which is why I will fight to keep them safe, as if they are my own crew. They are you, and that’s all I need.’

‘Thank you,’ his Alpha whispers, kissing his neck.

“Of course,” is all the ex-Captain says.

Marcus nods, staring at the smirking Augment once more.

“Admiral,” Spock says, clearly unhappy with this plan. “It is to be presupposed that the Klingons will look less than understandingly at the launching of photon torpedoes at their homeworld from a Federation vessel.”

‘No shit,’ the Alpha Beta growls, his wings shifting in annoyance.

“As would we if the situation were reversed, Mr. Spock,” the Pure Alpha agrees. “However, if the torpedoes work as intended, no trace of their passage will be detectable. Klingon sensors might detect the presence of the Enterprise. They will have no way of connecting it with the detonation on an uninhabited portion of their planet. If all goes as hoped, the Enterprise will be in and away
before they can register its presence.”

He catches his breath, moving slightly to allow the ex-Captain to see the model ships his Alpha had been talking about earlier.

‘Did he seriously place a model of the Vengeance on his desk?’ He asks, fighting to keep his face neutral. ‘Where the Hell did he get that?’

‘From my desk,’ his Alpha replies. ‘It is the one from the house where I raised the twins in. I would get bored, and I would, play, with it.’

‘A grown man playing with model ships,’ the blond thinks, struggling not to grin. ‘You’ll never live this down.’

‘Why else would I tell you?’ The Augment grins. ‘And Marcus is going to be bloody livid when he finds a few, surprises I put into our ship’s coding, and design.’

‘Our?’ Kirk asks, surprised.

Khan just rumbles softly, kissing his fiancée’s neck.

“As you may know, Qo’noS has one major moon, Praxis, which is a center of energy production. There are also a number of smaller moonlets and planetoids,” the Admiral says.

‘Because I blew it up,’ the Brit growls. ‘Under your orders.’

“Too small to bother colonizing even with automatic stations; plenty large enough to conceal a single starship visually, electromagnetically, and gravitationally from sensors on both Qo’noS and Praxis,” the Pure Alpha says. “If you can emerge from warp space at appropriate predetermined coordinates behind one of these, the Klingons won’t notice you. A patrol would eventually, but you should be in and out before that happens.”

His gaze shifts from Kirk to Spock, flicking to Khan occasionally.

“Nobody suggests this is going to be easy,” Marcus says. “But it’s possible. It’s doable.”

“Permission to reinstate Commander Spock as my First Officer,” the Omega says.

“Granted,” the Pure Alpha replies. “Anything else?”

“Actually, yes,” the blond says.

He snarls a few rather nasty curses in Marcus’ native tongue before turning on his heel and walking out of the room, leaving the Admiral, and his First Officer, gaping at him. The Alpha/Beta smirks and opens his eyes, pulling out two of the pre-portioned sushi leftovers as he waits for his Omega to return, feeling just how hungry he is. Kirk storms through the door as he growls and curses under his breath, taking up pacing as his fury rolls off him in waves, a few loose objects rattling. The dark haired male is instantly pulling his mate into his embrace, wrapping his massive jet black wings around him as he murmurs softly in Hindi, peppering kisses over every millimeter of skin he can reach.

“Breathe, love,” he murmurs. “Just breathe.”

The newly reinstated Captain inhales his fiancé’s scent, his fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt as he buries his head into his neck, his lithe frame trembling in the older male’s embrace.
They hold onto each other, not wanting to let go, feeling the other’s heartbeat against their ribs.

“Thank you,” the blond says softly, nuzzling his Alpha’s skin.

“Your thanks is not necessary,” the Brit murmurs. “But is appreciated.”

They pull away just enough to press their lips together, heads tipped slightly as they press closer to each other, tightening their grips. Khan’s large hands move to the small of his mate’s back and the back of his head, tangling his fingers into his long, dark golden blond hair, gripping gently. The Omega’s fingers curl around his neck, tangling them into his silk-like hair, pressing closer so his soft curves mold with hard angles. Lips part and tongues tangle, the kiss slow and intimate as the Alpha/Beta slides his hand from his back to his waist before down his side to his hem of his undershirt, slowly creeping up to thumb his narrow waist. His long fingers slip under the waistline of his pants to trace the bony ridge of his hip, slipping under his boxers to tease the soft skin there before inching further back to squeeze a cheek, earning a slap to his chest.

“It’s either my neck or my ass,” Kirk mutters, his cheeks flushing. “Why do you like those parts more than any other part of me?”

“Because it is a very lovely neck,” the father of his unborn child rumbles against his neck, smiling at the full body shiver. “And your arse just happens to be the right size for my large hands. And it is very, squeezable.”

He emphasizes his point by squeezing a little harder, grinning at the soft squeak and the even deeper flush that spreads across his fiancée’s face, his gaze firmly fixed on his broad, muscular chest. The Augment nuzzles his reddened cheeks with his tip of his nose as he pulls his hand out of his pants, gently nudging him to the bar to eat the food he pulled out.

“Eat,” he orders, smiling at the glare sent his way. “I think it is time for another dose of cranberries.”

“Smegma,” the Omega mutters, his Alpha’s jaw hitting the floors.

“Where the bloody Hell did you learn that word?” He asks, flabbergasted. “That is incredibly vulgar!”

“You pick up a few words when you’re around a foul mouthed Pure Alpha elitist,” the blond replies, shrugging. “That’s not the worst I’ve heard, or been called.”

“I do not find that comforting,” the Brit mutters, sitting beside his Captain.

He watches the mother of his unborn child with a tender expression, placing his hand over his after a little bit, causing his to look up.

“James,” he says softly, squeezing. “I know I should not go with you, but I do not think you could function without me, nor would I be safe here.”

The Captain looks down at his hand before looking up his face, turning his gaze back to his food as he sighs softly, his eyes falling shut.

“I know you wouldn’t be, and I know that I can’t,” he says quietly after a few seconds. “It’s too dangerous for either of us right now, and I’m really fucking scared of what might happen again if I don’t have you by my side. I can’t…”

He shudders and grips the dark haired male’s hand tightly, a few tears threatening to roll down his
“I don’t know if I could make that sacrifice for my crew again,” he admits quietly. “I don’t know if I could ever make a sacrifice like that again for any reason.”

“James,” Khan says softly, squeezing his hand. “You will not have to. I will make sure of it.”

“How?” Kirk demands, snapping his head towards him as tears stream down his cheeks. “How can you make sure that it won’t happen again when this reality is following the exact same path, and we can’t stop it? The odds of everything repeating the exact same way are just too slim to be nothing if not zero, and since they are, the odds of them changing are the exact same probability. There’s nothing we can do to stop it, and you know it. And-”

His words die on his lips as they are claimed, blinking rapidly before melting into the kiss, his eyes fluttering shut as he parts his lips to a probing tongue. A large hand rests on his knee and kneads gently before sliding up his thigh, slipping under his shirt to rest on the skin of his flat abdomen, his hand incredibly warm as he rubs small, tender circles.

“Because we know what will happen this time,” the Augment breathes against his lips. “And we have a Hell of a lot more to lose this time.”

He gently rubs noses with his mate before pecking his lips thrice, gesturing to his food with a nod of his head, a soft smile on his lips. The blond smiles softly as he nuzzles his razor sharp cheekbones with the tip of his nose, turning back to his food as he takes a bite, his eyes closing in bliss as he realizes how famished he is.

“Slow down!” The Brit laughs as he sees his mate eating rapidly. “You will hurt yourself if you keep-I warned you.”

His Captain glares at him as he sticks out the very tip of his tongue that he had bit, tears biting the corners of his eyes as he sniffs, his lower lip trembling. His fiancé leans in and kisses the tip of his tongue gently, resuming to eat his food as the Captain sniffs louder, whimpering softly. The Augment rolls his eyes as he snorts loudly, shaking his head before resuming to eat and ignore his Omega’s whimpers, earning a soft growl.

“I did warn you,” the Alpha/Beta grins, his eyes flashing. “And you did not heed it.”

‘Shut up!’ The Omega snaps, his cheeks flushing darkly. ‘I’m hungry!’

“I know you are, love,” his fiancé replies, his eyes crinkling around the corners. “But that does not mean you should not heed my warning.”

His fiancée sticks his tongue out further, squeaking as his mate grabs his tongue and tries to hold it, but the appendage is too slippery and the younger of the pair draws it back into his mouth quickly.

“You’re mean…” Kirk mutters, his cheeks flush as his gaze becomes fixed on the floor.

Khan quirks an eyebrow up at the statement, shaking his head in amusement as he sighs softly, a soft smile on his lips.

“Sometimes,” he admits. “But it is always playful with you, James.”

The Captain nods slightly, flicking his gaze up to the dark haired male before smiling softly, his blushing lightening.
“I love you too, Noonien,” he says quietly, leaning in to press a soft kiss to his lips.

His Alpha hums softly into the kiss, cradling the back of his dark golden blond head to hold him steady, lips, tongues, and teeth expertly used. He hauls his Captain to his feet as he holds him tight against his body, sheathing his wings as tightens his grip on his hair, smearing their mouths harder against each other. The blond suddenly finds himself on his back on his kitchen table, the Augment looming over him as his eyes rake over his form as if he were a feast, a low rumble in his throat. His fiancée shivers and closes his eyes, turning his head away as his flush starts to move down his body, gripping his biceps tightly. The Alpha/Beta drops down and smears their mouths together, rolling their hips together as their pulses pick up, one hand above his Omega’s shoulder while the other rests on his prominent hip. He pulls away and attaches his lips to his neck, sucking a mark on the side opposite of his mark of claim, tongue laving over the bruise occasionally before resuming to darken it. The Omega is panting heavily now, his lips opening and closing frequently to swallow, gasping each time they part. His fingers are curling into the Brit’s jet black hair, gripping tightly as he trembles, soft mewls spilling past his lips.

His fiancé snarls as he pulls away, glaring hard at the door that is currently alerting them that someone is outside, his lips pulled back to bare his teeth. His mate pushes at his shoulders and quickly moves to the door, opening it to find his immaculate First Officer on his doorstep, raising an eyebrow at his disheveled appearance.

“Spock, this is really not a good time,” he says quickly, running a hand through his hair to try and tame it. “I have to pack up so I can-”

“Is Commander John Harrison currently occupying your residence at this present time?” The Vulcan inquires, head tipped to the side slightly.

Kirk sputters at the question, his face turning bright red as he tries to figure out how to answer, his lips moving rapidly, but no sound comes out. He jumps as his mate places a hand on his shoulder, whipping his head around to him before back at the Science Officer, his glacial blue eyes blown wide.

“What do you want?” Khan asks, a hard edge to his voice as he shifts back into a warrior’s demeanor, eyeing his fellow Commander intently.

“Confirming my theory that the Commander John Richard Harrison onboard the Enterprise is not the same Commander who attacked Starfleet,” Spock replies, eyeing the Augment cautiously, who frowns at his alias’ middle name. “I had observed that the fugitives have a rather unique iris pattern, similar to your own, but have an added feature that you do not possess. After studying the security footage, I confirmed that the Commander onboard was not the same one on the feed.”

The Alpha/Beta narrows his eyes at him, the corners of his mouth curling up slightly in a snarl.

“What is that suppose to mean?” He snaps, his eyes flashing.

“That as a valued member of the Enterprise’s Science Division, I expect the Commander John Richard Harrison assigned to the Enterprise to be present at his station when we depart,” the Vulcan replies, unfazed by the unveiled threat. “Captain, do not be late, as your apparent record has revealed that you have conditioned yourself to be habitually tardy.”

The Science Officer turns on his heel and leaves the flabbergasted couple staring at his back, looking at each other before back at the retreating figure, then at each other again.

“What the fuck just happened?” The Omega asks, closing the door when they enter the apartment.
“I have no idea,” his fiancé replies, shaking his head in bemusement. “I am just as baffled as you are.”

“Then do you mind taking a shot of something so I can get drunk?” The blond asks, sending the Brit into a fit of hysterical giggles. “It’s not funny! I’m serious!”

“Of course it is, love, and I know you are,” his Alpha chuckles, wiping at his eyes.

An impish look suddenly crosses his face, his eyes glinting in away that his Omega rarely sees, but knows exactly what it means. He backs up as the dark haired male advances, quickly caged against the wall with large pale hands on either side of his head, his cheeks flushing as he looks up at the pale, angular face just millimeters from his. The Captain squeezes his eyes shut as he turns his head away, feeling the father of the child inside his womb close the distance, shivering as he breathes on his ear.

“We have a shuttle to catch, and then a pair of clones to bend over the knee and spank,” he breathes, tracing the shell of his Captain’s ear with the tip of his tongue. “But first, I am going to do something that I have wanted to do with your body for a very long time.”

“And what’s that?” His fiancée whimpers before crying out as he earlobe is lightly sucked.

The next few words that are uttered are done so in a rumble so deep he can feel it in his bones, more of a sensation than a sound, freezing completely at the statement.

_I am going to fuck you against this wall the way I have dreamed of doing since I first saw your face in your record._

Kirk suddenly begins to sob loudly as his scent becomes noxious with sheer terror, dropping to the floor as his hands fly up to cover his face, his entire frame trembling violently.

“Please don’t hurt me,” he sobs. “I’ll be good, I promise. Don’t make me do it again. Please don’t make me do it again.”

Khan is instantly on his knees, quietly shushing his Captain as he rubs his calf reassuringly, peppering soft kisses to his temple. The blond’s sobs die down to whimpers before he can finally look at the Alpha/Beta, his lower lips trembling as he futilely wipes at his tears, his Alpha dabbing at them with his sleeve. He lets his head be rested on his broad shoulder as arms wrap around him, touching him reassuringly as he buries his head into the pale neck before him, hot tears streaming down his face. The Augment presses a soft kiss to his brow as his own tears fall down his pale cheeks, murmuring softly in Hindi as he soothes his quietly whimpering mate, feeling his slender frame tremble in his embrace.

“I should not have done that,” he says quietly, rocking gently. “I am so sorry, baby boy. I did not mean to push you that far.”

His fiancée just whimpers, his fingers digging into the fabric of his shirt as he presses closer to his robust body, his trembling subsiding slowly. The Brit gently strokes his cheek with his thumb as he murmurs, continuing to rock gently as they remain on the floor in each other’s embrace, wishing for it to all be over.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry about the dark ending. I could not get it right which is why I'm late. Oh well.
Finals kicked my sorry @$$, so I haven't been able to post. Sorry. But who saw the new Star Trek Beyond trailer? I'm sooo looking forward to this movie. And to get my hands on the novelization. Enjoy!

The massive shuttle hanger is a hive of activity when the couple arrives dressed in their flight suits, wings sheathed as they watch those around them with caution, slightly on edge. Khan spots technicians going over final checkouts, dozens of personnel comparing notes and assignments, and supplies being prepared for loading. The hum, clank, and whir of automatics combined with the buzz of human and alien voices in conversation creates a symphony of expectancy, but the Augment does not give any of his surroundings a second thought, far too busy making sure that his Omega is alright and not putting up a façade.

And stare at his glorious rear.

An Omega on a mission, Captain James Tiberius Kirk strides through the confusion, parting lesser ranks with a “distinct’ lack of patience, though they both know that he is still coming up from his low. If one were to look closely at the blond, they would see that he is trembling, fighting to keep his emotions in control even twenty plus minutes after finally having calmed down. The Alpha/Beta watches as his mate actively avoids making skin-to-skin contact to with anyone, shivering if someone does accidentally, feeling him draw into himself both mentally and psychically. Some of those he nudges aside start to protest, but they quickly recognized him and moved out of his way, allowing an irate McCoy to fall instep beside him.

“Jim, I waited and waited,” McCoy growls. “Where the Hell were you?”

“Waited?” The blond asks. “For what?”

“For the going-away banquet Starfleet’s tiny two gendered contingent prepared in your honor,” the Doctor replies, rolling his eyes. “For your pre-departure medical exam, what’d you think? Neither of you showed up.”

He glares at the dark haired male, unnerving him slightly, but only receives a half-hearted one shouldered shrug in reply.

“You two were in a damn firefight ten hours ago, and Jim, you’re pregnant,” the Beta says, lowering his voice on the last word. “You were never checked out after the fight, and now you’re resume command of the Enterprise without so much as your blood pressure checked. What kind of ship’s Doctor do you think I am? It’s my duty to-”

“Bones, I’m fine,” the Omega snaps, increasing his pace.

McCoy grabs his arm, bringing him to an abrupt stop and forcing them to lock eyes.

“The Hell you are,” he growls before lowering his voice. “And if not for me, then do it for the two people who can’t live without you. Especially the youngest.”
True fear flashes across his friend’s face, his hand resting on his abdomen instinctively, and a quick glance at his mate shows the exact same expression.

“Is, is there something wrong with my baby?” Kirk asks quietly, trembling.

The Beta shakes his head, allowing the expectant couple to breathe, glancing at each other with trepidation.

“I saw nothing wrong on your last exam, but I really want to make sure,” he says, letting go of his Captain’s arm. “Last thing we need is a superhuman gone mad with grief, or worse, our Captain.”

The blond nods, glancing around as his hand remains on his abdomen.

“You can start the exam on the shuttle, but only check the, other, person in the medbay,” he instructs, continuing to the shuttle.” And I’m gonna bitch because I’m suddenly pissed off.”

“And the mood swings come into play,” the brunet grins, shaking his head. “You’ve got yourself a heap of Hell for awhile.”

“I had expected nothing less,” Khan smiles softly following his mate. “I would not have, donated, my genetic material, if I did not think I was ready to deal with a murderous, hormonal James. As I already have.”

“You have yet to see hormonal,” McCoy teases. “C’mon, move, Captain. You’re holding up the queue.”

With a nod to one Ensign and a word to another, Kirk checks himself onto the shuttle, his fiancé right behind him. The Doctor delays his entrance in order to check the first Ensign’s eyes, which struck him as unusually dilated. The Captain shakes his head as the two argue over what the Ensign might have ingested or imbibed the previous night, wandering deeper into the shuttle, the Alpha/Beta right behind him. Neither are surprised that Spock is already seated and ready for liftoff, the Augment choosing to sit in the row across from the Vulcan, taking the seat next to the aisle.

“Status report, Mr. Spock?” The Omega asks, brushing his fingers against his Alpha’s shoulder before tucking a strand of his dark golden blond hair behind his ear.

“I am pleased to report that I am well, Captain,” the Science Officer begins. “And that I have completed all appropriate pre-departure-”

“Not you,” the blond groans, taking a seat next to the aisle. “I can see your status well enough. I meant the ship.”

“The Enterprise should be ready for departure by the time we arrive,” Spock informs his Captain. “I anticipate no delays in leaving orbit.”

Kirk nods approvingly, glancing at the fiancé as he curses quietly under his breath, scowling as he studies his PADD intently. The device has something he has never seen before on its screen, but could only call it “digital rain,” moving too fast for him to recognize anything on it as his mate navigates the 3D, something, fingers working furiously. McCoy appears at that exact moment, laden with a handful of medical instruments, his perpetual scowl fixed on his face. The Captain growls and leans away as his Chief Medical Officer uses a small scanner to examine him, clearly unhappy as his lips pull back to reveal his teeth, snapping them in annoyance.

“I said you could do this once we were underway,” he growls, the Augment rolling his eyes beside
“Technically, as soon as the last door closes, we’re officially underway,” the Doctor replies, passing the device across his Captain’s face without looking up. “You want to lodge a complaint about my reasoning, file it with Starfleet Medical once we return. In the meantime, open your mouth and stick out your tongue so I can scan your teeth.”

The Omega eyes the hand near his mouth, seriously debating on whether to tear a hunk of skin off when his Alpha glares at him, reluctantly complying to the Beta’s order.

“Captain,” the Vulcan says. “I would be remiss were I not to thank you for requesting me reinstatement to the Enterprise. While I could as easily remained with Captain Abbott’s ship or requested assignment to another vessel, my preference is to serve aboard the Enterprise in the company of a crew with whom I am already familiar.”

“If you’re going to say something about ‘familiarity breeding contempt,’” McCoy says without looking up from his work. “I may be forced to make a note in your official record.”

“I would not think of doing such a thing, Doctor,” Spock says. “The very notion leads me to suggest that after you are through examining the Captain, you might consider examining yourself for symptoms of paranoia.”

“It’s not para-sonuvabitch!”

The Beta jerks his hand back before his Captain can do any real damage, glaring at him as a bruise begins to form around the bite. Kirk bares his teeth, his lips curled back as he growls, a low rumble in his throat. Khan lightly smacks his Omega on his chest with the back of his hand, letting out his own threatening rumble. The blond glares at him, snarling low before tears well up in his glacial blue eyes, sniffing slightly. He futilely wipes at the tears streaming down his cheeks, cursing quietly under his breath. The Science Officer stares at his Captain, slightly slack jawed at the events unfolding before his eyes.

“Fucking hormones,” the Omega curses, sniffing. “Why did the mood swings have to start now?”

“Because you’re actually fifteen weeks, three days along,” McCoy says, grinning. “That’s-”

“I know what it is in normal terms!” The Captain hisses, sniffing again. “This is your fault!”

He glares at his fiancé, the Alpha/Beta raising an eyebrow at the glare, still wondering how they managed to mess up how far along the pregnancy is.

“How is this my fault?” He asks, trying to not laugh at his mate’s expression.

“If you hadn’t knocked me up, I wouldn’t be in this mess!” Kirk hisses, tears pouring down his cheeks. “I wouldn’t be…”

He suddenly begins to cry loudly, much to the shock of the crew around him who was unaware of his condition, while those are fight to not giggle. The dark haired male composes himself and undoes his harness, rising to his feet to kneel in front of his mate and pull his head to his shoulder after undoing his own harness, rubbing his back soothingly. The Captain clings to his Alpha tightly, his body shaking with the force of his sobs while his fingers wrinkle the fabric of his flight suit, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Captain, are you,” Spock gapes. “Are you pregnant?”
“No, I enjoy balling my eyes in front of my crew,” the Omega snarls, glaring at his First Officer.

He sniffs and buries his head into his mate’s shoulder as his body shakes, wrapping his arms around his neck as he clings tightly, crying softly. The Brit rubs his fiancée’s body tenderly, shushing him softly in Hindi as he gently pulls him down to his level, pressing soft kisses to his skin.

“Did James finally crack under the pressure?”

A trim and athletic blonde, blue-eyed newcomer smiles down at the Captain, her scent displaying her amusement as a soft smile plays across her face.

“No, he’s pregnant, Carol,” the Beta says, grinning.

“Well, it’s about fucking time,” Wallace grins, her eyes shining. “The whole crew waited six years for you two to conceive.”

“Carol, I swear to God,” Kirk snarls, glaring hard up at her. “Leave me the fuck alone, Blitta bitch.”

“I will let the derogative slide due to hormones, but next time, pregnant or not, you use that term towards me, I will throttle you,” Wallace snaps, handing over her PADD.

“Just sit,” the blond sniffles, letting his Alpha dab at his fresh tears. “We don’t need to go through this again.”

“My God you are hormonal,” the blonde replies, shaking her head. “But I think I should sit over there, as our blubbering, hormonal Captain needs his Alpha, and a tissue.”

She pulls a handkerchief from nowhere and hands it the Augment as the Captain suddenly begins to sob loudly, biting her lip to not giggle at the puddle of goo that is now her Commanding Officer. He dabs at his mate’s wet cheeks as he whimpers softly, placing him back into his seat and redoes the harness, taking the empty seat beside him.

“You requested an additional Science Officer?” The Vulcan asks, making an odd sound deep in his throat.

“Commander, if I may speak freely,” Khan says, placing his upturned palm on the divider. “I do not think now is the time to press our Captain for information. Not when he is more temperamental than a… well, he is an incredibly emotional creature normally, now exacerbated by his, condition.”

The Captain slips his hand into his fiancé’s, resting his head on his shoulder as he closes his eyes, his Chief Medical Officer continuing his exam.

“I hate mood swings,” he mutters, leaning against his fleshy headrest. “They leave me so drained.”

“You have a data point of two, love,” Khan chuckles, kissing his temple. “Once you have at least ten, then you can draw that conclusion.”

“Fuck off,” Kirk growls, counterpointed by the fact that he snuggles closer to his mate. “I can do whatever I damn well please.”

The Alpha/Beta chuckles at his words, smiling at his pregnant Omega before planting a kiss on the top of his dark golden blond head, nuzzling his scalp tenderly as he murmurs softly. Spock studies the couple, unsure of what to make of the new information he has acquired, eyeing the Science
Officer on the other side of the aisle. The Doctor simply mutters something rude under his breath as he examines his Captain from behind him, his hand still throbbing from where the blond had tried his hand at cannibalism. The Omega murmurs a soft apology, his fiancé chuckling when it is not in English, on any other language from this reality, nuzzling his temple affectionately. The dark haired male can hear the Vulcan’s thoughts whirling wildly, waiting for him to ask the question.

“Under normal circumstances, I would not inquire about the personal activities of a colleague,” the First Officer begins. “However, these are not normal circumstances. Observing the way you and the Captain interact, there is a high probability that you copulate on a regular basis and are indeed the one who inseminated our Captain, correct?”

Khan blushes lightly, looking away as he scratches the back of his head, unsure how to answer such a personal question.

“That’s the most unromantic way of saying ‘fuck my brains out’ and ‘knock me up,’” Kirk mutters, his words slurred slightly.

“And that is better?” The Brit asks, spotting Wallace covering her mouth with a hand to hold back her snicker.

“Those are the scientifically correct terms,” Spock replies matter-of-factly. “I was not trying to be romantic, Captain.”

“And if anyone else had those words coming out of their mouth,” the Captain mutters. “They’d be on the ground missing a few teeth.”

“And then who’d deliver that child of yours in…” The Beta begins, trailing off as he counts.

“Sixty-four weeks, four days,” the Augment replies, smiling.

“What he said,” McCoy finishes.

“Maeve,” the Omega says.

“Yeah right,” the brunet snorts. “This is coming from the Omega who decked the Federation’s leading expert in the study of Pure Omegas, physiology, anatomy, diseases, everything, because he asked you to take off your pants to check your hoo hoo.”

“And may I remind you that my hoo hoo is only accessible every three months?” The blond growls, glaring at his Chief Medical Officer as he turns in his seat to look behind him. “Otherwise it has a very tiny opening or is sealed shut tighter than a-”

McCoy holds up a hand, cutting off his friend’s rant abruptly.

“I don’t need a metaphor because I’ve seen more of you than I will ever need, or want,” he mutters. “So please, spare me the gory details. And face forward.”

Kirk curses under his breath before turning back to the front as the Beta continues to examine him, fighting back tears as his hormones take full control of him, biting his lower lip to stop himself from whimpering. He turns and glares at his Alpha beside him, teeth bared as tears begin to fall, the already raised eyebrow rising higher as the amused look becomes more noticeable.

“Shut up,” he hisses, color rising to his damp cheeks.

The Alpha/Beta simply shakes his head and exhales softly through his nose, dabbing at his
fiancée’s cheeks with the handkerchief, highly amused by the mood swings. The Science Officer to his direct left just stares at the couple with an almost human-like expression of confusion on his face, baffled by the present events. Wallace and the Doctor share a look with each other as a certain red haired Augment finally shows up, taking one look at the scene before her and decides that she does not want to know, sitting beside her mate.

“So, Captain,” the blonde grins, her eyes shining. “Did you really punch Dr. Lebowski during your annual check-up?”

“Not just punch,” the dark haired male replies. “Almost eviscerated him if I had not pulled him off.”

“Let’s see how you react when you have a cold metal speculum shoved into your ass and vagina,” the Captain snarls. “Evisceration would have been the least of his worries when I was through with him. He would have been fucking inside out once I was done.”

“And yet, he still lived,” his Alpha replies, quirking an eyebrow up. “And did your check-up the next year. Why did that happen, exactly?”

His Captain groans and buries the heels of his palms into his eyes, causing the others to laugh.

“Can this shuttle please start moving?” He begs.

As if his plea had been heard, the shuttle begins to rise skyward towards Starbase 1, the sprawling metropolis of Greater San Francisco falls away beneath them. Brown and green land gives way to the immense expanse of the deep blues that are the Pacific, but none of it is seen by the ever increasingly pale Brit, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as his lips move rapidly. His Omega tangles their finger together, resting his head on his shoulder, exhaling softly through his nose. Khan turns his head to bury his nose into his mate’s dark golden blond hair, inhaling his scent to ground himself as his stomach churns violently, lips still moving rapidly. The blond closes his eyes as he counts the beats of their racing hearts, feeling his mate slip through their bond to hear their child’s rapidly beating heart inside his womb, a soft smile curling on their lips as the sound fills their ears. Their own racing hearts begin to slow, still faster than what would be “normal” for them, but not making the couple feel as if they are about to burst of out of their chests. The Omega hears the hundreds of millions of minds dwindle as they fall out of his range, but one mind still nags at him.

He opens his eyes and stares out at the starfield before him, smiling softly as his eyes shine with pure unadulterated joy.

It is sight he hopes he never gets use to, one of many that makes his heart flutter in his chest, small things that make his life that much better.

As Starbase 1 approaches, he can pick out his ship amongst all the others docked, his smile widening at the sight of her. He can see the swarm of small support craft darting around her, silently dancing around his beloved. As they prepare and supply her for her imminent departure, he cannot help but think about worker ants attending their queen, his mate snorting softly.

The Enterprise had been his first love, but she took second when he bonded to his mate, moving to third when he found out that he was expecting. She will always be his second home, his first in his Alpha’s arms, but he always felt as if she had belonged to him the moment he laid eyes on her at the Riverside Shipyard on his flight from the palace, pausing just long enough to allow the sight of the jewel of the fleet to take his breath away before continuing to run. He never would have thought that three years later that he would be her Captain, or that she would feel as if she had been
created just for him, let alone that he would find his Alpha while seeking revenge.

His hand rests on his still flat abdomen, almost impatient at being forced to wait almost two years to meet the tiny human being growing inside him, wanting to hold them in his arms and deal with sleep deprivation. His fiancé chuckles beside him, squeezing his hand gently as he presses a tender kiss to the top of his head. The blond knows that nearly two years is nothing in comparison to the length his mate has been waiting, turning his head to smile at him. The Alpha/Beta smiles back, kissing his mate’s temple as he murmurs softly in Hindi.

“Do you have an idea on what to tell your crew, as some of them seem to already know?” The dark haired male asks, watching as the Enterprise draws closer.

“I have a rough sketch,” his fiancée replies, groaning as he feels one of his crewmember’s fury.

“Hopefully more than rough once you are on the bridge,” the Brit says, gripping his Omega’s hand as they enter the sealed interior of the cargo deck. “God, I hate this part. And do not sheath your wings. They are too beautiful to be hidden away from your crew.”

“The same goes for you,” the Captain replies, parting hands as they dock. “Wish me luck.”

“When did you ever need it?” His Alpha teases, rising to his feet as the door opens.

“No. Absolutely not. I’m not signing anything!”

Kirk groans as his Chief Engineer’s voice reaches him, looking down to find Scott railing loudly at a pair of patently unhappy, but persistent, Security Officers, a streamlined white-and-gray object resting on a hover pallet floating beside the two immoveable visitors. His fiancé stands beside him as the lean against the railing, looking down at the furious Scotsman.

“I really hate those things,” Khan mutters, eyeing the torpedoes with something not quite able to be called down right hatred, but more along the lines of repugnance.

“You didn’t have seventy-two of them onboard and know nothing about them,” the Omega snaps.

“Yes, but you were not almost blown up by your own creations,” his mate growls, glaring at the weapon with a scowl.

“When was that?” His mate asks.

“Do you not remember threatening to blow me up if I did not surrender to a, and I quote, ‘a group of highly trained Officers?’” The Augment asks, quirking an eyebrow. “I must say for a group of highly trained Officers, you were very uncoordinated.”

He laughs as his Captain lightly shoves him, catching his wrist. He holds it in a light grip as he brings the inside to his lips, keeping their eyes locked. The blond inhales sharply, color spreading across his face as those who understand the meaning behind the action gawk at the couple before quickly looking away, scurrying to their destinations. McCoy and Wallace gape at them before quickly moving away, flushed as well. The Brit pulls his lips away, nipping at the sensitive skin before pressing a soft kiss to his lips, smiling as he pulls away.

“Do, do you know the meaning behind that?” Kirk asks, stuttering.

Khan simply smiles, heading out of the cargo deck to his quarters, leaving his Omega staring after him. The Captain looks down at his wrist, still feeling his mate’s lips against his skin, his cheeks still bright red. He touches where his mate’s lips had just been, a soft smile curling on his lips as
the chaos around him continues, lost in his own little world temporarily. He can hear his Chief Engineer still yelling at the two Officers, feeling Spock staring at him, but he ignores it. His blush lightens, but a small amount of color remains on his cheeks, clearing his throat softly. The Omega heads down to his Chief Engineer, his First Officer flanking him as he approaches center of the storm.

“Captain!” Scott shouts, his face flushed red with anger.

The blond takes a deep breath, preparing himself for the altercation as he prays that his hormones do not get the better of him.

Nor does he need his blood pressure up in this stage of his pregnancy, or at any point in all honesty.

“Commander Scott,” he says calmly. “Is there a problem?”

“You bet your…!” The Engineer begins.

He calms himself down with a great deal of effort, inhaling deeply.

“Aye, sir,” he growls. “There’s a ‘problem.’”

He gestures forcefully in the direction of the two Security Officers, pausing slightly at the sight of his Captain’s flushed cheeks.

“I was just attempting to explain,” he glances at Spock, “in the most calm and rational way possible, that I cannot authorize additional weapons comin’ aboard unless I know exactly what’s inside them.”

He looks at the payload on the pallet, the Omega wincing at the memories the torpedoes bring up.

“Especially when those weapons are of a new and unfamiliar type,” Scott finishes.

“Mr. Scott raises another concern,” the Vulcan begins.

“Commander Spock, report to the bridge,” the Captain growls, his cheeks still having a slight amount of color on them. “Now, if you please.”

“Yes, Captain,” the Science Officer says, clearly unhappy with the dismissal, but he complies.

Kirk glances up at the location where his mate is, wishing he could have him by his side at that moment.

“Commander Scott,” he begins. “I understand your concerns, I sympathize with your position, and I admire your adherence to procedure, but we need those torpedoes on board.”

‘You have no idea,’ Khan thinks.

“Pardon me, Captain,” Scott says, openly puzzled. “But, why? The Enterprise is fully armed. There’s not enough spare room in the weapons bay for a catapult, much less a load this size.”

“I’m sure you can find space, Mr. Scott,” the Captain says, smiling.

“It isn’t even that, sir,” the Engineer begins. “Photon torpedoes run on their own miniaturized drives, each specific to a type an’ model.”

He gestures to the pallet’s heavy load, still red faced.
“But I kinna get a readin’ on any o’ these because their drive compartments are shielded,” he continues. “And the sections that are supposed to be open to inspection and repair are combination locked down. I could force one, but without knowin’ the specifics of what’s inside, I dinna think that’s an especially good idea. Not while the device in question is aboard ship, anyway.”

‘Something is, off, with the torpedoes,’ the Augment thinks, worry coloring his voice. ‘I do not know what, but they are, different. James, be careful.’

The Scotsman nods to the nearest of the two Security Officers, the Omega’s stomach dropping when he realizes that the torpedoes feel, wrong, to him.

“I asked to have the operational specs transferred over, and when I did,” he jerks a thumb at the man standing behind him, “he said—”

“It’s classified,” the Officer finishes.

“‘That’s classified,’” Scott echoes. “To which I said: No specs, no signature!”

‘Get those things onboard,’ the Alpha/Beta urges. ‘Something is wrong with them and—’

“Shut up,” Kirk hisses under his breath.

“You talk to them, Captain,” his Chief Engineer pleads. “Try to make them see reason from an Engineering standpoint. Each of these little ship-busting packages has its own drive. If I don’t know the specs on those drives, how am I supposed to be certain that when they’re activated, they won’t interfere with the Enterprise’s own drive, or some other critical component of the ship?”

“C’mon, Scotty,” the Omega says, suddenly fighting back tears. “D’you really think Starfleet would put a new type of torpedo on one of its vessels without first testing to make sure it wouldn’t cause any problems?”

“I’m sure they’ve tested it, Captain,” the Chief Engineer says, drawing himself up. “And just maybe me refusal to blindly accept them is part o’ that same testin’. I dinna know what tests Starfleet has run on them or with them, but I do know that none o’ them ‘ave been run on the Enterprise, and I’m not ‘avin’ those things on me ship unless I know what’s inside them besides maybe gerbils runnin’ nowhere inside little metal wheels!”

“Captain,” Sulu’s voice comes from above, causing the blond to look up at the title. “The ship’s ready for departure on your orders.”

“Thank you, Mr. Sulu!” Kirk shouts up, a slight smile on his face. “Scotty—”

His Chief Engineer takes a step backwards, his redness fading, but still prominent.

“If you’ll excuse me, Captain,” he all but growls. “I’ve got a core to prime.”

He then notices his First Assistant, who is checking the storage instructions imprinted on the top of the torpedo. The stubby Royland is straddling it, the Scotsman’s ears turning bright red at the sight.

“What are you bloody gapin’ at, Keenser?” He barks at him. “Get down!”

With that, he turns and storms off towards Engineering, the silent alien Ensign trailing behind him and struggling to keep up. The Captain’s emotions are churning violently as he watches his Chief Engineer in silence. The senior of the two insistent Security Officers interrupts his thoughts,
causing him to start slightly.

“Captain?” He asks. “We need a decision regarding the cargo.”

“I know what you need,” he snaps. “I’m trying to decide what I need. Stand by.”

McCoy stands behind him, frowning slightly.

“Jim, I need you down in the medbay as soon as you can,” he says, looking up from his recorder. “That’s an order.”

The Omega nods, looking up at the owner of the hand that is sliding into his. Khan looks down, his gaze soft as he squeezes his fiancée’s left hand gently. The blond feels something be slipped onto his ring finger, warm from being in his mate’s hand. He can feel that the Alpha/Beta has an identical object on his own finger, an image of a crown, a heart, and two hands appearing in his mind, but it vanishes quickly.

“Scotty… dammit!” Kirk shouts after he looks up the corridor.

He chases after the Scotsman, his mate right behind him as the Doctor heads to the medbay, glancing at the retreating couple. The Augment’s long legs easily keep up with his mate’s rapid pace, but he stays behind him so he can observe his, “technique,” much to his Omega’s embarrassment. The dark haired male can feel his fiancée’s cheeks heating up, smiling at how, **virginal**, his Omega is after nearly seven years of being bonded together, even after they agreed to stop birth control and try to conceive.

If his mate even remembered a _hundredth_ of the things they did during his Heats…

Kirk glances back at his Alpha for a split second, continuing to race through the _Enterprise’s_ pristine white corridors, practically sliding around corners. The Augment smiles softly, always amazed at how his mate can move through any part of his ship and know every piece comprising her.

The couple does not catch up to Scott until they reach Engineering itself, barely managing to intercept the Chief Engineer before his disappeared among the _Enterprise’s_ drive components. The Omega flinches slightly at the memories the warp core brings up, wanting to forget that part of his life.

“Commander Scott, I need you to approve those new weapons,” the Captain begins. “They have special properties that may prove essential to the success of our mission. We can’t leave without them, and as Chief Engineer, you’re the only one who can authorize their loading. I can countersign for them. So could Commander Spock. But Security won’t relinquish them without your okay.”

The blond despises the fact that he has to manipulate his friend to resign, but he knows it is critical if this reality takes the same path as theirs, and by the way events are occurring, the odds of it _not_ doing so are approaching zero.

He just prays that the tiny differences can throw the course off track.

He can hear his mate doing the same.

The two men regard each other, the oldest fighting to hold back the flood of tears threatening to spill as his mate stands to the side and slightly behind him, wishing he could hold him close and wrap his wings around him. He feels his sheathed wings shift in agitation, knowing that it is partly due to
being so close to the thing that nearly took his Omega from him forever, his hormonal, stressed, emotional, pregnant Captain/fiancée/mate, and his own stress. The Alpha/Beta can now fully understand why mated pairs have such a hard time on starships, especially when one of them is the Captain of said starship, pregnant, and his world keeps falling apart around him with each breath he takes.

The seconds tick by, each one seeming to last a lifetime before Scott turns and points at the warp core with deliberation, the Omega refusing to look at the drive.

“D’you know what that is, Captain?” He asks.

“No, Commander Scott,” Kirk all but growls, his anger flaring up suddenly. “As Captain of a starship, how could I possibly be familiar with her propulsion system? Let me think for a moment.”

He pauses, as if he is thinking, his emotions fluctuating wildly, a few loose objects rattling.

“Could you be referring to the ship’s food-processing facilities?” He asks, bitter tears stinging his eyes. “Her hygienics systems? Or might you just possibly, just maybe, be indicating the warp core?”

Khan takes half a step forward as something loose, and slightly heavy, goes flying nearby, forcing several crewmembers to duck to avoid being hit. He has seen his mate lose full control over his abilities to before, and even when he loses partial control, it was never pretty. Even Omega chimeras could move things that they could not consciously do when they were in control, but with his mate’s status…

The effects were disastrous while on the solid earth, but with antimatter nearby…

“I don’t have time for a lecture, Scotty,” Kirk snarls. “Especially about aspects of ship technology which I am more than marginally familiar with. We have to-”

“It’s not only a warp core, Captain: It’s a matter-antimatter catastrophe waiting to happen,” Scott interrupts. “I dinna know what kind of mini-drive propels these new torpedoes, but ‘tis reasonable to assume they would be more powerful than those they replace. Or differently configured. Otherwise they wouldn’t be very ‘new,’ now would they?”

The Captain hesitates, suddenly overwhelmed with fear. The Augment steps up again, brushing the back of his hand against his fiancée’s to calm him. The blond glances up at him, emotions flicking rapidly through their bond.

“Go on,” the Omega says quietly, turning back to the Scotsman.

“More powerful drives implies the use of more powerful magnetic containment fields for the intermix,” Scott explains. “Depandin’ on how they’re utilized and the nature of the payload they’re carryin’, they could generate a greater magnetic field shift when they’re activated than any earlier models. That could create an interaction with the main core’s containment fields. Consider, Captain: In a combat situation where all weapons are armed, we’d be dealin’ with six dozen photon torpedoes of a new type about whose individual drive containment fields I know nothing and whose relevant specifications I am being denied access.”

The Alpha/Beta glances down at his Captain as his fingers interlace with his, squeezing lightly. The Scotsman does not either notice, or care about the significant glance the couple shares, continuing his lecture.
“If their activation interferes in any way with the core containment field, we could lose the ship,” he finishes.

“Mr. Scott,” the blond begins, gripping his mate’s curled fingers with his own. “Do you still think Starfleet would let new weapons on a vessel if they hadn’t first been fully tested to ensure that such an event was impossible?”

“I guess I dinna ‘ave your confidence in ground-based laboratory testin’, Captain,” the Chief Engineer says. “This whole mission is a rush job. The crew were rushed back to the ship, the ship being rushed out of orbit, and these bloody bang-sticks are bein’ rushed on board.”

He shakes his head as Kirk’s temper suddenly flares, gripping his Alpha’s hand to ground himself, fighting to control his abilities as a few loose objects zip around.

“Maybe it’s a fault o’ me trainin’, but I’ve got a congenital dislike o’ bein’ rushed,” Scott continues. “Especially when it involves new weapons systems and potential warp core breaches. Letting those things on the Enterprise is the last straw.”

The Captain frowns at the Scotsman, gripping his fiancée’s hand tightly.

“I’m missing something, Commander Scott,” he says. “What was the first straw?”

“What was…!” Scott struggles to contain himself, turning bright red. “There are plenty of straws. A middle straw was Starfleet confiscatin’ my transwarp equation and now two madmen are using it to hope around the galaxy! Where do you think they got it?”

The Chief Engineer is yelling now, the Omega on the verge of bursting into sobs right in the middle of Engineering, packed full of his crew no less. He is a purely emotional creature, and with his wildly fluctuating hormones, it is even worse now. He is barely keeping them in check currently, and he has trouble keeping them in check at all.

How the Hell is he supposed to not kill one of his crew, or his mate, when he is under the control of his uncontrollable mood swings.

He swears he seen a movie about this once, involving some human calling themselves the name of a mythical bird, but he cannot remember anything else about it.

‘We will get through this,’ the dark haired male thinks, squeezing his fiancée’s hand. ‘I am not leaving your side. Never.’

‘Thank you,’ the blond thinks back.

“Put your personal issues with Starfleet aside, Scotty,” Kirk begins looking back at the Scotsman. “As you yourself just pointed out, this is not a typical mission. We have our orders.”

“That’s what scares me,” Scott says. “The more atypical a job, the less I trust it. This is clearly a military operation. Those torpedoes make it so. C’mon, Captain. I mean, six dozen torpedoes? Of an entirely new type? In addition to our standard complement of weaponry? Is this what we are now? Because I thought we were explorers, I thought we boldly go where no one has g-”

“Commander Scott, I’m not interested in arguing the matter any further,” the Omega interrupts. “Sign for the torpedoes. That’s an order.”

He knows that he could argue with his Chief Engineer for hours about the matter at hand, but he does not hours. He needs those torpedoes on his ship as soon as it is humanly possible. He knows
that his mate is correct about the, *wrongness*, to them, and he has to protect his fiancé’s crew, his
*family*, and his soon-to-be in-laws. He also knows that if he *does not* take the torpedoes, Marcus
will do something to his soon-to-be family, and possibly his own. He also knows that his actions
earlier today enraged the Pure Alpha, and will come back to kill him.

If it has not already.

“An order, sir?” The Engineer asks. “You’re asking me to violate me own principles, t’go against
me own judgment?”

“Don’t make such a major issue out of it, Commander Scott,” the Captain snaps, his cheeks
flushing with anger. “It’s just a pallet of new weaponry. Such deliveries are made all the time.”

“I kinna sign for them,” his Chief Engineer says, folding his arms over his chest. “I’d be twa
bubbles aff the center if I did.”

The blond fights back tears as he says his next sentence, his Alpha right beside him as he does so.

“You will sign for them, Commander Scott. You have no choice in the matter.”

He does have a choice, but only because his Commanding Officer manipulated him to have it.

“Is that so, Captain?” Scott growls. “You’re right about one thing: I do have no choice. No choice
but t’resign me duties.”

Kirk cannot stop the tears from flowing down his cheeks, gritting his teeth as self-loathing holds
him tightly in his claws, threatening to tear him apart from the inside out.

“You cannot be serious,” Khan asks, staring at the Scotsman with something akin to horror.

“I wasn’t talking to you,” the Chief Engineer growls, taking a step back as the Augment takes one
forward, a low rumble in his throat as he bares his teeth.

“Stop it,” the Omega says quietly, watching his fiancé back off.

Scott looks between the couple, confusion clear across his face. The Brit steps back, standing
beside his pregnant Omega, looking down at him tenderly. The blond looks down at the floor, tears
spilling down his cheeks, gripping his PADD tightly.

“Are you serious, Scotty?” He says quietly.

“As you said,” his Chief Engineer replies eyeing his Captain. “You leave me no choice, Captain.”

Kirk looks at his PADD, filling up fast with queries, requests, and demands for decisions only the
ship’s Captain can make.

Her emotional, hormonal, stressed, *pregnant* Captain.

“You’re not leaving *me* a choice,” he says quietly. “I don’t have time-”

“D’y you accept me resignation or not?” The Engineer asks.

The Omega knows it’s futile, but he tries one last time.

“Will you, as Chief Engineer, sign for those torpedoes?” He asks quietly.
“I will not,” he replies.

“Then I accept your resignation,” the blond says quietly, tears flowing faster down his cheeks. “You are relieved of duty, Commander-Mr. Scott.”

He can feel Scott’s shock, smell it as well. He can hear his screams of fury, livid at the fact that he accepted his offer, but concern takes over quickly.

“Jim, for the love a’ God, whatever happens, do not use those torpedoes,” the ex-Chief Engineer pleads.

“That is the last thing we will do, Mr. Scott,” Khan says quietly, looking from his mate to the Scotsman. “Believe me when I tell you that under no circumstances, shall they be fired. Not any.”

Kirk does not look at his former Chief Engineer as he hands his PADD to the dark haired male, fighting to not sob in the middle of the crowded Engineering. He feels his Alpha’s strong arm wrap around his waist, leading him out of Engineering as he struggles to not make a scene, lifting his head to find that he is not in his quarters. He is actually in a less known corridor of his ship, used even less as it is not in a prime location. He does not know why his mate brought him here until he realizes he is crying softly, the Brit pulling him to his chest.

The Augment holds him tightly as the Captain grips his flight suit, sobbing softly. The blond’s knees give way, the couple sinking to the ground as they cling to each other, their faces wet. The Alpha/Beta kisses his Omega’s forehead, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as his heart clenches in sympathy. He prays that his gamble of no one coming by will pay off, not wanting anyone to see their distraught and nearly hysterical Captain. They do not need to see their Captain so vulnerable and, he does not want to say weak, but he does not have another word for it.

He quietly shushes his mate, placing soft kisses on every millimeter of skin he can reach, mostly his forehead, but he gently rubs his back and shoulders, attempting to soothe him. The Omega grips his fiancée’s biceps, crying into his chest as his hormones proceed to take control, unable to stop crying to even take a deep breath. He wants to flee, run away from everything so far and so fast they could never catch him. Leave everything behind except his mate and never look back, making sure that they are never found.

But he cannot.

He has his duties as a Captain to see this through, to make sure every one of his crew returns back safely, to make sure that his child has a home to go to.

That they have a home to go to.

He struggles to reign in his emotions, fighting to calm his breathing. He finally does so, looking up at his Alpha, sniffing softly.

“Thank you,” Kirk says quietly, his lips curling slightly.

Khan lightly presses his lips to his fiancée’s, kissing him softly. Their lips linger for a few seconds, then a minute, before pulling away, rising to their feet. The Captain wipes at his lingering tears, sniffing softly as his mate wipes his tears away with the handkerchief.

“We need to change, love,” the Augment says quietly, stroking his Omega’s cheek. “We have to be on the bridge yesterday.”

“I know,” the blond says softly, looking down the corridor. “We should probably get going.”
The dark haired male nods, walking along side his fiancée as they move to the Captain’s quarters, finding that their things are already there. Tiberius trills loudly in its cage, Noonien joining in, both excited to see their namesakes. The Omega giggles softly, moving to stand in front of the cage to slip a finger between the bars. The two tribbles rub up against his finger, purring loudly. Khan smiles softly as his eyes crinkle around the corners, shedding his flight suit to spread his wings, stretching out the cramps. He slips on his standard duty uniform, pulling on his Sciences Blue overshirt before sitting on the bed to slip on his boots, glancing at his mate. He traces the pale scars on his back with his eyes, watching them split open as his, startlingly, dark golden blond wings emerge, streaks of golden blond and an even darker golden blond create highlights on his wings, the gold shimmering like the sun. He cannot help but rise and gently brush his fingers over his feathers, tracing a long gold streak on the outside of his wing, feeling as if he is touching the sun.

Kirk turns and looks up at his Alpha’s face, stretching his wings in such a way to expose the soft, vulnerable, lighter undersides. The dark haired male gently touches the exposed feathers, knowing exactly just how vulnerable his mate is right now, how submissive the posture is. He frames his fiancée’s face with his large hands, kissing him softly before allowing him to dress, watching him with a tender expression.

“Let’s get this over with,” the Captain sighs as he straightens his Command Gold overshirt. “As much as I don’t want to.”

“James,” the Augment says softly, extending a hand to his Omega.

The blond looks up at him before sliding his hand into his large pale one, gasping as he is pulled into his fiancé’s embrace, his palms flat against his broad chest. A light blush spreads across his cheeks, his heart racing in his chest as glacial locks with arctic, neither looking away. The older of the pair leans down and presses his lips against his mate’s, kissing him gently as his hands slide to the small of his back and the back of his head, threading his fingers into his long dark golden blond hair to grip lightly. The Omega loops his arms around his pale neck as his lips part to a skilled tongue, lightly scratching the back of his neck with his short nails as their lips work hungrily against each other, sliding a hand to cup his cheek and trace his razor sharp cheekbone with his thumb. The Alpha/Beta’s hands curl in possession on his fiancée’s body, tipping his head to the side as he deepens the kiss, tongues quickly becoming involved as he herds his mate to the bed and gently pushes him down. He kneels over him as his hands rest on the mattress over his shoulders, eyes roaming over every millimeter of his body as if seeing it for the first time, his expression tender and vulnerable.

“I love you, James,” he murmurs softly in Hindi. “I love you so much it hurts, knowing that any moment could be our last makes my heart ache in such a way that makes every other wound I have been dealt feel as if it were nothing. I want to have eternity with you, to watch the stars grow old and go out, to watch the universe crumble to nothing, and see what lies beyond the end of time. I do not want billions, trillions, or even quadrillions of years with you. I want every last second that time can offer, I will take every one as if it was my last, to take everything that can be given.”

“Noonien,” Kirk whispers softly, tears biting at his eyes. “God…”

“No God, but close…” Khan begins, his smirk vanishing. “Nowhere near that vicinity. Not even in the same reality as that.”

“Noonien?” The blond asks, his glacial blue eyes soft.

“Yes?” His Alpha asks.
“Shut the fuck up and kiss me you God damn sonuvabitch.”

The Augment grins and claims his mouth in a mind blowing and passionate kiss, his mate squeaking before giggling as they fall off the bed, the couple laughing loudly before “snogging” like a pair of horny teenagers.
As the couple heads to the bridge, Khan pays careful attention to his mate’s body through their bond, making sure that he is alright, licking his kiss swollen lips. Kirk throws him an appreciative glance, brushing a dark golden blond wing against his massive jet black one, smiling softly as his eyes shine. The Augment smiles back, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he wraps his wing around him, pressing a soft kiss to his temple before folding his wing back. The Captain’s wings flutter against his back, a light blush creeping across his cheeks as he looks down at the floor, embarrassed as he continues to smile. His mate brushes their hands together, gently locking their index fingers for a few seconds before parting as Lieutenant Uhura falls in step beside her Captain, glancing at him. Around them, commotion is turning to order as more and more of the crew reach their stations and settle into departure mode, the energy of the crew ramping down, allowing the empathic Pure Omega’s own emotions to calm, his racing heartbeat beginning to slow.

“Captain, I’m glad to hear that Admiral Pike is okay,” Uhura says, eyeing him intently.

The Captain refuses to look at her, his blush darkening as his wings move to fold around him, forcing them back.

“Thank you, Lieutenant,” he says quietly. “We all are.”

“How are you feeling?” She asks. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he replies, glancing at his Alpha. “We both are.”

“Are you sure?” Uhura asks, concern coloring her voice.

“Yeah, I am,” the blond replies. “Thank you, Lieutenant. Just a lot on my mind. The usual pre-departure concerns.”

“Any, side effects, from your condition?” The Communications Officer asks quietly.

The Omega shakes his head, smiling softly.

“No, besides a few mood swings, that is,” he replies. “Nearly all Omega males don’t suffer from the rapid change in hormones that females do.”

They step into the turbolift, the expectant couple keeping their wings folded tightly against their backs, though the older of the pair has a wing brushing his mate’s back and hamstrings, his touch gentle. The blond looks up at him, locking their index fingers together.

Actually, Scotty just quit,” he begins. “As if that isn’t bad enough, your boyfriend is second-guessing me every chance he gets.”
At the look on her face, Kirk blushes lightly, embarrassed.

“I’m sorry, that was inappropriate,” he says. “But he’s so damn cold and removed and above it all. He’s as affected as anyone else by what happens, but he doesn’t bat an eye. Just occasionally raises an eyebrow. Sometimes…”

He exhales, clenching a fist.

“Sometimes I just want to rip the goddamn bangs off his head,” he growls. “Sometimes I think our minds are on exactly the same track, and then when I look around, I’m heading one way and he’s going the other. I can’t have a First Officer who’s always second-guessing me.”

He exhales softly, shaking his head as he mutters something under his breath, his wings shivering slightly.

“Isn’t that part of his job?” Uhura asks. “Isn’t that the reason there are First Officers? If all he has to do is say ‘yes’ to every one of your decisions, you don’t need an intelligent Second-in-Command for that. A small machine with a endlessly repeating verbal loop will work just as well and won’t argue with you.”

“That’s not what I mean,” Kirk snaps. “What I mean is, oh Hell, maybe it’s not Spock at all. Maybe it’s me. I’ve only been doing this for what? Seven years? I’m still new at this. I mean, I doubt it’s me, but maybe it is me.”

“As long as it doesn’t affect your usual unshakeable confidence,” the Communication Officer digs at him.

“What confidence?” Khan teases, grunting as an elbow is shoved into his ribs. “That was uncalled for.”

“No, uncalled for is having sex in the middle of the fucking cargo bay without being naked!” His mate snarls.

The Augment stares at him as he blinks rapidly, a bewildered expression on his face, the same one on Uhura’s.

“Kissing the inside of wrist in public is have sex without being naked, in public,” the Captain growls. “Did you not know that?”

The Alpha/Beta flushes darkly, looking down at the floor as his wings droop.

“I do now,” he says quietly.

“But it also means unconditional undying love,” the blond says softly, but he does not smile. “But it’s usually not used in that way. Mostly it’s used by young teens as a ‘fuck you’ to authority, but sometimes it’s not. I’m guessing you meant the second one. Oh, and Uhura?”

“Yes, Captain?” She asks.

“I am truly sorry that you and Spock are fighting,” the Omega says softly.

Before she can respond, the turbolift doors open to reveal none other than the First Officer of the Enterprise.

“Ears burning?” The dark haired male asks as he exits the turbolift after his mate.
The Vulcan eyes his fellow Commander uncertainly, but says nothing in response. The Brit heads over to his station as his mate moves to stand next to Navigation, leaning against the station to be eye-to-eye with the young Ensign.

“Mr. Chekov,” he begins. “I know that you’ve made it a project of yours to shadow Mr. Scott and his work.”

He smiles encouragingly, but it does not reach his eyes, his wings unnaturally still.

“A genius like yourself gets bored easily,” he finishes.

Chekov looks pleased, but a tad bewildered at his Captain’s words.

“Uh, thank you, Captain,” he replies.

“Admiral Pike himself called you a whiz kid in passing once,” Kirk says, smiling, but it still does not reach his eyes. “And you fit the description exactly. Anyway, I gather that it means you’re familiar with the engineering systems of the ship.”

“Affirmative, sir,” the Navigator replies, indicating his station and its abundance of readouts. “It’s not that Navigation isn’t fulfilling all by itself; it’s only in my spare time-”

“Your spare time has been put to good use,” the Omega says. “You’re my new Chief Engineer. Go put on a red shirt.”

The oldest of the Enterprise crew, on the bridge and off, turns one ear towards his mate, worrying his lower lip with his teeth.

“What are you thinking?’ He asks.

Chekov hesitates, uncomfortable with the order.

“Keptin, when I said that in my spare time I-”

“Are you reasonably familiar with the Enterprise’s engineering and drive systems or not?” The Captain snaps, his patience running thin.

He needs those torpedoes on board, even if it is just to prevent them from falling into the wrong hands. Once they complete Death-Rebirth ritual, his Alpha’s family will become his.

Khan would never forgive him if something happened to his family when he could have prevented it, or Maeve. As much as the Augment hates to admit it, his fiancée thinks the truth. If something happened to his crew, he would still love his mate dearly, but a part of him would always resent him for their deaths. He is biologically conditioned to love and cherish his Omega, and he mentally does as well, but there would always be some tiny part of him that would be murderous with every breath he took.

“Reasonably familiar,” the young Ensign says, murmuring something to himself before rising. “I suppose that I have to answer in the affirmative, Keptin. But before I move to Engineering, may I ask what happened to Mr. Sco-”

“No, you may not,” the blond snaps. “Report to your new duty station, Mr. Chekov. If anyone in Engineering has any questions about your move, you may refer them directly to me.”

“Aye, Keptin,” the Navigator replies, heading towards the turbolift.
“And Mr. Chekov, one more thing,” Kirk says, causing his new Chief Engineer to pause. “On your way to Engineering, I need you to stop in the cargo bay. There’s a load of new torpedoes there that needs to be signed aboard. As acting Chief Engineer, you’ll need to take care of that. Inform me as soon as this has been done and the delivery team has disembarked.”

“Certainly, Keptin,” Chekov says hesitantly. “I’ll attend to it immediately.”

The young Ensign leaves the bridge, Darwin taking his place at the Navigator’s station. The Captain moves to take his seat, but he pauses, suddenly paling. He lurches slightly and claps a hand over his mouth, bolting to the turbolift but not making it, falling to his hands and knees just to the left of the doorway as he becomes sick. His fiancé is instantly by his side, draping a wing over him as he coughs, rubbing his back soothingly.

“Captain!” Spock shouts, quickly rising to his feet.

“I’m alright,” the blond says quietly, his body trembling. “It’s just a bug I’m getting over. I’ll be in the lavatories until my stomach calms down. Spock, you’re in command. Don’t break my ship.”

The Brit helps his mate to his feet and down to the lavatory on the deck below, sitting on the floor beside him as he hangs his head in the toilet, groaning loudly as his stomach churns. He heaves loudly as morning sickness finally rears its ugly head, his dark golden blond wings limp on the floor as he becomes sicker than a dog, his Alpha rubbing between his shoulder blades as he murmurs softly. Kirk coughs and spits into the bowl, which flushes automatically as he groans softly, his wings fluttering pathetically on the floor.

“Kill me now,” the blond groans. “Please, dear God. Kill me now.”

“Not a chance, love,” the Alpha/Beta chuckles, wincing as his Captain heaves again.

“It would be a mercy,” the Omega moans, gagging. “Please.”

“Nope,” the dark haired male replies, popping his “P.”

Glacial meets arctic for the brief moment before the youngest has his head in the bowl, coughing. The Brit continues to rub his fiancée’s back soothingly, murmuring softly in Hindi as he stretches a wing around him, shifting on the unforgiving floor.

“Please don’t let my crew see me like this,” Kirk pleads, letting his head hang in the bowl.

“Too late,” Khan murmurs, continuing his attempt to soothe him. “That little stunt you pulled on the bridge definitely attracted some unwanted attention. And not just from your single gendered crew.”

“You think I don’t know that?” The Captain groans. “I just-”

He heaves violently, his mate wincing at the sound as he folds his wing tighter around him, brushing a strand of long dark blond hair behind his ear. Khan rubs the back of his sweaty neck before resting his hand on the small of his back, continuing to rub small circles as he tries to regain circulation on his legs, losing feeling in the lower half of his body. The Omega groans again, gagging as nothing comes up, his stomach twisting itself into knots. His Alpha murmurs softly, brushing back the same strand of hair that had come loose behind his ear before touching a loose primary covert feather, gently plucking it. He twirls it between his fingers, watching it gleam in the light, the golden highlights shining brightly. His Omega sits up, coughing as his stomach twists itself into knots before settling down, moving to wash out his mouth in the sink. His fiancé is right beside him, placing a hand on the small of his back.
“Why did the morning sickness have to start now?” The blond groans, running a hand down his face. “All of the worst side effects of pregnancy within a day of each other? Just my fucking luck.”

Khan wraps his arms around his slender waist, nuzzling his mark tenderly under his shirts as he rumbles softly, smiling. The Omega leans back into his embrace, tipping his head to the side as his mate peppers kisses up and down his neck, lightly clamping his teeth over his jugular. Kirk threads a hand into his Alpha’s silk-like hair, trusting his enough to let his teeth so close to a very vital point. The Alpha/Beta grips a little tighter with his teeth, his mate inhaling sharply as he leaves indentations in his skin, licking them gently as he pulls away. His massive wings enfold around them before pushing them back, pulling away to allow the younger male to turn and exit the lavatory, following him to the bridge.

Spock vacates the Captain’s chair, allowing the Omega to fill the empty seat, slipping into it with the same amount of grace as an Empress slipping into their throne. The Enterprise’s viewscreen is filled with blue, allowing the blond to take a moment before ordering a shipwide channel, flicking his gaze to the oldest person in the room.

“Channel open, sir,” Uhura says after complying.

Kirk takes a breath to steady himself before leaning forward, allowing his chair to recognize his voice and separate it from the rest of the bridge crew.

“Attention, crew of the Enterprise,” he begins. “This is your Captain speaking. As most of you know by now, through official channels or otherwise, Starfleet Headquarters was attacked by two individuals who attempted to kill the Senior Captains and their First Officers, among them being Christopher Pike. Thankfully, there were minimal injuries, and Admiral Pike is alive.”

He pauses, thinking on how to proceed.

“The two men responsible for this attack have fled our system and are hiding on the Klingon homeworld, some place where Starfleet cannot go,” he continues. “We are on our way there now.”

He pauses again, flicking his gaze to his mate, a question in his eyes. The Brit nods, their eyes locked.

“Unknown to nearly all of Starfleet,” the blond says, unable to look away. “These two individuals are not twins, as everyone believes, but are clones of none other than our own Commander John Richard Harrison, an alias for the twentieth century Augment, Khan Noonien Singh.”

He can feel the wave of shock sweep through his single gender crew, his dual gender surprised by the clone bit.

“For those who know his true personality, that still stands,” the Omega continues. “For those who do not, he knows that my crew is my family. And as my soon-to-be husband-”

Some of his crew burst into cheers, on and off the bridge, but a short, very high-pitched warble silences them.

“And as my soon-to-be husband and the father of the child I carry in my womb, he will not let any harm come to my crew, our crew, our family, less he wishes to suffer the wrath of one very pissed off hormonal Omega that has, experience, with some rather creative punishments,” he says, eyeing his mate with an unnerving glare that has him squirming and looking away. “Per Admiral Marcus, it is essential that our presence go undetected. Tensions between the Federation and the Klingon Empire have been high from the time of first contact and have no way subsided since. Any direct
provocation could lead to all-out war. Each of us should strive to see that does not happen. We will carry out our mission in secret and as swiftly as possible, before our presence can be noted and our ship identified.”

He pauses again, looking at his Alpha uncertainly as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, his wings fluttering slightly. The Alpha/Beta nods again, his expression soft as his wings massive wings shift, fighting the urge to cocoon to him with his body and not let go.

“Our orders are to slip into Klingon territory, fire untraceable photon torpedoes at their location, and then haul ass,” he says, looking forward. “That is not what we are going to do.”

He pauses, letting his words sink in.

“These two clones have been manipulated into completing these horrendous attacks by an unknown force with an unknown purpose,” Kirk says. “Our actual mission is still to enter Klingon territory, locate them, but we will bring them onboard the Enterprise to find out who, or what, are causing these events to happen…”

He trails off, his gaze flicking to Khan once more.

“And to stop history from repeating itself. These are our orders,” he finishes.

He closes the channel, his eyes falling shut for a moment as he collects himself before he opens them, rising to his feet.

“Commander Spock, you have the conn,” he says, heading to the turbolift.

The Augment follows his mate off the bridge after looking at his Senior Commander, breaking into an almost run to chase after him, following his scent to the hardly used forward observation lounge. He finds him standing in front of the window, his dark golden blond wings restless as he looks out the window, the entire room illuminated in the blue light of the warp tunnel. The dark haired male moves to stand behind his fiancée, but gives him a lightly distance as he watches him, wanting to hold him tightly.

“Did I do the right thing?” The Omega asks quietly, not turning around. “Could they understand us? Understand why I do the things I did? That you’re not-”

He cuts himself off, his wings unnaturally still as his posture tightens, his arms tightening across his chest.

“A monster?” His Alpha’s asks, his deep, rich baritone filling the room as the whole ship vibrates from traveling at warp. “That I am no longer the tyrant that controlled a quarter of the Earth? That all I want is to be by my Omega’s side? To serve under my Captain as he explores the galaxy? To be everything that my mate, my Perfect Mate, needs me to be, wants me to be, and nothing more?”

The blond turns around to look at him, his expression soft and open as the Alpha/Beta closes the distance, reaching out to brush back the same stubborn strand of hair that refuses to cooperate, his hand sliding to cup his cheek and stroke his skin gently. His other hand joins in to frame his face, stroking his skin gently before closing the distance between their lips, his touch gentle as he applies feather light pressure against his lips. The Omega loops his arms around his neck as he presses his body flush against his mate’s, still giddy at how his curves and his fiancé’s hard angles so perfectly, toying with the jet black silk-like strands as their lips work against each other. The Brit’s large hands slide down to his Captain’s prominent hips, fingers curling in possession as the mother of his unborn child tightens his grip around his neck, their heads tipping slightly as their lips part.
They use their tongues, lips, and teeth expertly, pressing their bodies closer as their grips tighten, the older of the pair sliding his hands to the small of his Omega’s back and the back of his head, holding tightly. The pair parts and rest their foreheads together, their eyes closed as their breathing falls in sync, not wanting to let go.

“Sometimes I wonder if I made the right decisions,” Kirk says quietly.

“What do you mean?” Khan asks.

The Captain pulls away and moves to sit on the small bench directly in front of the window, his legs tucked under him as he leans against the wall, looking out with an unreadable expression.

“James?” His mate asks, worry in his tone. “Is there something you are not telling me?”

His fiancée sighs and tucks a strand of dark golden blond hair behind his ear, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he thinks, his gaze slightly unfocused.

“James?” The dark haired male asks again, his worry clear this time.

“What if I’m not supposed to be a Starfleet Captain?” The blond asks, continuing to look out the window. “I mean, for God’s sakes! I’m supposed to be Empress of Earth, ruler of all of humanity, not flying around on the flagship of the Federation!”

He emphasizes his point with a violent wave of his hand before thumping his fist on his thigh, fighting back tears as he forces his gaze out the window, his wings shifting violently. The Alpha/Beta wants to hold his distressed Captain tightly, soothe away his fears, and take him far, far away from danger.

But he cannot do that.

Not when everyone is counting on the young, dark golden blond Captain of the USS Enterprise to save the universe. Again.

“That’s not funny,” his Omega hisses, glaring at him. “I only saved it the first time by sheer. Dumb. Luck.”

“But you still did stop the destruction of Earth, did you not?” His fiancé asks, tipping his head to the side. “Dumb luck or not, you did the impossible.”

“Maybe I didn’t want to do the impossible! Every think about that!?” His mate hisses.

The Brit falls silent as tears spill down the Omega’s cheeks, forcing himself to tear his gaze away as he allows his wings to fold around him, hiding him from the world. His Alpha moves forward and kneels before him, touching an exposed shin gently, murmuring softly.

“James,” he says softly in Hindi. “Do you think you would not be here if this is not what you were destined to do? And forget the fact that you are going against seventeen thousand years of genetic programing; I have viewed every file of every Officer in Starfleet, even in the Academy, and you are, in my opinion, the best qualified for the position as Captain of the Enterprise.”

Kirk folds back his wings and studies his Alpha, his cheeks still damp as a pale hand wipes away his tears, a smile forming on his lips.

“Biased,” he teases.
“Ungodly so,” Khan laughs, his eyes crinkling around the corners. “But that does not mean I still do not speak the truth. And who better to lead the first-five year mission than someone who has seventeen thousand years of genetic programing as the Empress of Earth, the greatest diplomat in all of Earth’s history?”

The blond giggles and leans in to press his lips against his fiancé’s, the kiss gentle and tender before they part with a soft plop, nuzzling each other’s faces.

“I love you,” the Augment says softly.

“I love you too,” his mate replies, smiling.

The couple rises to their feet and entwine their fingers together as they head down to the medbay, holding tightly to each other as their wings brush against each other, the younger of the pair pressing up against his mate’s side before wrapping his arms around the one closest to him. He rests his head in his shoulder as he tightens his grip before parting, standing straight as they enter a more crowded section of the crew, but looks over as the Alpha/Beta tangles their fingers together. A light blush creeps across cheeks as he looks away, letting himself be tugged against his robust body as the hand holding his wraps around his slender waist, rubbing his side tenderly. The Omega can hear the different reactions to his announcement, a wide range of emotions from both his single gendered crew and his dual gendered members, most of his crew distrusting of his Alpha’s intentions. He hums softly as he feels lips press against his forehead, a smile curling on his lips as a low rumble issues from the Brit’s throat, his face spilt in two by a lopsided grin.

They enter the medbay to find McCoy busy with a patient, fixing a broken arm before barking to have the Ensign remove himself from his medbay, eyeing his Captain with a look of annoyance, but no more so than usual. He waves them over to him after staring at them for a few seconds, gesturing to the bed with a rather annoyed wave, one that was definitely more annoyed than usual. Kirk hops onto the biobed and lies down after a hesitant glance at the table, uncertain that his Chief Medical Officer would not poke and prod him so much that a pincushion would feel sorry for him, closing his eyes after eyeing the Beta warily.

“Dammit man, I’m activating the full body scanner!” The Doctor growls. “My God, you’re more jumpy than a rabbit on crack. And if you crap yourself in my medbay…”

“That is a rather rude thing to say to your Commanding Officer, and I thought that is the term you use to describe my actions during James’ He-” Khan begins.

“You shut the Hell up or get the fuck out of my medbay,” the brunet snarls, waving a hypo at the Augment. “And I know the dosage I need to give you to have you passed out on the floor and losing control of your bowels.”

“Man, you are pissy,” the Captain comments, eyeing the new hypo his friend grabs.

“Well, maybe that’s because I’ve had to dispense pretty much all of my anti-anxiety meds because the crew is paranoid that Khan-goddamn-Singh is going to kill them!” McCoy growls. “Even though I know that he would die by the hand of a tribble before he would put a hand on them! Speaking of which, how are the fur-balls? Haven’t been feeding them too much?”

The couple stares at the Doctor at the abrupt change in conversation, suddenly bursting into giggles as the brunet grins.

“What? I can’t like something?” He asks. “I like Southern sweet tea, and I like tribbles. I’m not a grouch all the time. Although…”
He eyes his Captain with annoyance as said Officer looks away, humming softly as his eyes dart around the room, a light blush on his cheeks.

“Hold still,” the brunet orders, activating the scanner. “You so much as twitch a feather…”

The Omega holds still and closes his eyes, the machine whirring softly overhead as red lines move over his body, his Alpha watching nervously as his massive wings flutter against his back.

“If you’re worrying about the baby, don’t,” the Beta says, looking at his PADD. “This things is about as harmful as a tribble. Correction, the tribble is far more lethal than this.”

Khan smiles softly, his wings laying flat against his back as he looks down at his mate, his expression tender and vulnerable.

“When is the scan going to be finished, Doctor?” He asks, looking at his fellow Commander.

“The hobgoblin calls me ‘Doctor,’” McCoy growls. “Since I am scre-in a relationship with your sister, you can call me ‘Leonard.’ And it’s when I tell it to stop.” He squints at the screen, double checking something. “This is a live feed, as some things can only be detected while in motion. It’s also doing the jobs of every single piece of medical equipment in the medbay and every test I can run. Come here.”

The Alpha/Beta moves around the biobed, watching as the brunet hits a button and a holographic image of the Captain’s body appears, all of his systems showing up as different colors inside a solid blue see-through figure.

“Look here,” the Doctor says softly after eliminating all the other systems except the red and yellow circulatory system, pointing to a cluster of color below the Captain’s navel.

The dark haired male inhales sharply as he sees his unborn child’s heart beating rapidly inside his mate’s womb, placing a hand over his mouth as tears roll down his cheeks, his fiancée sitting up just enough to see. The blond coos softly at the sight, babbling in his native tongue as his face is split in two by the biggest smile anyone has ever seen, his mate’s face mirroring it. The Augment grips the edge of the biobed as he babbles in his own native tongue, sobbing softly at the sight, his wings fluttering excitedly. Anyone can see that the ex-tyrant is harmless now, all but a blubbery mess at the sight of a tiny bundle of the cells inside their Captain, barely able to stand on his own two legs.

“Would you like to hear the heartbeat?” McCoy asks, earning eager nods.

The couple weeps as the sound of their unborn son or daughter fills the medbay, the blond falling onto his back as he places his hands on his abdomen, sobbing softly. His Alpha falls to his knees, a hand over his mouth as he cries with joy, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Are you are that you’re not pregnant?” The Beta asks, eyeing the Alpha/Beta, who gives him the British equivalent of the American middle finger. “The peace sign?”

“He’s giving you the bird!” Maeve shouts across the medbay. “That’s the British way of doing it, you dolt!”

“Shaddup!” The Doctor snaps. “And who asked you!?”

The redhead mutters something rude in Gaelic, returning to her work as her mate glares at her, knowing when he is being cursed at.
“By the way,” he says, turning back to the couple as they compose themselves. “You’re both in perfect health. I’d send you a 3D sonogram, but we’re not designed for pregnancy. I could send you an audio clip, but—”

“It’s fine, Bones,” Kirk says, sitting up once the machine is turned off. “We can hear it at anytime, it’s just… It’s the first time we’ve heard it not in our minds.”

Khan places as hand over his Omega’s flat abdomen, the younger male placing his smaller hand over the much larger pale one, rubbing their noses together as they beam widely. McCoy smiles and turns away, working on his PADD as the others in the medbay stare at them in a different light, a few with smiles on their faces. The couple heads out of the medbay and to the bridge, passing a few other crew members that give them wary looks, but somehow know about the incident in the medbay and seem, the Captain is unsure what they are feeling, but it is a mixture of emotions, good and bad. The Omega looks up uncertainly, his glacial blue eyes filled with conflicting emotions as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, his wings fluttering nervously.

“James, what is it that is bothering you so much, love?” The Augment asks, turning to his mate. “I have never seen you this nervous before, in either reality. And even though we are bonded, I do not know everything, and I am starting to worry.”

His fiancée’s gaze skitters away before looking back, tucking the rebellious strand of hair that refuses to cooperate at all behind his ear again, his lip worrying increasing.

“James?” The Brit asks worriedly, closing the distance to cup a cheek. “I am really starting to panic here.”

“I just…” His mate begins, looking away at the walls of the corridor they are in. “I just have… It’s just too much.”

He takes a step back from his Alpha, turning to head back to the observation lounge, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that he is following. The dark haired male gives him his space on their way to the lounge, watching him take a seat on the small bench as he looks out the window, looking much younger than his physical age of twenty-five.

“Your bridge crew is plotting ways on how to rescue their captive Captain from the evil Khan Noonien Singh,” the older male informs him in an attempt to lighten the mood.

Kirk just tucks his legs under him and continues to stare out the window, his posture and expression showing his uneasiness, remorse, insecurity, apprehension, self-doubt, fatigue, as well as how overwhelmed and flustered he is. His fiancé can see the effects of the obligations weighing down his shoulders, and though he looks young, his eyes reveal the strain of someone much older than his actual age with far more burdens. Khan crosses the distance and picks up his startled mate, settling against the wall with his Captain reclining on his chest, wrapping his arms around his waist with his large hands on his flat abdomen. He rests his cheek against his temple as his massive jet black wings fold around them, one long leg stretched out while the his other has its foot flat on the bench, holding the blond tight to his chest. The younger male blinks before melting into the dark haired male’s embrace, his eyes falling shut as he turns his head towards his Alpha’s, feeling his lips brush against his forehead as he murmurs softly in Hindi. The Captain places his hands over the Alpha/Beta’s, rubbing his pale skin with his thumbs as he exhales softly through his nose, beginning to nod off slightly.

“Are you falling asleep on me?” The Augment asks, a slight smile on his face which quickly falls when he does not receive a reply. “James? Oh for the love of…”
He stares down at his sound asleep fiancée with a look of sheer shock and disbelief before smiling widely, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead before settling down into a more comfortable position,rumbling softly. The door to the observation lounge opens, his Captain’s Yeoman barging in right into the room until she sees the Brit, freezing instantly. The much older male folds back his nearest wing to expose his slumbering Omega, looking completely at ease and comfortable despite how vulnerable he is, and his fiancé looks just the same. The Yeoman, the same Black Irish one, her twin possibly, blinks in surprise as she clutches her PADD, nodding as she backs out of the room. Khan watches her go as the thoughts of the four hundred eighty-three crew members fill his mind, a respite from the millions upon millions in the Greater San Francisco area, able to hear his own thoughts for once. He closes his eyes and nuzzles his Captain’s temple affectionately, a soft smile on his lips as his eyes fall shut, peppering kisses all over his skin. The blond stirs and opens his eyes, blinking slowly as he licks his full lips, turning to lock glacial with arctic.

“I fell asleep?” The Omega asks, blinking slowly.

“You did, love,” his Alpha replies, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “Have I ever told you how beautiful you are when you are sleeping?”

“You’ve never had the chance to, Noonien,” the Captain replies, turning in his arms to face him. “We’ve never been able to see the other asleep.”

“You do have a point,” his fiancé replies, his hands falling to his wide flared hips. “But that still does not mean that you are not beautiful, my Sun.”

The younger of the male smiles, his glacial blue eyes shining brightly as he takes his mate’s pale face in his small hands, stroking the razor sharp cheekbones that are unique to only him.

“I love you,” they say in unison, smiling softly. “I love you too.”

They close the distance between their lips in an open mouthed kiss, their tongues remaining firmly in their mouths as their lips work against each other, their wings folding tightly around each other. They part with a soft plop, their lips brushing against each other before sealing their mouths together, their tongues quickly becoming involved. The Omega’s hands drop to the father of his unborn child’s broad shoulders, gripping tightly as he presses against his robust body, grabbing a fistful of hair.


Kirk pulls away as he catches his breath, his lips swollen and his cheeks flushed, trembling slightly.

“Oh this better be good,” he gasps.

“I cannot claim my mate, my Captain, while we are duty,” his mate pants. “Let alone after what happened to you and in a location that is public. I will not do that to the mother of my child, my Perfect Mate, the love of my life.”

The Brit raises his left hand to his lips, kissing his knuckles softly as something gold flashes on his ring finger, causing his Omega to gasp. He pulls his hand away and holds it up to the light, staring at the object on his finger as it gleams in the light of the warp tunnel, his breath caught in his throat.

A gold band rests on his left ring finger, two hands holding a heart topped with a crown, the point of the heart towards his fingertips. His Alpha holds up his left hand, his own ring silver instead of
“What is it?” The blond asks, locking glacial with arctic.

“A claddagh ring,” his fiancé replies, stroking his cheek. “The ring represents love, friendship, and loyalty with the heart, hands, and the crown, respectively. The way the ring is worn on each hand determines the wearer’s romantic status, this way, on the left hand with the point of the heart to the fingertips, means that the wearer is engaged. When the point is towards the wrist, they are married. I made these a matching pair with some, rather unique properties. Observe.”

He places their hands over top of each other so their rings are touching, the air filling with the sounds of different vibrations, creating a beautiful song.

“Noonien,” Kirk whispers, tears spilling down his cheeks. “God, you remembered. I can’t believe you remembered.”

“While we were in our reality, I searched for any records of your ancestor’s lullaby, I might have even broken at least several hundred regulations and rules created by The Council to get the complete record,” Khan says softly, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles widely. “Did you know that the lullaby is actually the Empress’ entire life compressed into song? Each Empress adds their song to it, creating a melody that is several weeks long. And James? I managed to get ahold of the entire thing.”

“You mean that…” The Omega whispers, unable to grasp the concept.

“I have the song of the very first of your bloodline,” his fiancé replies, using his other hand to cup his cheek. “I have seventeen thousand years of experience for you to listen to, and I have a copy that you can listen to at any time, with each Empress’ part marked for you to select a section and listen to it.”

He closes the distance between their lips, barely any pressure on them as he lets out a low rumble, his mate shivering as he speaks.

“It is my wedding gift to you, my love. And I want you to look at the inside of your ring.”

The Captain pulls away and slips the ring off, looking on the inside to see an inscription in Hindi, reading it aloud softly.

“My James, my golden blond angel, my Savior, my Sun, I am yours, forever, ” he reads before looking up. “God damn it, Noonien. Why do you do this to me?”

He rises to his feet and moves away from the Augment, his wings shifting violently as he holds his face in his hand.

“James?” The Brit asks, rising to his feet. “What is wrong?”

“You do things for me that I can never repay you for,” his Captain replies, looking at him. “I thought this was supposed to be an equal relationship!”

“James, what you did for me,” the Alpha/Beta begins, moving to stand in front of him, his expression tender and vulnerable. “Is something that no matter what I do, I cannot repay you for. Not even if I had forever.”

His fiancée whimpers before throwing himself at the older male, holding him tightly as he crushes their mouths together, tears cascading down his cheeks.
‘God, the things you do to me,’ he thinks, clinging tightly. ‘How did I ever live without you?’

‘I do not know how I lived without you,’ his mate thinks back. ‘I cannot imagine how I could have ever acted the way I did.’

The kiss lasts several minutes, neither letting go as they kiss passionately, lips working hungrily as they grip each other tightly. Their wings are folded tightly around each other, massive jet black overtop of smaller dark golden blond, enclosing them in their own private universe. When the pair finally parts with a loud plop, they are winded and gasping for air, leaning against each other for support as they catch their breath, trembling as they grip each other’s forearms and rest their foreheads together.

“God, Noonien,” Kirk whispers, still breathless. “How can you be this perfect?”

“Because I am your Perfect Mate, James,” Khan whispers back, also out of breath. “I am supposed to be perfect.”

The Augment pulls away and kneels before his mate, taking his ring in his hand to slip it back onto his finger, their eyes locked the whole time. He takes his wide flared hips in his large hands as he leans in to press his lips against his flat abdomen, murmuring softly in Hindi as his wings fold around them, a hand playing with his long, jet black hair. He rises to his feet and entwines their fingers together, smiling softly as his eyes crinkle around the corners, bringing the inside of his wrist to his lips as he keeps their eyes locked. The blond smiles shyly as a light blush creeps across his cheeks, his wings fluttering softly against his back as his glacial blue eyes shine, stretching a wing out to fold around the taller male. His mind wanders elsewhere as the thoughts of his crew babble softly in his mind, a wide range of emotions flowing in, much fewer in number than when he was planetside. Nearly every single member of his crew is uneasy about his speech, even his dual gendered crew, almost distrusting of him, but they remain steadfastly loyal to him.

He just needs to earn their trust back.

The couple parts and heads back up to the turbolift that leads to the bridge, fingers entwined as they step into the turbolift, the younger of the pair looking up nervously as his wings flutter uncertainly. The dark haired male leans down to kiss him gently, their lips barely a millimeter apart before the doors open, Spock standing in front of the doors. The Alpha/Beta straightens instantly and gives his fellow Commander a curt nod, moving to his station, his expression closed off and restricted, as if he was not just caught about to kiss his Commanding Officer. His fiancée looks dejected, his wings drooping slightly before composing himself, striding to the Captain’s chair as if nothing had happened. He elegantly slides into his chair with such grace and fluidity that anyone who was looking in his direction stares in shock, even Spock arches a slanted eyebrow in puzzlement, but the Captain just stares straight ahead, not a hint of color on his cheeks. He accepts the PADD from his Yeoman, quickly setting to work to distract himself, wanting to forget how badly he wants to have those massive, ridiculously soft jet black wings folded around him as those sinfully soft lips claim his.

“Mr. Chek- Ms. Darwin, time to our destination,” the Omega says, correcting himself as he looks over his PADD’s information.

“Roughly ten hours, Captain,” she replies, looking over her readouts.

Kirk nods his head as his mind wanders elsewhere, his gaze becoming unfocused slightly before he mentally shakes himself, turning all his attention to his duties as the Commanding Officer of the USS Enterprise, though something nags him at the back of his mind. Khan glances at his mate out of the corner of his eye, his expression unreadable as he studies the blond, his lips pressed in a thin
line before turning back to his station. They can feel that tensions are high not only from the fact that they are heading deep within enemy territory, but the fact the they are questioning their Commanding Officer’s judgment, something that worries him greatly, the main topic of being the fact that he “claims” to be pregnant. His single gendered crew are apprehensive about the identity of his mate, as well as some of his dual gendered crew that did not trust him in the first place, but are also uneasy about the clones being innocent, as well as a few being ecstatic that they are expecting. Those who are not from his reality, both human and not, are bewildered about how a human male could be capable of carrying a child, not that he will ever answer the question, or could. The Omega glances uncertainly at the Augment, hating the fact that he doubts himself with every move he makes, second guessing himself with each and every decision, no matter what he is told.

The Alpha/Beta looks over at his fiancée as he pinches the bridge of his nose, making a small noise of pain as he leans back into his chair, looking just a shade paler than normal.

“Captain?” Spock asks, rising to his feet.

“I’m alright, Spock,” his Captain says, looking at the Vulcan. “It’s just a headache, something I get often. It’s gone now anyways. Nothing to be worried about.”

He gives a reassuring smile, but only his Alpha sees how empty it is, something that worries him. The bridge crew settles down and resume their tasks, none of them giving their Captain a second thought, though his fiancé worries about him.

‘It’s just a headache, Noonien,’ his Omega reassures him. ‘It’s nothing I haven’t gotten before.’

‘Still does not mean that I do not worry,’ the dark haired male thinks back. ‘You are pregnant with my child, something that I am doing cartwheels about, but I am, as you say, “a mother hen,” and I will still be one as long as you are my mate.’

‘Cluck, cluck, cluck,’ his mate teases, a smile gracing his face. ‘You’re worse than my nursemaid. And that’s saying something!’

The Brit rolls his eyes and shakes his head, continuing to work at his station as he keeps probing their bond to check on his Captain’s status, something that earns him a hard glare. The older of the pair glances over his shoulder briefly, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he watches the First Officer leave the bridge, moving quickly at the urgency of the message from the Science labs, leaving him, as Second Officer, the next highest Officer on the bridge. The bridge crew nearest to him glances warily at him as his wings shift nervously, forcing them to lie flat against his back with an incredible amount of strength, his muscles hurting at the action. Kirk tears his gaze away from his PADD to look at his mate for the briefest of seconds, tucking the stubborn strand of hair back behind his ear once more before looking at his PADD again, continuing to work as Khan glances over at him with worry.

The Omega lifts his head as something touches his mind, rising to his feet as he puts down his tablet, his head cocked slightly as he listens. He moves to stand in front of Navigation and Helm, looking out the viewscreen at something only he can see, his wings unnaturally still. The Augment rises to his feet as he keeps his gaze focused on his Captain, his wings shifting in agitation against his back behind his ear once more before looking at his PADD again, continuing to work as Khan glances over at him with worry.

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“James?” He asks worriedly. “Is everything alright?”

His fiancée is silent before he suddenly stumbles backwards, falling to his hands and knees as he begins to spit up blood, his Alpha screaming in panic. He races to his side and cradles him in his
arms, tears streaming down his face as his mate trembles, ice cold to the touch as well as death gray in color, struggling to breathe.

“No, please, baby. Stay with me,” the dark haired male begs, his tears streaming down his cheeks faster.

The Captain looks up, smiling weakly as he cups his mate’s cheek, stroking his razor sharp cheekbone.

“Please, don’t cry,” he rasps. “We both knew that this was coming.”

“Stop talking like that,” the Brit sobs, the crew a flurry of activity around them. “This isn’t right.”

“Don’t blame yourself,” his Omega continues. “It’s not your fault. You did everything Sylar told you to do.”

Khan instantly freezes, staring down at his fiancée in shock and horror.

“J-James?” He asks shakily.

“Don’t think about what you should have,” Kirk rasps. “Think about what you do have.”

He coughs, blood splattering their uniforms.

“Naki,” he rasps. “Promise me you won’t do anything stupid. Help is coming, I’m sure of it.”

The Omega coughs again, spitting up more blood.

“My one regret,” he whispers, his voice trailing off. “Is not being able to see our first bir…”

He falls limp in his mate’s arms, the pieces clicking together in the Augment’s mind.

“Birthday,” he breathes, staring at the limp blond in his arms. “His one regret is not seeing their first birthday.”

The Captain stirs in his arms but does not open his eyes, his color and breathing returning to normal quickly, the amount of blood terrifying even though he does not appear to be injured. The Alpha/Beta looks up as McCoy and a team of Medical Officers enter the bridge, quickly assessing the situation before placing their Commanding Officer on a backboard, whisking away the still unconscious blond as his Alpha rises to his feet. The Brit looks around nervously as his wings shift, all eyes on him as the highest ranking Officer in the room, all distrusting to some degree. He clears his throat before speaking, his deep, rich baritone sounding nothing like him to his own ears, wavering and shaky.

“Lieutenant Sulu, give us all she has,” he orders.

“Aye,” the Helmsman replies, alerting Engineering before adding, “Captain.”

Khan reluctantly takes the Captain’s chair, feeling very much like an invader to the throne.

And knows that every single person on the bridge sees him that way.

John opens his eyes, staring into a field of nothing. Before his eyes, pinpoints of light appear in the blackness, more than he has ever seen or thought possible. He turns and finds an orb of blue and
green behind and slightly below him, white swirling on the surface. He does not recognize any features on the planet, nor does he recognize any of the star patterns.

“That’s because it hasn’t been seen yet.”

The Pure Beta whips around at the voice, startled to a blond, golden winged figure before him, his glacial blue eyes soft.

“What do you mean?” John asks, frighteningly aware of his nakedness.

The blond smiles and gestures to the planet with a nod of his head, crossing his arms over his bare chest, somehow familiar, and yet, not.

“That planet isn’t discovered for another three years,” he says. “In fact, nobody knows it exists.”

“Then how do you know?” The Pure Beta, moving back slightly.

“I discovered it,” the blond replies. “Well, my crew and I discovered it, actually.”

“Who are you?” John asks.

The blond just smiles and tips his head slightly, waiting. The Augment studies him intently, his slender, almost womanlike figure a startling contrast to male sex, tanned skin with long, dark golden blond hair that match his wings, several shades of gold on the feathers.

“Wait, Starfleet Headquarters,” the Pure Beta whispers as his eyes widen. “You were standing beside Noonien…”

“My mate,” the blond replies. “I am his life giver, as you are Naki’s.”

John’s hands fly to his abdomen, gaping at the blond in shock as his mouth works furiously.

“I, I can’t be,” his whispers, his voice strangled. “I’m a-”

“Pure Beta, I know,” the blond says, nodding. “But you are pregnant.”

He looks at the planet, silent for a little bit before speaking once more.

“Do you know where we are?” He asks, looking at the Pure Beta.

“I, I do not,” he replies, his hands still on his abdomen as he looks down.

“Inside my memories,” the blond explains. “Not on the outside looking in, but inside them, something only I can do by myself, as every Omega can, to some degree.”

“Then why am I here?” John asks, lifting his head.

“You imprinted on me,” the blond states simply.

The Pure Beta stares at him, bewilderment clear across his face.

“Wow, you really know nothing,” the blond laughs, his wings fluttering behind him.

He shakes his head, smiling softly as his glacial blue eyes shine.

“Imprinting is an ability only Omegas can do,” he explains. “The Omega child imprints on their mother around the time their abilities come in. It’s usually between one and two years old,
depending on how much Omega DNA they have and the length of their bloodline. It can only occur in a bloodline, except for you.”

“I do not understand,” John replies, gasping as his surroundings change.

He finds himself in a garden of oriental design, he thinks it might be a tea garden, no, it definitely is a tea garden, but it is the most beautiful and lavish garden he thinks could ever possibly exist. He is sitting at a beautiful wooden table and bench inside an oriental teahouse, just as gorgeous as the garden, oriental characters on silk tapestries as a soft breeze blows through, turning at the sound of rustling silk.

The sight takes his breath away.

The blond is clothed in red and gold silks with oriental detailing, long and flowing with a beautiful oriental gown slit up the sides to expose his long legs underneath, a long robe that trails behind him with sleeves that touch the ground and hide his hands on top, and a beautiful gold necklace with a large uncut blood red ruby hanging from a thick gold chain around his neck. An elaborate and high gold oriental styled crown that could have only been done by the best of the best goldsmiths rests on his head, framing his face and hiding his hair as large ruby quartz crystal cut earrings dangle from gold chains, his makeup done in reds and golds, looking very exotic and regal. The Pure Beta has the sudden and unexplainable urge to kowtow, and submits to it, keeping his head down as the blond approaches, his silks and wings whispering softly against each other. A hand is placed on his shoulder and he raises his head, locking eyes with glacial blue as he is helped to his feet, sitting at the bench across from the blond as he elegantly crosses his high heeled legs, sitting up straight.

“Would you care for some tea?” He asks, his hands clasped in lap. “Or something to eat?”

“Uh, sure,” John replies, wondering how he managed to get back into his clothes. “Yeah, yeah, that is fine.”

The blond waves a hand and an oriental tea set appears, gently picking up the pot and pouring the bright red tea into the handle-less cups, a small multi-tiered serving tray appearing with small sandwiches on it, as well a small slice of brie and crackers, deviled eggs, and slices of avocado.

“What tea is this?” The Pure Beta asks, mimicking the blond’s triangle hold on his flared lip cup, bringing it to his lips.

“Dàhóng páo,” the blond replies, sipping his tea. “The most prized and sought after tea in all the world, as well the most expensive.”

John sips his tea, his eyes widening to a comical size at the taste, understanding why the tea is so sought after.

“Because of my bloodline, only my child can imprint on me, if they are an Omega,” the blond says, causing the Augment to blink at the abrupt change of topics. “My bloodline is the oldest of our species, tracing back to the very first of our ancestors, seventeen thousand years ago. Due to this, I am heir to the throne, the Empress of Earth, ruler of all of humanity.”

The Pure Beta looks at the robes the blond is wearing, but he still does not understand.

“I, I do not understand,” he says, brows furrowed. “Empress?”

“Mother is fine,” the blond says. “Or James. As the Empress of Earth, I am the most powerful Omega alive, and born. The only one who could be more powerful than I would be my child if they are an Omega. With each generation in a bloodline, an Omega’s abilities are stronger than their
“So, I am more powerful than you?” John asks, placing a sandwich on his plate.

James looks out at the garden as birds chirp softly somewhere in it, the song of a babbling brook reaching their ears, a distant look in his glacial blue eyes.

“That remains to be seen,” he says softly, turning back to his “child.” “You may have the body and mind of an adult, but spiritually, you are still an infant. You may be sexually mature enough to bear offspring, but your abilities are wild and untamed, and you need to learn how to control them before you injure your mate or unborn child, possibly even yourself.”

“But I died,” the Pure Beta protests, taking a bite of his sandwich.

“An Omega cannot die while pregnant, least of all a Pure Omega that can imprint on me,” James reassures him, sipping his tea. “They can slip into a death-like state, but their cells stop dividing, freezing them in time. It is a self-defense reflex from the time of our ancestors called a ‘death healing trance,’ a way to keep an Omega alive and continue the bloodline.”

“So, I am not dead?” John asks, placing a hand on his abdomen. “My baby is not dead?”

Hands frame his face, tipping his head up slightly to look into glacial blue eyes, James’ smile soft as he strokes his cheekbones.

“Of course, little one,” he says softly. “The Empress of Earth cannot die while pregnant, and since you have imprinted on me, and are an Augment, it is reasonable to assume that you are nearly impossible to kill in your current state.”

The blond kisses the Pure Beta’s forehead, murmuring softly. John’s heart flutters in his chest at the strange and wonderful situation, giddy at the feeling of being loved by a mother. He is gently tugged down to the floor, his head resting on his mother’s silk covered lap as he plays with his hair, not realizing that he is crying until his tears are wiped away by a manicured finger.

“I have you, little one,” James says softly, his wings folding around them. “I have you. And I promise you, in a few hours, you will be very much alive.”

John just weeps, his mother smiling softly above him as he quietly shushes him, murmuring softly. “I have you,” he repeats again.
Chapter XXIX

Chapter Notes

This chapter is massive, I mean, 20 word pages 12k word count massive. I've also had a bad wifi connection, but here you go!

Khan is sure he is going to throw up.

Almost all of the crew distrusts him with every fiber of their being, and he knows that they have a good reason to do so since they only know of his violent past, but that is no longer the true him. All he wants is to settle down with his mate and raise a family, leave his dark past long behind him and start anew, his Light keeping The Darkness away for good.

The moment Spock returns to the bridge, the most agonizing ninety-three minutes of his life, he tears out of the bridge and down to the medbay, his wings shifting violently as he runs at the fastest speed he can to skid around the corners. The moment he is in front of the doors, he freezes on the spot as his wings become unnaturally still, his chest feeling as if iron bands are constricting it and causing him to be unable to breathe. He forces himself to step into the doors and look around the medbay with sheer terror, his eyes falling on his unnaturally still mate, his heart sinking. He cautiously approaches the biobed and looks down at the blond, his blood running cold at the sight before him, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as his eyes rake over his still form. Kirk had remained unconscious since the moment he fell limp in his Alpha’s arms, and even though he looks as if he is sleeping, completely at peace, the Augment cannot hear his Captain’s thoughts at all, something that terrifies him to the core. He does not know why the Omega is unconscious still, or why he cannot hear his thoughts, but his stomach is churning so much that he feels as if he is about to be violently sick, his skin clammy and much paler than normal. He starts as Maeve places a hand on his shoulder and helps him sit on the biobed next to the Captain, preforming a quick examination of her brother, patting his shoulder once she is finished. The Alpha/Beta looks back at his fiancée, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as the mother of his unborn child remains unconscious, McCoy moving to the other side of the bed.

“How is he?” The Brit asks quietly, not looking up.

“He’s stable, but I honestly have no idea why he remains unconscious,” the Doctor replies, shaking his head. “My knowledge of Pure Omega anatomy is really hindering my abilities to diagnose the problem, something that frustrates me to no end. I know that the genders are almost completely identical to each other in every aspect, but the differences between them because of the genders, primary and secondary, as well as the social hierarchy, and the bloodlines cause minute differences that make each person pretty much unique, and not just in the anatomy. Omega neural activity is different between Pure Bloods, normals, and chimeras, as well as between the bloodlines. The biggest problem is that the Empress and their bloodline has been treated by a private Doctor, so not much, if anything, is publicly know about how they are different. But I’m doing my best, I swear.”

The dark haired male nods, not really paying attention to the Beta’s words, still worried about his Omega.

“Look,” the brunet says, causing his fellow Commander to look up. “I’m positive that Jim will wake up. Last thing he’ll want to do is leave you alone, or his crew. Just gotta have a little faith,
"kay?"

“I have never believed in a higher power,” Khan says bluntly, a scowl appearing on his pale face.

“Neither did Jim, not until he found out that he was pregnant,” McCoy says, earning a look of shock and horror. “I saw the pregnancy test when I went to check up on him when he didn’t show up for class, which was something he had never done. Amanda didn’t know where he was, and when I contacted Captain Pike, he told me to keep my mouth shut and if Amanda knew, tell her to keep quiet too. She didn’t know about the pregnancy, so I destroyed the pregnancy test and didn’t say anything to anyone, not even to Jim. He wasn’t the same after that, and when he didn’t show up to class again, I hunted him down and found him in our on-campus chapel. He had a rosary in hand and was praying, but he only skipped class one more time before I didn’t see his rosary again, nor did I say anything. But Amanda did tell me that Jim prayed before bed once or twice, only once he was sure that she was asleep. And if you tell him about this conversation, I will make your life a living Hell, capeesh?”

The Augment nods nervously, his wings fluttering against his back before his head snaps down to his Commanding Officer as he stirs, his eyes fluttering before they slowly open, his gaze unfocused. He blinks slowly before his head turns to his mate, trying to focus his gaze before smiling softly, his glacial blue eyes lighting up when he recognizes him.

“Hey,” Kirk says quietly, stretching a wing towards the father of the child in his womb.

“Hey,” his Alpha replies softly, his face split in two by one of the widest smiles he has ever seen, a few tears rolling down his cheeks. “You had us all worried there, love. What happened?”

“I, I don’t really remember,” the blond admits, placing a hand on his forehead as he squeezes his eyes shut. “God does my head hurt.”

His Chief Medical Officer scans him before activating the full body scanner, paying careful attention to the results as his Captain holds still, the Alpha/Beta looking down worriedly.

“I can’t find anything wrong, but I want you to lie down for about an hour, just in case,” the Doctor orders, looking at his fellow Commander. “How long to our destination?”

“About seven hours,” the Brit replies, looking down at his fiancée as he slips off the biobed. “I am sure that the Enterprise can survive for about an hour without her Captain, after all, she did survive without you for an hour-and-a-half.”

The full body scanner is deactivated and his Omega sits up slowly, swaying dangerously before his fiancé catches him, clutching his head again. The dark haired male worries his lower lips with his teeth as the Captain groans softly, his eyes squeezed shut as he leans into his mate’s touch, looking slightly paler than normal.

“Are you okay?” McCoy asks, scanning the Omega. “Everything appears to be normal, but you’re not acting that way.”

“My head is killing me,” Kirk moans, trembling slightly. “I can barely see straight, let alone think or hear anyone’s thoughts, even Noonien’s. The, the pain isn’t the reason for this, it feels, it feels as if my brain has been put through a blender. Oh God…”

He falls forward as Khan catches him, lowering them to the ground so they are kneeling, his mate completely leaning against him as he trembles. The Omega is breathing harshly, far too pale to be comforting as the Beta kneels beside him, scanning him again.
“Get him to his quarters and monitor him closely,” he orders, not looking up from his instrumentation. “Keep it dark and as little sound as you can get. I don’t know what’s going on, and I don’t have a good feeling about it.”

The Augment nods and gently picks up his mate bridal style, keeping his head tucked against his neck as he quickly carries him to their quarters, gently lowering him onto the bed as he does as the Doctor orders. The Captain is shivering as his fiancé carefully moves to lie down beside him, gently pressing his chest flush against his back as he wraps an arm around his slender waist, draping a massive wing over him as he murmurs softly. The Alpha/Beta is highly concerned about the fact that his Captain is so cold to the touch, trying to use his body heat to gradually warm him up as he gently probes his mind, finding that his thoughts are practically non-existent besides the occasional fragment that emerges and vanishes quickly. The blond is still breathing harshly as he continues to tremble, his heart racing as he grips the sheets, his Alpha pressing closer as he murmurs softly in an attempt to soothe him. The younger of them finally relaxes and falls asleep, his condition returning to normal, much to his mate’s relief, relaxing and closing his eyes as he shifts closer. He opens his eyes and sits up, looking down at the mother of his unborn child as he gently strokes his dark golden blond hair out of his face, his fingers trailing down his cheek and neck to trace his mark of claim.

“I will never let you go, for you are the center of my universe,” he breathes, a soft smile on his lips. “And you will always be.”

About forty minutes since the couple lied down, Kirk stirs and slowly opens his glacial blue eyes, turning his head to look at his mate.

“Feel better, love?” Khan asks, propping himself on his side as his other hand strokes his cheek.

“Almost at a hundred percent,” the blond replies, turning to face the Alpha/Beta. “A little hungry though, but that may be caused by the baby.”

His Alpha smiles and chuckles, stretching a jet black wing over him before slipping off the bed, moving to the replicator as his mate sits up and watches him. The Augment orders toast and applesauce, ignoring the pointed glare sent his way as he places it on the table, ordering a Caesar salad for himself.

“Why do you get that?” His Omega growls as he sits down at the table, eyeing his salad with a venomous look.

The Brit just raises a perfectly arched eyebrow at him, an amused smirk on his lips as he brings a bite of his salad to his lips, the brow arching higher as his Captain snaps his teeth at him. His fiancé shakes his head and sighs softly, offering a bite of his food to the Captain, who takes it graciously, smiling softly.

“Th’i-oxalra,” the Omega says softly in Vulcan, his eyes lighting up.

“You are most welcome,” the dark haired male replies, smiling back. “But you still have to finish your food and keep it down before you can have anything else.”

His fiancée glares again and shoves a spoonful of applesauce into his mouth, sending a few colorful curses his way as he eats reluctantly, the older of the pair smirking with amusement.

“Wipe that fucking smirk off your face,” Kirk snaps, taking a bite of his toast. “Or I’ll wipe it off for you.”
Khan shakes his head as he exhales softly, looking down his food before looking up, his gaze revealing his hesitation.

“James, answer me honestly,” he says softly. “What happened on the bridge?”

The Omega flicks his gaze away briefly before looking back, placing his spoon down to fold his hands in his lap, worrying his lower lip with his teeth.

“James?” His mate asks worriedly.

“I was imprinted on,” his Captain says quietly. “When we were at Starfleet Headquarters, I felt a brand new Pure Omega mind in the jumpship touch mine, and they imprinted on me. It was John. John is a Pure Omega.”

“That’s impossible,” the Augment gapes, eyes blown wide. “Both of them are Pure Bloods, a Pure Alpha and Pure Beta. John can’t be a Pure Omega.”

“He is,” the Captain replies, glacial locking with arctic. “And he’s pregnant. But here’s the kicker: The conception date is my missed Heat.”

His fiancé shakes his head, leaning back in his chair as he runs a hand through his jet black hair, tugging on the back of his head.

“What the fuck is going on?” He breathes, running a hand down his face. “Everything is identical to our reality, and nothing like it at the same time. I do not understand what is going on, and I am a bit terrified about what could happen next, what could happen to us.”

His Omega places an upturned palm on the table, his ring gleaming in the light as the Alpha/Beta slides his large pale into his, rubbing his skin with his thumb.

“Things are finally going our way,” the older male says softly, locking their gazes. “But I know that at any moment it can come crashing down on our heads and leave us with nothing, possibly without each other. And that strikes terror in me I have never felt before, the thought of you being torn away from me, the both of you, I just…”

The Brit pulls his hand away and holds his face in his hands, his wings drooping slightly as he trembles, sniffling softly. His fiancée stretches a hand out and strokes his hair, murmuring softly in Hindi as a few tears roll down his cheeks, stretching a wing around him.

“Noonien, I’m right here,” he says quietly, rubbing soothingly. “I’m not leaving. Not willingly, at least.”

Khan looks up at his Captain with watery eyes, turning slightly as he moves to sit in his lap, his large hands falling to his wide hips as arms wrap around his neck and tangle into his hair. Kirk toys with the silk-like strands of his jet black hair before pressing their lips together in an open mouth kiss, their eyes falling shut as their tongues tangle, their grips tightening marginally on each other. They part with a plop and rest their foreheads together, their lips mere millimeters from each other as they catch their breaths, pressing their lips together in a slow and passionate kiss. The Augment tips his head to the side to deepen the kiss, his hands slipping under the Captain’s shirts to rest on the tops of his flared hips, sliding slowly up his sides as he rubs his skin tenderly with his large, warm hands. The blond shivers under his touch and presses closer to his fiancé, his wings fluttering against his back as massive jet black ones fold around them, hands slowly sliding up and down his sides. The Alpha/Beta nips at his full lips before sliding a hand to the small of his back as the other cups the back of his head, tangling his fingers into long dark golden blond hair, holding him gently
'God I love you so much,' his Omega thinks, his hands framing the dark haired male’s face as their lips work hungrily against each other.

'I love you too,' his Alpha thinks back, tightening his grip slightly. ‘Now and forever.’

The couple parts and rests their foreheads together once more, slightly out of breath as they thoroughly enjoy the moment of peace and quiet, stroking each other’s skin. The Omega pulls away just enough to look into the father of his unborn child’s eyes, tracing his cheekbones with his thumbs before sliding out of his lap, sitting back in his seat as he nibbles on his toast as his mate watches him with a tender expression.

“What?” His fiancée asks, looking at him with curiosity.

“Thinking about the fact that I will wake up with you by my side every morning,” the Brit replies, a soft smile on his lips.

Kirk smiles back softly before finishing off the rest of his food, rising to his feet and exits his quarters as he heads to the bridge, fingering his necklace gently in the turbolift to calm his nerves at he lets out a shuddery exhale. He steps onto the bridge and reclaims his seat, putting on an air of confidence despite all the stares he is receiving, his insides coiling with anxiety. Khan enters the bridge a few minutes after him and takes his station, keeping his wings folded against his back as he ignores the hateful and distrusting stares at him, putting on a composed face as he tries to not snap and snarl at them. He cannot return to his old self, wanting to prove that he has changed and is no longer that person, and more than anything, he needs to prove that he only wants to serve his Omega and follow his orders, not give them. He glances over his shoulder at his mate out of the corner of his eye, toying with his ring nervously as he fights to not worry his lower lip with his teeth, highly concerned for the Captain. The blond glances at his Alpha with just a mere flick of his gaze, barely a fraction of a second, but their eyes meet and the Augment can see how nervous he is, how scared he is. He wants to comfort him, hold him, cherish him, and soothe away his fears, but he cannot.

Not while they are on duty at least.

The blond accepts a PADD from his Yeoman, filling out paperwork as his wings flutter the best they can in his seat, glancing at the Alpha/Beta. He can hear the thoughts from the crew around him as they doubt him, wanting, or demanding, to know how the things he said in his announcement are possible. But Spock is by far the most hesitant about his words, highly doubtful of his Captain.

And it is starting to piss him off.

“Commander Spock, if you something to say, say it,” the Omega snaps. “Tomorrow’s too late.”

The Vulcans is hesitant to speak up, his Commanding Officer fixing him with a stern glare, his glacial blue eyes cold.

“I am unsure that this is a discussion to be held in front of the crew,” his First Officer says finally, his entire being radiating uncertainty.

The Omega narrows his eyes at the Science Officer, his fiancé turning around just enough to tackle him in case he decides to try and rip out his First Officer’s throat, unsure what his mate is planning to doing.
“Commander Singh, you have the bridge,” Kirk says, rising to his feet.

“Captain, I do not believe that is in the best interest for the crew,” Khan replies, rising to his feet as well. “I believe my time is best served by your side, as Lieutenant Sulu is more than capable, and more experienced, with commanding the bridge.”

The bridge crew are surprised by the Augment’s words, and a few are even changing their minds about his character, though most have not, even though they have a new appreciation for him.

“I gave you an order, Commander,” his mate snaps, turning his burningly cold eyes on him, causing him to flinch and take a quarter-step back. “I expect you to follow it.”

The Alpha/Beta opens his mouth to protest, but snaps his jaw shut with a loud click at the even harsher glare fixed on him, his wings unnaturally still. His fiancée turns on his heel and leaves the bridge with his Science Officer, the older of the pair taking the Captain’s chair with the utmost reluctance. He crosses his long legs gracefully as he forces his wings back, his muscles hurting at the action as worries his lower lip with his teeth, highly concerned about his Omega.

He is more worried about his fellow Commander though.

Kirk leads his First Officer to the rec room used by the bridge crew, turning on his heel to round on him.

“Spit it out,” he demands, hands on his hips. “I don’t need my First Officer doubting me.”

Spock hesitates before clasping his hands behind his back, his gaze skittering away before looking back at his Commanding Officer, nervous for once.

“Is it wise to have such a dangerous being onboard?” He asks finally, locking their gazes.

“‘Being?’” The Captain asks, narrowing his eyes. “I am unclear as to which ‘being’ you are referring to, as we have nearly five hundred beings onboard the Enterprise. Be concise, Commander.”

“I am referring to the Officer under the alias of Commander John Richard Harrison,” the Science Officer replies. “He cannot be trusted, as he is-”

“He is not, what? Human?” The Omega snaps, his wings shivering. “The fact that his DNA was rewritten to what Genetic Engineers considered to be ‘genetic perfection?’ To create soldiers breed exclusively for combat, their sole purpose in life being to follow orders, to fight, to win? The fact that these ‘Scientists’ kidnapped orphans of the streets as test subjects, using them as lab rats? That they trained these children to kill?”

“Though that thought is execrable, he still used his genetic engineering to control a quarter of the Earth,” Spock states matter-of-factly. “As did the other Augments. Are their actions excusable because the actions that made them what they were are repugnant and amoral?”

“They are still human,” the blond snarls, his wings trembling with anger. “Ever think of what they thought about being trained to be weapons? Maybe they did not want to have their very DNA rewritten against their will, maybe they would rather live on the streets that live in comfort with the requirement that they have to learn how to kill. Ever think about that?”

“Their actions prove otherwise,” the Vulcan states flatly. “They took over the Earth with the flimsy
“My ancestors have ruled Earth for seventeen thousand years!” Kirk shrieks, his wings snapping out. “Every single one of my ancestors ruled over all of humanity since the moment our species emerged seventeen thousand years ago, not just Earth, but every fucking human! As I should have!”

His First Officer’s slanted eyebrows shoot up in shock, his lips parting as he stares at his Captain, blinking.

“Your humans died out seventeen thousand years ago and my species replaced them, thirty-seven much larger chromosomes the difference between *Homo sapiens* and *Neo Homo sapiens*, my species,” the blond snarls. “Because the fact that I have two genders, that I can bear children, and have many telepathic abilities make me any less human? Does the fact that my species is the next step in human evolution, something that has not happened, and more than likely, will never happen, in this reality disqualifies me from claiming that I am human?”

“I am unsure what this has to do with our current topic of discussion,” the Science Officer states, raising an eyebrow.

“ Noonien is the same as me, only he can mate with me and be the father of my children, as well as claim me,” the Captain snaps, his eyes flashing. “Even though his DNA was rewritten against his will, does the fact that he shares the same genetic ancestors as me make him any less human than I am?”

“His actions cannot be considered human,” Spock replies.

“He. Has. Changed,” the Omega snarls. “He is *not* the same person he was before. He would not let any harm come to this crew, and will do everything and anything to keep both myself, and his child safe. He would rather die a thousand gruesome deaths then lay a finger on me, or let someone else harm me when he could prevent it. That extends to my crew, my family.”

“His presence onboard the *Enterprise* has impaired your judgment,” the Vulcan almost sighs. “If he had not manipulated you into seeing what he wants you to see, you would be able to come to the realization that he cannot be trusted, nor be allowed free reign of the *Enterprise*. The probability that he does not have an ulterior motive to his actions of these events-”

“I don’t give a flying fuck about probability and statistics,” his Captain hisses. “Logic isn’t always the answer, and it fails in this situation. This discussion is over, Commander.”

He turns on his heel to move off, but his First Officer’s words make him freeze.

“If he had not caused a medical condition that has impaired your judgment, you would realize that he has caused you to put the entire crew in danger.”

Kirk whips back to the Science Officer, his wings snapping out as he snarls, the tension in his body on the verge of snapping and tearing out his throat.

“Is that what you think?” He snarls, his fists clenched. “That I would willingly put my crew in danger if I didn’t know with an absolute certainty that Khan Noonien Singh would not harm them? I can read his thoughts, I know what he is thinking, I know that the last thing he wants to do is return to his old ways. I know him inside and out, and he knows me the same way.”

“I am unclear as to how a human can achieve that level of intimacy when they are a non-telepathic species,” Spock states, a slanted eyebrow rising.
“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” the blond growls, throwing his hands up in the air. “I come from a *krusitau stukhtra*, you fucking robot! Can you understand that!?”

“The language is not needed,” his First Officer replies, unperturbed by his Captain’s wild emotions.

“I just can’t get through your thick skull,” the Omega growls under his breath, his wings shivering slightly. “What do I have to do to make it clear that I know things that your logic can’t explain or come to the conclusion of?”

He turns and places his palms flat on the nearest table, his back to the Vulcan as his wings remain still, his head hanging as he thinks before he speaks.

“Spock, do you still trust my judgment?” He asks quietly, not lifting his gaze. “Do you think the crew can understand that all Noonien wants to do is keep them safe, to make sure that no harm comes to them? And answer honestly, as my friend.”

The Science Officer pauses as he thinks, studying the Captain intently, weighing every option before replying.

“The probability of them understanding why a nearly three hundred year old tyrant would care about them is remote, and I would have to concur with them,” he states bluntly.

“So that’s a no,” Kirk says quietly under his breath, his eyes falling shut. “That’s what I thought.”

He rises and turns to his friend, his eyes watering as he gives one of the saddest smiles the Vulcan has ever seen.

“Take good care of them,” he says softly, turning to head out of the room.

“Captain?” Spock asks at his retreating back.

The blond turns and smiles again, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as his wings remain folded against his back.

“How can I be Captain when I have a crew that doesn’t trust my judgment, that doesn’t understand that I have good intentions?” He asks quietly, his voice wavering. “It’s simple; I can’t. You’re in command, Spock. You’ll have my resignation within the hour.”

He turns and leaves the stunned Vulcan staring at him as he exits the rec room, his feet moving on their own accord until he finds himself floating in his secret hidey-hole, curled up in a fetal position upside down as he whimpers and sobs softly. He can see that his tears are floating with him in the zero gravity, almost perfect spheres in this environment, but he squeezes his eyes shut and continues to cry quietly.

Even though he fully knows that his action was the best thing he could for his crew in the current situation, it still feels as if is heart was torn out of his chest and set on fire, something that would have Pike screaming at him for hours.

But he does not have his father around to yell at him and tell him how stupid the action was, knowing full well that he would tell him that it was *not* in the crew’s best interest, but he cannot lead a crew that has lost any loyalty to him into a life-or-death situation and keep them safe. He curls up tighter as he whimpers a little louder, his wings folding around him as he keeps his mind closed, wanting to be completely alone. He does not want to be comforted, as he fully feels that what he has done must be something he has to learn to live with, no, he *knows* that he has to learn...
how to live with it. His world is crashing down around him, all because he did not want to do what he has been born to do, trained to do, as every one of his ancestors before him had done. He whimpers softly as tears float off his cheeks, glad that he is alone to deal with the consequences without anyone pitying him or trying to soothe him, something he does not feel he deserves.

He opens his eyes and stares unseeingly at his surroundings, using his precognitions to try to see what the future has in store for him, but gives up after a little bit when it becomes impossible to detangle all the different realities. The Omega uncurls slightly to release some of the tension in his body, his whimpers barely audible but tears continue to fall down his cheeks, his eyes falling shut once more. His breath is shaky and uneven, but slower and deeper as he calms, trying to slow his racing heart as he centers himself.

He does feel calmer as he begins to accept that he made the right decision, his mind beginning to explore the possibilities of what he can do with his newfound freedom, things he could not do with the responsibilities of a Starfleet Captain binding him so tight he could not move. He is unsure exactly what he wants to do with the nearly limitless possibilities, but he knows that he will have a wound that will never heal at what he had to give up in the exchange, knowing that he will miss everyone and everything that he has been forced to leave behind. He is hit with the realization that his action most likely will have catastrophic backlash for everyone, that things in this reality may turn out far worse than what they were in his, and that he is the reason for it.

The ex-Captain starts as strong arms wrap around his waist, a robust and muscular body pressing itself flush against his backside, curling around him as massive jet black wings fold around them. He blinks as a forehead rests against the back of his neck and the arms tighten around him, the body warm, firm, and solid against him, a body of a being created for the sole purpose of unspeakable violence, a living weapon, holding him as if the slightest bit of pressure would cause him to crumble to dust. Khan does not say anything as he continues to hold his mate, his eyes falling shut as he curls protectively around him, the pair spinning slowly in midair. Kirk blinks a few times before his own eyes flutter shut, relaxing into his Alpha’s embrace as his hands fall on top of the much larger ones on his still flat abdomen, opening their bond as the pair slips inside his body to listen to the tiny heart beating in his womb. The Augment lifts his head up to plant a kiss on the bony nob of his spine, his large hands rubbing his fiancée’s abdomen tenderly before gently tugging him around so they are face-to-face, though they are curled around each other like the halves of a yin yang.

The couple keeps their eyes locked as they spin slowly, glacial and arctic soft and open as they curl up in the fetal position, the younger having his knees to his chest while the older is far looser. The Omega reaches out and traces his fiancé’s razor sharp cheekbone with the tip of his index finger, trailing his finger over the other cheekbone and his full lips, leaning in to kiss him gently. The kiss is just a press of lips before they part, the couple resting their faces together as they frame the other’s face in their hands, their eyes still locked as they curl tighter around each other. Their eyes fall shut as they press their lips together in a passionate kiss, their wings mantling around each other as their lips work against each other, their scents trapped within the space of their wings. The dark haired male traces the seam of his Omega’s lips with the tip of his tongue before nibbling on his top lip, feeling them part so he can slip his tongue inside his mouth, licking behind his teeth. The ex-Captain shivers and meets the skilled muscle head on, soft wet noises filling the small space as they kiss, their grips tightening marginally. They part with a soft plop and rest their faces together, hands stroking the other’s skin gently as their wings mantle around them, trapping their scents inside.

“I love you, James,” Khan says softly, his massive jet black wings folding over his mate’s dark golden blond wings. “And I will follow you to the ends of the proverbial Earth, until the end of time. Not just because I am biologically conditioned to, but because I want to. I love you with
every fiber of my being, which is why I am giving you something that no one else ever has, or will: my heart, my soul, my virginity. It is yours, it has always been yours, and it will always be yours.”

“I love you too, Noonien, and I am thankful that you were my first, for almost everything,” Kirk breathes. “And I am thankful that you are my Perfect Mate. God, I can’t begin to list the things I am grateful for, but having you in my life is the biggest one. But…”

“But, what?” His Alpha asks, pulling away to lock eyes. “What is it, love?”

“Did I make the right choice?” The blond asks quietly, looking away.

“James,” the Augment murmurs, pressing kisses on his eyelids. “As you have told me many times; ‘What’s done is done, there’s no going back.’ The same applies to you, my love. Now, let us head back to our quarters and stop dwelling in the past. I can give you a massage, or even use that bathtub that comes with the Captain’s quarters.”

“Or even a sponge bath?” His Omega asks hopefully.

The dark haired male laughs, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he beams widely, kissing the tip of his nose.

“That can be arranged,” he murmurs, parting to head out of the Jefferies tube, elegantly twisting so he can fit his wings through the opening not designed for his altered anatomy.

The ex-Captain follows him back to their quarters, thankful that none of they do not encounter any of the crew on their was there, slipping inside the darkened room. His fiancé orders the lights to be lifted slightly as the younger of them gently pokes their tribbles to quiet their loud begging, watching the Brit move into the bathroom to grab supplies for his request, who flashes a dazzling smile at his fiancée. The Alpha/Beta places the large bowl of water on the floor as the mother of his unborn child sits on the edge of the bed, their eyes locking before the older rises to his feet, approaching his former Captain. He kneels before him and gently tugs off his boots before slipping off his socks, taking the hem of both his shirts and lift them over his head, pushing him onto his back to shimmy off his pants and underwear last. Kirk watches as his mate slowly removes his clothes in the same order, his muscles ripping at the actions before he stands naked before him, tugging him to his feet so he can sit on the towel. Khan kneels behind him and soaks the sponge before squeezing it over the top of his Omega’s spine, gently cleaning his body with tender sweeps of the sponge, his eyes roaming over his exposed skin. The blond’s eyes fall shut as he tips his chin down to expose his neck, his breathing soft and even as he feels the water trickle down his back, the Augment’s free hand brushing over his exposed skin lovingly. He does not miss a single millimeter of skin as he cleans his former Captain’s body, pressing his lips to his mark before lining up his teeth with the scar, holding him gently before licking his skin.

The dark haired male moves to kneel in front of the Omega, cleaning the front of his body with the same lovingness as he gave his back, gently pushing him onto his back so he can clean his legs as his hands run over his baby smooth skin. The ex-Captain tips his head back as his breathing deepens, feeling the wet sponge glide easily over his skin, his fiancé’s hands wandering as they stroke tenderly. The Alpha/Beta murmurs softly as he gazes down lovingly at his mate’s body, his dark golden blond wings spread slightly over the floor with the lighter undersides exposed, his head tipped to the side to expose his mark of claim.

The Brit’s wings shiver at the sight of the young blond below him, completely vulnerable and submissive to him, something that pleases the Alpha in him immensely. He rumbles softly as his fiancée spreads his wings even more, tipping his head back to expose his throat to his mate, his wings fluttering on the ground. Khan crawls up his body slowly and predatorily, rumbling loudly
as his wings spread over them and cast massive shadows on the floor, his tongue dragging over his skin before his mouth is level with his mate’s very feminine Adam’s apple. He drags his tongue over the prominence of his throat before lightly clamping his teeth over his throat, just enough to create impressions on his skin and hold him tightly, but the pressure gives a terrifying impression of a lioness having her teeth clamped over a gazelle’s neck. Kirk’s breathing picks up as his heart races in response to the adrenaline being pumped into his bloodstream, trembling slightly as he puts his complete faith into the living weapon that is his Alpha currently in a position to tear his throat out if he wishes, his wings fluttering on the floor. The Augment pulls away and licks his Omega’s throat before peppering soft kisses all over his skin, nuzzling the junction of his exposed jaw and neck before nibbling on the skin of his jaw, tracing the edge with his tongue as a large hand slides over his chest and down his arm to tangle their fingers together. The dark haired male nips across his jaw to his lightly bite his chin, biting his lower lip before slipping his tongue into his mouth, carefully lowering his full weight onto the body beneath him as their lips work against each other. The ex-Captain tangles his free hand into the long jet black hair of his fiancé as he allows him to settle between his legs, squeezing his sides with his knees before wrapping them around his waist, tightening his grip in his hair. The Alpha/Beta rumbles softly as he parts their lips and draws out his former Captain’s tongue, deepening the kiss as he tips his head to the side and draws out soft whimpers with his talented tongue, grinning into the kiss if he could as he preens. The Brit pulls away and pecks his fiancée’s lips thrice before sitting up, tugging the blond up into a sitting position, slipping behind him as he trails his fingers up his sides. 

“Spread your wings, baby boy,” Khan murmurs against his mate’s neck.

Kirk complies and feels his fiancé’s hands trace the edge of where his wings and back meet, his breath hitching as they brush over the small nubs that are uropygial gland’s papilla, or the wick/nipple that allows the oil from his oil gland to be utilized. He shivers as the hands trail over the four nubs on each side of his wing roots, feeling the oil begin to spill and coat his Alpha’s hands, a flush spreading across his cheekbones. He cries out softly as a gland is squeezed, his arms shooting out as he falls forward, his body trembling as pleasure zings through nervous system like lightning. The Augment murmurs softly as he begins to rake his nails through his wings, surprised at how many feathers come loose even though his wings do not look unkempt, utilizing all sixteen of his oil glands to clean every millimeter of his wings, front and back. The blond is keening loudly before he is flipped onto his back, crying out as two slick fingers push inside him, thrusting rapidly as they stimulate his prostate with every thrust inward. His wings are churning on the floor as he brings his knuckles to his mouth, gasping loudly as his back arches off the floor, his eyes squeezed tightly shut as a third finger is added. The Alpha/Beta crushes their mouths together as he crooks his fingers to keep pressure on his fiancée’s prostate, pulling his mouth away to hear the loud mews spill past his lips as he writhes on the floor, throwing his head back as he peaks and clamps down on the fingers. The Omega’s body trembles as he tries to catch his breath, hearing his mate’s soft grunts as he finishes himself off before brushing his long dark golden blond hair out of his sweaty face, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek.

“I’m dirty again,” the ex-Captain slurs, earning a laugh from the dark haired male. “S’not funny.”

“It is quite funny from my position,” the Brit murmurs, kissing his former Captain’s cheek again. “Care for another sponge bath?”

“Don’t wanna get my wings cleaned again,” his fiancée mutters, dragging one eye open. “Can’t handle two cleanings in one day. Bastard.”

Khan chuckles and nuzzles his mate’s sweaty neck before rising to his feet, a thoughtful look crossing his feet.
“Would you care to-”

“No,” Kirk says bluntly, struggling to sit up. “Like I said, can’t handle two cleanings in one day.”

“Please?” His Alpha asks.

The blond looks up at the pleading pale face above him before sighing, motioning for the supplies to be exchanged for clean ones, the Augment’s face lighting up as he complies. He sits cross-legged in front of his Omega and flexes his muscles, the ex-Captain’s breath hitching as the muscles ripple and radiate with understated power, his hands stretching out to stroke the acres of flawless pale skin that is ridiculously smooth. The dark haired male rumbling softly and flexes his muscles again, preening under his fiancée’s murmurs of awe as he traces the valleys of his back muscles, turning his head to the side to look out of the corner of one arctic blue eye and study the awed face behind him. The Alpha/Beta turns his head back as his mate picks up a sponge and squeezes water down his spine, returning the favor to clean every millimeter of pale skin as his hands wander over it, his eyes taking in every detail. The Brit gracefully lowers himself onto his elbows as he tosses his head back, the Omega cleaning his front as his fiancé watches him half-lidded, but all seeing, arctic blue eyes, purring softly the whole time. His mate smoothly rises into a sitting position and twists so his back it to his former Captain, looking over his shoulder as he waits patiently and spreads his massive jet black wings.

Kirk hesitates before running his fingers on the sides of the wing roots, feeling the papilla begin to leak oil as he stimulates them, blushing at how intimate the act is without being, intimate. Deep within the recesses of his mind, the memories of his first ancestors bubble up, the ones who had Perfect Mates, who had experience with wings, telling him how to clean his mate’s wings thoroughly, and pleasurably. Khan glances over his shoulder again as his Omega pauses before turning a little more to have a clear look, his brows furrowed as he studies the blond’s blank face, reaching out to cup a cheek. The ex-Captain shakes his head and smiles at his Alpha, motioning for him to turn back around and spread his wings again, placing his slightly oily hands on the iridescent feathers. He lightly rakes his nails over his marginal, lesser, and median coverts, the feathers that are not the ones that people think of when they think of feathers, those being flight feathers, but the effect is instantaneous. The dark haired male moans softly, a shiver running down his spine as his former Captain treats every different region of feathers differently, but it turns the stimulation up to an eleven. His fiancé glances back over his shoulder as nails rake over his greater primary coverts, the long feathers over the primary flight feathers, moaning a little louder as the nails tease his skin.

“God, baby. Where the fuck did you learn this?” The Alpha/Beta moans, his body trembling.

“Because I’m better,” his fiancée whispers in the same tongue, lips brushing his ear. “And this is still foreplay.”

The Brit pauses slightly at how his mate’s personality seems to have changed, but he does not give it a second thought as his humerals, the feathers right above where his oil glands reside, are teased, drawing out another moan. He cries out sharply as the Omega squeezes an oil gland and begins to rake his nails over his feathers to clean them, taking out just as many as he did with his cleaning, only they are far longer than his. He also uses all sixteen oil glands before finding himself flat on his back, lips sealed over his as he blinks in surprise before melting, wrapping his arms around his mate’s long pale neck.

Khan pulls away abruptly and moves quickly in the bathroom, his mate sitting up curiously before smiling as a loud shriek pierces the sound of running water, shaking his head as he moves to his knees and cleans the sweat off his body. Kirk hums softly as he cleans himself and his eyes fall
shut, tipping his head to the side as he cleans his neck, shoulder, and upper back and chest, the water running rivulets down his body. He hears the shower turn off and his Alpha step out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped low around his waist as he uses a second one to dry his hair, knowing that his skin will still be incredibly warm despite the fact he took a cold shower with the water that has been cooled, *by space*. The Augment watches his fiancée bathe with a look of tenderness rarely seen, knowing that the ex-Captain is smiling about the fact that he knows he knows, his wings stretching out behind him as if sunning himself. His fiancé tosses the towel on the bed and begins to pick up the feathers scattered on the floor, collecting each one individually before selecting two of their longest primaries and places them on the bed, tossing the others before placing their feathers on the on the nightstand. The Omega glances over his shoulder to watch before gracefully rising to his feet, casting a shy smile as a light blush spreads across his cheeks, moving to step into the bathroom before he pauses and turns.

“It’s an awfully big shower, and it can get rather lonely,” his fiancée says softly, his blush darkening as he smiles sheepishly.

The Alpha/Beta quirks an eyebrow up as a smirk plays on his lips, crossing the distance to move toward his former Captain, dropping his towel along the way. He scoops up the blond in one smooth motion without pause, their laughs filling the air as the older of the pair gently spins them before stepping into the bathroom, placing his former Captain on the ground as he turns on the water. His Omega smiles up at him as his dark golden blond wings flutter against his back, a light blushing highlighting his cheeks as he looks down when the Brit meets his gaze, his wings moving to fold around him with embarrassment. The dark haired male rumbles softly and leans down to plant a soft kiss on the top of his dark golden blond head, nuzzling his scalp tenderly as he murmurs softly in Hindi, a soft smile playing on his lips.

“*I love you, James,*” he murmurs softly. “*Now and forever.*”

“*I love you too, Noonien,*” his mate whispers back, his glacial blue eyes falling shut. “*As long as I live, I will love you.*”

He tips his head up and presses their lips together, kissing gently as their lips remain closed, as large pale hand moving to wrap around the mother of his unborn child’s neck. He squeezes gently and a gasp spills past full lips, letting go to slip his tongue into the open mouth, teasing his tongue. Kirk moans softly as his eyelids and wings flutter, eagerly kissing back as a hand slides around to tangle into the long, jet black, silk-like strands of his mate’s hair, tugging him down gently. Khan reluctantly pulls away and rises to his feet, checking the temperature of the water before extending a hand, a soft smiling playing on his lips as he gently tugs his Omega to his feet. He subtly nudges him into the shower and slides the door closed, gently herding the blond under the spray as his hands fall to his prominent hips, resting their foreheads together as the water rolls down their bodies. The ex-Captain wraps his arms around his pale neck and presses their bodies together so they mold to the other’s shape, feeling large warm hands cradle the back of his head gently as the other rests on the small of his back, a leg sliding between his only to give him support. His Alpha brushes his cheek against his as the water rolls off their wings harmlessly, his fingers curling slightly on his skin to tighten his hold on him, shivering as lips brush his ear. The Augment murmurs softly in his ear as he presses closer to his former Captain’s lithe and svelte body, his hands gently rubbing baby smooth skin as his eyes fall shut, feeling the slight tremors of his slender frame vibrate against him.

“Cold, love?” He asks softly, his voice a low and sensual purr. “I can turn the temperature up higher, if you wish.”

“That sounds good,” his fiancée whispers, his trembling increasing. “I’m a little cold.”
The dark haired male reaches around and turns the temperature up a little, the younger of the pair’s trembling ceasing as he begins to get warm, relaxing into his fiancé’s embrace as he leans against him.

“Thank you,” he whispers softly in Hindi, his eyes falling shut. “I needed that.”

“I know, love,” the Brit says softly, nuzzling his cheek tenderly. “I could feel it.”

The Omega presses closer to the robust body before him, clinging to the rock hard biceps as he feels the muscles flex and ripple under his fingers and palms, feeling the warmth radiate off the skin pressing against his. The water pouring down his body is nowhere near as warm as the body cocooning him, cradling him against them as if he were a porcelain doll, their touch gentle and tender. The large and incredibly warm hands ghost over his skin with barely any pressure, the sensations zipping through his nerves like an electrical current as his hair stands on end, tipping his head back and to the side to bare his throat in an obvious act of submission. He shivers as a tongue runs over his wet skin slowly and teasingly, gasping as teeth clamp over his exposed neck and hold tightly, a low rumble issuing from the chest pressed against his that causes him to shiver once more.

Kirk’s breathing quickens as the teeth continue to remain pressed against his throat, his heart hammering in his chest as he curls his fingers into the biceps, nearly breaking skin at how hard he has his nails dug into the pale flesh beneath them. Khan rumbles again and tightens his grip on his mate’s throat only slightly, feeling the blond’s breath hitch loudly under him, feel his trembling increasing as his pulse picks up even more. He rumbles softly and squeezes lightly before releasing, licking the indentations lovingly before claiming his lips in a heated kiss, framing his mate’s face with his hands as he backs him up against the shower wall. The younger of the pair whimpers softly and sags under the ministrations of the rather skilled tongue and hands teasing him, wrapping his arms around his neck as the Augment slides a thigh between his legs and pins him to the wall with his chest and pelvis, long pale fingers curling into his prominent hip and shoulder. He rumbles softly as their lips work hungrily against each other, soft wet noises filling the small space as lips part and tongues tangle, soft whimpers and moans joining the sounds of falling water.

“Cap-”

The Alpha/Beta pulls away and glares murderously over his shoulder at the currently stunned Vulcan gaping at them, his teeth bared as he snarls threateningly, his upper lip trembling as a low and dangerous rumble fills the small space of the bathroom.

“I suggest that you leave quickly, unless you wish to experience just how dangerous a being like me truly is,” he rumbles, his arctic eyes flashing savagely.

Spock quickly exits the bathroom with his tail between his legs, the door closing with a quiet whoosh behind him, the couple alone once more. The ex-Captain has his head buried into his mate’s shoulder, bright red across his entire face and down to his chest, whimpering softly as he trembles. His fiancé lets out a few colorful curses in multiple languages before turning off the water, continuing to curse as he nearly breaks the shower door when he attempts to open it, his Omega following right behind as his wings shift against his back. They dry themselves thoroughly before stepping out into the main quarters with towels around their waists, the older of the pair glaring at the still present Science Officer, his lips pulling back as he snarls at him. His fellow Commander exits the Captain’s quarters quickly, turning his gaze to his former Captain as he mutters under his breath, shaking his head as he moves to the closet and barks an order for it to open. The Omega smiles thinly as his Alpha snarls when the closet refuses to obey his command,
speaking softly to have the doors slide open, much to the Brit’s fury. He snarls loudly and snatches his clothes violently, dressing in such a way the his fiancée is worried that his clothes will be shredded to bits, moving to his side and placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Noonien, relax,” he says softly in Hindi. “Just relax.”

Khan looks at him as fury continues to pour off him in waves, forcing his eyes shut as he looks away and inhales deeply, his body still wound tighter than a spring on the verge of snapping. He holds it before exhaling completely, repeating the process until his trembling has ceased, his posture loose and relaxed as he finally opens his eyes and smiles softly.

“What would I do without you?” He asks softly, leaning in to press a kiss between his Omega’s brows.

“Let’s not think about that,” Kirk murmurs, tipping his head up to kiss his fiancé tenderly.

They part after a few seconds and nuzzle each other’s faces with the tip of their noses, smiling as they coo and rumble softly in response, kissing once more before dressing and exiting their quarters.

“Did you want something, Captain Spock?” The Omega asks, watching the tips of his former First Officer’s ears turn bright green.

“May we discuss this matter in private, Captain?” The Vulcan asks, clasping his hands behind his back as he eyes the glowering Augment currently deciding on whether to tear off his limbs and rip his throat out with his teeth, or crush his skull with his bare hands.

“You do either and I’ll tear out your throat,” his fiancée hisses, rounding on the murderous Brit. “And yes, we may discuss this matter in private.”

The Science Officer hesitates before following the couple inside, standing between the door and the table as the Alpha/Beta replicates his mate a cup of hot chocolate, wrapping his arms around his former Captain’s shoulders as he bares his teeth.

“Hush, Noonien,” the blond orders, bopping his mate in the forehead with semi-gentle smack. “You wanted something?”

Spock clears his throat nervously under the scrutinizing gazes of the couple, the tips of his ears turning a darker shade of green as he tries to compose himself, fighting to not tremble as a noise more felt than heard fills the room.

“Past experiences have allowed me to draw the conclusion that a promotion is typically associated with joy and excitement, however,” he begins, clearing his throat once more. “I feel that this is not one of them. I do not feel that this is a promotion I deserve, nor do I feel that this is a situation that I can accurately preform the duties as Captain to the standards that the Enterprise deserves. I have observed your interactions with each other through the security cam—”

He is forced to duck as the mug is hurled at his head with a terrifying amount of force, nearly hitting him head on as the couple snarls and shrieks at an ear shattering volume, wings flaring out as they shoot to their feet. Only the fact that he is part Vulcan allows him to avoid having the mug smash into his head, though it barely misses him in its way past, finding himself pinned to the wall by his throat by an even more murderous Augment.

Spock clings to the hand wrapped around his throat like iron bands, dark green bruises appearing on his pale skin as he is slowly dragged up the wall, gasping for air as his dark brown eyes squeeze shut. Kirk is snarling as his wings shift violently against his back, fury rolling off him like waves as his face flushes for an emotion that is not embarrassment, for once, cursing loudly in his native tongue.

“You spied on us?” The Brit snarls. “Do you get off on being a voyeur on your friend and former Captain?”

“That, was not, my, intention,” the Vulcan gasps, clinging to the hand tightly. “You, can be, trusted!”

The Augment releases him and watches his fellow Commander collapse on the ground, clutching his throat as he inhales deeply, coughing at the sudden release of pressure on his throat. The Omega sits back down as his fiancé moves to stand behind him, resting a large pale hand on his shoulder as he stares down the Science Officer, slightly calmer than before.

“What do you mean, ‘he can be trusted?’” His mate asks, his glacial blue eyes revealing nothing.

“I was not observing your actions to, as you say, ‘get off,’” his former First Officer says once he has caught his breath. “I was using empirical evidence to prove your statement that Khan Noonien Singh had changed through observation from footage of the security cameras, and I have concluded that your statement is accurate; Khan Noonien Singh is not the same person, and will not harm a member of this crew. I apologize for my audacious remarks and request that this incident does not reflect poorly on basing an incorrect conclusion from my refusal to accept new evidence that may contradict with-”

“Spock, shut up,” the blond says, a smile gracing his face. “I accept your apology and will report to the bridge in a few minutes. I just need to talk with my fiancé, ‘kay?”

“I have no objections to that, Captain,” Spock says, rising to his feet to quickly exit his Captain’s quarters.

“Well, that could have gone better,” the Alpha/Beta says, earning a laugh. “Well it is true!”

“I know, Noonien,” his fiancée replies, tipping his head back to smile up at him. “But sometimes you just say things that make my day. And I can you hear it? Hear the crew’s thoughts that they have accepted the fact that you are different, that you will not hurt them, that you truly love me and our baby?”

The dark haired male frames his Omega’s face with his hands as he leans down, pressing his lips against his in a tender kiss as a hand tangle into his long jet black hair, gripping tightly as their lips part.

‘I can, love,’ he thinks softly, tongues tangling. ‘I can feel that they trust me, that I will not let any harm come to them, that I love you with every fiber of my being.’

‘I love you too,’ his Captain thinks back.

He gasps as his Alpha scoops him up and holds him in his arms, his hands shooting out to cling to his long pale neck as a blush spreads across his face, looking up into the arctic blue eyes of his mate. The Augment smiles and slowly spreads his arms so he is supporting his full weight, the Captain relaxing completely as he knows that his fiancé will never drop him, his breathing evening out as he closes his eyes. The dark haired male places the mother of his unborn child on his feet,
brushing a strand of dark golden blond hair out of his face as he gazes lovingly at his face, his arctic blue eyes lighting up. He sinks to his knees and takes his prominent hips in his large hands, pressing his lips against his flat abdomen as he murmurs softly, a smile curling on his lips as a hand tangles into his long jet black hair and dark golden blond wings fold around them.

“I cannot wait to meet them,” Khan murmurs softly, lifting his head up to look into glacial blue eyes as his eyes crinkle around the corners. “God, it feels as if an eternity is ahead of us until the due date. I am almost impatient, and I have been alive for nearly six hundred years!”

“I know, Noonien,” Kirk says softly, smiling as he card through his Alpha’s hair. “But I am impatient too, and I’m the pregnant one! But…”

He trails off, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he looks away, the Brit’s brow furrowing as he frowns.

“James? What is it?” He asks worriedly, rising to his feet.

The blond hesitates before sitting on the edge of his bed, his fingers curling around the edge of the mattress as his wings shift gently against his back, his scent revealing his inner turmoil. The Alpha/Beta’s frown deepens as he moves to sit beside his Captain, placing a hand over his to thread their fingers together, squeezing gently as he folds a wing around him.

“James, whatever it is, no matter what it is, we can talk about it,” he says softly, leaning in to press a kiss to his temple. “We have no secrets, nothing is off limits, and this is a safe place.”

The Captain hesitates before looking his mate in the eyes, his scent still twisting and rolling and writhing in the air before he sighs softly, looking down at their joined hands.

“Do you, do you have any doubts that you, you want to…” He says quietly, trailing off as he looks away and squirms.

His fiancé flushes a deep crimson and looks away, scratching the back of his head as his scent displays his nervousness and hesitation, his eyes unable to remain fixed in one place for anything longer than a flick.

“And now I am uncomfortable,” he admits quietly, squirming slightly. “God, who would have thought that I could actually be uncomfortable?”

“That’s a first,” his fiancée giggles, covering his mouth with his free hand.

“Oh, shut up,” his mate snaps, his cheeks still flush. “My God, we are talking about my virginity, for fuck’s sake! This is not something you can give away twice! Well, I guess we did…”

His Omega giggles again and plants a kiss onto the very tip of his nose, the Augment blinking in shock before the lips land on his, their lips remaining closed. His mate’s arms loop around his neck as his large hands fall to his prominent hips, heads tipping to the side as their lips work against each other, shifting on the bed so they are pressed closer together. They part with a soft plop and rest their foreheads together, the younger of the pair toying with the father of the child he carries in his womb’s silk-like hair, his large hands rubbing the crests of his hips.

“I, I have never been penetrated before, in either reality,” he admits quietly, his cheeks still flush. “Besides the one time in the shower, I have never had anything inside me. Your tongue was the first, and it was… it was amazing.”

He lets out a shuddery breath as he tightens his grip marginally, his wings fluttering against his
back before folding around them, their eyes remaining closed.

“I, I wish that we were each other’s actual firsts; our first kiss, our first time, our first shared Heat,” he says quietly. “I wish that we had met each other without any experience in intimacy, stumbling blindly through a relationship like young adolescents, and that we were each other’s firsts, each other’s only.”

He exhales again, a slightly shiver running down his spine as he tries to calm his racing heart, focusing on the fingers toying with his skin.

“I wish that we were each other’s firsts in the traditional Omega-Alpha way,” Khan says quietly, rubbing his nose against the mother of his unborn child’s, the love of his life. “But you can be my first in a non-traditional Omega-Alpha way. So, yes, I am sure. I am absolutely positive that I want you to have my virginity.”

Kirk inhales sharply before letting out a shuddery exhale, trembling as he tightens his grip, his heart racing as color rises onto his cheeks.

“I’ve never, I’ve never penetrated someone before,” he whispers, lifting his head so their lips are pressing against each other, but only enough to feel their mate’s lips brush against theirs when they speak. “So you can be my first too. I want you to have my virginity, that I’m sure of.”

The Omega gasps as he is pulled into his mate’s lap, straddling his hips as strong arms wrap around his slender waist, his short nails digging into his broad shoulders as glacial locks with arctic. The expectant couple’s breathing falls in sync as their racing hearts beat as one, wings folding around each other with massive jet black resting over top of smaller dark golden blond, their scents filling the small space as their breaths ghost across each other’s skin. Their lips are less than three inches apart as their bodies begin to tremble, their breaths wavering as their grips tighten on each other, the heady scent of arousal overpowering everything.

“Oh, fuck,” the Alpha/Beta manages to get out before his fiancée seizes fistfuls of his hair in an eye wateringly tight grip and crushes their mouths together in a violent kiss.

They cling and claw at each other as they try to draw air into their lungs, gasping loudly as they writh against their mate’s body in a desperate attempt for friction, fabric ripping and skin breaking as all higher brain function and the ability to rationalize fly out the proverbial window. A flush begins to spread across their skin as clothes are shredded to confetti under none-too-gentle hands, nails raising bright red lines and even breaking skin as they grind against each other, dark bruises forming from painfully tight grips. The Captain throws his head back and cries out as the dark haired male latches onto his neck, mouth working furiously to leave a dark bruise as one hands grips his hip tightly while the other cruelly twists, pinches, and pulls on one of his nipples, his nails digging into his broad shoulders and breaking skin. The Augment snarls and shoves his Omega onto his back so he can ravish his body as the tyrant in him demands, the blond writhing like an eel under him as he mews and cries out loudly, his wings churning violently on the bed.

His mate suddenly jerks away and gnashes his teeth together, his body trembling as he tries to calm down his raging breathing caused by the raging hormones pumping though his bloodstream, wanting so badly to give into his instincts and ravish his mate’s body underneath him.

“Thank you.”

Khan’s eyes snap open at the soft whisper, looking down at his Omega smiling shyly up at him, and his blood cools while his body calms. All it took was one word in his native language to allow his higher brain function to come back on line, to stop his primal and savage side from sending
him down a slippery slope, and to calmly smile down at his mate, his nude mate, and not have to the urge to claim him.

“You are most welcome,” he says softly, stroking his cheek tenderly. “And thank you for stopping me.”

Kirk smiles up at the dark haired male with a light flush of embarrassment coloring his cheeks, his glacial blue eyes shining brightly as his mate lets him up, both quickly dressing as they ignore the shredded clothes on the floor. They head up to the bridge side by side, the tips of their index and middle fingers locked with each other as crewmembers pass by them, nodding to their Captain as they pass before continuing to their destinations. The couple can hear that the crew has changed their minds about the Augment, though they still have some hesitation with trusting him completely, they have full confidence that their Captain knows what they are doing.

Except for the five about to ambush them.

The couple cannot react fast enough to avoid being jumped by the five burly Alphas, two of them low level Pure Bloods, who tackle the Alpha/Beta to the floor and proceed to try to render him unconscious, while the other three focus their attention on their Captain. Two of them hold the shrieking and flailing Omega by the arms before the third slams a vicious punch straight into his unprotected stomach, the blond doubling over before he is forced up straight, blow after blow hitting their mark. His fiancé is screaming at the top of his lungs as he fights tooth and nail to get to him, the Pure Alphas barely managing to overpower him and resume to pummel him, the Captain crumpling to the ground as he tries to curl up to protect his stomach. The Alphas continue their assault by using their feet, stomping and kicking hard enough to break ribs before fleeing as Security Officers bolt towards them, chasing them as a Medical team arrives and quickly set to work.

“James,” the Brit gasps, crawling towards his fiancée when he sees that his eyes are wide open, unblinking as it becomes clear that he is not breathing.

He slumps to the floor as he falls unconscious, his hand outstretched in his attempt to reach his mate, falling short by just centimeters, his breathing ragged and harsh. The Medical staff work furiously around the expectant couple, shouting orders as a crowd begins to form around them, all pale faced and scared.

McCoy is by far the most terrified for them.

He does not know if he can save all three.
McCoy roars for the couple to be taken to the medbay as the scent of panic, fear, and terror surround them, trying to ignore the fact that he might have three dead patients if he does not work within the time terrifyingly short amount of time to save the family before him, that he would be unable to save his best friend. The Medical team whisks them away and into surgery, the Beta taking a breath before moving into the room to begin examining his injured Captain, finding him prepped and already on a ventilator. His chest and abdomen is exposed, bruises covering his body with bones clearly broken under his skin, looking very small and weak on the operating table.

“Doctor, we don’t-” A Nurse begins.

“Give me a minute,” he says quietly, unable to tear his eyes away from the terrifyingly still form.

“But-”

“Give me a fucking minute!” He roars. “I’m about to operate on my best friend, my pregnant best friend and Captain, and if I screw up, I’ll lose three patients! Give. Me. A. Fuck. Ing. Minute!”

The Surgical staff look each other worriedly before looking down at their Captain currently under anesthesia, on a ventilator, as well as a heart and lung machine, understanding why the Chief Medical Officer needs to ground himself.

“Alright, let’s do this,” he says quietly, approaching the table.

Maeve is examining her brother’s unconscious body, his injuries healed and bones set all by themselves, his clothes changed to clean ones, but-

“JAMES!” Khan screams when he bolts out of bed, his wings flaring out to their full span as he whips his head around. “James!”

“Noonien! Noonien!” The Beta shouts, dropping her instrumentation to grab her brother’s shoulders and shake him. “Noonien! Calm the fuck down!”

“I have to get to James!” The dark haired male shrieks, fighting to get off the bed. “He’s in danger! He needs me!”

“He’s on the fucking bridge!” The Irishwoman screams in Gaelic. “He was cleared for duty forty-seven minutes ago!”

The Brit looks at his sister as he tries to wrap his head around her words, blinking rapidly as his mouth opens and closes like a goldfish.
“He’s okay?” He whispers, tears welling up in his eyes. “He’s okay?”

“He’s fine,” the redhead replies, nodding to a Nurse. “Once I give you a full check-up, you can hold him until he turns blue in the face, ‘kay?”

Khan nods and lays back on the biobed, watching his sister scan him before examining with her own hands, checking him twice over before finally clearing him for duty. The Alpha/Beta nearly breaks the warp field in his flight to get to the bridge, slowing down enough to enter the turbolift at a walking pace, fighting to keep his wings still before the doors open, inhaling deeply when his mate’s scent fills his nostrils.

“Glad to see that you are awake, Commander,” Kirk says, lifting his gaze from his PADD. “We were all worried about you. Even Commander Spock.”

His fiancé looks at the Vulcan currently focusing on his station, refusing to look at him as he sees the tips of his ears turn a very light shade of green, a smile curling on his lips as he moves to his station. He glances at his Omega to find his attention fully focused on his PADD, finding the very tip of his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, causing him to chuckle softly and shake his head at the habit the blond has when he is deep in thought. He also knows that the bit of tongue exposed will increase as he continues to think, a habit he has teased his fiancée about numerous times, much to his embarrassment. The Captain looks at his Alpha curiously as his brows furrow, the tongue still exposed as he studies the dark haired male curiously, deciding that the amused smirk will say nothing before returning his attention back to his PADD. He glances over at the Brit occasionally, and once in awhile, their eyes lock and the younger of them has color rising to his cheeks, deciding that his boring paperwork is far more interesting than he thought. The Augment checks the time to Qo’noS, finding that they still have nearly three-and-a-half hours until they are to arrive, his Captain bouncing his foot rapidly until Uhura throws her earpiece at him to get him stop, a loud yelp issuing from her Commanding Officer.

“That could be insubordination, Lieutenant,” he growls, rubbing the back of his head as he turns to glare at her. “I could lock you in the brig for that.”

“I believe that I speak for all of us when I say that what I threw at you, was the lightest object I could use as a projectile within arm’s reach, as others would not be so kind,” his Chief Communications Officer replies, before adding, “Sir.”

His mate snickers behind his hand before yelping when he is mentally smacked in the head, turning around to glare at the mother of his unborn child, baring his teeth slightly.

“Oh shut up,” Kirk snaps, glaring back with just as much ferocity. “Getting into a pissing contest with a pregnant Pure Omega male is asking for a black eye, and you know it.”

Khan mutters under his breath and turns back to his console, deciding to ignore his glowering mate and the few dual gendered crewmembers snickering at his expense, sulking like a spoiled child.

“This is highly inna-” Spock begins until he closes his mouth with a click at the look his Captain gives him.

The Omega suddenly sniffs and wipes at his eyes as tears spill down his cheeks, cursing under his breath as his hormones rear their ugly head again, trying to stop the whimpers from spilling past his lips as he digs the heel of his palm into his eye socket.

“Fucking hormones,” he whimpers as tears cascade down his cheeks freely. “It’s bad enough that I’m an Omega, but…”
He begins to cry and holds his face in his hands to try to stop the sobs spilling past his lips, his lithe frame trembling as his wings fold around him to hide him from view, his fiancé rising to his feet and swiftly crosses the short distance to the Captain’s chair. He kneels in front of his Captain and gently parts his wings to hold his face in his hands, resting their foreheads together as he strokes his tear-streaked cheeks with his thumbs, murmuring softly as he folds his massive jet black wings over top of smaller dark golden blond.

“I am right here, love,” he murmurs softly in Hindi, tipping his head up to press a tender kiss between his brows. “I am right here.”

The blond pushes the Alpha/Beta away and claps a hand over his mouth, bolting off the bridge to the nearest bathroom, heaving violently into the toilet as his Alpha slips into the lavatory with him and sits on the floor beside him. He quietly shushes him as he rubs his back, stretching a wing around him as he winces at another violent heave, stroking a strand of hair out of his sweaty face.

“Why the fuck can’t I keep anything down?” His Omega whines, gagging. “Kill me, please.”

“Just relax, love,” the Brit murmurs, stroking his sweaty neck tenderly. “It will be over soon.”

“Oh, I hate you so much ri-”

He is cut off by a violent heave, coughing as he spits into the bowl, groaning loudly. The dark haired male rubs his back soothingly as he curls his wing tighter around them, shifting on the unforgiving floor as he continues to murmur softly, sliding his hand down his back to slip under his shirts to stroke his lower back. His fiancée groans and curses loudly, gagging loudly as his blond wings fall limp against the floor, fluttering pathetically as his head hangs in the bowl.

“Dear Lord, have mercy on me,” he whimpers, coughing.

“I do not think they are listening,” his mate replies, rubbing his skin tenderly. “But I am, James.”

The Augment removes his hand from under his shirts, tracing the dark mark just barely peeking out from under his collar, stroking a strand of dark golden blond hair out of his face. He gently touches the dark golden blond wings fluttering pathetically on the floor, continuing to murmur softly as he strokes his cheek with his knuckles, feeling his mate’s stomach calm down enough to allow him to sit up. Kirk spits into the bowl and coughs slightly, gagging as he sits up and slumps into his fiancé’s arms, his head lolling into the crook of his neck as his eyes flutter shut. Khan wipes his face clean with toilet paper and tosses it in the toilet, his jet black wings folding around them as he wraps an arm around his slender waist, his other cradling the back of his head as he rests their cheeks together. He strokes his sweaty hair out of his face as he presses a tender kiss to his temple, murmuring softly as he rubs his side gently, his arctic blue eyes falling shut as he tightens his grip.

“Everything will be all right, love,” he murmurs, nuzzling his temple. “Just ten more weeks until the worst pregnancy-”

He pauses as his Omega moans softly, squirming in such a way that he is more familiar with than his is comfortable admitting to.

“James?” He asks softly, his eyebrows rising. “Are you… aroused?”

“Fucking hormones,” the blond whimpers, his cheeks heating up. “God, I’m so fucking horny right now.”

“That, should not be occurring this early,” his fiancé says, though he cannot stop the blood from flowing south.
He groans loudly as his Captain begins to lick his pale neck like a kitten, mewling softly as he presses against body, his hips gyrating sensually in his lap. He rumbles softly as he tries to ignore his incredibly horny mate writhing in his lap like a puppy, an incredibly horny, virginal, mind meltingly sensual, dark golden blond, clear glacial blue eyed winged puppy, but his body has decided to not ignore the “puppy” in his lap.

“James,” he gasps as the Captain nips as his jaw and sucks lightly, his grip tightening on him. “James, God damn it. I am not going to fuck you in a lavatory stall. I will not do that to my pregnant mate, and fucking Captain, when anyone could walk in and see us.”

“Please,” the Omega whimpers in Hindi, squirming. “Please.”

“Shit,” the Alpha/Beta curses before hauling his fiancée to his feet and bending him over the toilet.

The younger of the pair places his hands on the bathroom wall as one knees falls onto the lip of the toilet, pushing back as the Augment takes his hips in his large hands, grinding his hips into the swell of his back side. His mate moans softly and lets his head hang between his arms as he pushes back into the grinding, his breathing heavy as he trembles, his fingers curling against the wall. The Brit reaches around and undoes his pants, tugging his pants and underwear down just past the swell of his rear, falling to his knees and he takes his cheeks in hand. He kneads the muscles gently, but vigorously, planting a kiss on the smooth muscle before biting, grinning at the loud gasp above him. He bites the other cheek before breathing over the tight knot of muscle twitching before him, feeling the body in his hands shiver at the sensation and pushes back, his large pale hands moving so he has his thumbs on either side of the knot and pulls them apart. He breathes over the winking orifice before dragging his tongue up the base of his testes to his tailbone, a loud gasp and another shiver his reward for the action, swirling his tongue around the knot before stiffening it and pushing in. The muscle is too tight for him to enter, instead licking the knot with broad flat strokes to loosen it, enjoying the soft whimpers and gasps above him. He stiffens his tongue again and manages to push past the first ring of muscle, licking at the soft tissue as soft mewls rise up from the mouth above him, gasping loudly at the expert tongue currently taking him apart.

“Oh fuck,” Kirk gasps, feeling his Alpha’s cheekbones rub against him as his large hands knead the muscles. “Fuck fuck fuck!”

Khan rumbles with approval as he laps at him between his cheeks, working his tongue as far in as he can go before thrusting in and out, enjoying the soft mews above him. He rises to his knees and opens his fly just enough to pull himself out and stroke himself to fall hardness, pressing his chest flush against his back as he lines up, pressing in before freezing at the loud whimper of pain once the head is in. His breathing is ragged as he trembles, nodding to allow his fiancé to push in at an incredibly slow pace, his breath hitching as he clenches his teeth, trying to keep himself loose. The Augment pauses every so often, knowing that slipping in dry will be uncomfortable for his Omega, distracting him with tender kisses and nips to his neck and gently licks to his ear. Once he is fully sheathed, he stops and allows the blond to adjust, wrapping an arm around his waist as he places his other hand on the wall.

“Oh fuck,” Kirk gasps, feeling his Alpha’s cheekbones rub against him as his large hands knead the muscles. “Fuck fuck fuck!”

“Okay,” he says softly.

His breathing hitches at the slow drag out before the push in has his eyes rolling into the back of his head, pushing back against the Augment and he sets a glacial pace that allows him to adjust to having sex dry, his head falling as his breathing deepens.

“Harder,” he gasps.
The Alpha/Beta rumbles before snapping his hips a little harder, slowly picking up the pace before freezing entirely, moving the hand around his waist to clamp it tightly over his mouth. The Omega freezes as the door to the lavatory opens, one of his crewmembers moving to the stall next to him and proceeding to use it, making noises that instantly make them both soft. The toilet flushes and the crewmember moves to the sink, washing their hands before exiting the bathroom, the couple waiting a few beats as their libido spikes. The Brit wraps his arm around his chest and thrusts hard and fast, grunting softly as the slap of skin fills the air, both finishing off fast and hard.

“Holy fuck,” the dark haired male gasps, his legs trembling. “That had to be the best orgasm I’ve ever had.”

“Yeah,” his mate gasps, trying to not collapse. “We, we need to go.”

“Everything will be all right, James,” Khan murmurs, pulling out gently once he goes soft. “Just ten more weeks until the worst symptoms are over. Not that this is a bad symptom. But the timing could not be any worse, love.”

“Fuck me!” Kirk groans, hissing once he slips out and redoes his pants, turning around.

“I just did, love,” his Alpha smirks, reaching out to trace his lower lip with his thumb. “And that might be an experience I want to repeat. Key word; Might. But that was fun, love.”

“You seem to like that word,” the blond murmurs, smiling as the Alpha/Beta opens the stall door and lets them out.

“Of course,” he rumbles, nuzzling his cheek with the tip of his nose. “You are my love, the love of my life, my soulmate, my bondmate, my Perfect Mate. My Sun, my Savior. My golden blond angel. Why should I not show my affection with terms of endearment?”

The Omega blushes lightly and moved to the lavatory sink, washing his mouth out and rinsing his hands before he sees a single use disposable container of mouthwash out of the corner of his eye, turning to look up at the pale face with a perfectly arched dark eyebrow.

“I made sure it did not have any form of alcohol in it, or alcohol-like products,” his fiancé explains, swishing the contents. “So it is safe, love.”

His Captain eyes the bottle hesitantly before taking the container, twisting off the plastic cap and downing it, swishing the contents in his mouth before spitting. He tosses the container before splashing water onto his face, trying to calm his racing heart as his mate wraps his arms around his waist, resting his chin on his shoulder. He smiles softly as glacial meets arctic, his eyes shining with delight as the younger of them has a bit of color rising to his cheeks, rumbling softly with approval as he kisses the dark mark on his neck.

“So beautiful,” he murmurs, his eyes crinkling around the corners. “And all mine.”

His expression falls as he looks down at the sink, the Captain worrying his lower lip with his teeth, waiting.

“Noonien?” Kirk asks worriedly. “What’s wrong?”

“I sometimes feel The Darkness slamming up against the barriers you put up,” Khan says softly. “They are holding, but I fear that they might break.”

“I can strengthen them once we have some time,” his Captain replies softly.
“And James?” His Alpha asks.

“Yeah?” The Captain breathes.

“I will stay by your side, and I will help you through your pregnancy, every step of the way,” he murmurs, kissing his cheek. “Now and forever.”

The Omega looks at his mate’s reflection in the mirror, locking eyes with him before smiling softly, his glacial blue eyes gleaming.

“I know,” he says softly. “But let’s head back to bridge. We needed to be there last year.”

The Augment nods and pulls away, letting his fiancée past so they can head up the bridge side-by-side, the tips of their index and middle fingers locked. They pass by a crewmember on the way to the turbolift, moving pressing against opposite sides of the hall, the blond watching her pass before turning to enter the lift. He squeaks as lips are pressed against his, blinking rapidly before they pull away and land on the very tip of his nose, looking up into warm arctic blue eyes.

“What was that for?” Kirk asks, blinking rapidly in surprise.

“Can I not kiss the mother of my unborn child spontaneously?” Khan asks, chuckling softly.

“You can,” his fiancée replies, still a little stunned. “But, why now?”

The Brit smiles and presses his sinfully soft lips against his Captain’s full ones, his arctic eyes falling shut while glacial blue ones remain open, parting with a soft plop.

“It seems appropriate to shower my Omega with random acts affection,” he replies, nuzzling their noses together.

“Kissing your Commanding Officer while on duty seems appropriate?” The Captain asks bluntly, frowning. “That could get you thrown in the brig with a single word from said Officer.”

“He would not dare,” the Alpha/Beta laughs.

The Omega says nothing and turns on his heel, entering the turbolift. The dark haired male’s expression falls and follows after him, slightly worried.

“You would not do that, right?” He asks, his voice slightly higher than normal.

The blond says nothing, his expression neutral as the turbolift doors open, stepping out with his fiancé right behind him.

“Jam-”

He is cut off by softly lips pressed against his as the incredibly curvy and sylphlike body of his Omega presses against his, fingers sliding into his jet black hair as he blinks rapidly, stunned for a split second before kissing back as his wings flutter happily against his back. His hands fall to his mate’s prominent hips as their wings fold around each other, heads tipping to the side to deepen the kiss as their bodies mold against each other, cheers erupting around them, even from his single gendered crewmembers.

But they do not notice any of that.

Inside the space of their wings, the expectant couple is in their own private universe, oblivious to the world around them. The older of the pair slides his large hands to the small of his fiancée’s
back and the back of his head, pulling him flush against his body as he gently dips him, the younger’s hands gripping his Science Blue clad shoulders tightly so he does not fall.

‘God, I love you so much,’ the Augment thinks. ‘So much it scares me.’

‘Me too,’ his mate thinks back. ‘But I will never stop loving you.’

Khan puts his Captain back on his feet and pulls away briefly before claiming his lips in an even deeper kiss, holding him tighter as their lips work against each other, nails threatening to tear holes into his overshirt as they kiss. Kirk finally manages to push them apart, the couple breathing heavy as they rest their foreheads together, his hands on his mate’s elbows while his large pale ones are on his biceps. Their scents are trapped in their downy cocoon, their wings quivering slightly as are their bodies, tipping their heads up so their lips are barely touching but still have enough pressure to feel them against each other. The blond pulls away and moves to the Captain’s chair, elegantly slipping into the chair as his training to be the Empress of Earth has taught him, the slightest hint of color on his cheeks as he works on his PADD. His Alpha’s wings droop slightly before he forces them back, slipping into the chair at his station.

“Oh, by the way,” the Omega says, looking at his fiancé. “Not a chance.”

He smiles softly and looks back at his tablet, flat out ignoring the stares he is getting, and the thoughts that are focused on them.

“Captain, permission to speak freely?” Sulu requests, turning in his seat.

“Permission granted,” the blond says, studying his PADD.

“How exactly does a human male become pregnant?” He asks.

His Captain lets out a very high pitched squeak and turns bright red, hiding his face behind his hands as his wings fold around him, much to the shock of his bridge crew.

Well, most of his bridge crew.

His fiancé snickers behind his hand as his wings flutter against his back, as do a few other crewmembers.

“Not the best question to ask a Pure Omega,” he says, snickering as he turns around. “I still cannot get him to stop blushing every time he sees me take off my shoes and socks, let alone my shirt and pants. And we have been bonded for…”

He pauses, turning to his mate, a hit of shock on his face.

“Seven years, to the date,” he says softly. “We have been bonded for seven years exactly.”

“Happy anniversary?” Uhura asks, turning to face her Captain.

“It is,” the Omega says softly, his wings parting. “Seven years is a major milestone in Pure Blood relationships, but I can’t reveal why. Not even he knows.”

He nods to the dark haired male, smiling.

“Genetic memories are specific to bloodline, especially Pure Bloods,” he continues. “Trade secret.”

“You are avoiding the question,” his Chief Communications Officer states bluntly, eyeing her Captain as he squeaks and blushes again.
“To make things simple, and not go into an anatomy lesson that will have your Captain fainting from all the blood rushing to his face,” Khan says, turning around. “We are the next step in human evolution, at least in our reality. And I will answer questions at the end.”

He smiles as a few jaws close with a click, glancing at his mate who is focusing on his PADD with a starling amount of attention, still bright red.

“In our reality, *Homo sapiens* were replaced with our species, *Neo Homo sapiens*, seventeen thousand years ago,” the dark haired male continues. “We have thirty-seven additional chromosomes that are much larger than the twenty-three chromosomes that make us human, their only purpose is to determine our primary gender, Omega, Alpha, and Beta. Omegas bear children because they have a ‘female’ reproductive system, I will not go into details, Betas are identical to the humans of this reality, and Alphas impregnate Omegas. To make it even more complex, our society is, was, based on a complex gender hierarchy based on the amount of genetic markers for each gender someone carries, with Pure Bloods being on top. Pure Bloods have only one genetic marker for a gender, thus, ‘Pure Bloods.’ Normals have at least seventy percent of one genetic marker have a single gender, and are the next level. If someone has less than seventy percent of one genetic marker, they are classified as a chimera. Oh, grow up.”

Kirk is turning an even brighter shade of red as his Alpha speaks, his wings attempting to fold around him to his embarrassment, the Augment shaking his head.

“Where was I? Ah, yes, chimeras,” the Brit says. “Between seventy and fifty percent of a genetic marker classifies that person as a dual gendered chimera, the gender with the most markers being the first gender with the second most being their second gender. Below fifty percent and you have all three genders, the naming the same way. Between the three genders, Omegas are the highest, then Betas, and finally Alphas. What makes each gender unique is that Alphas are born for strength and follow instincts, Betas are born for intelligence and follow logic, and Omegas are born for speed and follow emotions. And as an added bonus, Omegas have telepathic abilities that are more powerful the higher up the gender hierarchy they are, as well as the length of bloodlines. The more generations someone can go back producing that gender means a longer bloodline, and a higher status on the gender hierarchy.”

“Wait, you called our Captain a Pure Omega,” the Helmsman says, glancing at his still flushed Commanding Officer. “So he is telepathic?”

“The most powerful one in our reality,” the Captain speaks up, but does not look up from his PADD. “And more than likely, in this one as well.”

“How is that?” Sulu asks, curious.

“I happen to be the descendant of the longest Pure Blood bloodline in our reality, and still of the few members from our reality,” the blond explains, his cheeks still pink. “I can trace my bloodline to the very first of our species, seventeen thousand years ago, which makes me a descendant of the royal bloodline, heir to throne. The proper title is Empress of Earth, ruler of all of humanity, something I was destined to do for from the time I was born, something I was trained to do.”

The Alpha/Beta watches as his mate shudder and close his eyes, leaning back into his seat as his posture tightens, his breathing picking up.

“I, I’d rather not talk about it,” he says quietly, fighting back tears.

His fiancé rises to his feet to cross the distance between them, but hesitates before sitting back down, his wings shifting against his back when he comes to the conclusion that it would be
inappropriate to do so. Glacial blue eyes lock with his before he rises to his feet again, moving to his Captain to lean down and press a tender kiss to his temple, placing a hand on his shoulder as he murmurs softly in Hindi.

“Everything will be alright, love,” he says softly, sinking down to his knees in front of the chair to hold him tight as he begins to cry. “I am right here, I am right here, and he is not. I will not let him near you again.”

His Omega buries his head into the crook of his neck as he cries softly, clinging tightly to Science Blue clad shoulders as painful memories force themselves to the forefront of his mind, his slender frame trembling as jet black wings fold around him. His mate tightens his embrace around him as he shushes his soft sobs, rubbing his back soothingly as he murmurs softly in Hindi, rubbing his cheek against his. The older of the pair begins to rock gently as he continues to comfort his fiancée as he experiences the twenty years of pain and suffering caused by a man who was supposed to protect him, knowing that he was nearly completely broken when he finally escaped his abuser/molester/rapist, knowing how close he was to slipping into oblivion by his own hand. Khan closes his eyes as a few tears roll down his cheeks in empathy, kissing his forehead as he continues to murmur in Hindi before beginning to sing a lullaby in his native tongue, continuing to stroke and rub his skin tenderly. Kirk begins to quiet and whimpers softly, still gripping tightly and trembling as he continues to be rocked, burying his head into the crook of his neck to inhale his scent deeply.

“Thank you,” he whispers softly as he pulls away. “Only you have been able to calm me down that fast. One of the many reasons I love you, Noonien.”

“I know, love,” his Alpha murmurs, rubbing his nose against his mate’s before pressing a kiss between his brows. “I am your rock, your pillar of strength, your Yang to your Yin, your Moon to your Sun, your night to-”

“Noonien, shut the Hell up,” his fiancée snaps, silencing him with a kiss.

The Augment grins through it and kisses back, folding his wings against his back as he rises to his feet, extending a hand to help him to his feet. A few of his bridge crewmembers look away as they recall what they heard about his past, the rest looking at each other confused, until the Alpha/Beta traces the blond’s sides with his large hands and reveals his voluptuous and hourglass shaped figure.

“Does the different genders have an effect on a person’s figure?” One of the male crewmembers asks, staring at his Captain’s rather curvy figure.

“It does, in fact,” the dark haired male replies as the expectant couple takes their seats. “Alphas are more robust and masculine than any other gender, more muscular and stocky as well, the physical traits more pronounced the higher up the gender hierarchy they go, especially in Pure Alphas, even more pronounced in Alpha females, who are unable to bear children. Betas are identical to the humans of this reality, only they have a much higher intelligence average. Omegas are the same as Alphas, only they are more feminine, but with Omega males, their figures tend to be the ideal figure for a woman, and all of them have baby fine hair and no reason to shave. They are the fairest of the sexes, and are more womanly and feminine than actual women, and the Empress of Earth, AKA, our dear hormonal Captain, has the perfect female figure.”

“That explains why I-”

“You may not want to finish that sentence if you value your life, or manhood,” a dual gendered crewmember speaks up, eyeing the rumbling Augment warily. “Alphas are incredibly protective of their Omegas, only growing, I wouldn’t say worse, but even more so with the purity of their blood,
especially when they are pregnant. You really don’t want to know what happened to the Klingon boarding party when they held our Captain prisoner, or the group of cannibalistic aliens who kidnapped him from the landing party, deciding that he looked much tastier than their normal food source.”

The crewmember eyes the Brit currently baring his teeth at him as his wings flare out, snapping his pearly whites as he snarls, a high pitched warble causing him to sit back down and continue to glare at him. The Omega slips off his boot and hurls it at his mate’s head, ignoring the snarl sent his way as he reaches for the other boot, holding it up threateningly until the Alpha/Beta curses under his breath and turns back to his station. His mate slips his boot back on as he brings his other boot back to him with his abilities.

“Omegas, specifically Pure Omegas, are quiet, shy, timid, lack self confidence, and meek,” he says, tugging on his boot. “But they have another side of them that exudes complete authority and have all genders scrambling to obey except those who are genetically identifiable as Omega. An air of absolute power radiates around them and no matter how strong their will power is, every gender cannot refuse to obey an Omega’s order, far worse with Pure Omegas, especially with the Empress of Earth. With each level of the gender hierarchy, Omegas of a lower caste have the urge to obey but can resist, especially within their caste, but Pure Bloods have every gender obeying them, except other Pure Bloods. But no human can disobey their Empress’ orders, and even other species have an incredibly hard time denying them. That one,” he jerks his thumb at his muttering mate, “has trouble resisting me, and my bloodline has come in handy more than once in a diplomatic meeting. Especially when it turns violent. And I cannot count on both hands how many times an Augment’s short fuse has caused a fight.”

He glares pointedly at the older male who sets his shoulders and ignores the glare at his back, his wings shifting in an attempt to hide himself, but glances over his shoulder. “But as much as an irritant he may be,” Kirk says softly, smiling shyly. “Noonien is my mate, my Alpha, and I love him dearly. He keeps me safe and secure, protects me from my environment, even from myself, and does not allow alcohol anywhere near me. Even mouthwash.”

His single gendered crew stare bewilderedly at him, causing their Captain to blush and his wings to fold around himself, his Alpha sighing before turning around.

“Omegas have no tolerance for alcohol, and Pure Omegas become intoxicated on smell alone,” Khan explains. “I am not allowed to use mouthwash because James becomes intoxicated when I kiss him after I used it. Just by smell alone.”

“As a Pure Omega, I’m hypersensitive to my environment,” the Omega says, his cheeks flushing. “But my sensitivity has been dulled somewhat because of my bond to Noonien.”

“When an Alpha and Omega bond, their minds become one, as do their souls,” the dark haired male says softly. “And in our case, our bodies’ natural rhythms are in complete harmony. Our heart rates are the same, balanced between my slower heart rate as an Augment and James’ faster one. Even our amount of sleep is the same, averaged between his eight hours and my three. Five-and-a-half is our average, and where one was awake, the other was too. Unique to our bond is that we can feel what the other feels, mentally, physically, emotionally, in every way. When one is sad, the other is sad, and when an injury appears on one of us, the exact same injury appears on the other. But since the emergence of our wings, we can feel what the other feels without being, well, forced, to express it. At the same time, we can be independent of each other’s rhythms, but still in harmony. We believe that it is because of being Perfect Mates, hence the wings, but we are not sure, as the last pair of Perfect Mates lived fifteen thousand years ago.”
The blond shoots him an appreciative look, discreetly, of course, his Alpha smiling softly.

“We cannot ask another mated pair as to the exact nature of our bond, but we do know that it is unbreakable, even in death,” he says softly. “Regular bonds break upon death, and the living mate usually goes through a grieving period, but there are three far more unpleasant possibilities, but not as likely. Once that mate dies, their bond allows them to find the other in the afterlife and be reunited, or so our beliefs tell us. When a Perfect Mate dies, the other does as well, and in the same way, as far as archaeologists can tell. Bonded mates cannot lie to each other, as it hurts to do so, and the stronger the bond the more painful it becomes. In our case, if we even attempt to do so, it is excruciatingly painful, or so we have heard.”

The Alpha/Beta smiles softly, his eyes shining as his mate smiles back shyly.

“We have never attempted to lie to each other, nor do we keep secrets,” he continues softly. “We trust each other explicitly, and will do everything and anything for each other.”

The couple smiles at each other again before the Captain gives the order to go back to work, the bridge crew focusing on their stations before the dark haired male glances over his shoulder when he sees movement out of the corner of his eye, watching his fellow Commander exit the turbolift. He locks eyes with Uhura on the other side of the bridge, the same thought crossing their minds before returning to their stations, the Brit slightly puzzled at the Vulcan’s actions. He does not pry into the First Officer’s business, as he has learned from his mate that as a telepath that it is incredibly rude to sate one’s curiosity by prying into the minds of others, focusing on his task as a Science Officers.

The Enterprise suddenly slams to a stop, everyone tossed around violently all across the ship, pain exploding in the Augment’s head.

But he is not the one injured.
Chapter XXXI

Chapter Notes

Father's Day was a tragic loss for the Star Trek community, may Anton Yelchin rest in peace. To those we lost in Orlando, may they be in a better place.

Here is the next chapter.

Khan clutches his forehead, finding that he is indeed not the one injured, picking himself up off the floor to bolt to his frighteningly still mate lying on his side on the floor.

“James,” he says urgently, gently shaking him. “C’mon, baby. Wake up.”

Kirk stirs and moans softly, his eyes fluttering as he is cradled against his mate’s broad chest, clutching his forehead as he groans in pain. He pulls his hand away and finds that his hand is slick with blood, but he quickly struggles to his feet as a hand shoots to the Captain’s chair, the Alpha/Beta helping him.

“What the Hell was that?” He demands in English, his head pounding as he leans heavily against the robust body supporting him. “Fuck, that hurts.”

He is thankful that alarms are not sounding as his fiancé helps him into the chair, groaning softly as his wound continues to bleed and his head continues to throb, swatting away the large pale hands trying to examine his wound and snaps his teeth at them. He places a hand on his flat abdomen and slips into his body to check to make sure that his baby is not in distress, a large pale hand slipping their long fingers between his and slips through their bond, the couple letting out the breath they were holding when they confirm that their child is perfectly sound.

“Engineering manually dropped us out of warp, sir,” Sulu explains almost immediately. “Without the usual interstitial planning.”

“No kidding,” the Captain growls, slumping in his chair as he clutches his head before snapping his teeth at the disquieted Augment currently trying to tend to his wound. “I’m not in a death healing trance so. Back. The fuck. Off. Or be prepared to loose a goddamn finger.”

He glares venomously at the very frantic dark haired male hovering around him like a “Helicopter Parent,” snapping his teeth again and growling before quickly checking on the rest of the bridge crew before focusing his attention on the more urgent task at hand.

“Mr. Chekov, did you break my ship?” He asks, addressing his chair’s pickup.

“Sorry... sorry, sir!” Chekov hurriedly replies. “I don’t know what happened! Nobody does... yet.”

There is some commotion on the other end before the young Ensign’s voice comes back, the commotion still occurring.

“There is... was... apparently a problem with the core,” he explains. “The usual fail-safes responded with an emergency shutdown, we don’t know the cause yet. But we can’t manually override the automatics, at least not until we can identify the problem. Impulse only until then.”
The Augment gapes at his mate when he hears what he is muttering under his breath, something that would have gotten him thrown out of any formal Starfleet meeting of Senior Officers and a censure placed in his record, and something that not even he would say out loud. The Captain swats his hands away until he yelps when his fiancé pinches his hickey hard, holding still to allow his wound to be examined as he mutters under his breath, hearing the older male curse softly.

“Get McCoy up here,” he orders once he examines the wound to his satisfaction. “This cut is a little deeper than what I am comfortable with allowing to heal without medical attention.”

“‘Noon-’”

“For God’s sake, James!” The Brit interrupts. “A sliver of bone is visible in the wound! I am not letting this heal on its own, nor will I give you any of my blood in case it heals wrong!”

His Omega falls silent and lifts a hand to clear his vision clear, but his Alpha is using the forgotten handkerchief to wipe away the blood dribbling down his face and in his eye, but the blood has already dripped onto his shirt and spreading across the fabric like crimson flowers blooming. He presses the fabric to the wound and holds the back of his head steady as he keeps pressure on it, murmuring softly as he tries to soothe his Commanding Officer, catching him before his head hits the floor when he slumps out of his chair. He keeps pressure on the wound as his Captain’s glacial blue eyes flutter weakly, moaning softly in pain as he leans heavily against the father of his unborn child’s robust chest, shouting for a Doctor to get to the bridge fast. McCoy is instantly on the bridge and investigating the damage of the wound, scanning his Captain completely before turning to his fellow Commander, a soft smile on his face.

“You can use your blood to heal him,” he says, packing up his instrumentation. “It’ll heal fine and it’ll help with the blood loss.”

Khan nods and brushes a stand of dark golden blond hair out of his fiancée’s face, adjusting them so his neck is right next to his lips, trying to calm his racing heart as his breathing deepens. Kirk brushes his lips against his pale neck, the tip of his tongue tracing the blood vessels of his neck before selecting a place where the skin is thinnest, snapping his head forward and twisting it so his can sink his teeth into his neck. His Alpha gasps loudly as his eyes snap open, his breathing hitching as sensations zip through his blood stream and nervous system, the former quickly going south. He squeezes his eyes tightly shut as his breathing quickly becomes ragged, trembling as a feminine hand wraps itself around the other side of his neck, his Omega drinking his blood softly as a low moan spills past his lips. The dark haired male’s eyes roll into the back of his head as a shiver runs down his spine, hating the fact having his blood drunk makes him so aroused, especially when it is in front of so many people. His fiancée pulls away and licks the wound gently, pulling away to press their lips together in a tender kiss, the Alpha/Beta tasting his blood in the kiss as he feels his wound close up. They part with a soft plop and rest their foreheads together, the older of the pair pulling away to wipe at the still wet blood on his forehead, but is grateful that the wound is now a bright pink scar and fading.

“Feel better?” The Augment asks, touching his own healing wound.

“Much,” the Captain replies, smiling softly. “How about you?”

“In desperate need of a cold shower,” his fiancé admits, a light blush on his cheeks. “I hate the effect of what happens when someone drinks my blood.”

The expectant couple rises to their feet and helps the younger back into his chair, who pinches the bridge of his nose and exhales softly, thinking heavily as the Brit stands by his side. He touches the still wet blood and uses his handkerchief to wipe up whatever is left on his skin, grimacing at how
much there is still, smiling down reassuringly at his Captain as he looks up with emotions flicking rapidly across his face.

“Mr. Sulu, remaining time to our destination?” He asks, turning back to his Helmsman.

“Twenty minutes, sir,” he replies, studying his readouts. “But that’s twenty minutes in hostile space we weren’t counting on, until we can settle behind the moonlet we’ve chosen in our final coordinates. We’re through the Neutral Zone and well inside the Klingon sphere of influence.”

The Omega sings a few curses in his native tongue, running a hand down his face as he leans forward, covering his mouth and nose in a prayer-like position with his elbows on his knees. His mind is in overdrive as he thinks, his Alpha barely able to keep up with his thought process, gripping the back of the Captain’s chair as his head spins.

“Then we don’t have a choice,” the Omega says, rising to his feet as his wings shift. “We have to go down and get them ourselves, again. Noonien, I need you to stay here and help Mr. Chekov in Engineering.”

“Is that an order, Captain?” Khan asks, saying the title with a drawl that turns it into an insult.

Kirk turns to him, his wings flaring out slightly as his lips pull back.

“It is,” is his terse reply.

The Augment narrows his eyes, a low rumble in his throat.

“I am not letting you go down on a hostile planet without me, let alone the Klingon homeworld,” he rumbles. “If something were to happen to you, either of you, do you think I could live with the guilt of knowing that I could have done something to stop it, if I somehow survive our bond breaking?”

“No, you wouldn’t,” his Omega growls. “But you know the Enterprise as well as I do, and your, ‘little project,’ you’ve been working on gives you a hands-on experience no one else in Starfleet has. Hell, I’ve seen you run laps around Spock on occasion! I need you here, because if this reality keeps following the same fucking path ours did, then we’re gonna need a goddamn miracle, and we have the advantage. You know both ships down to every bolt and rivet, every millimeter of wiring, every goddamn bit in their code, and you’re on our side this time. I need you here because you’re our goddamn miracle!”

The couple stares each other down, wings flared out slightly as they fight for dominance.

“‘Goddamn miracle,’ huh?” The Alpha/Beta asks, his voice hard. “I may be your ‘goddamn miracle,’ but I will not let my reason for living, my purpose, my Savior, willingly go into danger with a high probability of death without some foolproof escape plan! What would happen if you died and I Turned? The probability is very remote, but as I am only half Alpha, I have a chance, a very small one, but a chance, of surviving if our bond broke. What would happen if I somehow survived the breaking of our bond? Do you honestly think that I would not Turn if my mate, my Perfect Mate, died and our bond severed, and I survived? Are you willing to put your crew in danger from a threat that cannot be stopped? Because no way in Hell would I even entertain the idea if I were in your position.”

The couple stares at each other before Kirk’s expression softens, stepping closer to cup his fiancé’s cheek.

“I need you here because you are the only other person capable of preventing history from
repeating,” he says softly, stroking his mate’s sharp cheekbone. “It’s nearly impossible to kill me while pregnant, but I can be incapacitated for a long period of time. If something were to happen to me, you are the only one who can do what I do, know what I know, and then some, to stop this chain of events. I need you here because I trust you enough to be me.”

Khan places a hand over his Omega’s, nuzzling his palm with his cheek.

“Will you stay?” The Captain asks softly.

“Fuck no,” his fiancé replies immediately.

“Well, I tried,” the blond says, shrugging.

The Augment rolls his eyes but chuckles softly, leaning in to peck the very tip of his mate’s nose before wiping the rest of the blood off his face with his sleeve, smiling as the favor is returned.

“Did the perfect couple just fight?” Uhura asks, earning murmurs and nods of agreement.

“Just because we are Perfect Mates does not mean we disagree sometimes,” the Alpha/Beta snorts, rolling his eyes. “Though it is a bit more painful as we say things in the heat of the moment, and mean it. And I will tell you that when a meek Pure Omega is bloody livid, Klingons will run in the other direction screaming for their mothers. Especially when they lose control of their abilities. Things move, pardon, are hurled, that I have trouble moving. Thank the gods that I am incredibly robust and extremely hard to kill, borderline impossible now that I have James’ abilities. But believe me, you do not want to be the focus of an Omega’s anger.”

“So, you guys do fight?” The Communications Officer asks.

“We…” The Omega begins, swallowing thickly as he glances at his mate. “We actually had a pretty big fight yesterday before I met with Pike, probably one of our worst. It’s never a pretty sight, and it’s usually an exchange of words that would have Bones fainting from all the blood rushing to his face, but…”

He touches his cheek, feeling the twinge of guilt shoot through their bond as the father of the child in his womb looks away, forcing his wings back to stop them from folding around him.

“But that’s the past,” he says, waving a hand dismissively before looking at the empty Science station with a frown. “Where’s Spock?”

“I am here, Captain,” the First Officer announces as he steps clear of the lift.

“Change of plans,” Kirk says, dropping his hand from his cheek. “You’re coming with me to Qo’noS, as is Noonien.”

“Captain,” Sulu begins. “I feel that it is my duty to point out that depriving the ship of its two, three, most Senior Officers while in hostile territory contravenes all recommended Starfleet and traditional military procedure going back to the beginning of warfare.”

“He has a point,” the Augment comments, nodding in agreement. “I have personal experience with ‘traditional’ military tactics, and this is causing the warrior, and tyrant, in me to shriek loudly in protest.”

“And probably not the last time, Lieutenant Sulu,” the Captain replies. “And you’re the one who wanted to come along, and you seem to be forgetting the fact that I have you by the balls, yes?”
His fiancé falls silent, scratching the back of his head as he looks away, color rising to his cheeks. The Omega nods, turning back to his Helmsman.

“In the absence of myself, Commander Spock, and No-Commander Singh, you will be in command,” he says. “Unless, of course, by making your observation you are indirectly disparaging your own competency?”

Sulu sits up a little straighter, not expecting the question.

“No, sir,” he replies.

“I didn’t think so,” his Captain replies, turning to address his Chief Communications Officer. “Lieutenant, how’s your Klingon?”

“It’s rusty, but it’s good. toHq, a’Niq?” She asks, smiling thinly. “You want formal? And if I may say, sir, I am a bit better than you in Xenolinguistics.”

“I don’t doubt that,” the blond says, not smiling back. “Though in Earth languages, I am second to none.”

“Except me,” the dark haired male teases.

“Shut up,” his Omega snarls, his wings flaring out. “And if we have to deal with any Klingons in person, I don’t think it’ll be very formal. You’re coming too.”

He pauses, his wings shifting.

“That won’t, be a problem, is it?” He asks, worried. “You two, working together…?”

“Absolutely not,” Uhura says, rising to her feet as she fixes with a stern sideways glance.

She heads to the turbolift, leaving the Science Officer mildly perplexed.

“Unclear,” he says, sounding just as perplexed as he looks.

“What is unclear, Commander Spock?” Kirk asks, fighting to keep his voice and expression neutral.

The Vulcan hesitates, his thoughts whirling.

“A great deal, Captain,” he finally responds.

“Then we are once again in full agreement, Commander Spock,” the blond says, nodding. “I’ll meet you in the shuttle bay.”

Spock hesitates again, but turns and follows Uhura into the turbolift, carrying his confusion with him.

“Jim,” McCoy says, causing his Captain to turn. “You’re not actually going down there, are you? For God’s sakes, you’re fifteen weeks pregnant! Do you know the miscarriage rates for an Omega in your position, at your stage of pregnancy? Especially Omega males? I’m surprised you haven’t miscarried already with everything that’s been going on, and I am just about to confine you to your goddamn quarters to keep you both sane! Not to mention with what’s going on down in Engineering. As the old adage goes, you don’t rob a bank when your getaway car has a flat tire.”

The Omega’s eyes glaze over as he begins to tremble, his mind dragged into his violent and dark
past.

“The last two getaway cars wound up in a ditch, totaled to almost beyond repair, the other I flattened the whole car, not just the tires,” he says quietly, barely above a whisper as his voice quivers. “And I’m still here.”

Khan looks down at his mate, his expression tender as he extends a wing around him and holds him tight to his body, wrapping an arm around his slender waist and presses a kiss to his temple. His fiancée looks up at him, blinking as his eyes become bright again and shakes himself, grounding himself in the present.

“Besides, Engineering will have us patched up and ready to disappear by the time we get back,” he says, raising his voice so the bridge sensors can detect and transmit his words clearly. “Isn’t that right, Mr. Chekov?”

There is a pause before the young Chief Engineer replies, the couple feeling the panic, as well as other emotions, down in Engineering.

“Uh… yes, Keptin. I’ll do my best,” is his terse reply.

The Augment winces slightly in empathy, watching his Captain turn to the Helmsman.

“Lieutenant Sulu, you have the conn,” he says. “Once we’re en route to the surface, I want you to transmit a targeted comm burst at the twins’ general location. Keep it tight and narrow: It’ll be on Starfleet frequency only; so between that, the fact that it’s going into an expansive deserted area, and a little luck, the Klingons won’t intercept it. They’re not likely to be scanning for Starfleet messages right in their own backyard.”

“Content of message, Captain?” Sulu asks after nodding.

“Tell them that we have a bunch of new, real big photon torpedoes pointed at their heads and if they don’t play nice, you’re not afraid to use them,” Kirk says, earning looks of horror.

“James, they are innocent,” his Alpha protests.

“Call it a hunch, but I have a nagging feeling that someone, not the Klingons, will be listening in on our outward bound communications,” the blond replies, looking up. “And if the Klingons somehow intercept our message, the fact that we ‘want’ them dead gives them a higher chance that the Klingons will give them sanctuary to spite us than if we transmit that we’re here to help.”

“That’s a pretty big bluff, Jim,” McCoy says worriedly.

“Unfortunately, I don’t see another option,” the Omega says, shaking his head. “And if my precognitions and experience are anything to go by, it is our only option, at least, at this moment…”

The Alpha/Beta wants to ask what else his mate sees, but he knows better than to ask about an ability that is unreliable, at best. He can feel the Helmsman’s hesitation, and he knows his fiancée does when he turns to him, smiling softly as he steps out of his mate’s embrace.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” he says softly, smiling. “Would it be alright if I call you Hikaru, and answer as a friend speaking to another friend, not in a professional manner.”

Sulu nods, taken aback slightly.
“Hikaru, have a little faith in yourself,” his Captain says softly, smiling. “I know you can do it. And believe me, this is coming from the Captain who has none. I was trained from the moment I was born to be in a position that every one of my ancestors before me had done, right up until I was twenty-two. I… I had an, eye opening, experience, that showed me that the tiny part of me that did not want to do what I was supposed to do was the part I needed to follow, not what I was trained to do, born to do. That was when I joined Starfleet, that was when Admiral Pike, Captain at the time, literally, snatched my hand as I fell into eternal oblivion. He saved me, and it allowed me to follow my dreams, to go against seventeen thousand years of genetic programming, with absolutely no idea what the Hell I was getting into, or what it would cost, to be the first Pure Omega to be Captain. Take my word for it; if I can do it, you can.”

He quickly straightens, slipping into the Captain’s persona once again.

“And who knows,” he says. “With good fortune, you’ll probably have a command of your own someday.”

“Yes, sir,” the Helmsman says, earning a nod.

Kirk turns and meets his Alpha’s gaze, arctic blue eyes exposed and vulnerable, raw emotions scrawled across his face clear as day, as they are in his eyes. The couple cannot tear their eyes away from each other, those around them swearing that at that moment, they could physically see the bond between them, see how a bond forged in sweat and sex and blood, a mental and spiritual bond represented by only a physical scar, could have such a physical and psychological impact in the world. For the couple, time stands still, everything else vanishing as their bond swallows them whole and cocoons them, feeling nothing but warmth and comfort and safety deep within their bones. The blond finally tears his gaze away and moves to the turbolift, his fiancé in tow as his eyes fall to his rear, much to the Omega’s annoyance.

“Quit staring at my ass! That’s an order!” He snaps, glaring over his shoulder.

Khan just raises an eyebrow in response, stepping in beside him. The bridge crew snickers as their Captain suddenly shrieks and jumps, hands flying to his rear. The doors slide close as the blond punches his mate in the arm, McCoy groaning softly.

“Goddamn horny superhuman Alphas,” he mutters, shaking his head.

Kirk rubs his sore rear, singing softly.

“You seem to be slipping into your native tongue more and more,” Khan comments, amused. “I do not mind, even though it is considered rude.”

“It’s more natural for Pure Bloods to do so than speak other languages,” his Omega replies, a light blush on his cheeks. “With family, Pure Bloods almost never speak anything but their native tongues, and even in social gatherings of Pure Bloods.”

“I did not know that,” the Alpha/Beta muses softly. “Pure Bloods really are elite.”

“You have no idea,” the Captain says, shaking his head. “And unfortunately, you can’t. I told you too much with the Perfect Mate thing, but it’s been drilled into me to protect secrets only Pure Bloods, Pure Omegas, and the Empress can know. The genetic memories I carry could have disastrous effects if they were known.”

The Augment nods, following his mate out of the turbolift.
“But our hierarchy is gone,” the Brit comments, falling in stride. “Any secrets you have are useless now.”

“Consider it an attempt to go against seventeen thousand years of genetic programming,” the blond explains, shrugging. “It’s damn near impossible to do so.”

The dark haired male nods again, stepping into their quarters to change, sheathing their wings to change into dark gray civilian attire. They feel their sheathed wings shifting in agitation, the younger of the pair sitting on the bed to pull on his boots, but stops and places his hands on his abdomen as he looks down. Khan turns and crosses the distance to sit on the bed, placing a large hand over top of his smaller ones, their rings touching as The Song of the Empresses begins to fill the room with its melody, their grips tightening as they lock eyes with each other. They lean in and rest their foreheads against each other, their noses touching as their eyes remain half lidded before falling shut, their heads tipping up to gently brush their lips together.

“Keep us safe,” Kirk whispers, earning a tender kiss.

“What makes you think I will not?” The father of his unborn child breathes against his lips. “I would rather die than let any harm come you.”

The couple parts and exits their quarters with bundles of clothing in hand, hurriedly striding towards Bay 12 where the K’normian trading craft waits, as well as Spock, Uhura, and two of his elite Security Officers. The Captain recognizes the bearded Security Officers as the one who beat his ass to a pulp before he joined Starfleet, in the bar-cum-nightclub where Pike had to scrape his ass off the floor, a smile gracing his lips. He remembers calling the man “Cupcake,” and then the beat-down that he knew he rightfully deserved, even though he could fully take down all three burly Cadets with not just a mental command to fall asleep, but in an actual physical fight.

One had an advantage to have been bonded to a living weapon.

But he decided to not show all his cards yet, though it hurt like Hell to have his ass handed to him.

His Alpha snarls softly beside him, baring his teeth as they approach the ship, grunting as an elbow is slammed into his gut.

Hard.

“Cool it, Noonien,” the Omega hisses.

“Ready to deploy, sir,” Hendorff informs his Captain, eyeing the rumbling Augment warily.

“Lieutenants, lose the red shirts,” the blond orders. “You’re K’normian arms dealers. Put these on. And, Noonien, couch.”

The Alpha/Beta gives a non-committal grunt and crosses his arms over his chest, scowling at his Captain as he hands over the two bundles of clothing, glaring daggers at his Alpha in response.

“Sir?” The other Officer asks, eyeing the mass of wrinkled garments in his arms.

“He slams his foot down on his fiancé’s, causing him to yelp and clutch the extremity.
“-and those who deal in them,” he continues without pause. “They’ll be intrigued by the details, and because of our stated profession, more than inclined to listen.”

“What the fuck was that for?” Khan snarls, his foot throbbing as he snaps his teeth.

“If they encountered an unauthorized landing party that said it came in peace,” the blond continues, ignoring his enraged mate. “The members of said party would be likely to end up in pieces. But one that sneaks in with the aim of buying or selling weapons, that, they’ll understand.”

He rounds on his Alpha, shoving a finger so forcefully into his chest that it has him backing up.

“You are acting like a spoiled, obnoxious, bratty child that didn’t get his way instead of a nearly six hundred year old expectant father!” He snarls, punctuating his words with a forceful stab that has pale hands shooting up in defense. “Act your fucking age or I will treat you the way you’re acting by grounding your mother fucking ass and confining it to your quarters! Am I understood?”

The Augment blinks rapidly before narrowing his eyes, his lips pulling back slightly.

“Don’t you fucking give me that snarl!” His fiancée hisses, narrowing his eyes as he places his hands on his prominent hips. “I love you to death and will follow you anywhere, do anything and everything for you, but my fucking God! I don’t need you acting out on top of having to deal with this high stress situation! You’re throwing a temper tantrum that would make a fucking two-year-old shake their head in embarrassment! I’m fifteen weeks pregnant with your child, goddamn it, and I don’t need you acting like one! Do you want me to miscarry!?”

The couple stares each other down until the Alpha/Beta opens his mouth to snarl something, but all that comes out is a frighteningly loud yelp as his ear is grabbed by his Captain and hauled away, barely keeping up to avoid having the appendage torn off.

“I am not having this argument in front of my crew,” the blond spits, dragging the yelping Brit away from his gaping crew. “If you’re not gonna behave, then I’m gonna treat you like the brat that you are acting like!”

“I’ll behave!” Khan shrieks, stumbling. “I’ll behave!”

Kirk lets go of his ear and turns on him, hands on his hips as he studies his Alpha rubbing his bright red ear, cursing softly in Hindi.

“You don’t behave, I will bend you over my knee and raise some color on what you call an ass like the two year old you are acting like!” The blond threatens, narrowing his eyes. “I-”

He squeaks loudly as his mouth is claimed in a tender kiss, large pale hands framing his face as his glacial blue eyes blink rapidly in surprise while his posture remains stiff, thumbs tenderly stroking his increasingly darkening his cheeks.

“I am sorry,” the Brit breathes against his lips, his arctic eyes partially opening, just enough to look into his mate’s startled glacial blue ones. “For acting like a brat.”

He moves to pull away but his greatcoat’s lapels are grabbed, his lips crashing into the Omega’s currently holding his coat captive, his eyes quickly falling shut as he straightens and his large hands fall onto the prominent hips of the curvy body pressing itself against his. The Augment’s fingers curl into the hips of his fiancée whose arms are looping around his neck, pulling their bodies flush against each other as their heads tip to the side, deepening the kiss before pulling away with a soft plop.
“I accept your apology,” the Captain says softly, planting a soft kiss on the tip of his nose. “But. Be. Have. Understand?”

“Understood,” his fiancé replies, heading back to the K’nornian craft.

“But, sir,” Uhura says, speaking up and choosing to ignore the fight that occurred before her. “Other than our personal sidearms, illegally obtained from Starfleet sources, of course, we’ll have no weapons to sell. What will we use to back up our cover story?”

“Thank you for choosing to ignore our fight, Lieutenant,” her Captain says, nodding knowingly. “And that won’t be a problem. No K’nornian trader with half a brain would bring his inventory directly to a buyer where it simply might be confiscated.”

The blond gestures to his communicator on his hip, the Chief Communications Officer’s mouth dropping slightly as she realizes that he has an even more of an hourglass figure than she does.

“If it comes to it, we’ll show them pictures of our ‘goods,’” the Captain says. “On my ‘stolen’ Starfleet communicator, of course.”

He flicks his gaze to his fiancé, his confidence shaky.

“If nothing else,” he continues. “They’ll be impressed that we managed to ‘steal’ so much Starfleet stuff. But if everything goes as planned, you won’t have to speak a word of Klingon. We’ll grab the twins, slip back to the Enterprise, and warp out of here.”

Khan slips his hand into his Captain’s when he smells his distress, squeezing his hand gently as he gazes down tenderly at him. The blond threads their fingers together, gripping tightly as he looks up at his Alpha. At that moment, it becomes clear to those present that their Captain is not the same person they see when in command, and how an ex-tyrant nearly three hundred years out of his time only has thoughts of protecting and supporting their Captain.

“So, no matter what happens,” Kirk says, turning to his crew. “If anything happens, and we do have to confront some Klingons, there can be no mention of any connection to Starfleet. Unless, of course, you want to start a war, Mr. Hendorff?”

The Security Officer stares straight ahead, doing his best to ignore the protective Brit eyeing him intently.

“No, sir,” he says. “Did that once, sir.”

He looks at his Captain, clearly recalling event.

“Tried that once in your company, sir,” he says. “Didn’t work out well.”

“Good,” the blond says. “I feel the same-”

The Omega suddenly drops like a rock and Khan barely catches him in time before his head smashes into the ground, cradling the completely limp form of his mate to his body as his crew cry out in alarm, the oldest of them all checking his pulse.

“You do not need to alert sickbay about this,” he says reassuringly as he adjusts the limp form in his arms. “I was actually expecting this to happen at any moment.”

“What the Hell do you mean?” Spock snaps, for once looking completely and humanly distraught.
“Omegas are essentially a highly advanced biochemical supercomputer, but extremely temperamental and delicate,” the Augment explains, turning his gaze back to the unconscious body in his arms. “Pure Omegas are even more delicate, as they have far more neurons and connections compared to the brain of every other gender, which allows them to have their abilities. The number only increases the higher up the gender hierarchy, the length of their bloodline, and the strength of their abilities. And as such, Omegas can only handle so much sensory input, specifically mental, before their brain is overloaded and forcibly shuts itself down to stop taking in information. They ‘reset,’ or wipe their ‘hard drive’ clear so they do not cause their brain to short circuit with more ‘information’ than they can handle, but the external effects of this mental purge causes them to essentially fall into a temporary coma to protect their neural function, and cut off all physical stimulation to also prevent overload.”

His fiancée remains completely limp as his eyes move rapidly behind closed lids, his breathing is deep and even as his barely-there scent reveals relaxation and inner peace, absolutely no tension in his body. His mate gently cups a cheek and stokes his cheekbone with a pale thumb, studying his face with a tender and loving gaze, murmuring softly in Hindi as the Captain remains unconscious in his arms. His Omega stirs and moans softly, opening his eyes slowly, his glacial blue eyes cloudy and unfocused with a slight gray tint. He blinks slowly a few times before his eyes become bright and crystal clear, looking around slowly as he blinks before looking up at his fiancé, raising a trembling hand. He touches his mate’s cheek as he struggles to hold his head up, the dark haired male shifting his body so he has his forehead resting in the crook of his neck, holding his body tight against him.

“Wher… where, am I?” Kirk slurs, his eyes fluttering shut.

“On the USS Enterprise,” Khan says softly, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “Bay 12.”

“What am I doing here?” The blond asks, lifting his head to look into arctic blue eyes.

“We are about to go on a mission to Qo’noS,” his Alpha says softly. “To bring back John and Naki.”

The Omega nods and looks away briefly before looking back, squinting up at the pale face above him as if trying to figure out who they are, head tipping to the side slightly.

“You’re, you’re my mate, right?” He asks, earning a nod and a soft smile.

“What else do you know about me?” The Augment asks softly, watching his Captain lick his lips as he thinks.

“My, my Perfect Mate? Yeah, yeah, you’re my Perfect Mate,” he says, his gaze unfocused. “My, my fiancé? Yeah, um… a father? Did I give birth?”

“No, love,” the Alpha/Beta says, smiling. “You are pregnant, you have not given birth, yet.”

“Oh,” he says softly, looking away as his cheeks flush. “Okay then.”

He is gently tugged to his feet and his straightens his clothes before squeaking as he is suddenly dipped, gripping his mate’s shoulders as his lips are claimed, a large pale hand cradling the back of his head while the other hooks his right leg over his hip. The couple kisses for a few seconds before they stand up straight, the younger of the pair blinking rapidly before squeaking loudly and covers his flushing face with his hands, his head being pulled against the Brit’s chest as he chuckles softly.

“We were expecting it,” his fiancé chuckles, grunting as he is punched in the gut. “What the bloody Hell was that for?”

“You were the closest thing to me, okay?” His fiancée snaps, pulling away as he places his hands on his hips. “You know how embarrassing it is for me to reset, let alone in front of my crew! Especially when they don’t understand my biology! Remember when I reset in the middle of a ship-to-ship battle with the Romulans?”

“Captain, I do believe that we are pressed for time,” Spock says, composed once again. “And given the fact that you just had memory gaps, I believe Commander Singh should pilot the craft.”

“I second that, sir,” Hendorff says, the Augment looking a bit stunned.

“Noonien, do you mind?” Kirk asks, earning a soft peck to the tip of his nose.

“Not at all, love,” Khan murmurs, smiling. “And since I do not trust your brain right at the moment, I shall entrust the task of planning our wedd-souuvabitch!”

He rubs his reinjured ear as he mutters, eyeing the glaring Omega looking up at him with his hands on his prominent hipbones, scowling something fierce back.

“Death-Rebirth ritual,” his fiancée corrects, jabbing a finger into his muscular chest. “I will spank you, memory gaps or not. Are. We. Clear?”

“Crystal,” the Augment mutters, eyeing the twitching hand on his mate’s hip. “You do that one more time…”

“Or what?” The Captain says, getting right into his Alpha’s face. “May I remind you that in our society, I’m the apex predator? Or have you forgotten how dangerous an Omega can be when threatened?”

The Alpha/Beta swallows thickly and raises his hands as he takes a step back, a slight whimper slipping past his lips as sweat begins to bead at his brow, the color draining from his face.

“That, is something I will never forget, even if I were old and senile,” he whimpers, a bead of sweat rolling down his temple. “But that is something I want to forget. You know I had nightmares about that day.”

His Omega flinches and looks away, his eyes falling shut as he lets out a shuddery exhale, nodding slightly.

“Yeah, I remember,” he says softly, before shaking his head and looking back at his fiancé. “But you know how to stop me from turning, and that, is what you should remember.”

The Brit nods and lowers his hands, looking away as his gaze becomes unfocused, the couple seeing something that no one else can. They shake their heads and the Commanding Officer waves a hand, motioning for them to board the craft without another word, Khan in the pilot seat with Uhura and Spock flanking him. No one says a word about the strange interaction of the expectant couple as the K’normian trader shoots away from the Enterprise, the Alpha/Beta expertly piloting the craft between the moonlets, slipping through their bond to check on his Omega. They come in behind a cluster of ragged, sheltering moonlets that are expansive enough to cloud the shuttle-sized craft’s drive signature, diving towards the imposing, green-tinged planet below, the highest ranking Officer in the craft looking a little pale despite the ridiculously smooth ride. The Brit’s
hands are making minute adjustments too fast and too small for a normal human to be capable of doing, adjusting to the minute gravitational fluctuations of the various sized moonlets around them, his lips pressed in a thin line as sweat beads at his brow. Even Spock has to admit that the ex-tyrant is a better pilot than an experienced Starfleet shuttle pilot, almost wondering if it has something to do with his pregnant Captain in the back of the craft.

Uhura twists around in her seat just enough to look at her Captain out of the corner of her eye, studying him intently as he works on his PADD in his lap, his ankle on his other knee to support the tablet. His face is lit up by the device’s glow, focused on the information on it, but she catches him flicking his gaze to the Augment nervously once in awhile. She wonders what he has to be nervous about, why he would look to an Augment, an ex-tyrant, for support, what he could possibly have to offer a Starfleet Captain?

“Everything,” Khan says softly, startling the Chief Communications Officer. “Love, comfort, safety, a home. Someone to pick them up when they fall, someone they know they can run into their arms when they are scared, someone who will wipe away their tears when they cry. Someone they can trust with their secrets, who will never judge them or think any less of them if they make a mistake, who will continue to love and cherish them through everything, and that they will return the favor. No matter what happens, they will support and care for each other through everything. Even if they fight and scream at each other, they will make up and continue to love each other, forever.”

He pauses, thinking before speaking softly, his voice thick with emotion.

“I was, in a very dark place,” he says quietly. “Stardate 2259.55 is the day of my birth, at least, when I became an Augment. I chose that day because I knew that what I was going to do would get me killed, and that was what I wanted: I wanted to die.”

Silence descends in the shuttle before the Alpha/Beta speaks again, even softer this time.

“When I was on Qo’noS,” he continues. “When I heard that the Enterprise had those torpedoes onboard, the same ones that you have now, the ones that contain my crew, my family, I surrendered. And that was when your Captain punched me. That was when he saved me.”

A smile curls on his lips as he continues to pilot the craft, still several minutes away from the planet.

“All the evil that was in me, all the darkness, every twisted, vile, and corrupt thought I had, was burned away by The Light that is our Captain,” he says softly. “My soul was a monstrosity, twisted, warped, grotesque, an unsightly and repulsive atrocity. I was savage, wild, living off instincts, controlled by thoughts of revenge and bloodlust, wanting nothing more than to kill those responsible for doing everything to me, who changed my appearance, who chained me and forced me to bend to their will. They wiped my memory and gave me false information about who I was, but when I blew up Praxis, I regained my memory and rage made my blood boil. That was when I planned to destroy Starfleet.”

The Alpha/Beta pauses again, exhaling softly through nose as he falls silent for a few seconds, resuming to speak.

“When James punched me, we bonded through that touch of skin,” he says. “That was when The Darkness waspurged from my soul, when I could finally see, when I could finally breathe, when I finally was pulled out of Hell and understood what it meant to be loved, to love someone, to live.”

He glances over his shoulder, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as he looks at his fiancée before
looking back, sniffling a little.

“He is not just my mate,” he says softly, his voice quivering. “He is my Savior, my Light, my golden blond angel, my reason for living. My everything. I saw that my new appearance, that being awoken in this time, gave me the chance I never thought I would ever experience, or deserve; An Omega who would love me, even with my dark past.”

“I was broken,” Kirk speaks up, his voice soft. “I was raped, abused, and molested for twenty years, from when I was two, until I fled at twenty-two. The same people who woke up Noonien did this to me, but they raped me and beat me to death and left me in a ditch when they caught me after I had escaped them. If Pike hadn’t found me, if Bones hadn’t saved my life, I wouldn’t be here. I had been sheltered for all my life, but I was broken. We both were. When we bonded, the pieces that were missing from us were filled by the other, our mate. I, I was also in a dark place. I wasn’t suicidal, but I was close. And Noonien saved me. We saved each other.”

The shuttle is silent as the crew digests this information, stunned and shocked silence surrounding them as they see the couple in a new light, their thoughts whirling.

“Captain, I, I wish I could say that I understood,” Uhura says quietly. “But I am grateful that I can’t, as much as it hurts to say that. I am so sorry.”

“Sympathy cannot come close to empathy,” the blond says quietly. “And because we are bonded, we are one being with two bodies, but that’s nowhere close to an accurate description. We understand each other better than anyone ever could, we have felt the other’s pain, shared in every experience they have lived through, felt every emotion. We are of one mind, one soul, two bodies, but we are independent. We are codependent as well, but separate. It is something that no one in this reality can understand, not even Vulcans, not any other species. They could not understand, even in our reality, and they knew about our unique biology.”

The occupants of the shuttle fall silent again as they try to grasp the concept, but it is the only non-human who speaks up first.

“Captain, am I to presume that you two require each other to survive?” Spock asks, not turning around to look at him.

“Yeah,” his Captain says softly, looking down at the shuttle floor. “Our bodies are in perfect harmony, so are our minds. We know what the other feels, what the other thinks, we know everything about each other. We can understand why something makes the other feel a certain way, why one reacts to something in such a way, such as why Noonien is terrified of giant spiders.”

“God damn it, James!” His fiancé snarls. “That was supposed to be just between us! It is bad enough that they know I have aviophobia, but—”

“I’m afraid of magic,” Kirk says, earning stares of disbelief. “What? Phobias are irrational. Doesn’t mean they have to be about something that makes sense.”

Silence descends on them and stays for a little while before the Vulcan speaks up, and the expectant couple knows that it is because he finally feels confident in his reading of the K’normian instrumentation to make a first report.

“I am detecting two advanced sentient life signs in the Ketha Province,” he says. “Given the information provided by Mr. Scott and the clear differentiation between this readout and what would be expected were it of Klingon origin, my conclusion is that they are most likely John Harrison and his twin.”
“Then they have stayed in one place and have not tried to contact the Klingons,” Khan says. “Or at least, they have not been found. They are following in my path too closely for comfort. Commander, Lieutenant, I need you to keep a very close watch on our surroundings. Let us pray that we are not found. But, two life signs? I thought that when an Omega is in a death healing trance they do not give off any life signs.”

“Even though he is technically dead, his body is healing itself as we speak, though his cells are not dividing in the manner of which we age,” his Omega replies without looking up from his PADD. “Only the cells that will heal his injuries are dividing, which will give off life signs, but incredibly weak ones. Am I correct in my statement, Commander?”

“You are correct,” his First Officer replies, a slight note of surprise in his voice. “But, how…?”

“Helps when you’re an Omega,” is the reply. “But even though John is Schrödinger’s cat right now, as far as Naki is concerned, his mate is dead, and he is currently hysterical with grief. And there is nothing more dangerous than an Alpha out of their mind with the suffering and torment of losing their mate, especially with them being a Pure Alpha, and an Augment.”

“I can feel it,” his Alpha murmurs. “We should proba-”

The blond suddenly lets out a high pitched piercing tone, causing everyone to flinch in pain at the noise, the oldest of them letting out a soft whimper before his fiancée clears his throat.

“Sorry, old habit,” he apologizes, a light blush on his cheeks. “But we can’t contact him and let him know that we’re coming, because let’s just call it a hunch that we’re not alone in this quadrant, and I’m not talking about the Klingons. And what was our first or most memorable date?”

“Wait, what the fuck?”

The Alpha/Beta asks, his voice rising an octave.

“Why the fuck are you asking that?”

“For my dresses, dumbass,” his mate groans, rolling his eyes.

“I am not following,” the Brit says.

“For the Death-Rebirth ritual, I have to follow a strict set of instructions to create the Death dress and the Rebirth dress,” the Captain replies, looking up. “And believe me when I tell you that despite all the incredible and binding restrictions that require me on how to choose my dress, I have an incredible amount of freedom with designing it.”

“Sounds morbid,” Uhura murmurs.

“It symbolizes the death of the single life, the loneliness, the reliance upon yourself, and the rebirth as a single being, the dependence upon one another, a physical representation of a bond that cannot be broken, not even in death,” the Omega replies. “It is a ritual as old as our species, but it is barely used because of the fact we can bond. It is a tradition of the Empress to have the Death-Rebirth ritual to join with their mate, and they have a single dress but transforms from the Death dress into the Rebirth dress at a specific cue, usually when the Veil of Darkness is lifted and the couple makes eye contact. And you haven’t answered the question.”

“James, now is not the best time,” his fiancé says quietly, sighing.

“Good point,” his Captain replies.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” the Augment says, addressing himself to the secured, tight-beam comm. “We have found our men. Let them know we mean business.”
“Aye, sir,” Sulu says.

The Alpha/Beta can hear his nervousness, but he does not say a few words of encouragement, unsure exactly what to say.

“Attention, John Harrison,” he says. “This is Captain Hikaru Sulu of the USS Enterprise. We are aware of your present location and in position to bear on it from a distance. A group of highly trained Officers is on its way to your location. If you do not prepare and agree to surrender yourself to them immediately upon their arrival, I am instructed to unleash an entire payload of advanced, long-range, undetectable torpedoes that is currently locked on your location. I must inform you that we are prepared to do this despite any possible diplomatic fallout or other reaction from the Klingon community.”

There is a pause before Sulu speaks again, his voice tight.

“If you test me, you will fail,” he finishes.

The Brit snickers softly, shaking his head as he remembers the same threat aimed at him, and the result afterwards.

“Please do not be as dysfunctional as you were in our reality,” he chuckles.

“If you weren’t flying, I’d throw a shoe at you, again,” his fiancée threatens. “We’re a non-militaristic organization, unlike what you’re use to.”

“Just because I was a dictator over two hundred years ago does not mean that is what I want to do anymore,” the dark haired male replies. “But our first date was our bonding, but our most memorable, I will have to think about that.”

“It’ll come to you,” his mate says softly.

They descend into Qo’noS’ atmosphere, the characteristically turbulent atmosphere would have given any experienced shuttle pilot trouble with controlling the craft, making Khan’s life that much more difficult. He fights to keep the compact vessel from bucking and rocking, and with very little actual piloting experience, he relies on his Augmented reflexes and his mate’s actual hands-on experience with simulations and piloting to keep the craft under control. But with his fellow Commander’s help, they manage to wrestle the unsophisticated, but sturdy, K’normian craft into a semi-smooth flight, everyone else thankful for their efforts. Towering, but abandoned structures that pierce the heavy cloud layer fly past, the Augment not taking the time to look, but his mate does. When they descend even further into the atmosphere, they can make out individual structures on the ground, the blond craning his head to look.

The dense complex of enormous, long-abandoned buildings extend as far as the eye can see, the sun gleaming off them as they descend, the Omega now has the time to study the area around them as he is not piloting. He can understand how bad the plague was to force the Klingons to flee from such costly infrastructure, he also notices that not a single building is intact to some degree, some with walls and/or windows blown out, whether by weather or Klingon Medical Controllers to draw a physical line around the plague that caused the Ketha Province to be abandoned, he could not tell.

But it looks far worse than when he had first visited the planet, and his mate mentally agrees, but he does not hear it as the echoes of those who lived and died here scream through his mind.

Kirk clutches his head with one hand as he moans softly, the color draining from his face as he begins to sweat, his lithe frame beginning to tremble.
“So much pain,” he whispers. “So much agony, and suffering. They were scared, they were terrified, they cried out for help. But none came. No one helped them.”

“Captain?” Hendorff asks, concern crossing his face.

“They were hunted one by one,” he continues, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as he continues to clutch his head with one hand, tipping his head back as he breathing becomes ragged. “Like animals, butchered without mercy. Babes torn from their mothers’ breasts and thrown against walls, children hacked to pieces, all slaughtered to keep the rest of the planet safe. No mercy, their cries falling on deaf ears as they were methodically wiped out. No mercy. No mercy…”

He slumps slightly before dragging his eyes open after a few seconds, groaning softly as he sits up, rubbing his temples with his fingers.

“God, I hate being an Omega sometimes,” he moans. “But… I, I know some things about the Klingons that isn’t known; they were scared. They broke their code of honor to try and save themselves, parents begged for their lives to be taken and spare their children, but they were all slaughtered. Massacred, for saving the rest of the planet.”

He leans back in his seat and closes his eyes, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as he tips his head back, trembling slightly.

“I haven’t ever experienced such cruelty, and I know that at no point in our history was such sadistic and savage methods ever used,” the blond whispers, lowering his hands as he opens his eyes. “I do not think anyone but Klingons, scared Klingons at least, would use such tactics. Do you not agree, Noonien?”

“I could not feel it directly, but I felt it through you,” Khan says softly. “And not even during my time were such tactics used.”

“If I may interrupt, we will arrive at Harrison and his twin’s last verified location in three minutes, Captain, and Commander,” Spock interrupts, studying the K’normian vessel’s comparatively straightforward instrumentation and running the results through his tricorder. “While I do not doubt in your belief in the fact that they are innocent, it is highly unlikely that they will come willingly. By way of contrast and with considerably more certainty, I calculate the odds of them attempting to kill us rather than surrendering at ninety-two-point-three percent.”

“Wasn’t yours at ninety-one-point-six percent?” The Omega asks, turning to his Alpha.

“It was, but you have made an error in your calculations, Commander,” the Augment says. “You have not taken into account that the twins are bonded, and happen to be a Pure Alpha, and for whatever reason, part Pure Omega. The odds of John attempting to kill us is zero, for he is in a death healing trance. Naki, on the other hand, has a zero-point-zero-zero-two percent chance of not attempting to kill us. And believe me when I tell you that even as an Augment, I am only half Alpha while Naki is a Pure Alpha and I could not take him on in a fight even if he was not currently mad with grief. Even with my Augmented abilities, and my new ones, I do not have a chance of stopping him from killing any one of us is so minuscule that it would require a computer to do so. The only one who has a calculable chance of stopping Naki from killing one of us is our meek, timid, and pregnant Captain in the back, as he has an unbeatable ability in his back pocket that is one that anyone in our reality who knew about it or saw it would never make the mistake of bringing an Omega to the point where they use, even Klingons.”

“What could honestly be that scary?” Hendorff asks, eyeing his Captain warily.
“Noonien’s seen it at least twice and both times he shit himself and had nightmares for at least a month,” the blond replies, flicking his gaze towards the Security Officer. “How bad do you think it has to be to make an Augment do that?”

“Even if that were the case,” the Vulcan interjects. “The odds are against us at attempting to take the pair in without serious injury.”

“Fantastic,” the Captain mutters. “I can always depend on you for encouragement in a difficult situation, Spock.”

‘A Pure Omega using sarcasm,’ his fiancé thinks, a grin spreading across his lips. ‘I really have corrupted you.’

“You can always depend on me for an accurate appraisal of any situation, Captain,” the Science Officer says, oblivious to his Captain’s sarcasm. “Most would consider it a more useful response.”

“Unless they’re Vulcan,” Uhura suddenly interjects. “And they don’t care about dying.”

“I am sorry, Lieutenant,” Spock says, turning in his seat. “But I am not certain that I could hear clearly what you said.”

“I’d be happy to speak up on a wide assortment of subjects if you’re ready to listen to me,” the Communications Officer says, raising her voice more so than necessary.

The blond glances at his fiancé, both remaining silent in hopes that it will not follow the same path their reality did, even though they both know that it will.

“Lieutenant,” Spock replies firmly. “I would prefer to discuss this matter in private.”

“You’d prefer not to discuss it at all, is what you’d prefer,” the Chief Communications Officer snaps.

“Commander, Lieutenant,” Khan interrupts. “As much as this subject clamors for attention, I would appreciate it if you two would not argue right at this moment. Your Captain is currently fifteen weeks, three days pregnant, hormonal, an empath, a Pure Omega, who are purely emotional beings, and highly stressed. I do believe it would-”

“As our current circumstances require undivided focus,” the First Officer says, cutting off his fellow Commander. “I suggest that-”

“What doesn’t seem to require ‘undivided focus,’ and Khan stay the Hell out of this…” Uhura interrupts.

‘Did she just tell me to shut up?’ The Alpha/Beta asks, a bit stunned. ‘Did she just tell me to shut up?’

‘I believe she did, and don’t say a word, and answer my first question,’ the Captain thinks.

“…is us,” the Chief Communications Officer continues. “At that volcano, you didn’t give a thought to us, did you? About what it would do to me if you died, Spock.”

“You two keep arguing,” the dark haired male mutters. “I can land this thing by myself. No reason for you two to be involved because you are onboard, and in the bloody front.”

“What I got out of it was that you didn’t feel anything,” Uhura says, fighting to keep the emotion
out of her voice. “You didn’t care.”

“Our shore leave to the bioluminescent bay under the twin moons on Devlar III,’ the Brit thinks softly. ‘When we spent the entire night enjoying dinner and swimming, just the two of us.’

“That was an amazing night,’ the Omega thinks back, smiling softly. ‘Makes the top ten best nights of my life.’

‘Mine too,’ his mate smiles.

The ship’s automatics are beginning to take control to begin final touchdown this close to the surface, but Khan keeps a close eye on the instruments, especially with his pregnant fiancée in the back. He does feel his mate’s gaze on his First Officer, staring him down. The Augment has seen Spock outstare a cat before, losing fifty credits after the seventeen minute event, but for whatever reason, the blond is having an effect.

“Your suggestion that I do not care about dying is incorrect,” the Vulcan says. “A sentient being’s optimal chance of maximizing their utility is a long and prosperous life.”

“Great,” the Chief Communications Officer mutters.

“In my particular instance, I hold an additional responsibility, given the small number of survivors of my kind,” Spock continues. “I therefor would greatly prefer to survive as long as possible in order to be of use not only to Starfleet, but to the Vulcan diaspora.”

He pauses, his Captain snorting softly as he mutters under his breath about being the last of his kind, his Alpha hissing quietly at him to shush.

‘What kind of things do we like doing together?’ Kirk asks, looking down at his PADD.

‘Where do I begin?’ His fiancé chuckles. ‘There are so many.’

“But it is true that I cannot deny what you say regarding ‘emotions,’” the Vulcan says. “In truth, as I faced my likely demise, I did not feel anything. This is not because I did not wish to do so, especially as regards to certain personal relationships. It was because it was the most personally efficacious course of action. I chose not to feel anything about realizing that my life was about to end because it was the least disturbing course of action open to me.”

“Oh bullshit,” the Captain mutters, shaking his head. “You were freaking the fuck out in the volcano.”

‘Cuddling,’ the Alpha/Beta thinks.

His fiancée looks at him, slightly confused.

‘Things we like to do together,’ he explains.

The readouts are beginning to flash and beep, the instrumentation signaling their final approach to the designated landing site.

‘And my favorite, one of them at least,’ his mate continues. ‘Is reading to you, to our baby.’

“To even consider the idea of one’s death affecting a loved one would be so painful,” Spock continues. “That the only logical option in that moment would be to choose to feel nothing instead. This was recently confirmed to me one of the Captains was dying at the Daystrom Conference
room. As I tried to comfort her, I briefly joined with her consciousness. I experienced what she felt in the moment of her passing. There was a surprising dearth of pain. In its place there was anger. Confusion. Loneliness. Fear.”

The Omega looks away, uncomfortable at how close to home his First Officer’s words hit, his eyes falling shut as a few tears roll down his cheeks. The Augment wishes he could hold his mate close, but her cannot, not while he is piloting. The Vulcan looks back at Uhura, though she cannot see him.

“Nyota, you misunderstand my choice not to feel at that moment as an indication of not caring, while I assure you the truth was exactly the opposite,” he finishes.

“Look out!” Kirk screams, just before all Hell breaks loose.
Chapter XXXII

Chapter Notes

This is one of the most violent chapters I have written so far, but the next one is even more violent, and see why you don't piss off an Omega in my ABO dynamic universe. And this is graphic, very graphic. And Kirk is a complete bad ass in this one. Who says all Omegas have to be meek and timid and run from any sign of danger? Heads up for anyone who is squeamish. You have been warned.

An intense flash of light streaks across the bow of the K’normian trading craft, rocking the ship violently while briefly blinding everyone inside, a few cries of shock rising up from the occupants.

“What the bloody Hell was that?” Khan demands, fighting to regain his vision that is returning slower than he would like as he twists around in his seat. “James! Are you alright?”

“Just a few bruised ribs,” his Captain replies, holding his side as he turns in the direction of the deep, rumbling baritone. “Nothing serious enough to send me into a death healing trance.”

“A D4-class Klingon vessel, Commander,” Spock informs the Augment once he has seen the rearward-facing scanner’s image, his vision retuning first.

The Alpha/Beta curse, blinking as his vision is almost fully back to normal.

“I thought this section of the goddamn planet was abandoned and unvisited!” He snarls, digging the heel of his hands into his eye sockets.

“It must be a random patrol,” Uhura suggests, the anxiety clear in her voice. “Medical policing, maybe, to ensure nobody spends time in the plague region, where they could accidently pick up a latent virus and transport it back to a populated area.”

“Get us the fuck out of here!” The Captain screams in Hindi.

“Hold on!” The Brit shouts, wrenching on the manual controls.

Khan sends the K’normian craft sideways and deeper into the clouds that masks the abandoned city below, his heart threatening to burst from his chest. His mate is panicking in the back, and they both know exactly why.

Someone on the Klingon patrol craft knows exactly who is on the trading vessel, and they are after the Omega.

“Can we get back to the Enterprise?” Hendorff asks, leaning forward in his harness.

“And lead them right to it?” Uhura shoots back. “Thus far the Klingons don’t know there’s a Federation ship in their immediate spatial vicinity. We can’t even head in its general direction without committing to a revelatory vector.”

“That is only partially true,” the dark haired male says. “Someone in the patrol vessel is well aware
of the Enterprise's presence, but it has taken a backseat to a much more pressing matter.”

“And how do they know that?” The Chief Communications Officer asks, startled as she reads the scanners.

“I do not know how, but I do know that they know that James is onboard this vessel, and they are after him with a single mindedness that is equivalent to a predator with their prey just within their grasp,” the Augment continues, his hands working the controls rapidly. “I do not know what they plan to do with the rest of us, but when they are that focused on one person, it is not a good sign for those with them.”

The Alpha/Beta takes the K’nornian vessel through every basic maneuver that his fiancée can remember, even coming up with a few of his own, and many more that were not. He cannot shake the pursuing Klingon patrol craft, though it is slightly less maneuverable than the trading vessel, the Klingon crew have the advantage of operating in familiar territory. Spock continues to monitor the instrumentation beside him, silent as his fellow Commander fights to lose their pursuers, cursing in a multitude of languages under his breath.

“May I remind you, Commander,” the Vulcan says without looking up from the readouts in front of him. “That this ship has no offensive capabilities.”

“Thank you for stating the obvious,” the Brit growls as his hands work furiously. “I am all too aware of that fact. We are simple merchants, that is all. Though, right now, I wish it was not that simple. Give me full power; everything down to the emergency backup, all the ship’s fuel cells.”

“Aye, Commander,” the Science Officer says, though he is unhappy at the order.

The compact trading vessel banks sharply, the passengers hanging on for dear life. Khan knows that the vessel is intended for basic shuttling between ground and orbit, not designed for high-speed atmospheric maneuvers, but he decides to ignore that fact as he fights to shake their pursuers. He wrenches the vessel over, around, and sometimes through the towers of the abandoned cityscape, dodging blasts from the pursuing Klingon vessel. His Omega wishes he could do something to help, but the Alpha/Beta needs his full concentration to fly. Repeated blasts from the D4 just miss the K’nornian craft, and the Augment knows that it is on sheer dumb luck. The next shot would take out their engines or, if they were unlucky and the Klingon gunners especially accurate, the rear half of the vessel.

And his pregnant Captain.

“They’re closing fast, bearing two eight five!” Uhura informs the Brit.

“Fuck me!” He snarls, furiously scanning the cityscape. “How the fuck do we get out of this one!?”

“There!” Kirk shouts.

Khan could see what he presumes to be the center of the empty metropolis, gleaming in the dim daylight that pierces the clouds. The vast expanse of ruined towers, tangled metal, and demolished support structures are tightly packed against one another; some by design, others because they had collapsed. He could not see what his mate is talking about, unless…

“You’re fucking nuts!” The Augment shouts, glancing at the aft viewer.

He grimaces as the D4 is clearly visible, seeing no other option.

“If you are sug-"
“Keep your fucking mouth shut because I’m not suggesting!” The Captain screeches, cutting off Spock. “We don’t have a choice!”

The Brit holds tight to the controls as he angles the vessel sideways, his heart ready to burst from his chest. He whips the straining craft the left so it is now flying on-edge to the ground, inclining to match the slender vertical opening before them. The blond grips his harness tightly, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as he sings softly and crosses himself, his voice trembling like a leaf in a gale. The Alpha/Beta is praying under his breath as he maintains full power as he aims for the gap, sweat beading at his brow. He can hear Uhura praying under her breath, as are the two other crewmembers in the back, but the Vulcan is not.

Khan lets out a roar as the outermost fringes of their ship scrape against one structure, than another, sending bits of the ancient buildings tumbling towards the ground. The Augment fights the controls to hold a course that has mere centimeters to spare, knowing his Omega is fighting back his screams.

The moment they emerge on the other side of the cluster of tall buildings and confirm that the D4 is nowhere in sight, the dark haired male parks the K’normian vessel and bolts to his mate. He undoes the harness and catches his sobbing fiancée in his arms, holding him tightly. Kirk clings to his Alpha, his head buried into his shoulder as he sobs, his entire lithe and curvy frame shaking. The Alpha/Beta gently rocks them, murmuring softly as he rubs his back soothingly, kissing what little skin he can reach. He lets his Omega sob, holding onto him as he tightens his grip. He begins to sing quietly, a deep baritone rumble that is more felt than heard, soft and soothing. No one wishes to disturb the couple, not even Spock, allowing the expectant couple to soothe each other. The blond calms down after a few minutes, sniffling as he pulls away and tips his head up, his fiancé wiping his tears away with his thumbs.

“Hormones?” The Brit asks softly, leaning in to kiss away his still falling tears.

“Yeah,” the Captain says softly, his glacial blue eyes falling shut as his mate peppers soft, tender, slow kisses all over his face. “Hormones.”

The Augment frames the blond’s face with his large pale hands, swiping his cheekbones tenderly with his thumbs as he continues to dot kisses all over his face, shushing his Omega as he begins to whimper softly.

“We are okay, James,” he murmurs, pressing a tender kiss between his dark golden blond brows. “We are okay.”

The Omega looks up with watery eyes, his lower lip trembling as his fingers curl into the broad greatcoat clad shoulders, reddened glacial meeting tender arctic. The older of the pair leans in and plants a soft kiss on each of his eyelids, the tip of his nose, his temples, the junction of his jaw and neck, a spot just behind his earlobe, up and down the sides of his neck, and across his jaw. He plants a kiss on his Cupid’s bow before capturing his lips in a tender kiss, his hands cradling his jaw so tenderly that one might think he is made of dust, his lips just as gentle. The couple pulls away and rests their foreheads together, holding onto each other as they breathe in unison, feeling their sheathed wings folding around each other.

“I’m okay now,” Kirk breathes, tipping his head up just enough to brush their lips together. “I’m okay now, Noonien.”

Khan presses a tender kiss between his brows as he holds his face in his hands, pressing their lips together in a kiss so tender their hearts ache, chaste and gentle. They part with a soft plop and nuzzle each other’s faces before rising to their feet, the Brit helping his mate up. His fiancée sits...
back in his seat, as does his Alpha, redoing their harnesses before the Augment takes the parking break off, turning them around sharply as he keeps them as low as possible. Using the overarching structures for cover, he begins to retrace their course, knowing full well that he should be taking another path, but they are running out of time. His Omega agrees vehemently, keeping an ear out for the minds of the Klingons, making sure he is thorough. The couple have been experiencing “spotty coverage” with their passive ability, the more experienced with telepathic abilities associating the cause to the materials the structures are built out of, something that is not uncommon with extraterrestrial substances. The Omega is on edge, unsettled by how large the gaps are in his ability, and it is giving him a headache.

“Are you alright, love?” The dark haired male asks, keeping an eye on the landscape before him.

“I have a serious headache coming on and I’m to be violently sick,” his fiancée groans, looking a little green.

Hendorff shoves an airsick bag at his Captain from out of nowhere, the blond accepting it quickly as morning sickness proceeds to “kick his ass like he is a soccer ball,” everyone grimacing at the sound. His mate’s stomach is churning as he coughs and gags, groaning loudly as his skin turns sweaty and pale, using the bag once more.

“Why did I let myself get into this?” The Captain groans, disposing the bag into the incinerator.

“Because you love me?” Khan suggests, lips pursed.

“Apparently enough to destroy my body and wish I was dead,” Kirk groans, leaning back into his seat as he closes his eyes.

“Just think about the honeymoon after the Death-Rebirth ritual,” the Alpha/Beta suggests, earning a loud groan. “I suggest that you resume working on your dresses then.”

“Alright,” his fiancée says quietly, picking up his PADD. “And I told you we’d fit, Spock.”

“I am not sure that qualifies, and you did not,” the Vulcan replies, using multiple screens to analyze the external damage the K’normian craft has suffered.

“You can put that opinion in your report, and then shove it up your ass,” the Captain says, muttering the last bit under his breath

“Commander, do the instrumentation register any sign of the Klingon patrol craft?” The Augment asks.

“No, which worries me,” the First Officer replies.

“Do you hear anything I do not, James?” The dark haired male asks.

“I’m not a fucking magic eight ball,” his Omega hisses, glaring into the front of the craft. “You can’t just shake me and get one of twenty possible answers!”

“How is that an accurate source of answers?” Spock asks, looking at his Captain.

“It was a kids toy in the late twentieth to mid twenty-first century,” the blond growls. “It was for fun.”

“But do you hear anything?” The Brit asks.
“Reply hazy, try again,” Kirk says flatly, as if it is an automatic reply.

“What the bloody Hell did I do to piss you off?” His Alpha snaps.

“Nothing! I’m fucking pregnant and hormonal!” The blond shoots back. “Read the warning label next time before you decide to knock one up!”

“Oh, sure, because all Omegas come with a bloody instruction manual!” Khan growls. “Maybe next time I should look up in the goddamn chapter index for the subject ‘How to Handle your Omega when they are Pregnant and about to Enter a Life or Death Situation!’”

“Hold on a second,” Uhura interrupts before the couple begins to shout at each other. “If you guys can’t lie to each other, then how come you can use sarcasm?”

The couple opens their mouths to speak, pausing as the thought hits home.

“We can’t,” the Omega says quietly. “Or, at least, we shouldn’t be able to. It’s considered to be a form of lying, and mates can’t…”

The Captain looks at his fiancé, startled.

“You used sarcasm two days ago,” he says softly. “Before we went to your palace.”

“Maybe before that,” his mate murmurs.

“Maybe,” Kirk murmurs.

The Augment deftly guides them through a vast, now-empty staging area, further ensuring they would not be seen. Darkness envelopes the craft momentarily, the Omega closing his eyes as he breaths a soft plea of thanks, his eyes suddenly snapping open.

His Alpha slams on the breaks, gaping at the sight before him as a curse rises up from the back. Three flood lamps shine down on them, the couple’s breathing picking up as their hearts begin to race, their eyes wide with fear, shock, and horror. The same number of D4-class Klingon vessels are surrounding them, one directly in front of them, one to the right, and one directly overhead. It lacks the thoroughness of a technical battlefield englobement, but Khan fully knows that even attempting to break free of the formation will result in their annihilation.

He leans back in his seat, closing his eyes as he slumps, a clear sign of defeat. He looks up at the hand resting on his shoulder, his Omega looking down at him before wrapping his arms around his pale neck, pressing his cheek against his temple.

The Alpha/Beta opens his mouth to say something, but he is cut off by a burst of consonants from the cabin’s communications systems, the pair looking back out the window. Even for a Klingon, the unseen speaker sounds unusually irate, and the couple knows exactly what they are saying.

“They’re ordering us to land,” Uhura translates. “They say any further attempt to flee will be met by immediate destruction.”

She pauses, swallowing thickly.

“And they’re demanding that they speak to you face to face,” she finishes. “Captain, they’re going to want to know why we’re here. We’ll give them the story about being K’normian munitions runners. They’ll listen politely. Then they’ll torture us, question us, and they’re going to kill us. I, I don’t know what they’ll do with you.”
Kirk buries his face into crook of his Alpha’s neck, tears rolling down his cheeks as he cries quietly.

“...I can’t hear their thoughts,” his whimpers. “I can’t read anyone’s thoughts.”

Khan turns his head and quietly shushes his sobbing fiancée, using his opposite hand to cup the back of his head and tangle his fingers into his long, dark golden blond hair, wishing he could ease his fears.

“I will not let them get their hands on you,” he whispers. “I promise, but go take your seat, okay, love?”

The Captain nods and takes his seat, the Brit guiding the K’normian trading vessel down into the tangled, collapsing ruins, paralleled by two of the Klingon craft. It rocks slightly in the steady wind, landing gracefully despite the difficulty of landing in the complex ruins. The nearest patrol vessel folds its wings upward, landing as well. As soon as its drive shuts down, a dozen armed Klingons emerge, terrifying and imposing.

Dressed in severe military attire, consisting of close-fitting helmets the color of bruised antimony that cover everything above the neck, save for their eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and multiple layers of faux leather cover their muscular arms and torsos. The couple knows that it is far tougher than anything that could be gleaned from dead animals, the oldest of the pair rubbing his hand in memory of punching a Klingon in the head, his Omega picking up a hand to press a kiss to his knuckles. Glacial locks with arctic, unable to look away from each other as the older rises to his feet, slipping out from in front of the pilot’s chair to stand in front of his mate as their gazes remain locked. The Captain lowers his hand before stretching his arms out to loop around his Alpha’s pale neck, rising on his toes as he presses his soft womanly curves against hard masculine angles, lips meeting in a kiss as soft as petals as tears roll down their cheeks. The Augment’s large pale hands tangle into long, dark golden blond hair as the other rests on the small of his back, holding his fiancée’s body tight against his as they kiss, tightening their grips on each other.

“Remember that I promise I made you swear your life on?” The blond whispers when they part. “The one that I would bring Hell down upon your head if you broke it?”

“What was the promise?” His Captain asks.

The Brit closes his eyes as he lets out a shuddery exhale, resting their foreheads together.

“To never take the life of another being,” he whispers.

The Captain stretches up and presses their lips together, tears rolling down his cheeks.

“Do whatever it takes to come back in one piece,” he whimpers, trembling. “That’s your promise to me.”

Khan claims his lips in a demanding kiss, one that has Kirk scrabbling at his shoulders to avoid falling on his back as he is dipped, feeling their sheathed wings fold around each other. He places his mate back on his feet and pulls away, heading to the airlock before taking a few breaths to calm himself, opening the door as the air of Qo’noS rushes in. He strides over to the Klingons with the grace of the predator he is born to be, the living weapon he was engineered to be, his heart leaping into his throat as they draw their weapons, but do not aim them. Since he has little experience with his new abilities, he has a rather hard time understanding the thoughts of the Klingons even
without having to translate, possibly due to their alien anatomy. He stops just out of reach of the armed troops, his heart pounding as he controls his body so his terror is not visible, clamping down on his scent to hide it.

“I, am Captain Kirk,” he says, speaking in Klingon so guttural it hurts his throat. “Who demands my presence?”

“Silence, human!” The foremost of the armored, helmeted troops declares. “You will answer my question.”

The Klingon steps forward, leaning over the Augment, as he is a good foot taller than him, in a traditional intimidating posture, but he steps back and rises on his toes, not batting an eye despite how hard his heart is pounding. The Klingon stands straight, annoyed.

“How do you know our language?” He asks.

“So it is said that if you know your enemies and know yourself, you will not be put at risk even if you have a hundred battles,” the Alpha/Beta says without missing a beat. “If you only know yourself, but not your opponent, you may win or may lose. If you know neither yourself nor your enemy, you will always endanger yourself.”

The Klingon is silent, as if pondering the statement. Decidedly un-martial looks are exchanged by the soldiers behind their Commander, the Alpha/Beta disturbed slightly by the action, his throat threatening to clamp shut. One of them makes a barely audible comment that generates unmistakable amusement among his immediate companions, one that the Brit would never dare to repeat, one that sends chills up his spine. At the withering glance from their Commander, they fall stone silent, much to the intruder’s relief. He turns his gaze back to the dark haired male, his tone slightly less inquisitorial than before.

“Your presence here is not authorized,” the Klingon says. “What could possibly cause you to take the risk of making an unauthorized landing, Captain Kirk?”

Khan’s appropriately curt response is cut off as a scream tears itself out of his throat from the phaser blast searing the skin off his shoulder, forcing him to his knees as third degree burns arise, clutching his shoulder tightly. He lifts his head as the muzzle of a phaser rifle is pressed against his temple, moving to rest in the dead center of his forehead. The Klingon removes his helmet, allowing the Augment to see that he is smiling, the sight chilling. The Klingons behind him are just as tall as they form a semi-circle around him, rifles aimed at his head as his mind is whirling to try to find an escape, but he knows that even his Augmented reflexes will not save him.

“You should not be on our world,” he says. “And you are not Captain Kirk. Earthers have no honor. You clearly have demonstrated this.”

Khan can hear the rifles charge up for the kill shot, his eyes falling shut as his breathing slows, everything slowing down as his pulse even outs.

“Goodbye, my Sun,” he whispers in Hindi.

A sudden guttural shriek rises up from the Klingon to his direct left, whipping his head around as the Klingon crumples, his mate’s knife severing his spinal cord at the tiny gap where his helmet and armor do not over lap. His head snaps around as his mate bolts out of the K’normian craft, almost flying out of the vessel as he moves towards the group, placing a hand between his shoulder blades and swings his body around to slam a roundhouse kick into the lead Klingon’s face. The Klingon is thrown into his companions to his right, knocking them down as the Omega continues
his momentum, switching his hands to complete the circle so he can finish his roundhouse on the other Klingons. He swivels so both his hands are on his Alpha’s shoulders, planting his feet firmly behind him as he grabs his coat and flings him back several yards, sinuously twisting out of the way of a lethal downward strike from a *bat’leth* aiming for his head. He finishes his spin and brings his heel directly in the small of the Klingon’s back with the power generated from an Omega’s incredible speed, the sound of bone snapping joins the guttural scream as the Klingon falls, the Captain scooping up the fallen weapon and raising it just in time to deflect another downward strike. He lets his blade fall to have the other weapon slide off his and dig its points into the ground, allowing him to snap his wrists parallel to the earth when the weight of the other *bat’leth* is off his, driving the two points curving inwards into the unprotected front of the Klingon. It easily punctures the armor and a vicious yank towards him has the Klingon’s innards spilling on the ground, clutching his open abdomen as the blond scoops up the other *bat’leth*, back flipping over a swing aimed to cleave him in half at the center of his back and over his attacker.

He lands and drops his center of gravity to the floor, *bat’leths* shooting out as his back goes parallel ground to keep his balance as a strike swings wildly over his head, shooting to his feet as he snaps his heel straight up into the Klingon’s jaw and snaps both arms out to drive the now outward facing blades into the two Klingons charging from the sides. He continues his upward motion with his heel to flip backwards and follows through with his arms, landing on his feet as he swings his leg backwards and drives his heel into another Klingon’s chin, driving that same leg back the way it came and over his head, propelling him into another backflip that has him landing on a charging Klingon’s shoulders. The Omega uses his new backboard to back flip again and drive the Klingon face down into the earth, limboing under another Klingon’s enraged swing and twisting on one foot to slam a side kick into his side and break several ribs, switching grips so he is gripping the farthest one from the ends of the *bat’leths* he is currently driving into his attacker. Kirk twists them and slices them outward from his center, twisting his arms so the blades come up over his head and prevent another strike from cleaving into his head, snapping them forward to rip the *bat’leth* from its owner’s hands. He follows through and pivots on one foot, spinning to bring both blades into the Klingon’s side and slice his abdomen open.

“ENOUGH!!”

The Captain spins and stands on one foot, one *bat’leth* over his head with the side facing the enraged Klingon having its *bat’leth* straight out, presenting his side with his weapons parallel to the ground with his far foot hovering near his knee. No less than a dozen Klingons are on the ground around him, most groaning in pain with some clutching grievous injuries that leave them not long for this world, a few having just bruised egos. The Klingon clearly in charge approaches the still pristine and perfect Omega, motioning for his still standing companions to gather their fallen comrades, four keeping their rifles trained firmly on the blond human that somehow took down a dozen trained Klingon warriors without so much as a hair coming out of place. The Klingon Commander, Captain, the Omega mentally corrects, eyes him as his crew is moved out of range, his hand inching towards his phaser on his hip.

“Answer the question; why are you here?” He asks cautiously.

“With respect,” Kirk begins, his voice booming through the ruins. “There are two terrorists hiding in these ruins. They have killed many of our people. We intend to capture them and bring them to justice for their actions: The crimes they have committed are severe enough to risk landing on Qo’noS.”

His Alpha is kneeling behind him as he clutches his still healing shoulder, breathing heavy as he stares stunned at his fiancée, realizing that he now has two unbeatable abilities.
And that he is more aroused than he has been in a long time, possibly ever.

The Klingon Captain ponders his explanation as his fingers twitch, staring at the intruder who took down his crew with a slight hint of fear, the silence lasting for several minutes as the Augment looks up at the nearby rumbling of an oncoming storm. The Klingon pauses before slowly removing his helmet, the Alpha/Beta swearing that he looks, familiar, if that was possible. He then smiles, the sight chilling, but the human only stares back unblinkingly. When he speaks again, his tone is suspicious, his expression accusatory.

“Why should I care about humans killing humans?” He asks. “Why should any Klingon?”

“Because you care about honor,” the blond says without hesitation. “And these men have none.”

Naki crouches off to the right of the group, hidden behind crushed pillars and structural ruination. A large handheld phaser rifle is clutched on one hand, a long, heavy, and massive small cannon sized weapon resting on the ground beside him. It is designed to be mounted on a tripod and manipulated by two or more fighters, but the Pure Alpha could care less about what it was designed for. He inches his right hand toward the cannon, peering down at the group. His cowl and hood cover his face, the heavy overcoat open to allow access to the knife on his belt.

His mate is dead, his body hidden away roughly twenty meters to the left and behind, still covered in blood. His instincts demand that he kill off the group, but his rational mind tells him to wait.

For what?

What is he waiting for?

John is dead.

His mate is dead.

He is grieving, and his instincts demand blood.

But he waits, as much as it hurts to do so, he waits.

Khan flicks his gaze to the right briefly at the sudden blast of maddening grief looking back before it is noticed.

‘I sensed it too,’ his Omega thinks back, but he does not tear his gaze away from the Klingon Captain before him.

The Klingon studies him intently as he looks up and down his still marble-like form, not a single line of exhaustion or tension in his body, cautiously walking around the Captain. He starts slightly as the blond sinuously twists around and resumes his stance, making sure he keeps the Klingon in his sight at all times, but he forces him back when he moves too close to the Alpha/Beta for his liking. The Klingon moves the other way around the human, fighting to not start every time he swivels to keep him in his sights, moving back to stand before his vessel as he studies the human before him.

“A human caring about honor, a species that cannot grasp the concept,” the Klingon muses.

“How repugnant. Your species only knows dishonor, stabbing each other in the back to get to the
top. Why should I allow you to remain on our planet, let alone unharmed and alive? No human should ever set foot on this planet, not on their own freewill, or unharmed.”

“Does that apply to old friends, H’groybethi?” Kirk asks, turning to face the Klingon with both feet on the ground, blades by his sides. “Even those who you taught how to battle with bat’leths in the House of K’mpoca style?”

The Klingon stares at the Omega, his eyes wide as his crew shares nervous glances at each other, their rifles still raised.

“If we were true trespassers,” he continues, glancing up at the loud rumble from the storm. “There would be far more patrol vessels around and that I would not have easily taken down a dozen of your warriors, but only those who realized that the moment I picked up the first bat’leth I had not forgotten your tutoring did not go full out on me. We would already be in a Klingon facility and being tortured for information, not standing here talking to each other. Well, I am the one talking.”

He pauses and tips his head to the side, studying the frozen form of the Klingon Captain, his expression collected and neutral.

“Considering those facts and that my crew and I are unharmed, as well as standing on our own accord, you are not from this reality,” he finishes, holding the Klingon’s gaze.

The Klingon Captain continues to stare at him, the human almost beginning to wonder if he is breathing, flicking his gaze to the Klingons training their rifles on him with rather itchy trigger fingers.

“Well?” He asks, turning his gaze back to the Klingon Captain. “Does the Captain of the IKS Amar remember the Treaty of Archer IV and our honorable fight with bat’leths in the House of K’mpoca style or not? Or is he afraid that he will lose to the Little Warrior Queen again?”

The silence falls on the group before the Klingon Captain begins to roar with laughter, his crew joining in and putting away their weapons, the human grinning in response.

“I see that your warrior’s spirit is still burns brighter than a supernova, Little Warrior Queen,” the Klingon says, moving to pluck the knife out of the back of the neck of the Klingon who was the first to fall. “And that you have the same choice in mates, though, it appears that your fighting skills are far better than our previous encounters.”

He eyes the Augment as he rises to his feet, rolling his shoulder as he approaches his fiancée, taking note of the blood in the cloth where his own injury is. The dark haired male gingerly touches the still damp blood, knowing that the mirror wound is fully healed and the skin flawless, his mate looking up as lips land on the very tip of his nose.

“Are all these men yours, H’groybethi?” The Alpha/Beta asks, gesturing to the other soldiers as he looks up at the two other patrol craft above.

“They have pledged allegiance to me, yes,” H’groybethi replies, looking up at the craft. “Even the ones that will join Kahless in Sto’Vo’Kor soon. They have fought honorably and will join those in the halls with other true warriors.”

The couple nods, the younger of the pair extending the bat’leths the Klingon Captain, a soft smile on his face.

“These belong to your warriors,” he says softly, the Klingon accepting them and returning his knife back to its owner. “They are forged to be used in the House of Fow style, far too heavy to be used
"I have to agree," the Klingon Captain replies, barking an order for the blades to be taken away. "But it did not appear to affect your balance."

Kirk turns to look behind him at the K’nornian craft, shouting something rude in both Vulcan and English at his crew, H’groybethi staring in shock as his fiancé snickers behind his hand. The Klingon looks between them with wide eyes, slightly slack jawed as the Omega turns back to his fellow Captain, raising an eyebrow in response.

“What?” He asks, looking slightly amused. “Just because I’m supposed to be innocent and naïve doesn’t mean that I don’t know how to curse and have a foul mouth on occasion.”

He shrugs before glaring back over his shoulder, jerking away when H’groybethi leans in and sniffs his collar, half hiding behind his Alpha as he peers around him.

“Your scent, it is, different,” the Klingon says slowly, appearing as if he is frowning. “Then again, I know little about human anatomy, let alone in this one. But, it is, different.”

The couple looks at each other before smiling, a light blush spreading across their cheeks as they tangle their fingers together, their eyes shining brightly.

“We are expecting,” the blond says softly, looking down shyly before looking at his fellow Captain. “But I assume you want a rematch?”

“Of course, Little Warrior Queen,” H'groybethi replies, nodding. “You fight as well as any Klingon trained in the House of K’mpoca style, rivaling even our females. Though, your shoulder…”

The Captain touches the blood soaked cloth on his shoulder, looking away as the Augment places a hand over his and squeezes lightly, leaning in to press a kiss to his temple.

“Can you handle the stress of battling in your condition?” He asks softly, pulling away to take his fiancée’s chin between his forefinger and thumb, tipping his head up. “I can step in and take your place if you are not up to the task. I know that I am not as good with bat’leths as you are, nor would it be exactly an even fight, but I do stand a chance against him. I do not want you to fight while pregnant, nor do I want to see you injured, pregnant or not.”

Kirk stretches up and presses his lips against his fiancé’s, looping his arms around his pale neck and presses their bodies flush against each other, feeling large hands cradle the back of his head and rest on the small of his back as they hold him tight against the solid form of the Brit. They part with a soft plop and nuzzle each other’s faces with the tip of their noses, resting their foreheads together as their fingers curl tighter around each other, breathing in tandem.

“I’ll be fine, Noonien,” the Omega whispers, curling his fingers around rock hard biceps. “I can handle myself with a blade better than you can, and get the others. This, is something they’re gonna want to see.”

He turns to his fellow Captain, a soft smile on his face.

“Though, I’m surprised that you would care about your enemy, H’groybethi,” he says, raising an eyebrow. “Let alone a human. Doesn’t sound very Klingonish, wouldn’t you agree, boys?”

Laughter rises up from the other soldiers at the comment, their Captain sending them a withering glance to silence them, though a few snickers still ripple through them.
“Perhaps fatherhood has softened me,” he muses, turning back to the couple. “Perhaps not. But I do know that motherhood is something that looks very well on you. Now, shall we as you humans say, ’stop chitchatting and get shit done?’ That is the phrase you used on me, once, yes?”

“That is indeed the phrase James used once,” Khan laughs, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “But I think rematch should get underway, all though, I seem to have forgotten the popcorn.”

H’groybethi stares dumbfounded at the couple, mouthing the word as the pair fights to not snicker at his confusion, exchanging glances as they bite their lips.

“Are we doin’ this or what?” The blond asks, rubbing his hands together gleefully as his eyes shine.

“Should I be wearing body armor?” His Alpha asks, flinching at the glare sent his way. “I will just stand out of the way.”
Chapter XXXIII

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long to post, and I just saw Star Trek Beyond. If you have not seen it, go. Now. And also, there will be no novelization of STB published, so I will have to wait until my pre-order of it on iTunes comes on to type it up. But this is definitely why the violence tag is on it. And why it also has an Explicit rating. Very graphic, very violent, and very, very, fricken hard to write.

...pain in my ass chapter....

“That’s a good idea, Noonien,” Kirk snaps, suddenly beginning to hum happily as he looks around dreamily. “Fucking hormones!”

“What is wrong with him?” H’groybethi asks, eyeing the blond warily.

“Mood swings,” Khan replies, shaking his head. “One of the most common side effects of pregnancy. It usually has him crying, so this is a first.”

“Shut up!” His Omega hisses, tears streaming down his face as he snaps his teeth at him.

He scrubs his face as he tries to stop his tears from falling down his cheeks, whimpering softly as the Alpha/Beta pulls him to his chest and holds him tight, rubbing his back soothingly as he murmurs softly in Hindi in an attempt to soothe him. The couple fully knows that H’groybethi will not attack them, as he has far too much respect for the currently hormonal Captain to attack him and destroy their unusual relationship, something that could almost be deemed “friendship,” though others would qualify it as “mutually assured destruction.”

The Augment pulls away and wipes his Captain’s tears off his cheeks with his thumbs, smiling softly down at the younger male whose lower lip is trembling as his glacial blue eyes water, sniffing softly before burying his head into his muscular chest. His fingers curl around his biceps as he whimpers softly, his fiancé holding him tight and rubbing his back as he continues to murmur, peppering soft kisses over every millimeter of skin he can reach.

“That’s a good idea, Noonien,” the Brit explains, eyeing the phasers all four of his fellow crewmembers are holding in a death grip. “He and James sat down and created the Treaty of Archer IV after your Captain won a duel against H’groybethi using bat’leths in the House of K’mpoca style, which you
just saw. And our dear Captain would like you to come out and view the rematch of the millennium, and put away the bloody phasers before you poke your eyes out.”

He mutters something under his breath as he heads back out to his fiancée, wrapping an arm around his slender waist as he drops a kiss on the top of his dark golden blond head, brushing a strand of hair out of his face as his fingers stroke his cheek.

“Are you sure you want to do this in your condition?” He asks softly, earning a glare from his mate.

“I’m not seventy-nine weeks pregnant, goddamn it,” the blond growls. “I’m fifteen weeks, three days pregnant! I just have to be slightly more careful than I usually am, and how careful am I normally?”

“Is Nibiru an example?” His Alpha asks, tipping his head slightly.

“No it’s not!” The Captain shouts, fists on his hips. “That was a special circumstance! And you were right there too, asshole! I’m talking about when I’m on my own, ‘kay!? I can handle myself, and you know that!”

“You. Are. Pregnant,” his mate shoots back, his upper lip curling slightly. “Do you think that at any point I will not stop fretting just because I know that you can handle yourself in more situations than a normal person? You and I both know that despite the fact that we share memories in all forms, you do not have the physical experience associated with mine or been in the situation that caused the memory to be formed. Those are critical components in order to fully understand the memories and to be able to use them properly, something that you lack with all of my memories and experiences, and that deeply concerns me. Do you have any idea, actually, you do, but, if something were to happen to you while drawing on my memories and experiences to help you in a situation, it will be on my head and that is something I can not even think about happening.”

Kirk exhales through his nose and brushes the same stubborn strand of long, dark golden blond hair back behind his ear, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he thinks, his eyes skittering to the side before looking back at him.

“Would it make you feel better if I warmed up before fighting?” He asks, glancing at the Klingon Captain. “And if I’m hearing right, H’groybethi has custom made a special pair of bat’leths for my use only, correct?”

“You are correct,” H’groybethi replies, glancing at the four Starfleet Officers exiting the K’normian craft and heading their way. “I will allow you to explain our unique situation while I complete the last few things I left until we saw each other face to face.”

The Klingon Captain turns on his heel and barks an order at his crew, the other Klingons scrambling to comply as the other interlopers join their Captain.

“What the fuck is going on?” Uhura demands, her phaser holstered on her hip. “Why is a Klingon, our mortal enemies, acting so friendly towards us? Trespassers on their home planet?”

“Because H’groybethi has a certain, fondness, for our young Captain,” Khan replies, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “When James won a bat’leth duel against him using his house’s bat’leth style against him, the House of K’mpoca, a style he learned in two weeks, he dubbed our Captain ‘Little Warrior Queen’ out of respect due to the fact that he fought honorably, as honorably as any Klingon.”
“We were captured by his men on Archer IV, death almost certain, right up until I asked how he would handle the situation if our positions were reversed,” his Captain replies, looking up. “He had been shocked by the question and asked if I had been hit in the head, but I said, ‘So it is said that if you know your enemies and know yourself, you will not be put at risk even if you have a hundred battles. If you only know yourself, but not your opponent, you may win or may lose. If you know neither yourself nor your enemy, you will always endanger yourself.’ The Art of War’s last verse of chapter three. H’groybethi had informed me that he would challenge me to a warrior’s duel, to which I asked, ‘If I were Klingon, how would we duel?’”

“H’groybethi had replied, ‘Using the Klingon sword of honor, the bat’leth,’” the Augment says, slipping his fingers between the Omega’s. “‘By using the style of my family’s house.’ James had informed him that he would agree to a duel when the sun was at its zenith in two weeks time, only if H’groybethi himself taught him how to fight in his house’s style. Whether he was ready or not, he would have his duel. They set down the terms of the agreement, five crewmembers each, neither of them allowed back onto their vessels, and that they would train every minute except to sleep, eat, and use the facilities. If James won, they would sit down and have peace talks. If H’groybethi won, he would take James’ life in addition to the Enterprise and her crew hostage, as well as trophies, as long as his life was the only one taken.”

“H’groybethi trained me, and even when I was supposed to be sleeping, I was practicing,” the blond continues. “My hands were blistered and bleeding at the end of the first day, but I simply bandaged my hands and continued to train, even though I was in an incredible amount of pain. Bones was demanding that I be allowed to heal my hands, but I asked H’groybethi what he would do in my position. He had stated, ‘Admitting pain is admitting defeat.’ And if I admitted defeat, my life and my crew’s freedom were forfeit. So I pushed through it. The handholds were soaked with blood by the time two weeks passed, the bat’leths drenched in blood too. But I still fought, even though I was in agony, exhausted, filthy, and about to pass out from both sleep deprivation and blood loss because I kept opening my wounds, I put up a fight that had passed through the entire Klingon Empire in a matter of weeks and had Klingons challenging me whenever they encountered me, because I won. But the thing that had changed the interactions with the Klingons and the Federation was because the entire two weeks H’groybethi and I were trapped on Archer IV, I lived the way Klingons did. I ate what they ate, acted the way they did. I followed their customs, beliefs, everything that made them Klingon. Because in my opinion, if H’groybethi and I were going to fight with bat’leths, Klingon swords of honor, he was going to fight a Klingon. It was the honorable thing to do.”

“At that moment, James earned the title ‘Little Warrior Queen’ from not only H’groybethi, but quite a few other Klingons called him that as well,” his fiancé explains. “He would not let Leonard heal the wounds on his hands with medical equipment, choosing to instead allow them to heal naturally and bare the scars proudly. ‘A battle wound,’ he called it. He earned a lot of respect in the Klingon Empire.”

“And to those who are from our reality still have that same respect,” H’groybethi says, four of his crew exiting the D4-class Klingon vessel with two long rectangular cases, a crest carved into the top, front, and sides. They approach the group with the cases in hand, the two Klingons heading towards the human Captain have their heads bowed in respect, kneeling as they hold the case above their heads, their Captain opening the case.

“These bat’leths are designed in the same shape as the other bat’leths of the Klingon Empire,” he says, picking up a blade and examining it. “Though, the design itself is by far more efficient than a normal bat’leth, thinner, and the curves are forged to be used only by my house’s unique style. The alloy I used to forge them is lighter than the normal metal used, allows the bat’leth to be sharper, stronger, and holds its edge far longer than any bat’leth created so far.”
He extends the *bat’leth* to his fellow Captain as if is a sacrificial offering with both hands, head bowed slightly as he kneels and holds it above his head, the way someone would offer something to a monarch or a deity. His Alpha thinks of it as a fitting metaphor, as his own “first” name is a word that means “lord,” a title he gave to himself once he had slaughtered India’s finest soldiers on the steps of the capital, something that causes him to look away at the memory. “Khan,” the title he gave himself, is equivalent to “king,” while his mate’s official title is Empress of Earth, a title that he could never gain an equivalent to in his entire life. He looks back at his fiancée as he accepts the *bat’leth* with the poise and regalness of the Empress of Earth, every bit of him radiating authority, grace, elegance, innocence, purity, perfection, and absolute power, glancing behind him with one clear glacial blue eye that has an intense gaze. The Augment shivers involuntary at the look, his skin crawling at how intense the gaze is from a “lesser” being, fighting the urge to submit to his Empress and obey his every demand and wish.

Kirk studies his mate before turning to look back at the blade, turning it this way and that before pressing his thumb against the blade just enough to break skin, startled by how little pressure it takes. He looks up as a large, warm, pale hand takes his injured one and brings the wound to a swelteringly hot mouth, a scorchantly hot tongue lapping at the blood as it spreads saliva containing enzymes that will accelerate the healing process, tender arctic blue eyes locking with his. Khan releases his hand and bows his head with respect as he backs up, giving him some space to practice as he continues to examine the blade, taking a step back and tests its weight before flipping the blade between several grips, stances, and strikes, each and every one of his moves graceful, flowing, and elegant. The blond twirls and spins, slicing the air with such grace and fluidity he appears to be dancing, not practicing for battle. His mate frowns at something that the others do not notice, glancing at the Klingon Captain and locks eyes with him, a silent understanding passing between them as their mutual connection between each other continues to move.

“The balance is off slightly,” the Captain says once he stops moving. “Not enough to be a problem, but it is off, just a hair.”

“The balance is perfect,” H’groybethi explains, nodding to the Brit. “But we both noticed that your balance is off, not the other way around. Possibly because of your pregnancy.”

“I would have to agree, James,” the dark haired male says. “Your normally perfect balance is off slightly, love.”

“God damn it,” his Omega mutters, scowling at nothing in particular as he examines the *bat’leth.* “This might be a problem.”

“Would you like to spar with me first, James?” The dark haired male asks, tipping his head to the side. “Nothing serious, but more of a *kata* than an actual sparring match.”

“That sounds fine,” his mate replies, nodding. “I need to check the second *bat’leth* along with this one first, then possibly. But, seriously!? It has to be at least a third lighter than a normal *bat’leth!* What the Hell kind of alloy did you use!?”

H’groybethi just smiles at his friend, saying nothing nor revealing anything, causing the human to frown, but picks up the second *bat’leth* and examines it the same way as the first one. He turns it this way and that as a Klingon extends a *bat’leth* to the Alpha/Beta, accepting it with a nod of his head as he holds the blade in a standard carrying position, gripping the center handhold and holds it by his side and watches his fiancée continue to move. He tosses one *bat’leth* in the air and preforms a vicious full three hundred sixty degree spin with the other blade fully extended before catching the one he tossed in the air, spinning again with both full extended before resuming to
dance, occasionally tossing one of his weapons in the air and spinning around before catching it. His crew is stunned as he practices and dances, never having seen a Klingon not attempt to kill a human on sight, be friendly, allow a human to handle a bat’leth, heard of a Klingon using two bat’leths, let alone a human taking down a dozen armed Klingon soldiers with their own weapons.

Suddenly, Kirk is not practicing, he is fighting.

His mate suddenly lunges at him and preforms a vicious upper cut, the Omega countering with a side strike that deflects the strike, his other blade slicing at his abdomen in the opposite direction. Khan leaps back and the pair circle each other, the blond’s blades set up to deflect any attacks with the one blade over his head and pointed out and down with the points angled toward his center, protecting his side while his other blade protects his legs, angled in such a way that he would not be cut. The Augment has his bat’leth pointed towards the ground and behind him slightly, gripping the top and center handle with the points facing outwards as he angles his far side towards his opponent, their eyes locked as they circle each other. The younger of the pair suddenly stills before standing straight and facing him head on, crossing his bat’leths before him with the blades pointed towards each other, slowly raising them into the air with his wrists bent until they are over his head. He snaps his wrists straight and holds his weapons above his head, the Alpha/Beta shifting his weight to the balls of his feet and crouching slightly, holding his bat’leth behind him and the far end angled slightly upwards as he tenses. The Captain begins to slowly sway his hips to side to side before dancing sinuously and sensually, his eyes never leaving his Alpha’s face. The Brit’s eyes focus solely on his Captain’s hips, watching carefully as he continues to dance and they resume to circle each other, almost as if he is waiting for something.

His mate is suddenly before him and in the air, bringing both bat’leths down on the dark haired male’s head in a vicious double hammer strike, who slashes upward towards his attacker. He slashes at empty air to find his opponent back where he was originally, crouched slightly as he extends both of his blades out to keep his balance. He smoothly rises to his feet and resumes to dance, elegant and graceful as he watches his fiancé carefully, glacial locking with arctic.

Kirk flips his blades and catches them by the center hold, holding them down by his sides as he smiles and nods, his Alpha relaxing and holding his weapon by his side as he extends his other arm with a warm smile. Khan does not start as the Omega is suddenly in his arms faster than it takes one to blink, wrapping his arm around his slender waist and kisses him gently, both of his bat’leths in his outside hand as his places his other one on his broad muscular chest. Their lips work against each other as their heads tip to the side, the Alpha/Beta feeling his fiancée’s hand slide up his chest and neck to tangle in his slightly mussed up hair, tightening his grip on his long, jet black silk-like hair. Tongues quickly become involved as they kiss, mouth sealed as they press their bodies closer together and tighten their grips on each other, their bond thrumming between them as they feel their sheathed wings mantle around them.

“You are still just as good as I remember,” the Augment murmurs when they part. “Possibly even better than before.”

“Really? Better?” His Captain purrs, nuzzling his pale neck. “Quite the compliment coming from a ‘superior’ being, though, I do get compliments from you quite often. Kinda diminishes the effect.”

His fiancé rumbles softly and the pair drop their bat’leths to grip each other with both hands, his large pale hands tangling into his long, dark golden blond hair as the other rests on the small of his back, holding him tight against his body as feminine hands curl around his sold biceps. Their heads tip the side as they deepen the kiss, right up until H’groybethi clears his throat, the couple parting with a soft plop as a bit of color spreads across their cheeks. The Brit pecks his mate on the tip of his nose before picking up his bat’leth and moving out of the way as the Klingon
Captain opens up the other case, his fellow Captain picking up his bat’leths as he pulls out his own, holding them by his side as he approaches the blond who is studying him intently. The intruder raises one foot as he raises the far arm over his head and extends the bat’leth over his head, his other bat’leth extending straight out his side, steady as a rock as his opponent takes an intimidating Klingon battle posture.

“Human versus Klingon,” the oldest of everyone present murmurs, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “Who will win?”

Uhura looks up at him curiously before down at the bat’leth in his hand, looking back at the duelists engaged in battle, circling each other slowly as their eyes remain locked. The Omega’s head snaps up at a sound above him to see six armed Klingons drop out of the patrol craft above with bat’leths, leaping out of the way as one nearly drops on him and front rolls without hurting himself on his blades, twirling and dancing out of reach of the lethal blades, even out of reach of the incredibly long arms that attempt to grab him. He limbos under a bat’leth strike aiming to sever his head from his shoulders, twisting so he can slam a sidekick into the exposed ribs of the Klingon, his leg snapping out with the speed of a Pure Omega and sending the Klingon flying a good six feet back with the sound effect of bone snapping. He swings his leg down so it propels him into a spin that has him parallel to the ground as a Klingon tries to tackle his legs, spinning over his head with his bat’leths held close to his body before landing at his feet, blades shooting out to keep his balance as he skids a few feet. He spins on one foot like a top with both bat’leths extended, forcing three Klingons back as the one who just tackles him gets up and turns, leaping back as the blond’s rotational speed increases fast enough that he becomes a continuous blur as a tornado-like formation surrounds him. Dust and small rocks fly in the air as thunder cracks above them, the whirlwind growing stronger as the vortex rises higher and becomes wider, picking up larger rocks before everything explodes outwards and in every direction. The Klingons shield their faces from the debris before the Captain strikes the nearest one at the knees with the outside edge of one of his bat’leths, twisting out of the way of an upward slash before swinging his own blades outward to strike two of his opponents coming at him from both sides, dropping to the ground as another strike goes over his head.

He shoots to his feet and snaps a foot straight up into the Klingon’s jaw, spinning on his foot to slash at the Klingon behind him before back flipping over another’s bat’leth, spinning on one foot to slam another roundhouse kick into a Klingon’s back. He whirls around to collide with a roundhouse punch, spinning with the momentum to lessen the blow’s impact, skidding a few feet to find that the six other Klingons have moved out of the way and that H’groybethi is charging at him, rolling out of the way of a double hammer strike and around to get behind him. Kirk shoots to his feet and spins to slash at his unprotected back, the Klingon Captain turning around and blocks the strike before barreling towards the Omega, slashing rapidly to force him back. The blond tries to leap out of the way by going to the side, but his fellow Captain whirls and swings his bat’leths at him that force him back to where he wants him. He manages to roll out of the way of another double hammer strike, rolling behind him once more to try and slash at his back, but H’groybethi counters with a vicious backslash that force him to duck and misses the top of his head by millimeters. The Klingon turns around and slashes at his opponent rapidly, forcing him back as his bat’leths become a blur of metal to deflect and counter the strikes, his cheek already beginning to swell as the fight continues. The Captain limbos under a strike aiming to sever his head from his shoulder, twisting to strike at his unprotected knee with a vicious and lightning fast kick, but his opponent is already on the defensive.

H’groybethi blocks the kick with a downward sweep that forces the human to recoil to avoid losing an ankle, rolling out of the way of another strike as before back flipping, nearly losing his balance as the Klingon charges him and nearly takes him out at the knee as he lands. Kirk is fighting to get distance from his opponent, the sound of metal on metal filling the air as the storm draws ever
The Omega stumbles slightly and falls onto his rear, but smoothly swings his legs over his head and propels himself into a handstand before reversing the motion and slamming his feet down onto the Klingon’s shoulders, using it as spring board to flip off his back and land. He cries out as a bat’leth draws blood on his back, whirling around to slash back at him and try to get out of the way, successfully avoiding another strike that would have drawn blood. He rolls to the side and limbos under another slash aiming to cleave his head from his shoulders, launching a foot straight up to kick the bat’leth out of his hand and twisting to snap the same foot out with the speed of a Pure Omega, launching the Klingon back several feet and allowing himself to back flip and put a great deal of distance between them. Kirk backflips several times and crouches to absorb the impact, standing up straight and crosses his bat’leths in front of him before raising them over his head, snapping his wrists up and begins to sway his hips as H’groybethi rises to his feet. The human twirls his weapons around his body and he dances, his body continuing to move as the pair circles each other and watches each other intently, the blond incredibly light on his feet.

The Klingon Captain barely raises his bat’leths in time to block a vicious double hammer strike from an airborne Kirk, the blades connecting violently and hard, forcing the Klingon to his knees with the sheer power of it, his arms shaking under the blow.

The Captain is suddenly back where he was, balanced on the balls of his feet as he resumes to dance, his bat’leths twirling around his body once more.

H’groybethi shifts his grip on his weapons, taking a defensive stance as his blades are positioned to protect his body, the pair resuming to circle each other again. He is cautious, watching his opponent intently as he continues to dance, the tension palatable. The Omega suddenly tosses a bat’leth high in the air, suddenly in front of the Klingon to slash at his middle, then back under the bat’leth to catch it.

He was in one place, and then suddenly in another without seeming to cover the distance. Uhura could not believe what her eyes are telling her, that it is possible for someone could be in two places faster than she could blink, until the Augment leans down and speaks quietly in her ear.

“It is called ‘flitting,’” he says quietly, his eyes glued on the fight. “Omegas are born for speed, and Pure Omegas have the unique ability to move faster than the human eye can track in very short bursts. Flitting is only effective in a specific range of distance that varies from Pure Omega to Pure Omega, the range, both maximum and minimum distance, become further apart with the higher up the gender hierarchy up go. James has a maximum distance of thirty-three-and-a-half meters, roughly a hundred and ten feet, and a minimum distance of five-point-three meters, or seventeen-and-a-half feet. His eight to twenty-one meters is his optimal distance, as to flit that distance is as natural as breathing to us. Flitting is one of the most dangerous abilities a Pure Omega has at their
disposal, but not the most dangerous, that one is a weapon of last resort. But flitting is an impossible ability for anyone but another Pure Omega to block, unless you know their tick.”

“Tick?” The Chief Communications Officer asks, looking up at the much older male.

“A visible body movement that occurs just before a Pure Omega is about to flit,” the Alpha/Beta explains, his eyes not moving from the duel. “Quite obvious when one is still, incredibly hard when they are not.”

“That’s why the Captain keeps moving,” Uhura comments to herself. “To mask his intentions.”

“Precisely,” the Brit confirms. “A tick is the exact same movement the exact moment right before the Pure Omega flits, and James knows exactly how to hide his tick and distract his opponent from noticing it until it is too late.”

“What’s his tick?” The Chief Communications Officer asks, looking back at the pair circling each other.

“His right hip turns forward and up slightly as his left goes back and down, ah,” the dark haired male says, watching his mate perform the action. “He is faking it. Clever. It is also a rather unusual movement, so it is important that he hides it.”

“But why does he keep moving his body constantly if he just needs to hide the movement?” Uhura asks.

“To draw an opponent’s eyes away from his hips,” Khan says, smiling as H’groybethi twitches when his fiancée fakes his tick. “One thing Omegas, and Pure Omegas even more so, are incredibly good at is reading body language, reading others’ and masking their own, especially when they are in combat. If you remember back on the Enterprise, James made the comment about being the apex predator. Back when our ancestors were fighting much larger predators and themselves for resources, Omegas were the ones that would do tasks associated with your male ancestors, as they were the perfect predators. It also an incredible advantage when checking one’s intentions. Before the mind consciously decides to do something, the unconscious mind is signaling the muscles to move before they do anything. Every action has a ‘tick’ that Omegas pick up on in the first thirty seconds of an encounter, and every basic muscle movement has an almost imperceptible tick the Omegas easily pick up on. Facial expressions are much more complicated, as they involve several muscles moving that are too fast to pick up, and almost unique to every person. Unless you are trained to read them, you cannot, unlike the natural ability of Omegas who can do so from the moment they are born, and most humanoids have the same ticks.”

Uhura sees what the Augment is talking about when her Captain’s hips twitch as he had said, flitting to slash several different ways before flitting back. The Omega resumes to dance, the pair continuing to circle each other before he flits again, H’groybethi read this time.

He slashes at his opponent’s head, forcing the Captain to duck, sliding between the Klingon’s legs to rise to his feet behind him, limboing again to avoid being headless. H’groybethi strikes down at his opponent, Kirk dancing out of the way to spin and slice at the Klingon’s middle. H’groybethi spins and swings his bat’leths at the Omega’s legs, forcing him to leap up to avoid being taken out at the shins. He backflips before rolling to the side out of a vicious slash, the Klingon chasing after him with a powerful downward strike. The Captain barely leaps out of the way, stumbling and dropping to the ground as a loud crack of lightning goes overhead. He coughs before becoming violently ill, H’groybethi backing off as the Alpha/Beta races to his mate’s side, kneeling beside him as he places a hand on his back. He rubs between his shoulder blades soothingly, murmuring softly as the blond coughs, his stomach churning violently.
Naki can only gape as he watches the battle between Klingon and human, baffled by the sight before him. The human goes down, Noonien rushing to his side as he kneels beside him, blocking the Pure Alpha’s view. He can hear the blond being violently sick, watching the Klingon back off.

Why would the Klingon back off?

He is vulnerable! Strike now!

Kirk coughs and spits on the ground once nothing else comes up, shivering as his Alpha gathers him in his arms and wraps him inside his greatcoat, not before he uses his ever-present knife in his boot to cut his palm and bleed into the wound on his back to heal it. The blond presses closer to the incredibly warm body as he shivers from chills, his fiancé worried about his pallor as he cradles him close to his body, resting his head in the crook of his neck as he feels the sylphlike frame quiver slightly.

“He is too weak to fight,” Khan says softly, looking up. “He should not have done so at all. Not in his condition. I should have not allowed him to fight and took his place instead.”

He gently places the Captain on the ground and sheds his greatcoat, wrapping it round his shivering form tightly and cradles him close to his body, murmuring softly in Hindi as he rises to his feet and turns to H’groybethi.

“It may not be honorable, but you have won the duel,” the Augment declares, looking down at his quivering mate. “I would take his place, but it would not be an even match, or a fair one.”

“Then your people are free to go,” the Klingon Captain replies, barking an order at his crew.

The Klingons holding the case for Kirk’s bat’leths gather them up, placing them back inside and their Captain closes the case, turning around to offer it to the Brit as if it were some sacrificial offering. He raises an eyebrow in response as he shifts the Omega in his arms so he has a better grip on him, his head tipping slightly as he purses his lips, hesitant about the situation.

“Your Captain had told me about your excursion to Qo’noS, and how he met you,” H’groybethi explains, rising to his feet. “I used my position to make sure it was my crew and I who encountered you, but we were not sure if you would remember us. We have erased any trace of your presence, as James had said so, and my crew has taken an oath of silence. You will be able to return to the Enterprise without anyone ever knowing that you had ever been here, not even a, whisper on the wind? Is that the phrase? But, I only have one request.”

“I believe I speak accurately when I can say that James would reply, ‘anything,’” the dark haired male replies, nodding. “He holds your friendship very close to his heart.”

“My one request is that you take the bat’leths your mate used with you,” the Klingon Captain replies, nodding to the case. “They have been forged for his use only, designed to his body specifically and the way he fights, how he moves. It is useless for anyone to use but him, as it is one-of-a-kind.”

“Of course,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, taking the case’s handle after he shifts his Omega’s weight to keep held tight against his body. “He will be honored to-”

A succession of killing blasts tear into the Klingon soldiers, dropping them one after another.
Alpha/Beta screams in fury, dropping the case to whip out the phaser resting on his hip, firing at the hooded figure as he keeps his Omega close to his chest.

“Get the Hell out of here!” He screams in Klingon, providing cover fire for the Klingon Captain.

H’groybethi whips around as his soldiers roar with fury, splitting their attention between the interloper and the crew before them.

“You betrayed us!” He roars, drawing his knife.

“Then why are the shots I am firing on my ‘own men’ set to kill and not aimed at you!?” Khan roars.

H’groybethi pauses, understanding crossing his face as he realizes their situation. The pair takes cover as the hooded figure uses his massive cannon-like weapon to pick off the enraged Klingons, the Enterprise crew joining the fray.

“I will guard your mate with my life,” the Klingon Captain says, causing his human ally to look at him. “Even if it means taking the lives of my own crew.”

The Augment hesitates, but nods, slipping the trembling Omega out of his coat before rising to his feet, phaser held tightly in his hand.

“If he is not alive…” He threatens before dashing into the chaos.

The moment he steps into the battle, he is more at home than he has ever been at any point in time.

Everything around him slows down to the point that he can track the individual dust particles in the clouds that are kicked up when someone runs, his breathing calm and even as his heart rate remains steady and even, barely picking up at all despite the chaos, panic, and rage in the air. He can easily look around several times in the time it takes for someone to turn their head, ducking under several phaser blasts and firing before a Klingon can pull the trigger. The Alpha/Beta glances over at the man repeating his actions appearing out of the structural ruination and crushed pillars, leaving no doubt in his mind that it is Naki gone mad with grief, continuing to pick off the Klingons as the Enterprise crew exchange fire with them. The Brit turns to see Uhura duck down behind a half-wall as a Klingon from a higher vantage point fire down at her, returning fire as shots bounce off walls and the K’normian vessel, but the dark haired male is already seeing the angles of the ricochets and avoids them. He does not put a thought into aiming at his enemies, his body instinctively aiming and firing on its own accord, never missing and allowing him to keep an eye on the rest of the fight.

He watches as Naki angles the massive cannon upwards and proceeds to hit one of the patrol ships precisely in its most vulnerable spot as it draws close and attempts to intervene, watching it spin out of control as it gushes fire and is racked by a succession of explosions, watching it veer sharply to one side and smash into the ground in a massive gout of flame. Khan ducks into the ruins as phaser blasts dart between the narrow gaps, the three forces continuing to exchange fire as the Pure Alpha repeatedly fires his pulse rifle at the Klingons, taking down one after another no matter where they seek shelter. Pure arctic eyes look up to see a second brace of Klingons rappelling down from the other vessels in response to the destruction of the patrol craft, joining the fight on the ground with bat’leths and rifles, disconcertingly calm in the fierce battle. A Klingon comes face to face with him, the Augment raising his phaser as he raises his bat’leth, recognizing him as J’etrozi of the House of D’ghobuch.

They both lower their weapons slightly as their eyes lock, knowing each other quite well as they
had always butted heads when they had encountered each other over the Enterprise’s five-year mission, which happened to have been quite often. They respected each other as warriors, exchanging war stories when their Captains were forcing peace upon their crews’ interactions with each other, but they had notoriously short tempers and were the first ones to exchange blows at the slightest provocation. It was always a test of skill, strength, and endurance, the two always winding up in a deadlock until their Captains tore them away from each other and reprimanded them in front of everyone present, much to their embarrassment and horror. Despite the fact that they fought constantly, verbally and physically, they respected each other in many aspects.

A blast from the cannon shoots down the alley and forces the Alpha/Beta to leap out of the way, J’etrozi vaporized from the waist up as the human stares over his shoulder in horror, looking up at Naki swinging the cannon to take the legs out from the Klingon that got close enough to threaten him. He rises to his feet and picks up his dropped phaser, continuing to take out the Klingons with ruthless efficiency, ducking under a bat’leth aiming for his head and fires directly into his chest with a lethal blast. The Brit steps over his body as he fires directly to his left without looking at the Klingon charging at him, dropping him as he fires at another one coming at him in front and to the right slightly, slamming his back up against the wall as a cannon blast is fired down the alley he is in.

As the fight moves into the narrower gaps of the ruins, it quickly devolves into hand-to-hand combat, something that the dark haired male excels at. His breathing remains relaxed and deep, not the slightest bit winded despite all the running and fighting he has done, making mistake of punching a Klingon in the head and nearly breaking every bone in his hand doing so. He holds his injured arm against his chest as wave after wave of Klingon soldiers drop down into the ruins and are picked off by Naki, feeling the bones realign and heal the fractures as he continues to do his part with taking them down, his head whipping around as something moves far too fast for him to track at all out of the corner of his eye. Loud shrieks rise up before he is forced to duck under a bat’leth strike, slamming a sidekick into the Klingon’s unprotected gut and sending him flying back into another one, firing a blast to take out the Klingon attempting to kill Hendorff. He gives an appreciative nod and resumes the fight, Khan noting that the group of Klingons is not only larger than before, but also much faster.

Though their numbers are being swiftly decimated, he tackled to the ground by one of the few still alive, proceeding to pound on him once he is on the ground until he manages to get his foot under him and throw him up into the air. He quickly aims and fires into his chest, rolling out of the way as the body falls onto the ground and shoots to his feet, but he has the butt of a Klingon’s rifle slammed into his cheek and forced to the ground. He yelps in pain as a kick is delivered into his ribcage, rolling away from the foot to find himself pinned on his stomach with the foot on his neck, his hair falling into his eyes as everything resumes at normal speed and panic sets in. The Klingon not holding him chuckles darkly and raises his bat’leth, but a blast from the cannon takes them out, the Augment lifting his head to look up and flinches in pain at the action. Uhura and Spock race to him and pull him out of the way, his head whipping around as the blur goes by again and around a corner, screams rising up from Klingons out of his field of view. Naki takes out the second patrol craft with a direct hit, spinning wildly out of control and slams to the ground before bursting into flame, continuing to annihilate the remaining Klingon forces. The Pure Alpha leaps from the crossbeam and takes out the last of the Klingon forces by tearing them to shreds, his protective coverings falling off as he clutches a bat’leth drenched in blood, breathing hard.

Khan slowly rises to his feet and creeps away from his companions, holding up a hand to keep them down and out of sight, his eyes locked on his clone as he hears something move around in the ruins. Naki whirls around and locks onto his genetic donor, nothing but grief-driven insanity on his face and in his eyes, looking very much as if he has lost his mind. He lets out a blood curdling howl before barreling towards the Alpha/Beta, swinging the weapon wildly and uncontrollably at him,
his genetic donor ducking under a swing and spinning around to slam his heel into his back in a sadistic round house that is accompanied with the sound of bone snapping. The Pure Alpha is thrown face first into a wall and drops the bat’leth, clutching his face as he stumbles back before whirling around and charging towards his genetic donor, the Alpha/Beta side stepping him and times a kick perfectly to slam into his ribs and collapse his rib cage. Naki is thrown onto his good side and struggles to breathe, but his ribs snap back out and quickly rolls onto his back and proceeds to kip-up back onto his feet, colliding face first into a lightning fast high kick that forces him back. Khan executes a tornado kick straight into his face, using his Alpha side tosend his clone flying into a wall and stun him for a good ten seconds, allowing him to slam a foot down onto both his femurs before screaming at the Enterprise crew to run.

He fully knows that he does not stand a chance taking on his clone head on, his Pure Alpha DNA making him far stronger than he is, the fact that he is an Augment only making it far worse. But his attacks are wild and uncontrolled, giving the Alpha/Beta a slight upper hand as he can use his grief-driven insanity as he is running on instincts alone, and he knows how his instincts work better than his clone does.

He just hopes he can take him out before he kills him, or someone.

Khan sidesteps a wild swing and slams another tornado kick into his clone’s face, stunning him again to allow him to sweep his legs from under him and slam his knee into his face, dropping the Pure Alpha like rock. Naki recovers and gets to his feet, letting out an eardrum shattering shriek as he charges his genetic donor, slamming him up against the wall with his hands around his throat. The Alpha/Beta claws at his clone’s hands as he cuts off his air, lifting him off the ground as he snarls, his eyes filled with madness.

He suddenly shrieks and drops his genetic donor, clawing at his shoulder as he tries to get the thing on his neck off, continuing to howl in pain.

Kirk leaps off the Pure Alpha’s back and backflips twice before landing on the balls of his feet, arms spread as he crouches, his mate paling at the sight before him.

Terror coils in his gut at the fact that his Omega’s most dangerous weapon is fully exposed, his mouth going dry as he hisses and snarls.

The blond’s second set of teeth, retractable, serrated, hollow, needle-sharp fangs are exposed, covering his normal teeth and outnumber them considerably. The Brit knows full well that an Omega’s fangs allow them to inject a venom from a special set of salivary glands, able to control the effects by controlling the chemical composition and enzymes in it. But that was only part of the function of an Omega’s fangs. An Omega’s speed allows them to generate a bite force equivalent to a jaguar’s, and their bite allowed them to break through turtle shells. The fangs allow an Omega to crush bone, tear flesh, and puncture major blood vessels with ease. The fangs rarely came out in their day in age, but when they did…

Naki is staring Death straight in the face.

Kirk pulls his lips back and exposes his fangs completely, hissing loudly before flitting at the Pure Alpha to smash his heel into his high cheekbone in a roundhouse kick, dropping to the ground to sweep his legs out from under him and launch himself forward to sink his fangs into his arm. He pulls back and ducks under a wild swing as Naki falls, rolling around to the side to snap his leg out at his knee and dislocate it, back flipping and landing on an invisible object in the middle of the air at an angle before spring boarding off it. He spins and slams his heel on the top of the Pure Alpha’s head in a hammer strike, propelling himself off his head in a front flip before landing on another invisible object, spring boarding into a backflip to drop both his heels, and his full weight,
onto his opponent’s shoulders. He backflips again and crouches to absorb the impact, one hand placed on the ground as the foot on the same side shoots out to the side, his elbow on his bent knee as he snarls loudly and clacks his fangs rapidly in agitation. He chitters loudly and hisses as Naki rises to his feet, stumbling slightly before locking eyes with the Omega, wiping the blood off his face with his sleeve as rage and insanity burn in his eyes. He changes at the blond and winds up taking a high kick straight in the face, clutching his broken nose as the Captain grabs his shoulders and throws him the ground face first, grabbing a fistful of wild jet black hair and forces his head to the side to expose his neck. He snaps his head forward as his twists to sink his fangs completely into his neck, the Pure Alpha shrieking as he tries to claw at the person on his shoulder, but his attacker has positioned them so the Augment cannot reach him and that he is in full control. Blood streams down his pale skin as his attacks become weaker, his body slowly becoming limp before he collapses onto the ground, the blond pulling away and snapping his head up when he sees Khan move.

He hisses and chitters loudly, slinking off the body to crouch and spread his arms, clearly threatened as he bares his fangs at his mate. He watches the dark haired male tip his head to the side and extend his wrists out to him, immediately falling silent and cocks his head when the Brit makes a soft, high pitched chirping noise deep within his throat as a flash of recognition appears in his eyes. His slowly lowers his arms as he shifts his weight from the balls of his feet to his heels, his head cocking side to side in a manner similar to that of a dog, a curious expression on his face. Khan continues to make the chirping noise, praying that he can get through his animal instincts of his mate.

Kirk’s eyes snap wide open and he begins to sing, the sound even more beautiful with his fangs exposed, much to the Brit’s disbelief. He smiles softly, knowing that his Omega recognizes him, but is unable to communicate verbally or mentally while his fangs are exposed, but he can communicate in sign language. The blond lets out a high pitched trill before slinking up to his Alpha’s side, curling against him as he continues to lean against the wall, rubbing his still bruised throat. Out of sheer animalistic instinct, the Alpha/Beta cleans the blood off his mate’s face, praising him for his “kill.” The Omega rumbles in approval, enjoying his fiancé’s eagerness to please him, a smile curling on his lips. He eyes the still Pure Alpha, lips pulling back slightly to expose his fangs, hissing softly. The dark haired male can see Naki’s breath stirring the dirt, understanding that his fiancée did not kill him outright, but he is unsure if he injected him with a slow acting venom.

The Captain’s head whips around at the sound of movement in the ruins, hissing loudly in warning before cutting off the sound when he sees H’groybethi approaching, glaring at him slightly. He turns and chitters at the Pure Alpha, turning his gaze back onto the approaching Klingon, his expression and posture relaxed. Spock’s fingers twitch against his phaser, but he seems to understand that the Klingon Captain poses no threat, his own rifle trained on the Augment that took many of his crew’s lives. He stops far enough from Naki to nudge him with the toe of his boot, his rifle snapping down to aim at his head, waiting for something. A startling sound fills the air, all heads turning to look at the source.

With the Omega’s fangs exposed, his giggles are mutilated and distorted, but it is clear that he is amused. He smiles, the sight chilling with his fangs exposed. The blond quickly closes his mouth when H’groybethi takes a step back, his expression apologetic as he sings softly.

“‘Little Warrior Queen’ is an improper title,” the Klingon muses to himself.

“You have no idea,” Khan laughs, rising to his feet.

“I have checked for survivors,” H’groybethi says, watching the Omega gracefully rise to his feet.
“Of the crew of the *IKS Amar* that you encountered, I am the only one left. Three of my own crew are dead by my own hands, an action that has disgraced my family’s name. I request asylum as a defector of the Klingon Empire, pledging loyalty to-”

Kirk clacks his teeth loudly, an annoyed expression on his face before it softens, nodding in response.

“Captain Kirk grants you asylum on board the *Enterprise,*” the Augment translates, looking at his fiancée. “But before we do that, we need to complete the mission we came down here for. James and I will go find John’s body—John—” He corrects himself at his Omega’s glare. “While the rest of you head back onto the *K’nornian* craft. While we are gone, Lieutenant Uhura, I need you to scan for any chatter about our presence in case something goes out. Commander Spock, I need you to make sure that we do not have any more ‘surprises’ waiting for us once we return. Hendorff, Weston, H’groybethi, your task is to make sure Naki does not wake up.”

“Sir?” Hendorff asks, eyeing the Klingon warily.

“H’groybethi is not the dangerous one here, yes, I will translate that,” the dark haired male snaps, glaring at his signing Captain. “The three Klingons he killed were done so while protecting your Captain, even though right now he could have taken on every one of them by himself—Oh shut up!”

The Captain clacks his teeth again and places his hands on his prominent hips, glaring at his Alpha as his lips pull back to reveal his fangs, his eyes glinting before he snaps at the gesture the Alpha/Beta makes at him. He signs rapidly before scowling at the response, snapping his teeth once more and crosses his arms, his upper lip curled back slightly.

“Can I finish giving instructions or are we going to keep arguing?” The Brit growls, his arctic blue eyes narrowing as he bares his own teeth.

The blond proceeds to preform the *bras d’honneur,* bending his arm in an L-shape and slap his forearm as he bares his fangs, but crosses his arms over his chest and pouts like a spoiled child.

“Real mature, James,” his mate snaps, exhaling loudly before shaking his head and looking back at the group. “Where was I? Ah yes, as I was saying, H’groybethi is not the dangerous one. *That one-*” He stabs a finger at his unconscious clone. “—on the other hand, has gone insane with grief and sees a bloody *tribble* as a threat. If he regains consciousness, he will kill every one of you without hesitation, which is why James’ fangs have not retracted. Until they do so, Naki is still a threat, and James is the only one who can take him down, and even kill him. Though…”

He looks at his mate with a worried expression, watching his sign rapidly before nodding and turning back to the group.

“James has never used his fangs on an Augment, as I was the only one who was awoken and constantly in a position that encountered violence,” he says, worrying his lower lip with his teeth. “And as such, he is inexperienced with an Augment’s incredibly high metabolism when it comes to drugs, which is why all of you need to keep a very close eye on him as-”

The Omega suddenly hisses and crouches, staring at hard at the Pure Alpha before leaping onto him and sinks his fangs into his neck, his genetic donor taking a step back when he sees what his fiancée had seen.

Naki had regained enough consciousness to try to sit up.
Kirk straightens and slinks back to his Alpha, hissing loudly as he stares hard at his clone before rising to his feet, letting his chin be taken between a forefinger and thumb and have his head turned towards his fiancé. Khan leans and cleans his face again, the Captain purring loudly before rubbing their noses together, both rumbling softly.

“Why do you do that?” Uhura asks, looking slightly pale.

“Act like animals?” The Augment asks, releasing his Omega’s chin to tangle their fingers together.

“As far as we have progressed in seventeen thousand years, *Neo Homo sapiens* are still incredibly instinctual and often revert to our ancestors’ behavior. Even intellectual Betas still revert to the genetic programming of their ancestors more than they would like to admit, and every other gender does as well. And believe me when I tell you that I would rather act like an animal than piss off a Pure Omega when they have their fangs exposed. But since James is the only one capable of taking down Naki, if he so much as twitches, correction, if you even *think* he twitched, shoot him until he is dead, and then some. I, we, do not want to lose anyone, and if someone is dead when we return, it had better be him.”

He jabs a finger at the Pure Alpha, then between the two parties.

“And *that,*” he growls. “Goes for *everyone,* understood?”

Everyone nods as the Captain glares at Naki and snarls, before pressing up against his mate’s side and wraps his arms around one of his, snapping his fangs at him before crooning at him. He sniffs the air and tugs on the Alpha/Beta’s hand, leading him away from the group as he keeps his nose in the air, looking very much like a bloodhound on the trail of a scent. He heads towards the perch the Pure Alpha had attacked from, sniffing the air before crouching and launches himself into the air, front flipping twice before landing elegantly on his feet and gracefully rises like a member of the *Panthera* genus. The Brit leaps up after him and cannot help but think about tigers, lions, jaguars, and leopards when he looks at his mate, his mouth going dry as his blood quickly goes south, rising to his feet and follows his fiancée through the maze of ruins. The blond pauses occasionally to sniff the air, changing directions many times and even backtracking a few, elegantly gliding through the ruins and over piles of rubble. The dark haired male wraps a hand around his wrist and tugs on his arm gently, the Omega turning towards him and frowns, his brows furrowed as he studies him. He gasps softly as his back hits the wall with his Alpha caging him with his body, his hands placed next to his head as they lock eyes, their breathing deep and heavy as the heady scent of arousal fills the small space between them.

Khan suddenly snaps his head forward and twists to attach his mouth to his neck, sucking a dark mark onto this skin as his hands quickly undo his pants and shove them down, pulling himself out as his Omega quickly realizes what is going on and spreads his legs while his mate pumps himself a few times to slick himself up. Kirk digs his fingers into his fiancé’s broad shoulders as he tries to keep himself loose, his head smacking into the wall with a sickening thud as a wordless cry tears itself from his lips when the Alpha/Beta buries himself deep within him with one hard thrust, grabbing fistfuls of his greatcoat as he is thrusted into hard, rough, and quick. He claws at his back as he mewls and cries out softly, the Augment’s large hands gripping his hips tight enough to leave very clear, very defined, and very dark purple finger shaped bruises on his skin, his mouth working to leave a jet black bruise on his neck as he continues to thrust. The couple does not last long and comes hard and fast, the blond sagging into his Alpha completely as his knees give way, the dark haired male holding him tightly as he feels blood trickle down his thighs. The Brit gingerly pulls out and catches his Captain in his arms, offering his neck after pulling up his boxers and pants and buttoning and zipping them, holding him tight as he feels a tongue lave over his neck and trace the blood vessels in his neck. He gasps loudly as he feels the needle-sharp points of his fangs scrape against his skin, his pulse racing as his breathing deepens and the blood flows south fast, his eyes
falling shut as sweat begins to bead at his hairline as his wild jet black hair falls into his face. He
gasps even louder when the fangs slip easily into his skin, holding as still as possible so he does not
tear his flesh open on the serrated edges of his fiancée’s fangs, his pulse picking up even more as
he feels a venom be injected into his bloodstream.

“Oh, fuck!” He cries out before he embarrassingly finishing in his pants, something he has never
done before.

He slumps as his Captain’s fangs slip out of his neck and his wound heal, the couple rising to their
feet and holding onto each other before Kirk finds himself with his back against the wall, lips
pressed against his despite the fact that they are still trembling from their orgasms. The blond’s
eyes are wide open while his mate’s are closed, glacial eyes blinking rapidly before they flutter
shut, tangling his fingers into the Brit’s wild jet black silk-like hair. They keep their lips closed to
make sure that the dark haired male is not injured on his Captain’s fangs, but their lips are still
working against each other as they continue to tremble.

Khan presses closer and slides his hand down his Omega’s side to his hip, down under his knee
and hooks it over his hip, pressing his pelvis closer to his mate’s before they gasp loudly as the
fabric rubs against their still sensitive organs. The blond tightens his grip on his fiancé’s hair
before wrapping his arms around his neck, pressing their mouths harder together as a shiver runs
down his spine, his pulse racing under his skin. The Augment wants to lick into his fiancée’s
mouth, but he can tell through closed lips that his fangs still have not retracted, and he really does
not want any kind of venom injected into his bloodstream, especially one that makes him finish in
his pants. The Captain pulls away, cupping his Alpha’s sharp cheekbone as he continues to
tremble, his lips parted just enough to see the tips of his fangs between his lips as he breathes
heavily. He sings softly, his voice rising and falling methodically. The Alpha/Beta smiles softly,
rubbing his cheek with his nose, enjoying his mate’s ethereal voice. The dark haired male kisses
the mother of his unborn child again, his hand that is holding his knee on his hip slowly lowers it
to slide to his still flat abdomen and slips under his shirt, resting his hand on his bare skin that is
still trembling under his touch. His long pale fingers curl in possession, tipping his head to the side
to deepen the kiss as he slips through their bond, listening to their child’s rapidly beating heart.

Kirk gently pushes him away, looking in the direction of his “child’s” body before looking at his
Alpha, worry clear on his face. Khan nods and steps back, following his Captain into a small
“clearing” in the metal “forest,” the blond kneeling besides John’s blood covered body. The
Augment yanks him away when he extends his hand, placing his body between his Omega’s.

“Tellarin,” he whispers, ignoring his fiancée’s bared fangs.

The blond pales, stepping back as his mate cradles the Pure Beta body’s to his chest, jerking his
head in the direction they came from. The Omega is quickly leading them out of the ruins, glancing
back to make sure he is being followed. They bolt to the K’normian trading craft, the Alpha/Beta
quickly issuing that the twins be strapped in.

And anyone who had physical contact with them not touch the Captain.

The Brit is strapping himself in and piloting the vessel out of Qo’noS atmosphere, sending a very
short communication directly to McCoy.

“Code three-one-eight-point-two. One-delta-one-charlie-one-papa.”

He cuts off communication, searching for any signs that they are being followed, his abilities
coming back “on-line” as he leaves the Ketha Province. Khan flinches as he is slammed with
emotions from his Omega, feeling his fear, panic, terror, and distress.
Tellarin is the most lethal poison to Pure Omegas, fatal every time, unless they were at a certain stage in their pregnancy.

Which varied from Pure Omega to Pure Omega.

Tellarin is harmless in pure form, but when a Pure Omega’s Alpha DNA bonded with the poison, passing it through their bodily fluids and skin-to-skin contact, it is one hundred percent lethal.

And Kirk had direct contact with Naki’s contaminated blood, and more than likely, swallowed some.

It is highly possible that the Captain could be poisoned by tellarin, and not be past the safe point in his pregnancy.

The blond is pale and shaky, his fangs still having not retracted, and tears are streaming down his cheeks.

They know that if the Omega is poisoned, he will lose all higher brain function in under forty-five minutes, and all brain function in under two hours.

Kirk looks at his Perfect Mate, scared beyond belief.

He cannot tell his mate that he loves him until his fangs retract, if they ever do, as he will lose the ability to speak just under twenty minutes after exposure.

He places his hands on his flat abdomen, his eyes squeezed tightly closed as he leans back into his seat, his head tipping back so it is resting against the headrest.

He prays that he is not poisoned so he can speak to his mate once more.

The moment the K’normian vessel’s airlock opens in the Enterprise’s Bay 12, McCoy and his Medical Staff whisk Khan, Kirk, Naki, and John to the medbay, making sure that none of them are cross contaminated. Each are handled by a separate team that only interacts with the person they are assigned to, four sets of medical equipment set aside for each patient in the medbay by their assigned biobed, which happened to be placed next to their mate as they are handled with gloves. IVs are inserted into all four patients and hooked up to saline bags to keep them hydrated, an enzyme injected into the Y-Sets specific to each person, the Omegas receiving one that tricks tellarin into bonding with it while the Alphas are injected with one that does not allow the poison to bond with their DNA. The twins are also hooked up to blood flittering machines, pushed into overdrive to remove the poison present in their bloodstream.

Kirk looks over at the twins before looking at his mate, his free hand instinctively moving to rest on his flat abdomen as he looks back up at the ceiling, running his tongue on the undersides of his still exposed fangs that poke over his blunt primary teeth.

His mouth is suddenly filled with blood that threatens to drown him, leaving over the side of the biobed to heave.

“Mother fucker! That fucking hurt!”

Khan sits up enough to look at his mate when he swears in a language he can understand, watching him work his jaw as his gums bleed from his fangs retracting, suddenly consumed by a fit of giggles. The Captain glares at him, stuffing the offered gauze into his mouth to soak up the blood, McCoy glaring at him as he holds the container.
“Can’t you two be fucking normal!? And I will cut off that goddamn finger!”

The blond glares hard, but with his cheeks stuffed with gauze, it is very hard to look intimidating when you resemble a chipmunk. The Beta snickers at his Captain, turning to look at the twins’ blood work, ignoring the fact that his Captain-turned-patient is flipping him off again. The Omega changes the gauze in his mouth, still bleeding heavily as his IV is removed, pouting like a spoiled child.

“Oh once Jim stops bleeding, you two are free to go,” the Doctor says, scribbling on his PADD. “Both you have a clean bill of health.”

The Alpha/Beta nods, sitting up completely to work some feeling back into his arm, numb from the cold saline.

“Are they going to be okay?” The Brit asks, looking at his clones.

“I’ve got Naki on enough tranquilizers to subdue the entire ship, and John will be fine,” McCoy says, stepping up beside his Captain.

He slaps Kirk upside the head, ignoring the loud yelp and the pointed glare, glaring back hard.

“You brought a goddamn Klingon onboard?” He growls. “What the Hell were you thinking!!?”

“H’groybethi killed three of his own men to save James,” the Brit says softly. “He is also the Klingon who taught him how to use bat’leths, in the House of K’mpoca style. He is the one who calls him ‘Little Warrior Queen,’ if that jogs your memory.”

“Oh! Him!” The Doctor exclaims, nodding. “I remember him!” His expression darkens. “The one who nearly cost Jim the use of his hands because of some stupid macho battle! One more time and that finger is gone!”

The Omega glares at him, changing his gauze again as he continues to bleed, but he hums as his Alpha gently kisses his cheek.

“My little chipmunk,” he murmurs, laughing when his fiancée punches him in the arm. “But you are adorable.”

He gives his mate Bitch Face when he flips him off, groaning loudly when he giggles in response, shaking his head as he sighs softly.

“I forgot, you cannot take me seriously when I make that face,” he sighs, glancing at his clones. “Just humor me, Doctor: Is John really pregnant?”

“Two weeks, two days,” McCoy replies, reading over a new set of results from the clones. “I compared his hormone levels and other data to those on file for the pregnancy of a Pure Omega male, and I can give you the exact date and time of conception: Stardate 2259.41, 0416 hours.”

He looks up at the expectant couple, his gaze flicking between the identical expressions of pure shock on their faces, though the blond’s is a bit more comical.

“The same date and time as Jim’s first Heat of this year, if my math is right,” he says unnecessarily, turning on his heel to walk away.

The couple looks at each other and blinks a few times, their gazes moving to the unconscious clones still hooked up to blood filtering machines and IVs, and then back at each other, still
speechless.

“Could it… be just a coincidence?” Khan asks after a minute or two, watching his mate pause before shaking his head. “Wishful thinking then.”
Chapter XXXIV

Chapter Notes

I know it's been awhile since I last posted, but I've had a lot of family stuff I needed to do so I had to put my life on hold. Unfortunately, school starts the 29th and I'm there three days a week, and I'm taking a heavy load. I will post when I can, but there might be large gaps. And I want to thank everyone who has stuck with me to read this behemoth of a story going on. Yeah... sorry.
Feel free to leave a comment and the kudos button is your friend.

It is well past midnight before the couple can leave the medbay, Khan forced to carry his dizzy mate to their quarters as he could stand up straight from blood loss, his head buried in the junction of his neck and shoulder as he has his arms loosely wrapped around his neck. Kirk mumbles something incoherent along the way, eyes falling shut as he presses closer to the warm body holding him, his breathing soft and even. Any crew members they meet in the deserted hallways of the Enterprise do not say a word at the sight of their Captain, a few smiling softly and nodding at the much older male carrying him, continuing on their way. The Augment smiles back and shifts his mate in his arms to get a better grip, cradling him close as he does his best to not jostle him even slightly, feeling his soft breathing against his neck as he dozes off.

Once they enter their quarters, the Alpha/Beta strips his fiancée of his clothes as they are covered with the blood from multiple parties, rousing him just enough to have him spread his wings, and then tuck him into bed. He leans down and presses a soft kiss to the corner of his Omega’s mouth, smiling softly as he mumbles something incoherent and nuzzles his Alpha’s pillow, his dark golden blond wings half spread on the bed. The dark haired male tosses their civilian attire into the recycler and changes into his standard duty uniform without his overshirt, spreading his own wings and working out the cramps in the muscles before replicating himself a glass of water, sipping slowly as he watches the person on the bed slumber peacefully. He slips into a chair at their table and picks up his PADD and stylus, crossing his legs as he flicks his gaze up to the bed, his arctic eyes studying the figure sprawled across it.

He begins to sketch his slumbering Captain, looking up every once in awhile, smiling softly as the figure on the bed continues to slumber. Kirk is oblivious to the world around him as he continues to sleep, all the tension gone from his body as his wings flutter softly on the bed, looking so much younger than his frozen physical age of twenty-five. Khan cannot help but feel incredibly protective of his young naïve Omega, especially when his childlike innocence rises to the surface, or when the meek Pure Omega is present. He loves his mate to death, but he sometimes drives him up a wall when the “male” side, or Empress of Earth, is dominant, his head spinning at how fast his personality changes.

The Augment watches his young Captain stir in his sleep, smiling softly as he buries his head into his pillow, cuddling closer to his Alpha’s scent. The blond is still deep asleep, his dark golden blond wings continuing to flutter occasionally on the bed, his full lips parted slightly. The Brit smiles as their bond allows him to see his fiancée’s dreams, his smile widening as he dreams about their night at the bioluminescence bay, and their more, personal, activities in the water and on the shore, his stylus dancing over his PADD. The dark haired male finishes his glass of water and replicates himself another, noting just how deep his mate is asleep to be oblivious to the replicator,
as they are both incredibly light sleepers. He decides to pick up his more traditional art supplies, sketching on a pad of paper using graphite pencils as his massive wings flutter against his back, a soft smile permanently fixed on his lips.

After a rough outline of his muse, and subject, he cleans up the edges and fills in the details, his gaze flicking up to his Omega periodically. The shadows come into play next, able to finish his drawing before his subject rouses, sitting up as he yawns widely and blinks sleepily. He rubs his eyes much like a child would after being woken up from a nap, his Alpha smiling and scribbling on his sketchpad before placing his materials aside, rising to his feet to cross over to the bed and sit down on the edge.

“Did you sleep well?” Khan asks, pressing a soft kiss to his fiancée’s temple.

He smiles as he earns a soft hum in response, shifting so he leaning up against headboard with his Omega between his legs and his head buried into the crook of his neck, wrapping his arms around his slender waist as his massive wings fold around them.

“Would’ve been better if I had my giant bed warmer,” Kirk mumbles, cuddling closer to his Alpha’s incredibly warm body.

“Is that all I am good for?” The Augment sighs.

“Just one of your many skills,” the blond replies, burying his head into his neck. “But that’s not all that you’re good for.”

“What else am I good for?” His mate rumbles, nuzzling his temple.

“Being my home,” the Captain says softly.

The Alpha/Beta looks down at him, his brows furrowed with confusion as he mouths the phrase, frowning slightly.

“Your… home?” He asks, a bit bewildered. “I am not sure I understand what you mean by that.”

“No place ever really and truly felt like home,” his Omega explains, a light blush on his cheeks. “Not the palace, not the Academy, the Enterprise and her crew feel like family, and I felt at home in the chair, but…”

He pauses and looks away, his blush darkening slightly before speaking softly.

“But when I bonded with you and I was sitting in your lap, arms wrapped around me as we claimed each other, I knew right then and there that I had finally found my home,” he continues softly. “You treat me like nobody else ever has, and nobody else will ever come close to giving me the same feeling you give me if they treated me the same way. The bond between us can only do so much, and even though we are one being with two bodies, it is limited on what it can do. But you get me. You understand me better than I know myself sometimes, know exactly what to do no matter what I’m feeling, and know how to react to a situation involving me. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think that I would be treated the way you treat me, and I’m scared that this really is a dream because it feels like one. I’m terrified that I will wake up and I’ll find myself back in the palace with—”

His words are cut off by his fiancé’s lips, the kiss sweet and tender, and a clear message to “Shut the Hell up.” The Omega kisses back, feeling his mate’s wings brush against his bare skin as they cuddle, pressing closer to each other.
“James?” The Brit asks when they pull away.

“Yeah?” His Captain asks softly.

“How many people have you been romantically involved with, besides me?” He asks.

“Twelve, not counting you,” the blond replies. “Three in our reality, nine in this one. But you are very special.”

“And how am I special?” Khan asks, hesitant as he looks down at his fiancée.

“You are the only one who I have allowed to kiss me, allowed to share my bed, ever said ‘I love you’ to,” Kirk says softly, smiling up at his Alpha. “The only one to share my Heats, the only one to bond with me, the only-”

The Augment claims his mouth in a heated kiss, his wings fluttering around them before tightening his grip, folding his wings tighter around them. The Omega wraps his arms around his fiancé’s neck, opening his mouth for his probing tongue as he moves so they are on the same level, his own wings fluttering in the space between them. The Alpha/Beta gently rises to his knees and lowers his mate’s body onto the bed before gently laying on top of him, careful to not hurt him as they keep their lips pressed together, his wings spreading over the bed and down the sides of it. The dark haired male’s hands slide down his fiancée’s arms, tangling their fingers together as their heads tip to the side, deepening the kiss. They tighten their grips on each other’s hands before letting go, the Brit sitting up and pulling his Omega into his lap, their mouths still sealed together. He slides his fingers into his Captain’s long dark golden blond hair as the other rests on the small of his back, the blond’s arms wrapping around his neck as he toys with his hair, humming softly as they kiss. Khan’s massive jet black wings fold over top of his Omega’s smaller dark golden blond wings, enclosing them completely in warm, downy darkness pierced by bright sunlight, the couple lost in their own private world.

“I love you, James,” the Augment breathes against his fiancée’s lips.

“I love you too, Noonien,” the blond breathes back.

The expectant couple rests their foreheads together, the Alpha/Beta’s hands falling to his mate’s prominent hips, the Captain’s remaining locked around his fiancé’s neck. Their wings trap their body heat inside their cocoon, something the Omega is grateful for as gooseflesh rises across his entire body, beginning to shiver in his arms. His Alpha tightens his grip around him and pulls him closer to his body, folding his wings tighter around them as he murmurs softly, tipping his head up to press a kiss between his brows.

“God, do you remember that time we went on shore leave, went skiing, and got caught in an avalanche?” Kirk asks, smiling as he continues to shiver.

“How could I forget?” His mate chuckles, smiling as well. “We were stuck for twenty-seven hours under five meters of snow in a shack that had somehow withstood and avalanche. Even I was cold!”

“But you made that hot chocolate, the best one I had ever tasted,” the Captain says.

“The one you called an ‘orgasm-in-a-cup’?” Khan asks, rubbing noses with his mate.

“Yes, that one,” the blond confirms, rubbing back.

The Augment laughs and shakes his head, pecking his Omega’s lips thrice before initiating a mind
meltingly tender kiss, earning a full body shiver and a soft moan in response.

“I will take that as a subtle hint that you want the ‘orgasm-in-a-cup’ to make its return,” the dark haired male rumbles against his lips.

His fiancée can only nod stupidly in response, a little stunned from the kiss as he blinks a few times, the older male smiling softly as his eyes crinkle around the corners. The Alpha/Beta shakes his head and plants a kiss on the very tip of his Captain’s nose, unfolding his wings and gently nudging him out of his lap so he can head into their kitchenette, smiling as he hears a loud squeak and the rustle of bedcovers.

“Cold, love?” His mate asks, rifling through the cabinets and the appliances for the ingredients he needs. “You do know you can turn up the temperature.”

“It’s been broken since we docked with Starbase 1 after the Nibiru mission,” his Omega replies, muffled from under the covers. “Someone in Engineering was supposed to fix it, but because of our mad dash to get the twins, nobody had time to do it.”

“That makes sense,” Khan muses to himself. “But it is broken?”

“The Human Heater wouldn’t notice that it would be a few degrees below normal,” his Captain snaps, poking his head out from under the sheets. “I’m hormonal, stressed, tired, have a Hell of a lot less muscle mass, and a lower metabolism. The difference of a few degrees has a greater impact on me than it would you. And the thermostat isn’t helping at all.”

“And hot chocolate will?” The dark haired male asks, glancing over his shoulder.

“It’s an ‘orgasm-in-a-cup!’” Kirk exclaims. “What more could you need?”

“You really do not want me answering that question,” the Augment chuckles, ignoring the pointed glare sent his way. The blond snuggles down into the sheets as his wings fold around him, doing his best to keep the chill of his quarters from creeping into his bones as he cuddles his Alpha’s pillow, inhaling his scent deeply as a soft smile spreads across his lips while his eyes flutter shut. His fiancé glances out the doorway from the kitchenette at his dozing mate, a smile also appearing as he takes a moment to admire the scene before him, his eyes wandering over the relaxed form on the bed. He moves back into the kitchenette and continues his task, feeling their bond thrum between them and create an air of domesticity in lieu of actual verbal communication, both feeling quite comfortable despite the silence around them.

“Hey, Noonien?” The younger male asks softly, opening his eyes. “How many people have you been romantically with, besides me?”

The Alpha/Beta hesitates, trying to figure out the best way to answer the question.

“I was not really romantically involved with anybody before I was frozen,” he says quietly, his wings shifting against his back. “I was too busy conquering the Earth at first before turning my attention into ridding poverty and sickness within my borders, to use the same nuclear power my siblings and I used to start the Eugenics War to more, optimistic ends. I designed an advanced spacecraft to travel outside the solar system, as the fallout from the conflicts in the Americas had poisoned the skies, and if the Earth became uninhabitable, we would find a new world to be our home.”

He pauses as memories he would like to be rid of bubble up to the surface, his Omega sitting up to
look at the older male as he relives his past.

“I did not have the urge to invade the territories bordered by my own lands, my superior ambition that was my birthright had evolved into a desire to rule wisely,” he continues quietly, placing his hands on the counter. “I used my time and resources to ensure the prosperity of my people than deal with the Chinese rebels that my sibling Ericssen was encouraging for me to strike first than remain on the defensive. But…”

The Augment pauses again, the silence lasting for almost a minute before he says something that surprises the Captain.

“But I heard your voice in my head, telling me to focus on my people than bring war to their doorstep,” he says softly. “I did not recognize the voice at all until I was awoken in this century, when I had listened to the voice recordings in your file, and at that moment I realized that your voice had been in my head from the moment I was born. But I was too busy with my goals to become involved with anyone, and even though I did have feelings for others, in this reality, it did not feel right to act on them while in ours I pushed them aside. I did engage in sexual relations with some, but it was simply a biological urge that was more of a nuisance than anything else, only completing the action to sate an itch. Those in my harem were treated like queens and were never forced to service my men, their families becoming well off in compensation, and even allowed to visit them frequently, but… some became unwilling to remain a part of my harem.”

He swallows and closes his eyes, his head falling forward as he lets out a shuddering exhale, his fiancée watching him as he wraps his arms around his legs and rest his chin on his knees.

“I still feel guilt from my actions I committed in my old life,” the Brit says quietly. “Though I am no longer than person, it still haunts me.”

He shakes his head, glancing over his shoulder at his Omega in the bedroom, watching him with a tender expression.

“But that it is the past,” he says softly. “Best to leave it alone.”

The Omega pulls the sheets tighter around his body as he lies back down on the bed, his wings folding tighter around him as he clutches his fiancé’s pillow, his mind digesting the new information.

“Yeah,” he says quietly, curling up slightly.

The Captain closes his eyes as he nuzzles into the Alpha/Beta’s pillow, shivering slightly before opening his eyes, listening to the older male continue to work in the kitchenette. He stares unseeingly at the section of the wall near the door, thinking about the memories crossing their bond before burying his face into the pillow he is clutching, inhaling deeply as he squeezes his eyes shut, a few tears soaking the fabric at the violence he is seeing. He starts slightly as a large warm hand is placed in the middle of his back, turning over slightly to look up into his fiancé’s face, an air of melancholy around him as he sits down beside him. The younger male rolls over completely and sits up, noting the two mugs on the table topped with a dollop of whipped cream, but ignores it to push off the sheets and slip into his Alpha’s lap. Khan wraps his arms around his fiancée’s slender waist as he rests his forehead against his collarbone, feeling slender fingers slide into his hair as a cheek rests against his temple, a soft lullaby sung in his ear. Kirk’s eyes flutter shut as he continues to babble softly in his native tongue, folding his dark golden blond wings around them as best he can before massive jet black ones rest over top of his, pressing closer to the incredibly warm body holding him in its embrace. The blond pulls away from his fiancé and lies down on the bed, the older male crawling toward him to rest his head over his heart, wrapping an
arm around his slender waist as he presses against his side. 

“Thank you,” the Augment murmurs in Hindi, his eyes falling shut as he listens to the heart beating beneath his ear.

His mate simply sings softly in reply, running his fingers through the silk-like strands of his hair as he feels their bond thrum between them, watching as a jet black wing drapes over them and furls around them. He absentmindedly strokes the sinfully soft feathers on the underside of the Alpha/Beta’s wings, smiling softly at the pleased purring vibrating into his ribcage, feeling a cheek be rubbed against his chest.

“Feel better?” The Captain asks, nudging the dark haired male off his chest.

“Much,” he replies, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “And yes, you can have your hot chocolate now.”

His fiancée giggles softly as a hint of color rises to his cheeks, smiling shyly as he looks down at his lap while the Brit moves to the table and picks up their mugs, sitting back down on the bed and hands a mug to his Omega. His Captain smiles shyly at him as he uses one hand to pull the sheets up over his lap, bringing the mug to his lips and takes a small sip, his eyes fluttering shut as he moans softly when the taste hits it tongue.

“Love the fact that you make everything from scratch,” Kirk murmurs, a smile creeping across his lips. “Even the whipped cream.”

“I would milk the cow if I could,” Khan replies, leaning in to kiss his mate’s cheek.

The blond hums softly and smiles, turning his head to capture his Alpha’s lips, but he pulls away before they meet and looks away. The Augment sips his hot chocolate and shifts so he moves away slightly, his wings furling around him slightly to hide him from view, his Omega’s own wings drooping as he is shunned both mentally and physically.

“Noonien,” he says softly, reaching out to touch the Alpha/Beta’s wings.

He jerks his hand back when his fiancé abruptly stands and moves towards the window, placing his cup on the table on his way past as he crosses his arms over his chest, his wings furling around him just enough to hide him from view.

“Noonien, please, don’t shut me out,” the Omega begs, putting his mug down on the bedside table as he rises to his feet. “Please. Please, Noonien. I’m your mate, your Perfect Mate, your fiancée. I carry your child in my womb, does that not mean something to you?”

“It means everything!” His Alpha snarls, whirling around as his wings snap out. “That’s the fucking problem!”

“What the fuck does that mean?” His Captain hisses, his eyes narrowing.

“I am not someone that should be bonded, let alone someone like you!” The dark haired male snarls, his eyes hard. “I am a monster, I have the blood of thousands on my hands, and I am the mate of, of, of someone like you!”

“What the fuck do you mean, ‘someone like me?” Kirk snaps, his wings shivering with anger.

“Someone born with the grace of an angel!” Khan screams in Hindi. “Someone so pure that they shine with an inner light and belong by the side of God! Someone who is so innocent that they
“I’m not as innocent as you think I am,” his mate growls, his wings shifting angrily. “Nor do I belong by God’s side, not after what I’ve done.”

The Brit is taken aback by the statement, blinking a few times as his mouth open and closes, his posture stiff as he tries to wrap his head around the new information he has just received. The Omega turns and sits back down on the bed, picking up his hot chocolate as he closes his end of the bond, refusing to make eye contact with his Alpha. The Alpha/Beta frowns and moves to sit beside him so he can reach out to gently place his large hand on top of his smaller one, but his Omega pulls his hand away and folds his wings around himself, scooting away from him as much as he can.

“Now who is shutting whom out,” his fiancé rumbles, his upper lip curling back slightly. “You do not get to pull the same crap on me that you called me out for.”

“This is something that doesn’t concern you,” the Captain snaps, pulling back his wings to lock eyes. “Remember me telling you about secrets that only the Empress of Earth can know? This is one of them.”

“I thought we agreed that we would not have secrets from each other; does that mean you lied to me?” The dark haired male snarls.

“This doesn’t concern you,” his Captain snarls back.

“This does concern me!” His mate roars, shooting to his feet. “Am I not part of this relationship, or does my opinion fall on deaf ears?”

“What the fuck is your problem!” The blond screams, shooting to his feet as well. “Can’t you understand the fact that there are some things that only the Empress can know, things that if they were made public would have catastrophic effects!”

“But we’re not in our reality any more!” Khan snarls, his teeth bared as his wings tremble violent against his back. “The Council is gone, the gender hierarchy is gone, and yet you still cling to an obsolete concept as if it is the only thing keeping you alive!”

“How, dare you say that!” Kirk screeches, the air crackling around them as loose objects shake violently. “How dare you claim that I do not care about our relationship and that I only care about being something that I gave up because it was not something I wanted to do!”

“Because that’s what you’re doing!” His Alpha roars, his wings flaring out as he clenches his fists. “You don’t give a shit about me!”

“I hate you!” His fiancée shrieks, tears cascading down his cheeks as their mugs shatter. “Get out! Get the fuck out!”

“With pleasure,” the Augment rumbles, storming out of their shared quarters without a glance backwards.

The blond stares after him as hot tears leave trails down his cheeks, quickly snatching the largest piece of his broken mug with in his reach and hurling it at the wall with an ear shattering shriek, sitting down on the edge of his bed with his face in his hands as he sobs.
John slowly drags his eyelids open with a great deal of effort, staring at a ceiling above him as he tries to clear the fog from his mind, at least he think it is a ceiling. He could be staring at the floor for all he knows. His eyes fall shut before forcing them open again, his vision cloudy and rather narrow, feeling as if he just went through a meat grinder while he struggles to not fall unconscious again. He hears a faint noise repeating itself over and over on the edge of his hearing, but he can barely use any of his senses to detect anything around him, all the energy sapped from his body that he can barely keep his heart beating. His strength slowly returns and he can finally blink enough to clear his vision, looking around to find himself in a medical facility of some type, the repeated noise being the steady beep of a piece of medical equipment monitoring his vitals. He feels a nasal cannula on his face supplying him oxygen, as well as feel, and see, several IV's inserted into his arms with multiple bags attached to one tube, the names on the bags going well above his head. He tries to swallow, but his mouth and throat feel like sandpaper, coughing slightly at the attempt. The Pure Beta looks around the room from his limited viewpoint to see if there is someone who can tell him what is going on, but there is no one in sight, save for the person lying supine on the bed to his right.

Naki looks like the personification of Death, incredibly still and frighteningly pale, but his chest rises and falls steadily. His monitor beeps in complete harmony with his twin’s, but he looks as if he were a corpse, not someone who should have a pulse. John closes his eyes and exhales softly through his nose, still feeling incredibly drained and on the verge of unconsciousness, wanting nothing more than to go back to sleep but forces himself to stay awake. He manages to find enough strength to attempt to lift his wrists off the bed and be stopped by restraints, but they are not and he lifts them maybe three inches off the bed before they drop back onto the bed, exhausted by the effort from doing the simple action. The Pure Beta glances over at his twin as he fights the enticing pull of blissful unconsciousness, worried about the Pure Alpha as he continues to remain in a comatose state, wanting to reach out and touch him. He opens his mouth to speak, but no sound comes out and he coughs at the attempt, his eyes watering as he tries build up enough saliva to swallow without feeling as if he is drinking sand.

“Well, that was stupid of you.”

John looks over in the direction of the voice to see a gorgeous redhead approaching, her accent just as gorgeous as her deep emerald eyes flare with concern, moving to stand beside him biobed.

“You’re severely dehydrated,” she explains, checking the levels of his bags. “And your electrolytes, fluids, pretty much every part of your metabolism is out of whack, so we’re trying to stabilize it to the best of our abilities, which is why there are so many bags. I just need you to lie still and look pretty. Can you do that for me? Blink once for yes, twice for no.”

John squeezes his eyes tightly closed once, opening them again to lock eyes with the redhead. She smiles softly down at him, checking his vitals as she hums softly to herself.

“So, you’re the infamous John Benedict Singh,” she says, turning to the Pure Beta. “Right?”

He blinks once again as he frowns, confused as to why he is “infamous.”

“Wondering why you’re ‘infamous,’ are we?” She says, her face soft, but neutral. “You’ve really stirred up the pot here on the Enterprise, after all, you’ve repeated events that many of us want to forget, and pretty much the entire ship not want to go through. Not only that, you imprinted on our Captain and made him vomit blood on the bridge, something that scared a shit ton of people, your genetic donor included, as well as his Chief Medical Officer, who happens to be my mate. I’m also your genetic donor’s sister, another Augment, Maeve by the way, in case you’re wondering. But I don’t appreciate you scaring the shit out of my mate and brother, and I don’t like the fact that you
injured my future sister-in-law. But, are you in any pain?”

John blinks twice, slightly scared of the Augment above him as she nods, checking his vitals.

“That’s good,” Maeve replies. “Do you feel tired?”

The Pure Beta squeezes his eyes tightly for a few seconds before opening them, the redhead nodding as she brushes a wild curl out of her face.

“I’ll take that as a very big yes,” she says, looking up as the medbay doors open. “And it looks like you have a visitor.”

John looks over at the sound of footsteps approaching, recognizing the person instantly and quickly turns his head away, refusing to make eye contact as tears threaten to fall.

“Be nice,” Maeve growls at the person as they stop on the other side of the biobed.

Khan glares at his sister as his arctic eyes flash dangerously, his wings flaring out slightly and cast a massive shadow across his clone, causing the much younger male to flinch. He is dressed in his full standard duty uniform, his Sciences Blue overshirt are causing his eyes look even bluer and more dangerous, bringing out the sapphire shimmers in his wings when the light hits the feathers as his wings shiver with anger.

And John had thought he had seen his genetic donor angry before, but it looks as if he is about to face his full wrath.

“John,” he says, quietly, his eyes flashing. “Why?”

His clone refuses to look in the direction of the Alpha/Beta, quivering slightly with fear as he swallows thickly. Khan waits for an answer with an unnerving expression before slamming his foot down with a snarl, startling the two Betas as his wings snap out as much as they can in the small space, his eyes the color of frozen steel.

“Dammit, John! What the fuck are you thinking!?” He snarls. “He raped you, and you-!”

“For fuck’s sake, Noonien!” Maeve shouts, snarling back. “He can’t speak!”

The Alpha/Beta's wings tremble violently as he bares his teeth, his fists clenched by his sides as he narrows his eyes, fury rolling off him in waves as his putrid scent fills the air.

“He. Is. My. Clone,” he grounds out. “I raised the both of them from the moment they emerged from their artificial wombs, created from my DNA. I comforted him when Naki, the Alpha whose child he is carrying, claimed him when he was only physically a toddler. I comforted him after the first time Naki raped him, and every time after that. For nearly a year, Naki has been raping him and degrading him, and suddenly he loves him?”

John looks away and closes his eyes, tears streaming down his face as his lower lip trembles. Khan looks down at his clone as his upper lip curls back, his gaze hard as his wings remain spread slightly. He snarls and turns on his heel, storming out of the medbay before freezing another person enters before he can exit, arctic locking with glacial before the Augment storms out. Kirk stares after him before straightening and approaching the biobed, his own dark golden blond wings shivering with anger as the redhead clears her throat, straightening in the presence of her Commanding Officer.

“Captain,” she says.
“How are they?” He asks, his voice hard.

“Are you two fighting?” Maeve asks, worried.

“Dr. O’Riley,” he growls, his wings flaring out. “Answer my question. That’s an order.”

“We’re running out of tranquilizers for Naki, and John’s vitals are becoming stable,” the Irishwoman says. “Jim, if-”

The Captain turns on his heel and storms off, leaving his future sister-in-law a bit stunned.

“Shit,” she curses.

Kirk furiously glides through the *Enterprise*’s empty hallways, his fury rolling off him in waves as his wings shiver with anger, the air crackling around him as his abilities run rampant. He moves to the onboard gym and sheathes his wings, slipping into a skin-tight scaled bodysuit specifically designed for exercise, one that is able to read his vitals and transmit the data directly to the medbay. He steps into the training room to find his Alpha already there, working out his frustrations by beating a punching bag to a pulp, growling and snarling as he does so. He preforms a roundhouse kick that sends the bag slamming against the wall where three other bags slump against it, another bag appearing to be treated the same way as its predecessor. Khan continues to work out his frustrations in the only manner best suited for him, the sounds he is making are ones best suited for a savage and wild animal, not a human being. The Omega watches the older male’s aggressive actions, his own temper flaring.

He suddenly flits, slamming a roundhouse kick of his own into his fiancé’s face. The Augment staggers back and nearly loses his balance, touching his bleeding nose as his scent spikes with his fury. He whirs around to face his attacker, snarling as he launches himself at his Omega. The blond sidesteps him, spinning on the ball of his foot to slam his other one into his mate’s spine. The Brit stumbles and falls, quickly dropping his shoulder to roll across his back to the opposite hip, able to rise to regain his balance and rise to his feet. He spins around to face his attacker again, ducking to avoid being clipped in the head by a lightning fast jab from his fiancée, lashing out at his feet.

Kirk backflips out of reach, dropping to the floor to avoid a bone shattering roundhouse punch, slamming a foot into his unprotected stomach in retaliation. His Alpha curls in on himself slightly, his head snapping back as the blond slams an upper cut into his chin, staggering back. The Captain delivers lightning fast jab after jab, his knuckles starting to bleed. Khan grabs his wrist, but his Captain tears out of it, flitting away. The Alpha/Beta snarls, chasing after him as he backs up to a wall. He slams a fist into the wall where his mate’s head had just been, leaving a fist-sized dent behind. The Omega throws another jab into his fiancé’s unprotected kidney before flitting away, the Augment snarling at the cheap blow. He turns and waits, shifting his weight to the balls of his feet, knees bending slightly as his fingers curl. The Captain flits again, slamming a powerful sidekick into his Alpha’s head before flitting away.

The dark haired male spits blood onto the mats, enraged at the fact that he is being beaten, waiting for his prey to come close. His fiancée flits again, but whirs out of the way of a vicious double jab and drops to the floor, lashing out at his Alpha’s legs to take them out from under him. The Brit has his legs swept out from under him and lands hard on his back, rolling out of the way of a stomp and kip-ups to throw another roundhouse punch at his mate’s head, but he limbs under it and snaps a leg straight up into his chin. His mate stumbles back and quickly regains his balance, lunging at his mate to try and grab him in a bear hug, but his Captain spins out of the way and into
Kirk is clipped in the head instead of taking the full force of it, stumbling slightly before quickly regaining his balance to limbo under another roundhouse punch, ducking and dodging bone shattering kicks and punches, bending backwards to avoid a few. The blond spins out of the way of a punch aiming straight for his face, leaping to the side as his Alpha charges at him, kicking him on the way past.

Khan snarls as he whips around, his hair wild and his eyes burning with fury as attempts to snatch his mate, but the Captain backflips out of range before flipping to the side to avoid a sidekick aiming for his chest. The Augment snarls again and throws a powerful roundhouse punch at his fiancée, grinning wickedly as it connects head on. The Omega crumples to the floor as the Alpha/Beta looms over him, pleased with himself that he took down his opponent, right until he is hit with the realization that his opponent is his Omega.

And that he is not breathing.

The Augment drops to his knees and takes his pulse, all the blood draining from his body as he sees that his cheekbone is shattered, and that his glacial blue eyes are open. His breathing picks up as his heart races in his chest, trembling violently as he begins to break out in a cold sweat, feeling as if iron bands are constricting his ribcage and preventing him from taking a deep breath. His back and jaw begin to hurt as he tries to draw in air, his vision narrowing as the world begins to spin wildly before he finds himself on the floor, gasping for air like a fish out of water. The Brit reaches out towards his fiancée as he begins to feel sick, barely hearing the doors to the training room open before everything goes black.

Kirk slowly drags his eyes open to find himself staring up at the Enterprise’s medbay ceiling, feeling the oxygen mask pinch his face with his glacial blue eyes having a slight gray tint and are slightly cloudy, blinking a few times to try to clear his vision before the gray tint vanishes and his eyes become bright and clear once more. He blinks a few times before turning to look in the direction that he is being unconsciously pulled towards, finding his Alpha incredibly still and terrifyingly pale, looking very much like Death personified. His strength is rapidly returning as the dull pain in his body is chased away, coming back fast enough that he can remove the mask and sit up without any effort, brushing his sweat slick hair out of his face as he looks around the medbay.

Maeve approaches him at a rapid pace when he slips off the biobed, forcing him to sit back down and scan him thoroughly as a look of shock crosses her face, scanning him twice before looking him straight in the face as she blinks rapidly.

“You are in the most perfect health I have ever seen,” she states, her emerald eyes wide. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that you were an Augment.”

The Omega smiles shyly and looks away, turning his gaze to the unconscious Augment on the bed next to him, worrying his lower lips with his teeth.

“Is he okay?” He asks softly, turning back to the redhead.

“He’s fine,” she replies, checking her PADD. “A simple heart attack was all, but I can’t say the same for your First Officer. He about died from one, but you have a clean bill of health.”

There is a soft groan from the other occupied bed, the pair turning to see pale eyelids flutter before revealing pure arctic eyes and blinks a few times, their long pale fingers flexing on the biobed’s surface. Khan turns his head towards his fiancée as he approaches him, a weak smile spreading across his face behind his oxygen mask as he reaches out towards him, his smile fading as his Omega remains out of reach before worry crosses his face.
“Ja, James?” He croaks, his voice so hoarse he almost does not recognize it.

The Captain studies him for a few seconds before heading towards the doors without a word, the dark haired male following him with a look of shock before trying to sit up, his sister pushing him back down onto the bed and yells at him for being stupid, but he does not hear her. A few tears roll down his cheeks as his eyes fall shut, letting out a soft whimper as his lower lip trembles, the Irishwoman looking down at him with an expression of sympathy, but continues her examination.

Kirk glides through the Enterprise’s pristine white hallways, his feet having a mind of their own and finds himself back in his hidey-hole, upside down and floating with tears streaming down his cheeks, much like he had done before. He is not whimpering and sobbing like before, but his tears still float around him, spinning slowly.

“James.”

The deep baritone purr is soft and soothing, the blond twisting around to see his Alpha entering his space, but keeps his distance as to not intrude in his personal space.

“I am truly sorry,” Khan says softly, a few of his own tears joining his mate’s. “I did not mean to hurt you. You know I never want to hurt you.”

“I know, Noonien,” his Omega sighs, curling up slightly. “And I’m sorry too, but it doesn’t mean that our words didn’t score our bones.”

The Augment nods and looks away before turning back to his Captain, remaining at a respectable distance as he floats in the doorway, his gaze soft and tender. The Captain sighs and motions for his fiancé to come closer, the Alpha/Beta floating towards him and stops his motion, wrapping his arms around the younger male and holds him close to his robust chest as he murmurs softly. The Omega places his hands over his mate’s as they hold onto each other, his eyes falling shut as his breathing slows and deepens, feeling the dark haired male slip in through their bond and inside his body to listen to the rapid tattoo of the heart beating inside him. Glacial blue eyes open and blink a few times before looking over his shoulder at his mate, studying him out of the corner of his eye before he turns around to face him, curling up slightly as the couple locks eyes while their bond thrum between them. The Brit takes his fiancée’s face in his hands and wipes away his tears with his thumbs, his expression tender and vulnerable before leaning in to press their lips together, but his mate turns his head away before their lips can meet.

“I’m not ready to be intimate yet,” he says softly, his glacial blue eyes falling shut. “It hurts too much still.”

“I, I am sorry, love,” Khan says softly, stroking his damp cheeks before lowering his hands. “I…”

He falls silent and curls up slightly as his arctic blue eyes begin to water, closing his eyes as a few tears fall and looks away, guilt settling in Kirk’s stomach at the sight he caused. He curls up tighter and wraps his arms around himself, his gaze moving down towards his feet as his own eyes water before falling shut, using his abilities to push himself into his mate’s arms and stop them from being thrown out of the zero gravity area. He tucks his head under the dark haired male’s chin as he wraps his arms around his solid frame, pressing his svelte body and soft curves against hard angles that mold perfectly together, feeling their sheathed wings and their bond cocoon them in warmth that seeps into their bones. The older of the pair tightens his grip on his Captain and holds him close, burying his nose into his dark golden blond hair and inhales deeply, a smile curling instinctively on his lips as he rumbles softly. The blond smiles as well before it vanishes, lifting his
head to lock eyes but not close the distance between their lips, stretching a hand up to cup a razor sharp cheekbone. The Augment turns his head to nuzzle his palm with the tip of his nose, murmuring softly in his native tongue as he nuzzles the inside of his wrist, opening his eyes to look into glacial blue and hold them. Neither of them are able to look away from their mate, their bond thrumming between them as they float in midair, their hearts racing in their chest as their breathing quickens.

The Brit reaches out to stroke his fiancée’s cheek with his thumb and gently trace the lower half of his eye socket, his index finger curling under his chin as his thumb traces his lower lip, but the Omega pulls out of the loving embrace and heads towards the exit without a glance backwards. His Alpha blinks in shock before following him out, chasing the Captain before snatching his wrist and all but jerks him backwards to stop him, his mate whirling around in shock.

“Why are you shutting me out?” The Alpha/Beta demands, keeping his grip tight as the younger male tries to pull away. “Why do you persist to go down a route that burns every bridge you have ever made?”

“Because they’ll be gone anyway!” Kirk screams, bitter tears streaming down his face. “It doesn’t matter if I try to keep it, everyone will leave! They always do!”

He tries to pull away again, but his fiancé keeps his grip tight to prevent him from leaving, but not enough to bruise.

“How many times do I have to tell you? I am not leaving you,” Khan says firmly. “Not now, not ever.”

“Yes you will!” The blond screeches, almost hysterical as he tries to pull away again. “Everyone does!”

“James, I am not, I will not,” the Brit says firmly. “I promised I would not, and I will keep that promise.”

Hot bitter tears stream down his Omega’s face as he gasps for air, a wild and crazed look on his face as his whole body trembles and tenses to flee, his scent fluctuating wildly as the air crackles from his uncontrolled abilities.

“I am not leaving you,” his mate repeats, his tone soft but firm. “I will not leave you.”

“Yes you will,” the Captain whispers, his voice strangled. “They always do.”

“I am not ‘they,’ correct?” The Alpha/Beta asks softly. “I am not just anyone to you, just some random acquaintance that has no impact on your life, or someone who will breeze and out of your life and never be seen again. Do I fit that description?”

His fiancée hesitates and thinks long and hard about how to answer, debating furiously with himself as the dark haired male waits patiently, his expression tender and soft as he loosens his grip slightly but not enough to allow him to break free. His Captain finally looks at him and shakes his head, letting himself be tugged into a tight embrace as a deep rumbling baritone sounds softly near his ear, strong arms holding him tight to a rock solid and muscular body as if he will float away at the slightest breeze. The younger male is still tense and stiff as if the gentle embrace is causing him exquisite pain, pushing at the broad chest in a desperate attempt to put space between them before shoving his fiancé away both mentally and physically, backing up as he shakes his head before turning on his heel and bolting down the pristine white corridors of the Enterprise. Khan curses quite colorfully and chases after his mate before finding himself in their quarters, slightly out of
breath as he watches his mate pace frantically before sitting down on the edge of their bed, twitching and squirming nervously before rising to his feet and resuming to pace. Kirk does not look up as his fiancé moves to pick up the broken pieces of their mugs and clean up the mess from their hot chocolate, his arctic glaze flicking up to the younger male as he cleans and worries his lower lip with his teeth, slipping back into the kitchen without being noticed.

“James,” the dark haired male says softly, his Captain starting violently at his voice.

The blond whirls around to see his Alpha holding two mugs topped with a dollop of whipped cream, extending one out to him with a tender expression and waits patiently, smiling softly when the mug is accepted and gently sipped. His fiancée’s eyes flutter shut and moans softly when the taste hits his tongue, allowing himself to be herded to the bed and gently nudge so he sits on it, the Augment sitting next to him before leaning in to kiss his cheek. The Omega giggles softly as his skin is lightly nibbled on and licked, giving the Alpha/Beta a light mental shove so he can turn around and nip at the very tip of his nose before pulling away, sipping his mug as the older male does the same. He watches his mate with a tender expression before swiping whipped cream off his top lip with his thumb, bringing it to his own mouth to lick the digit clean, watching color rise up on the younger male’s cheeks.

“Thanks,” he murmurs softly, his gaze quickly becoming focused on the ground.

The Brit watches him for a few seconds before sipping from his mug, looking at the wall before turning back to his Omega, studying him before placing his hand over his mug so he cannot avoid speaking.

“James, what has you so worried?” He asks softly, curling an index finger under the mother of his unborn child’s chin and as his thumb holds it in place so he can turn his head to lock eyes. “You can tell me anything. In my opinion, you can do no wrong, no matter what it is. I will still love you. Now and forever.”

Kirk’s gaze skitters away before resting back on his Alpha’s face, worrying his lower lip furiously with his teeth as he looks away again, his scent fluctuating wildly as a few loose objects rattle, but not violently so.

“Is it me?” Khan asks softly, his tone tender and gentle. “Am I the reason for why you are feeling this way?”

“No!” His Omega shouts immediately and quite loudly in his highly sensitive ear.

The Brit flinches slightly at the loud noise and leans away, the Captain singing a soft apology and lightly kisses his cheek before pulling away, sipping his hot chocolate as a few tears fall down his cheeks.

“What is it?” His mate asks softly. “James, I am the father of the child quickening in your womb, your Perfect Mate, your fiancé, your t’hy’la. I want to keep this relationship alive, because that is what you did to me.”

The Omega freezes before slowly turning his head towards the Alpha/Beta, blinking a few times as his mouth opens and closes, but no sound comes out as his glacial blue eyes remain wide.

“You know that I was in a bad place before we met,” the older male says softly. “But you do not know just how bad the place was. After I destroyed Praxis and I regained my memory, I continued my duties in Section 31’s Io Facility with the feeling as if I had arrived on an alien planet, but I did not feel any of the thrill as I had experienced when I did it with you. I only felt rage, one that
consumed me with the fury of Hellfire. Marcus had taken everything away from me, *Starfleet* took everything away from me, and I wanted to do the same. My second thought was to be reunited with my crew, my first was to destroy *Starfleet* and all it stood for. I knew that I was going to die once I outgrew my usefulness to Marcus, so why not take everything from him, all that he holds dear? I began planning on how to complete my, impossible, task, and I knew that starting from the bottom would take too long.”

“‘Cut off the head and the body will die,’” his fiancée quotes quietly, sipping from his mug.

“That was my plan,” the dark haired male confirms, looking away. “I was going to kill every *Starfleet* Officer and civilian I encountered once my plan was in full effect, but I had stumbled across your Official Record and I began to doubt myself about going through with my plan, but I shook off the feeling and put my plan into action. And then I saw you.”

He looks back and gently takes one of the mother of his unborn child’s hands, his large pale masculine one cradling his smaller tanned feminine one, bringing the inside of his wrist to his lips as he keeps their gazes locked.

“I had never seen anyone so beautiful,” he whispers against his skin. “I had always been attracted to females, and I knew that you were a Pure Omega from your record and quite attractive for an Omega male, but I was not prepared for just how beautiful you truly are. I was so close to forgetting my goal and take you as far away from *Starfleet*’s influence as I could, to submit to you completely and beg to be claimed as your mate, something that went against my very nature not only as an Augment, but as an Alpha as well. But it was all that I could think about. It was all that I wanted to do.”

His arctic blue eyes fall shut as he presses a soft kiss to the sensitive skin on the inside of his wrist, stimulating the two scent glands there as he feels the pulse begin to race beneath the skin his lips are pressing against, inhaling deeply as he feels his own pulse pick up and race in perfect harmony.

“But I pushed it aside,” he says quietly, his eyes partially opening as his lips brush against the thin and sensitive skin. “I chose to ignore my instincts, ones that were howling to be obeyed, and followed through with my plan, but I felt that I had chosen wrong.”

He pulls away and lets go of the hand he was holding in favor of cupping a cheek, leaning in to rest their foreheads together, their scents mingling as they feel their breaths on each other’s skin.

“And I knew, I knew from the moment that I finally caught your scent, the moment when we had nothing between us but air, I had chosen wrong,” he breathes, tipping his head up to have their lips brushing. “I had followed my blackened heart, my twisted, grotesque, warped monstrosity I called my soul, an unsightly and repulsive atrocity, followed the thing that lived off the darkest and vile feelings of the human conscious, a savage, wild, and inhuman thing, and fucked up so bad that I knew that I was too far gone to be pulled from the pit I had blindly leapt into without a second thought. But I was not too far. That simple punch not only created a bond between us, *it saved me*. It gave me a purpose, a direction in my life that I had only thought I had, a reason to go against my violent nature and submit to a ‘lesser being,’ but I knew then that humans were, are, superior. In the nearly three hundred years since my crew and I went into cryosleep, you survived, you overcame *every* obstacle thrown in your path, *you thrived.*”

“Noonien…” Kirk says softly, a few tears rolling down his cheeks.

He pulls away and takes both their mugs to move them onto the table, straddling his fiancé’s lap and hold his angular face in his hands as he rests their foreheads together, feeling frighteningly powerful arms wrap around his waist as if he is a delicate flower.
“Imagine that you are a computer, the first computer in existence,” he says quietly, stroking razor sharp cheekbones. “You have only the most basic programming that allows you to survive, but you are on your own.”

Khan nods as he watches his Captain’s face tenderly, his eyes closed as tears stream down his face.

“Other computers come into existence, but most don’t last very long as you continue to survive and thrive,” he continues. “You begin to evolve and write your own code, allowing you to become, superior, to the other computers, and more come into existence. Time passes and computers come and go, and a few even last a long time, but you remain untouched. Your code remains mostly unchanged as the times change, rewriting a few lines to keep up, but it remains the same. Programs that have been followed since the moment you were created, ones that have stood the test of time, never needing to be changed are the ones you follow. After seventeen thousand years of immutable and steadfast programs, you are forbidden from using them again. You still have access to them, but when you run them, the other computers shun you because they don’t understand or they don’t like the fact that you have withstood the test of time, and that places you at a higher status than them. Because you have not changed in seventeen thousand years, you are stumbling blindly in a time so far from when you had to adapt and create your own code you cannot remember how to create a new program, falling back on the only thing you know to just claw your way through day by day in a time that is do different from the one you know and drive every computer that you interact away because they can’t accept you. The computers talk to each other and refuse to interact with you, and the ones that had accepted you terminate their connections and ignore your cries for help, and the ones that do make connections keep their distance because they don’t want to associate with you.”

The blond is trembling in the Brit’s lap as tears cascade down his cheeks, his voice quiet and quivers as he speaks, even breaking a few times.

“You begin to adapt and write new programs, but the computers that created connections with you still keep their distance, ignoring your screams, pleas, and cries for help,” he whispers. “And even the computer that integrated themselves into your code, your programming, they do not understand, they will never understand. And no matter what happens, you will remain alone. Forever.”

The Augment holds his Omega tight as he whimpers before sobbing, clinging to him desperately as his body is wracked with the force of his sobs, all but howling as his fiancé tries to soothe him. The older male gently maneuvers them so he is on his back as the younger male lies on top of him, head buried in the crook of his neck as he wails and clings tightly, the Alpha/Beta burying his head into his dark golden blond hair as he cries silently alongside the howling Captain. It takes several minutes before the Omega finally calms down enough to take a deep breath, his eyes red and his face swollen from his crying, his head throbbing so painfully he cannot see straight as he continues to cling to the rock hard and unyielding body beneath him.

“God, I am so sorry, baby,” his Alpha whispers, holding him even tighter as tears continue to pour down his cheeks. “I am so sorry. I, I did not realize just how bad it was. You should have told me sooner, and even though it is obvious with hindsight, I wish you had told me sooner and not let it explode in our faces.”

“I wanted to, I really did,” his Captain whispers back, tears rolling down his cheeks. “But I was so afraid of you leaving me, even though I knew you wouldn’t. At least, I thought you wouldn’t. I prayed you wouldn’t.”

His mate presses a soft kiss onto the top of his head as he murmurs softly in Hindi, rubbing his back soothingly as he continues to hold him tightly against his body, feeling the lithe and sylphlike
body’s trembling lessen and finally cease.

“James,” he says softly, causing his fiancée to lift his head and look him in the eye. “I love you.”

Kirk smiles as a few tears roll down his cheeks, crawling up to rest their foreheads together as he frames his angular face with his hands, his tears splashing onto his pale flawless skin and mingle with the ones already on his cheeks.

“I love you too, Noonien,” he whispers in his mate’s native tongue. “I love you so much.”

Khan smiles widely before rolling them over so he is kneeling over the Omega, looking down into his wide glacial blue eyes as he brushes a stand of long dark golden blond hair out of his face, leaning down to brush their lips together in a feather light kiss. His Captain’s eyes flutter shut as he wraps his arms around his long neck, opening his mouth to the probing tongue tracing the seam of his lips before they tangle, expertly using their tongues, lips, and teeth as long feminine fingers tangle into silk-like long jet black hair and hold tightly. The Augment traces his cheekbone with his lips before gently brushing his ear, smiling at the full body shiver from the smaller male beneath him as he traces the back of his mandible, trailing his lips over the underside of his jaw and down his neck to his Adam’s apple. He can feel it bob beneath his lips as the blond swallows rapidly, sucking lightly before gently clamping his teeth around his throat, feeling the sharp inhale and the rapidly racing pulse with his mouth.

“Noonien,” the Captain whimpers, his fingers curling into broad muscular shoulders, feeling the muscle flex and nipple beneath his palms.

His fiancé pulls away and gently laves his tongue over his throat, nipping love bites across his jaw before nuzzling a spot just below the junction where his jaw and neck meet, searching for the most supple spot around the area. He quickly attaches his mouth to that area and gently suckles the warm flesh, making sure that he does not suck hard enough to leave a mark on the already marked skin, grinning at the soft whimpers and moans from the mother of his unborn child.

“Noonien,” his Omega whimpers a little louder, gently pushing at his broad shoulders to get him off of him.

The Alpha/Beta complies and allows the younger male to slip out from underneath him, grabbing their mugs to reheat them before sitting back down on the bed, extending the correct mug to the father of his unborn child and sips his own. His Alpha looks at him as he brings his own mug to his lips, watching him carefully before extending a hand to rest on his fiancée’s flat abdomen, fingers curling slightly in possession as a smaller hand rests on top of his large one. The expectant couple gently rubs noses before kissing softly, pulling away to rest their foreheads together, soft smiles dancing across their lips.

“Rarely do second chances ever occur,” Khan says softly. “And I am not about to let this one slip through my fingers.”

“Neither am I,” Kirk replies, just as soft.

He pulls away and sips his hot chocolate as his Alpha’s hand remains on his flat abdomen, still holding on possessively as if he would fly away at any moment, his expression tender and vulnerable as he watches him.

“Noonien, how much do you know about the rituals and customs involved with completing the Death-Rebirth ritual?” The Omega asks softly, looking down at his lap. “The public version, at least.”
“Not as much as I would like,” the Alpha/Beta admits, rubbing his abdomen tenderly. “I know the basic principle behind the ritual, but not much about the actual ritual. I can assume that I am about to get a crash course in the complex nature of the very ancient ritual, yes?”

“You’re right,” his Captain sighs, resting his head on his shoulder. “The Death-Rebirth ritual has been around as long as the Empresses of Earth have reigned, and one that signals that the next Empress is one step closer to taking complete control of the throne.”

“But I thought that the Empress took the throne on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their birth!” The Brit exclaims, eyes wide.

“That’s when their training allows them to be ready,” the blond replies. “It takes up to a hundred years afterwards for the next Empress to be actually ready. The Empress’ mother is Empress Regent until such time when they determine that their child is ready for the throne. The politics of being Empress is incredibly complicated, even more so because of the gender hierarchy, which is a nightmare for a normal person. I’m the head of every bloodline, and I’m held to a standard that has no room for error. And the Death-Rebirth ritual is no exception. Even though we are no longer in our reality and The Council is gone, those of Pure Blood status still expect me to follow the ways of old, even though they shun me. This would have been a critical milestone if we were in our reality, but here, it is one of the most important days in my lifetime, as it will publicly signal that not only are we Alpha and Omega, we are committed to each other for all of eternity.”

“Is this some sort of Omega/female thing that an Alpha/male is not supposed to understand?” his fiancé inquires, wincing at the glare sent his way. “I am just sayi-”

His words are cut off by lips as soft as petals pressing against his, his arctic blue eyes wide and blink rapidly before fluttering closed, leaning into the kiss as their lips part and their heads tip to the side. They part with a soft plop and nuzzle each other’s faces with the tip of their noses, rumbling and purring softly as smiles grace their lips, kissing once more before parting completely and hold onto their mugs.

“James,” the dark haired male says softly, causing his Omega to look at him. “I will try to understand that you need to keep secrets because you are a Pure Blood, a Pure Omega, and the Empress of Earth, as I am only a chimera and can never be a Pure Blood. But that does not mean I will not try my damnedest to understand. You are my mate, my Perfect Mate, the love of my life, my Savior.”

His mate looks away before his chin is taken between a warm forefinger and thumb, his head turned to look into soft arctic blue eyes.

“I will give everything to make this work,” the father of his unborn child murmurs, leaning in to brush their lips together and feel them move as he speaks. “I will put my heart and soul into this. There is nothing I will not do for you, and I will give everything I have in me to try and understand traditions that have been around far longer than I have existed, even though I will never be able to understand the ways of my mate and Empress.”

Tears stream down Kirk’s face as his mouth opens and closes, but no sound comes out as he begins to tremble, sniffing softly. His mouth finally closes and his lower lip begins to tremble, his cheeks turning pink as tears continue to fall, sniffling a little louder. Khan removes his mug from his hand and places both of theirs on the bedside table, gathering his mate in his arms and cradles him tight to his chest, rubbing his back as he quietly shushes the young Omega clinging to him and sobbing in his arms. The younger of the pair buries his head into his long pale neck, feeling soft kisses be peppered over his face as a deep, rumbling, velvet-like baritone murmurs softly in his ear in the owner’s native tongue, the large hands roaming over his back, sides, shoulders, and neck touching
him tenderly and gently. A large warm hand slides into his dark golden blond hair and cradles the back of his head lovingly, continuing to murmur affectionately and soothingly in his ear, his scent wrapping around him and comforting him as their bond thrums between them.

“I have you, baby boy,” his Alpha breathes against his ear, his tone soothing and gentle. “I have you.”

“You’re perfect,” the Captain sobs. “You’re perfect.”

“And so are you,” the Brit murmurs, rubbing his cheek against his forehead.

His fiancée tips his head up and captures his lips in a heated kiss, feeling strong fingers grip his hair lightly to hold his head steady as he tangles his own fingers into the jet black silk-like strands of the father of his unborn child’s hair, their lips working against each other as a kernel of golden warmth forms in their cores and blooms, spreading to every corner of their body, soul, and mind. Their bodies thrum as their bond cocoons them tightly, feeling giddy and elated as the warmth sends tingles down their spines and to their fingers and toes, purring and rumbling softly as the higher ranking Officer of the pair crawls into his Secondary Science Officer’s lap and holds his angular face in his hands. The couple parts for air and gasps loudly, trembling as their hearts race in their chest, feeling their sheathed wings fold around them as their scents fill the space between them.

“God, I love you,” the Alpha/Beta gasps. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” his Captain pants, holding his face tightly. “It scares me how much I love you.”

They rest their foreheads together as they continue to breathe harshly, holding onto each other as they smile softly, trembling as the tears on their cheeks begin to dry.

“Noonien, I’m scared,” the blond whimpers, tears falling as he trembles. “This reality is following our reality too close for comfort. Everything is an exact replica of what happened in ours, every detail is a perfect copy.”

He whimpers and presses closer as he tightens his grip, his trembling increasing as his tears fall faster, whimpering softly.

“I’m really scared,” he whimpers. “I’m really fucking scared.”

“I am too, James,” the Augment whispers in his native tongue. “I am scared too.”

Their heads snap up as Red Alert goes off, their blood turning to ice water as their breaths catch in their throats, terrified arctic meeting petrified glacial.

“Spock, what the fuck is going on?” Kirk demands as he whirls around to face his First Officer when he enters his quarters.

“The one you call Naki has escaped the medbay and is loose,” the Vulcan replies. “He has killed three crewmembers so far, and we have lost him somewhere in Engineering.”

He looks genuinely terrified, and the couple can feel that the rest of their crew is as well. The Augment rises to his feet and looks down at his scaled bodysuit he is wearing, a plan forming in his mind as he turns to his mate, reaching the same conclusion before turning to his fellow Commander.

“Tell the bridge to track my vitals,” he says, his arctic blue eyes hard. “It is time I return to what I
was created to do, what I was trained to do.”

The Captain cups a pale cheek and strokes a razor sharp cheekbone, stretching up on his toes to kiss him lovingly, keeping their lips closed and the kiss chaste.

“Be careful,” he whispers.

Khan kisses his Omega once more, his hands cradling his jaw tenderly as the smaller male curls his fingers around his biceps, lips closed as they linger before parting with a soft plop. The Alpha/Beta raises a hand to his mouth and touches his gum line, feeling small slits in the tissue that were not there before.

“That will be rather helpful,” he murmurs, earning a funny look. “I will tell you later.”

He kisses his fiancée again and rests a hand on his flat abdomen, fingers curling slightly in possession before pulling away, pecking the Omega’s lips thrice before dashing out of their quarters with Spock right behind him.

Kirk sits on the edge of their bed and places his hands on his flat abdomen, slipping inside his body to listen to the tiny heart beating inside him as he looks down at his lap, his glacial blue eyes falling closed as a few tears roll down his cheeks.

“Stay safe, Noonien,” he whispers, looking up at the doorway leading out of his quarters. “For both our sakes.”
Chapter XXXV

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for not posting in so long, but I have had the college monster chain me to its textbooks and it has taken all my free time away. I do not know when I will post again, but do not fret, I will complete this story, however long it takes. And we have made it past the one year mark!
And if you notice spelling mistakes or words missing, my brain tends to run faster than I can type. It is the same when I am writing.
...And I really suck at tagging.
Even though my priority is school, when I have a small chance of free time, I will continue to work on typing and posting. Just be prepared for long gaps, but I will keep posting, I promise.
Comments and kudos are very welcomed!

Khan races down the Enterprise’s pristine white hallways to Engineering, the floor cold against his bare feet as his heart pounds in his chest, not making a sound as he runs. Spock is right behind him, though the Augment is slowly pulling ahead due to his near infinite stamina, but Spock veers off and heads to the bridge, leaving him alone. He turns around a corner and skids slightly, not pausing in his running as he makes his way towards Engineering, closing his end of the bond as he naturally slips back into his old ways of relying on his instincts and senses. He dashes into Engineering and pauses a little ways in on a walkway, kneeling as he cocks his head side to side, listening intently for any sound before darting down the walkway. He swings his body over the railing and lands on some possibly vital tank before back flipping off of it to land silently on the floor. He crouches and cocks his head again, gracefully rising to his feet and darts through the maze of equipment, light on his feet and completely silent.

Many thought he was a weapon of brute force, one created to bash in skulls and tears limbs apart, but he was also created to be an assassin, a silent killer, never seen or heard until it was too late. He preferred to have his enemy know that they were going to die by his hands and fight to their last breath than have them die without knowing that they had only seconds to live, as he preferred to have his opponents put up a challenge, test him and try to beat him as he thought that silently killing your opponent was a coward’s way out.

Right up until a sniper had came less than a hair’s breadth from ending his life permanently.

He had a new appreciation for the silent killers after that point.

He slips through the pipes and wiring with the grace and fluidity of water, falling back on a skill he had learned on the five-year mission that he did for enjoyment with his mate, one that had actually been around before he was frozen, and he thoroughly enjoyed doing parkour. He listens intently for any sound out of place as he runs, thankful that the Red Alert has been turned off and that nearly all of the personnel in Engineering have been evacuated, except a skeleton crew to keep the Enterprise running. A Security Officer crosses his path, phaser aimed at him until he sees that the Alpha/Beta is wearing the scaled bodysuit from the gym, lowering his phaser and nodding in response. The dark haired male signals for the crewman to head left, the Officer nodding again before slipping into the maze, a pair of all-seeing arctic blue eyes watching him briefly. The Brit
darts to the upper right, glancing above him as an Officer buffaloes overhead on a walkway, elegantly and silently darting through the labyrinth that is the heart of the *Enterprise* and even slipping into areas that one would be baffled on how someone of his size and bulk could fit through.

Khan climbs a pipe to reach an upper walkway and swing his body over the railing, landing silently as he crouches on the unforgiving metal latticework digging into his feet, rising and darts along the walkway without making a sound. He catches a flash of movement out of the corner of his eye deep within Engineering, swinging over the side and hangs from the actual walkway, swinging his body to propel himself to a nearby pipe and shimmies down it to a bend almost twice his height from the floor, dropping to land gracefully on the floor and dart back into the maze towards the location where he saw movement. He slips between several large tanks to reach his destination, going down on one knee to sniff the air before cocking his head side-to-side, listening intently for any noise out of place, besides the lumbering Security Officers around him. The Alpha/Beta continues to move deeper into the bowls of the *Enterprise*, his mind already deconstructing her to her parts, knowing every sound she makes, where it comes from, what sounds she makes when something is wrong, even down to the smells and vibrations of her. He listens for anything out of place, every one of his highly attuned senses on high alert, trying to find anything unusual.

The Augment leaps up to a pipe and swings up and over it to throw himself through a very narrow gap between two tanks, twisting so he is on his side as he slips by before catching himself on another pipe and swings himself around so he does not smash into a very large metal tank directly across from the opening, stopping his moment so he can drop down and continue running. He whips around at a slight disturbance behind him, finding another Security Officer aiming his phaser at him, quickly lowering it at the pointed glare from the higher-ranking Officer. Said Officer gives a nod before resuming to try and pick up his clone’s scent, sniffing occasionally to try and find some whiff of the grief-driven Augment hiding in the vicinity.

He suddenly gasps and quickly falls to his knees as he tips his head towards the ceiling, his mouth opening wide as his lips pull back, his new fangs descending through the slits in his gums. The dark haired male’s highly attuned senses are suddenly put into overdrive, everything kicked up to eleven as he clamps his hands over his ears, falling to the ground to curl up on his side as agony consumes him from the inside out. His eyes are blown wide as he tries to take a breath, feeling the ridges of his fingerprints on his face before squeezing his eyes shut, tears rolling down his cheeks.

The Brit’s head snaps up and he is quickly crouching on the floor, lips pulled back to bare his fangs as he hisses softly, his predatory instincts locked on their target.

He can hear the sound of a powerful, but slow, heart beating eleven-point-two-four-nine meters ahead and eighteen degrees to the right, slow for a human, dangerously fast for an Augment.

A Pure Alpha Augment.

He is pacing and muttering in a small area, unaware of his genetic donor’s presence, still clearly mad with grief. Khan’s lips pull back in a malicious smile, his blindingly white fangs gleaming in the light in such a way that they prophesize unspeakable violence, rising to his feet to stalk his prey.

He is following instincts that trace back to the first of his species, not only to the first Alpha, but more importantly, the true apex predator of their reality, a Pure Omega.

He has never felt more human in his life.
Kirk tightens his grip on his Alpha’s pillow as he buries his face into it, inhaling his scent as his dark golden blond wings fold around him, dressed in his standard duty uniform once more.

He cannot help but worry about his mate’s wellbeing, knowing that there is a slim chance of him surviving his fiancé if he dies, very slim, but the thought of him raising their child alone terrifies him to the core. It may be his growing maternal instincts telling him this, but he is well aware of the fact that he is too naïve and innocent about the world to raise a child completely on his own, even with the support system around him to help with raising his child. Though he has experience with the “real world,” he still has trouble trying to override seventeen thousand years of genetic programming that have been his ancestors only source of guidance, had his Alpha not come into his life.

He needs his mate as much as he needs him, if not more so.

Lips as soft as petals, ones tasting like fresh picked strawberries with a twist of vanilla, press against his in a tender kiss, ones that the Captain knows anywhere.

Especially when they are pressing against his skin.

He hums softly as Khan parts his lips with a skilled and probing tongue, letting the pillow be tugged out of his grasp as he is rolled onto his back, a warm and solid body carefully lowering onto his. Warm long-fingered hands slide down his arms to tangle their fingers together as their heads tip to the sides, lips working against each other before he pulled up an into his fiancé’s lap, hands resting on the small of his back and cradles the back of his head lovingly. The younger of the pair loops his arms around the long pale, and still scaled covered neck, straddling powerful thighs as he is held tighter to a rock hard body. The Alpha/Beta reluctantly pulls away and takes a few steadying breaths, opening his pure arctic eyes to gaze tenderly into glacial blue, sliding the hand tangled into long dark golden blond hair to cup a cheek and trace the cheekbone with his thumb. The blond nuzzles palm as he feels his ring press against his skin, babbling softly in his native tongue as his mate smiles widely, his eyes crinkling around the corners as they shine brightly. The Brit gently tugs his Omega down to nuzzle his cheeks with the tip of his nose, the Captain continuing to sing softly as his dark golden blond wings fold around them, a deep pleased rumbling filling the air along with the soft melody.

“Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?” The dark haired male asks.

His Captain’s smiling response startles them both, staring at each other in shock.

Never.

The couple blinks rapidly as their lips part in shock, swallowing a few times as they try to figure out what just happened.

“Did you, did you just lie?” Khan asks, arctic blue eyes wide with shock. “To me?”

“No,” Kirk lies again, nearly falling off his mate’s lap in shock. “We, we can lie to each other? How!”

“I do not know, love,” the Augment says, looking down at the floor. “I do not know. But…”

He looks up and smiles softly, rubbing his mate’s waist tenderly with his large hands.

“But I will not lie to you, even though we can now,” he says softly. “This new development has not
changed how I will treat you, nor will it affect our future.”

“So if I ask, ‘does this dress make me look fat,’ and it does, what would you say?” The blond asks, framing his sharp angular face with his small hands.

“‘It does, love,’” the Brit replies, leaning into the touch. “And then I would find you a new one.”

The Captain smiles and shakes his head, leaning down to press a soft kiss between dark brows and then on the tip of a pale nose, his lips trailing over a perfect Cupid’s bow before landing on sinfully soft lips.

“I can always count on you to say the truth,” he murmurs softly in Hindi, lips brushing against each other. “And did you get him?”

“Yeah, I got him,” the Alpha/Beta replies softly. “Thanks to my new fangs.”

“Fangs?” His fiancée asks, frowning. “But, they are found in Omegas only!”

“I do not know why, but I do have fangs now,” the dark haired male replies, stretching up for a kiss. “Do you feel any different?”

“I, I do not think so,” the Omega says, pulling away before their lips can meet. “Why?”

His Alpha whines piteously before all but shoving his Captain on his back to kneel over him, ignoring the loud squeak as he claims his lips in a very heated kiss, feeling the heat rise off the cheeks of the smaller male beneath him as he remains frozen stiff. They part with a soft plop and lock eyes before the older of the pair claims the mother of his unborn child’s lips again, tangling their hands together as the other slides down his side to slip under his shirts and rest on his narrow waist, rubbing his warm skin before rising to his knees and slips off the bed. Khan heads to their closet and sheds the bodysuit so he can spread his wings, hissing slightly at the cramps that have built up while sheathed and loosens the stiff muscles slowly, eventually being able to change into his standard duty uniform with his Sciences Blue overshirt without wincing at any move his wings make. Kirk sits up and watches his fiancé change as a light blush spreads across his cheeks, watching the muscles ripple under acres of flawless pale skin with each move he makes, everything about him radiating understated power and unspeakable violence, one built, created, solely for combat, but one that promises to be more gentle and loving than violent.

The Augment looks over his shoulder as he pauses with his fly still open, studying him with an arctic blue eye before doing his fly, leaving his boots off as he pulls his shirts over his head slowly and sensually. He keeps his fiancée’s eyes locked with his as he tosses the articles of clothing aside, sauntering over to him before placing his hands and one knee on the bed, leaning in towards him with his presence causing the smaller male to fall back onto his elbows. Wide glacial blue eyes stare up into tender arctic as massive jet black wings spread from behind pale shoulders, curling around them and stretching forward to fold around the young blond on the bed, his Alpha leaning in even more so his Captain falls flat on his back and his hands rest palms up beside his head. The blond swallows as his breathing picks up and he begins to tremble, his pupils swallowing his irises with his heart threatening to burst from his ribcage when the Alpha/Beta leans down so their lips are mere centimeters from each other, feeling the other’s breaths on their skin.

“I will not hurt you, James,” the Brit whispers, leaning down to brush their lips together. “I will never hurt you. And it broke my heart when I hurt you.”

He pulls away and cups the cheek he had struck, stroking tenderly before gently nudging it to the side so he can pepper soft and affectionate kisses over it, his hand sliding down his arm to tangle
their fingers together and hold tightly. Massive jet black wings spread and drape over them as a warm, firm body lowers onto a soft, supple one, heads turning so lips can brush and finally meet, hands gently roaming over skin before the last of the clothes covering the upper torsos are divested and tossed aside. The dark haired male pulls them both up so his Omega is in his lap, large warm hands roaming up and down his back and sides in wide, sweeping strokes, slender feminine hands sliding into his wild jet black hair and toys with the strands as their wings fold around them. The Captain shifts and wraps his long legs around his fiancé’s waist as his large hands fall onto his prominent hips, letting out a soft gasp of surprise as he is shoved onto his back and his hips are straddled, large jet black wings fluttering on the bed as soft lips press against his. The Brit opens his eyes to look up into soft glacial blue, his mate’s dark golden blond hair hanging around his face and shining like a halo in the light, the sight taking his breath away.

Kirk smiles softly and traces a razor sharp cheekbone with his index finger, trailing it over the bridge of his nose to his other cheekbone and then back over, trailing it back to his ear and down the side of his face to his jaw. He traces his jaw from one side to the other before trailing his fingers down his throat, tracing his collarbones before lowering his mouth to a tendon that is standing out in sharp relief on his neck, mouthing gently at it as his dark golden blond wings fan out and rest over them. He pulls away and sits up straight, curling his fingers into pale rock hard shoulders as he settles his full weight onto his Alpha’s hips, large pale hands resting on top of his prominent ones as glacial locks with arctic and become unable to tear away, wings fluttering and stretching to brush against each other. Khan slides his hands up his fiancée’s sides, feeling each bump and valley of his ribcage before gliding up his back, tracing the junction of his wing and shoulder blade gently as hands knead his shoulders. The blond stretches down and brushes their lips together before finding himself flat on his back and quickly submits to the dominating Alpha looming over him, wrapping his arms around his neck and rolls them over, both squeaking loudly when they fall off the bed in a tangled mass of limbs and feathers.

The couple looks at each other before devolving into a fit of hysterical giggles, tears rolling down their cheeks as they untangle themselves and rise to their feet, trying to straighten themselves as best they can before pulling on the rest of their standard duty uniform.

“Hey, Noonien?”

The Augment turns to the bed to find his Captain sitting on the edge fully dressed, looking down at the floor before kneeling in front of him, placing a hand on one knee as he stretches a wing out to brush his cheek.

“Yes, love?” He asks softly.

“I won’t lie to you either,” the Omega says softly, looking up. “I promise.”

“I know, love,” his fiancé replies softly, stretching up to rub noses with him. “I know you will not.”

The couple crawls onto the bed with the younger of the pair resting his head on a pillow and his fiancé’s head pillowed on his abdomen, pressed up against his side as he drapes a massive jet black wing over them, cuddling for shared body heat as they listen to the third heart beating rapidly in the room. The Alpha/Beta crawls up his mate’s body and rests his head on the pillow next to his, pulling his svelte frame against his robust one so they are back to chest, wrapping his massive jet black wings around them as he throws a leg over top and slips in between to hold him tighter.

“Are you warm enough, my love?” He asks softly, pressing a tender kiss to the back of his neck as he wraps an arm around his slender waist.
“I will be,” the Captain murmurs, resting his hands on top of the large pale ones on his still flat abdomen.

The couple falls silent and enjoys their mate’s company, cocooned in downy softness with their scents trapped in the space of massive feathered wings, their bond thrumming between them as they enjoy the chance to have a moment to themselves. The older of the pair runs his tongue along his gum line, feeling the tiny slits in the tissue that have just recently appeared, smiling as his mate snuggles closer to for warmth.

“Love you so much, James,” Khan whispers in Hindi. “So much it scares me.”

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk whispers back, stroking his Alpha’s hands tenderly. “You have given me so much. More than you can ever imagine.”

The couple falls silent again, and besides the thrum of the Enterprise, the only other sound in their quarters are the trilling of Noonien and Tiberius in their cage, snuggled up closer to each other than their namesakes are. Though the pair is not exhausted, they slip into a light doze and cuddle with the love of their lives, soft purring and rumbling joining the soft trilling in the air.

John finds himself feeling a bit stronger when he wakes up again, also finding that his cannula and IVs are gone, and that there are half-a-dozen armed Security Officers around him. He turns his head to look in the direction of his twin, his heart clenching when he realizes that he is not there, and that the scent in the air is something he did not imagine.

“What is going on?” He inquires, gasping when he is dragged to his feet.

“You’re to come with us,” one of them says, watching as the Augment is manhandled into cuffs.

The Pure Beta opens his mouth to protest, but snaps his jaw closed when he sees that the pulse rifles that they are carrying are set to kill. He reluctantly accepts that he is now a prisoner as he is roughly prodded with the muzzle of a rifle to march out of the medbay, marching to god knows where as he tries to remain upright with his head throbbing so painfully he cannot see straight, gritting his teeth as the thoughts of so many people flood into his mind unfiltered. He is marched through stark white halls that amplify the pounding in his head ten-fold, unsure exactly where they are headed, fighting to not sink to his knees and cry in pain.

He finds out exactly where they are going when they enter what he can only assume to be the brig, several people already there and waiting, some of them the last people he wants to see.

Khan and Kirk are standing to one side with their wings, honest to god wings, folded disconcertingly still against their backs, mouths pressed in a firm line as their eyes land on the approaching Augment, their harsh glares causing him to flinch slightly and drop his gaze. He looks over at the others in the room, finding them dressed in Sciences Blue, but John does not recognize either of them. One Science Officer has pointed ears and a slight olive tint to his skin, very slight, a Vulcan, but he looks human as well. The other looks fully human, but he is not sure anymore. The final figure is on the other side of a laminated layer of malleable corundum-silicate glass, pacing furiously and muttering under his breath.

“Naki,” the Pure Beta breathes, taking a step forward.

He doubles over as the butt of a rifle slams into his stomach, coughing as his diaphragm spasms and he sinks to his knees, trying to catch his breath since the wind was knocked out of him.
“Be careful! He’s pregnant for god’s sakes!” Someone growls, a high pitched clacking filling the air.

John regains his breath and coughs one last time, rising to his feet as he swallows a few times, his head still throbbing as he manages to clear his vision.

“Naki,” he calls again, trying to get his mate’s attention.

The Pure Alpha does not make any sign of acknowledgement, causing his twin to frown and look at the couple.

“Can he not hear me?” He asks, feeling a little nauseous.

Kirk looks at him for a few seconds before turning to the Vulcan, his hands moving rapidly as his wings remain still.

“Captain Kirk wishes for me to inform you that the person you called ‘Naki’ has gone mad with grief when you slipped into a death healing trance,” he translates, turning to the Pure Beta. “And since you were technically dead, your bond broke and drove our prisoner insane.”

The Captain moves his hands rapidly again, his mate eyeing his clone with a murderous glare.

“Due to his insanity,” the Vulcan continues. “He has killed five of the Enterprise’s crewmembers and was about to kill a sixth until Commander Singh intervened and neutralized him.”

“Noonien?” John asks, turning to his genetic donor.

Khan nods, his hard gaze causing his clone to flinch and look away.

“And when a bond is broken,” the other Science Officer says. “It can’t be reforged. There’s no way for Naki to rebond with you, even if he was sane. He’s dangerous, and we have no choice but to kill him, if we don’t want any more casualties.”

Kirk watches as John sinks to his knees, tears streaming down his pale face as he cries. As much as it hurts to see his child in pain, the Pure Beta’s former mate is highly dangerous and mentally unstable, posing a threat to everyone onboard, even himself. His first priority is the safety of the child growing inside him, his mate, his Perfect Mate, is second, his crew is third, and then his imprinted child. The fact that both his and his fiancée’s fangs have descended from being around Naki, who is behind a barrier that is just a hair’s breadth from being unbreakable, shows exactly how dangerous the Pure Alpha is when their instincts are telling them that there is a large chance of death when their rational mind says there is not.

The blond looks up when his fiancé’s fingers brush against his, his arctic eyes glued on his clone, lips curled back so his brilliant white fangs are exposed. His jet black wings shift in agitation before one wraps around his Omega, a low rumble in his throat. The Captain tangles their fingers together, one of his smaller dark golden blond wings moving to wrap around his Alpha as best he can, the Alpha/Beta using his much larger and stronger wing to hold his mate close to his body as if trying to shield him from the world.

“One minute,” the Omega signs once he pulls out of his mate’s embrace. “The barrier is staying up, he’s staying handcuffed, and there has to be a meter of space between him and the glass.”
Spock conveys the information to the still sobbing Augment, the Pure Beta lifting his head to look up as tears continue to pour down his cheeks. He nods and rises to his feet, moving to stand before the barrier as he snifflles softly, his lower lip trembling. The Security Officers form a semi-circle around him, rifles still set to kill, something that makes him a littler nervous.

John opens his mouth to speak before closing it, tears still streaming down his cheeks as Naki continues to pace and mutter.

“I’m pregnant,” the Pure Beta whispers finally.

The moment the words leave his mouth, his twin freezes in place, his head whipping towards him. His blood flecked arctic irises lock with John’s emerald flecked ones, his lips parted slightly. He does not move, nor does he breathe, the only thing moving is something behind his eyes.

A spark of recognition flickers in his eyes before it becomes a blazing inferno, tears streaming down the Pure Alpha’s cheeks as his mouth opens and closes.

“J-J- John?” He asks, his voice cracking. “Is, is that you?”

John lets out a soft sob, sinking to his knees as he weeps with joy, bringing his cuffed hands to his face. Naki kneels before him and places his hands on the glass, tears streaming down his pale cheeks as he watches his twin with an expression not fit for a sibling, but is pure and honest.

“You’re, you’re,” he whispers.

His mate nods, sobbing softly as his body trembles.

“Sonuvabitch!”

Kirk claps a hand over his mouth as his fangs retract, cursing loudly and colorfully, but his gums do not bleed. Khan is shaking his head like a dog trying to get off water from its coat, swearing just as colorfully before working his jaw, tears pricking at his eyes.

“Does it always hurt this much?” The Augment asks, rubbing his sore jaw.

“I can count on one hand how many times I’ve had to experience this before this time,” his Captain replies, hand still over his mouth. “I’ve got a very small data pool to work with, but I’m gonna have to say, ‘Brilliant deduction, Sherlock.’”

He ignores the pointed glare from his Alpha as he gestures to the Pure Beta, who is currently sobbing uncontrollably.

“Take off the cuffs and remove the barrier,” he orders. “He’s harmless, and the couple needs some time together.”

His Officers comply with his order, Naki quickly moving to be in front of his sobbing mate to pull him into his arms, crying as well as they cling to each other tightly. The older couple looks at each other with different expressions on their faces, the older of the pair has his lips pressed in a thin line and a disapproving look on his face, but he is also hesitant and uncertain. His fiancée on the other hand is smiling softly and understandingly, reaching to take the Brit’s hand only to find him pulling away, motioning to move away from the group and speak privately.

“Noonien? Is something wrong?” The blond asks once they have moved away from the group, noting that his massive wings are creating a barrier between them. “You’re acting kinda, skittish.”
“Something is just, this just does not feel right,” the dark haired male replies, watching McCoy scan his clones. “When Naki attacked us on Qo’noS, H’groybethi’s men attacked us as if we were the ones who initiated the skirmish. It is possible that one of the patrol craft might have been able to send a warning of our presence, and we are currently pushing our luck right at the moment. The planetary defenses—”

“I know about the planetary defenses, Noonien,” his Omega snaps, wings shivering slightly. “I know that we’re pushing our luck, but we can’t warp out of here because we don’t have warp, and if we did, we’ll tear the Enterprise apart because that little stunt we just pulled did a ‘little’ bit more damage than I had anticipated. I have eleven hundred crewmembers to think about, and I need you by my side to help me. Can you do that for me? Can you be my rock?”

His fiancé hesitates before looking over at the others, his arctic gaze flicking back to the Omega’s face, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he thinks. The younger male steps in closer and takes his pale angular face in his hands, pressing his lips against the Alpha/Beta’s in a tender and sweet kiss, tasting strawberries and vanilla as he traces the seam of his lips before slipping his tongue past the sinfully soft lips. The Augment’s hands fall to his prominent hips and gently tugs him closer to his body, arms looping around his neck to tangle their fingers into his jet black hair, gripping lightly.

‘I can be your rock, because I am your rock,’ he thinks, fingers curling in possession. ‘I can, will, be anything and everything you need me to be.’

‘Thank you,’ his mate thinks, the couple parting with a soft plop. “For everything.”

“You are very welcome,” his Alpha murmers against his lips.

Suddenly, the twins are shrieking at the tops of their lungs and clutch their heads, tears streaming down their faces as they curl up on their sides on the floor. Khan and Kirk race to their sides as they move to their hands and knees, continuing to howl in agony as the pair share a wide eyed look when they see that their shoulders are rippling, McCoy scanning them before a look of shock and horror crosses his face.

“Holy shi—”

Their clothes tear as clear liquid explodes from the two parallel wounds on their shoulder blades, soaking wet jet black wings shimmering with their respective eye tints emerge next from within the wounds, the clones still howling with agony. The twins screams are cut off abruptly as they collapse, unconscious before they hit the floor as the skin around their wing joints knit together to heal any gaps, their wings fluttering pathetically on the floor as the others around them share shocked looks, their disbelief clear.

“What the fuck…?” Khan breathes.

Naki slowly drags his eyes open, finding himself staring up at a ceiling that is not stark-white, or smooth. He looks around once he it stops hurting when he tries, finding himself in a medical orientated room.

“Good, you’re awake.”

A gruff looking Doctor stares down at him, scowling with a slight hint of worry on his face.

“How do you feel?” He asks, looking at a PADD. “Anything out of the ordinary?”
The Pure Alpha hesitates, thinking.

“No as far as I can tell,” he replies eventually. “Why?”

“Because fucking wings just sprouted from your fucking back,” he replies, scowling. “Why can’t I have a normal day for once?”

Naki licks his lips as he sits up, frowning slightly as he ignores the pain flaring up at the action.

“I, I do not understand the significance,” he says, highly confused.

“Of course you don’t,” the Doctor mutters, shaking his head. “Jim’s ordered that the moment you wake up, you were to be escorted to his quarters. This nice gentleman will show you the way.”

He nods to the Officer in Operations Red guarding him with a pulse rifle in hand, and a quick glance at the rifle confirms his worst fears, that it is indeed set to kill. The Pure Alpha swallows thickly, feeling something twitch against his back, something massive and warm. He does not take the time to look, focusing to trying to not tick off the guard and get himself killed, handcuffs snapped onto his wrists. The Security Officer gestures for him to exit the medbay, another half dozen guards waiting outside with pulse rifles, the first leading the Augment through the maze of pristine and stark-white hallways, the Pure Alpha’s heart in his throat.

Why does the Captain, he can only assume that Jim is the Captain, want to meet with him?

He then remembers the five people he killed, dread coiling in his gut.

Is he going to be executed?

_Could_ Starfleet execute someone?

Naki swallows thickly, feeling something shifting against his back again. The Security Officers lead him into the section set aside for Senior Officers’ quarters, stopping in front of a door. Once it slides open, the Pure Alpha can only presume that the quarters beyond are the Captain’s quarters, several people waiting inside.

A sharp prod in the dead center of his back causes him to stumble, the first Security Officer shoving him into the room. He glances back before he is spun around and the handcuffs removed, spun back the other way and shoved once more, stumbling before stepping further into the room.

“Thank you, Lieutenant Hendorff,” Captain James Tiberius Kirk says, giving a dismissive nod.

The Security Officer exits his Captain’s quarters, the doors closing behind him with a soft hiss. Naki feels something shift against his back violently again, his heart pounding in his chest as he swallows thickly, turning back to the blond.

“Have a seat,” he says, gesturing to the empty chair.

Khan Noonien Singh, his genetic donor, is staring at him with an unreadable expression, his wings folded against his back as he remains close to the Captain, his back straight and his presence imposing. A Klingon is off to the side, but near the blond as if guarding him, his expression unreadable, most likely due to the fact that he had very little experience with non-human expressions. The fourth figure in the room turns in his chair, there emerald flecked arctic irises filled with shifting emotions. The Pure Alpha sits beside his twin, staring at his jet black wings with flashes of emerald iridescence when the light hits his feathers just right.
“John was just filling us in,” Kirk says, leaning back in his chair as he steeps his fingers together. “He is a bit fuzzy of the details, as he has only known about the plan for three days, since Stardate 2259.55, correct?”

John nods, looking anywhere but in the direction of the others in the room.

“It is now Stardate 2259.58,” the Captain says, turning to the Pure Alpha as his glacial eyes flash dangerously. “I want to know how long you have been working on this plan.”

Naki swallows, looking down as he thinks.

“I did not create the plan, I was given instructions,” he says quietly. “But since Stardate 2258.104, when Marcus visited us. He told me that I had been created to do something, special, and I needed to follow a specific set of instructions.”

“You had only developed to fifty-eight months old,” Khan says. “One day shy of having the appearance of a five year old. You were only a month old when he visited, and you are telling me this-”

The blond holds up a hand, silencing his Alpha mid-sentence.

“It was one week later that you claimed your twin, correct?” He asks.

The Pure Alpha nods, still staring at the table.

“And what was your first instruction from Marcus?” The Omega asks, lowering his hand.

“It, it was not Marcus who gave me the instructions,” Naki says quietly. “I was given an encoded communicator where I received my instructions from someone, or something called-”

“Let me guess, Sylar,” Kirk interrupts, earning a stunned look as he turns to the dark haired male beside him. “That is the same name I gleaned from Marcus in his office.”

“So, this person, or thing, calling themselves, or itself, Sylar, is the one behind all this,” the Alpha/Beta says slowly.

“No one has seen Sylar,” the Pure Alpha interjects. “We, Marcus and I, received encrypted text messages on our communicators. I think that Marcus and I are the only ones who have had interactions with Sylar, but neither of us know who or what Sylar is.”

“We do know one thing,” the Omega says. “They are from our reality.”

“James, the chances of that-” Khan begins.

“Only a goddamn computer can calculate the odds of the events repeating randomly,” the Captain interrupts. “And I can damn well tell you that the number is as good as zero. Why do you think my precognitions are unreliable? There are far too many possibilities for events in two different realities to repeat exactly, especially these events when we have already experienced them. There are far too many details that are being mimicked to be a coincidence that can only be know by those who experienced it.”

“So they have to be someone, or something, with intimate knowledge of the events occurring,” the Alpha/Beta says, nodding. “For the most part, the overall timeline is similar, but with a few details that are different from our reality, though not enough to change the development of the path this reality is taking.”
“Exactly,” his mate replies. “An Omega’s precognitions may be one of their most unique abilities, but it is the most unreliable. Think about it, when you flip a coin, there are two possible outcomes, heads or tails. Because each outcome has the same chance of occurrence, two realities are created because it can either have the outcome of heads or tails. Imagine flipping that coin a hundred times, and with each flip, two realities are created for each outcome. But since there are more than just two outcomes in life, there are so many realities forming every fraction of a second it becomes impossible to keep track of each individual one from the others as you look farther ahead into the future. It is an Omega’s most infuriating ability because it is almost completely useless. So believe me when I tell you that there are an infinite number of different futures where this did not happen. The odds of this chain of events occurring exactly as it did in our reality is infinity to one. Those are not the best odds, do you not agree?”

“I would have to concur,” the older of the pair replies. “The person, or persons, behind this has to have intimate knowledge of not only what happened overall, but also know how those involved responded to the events unfolding.”

The couple’s eyes widen as they hit with a sudden realization, turning to look at each other as their lips part in shock.

“They have to be someone we know and trust,” they say in unison.

“Wait, this has happened before?” John asks, eyes widening.

“In the reality where we originally came from, at least,” Kirk replies, looking at his child. “Noonien and I met on Qo’noS, where I punched him in the face, and our bond formed the moment our skin touched. The events up to this point are an exact match for the ones in our reality, where as when we returned to the Enterprise, Noonien and I claimed each other in a sudden onset of pyresus. The events are identical, which should not be possible.”

He leans forward and rests elbows on the table, his expression turning serious as his wings flutter slightly in agitation.

“This being calling themselves Sylar wants to repeat events that nearly destroyed both the Klingon Empire and the Federation had we not stopped it,” the Omega continues. “And the cost was incredibly high to do so.”

The blond leans back in his chair as his eyes fall shut, looking away while tears threaten to spill down his cheeks, eventually rising to his feet to stand in front of the viewport, staring out at the pinpoints of light against the black canvas of space.

“I, I would rather not talk about it,” he says quietly, crossing his arms over his chest as his wings fold around him.

Khan rises to his feet and moves to stand in front of him, gently parting his wings to slip into the space he created before folding his wings around them, completely obscuring anyone’s attempt to see them. Soft murmurs rise up from the space inside the wings, but they are just soft sounds as no words can be made out, the expectant couple lost in their own private universe. The couple finally parts and heads back to the table, the younger of the pair still visibly upset, though not as much so as before.

“What is your next instruction?” The Captain asks, wiping at his tear streaked face as he looks at the twins.

“I, I do not have one,” Naki replies, looking at the table. “My last one was how to transport to
“Qo’noS, with one line attached on the end.”

He pauses, swallowing.

“See you and your yatlh whore in Hell,” he says quietly.

“Yatlh is Klingon for pregnant,” the Klingon speaks up from the corner. “So, this Sylar knew that John was pregnant?”

“I know what it means, H’groybethi,” Kirk snaps before his expression softens slightly. “But, how? He is only two weeks, three days pregnant. As an Omega male, the only way to detect that you are that far along before your next onset of pyresus or when the symptoms start is through blood work, unless you happen to be me and channel your imprinted child. How could they possibly know that John would be pregnant, especially so early in his pregnancy, and when he was…”

“Inseminated,” his Alpha supplies.

The Omega blushes, nodding.

“That, he was not experiencing pyresus,” he continues. “You have never had one, correct?”

“I, I am unsure what a pyresus is,” the Pure Beta admits.

“Ever felt like you were being consumed from within by a supernova and only Naki’s touch and, mating, with you, could put it out by spreading ice inside you?” The blond asks.

“Then no, I have not,” his child replies, wings shifting against his back.

“Doctor McCoy ran a full physio panel on the both of you, and came up with some, unexpected, results,” the Alpha/Beta says. “Apparently, John, you have the internal reproductive system of an Omega male, the entire structure comprising of Pure Omega male DNA. The strangest part is that some of your cells are Pure Omega, such as breast tissue, while the rest are Pure Beta. But you lack the Bartolic ring found in Omega males, and you have never had your internal vagina penetrated. Nor do we know how your Pure Beta DNA turned into Pure Omega DNA. But it appears that your, metamorphosis, for lack of a better term, has stopped.”

John places a hand on his flat abdomen and looks down, his fingers curling slightly as his wings flutter against his back, lifting his gaze as his mate places his hand on top of his, fingers falling into the spaces between his own.

“So, what do we do now?” Naki asks quietly, looking at the older pair.

“We have set you up in one of the VIP guest quarters,” the Captain replies as he takes his fiancé’s hand. “Until we decide what our next move is, it is probably best that you two stay there for as long as you remain onboard. The crew does not feel safe with you, Naki, roaming free, on top of H’groybethi onboard. And I need my crew working at maximum efficiency for the couple of hours, if my memory serves me. Noonien, if you do not mind, and show them how the utilities work.”

Khan nods and rises to his feet, escorting his clones out of his mate’s quarters and to theirs, H’groybethi following him. The blond leans back in his chair, closing his eyes as he places his hands on his flat abdomen, exhaling through his nose.

“That could have gone better,” his fiancé sighs as he enters their quarters, his wings shifting slightly.
Kirk rises to his feet and quickly moves to push the taller male up against the wall, standing on his toes to claim his lips as he slides a knee between his legs, tangling one hand into his hair to hold his head still as the other curls around his bicep. The Augment places his free hand on the small of his back as the other one curls around his mate’s bicep, tipping his head to the side to dominate the kiss. The blond pulls away and places a finger on his soft lips, his dark golden blond wings fluttering against his back as he brushes a strand of dark golden blond hair behind his ear, his scent even and calm for the most part.

“I’m cashing in on my promise,” he murmurs, pulling his finger away to kiss his Alpha again. “And you better not regress on your end.”

The Alpha/Beta swallows thickly, nodding as his cheeks heat up. The Omega’s cheeks heat up as well, but his glacial blue eyes are clear and sharp. He kisses his mate again, slipping his tongue past his lips to deepen the kiss, tipping his head to the side as he presses his body flush against the robust one he has pinned. The Brit submits to his fiancée as he sags against the wall, letting him dominate as he keeps his wings folded against his back, fighting to not take control. The Captain pulls away and gently takes the dark haired male’s hand, tugging gently as he begins to move backwards towards the bed, the older male following and allows himself to be turned so his back is to the bed. He lets himself be gently pushed onto his back onto the bed, crawling backwards so he has his head on a pillow, his mate crawling after him and straddles him hips as he straightens his back.

Khan looks up nervously at his Captain, his massive jet black wings fluttering where they lay half spread on the sheets, amethyst purple, sapphire blue, and emerald green iridescence shimmering in the light. Kirk cups his Alpha’s cheek as his own wings, the color primarily dark golden blond with highlights ranging from a darker golden blond to a pale, almost white, blond shimmer like the sun as they spread slightly, stroking his razor sharp cheekbone with tender sweeps of his thumb. He leans down and captures his Brit’s sinfully soft lips, tasting of strawberries and vanilla as he slides a hand down his side to the hem of his shirts, slipping under to touch warm and smooth skin. The Captain can feel the dark haired male’s muscles ripples under his touch, gently sliding his hand up his side and over the ridges and valleys of his ribcage, pushing his shirt up to expose his chest. The Augment closes his eyes as his Omega divests them of their clothes, resting his cheek on his pillow as his blush deepens, feeling his hands roam over his skin. He feels his fiancée press their lips together, kissing him gently before slowly peppering a trail of kisses down his pale neck, lining his teeth up with his mark of claim and gently bites down.

The Brit shudders at the slight pressure of teeth against his skin, fingers curling into the sheets as his wings flutter against them, his breathing becoming ragged. The Omega continues his path down his body, keeping his eyes locked on his fiancé’s face as he nips, sucks, and kisses his skin, his hands stroking every inch of skin he can reach. He gently licks one of his mate’s nipples before biting down, grinning at the softly uttered whimper becomes a soft cry as he sucks, long pale fingers threatening to tear holes in the sheets. He teases the nub to a hardness that could cut glass before moving to the other one, repeating his actions on the other one, grinning at the shrill cry that rises up from the male above him. The Alpha/Beta refuses to open his eyes as he turns his head to bury his face into his pillow, his blush spreading down his body to his chest, his robust frame trembling slightly.

“Noonien? Are you okay?”

Khan feels his Omega’s hand touch his cheek, wiping away tears that he did not know he had spilled, whimpering softly. He pulls away and throws his arms over his face, refusing to open his eyes as tears continue to spill down his cheeks, whimpering a little louder. Kirk moves off his mate and slips off the bed, watching him roll onto his side and wrap his wings tightly around himself,
curling up into as small of a ball that is humanly possible. He worries his lower lip with his teeth as his dark golden blond wings shift against his back, hesitating as he gazes at the whimpering Augment before picking up his discarded uniform and pulls it on, heading to the doorway before pausing to look back at his Alpha. He slips out into the hallway and heads towards the forward observation lounge, wanting to gaze out at the stars and nebulae and be alone with his thoughts, but he is surprised to find that Uhura is there.

“Is everything alright, Lieutenant?” He asks, causing his Chief Communications Officer to start at his voice. “It is unusual to find you away from your post at such an important point of our mission. Something on your mind?”

“You should know,” she says in a derisive tone. “After all, you are a telepath.”

“How would you feel if you could read millions, if not billions, of minds that are unaware that you can do so?” The blond asks, tipping his head to the side. “How would you feel if you can hear the things that no one would ever say out loud, how they truly feel about their lives, what they do not want people to know? That with the slightest bit of effort, you can know everyone’s deepest, darkest secrets, things that only their subconscious and unconscious knows, things that no amount of therapy can retrieve? How would you feel if you knew that you held absolute power over everyone, and that no one can stop you from using it, that only you can stop yourself from abusing it?”

The Communications Officer hesitates before looking away, sitting back down in her chair as her Captain moves to sit on the bench before the viewport, tucking his legs under himself as he folds his wings against his back and looks out at the starfield before him. Uhura watches him as he gazes out the viewport with a soft expression, the starlight shining in his eyes as he reaches up to the necklace hidden under his shirts, toying with the pendant as his other hand curls around his ankle.

“Do you miss it?” She asks suddenly.

“Pardon?” The Omega asks, turning to her.

“Do you miss being in your reality?” His Chief Communications Officer clarifies.

“Some of it,” he sighs, looking away as his eyes fall shut. “And some of it I don’t.”

“Like what?” Uhura asks.

“I miss the fact that I could kiss or hug or hold hands with someone of the same secondary gender and not be given a second glance,” Kirk says softly, tipping his head back. “Though the gender hierarchy is complicated, it allowed a fluidity of romantic and sexual orientations that even if you were in love with someone of the same primary and secondary gender, you were not judged. But here, when I was dating in the Academy, I was called a faggot, a queer, and other derogatory terms because I would hold hands with another male. I can assume that you heard of my reputation in the Academy?”

“‘Sleep with anything and everything that can consent,’” Uhura quotes.

“That was only a rumor spread because I would not agree to sleep with a Cadet by the name of Imogen Cunningham St. Claire,” her Captain replies, smiling at the disgusted noise the Communications Officer makes.

“She was a pompous upper class bitch,” she says, nodding. “Pardon my language.”

“I do not take offense,” the blond says. “I have always been attracted to Alpha males, but I do not
mind Beta males, and I do not judge between Pure Bloods, normals, or chimeras. In this reality, I
guess you could say that I am a homosexual, which is completely the wrong term. Even in this day
and age, humans do not accept those who have a different sexual or romantic orientation than what
is considered ‘normal’ in society, and because of my dual gender, I was not accepted and Bones
took to more than once skip class to either comfort me, or make sure I was not raped or killed. For
us, sexual and romantic orientation is not black and white, nor does it have shades of gray. We only
discriminate on how someone treats other genders, or the other two gender classes. Chimeras do
not like Pure Bloods because they usually come across as pompous and snobby and look down on
them, and Pure Bloods do not like chimeras because they do not have as long of a bloodline as Pure
Bloods and do not adhere to the gender hierarchy. But those who are hated by everyone are Alpha
elitists, specifically Pure Alpha elitists. They treat Omegas worse than livestock, and will not only
rape them as adults, but will abuse and molest them before their age is double digits, even kill them
before their first birthday if they truly believe in the cause. They call Omegas whores and believe
that they should not be the highest class because they only care about their next, meeting, with an
Alpha. But that is the exact opposite.”

He winces slightly and looks out the window, a few tears rolling down his cheeks before he wipes
them away, looking back at the Communications Officer.

“This may seem inappropriate, but when did you think I lost my virginity?” He asks softly.

“I can’t even begin to guess, sir,” Uhura replies, confused. “Why does it matter?”

“Because I only lost it last year,” the Captain says softly, smiling shyly. “And in our reality, I
would have lost it about three hours ago.”

“I do not understand,” his Chief Communication Officer admits.

“Sex was important in our reality, as it was, is, what allows an Omega and Alpha to bond,” he says,
a light blush rising on his cheeks. “But Omegas are virginal and easily embarrassed, and since they
are the pinnacle of the gender hierarchy, they control the relationship and what happens, even
though Alphas tend to be the dominant personality in interactions and relationships. If an Alpha
tried to force themselves or does force themselves on an Omega, it is their word against the
Omega’s, and as such, guilty until proven innocent, but they are not punished until all avenues are
exhausted to prove that they are innocent without a reasonable doubt. If an Omega does initiate an
interaction with an Alpha, even their own, the Alpha lets them lead, and only takes control if the
Omega directly asks for it.”

He chuckles softly and looks away, toying with his necklace as a distant look crosses his face.

“It’s funny though,” he says softly. “Someone created to be a living weapon, born and bred for
violence, would be more gentle than the person who was supposed to be protective and care for
me.”

“Captain?” Uhura asks.

“Only two people have ever shared my bed, despite the rumors about my promiscuity,” Kirk says
quietly, fiddling with his necklace. “Only one was a loving and safe relationship.”

“You were raped,” the Communications Officer says quietly.

The Captain nods, looking down as his hand curls tighter around his ankle.

“For twenty years,” he says, barely audible. “Because I am a Pure Omega, the Empress of Earth to
“But you are twenty-six,” Uhura says. “You were six when it started?”

“I was not molested in this reality, and I was not six,” the blond says, barely above a whisper. “I was two.”

His Chief Communications Officer sits across from him and places a hand on his knee, squeezing gently as he looks up, seeing that her eyes are watering.

“I am so sorry,” she whispers. “Are they, are they like you in this reality? I mean…”

“He is still alive, and he remembers our reality,” the Omega says quietly. “He’s untouchable, and nothing I could accuse him of would ever stick, nor would it ever be publicly dealt with. I would have my name slandered, and I could never be considered sane again. In fact, he got away with it again, not that long ago either, but I can’t tell a soul, not only because no one would believe me, but also because he can deny everything and even go as far as to create false information about my claims.”

He looks away as he worries his necklace between his fingers, flickers of a dark and painful past rising up from the depths of his mind where he locked them away, wincing slightly as the more violent and dehumanizing ones come to the forefront of his mind.

“Can you even begin to grasp the concept that at two years old you are violated because of something that you are supposed to be proud of?” He asks, his strangled voice barely above a whisper. “You do not understand why things are happening to you, or what they are, but you are violated and degraded because of what you are, what your DNA, the thing that makes you you, is telling you to be. Your heritage, your bloodline, your ancestors, are something that you are proud of, you are proud of what you are, but you are punished because of something that you cannot control, something you cannot change. You try to get someone’s attention, to make the pain stop, to feel safe in a place created to protect you, to nurture you, but no one believes you, after all, you are only two years old. You beg, you scream, you do everything in your power to make it stop, make the constant agony that you feel every second stop, but nothing works. By the time your third birthday comes around, you have given up. You let it happen because you know that it will never stop, that it will only grow worse, but you cling to the tiniest strands of anything that take you away from the entire world. By the time you are fifteen, you have large gaps of freedom from the pain, but it is much worse when it comes back, so much so that you think about suicide.”

Uhura pulls her hand away as her Captain’s wings fold around himself before he forces them back, continuing to look out the window as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, fighting to not sob at the memories as tears stream down his cheeks.

“He was supposed to protect me,” he whispers to himself. “He was supposed to keep me safe, but he degraded me, and he used his position to cover it up. He always uses his position to cover things up. He is untouchable, and he knows it.”

“It can’t be…” His Chief Communications Officer whispers. “I can’t believe… He… Admiral Marcus? The Fleet Admiral, the head of Starfleet? He… He… What?”

Kirk nods and looks down at his lap, placing a hand on his flat abdomen as he continues to worry his necklace, the Communications Officer starting to worry about the pendant breaking.

“When I was twenty-two, the same age that I joined Starfleet, almost to the day,” he begins. “I fled the palace that had been my home, my prison, my gilded cage. I ran and ran to get away from him,
and I passed by the *Enterprise* being constructed. I could not help but stop and stare at her, and I knew that she was where I belonged. Even though I was proud of my heritage, my bloodline, it was not what I wanted. To escape from the abuse, I would gaze up at the stars and watch them all night. When I was little, I got my hands on anything and everything about stars and space exploration, starships, astronomy, as much of it as I could. For me, to soar between the stars was, and is, the ultimate freedom, absolutely nothing holding you back, nothing to tie you to in one place, knowing that there is so much more to see than you could ever dream.”

The blond chuckles softly as a smile crosses his face, his expression softening as more pleasant memories come forth before it darkens, his gaze drifting downwards.

“When I continued my flight after looking at the *Enterprise*, it was not long after that Marcus caught me and punished me, raping me to death and left my body in a ditch on the side of a never-used dirt road,” he says quietly. “At least, he thought I was dead. I was so badly beaten that I was almost unable to be recognized as human, almost every bone in my body broken or fractured. A group of Cadets found me in that ditch, all but pronounced dead, and even though I should not have been able to, I begged for help, begged for someone to make it stop. The Senior Officer, a Captain, picked me up and held me tight to his chest, carrying me everywhere and would not let me go, and I clung to him. He was the only person who believed in what happened to me, and there was a Doctor among them who helped stabilize me so I could be taken to Starfleet Medical. I lost my voice soon after they found me, but there was a Pure Omega among them who could communicate with me, one from the youngest Pure Omega bloodline, only ten generations. They concealed the fact that I was the Empress of Earth, though the others were fully aware that I was a Pure Omega, the only ones who lived outside of the palace walls and had seen me were Pure Bloods, so I could not be recognized. They promised to keep my secret, and even though they were a little cruel to me more than once in almost ten years, they did it for my benefit. They still do it for my benefit.”

The Omega turns and smiles at his Chief Communications Officer, his worrying pausing as his eyes light up.

“You were the youngest Pure Omega in our time, ten generations,” he says softly. “You did not have to live up to the expectations of the much older bloodlines, but you did enjoy your status, and since we were roughly the same age, you would tell me stories of your trips off-planet, and even allow me inside your memories to see what it looked like on other planets. While your abilities were the weakest amongst the Pure Omegas, but for the length of your bloodline, they were incredibly powerful, and you had a very unique gift that not even my bloodline had.”

“What would that be?” Uhura asks, curious.

“The ability to pick up languages after only hearing them once,” her Captain says softly. “Your bloodline would soak up languages like a sponge soaks up water, becoming hyperpolyglots before you could even speak, and speak them fluently when you could talk. It came in handy quite a bit.”

He smiles at something only he can see, his eyes falling shut as he chuckles softly, his hand bringing his necklace to his lips.

“You wanted to join Starfleet at a young age,” he continues. “And not only did you have the meek personality of a Pure Omega occasionally, but your main personality was a Pure Alpha’s, the confidence and dominating attitude that you show in this reality. You respected me as your Empress and your Captain, but more than once did you tell me off and make me cry. But it pushed me to be a better Captain.”

The Communications Officer studies the Captain before her, watching him continue to worry his necklace as he looks out the viewport.
“I could talk to you about things that only Pure Bloods and Pure Omegas would get,” he says softly. “We became really close, even closer than we were before, but…”

Kirk sighs softly, his worrying of his necklace increasing.

“I can’t do that now,” he says quietly. “It’s unprofessional, especially since we are from different realities.”

“Permission to speak freely, sir?” Uhura asks.

“I guess so,” Kirk sighs.

“You can go shove it up your ass,” she says.

The blond laughs and shakes his head, a soft smile gracing his face as he looks at his Chief Communications Officer, his glacial blue eyes shining.

“I’ll take that as a no,” he laughs.

He looks out at the starfield as he continues to worry his necklace, starting when a hand grabs his and pulls the pendant out of his grasp, a stern look sent his way.

“You keep fiddling with it and it will break,” the Communications Officer warns.

The Omega shakes his head and gently nudges her hand away, taking his pendant in hand.

“Believe me, it can handle it,” he says, looking out at the stars. “And even with the rumors of my promiscuity, I have only been in a relationship twelve times, three in our reality. They, they never felt right, as if I was never supposed to be with them. I thought I loved them, the first three, but when I bonded with Noonien…”

The Captain smiles softly as his eyes fall shut, his wings fluttering against his back as his face lights up with joy.

“It was as if I had been seeing in black and white all my life,” he says softly. “And the first time I saw color was in his arms, staring into his eyes. I saw him at the Daystrom Conference room, in the jumpship, and my knees went weak at the sight of him. Even though he was attacking us, my heart was pounding, my throat was dry, my hands were sweating, I was trembling, because I had never seen anyone so beautiful. Noonien had been just as stunned as I was when we locked eyes, forgetting what he was doing for just the briefest of seconds before focusing on his task again, but he was shaken to the core. We met on Qo’noS, and I punched him, and we bonded. And that was when we saved each other, I do mean that literally.”

His smile widens as he lets go of his necklace to twist his ring, a few tears of joy rolling down his cheeks.

“I never felt safe before, but when Noonien held me in his arms, on the Klingon homeworld no less,” he says softly. “I felt, whole. I felt complete. I felt, healed. Saved. Safe. Home. Loved. That scared me. I had never been loved before, never been in love. A love so deep that I would do anything and everything for him, and he would do the same. It scared us both.”

Kirk’s expression falls as his hand moves back up to his necklace, looking out at the stars and nebulae as he gets a distant look in his eyes, his eyes almost having a slight gray tint to them.

“But when we were kicked out of our reality,” he says quietly, tears threatening to fall. “When we
wound up in this one, I thought I would have a better childhood, but I did not. In fact, it was almost as bad as my first one. I was sure I would never find happiness like that again, and I cried when I researched about him, only seven years old, and found out that he was cruel, just as he had been before. I gave up on ever being happy again, but I could not give away my virginity, even when I was dating. Or, at least, tried to. I could not get into dating them, even when we made out in closets, or they tried to woo me with every molecule of their being.”

The Omega’s face lights up as he recalls a pleasant memory, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as his eyes shine brightly, giggling softly.

“It was not until a year ago that I knew I would be happy again,” he giggles. “He showed up on my doorstep drenched, shivering, and chilled to the bone. But he had never looked so happy in his life. I had never been so happy in my life. And I lost it. I completely lost it.”

Uhura glances at the door to see Khan leaning in the small hallway leading to the door, watching them with a soft smile on his face as his wings flutter against his back, his arctic blue eyes shining.

“I, I actually proposed to him,” the Captain says softly, twisting his ring. “It’s not typical for an Omega to do that, but Noonien was fine with it. He actually cried when I proposed. It felt, it felt good when he did that. It felt, feels, good to know that he feels safe enough with his, sexuality, to be able to express his emotions openly. Our relationship is not, it’s not a typical relationship, especially since I was supposed to be with Marcus, or the next purest Pure Alpha bloodline. Not a single generation Alpha/Beta chimera. But it works for us.”

The blond smiles again, looking down at his lap as he twists his ring, his wings fluttering against his back.

“I love him, and he loves me,” he says softly. “And to find out that we are Perfect Mate, it’s indescribable. Every Omega’s dream is to find their Perfect Mate, sort of like how every little girl wants to be a princess, or a ballerina, or a blushing bride. Perfect Mates have not existed in fifteen thousand years, but it’s actually twelve thousand. Tell anyone I said that and you’ll be looking over your shoulder for the rest of your life.”

His Chief Communications Officer nods, glancing over at the Augment.

“So finding your Perfect Mate is as good as zero, but the fact that my Perfect Mate is nearly three hundred years out of his time makes me wonder if there are Perfect Mates who never get to meet because they live in two different times,” Kirk says. “And the fact that John and Naki are Perfect Mates, even though they’re clones, you could almost say twins, questions a few things about our society. But, I will never stop loving him. He’ll occasionally quote a poem to me about undying love, and I know that our love is undying. And I know he feels the same.”

“That I do,” Khan says softly, smiling.

The Omega looks over at his fiancé and blushing lightly at the expression on his face, bashfully looking away as he fiddles with his necklace, a soft shy smile on his lips. The Alpha/Beta crosses the distance to his Captain, leaning down to kiss his heated cheek as he murmurs softly in Hindi, nuzzling his flushed skin tenderly. The Communications Officer slips away without being noticed, allowing the couple to have some alone time, the pair murmuring quietly in Hindi. The dark haired male slips behind his mate, wrapping his arms around his slender waist as he bends his knees slightly, letting him settle between his legs. The blond leans back against his robust chest as he settles in his embrace, stretching his legs out before him as he closes his eyes, sighing softly as a smile curls on his lips. His Alpha nuzzles his cheek tenderly, rumbling softly in content as he tightens his grip, smiling softly. The Captain babbles softly in his native tongue, the Brit’s smile
widening as he purrs louder, holding him tight.

“I love it when you do that,” he murmurs, kissing his cheek. “Your voice is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard.”

He hands slide to his flat abdomen and rubs tenderly, his wings moving to fold around them as he purrs loudly, kissing his cheek again. He slides his hands under his fiancée’s shirts to rest on warm skin, stroking tenderly as he pushes his shirts up to expose his abdomen, rubbing cheeks with him as he rumbles contently. Kirk coos softly and babbles softly, placing his hands directly over top of his Alpha’s, their rings touching so The Song of the Empresses fill the air. He looks down at their joined hands on his abdomen, smiling at the rings on their fingers as they sing, the bands gleaming in the starlight. Khan looks down his Captain’s body at his exposed skin, smiling softly as he rubs his abdomen tenderly, kissing his cheek once more.

“Have I ever told you I loved you?” He asks quietly.

“Hmm, I don’t think in seven years you have ever said those words,” his fiancée replies, taking advantage of their ability to lie.

“Really, not once in seven years?” The Augment teases, still rubbing his skin. “Are you sure I did not say it yesterday?”

“I think I would remember that,” the Captain says. “And I don’t remember that at all.”

“Are you sure?” The Alpha/Beta asks, chuckling. “Because I could have sworn I have said it before many, many times.”

“You haven’t,” the blond says. “Not once.”

“Then let me tell you,” the dark haired male rumbles, rubbing his Omega’s abdomen. “I love you more than there are stars in the universe. I love you more than I need to breathe. I-”

“Noonien, shut up,” Kirk snaps.

The Brit chuckles, kissing his Captain’s cheek.

“Of course, Captain,” he rumbles.
Chapter XXXVI

Chapter Notes

Once again, I am so sorry for such a long gap between posts. School really has me tied to a textbook and I’ve been unable to type anything in the past month, to give you an idea. Not a single word. Unfortunately, I only have up to chapter 39 typed at this point, so it may be awhile until I can post next, but I have about a month left of school, and I will most likely get some free time around thanksgiving. But I will continue posting, and this story is becoming a behemoth, I know, but I have not died, or given up. In fact, I finished STID some time ago, but I was unhappy with the ending, so I rewrote it. I do have a sequel prepared (one that is taking me forever to write...), and I will get to Star Trek Beyond (STB), so stick with me and I promise this will be... Crud. Can’t think of a word (stupid pre-calc). And for those of you who are loyal followers from the beginning, I thank you, and those of you who have decided to wade through this monstrosity that is effing massive, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

In fact, on the subject of STB, one scene stuck in my mind from the very moment I saw the movie, and I kept dreaming of the way it would fit into my chain of AOS fanworks. So, I wrote it. Last month. And I saw it after you could preorder the movie on iTunes. Before the movie was in theaters.

Dang this note is long.

As sporadic as my posts will get, I will finish this.

So once again, if you are reading this note, I salute you to your dedication of wading through over 250k+ words, over a year of posts, and the evolving form of my writing. And my misspellings and skipped words.

If you can vote, please do so, because otherwise, you have no say in what will occur, and you will be stuck with whatever happens. And really take the time to read all the subjects of the candidates you can vote for, and have an open mind on when you read. Think of what you really want to spend the next four years with, and not just because of what you affiliate with. What do you really want to have, even for a Senator. A Congress(wo)man. Think ahead. Think of what the next four years are going to be like, not just on a regional or national scale, think of the impact globally. This is not something to just wave off.

Think. Think long and hard.
Because your vote is your voice, and it truly does matter.

And go get a tribble plushie for my rant.

John stares up at the ceiling as he toys with his mate’s hair, whose head is pillowed on his abdomen with his massive jet black wings draped over them, their iridescence blood red in the light. Naki rumbles softly and nuzzles his twin’s abdomen tenderly with his cheek, lifting his head up to push his shirt up and expose his skin, placing his head back down and strokes his far hip gently.

“Are you alright, love?” He asks softly after a few minutes. “You are being unusually quiet. Something bothering you?”
“John,” the Pure Alpha says softly, lifting his head. “Are you worried about our baby?”

“John,” Naki repeats. “Please, talk to me.”

“I can never hate you,” he murmurs softly. “I will be sad if you decide to end the pregnancy, but I will stand by your side the entire time if that is your choice.”

The Pure Alpha crawls up his mate’s body to lie beside him, wrapping an arm around his slender waist as he kisses his cheek, rubbing his side tenderly.

John turns his head, his emerald flecked arctic irises wide. Naki feels something tentatively touch his mind, gasping as he is overcome with something he cannot describe, something that reaches every corner of his mind and soul. He reaches out and touches his twin’s cheek, inhaling sharply as he feels a hand touch his. He instantly touches his cheek, finding that nothing is there, but the feeling of a hand on his face remains. The Pure Beta’s eyes widen, stretching out a hand to brush his knuckles over his mate’s cheek. His hand flies to his own cheek, sitting up abruptly, looking over at his twin as he sits up as well. Their eyes lock as they feel their bond, one that had already been formed but was dormant, awaken and solidify the connection between them, their breaths caught in their throat.

“You, you would not hate me?” John asks quietly when he can finally speak, the wing closest to his new, and official, mate stretching out to wrap around him.

Naki cups his cheek and leans in, brushing their lips together as his massive wings fold around
“I could never hate you,” he says softly.

He frames his twin’s face in his hands and presses their lips together, tipping his head to the side as their lips part, thoroughly enjoying his gasp as he pulls him into his lap. They somehow wind up losing their shirts, hands gripping each other tight enough to leave dark bruises on their pale skin as their lips work furiously against each other, nails raking hard enough to break skin and leave bright red lines. John gasps loudly as his mate attaches his mouth to his neck, lining his teeth up with his mark and bites down, the Pure Beta’s head snapping forward to sink his teeth into the junction of his twin’s neck and shoulder, in the exact same place as where the Pure Alpha’s teeth are located on him. The twins cling to each other tightly as their grips tighten, both of them trembling as their wings fold tighter around each other, feeling their bond grow even stronger.

The twins pull away and lick their marks of claim instinctively, feeling the wounds close up and form a scar in under a minute, pulling away to rest their foreheads together as they breathe heavily. They lift their heads and clean the blood off their mate’s face, leaning in to kiss each other gently as their grips turn gentle, hands roaming over each other’s bodies tenderly.

“I love you, Naki,” John says softly, his wings fluttering against his back.

“I love you too, John,” his mate whispers, his massive wings folding tighter around them.

The Pure Beta lets out a huff of laughter as a cheek is squeezed and kneaded, feeling a deep rumble vibrate in the chest pressed against his, shaking his head in amusement.

“Mine,” the Pure Alpha rumbles.

John smacks his chest as he lets out growl of annoyance, groaning as his other cheek is grabbed and squeezed, gasping as he is shoved onto his back as his twin crawls over top of him. Naki rakes his eyes over his prone form as a blush spreads across his cheekbones and down his neck, turning his head away in embarrassment as a mouth is attached to his neck, a hand sliding down his arm to tangle their fingers together. Emerald flecked arctic eyes glance over at their joined hands, quickly fluttering shut as the spot just beneath his jaw is teased, moaning softly.

“Never letting you go, baby boy,” the Pure Alpha breathes against his skin.

“I hope not,” is his twin’s soft reply.

Kirk hums softly as his Alpha rubs his flat abdomen, his fingers gentle against his bare skin as his massive wings fold tighter around them, turning his head to rest his forehead in the crook of his pale neck. He smiles softly as he purrs with content, nuzzling on the pale skin close to his face before nibbling on it, purring at the low, pleased rumble rising up from the chest pressed against his back, shivering as his ear is breathed on. Khan rumbles at the reaction from his fiancée and gently licks the shell of his ear, grinning at the soft whimper from the smaller male in his arms, changing the angle of his head to rub cheeks with the love of his life. He rumbles loudly as he nuzzles the blond’s cheek with the tip of his nose, murmuring softly in Hindi as he continues to rub his abdomen, smiling at the soft noises that demand his complete attention. The Omega snuggles further into his embrace, nuzzling his mate’s neck with his nose as he coos softly and whines quietly, nipping the underside of his jaw as he begs for attention.

“Needy little thing, are we?” The Alpha/Beta teases, relaxing his grip so his Omega can turn in his
embrace, cuddling closer as he buries his head into his neck and gently laps at his skin.

He coos softly and sucks on a spot near the junction of his neck and jaw, his hand sliding down his body to grab him through his pants, mewling softly as he licks his neck and squeezes him through the fabric of his pants. The Augment groans as his eyes roll into the back of his head, head thumping against the wall as his pants are undone, a slender hand sliding into his open fly and boxers to grab him and squeeze. His Captain mewls again and squeezes again, whining when his hand is yanked out of his fiancé’s pants and shoved away, watching his shaky hands redo his fly.

“Noonien,” he whines piteously.

“I am not doing this again,” the dark haired male growls, glaring at the whining Captain as he kneels and places his palms on the cushion. “No matter what you do, I will not do that to you again.”

“But I’m so fucking horny,” his mate whines, dark golden blond wings fluttering against his back. “Please, Noonien. Please?”

His mate grits his teeth before gasping as he is pinned up against the wall, looking into glacial blue eyes burning with lust and need before his mouth is forcefully claimed, hands quickly opening his fly to pull him out and stroke him to full hardness. Khan cannot help himself moan softly as his mate strokes him, twisting his hand on every upstroke to push the foreskin over the tip, forcing his tongue past sinfully soft lips to lick into his mouth. Kirk moans at the strawberries and vanilla that is his Alpha, continuing to pump him before he slides off the seat and moves to his knees, taking him in his mouth and begins to bob and suck. The Alpha/Beta moans louder as he curls his fingers into the seat, fighting to not grab a fistful of dark golden blond hair and ravage the mouth on him, making the mistake of looking down into the glacial blue eyes focusing on his face.

His orgasm punches the breath out of him and pulls out a started cry with the same air, slumping into a happy puddle of goo as his eyelids flutter, moaning softly as his fiancée pulls off him and swallows loudly. The Captain licks his lips and climbs back onto the seat to kiss his mate, nuzzling his high cheekbone with the tip of his nose, babbling softly in his native tongue. He redoes the Augment’s pants and cuddles closer to the incredibly warm body that is the father of his unborn child, babbling softly as he tries to get as close as he can to the warm body when he begins to shiver.

“You will be the fucking death of me,” the dark haired male groans, eyes still rolled in the back of his head. “Death by sex is something I never thought I would die of, but you will kill me if you keep this up.”

“No I won’t,” the blond purrs, cuddling even closer. “You won’t let me kill you.”

“I am half tempted to die this very moment,” his mate groans, eyelids fluttering.

Kirk takes his pulse to make sure he is not actually dying, earning a soft chuckle and a cracked eyelid that allows him to look into an arctic blue eye, smiling softly.

“See? You’re not dying,” he says, watching his Alpha struggle to sit up. “You just had a really strong, finish.”

“You are telling me.” Khan chuckles, hissing as his pants rub against him. “But, my God, James. I have never you seen you this amorous before, except during your pyresus.”

“I am controlled by my hormones,” his mate chuckles, tipping his head up to nip the underside of
the Alpha/Beta’s jaw. “So, technically…”

The Brit groans softly and wraps his arms around his slender waist, smiling as he buries his head into his chest and coos softly, folding his wings around them as the younger male snuggles closer for his body heat. The Omega snuggles into a more comfortable position in his fiancé’s embrace, continuing to make soft pleased noises as he listens to the heart beating in the ribcage beneath his ear, fingers curling into the fabric of the older male’s shirts as a soft smile graces his face. The Augment buries his nose into his dark golden blond hair, inhaling his scent as he keeps the cold at bay, smiling as the mother of his unborn child continues to coo and babble in his native tongue.

“You are definitely a needy little thing, James,” he says, grinning at the growl rising up from his arms. “You are needy, as you are demanding attention, and you are a little thing, even though you are incredibly tall for a Pure Omega. So, the growl is unnecessary and unwarranted. And you could just say that you are cold, love.”

His Captain growls again and makes a high pitched noise halfway between a squeak and a grunt, cuddling closer as the dark haired male chuckles and tightens his grip on him, folding his wings tighter around them as he rumbles softly in content.

“I love you, James,” the dark haired male murmurs, nuzzling the top of his fiancée’s dark golden blond head. “Now and forever.”

“I love you too, Noonien,” the Captain whispers, squeezing his eyes shut as tears stream down his face. “I love you so much.”

He begins to cry softly and cling to his mate’s shirts, hearing him groan softly and feel the grip tighten around him, soft soothing murmurs of Hindi reaching his ears.

“And the mood swings strike again,” Khan sighs, shaking his head in amusement as his Omega cries happily in his arms. “All I need is popcorn.”

“Fuck you!” Kirk hisses, glaring up at the Augment before his lower lip trembles and wipes fruitlessly at his eyes. “Fucking hormones!”

His Alpha chuckles and shakes his head in amusement, nuzzling the Captain’s damp cheeks with the tip of his nose, rumbling softly in an attempt to soothe him. The blond whimpers softly and tries to scrub the tears off his cheeks, letting his hands be pulled off his face and tugged closer to the older male, feeling his tears be kissed away by sinfully soft lips. The lips move to his and kiss him tenderly, large warm hands cradle his jaw and hold his head steady as they kiss, opening his mouth to a skilled tongue tracing the seam of his lips. He curls his fingers into the fabric of his Sciences Blue overshirt and presses his body closer to the robust one that is the father of the child quickening in his womb, inhaling sharply as he is hauled into the Brit’s lap and strong arms loop around his slender waist, gripping his shoulders tightly as the couple locks eyes and their breathing falls in sync.

“I love you, James Tiberius Kirk,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “I will love you until the end of time. I will love you until I can no longer draw in a breath, until my heart stops beating in my chest, for you are the center of my universe. You are the reason why I take each breath, why I get up in the morning and why I go to bed at night, for I know that you will be by my side the entire time my eyes are shut. I-”

His fiancée silences him with a demanding kiss and slips his tongue into his mouth, earning a low rumble of approval as large warm hands slide to the hem of his shirts and slip under the fabric, moving to rest on the tops of his flared hips and thumb his narrow waist. The younger of the pair
hums softly and places his hands on the dark haired male’s broad shoulders, his short nails curling into the fabric as their heads tip to the sides, his fingers sliding into jet black hair to grip gently.

‘I love you, James,’ the Brit thinks softly, hands pushing his shirts up so he can rub his abdomen. ‘Now and forever.’

“I love you too, Noonien,” the Omega breathes against his lips.

The couple cuddles and gazes out at the stars and nebulae before them, listening to the thoughts of eleven hundred crew members onboard, a soft smile on their faces as they enjoy the alone time. The older of the pair’s smile widens as his fiancée shifts in his embrace and cuddles closer for warmth, resting his forehead into the crook of his pale neck as he tucks his legs under him, curling a hand into the fabric of his shirts as he looks out the window at the starscape before them.

“Hey, Noonien?” Kirk asks softly after a few minutes. “Do you want a boy or a girl?”

“A little girl,” Khan says softly, rubbing his back as he smiles. “I have always dreamed of having a baby girl, and I do mean always. Even in cryosleep, I dreamed of raising a baby girl, back in our reality no less. And even before I met you.”

“Let me guess, you have everything planned out,” his Omega asks, smiling at the chuckle that vibrates in the chest his ear is pressed against. “I’ll take that as a yes. Care to share?”

His eyes fall shut as he listens to the deep, rich baritone speak softly and soothingly, the vibrations coursing through his body and into his bones, the warm hands roaming over his body with a tender, gentle, and loving touch. He cannot help but smile as the Augment’s braggadocious side of his personality comes out full force, chuckling softly as he verbally struts like a parent whose child just did the impossible at that moment, snuggling closer as he is pulled into a light doze by the soothing baritone rumble that he can identify anywhere.

“That bad, huh?” The Captain asks softly once he is finished. “You want her to be daddy’s little girl, keep her safe from the monsters. The ones you’ve seen first hand.”

“The ones I have been,” the Alpha/Beta replies softly, fingers curling slightly in possession. “The demons I fight to keep locked away every second of my life.”

“The Darkness is becoming stronger, isn’t It?” The blond asks softly. “But the barriers I put up are much stronger than you think they are, because, because I actually rewired the connections between your neurons to keep Its consciousness separate from your consciousness, subconscious, and unconscious, while keeping you the same person. And I’ve been reinforcing the barriers every so often when I feel them start to weaken in spots.”

The dark haired male chuckles softly and shakes his head, exhaling softly through his nose as he thinks, his Captain looking up curiously.

“This is not the first child I have been the father of,” he says quietly, tightening his grip marginally. “In the Eugenics program, eggs were harvested from females while males ‘donated’ their semen. Because our DNA was considered ‘genetic perfection,’ they could create children by picking and choosing from a wide selection of perfect DNA, but with mine…”

He exhales softly, a slight shudder coursing through his body.

“I was the first, the first Augment ever,” he says quietly. “My DNA was the first to be re-sequenced, as I displayed characteristics that were considered to be, perfect, for their needs. So my DNA was considered to be the ‘Gold Standard,’ the one that was not tampered with for creating the
next generation as the father, and even parts of my DNA were inserted into every member that would be the next generation, a 2.0, if you will. But we destroyed the facility housing the new generation, as the others of my kind did, for the new generation would have been stronger, faster, smarter. Better. But for the members who only had my DNA as the father of, they were all males. They killed my daughters, as they were considered to be, non-desirable. Several from my harem did become pregnant, but…”

He exhales again as his Omega sits up, studying his mate.

“But, what?” He asks, tipping his head slightly.

His Alpha exhales through his nose and turns to look at his fiancée, reaching up to cup his cheek as he smiles softly, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he does so.

“Even before you were born, I knew that they were not the person I wanted to have a child with,” he breathes, leaning in to brush their lips together. “But when I looked at your file for the first time, after I had been awoken, I felt a pull towards you. And when we bonded…”

His mate smiles and crawls into his lap, straddling his thighs as he takes his face in his hands and brushes their lips together, their wings folding around each other.

“I knew you were the one,” the Brit whispers. “I knew that you were my other half, the one who would heal me, the one who would complete me, the one who would save my soul.”

He reaches up and touches the pendant hidden under the mother of his unborn child’s shirts, a feminine hand reaching up to rest over his and thread their fingers together, sliding them down to rest over the younger of the pair’s flat abdomen.

“And you did,” Khan breathes, his other hand reaching up to cup the back of his Omega’s head and pull him down for a kiss. “Just as I did for you. And this is a child with someone I love, and someone who loves me, and that is something I could not even dream of having.”

Kirk lets out a shuddery exhale and presses their mouths harder against each other, tangling his fingers into his fiancé’s jet black hair as his large hands slip under his shirts to rest on his flat abdomen, lips working hungrily against each other. They part with a soft plop and rest their foreheads together, their scents trapped in the space of their wings as the hold onto each other, enjoying the few minutes of peace and alone time from their crew, at least, physically.

“I love you, Noonien,” the Omega whispers, looping his arms around his neck. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, James,” is his mate’s soft reply, tipping his head up to rub their noses together in an Eskimo kiss. “So much it scares me.”

Silence descends in the observation lounge, the couple thoroughly enjoying the closeness and intimacy that they have rarely experienced on the Enterprise, soft smiles curling on their lips.

“I need to go contact Scotty,” the blond says softly, pulling away. “Are the coordinates still the same?”

“Two-three-one-seven-four-six-one-one,” his Alpha replies, sitting up. “But you know what we must do, James. What we have done before.”

He rises to his feet once his Captain has cleared his lap, his massive wings shifting against his back as he glances out the window before looking back, his scent displaying his worry and fear.
“We must open up one of the torpedoes,” the Brit urges, his tone making the Omega pause. “I know you sensed something was wrong with them the moment we stepped out of the shuttle and onto the Enterprise, even if you did not consciously realize it.”

“What do you mean?” His fiancée asks, tucking a strand of dark golden blond hair behind his ear.

“When we were on the shuttle and the Enterprise came into view, I felt a change in the energy around you,” the dark haired male says. “I have only felt it a few times, and those times were when your precognitions were unconsciously directing your movements.”

“You’re talking about PreCog Directions,” his Omega replies, turning to face him. “It’s not uncommon to get them, as it’s our way of having a gut feeling, just as Alphas, and humans do. But it’s usually nothing.”

“James, it is never nothing with you,” his fiancé stresses. “Every time I felt the energy around you change the way it did, no good ever came of it. Do not dismiss this.”

“Noonien, what the Hell is gotten into you?” The Captain demands, frowning. “You’re acting more skittish than I am right now. You have to keep calm and have a level-”

“Shut the fuck up! God! How you can stand listening to yourself!?” Khan snarls, his wings flaring out.

His head snaps to the side as his mate strikes him hard across the face with a loud snarl, shoving him onto the bench as he wraps a hand around his throat, snapping his fangs millimeters from his face as he tightens his grip on his throat. Kirk growls as he clacks his fangs together rapidly, his lips pulled back to expose his fangs completely, tightening his grip even more as his glacial blue eyes flash dangerously. He hisses and smiles darkly at the true terror in his fiancé’s face, pulling away to sign rapidly and furiously, his wings shifting angrily against his back.

“You didn’t let me finish,” he signs. “You need to keep a calm and level headed because I feel your emotions. If you’re stressed, then I’m stressed. Are we clear? And don’t you ever speak to me like that again.”

The Brit stares at him before nodding slowly, watching as the Captain’s lips pull back and his fangs retract, rubbing his jaw as he mutters under his breath.

“Look, Noonien,” the younger of the pair sighs as he pinches the bridge of his nose. “I know you’re scared, we all are, but we are one being with two bodies, so whatever you feel, I feel. And I’m already stressed enough as it is, considering the fact that I’m fifteen weeks, four days pregnant, Captain of the Enterprise, and deep within Klingon territory, our mortal enemies. I need you to be rational when I am not, to be calm and collected when my emotions are currently in a blender, to keep me from killing someone due to said emotional blender, and most of all, to just be there for me. Mated pairs may have the hardest times on starships, but if they survive the whole ordeal, their bond is all but unbreakable.”

He lifts his head and reaches out to cup the Augment’s cheek, stroking a razor sharp cheekbone with his thumb.

“Our bond is unbreakable,” he says softly. “How much stronger do you think it will be when this ordeal is over?”

He leans in and brushes his lips against his Alpha’s before pulling away, gasping as he is pulled into his lap and flushes darkly, hands gripping his shoulders as their wings fold around them. His
Omega flushes even darker as he pulls him close and rests his head in the crook of his neck, his large hands rubbing his back as he murmurs softly in Hindi, his eyes falling shut as he exhales softly through his nose.

“I cannot sense my family, our family, in those torpedoes,” he says quietly. “I do not think that you can either, correct?”

The blond nods, his wings fluttering as best they can trapped under his mate’s wings, his hands toying with his jet black hair.

“I do not know if they are there, let alone if they are alive or unharmed,” the older male breathes, feeling tears roll down his cheeks. “And if they are there, we need to remove them in case we need to use those torpedoes. And if we cannot do so…”

He trails off and lets out a shuddery exhale, tightening his grip on the Omega as tears roll faster down his cheeks, pressing his face deeper into his chest.

“I at least what to know that we tried,” the Alpha/Beta whispers, his voice cracking. “I want to know that we tried everything we could to save them, to save our family.”

“Noonien,” his mate whispers, burying his nose into his hair. “God…”

They hold each other tightly, the older of the pair lifting his head to rest their faces together, their scents trapped within the space of their wings. The pair finally rises to their feet and holds onto each other tightly, the younger’s hands on his mate’s elbows while large pale hands curl around his biceps, their lips barely touching as they inhale each other’s scents.

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you,” Kirk says quietly, feeling his mate’s lips brush against his. “We will have a child of our own soon, but there are so many without families, or a place to call home.”

“You want to adopt,” Khan chuckles, nuzzling his mate’s cheeks. “I have no objections to that.”

“Really?” The blond asks, pulling away to look into his mate’s arctic blue eyes. “You don’t?”

“You may not know this, but I started an orphanage,” his fiancé replies, his eyes crinkling around the corners as he smiles. “I have a soft spot for lost causes, and abandoned children, more than likely caused by my own childhood. Maybe that is why I bonded with you.”

He laughs as the younger of the pair shoves him away violently, proceeding to follow-up with a series of punches as he growls in annoyance. He easily catches his mate’s hands, pulling him tight against his chest as he claims his lips, grinning at the loud growl in response. The Omega fights his hold vigorously, quickly forced to cling to his Alpha’s shoulders as he is dipped, clinging to not fall. He relaxes his posture as a large hand moves to hook a knee over his hip, tightening his grip as they continue to kiss, lips working against each other. They part with a soft plop, arctic locking with glacial as their bond thrums between them. The expectant couple kisses again, this time though, the mother of their child is on his feet, fingers gripping his mate’s shoulders as he wrinkles the fabric. The Augment’s large hands move to rest on his fiancée’s prominent hipbones, tipping his head to the side to deepen the kiss, lips parting as their tongues and teeth quickly becoming involved.

The kiss turns heated, clinging to each other as they move to have the Omega’s back up against the wall, pawing at each other’s clothes as their lips work furiously against each other. The Brit slips a knee between his Captain’s legs, keeping his body pinned against the wall with his as he pushes
upwards, grinding their hips against each other. Kirk is making soft whimpers and moans as they kiss, clawing at his Alpha’s back as he rolls his hips in perfect harmony, shivering at the low rumbles and growls issuing from the mouth pressed against his.

“I want to fuck you so badly against this wall,” Khan growls against his mouth, attacking his lips feverishly. “But I know I cannot.”

His Omega leans forward and brushes his lips against his ear, whispering words that he thought he would never hear.

_Then what’s stopping you?_

The Alpha/Beta growls and attacks his lips feverishly, reaching down to palm his Captain through his pants, grinning at the low moan issuing from the mouth pressed against his. He undoes his fly with one hand, reaching in to palm the growing bulge as he continues to kiss vigorously, reaching into the elastic waistband to gently wrap his fingers around his length. The blond’s head smacks against the wall as a soft cry spills past his lips, hips thrusting helplessly into the tight circle enclosing him as soft lips attach themselves to his neck, clawing at the broad shoulders that are helping with keeping him upright. His breathing is deep and ragged as he spreads his legs when the hand slides further back, curling his fingers into his shirts as he shudders when a finger circles as it probes, whimpering softly as it pushes against him before slipping inside. It gently thrusts as it curls and searches, crying out as it brushes past his prostate and actively continues to stimulate it, a second finger slipping in to scissor him and spread him gently. The Omega whines as the fingers pull out and hands redo his pants, his fiancé looking disheveled, frustrated, and clearly regretting his choice on why he stopped, trembling as his looming orgasm fades to nothing and whines piteously and quite loudly.

“Noonien…” He whines loudly, writhing in an attempt to have the hands return as he paws at his chest.

The Brit curses under his breath as he pulls away, his fiancée whining even louder and chases after him, whining again when a pale hand shoots out to stop him.

“James, stop,” his Alpha growls, pushing his hair out of his face before it falls back into its original position, which causes him to growl again. “I am not doing this again. _Ever._”

“Noonien,” Kirk whines, drawing out the syllables of his name as he attempts to push past the hand. “Why’d you stop?”

“I am regretting my decision, but we have things we need to do,” Khan pants, keeping his hand out. “I am not letting ourselves be distracted, even if it means denying us both the ultimate pleasu-”

He blinks as he finds himself sitting on the bench with his fiancée in his lap, lips crushed against his as his hips gyrate slowly and sensually, fingers gripping his hair tightly as he attacks his lips hungrily and viciously. The Augment blinks before growling and pinning the Omega to the floor, his massive wings spreading to their full span as a low rumble issues from his throat, semi-enjoying the shocked look on his face before releasing his wrists and rises back onto his heels.

“I am being serious, James,” he growls, rising to his feet. “I will not let ourselves be distracted.”

“But I’m so fucking horny,” his Captain whines, sitting up as his dark golden blond wings flutter. “I can’t fucking think straight, except being fucked by anything with a massive cock.”

“Deal with it,” his Alpha snaps, his wings spreading in annoyance. “We do not have much time,
and I am not letting ourselves be distracted.”

“FUCK YOU!” The blond snarls, shooting to his feet before shoving the dark haired male up against the wall. “I’ll find someone else to do it!”

The Alpha/Beta growls and quickly switches their positions so his mate is up against the wall, attacking his lips hungrily and vigorously as he pulls his pants down, swallowing his cries with a bruising kiss as their coupling becomes rough, quick, and dirty. They collapse against each other, the younger of the pair gasping for air as he trembles, but is much happier and sated.

“Thank you,” he murmurs, nuzzling his mate’s flushed cheeks. “Can I go contact Scotty now?”

The Brit groans loudly and straightens himself, pulling his Captain to his feet so he can make him at least look presentable, fixing his dark golden blond hair with a soft smile on his lips. He leans in and presses their lips together in a tender kiss, feeling arms loop around his neck and a lithe body press against his, hands moving to slide into dark golden blond hair and rest on the small of a very feminine back.

“I love you, James,” he murmurs.

“I love you too, Noonien,” the Captain murmurs back, their lips brushing. “Now and forever.”

Khan makes a strange noise before sinking to his knees, resting his forehead against his Omega’s abdomen as tears roll down his cheeks, his massive wings curling around them to brush against the back of his calves.

“I am not worthy of being the mate of someone so perfect,” he whispers. “How did I ever deserve to have you in my life? Forever, no less.”

Kirk tangles his fingers into his jet black hair, the silk like strands slipping through his fingers as he folds dark golden blond wings over top of the much larger jet black ones, a soft smile on his lips.

“Because it has been written in the stars,” he murmurs, toying with his hair. “You are my Perfect Mate, the first one in twelve thousand years, the first loving one in fifteen thousand, the father of the child growing inside me, my fiancé, the love of my life. A better Khan Noonien Singh. Do you really want to stop being that person?”

The Augment looks up into his soft glacial blue eyes, tears biting at the corners of his arctic blue ones as feminine hands continue to toy with his hair, his lower lip trembling as his tears fall down his cheeks. He takes his mate’s hips in his large hands after pushing up his shirts, pressing his lips against the bare skin of his flat abdomen, slipping through the bond to listen to the heart beating beneath his lips.

“Never,” he murmurs, tears splashing onto his skin. “And I still cannot believe that my child is growing beneath my lips, let alone one barely one-point-six centimeters in length.”

“Our child,” his Captain corrects, toying with his hair. “Our child is growing beneath your lips, our child is growing inside me, and they will not stay that small for long. As the rest of our children will.”

“The rest?” The Alpha/Beta asks, looking up in surprise. “As in, more than just one or two?”

The blond smiles and continues to play with his hair, his dark golden blond wings fluttering gently.
“Don’t you know?” He asks softly. “I want to have all your children, or as many as we can possibly conceive. It will be sad that I can only be fertile four times in a year, and with the gestation period in Omega males is nearly two years, and the fact that my Heats will only resume after a year I give birth, I can see at least…”

“Over twenty?” His Alpha gapes. “You want over twenty children?”

“Yes.”

“Too many?” The Omega asks, worried.

The Brit rises to his feet and takes his face in his hands, pressing their lips together as his wings fold around them, thumbs sweeping his cheekbones.

“Not enough,” he murmurs, earning a giggle. “But also far too many. I think we should just have one child for now, and use protection once we can try again. I would hate for your perfect body to be destroyed, let alone be unable to wear a slinky dress, or be forced to wear a shirt when only a single piece of clothing is the dress code.”

He takes his fiancée’s hips in his hands as he purrs, rolling their hips together as he nibbles on a cheekbone, grinning at the loud squeak from his mate. The smaller male’s cheeks flush and clings to his broad shoulders, wide glacial locking with glittering arctic as their scents become trapped within the space of their wings, their pulses racing as their breathing picks up.

“I’m not perfect,” the Captain pants, inhaling sharply when his Alpha rolls their hips together.

“But you are perfect,” Khan rumbles. “Perfect for me.”

Kirk smiles bashfully, looking away as his blush darkens and his wings attempt to fold around him, his fingers curling even more into the muscular shoulders they are holding onto. His Alpha rumbles in approval and nibbles on a heated cheek before switching to the other one, grinning as the younger male lets out a soft noise of embarrassment and buries his head in his chest, leaning down to brush his lips against his ear and whisper sweet nothings that have him moaning and shivering. The blond squeezes his eyes shut and clings tighter to the Augment as he continues to whisper, whimpering softly as his wings flutter as much as they can trapped against his back, tipping his head to the side as the older male’s lips move to nibble on his neck.

“Noonien,” the Captain whines, feebly pushing against his mate’s chest. “I’ve got things I need to do.”

The Brit rumbles softly and nips at his jaw before letting his fiancée go, the pair straightening themselves and gives each other a once over, the Alpha/Beta smiling as his Omega stretches up on his toes and pecks his lips before turning on his heel to exit the lounge. The dark haired male watches him go with a tender and longing expression before turning to look out the window, exhaling softly through his nose as his wings flutter against his back.

‘I love you,’ he thinks softly.

‘I love you too,’ is his mate’s soft reply.

John sleeps soundly on his stomach as he lays sprawled across the bed, the iridescence of his jet black wings a vibrant emerald green in the dimmed light of the quarters set aside for himself and his twin, who is currently sitting at the table looking out the viewport with a mug of coffee that will keep him up for days. Naki’s wings are unnaturally still against his back, the iridescence of his wings the exact color of oxygenated blood and possibly even more red than that, the flecks in his
irises even larger than before but arctic still dominates. He brings the cup to his lips and sips slowly, feeling the caffeine course through his bloodstream as his heart rate picks up due to its said caffeine content, tapping a long pale finger against the side of the ceramic mug as he exhales softly through his nose. The Pure Alpha exhales again and reaches into his pocket to pull out a small navy velvet box, flipping it open to look at the claddagh ring nestled inside the cream satin holder, the heart being a stunning aquamarine stone that is almost the same color as their eyes and gleams brightly. He closes the box and slips it back into his pocket, bringing his mug to his lips and sips slowly, his mind wandering from thought to thought without any rhyme or reason. Naki sighs once more and puts down his mug, rising to his feet to move to the bathroom and splash water on his face, placing his hands on the sink as his mind whirls with thoughts that jump about randomly.

“Naki?”

The Pure Alpha turns to see his twin sit up on the bed and look around the room, his wings shifting against his back and moving his shirt in such away that it tightens around his torso, revealing that his body has started to change its form into one that reflects his new DNA.

“I am right here, John,” he says softly, drying his face before moving to sit on the edge of the bed. “Did you have a bad dream?”

His mate shakes his head as he scrunches his face up in pain, clutching his forehead as he makes a soft noise before toppling forward, his twin catching him and cradles him to his chest as he shushes his soft whimpers. John buries his face into the crook of his mate’s pale neck as he continues to whimper softly, Naki’s large hands running up and down his back soothingly as his massive jet black fold around them, trapping in their body heat as the “older” of the twins feels that his sibling’s body has become more curvy and feminine.

“What is wrong, baby?” The Pure Alpha asks softly, pressing a soft kiss to his temple. “I do not like seeing you hurt or in pain. Can you tell me what is causing you to hurt?”

“Too many voices,” his mate whimpers, tears rolling down his cheeks as he squeezes his eyes shut. “Too many voices speaking at once. They’re so loud. They won’t stop talking, but they aren’t talking to each other.”

“John?” His twin asks, looking down at him. “There is no one else here. No one is speaking save for me. What voices are you talking about?”

“You don’t hear them?” The Pure Beta asks, looking up with watery emerald flecked arctic eyes. “You can’t hear them talking over each other? God, they’re so loud.”

He whimpers again and buries his face into his neck, gripping his shirt as he trembles slightly in his mate’s embrace, pressing tighter to the incredibly robust body of his sibling as he quietly shushes him and rubs his back soothingly.

“I am sure it will go away soon,” Naki murmurs, pressing a kiss to his temple. “I am sure that the pain will st-”

A loud chime interrupts him and causes him to growl softly, reluctantly pulling away and lowers his twin onto the bed, rising to his feet and head to the door to see who is outside.

“Yes?” He asks, his massive wings shifting against his back.

“The Captain requests that both of you are to be escorted to the bridge,” Spock states, a squad of Security Officers behind him armed with rifles and at attention. “He requested that I inform you
that this is not optional and resistance will be responded to with violence.”

Naki blinks and looks down at the hand sliding into his, threading their fingers together and squeezes, blood flecked arctic irises meeting emerald flecked ones. John gently tugs on his mate’s hand and follows the Vulcan up to the bridge, the Security Officers surrounding them as the twins walk hand-in-hand through the halls. Once they reach the turbolift, the Security Officers leaving the trio alone and enter the bridge, several heads turning to look at them.

But the highest ranking Officer does not move from their position.

Kirk is staring out the viewscreen at the stars and nebulae before them, leaning back in the command chair with his fingers steepled together and his index fingers pressed against his lips, clearly deep in thought. The bridge is dead silent, those of the bridge crew who do not have a task demanding their attention are watching, the tension and nervousness palatable. Khan hovers close to his mate, his wings unnaturally still as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, Spock, McCoy, and Wallace are also around him, the two Enterprise crewmembers with dual genders look slightly on edge. The Vulcan is eyeing his fellow Science Officer with something akin to disdain, for a Vulcan, but the blonde appears to be ignoring it. She watches the Captain closely, clearly worried as she shifts from foot to foot slightly, but does not say anything.

The silence ticks by, lasting several minutes before the blond breaks it, his voice even, calm, and slightly quieter than a normal conversation volume.

“Why did you tamper with the torpedoes?” He asks.

The Alpha/Beta flinches at his tone, looking away as his wings shift against his back. Naki swallows thickly, his wings shifting against his back violently as well. The Omega turns and looks at him, his expression calm and collected, but his eyes burn with the fury of Hellfire.

“I asked you a question,” he says quietly.

“Sylar, Sylar said that I had to,” the Pure Alpha says quietly.

“Why should I believe you?” Kirk asks, his tone border-lining on frigid.

Naki flinches and looks away, focusing on a spot to his right on the wall with no chance of meeting anyone’s eyes. The Omega rises to his feet gracefully and predatorily, moving to stand in before the much taller dark haired male, even taller than his mate, the air crackling around him as he radiates the absolute power of the Empress of Earth.

“Look me in the eye,” he says. “And tell me what you felt when you sentenced seventy-two men and women to their deaths who have not felt warmth in almost three hundred years. Lie to me and you will feel a pain that you never thought would be possible to feel.”

The Pure Alpha looks him dead in the eye, his own watering as his wings shift against his back.

“I wanted to die,” he says quietly, his voice wavering.

The blond studies him intently, eyes roaming over every inch of his face before nodding, but his expression does not relax.

“I believe you,” he says. “But your actions done to those who will soon be my family will have repercussions. I do not condone your actions, but I understand them. As sick and twisted as they are, I would have done the same.”
He reaches up and cups his cheek, stroking his razor sharp cheekbone with his thumb, stretching up on his toes to kiss his cheek and curls his fingers behind the part of his jawbone that is under his ear. The Captain digs his nails and fingertips in forcefully before letting go, falling back onto his heels and sits down in his command chair, leaning back in it as his eyes fall shut.

“But that does not help our situation,” he murmurs. “Those torpedoes are even more dangerous than before, and that is saying something. And we still have to open one up.”

“Are you out of your corn-fed pregnant mind?” McCoy gapes, his Commanding Officer glaring at him. “We nearly got blown up the last time!”

His face is starting to turn its usual cherry red as he nearly shouts and infringes on his personal space, something the younger male does not enjoy.

“The last time we did it was because this guy,” he jerks his thumb at the scowling Alpha/Beta, “essentially dared you to pop open a torpedo, and those were dangerous without the prize inside.”

“Do you think we have not taken this into consideration?” Khan snaps, his voice edging into a deep threatening snarl as his wings flare. “I know the intimate details of how these torpedoes were built, as the schematics, diagrams, and operating files that Sec-they, have, are slightly altered, but enough to make them useless. I have them all in here,” he taps his temple, “because if, he, got his hands on the real plans, he could have done some serious damage. But it looks like our little prize had been able to be added to them anyway, even without my preventative measures. With Naki’s help, we can safely deactivate the warheads and remove my crew, but we have to keep them in stasis.”

He glances at his fiancée with a look that is filled with a multitude of emotions, flicking his gaze down to the floor before looking away, his wings shifting against his back nervously as he looks back at his Captain.

“We cannot allow them to be removed from cryostasis at any point,” he urges. “If any Augments are awake besides the four currently, we will not have time on our side.”

“I am afraid I will not be of much help,” Naki says quietly.

“What the Hell does that mean?” McCoy growls, his eyes narrowing.

“The tampering was so exact that we would have to die a thousand deaths before we could even find where to start,” he explains, squirming under the gazes. “I cannot remember the exact sequence, let alone the entire thing. Sylar had to walk me through it step by step, and my memory has gaps in it. It is as if, as if my memory was tampered with. I can remember everything else clearly, even my time in utero, but that part, that part is, hazy.”

“How did you—”

“A Pure Omega did not tamper with your memories: They ripped them out,” the blond says, cutting him off. “It is incredibly dangerous, as the memories that are ripped out leave holes in memory that slowly expand and destroy the rest of the autobiographical memories, and then all forms of memories, even procedural. Your body loses the ability to remember how to breathe and keep your heart beating. Only Pure Omegas with a bloodline of over ten thousand years can do it, because the
memories they rip out become stored in theirs, as the memory of others are incompatible with anyone else’s, and only fifty-two Pure Omegas in our reality could do it. Here, there may be eight who could do it, but the number is probably less.”

“Ripped them out?” Wallace asks, startled. “I thought that was a myth!”

“Almost all ‘myths’ about a Pure Omega’s abilities are true or partially true,” the Omega explains, looking slightly peeved. “Some are stronger in certain categories of abilities, other are more rounded. I am second-to-none in any category, but only because of my bloodline. If we were all on the same footing, some Pure Omegas would be far more powerful in others, including me, and in my case, in empathic and emotional abilities. But ripping out someone’s memories is something that is just not done. Not only is it almost always fatal, but those that do not die are killed before they lose all their memories because they become—”

He cuts himself off, paling as he looks away, his wings folding around himself.

“They become what?” His Alpha asks.

The blond swallows and forces his wings back, tears streaming down his face as lets out a shuddery exhale, drawing an unsteady breath in.

“Reavers,” he says quietly. “They would become reavers, but they also self mutilated and raped their victims, sometimes to death and then eat them, or eat them alive and then rape them.”

He shakes himself and straightens, clearing his throat.

“How long ago did you tamper with the torpedoes?” He asks, his glacial blue eyes clear and focused.


“And you’re still sane?” The Captain gapes.

He waves a hand dismissively, shaking his head as he exhales through his nose.

“That is something we need to discuss that at a later time,” he says. “We still need to open a torpedo, figure out how our little prize was added, and figure out why they are sending both Noonien’s and my senses on high alert.”

“I’m not getting myself blown up again, or let Carol be blown up!” McCoy spits. “Even though she’s one of the best weapons specialists in Starfleet, she’s also the Fleet Admiral’s daughter, and there is the matter of the prize inside the four-ton stick of dynamite.”

“And I, a Pure Omega, someone who reveres life, am not about to kill seventy-two men and women, even though they took over the Earth, and yes, I am being a hypocrite because my ancestors did the same thing,” Kirk snarls. “May I remind you who the father of the child growing inside me is?”

He jerks his thumb at his mate, the Alpha/Beta scowling at him fiercely.

“He is the worst of them all!” He finishes.

“And you are a real delight as well sometimes, James,” Khan growls, his wings flaring. “Right now is especially one of my favorite times.”
“Bite me,” his fiancée snarls.

“Already did,” the Brit rumbles.

The Omega snarls and shoots to his feet, standing toe-to-toe with the Augment as their wings flare out in a fight for dominance, the air crackling around them as their wings shiver with anger.

“Fucking Alma/Blitta hybrid,” he snarls, grabbing a fistful of his mate’s shirt and yanks him down to crush their mouths together.

The engaged couple snarls and claws at each other as they kiss, nearly tearing fabric and breaking skin before they part, breathing heavily as they grip each other’s arms and their cheeks remain flush.

“God damn hormones,” they pant in unison before parting and straighten themselves.

“The Doctor does have a point, Captain,” Spock says, unfazed by the events that just occurred before him.

“I know he does,” his Captain snaps, slipping back into the command chair and crosses his legs elegantly. “But we do not know exactly how the torpedoes were tampered with, but if we to use one, and I have a feeling that there is a very high possibility that we might need to use all of them. And if we do have to use them, I want to know that we at least tried to save them. This reality is following ours to closely to have it suddenly diverge from its path, and something tells me it will not.”

“May I remind you that I was not on your side in our reality, even though we were bonded?” Khan asks, his tone hard. “Even though your happiness was my first priority, following very closely behind was revenge on those who did what they did to me. And thank you for destroying my creation!”

“You know it was an eyesore anyway,” Kirk growls. “Even though that, thing, you called a starship was based off the general design of a Constitution-class one, specifically the Enterprise, that was something not even its creator could love, and that monstrosity was an embarrassment to Starfleet!”

The Alpha/Beta snarls something rude under his breath as his wings flare out, forcing them back as he clamps down on his emotions to try and stay focused, his Omega nodding in response and looks back out the viewscreen.

“Besides, these events are trigged by details that are too specific to have not been caused by someone in our reality,” he says. “And there are events only known to the parties currently present, but most do not remember. That puts us in a really bad position, and my precognitions are completely useless, so we have to go off the events that happened- Oh, you did not just think that!”

He glares at his mate with a look that should have set him on fire, the Augment staring back defiantly as his upper lip curls back, a low rumble issuing from his throat as the couple stares each other down. The Captain snaps his teeth and snarls as he rises to his feet, getting right in his fiancée’s face as the air crackles around him, both fighting for dominance.

“Don’t you dare think about putting your crew before me,” the younger male snarls, his wings flaring out to their full span. “You put your crew before me again, and the end result will be the exact same as our reality. Do you want that? Do you really want that to happen to me again?”

“Of course not!” The Brit snarls back, his eyes flashing dangerously. “The fact that you honestly
believe that I want that to happen to you again is abhorrent! Hell, what happened to you was probably why would could never conceive in our reality! I never want that to happen to you again, because upon learning about what happened to you…”

He trails off and looks away, letting out a shuddery exhale as his eyes fall shut, forcing his wings back when they fold around him.

“I died,” he says quietly. “I was clinically dead for fifty-three seconds, but I was conscious the entire time.”

He looks back into his fiancée’s eyes, looking vulnerable and scared as his wings droop slightly, the color draining from his face.

“You cannot possibly understand how terrifying that was,” the dark haired male says quietly. “To not feel your heart beating in your chest but to be conscious the entire time, to not feel your mate’s heart beating or hear their thoughts, and know that you are the reason for it. It is a feeling unlike any other, one that I never want to feel again. I never want that to happen to you, I never wanted that to happen to you. James, I would never want that to happen to even my worst enemies, as I know how painful it is to experience that. And the thought of going through that again…”

He shudders as he pales even more, tears biting his eyes as he looks away, twisting his ring nervously. McCoy and Wallace close their eyes as they shudder slightly, any members of the bridge crew from their reality react the same, all of them losing their color as the rest look at each other in bewilderment. The Enterprise’s Commanding Officer takes his Alpha’s face in his hands, wiping away his tears with his thumbs before closing the distance between their lips, his own tears falling down his cheeks to mingle with the older male’s.

“I know you are scared, Noonien,” Kirk breathes against his lips. “I am too, but we have to remain focused. I do not want the end result to happen, but we have to prevent a war first and foremost.”

He kisses his fiancé again and pulls away, moving to sit back in his chair and cross his legs, looking back out at the stars and nebulae.

“Even though I am doing my best to try to keep the realities in my precognitions separate, there are still too many possibilities of what might or might not happen in the next fifteen minutes,” the Omega sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “The next three are starting to give me a migraine. But they are still unreliable, and I am trying to find the critical point to throw this reality off track, and I cannot find it until…”

He lets out a shuddery exhale and shakes his head, paling slightly as his wings flutter against his back, running a hand down his face.

“Believe me, the end result is something I do not want do again,” the blond says quietly.

The Augment places a hand on his mate’s shoulder, squeezing lightly.

“But I cannot find the critical point until it is almost too late,” he continues quietly, lifting his head. “And that is just the problem: Precognitions are un-”

Khan catches his fiancée as he suddenly slumps forward and out of the command chair, his body completely limp and his eyes moving behind his closed lids while his breathing remains deep and even, his nearly non-existent scent revealing relaxation and inner peace as he remains unconscious.

“You just had to reset,” he murmurs, cradling his mate close.
The blond moans softly after a little bit, his eyelids fluttering before they open and blink slowly, glacial blue eyes cloudy and unfocused with a slight gray tint to them. He swallows with some difficulty as he tries to lift his head, his Alpha shifting him so his head is tucked in the crook of his neck, his eyes falling shut as his wings flutter pathetically against his back. McCoy moves to kneel beside the couple and scan his Commanding Officer, but the Augment shakes his head as the Omega moans softly, his strength slowly returning. He lifts his head and looks the dark haired male in the eye, his clear glacial blue eyes revealing his absolute confusion about why he is being held tenderly by a complete stranger, unsure what to make of the situation. He tries to pull away and the Augment lets him, helping him to his feet and watches as he looks around with confusion, squeaking loudly when he is suddenly dipped and his lips are claimed in a heated kiss. The Captain blinks when he is placed back on his feet before flushing bright red when he realizes what just occurred, hiding his face behind his hands as his wings fold around him tightly, trying to hide from the stares he is receiving from his bridge crew.

"Can’t you two be normal?" McCoy groans, pinching the bridge of his nose. “It would make my life a that much simpl- *Dammit, Jim!* I need to scan you because you reset twice in a very short period of time, so put your goddamn wings back!"

Kirk reluctantly folds his wings as his cheeks remain slightly flushed, glancing nervously at his mate as his hand reaches up to touch the pendant hiding beneath his shirts, worrying it in an attempt to calm his nerves.

"…the Hell?" The Doctor mutters, running his tricorder over the location of the pendant. “Did you get a microchip implanted that I don’t know about?"

“I don’t understand,” his Captain replies, frowning slightly. “What do you mean by a microchip? It’s just the necklace that Noonien gave me.”

“Take it off,” the Beta orders, clearly unconvinced by his words. “I need to scan it.”

The blond glances nervously at his fiancé and reluctantly does so, placing his necklace in his Chief Medical Officer’s upturned palm, his wings shifting against his back nervously as the brunet scans it.

“Holy shit,” he whispers as it his eyes widen. “Jim, this isn’t just a necklace.”

“Well, it *was* given to me on my last Heat of the yea-” The Captain begins.

“I don’t care if it was given to you on the day you were crowned Empress of the Galaxy,” McCoy growls, holding up the necklace. “But this isn’t just some sentimental token, no matter what it symbolizes.”

“Then what is it?" Kirk snaps, his wings flaring out slightly. “We’re running out of time, Bones, and if somehow you managed to forget that I’m *pregnant* and more temperamental than before I was knocked up, which is a feat in itself, and I am losing my patience.”

“This is the most advanced computer I’ve ever seen,” his Chief Medical Officer states bluntly.

The blond sputters as his mouth works furiously, his glacial blue eyes wide open as he tries to understand his friend’s words, his mate just as stunned as he is.

“Are you sure, Doctor?" Spock inquires, ignoring the pointed glare sent by the Doctor in question.

“I’m damn sure,” he growls, looking back at the flabbergasted couple. “Whatever this thing is, it
goes beyond any machine that exists right now, and even my tricorder is having a tough time trying to figure it out, but it can tell me that this is a computer. And it’s *evolving*. Slowly, but it’s evolving. Where did you get this thing?”

Khan opens his mouth to reply but promptly shuts it, a bewilderied expression on his face as he blinks a few times, his mind working furiously as he tries to come up with an answer.

“I, I, I do,” he pauses, pressing his lips in a thin line as he thinks before shaking his head. “I do not know.”

He begins to massage his temples as he scrunches his face up in pain, groaning softly as he squeezes his eyes closed as a headache suddenly comes on, a dull pounding beginning at his temples that causes his vision to become fuzzy.

“Oh no,” his Omega whispers, taking his angular face in his hands as the blood drains from his. “You had your memories ripped out. But, why?”

The blond accepts his necklace back and holds it in his open palm, the pendant gleaming in the light as the couple stares at it, lifting their heads to lock eyes as a multitude of emotions flash in their eyes.

“Why would someone tear out the memories involving where you got this necklace?” He asks, looking back at his palm. “What could be so important about it that we can’t know its origins?”

“I wish I knew, love,” the Augment sighs, shaking his head. “I wish I knew.”
Chapter XXXVII

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long, but somehow college professors can come up with even more creative ways to torture their students the closer finals become. I know I keep blaming school, but swear to God, it really is school. Not to mention this goddamn cold I've been fighting.
Enjoy.

When the couple enters their shared quarters and the door slides closed behind them, Khan gently leads his fiancée to their bed and motions for him to sit down, placing a hand on his knee and squeezes reassuringly as he curls a massive jet black wing around him.

“James, are you sure you want to do this?” He asks softly, his tone clearly revealing his worry. “I have half a mind to lock you in your quarters and fry the lock to make sure you cannot escape. You are carrying my child in your womb, something we both want, and you are about to willingly venture into a life-or-death situation. That biological agent added to the warhead is one of the most lethal neurotoxins in this reality, and Omegas, especially Pure Omegas, are, as you said, ‘a canary in a coal mine.’ You are highly sensitive to the world around you, and you are housing a parasite in your body.”

Kirk punches his mate in the chest and sings something rude in his native tongue, causing him to let out a deep rumbling chuckle and catches his hand, kissing the inside of his wrist and stimulates his scent glands to inhale his scent. His arctic blue eyes fall shut as he inhales deeply, his wing curling tighter around them and pulls the blond closer to his robust body, wrapping his arms around his incredibly narrow waist as he looks up into glacial blue eyes.

“Noonien,” the Augment says softly. “I want you to stay on the Enterprise, love. I do not want you to get hurt, just the thought of even a single paper cut being inflicted upon you is enough to make me worry. But going down to a planetoid with a live warhead and an incredibly lethal neurotoxin…”

He shakes his head as fingers curl into his shoulders, resting his forehead against his collarbone as his wings fold around them tightly, letting out a shuddery exhale.

“Please, baby,” he whispers, looking up as tears roll down his cheeks. “Please, stay here so you can be safe.”

“You need me, Noonien,” his Captain says quietly. “I can manipulate the electronic impulses of the brain, which is far more complicated than any electrical system. I can alter the flow of electricity to cut off the flow to vital systems, so I can stop the warhead from going off.”

“I know, love,” his fiancé says softly, resting his head in the crook of his neck. “But I want you to be safe, but you still have the training of the Empress of Earth in you, so you will not.”

The Captain curls a finger under his chin and tips his head up so they can press their lips together, enjoying the strawberries and vanilla that are his lips as they kiss tenderly. The Brit kisses back and traces the seam of his lips with his tongue before tipping his head to the side, rumbling as their lips part and tongues tangle as the kiss deepens, his wings tightening even more around them.
‘If either of us were to somehow die, at any point,’ his mate thinks softly. ‘I want it to be in your arms, Noonien.’

‘I would like nothing more,’ the dark haired male thinks back. ‘That the last thing I see is your beautiful, angelic face.’

They part with a soft plop, rubbing their noses together as a soft smile curls on their lips.

“I want you to be safe,” Khan breathes, cupping his fiancée’s cheek, his ring pressing into his skin. “I want both of you safe. I cannot lose you again. Not this soon, not any time, but not this soon.”

“I don’t want to leave you either, but never forget The Elequist,” Kirk says softly.

His Alpha pulls away, blinking in confusion.

“The Elequist?” He asks.

“You’ve never heard of The Elequist?” The Omega asks, surprised.

“Should I have?” The Augment asks.

His mate smiles, shaking his head as he chuckles softly.

“The Elequist is the Guardian of Souls,” he explains. “They are the one who helps mates find each other in death. Not only is it every bonded pair’s dream to be Perfect Mates, but also have a love so strong that The Elequist will resurrect their dead loved one. Or so the myth goes.”

“Do you believe, James?” The Alpha/Beta asks softly, curious.

The Captain smiles as his glacial blue eyes light up, his wings fluttering happily as much as they can against his back and leans in to rub noses with him, earning a happy rumble.

“We’re proof that a bonded pair can be Perfect Mates,” he says softly, pulling away. “Why shouldn’t I believe?”

Khan smiles back softly, his arctic blue eyes lighting up as they crinkle around the corners before leaning in, brushing their lips together before kissing him softly. Kirk tangles his fingers into his jet black hair and lightly scratches his scalp, squeaking when he is tossed onto the bed, his Alpha kneeling over him as his arctic blue eyes burn with lust. The younger male has his wrists beside his head as his cheeks heat up from the look he is receiving, shivering at the low rumble from the male above him as his massive jet black wings flare out before attacking his neck, sucking dark marks into his skin. The Omega gasps loudly and turns his head instinctively to allow more access, clinging to his broad shoulders as the Alpha/Beta sucks, nips, licks, and occasionally kisses his skin. He claws at his mate’s back, crying out as he focuses his attention on his ears, his heart racing in his chest as a robust body presses itself against his. The blond ruts shamelessly against him as soft mewls, whimpers, and cries spill past his lips, fingernails breaking skin as he trembles and gasps for air, curses and pleases joining his other noises.

The Augment continues to drive his fiancée mad with his teasing, feeling him rip his pants open and slick his fingers before burying them inside himself, too far gone to be embarrassed.

The Captain all but wails as his communicator goes off, his mate snarling with frustration and glares at the chiming device, thoughts of inflicting bodily harm on the person on the other end forming in his mind and are very tempting to follow through with.
“What?” He snarls as he flips open the device, his Omega scrubbing fruitlessly at his tear-streaked face.

“Commander,” Uhura says after hesitating for a second or two. “I have managed to connect with Commander Scott’s communicator on a secure, tight-beam transmission.”

“Your timing is impeccable,” the dark haired male growls, handing the communicator over to his fiancée. “It is for you.”

“Yes?” Kirk asks, sniffling.

“Captain, I have connected your communicator with Commander Scott’s,” she says, pausing before speaking again. “Was I interrupting something, sir?”

“Not yet,” the Omega says quietly. “Patch me through, Lieutenant.”

“Aye, sir,” his Chief Communications Officer replies.

The blond holds his communicator away as his former shouts into the pickup.

“What!” Scott yells, his voice distorted by static.


“Oh, well now!” The Scotsman says, satisfaction clear. “James Tiberius Kirk? Savior o’ the galaxy and dismisser o’ all rational thinking? Callin’ me? A lowly an’ self-disgraced Engineer? To what do I owe the pleasure…sir?”

“Oh my god,” Khan mutters, glaring at the device in his Captain’s hand before the incredibly dark marks on his neck.

“Scotty, Uhura had to work a minor miracle to make this tight-beam transmission possible, not to mention secure,” the Captain says, glaring at his Alpha.

He pauses, frowning slightly at something he hears.

“Is that technolo in the background?” He asks, feeling woozy. “Where are you?”

“At present, I’m somewhere between Heaven an’ Hell, Captain,” Scott says, the last word acidic. “Otherwise known as San Francisco.”

He chuckles at his own humor, more a giggle than a chuckle.

“Are you drunk?” Kirk asks, his fiancé biting his lip to keep from giggling as he starts to become tipsy.

“Is that an engineering question?” His former Chief Engineer asks. “Are you now questionin’ me ability to handle liquids as well as me job? What I do in me spare time is entirely me business, Captain James Tiberius Perfect Hair. See that? I called him Perfect Hair.”

“Scotty,” his former Captain groans.

“And in case it has escaped your notice, Jimbo,” Scott continues. “I am no longer a member of your crew, and therefore no longer subject to your orders.”

“You really have no tolerance,” the Alpha/Beta grins, amused as his mate leans against the
headboard as his head spins.

“Shut up,” the Omega snaps.

“Tolerance for what?” The Scotsman asks.

“I can’t explain it to you right now,” he says. “But Scotty, I’m starting to have my doubts about those torpedoes.”

“I will consider that an apology,” the Scotsman says after a moment. “And I will consider that apology.”

“Scotty,” the blond sighs, watching his Alpha rise from the bed. “I need you to check something out for me. Will you take these coordinates down: Twenty-three, seventeen, forty-six, eleven… Are you recording?”

He watches as the Augment takes off his shirts and undo his belt, slipping off his boots so he can change into his flight suit.

“You think I kinna remember four miserable numbers? Ye have little faith,” the Engineer chuckles. “What was that third one again?”

Kirk claps a hand over his mouth as he bolts to the bathroom, the communicator still in the air before he is heaving violently into the toilet, his body trembling from the force of his morning sickness.

“Jim? What’s that noise? Are you still there?” Scott asks, still highly drunk.

“James is currently occupied right now,” Khan says when he picks up the communicator. “The third number is forty-six, Commander Scott. He needs you to go there and report back.”

He pauses and glances over at his ill mate, watching him hack violently and spit into the bowl.

“He does not know exactly what you are looking for,” he continues. “But he has a feeling that you will know it when you see it.”

The dark haired male closes the communicator and places it on the bedside table, hurrying to his Omega before kneeling beside him, curling a wing around him as he rubs his back soothingly, murmuring softly.

“I am right here, love,” he says softly. “I am right here.”

The blond glances at him out of the corner of his eye, groaning softly as his stomach churns.

“I hate this part,” he moans, head hanging in the bowl.

“It will be over soon,” his Alpha says softly. “You know that.”

“But I want it to be over,” the Captain whines, groaning again.

“I know, baby boy,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs. “Just hang on a bit longer, okay?”

“Okay,” his Captain replies, his voice child-like as he splits the two syllables. “I’ll wait.”
Kirk nibbles on a piece of toast as he watches one of the torpedoes be loaded onto a shuttle, his fellow life giver standing beside him. John has his arms crossed over his chest, wearing one of his genetic donor’s replicated, and slightly altered, flight suits. The blond observes the differences between the three males, noting that his mate is dead even between his two clones in physique. Naki is the tallest, far more robust, and masculine than the others, and has a greater amount of muscle mass. John is the shortest, not by much though, his figure svelte and curvy than his siblings, possibly due to his metamorphosis. He also notes that all three are incredibly, almost terrifyingly, smart, but John is by far the smartest with his Pure Beta DNA, and Naki could give Marcus a run for his money in the strength department, possibly even beat him.

The Pure Beta glances at him, his jet black wings shifting against his back as emerald iridescence flashes with each ripple of muscle, his deep emerald-flecked arctic irises filled with worry. The Captain offers him one of his pieces of toast he has not touched, his child accepting it with a soft smile and nibbles on it, watching the torpedo be loaded onto the shuttle. Their Alphas watch them with mirror expressions, the oldest turning away to sign paperwork on the torpedo.

“Commander Spock,” Khan says, lifting his head. “James would like me to inform you that he requests that the Enterprise still be in one piece when we return.”

The Vulcan raises a slanted eyebrow at the statement, turning his gaze on the Captain who is looking younger than his twenty-five years, his glacial blue eyes vulnerable.

“We would all like a home to return to,” he says softly. “All of us.”

The eyebrow rises higher but Spock nods, his expression unreadable. The Alpha/Beta signs his name with a flourish, handing the PADD over the Lieutenant that was the one who had dropped Nibiru’s survey reports, the same one who had disturbing thoughts about him.

“Fancy a bowl of butternut squash soup, Lieutenant?” He asks, watching the color drain from her face before turning on his heel. “Come along, Naki. We have a torpedo to disarm.”

The Pure Alpha nods, his even larger jet black wings fluttering as the blood iridescence flashes on the feathers with each ripple of toned muscle. The Alphas move to their mates, wings brushing against theirs and curl around them, hands resting on the small of their backs. The four of them move into the shuttle, the life givers sitting with the “four-ton stick of dynamite,” as their mutual grumpy Doctor had grumbled before he left for the medbay, their mates sitting in the cockpit. Khan takes the pilot’s seat and prepares the shuttle for departure, the pair in back share the pieces of toast he had replicated and teach the younger how to control his abilities, the Pure Alpha watching with a tender expression.

“They look good together, do they not?” The oldest of the group asks, glancing at him.

“Pardon?” Naki asks, turning to his genetic donor.

“Our Omegas,” he replies, flicking a few switches. “They look good together.”

The Pure Alpha nods, settling in his seat as he does his harness, looking out the front viewport.

“I want to propose to him,” he says quietly, touching his pocket. “I just wish I could get rid of the memories of the things I did to him.”

“You want to propose?” Khan asks, checking the readouts.

“I have loved him for as long as I have known the word, even before Marcus visited us,” his clone says quietly, looking down at his lap. “I have never wanted to hurt him, and even though my
feelings towards him are taboo and repulsive by society’s standards, I just, I just cannot stop feeling this way towards him. I love him. I love him with every fiber of my being.”

His genetic donor nods and flicks his gaze towards him, tapping on a console.

“Do you need help finding a ring?” He asks, earning a loud sputter.

“Since when do you care?” The Pure Alpha snarls, his eyes narrowing. “I have known that you did not like me when you raising us, especially after I raped him.”

“See those things on your back?” Khan asks, eyes not leaving the dashboard. “That is why.”

“I do not understand,” his clone states, earning a soft sigh.

“It means that as much as I am repulsed by the fact that you two share the same DNA and are madly in love, I cannot deny that you to are perfect for each other in every way possible,” he replies, turning to look at him. “That is what the wings mean: You are Perfect Mates. Something that has not happened in a very long time, but you two are perfect for each other. Which is why I am asking if you need help with finding a ring.”

“No, I have one,” Naki says softly, looking back out the viewport. “So, the fact that I love him is okay because we are perfect for each other?”

‘I love you too,’ John thinks.

His twin gasps and whips around, startled by the voice in his head. The Alpha/Beta laughs and shakes his head, grinning as his mate laughs as well.

“Looks like someone is picking up their abilities rather quickly,” he grins.

‘Of course,’ Kirk thinks, but only the older male can hear him. ‘I am his mother.’

‘Of course, love,’ his fiancé thinks back. ‘Of course.’

“Commander Singh, you are cleared for departure,” the head of the hanger announces over the shuttle’s speakers.

“Understood,” the Commander replies.

Khan pilots the shuttle out of the hanger and plots a course to a small planetoid that had been determined to have a breathable atmosphere, adjusting to the shifts in gravity with greater difficulty as they head deeper into the asteroid field, taking great care given what and who the passengers are.

“Commander Spock,” he says, checking the readouts. “Any sign of activity from the Klingons? Anything that might be a hint that they have detected our presence? Inquires from our Captain, if I may add.”

“No, Commander,” Spock replies. “Lieutenant Sulu is currently monitoring for any signs of unusual activity.”

“Any rise in local transmissions?” The Alpha/Beta inquires.

“Commander,” the Vulcan says, a slight hint of annoyance in his voice. “If any unusual activity were to occur, I shall inform you.”
“I think I annoyed him,” Khan grins.

“**Annoyance is a human emotion,**” the Science Officer replies.

“Alas, you are only half human,” his fellow Commander sighs dramatically.

In the back of the shuttle, Kirk chuckles softly and shakes his head, nibbling on his toast as he watches his child with a tender expression. John is staring at the communicator in his hand with his brows furrowed in concentration, trying to use his abilities to move it even just a few millimeters in his hand, slumping in frustration as he groans softly.

“Keep trying,” the Omega says softly and encouragingly. “It’s hard work when you’re first learning, but you’ll get it. It just takes a lot of practice.”

“How long did it take you?” The Pure Beta sighs, glancing at him.

“To have complete control over my active abilities; five years. But I had to figure out everything on my own and rely on my genetic memories,” he adds. “I have nearly sixty years of experience under my belt, so I can give you a lot of tips and secrets.”

“On your own?” John asks, surprised. “And sixty years?”

“Haven’t you noticed that humans of this reality only have two genders, male and female?” Kirk asks, smiling. “That they have only have twenty-three chromosomes?”

“I found a file in Section 31’s servers to find the limitations of Augments, to…”

He trails off, glancing at his twin.

“To find a way to kill Naki,” he says quietly. “I was desperate to find a way to break his hold on me, and I found a massive file with very through research on Augments, but it was not from this reality. I began to put the pieces together from the file and my outings that some humans were not the same as the majority of the population, but I could not figure out why we were like the minority.”

“Because they needed a scapegoat, and Noonien wouldn’t fall prey to the same mistakes, so they made the two of you, I guess,” the Captain says, shrugging. “And even though our species replaced the humans in this reality in ours, we are not superior.”

John’s cheeks flush and accent his razor sharp cheekbones, looking away and stares at the floor with embarrassment, a feminine hand sliding into his and squeezes reassuringly.

“Now, try to move the communicator again,” the blond encourages, smiling. “Believe me, it’ll get easier with time.”

The Pure Beta nods, turning his gaze back to the device as he purses his lips and stares at his, his gaze intense enough to almost set it on fire.

“James,” Khan says from the front of the shuttle. “Commander Spock has just informed me that Ensign Chekov has isolated the problem in Engineering, but there is some damage. He does not know what caused it in the first place, but they are working quickly to fix it.”

“Has there been any chatter from Starfleet since we went dark?” His fiancée asks.

“Nothing out of the ordinary,” the Alpha/Beta replies. “Unless you account for the disturbing
amount of sexual conversations on private channels.”

“I don’t,” Kirk replies.

“Then we have nothing,” his mate replies. “How are you holding up, love?”

“I’ve been better,” the blond says, glancing at the torpedo. “The giant boomstick isn’t helping the matter, though.”

“Nice reference,” the Alpha/Beta laughs. “But I believe he was referring to a shotgun, not a photon torpedo.”

“Boomstick?” The twins ask in unison.

“A quote from a movie from my time,” Khan replies, flipping a few switches. “James and I enjoyed watching B-flick movies to wind down after a stressful mission.”

The twins stare at the couple, completely baffled by their genetic donor’s statement.

“Why do I bother,” the Alpha/Beta mutters, shaking his head. “We are beginning to enter the planetoid’s atmosphere, so it might be a little turbulent.”

“Brings back memories, doesn’t it?” Kirk grins.

His Alpha simply snorts and mutters under his breath, scowling something fierce as Naki checks the instrumentation, glancing at his genetic donor.

“What is he referring to?” He asks after hesitating.

“I blew up Praxis,” the older male sighs, gripping the controls. “It was how I regained my memories of who I was, the first time at least.”

“Why did you not have them in the first place?” The Pure Alpha asks.

The shuttle lurches abruptly, a few alarms going off in response.

“Maybe now is not the best time,” Khan replies, fighting for control. “I will tell you later.”

“If there is a later,” Naki adds under his breath.

“There will be,” the Alpha/Beta growls. “For the four, at least, back there.”

His clone nods, glancing back.

“For them,” he says quietly.

“For them,” his genetic donor echoes.

The shuttle landing goes smoothly, the pair in the back exiting first so their Alphas can unload the source of all their problems, standing side by side out of the way. The two Alphas move the torpedo and supporting platform away from the shuttle, moving across the volcanic desert vista. Kirk looks around the black sinter plain, noting how barren it is. The occasional tower and buttes of a similar material break the flatness, the air having a slight ashy hint to it.

A sudden and joyous urge grips him and soon, he is running, kicking off the ground as his wings snap out, beating rapidly to gain altitude before he catches a thermal and soars even higher. The
blond shouts in euphoria and banks sharply to glide with the flow of air, feeling a part of his mind that he did not even know he had kick into high gear, analyzing the air currents and adjusting his body and wings with minimal conscious input. He banks around a tower and rides a thermal even higher, feeling the wind whip through his hair and his feathers ripple as his wings beat rapidly, gliding through the air with ease. The sound of powerful wing beats cause him to look over his shoulder, his fiancé flying right behind him, face split in two by the biggest grin he has ever seen. The Omega laughs and dives abruptly, picking up speed rapidly before soaring upward, his mate right behind him. Khan chases after him eagerly, having a bit of trouble keeping with his faster Captain. His powerful wings help him a bit, but he soon realizes that he is not as streamlined as his Omega.

Apparently, Omegas were not just fast on land.

The Captain laughs, suddenly breaking in midair by snapping his wings out so the Alpha/Beta shoots past him. The Brit snaps his wings to stop himself as well, diving down to pick up speed as his fiancée flies the way they had come.

“C’mon, Noonien!” He laughs. “Can’t you keep up with little ol’ me?”

The Augment grins wickedly and beats his wings rapidly to gain altitude before diving, catching his Omega around the waist when he dive-bombs him. Kirk shrieks in surprise, gripping his mate as his wings beat rapidly in an attempt to slow their wild and rapid descent. Khan spreads his wings and sends them into a spin, holding his Omega tight to his body as they continue to descend before they part, soaring up at the last minute. The couple continues to dart and dive around each other in the air, the older male more than once scaring the living daylights out his fiancée by dive-bombing him, and even coming up from underneath him once, sheer joy consuming them from the inside out as they feel more at home in the air than they have in a long time. The couple flies back to the torpedo, beating their wings rapidly as they hover, slowing their descent before folding their wings back when their feet hit the ground. They look up when they see that the twins are not by the shuttle, smiling as they dart and dive in the air, breathing hard and hearts pounding in their chests. Their exposed skin burns from the wind as they look at each other, wide smiles on their faces as their eyes shine, their bond thrumming with elation. The twins touch down no more than two minutes after them, also in the same state with the biggest smiles on their faces, their wings fluttering with excitement.

“Captain,” Spock says through their communicators. “I strongly protest at the-”

“Spock, shut up,” his Captain growls into his device. “That’s an order.”

The Omega grins at the silence from his First Officer, his mate chuckling softly.

“Now, if Commander Spock has nothing to add,” Khan says as he shakes his head. “Then let us get to work.”

The other members of the party nod, the twins grabbing the equipment they need as the blond moves to kneel beside his child, watching him carefully place the sensors along the length of the torpedo before activating the monitoring device that links them together.

“How much shielding did you put on these things?” He gapes. “Because this is a bit ridiculous!”

The Alpha/Beta glares at the comment, a low rumble in his throat as his wings flare out in annoyance, his upper lip curling back slightly. Naki steps in between his genetic donor and his mate, standing toe-to-toe as his wings spread to their full span, rumbling as well. His genetic donor’s wings spread to their full span as well, snapping his teeth as he snarls, the Alpha in them
coming out full force. Their mates groan loudly and shake their heads, sharing a look as the Alphas continue to fight for dominance in a very masculine way, waiting for them to open their flies and demand for a ruler.

“Can we get a move on?” Kirk demands, his patience running thin. “And stop comparing dicks?”

The Alphas glare at the Captain, clearly unhappy at being interrupted with their fight for dominance, but give each other one last snarl and move to help with working on the torpedo.

“Alright, Noonien,” the Omega says, looking over the weapon. “What do we do now?”

“John, can you hand me the monitor?” Khan inquires, holding his hand out so his clone can give it to him. “We need to open up the warhead first, and in order to do that, we need to access the drive compartment. But the warheads on these torpedoes are live, and they are temperamental. Lucky for us, the drive system I created renders these torpedoes untraceable, so we go in through the absente control system. However, since Naki tampered with them, we do not know how our intrusion might affect the rest of the device.”

“So, we need to disarm the warhead before Big Badda Boom?” His Omega asks.

“Really Big Badda Boom,” the Alpha/Beta says, nodding. “Not to mention there is the live biological agent inside them, a neurotoxin, no less.”

“Are you shitting me?” The twins gape. “A live biological agent?”

“Yep,” Kirk replies, popping his “P” as he begins to hum softly with a dreamy smile on his face.

The twins look at each other with shock clear on their faces, their wings shifting against their backs in fear.

“Enough chit chat,” Khan says, looking at the monitor. “We need to begin, urgently.”

“Wait,” the Captain says, kneeling beside his mate.

He takes his pale angular face in his hands and presses their lips together, their eyes falling shut as they kiss and large pale hands pull him into his lap, their wings folding around each other as they hold each other close. The younger male enjoys the strawberries and vanilla that are his fiancé’s sinfully soft lips, something unique to him and him alone. The Alpha/Beta tips his head and traces the seam of his lips with a skilled tongue, feeling them part and allow him to coax out its twin as the kiss intensifies, only in passion and not in sensuality. His fiancée tastes like tres leches and brigadeiro, completely sweet and innocent and fits him so well, unlike him, who has a very slight tart hint to his taste. He feels a feminine hand tangle into his jet black hair, smelling the fear in the small space between them as the lithe body trembles in his arms, his hands running up and down his back to soothe him.

“I will not let anything happen to you,” Khan says when they part, keeping their lips pressed together. “I will not let anything happen to you or our baby.”

“I know,” his Omega replies, lightly scratching his scalp with his nails. “I know you’ll protect us.”

“With my last breath,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs.

“Captain,” Spock interrupts from their communicators. “If I may-”

“No, you may not,” Kirk growls into his communicator. “We’re about to work on a four-ton stick
of dynamite that’s more temperamental than me, and I’m fifteen weeks, four days pregnant. I have an excuse, it doesn’t. But when I get mad, I won’t explode and release a neurotoxin. I’m beyond terrified right now, so I need to be reassured and calmed by the father of the child I carry inside me, who we may never met, before we work on a weapon of mass destruction.”

He snaps the device closed and glares at it before turning to his snickering mate, growling before the tip of his nose is pecked thrice, letting out a noise halfway between a squeak and a grunt before climbing out of his lap to kneel beside him.

“No more delays,” his Alpha says softly, glancing at the younger male. “We do not have the time.”

The others nod as the oldest uses a specialized tool and monitor to open an outer protective panel, scanning before removing a secondary inner one. He scans the interior of the weapon with both the monitor in hand and his eyes, frowning slightly. He reaches in and begins to gently feel, his movements cautious as he stares at the monitor intently, his fiancée looking quite agitated as he does so.

“James, can you map the wiring and electrical flow inside of the torpedo without altering any of it?” He asks, pulling his arm out. “And upload it to the monitor?”

“Do you have to think about making your heart beat?” His Captain growls, placing his hands on the torpedo as he ignores the pointer glare.

He closes his eyes as his breathing slows, his lips parting and his body relaxing with each passing second, arctic blue eyes watching him before turning to the monitor in hand. The image on the monitor quickly becomes incredibly clear, showing the flow of electricity inside the device. The Alpha/Beta frowns deeply, worry crossing his face.

“Something is not right,” he says, studying the monitor intently. “This is,” he licks his lips nervously. “Something is really wrong.”

His mind whirls rapidly as he pulls up the schematics of the torpedo, his heart racing in his chest as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, his clones sharing a look when they smell the panic from the older male.

“Noonien? What’s going on?” Kirk asks, his eyes still closed as his wings shift nervously.

“These wires and optical links,” Khan says, licking his lips again. “Some of them are in the wrong place or cut and tied together. And the ones we need to cut are already cut. You were not kidding about the thousand deaths. It is far more dangerous than that.”

He turns to his fiancée, clearly worried as he stretches a wing out to wrap around him.

“You should not have come planet-side,” he says, looking between the two life givers. “Because I do not know that we have even a chance of leaving this place alive.”

John whimpers softly and presses up against his mate’s side, the “older” twin wrapping an arm around his narrow waist as he folds a massive wing around him, pressing a kiss to his temple as he murmurs softly.

“Noonien?” The blond asks, pulling his hands away as he opens his eyes and turns to his mate.

The Alpha/Beta worries his lower lip with his teeth and tightens the hold on him by curling his wing tighter around him, pulling his Omega closer to him as he begins to tremble, clearly terrified.
“If I even attempt to move a single wire,” he says. “The torpedo’s warhead will detonate. I, I do not see any way of doing anything to it without arming it. James, I…”

He places a hand over his mouth as tears roll down his cheeks, squeezing his eyes shut as he begins to tremble, soft sobs spilling past his lips.

“I fucked up,” he sobs. “I shouldn’t have made these fucking things again. God, James, I’m sorry. I-”

He bolts upright and grips the monitor tightly with both hands, swearing colorfully and creatively as he gapes at the device, his arctic blue eyes wide open.

“It’s, it’s been undone,” he gapes. “All the tampering. It’s, it’s gone. It’s just…”

He looks at the others as the same look of shock and horror cross their faces, looking back at the device as he blinks rapidly, his mouth working furiously.

“What the flying fuck…? Is this, is this an illusion?” Khan asks, looking up at his mate. “Is this some sort of weird form of an absolute precognition? One that affects everyone?”

“The only people an absolute precognition affects is the Omega who is seeing it, and their Alpha if they are bonded,” Kirk says quietly, looking pale. “No ability an Omega has can alter reality without a more powerful Omega picking up the disturbance. I would know. And I haven’t picked up any ripples in the space-time continuum, and I am incredibly sensitive to any disturbances, even when we travel at warp. None of this is an illusion. None of this was faked.”

The engaged couple looks at the untampered torpedo innards, then at each other. The couple link hands as fear spikes in their scents, squeezing tightly.

“Something more powerful than anything I have ever seen, experienced, or heard of is helping us,” he says quietly, his dark golden blond wings shifting violently. “And I feel that it doesn’t have a good reason for doing so.”
Chapter XXXVIII

Chapter Notes

Holy mother of god am I sorry for not posting in so long, and I am still struggling to type this story up, but it will be done. Hand to god. And holidays are so stressful, even if you're just on the sidelines. Feel free to comment and leave a kudos! And if you're still reading this, my deepest gratitude to you.

Khan studies the monitor as his mate transfers the schematics of the torpedo’s interior to the device, mentally comparing it to the ones he had created as he fights to not squirm. He does not see any differences between the schematic on the screen and the one in his mind, but he knows that the weapon is no less dangerous than it was before, even more so with the addition it its design. The Alpha/Beta flicks his gaze up to his pregnant Captain kneeling next to the torpedo with his eyes still closed, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as his wings shift nervously against his back.

“Commander Spock,” he says abruptly. “If anything were to go wrong, I want you to transport James, and John onboard the Enterprise immediately. And you are to ignore any order countermanding mine from our Captain.”

“You are out of line, Commander,” Kirk snarls, turning to face him. “I-”

“I will not have one more molecule of blood on my hands,” his fiancé rumbles threateningly. “I will not have your blood on my hands.”

The blond flinches slightly at his tone, but glares hard at the oldest of those present as he turns around to completely face him, his wings shifting violently as they spread slightly in a show of dominance.

“I am your Commanding Officer,” he growls. “The only one who can override my orders, and an Admiral’s, even the Fleet Admiral’s, is a Starfleet Doctor. Only they can order Officers higher above them and countermand theirs, and not have it be insubordination. You may be my Alpha, but I. Outrank. You.”

“Two words: Shove it,” Khan snarls, his wings flaring out in response. “I will not let any life givers, let alone two pregnant life givers, die because of my actions. I am the one who created these torpedoes. I am the one who caused this whole mess. I am the one who caused the events to happen in the first place because of my bloody pride. I will not let anyone else be hurt by my actions, even if they happen to be my Perfect Mate. I-”

The Alpha/Beta’s head snaps to the side as his mate strikes him hard across the face, his palm stinging in response to his mate’s actions. He feels a sudden gust of air, and when he opens his eyes, he is unsurprised to find that his Omega is soaring away, feeling hot tears stream down his young Omega’s cheeks. The boiling rage he feels through their bond is something he has never felt the likes of, feeling their bond be closed so tightly he swears that it had been severed. He can feel his heart rate slow down to his normal rate, and he cannot feel anything through their bond.

“Fuck,” he growls, rising to his feet.
He looks at the torpedo, debating with himself, his conflict clear.

“Fuck this,” he snarls, turning away before running and kicks off as his wings snap out.

Khan tears after his mate and beats his wings rapidly to gain altitude, cursing under his breath as he loses his scent and quickly preforms a spiral search to try and pick it up again, flying fast and hard to catch up to him once he picks up his trail. He spots his Omega on top of a tower sitting on the edge, staring at the ground with his arms wrapped around one of his legs, his dark golden blond wings still against his back as a soft breeze plays with his hair. The Augment lands on the tower and makes sure he is as far away as possible, knowing that his fiancée needs his space as he folds his massive jet black wings against his back, sitting down on the hard surface as he waits patiently. His heart clenches when the Captain takes off and flies further away from him, rising to his feet as he debates on whether to fly after him or head back to the torpedo, his eyes falling shut as tears roll down his cheeks.

“I am sorry,” the Alpha/Beta whispers, turning to head back to the twins.

He dives off the edge of the tower and snaps his wings out to catch a thermal, gliding back to the twins and the torpedo and beats his wings rapidly to slow his descent as he touches down, kneeling before the torpedo as he picks up the monitor to reexamine the schematics on the screen. The twins share a look as his wings fall limp on the ground and looks back over in the direction of his mate, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as his chest tightens, his arctic blue eyes falling shut as he lets out a shaky exhale. Khan looks back at the monitor before placing it on the ground, picking up a small precision cutter from the box of tools he had brought with him, sliding his hand into the opening in the torpedo.

He screams as the outer panel suddenly snaps shut with a curt metallic sound, pinning his arm in place as the twins let out an exclamation of surprise, John scooping up the monitor to stare at the screen in shock.

“What the fuck just happened!?” Naki demands, his wings flaring out with fear.

“I-I don’t…” His mate begins, trembling as his mind quickly goes into overdrive. “I…”

A soft, steady, and not at all reassuring beeping begins to sound somewhere deep within the torpedo, the Alpha/Beta shoving his hand inside the small gap in the opening created by his arm in an attempt to force the panel open and allow him to slide his arm out, another set of pale hands quickly joining his to aid in his efforts.

“Don’t just fucking sit there!” Naki snarls as he grunts with effort. “Do something!”

“I’m trying!” His mate shrieks, fingers flying over the monitor before bolting to the side of the weapon to remove the protective transparency covering the torpedo’s main visible readout. “The programming is changing too rapidly for-”

“Just do it!” The Pure Alpha roars, the metal slicing his fingers and causes him to lose traction.

“Get them out of here!” Khan roars, feeling the panel slice his fingers to the bone.

He can only watch as the twins are surrounded by light, both of them gone in seconds as the torpedo continues to count down, the red numbers continuing to decrease rapidly as a scream causes his head to whip around towards the source. He can see a glow in the distance draw closer as the scream grows louder, the glow vanishing and the scream cuts off abruptly, the only sound being the steady beeping next to him as his arm continues to throb. The Augment looks at the
numbers and watches them continue to approach zero, his heart pounding in his ears as he waits for the inevitable while his chest continues to heave violently, squeezing his eyes closed tightly before desperately trying to force the panel open one more time.

This could not be happening.

This is not real.

He did not feel any calm, any acceptance, any peace, just sheer terror and denial of everything occurring, loud shrieking in his mind causes his head to throb and increases his panic ten-fold, feeling weak, helpless, and frightened beyond the likes of anything he has ever felt. The moment drags out to an eternity as terror continues to consume him, not even during his fifteen years of living on the streets of New Delhi with one leg did he ever feel this terrified, sobbing uncontrollably as tries to pry the panel open one last time.

Zero.

Kirk clutches his head and screams so forcefully the blood vessels in his eyes burst, tearing his throat to shreds before violently heaving on the ground, copper flooding his mouth as he feels a thick liquid run down his face. The paroxysm of sheer agony consumes him and destroys everything but the pain, a mental and physical agony that shatters his mind and tears his body apart from the inside out, his shredded soul attacking itself without anything to ground it. Everything unravels and scatters to the wind, and whatever that somehow managed to survive the initial breaking turns upon itself and inflicts an even greater expression of agony, his very being breaking down from being violently cut off from its other half.

To everyone on the outside, his agony comes in the form of an inhuman howl and violent physical reactions, violently heaving blood as it runs from his eyes, ears, nose, and nail beds. He continues to let out blood-curdling shrieks and howls as blood pours from every orifice, crumpling to the ground as he begins to tremble and gurgle harshly, his trembling becoming violent and thrashes with corybantic movements as his mind loses control of his body while destroying itself. The area around him is quickly cleared as he continues to seize, the sight terrifying to everyone around him as the pool of blood continues to spread before his wings explode and dark golden blond feathers fly out in all directions, the blond suddenly stilling as the feathers float down to the ground all across the transporter room. The Omega is so still that no one is sure that he is breathing, but they can see the very shallow movements of his chest as the blood pool continues to spread, the Medical Staff hesitant to approach before the Chief Medial Officer approaches and takes his pulse.

“His pulse is thready, but it’s there,” he announces, motioning for his staff to approach. “We need to get him down to the Medbay now, and I mean now.”

The Medical Staff quickly whisks him down to the Medbay and into one of the private exam rooms, Maeve and McCoy kicking everyone out to work on their Captain themselves, knowing that the young blond would only want family to see him in this state if he could voice it.

“Oh god…”

The Doctors look at the door to see Carol standing at the foot of the biobed, a hand over her mouth with her eyes wide open and all the color gone from her body, stepping back to lean against the wall as her knees threaten to give way.

“I didn’t, I…” She whispers, tears falling down her cheeks. “He told me it was bad, but I didn’t
realize it was…”

“What are you doing here?” McCoy demands, baring his teeth with anger.

“James confided in me the traditions involving the death of the Empress’ Alpha, something that is only known by the… I can’t say the name, but only know by those who are allowed to deal with the passing of the royal bloodline,” the blonde whispers. “He told me that he trusted me enough to know the secrets only known to nine people who are not of the bloodline, to know how to the purify the body of the Empress during their grieving period, for the Empress would never be seen outside the palace walls without being in full regalia. Their face would be covered by a shroud during diplomatic affairs involving those who are not Pure Bloods, as the customs dictated, and their entire body covered by a burqa when outside the walls when not on official matters.”

She looks down at the young blond unmoving on the biobed, still covered in blood with his glacial blue eyes wide open and staring unseeingly at the ceiling above him, looking very much like a hollow husk of the person he once was.

“Please,” the Pure Beta whispers, a few tears rolling down her cheeks. “The customs of his bloodline are more important than ever.”

The Doctors share a look before exiting the room, the blonde watching the doors close behind them before locking them, heading over to her Captain’s side to lean down and whisper in his ear.

“I know that he is your Dahrrii, I have seen the way you look at him,” she whispers. “And I know that because your Maqius is not around, he is your Maxukii, and your Ga’balii. And even though he is gone, I believe in The Elequist, and I know you do too.”

She presses a kiss to his temple before turning off the security feed, knowing that the customs she is about to follow are not for anyone to see.

“What the fuck is taking her so long?” McCoy growls as he paces outside the sealed doors. “She’s been in there for over two hours and Spock’s starting to get antsy with the fear of being caught by the Klingons!”

“Whatever it is, it has to be real important for James to reveal secrets that only nine people not of the royal family to know to someone like her,” Maeve says, regretting her words. “I mean, considering who her father is, and…”

She falls silent and looks down at the floor, shaking her head before looking up at the door as her emerald eyes water, sniffing and rubs fruitlessly at them as tears roll down her cheeks.

“I, I just can’t believe it,” the redhead whispers. “I can’t believe that he’s really gone, just, poof. Gone. It doesn’t, I just keep praying that I’ll wake up and this will be a nightmare.”

“I know how you feel,” her mate says quietly, looking down at the floor as he leans against a biobed. “I thought he was a real fucking bastard at first, killing all those innocent people, and I was pissed when I saw how Jim was after the attack on HQ, how smitten he was with a terrorist, someone he didn’t even know no less, just by laying eyes on him. When I learned that we were gonna fire torpedoes at the Klingons, I was unhappy, but to fire them at him, I was kinda glad. I had seen Jim at the worst point in his life, a place that still haunts my nightmares to this day, and I wasn’t about to let him get that hurt ever again. But when I learned that they had bonded on the planet and sent Jim into a Heat so they could claim each other, I knew that there was something
special about this guy, but I still didn’t trust him. Right up until I saw him.”

The brunet chuckles and shakes his head, a soft smile on his face as he recalls a pleasant memory.

“Just seeing the way this man looked at Jim was enough to convince me that he could be trusted completely, not to mention the way he treated him and the way Jim looked back,” he says softly. “If anyone deserved that kind of love, it was Jim. I had seen him laugh and smile before, but I had never seen him laugh and smile before. It was better than a room full of tribbles when he laughed and smiled, and no matter how shitty your day was or how bad your mood was, you couldn’t help but laugh and smile back. Khan brought Jim to life, picked him up and healed him. You could tell just from a look that Jim was broken and dead inside, beaten down and wanting to be put out of his misery, but he was alive for the first time in over two decades. That was something I had never seen, and I never wanted to stop seeing it.”

The door slides open and Carol steps out of the room, looking at the Doctors before nodding and exits the Medbay without making a sound, looking exhausted and tired as she all but flees from the room. The couple shares a look before entering the room to find their Captain clean and dressed in his standard duty uniform, looking just as dead as when they had left, but there is a different feeling in the air when they step into the room.

“Poor Jim,” McCoy says quietly, earning a nod. “Let’s get him back to his quarters.”

He notices a long jet black primary feather clutched in his hand, the only part of his body that has any tension in it, deciding that he should be the one to carry him to his quarters, picking up his Captain gently and cradles him to his chest as he carries him. He places him on his bed and rearranges him so he is on his side, his heart breaking when he smells his former fellow Commander’s scent in the room, quickly leaving the room and his Captain alone. Kirk is completely numb to his surroundings as his former Alpha’s scent fills his nose, staring unseeingly at the feather in his hand, his grip tight on it as his mind remains empty and numb.

“James?”

Kirk blinks rapidly and looks down at the torpedo he has his hands on, feeling his wings stir against his back and a hand be placed on his shoulder, looking into the arctic blue eyes of his mate as his terror fills his nose. He raises a pale hand and wipes away tears he did not know he had shed, his eyes wide as they search for anything to answer the questions buzzing around in his head, taking in every detail of the trembling form before him.

“James, what-”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” the blond snaps, his words coming out harsher than he truly wanted them to. “Just forget it happened.”

Khan blinks before nodding reluctantly, looking back at the monitor in hand as he purses his lips, his gaze flicking back to his Pure Beta clone on the other side of the torpedo, watching him examine the innards of the torpedo with his twin hovering around him worriedly. John lashes foot at him without taking his eyes off the torpedo’s main readout and strikes him in the shin, Naki yelping loudly and leaps away so he is out of range, glaring at his mate as he snaps his teeth at him. John flips him off by making the V-sign and giving him the back of his hand, ignoring the
vulgar curses hurled his way as he removes the outer panel and LCD readout within, exposing a mass of cabling and optical connections that remain lifeless, and for the moment, innocent. He flicks his gaze up to his genetic donor before reaching out for the monitor, the older male handing it over as he glances at his mate worriedly, his jet black wings shifting against his back. The Pure Beta frowns at something and reaches for a device to allow a more thorough exam of the connections, examining the interior before taking the precision cutter and cuts a single wire, the protective paneling that had shielded the drive compartment opens by sliding backwards and reveals its contents.

“How did you do that?” Khan asks, raising an eyebrow.

“It was either that or tear out a double fistful of cables,” John replies with a shrug.

“Movies never work in real life,” Kirk mutters, rising to his feet and steps out of the way so his fiancé can check the cryotube.

He uses the tricorder to examine the man hidden in the cryotube in the drive compartment, studying the readouts intently as the twins tangle their fingers together, the Captain glancing over his shoulder at something before looking back at the group before him.

“He is fine,” the Alpha/Beta replies, closing his eyes in relief. “His vitals are normal.”

“You call that normal?” McCoy asks over the communicator. “You can barely detect anything! Even more so than the last time!”

“Being in cryostasis tends to do that, Doctor,” the Alpha/Beta replies, putting the instrumentation away. “I will not go into the details, as we do not have the time and this is not the place. Naki, help me move this behemoth back onto the shuttle, as the warhead is deactivated and we need to return to the Enterprise.”

The Pure Alpha nods and helps his genetic donor move the torpedo back to the shuttle, the two life givers stepping off to the side so they are not in the way as Kirk’s stomach suddenly lurches, clamping a hand over his mouth and manages to take three large steps before he falls to his hands and knees. The gravel scrapes his hands as his stomach twists itself into knots and churns violently, coughing uncontrollably before one of the more unpleasant symptoms of his pregnancy comes out in full force, his body trembling as he continues to be violently ill. His fiancé is instantly by his side to comfort him, rubbing his back soothingly as he drapes a wing over him, murmuring softly in his native tongue.

“I can take care of him, Noonien,” John says softly, kneeling on the Omega’s other side. “Go help Naki with the torpedo for James is fine with me, okay?”

Khan hesitates before nodding and rises to his feet, moving back to the shuttle to help his clone move the torpedo back into its storage position, glancing back at his mate before heading into the cockpit. The Captain coughs and spits on the ground before letting himself be pulled to his feet, the Pure Beta helping him onto the shuttle and into his seat, strapping him in before taking his own seat.

“Enterprise, we are heading back,” the Alpha/Beta says, beginning pre-departure checkups. “The warhead is disarmed, and have a Medical team standing by for two patients.”

“Two?” McCoy demands. “What the Hell happened down there!?”

“James cannot keep anything down,” Khan replies, glancing over his shoulder. “Not even toast and
water.”

The Doctor pauses before replying his confirmation, closing the link as the blond retches in the back, the Alpha/Beta quickly piloting the shuttle back to the Enterprise’s hanger, the Medical team he had requested standing by with a gurney as well as a team ready to deal with the torpedo. As soon as the door opens, the Engineering team whisking the deactivated torpedo down to the Medbay as the Medical team moves to transport their Captain the same way, but Kirk outright refuses to be placed on the gurney and keeps the Medical team at bay with mental barriers, hurling curses at them that would have him placed on disciplinary action and have him under review for harassment of all kinds.

“I may be pregnant, but I’m not a fucking invalid,” he snarls, rising to his feet.

His Alpha catches him as he sways dangerously and crumples, scooping him up and cradles him to his chest as he remains unconscious, carrying him down to the Medbay as he stirs and groans softly in his arms. The blond weakly raises a hand and grips his flight suit, his eyes falling shut as he turns his head so his nose is buried in the crook of his pale neck, inhaling his scent as a headache begins to pound at his temples. The Augment carries his young Omega into the Medbay and places him on a biobed, glacial blue eyes looking up into his as his flight suit’s sleeve is cut, his other slipping into his fiancé’s.

“Jim, I’m going to ask you a few questions, and I want you to answer truthfully, because this is really, really important,” McCoy says, scanning him with a medical tricorder. “Do you have severe nausea and vomiting, and yes I know you know that I know you have it, but I still have to ask.”

His Captain nods and lets his eyes fall shut, letting his head fall to the side as he squeezes the dark haired male’s hand.

“Decreased in urination, dehydration, headaches, confusion, extreme fatigue?” The Beta lists off, frowning.

“Yes, to all of them,” Kirk says quietly.

“Add in the low blood pressure, rapid heart rate, fainting, and a slight loss in weight,” the Doctor says, sterilizing the crook of his elbow. “I’m afraid that you have hyperemesis gravidarum, an extreme and dangerous case of morning sickness. I’ll run a full blood panel to be sure, but even without a confirmation, I’m not taking any chances. I’m confining you to this bed and declaring you unfit for duty, but I don’t think that’ll be a problem.”

The blond flinches as the IV needle slips into his skin, blood filing the tube as his Chief Medical Officer tapes the needle to his skin, hooking the IV to it.

“If you need anything, I want you to tell Khan and he’ll get it,” the brunet replies. “I don’t want you to twitch a finger, or even a feather, got it? I don’t want anything to happen to you or the baby, or any of us for that matter.”

The Omega nods and squeezes the dark haired male’s hand, his glacial blue eyes falling shut as the father of the unborn child leans down and presses his lips to his brow, kissing gently as his wings move to drape over him and caress his skin. The Captain exhales softly as his wings flutter weakly against the bed, but they do flutter happily as the Brit slides his lips down to his, kissing him gently as his free hand rests over his flat abdomen and curls his fingers gently in possession.

“By the way,” McCoy says, coming back over. “It’s well past midnight and I was supposed to be off duty hours ago, so-”
“We will be fine, Leonard,” Khan says, lifting his head to lock eyes. “I can take care of our incapacitated Captain, after all, I do have medical training and experience. It may be outdated and, barbaric, but I am prepared to handle nearly every situation. And Maeve is on duty. We are in capable hands.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence,” the redhead mutters as she passes.

“Love you too,” is her brother’s snarky reply.

Maeve gives him the V-sign with the back of her hand towards him, her sibling responding childishly by biting his thumb before they are at each other’s throats, the ensuing violence startling for even Augments as they not only exchange blows but fight dirty.

“And I thought Omega males were nasty during catfights,” McCoy says, quickly moving to hide behind the far side of the biobed with genuine terror. “And I’m not talking about Maeve.”

Kirk turns his head to see his fiancé and his soon-to-be sister-in-law fighting like a pair of, he has absolutely no comparison to the violence before him, but it strikes a chord in him that has him cowering in the far corner of the Medbay and unable to breathe, nor is his heart beating in his chest. He curls up tightly and whimpers softly as he squeezes his eyes tightly closed, his wings folding around him to hide him completely, hearing someone roar loudly and the Medbay’s doors side open as a commotion is shoved outside.

“James?”

The blond whimpers and begins to cry softly, calling out for his mother before a familiar scent fills his nose, parting his wings slightly to look into a familiar face before parting them completely and reaches out towards them. He clings to their neck as he is picked up with some difficulty and placed on a biobed, gripping their hand tightly and refuses to let go when they try to move away, begging with his eyes for them to not leave.

“I didn’t leave you the first time,” McCoy says softly. “I’m not leaving you again.”

His Captain looks up at him before down at his hand, gripping tightly and looks back up at the face above him, recognizing him and curls a wing around him.

“You saved me,” he says quietly.

“Yes, I did,” the brunet replies, brushing a strand of dark golden hair out of his face. “And I always will.”

“What the Hell were you thinkin’!?”

Khan winces at the eardrum shattering roar and yelps when he is struck upside the head with a something heavy, clutching his head as he feels his skull crack and blood run down his face, looking up to see his fellow Commander clutching a frying pan with both hands and the expression that he does not have any doubts about beating him into a bloody pulp scrawled across his face plain as day.

“Gettin’ into a fuckin’ fistfight with your sister in front of your traumatized pregnant mate?” McCoy spits, his rage reaching an all new high. “Are you fuckin’ stupid!?”

The Augment pulls his hand away from his head and sees that his hand is completely covered in
blood before looking up at the Beta above him, his wounds still healing from his brawl with his sister as blood streams into his eye and his wings remain splayed out on the floor behind him, his uniform ripped and torn with bruises and cuts on his exposed skin.

“Jim’s had a fuckin’ relapse and is camped out in my Office being watched by my staff!” The Doctor snarls. “He’s had one of the worst flashbacks I’ve ever seen and refuses to close his eyes unless his hand is held! And you caused it!”

He hefts the pan in a way that causes the Brit to flinch and snap an arm up to cover his face, turning so his side is exposed as his wings instinctively curl around him to shield his body, a soft whimpering spilling past his lips as tears stream down his cheeks.

“That’s right, whore.”

The Alpha/Beta snaps his head in the direction of the voice and chokes when a hand wraps around his throat, pinning him to the floor and crushes his windpipe as someone kneels over his chest, clawing at the hand holding him to the floor.

“You disrespected me,” Alexander Marcus snarls, his other hand wrapping around his throat. “You know the punishment for disrespecting me.”

The dark haired male is flipped onto his stomach and instantly fights to get to his feet, crying out as his head is smashed onto the floor to stun him and quickly becomes dazed, moaning softly as his fingers curl on the floor and feebly attempts to claw away. His head is smashed on the floor again before his bottoms are yanked down, his head snapping up and shrieks when the Pure Alpha forces himself inside, thrashing to get him off before his head is held down on the floor and tries to claw at the Admiral on top of him. He chokes as the hand wraps around his throat and squeezes tightly, cutting off his air as his hips keep their ruthless rhythm and grind him further into the floor.

“You like this, whore?” Marcus hisses in his ear. “You like me fucking you like the slut you are?”

Khan sobs loudly and buries his face in his forearm, his other arm is twisted behind his back to hold him down, crying out as his ear is licked and nipped.

“Like that?” The Pure Alpha growls, licking again. “You like me teasing you like this?”

The Augment sobs and tries to get away, crying out as his arm is twisted further behind his back and teeth clamp down on his neck, but do not break skin.

“Answer me!” He roars.

“Yes!” The Alpha/Beta sobs. “I love it!”

“Khan?”

The Brit blinks and looks up to see McCoy kneeling before him, the pan by his side and looking more terrified than he has ever seen him, his fear as displaying his terror.

“What the Hell just happened?” He demands.

“I just had the tiniest crumb of what James experienced twenty years of,” Khan whispers, tears rolling down his cheeks. “I need to see him. I need to apologize.”
Kirk lifts his head as the doors slide open and someone enters the Office, whimpering as The Man enters and curls up tightly with his wings folding around him completely, hearing shuffling around him before a warm hand brushes over his dark golden blond feathers. The long fingers gently card through his feathers as soft murmuring fills his ears, the deep baritone rumble soothing to his ears and so familiar, the blond parting his wings just enough to peek out with one glacial blue eye.

“I am so sorry, James,” Khan whispers, tears streaming down his cheeks. “I did not realize just how bad your situation truly was, and I did not mean to scare you. Can you forgive me?”

His fiancée studies him before parting his wings completely, reaching out towards him so he can be picked up and carried out of the Office to a biobed, placed down gently as he is hooked up to an IV again by a nurse and given a light sedative. The Augment brushes his long dark golden blond hair out of his face and presses a kiss to the very tip of his nose, resting their foreheads together as his tears splash onto his Captain’s skin and mingle with those that have not dried, his arctic blue eyes half lidded as he tenderly nuzzles his temple and murmurs softly in his native tongue.

“I never wanted to hurt you,” he whispers, his eyes falling shut as he tangles their fingers together. “And I cannot forgive myself for doing so.”

Khan carries his somewhat groggy mate to their shared quarters as he makes sure that he does not jostle him, cradling his head in the crook of his neck as he supports his weight, folding his wings around them as soft mumbling issues from the crook of his neck. He steps into their quarters and gently lowers the young blond down onto their bed, smiling as he rolls over onto his side and buries his nose into his pillow, mumbling softly and snuggles further down onto the bed. Kirk dozes on the bed as his boots are removed and changed into his standard duty uniform minus his overshirt, a soft kiss being pressed to his temple as a hand rubs the crest of his exposed hip, gripping his Alpha’s pillow tighter as he shifts closer to inhale his scent. The Augment steps away and moves to change into his own standard duty uniform, their tribbles trilling loudly and demand attention by pressing up against their bars, Tiberius trilling the loudest. He moves to quietly shush them before a series of loud hacking coughs attract his attention, quickly by his fiancée’s side as he covers his mouth with his hand and shakes violently with his coughing, his wings trembling as his back is rubbed and comforted while he continues to cough. He accepts a glass of water and sips slowly, his other hand digging into the mattress to support quivering frame, a large pale hand resting on his flat abdomen and rubs soothingly as sinfully soft lips press against his cheek. He finishes the glass and places it on the bedside table, turning his head to rest it in the crook of his neck and babble softly in his native tongue, a low pleased rumble vibrating in the chest next to his.

“Your voice is so beautiful, James,” the dark haired male murmurs. “I just want it to be mine forever, for no one else to hear it.”

“If you think my voice is beautiful speaking my native tongue,” the Captain says quietly, pressing closer. “You should hear me sing in it.”

“Really?” His fiancé asks softly, smiling. “Care to give me a show?”

“Not right now,” his Captain says quietly, moving to lie down on the bed. “Not feeling too hot.”

The Brit makes a soft noise and leans down to press a kiss to his temple, slipping a hand under his shirt to rub his abdomen tenderly and soothingly before pulling away, tugging the sheets over him to keep him warm and presses one last kiss to his forehead. He grazes his knuckles over his cheek before rising to his feet and picks of the empty glass, heading into the kitchen to clean up a little as his mind whirls and his thoughts become a jumble, placing his hands on the counter and stares into
the sink as he exhales through his nose and lets his eyes fall shut. The Alpha/Beta hangs his head and sighs softly before opening his eyes, looking into the sink before running a hand through his hair and tugs on the back of his head, placing his hands back on the sink and shakes his head as he sighs again.

“I am way too fucking old for this,” he says quietly, straightening before glancing over his shoulder at the sleeping figure on the bed. “And I am way too old for him.”

He runs a hand down his face and rests it over his mouth as he thinks, letting his eyes fall shut and shakes his head before turning and exiting the kitchen, sitting at the table as he looks over at his young Omega on the bed while his thoughts whirl. He leans back in his chair and tips his head back as he sighs again, his eyes falling shut and continues to think long and hard before a warm weight settles in his lap, an incredibly curvaceous form pressing against his and hold tightly onto him. Khan allows his mate to shift in his lap so he is sitting sideways with his forehead resting in the crook of his neck, his arms looped around his neck as he clings to him tightly, his frame trembling with not only from being cold, but with perturbation as well. Kirk closes his eyes and clings tightly as strong robust arms wrap around his incredibly narrow waist, warm downy darkness enclosing him tightly in their cocoon as soft rumbling rises up from the chest cradling him, rubbing his skin soothingly and tenderly to comfort him.

“What has you so bothered, love?” The older male asks softly, nuzzling his temple with his cheek. “You can tell me.”

“Marcus may have been fifty years my senior, but I will choose to be with someone ten times my age over the person who I am supposed to be with every time,” his fiancée says softly, feeling him stiffen at his words. “I don’t give a shit about the age disparity between us, and you shouldn’t either. Nobody should, because it’s none of their business.”

He shifts slightly and closes his eyes, inhaling his scent as his wings flutter and a few tears roll down his cheeks, opening his glacial blue eyes partially as he continues to hold onto his mate.

“I know you won’t leave me,” he says quietly, tipping his head up to brush his lips against his pale neck. “But I still can’t stop myself from thinking that you will. That everyone will. I’m just…”

“You have been left alone for too long,” the Augment says quietly, pressing his cheek against his temple. “And that is all you know.”

The Omega nods and shifts slightly in his lap before gasping as he is suddenly in the air, clinging to the Alpha/Beta’s neck as he is carried to the bed and gently lowered onto the sheets, his wrists beside his head as his cheeks flush a light pink while looking into arctic blue eyes. His glacial blue eyes fall shut as sinfully soft lips press against his in a tender kiss, a hand sliding down his arm to tangle their fingers together and hold tightly, the bed shifting as a weight slips onto it and kneels over him. Their lips part and tongues tangle as the younger male slides a slender feminine hand into his jet black hair, gripping the silk-like strands as a hand slides under his shirt to rub his flat abdomen tenderly, lips parting with a soft plop and rub noses together as they murmur softly. The Brit slides down his Captain’s body as he pushes his shirt up, pressing his lips to the skin just above his navel and holds his prominent hips in his hands, his massive jet black wings spreading over them and drape over the sides as a feminine hand cards through his hair and toys with the strands.

“Your skin is so soft, love,” he murmurs, smiling softly. “Sinfully soft.”

His Omega giggles softly and hums happily, scratching his scalp before gently pushing at him so he can roll over onto his side and bury his nose into his fiancé’s pillow, his wings fluttering against
his back before he sits up slightly and turns to lie on his side so he can snuggle down into a more comfortable position. He almost instantly slumps when his body relaxes and falls asleep immediately afterwards, his mate chuckling softly and pulls the sheet up over his body as he kisses his cheek, nuzzling his temple lovingly.

“Sleep well, my beloveds,” he murmurs. “For I shall watch over you both.”

John exhales softly through his nose, idly poking at his vegetable stuffed portabella mushrooms, his wings shifting against his back.

“Are you alright, John?” Naki asks, putting down his shrimp salad sandwich. “You are awfully quiet, and that actually looks good, for being rabbit food I mean.”

The Pure Beta sighs again and rests his chin in his hand as he continues to idly poke as food, pushing it away before leaning back in his chair and folds his hands in his lap, staring down at them as his wings continue to shift.

“John?” His mate asks, his own wings shifting.

“I am, just not hungry,” his twin says quietly, sighing again. “Thanks for cooking it though.”

“But John, what is troubling you, love?” The Pure Alpha asks.

“I, I do not wish to talk about it,” his mate replies, keeping his gaze focused on his lap.

The older clone worries his lower lip with his teeth as he studies his twin, his blood flecked arctic blue eyes taking in every detail before placing one upturned palm on the table, waiting patiently for his mate’s response.

“Why will you not talk to me?” He asks quietly, pulling his hand away. “Are we not mates? Perfect Mates?”

John suddenly slams his sandwich into his face, snarling before storming out of the room, his wings shifting violently against his back. Naki wipes the minced shrimp, finely chopped hard-boiled egg, and minced celery stalk off his face, blinking in bewilderment as he attempts to process what had just occurred. He stares at the door in the vain hope that his twin will come back, rising to his feet and cleans up the mess when he does not, changing into a clean set of clothes and leaves their temporary quarters to seek advice.

Khan opens the door before he can them that he is there, a finger pressed to his lips as he motions for his clone to come inside, gesturing towards the sleeping figure on the bed.

“What can I do for you?” He asks softly as he takes a seat at the table.

“I need your advice,” Naki replies softly, forcing his wings to be still as he sits.

“About John, I presume,” his genetic donor says, leaning back in his chair. “What do you need?”

“John is shutting me out, and I do not know why,” the Pure Alpha says, looking at his clasped hands on the table. “He smashed my dinner in my face before storming out of our quarters.”

“Was it suddenly, or did something occur just before he stormed out?” Khan asks, glancing at his Omega when he stirs.
“I mentioned that we were mates, Perfect Mates no less, and then he smashed my food in my face,” Naki replies.

The Alpha/Beta nods and flicks his gaze away before looking back at his clone, studying him.

“How long has he known the truth about you?” He asks.

“I am not quite sure, my internal clock is off, but I think it has been almost five days,” the Pure Alpha replies, his wings shifting slightly.

“And how long has he known that he is pregnant?” His genetic donor asks.

“As I said, my-”

“Three days,” Khan says. “And in five days, he has blackmailed a Starfleet Officer, blew up a Section 31 facility by the Officer’s suicide, attacked Starfleet Headquarters with a jumpship, transported to Qo’noS, died, was revived, found out that he is now a life giver, as well as murdered, that he is pregnant, watched you murder several Enterprise crewmembers because he died, had to deal with the fact that we were going to kill you, became Perfect Mates, and was nearly blown up by a photon torpedo with a neurotoxin added to the warhead.”

Naki swallows as his genetic donor fixes him with a look, suddenly finding the table quite fascinating and stares at it as his cheeks flush a light pink, refusing to look up from the surface. The Alpha/Beta’s gaze softens and leans forward, resting his elbows on the table as his tone turns tender and soft, his clone looking up at him.

“In five days, all that has happened, and John is just under twenty days shy of being a year old, as are you,” he begins softly. “Three days ago, he found out that he is now the incubator for a tiny human, and things are happening to his body that scares James, and he is nearly sixty years old.”

The Pure Alpha looks away as tears well up in his eyes, wiping at them with his sleeve as he sniffs and tries to be masculine about it, looking up as a large hand cups his cheek and strokes his cheekbone and his tears away.

“He is overwhelmed, confused, and down right terrified,” Khan says softly, still stroking his clone’s cheek. “And he has every right to be. You are both adults in every way except in experience, and my memories do not count, and yes, I know you have them. You have less than year of actual life experience, and you have been plunged into a high stress situation that neither of you should have been anywhere near in the first place. I may be in this situation for the second time, but it is not something I would choose to repeat again, even if it gave me you two.”

“What, what do you mean?” Naki asks, placing his hand over his genetic donor’s.

The older male pulls his hand away and takes his clones’ in his, holding tightly as they lock eyes, the Pure Alpha startled to see that he is crying.

“The actions you two have been doing are my own, ones that I would have never dared to repeat,” he says quietly. “My arrogance was what caused this situation in the first place, and when I was given a second chance, I made sure that I would never make that mistake again. Because of what I did, I lost James, and what I can only describe to be as an act of God allowed me to get him back. I realized that at that moment, even though my personality had changed when I bonded to James, it had not changed enough. I vowed that I would repent for what I did in my quest for vengeance, and I made a promise to James that I would never take the life of another living being, with one exception: If my family’s life was endanger, I would be allowed to resort to my training, but only

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as a last resort. And in this time, I have nearly eight years of experience, but I am overwhelmed, confused, and terrified, because I have a family to worry about now, all eleven hundred members. But John is terrified for another reason.”

He squeezes his hands and looks down at them before over at the young Omega on the bed, his arctic gaze locking with blood flecked arctic.

“He is worried about the baby,” he says softly.

“Why is he worried about the baby?” Naki asks.

“Genetically, what is the difference between the two of you?” His genetic donor asks.

“Thirty-seven chromosomes,” he replies.

“That determine only one thing; your primary gender,” the Alpha/Beta says. “Everything else is identical. Reproduction is to further the species with genetic diversity. If you two are genetically identical, where is the diversity?”

“Oh,” the Pure Alpha says, paling slightly.

Khan pulls his hands away folds them in his lap, flicking his gaze to his sleeping mate on the bed, his dark golden blond wings twitching on the sheets as he dreams.

“Right now, you need to be John’s rock,” he says softly. “His pillar, his anchor. He is your life giver, your Omega. As his Alpha, you need to protect and support him, to be everything he needs, especially now. To be his home, the most safe and secure place in the universe, his companion, his advisor, his friend, his lover, and many more than you have not even thought of.”

“How can I be?” Naki asks timidly, his wings fluttering nervously.

“You just have to,” his genetic donor says softly. “It is what he needs. It is what they both need.”

“Is that what you are to James?” The Pure Alpha asks. “To your child?”

“Absolutely, and I want to be nothing more,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, his arctic blue eyes lighting up as he smiles. “And so should you. Your Omega is your reason for living, your purpose. They are your reason for everything, no exceptions. They are the first thought you have in the morning when you wake up, and your last thought at night before you fall asleep. They are why you take each breath, why your heart beats in your chest, and so much more. They are the reason behind everything you think and do, everything.”

He looks over at the blond on the bed with a tender expression, smiling softly as arctic meets glacial and pink blossoms on his pale cheeks, his wings fluttering happily. Kirk shifts his position so he can watch them, his fiancé’s pillow held tightly.

“There is nothing you will not do him,” he finishes. “Nothing.”

“John’s in the observation lounge,” the Captain says before proceeding to give directions on how to get there. “Good luck.”

Naki nods and rises to his feet, heading out of the Captain’s quarters and leaves the couple alone.

“You are supposed to be asleep,” Khan says, earning a face-full of pillow.
Naki slips into the observation lounge, his mate sitting in the seat in front of the window, his jet black emerald iridescent wings folded around him. He does not look at him as he approaches, nor does he acknowledge him. The Pure Alpha sits across from his twin, one foot on the bench as the other rests on the floor, his elbow on his bent knee. The twins stare at the stars and nebulae, silent, their gazes not moving from the window. John has his legs tucked under him, his hand on his ankle as his other hand rests on his lap.

“I am sorry,” he says quietly, barely audible.

The older twin turns to see his mate staring at his lap, tears streaming down his face as his wings fold back. He puts his leg down so his twin can crawl into his lap and bury his head into the crook of his neck, clinging to his shirt as he inhales deeply and muscular arms wrap around his narrow waist, folding his massive jet black wings around them. Naki rests his cheek on his forehead and holds him tightly, rubbing his back soothingly as he rumbles soothingly, smiling softly as his twin rumbles back.

“You are my everything,” he murmurs, nuzzling his temple.

‘I know,’ the Pure Beta thinks. ‘And you are mine.’

“Did you mean that?” Kirk asks, snuggling his Alpha’s pillow.

“Mean what?” Khan asks, his pencil dancing over his paper.

“What you told Naki,” the blond says softly. “About being an Alpha.”

His fiancé pauses, lifting his gaze to lock eyes.

“Every word,” he says softly. “And there is far more that I have not said.”

The Captain smiles shyly and half hides his face in the pillow, his dark golden blond wings fluttering against his back as he lets his eyes fall shut, his wings spreading slightly to cover him and keep him warm. The Augment smiles softly and continues his sketch before putting down his drawing utensils, rising to his feet to cross the room and crawl onto the bed, his Captain rolling onto his back to look up and lock gazes with each other. He cups the younger male’s cheek as his wings spread over the bed, stroking gently before leaning in and brushing their lips together, sliding his hand down his arm to tangle their fingers together.

“You mean more to me than my own life,” the dark haired male breathes against his lips. “Both of you do.”

He places a hand on his mate’s flat abdomen, fingers curling slightly in possession as he rumbles softly, a slender feminine hand resting over his and rubs his pale skin lovingly. The Omega parts his lips to the skill tongue tracing the seam of his lips, tongues tangling as the hand slides under his shirt and rests on his bare skin, the hand warm and soft as it kneads lightly and tenderly. His mouth travels lower and gently licks into his navel, earning a soft whimper and repeats his action as his fingers deftly undo his pants, gently slipping under the elastic band to tease lightly and test his boundaries. He lifts his gaze to lock arctic with glacial and seek permission, earning a soft nod as the blond tips his head back and lifts his hips to allow his pants and underwear be tugged off, hearing them be tossed aside as the bed
shifts and hands reach for the hem of his shirt. He sits up and lifts his arms above his head so his shirt can be pulled off, lying back down as he keeps his eyes closed and tries to calm his nerves, his dark golden blond wings fluttering nervously on the bed. Large warm hands rub his sides soothingly as a deep rumbling baritone fills his ears, feathers brushing against his skin as sinfully soft lips trace his jaw, peaches, raspberries, vanilla, honey, sweet cream, cocoa, butter, sugar, milk, rich dark chocolate, fresh strawberries, lavender, wood burning fires, pine trees, cinnamon, and thunderstorms filling his nose with their familiar scent.

“Your skin is so soft, love,” Khan murmurs, his lips brushing the skin just below his ear. “So smooth and supple. Your body is perfect, and I cannot imagine why anyone would want to leave a mark on it, Empress.”

Kirk giggles and flushes lightly as his jaw is nibbled on, humming softly as his body continues to be worshiped and showered with affection, suddenly shooting upright and knocks his Alpha off the bed to land hard on the floor.

“What the bloody Hell was that for?” The Alpha/Beta snarls, glaring as he clutches his shoulder.

“You didn’t see,” the Omega whispers, his glacial blue eyes wide. “You didn’t see.”

“See what?” The Brit growls, rising to his feet.

“My precognition,” his fiancée whispers. “My absolute precognition.”

The Augment’s eyes widen and sits down on the bed, clutching his shoulder as the couple locks eyes.

“The only way you couldn’t see an absolute precognition involving you…” Kirk whispers, raising a shaky hand over his mouth.

“Is that I would have to be dead,” Khan finishes.
“Wait, you’re telling me that you had an absolute precognition, and Khan didn’t see?” McCoy asks, baffled.

“That’s what I just said,” his Captain growls, wings shifting.

“From what limited knowledge I have about an Omega’s abilities, let alone a Pure Omega’s,” the Beta adds under his breath. “Shouldn’t that be impossible?”

“Did I not just say that?” Kirk groans, pinching the bridge of his nose. “And if you even attempt to examine me, I will hurl your ass into next week.”

“I’m, off, duty,” his Chief Medical Officer growls. “And you’re still not medically cleared for-”

The Captain snarls a few highly vulgar and very creative curses that has the foul mouthed Doctor in awe, his mate snickering behind his hand.

“Where the Hell did you learn those?” The brunet gapes.

“You pick up a few things when you live with an Alpha that has no fuse, hates you with a passion that can be considered ‘demonic,’ and be someone that not even Lucifer would accept in his domain,” the blond snarls. “Can we get back on topic?”

“The torpedo’s drive unit has been shrunk to the point where it has room for additional compartment and the space has been retrofitted to accommodate a cryogenic capsule,” Carol says, looking just as bored as she sounds. “A portion of the onboard stored energy meant to maintain the weapon’s electronics and related systems was redirected to sustain the capsule’s functionality.”

“Could you sound anymore disinterested?” The Omega asks, his gaze flicking to his fiancé as he moves towards the cryotube.

“It’s impressive the first time, but after seeing it for the seventy-third…” The blonde says, shaking her head. “No offense.”

Khan does not acknowledge her as he continues to stare at the restful, pale white face of the man lying within the cryotube, his expression unreadable as he takes in the motionless figure held in cryostasis, but his posture is tight and radiating fury.

“Who is he?” His fiancée asks, stepping up beside him.

The Augment remains silent as he continues to stare down at the cryotube, his arctic blue eyes burning with fury as his wings begin to tremble, his scent becoming noxious and vile with each passing second.
“Noonien?” The blond asks, stretching a wing out towards him. “What’s going on?”

“Why does he have to be one of those to survive?” He rumbles, his tone harsh and promising unspeakable violence. “After all that he has done, no less…”

“Who. Is. He?” His Captain demands.


“And a rapist,” her brother snarls. “He raped Rani.”

“You had no proof that he did,” the Irishwoman spits. “She never came forward, and he was with me when you believed that the encounter had occurred.”

“My timeline was off,” the Alpha/Beta snarls, his wings flaring out with fury. “He raped her. And you know it.”

The redhead snarls and clenches her fists as the siblings square off, but before they can lunge at each other, McCoy and a Nurse manage to hypo the Augments enough that they cannot stand under their own power, helping them sit on individual biobeds to keep them away from each other.

“Whadda ‘ell didya give me?” Khan slurs, listing to the side as he supports himself with one arm. “I feel funny…”

“It’ll wear off in about fifteen minutes,” the Doctor replies, moving to scan the torpedo. “If you don’t crap your pants.”

“I can’t see out of my right eye,” the Brit says, blinking rapidly. “Is that supposed to happen?”

“No idea,” the brunet says, watching as his fellow Commander slumps on the biobed and groans loudly. “Be grateful that I didn’t inject you with Melvarian mud flea vaccine. Jim can attest to that joyful occasion.”

“Look, I said I was sorry for throwing up on you,” the blond says, his cheeks flushing bright pink. “It wasn’t my fault! You know I don’t do well with medicine!”

“There’s a difference between throwing up on me, and what you did,” his Chief Medical Officer replies, watching the younger male flush even darker and fold his wings around him. “And I know you’re sorry. I just like making you a human squeak toy.”

“You and Noonien,” his Captain mutters, looking at his doped up mate and then at the actual torpedo. “Are we in any danger?”

“No at all,” Carol replies, looking at the Augments before back at her Captain. “The torpedo is deactivated and the radiation levels the warhead’s emitting are so low that they’re negligible. The baby’s not in any danger, and neither are we. John did a good job deactivating it, better than I did.”

The Omega nods and moves to stand by the cryotube, looking down at the face hidden behind the frosted glass as he thinks, then up at his Chief Medical Officer.

“Is there any chance that he can be revived?” He asks, earning loud and colorful slurring curses.

“Like before, not without the proper equipment,” McCoy replies. “I can’t improvise this sort of thing, and the same science that was used to put him in this state has to be used to bring him out of it. If we try to bring him back without the proper instrumentation, the attempt could kill him as
soon as we revive him. Not that I would dare to do so.”

“If I may inquire, would you care to elaborate on your decision, Doctor?” Spock asks, his Captain shrieking and whirling around as his wings snap out.

“Don’t fucking do that!” He shrieks, clutching his chest as he grips the biobed. “What the Hell are you, some fucking Vulcan Ninja!?”

Carol helps him to an available biobed as well as lie down to check on his vitals, repeatedly reassuring him that he is not having a heart attack and was just startled, his First Officer raising a slanted eyebrow at his nearly hysterical Commanding Officer. The young blond finally calms down and sits up to slip off the biobed, moving to stand by his mate currently flushing the last of the drugs out of his system, arctic locking with glacial as Maeve shakes herself before looking at her mate.

“Why wouldn’t we want to revive him?” She asks, her emerald eyes curious.

“I did a quick scraping off his right shoulder,” McCoy says, accepting a PADD handed to him by one of his Nurses. “Less than a flea would take, nothing he’d notice even if he was awake. But enough to run some tests.”

He looks down at the tablet as he reads over the results, exhaling through his nose as he looks up, doing his best to hide his body language.

“When was Rani supposed to have been raped?” He asks.

“Just before we slipped into stasis on the Botany Bay,” Khan replies, folding a wing around his mate. “She had been infected with a microscopic agent and managed to contain it and hold it at bay to help the eighty-five of us who were healthy escape, knowing that she could not go with us, not while she was dying. She died in my arms and confessed that she loved me with her last dying breath, and I…”

His arctic blue eyes fall shut as he lets his head hang, letting out a shuddery exhale before speaking again.

“I confessed that I loved her too, and we kissed,” he says quietly. “I could smell that Michael was on her, and I knew that she had chosen a life of celibacy, nor had she ever engaged in any romantic situations.”

“Her first kiss was her last,” Kirk says quietly, tangling their fingers together. “She was a virgin.”

His fiancé nods and opens his eyes when a slender feminine hand is placed on his cheek, letting his head be turned and have his young Omega rest their foreheads together, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as their wings fold around each other.

“You were right.”

The couple’s heads snap towards the Doctor, shock and horror clear across their faces as well as the rest of those in the Medbay.

“What…?” Maeve whispers, her voice strangled.

“The tests revealed that his Augmented healing was doing the exact opposite of what it was supposed to do, and it had only been in his body for a brief period of time,” he says, handing the PADD back. “I also found another DNA sample along with it that’s attached to some sort of
bioweapon that I’ve never seen the likes of, and I sequenced the DNA of the sample and the results are something I think you should see.”

The Alpha/Beta takes the PADD and reads the results, raising a shaky hand over his mouth as tears roll down his cheeks, squeezing his eyes shut as he begins to shake.

“That’s hers,” he whispers. “She was the first of the females to be re-sequenced, and since I was the first Augment, she gained a considerable amount of my DNA. She was an Omega/Alpha, but had some Beta DNA in her from me, and a mutant strand of DNA that they couldn’t remove through re-sequencing.”

He sobs softly and puts down the PADD to wrap his arm around himself, his wings folding tightly around himself as he slips off the biobed and kneels on the floor, his sister covers her mouth with her hand as she squeezes her emerald eyes shut and tears stream down her freckled cheeks.

“I’m sorry, Maeve,” McCoy says quietly. “But Khan’s been right the whole time.”

The redhead lets out a sob as her Captain kneels before his mate and parts his wings to hold him tightly, murmuring softly to soothe his sobs as those around them glance at each other, many emotions in the exchanges between all the crewmembers. The couple holds onto each other as they comfort their mate, pulling away to rest their foreheads together and stroke away the other’s tears, rubbing their noses together as they murmur softly in Hindi.

“Feel better?” Kirk asks softly, opening his glacial blue eyes.

“I do now, love,” Khan murmurs back, opening his arctic blue eyes. “You always make me feel better.”

He presses a soft kiss between his brows as he murmurs softly, the couple rising to their feet and hold onto each other with the younger of the pair holding his mate’s elbows as large pale hands curl around his biceps, resting their foreheads together as their wings fold around them and cocoon them in downy softness.

“Captain, if I may inquire,” Spock speaks up. “Why is there a cryogenic capsule inside the torpedo?”

The Captain glances over his shoulder in the direction of his First Officer’s voice before back at his mate, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he looks up into his arctic blue eyes and silently asks the question that they have avoided answering at all costs, the Augment’s expression softening even more as his wings fold even tighter around them to hold him close. His hands move to rest on the small of his back and tangle in his dark golden blond hair, their noses brushing against each other as the smaller male curls his fingers into the fabric of his Sciences Blue shirt, their scents filling their noses as they reach their decision.

“I think it’s time I show you,” he says quietly, pulling away and turning to the Vulcann.

He holds his palms apart and curls his fingers slightly as a flicker appears in between his hands, his fingers curling even more as the flicker stabilizes and grows brighter, becoming a ball of energy that grows larger as his hands begin to swirl around it, almost as if to keep it spherical. His lips are pressed in a firm line as he starts to move his hands faster, the air rippling in waves around him before affecting the rest of the Medbay, the air swirling around him as the wind starts to pick up. The intensity of the sphere grows even brighter and pulses like a rapidly beating heart, the blond’s hands becoming a continuous blur before he snaps his arms out and the orb explodes, the room engulfed in light as a strange sense of displacement takes hold…
James tries to rein in his wildly fluctuating emotions as Marcus’ scent fills his nose, his palms soaking wet as fear consumes him and the urge to flee dominates the forefront of his mind, a hand gripping his and holds tightly to ground him. He glances over to see Pike studying his screen as if nothing is wrong with his First Officer, but his tight grip reveals that he is fully aware of just how terrified the young Omega truly is, how his scent is wrapping around him to try to keep him calm and not throw himself out the window to get away.

A high pitched whine fills the room, rising up as a light floods the conference room, the Omega taking a few steps towards the window before whirling around to scream in warning, but the jumpship already begins its onslaught upon the trapped occupants. The blond leaps over the table and flattens himself against the floor, creating a barrier over himself to stop the large piece of rubble from crushing him before scrambling to get to the pulse rifle that had just fallen from a dead Security Officer’s hands, running out of the room to enter an empty suite of offices and look out at the jumpship through the transparent wall. He uses one shot to take out the barrier before firing his rifle at the craft, stepping back as it turns on him and locks its arsenal of weapons on him, but it does not fire.

The breath is punched out of him at the sight of the man in the cockpit, forced to grab the edge of a desk to keep himself standing as he locks eyes, his heart pounding in his ears as his breathing picks up. There is a pause that stretches out for an eternity when the man locks eyes with him, his lips parting in shock as his arctic blue eyes stare into his glacial ones, taking in every detail of the figure before him as his thoughts scatter to the wind. The ex-Captain can feel an instinctive tug towards the man before him, his ethereal beauty, pale skin, high cheekbones, sharp angular features, dark hair, everything about him sparking such desire and longing in him that it scares him to the core. The thoughts of all the minds in range vanish so the only thing he can hear is his heart beating ungodly loud in his ears, time screeching to a halt as he becomes unable to tear his gaze away and fights to not break the jumpship open and have the man claim him right here and now, terrified of the feelings the man is stirring in him.

He could not comprehend why he is feeling this way, or that he could feel this way.

He did not know what he is feeling, why he feels like he is spiraling out of control, and why it feels good.

Really good.

The man that is sparking such emotions in him is feeling the same way, and that he is shaken to the core at just how beautiful he is, how much he wants to whisk him away to “Paradise.”

And that his name is not “John Richard Harrison.”

The man’s emotionless mask slips back into place, and even though his weapons are aimed directly at him, he turns and resumes to fire upon the conference room, and while the jumpship is going down, the man looks up at him with longing and reaches up towards him. He places his hand on the glass and mouths something at him before he vanishes in swirls of light, the empty jumpship crashing to the ground as the Omega falls onto the ground and tries to process what is happening, placing his hand over his heart before trailing it up to the junction of his neck and shoulder, right where an Alpha’s mark would be.

I am sorry.
James screams until he is coughing up blood, and even continues to scream after that as the agony of losing his father takes hold, clutching his pillow as he howls and sobs and cries until he can no longer shed any more tears, and continues to cry after that.

He cannot comprehend the fact that his father is dead, the man who saved him after his flight from the palace to escape Marcus, allowed him to move past twenty years of rape, torture, abuse, and unimaginable evil that was inflicted upon him, to give him a new start.

How could he go on?

_I am sorry._

The words ring in his mind as the image of the man who killed his father dominates his thoughts, heat coiling in his lower belly as he feels flush all over thinking about him, his blood pounding in his ears as fantasies spiral out of control in his mind and leave him squirming on the bed while panting harshly.

It almost feels like he is in pyresus, but he knows that it is far too early for him to go into Heat, but his hand instinctively slips into his pants to relieve the heat coursing through his body, curling up slightly as his fingers slip inside himself and cries out softly. He gasps for air and writhes in his bed, sinking his teeth into his pillow as he peaks, shuddering as he draws it out before removing his hand. He feels incredibly filthy at the fact that he, masturbated, to the image of his father’s murderer, but the post orgasmic high leaves him sated and thrumming, and smiling. The Omega’s glacial blue eyes fall shut as he lets out a soft exhale, nuzzling his pillow as he begins to wonder what, The Man, was doing attacking Starfleet Headquarters, working on trying to catch his breath as he starts to drift off but forces himself awake and upright. He still feels dirty and quickly heads into the bathroom, thoroughly enjoying the luxury of a hot water shower, resting his forehead against the chilled tiles as his fingers curl against them, his glacial blue eyes falling shut.

“What?” He whispers. “Why did you do this?”

Tears stream down his cheeks and mix with the water, tipping his head up as he turns to face the spray, running his hands up and down his body as heat coils in his lower belly and his breathing picks up. The hands roaming over his body become The Man’s hands, his breathing picking up as he feels lips brush against his skin, his pulse pounding under his skin as he begins to tremble. The Captain feels, lust, yes, lust, course through his blood stream and heat up his skin, the kisses turning to nibbles before they brush against the shell of his ear, gasping loudly before moaning as the tongue traces the shell. The warm hands roam over his body and stroke gently, the body strong and muscular and rock hard under soft skin as they remain chest-to-chest, sweet nothings being whispered in his ear. He shivers as the touches become firmer and drift lower, brushing his fingers over the top curve of his rear and dip into the cleft just an inch lower, sliding down to touch him in a place that has only received abuse or been explored in a medical context.

He gasps loudly as his knees give out, The Man supporting him as he continues to touch him, breathing harshly as his body heats up and the lust grows stronger. He clings to him desperately as the hand slides around to brush against his testes and slip between his legs, shivering as the touches continue and tease him gently, feeling himself relax and cries out as a finger slips inside without any resistance.

He freezes as a familiar chuckle fills his ear, his blood turning to ice as Marcus licks his ear, starting when he is suddenly hit with cold water. The blond bolts upright from the shower floor as the water turns off, gasping as a chill slips into his bones, moving into a sitting position and leans
against the wall of the shower as he pulls his knees to his chest.

“What the fuck is happening to me?” He whispers, tears rolling down his cheeks.

After Scotty tells him that The Man is on Qo’noS, he knows that he has to ask, him, for permission to go after him, something that terrifies him to the core, but the image of Pike’s face fuels his desire for revenge to eliminate his father’s killer. James somehow manages to not mess himself in Marcus’ office and gets permission to go after him, and when the Enterprise is barreling towards the Klingon homeworld at maximum warp, he gets a disturbing message from the Fleet Admiral through private channels that not even Uhura knows about.

*Kill Harrison or everyone you know will pay the price.*

The blond quickly erases the message so it is gone forever, knowing that The Bad Man will make good on his promise, as he always did.

But…

When he thinks about *him,* he still wants him in a way that he had never felt before, and he needs to know why he feels this way.

So, he cannot kill him.

When he gets down on Qo’noS and Uhura fails to talk with the Klingons, an all out war ensues and he is pinned down in a corner by the Klingons before he is literally pinned down, foot on his throat as a *bat’leth* is raised over his head and about to be brought down when they are suddenly blown to bits. The Captain can only watch as The Man takes out the rest of the Klingons and approach them, Spock raising his weapon at him and barks an order, but The Man freezes when he catches sight of the young Omega without any barriers between them, the muzzle of his rifle dropping a few inches as he watches him rise to his feet. The wind swirls around them and they finally catch a whiff of each other’s scents, their thoughts scattering to the wind and the sparks fly between them again, eyes locked as the undeniable connection between them becomes glaringly obvious.

Rage consumes him and when all he can see is red, James quickly throws himself at The Man and slams a fist into those ridiculously high cheekbones.

The moment his fist connects with bare skin, he crumples to the ground as the most wonderful sensation overcomes him, feeling himself be caught as a mind touches his own and interweaves itself so tightly with his their minds become one, a warmth exploding in his core and spreads rapidly outwards as other sensations overlap his own. It almost feels like he is dying a little death as he grips a pair of broad shoulders tightly, opening his eyes to stare into wide arctic blue, never having seen a color so beautiful before.

“Noonien,” he whispers, earning a soft smile at the use of his Alpha’s true name.

Khan Noonien Singh smiles down at him and brushes his knuckles against his Omega’s cheek, love radiating through their solidifying bond as the young Captain is shifted so their lips can meet, the kiss achingly tender as the rest of the world vanishes around them as their thoughts become only about the other. Heat begins to curl in the blond’s lower belly as an itch starts deep within him and slowly spreads outwards, the Omega jerking away as the recognition of the feeling hits him full force, his pulse and breathing picking up as fear courses through his bloodstream.

He is about to go into Heat.
“I give you permission,” he gasps, feeling his temperature slowly begin to rise as hormones course through his blood. “I give you permission to claim me.”

His thoughts quickly become focused on the fact that he is about to go into full-blown pyresus, just barely noticing that he being transported to the Enterprise as the hormones continue to pump through his blood at a steadily increasing amount, feeling the heat continue to spread throughout his body until his pyresus hits him full force the moment the doors to his quarters close.

James’ knees give out as he feels his natural lubrication gush out of him, gasping for air as he is consumed with an inferno from under his skin, barely registering a low snarl before ice cold lips are crushed against his. He paws at the Alpha’s, his, Alpha’s clothes in a desperate attempt to get to the ice cold skin underneath him, his instincts taking hold as he quickly undoes his mate’s fly and takes him in his mouth, quickly bobbing up and down on the frigid organ to please him. A low snarl comes from above and he is quickly thrown onto the bed, instantly getting onto his hands and knees and thrusts his rear in the air as he mewls loudly, crying out as a freezing body drapes itself over him and grinds their hips together. A large cold hand slips under his shirt and rakes their nails down his chest, snarling in his ear as the hand slides down and rips his fly open to shove it between his legs, the Omega throwing his head back and screams as the hand touches him where he is soaking wet between his legs and strokes vigorously. His elbows give way and his Alpha pulls way to yank his pants down to expose his most intimate areas, the Captain screaming as a tongue is shoved inside him and thrusts into him rapidly, grinding back into the high cheekbones buried between his cheeks.

His fingers curl into the sheets as he squirms and mewls uncontrollably, the mouth pulling away and he is flipped onto his back, his clothes quickly shredded to confetti and a freezing body is quickly on top of him as his lips are claimed in a brutal kiss. He continues to make noises as the cold hands roam over his body and rake their nails over his skin, throwing his head back to scream at the top of his lungs as his internal vagina is penetrated for the first time. James snaps back to reality and quickly shoves at his Alpha’s chest as pain shoots up his spine, sobbing uncontrollably as he thrashes to remove the massive intrusion and succeeds in only causing himself more pain, quickly pinned down to the bed as lips brush against his neck while he continues to sob.

“Shh, everything will be okay, love,” Noonien murmurs softly in his ear, his tone causing his young Omega to pause and look at him. “I know it hurts, James, but I will wait. I have waited three hundred years for this, I can wait a little more.”

The Omega trembles as heat continues rage inside him, but is stamped down by the pain of his first shared Heat, tears pouring down his cheeks as the cold hands roam over his body soothingly. He whimpers softly and is quietly shushed by his Alpha, the deep rumbling baritone soothing to him as it begins to speak in a tongue he has never heard before, but understands completely. He takes deep shaky breaths to try to get his body relax as the deep rumbling baritone speaks softly to him, feeling himself relax slowly until the pain is at a tolerable level, but still, his Alpha does not move. It is not until the pain is almost gone entirely that he finally begins to move, the Captain’s breath hitching slightly before he moans softly as the ice spreads in his body, the heat rapidly consuming him and is quickly back to mewing and begging. Noonien rumbles and rapidly picks up his pace until he is slamming into him, hoisting him up into his lap and thrusts up into him, the blond clinging to him and buries his head into the crook of his neck as he feels something coil tight in his gut and something press against him.

An Alpha’s knot.

The thought of being knotted by his Alpha causes a spike of lust to coil in him and eagerly urges him on, mewling and crying out loudly as he is pounded into with increasingly erratic thrusts,
knowing that they will not last much longer.

Noonien shoves himself up into his mate as he yanks him down onto him, his young Omega bearing down as the massive knot is forced inside his body and throws back his head to scream as his entire body clamps down on the massive intrusion, snapping his head forward to sink his teeth into the junction of his neck and shoulder as his Alpha does the same. Their orgasms tear through them as they cling and rock against each other, blood filling their mouths as they claim each other, gripping hard enough to leave dark purple bruises on their skin as they tremble violently. When the newly bonded pair finally pulls away, they lick the wounds they had inflicted upon each other as they remain tied together, the Augment carefully lowering his shivering mate onto the stained sheets and strokes his cheek gently. He presses a tender kiss to his lips that causes butterflies to flutter in his stomach, carefully rolling them onto their sides so they can face each other. James traces his Alpha’s cheekbone with the tip of his index finger and the cupid’s bow of his sinfully soft lips, trailing the tip of his finger over his razor sharp angular features as a large pale, and now warm, hand gently rubs the crest of his prominent hip, the hand taking his and brings it to his lips to kiss his knuckles.

“I have never seen someone so beautiful, my love,” Noonien whispers, smiling against his palm. “And I cannot believe that I am yours.”

“Wait, yours?” James asks, surprised. “Doesn’t an Alpha always-”

“I am just a single generation Alpha/Beta chimera,” his Alpha says softly. “I am in no position to assert any authority over the Empress of Earth, the Pure Omega at the pinnacle of humanity, with a bloodline of seventeen thousand years, and so, I belong to you.”

He kisses his palm and murmurs softly in his native tongue, Hindi, the Captain recognizes, his deep rumbling baritone soothing and sends tingles down his spine, arctic blue eyes locking with his as a smile curls on his lips. The younger male’s Pure Omega nature comes through as his cheeks heat up and ducks his head, the Augment chuckling and presses a kiss between his golden blond brows, murmuring softly as they continue to remain tied.

“You know the truth about me,” he says quietly, resting their foreheads together. “And you know of my past. All I have done is either lie or told a half-truth, but when I look at you…”

He trails off and nuzzles his mate’s cheeks with the tip of his nose, pressing a kiss to each of his eyelids before pressing one to his lips, stroking the crest of his hip with gentle sweeps of his thumb.

“When I look at you, all of them dry up and I cannot find it in myself to even think of telling a half-truth or lying, not that I would ever try to, to anyone in your vicinity, or to you,” he says quietly. “I wish I could put the person I was behind me, but I know that I will have to work hard to do so.”

The blond closes his eyes and moves into the older male’s touch, slipping into his native tongue by accident and is started violently as his mate jerks in surprise, crying softly as pain flares up inside him where he has never felt pain before. The dark haired male quietly shushes him and kisses away his tears, nuzzling his cheeks affectionately as he murmurs softly in his native tongue, gasping when his mate responds in the same tongue and blinks rapidly in shock as his mouth works furiously.

“You, you can speak my native tongue?” He asks, startled.

“I guess, I guess I can,” the young Captain replies, his cheeks flushing as he looks at a spot on the wall over his ear. “I’ve never… I’ve never really been able to speak any Earth languages fluently, even though I’m the Empress, because I’ve always had a translator around.”
His glacial blue eyes fall shut as he nuzzles into his pillow, smiling as the warm hand runs slowly up and down his side lovingly, babbling in his native tongue as his face is nuzzled lovingly.

James suddenly begins to cry and his Alpha quickly shushes him, pulling him close to his robust body as he runs his hands all over his body soothingly, peppering soft kisses over every millimeter of skin he can reach.

“What is wrong, James?” Noonien asks softly, rubbing his back soothingly. “What has you so upset?”

“I’m scared,” his mate whimpers, clinging to him desperately. “I’m really fucking scared.”

“Why are you scared?” The Augment asks soothingly, his hands never ceasing their gentle touches.

“I don’t know what I’m doing,” the Captain sobs. “I, I’ve never been in love, and I’ve never been in a relationship. I don’t…”

He cries a little louder and clings to the Brit tightly, the older male continuing to shush him as he holds him tightly, his nose buried in the smaller male’s golden blond hair.

“Neither have I,” he says quietly.

The blond abruptly stops crying and looks up, tears continuing to stream down his cheeks as he sniffles, watery glacial blue locking with tender arctic as his tears are stroked away.

“I have never been in love or been in a relationship, nor have I had sex with someone who was willing,” he elaborates, flicking his gaze away as guilt spreads across his features. “I despise that about myself more than anything now, now that I have bonded with you, and I would undo all that I had done in my past life in an instant, but I cannot.”

“Can you make a promise to me?” The younger male asks softly. “One that you’ll keep until the day you die?”

“I will not die, my love,” his Alpha says quietly, resting their foreheads together. “But I will keep it to the end of time. Whatever it may be.”

“Do you promise to never take the life of another living being for as long as you live, but only do so when there are no other options whatsoever?” His Omega asks softly, sniffling.

“I swear, I will never take the life of another living being for as long as I live, unless I have absolutely no other options available,” the Alpha/Beta whispers, pressing a kiss between golden blond brows as a few tears roll down his cheeks. “I swear on my life, I will keep your promise until the end of time.”

“Thank you,” the Omega whispers, nuzzling his neck. “That means a lot to me.”

“I know,” the dark haired male says softly. “And it means a lot to me to promise that to you.”

The newly bonded pair cuddle as they remain tied together, their scents mingling and transforming into a unified one that they will share even after their bond breaks, coos and rumbles filling the air as they touch and stroke their new, their first, mate’s skin. The Brit slowly pulls out once his knot has deflated, his young Omega inhaling sharply at the feeling as he freezes, unsure how to react to what is going on. He feels so empty once his Alpha’s softening penis slips out of his internal vagina, and once he slips out completely, his cheeks heat up as his seed and natural lubrication
comes gushing out of him, throwing his arms over his eyes as he curls up with embarrassment.

“James, you have nothing to be ashamed of,” Noonien says softly, rubbing his side tenderly. “Besides, I have another use for our leftover fluids. A better use.”

James gasps as he is suddenly hauled into his Alpha’s lap, his thighs being held as he instinctively wraps his arms around his pale neck and inhales sharply as he slips inside, shivering as he brushes past his still highly sensitive Bartolic ring, his partially open internal vaginal sphincter, and then cries out as he rubs against his vestigial prostate. He clings to the dark haired male as he trembles and gasps at the overstimulation, moaning loudly as he begins to move slowly and tenderly, the older male peppered kisses up and down his neck as he murmurs softly. The Augment showers him with affection and treats him with such gentleness that neither knew he could show, but both of them appreciate and enjoy so they can make the moment drag out for as long as possible, sealing their mouths together as they crest while shivers run down their spines. The newly bonded pair holds onto each other tightly as their crests fade and relax in each other’s grips, the younger male settling in his mate’s lap as they kiss slowly and sensually, toying with his Alpha’s silk-like jet black hair that is now loose and wild. The Brit rumbles and runs his hands up and down his sides, highly pleased by the feminine form in his lap as his hands roam over his baby smooth skin, their bodies still thrumming as their bond continues to solidify. The Omega carefully and gingerly climbs out of his lap once they have caught their breaths and moves to his bathroom to follow an instinct that he has never known about, stepping into the shower and turns on the hot water to instinctively clean himself out before his internal vagina is sealed off, his body aching in a way that he has never felt before but desires more of.

Once he is clean and steps out of the bathroom to change, he finds that his mate is gone and the lingering scent tells him that he left as soon as he entered the bathroom, his insides quickly turning to ice as he changes rapidly and makes his way up to the bridge…

Only to run into a group of Security Officers leading his mate down the hall, handcuffed with an unreadable expression on his face.

The Captain can only stare in horror as the group passes by him, the Alpha/Beta not looking at him once as he allows himself to be led away, his Omega staring after them as he tries to understand what is going on. A hand placed on his shoulder startles him and whirls around to find Bones behind him, a strange expression on his face that he cannot identify.

“Bones, what’s going on?” He demands, hating how his voice is shaking bad enough that even a deaf person could hear it. “Why is he being led away?”

“Harrison was found in the weapons bay fiddling with the torpedoes,” the Beta says, glancing down the hall. “We don’t know what he did, and since he wasn’t supposed to be there, Spock got him cuffed and they’re taking him to the brig.”

His Captain looks down the hall where his Alpha had just vanished around a corner, his hand moving to the still healing bite mark on his neck, tears pouring down his cheeks as his knees give out, his Chief Medical Officer barely catching him in time to prevent him from cracking his skull open.

“He used me,” he whispers, a shaky hand rising to cover his mouth. “I gave him permission to claim me, and he used me.”

He squeezes his eyes shut as he sobs, clinging to his friend as he holds him tightly and soothes him.

“I let him into my body, my mind, my soul, and he, he, he…” He lets out a loud sob and buries his
head into the crook of the Doctor’s neck, clinging to him desperately as he trembles violently. “He raped me. He raped my mind, he raped my soul. How could I have been so fucking blind, Bones? How could I let him do that to me?”

The brunet remains silent as his Commanding Officer sobs uncontrollably in his arms, holding him tight as he lets the younger male work out his grief, knowing that he could never understand what the blond feels right now.

James wipes at his eyes as he and his two highest ranking Officers turn around a corner on their way to the brig, fighting to not burst into tears and run back to his quarters with his tail between his legs, his neck still throbbing as his aches remind him of his betrayal. The moment he enters the brig, however, his blood begins to boil and fights to keep his abilities in check as he seals his end of the bond, as his mate did, his hands curling into fists as he fights to keep his fangs from descending. Bones moves to stand in front of the transparent security barrier as The Prisoner stares back, indifferent to the fact that his young Omega clearly has been crying, studying the Doctor before him with an unreadable expression.

“Excellent posture, well-developed lean musculature, but I see nothing remarkable,” the Doctor says, picking up a hand-held voider from a nearby table.

He places it against the barrier, the irising device generating a slightly-larger-than-fist-sized hole in the transparency, nodding to The Prisoner as he indicates the circular opening he had just created.

“Put your arm through the hole, please,” he says.

The Prisoner just stares back at him, his gaze never leaving him even as his mate burns holes in him with enough venom to kill him.

“I’m only going to take a small blood sample,” the brunet adds. “Don’t worry. It won’t hurt.”

Noonien appears to ponder the request before approaching the barrier, tugging down his sleeve and puts his arm through the gap, watching as Bones places the extractor against one of several prominent veins. When nothing happens, he frowns and pushes harder, only for nothing to happen again. The faintest hint of a smile creases The Prisoner’s face, the smile vanishing when a third, harder shove, gets the reaction the Doctor was looking for, the device finally starting to fill the red fluid. The Augment shows no reaction at all, but flinches violently when his mate speaks.

“You raped me.”

The Brit focuses on the wall of his cell that allows his head to be turned as far away from his young Omega as possible, guilt scrawled across his face plain as day before he forces it back, turning to the blond with a cold expression.

“I did not rape you,” he says coldly. “As I had said, I have a lot of hard work to do to put the person I was behind me. I did not mean to harm you, but I was worried about-”

He cuts himself off abruptly, pressing his lips in a thin line as he looks away and keeps his emotionless mask on, his mind sealed off so nothing is passed through their bond.

“You did not.” The Captain demands, all but snarling.

The Alpha/Beta remains silent and pulls his arm away once the Doctor is done extracting his blood, the opening closing behind his retreating fingers and pulls up his sleeve, glacial locking
with arctic as the undeniable connection returns and their respective marks of claim throb.

“Two-three-one-seven-four-six-one-one, coordinates not far, spatially speaking, from Earth,” the older male says coolly. “I suggest you go and take a look. It might be enlightening.”

“And why the fuck should I listen to a rapist?” James spits, delighted at the flinch he receives.

“I can give you seventy-two, James,” Noonien says, ignoring the snarl sent his way. “And they are onboard your ship. They have been all along.”

His young Omega stares at him in shock as a slight smirk spreads across the dark haired male’s face, his head tipping the side as his eyes flash dangerously.

“I suggest you open one up – and take a look,” he finishes.

James races into the brig and stands in front of the barrier, fury rolling off him in waves as Spock catches up and stands beside him, fighting to hide the fact that he is actually trying to catch his breath.

“Why the fuck is there a man in the torpedo we examined?” He demands.

Noonien gazes back at his livid mate from his position on the bench with an unreadable expression, his back perfectly straight as he locks his arctic blue eyes with his Omega’s enraged glacial blue ones, calm and collected despite the murderous intent directed at him.

“There are men and women in all those torpedoes, Captain. And I put them there,” he replies, drawling the title in such a way that it turns it into an insult.

“Why?” The Captain demands, the air crackling around him.

His Alpha remains silent before glancing at the Vulcan beside him, preternaturally calm and almost aloof before his captors, though his longing is apparent when he looks at the young blond.

“I am a remnant of a time long past,” he begins. “Genetically engineered to be superior so as to lead others to peace in a world at war.” He looks away from his mate briefly before looking back, his expression almost, sad. “But I and my companions were condemned as criminals. Forced into exile. For centuries we slept, hoping that when we awoke, things would be… different. Always these vain hopes.”

“You imply that you too were in cryostasis?” Spock interrupts.

Noonien gives the Vulcan a nod of approval and a cold smile to his young, livid Omega, smiling slightly wider at the shiver he sends down his spine and the step backwards, his old nature shining through before guilt spreads itself across his face and quickly forces it back.

“He is smart,” he says, looking away from the Captain to turn his attention to the Science Officer. “If your planet had not been annihilated, I would still be asleep. But as a result of the destruction of Vulcan, your StarFleet began to search distant quadrants of space more aggressively than before. They found my ship adrift. I alone was revived, after which I was able to learn about the destruction of Vulcan and… many other things.”

James stares at him as red creeps into the corners of his vision, his fists clinching as anger surges in him, but a calm washes over him as a tendril slips through his closed end of the bond to soothe
“I looked up John Harrison,” he says finally. “Up until a year ago, he didn’t exist. Why?”

“‘John Harrison’ was a fiction created the moment I was awoken by your Admiral Marcus to help him advance his cause,” the Augment says as he rises to his feet, noting the flinch from his mate at the name. “A smoke screen, a nonexistent reality, an imagined self, all concocted to conceal my true identity.” He approaches the barrier so all the separates the bonded pair is a laminated layer of malleable corundum-silicate glass. “Because it would not have gone well for your Admiral had my true name become known at the time of my revival. Some curious Ensign might have decided, in a moment of boredom, to run a search on it. Then everything might have become… difficult.”

The Alpha/Beta pauses and then smiles, the sight chilling, his smile vanishing as his gaze becomes distant, as if he is no longer in the present. His mate can feel a sense of nostalgia slip through their bond as the other end is forgotten briefly, images flashing through his mind of places and events long before his time, all flashing by too fast to pick anything out before the bond is sealed, the older male standing directly opposite of him on the other side of the glass. Glacial locks with arctic as their bond thrums between them, a slight height difference between them given their primary genders, longing and desire sparking between them as they continue to stare at each other. The blond feels his breathing pick up as his heart begins to race in his chest the longer he looks at his mate, a tingling sensation spreading through him as heat curls low in his belly and spreads outwards, feeling his cheeks heat up before tearing his gaze away and crosses his arms over his chest as he tightens his posture.

“My name is… Khan,” the Brit says, his tone firm and unyielding before softening as he switches languages. “But I am Noonien to only those closest to me, whose names I can count on one hand that are still alive, and still on one hand with my soul mate at the top.”

The Captain hesitates before looking at his much older Alpha as he feels something poke at his end of the bond with maladroitness, a smile gracing his face and opens his end just enough to lightly brush his mind against the one trying to touch his, sealing the bond quickly and turns to face him as he turns serious.

“I’ll accept that much as the truth,” he replies carefully. “For now. Pardon my cynicism, but why would a Starfleet Admiral need a three-hundred-year-old frozen man to help him do anything?”

The dark haired male gives an indifferent shrug once he forces the hurt off his face, his head tipped down slightly to look his young Omega in the eye given the fact that he is taller than him, even though his mate is unnaturally tall for an Omega, let alone a Pure Omega. If he had to guess, he had to be at least six foot, if not six-foot-one.

“Because I am… better,” he says, his voice a deep rumble. “Better for your Admiral’s purpose than anything – than anyone – else.”


“Everything,” Noonien states, his back straightening. “Alexander Marcus believe he needed to respond to an uncivilized threat in a civilized time, and for that, he needed someone less civilized.” He slowly turns his back on the glass as he speaks, his tone sending shivers down his young mate’s spine. “He needed a warrior’s mind. A mind dedicated to combat, to winning, to surviving at all costs. He needed my mind. He needed… me.”

“You are suggesting that the Admiral violated every regulation he vowed to uphold simply because he wanted to exploit your intellect?” Spock inquires, his tone on the edge of demanding.
“He wanted to exploit my savagery,” The Prisoner says, all but snarling as he rounds on the Vulcan. “Intellect is useless in a fight, Commander Spock. As a Vulcan, you should know that.”

Spock’s expression does not change, but only the Augment notices the slight tensing of the Science Officer’s hands before his gaze flicks to the young blond instinctively, having noticed the slight shiver that ran down his spine at the mention of the Admiral’s name once again.

“I was well trained in the military arts, and I assure you that should the need arise, I am fully capable of handling myself in matters of physical combat – as was only recently the case,” the Science Officer replies.

“Commander Spock, I am not talking about training. I am not talking about the application of learned skills. I am certain if it came out of a book, that you are an expert on every chapter. I am sure that if there is an accepted procedure for countering a blow, for firing a weapon, for maneuvering against an enemy in space, you can both quote and direct every one of them to perfection,” he says mockingly before his tone darkens. “I am talking about what humans generally refer to as ‘gut reaction.’ Fighting without thinking. Battle in the absence of any procedure or rules. If you cannot break a rule, how can you be expected to break bone?”

Spock does not reply, and it is clear that The Prisoner enjoys taunting him, however mildly and in his own peculiar fashion, but it appears that the Vulcan will not give him the satisfaction of participating in a meaningless exchange, however, the much older male notices that his hands tighten just a little more.

“Your Admiral used me to help design new weapons. To realize his vision of a heavily militarized Starfleet. That was the purpose of his precious, private Section 31,” the Alpha/Beta says, turning back to his young Omega. “Starfleet was content to let him supervise one small, unimportant research project: After all, was he not an Admiral of the Fleet?”

He notes the tensing of the young Captain as he speaks, but he brushes it off to continue.

“Some minor improvements, some small advances, he allowed to be passed up along the research chain to show that his project was making progress and that it was deserving of continued funding,” he continues, moving to stand before his mate. “Other advances, particularly those in whose development I personally participated, he continued to shroud in ‘necessary’ secrecy until they were sufficiently ‘perfected’ for them to be revealed to Starfleet at large.”

James clenches his fists tight enough to dig his nails into his palm and break skin, trembling with fury as the air crackles around him and the barrier vibrates dangerously, quickly stamping down his abilities by rearranging the connections in his brain to place his emotions in a proverbial box and away from forcing him to unleashing the true power of the Empress of Earth.

“And then? He sent you to use those weapons. To fire my torpedoes at an unsuspecting world. He purposefully saw to it that your ship would become crippled in enemy space, leading to one inevitable outcome,” he says, his voice a deep threatening purr, one that promised unspeakable violence as a cruel smirk spreads across his face. “The Klingons would come searching for whoever was responsible for the intrusion and assault on their homeworld, and you would have no chance of escape. You have no choice but to fight back. The Klingon Empire, quite reasonably, would be outraged. Marcus would finally have the war he talked about – the war he always said he wanted – all because of a renegade Captain engaged in an unsanctioned mission of personal vengeance.”

He ignores the snarl sent his way, keeping their gazes lock as he keeps the fact that he knows exactly just how thin the ice is that he is standing on, how his mate can kill him with just a thought.
without moving a single cell.

“Think now a moment, Captain: Where did your orders come from to sally forth to kill me?” The dark haired male draws, fighting back the slight shiver at the snarl that makes the hair on the back of his neck stand on end. “Directly from Marcus. Did you receive any complementary orders from anywhere else or anyone else in Starfleet? No. It was all Marcus, it was just Marcus, it was only Marcus. You were, you are, not engaged in a mission on behalf of Starfleet. You are engaged in a mission on behalf of Admiral Alexander Marcus.”

He pauses for a moment to let his words sink it, his heart clenching in pain when he sees tears start roll down his young Omega’s cheeks before forcing it back, the cruel smirk returning to his face once again.

“You are a pawn, Kirk,” the Alpha/Beta continues, ignoring the flinch from the much younger male. “Advanced across the board to be sacrificed for the aims of your king.”

“No… no. Whether true or not, none of that changes the known fact that I watched you open fire on a room full of unarmed Starfleet Officers and support personnel,” James spits, moving to stand beside his First Officer. “You killed them in cold blood.”

“Marcus took my crew from me,” Noonien says, a hint of pain and loss in his voice as his arctic blue eyes flash. “While I alone was revived, they were kept in frozen stasis. My pleas to similarly revive them fell on deaf ears. Ears numb to my need, to my pain. Help design new weapons, I was told, and eventually your crew will be restored to you. ‘Eventually.’”

The laugh that escapes his lips is short and bitter, the Captain feeling hurt and pain slip through their bond as he looks away briefly, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as memories of his own betrayal rise up from deep within him.

Memories that he has tried to put away and purge from his mind.

“Eventually’ came and went, with no indication that even one of my crew would be revived,” the Augment continues. “No matter how much I pleaded, no matter that I went down on my knees and begged, eventually always kept receding into the future. It was plain in the mind of Alexander Marcus, ‘eventually’ meant ‘never.’”

“You,” his mate begins, his fists clenched. “Are a murder!”

“He used my own friends to control me,” his Alpha says, pretending to not hear him. “Realizing that he meant to keep me his vassal until I died, I tried to smuggle out my crew to safety by concealing them in the very weapons I designed. But I was discovered. At that point, I knew Marcus would no longer risk my being alive, lest others in Starfleet discover what he had done. In attempting to save my crew, I had made myself more of a threat than a help. For my friends, as well as for myself, I had no choice but to escape – alone.”

The Brit has his back to his captors, growing rage and emotion causing him to tremble and his voice to crack, fighting back the tears that threaten to be spilled.

“Once that action had been forced upon me, I had every reason to believe that Marcus would kill every single one of the people I hold most dear, letting them defrost and shrivel one at a time until or unless I turned myself in – for my own execution,” he says quietly, a tear running down his right cheek. “So I made arrangements to have them moved before Marcus could begin to carry out his program of execution. As a privileged supervisor of Section 31, I had access to resources of my own, you see. The work was done quietly, without Marcus being aware of the move.”
His fists tighten as he clenches his teeth before relaxing, feeling his tight grip on his end of a still forming bond loosen slightly before tightening it once more, knowing that he could not stop the emotions from bleeding through.

“But he found out… and had them transferred to your ship. To carry them to Qo’noS so you could fire them at me,” the dark haired male continues, turning towards them with his expression twisted. “Very neat and tidy, is it not? Kill me with my own people. Dispose of us all in one move. But as I said, I had access to resources of my own.”

He leans forwards so that his face is almost pressing against the barrier, arctic blue eyes locked with glacial as the bonded pair stares each other down.

“Why do you think I saved you, Kirk? I learned that the ‘special’ torpedoes were on the Enterprise. My intent all along was to be reunited with my crew. I would have never let you fire them at Qo’noS,” he says before stepping back.

James picks up that he is leaving something out, his fists clenched as he fights to keep his emotions locked away so he does not unleash the awesome power that he can truly manifest, keeping his gaze locked with his Alpha’s.

“To me, murder premeditated, Captain, is murder committed. I did what I did at Starfleet Headquarters because I was responding in kind to what I perceived to be Marcus’ intentions,” Noonien replies, his gaze shifting to focus on Spock for a moment before returning to the young Captain. “Perhaps my action in attacking your colleagues was not entirely logical, but it arose out of emotion and conviction I could not repress. My crew is my family, James.”

Tears are now running down his pale cheeks in a steady stream, looking away briefly before retuning his gaze to the blond with a hand over his mouth while his other arm is crossed over his chest, looking away as tears stream down his cheeks from his tightly squeezed eyes.

“Is there anything you would not do for your family?” The Alpha/Beta implores.

Spock blinks as the brig vanishes and is replaced with the light filled Medbay, watching as the light shrinks into a ball in between his Captain’s hands, the orb pulsing rapidly before it begins to slow and its clearly defined edges start to flicker with each passing second. The orb flickers before vanishing into smoke-like wisps of light and dissipates into the air without a trace, stunned chocolate brown meeting serene glacial blue as dark golden blond wings flutter and curl around a sylphlike body, the younger male standing tall and authoritative as a jet black wing curls around him.

“Those images you saw are my memories, pulled directly from my mind,” Kirk says, a large pale hand tangling their finger together to grip tightly. “And you must understand, pyresus to Omegas, especially bonded ones, is what pon farr is to Vulcans. It is a matter that is well known and well documented, however, but it is, was, beyond private in our society. It is when Omegas are driven by the most basic of instincts, and to take an Omega during their pyresus without them giving their explicit permission to share it before they are under the complete control of a, for a lack of a better term, fuck-or-die mentality, means that they have automatically forfeited their life.”

He glances up at his fiancé and presses closer to him, his eyes falling shut as a kiss is pressed between his dark golden blond brows, tipping his head up just enough to brush their noses together and fold their wings around each other before folding them against their backs.
“To share an Omega’s pyresus, or Heat, is to be privy to their very essence,” the Omega continues, turning to his First Officer. “An Omega, specifically a Pure Omega, only chooses an Alpha to share their Heat when they have decided that they are The One. To be chosen to be an Omega’s Alpha is something that must be given without any coercion whatsoever, for Omegas are the ones who keep the dynamics alive, the only gender than can produce Alphas to keep bloodlines alive and keep the gender present. Omegas are also life givers, and they are the progenitors of the entire species, as all bloodlines and families are connected to a single bloodline, the royal bloodline. My bloodline. The very first of my ancestors was the first, and I mean the first, of our species, and every single dual gendered human is genetically connected to me, and all of my ancestors. Because I am at the pinnacle of the gender hierarchy, to be chosen as my mate means that they become the second most powerful human alive, and that is not something that is taken lightly.”

“When an Omega and Alpha bond, they become one being with two bodies,” Khan says softly, his gaze still on his Omega. “They share a mind and a soul, they feel what the other feels, and it is impossible to describe what it is like to find your other half and be whole in ways that you did not think was possible.”

The couple looks at each other before sharing a tender kiss, turning to each other to hold onto each other as their wings fold around them, trapping them in their own private universe.

“Not in my Medbay!” McCoy snarls.

“You’re off duty!” Maeve growls. “It’s my Medbay!”

“I’m the Chief Medical Officer here!”

“Not right now you’re not!”

“Both of you! Shut up!” Kirk roars, silencing all conversation.

He eyes everyone in the Medbay before shaking his head, sighing loudly as he pinches the bridge of his nose, his wings shifting against his back.

“Look,” he beings. “If things keep going the way they’re going, which the chance of them not doing so is zero, Marcus will be here any minute. And he’ll be royally pissed. Time, and fate, are not on our side and we need a goddamn miracle if we’re going to stop-”

He cuts himself off and looks away, tears streaming down his face as he holds himself tightly, all the color draining from his face. His Alpha pulls him to his chest, holding him tightly as tears stream down his own cheeks, his nose buried in dark golden blond hair. Those who are dual gendered look away as they remember, all of them pale and teary eyed as they exchange looks or become focused on anything but a living soul, while those who are singled gendered or not human look around in confusion.

“Captain?” Spock asks, puzzled. “Stop what?”

Everyone is silent, refusing to speak.

“Stop me from dying again,” Kirk whispers. “From the warp core.”
Chapter XL

Chapter Notes

No people, I am not dead. I will post, but it may be awhile between posts. For all you Khirk perverts, this one is for you.
Read on.

“Stop me from dying again,” Kirk whispers. “From the warp core.”

Spock pales at his Captain words, worry crossing his face as the single gendered crewmembers stare in shock and horror, while the dual gendered crew cry silently as they recall the memory. The Omega clings to his Alpha as he trembles, whimpering softly as tears continue to stream down his cheeks, the oldest of the pair rubbing his back gently and soothingly. Khan murmurs softly in Hindi in his ear, folding his massive jet black wings tighter around them as tears stream down his pale cheeks, his voice trembling as he speaks. John and Naki look at each other, no one noticing their presence in the Medbay, having been silent the entire time and out of everyone’s way. The Pure Beta presses up against his mate’s side as he interlaces their fingers together, squeezing his hand tightly as the Pure Alpha looks down at his twin, folding a massive jet black wing around him tightly as the feathers flash blood red in the light.

“Jim,” McCoy says, breaking the silence. “I can assure you that everyone from our reality will stop at nothing to prevent the end result. And I’m sure that those who aren’t will too. We’ve got too much to lose this time, and we know what’s gonna happen this time. And we’ve got them.”

He jerks his thumb at the triplets, nodding.

“We’ve got the inside knowledge, and we’re prepared,” he continues. “Not to mention Khan will stop at nothing to not repeat history, as will I. I will not stand over your dead body again, and I will not sign two death certificates. I will not deal with three bodies, because I don’t want to watch the royal family vanish from existence. I know what happens when a member of the royal bloodline dies, and I don’t want to deal with the month long mourning period, or let all of humanity be forced to endure that. You didn’t have to deal with it, but Khan died when you did, temporarily though, but he was conscious as his heart didn’t beat for fifty-three seconds and we couldn’t get it started again, though I’m still baffled on how it started beating on its own. But he still died. And we’ll lose all three of you this time.”

“Abruptly changing subjects, one far less nightmare inducing,” Khan says, speaking up. “When I was examining the torpedo on the planetoid, I saw something that I did not register at the time, but now that I am thinking about it, I do not have a good feeling on what it was, whatever it was. I need to examine it, and my gut is telling me that it might enlighten us on what may be going on. I just need a few hours to do so, but that is time we do not have.”

“Maybe we do,” his Omega says quietly.

The Augment looks down at him with a baffled expression, his eyebrows up to his hairline as he blinks rapidly, his lips parted as he tries to wrap his head around what the smaller male said.

“They haven’t left yet,” his fiancée explains. “And I have a plan on how to give us a few hours.”
“Two things, one: How the fuck can you know that they haven’t left yet when they’re over ninety light years away?” The Alpha/Beta demands. “And two: How are we going to get a few hours when they’re over thirty parsecs away?”

“That’s the same thing, but I can use my ability to manipulate electronics to implant a virus directly into the Vengeance’s code by using Astral Projection,” the blond clarifies. “Even though the extent of Astral Projection is practically limitless, it still has a maximum range that’s further than you can imagine. But because space is a vacuum, it diminishes the range and I won’t go into the physics, but something that’s unique to the higher Pure Omega bloodlines, and I mean the elite of the elite, is that we can manifest in an entirely corporeal form in a location from Astral Projection, but at a shorter distance. But, if I use the energy of the warp core, I can manifest there since it’ll be well-”

“That’s suicide!” His Chief Medical Officer shouts. “Any energy from the warp core is too much inorganic energy for you to handle! It’ll kill you like,” he snaps his fingers, “that!”

“You’re forgetting one thing,” the Omega says, stepping out of his fiancé’s embrace to turn to him. “I’ve got a mate that can be a conduit, not the evil kind, but the kind that can have energy pass through them. Noonien can take that inorganic energy and change it into organic energy, without any harm coming to him. Because we’ll be in physical contact to do so, our minds will become completely one and our neurons will fire faster, so we can accomplish more in a short period of time since I can only take in so much energy before the amount I’m able to store is at its maximum and results in catastrophic backwash since I can’t take in anymore, even though I will still be drawing it in.”

“The only way this will work is that the Enterprise will have to be at warp,” the Brit says. “But what warp factor will she have to be at in order for this to work? As far as I know, an equation to solve this does not exist. James?”

The younger male is clearly not paying attention as his lips move rapidly, his gaze unfocused as his fingers scribble in the air, everyone staring at him with bewildered expressions.

“Five-point-six,” the Captain says after a few minutes. “The Enterprise can’t jump into warp at any point, because if she does, I’ll lose control of the flow of energy I’m taking in and it’ll go right back into the warp core, on top of the energy it’s generating.”

“But how long will we have?” His Alpha asks, his wings shifting against his back to clearly reveal how uneasy he is with the plan.

“Minute, minute-thirty, possibly two,” his Captain replies. “Not much, but with my speed and your brains, it’ll have to be enough. That’s all I can give us before I can’t take in anymore energy because of the distance and the amount of energy I need to manifest us, which is a lot more than I expected because of your gender, on top of my maximum storage capacity.”

“And what’s that suppose to mean?” The Alpha/Beta growls, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Because you’re a single generation Alpha/Beta chimera, the degrees of separation between us is just about as far as one can possibly get, and in order to manifest us, I have to cross those connections in order to become one with you,” the blond explains. “The more connections I have to cross, the more energy is needed to do so because I have to trace all the connections of our ancestors and their descendants to have us be related.”

“Captain, if I may inquire, to what calculations are you using?” Spock asks, tipping his head to the side.
“It’s ones that only an Omega, specifically a Pure Omega, can understand,” Kirk replies. “It’s not something that can be understand or translated into any language, as it is passed down through the genetic memories of a Pure Omega’s mother. But my calculations are precise and exact, and they have to be. Inorganic energy is toxic and lethal to Omegas when taken into our bodies, but we can use our organic energy to manipulate electronics by slipping it inside the device. I’ll have to explain later, but we need to move fast if this plan is going to work. Commander Spock, I need you on the bridge to give the order to jump to warp on my command. Make sure we don’t actually do so or we’re screwed beyond belief. Make a joke and you’re sleeping on the couch.”

Khan bites his lip to keep from snickering, his body shaking with repressed laughter as he covers his mouth with his hand, a few snorts and snickers escaping his lips as he is glared at.

“The timing is critical,” the Captain continues, turning to his First Officer. “Once the jump to warp starts, there’ll be a massive, and I mean massive, energy drop as I draw it into me through Noonien. I need someone monitoring those levels because as soon as I get the amount I need, the Enterprise’s energy levels will skyrocket, and that’s where things get really, really dangerous. If we don’t drop out of warp when I’m done taking in the amount I need, I’ll still be drawing in the energy that’s being generated, even for a fraction of a second, and I’ll take in more energy than I can store. All that energy I took in will destabilize and I lose control of what I had stored, which will flow directly into the core and have a catastrophic backlash on the Enterprise, because the amount of energy I took in will be far greater than what we would expel in that same time period during warp. Organic energy is far stronger than inorganic, and when the Enterprise’s energy levels skyrocket, we’ll have less than a second to drop out of warp because I can’t take in any more energy once I’m done drawing it in, and if I do, what I’ve got will destabilize and I’ll lose control, which will cause it to not only flow back through Noonien and then into the core, it will create a reserve inside him and Alphas can’t store any energy that Omegas are able to take in.”

“Hold on, I thought Alphas are what bonded Omegas draw energy from since they require far more energy to survive than when they are not bonded,” his Alpha says, surprised. “Are you telling me that bonded Alphas are not their Omega’s living battery?”

“No, they are,” the Omega replies, placing a hand on his arm. “We ‘sip’ your energy constantly, as an Omega’s passive ability is always active, but the drain on the Alpha becomes greater the higher up on the gender hierarchy their Omega is, and the situation they’re in. Various factors influence the energy drain an Omega has on their Alpha, and because Alphas have an incredibly high metabolism, the energy drain is negligible pretty much all the time, but when it’s not, we…”

He flushes and looks away as he pulls his hand away, mumbling something under his breath that causes him to flush even darker.

“What was that?” The dark haired male asks.

“We, uh, we sip your, lib, libido, which is, um, far more powerful than, uh, normal organic energy, and your energy is, well, um, rather, uh, po, po, potent,” his fiancée says quietly, his entire face bright red as he speaks and stares at the floor.

“Is that why I have not been desiring se-”

“Don’t say it!” The blond shrieks, his face turning a shade of red that no one thought existed.

He covers his face with his hands as his dark golden blond wings fold tightly around him, hiding himself from view from everyone as his flush extends all the way to his hands, his mate chuckling softly as he shakes his head. He steps up and gently parts his dark golden blond wings before stepping inside the cavity, pulling him into his embrace and wraps his arms around him, folding his
massive jet black wings over top of smaller dark golden blond.

“When this is all over,” he murmurs in his ear, his voice a deep rumble. “We are going some place far, far, far away and ignore all communications from Starfleet for weeks. For I will spend every waking minute worshiping your body, my beautiful, angelic, golden fertility goddess. We will spend our time somewhere tropical and warm, with a very relaxed dress code so I can spread you out in the sun and make love to you that will have you riding the high for months, and we will go through more sexual positions than the number of years I have lived. But not only will we have weeks of sex, I will also treat you as the goddess you are, and I will show every millimeter of your being such love, affection, tenderness, reverence, and adoration that you will be begging for more every moment of your life.”

“Fuck, Noonien,” his fiancée breathes, clinging tightly.

“Are you two going to keep having verbal foreplay, or are we doing this suicide mission?” McCoy growls.

“Foreplay,” his Captain replies, gripping his mate’s shoulders as he turns his head to brush noses with him. “Most definitely foreplay.”

The Brit rumbles happily and nips at his full lips before slipping his tongue past them, licking behind his teeth before sealing their mouths together as his fingers curl slightly in possession and holds him tight against his body, his Captain resting his palms flat against his broad chest as one leg slides back half a step to support himself when he is tipped back just enough that he has to curl his fingers slightly in the Sciences Blue overshirt to keep their bodies flush against each other. Their wings curl tightly around each other to enclose them in their own private universe as their lips work slowly against each other, their scents trapped within the space of their wings before a loud throat clearing causes them to part and fold their wings back, glaring at the Doctor responsible as they scowl at her.

“I don’t care that you’re my Commanding Officers, I’m not letting you fuck each other in my Medbay- You’re off duty!” Maeve growls, snarling when her mate opens his mouth. “I will hypo your ass!”

McCoy growls and crosses his arms over his chest as he scowls at the redhead, the couple parting after one last lingering kiss and tangles their fingers together, extending a wing to curl around each other as the younger presses up against his Alpha’s side. They share a look before heading out of the Medbay to walk through the white curved halls of the Enterprise, holding hands tightly as they walk side-by-side to Engineering as the younger male begins to tremble to closer they approach, freezing when the warp core comes into view and becomes rooted to the spot. The Omega cannot take a single breath in as all the color drains from his face, trembling violently as tears begin to stream down his face, his wings stiffer than a sheet of metal as his heart rate picks up to an incredible pace.

“I can’t,” he whimpers, curling in on himself as he continues to move backwards slowly. “I can’t.”

He turns to bolt but his mate snatches his wrist before he can move out of range, pulling him into his embrace and folds his wings tightly around them, holding him tightly to his body as he brushes
their noses together and rubs his back soothingly. He rumbles softly and soothingly and tips his head slightly to brush their lips together, keeping him flush against his body as his scent wraps soothingly around him to try to slow their racing hearts, continuing to run his hands over the younger male’s body to ease his frayed nerves. He sinks to his knees and takes his prominent hips in his hands, pushing his shirts up to press his lips to his flat abdomen as his eyes fall shut, rubbing the crests of his hips with his thumbs as his wings curl around them.

“You can do this, James,” he murmurs. “If not for yourself, then do it for them.”

Kirk looks down at the father of his unborn child as he threads his fingers into his jet black hair, the silk-like strands soft against his skin as he plays with them, lightly scratching the scalp with his short nails and earn a low rumble.

“Alright,” he says quietly after a few moments. “Alright.”

Khan rises to his feet and wraps his long pale fingers around his biceps as his elbows are cup by slender feminine hands, resting their foreheads together before they part and tangle their hands together, the older male leading them to one of the warp core struts as his hand is held in a vice-like grip. His fiancée squeezes his eyes tightly closed as he is led closer and closer to the core, letting himself be manipulated so he is sitting cross-legged on the ground as he grips the hand in his tightly, his wings shifting against his back nervously. The Augment looks at him with concern before turning back to the heart of the Enterprise, placing his free hand on the warp core strut as he continues to kneel on the unforgiving ground, feeling the energy thrum beneath his palm as his heart races in his chest from fear, including his.

“You ready?” He asks softly.

“Yeah,” the Captain says quietly before raising his voice. “Spock, punch it.”

The Alpha/Beta hears the warp core’s hum rise in pitch before it falls rapidly as absolute agony seizes him, his breath completely punched out of him as his mate draws energy through his body and into him, every muscle contracting as his vision narrows to pinpoints and becomes unable to scream as pain becomes the only thing he think and feel.

Suddenly, he is no longer himself, he is no longer a separate being.

They are flying across the galaxy as a single being, passing features that are gorgeous and foreign that flies by fleetingly, soaring to Jupiter to reach the Io Facility and enter the Vengeance. They manifest in the main computer control room in the Omega’s body, making sure they are alone with a quick scan of the minds around them, also checking that no alarms had been sounded. Once they are sure that the coast is clear, they access the computer through the terminal and access the source code, fingers dancing over the keyboard as a mental timer counts down their limited time, the digits moving at the speed only a Pure Omega can move at as their neurons fire faster than normal. The timer continues to count down as they work furiously to make sure that they can give themselves enough time, keeping their mind open to make sure they are not caught before they step back, a smile on their face.

“Done,” they whisper.

Khan takes a lungful of air in as if he had been held underwater for longer than he could hold his breath, his arms and legs giving out as he collapses onto the cold floor of Engineering, his wings splayed limply across the floor as they flutter weakly before he looks at his mate. Kirk is unconscious on his side in a loose fetal position with his wings wrapped around him, his breathing steady and even as his body remains limp and boneless, his Alpha crawling towards him as he
fights to not fall unconscious before he collapses on the floor. His jet black hair falls limp in his face as he gasps for air while fighting the black creeping in from the edges of his vision, his arctic blue eyes rolling into the back of his head as he falls limp, a hand stretched out towards his mate as the Medical Staff arrives and quickly focuses their attention of the unconscious couple.

He has to be dead.

It is the only explanation on why he hurts.

Oh, wait.

He has to be alive to hurt this much.

God fucking damn it.

Khan yanks the mask off his face and heaves over the side of the biobed, copper filling his mouth as his insides churn and roll violently, coughing and spitting on the floor as he tries to not choke on his own blood. He can hear people shouting as he is helped into a sitting position and continues to vomit blood, clutching his abdomen as he curls in on himself and continues to experience an agony that he has never felt before, feeling like his insides are being stabbed with a rusted iron pole, cooked from swallowing plasma, and twirled like spaghetti on a fork. He struggles to take in a breath as blood continues to fill his mouth, his wings curling around him in an attempt to hide his tears as he cries for his mother, a person who he never met or knows anything about, but now he wants her more than ever, the same person who abandoned him as soon as he was born and made sure that he never found her because he hurts. He is also scared out of his mind because he is very sure that he is going to die, having never felt this way before and he feels like he is slipping away from everything, unable to stop the tears from streaming down his cheeks as he continues to cry.

He could be crying for his mother out loud and everyone can hear him for all he knows, but right now, he does not care.

The Augment finally stops vomiting blood and manages to take shallow breaths, swallowing air as he calms his breathing, spitting the blood out of his mouth as he takes increasingly deeper breaths and continues to taste copper in his mouth, the pain beginning to lessen as his racing heart continues to slow.

“I’m alright,” he breathes, his fingers curling on the edge of the biobed. “I’m alright.”

“I told that idiot that it would be too much inorganic energy, especially for him, but for you to take that in…” McCoy mutters, using his tricorder to examine him thoroughly. “You’re fucking lucky that you’re not dead.”

“I don’t feel lucky,” his fellow Commander mutters, his arctic blue eyes falling shut. “Can’t you give me something for the pain? I feel like I’ve been rolled over by a steamroller.”

“Sorry, you metabolize any painkillers too fast for them to be effective,” the Doctor replies, checking his tricorder’s readouts. “But from the readings I’m getting, the pain should be gone very soon. Starting to feel better?”

“Little bit, but not much,” the Alpha/Beta admits before clutching his head as he groans loudly. “I’ve never hurt this bad before.”

“I’ve never heard you cry out for your mother,” the brunet says, looking up as the older male
“You were speaking in Hindi, but I’ve been around enough beings that speak different languages and have been in excruciating pain to know when someone’s crying out for the one that would be their mother, or whatever their equivalent is.”

The Brit stares at him as all the color drains from his face, refusing to take a breath as his wings and body posture remain ungodly stiff, the scent of his terror noxious and vile before his knee is pat reassuringly.

“Don’t worry, no one knows what you said, and if they did, they’d better keep their mouth shut or they’ll find themselves working on one of the most remote outposts Starfleet has,” the Beta says, raising his voice while glaring over his shoulder at his staff. “And I don’t care how experienced they are.”

The dark haired male nods his thanks and glances over at the unconscious blond as he becomes aware of how much blood he vomited, wiping the still drying blood off his face with his sleeve as he forces his wings back, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he glances down at his now purple shirt.

“Is James okay?” Khan asks softly, looking at his terrifyingly still mate.

“He’s not in a death healing trance, if that’s what you’re asking,” McCoy replies, looking over at his Captain. “He’s in a healing coma, a deep one, mind you. His vitals are minimal, barely detectable, but they’re there, very much like your crew in their cryotubes. I’ve seen Jim take a lethal phaser burst and come out fine, only because he saw it coming and he managed to slip into a healing coma milliseconds before the shot hit him, but he still came out without a scratch on him. This is nothing compared to that, and his heart had only beaten twice a week. If his heart had actually beaten at all that is. But his heart is beating, a bit slow mind you, so take that as a good sign.”

His fellow Commander nods and looks down at the terrifying amount of blood he spilled and agrees to stay in his quarters while the Doctor keeps an eye on his mate, grateful that he meets no one on his way to his quarters and quickly sheds his blood soaked clothes to step into a real water shower, watching the water turn red to pink to clear as he lets the heat seep into his bones and tips his head up into the spray. He pushes his hair out of his face as it comes out of its severe hairstyle and into his eyes, the water streaming down his body and rolls off his wings harmlessly as he thinks, his arctic blue eyes opening partially to look up at the ceiling as he thinks before sighing softly and lets them fall shut completely.

“What have I gotten myself into?” He sighs, running his hands through his hair once more.

He opens his eyes and cleans himself up as his mind whirls with so many thoughts, stepping out of the shower and dries himself off before dressing in his standard duty uniform, toweling his hair dry and puts it back into his usual hairstyle before replicating himself a glass of water. He slowly sips it before looking over at his chiming door and opens it with a word, his oldest clone stepping through the doors with the blood iridescence on his wings shimmering in the light.

“What do you need, Naki?” He asks, gesturing to the table for them to sit. “I will help you out as best I can. So tell me, how can I be of service?”

“I, I need advice,” Naki says quietly, accepting a glass of replicated water.

“On what?” His genetic donor asks, sitting down at the table as he folds his hands on the surface.

“I, um…” The Pure Alpha begins, looking down as his cheeks flush. “I do not know how to ask
John to marry me, or if he wants to. What if, what if I get rejected?"

“What if you do not?” The Alpha/Beta counters. “What if he is waiting for you to propose to him, or wants to propose to you? In fact, the Alpha does not have to be the one to propose, as James proposed to me.”

“James proposed to you?” His clone asks, his eyebrows rising in surprise. “Why?”

“Why did he propose, or why was he the one that proposed?” Khan asks, sipping his water.

Naki hesitates before flicking his gaze to the window, his wings fluttering nervously as he thinks long and hard while doing his best to not squirm, the much older male watching him with a tender expression before sipping his water and rises to his feet to head to the replicator. He glances over his shoulder before ordering a small thing of crab dip, smiling at the puzzled look he receives when he places it down before his clone, gesturing for him to eat something.

“How did you…” He begins, trailing off when the Alpha/Beta taps his temple and takes a cracker while his cheeks flush.

“You will be able to use your abilities and control them soon,” he replies, leaning back in his chair. “I just have several years on you, and you just know.”

The Pure Alpha furrows his brows and studies his genetic donor, earning a soft smile and a tap on the silver claddagh ring the puzzles him even more, taking a sip of his water and a bite of the dip before him.

“You just know if they are the one that you want to spend the rest of your life with, bound in holy matrimony, or bonded to your mate,” Khan explains softly. “And since you two are Perfect Mates, and expecting, I think the ‘bound in holy matrimony’ is just the next logical step, do you not agree?”

Naki hesitates before nodding and leans back in his chair, looking down at his lap before a hand is placed up on the table, sliding his hand into it to be held gently.

“Now go be with your mate,” his genetic donor says softly. “He needs you now, and you need to be with him, because the first thing you can do is appease one of his first cravings, even though he is a vegetarian.”

The Pure Alpha nods and takes the dip and crackers before exiting the older male’s quarters, leaving him alone with his thoughts as his mind continues to whirl in a chaotic jumble, trying to put the pieces of all that is going on together as he makes an attempt to fill in the blanks. The doors to his quarters slide open and he rises to his feet, watching his mate enter the room and opens his arms to hold him in a tight hug, rubbing his back soothingly as he presses a kiss to his temple.

“I’ve been cleared for duty,” Kirk says softly, holding onto the Sciences Blue overshirt. “But I have to bring down a container of water with electrolytes or Bones will kill me.”

His Alpha nods and presses a kiss to his forehead, both of them changing into their flight suits before the Captain replicates a container of water, both of them heading down to the main hanger to find the twins waiting for them. An unopened torpedo is already strapped down as they board the shuttle, the life givers strapping themselves in the back as their Alphas take the cockpit and begin pre-departure checks, the only chimera in the shuttle taking the controls and pilots the shuttle out of the hanger with a steady hand once they are cleared for departure.

“Here we go again,” Naki mutters, earning a glare from his genetic donor. “What? It is the truth, as
we are going-’’

He instantly shuts up under the withering glare sent his way, focusing on the instrumentation in front of him as the shuttle flies back to the planetoid, the Alpha/Beta prodding his fiancée to drink his water despite his mental protests.

“How much time do we have?” He asks, smiling when he feels his Omega drink his water.

“Over nine hours, closer to twelve,” Kirk replies, taking another long drink. “Organic computer viruses are different from inorganic viruses, as they are constantly evolving and growing smarter the longer they live, and since the virus happens to be a part of both me and you, it’s going to really screw with the Vengeance’s code, which will royally piss off Marcus, a bonus.”

Khan lets out a small snicker and shakes his head before falling silent, pressing his lips in a thin line when he feels smugness come through their bond, something he is unsure that he has felt from the other end.

“But of course it will,” he says quietly. “It is incredibly easy to piss him off, something we both have experience with.”

He says the last part quietly so only Naki can hear it, earning a glance as he continues to pilot the shuttle away from the Enterprise.

“Pure Alphas have a shorter fuse than a Klingon, then again, H’groybethi isn’t a normal Klingon,” his fiancée says, sipping his water.

The four fall silent as they continue their descent to the planetoid, the life givers sharing the water as the turbulence causes the shuttle to rock violently, but the pilot expertly begins to counteract the violent rocking to minimize it as best he can before his youngest clone speaks up after a few minutes.

“Just what, exactly, did you think you saw?” John asks, eyeing the torpedo warily.

Khan has his teeth clenched as he fights the turbulence, his muscles straining as he struggles to keep the shuttle steady while thinking on best how to answer, exhaling through his nose as he continues to pilot the shuttle.

“I do not know exactly,” he replies. “But it sets off warning bells, whatever it is.”

“You do not know what you saw, and yet you have a bad feeling about it?” Naki asks, surprised.

“When you have been around as long as I have,” his genetic donor replies, gritting his teeth. “You follow your gut, because it is always right.”

They touch down on the planetoid again and the life givers disembark, the two Alphas wheeling the pallet and torpedo away from the shuttle as their mates stretch their wings, moving to gather around the torpedo and begin to examine it with greater caution. The blond puts his hands on the torpedo and closes his eyes as he slips his own energy into the electronics, his Alpha smiling and shakes his head before turning his gaze to the monitor, studying the screen intently as he purses his lips. He manipulates the image in an attempt to figure out what he saw, his brows furrowing as he scans the image intently, his wings fluttering against his back and instinctively stretch out to curl around his fiancée to protect him.

“There!” He exclaims abruptly. “Underneath the cryotube. No wonder why I missed it!”
“Missed what?” Kirk asks, turning his head to look at him. “What are you talking about?”

“A microchip that I never put in the schematics, either time,” Khan replies, studying the monitor as he taps the screen. “Do you think you could find it and isolate it to give me a better view?”

“A better view of what? Wait, it’ll be a bit more difficult given where it is, but I think…” His mate trails off, eyes closed in concentration. “Damn that fucker’s hard to get to. It’s almost on a closed circuit, and it’s… hold on… sonuvabitch that thing’s being a pain in my… I got it.”

The Alpha/Beta curses as his eyes widen, his lips parting as his wings stiffen, his mouth working furiously but no sound comes out.

“Noonien? What is it?” His Omega asks, worried as his wings shift nervously against his back. “What’s going on?”

“I’ve, I’ve never seen anything like this before,” the Brit whispers once he can finally speak. “It’s almost as if it’s… evolving.”

His eyes are instantly drawn to the necklace hidden under the Omega’s clothing, lifting his gaze to lock arctic with glacial.

“The same as the necklace,” they whisper in unison.

“But, but I don’t see any reason why it’s there, or what its purpose is,” Khan says, his voice strangled. “It doesn’t appear to interfere with the torpedo’s circuitry, but it’s, it’s beyond-”

Kirk’s head suddenly snaps up, eyes blown wide open as his lips part, his wings stiffer than sheet metal as he freezes.

“Commander Spock, is there something approaching us from two clicks due east?” He asks, his voice strangled.

“Affirmative, Captain,” the Vulcan replies.

“Does it register as a solid sphere five-point-two-three-eight-nine meters in diameter?” The Captain asks, all the color draining from his face.

“Affirmative, Captain,” Spock confirms. “We are unable to identify it.”

“James? What is it?” The Alpha/Beta asks, watching as his mate rises to his feet and takes a few steps back, leaning against the side of the shuttle as he trembles.

“East, they always come from the east,” he whispers, sliding down the side of the shuttle to land on his rear. “They always come from the east.”

Khan is instantly by his Omega’s side, kneeling beside his wide-eyed, pale, and trembling mate, gasping for air as he swallows harshly. He keeps repeating the phrase under his breath in a strangled whisper, his wide glacial blue eyes fixed on the horizon.

“James, who is ‘they’?” His fiancé asks, brushing his hair off his forehead.

The word comes out strangled, the world simultaneously spinning out of control and screeching to a halt once it passes his lips.

Conduits.
The Alpha/Beta’s head snaps in the direction his Captain is staring at, due east, searching intently as his wings curl around him protectively.

“Spock, how far is it?” He demands, unable to see anything.

“Less than seven hundred fifty meters,” is the First Officer’s reply.

“I don’t see it,” Naki snarls, holding his twin tightly in his arms. “I don’t fucking see it!”

“Five hundred meters.”

“Where the fuck is it!” Khan screams, his heart pounding in his chest.

“Two hundred fifty meters.”

“Get us the fuck out of here!” The Pure Alpha roars.

“One hundred meters.”

John and Kirk begin screaming, eyes glued on something that the Alphas cannot see as the Pure Beta scrambles to get away, his back hitting the shuttle and slides down the side beside the Omega as they continue to scream.

“Fifty meters.”

The Alphas see a faint, shimmery outline of a generic human, the life givers’ screams rising to an ear shattering pitch and volume. Static bursts from the communicators as Khan and Naki find themselves completely immobile, hearts pounding in their chests. Their mates’ screams cut off abruptly, becoming completely still as they focus on the shimmering outline approaching, the Alphas unsure if they are breathing. The conduit approaches the life givers at a leisurely walking pace, kneeling before them as they stretch out a hand to touch the Omega’s cheek. His skin blisters under its touch as it strokes his cheek, his burns becoming worse the longer it touches, but the Captain remains frozen stiff. The Alpha/Beta cannot scream in agony, his mate too scared to do so. The conduit’s hand trails down his body, his clothes burning along the way, before resting its hand on his abdomen.

A sudden hum fills the air, rising in pitch and volume. The engaged couple feels the necklace burn white hot against their skin before it becomes a beacon of light, brighter than the sun in intensity. The conduit rears back, an inhuman shriek filling the air before it vanishes, the glow fading quickly as the Alphas’ mobility is returned to them.

“Doctor McCoy! Medical emergency!” Khan screams, cradling his mate in his arms.

The Omega is gasping for air as his body is wracked with pain, trembling violently as his burns begin to spread over his body, his glacial blue eyes wide open.

“Get us the fuck out of here!” The Augment roars, quickly surrounded by light.

The moment the couple materializes on the transporter pad, the now screaming Captain is whisked away by a panicked Medical team, leaving his mate kneeling on the pad, his chest tight with fear.

Khan paces outside the Medbay as his wings shift violently in agitation, the amethyst purple, sapphire blue, and emerald green iridescence shifting rapidly with each ripple of his wing’s
muscles, his heart pounding so hard in his chest he can feel his entire chest cavity vibrating with each rapid beat. The twins are sitting on the floor to the right of the door hip-to-hip, John hugging his knees to his chest as Naki rubs his back soothingly, leaning against the curved wall as his wing curls around him protectively. A scream rises up from behind the doors, the Alpha/Beta’s head snapping to the door at the sound, freezing mid-step. The sound continues for several seconds before it trails off into a heart wrenching sob, the hallway falling silent once more. Khan resumes his pacing, silent as he has been for the last hour.

“How is he, Doctor?” He demands once McCoy emerges from the Medbay, his wings shifting even more violently.

“Touch and go,” he replies, running a hand through his wild hair. “The burns keep spreading and growing worse, but I got it all, and we’re in the process of healing.”

“Can I see him?” The Alpha/Beta asks, his wings continuing to shift.

“I can’t let anyone see him,” the Doctor replies, looking exhausted. “He currently has seventy percent of his skin removed, and he’s in a sterilized room. Jim’s body can’t fight off any infection right now, but I have machines monitoring his vitals and accelerating the growth of his skin to graft it back on.”

“Seventy…” Khan whispers, his voice strangled as he falls to his knees.

Naki has to catch him before he cracks his skull open on the floor, his body completely limp as he becomes numb, staring unseeingly at his surroundings.

“Get him back to his quarters,” the Beta says, watching as the twins help their genetic donor to his feet. “It shouldn’t be more than three hours before Jim’s stable enough for me to graft his skin back on. Another hour after that, the scars won’t be visible.”

Kirk’s eyelids flutter before a soft moan spills past his chapped lips, slowly dragging his eyelids open and blinks slowly until he can see clearly, turning his head towards a noise that rises up beside him.

“Hey,” he says quietly, his voice hoarse and raspy.

Khan gives him the widest smile he has ever seen as he lets out a soft sob, tears streaming down his pale face and takes his hand between his large ones, cradling it gently and strokes his skin tenderly.

“Hey beautiful, welcome back,” he replies softly, leaning over the bed to press a tender kiss to his lips.

When they part, the blond looks down his body to see incredibly faint, thin, pale scars all over his body, all done with surgical precision.

“He had to graft, didn’t he?” He asks quietly, looking up to see his Alpha nod shakily.

“The Enterprise’s regeneration system could not get the skin Leonard grew to take hold, so he had to use the bio-repair system to generate useable skin to graft,” the Augment says quietly, continuing to hold his hand and stroke his skin.

“The same process we use to regrow lost or damaged body parts for personnel who’ve injured but
who aren’t beyond repair?” His mate asks. “And for whom for various medical reasons standard regeneration or prosthetics aren’t an option?”

“You read up on it, correct?” The dark haired male asks, a soft smile on his face.

“I’ve read up on a lot of things,” the Captain replies, looking back down his body. “This is as good as it gets, right?”

“Unfortunately,” his Alpha says quietly. “Something about the burns prevented Leonard from completely hiding the scars, but he did the best he could. They will never go away, James.”

His Captain nods and closes his eyes, exhaling softly through his nose as he thinks, enjoying the tender stroking on his skin.

“How long was I out?” He asks after a few minutes, opening his eyes to lock glacial with arctic.

“Almost six hours, love,” the dark haired male replies, continuing to stroke his skin. “ Lieutenant Uhura has been able to tap into the Io Facility’s secure channel, with my help, and she has agreed to not disclose any information she hears and only inform me of any new developments. Marcus is still having trouble with our virus, but we may not have as long as we hoped for.”

“Have they left the Io Facility?” His Omega asks, squeezing his hand.

The Alpha/Beta shakes his head before looking around, making sure no one is around before he leans down, brushing his lips against his ear as he speaks softly.

“I am ready,” he whispers in Hindi. “And I know that you are too.”

The mother of his unborn child turns to meet his gaze, the couple coming to a silent agreement and rests their foreheads together, their lips brushing before they part and lock eyes with each other.

“Jim!” McCoy shouts. “Thank god you’re awake!”

The Omega smiles softly as his Chief Medical Officer races to his side, his uninjured wings fluttering weakly as the Brit moves away to give them some privacy, choosing instead to focus on the cryotube on the biobed and examine the results from the scan. After a few minutes, the Doctor pats his Commanding Officer on the shoulder before heading towards his fellow Commander, placing his hand on his shoulder.

“He’s clear to go back to his quarters, and in about an hour, he’ll be cleared for duty,” he says, dropping his voice when he speaks again. “Just be gentle with him, okay?”

The dark haired male nods as his shoulder is patted, turning on his heel to return to his duty as the couple works together to dress the younger of the two, his fiancé scooping him up to carry him to their shared quarters as he makes sure that he is not jostled. Khan gently lowers him onto the bedcovers and watches as he spreads out on the bed, his dark golden blond wings spreading out over the sheets as the lighter, vulnerable undersides are exposed, watching him swallow as his cheeks turn light pink and meets his gaze with soft glacial blue eyes. Kirk’s eyes fall shut as he tries to calm his breathing before opening them, feeling the bed dip as the Alpha/Beta crawls onto it to kneel over him, his massive jet black wings spreading over them as he keeps their gazes locked, his arctic blue eyes soft as their bond thrums between them and their scents wrap around each other. His razor sharp cheekbones are highlighted by a light flush as he cups his Captain’s cheek, gently thumbing his heated cheek tenderly as glacial blue eyes fall shut, the blond turning his head to nuzzle his palm as he babbles softly in his native tongue.
Sinfully soft lips press against his, strawberries and vanilla mixing with tres leches and brigadeiro as their lips part, tongues tangling as lips and teeth are expertly used in the kiss. The Omega’s hands slide into his fiancé’s hair and lightly grip his jet black hair, the silk-like strands slipping through his fingers as he tugs him down gently, wrapping his arms around his long pale neck to hold onto him. The Augment settles between his legs as he carefully applies his weight onto him, his hands sliding down his body to slip under his shirts and stroke his narrow waist before trailing down his body, hooking a hand under his knee to place it over his hip and runs his hand up and down his leg soothingly. He pulls the younger male into his lap as he sits up and holds onto him, crossing his legs as a warm weight settles in his lap and holds onto him, running his hands up and down his back and slips under his shirts to stroke the sinfully soft skin underneath. He does not resist as he is pushed down onto his back and his Captain settles between his legs, his large hands moving to rub small circles on the small of his back as their lips continue to work slowly against each other, hands gently roaming over their bodies as their wings brush against each other.

Kirk sits up and settles on his hips with his palms flat against his broad chest as he looks down at his fiancé, his glacial blue eyes soft as his dark golden blond wings stretch out to brush against massive jet black, the darker golden blond, golden blond, and pale, almost white, golden blond highlights shimmer in the light as if they radiate sunlight.

“Are you ready?” He asks softly.

Khan lets out a shuddery exhale and nods before he looks away, his blush darkening as he fights to not fold his wings tightly around himself, hating himself for how nervous he is as he squeezes his eyes shut. He feels his chin be held between slender fingers and turned back so when he opens his eyes, he is staring into soft glacial blue while being smiled softly at, though the nervousness is clear between the both of them.

“Noonien,” the blond says softly. “Are you sure that you want to do this? We don’t have to if you’re nervous.”

The Augment chuckles softly as his blush darkens even more, smiling sheepishly as his wings make an attempt to curl around himself before he forces them back, looking up with embarrassment.

“Is it that obvious?” He asks, propping himself on his elbows.

“It is,” his fiancée replies quietly, stroking a razor sharp cheekbone. “Honestly, we don’t have to do this.”

The Alpha/Beta shakes his head and lowers himself back onto the bed, taking a shuddery breath as he spreads his wings to expose the vulnerable undersides, closing his eyes as he tries to let go of his dominating Alpha side.

“You can still be dominating while, bottoming,” the Captain says quietly, flushing even darker as he looks away. “I, I won’t object to it.”

“James,” his Alpha says softly, tangling a hand into his dark golden blond hair. “Just stop talking.”

He pulls him down so he can silence him with his sinfully soft lips as he folds his massive jet black wings around them, his hands sliding down to the hem of his shirts and slips under to push up his shirt to expose his back and trace his spine, feeling slender feminine hands slip under his shirts to trace the valleys of his abdominal muscles with a feather light touch. The hands slip higher up his chest to lightly pinch his nipples and gasps loudly at the sensation, his mate fully taking advantage of how sensitive they are and lightly pinches and twists them to earn shivers, his breathing
deepening as blood quickly moves south and his pulse begins to race. He swallows air and tries to calm his nerves as he fights to keep his dominating Alpha side at bay, soft lips pressing against his as a warm weight settles on his chest and slender hands hold his face, his large hands resting on his prominent hips and thumbs their crests before they part. The Brit looks up into soft glacial blue eyes as his cheekbones are stroked, his own arctic blue eyes falling shut as he is kissed again and feels a tendril slip into his mind and through his body, a sense of peace and relaxation coursing through him that chases away any fear and nervousness he has.

“I have you, Noonien,” his Captain whispers against his lips. “You can trust me.”

“I know,” his mate whispers back, tangling a long pale fingered hand into dark golden blond hair. “And I do trust you, James.”

The Omega lets himself be pulled down before he pulls away and gently tugs on the hem of the Brit’s shirts, lifting them over his head and tosses them aside so he can run his slender fingers over the acres of pale flawless skin, leaning down to brush their lips together as he brushes his fingers all over his incredibly warm skin before he pulls away and lifts his own shirts over his head. The older male rumbles and takes his hips in his large pale hands, stroking the crests tenderly before sliding them up to trace the valleys and bumps of his ribcage, his hands quickly being placed next to his head before nimble fingers quickly undo his fly and lightly trace the elastic band of his Starfleet issued underwear. The dark haired male cannot ignore the temptation of his Omega’s soft curvy body and lifts his hands to run them over his skin, only to have them pinned down to the mattress accompanied by a sharp nip to his lower lip and a low growl, responding with his own low rumble and quickly flips them over so he can take control. He runs his hands over his soft curves and licks behind his teeth before he is flipped onto his back, opening his eyes when the lips leave his and look into the glacial blue of the mother of his unborn child, the couple smiling softly at each other as they stretch out their wings to brush against each other.

Kirk lowers his mouth to his fiancé’s Adam’s apple and sucks lightly before trailing his lips down his body, raising bright red lines with nips and his short nails on his pale skin before moving onto his real target and gently licks one of his nipples, earning a loud gasp that turns into a long drawn out moan as a shiver runs down his spine. Khan tips his head back as his breathing deepens and lifts his hips to help his mate remove his pants after his boots are tugged off, hearing the rustling of clothing and feels the mattress shift before the lips are back on his as slender feminine hands tangle their fingers together, the blond pulling away to reach for his underwear and gently tug it down his legs before doing the same with his own. The Augment swallows thickly as his nervousness makes itself known and causes him to tremble, the tendril worming into his mind again to chase away any doubt and fear that has decided to make a comeback, a smile curling on his lips as the hands roam over his body lovingly and tenderly. He quickly pushes up onto his knees so his young Captain’s head lands on the pillows as he falls backwards, his hands roaming over his body as he keeps their mouths sealed together and the kiss heated, growling as he finds him on his back once more and attempts to rise again only to feel incredibly sharp teeth at his throat. He freezes as the Omega holds his throat lightly with his fangs before letting go and looks him in the eye, his head tipping back slightly as his lips pull back while his fangs recede into the slits in his gums, looking back down at the dark haired male with his message that he is in full control having clearly been delivered. He drops back down to smear their mouths together before trailing his lips down his pale skin, sucking on his throat lightly before dipping his tongue into the hollow base of his throat on his path downwards, pressing kisses down his sternum as his slender fingers wander over his warm smooth skin. His mate tips his head back and lets his arctic blue eyes fall shut as he exhales through his nose, his jet black wings fluttering on the bed as he keeps his palms flat against the sheets and his fingers splayed out across them, chuckling as the lips press against his and flips his hand over as a slender feminine one slides down his arm to tangle their fingers together.
The blond squeezes his hand and slips his tongue into his mouth as a large pale hand slides into his dark golden blond hair, holding his head steady as they kiss before they part and the lips slide back down his body, brushing over his abdomen and dips into his navel before breathing on his mostly hard penis. The Alpha/Beta shivers and moans as the hot air sends tingles up his spine before gasping as he is licked, quickly stiffening the rest of the way as he is hesitantly licked and shivers as a gentle kiss is placed on the head, lips wrapping around him and sucks hesitantly as a slender hand wraps around him. His eyes roll into the back of his head as he is gently stroked, moaning softly and curls his fingers into the sheets as he fights to not grab the dark golden blond head and thrust into his mouth, swallowing hard as he feels just how hesitant and timid his mate is. He bobs up and down slowly as he keeps his glacial blue eyes fixed on his pale face, watching his lips part as he takes in air and his Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows, taking more of him into his mouth and feels him nudge the back of his throat as he continues to bob over his groin. The sounds the older male is making stirs something inside him that he did not know was there, almost, almost like an Omega’s pride at their enemy submitting to them or the pleasure of taking down a kill when his species first emerged. He feels this pride as his Alpha submits to him spread throughout his body and makes him bolder, letting him nudge the back of his throat before relaxing and letting him in a little bit as a sharp inhale occurs above him, pulling away to take a few breaths before taking a little bit more in each time.

Khan holds as still as possible as his fiancée bobs over him and takes more of him in, fighting the urge to thrust up into his mouth while grabbing his hair to pull him down onto him and into his throat, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as an incredibly deep and lewd moan spills past his lips when lips touch his pelvis. He instinctively thrusts up and quickly recoils when the blond chokes at the action, pulling off completely and coughs violently while his wings spasm violently, gasping for air once he can finally stop coughing and glances at the worried older male that is hovering around him nervously. Kirk sends him a reassuring smile and motions for him to lie back down before he crawls over him, his wings spreading as he settles his weight on his hips and rests his palms flat on his chest, leaning down to press their lips together in a tender kiss. He pulls away and holds the Alpha/Beta’s pale angular face in his slender hands before leaning down to kiss him again, his dark golden blond wings curling around them before he pulls away and moves down his body while pressing soft kisses to his warm pale skin, glancing up as he worries his lower lip with his teeth before motioning for a pillow. The Augment hands him one with a puzzled expression and settles back down on the bed, lifting his hips when his Omega motions for him to do so and shoves the pillow under them, furrowing his brows together as the other end of their bond is closed and the younger of the pair looks up hesitantly. When he opens his mouth to speak and inquire as to what is making his young Omega so nervous, he can only watch as the dark golden blond head ducks down between legs and feel something wet touch him between his cheeks, throwing his head back and cries out as sensations zip up his spine.

He gasps for air as his entire body trembles and squeezes his eyes tightly closed, unable to stop the words and sounds from spilling past his lips as the tongue licks between his cheeks, feeling hands gently slide up to his cheeks and pull them apart as the tongue continues to tease him. The Alpha/Beta is trembling as the tongue presses against a place where only it has been, shivering as it tries, and fails, to get inside and licks to soften him, point blank refusing to look down at the dark golden blond head between his legs. He can feel his Captain’s tongue working him open before crying out as it slips inside, drawling his knees up to help him gain access as he tears holes in the sheets and pants harshly, teeth clenching to hold back the most humiliating sounds he has ever made as the tongue works him open.

“I want to hear you, Noonien,” the blond whispers as he pulls away, earning a loud whimper at the action. “It’s just me baby, you can lower your barriers around me.”

His fiancé hesitates before nodding and leans back against the pillows, a shudder running down his
spine as a hot breath washes over his inner thighs and his most intimate areas, whimpering softly as the breath becomes focused on the one place no one has ever been as grips the sheets tightly. He cries out as the tongue gently touches him between his cheeks and licks gently, hands spreading him apart and exposes him to the world as the tongue softens him before slipping inside, throwing his head back as a loud cry spills past his lips. His toes curl on the bed and his body trembles as the tongue works him open, barely noticing the slick finger slipping alongside the tongue that quickly sets to work on stretching him, the tongue pulling away to gently lick him before wrapping his lips around him and sucks lightly. The Omega’s free hand wraps around the base and gently moves up and down as he uses his lips and tongue to tease the head, working the foreskin as he keeps his glacial eyes focused on his mate’s face to gauge his reaction and response, flicking his tongue over the tip as he slips a second finger inside. He hollows his cheeks and bobs up and down as he pumps him with his free hand, gently working his fingers inside him to stretch him as he keeps him distracted and slips a tendril inside his mind to calm him as panic flares up inside, feeling just as nervous about penetrating as the older male is about being penetrated. He slips his fingers a little deeper inside his mate and accidently brushes over a small bump, the Augment’s whole body jerking violently as his back arches off the bed and his mouth opens in a silent howl, his trembling increasing before falling back onto the bed and gasps wildly as his heart pounds in his chest.

“James,” he whispers, his voice cracking as tears stream down his cheeks. “Please. Please.”

Kirk pauses before pulling away and reaches for the bottle of lube, slicking himself up as his own nervousness makes itself known and his hand begins to shake, moving to kneel over his mate before lowering his body on top of him and shivers as he brushes between his cheeks. He takes a deep breath in and wraps a hand around himself before lining up, his head buried in the crook of his pale neck as he presses against him, gasping as his body opens to him and slips inside. Khan inhales sharply at the sensation and tenses as pain flares up before forcing himself to relax, taking a deep breath before nodding to allow his mate to push in and gasps as he moves into him, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as pain and pleasure war inside him. The Omega shivers as he pushes all the way inside and pants harshly against his neck, fighting to not move as he feels the dark haired male trying to get himself to relax and takes deep breaths to work through the pain, turning his head towards the smaller male as he wraps an arm around his waist and curls his fingers in possession. It takes several minutes before he finally nods and his breath hitches as his Captain pulls out and pushes back in, his breathing deepening as the thrusts become more confident and tips his head back as he wraps his arms around him tightly, swallowing and licks his lips while his mate moves to kneel above him and watch his face as he continues to move. He swallows hard and drops down to smear their mouths together as he slips his tongue into his mouth, gasping as legs warp around his waist and squeeze his sides as a pale hand tangles in his dark golden blond hair, crushing their mouths together before he tosses his head back and cries out as the bundle of nerves is brushed.

“Oh fuck!” He cries out. “James!”

He gasps for air as the thrusts begin to gain force and the hips snap forward, feeling a hand scrabble for his and releases his grip to allow the hand to tangle their fingers together, squeezing each other tightly as his mouth is claimed in a kiss and swallows his soft whimpers at each snap of his Omega’s hips. The Augment is surprised when he finds that he loses the battle of their tongues as his eyes roll into the back of his head, sparks shooting up his spine when something is brushed inside of him, completely understanding why his mate is so vocal in bed when he is stimulating that same something. He cannot stop the soft needy noises that are punched out of him with each inward thrust, his free hand wrapping around the Captain’s waist to hold him tightly as their lips continue to work furiously against each other, the Brit feeling the thrusts continue to gain force from the increase of speed as his young Omega takes advantage of his natural assets. He fully knows that he is nowhere near as large as the other males from their reality, since Omegas’ male
reproductive system is all but useless and many of the organs serve no purpose since almost all of the sex hormones Omegas produce come from their internal female reproductive system, and nearly every Omega male identified with their primary gender and the femininity caused by it. Even though Omegas controlled the relationship with their Alphas, their mates would put their feet down when it involved submitting to their Omegas completely in terms of sex, balking at the fact that an Omega wanted to completely dominate their Alpha in what was called, “a true top.” A few Alphas had let slip when they were slightly buzzed that they were confident enough in their sexuality that they would allow their Omegas to dominate them and thoroughly enjoyed the experience not only physically, but allowed them to understand what their Omega went through during sex and even grew closer together during the experience, neither of them objecting to having the event repeat again.

And neither is he.

Khan gasps loudly and his breath hitches with every thrust from his mate, clawing at his back as he lets out soft moans and whimpers and cries out in ecstasy when the bundle of nerves is brushed inside him, gasping and clings to the slender body moving rapidly above him as his neck is licked. Kirk is gasping and grunting above him before dropping down to smear their mouths together, pulling away as his glacial blue eyes seek permission before earning a nod and pauses, almost as if he is winding up and his Alpha swallows hard before throwing his head back and screams as he is pounded into at a speed that only a Pure Omega can keep. He clings to him as his mouth works furiously and sounds come spilling out that he could not stop if he wanted to, continuing to cry out as his head remains thrown back and his eyes squeezed tightly shut, turning his head to the side as a mouth attaches itself to his neck and sucks a dark mark on his neck. A high pitched scream tears itself out of the Augment’s throat as his orgasm hits him full force, every muscle in his body clamping down as he grips his mate’s biceps tight enough to leave clearly defined jet black bruises on his skin, his back arching off the bed before collapsing and gasps for air as the Captain cries out against his skin as he peaks as well. They remain completely limp and gasp for air as they hold onto each other, their bodies trembling as their hearts pound in their chests before they are consumed with hysterical giggles, turning their heads just enough to brush their lips together as they continue to tremble.

“I can’t believe I screamed,” the Alpha/Beta gasps, tears streaming down his cheeks as he giggles.

“I can’t believe I fucking screamed.”

“I can’t believe it either, but I do when we have sex,” the blond giggles, lifting himself up just enough to rub noses with the father of his unborn child.

The Augment chuckles and winces as his mate pulls out but rolls them onto their sides, holding each other tightly as they fold their wings around each other and run their hands over their mate’s bodies, their bodies fitting together perfectly as hard angles mold with soft curves. The younger of the pair tucks his head under his Alpha’s chin as he babbles and coos in his native tongue, his fiancé chuckling softly and rubs his back gently, nuzzling his temple as their racing hearts begin to slow. The blond suddenly falls silent and sits up as he looks down at his bedmate, glacial meeting arctic as dark golden blond wings curl around his shoulders, the older of the pair furrowing his brow as his mate remains silent.

“James?” The dark haired male asks, propping himself on his elbows. “Is everything alright?”

The Omega’s lips part as his glacial blue eyes fall shut, the Brit’s mouth dropping as he sings in his native tongue, his arctic blue eyes widening to the size of saucers.

Khan suddenly begins to weep at the sound, tears pouring down his cheeks as he cries harder than
he ever has in his life, consumed with a wide range of emotions that both contradict and compliment each other. His mate’s voice hits notes that no human could ever produce as he feels the emotion in the song more than hears it, the sound inhumanly beautiful as he covers his mouth with his hand, tears streaming down his face. Kirk holds the last note before letting it trail off into silence, his cheeks bright red as he flushes with embarrassment and looks away, wrapping his arms around his knees as his wings curl around his shoulders.

“I’ve, I’ve never,” he says quietly, swallowing. “You’re the first person I’ve ever sung for. No human, no human has ever heard me sing. Ever. I sang in The Empress’ Garden to the creatures that lived there and to help heal the plant life, as it is bound to my bloodline’s wellbeing.”

“What do you mean?” His fiancé asks as he wipes at his eyes.

“There are, many things that are not known about my bloodline,” the Omega says quietly, still looking away. “Things that only the Empress can know, not the royal bloodline, but the Empress. Things that not even The Council knows about. Or shouldn’t know, at least. But singing in my native tongue is something that not even my mother has heard, as it is the one thing that must be kept secret.”

“Why?” The Augment inquires, still wiping at his eyes.

His Captain hesitates and worries his lower lip with his teeth as he fiddles with his necklace, clearly thinking long and hard about something ingrained into his genetic memories as his thoughts completely vanish, a void filling his place as he continues to think.

“Because my bloodline is so old, it’s connected to the very essence of the Earth and everywhere humanity has had an influence,” he begins quietly. “By singing, I can influence my very environment with just my voice, from the plants to the animals, the weather, the landscape, everything. I can cause earthquakes, tsunamis, tornados, hurricanes, and other things in places where they would never occur. I can make it rain in a desert that has never seen a drop of water, create a hurricane over land where it would never be seen, cause an earthquake to occur in a place that has no possibility of happening, and I can cause a volcano to be formed where it should not. But that is not the worst of it.”

“What can be worse?” The Brit says hesitantly.

“I can influence my environment in a place that has never had anyone of any species step foot on, make a barren planet Class M, and even a Class Y planet Class M,” his mate says quietly, nodding at the sharp inhale. “My abilities are far stronger than anyone realizes, or should know. Which is why I am begging that you tell no one about this, for it can be used as a weapon, because it cannot be resisted. At all. Everyone and everything must obey it completely, even mentally, and they have no thoughts of opposition against during and after.”

He grabs his mate’s hands and holds them tightly, his glacial blue eyes wide and begging as tears threaten to fall, his wings stretching forward to curl around him as his terror becomes clear.

“You can’t tell anyone what I just told you,” he begs, his voice wavering. “I may be the Empress of Earth, the most powerful Pure Omega to ever exist, but I can still be controlled by others. You think you’re a weapon, why do you think Pure Omegas, and Omegas in general, are the apex predators?”

The Alpha/Beta stares into his eyes before nodding, pulling his young Omega into his lap and holds him tightly as he folds his massive jet black wings around them, turning his head to nuzzle his temple as a head is buried into the crook of his neck and tears splash onto his pale skin.
“I promise, James, my Empress,” he murmurs softly in Hindi. “Your secret is safe with me, for as long as I live, it will never spill past my lips. No one will know about this, as I will never let anyone control you again. It after what you have been through.”

“Thank you,” the blond whispers, his fingers curling into his pale skin. “Thank you so much.”

“I have, one request,” his mate says softly. “May I, may I hear you sing again?”

“It was hard enough for me to sing in front of you, let alone to sing again,” the Captain says quietly. “I don’t know if I can.”

“Then you do not have to,” the dark haired male says softly. “It was just a request, love.”

“Why, why do you want to hear me sing again?” His fiancée asks softly.

“Because I experienced emotions that I have never felt before, James,” the Brit says quietly. “And if I can get you out of your shell as well as have you realize that you can completely trust me, then that is a success in my eyes.”

His Captain pulls away and looks him in the eyes as he is smiled softly, the older male’s eyes crinkling around the corners as his smiles and his arctic blue eyes light up with joy, leaning in to nuzzle his cheeks as he murmurs softly in Hindi to soothe him. He smiles again as he feels heat rise up from the face he is showering with affection, rubbing his back soothingly as he rumbles softly and continues to murmur in his native tongue, his smile widening as he is cooed softly at in a high melodic singing voice. He responds in kind in his deep baritone rumble in a language that one could actually understand, as he is the first of his bloodline and therefore does not have a native tongue, the higher voice falling silent and cuddles closer to his warm body as he rests his forehead in the crook of his pale neck. Kirk’s glacial blue eyes fall shut as he feels the deep baritone purr vibrate through his chest and into his body, sighing softly as a soft smile spreads across his lips and inhales his scent deeply, listening to the rise and fall of the voice of the love of his life.

“That was beautiful, Noonien,” he says softly, earning a pleased rumble. “I am thankful that I am the only one to hear you sing.”

“And I am grateful that I am the only one to hear you sing, Empress,” the Alpha/Beta says softly. “And that you were my first.”

“And I’m glad that you were mine,” the Captain says softly before tipping his head up to brush their lips together. “And I’m glad that I met someone who I can trust with some of my most-”

“Proximity alert, sir,” Sulu says over the speakers in the Captain’s quarters. “There’s a ship at warp heading right for us. It will intersect our coordinates in-”

There is a pause as the Helmsman checks his readouts, giving a reply that surprises his Captain.

“I don’t have a specific time frame, sir,” he says. “Soon. A matter of minutes.”

“Klingons?” Kirk asks worriedly.

“No, sir,” the Helmsman says. “Its origin appears to have come from the general direction of Earth.”

The couple shares a worried look before replying that they will be on the bridge shortly, parting to change before the Omega’s wrist is grabbed and he is pulled into a tight hug, massive jet black wings folding around him as he is held to a warm muscular body.
“Stay safe, James,” Khan whispers, curling his fingers in possession as he fights back tears. “For all our sakes.”

“I know, Noonien,” his Captain whispers, holding on tightly. “But I fear that fate has other plans for us, and they won’t be merciful.”
Chapter XLI

Chapter Notes

I am not dead, people. Swear to god, I've been walking around my college campus and people have not seen me as a zombie. But now, how does Kirk handle being forced to face his abuser where he is outgunned? Literally.

Getting close to the climax of the story, this isn't it, but we're getting close.

To all my creepy college lurkers out there, thanks for not judging.

My mind really is twisted.

Read on.

“Noonien?”

Khan pauses in pulling on his boot to look up at the timid voice that spoke his name, watching his mate worry his lower lip with his teeth as he fiddles with his necklace, dressed in his standard duty uniform with his Command Gold overshirt bringing out the highlights in his dark golden blond wings. The older male quickly pulls on his boot and is instantly by his side, pulling him into a tight hug as he folds his massive jet black wings around them and cradles his body close, murmuring softly in Hindi to calm his nerves as he feels tears roll down both their cheeks. He pulls his shirt to the side just enough to expose his mark of claim, lowering his mouth to his skin and lines his teeth up with the scar, the younger of the pair mimicking his actions as he lines up his teeth with the scar perfectly. They hold each other with their teeth before letting go, their eyes locking with each other as glacial and arctic become unable to look away, closing the distance between their lips as their eyes fall shut and wrap their limbs around each other to hold each other close.

‘I’m scared,’ Kirk thinks, his terror clear. ‘I’m really scared.’

‘I know,’ his Alpha thinks back. ‘I am too.’

The couple parts and refuses to let go of each other, slipping inside the younger male’s body to listen to the rapidly beating tattoo of their unborn child, holding each other tightly as tears stream down their face and fight to not cry.

“We have to go, love,” the Augment says softly. “And it will be best for us to sheath our wings.”

The blond nods and the couple sheathes their wings, walking side-by-side to the bridge as they brush the backs of their hands together, the older male glancing over at his mate as he remains silent. The Alpha/Beta notes that the man beside him slips into his Captain-ly persona with ease, but looks as if the weight of the universe is on his shoulders. The authoritative and commanding posture is less intimidating, lacking its air of complete and utter demand of obedience, almost…

Almost as if he has given up.

The Brit’s heart goes out to his young Captain, that small glimpse of vulnerability gone the moment the turbolift doors open.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” he says the moment he steps out of the lift. “Do we have an ETA on the approaching ship?”
“Thirty seconds, sir,” is the prompt reply.

The Omega grips the command chair’s arms for a brief second, his terror clear in every way possible before it is gone in the blink of an eye.

“Shields,” he crisply orders, leaning back into his chair.

The dark haired male watches his fiancée from his station with a worried expression, knowing that he could not be seen from his position on the bridge as he feels his sheathed wings shift violently against his back, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he waits for the inevitable.

The USS Vengeance slams out of warp from the depths of the green nebula that has been the most prominent stellar feature ever since the Enterprise has been left drifting, her Captain’s mouth going dry at the sight of the massive warship.

Khan knows his creation’s design well, Dreadnought-class, roughly two times the size of the Enterprise, she comes in at one-point-four-five-nine kilometers by seven hundred forty meters by two hundred seventy-five meters, while the Enterprise is only seven hundred sixty-two meters by three hundred thirty-five-point-two-eight meters but one hundred ninety-point-five meters. Though the Enterprise is the largest ship in the Federation fleet, his creation dwarfs her and nearly every ship in creation, wondering why he had created her again.

Jet black in color, she had been constructed along the general design of a Constitution-class starship, but her lines are heavier, her entire appearance, from greatly extended nacelles to bow, is more massive and armored. Weapons blisters are amply in evidence everywhere on the huge vessel, even more hidden away. Every part of the Vengeance has been reinforced, befeud up, braced, and that is what you could see.

She is beautiful, fierce, exotic, terrifying, and the Augment realizes that he is also describing his mate when his fangs are exposed.

He glances over at the Omega in question, wishing he could stand by his side and soothe him as his glacial blue eyes remain focused on the ship that had inflicted so much pain on him, his fingers curling on the ends of the armrests as he stares down the first Starfleet ship built solely for combat.

“Captain,” Uhura announces. “They’re hailing us, sir. Standard Starfleet intership communication frequency, short-range tight beam.”

“God, give me strength,” Kirk prays under his breath before raising his voice. “On screen. Broadcast shipwide, for the record. Everyone on board might as well bear witness to whatever transpires.”

Admiral Alexander Marcus appears on the forward screen, the Vengeance’s bridge more advanced in both appearance and design, as well as leaner and colder than that of the Enterprise.

“Captain Kirk,” he says, his tone professionally cordial.

‘Play along!’ The Alpha/Beta hisses mentally as a spike of fear shoots through their bond.

“Admiral Marcus,” his Captain says, nodding. “I wasn’t expecting you. That’s some ship.”

“And I wasn’t expecting to get word that you’d taken Harrison and his twin into custody in violation of your orders. Or did you forget that you were directed to find them and take them out?” The Pure Alpha asks before shaking his head sadly. “Orders disobeyed are orders never forgotten; the more so when they’re as simple and straightforward as the ones you were given.”
He leans forward slightly in his dark command chair, his tone becoming unexpectedly tender.

“What happened, son?” He asks softly. “What went wrong?”

The dark haired male hisses out of view, his primary teeth bared as his fangs threaten to descend, red creeping in around the edges of his vision as rage makes his blood boil. He desperately wants to get his hands on the Admiral again, but this time, he will kill, correction, torture, his fiancée’s rapist/abuser/molester until he is satisfied that just has been done, and then kill him just as slowly.

“The unexpected happened, sir,” Kirk replies, trying to remain calm. “Not something to be dismissed lightly, when one considers our present location. We had to improvise when we experienced a warp core malfunction.”

He tries to respond in a manner that is both engaging and innocent, while trying to not burst into tears.

“But you already knew that, didn’t you, sir,” he finishes.

“I don’t take your meaning,” the Admiral says, looking annoyed while sounding increasingly impatient.

“Well, that’s why you’re here, isn’t it?” The Captain asks, suddenly calm and collected. “To assist us with repairs? Why else would the head of Starfleet personally bring a ship to the edge of the Neutral Zone?”

‘Stay in your quarters!’ Khan mentally orders when he feels his clones leave them. ‘We need you safe!’

He can feel that his mate is growing more confident, his scent displaying it as well, though he wonders about the sudden change.

“Captain, they’re scanning our ship,” Sulu murmurs from his position at the helm.

“Did you hear that, Admiral? Having a quiet look around?” The blond asks, his smile tightening. “Something I can help you find, sir?”

‘How much longer can you draw this out?’ The Alpha/Beta asks mentally.

‘As long as it takes,’ his fiancée replies.

“Where are your prisoners, Kirk?” Marcus asks, leaning forward in his command chair, clearly losing his patience. “And don’t tell me they’re no longer on your ship. You know what they did. You’d never release them from custody and certainly not send them back to Qo’noS. Tell me where you’re holding Harrison and his twin, and drop your shields so we can beam them over. I’m superseding your authority as of now.”

“No need for that, sir,” the Omega says, sitting straighter in his command chair. “As the captor of the record, it’s my duty and responsibility to maintain control of the prisoners until they can be turned over to the appropriate authorities to find the real culprit.”

His Alpha, current and former, frown, unsure where he is going with this.

“All as per Starfleet regulations,” he continues. “The fact that I’m familiar with their crimes, and the mastermind’s, changes nothing. I’m preparing to return John and Naki to Earth for trial, so they can divulge the location of the real Commander John Harrison, which they claim to be an alias for
the twentieth century Augment, Khan Noonien Singh. All three must pay for their crimes and face trial, sir.”

“You are throwing him off guard,” the Augment murmurs quietly under his breath.

“I would hope we can proceed with your understanding,” his Captain adds. “I assure you that the prisoners are being well looked after and are completely under our control.”

He pauses again, his fingers twitching.

“We didn’t even have to fire so much as a single one of the ‘new’ torpedoes at them,” he finishes.

The Admiral scratches his forehead as he leans back into his chair, his posture and expression softening, but not relaxing.

“Well, shit. You talked to them,” he says, shaking his head sadly. “This is exactly what I was hoping to spare you from.”

“‘Spare’ me?” Kirk asks, his tone turning annoyed. “Spare me from the fact that a homicidal madman is loose somewhere on Earth after cloning himself to carry out his plans? Spare me from the fact that it is possible that there is more to this than just to clones?”

“Listen to me, son,” the Pure Alpha says, his tone turning benign, almost avuncular. “I mad a mistake. I’m not afraid to admit it. There’d be no point in not admitting it. Not when your prisoners have gone out of their way to provide ample proof of my error. I took a tactical risk waking that bastard up, thinking his super brain could help us protect ourselves from whatever came at us next.”

“The Klingon Empire,” the Captain supplies, fighting to not flick his gaze to his mate.

“At the moment, yes. In the future, who knows?” Marcus confirms, nodding. “I was hoping to use this creature-”

The dark haired male in question rumbles softly, teeth bared.

“-to give Starfleet a boost in combat knowledge, skills, and material development. At first, it seemed as if that was going to be exactly the result. I was elated at the progress made by Section 31, but I decided to hold back on releasing any results until I had something really spectacular to present to the general staff. My problem...”

His voice trails away, taking a few moments to compose himself, allowing the Brit to curse softly at him out of sight and out of hearing range.

“My problem with your prisoners was that I didn’t really know what their genetic donor was, what he really was-”


“-and now the blood of everyone they killed is on my hands. That is something I will have to deal with separately, on my own. But not until this episode is resolved. I blame you for nothing, Kirk-”

‘Bullshit,’ the blond thinks, feeling his ring dig into his skin as he grips the arms of the chair. ‘You blame me for everything because of my gender.’

“-Not even for failing to carry out your orders, now that I know you’ve spoken with them. Because
I know what their capable of. What he’s capable of. He fooled me; they’ve fooled you. There will be no reprisals against you or any of your crew. I’ll see to that personally. In fact, if I can manage it, the entire incident will be expunged from the official records. Now I’m asking you: Give them to me so I can end what I started, and let’s put all this behind us.”

The Omega hesitates, realizing that what he is saying, the entire thing, he actually means. Unlike the last time, the Admiral is willing to let his crew, and himself, be granted full amnesty for the event, but he is leaving something crucial out that he thinks only his former Omega can hear, something that makes his blood turn to ice. All three Augments had to be turned over to him without trying to pull the wool over his eyes, the twins having the high probability of being destroyed, or they would be “reprogrammed,” their minds wiped of their memories and their brains rewired so they were obedient. His fiancé would be forced to work for Section 31 and resume what he had been doing before, creating weapons for a heavily militarized Starfleet, to destroy what saved him and gave him a purpose instead of killing himself once he had been healed. He suffered nightmares that left him afraid of everything after he had joined Starfleet, and learning that he had been pregnant with his rapist’s child drove him to the edge until he found himself clinging to Pike’s uniform, sobbing uncontrollably as he was comforted and shushed softly. He had helped him do the unthinkable, end the life that had been growing inside him, something that he should feel guilty about because it went against his very nature, but he does not and would gladly do it again. If he had not joined Starfleet, he would have never met his mate or found his family, and he fully believes in its principles because they so closely align with his own.

His mate had hated Starfleet with a passion in their reality until he had met him, realizing that if Starfleet had not been created, he would have never met him. He had been hesitant to accept its ideals at first, but when he saw the other side of Starfleet, the real side, he accepted them as his own. Both of them had their ups and downs through the six years they had been together in their reality, arguments and shouting matches that had Klingons running in fear, but they remained strong and made up as what brought them together cleaned house and publicly dealt with those who were corrupted. Even after everything and their trouble and twisted pasts, Starfleet held them together and gave them a purpose, even made them whole.

But…

Marcus would take that all away, pull the rug out from under everyone who holds its ideals and turn it into something twisted and vile, a monstrosity that would destroy all relations in the quadrant, even the galaxy, and drive away all Federation member planets. It would start an all-out war that would not stop until everyone involved was dead, everyone that somehow survived in the quadrant forced to live in small groups and fight for resources, and both he and his mate would be the cause. If he handed him over, he would never see him again and he would more than likely be forced to end his pregnancy to protect not only him, but his crew as well. His Alpha would never see their child if he managed to bring the pregnancy to full term, forcing him to be on the run to protect him and his child from whatever an enraged Marcus would inflict upon him, knowing that what he had done to him in the palace would be merciful compared to what he would do when he caught him. His former Alpha disliked children, but seemed to have a soft spot for his daughter, which he later realized was because she took after her mother and continued her Pure Beta bloodline. He still had no qualms about raping a two-year-old Pure Omega and would gladly do it again, but he notices something in his gaze that makes the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

He knows that his former Alpha is not aware of his pregnancy or his engagement, he knows that he is bonded but is not aware of the fact that he has found his Perfect Mate, something that would ruin his plans for what he has in store for him.
Alexander Marcus is different, but only slightly. He is still the same Pure Alpha elitist and still despises Pure Omegas with a passion that can be considered “demonic,” but as he continues to study the younger male before him, he can clearly see that they have their uses.

The Pure Alpha can see that his former Omega is stunning, gorgeous, elegant, breathtaking, and downright beautiful, and as the last descendant of the royal bloodline, he is the Empress of Earth and heir to throne, ruler of all humanity, and above all, genetic perfection.

Why else would his bloodline still be around since their ancestors’ emergence while all others have not?

He can clearly see that the toddler that he had defiled has grown up to be a beautiful Pure Omega male, very womanly, always having a higher interest in Pure Beta females, but the Omega before him is beyond womanly. As the Empress of Earth, he holds a power over all of humanity that they must submit to, and he knows that if he can break his former Omega, that power would be his.

And as the last descendant of the royal bloodline, their children would be “genetic perfection,” the longest Pure Alpha bloodline and the longest Pure Omega bloodline would create, “designer children.”

The unbridled lust in the Pure Alpha’s eyes forces the Omega to fight to not shiver at the incredibly vulgar thoughts he is having.

“And what would you like me to do with the rest of his crew, sir?” Kirk asks, distracting the Admiral from his thoughts. “Fire them at the Klingons? With their downsized internal drives, they’ll travel far more slowly, but they’ll still reach Qo’noS. You want me to murder seventy-two people in their sleep and start a war in the process?”

Marcus’ brow furrows, not liking the sound of someone, let alone “an Omega whore,” striving to propound an elaborate lie.

“War? Is that what they told you?” He asks. “That’s why you were fishing around with all that nonsense about your damaged warp core? You think I sent you out here and hung you out to dry? The man is too clever by half, Kirk, capable of twisting words as easily as arms. Listen to him too long, and he’ll have you believing anything. I know; he did it to me-”

‘Gotcha,’ the couple thinks, the Alpha/Beta grinning out of view.

“-Just consider for a moment,” the Admiral continues, shifting in his command chair. “He put those people in those torpedoes. Or oversaw the process, at least. Nobody else did that. What was his real purpose? Did he have, did they have, no alternatives three hundred years ago?”

“We did not,” the Brit mutters under his breath.

“No other options than to commit themselves to cryostasis for an unknown length of time, without having a clue as to what the circumstances would be when, and if, they were thawed out and revived?” Marcus continues. “I didn’t want to burden you with knowing what was inside those tubes. Better to dispose of them without knowing. Without having to deal with the unnecessary and stressful ethical conundrum you just related to me.”

The blond has to bite his tongue to stop himself from snarling in the Pure Alpha’s native tongue, his Alpha seething with rage out of sight and clenches his fists so he does not break something.
“Think, Kirk,” his former Alpha says, almost pleading. “Step back and consider the situation objectively. If you managed to find this man’s clones, and get them off Qo’noS successfully, then I suspect you’ve seen what they can do individually. They got themselves to Qo’noS and, more significantly, managed to survive there. Alone, on a hostile militaristic world, among a non-human species. Two clones. Can you imagine what would happen if it was the actual person, and if we woke up the rest of his crew and they managed to get themselves organized? What else did they tell you about Khan? That they’re ‘peacekeepers?’ They’re playing you, son. Don’t you see that?”

The Omega’s temper flares, but he bites his tongue, following the events of their universe.

“He and his crew were misused, forced into cryosleep in order to escape the—” He begins.

“Khan and his people were war criminals, condemned to death before they managed to get away!” The Admiral cuts him off. “I thought I could make use of his knowledge and subsequently deal appropriately with the resulting fact of his revival. As I’ve told you, I was wrong, and for that bit of hubris, I will eventually have to answer. I seriously underestimated what I was dealing with. I suspect that has always been the case with this individual and his colleagues.”

‘You’re wrong!’ The Captain screams mentally.

“Now it is our duty to carry out the original sentence that was passed to Khan and his cohorts before anyone dies because of them,” his former Alpha says firmly. “I intend to oversee that myself, as part penance for what I foolishly allowed to happen. So I’m asking you again. One last time, son. Lower your shields and tell me where they are.”

“Assuming I’m correct in taking that as a threat, sir,” Kirk says. “Are you saying that you feel so strongly about this that you’re willing to fire on another Starfleet vessel?”

“It has nothing to do with ‘feeling’ anything, Captain Kirk,” Marcus says, remorseless. “It has to do with removing a threat to the entire Federation. That must be balanced against the possible harm that might be done to a single vessel and her crew. For which I will hold you responsible, should further measures have to be taken to secure the appropriate disposition of the prisoners.”

“Go fuck yourself,” the Omega snarls, proceeding to hurl curses at the older male in his native tongue.

The Pure Alpha blinks rapidly, his jaw dropping in shock at the vulgarity of the words.

“You had me under your thumb for twenty years,” the Captain snarls, rising to his feet as the air crackles around him and his eyes contain the fury of Hellfire. “For twenty years, you abused me, you molested me, you raped me, because of something I could not control. I was two years old, two, when I was promised to you, and what do you do? Two weeks after my second birthday, you pin me to the floor of my nursery and tear me apart because of my gender. I couldn’t do anything to you, my abilities were too weak for that, I was helpless, I was still in fucking diapers, and you decide that instead of protecting me, as an Empress’ Alpha is supposed to until their twenty-fifth birthday, you will take out your hatred of an entire gender on someone completely defenseless.”

He clenches his fists as he fights back tears, his teeth clenched hard enough that his fiancé is in fear that his jaw would break, fighting the urge to not rise and move to stand beside him.

“I was to remain a virgin until my twenty-fifth birthday, twenty-three years later, the day when I was to take the throne as well as my rightful place, but I had it forcibly taken away, twenty-three years early,” he snarls. “It took me twenty years before I finally got up enough courage to leave the only place that I had ever know, and would ever know, and I ran for it. I gave up my birthright,
something that has been in my family for seventeen thousand years, because it was the reason for things to happen to me that not even Khan Noonien Singh, or any Augment, would inflict on their worst enemies, let alone someone whose only thoughts should have been about playing with friends and toys. I ran to get away from you, and I got fifteen minutes of freedom before you caught me, proceeding to beat me and rape me to death and left my body in a ditch.”

Tears are flowing freely down his cheeks as his former Alpha’s expression remains cold and hard, his upper lip curling back slightly as fury burns in his eyes, a slight tremble visible in his image on the forward viewscreen.

“Do you know how vile the smell of a Pure Omega dying is?” He hisses, his lithe frame trembling. “Do you know what it feels like to be unable to move, to speak, barely able to draw in even the shallowest of breaths, every bone in your body broken, and your life slipping away every second? To know that you will die alone, in unbearable agony, without ever knowing what it felt like to not want to end your life?”

He lets out a short and bitter laugh, shaking his head as he grinds his teeth.

“Of course, you’re probably getting off on knowing this, but if Captain Christopher Pike, my father, who protected me like the daughter he always wanted and the way you should have, hadn’t found me, along with several Starfleet Cadets, near Riverside, Iowa, you would have been forced to endure the grieving period from the death of an Empress, and then you and your fellow Pure Alpha elitists would have celebrated the fact that since I had been promised to you, you would take the throne,” he snarls before baring his teeth in a cruel and malicious smile. “But that wouldn’t last long, because it would be clear to everyone that you had raped and killed the Empress, and then you would have been binded. And I still think you should be.”

The most horrified expression crosses Khan’s face at the fact that his mate just threatened the most powerful man in Starfleet, let alone in a position where they are severely out gunned, slowly rising to his feet.

“James,” he says softly.

“No punishment could ever come close to what you did to me, what you took from me,” the blond snarls. “But as the Empress of Earth, what you did to me carries the punishment of binding, and I will personally bind you myself.”

“James,” the dark haired male says a little louder.

“Think about what you’re saying, Kirk,” Marcus snarls, pure rage in his eyes and expression. “You’re threatening the Head of Starfleet and-”

“Threatening?” Kirk hisses, his entire crew dead silent and in complete shock. “Threatening the Head of Starfleet is nothing compared to the abuse that you put me through for twenty years. You did things to me that no two year old should ever know about, let alone at twenty-two. Binding you would be a mercy compared to the things I will do to you. I have half a millennia to live with a large arsenal of, creative, things to do. How long do you think it would take for you to break?”

Marcus snarls something rude in his native tongue and his expression hardens even more, the younger male standing his ground as he fights to not flinch.

“A filthy Omega whore like you couldn’t touch me,” he snarls. “Do you really think that you even stand a chance against a Pure Alpha, or have the hybrid protect you? And who would honestly believe a wet-behind-the-ears Captain’s words, one who doesn’t respect authority, cheated on the
Kobayashi Maru scenario, and just came out of the fucking Academy, over the Head of Starfleet’s, with more years of experience than you have been alive?”

Khan snarls loudly, loud enough for the Fleet Admiral to hear, and grips the back of his chair almost hard enough to break it, fury making his blood boil at the slur and his vision become tinted red, glacial blue eyes flicking towards him briefly before looking back.

“Oh, is the hybrid on the bridge?” The Pure Alpha smirks, earning another loud snarl. “Why don’t you show your face, let the whole quadrant see how low the Empress of Earth has gone, how a Pure Omega truly will spread their legs for anyone.”

“How insecure does a Pure Alpha have to be to think that a two year old is a threat to their very existence?” The Augment rumbles, standing right beside his mate and just slightly in front of him protectively. “That someone who is learning to be toilet trained is as dangerous as being a full grown Pure Omega with their fangs descended? How can someone who throws tantrums and is just learning how to feed themselves be a threat to a full grown Pure Alpha?”

The Admiral narrows his eyes and snarls, the couple standing shoulder to shoulder and interweaves their fingers together to hold tightly, their eyes staring back with unshakeable confidence.

“But you know what? I actually have to thank you for something,” the Captain says. “If you hadn’t been a megalomaniac, twice, I never would have met my mate. So at least you did something for me. And now, you are going to do something for me without hesitation.”

He stands tall as his fiancé parts hands and takes a step back, the air crackling around him with absolute authority, something that is even affecting those on the Vengeance.

“As your Empress,” the Omega begins, his royal bloodline’s status coming out full force in his booming voice. “I am ordering you to stand aside and allow us to return to Earth before following us. You fire on my ship, ‘Hell’ will not begin to cover what I will bring down on your head. You will turn yourself over to face trial, and you will confess to everything. Am I understood?”

Marcus’ eyes widen as he nods vigorously, clearly terrified but eager to please his Empress, his former Omega’s current Alpha grinning maliciously out of sight. His image is replaced with that of the Vengeance and the young Captain hurls a multitude of curses and swears at the viewscreen, his frame shaking as he squeezes his eyes shut and tears stream down his face before he falls to his knees, holding his face in his hands and sobs loudly as his wings emerge and fold around him tightly. He begins to scream and clutch his head as tears cascade freely down his cheeks, quickly being pulled into a tight embrace as massive jet black wings fold around him and held to a muscular robust chest, continuing to scream as he clings to the Sciences Blue uniform and his fingers threaten to tear holes in the overshirt. Khan holds his shrieking and howling mate tightly as he feels him be forced to relive his traumatic past, tears streaming down his own face as he does his best to calm the hysterics in his arms and fails miserably, the bridge utterly silent except for their shrieking Commanding Officer. The blond finally calms down enough to take rapid shallow breaths and cough harshly, gasping for air as blood spatters on the Sciences Blue overshirt and looks up, his eyes bright red and his face puffy as he tries to calm down. His fiancé rests their foreheads together and tightens his grip even more before claiming his mouth in a tender kiss, letting him sink his teeth into his lip and draw blood to heal his shredded throat, pulling away to find that his face is back to normal and wipes his tears away with his thumbs.

“I am so sorry, love,” he whispers, resting their foreheads together. “You should never have to relive what happened to you, and I wish I could take away all those memories from you, but I cannot.”
“I know, Noonien,” the Captain says quietly. “But you can’t, and I have to deal with it. But I’m grateful that you are here to support me, and that you’ll always be there.”

“I always will,” the dark haired male whispers, pressing a kiss to his forehead and strokes his cheekbones. “I always will, James.”

His young Omega buries his face into the crook of his neck and inhales deeply, large pale hands rubbing his back as soft rumbling fills his ears and a soothing scent wraps around him, curling his fingers into the fabric as a fresh wave of tears spill down his cheeks.

“Why am I so broken?” He whimpers, sniffling softly.

“Just keep it together, baby boy,” his Alpha whispers, kissing his cheek. “Just keep it together and we can get through this.”

Kirk lifts his head and looks the Augment in the eyes before pressing a tender kiss to his lips, clinging to him tightly as he is calmed and soothed by the older male before pulling away, letting himself be helped to his feet and steadied as a tender kiss is pressed between his brows.

“Mr. Chekov,” he says, addressing his comm pickup as his air of authority returns. “Can we warp?”

“Sir, we’re working on it as hard as we can,” the young Ensign replies from Engineering. “There is some functionality, but if we engage it now, we risk further damaging the core.”

“Would it help if you had a super genius, a he-man, a mixture of both, and tack on the ability of being able to move objects that are in places too dangerous to go to, and know every bolt, nut, and rivet in the Enterprise?” The Captain asks.

“We, we have someone like that onboard?” Chekov asks.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” his Captain replies, turning to his Alpha. “Noonien, take the twins and get down to Engineering, ASAP. Help as much as you can.”

The Augment nods and presses a lingering kiss to his lips before turning on his heel, quickly exiting the bridge and into the turbolift as his scent lingers, the younger male’s dark golden blond wings shifting worriedly.

“But, sir,” the young Ensign protests.

“Can we do it or not?” The blond snaps.

“Technically, yes, but I would not advise it, Keptin!” His temporary Chief Engineer replies. “The dangers are multiple and we risk undoing all the difficult repair work that has already been completed.”

“Objections noted,” the Omega replies. “But we have our ‘goddamn miracle’ heading your way, or should I say, ‘miracles.’ Noonien knows exactly what happened in our reality, and he’s not going to let it happen again. Right, Noonien?”

“Absolutely,” his Alpha replies, somehow managing to make the trip to Engineering in record time.

“Then it’s settled,” Kirk says, nodding. “Lieutenant Sulu, set course for Earth.”
“Yes, sir,” Sulu replies, scarcely taking a moment to enter the necessary command. “Course laid in.”

The blond takes his chair as he folds his wings tight against his back, crossing his legs elegantly as his fingers curl on the ends of the chair, his svelte frame trembling as his fear spikes in his scent.

“Punch it,” he orders.
Once again, I'm not dead. Finals finished last week and I'm working my butt off to finish this up, but I've also got an original in the works and a Sherlock story I've been tinkering with outlined. But this is my main priority. And hopefully I won't be working on this up to its two year anniversary.
And if you're somehow still with me, I am thankful for your dedication to my insanity. This sucker will be finished. I promise.

Khan grits his teeth at the sheer amount of noise in Engineering, his head throbbing with a pain that has him teetering on the edge of curling in a ball and bawling his eyes out, knowing that no form of medicine will ease his pain.

He some times despises the fact that he is an Augment, and currently, this happens to be one of those times.

The Alpha/Beta is spread thin, mentally and physically, to stop Engineering from falling apart, fatigue quickly setting in that he fights against vehemently. This element overheating, that module teetering on the verge of meltdown, this containment component threatening to fail, and much more that has him on the brink of a mental breakdown. Reports are flooding in almost faster than he can handle, but there are three of him, and an army of Engineers. There are no more questions on how to repair a failing bit of the Enterprise’s propulsion system, they no longer have time for that, but only how to keep it functioning.

Everyone in Engineering is working frantically to keep the ship from falling apart, but they keep things working, somehow. The engines drone dangerously, a sound that has the Augment on the verge of shoving a very sharp pointy object into his ear canal to give himself temporary relief, but they function. The warp containment vessel deforms and flexes in ways that should have them fleeing for the nearest escape pod, but it holds. They power through warp space toward Earth as fast as the Enterprise’s damaged constituent parts can propel her, but Khan is damn sure that it is not enough to make it.

He is putting all his faith in his Captain, while praying profusely that he knows what he is doing.

And that he is not on the verge of a catastrophic mental breakdown that will cause his mind to tear itself apart from being forced to relieve his traumatic past.

On the bridge, the abnormal vibrations interspersed with the occasional atypical jolt are enough to let everyone know that all is not right with the ship’s engines but despite all that, every pertinent readout indicates that they are traveling at the specified speed. Those that are dual gendered are waiting for the sound of the ship’s proximity alarm, signaling that they are about to be sent to their doom, watching their young Captain remain seated in his chair with his wings completely stiff but his posture displays his defeat and just how broken he really is, his eyes having a slight gray tint and lack any depth or dimension as he tries to do paperwork. They can see that he is having trouble focusing and looks not only agitated, but depressed, burnt-out, and fighting to not break down in
tears in front of his crew again, putting down his stylus and runs a hand down his face as he squeezes his eyes shut.

The turbolift doors open behind him, the blond turning around to see his mate step out, his massive wings fluttering against his back as he approaches the chair and worries his lower lip with his teeth.

“Noonien?” His fiancée asks in Hindi, rising to his feet. “What, what are you doing here?”

“You need me, James,” he says softly, moving to stand beside him. “I am your Alpha, and my place is by your side and will always be by your side.”

He brushes the still stubborn strand of long, dark golden blond hair behind his ear and leans in to press a kiss between his brows, his massive jet black wings stretching out to curl around him as arms wrap around his narrow waist and hold him tight to his body, folding his wings tightly around them as he rests his cheek against his temple and murmurs softly in his native tongue.

“John is ‘accessing’ my memories to move things along, and even though I should be down there with them,” he says quietly, his arctic blue eyes falling shut. “You need me more than you can imagine, and I cannot let you be in distress when I can do something to ease your suffering.”

The Augment pulls away and rests their foreheads together as his hands rise to frame his face, stroking his cheekbones with tender sweeps of his thumbs as he quietly shushes the soft whimpers rising up from the smaller male in his arms, his slender fingers gripping his Sciences Blue overshirt tightly as he begins to tremble. Kirk throws his arms around his neck and holds on tightly as his whimpers turn into quiet sobs, his knees giving out as his mate catches him and carefully lowers them to the floor as tears fall down his pale cheeks, quietly shushing the sobs and whimpers in his arms as their crew turns their gazes away out of respect. Khan quietly shushes his Captain with soft murmurs and tender touches as he peppers kisses over his face, kissing away his tears as they fall and finally quiets him into soft hiccups, giving him a tender kiss before helping him to his feet and into his chair before moving to his station.

“Lieutenant,” the Omega begins, clearing his throat as his voice cracks. “Lieutenant Uhura, contact Starfleet. Identify us and tell them that we were pursued into the Neutral Zone by an unmarked Federation ship.”

“Can’t do any of that, sir,” his Chief Communications Officer interrupts. “Comms are down. All ship auxiliary power’s being diverted to warp.”

“Of course it is,” the Captain says quietly under his breath, looking down at his lap.

His slightly gray eyes fall shut as he lets out a shuddery exhale and his wings curl around his shoulders, the two Commanders behind them sharing a look before the much older of them rises to his feet and moves to the command chair, placing a hand on the Command Gold clad shoulder and squeezes lightly so they can lock eyes. The Alpha/Beta extends a hand and helps his Captain to his feet, leading him to the turbolift and to the forward observation lounge so they can be alone, smiling at the soft gasp as he scoops the smaller male off his feet and cradles him to his chest.

“I have you, James,” the Brit whispers, holding him tight as the blue light from the warp tunnel lights up the room. “I have you.”

His mate looks up at him with wide eyes and a slightly scared look, shifting his weight slightly to get a better grip and carry him to the bench to sit down, his knees slightly bent as the younger male turns in his arms and rests his ear over his heart while lying on his side. He grips the Sciences Blue overshirt and closes his eyes as tears stream freely down his cheeks, large warm pale hands
running over his body soothingly as soft murmurs of a foreign tongue fill his ears, massive jet black wings folding around him and cuts out most of the brilliant blue light. The fingers brush his hair out of face and trail down his neck to slip under his collar, touching the scar on the junction of his neck and shoulder with tender sweeps, causing his eyes to part and look up into the pale face above him. His Alpha smiles softly at him as his eyes crinkle around the corners, holding his chin in between his index and thumb before he traces his lower lip with his thumb with soft, tender sweeps, leaning down to close the distance between their lips and their eyes fall shut as they kiss before the younger male crawls up to wrap his arms around his neck while keeping their lips together. The Captain toys with the fine hairs on the nape of his neck and smiles at the low rumble, long muscular arms wrapping around his narrow waist and pull him to a robust chest with a soft squeak, lips parting as tongues tangle and grips tighten on each other slightly. The dark haired male shifts so his fiancée can lie on top of him and be cocooned in his wings, his scent filling the space between them as they rest their foreheads together, the Augment opening his eyes when he feels tears splash onto his cheeks and the body in his arms tremble.

“James?” He asks softly, reaching up to touch his wet cheek. “Are you okay?”

“No,” his Omega whimpers, clinging to him. “I’m not okay. I’ll never be okay.”

He lets out a soft sob and clings tighter before wrenching himself away, walking away as he wraps his arms around himself and trembles, his wings folding tightly around himself as he cries softly before holding his face in his hands and sinks to his knees.

“He owns me,” he sobs, his voice cracking. “He owns every bit of me. My body, my mind, my soul, it’s all marked by him. I can’t escape. I’ll never be free. I’ll never be…”

He sobs loudly and holds onto himself as he cries, his mate instantly on his feet and closes the distance to kneel behind him, but he hesitates on reaching out to soothe him as he continues to cry. The Alpha/Beta’s decision is made for him when his young Omega throws himself into his arms and clings tightly, sobbing uncontrollably as he trembles and desperately tries to get closer the warm body holding him, the older male wrapping his wings and limbs around him and covers every millimeter of his body with his own. The blond’s sobs slowly quiet down to soft whimpers and holds on tightly, his rigid and marble-like posture relaxing as warmth and safety seeps into his bones, feeling owned, no, protected, by the Alpha who treats him the way he is supposed to be treated. He knows that he will always carry the scars of what was done to him, nor will he ever not be affected by them, but he has someone who will help him move past what was done to him and regain his life back, accepting his broken and scattered pieces so they can put him back together and fill the missing gaps with their own. He can feel how he is still barely keeping his pieces together, even before he laid eyes on Marcus, their four encounters in the same number of days rattling him even more, threatening to break apart after each time and tear himself to shreds if it was not for the Alpha holding him.

His glacial blue eyes partially open to see only soft, warm, downy darkness and bright blue fabric with the Starfleet insignia, an incredibly warm feeling permeating into every corner of his body from the body cocooning him, their soothing scent filling his nose and makes him feel safe. He knows he can fully trust the Alpha holding him to protect and love him, letting himself relax completely in his Alpha’s and press closer to his body as he inhales his scent, making a soft noise of content as a smile creeps across his lips.

“James.”

Kirk looks up to see the inky darkness folding back to reveal a pale angular face and arctic blue eyes, letting himself be tugged to his feet and into the arms of his mate as he wraps his own around
his pale neck, resting their foreheads together as they stand in an open space in the lounge before they begin to move slowly. Khan takes his hands and holds him in the proper waltz position, holding his young Omega’s right hand in his left at shoulder height, his right hand cupping his shoulder blade with a slender feminine hand on his shoulder. The couple easily begins to waltz in the open area and the older male spins his mate with a smile, inhaling sharply as their clothes shift and become traditional Chinese formal wear, a cheongsam he recalls, his mate’s cheongsam white with a mermaid/trumpet silhouette and lace detailing that separates to form a train. His dress has long sleeves with the lace extending down and is attached to his middle fingers as well as being backless in a keyhole shape, clinging to his figure and brings out his femininity, his own outfit resembling his mate’s, but he has white leggings on underneath and his detailing is done in gold thread.

He knows that this is not his fiancée’s Rebirth dress, at least, not the one that he would wear for their wedding, but he can tell that it has a great deal of history behind it. He runs his hands down the pure white fabric that is skin-tight and hides nothing, but allows for a great deal of movement that is both elegant and graceful, as well as predatorily. They are both light on their feet as they dance and twirl in the open space, the tension and seriousness of the situation dissolving as they become lost in their own private world, the blond laughing as he is twirled and lifted off the ground and spun around while in the air. His glacial blue eyes light up with joy and happiness as they dance, warm hands running all over his body tenderly and lovingly as soft rumbles fill his ears, looping around his pale neck as their lips brush against each other with smiles on them. They continue to dance and twirl before the young Omega is swept off his feet and spun around, laughing as they remain in their own private universe lit up by the blue light of the warp tunnel, the younger of the pair put back on his feet so they can continue to dance to music only they can hear. The tempo changes as they hold onto each other to slow dance, large pale hands resting on prominent hips as slender feminine arms wrap around a long pale neck, resting their foreheads together with soft smiles on their lips as their wings fold around each other.

The dark haired male leans in to kiss his Captain’s cheek but he feels the smaller male stiffen in his arms to the likeness of a marble statue, terror turning his scent rancid before he shoves the taller male away with a violent mental and physical shove, wrapping an arm around himself while the other covers his mouth as he backs away and shakes with fear while the illusion of their outfits vanish into white smoke.

“James. James, look at me,” Khan says soothingly, holding his hands up as he keeps his wings folded tightly against his back. “Look at me, love. Please, James. Look at me.”

Kirk hesitantly lifts his head and locks eyes with his mate before reaching out towards him, letting himself be scooped up and carried to their quarters as he clings tightly, reluctantly letting go to be placed down on the bed and look up into his Alpha’s pale face. The Augment sits down next to him and places a hand on his cheek as his wings curl protectively around him, framing his face with his hands and strokes his cheeks with tender sweeps with his thumbs, leaning in to press a kiss between his brows and then dot them all over his face before pressing a tender kiss to his lips. He pulls him tight to his body as he lays down on his back, the Omega reclining on top of him with his head tucked under his chin and his fingers curled into his Sciences Blue overshirt, massive jet black wings folding around them as a soothing scent wraps around the younger male to calm him.

“I have you, James,” his fiancé says softly, rubbing his back soothingly and slides his hands under his shirts. “I am not letting go. I will never let you go, love.”

The younger male lets out a soft sniffle and buries his head into his shirts while clinging tightly to him as he fights to relax, sitting up and looks down at the Alpha/Beta with his fingers curled into his shirts and seated on his hips, looking much smaller and younger than the older male has ever
seen him as his dark golden blond wings droop against his back. The dark haired male reaches up to frame his face and strokes his cheeks with his thumbs, sliding his fingers into his dark golden blond hair and pulls him down for a tender kiss as his wings stretch up and curl around them, letting him remain on top as they kiss despite the fact he have him under him to cover him with his entire body. The blond pulls away and looks down at the Alpha/Beta as he looks up with a tender expression, his large pale hands resting on his hips and slips under his shirts to stroke his narrow waist, sitting up in one swift motion and pins his young Captain on his back with his head at the foot of the bed and a startled expression on his face. He kneels over him with his massive jet black wings spreading over them and down the sides of the bed, leaning down to kiss him tenderly and lower his weight onto his slender frame as he slides a hand down his arm to tangle their fingers together, keeping the kiss chaste as he wraps his scent around him to soothe him.

‘I have you, James,’ he thinks softly. ‘I have you, and he never will.’

‘How can you promise that?’ The blond thinks as he whimpers and begins to tremble. ‘How can you promise that when he had me for twenty years, and still does?’

Khan pulls away and looks down at him with one of the most vulnerable expressions he has ever seen as a few tears roll down his pale cheeks, reaching down to cup his cheek and stroke tenderly before sitting up while simultaneously pulling him into his lap, tangling his hand into his dark golden blond hair while the other rests on the small of his back and rest their foreheads against each other.

“Because no one had me,” he says quietly, brushing their lips together in a tender kiss. “Because no one had you.”

“Noonien,” Kirk says softly, tangling his fingers into his mate’s jet black hair. “God…”

Massive jet black wings fold over top of smaller dark golden blond as the couple holds onto each other, the smaller male eventually falling asleep in his mate’s arms with his head in the crook of his neck, the Brit folding his wings back and shifts so he can place him on the bed with his head on the pillows. A hand rests on his flat abdomen as his cheek rests on the pillow with his breathing slow and even, his Alpha brushing his knuckles against his cheek before trailing his fingertips down his body, stopping at his mark of claim before continuing down to rest over his abdomen with his fingers falling in between the spaces of the younger male’s.

His Omega’s expression and posture relaxes more and more the deeper he slips into sleep, the stress of his life wiped away as his age shows itself, looking every bit as his frozen physical age of twenty-five, but in the Augment’s opinion, he looks far younger than what he should look like. His innocence comes to light as he sleeps, something that makes the dark haired male’s heart aches and wants to protect fiercely, knowing that he lost his innocence at an age when he should have been innocent of everything.

He strokes his cheek, admiring his beauty.

He knows that under normal circumstances they would never meet, never found out that they were Perfect Mates, having been born almost three hundred years apart. He does not know who he would have been like if he had not met his mate, nor does he want to think about what his possible future might have been without him in his life. The young, innocent, naïve blond changed him into a better person, and that is something he will never let go of. He leans down and presses a kiss to his soft lips before pulling away, propping his head on a pillow as he folds a massive wing over top of his young Omega, brushing his knuckles against his cheek as he watches him sleep.

Of all the things he thought he would never have, he never thought he would have a mate, let alone
one as beautiful as his and as smart, kind, loving, and over all, one of the most quintessential and exquisite beings he has ever laid eyes on, and with him being his Perfect Mate, he could not be any more perfect.

His fiancée stirs in his sleep but does not wake, shifting slightly on the bed before rolling over and snuggles up to his chest, inhaling deeply and makes a soft sleepy happy noise as he cuddles with him while remaining deep asleep.

The Alpha/Beta smiles and buries his nose into the blond’s hair, inhaling deeply and his smile widens at his, their, scent, never having smelled anything like it in all his life, nor in his dreams. He wraps an arm around his narrow waist and holds him tight, his top wing folding around them to shield him and cover most of the smaller male’s body, feeling protective of his young Captain and mate as he sleeps and retains his youthful innocence. He knows that he is much older than he appears, not only because of his cryosleep, but due to his life in his own time. With his cryosleep, both of them, and his life in his own time, he is the epitome of a cradle-snatcher, his mate a tenth of his age in this reality, and still with both of their years in each reality combined, but he is still younger than him even without his time in his cryotube. He knows that his Omega will always look younger than he truly is because of his bloodline and will for centuries, but he wonders what will happen to his own appearance as time passes, given the fact that his appearance was surgically altered to look nothing like his true appearance.

At first he had been furious, having been robbed of his face, his name, his memories, his very identity ripped away from him all for the sake of one madman’s twisted ideology, to bend him to his will and use him for what he had been created to do. He looks at the young blond sleeping in his arms. If he had not been enraged and sought out revenge, he would have never fallen at the feet of a golden blond angel, nor would he have ever caught him as he fell. Not once in his life did he ever think about what he has now as being a future, after all, how could he?

A man from the twentieth century being dropped into the twenty-third after having his appearance taken from him and his memory wiped in order to be used to help along a galaxy-spanning covert military operation, blow up a moon in hostile alien territory and regain his memory only to be consumed with rage, devise a plan to bring the organization that butchered and took everything from him to its knees, follow through with it, only to fall to his own knees at the feet of a “lesser” being who made him feel more alive than he ever had in his life with just one look? To fall so madly in love that he would, will, do anything and everything for them without hesitation, put them, and their needs, before everything and anything in his life, just for a smile, a touch, a laugh? To need them more than he needs to breathe, more than he needs his heart to beat in his chest, to become addicted to them that he is willing to fall to his knees and implore for anything to do for them, absolutely anything, to make them happy? That just their smile makes everything horrible and god-awful in his life go away and he cannot help but smile back, that their laugh gives him a high he rides for days and feels like he can never come down? That being allowed to touch, to kiss, to watch them fall apart from his actions and pick up the pieces after, knowing that they will do the same, would be something that he desired, he craved, only from them, never giving another being a second glance or have any thoughts about them that would be used in a relationship? That being allowed to drop all of his barriers to let them in and expose himself completely to them would never make him feel weak like he thought it would, but would empower him to know that he can be completely and honest in a relationship and not be judged for his past?

That he, Khan Noonien Singh, an Augment, an ex-tyrant, a man who has spilled so much blood and been created solely for combat, to fight, to conquer, a man who had only known violence, been created for violence, would helplessly fall in love with a being who was, is, innocent and naïve, who was born to rule humanity, who was aggressively against violence and revered life, would accept him as the flawed person he is and fall just as madly in love with him, and that they would
be flawed in broken in their own way, that they would heal each other, and that his only purpose in life is to love them, to protect them?

He does not think even an Omega from the royal bloodline could have seen it, but he is glad that it has happened, that he has someone who he has fallen head over heels for, and that same someone has fallen just as hard for him. He brushes his fingers against his young Captain’s cheek and smiles as he moves into the touch, making another soft sleepy happy noise and presses closer to the older male in search of warmth as he clings to him, his dark golden blond wings flapping against his back as he curls up and sighs softly. The dark haired male smiles and presses a kiss between his brows before looking down at the peaceful face in his arms, his wings folded tightly around them and traps in their warmth as he watches his Omega sleep peacefully, his dreams floating through his mind and smiles as memories of their shore leave on Devlar III come through. He recalls his own memories of their time on Devlar III, swimming under its twin moons in one of the many bioluminescent bays on the planet’s surface, an ungodly rare and unique feature that was found quite commonly on the surface, fresh water found underground, also sharing a romantic dinner composed of the natural foods found on the planet that were pure aphrodisiacs, succumbing to their effects in the water that drove them to new heights and beyond, and it was not just the lights behind their eyes that lit up. Watching his mate come undone under the light of the twin moons as the marine organisms glowed bright neon blue from their actions is easily one of his top five favorite moments of his life, feeling his mate cling to him desperately as his entire body trembled in his arms from the effects of their meal while he was consumed with lust, somehow managing to remember that they were to never take a free romantic excursion on Devlar III again as he let out his own cries of ecstasy alongside his young Omega’s that left them both hoarse for weeks.

He recalls many other memories fondly, not just their time on shore leave, but the simple things that had made his mate’s day, things that would be considered normal that he never got growing up. Things he himself was denied of during his own childhood and adult life, things all his siblings were denied of, and the crew of the Enterprise accommodated their needs and accepted them as the flawed beings they were. He knows that both he and none of his siblings wanted to admit that they were flawed at first, but the more time he spent with his mate, the more he realized that they were just as flawed as those he thought were “inferior” or “lesser.” His mate, despite his bloodline and status, had his faults and strengths due to his bloodline, and the same was with him as a human being. The Brit exhales through his nose and reluctantly slips off the bed to fill a glass of water, sipping slowly as his arctic blue eyes remain locked on the sleeping blond on their shared bed, his expression soft and vulnerable as the younger male rolls over and buries his face into the pillow he had just recently vacated. He smiles softly as the Captain relaxes and a smile creeps onto his own lips as he sleeps, the Augment sitting at their table after pulling out his drawing supplies and begins to sketch the sleeping figure on the bed, his wings curling around his shoulders slightly as his hand dances over the paper with practice.

He feels protective of the young Captain that changed him for the better, wanting to protect his innocence for as long as his heart beat in his chest and he takes air into his lungs, never wanting to go back to the person he was for as long as he lives.

Oh really?

Khan’s head snaps up at the voice in his head, his breath catching his throat as fear turns his insides to ice, iron bands restricting his chest to tight his heart cannot beat.

“No,” he whispers, his voice strangled. “No, it, it can’t be…”

Oh, yes. I’m back, bitch.
The Augment places a hand over his mouth as he trembles, his arctic blue eyes wide as he fights to
draw in a breath, his wings curling around him as his fear spikes even higher.

*A, is the little Khan-y scared? You should be,* The Darkness laughs, Its voice still a horrible
shrieking orchestra. *I’m gonna make you pay for what you did to me, once I’m done with your
fucking whore.*

“Leave him alone,” the Alpha/Beta snarls.

The Darkness laughs again, the sound sending the hairs on the back of his neck on end.

*Or what?* It asks. *You can’t do shit. You can’t stop me. Face it. You’re helpless. Powerless. I can
do whatever I want to you and anyone or anything else I please, and no one can stop me.*

“Are you Sylar?” The Brit demands.

The Darkness simply laughs, the sound setting off alarms bells that reach all new levels.

*Maybe, maybe not,* It says.

“What do you mean by that?” The dark haired male demands, glancing worriedly at his mate. “Are
you Sylar or not?”

*And if I am?* It asks, almost, curious.

“Why are you doing this?” The Alpha/Beta demands, his wings shifting nervously against his back
as he glances out the viewport. “Why are you repeating history?”

*Does it matter?* It laughs. *Why would I need a reason? After all, I am you.*

“No you’re not!” Its host snarls loudly, glancing at his mate to make sure he did not wake him.

*I’m not?* The Darkness asks, Its tone mocking and goads him to give into his repressed rage. *How
do you know? I came back after you bonded with that whore, and you even call me, “your old
self.”* I act like you, I think like you, and I have the same ideals as you do.

“Did,” the Augment hisses.

*Keep telling yourself that,* It laughs. *Face it: I. Am. You. I have always been you. And maybe I am
Sylar, maybe I’m not. And maybe, just maybe, someone else is Sylar. Maybe there’s someone far
more evil than I am, than you were. Then again, I could be Sylar, but why would I tell you? Then
there’s another possibility: Sylar doesn’t exist. Sylar could just be some excuse that those
abominations of perfection made up so they could do what you did, what you should have done
yourself.*

“They wouldn’t do that,” Khan whispers, his heart clenching. “They’re good kids.”

*Good kids? That thing you call Naki raped its clone and then made up some excuse that it didn’t
want to do it, The Darkness says, Its tone scathing. Does that sound like something “good kids”
would do? I will give them one thing, they did what you should have done all along, what is the
right thing to do. Not screwing that fucking whore.*

The Brit snarls and The Darkness laughs, Its host feeling It coil and uncoil unpleasantly inside him.

*Touched a nerve, didn’t I? Good. Means that you can be manipulated,* It laughs. *But here’s the
thing; that whore, he’ll look good chained up and covered with marks, crying out in pain, begging
for mercy. He is good looking, but he needs to learn his place: At our feet. At your feet. You’re the Alpha, he’s just an Omega slut, you own him. Make him beg.

The Augment grits his teeth and clenches his fists as he fights back tears, The Darkness laughing. Its horrible shrieking laugh as his rage threatens to boil over, glancing over at the young Omega as he stirs in his sleep.

You know he’d look good covered in marks and begging, after all, he’s done it all his life. It purrs, Its host digging his nails into his palms and draws blood. It’s second nature to him, and it’ll be so easy to make him break.

“Stop it, stop it, stop it!” The Alpha/Beta sobs, clamping his hands over his ears as tears stream down his cheeks.

Stop what? The Darkness taunts. Stop telling the truth? That’s all I’ve been doing.

“Then why won’t you tell me if you’re Sylar?” The dark haired male demands through tears.

Why should I tell you anything? It laughs again. See ya.

“Wait!” Khan shouts, chastising himself when he realizes that he is talking out loud to a voice in his head.

Is The Darkness Sylar?

It did not confirm or deny it, and It even said that Sylar could be someone else, or not even exist.

Is Sylar real?

And if they are, who, or what, are they?

Why are they repeating history?

The Augment knows that this reality is on a path that is almost impossible to alter, but they need to try.

He needs to try.

He has everything to lose this time.

A warm weight settles in his lap before soft lips are pressed against his, tasting tres leches and brigadeiro before his hands rise to rest on prominent hips as arms wrap around his neck, slowly coming out of a sleep he did not realize he had fallen into. A tongue traces the seam of his lips and he willingly parts his lips to let it in, hands moving to frame his face as the weight settles fully into his lap and the kiss deepens, lips, tongues, and teeth used but the kiss remains slow and chaste. Khan opens his eyes when the lips pull away to look into glacial blue eyes as his cheekbones are stroked, his thumbs rubbing the prominent crests of the hips in his hands as dark golden blond wings fold around them and he folds his massive jet black wings over top of them, closing his eyes as a forehead rests against his.

“Are you okay?” Kirk asks softly, his thumbs stroking his Alpha’s razor sharp cheekbones. “You’re shaking.”

“The barriers failed,” the Brit whispers, tears rolling down his pale cheeks. “It talked to me.”
“Noonien,” the blond whispers, his own tears falling. “They shouldn’t have. I’ve been reinforcing them constantly, and I’ve been making them stronger-”

“It doesn’t matter,” his fiancé whispers. “It threatened you. It told me that I am powerless to stop It, and I know It spoke the truth.”

He lifts his gaze and looks into glacial blue eyes as he lets out a soft whimper, his fingers curling into his mate’s hips as he stretches up and presses their lips together before pulling away, his wings quivering as his breathing shakes.

“You’re not safe around me,” he whimpers, clutching his mate tightly. “You’re not safe around me with this thing loose in my mind. I can’t protect you from myself when this thing can take over my body at any moment, and I can’t do shit to stop it.”

The Alpha/Beta pushes the Captain off his lap as tears stream faster down his cheeks, rising to his feet as he backs away and shakes his head, his wings curling around his shoulders as his sturdy frame trembles. He quickly turns to flee his Captain’s quarters, his wings limp against his back as he exits, at least, he tries to.

He holds his nose as he staggers backwards, blood streaming between his fingers from running face first into a mental barrier, whirling around in horror to face his Omega sitting on the bed.

“What the fuck are you doing?” He gapes, pulling his hand away once the bleeding has stopped after his nose snaps back into place. “I’m dangerous to the both of you!”

“Even if you are powerless to stop It from taking control,” his Omega says, rising from the bed. “And you cannot stop It, you will not let It harm us.”

He steps up and takes his fiancé’s bloody hand between his, looking up into startled arctic blue eyes before bringing his mouth to his palm to lick it clean, the blood drying quickly on the Augment’s face.

“You will kill yourself before laying a finger on us,” he breathes against his palm. “And I’m not as helpless as you think I am.”

“What, what do you mean?” Khan asks, surprised.

Kirk hesitates and flicks his gaze away, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as his dark golden blond wings shift nervously against his back, clearly wanting to say something.

“James?” The Brit asks worriedly.

“Remember how I said that there are secrets that only the Empress can know, that I’m not as innocent as you think I am?” His Captain says quietly, fiddling with his necklace as tears stream down his face and looks down at the carpet before looking up. “I think it’s time I tell you just how dangerous I truly am.”

He sits on the bed and looks down at the carpet as he worries his necklace furiously, his wings shifting almost violently against his back as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, refusing to look up from the floor.

“As the ruler of every bloodline,” the Omega begins quietly. “As the last true genetic remnant, the last direct genetic link to the origin of our species, every Neo Homo sapiens sapiens, no matter how short or long their bloodline, no matter what gender, is an offshoot from my bloodline. My bloodline is the progenitor of every bloodline, no matter how far the gap is.”
The Augment sits beside him after grabbing a washcloth, wiping the blood off his face and hands, silent as he watches the younger male worriedly.

“And as such,” he continues. “I can use my genetic memories to connect my mind to the minds to those of the members of any bloodline, all living members, just like I did with you at the warp core.”

“James, why are you telling me this?” His Alpha asks quietly.

“Sometimes an entire bloodline must be purged,” the blond says quietly, lifting his gaze to look up.

The Alpha/Beta pulls his fiancée to his chest the moment he understands what he is saying, feeling his tears spill down his, their, cheeks as he folds his wings tightly around them and holds him close, feeling the slender frame in his arms tremble as he grips his Sciences Blue overshirt tightly as whimpered quietly.

“How many?” He asks quietly.

“Fifty bloodlines over seventeen years,” is the reply. “Over ten thousand.”

“I am so sorry, baby boy,” the dark haired male whispers, holding his mate tightly. “I am so sorry.”

“An Omega reveres life,” his Omega whimpers. “How can claim that I revere life when I have the blood of over ten thousand on my hands?”

Kirk pulls away and looks down at his pristine, bloodless hands, tears streaming down his face as his dark golden blond wings curl around his shoulders, his curvy frame trembling as he whimpers.

“I’ve taken more lives than you,” he whispers, clenching his hands. “I was them when I, extinguished, their flame. I felt their life leave their bodies. I knew every detail of their lives, because I lived them, and I remember them. I remember them all. Every detail, every moment, every single second of their lives.”

A sob spills past his lips, burying his face in his hands as his wings fold around him, his Alpha looking at him helplessly.

“I killed Omegas, Alphas, Betas, women, men, children, toddlers, infants, new borns, teenagers, elderly,” he sobs. “I wiped out fifty bloodlines, because the Council had suspicions about them. I was five when I wiped out the first of many. I took the lives of ten thousand. I am a life giver. How can I be one, or even think of bringing a life into this world if I’ve taken more than I can give in my entire life?”

Khan holds his sobbing fiancée tightly to his chest, silently crying just as hard as him as he buries his nose into his dark golden blond hair, inhaling his scent deeply as he trembles and tries to calm him down. He pulls him firmly into his lap as he folds his massive wings tightly around them, rocking gently and quietly shushes his sobs as he squeezes his eyes shut, his mate’s lithe body trembling violently in his arms.

“If I have to purge your bloodline…” The blond whimpers, unable to finish the sentence.

“Four more will die,” the Augment whispers, sobbing softly as he holds him tighter.

“I can’t be alone again,” the Omega sobs, gripping his Alpha’s shirts. “I can’t be alone again.”

He grabs his Sciences Blue overshirt, stretching the fabric almost to the point of ruin, a look of
panic on his face.

“Don’t leave me,” he begs, terror in his wide glacial blue eyes. “Please don’t leave me. You can’t leave me. He’ll come after me if you leave me. He’ll come after me and he’ll catch me. He’ll catch me and never let me go. I’ll never be free again.”

He grips his fiancé’s face in his hands, his breath coming out in rapid, shaky gasps, his heart threatening to burst from his chest as he trembles violently, a wild, crazed look on his face. There is a terror in his eyes of which the Alpha/Beta has never seen the likes of, a deep, primal fear that is hardwired into his genetic code, one that was not present in his mother or any of his predecessors.

“Don’t leave me,” he begs, his voice strangled.

The Brit takes his Captain’s face in his hands, leaning in to kiss him so tenderly his heart breaks at the sound he pulls out of him. Kirk melts under his feather-light touch, clinging to him as soft whimpers spill past his lips, their tears mingling on his cheeks. His mate gathers him in his arms as he rises to his feet, his Omega wrapping his arms around his neck and looks up into his soft arctic blue eyes, his cheeks flushing lightly as a soft smile is sent his way and sends one back. The blond reluctantly lets go as his fiancé spreads his arms so he supporting his full weight, relaxing as he is shifted into a completely horizontal position and lets his mate adjust his body to keep him balanced, holding him as if he weighs nothing without the slightest bit of strain, not an easy task with two large feathered appendages, proving just how strong he is. The Omega relaxes completely and lets his eyes fall shut, knowing that he can trust his Alpha completely with his well being and that he would not let any harm come to him, his scent wrapping around him and soothes him as his heart rate and breathing slows.

“I love you far too much to leave you,” Khan breathes. “Both of you.”

His Captain has a few tears roll down his cheeks, the couple slipping into the Omega’s body to feel their child grow inside his womb, both promising to love and cherish them.

“I know,” he whispers.

“Captain on the bridge!” Someone announces as said Officer steps off the turbolift, his mate right behind him.

Kirk’s dark golden blond wings flutter against his back as he strides to his chair, taking his seat before crossing his legs and flicks his gaze to the left, brushing a strand of long, dark golden blond hair behind his ear as he worries his lower lip with his teeth.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” he says, turning back to the forward viewscreen. “ETA to our destination?”

“Just under the hour mark, sir,” the Helmsman replies, checking his instrumentation before turning to his Captain. “If I may ask, are you alright, sir?”

“I’ll never be alright,” the blond says quietly, looking down at his lap as he worries his necklace between his fingers. “I’ll never be able to mean that for as long as I live, and I’ll bear scars that no one could understand or ever have. Not even Noonien can, or will, understand.”

He glances over at the dark haired male and meets his arctic blue eyes, knowing that the whole crew can see just how much the Augment cares about him and how vulnerable they both are, knowing that they will not be taken advantage of by those around them.
“No one will have any idea just how bad I had it, and I don’t want them to,” he continues quietly, looking down at his lap. “It’s a part of my life that I need to forget, and I will do anything and everything to put that behind me.”

He falls silent as a few tears roll down his cheeks, a slight shudder running down his body as his eyes fall shut and he worries his necklace to soothe himself, his dark golden blond wings curling around his shoulders as he fights to not whimper. He folds his wings back and looks out the forward viewscreen as he holds his necklace tightly, those who are not dual gendered are beginning to realize that the James Kirk they see is not who he really is, see how scarred he is and how he is trying to put the pieces of his life together. The blond looks over his shoulder as the turbolift doors open and sees Carol Marcus step out, motioning for her to approach with a simple wave of his hand and turns back to the viewscreen, placing his hand over hers when she rests it on his Command Gold clad shoulder.

“You okay?” She asks softly, looking down at her Captain as he shakes his head. “I should have guessed. Your scent tells me everything.”

The Omega scoffs and squeezes her hand as he continues to look out the viewscreen, the Pure Beta wrapping her scent around him to soothe him and smiles when he looks up at her, squeezing his hand gently as a look of understanding passes between them.

“I pray we won’t need you,” he says quietly, his eyes watering.

“I do to,” she replies quietly.

The Pure Bloods share a knowing look before the turbolift doors open again, McCoy stepping out with a tricorder in hand and a rather irate look on his face, the blonds turning towards him as he approaches the command chair.

“Do you not answer your communicator just to piss me off?” He growls, looking slightly more annoyed than usual. “I’ve been trying to get a hold of you for the past hour, dammit! With all the stress going on…”

The Captain’s hands fly to his abdomen as the color drains from his face, covering his still flat abdomen protectively as his wings curl around him, his slender frame beginning to tremble as fear coils in his scent.

“The baby’s fine,” the Doctor reassures him, his tone reassuring. “As a Doctor, my keen sense of smell is much more attuned to the minute fluctuations in someone’s scent because diseases make themselves known before diagnostics can pick it up. But I’m making sure you’re okay, because if mom’s not okay, baby won’t be. Which is why I need your ass down in my Medbay, goddammit!”

His Captain rises to his feet as he keeps his hands on his abdomen, looking down at his hands while his wings remain curled around his shoulders protectively, a massive jet black wing curling around him and pulls him tight to a robust frame. He looks up at his Alpha as a kiss is pressed between his dark golden blond brows, his glacial blue eyes falling shut as the wing curls around him tighter and presses up against the Brit’s side, a muscular arm wrapping around his narrow waist as they walk of the bridge to head down to the Medbay. Khan looks down at his mate with a tender expression as they walk side-by-side, pressing a kiss to his temple as he murmurs softly and reassuringly when he smells his fear, anxiety, worry, and his stress, wanting to take him somewhere far away and out of reach from what would do him harm so he can keep him safe. Kirk looks up at his thoughts and unwraps his arms around himself so the arm can slide around him, a large warm hand slipping under his shirts to rest on his still flat abdomen and curl their fingers in possession, a slender feminine hand interlacing their fingers together and holds tightly. The couple
enters the Medbay and moves to a biobed before parting so the younger male can sit on the bed, stretching a dark golden blond wing towards his mate and smiles as massive jet black wing stretches back towards him, brushing their wings together before the Augment stretches his wings forward to expose the vulnerable undersides to him. The Omega hesitates before reaching forward to gently touch the softer feathers underneath, carding his fingers through the feathers and watches for anything that tells him he pushed the Alpha/Beta too far, but he just watches back with a tender expression and his arctic blue eyes soft.

“You can never push me too far,” the dark haired male says softly, reaching up to cup his cheek before framing his face with his large pale hands. “I love you too much to let you go or to leave you, James.”

His fiancée looks up at him and his eyes fall shut as sinfully soft lips press against his, his hands rising to grip his Sciences Blue overshirt as massive jet black wings fold around him, their scents filling the space between them. A tongue traces the seam of his lips and he parts to let it in so it can lick behind his teeth, lips, tongues, and teeth expertly used as the couple tips their heads to the side and a slender feminine hand tangles into his Alpha’s silk-like jet black hair, the older male pressing closer and slips between his legs to place his hands on either side of his wide hips as he leans forward slightly. His lips are gentle against his Captain’s before he trails them across his jaw to the spot just below his ear, trailing them down his neck before reaching up to pull his shirts aside and lower his mouth to his mark of claim, lining up his teeth with the indentations and holds him gently as the blond tips his head to the side to expose his throat with a soft sigh. He smiles softly as the Brit keeps his mouth on his neck and his teeth remain gentle against his skin, pressing kisses to his neck that are tender and gentle before moving up to the spot just below his ear, nuzzling his skin gently before trailing his lips across his jaw to meet his in a tender kiss, parting so they can look each other in the eye and rub their noses together in a tender kiss.

They fold back their wings to find McCoy standing next to them with instruments in hand, looking slightly annoyed but understanding as well as he pushes his way in between the couple, scanning his Captain as the Augment moves out of his way to allow the pair some privacy. The Captain lies down on his back as he is scanned and places a hand on his flat abdomen, staring at the ceiling before he closes his eyes and lets out a shuddery exhale, turning his head towards his Chief Medical Officer as he hesitates with his wings shifting nervously.

“Something bothering you?” The brunet asks, pausing in his exam.

The Omega flicks his gaze away before looking back, worrying his lower lip with his teeth and sits up, glancing over at his mate before lowering his voice when he speaks.

“Is it, is it possible for you to, terminate…?” He asks quietly, earning a look of horror.

“You, you want an abortion?” The Beta whispers, paling. “That, that goes against what you…”

He pauses when he sees the fear in his Commanding Officer’s eyes, his expression softening before placing a hand on his knee, squeezing reassuringly.

“You’re afraid what Marcus will do if he finds out you’re pregnant,” he says quietly. “Especially since Khan’s the father.”

His friend nods as tears stream down his cheeks, placing a hand on his flat abdomen as he looks down, fingers curling slightly while his wings curl around his shoulders.

“I’m scared,” he whispers, wrapping his arms around himself protectively. “I’m more scared than I’ve ever been. I don’t know what to do.”
“Do you think any of us do?” His Chief Medical Officer asks softly, his hand still on his knee.

The Captain looks up and studies his face before folding his wings against his back, lying back down on the biobed and relaxes as the examination continues, opening his glacial blue eyes to look at the brunet with a worried look.

“To answer your question; can I do the abortion? Yes. Will I? No,” the Doctor replies, squeezing his hand. “What you will do to yourself is far worse than what Marcus could do to you, and I won’t let you do that.”

Kirk looks up at him and squeezes his hand in agreement before dropping it onto his abdomen, looking up at the ceiling as he lets his eyes fall shut and exhales softly while the whirring of the tricorder fills his ear, his hand slipping under his shirts to rest on his bare skin. He looks over when a warm hand slips its fingers in between the spaces of his and strokes gently with their thumb, looking up into warm arctic blue eyes and squeezes lightly as he stretches out a dark golden blond wing towards the father of the child inside him, looking down at his flat abdomen as they begin to rub soothingly. Khan leans down and presses a kiss between his dark golden blond brows before placing one on the very tip of his nose, trailing his lips down to meet his mate’s and kiss him softly before pulling away, brushing the knuckles of his free hand against his cheek as he is cooed softly at. McCoy watches them as he continues his examination not only to make sure that the Augment does not interfere with his scan, but to watch how two people from two very different worlds that could not be further apart from each other be absolutely perfect for each other and fall so madly in love that they cannot live without the other, the love in their eyes clear as they look at each other and in their touch as well.

“You’re in perfect health, Jim,” the Doctor says, stepping away from the biobed. “Just keep taking your vitamins, but I’m noting that you’re slightly breathless, which is normal during pregnancy, so I’m putting you on a cardiovascular workout to help increase the efficiency of your heart and lungs in prep for the physical demands of your pregnancy now and in the future. I’m sending you instructions on how to do it properly, and it’s vital that you follow them. Got it?”

His Captain nods as he sits up and slips off the biobed to head out of the Medbay, his mate wrapping an arm around his narrow waist and holds him to his side as they walk, heading in the direction of the bridge before the older male alters their route to head to the forward observation lounge. He leads his young Omega to the bench in front of the viewport and sits down, patting the cushion beside him and waits as the blond hesitates before sitting down, the couple facing each other but the younger male has his hands folded in his lap and his gaze on the floor.

“James,” the dark haired male says softly, placing a hand on one of his knees. “Is everything alright?”

The Omega flicks his gaze up briefly before looking back down at his lap, fiddling with his ring as he worries his lower lip with his teeth, his wings curling around his shoulders to hide himself as his fiancé waits patiently.

“What if, he, finds out?” He says quietly, placing a hand on his still flat abdomen. “The things he’ll do if he finds out…”

“I heard his thoughts, love,” his Alpha says softly, cupping his cheek. “I know what he thinks about you, but I will not let him get his hands on you.”

He takes his face in both his hands and rests their foreheads together, sweeping his cheekbones with tender strokes of his thumbs as he gently rubs their noses together, pressing a tender kiss between his brows as he murmurs softly.
“I will protect the both of you,” he breathes, his massive jet black wings curling around them. “I will not let him lay a finger on you or hurt you through the use of another being or other means. He will not hurt you ever again, James. I will make sure of that. I promise you, he will not hurt you again.”

“I know,” his fiancée says softly, lightly gripping his Sciences Blue clad shoulders. “I know you will, Noonien. And I wish I could promise you the same thing, but I can’t. I can’t keep you safe the same way you can keep me, and I wish I could but—”

He is silenced as sinfully soft lips are pressed against his and is pulled against a robust body, settling in his lap and wraps his arms around his pale neck as large warm hands tangle in his dark golden blond hair and rest on the small of his back, parting his lips to the skilled tongue tracing the seam of his and lets the older male take the lead. He tangles his fingers into the silk-like jet black strands and grips lightly, gasping as he is swept off his feet and clings tightly to his neck as he is held in muscular arms, looking up with wide glacial blue eyes, lightly flushed cheeks, and his full lips parted. Khan smiles down at his mate and shifts him just enough so their lips can meet, keeping him fully supported as he holds him in the air without the slightest bit of strain present, pulling away to look down at his face as his massive jet black wings curl around them.

“I have you, James,” he says softly, spreading his arms to support him completely. “I will never let you go.”

‘I know,’ his Omega thinks, letting his eyes fall shut and relax in his arms. ‘I know you do. But put me down.’

The Augment quickly puts the younger male on his feet and watches as he sits on the bench, pulling his knees to his chest and wraps his arms around them as his dark golden blond wings curl around his shoulders, looking out the viewport as the room is light up by the warp tunnel. Kirk looks out at the warp tunnels as his Alpha kneels beside him, placing a hand on his shin and looks up at his youthful face, rubbing his shin tenderly.

“James?” He asks softly, worry clear in his tone.

“How can you still love me?” The blond whispers, his slender frame beginning to tremble. “After all that I’ve done, how can you still love me?”

“Because I do not care,” the Alpha/Beta says softly.

The Captain looks at him with shock as his lips part, his glacial blue eyes wide as he tries to wrap his head around what he said, a massive jet black wing stretching up to brush against his smaller dark golden blond.

“You, you don’t?” He asks softly.

The dark haired male holds his face in his large pale hands, stroking his cheeks with his thumbs before stretching up to dot kisses over his face, resting their foreheads together as their lips brush.

“I do not,” he breathes. “And I will not.”

The Omega turns to him as tears begin to fall down his cheeks, his dark golden blond wings stretching forward to wrap around his mate as he places a hand on his flat abdomen, a large pale hand resting over his as glacial remains locked with arctic.

“Why?” He whispers in the same tongue. “I’m a murder. How can you not care about that? I’ve taken more lives than you!”
“Because you will always be my beautiful, naïve, golden blond angel,” Khan whispers, taking his face in his hands to wipe away his tears with his thumbs. “Always my innocent Omega, my Savior. Not only am I biologically conditioned to love you, I choose to love you, with every fiber of my being.”

He leans in and kisses away his tears as he murmurs softly in Hindi, pressing a soft kiss to his lips and strokes his tear streaked cheeks.

“I will always love you, no matter what,” he says against his lips. “Nothing can ever change that.”

Kirk sobs and slips off the bench to sink to his knees, clinging to his Alpha as tears roll down his cheeks, his dark golden blond wings folding around them. The Augment holds him close, quietly shushing him as he rubs his back, a few tears rolling down his cheeks as he folds his massive jet black wings over top of smaller dark golden blond.

“You are my everything,” he murmurs, kissing away his mate’s tears. “You are my everything.”

The blond sobs loudly and clings tightly as he buries his face into his chest, soaking the cloth as he is cradled to a robust and muscular body, the dark haired male cradling the mother of his unborn child in his arms as he rocks gently. He murmurs softly in Hindi as he rubs his back, a dark golden blond head tucking itself half into the crook of his neck and half under his chin, slender fingers curling into his shirts to hold tightly.

“Do you think I could not live with your faults as you must do with mine?” He asks softly.

“Pike told me that I needed to be careful of who I mated with, if I ever did, because of not only my bloodline, but my past,” his fiancée softly, his glacial blue eyes half lidded. “He was terrified of what would happen if an Alpha even remotely like Marcus began to court me and pretended to not be that, and I bonded with them. Or someone who did not have my best wishes at heart, or just… didn’t care.”

He closes his eyes and presses his face into the crook of his Alpha’s neck, inhaling deeply as he curls his fingers tighter into his shirts, letting out a soft whimper as tears begin to roll down his cheeks.

“I was afraid of bonding with someone who didn't love me as much as I loved them,” he whimpers. “I started to believe that love didn’t exist because nobody wanted a relationship, they just wanted to… you know.”

“I do, James,” the dark haired male says softly.

“People started spreading rumors and gossip about my origins, and, things, started happening at the Academy because of it,” the blond continues. “Really bad things. I almost dropped out of the Academy because of what was happening, but Bones and Pike kept me going, as did Amanda, and I continued the Captaincy track. But it still ruined my reputation and drove people away from me.”

“But you will not drive me away, love,” his fiancé murmurs, nuzzling his temple. “You can never drive me away. And besides, we are Perfect Mates. We are bound together forever, my love.”

He pulls away to look down at his mate, wiping his tears away with his thumb as he smiles softly, nuzzling his face with the tip of his nose.

“And I would not have it any other way,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs. “Would you?”

His Omega giggles and shakes his head, rubbing their noses together as he babbles softly in his
native tongue, earning a low pleased rumble in response.

“No,” he murmurs back.

His fiancé’s smile widens as his eyes crinkle around the corners, taking his face in his hands and strokes his cheeks with his arctic blue eyes soft, leaning in to brush their lips together and tips their heads as they part to deepen the kiss.

Of the thirteen people the Captain has been romantically involved with, the thirteen people who have kissed him, only his fiancé has had his lips in places other than his face. Only he has been privy to skin under any article of clothing, socks included. Only he has seen him in the grips of his most primitive instincts, delirious and mad from the inextinguishable flames burning beneath his skin, consuming him in an inferno of lust. There are many things only he has been privy to, and more that he is learning.

‘Did you eat cherries recently?’ Kirk asks as their tongues tangle.

‘No,’ Khan thinks back, taking control of the kiss.

‘Because I taste cherries, along with strawberries, vanilla, and sweet cream,’ his Captain replies, pulling away. “Things I haven’t tasted before. Your scent changed when we bonded, so could the same thing be happening?”

“I do not know,” the Brit replies, rising to his feet.

He extends a large pale hand to his mate, a soft smile on his lips as the blond smiles back up at him, reaching up to take his hand as his dark golden blond wings flutter softly. He squeaks as he is yanked to his feet and held tightly to the father of his unborn child’s broad chest, his palms flat on his chest as color rises to his cheeks. His warm hands rest on the small of his back and between his shoulder blades, their lips millimeters apart as their wings fold around each other with massive jet black over top of smaller dark golden blond, arctic locked with glacial at their shared scent fills the space in between their wings. The younger of the pair begins to tremble slightly as their eyes remain locked, their heart rates picking up as slender fingers curl into a Sciences Blue overshirt and long ones curl into Command Gold, their breathing picking up as the tension between them intensifies.

“Noonien,” he whispers, tightening his grip.

The Alpha/Beta lets out a low rumble and shifts his head so their noses brush against each other, nipping his lower lip before slipping his tongue in at the startled gasp that turns into a low moan, licking behind his teeth before tracing his gums and feels the small slits in the tissue.

“I love you, James,” Khan murmurs against his lips.

“I love you too, Noonien,” Kirk murmurs back.

“Checkmate,” John says, moving his rook.

H’groybethi frowns and stares at the plain chessboard before him as his opponent leans back in his chair, his jet black wings fluttering against his back as the emerald iridescence flashes in the light with each ripple of movement, humming as a kiss is pressed against his pale cheek.

“I do not understand the purpose of this activity,” he says, frowning at the board.
“It is a game of tactics and strategy,” the Pure Beta says, tapping the controls to reset the board. “This is the standard version, but there are other versions, and it has similar games to it.”

“And how is this useful?” H’groybethi asks.

The Augment simply sighs before his face scrunches up in pain and his wings curl around his shoulders, letting out a soft whimper before he topples to the side and his mate catches him, quietly shushing his whimpers as he clings to him tightly and folds his massive jet black wings folding around them. Naki lifts his twin off the floor and carries him to the bed so he can place him on it, lying down beside him and holds him tight to his chest so he can soothe him, his mate’s soft whimpers rising in pitch as his slender frame trembles in pain. The Pure Alpha folds his wings tightly around them as his hands run over his slender frame, feeling how his svelte frame is starting to grow the curves of a Pure Omega and cannot help but slip his hand under his clothes to feel how soft his skin is, murmuring softly and nuzzles his temple as the “younger” twin clings to him and squeezes his eyes shut. He hears the doors to their quarters slide open and close but does not lift his head, pressing a kiss to his twin’s temple as he continues to shush his whimpers and rub his side soothingly, folding his wings tighter around them as the scent of pain fills the space between them.

“They’re so loud,” John whimpers, tears streaming down his cheeks. “They won’t stop talking, all of them. They won’t stop talking.”

“I am sure it will stop, love,” Naki says softly, pressing a kiss to his mate’s temple. “It must at some point.”

“What if it doesn’t?” The Pure Beta sobs, curling up tighter. “It hurts. Make it stop hurting.”

“How?” His twin whispers, his own tears falling. “How do I make it stop hurting?”

The “younger” twin simply lets out a sob and curls up even tighter, clinging to his mate as he begins to tremble in pain, his mate unable to do anything but helplessly look on and try to soothe his sobbing twin.

“I am sure it will stop,” he whispers, hoping what he says is true.
Chapter XLIII

Chapter Notes

Seriously, I'm not dead. I just had work, and it's just past the two year mark! Everything will be revealed shortly within the next few chapters, and I know I keep saying that this will be finished, but. THIS. WILL. BE. FINISHED. I just have to find the time to sit down and type because I've got work. Read on, and the kudos button is your friend!

“Hey, Noonien?”

Khan pauses on his way out of the forward observation lounge at the timid voice behind him, turning to find his mate standing in front of the viewport with his arms folded over his chest, his dark golden blond wings curling around his shoulders.

“Can I, can I ask you something?” Kirk says quietly, looking at the floor.

“You can always ask me anything,” his fiancé replies softly, moving to stand back in front of him. The Omega worries his lower lip with his teeth as his mind whirls with the questions he wants to ask, so many of them on the tip of his tongue as he debates on which to ask first, tucking a strand of dark golden blond hair behind his ear as his wings shift nervously against his back.

“James? What is it?” The Augment asks, reaching out to cup his cheek and stroke his cheekbone with his thumb. “What has you so worried?”

“It’s just, I, I mean…” His Captain stammers before sighing. “Do you need a hug?” The dark haired male asks, smiling as he earns a tear-streaked nod. “I give the best hugs in the universe, love.”

He pulls the younger male into his arms and holds him tight as he folds his massive jet black wings tight around them, feeling slender fingers curl into his shirt and grip tightly as he feels a head bury itself into his chest, rubbing his back soothingly as he murmurs softly in Hindi and folds his wings even tighter around them.

“I have you, James,” he whispers, a few tears rolling down his cheeks. “I have you, baby boy.”

“I’m scared, Noonien,” the Captain whimpers. “I’m really fucking scared. I’m scared of everything. I’m scared of losing the baby, I’m scared of losing you, I’m scared of losing my family, I’m scared of losing the Enterprise, I’m scared of what’s going to happen.”

“I know, love,” his Alpha whispers. “I am too. But I am glad you got to do something I would have never let anyone else do.”

The blond lifts his head and looks up into soft arctic blue eyes, earning a soft smile and a thumb wiping away his tears, a soft kissed pressed to his lips.

“I am glad I could give you my virginity, as you gave me both of yours,” his fiancé whispers. “I am
“gad we could give the one last thing we have to give to each other.”

He drops to his knees and takes his prominent hips in his hands after pushing up his shirts, pressing his lips to his flat abdomen as he murmurs softly and strokes the crests of his hips, slender fingers slipping into his jet black hair and toy with the silk-like strands as dark golden blond wings fold around them. His fiancée lightly scratches his scalp and a low rumble rises up before his lips are captured in a tender kiss, wrapping his arms around his pale neck and gasps against he is swept off his feet, staring up with wide glacial blue eyes and parted lips as he is smiled softly at. The dark haired male holds the younger male without any strain, their eyes locked as their bond thrums between them.

“I love you, James,” he whispers, earning a shy smile.

“I love you too, Da-rling,” the Captain whispers back, catching himself. “Now and forever.”

The Alpha/Beta smiles down at him as his eyes crinkle around the corners, putting him down on his feet so they can head back to the bridge but have to make a detour when the Omega’s stomach decides to make a guest appearance, groaning and cursing about how the universe hates him. His Alpha soothes him and helps himself clean up, tangling their fingers together and hold onto each other as they walk side-by-side, entering the bridge and share a quick peck before taking their stations. The blond elegantly takes his seat and crosses his legs as he works on his paperwork, his fiancé watching him with a tender expression before turning back to his work, smiling as he feels his young Omega place a hand on his still flat abdomen.

Their heads snap up at something only they can hear, one gasping loudly as the other sucks in air, both of them freezing in fear.

“Oh God,” the Brit whispers, turning to his mate.

The Enterprise’s proximity alarm sounds, its blare counterpointed by the cries of surprise and astonishment from single gendered bridge personnel, as well as sobs of despair and horror from those with two genders.

“Lieutenant Sulu, what’s going on?” Kirk demands, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Captain, I’m getting a reading I don’t understand,” Sulu replies, scarcely daring to look up from his instrumentation. “There’s a, distortion.”

He squints at one particular readout before reporting the impossible, much to his horror.

“A very big distortion,” the Helmsman says. “There’s something in the warp tunnel behind us.”

The expectant couple shares a look, tears streaming down their cheeks as they feel the uncontrollable rage approaching.

Suddenly, the Enterprise is rocked by a series of violent explosions as the Vengeance unleashes its array of powerful, state-of-the-art weaponry, the Captain of the state-of-the-art warship not bothering with professional niceties. The smaller ship is rocked, jolted, and knocked sideways by the succession of ever more violent explosions, sending her crew flying. Her Captain can feel the Enterprise falling apart, airtight barriers sliding shut as a hole is ripped in her side, feel the panic of her crew. He can feel his crew be pulled one by one from their bases, beams, instruments, anything that remained fastened to a wall or floor.

The Omega can feel the overstressed elements in Engineering let out inorganic shrieks, pushed beyond all reasonable design boundaries, fail one after the other. He can feel entire sections go
dark as the intricate mechanisms that keep the Enterprise running have a cascade failure, feel the panic from her crew. He feels the warp core slip out of alignment, feel it shut down, the containment compartment sealed off to prevent further damage. He can feel the luciferin-based lighting, chemically integrated in the coating that covered the walls, ceiling, and deck, return light to the sections that lost power, and feel his ship fall further apart.

He can also feel that things are embedded down the left side of his body.

The blond looks down fearfully, finding that pieces of his ship are embedded into his skin, almost all are small, but four large pieces of metal are in his calf, thigh, upper arm, and between his ribs. He whimpers loudly, trembling as he quickly assess the damage, tears streaming down his face and feels it mix with the blood on his face. The pieces may be deep, but he is relieved to find that they are not deep enough to send him into a death healing trance.

“James!”

His Alpha is instantly by his side with his entire being radiating panic, his arctic blue eyes are wide as they rake down his form, taking in every detail of his injured mate as his wings shiver against his back.

“Sheathe your wings,” the Captain whispers, trembling as his voice wavers.

The Augment rakes his eyes over his dark golden blond wings and finds them miraculously uninjured, the couple sheathing their wings as the Alpha/Beta reaches out and gingerly touches the area around the wounds, assessing the damage as he tries to calm his racing heart. His fiancée looks around his bridge with tear-filled glacial blue eyes, watching his crew suppress incipient fires and shut down instrumentation that is likely to ignite in the closed atmosphere, his heart breaking as he feels blood roll down his cheek.

“I can’t,” he whispers, dropping his head as tears stream faster down his cheeks. “I can’t do this again. I deal with this again.”

He looks up at his mate, the most apologetic look on his face as he trembles, terror in his scent.

“I’m sorry,” he whimpers. “I’m sorry. I can’t do this. I can’t do this.”

The dark haired male cups his Captain’s cheek as tears pour down his own pale ones, pressing a kiss between his dark golden blond brows, squeezing his arctic eyes shut as he feels the lithe body in his arms tremble violently.

“You can do this, James,” he whispers against his forehead. “I am right here by your side. I am not leaving you, not ever.”

The blond looks up at him with wide, terror-filled glacial blue eyes, tears leaving clean trails down his cheeks as he feels his heart continue to race in his chest, his Alpha keeping their gazes locked as he strokes his cheeks to soothe him.

“Sulu, damage report,” the Omega says without looking away, feeling the small shards slice the older male’s palm. “Where are we?”

“Shields are dropping, all weapons systems offline!” Sulu reports promptly, ignoring the gash on his forehead. “We’re twenty thousand kilometers from Luna.”

The Brit plants a kiss on top of his Omega’s dark golden blond head as he begins to cry softly, his own tears streaming down his cheeks before gently probing the damage around his wounds,
quietly shushing him as he covers his mouth with his hand and cries.

“Captain,” Spock announces. “Marcus’ ship clearly—”

“*I know!*” His Captain shrieks, his head snapping towards him as the air crackles with his rage. “*I know exactly what that monstrosity is capable because Noonien fucking designed it!*”

The bridge crew turns to look at the person in question, but his thoughts are elsewhere and whirling, scrambling to find a solution as a plan forms in his mind.

“I can shut it down,” Khan says quickly, his gaze unfocused. “I can control everything from here, *but I need time.* I need time to do so.”

“Shields are gone, Captain,” the Helmsman informs him. “Impulse power failing! We’re losing the last of our powered forward momentum.”

“James,” Carol urges from her position against the terminals, clutching her bleeding bicep. “Let me try to talk to him. What do you have to lose to letting me try?”

Kirk hesitates and looks into his fiancée’s soft eyes, earning a gentle peck to his lips before his face is gently nuzzled and softly murmured at, turning to the shaken Uhura at Communications.

“Lieutenant Uhura,“ he says quietly. “Hail them.”

He yelps as his mate yanks out the four pieces of metal and bleeds into the wounds, slicing his wrist and brings it to his mate’s lips, watching him gently take his wrist in his hands and drinks his blood slowly. The blond feels the blood’s healing abilities take hold and begin to push the small shards out of his body, his larger wounds sealing and his skin becomes flawless once more, licking the blood away as the wound heals itself. The expectant couple locks eyes and the older reaches out to cup his mate’s cheek, listening to the Chief Communications Officer curse softly as she works to create a functional link, requiring her to complete two work-arounds to do so.

“Channel’s open,” she says finally.

The Alpha/Beta helps his fiancée to his feet, supporting his full weight as he slumps against him, softly reassuring him as he continues to tremble and his breath quickens. The younger male nudges a single control on the command chair, nodding to the Pure Beta beside him, the only thing keeping him upright being his mate. She locks eyes with him before leaning forward, addressing herself to the command chair’s pickup.

“Sir, it’s me, it’s Carol,” she says. “I’m here. *I’m on the Enterprise.*”

Silence descends on the bridge as the crew waits with bated breath, hearts in their throats as the silence ticks by. The Omega’s eyelids flutter before falling limp, his Alpha catching him and easing him to the floor, checking his pulse as he turns pale. The dark haired male slices his palm and brings it over his mouth, dropping blood past his parted lips, watching him swallow and lick his lips as he drops more blood into his mouth before the wound heals. The younger male moans softly as his eyelids flutter, parting to reveal glacial blue eyes and blink a few times, focusing his gaze on the pale face above him as he licks his lips clean.

“Did I, did I reset?” The Captain asks quietly.

“No, love,” his mate replies, shaking his head. “You fainted from blood loss.”

“Oh,” is the reply.
They rise to their feet as the older supports the younger, murmuring softly to reassure him as they wait for a response, the massive warship looming over them like a brooding vulture and prognosticates the inevitable horrendous outcome.

“I cannot hear anything, can you?” Khan asks quietly.

His mate shakes his head as he continue to try and probe into the depths of the only Dreadnought-class warship in this reality, glancing to his left to find his Alpha’s terminal flashing rapidly, the “digital rain” he saw in the shuttle when they were heading to the Enterprise to track down the twins appearing on the screen.

“The Vengeance’s code,” Kirk whispers.

“No, love,” the Alpha/Beta whispers. “Starfleet’s code, Section 31’s code.

“You have an all-access pass,” his Omega breathes, looking at him. “To everything. How did you do that?”

The Augment simply smiles before his expression turns serious, looking back out the forward viewscreen at his creation with repugnance, eyeing the behemoth as he begins to wonder why he created it again.

“Lieutenant Uhura,” the Captain says, turning to Communications. “Is the channel open?”

His Chief Communications Officer turns to her instrumentation, checking her readouts thoroughly before nodding.

“As far as I can tell, sir,” she replies. “The ship-to-ship link is open and operating.”

“Sir, can you hear me?” Carol tries again.

The silence continues with the tension ratcheting with each passing second, the bridge crew sharing looks as their Captain manages to support himself on his own two feet, glacial meeting arctic briefly as worry and fear passes through their bond before looking back out the viewscreen. The Omega takes his fiancé’s hand and taps into his energy, using his massive reserves to boost his passive ability’s strength as he probes the Vengeance’s defenses, searching for a chink in its armor to find a way in. He uses his mate’s intimate knowledge of the warship’s design to search for its chink, eyes moving rapidly as he manipulates the blueprints to create a three-dimensional model in his head, frustrated by the fact that his abilities are being thwarted by the very design of the monstrosity. He feels a second mind join in, glancing to his left before returning to his task.

“Try again, Carol,” Kirk says after a few moments, nodding to his right.

The blonde nods, leaning towards the chair again.

“Sir, can you hear me?” She asks again.

The forward viewscreen activates, but the image is at first flickering and unstable, growing somewhat clearer as the transmission continues. While reception sporadic, the likeness of the man that took twenty years from the Captain is unmistakable, a barely audible whimper spilling from his lips as he practically clings to his Alpha. Khan looks down at the trembling blond practically trying to fuse himself to his side, murmuring softly in Hindi as he laces their finger together, letting him grip his hand with as tight of a grip as he can possibly create with his limited Omega strength.

His fiancée presses even closer, whimpering slightly louder as he fights to not burst into sobs, and not only lose control of his bowels on his bridge, but his abilities as well.
“What are you doing on that ship?” Marcus asks. “Again?”

It is clear to everyone that the Admiral is acting concerned, looks pissed, and sounds confused, and pissed. As well as that his daughter is scared of, and only a handful of individuals know that she has every right to be. Those same individuals know that she has once chance to convince him to not go through with his plan, and more than likely, fail.

“I heard what you said, father,” the Pure Beta begins. “That you made a mistake and now you’re doing everything you can to fix it.”

She pauses, hesitating before continuing.

“I should say that the man who raised me is not capable of destroying a starship, a Federation starship,” she continues. “Full of innocent people, but I know that that’s wrong. You will destroy a starship, a Federation starship with the Empress of Earth onboard no less, to fulfill your aims.”

She takes a step backwards towards the turbolift, her Captain preparing to grab onto her at the same time, flicking their gaze to each other briefly.

“And I will not have any part in this,” she finishes.

She continues to back up towards the turbolift, preparing to bolt inside should she need to. Her father ponders her words, and the Omega can hear that he is actually giving it some thought.

He is suddenly doubled over, clutching his Alpha’s shirt as he spits up blood, feeling as if he is breathing in powdered glass. He collapses as those around him begin to panic, gasping for air as he stares up into the terror-filled arctic blue eyes of his mate, his Perfect Mate, the feeling as if he is drowning is only making the situation worse.

And then, he is standing over his body, physically fine and healthy while his body continues to fight for air, its eyes closed as it gasps. He knows that he is very much alive, the fine thread connecting him to his body tied around his wrist waving in an invisible breeze, pulsing like a heartbeat. He looks around, seeing something that takes his breath away.

Every member of his crew has wings, though they have different colors, forms, and feather types, but they have “natural” colors, not like bright pink or purple, but like his own wings where they match his own, color scheme, if he had to put it in words, Each person has a small orb where their heart is that is composed of two colors, white and black, but in ratios unique to each person. At their core is another orb, composed of red, green, and/or blue, and while it may vary in brightness of the color, but the hue remains the same. The three colors are in ratios unique to each person, as are the shades, but the combinations of the colors reminds him…

“Of the gender hierarchy,” he breathes.

The Captain looks at his mate, finding that his heart orb is mostly white with a small amount of black, his core orb equal parts green and red and very dull, symbolizing his short lineage. His other dual gendered crew have core orbs that match their primary gender and length of their bloodline, something that does not surprise him, but when he turns to his single gendered crew, he is surprised to see that they also have the gender hierarchy orbs. He soon realizes that it is the traits associated with the genders that are represented, smiling when he sees that his First Officer has more instinctual and emotional traits than intellectual.

When he looks at himself, his core is an iridescent blue that glows bright as the sun, but his heart core is pure white, pulsing in time with his heart. All the other heart cores do as well, but his sends
out waves of light with each pulse, the waves so bright that he is forced to look away to not be blinded. The blond catches movement out of the corner of his eyes, turning to look.

A clone stands behind his mate, watching him with an indecipherable look as black threads pulse along his pale skin, creating an elaborate tattoo as black smoke curls off his body. Kirk takes a step back as a tail whips back and forth, the end resembling the shape of the spade suit in a deck of cards, creating small rips in the fabric of space that seal quickly. Slate gray eyes turn towards him, the sclera black as he focuses them on him. Pale lips pull back to reveal fangs identical to his own, but only fangs fill his mouth. A black forked tongue darts out, revealing the inside of his mouth to be black when he speaks.

“Excellent,” he purrs, his voice almost identical to his lookalike’s.

The Omega finds himself flat on his back, a taloned hand wrapped around his throat and squeezing as he gasps for air, the figure’s face millimeters from his as he grips the hand and squeezes his eyes closed.

“Don’t expect to ever return to your body,” he purrs, his tongue flicking out to brush against his skin as his eyes rake over his form. “You’re in my realm now. You’re mine. Forever.”

The grip around his throat loosens and massages gently as the tongue flicks against his skin, his touch almost tender as he continues to hold onto the pale hand, gasping for air as the grip remains tight.

“What, what do you want?” The Captain whimpers, his lithe frame trembling as tears stream down his cheeks.

“Don’t you mean, ‘What am I?’” The figure asks, a grin on his pale lips. “That’s the question you really want to know.”

He leans down and scrapes his teeth over his cheekbone, the blond turning his head away as he whimpers and fights to get free, freezing as the fangs nip his skin.

“I wouldn’t try to fight if I were you,” he purrs, raking his eyes over his trembling form. “But ask the question, ‘What am I?’”

“What, what are you?” the Omega whimpers, keeping his face turned away.

“Does it matter?” The figure asks, nuzzling his cheek before licking his skin as he slips a knee between his legs. “But I’m the thing you call, The Darkness. I’ve got other names, but you can’t pronounce them.”

“Is one of them ‘Sylar?’” Kirk asks, his voice trembling as a taloned hand slips to the hem of his shirt and under it.

“Maybe, maybe not,” The Darkness purrs, tongue flicking over his skin. “Why does it matter? You’re not going back to your body, ever. So who I am doesn’t matter.”

He squeezes his throat and the Captain chokes, his back arching slightly as he fights for air, his legs scrambling to get a foothold as The Darkness laughs. The Omega wants to claw at his face to get him to let go of his throat, but he knows that if he does that the hand will tighten its grip and he will lose consciousness, leaving him completely at the mercy of the being above him. The knee presses up and grinds against him as the hand under his shirt travels up his body, the grip on his throat tightening marginally to leave him dizzy from the limited amount of air reaching his brain, fighting to get any sort of leverage to give him a chance to get free. The Darkness crushes his
mouth against his and takes away the last of his air, his vision narrowing as fingers pinch his
nipple and twist cruelly, his back arching as he tries to get air into his lungs as a forked tongue
slips into his mouth. Tears are streaming down his cheeks as he continues to fight to get free, but
The Darkness quickly sinks his fangs into his neck and he freezes as he feels blood run down his
neck, his heart refusing to beat in his chest as he begins to feel fuzzy and hot all over. The Captain
tries to roll away but his limbs are uncooperative and refuse to obey him, The Darkness pushing
his shirt up and tease his nipples before pinching, rolling, and twisting them cruelly, his hands
sliding down to his fly and undo it before opening it and push his pants down to his thighs.

“Please, don’t,” the blond slurs, finding himself unable to move. “Please…”

“Why?” The Darkness purrs, sliding his fingers to the waistband of his underwear. “We are gonna
have so much fun. Don’t you want to have fun?”

He toys with the elastic and laughs at the loud whimper from his prey beneath him, dipping his
fingers under and begins to pull it down before the smaller male manages to get a foot on his chest,
shoving him away violently but the tail wraps around his throat and chokes him. Kirk grips the tail
as it cuts off his air and chokes while his legs scramble to find purchase on the smooth floor, The
Darkness on him in a flash and grabs a fistful of dark golden blond hair to haul him to his knees,
his grip so tight that he is almost pulling out his hair. He snarls loudly and rips his own pants open
before shoving him down onto him, glacial blue eyes snapping wide open as tears stream down his
cheeks and begins to claw at The Darkness’ thighs, his lips touching his pelvis as he fights to get
free and attempts to get air back into his lungs while his head continues to spin. He feels incredibly
lightheaded as a hand holds his hair in an eye-wateringly tight grip and his mouth and throat are
thrust into at a violent pace, tears cascading down his cheeks as his vision narrows and begins to
grow fuzzy while he starts to lose the strength to fight, wanting his mate to rescue him and stop the
rape from occurring but his head is yanked off as the tail keeps its hold on him. He gasps and
coughs as he fights to get air in his lungs, clutching the hand in his hair as tears still pour down his
cheeks and he cries out for his mate.

“Fucking whore!” The Darkness snarls, striking him hard across the face.

The Omega is sent sprawling onto the floor and sees stars from the blow before his wrists are
pinned above his head, thrashing as he feels the wound on his neck ooze out clotting blood before
fangs sink into his neck and the heat and incoordination returns, his limbs feeling heavy and he
cannot move them as the figure above him resumes his actions. His underwear is yanked down his
thighs and tears stream down his cheeks, unable to stop what is happening to him and feels just as
helpless as he did twenty-four years ago, squeezing his eyes shut as his legs are thrown over
muscular shoulders and his hips are grabbed with talons digging into his skin.

“Scream for me, pretty boy,” The Darkness purrs before grinning. “Oh wait, you can’t.”

He shoves himself to the root and the blond wants to scream but finds that he cannot, the pain
unbearable and burns inside as he tries slip through his end of the bond to his fiancé’s, horrified to
learn that the bond is almost not even there. He turns his head away and cries silently as he is
violated again, trying to not look at a face so close to his mate’s own, hearing that deep rumbling
baritone almost seeming to croon at him in a tone that he never wants to hear it have.

“Please, stop,” he manages to slur out, tears still pouring down his cheeks.

“Why?” The Darkness asks, leaning down to lave his tongue against his cheek. “Aren’t you having
fun? I know I am.”

“Please,” the Captain sobs, refusing to look at him. “Please sto-"
“No!” The Darkness shrieks, head snapping up at something only he can hear. “He’s mine! He’s fucking mine!”

“…will not have any part in this.”

Kirk blinks as Carol ends the conversation with her father, watching him ponder her response as he tries to figure out what the Hell just happened to him, why he is not in pain from coughing up blood or being raped.

“You’re right, Carol,” Marcus says after a minute or two of silence. “You won’t.”

The Pure Beta’s eyes widen as her father’s words hit home, tears welling up in her blue eyes.

“Captain James T. Kirk: Without authorization and in league with the fugitive known as John Harrison and his twin,” the Admiral begins. “You and your crew went rogue in enemy territory, leaving me no choice but to hunt you down and destroy you.”

He turns to his right.

“Lock phasers,” he orders.

“Wait, sir!” The Captain shouts, raising a hand as he races towards the forward screen. “Wait, wait, wait!”

“I’ll make this quick,” the Pure Alpha says. “Target all aft torpedoes on the renegade’s bridge.”

“Wait, Master!”

The words leave Kirk’s lips before he can stop them, but they have the desired effect on his former Alpha as he cancels the order, turning to the younger Captain and waits for an answer with a suppressed gleeful expression. Hot bitter tears sting his eyes as he realizes what he just put into motion, fighting to suppress his trembling as he looks back into the eyes that he has seen far too much of, swallowing hard before speaking.

“Master, I take full responsibility for my actions,” he begins. “But they were my actions, and mine alone. I’m sorry.”

He clenches his fists before swallowing hard again, trembling slightly as fear takes over and he fights to not flee the bridge, knowing just how much worse it could get.

“My crew was only following my orders,” he continues. “From my First Officer-”

He can feel Spock raise an eyebrow at his station.

“-to the lowest-ranking new inductee into Starfleet, they acted only as instructed. Following a Captain’s orders should be reason for commendation, not termination. If I transmit the three Augments’ exact location, all that I ask is that you spare them.”

He steps towards the screen, his body trembling as his voice wavers.

“Please, Master,” he pleads. “Let them live. I’ll…”

He swallows and glances behind him briefly before looking back.

“I swear on the souls of my mate and unborn child that I am at your mercy,” he says, earning a loud cry of horror from his Alpha. “I am at your mercy, if you allow my crew to live.”
Marcus leans back in his command chair, studying his former Omega as he tries to process his words.

“You’re pregnant?” He asks, his eyes staring intently at the younger Captain. “With Khan’s child?”

“Yes, Master,” the blond replies.

The Pure Alpha nods to himself, processing his former Omega’s words before sighing, proceeding to lean forward in his chair.

“Then you know what I want,” he says.

The Omega nods, tears streaming down his face.

“I will terminate the pregnancy and bare your children, but I cannot be your mate,” he replies. “Because I cannot break the bond between Perfect Mates.”

The Admiral blinks a few times before his gaze narrows just a fraction, leaning back in his chair and thinks long and hard, his gaze unfocused as he thinks.

“Well, I have to say… I wasn’t expecting that,” he says, focusing on his former Omega. “Perfect Mates, thought they were a myth. Twelve thousand years since the last one, only bones left. And that’s one Hell of an apology… but I was never going to let any of you live. Not even my own daughter.”

He smirks as the Captain sinks to his knees, his Alpha racing towards him as he begins to cry, his own daughter staring at him in horror.

“Good bye, Empress,” he says scathingly, ending the transmission.

Khan holds his fiancée close as he trembles in his arms, closing his eyes as he feels the crew prepare for the end as tears stream down his pale cheeks, pressing a kiss to the younger male’s temple as he gently rocks them. His Omega suddenly turns in his arms and holds his face in his hands, their eyes locked as he whispers words that he does not understand, but knows that they are the most important words that have ever passed his lips.

“Dahrrii. Dahrrii. You are my Dahrrii.”

The words sound like gibberish to his ears and he has never heard them in his life, but for his mate to say them with seconds left to live, of all the things he could have said, he knows that it has to do with his bloodline and possibly even his status as the Empress of Earth, and that the words mean more to him than anything he has ever said.

But what does it mean?

The Augment holds his mate tightly as his massive jet black wings fold around them, tears streaming down his cheeks as two banks of photon torpedoes that, in themselves, are larger than many Starfleet vessels unfold like the devil’s hands in the rear of the warship. Both know that each holds more torpedoes than several ships the size of the Enterprise, and will unleash enough destruction power to destroy a small planetoid.

The couple parts and looks into each other’s eyes, glacial and arctic as tears continue to stream down their cheeks while they remain kneeling on the floor, the younger of the pair taking his mate’s face in slender hands and strokes his razor sharp cheekbones.
“I am sorry, Dahrrii,” he whispers, resting their foreheads together. “I couldn’t stop him. I couldn’t stop any of this.”

The Alpha/Beta does not try to stop the tears from streaming faster down his pale cheeks, leaning in to kiss his Omega softly as he frames his face with his large, warm hands and slender arms wrap around his neck, massive jet black wings folding around them tightly to give them some privacy as they share their last moments. Their lips part with a soft plop and they cling to each other tightly, hearing the crew prepare for the end on and off the bridge as the couple cries silently. The crew composes final thoughts, embrace crewmates, or whispers words they have wanted to say but did not have the courage to do so, Spock having left his station to move to Uhura’s and they hold hands tightly, watching the couple hold onto each other as they cry.

“Thank you,” the dark haired male whispers.

The two words hold so much meaning than his mate can understand, the blond knowing that he comprehends its depth as much as the older male can comprehend his own words, tears streaming faster down his cheeks as he squeezes his eyes shut tightly.

The Captain presses his lips to his fiancé’s ear, whispering softly.

“*Rani Sarina Elizabeth Kirk-Singh,*” he whispers in Hindi.

His Alpha holds him tighter, tears rolling even faster down his cheeks.

Seconds tick by, the silence tense before Sulu breaks it.

“*Their, their weapons are powered down,*” he says in disbelief. “*Sir.*”

The expectant couple parts and looks at each other before looking at the Helmsman with an expression of bewilderment, looking back at each other as they rise to their feet and look out at the forward viewscreen the back at each other, the same question on the forefront of their minds before their question is answered.

“*Enterprise, can ye hear me!?*”

Kirk’s eyes widen to a comical size at the sound of the familiar voice, his lips parted in shock as his dark golden blond wings begin to tremble slightly with emotions.

“Scotty…?” He whispers, swallowing hard.

The communications link is weak, but intelligible. Uhura and Spock working in tandem to isolate and enhance it, as well as pinpoint the communication’s location. With their combined efforts, the Chief Engineer’s next words are far more audible.

“*Guess what I found behind Jupiter, Captain!?*”

“You’re on that ship!?” The Omega shouts, his wings flapping excitedly.

“I’m sure as Ifrinn not on the Enterprise, Captain!” Scott shouts. “An’ seein’ as how I’ve just committed an extensive act o’ treason against a Starfleet Admiral and sabotage on Starfleet’s newest vessel, with help, I’d bloody well like to get off this bloody ship, now beam me the Hell out!”

“Help…?” Khan asks quietly, looking at his fiancée.
“You should ‘ave me located by now, assumin’ Commander Spock’s been doin’ his job and not lollygaggin’ about while I’ve been talking!” The Scotsman finishes.

“Still fine-tuning for transfer, Captain,” Spock says without looking up from his station. “And-”

“What the bloody Hell do you mean by ‘help’?” The Alpha/Beta interrupts, his wings shifting in agitation.

“Commander Harrison,” a female voice interrupts. “He has help from me.”

“Yuki?” Sulu asks, gaping at the sound.

“Hikaru?” The woman asks.

“Who the Hell is Yuki?” The Captain demands, looking between his fiancé and his Helmsman. “Someone better start explaining, fast.”

“Lieutenant Yuki Sulu, my younger sister,” the Augment says hesitantly, flinching as a look is sent his way. “I have a lot of explaining to do, once we get-”

“Get us the Hell out of here!” Scott demands.

“Uh, we’re a little low on power at the moment, Scotty,” the blond rushes to explain, his anger turning to panic quickly. “That includes power for the transporter, I’m afraid. Stand by, we’re working on it…”

“You stand by!” His former Chief Engineer howls back. “What happened to the Enterprise? If you don’t get us…”

The Omega swears he can hear boots on metal via the communicator, his heart in his throat.

“Scotty? Commander Scott!” he shrieks.

“Call you back,” Scott says, the communication ending.

Khan catches his mate as he drops suddenly, his body completely lip as his eyelids flutter, his breathing deep, even, and incredibly slow. He checks his pulse and curses at how slow it is, cradling him to his chest as he folds his wings tightly around them.

“Please, baby,” he whispers, closing his eyes. “Please, stay with me. Stay with me, baby.”

The Brit folds his wings tighter around them as he begins to rock and tremble, holding him tightly as he tries to remain calm.

Thirty seconds go by, a minute, two minutes without any reaction, the tension ratcheting with each passing second.

After three minutes, his Omega’s eyes flutter, a low moan spilling past his lips.

“Hey, baby,” the Alpha/Beta says softly, stroking his cheek as he smiles, tears welling up in his eyes. “Welcome back.”

As Kirk turns his head to look around, he swears that his eyes flash steel gray briefly before focusing on his pale face, his eyes glacial blue again.
“We gonna jump now?” He rasps, coughing slightly.

“Yes, love,” his fiancé replies softly. “It is time to jump.”

He lets his mate hug him, feeling his lips press against his ear.

“I’m scared,” the blond whimpers, tightening his grip.

“I am too, love,” his Alpha whispers back, nuzzling his cheek with his. “I am too.”
Y’all be super special. I’ve had some serious down time since I last posted and have 
cranked out five more chapters. Things are getting close to the climax of the story, and 
I appreciate comments on what you think. And I am warning you now, the next 
chapter is darker than jet black, and contains some SERIOUS triggers in it. I mean 
*SERIOUS* triggers. The next chapter is the reason for the rating and warnings, and 
not for the faint of heart.
I mean it.
Read on.

The couple parts and rises to their feet, reaching the same conclusion before the younger turns to 
his crew, his air of authority around him once more as he looks towards Communications.

“Lieutenant Uhura,” he begins. “As soon as you can reestablish contact with Scotty, patch him 
through.”

He turns to his First Officer, standing tall despite all that is going on around him and just how 
scared he truly is.

“Commander Spock, you have the conn,” he finishes, turning to head towards the turbolift, his 
mate in tow.

Without hesitating, Spock moves to follow his Captain and succeeds in entering the open lift 
before the doors could close on him, the Augment glaring slightly at him and rumbles in 
annoyance.

“Captain, I strongly object-” He begins.

“To what?” Kirk interrupts, turning to his First Officer. “I haven’t said anything yet, or proposed. 
And you weren’t there, so you can’t know what I’m, we’re, going to do.”

“I believe I can make a reasonable attempt at divining your intentions based on the limited number 
of alternatives available to us,” the Vulcan replies. “To prevent Admiral Marcus from resuming the 
attack that he launched and was only just prevented from concluding, we must somehow either 
permanently put his vessel out of action or take control of it. Since we cannot take the ship from 
without-”

“Hold on,” the blond interrupts, turning to his mate. “I thought you said that you could remotely 
control everything from here. Was that a lie?”

“No, love,” Khan replies, shaking his head. “I could remotely control the Vengeance, but, the virus 
we implanted altered its code and it would have taken time to reprogram the system to do so.”

“Crap,” his Captain swears, his wings drooping slightly.

“I can think of better expletives,” the Brit replies. “But that is what we are currently in at the 
moment.”
“As I was saying, Captain,” the Science Officer interrupts. “Since we cannot take the ship from without, the only way to do so is from within. And as a large boarding party would quickly be detected and met with appropriate counterforce-”

He watches as the couple sheathes their wings, creating more room in the turbolift.

“-it is optimum for you to take as few crewmembers as possible. Since there is a good chance one is still likely to eventually encounter resistance, it stands to reason that any boarding party will require personnel with advanced hand-to-hand combat abilities. It also stands to reason that a boarding party would benefit immensely from the presence of someone with innate knowledge of the design and schematics of the ship. All of which-”

“Yes, I’m allying with Noonien,” the Omega snaps, his temper flaring. “Because he is my mate. And that is the only reason I need, and everyone else.”

“I am standing right here,” the Alpha/Beta mutters, frowning.

“As much as you trust him,” Spock says, eyeing his fellow Commander. “He is still a self-confessed warrior, bred to be a fighter.”

The Augment snaps his teeth at the comment, rumbling dangerously.

“I don’t give two shits on what he was,” the Captain snarls, the air crackling around him. “I only care about what he is: He is my mate, and when an Empress chooses their mare, they choose for life.”

He inhales deeply, centering himself before speaking again.

“The Purest Alpha bloodline becomes the Empress’ husband as the tradition requires,” he says quietly. “But the Empress chooses their mate, and in the past five thousand years, more often than not, it is another Alpha. An Empress has only one Alpha in their lifespan, no matter how short the time they have together. Marcus would have been my husband, but he would never be my Alpha. And if he had forced me to bond with him, his entire bloodline, and all offshoots to the ninth cousin, would have been purged. He must obey the tradition as much as he does not want to, as he would have been forced to watch is bloodline be purged before dying himself.”

He looks up at his fiancé, gently taking his hand.

“The Empress’ Alpha is the true Emperor of Earth, not their husband,” he says quietly, his glacial blue eyes soft. “They hold all the power, even though they would never be seen in the public eye as long as the husband lived. They are the only one who can share the Empress’ Heats, sire their children, and claim them. It’s not something that is known, except by the Council, and the Empress. I choose who I mate with, no matter what.”

The dark haired male leans down and presses a kiss to his Omega’s cheek, his lips lingering.

“And some Empresses don’t claim their mates until they begin to age,” he finishes.

“Then I am honored,” his Alpha murmurs.

“You should be,” is the reply.

The turbolift doors open and the trio steps out, the highest ranking Officer in the lead as he crosses the catwalk, the other two not far behind.
“Captain,” the Vulcan begins. “If you are determined to do this, I will go with you.”

“No, I need you on the bridge,” Kirk replies as he shakes his head. “Noonien and I can handle this. And don’t bother on trying to stop me. It won’t work.”

“Believe me,” Khan says, smiling softly. “Once James has his mind set on something, it is impossible to change.”

“Damn straight,” his mate replies as they round a corner. “Which is why we need to stop this before it gets too far. We can’t let history repeat itself.”

The Augment keeps silent as the blond orders his First Officer, now Captain, onto the bridge, feeling him alert the twins and H’groybethi to come down to the Medbay before turning towards him, the younger of the pair worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he wages an internal war and hesitates about their next move. He turns on his heel and resumes their trek to the Medbay, entering in silence only moments before the others arrive.

“We have to get onboard the Vengeance,” the Captain announces, crossing his arms over his chest. “Noonien and I have done it before, and we will do it again—”

“James,” his fiancé begins to protest.

“—Except that I’m pregnant,” he continues, glancing at him. “And I know that Noonien will kill me if I try to jump out of the garbage chute in my condition, flying towards the Vengeance at four hundred meters per second. And there’s a high possibility that if Scotty doesn’t do what we need him to do, we’ll smash into the outer hull like insects on a windshield. Those were your words, right?”

The Alpha/Beta smiles and nods, brushing a strand of hair behind his ear before moving to kiss his cheek, his sheathed wings curling forward to wrap around him.

“Yes it was, love,” he murmurs, wrapping an arm around his slender waist. “Though I believe the circumstances were different.”

His Captain giggles softly and turns to rub noses with him, humming happily as a low rumble fills the air, smiles on their lips as their bond thrums between them.

“Quit necking in my Medbay!” McCoy shouts, earning fingers from the couple. “Real mature, Jim!”

The Omega hurls a few colorful obscenities at his Chief Medical Officer, causing his fiancé to chuckle at the vulgarity of his curses.

“Shut up,” the younger male growls at him, his cheeks flush.

The dark haired male shakes his head, a soft smile on his lips before his expression turns serious, turning to the others.

“We do not have much time,” he says urgently. “We need to get onboard the Vengeance, quickly and quietly. Naki and I will cross the space between the Enterprise and the Vengeance with EV suits via the garbage chute, and once onboard, James and John will teleport to us. If there is anyone I would choose to have my back, it is two Pure Omegas. But, there is the possibility that we may not survive the crossing of the debris field, and since we have learned that an unbreakable bond is somehow breakable, which is why we have a backup plan.”
“We do?” John asks.

“Since when?” Kirk asks at the same time.

“Just now,” Khan replies, glancing at his mate. “You can divert the remaining power on the Enterprise to locations large enough to hold the crew in as minimal spaces that can be done requiring minimal power. Shut off the power to the other areas, and you should have enough power to fire seventy-two photon torpedoes at the Vengeance.”

“How?” Naki asks, gaping. “Last time I checked, the warp core is out of alignment, and it is suicide to go in there and realign it!”

The couple looks at each other, swallowing thickly.

“I will realign the core if it is required,” H’groybethi interjects, standing tall. “It will be my honor to die serving the Warrior Queen.”

“H’groybethi,” the Captain says quietly, his expression soft and sad.

He looks away, a few tears escaping from the corners of his eyes. The Klingon does a very un-Klingon, but very human, action, hugging the crying human tightly, the height difference between them almost comical. The taller of the pair rubs the shorter’s back, quietly shushing him as those that do not understand their relationship gape at them. The pair parts and the human wipes at his eyes as he sniffs, looking up at the Klingon before stretching up on his toes to kiss his friend’s cheek, his tears drying on his cheeks.

“You have done more than you can ever know,” the blond says quietly.

He falls back onto his heels and spreads his wings as his mate does the same, taking a step back into the embrace of the Alpha/Beta standing behind him, gasping as his friend kneels before him. H’groybethi takes his hand and gently kisses it, startling the expectant couple at the action.

“It is my honor to serve the Empress of Earth,” he murmurs.

The dark haired male folds a wing around his Omega protectively, hesitant about the action as he watches the interaction, H’groybethi rising to his feet after letting go of the younger male’s hand and nods to the Augment.

“I will protect your mate with my life,” he announces, causing the much older male to blink in surprise.

The Brit blinks a few times before mentally shaking himself, nodding to the Klingon as his mate presses up against his side.

“Thank you,” he says softly, looking at his Captain. “That means more to me than you can imagine.”

“We should get going,” Naki says, the twins’ fingers threaded together. “If time is so important, then we are losing it.”

The older couple nods, threading their fingers together as they try to prepare themselves for the inevitable.
Kirk glances at the man beside him, holding his hand tightly as they move quickly through the Enterprise’s corridors, a Security team comprised of her best Officers follow them, armed and ready. He knows that they are under the orders of his First Officer, clearly still doubtful of his fiancé’s loyalty. Khan remains silent as they move, his clones right behind them as H’groybethi follows his mate closely, guarding him. He can smell his Omega’s fear, feel how tight he is gripping his hand, hearing his thoughts as he desperately tries to find another way to do this. The blond’s communicator beeps, signaling that his Chief Communications Officer has successfully reconnected with his former Chief Engineer.

“Oi, Captain… give a man some warning!” Scott hisses on the other end.

“Sorry, Scotty,” the Omega apologizes. “I take it you’re still free to cause trouble?”

“Doin’ me best, sir,” the ex-Chief Engineer says after a pause. “And still waitin’ to be beamed off the galla. And Sulu’s sister is rather helpful.”

“Glad she is,” the blond replies. “But there’s still going to be a delay in that Scotty. We don’t have adequate power to the transporter room yet. Maybe not for some time. So we’re planning an alternative. We’re coming over there.”

“Excuse me, sir,” the Scotsman gapes. “Must be some problem with the communications link. I dinna think I heard you clearly. You wanna do what?”

“We’re coming over there,” his former Captain repeats, glancing at his Alpha. “Even though we’re going to have to do it without the use of the transporter. All the Enterprise has left that’s still functioning are the independently powered maneuvering thrusters. Not enough push to get us to the moon, much less Earth. But enough to fine-tune ship position inside a spacedock, or move us closer to where you are. Sulu’s shifting the Enterprise into position even as we speak.”

“To this ship?” Scott asks, the incredulity clear in his voice. “How?”

“If you plan to use the cargo door in hanger seven on Deck 13, access port 101A,” Yuki says. “You can forget it.”

“The cargo door on Deck 17, hanger twelve, access port 207B,” the Alpha/Beta replies. “This hanger, like hanger seven, is equipped with an internal manual override system. You two need to locate the manual override to open the airlock. As are seven other hangars on the same side. I did not put into the design that this one has the override system, in case of a situation like this.”

“Smart,” Yuki replies.

“More of being prepared,” the Brit says, glancing at the Captain beside him. “I have a lot more to lose this time than before. I need to atone for my sins in our reality, now that I have a second chance. And I can presume that the same goes for you.”

“You presumed correctly,” is the Lieutenant’s reply.

“Hold on for a sec,” the Engineer interrupts. “Let me see if I heard this straight: You wanna shoot out of the Enterprise’s garbage chute, the I’m supposed to open an airlock, to space, whereupon I dinna know what happens to you because before you get inside I freeze and die and explode!”

“Scotty,” Kirk interrupts, his tone harsh. “We don’t have any other option left available to use, and I really enjoy the idea of the father of my unborn child and future husband speeding towards you at four hundred meters per second with the possibility of smashing onto the outer hull like insects on a windshield!”
“Hello,” Khan says abruptly, turning his head as a crewmember walks past. “That was new, was it not?”

His fiancée suddenly bursts into uncontrollable giggles, tears streaming down his face as he startles the others.

“I fucking hate mood swings!” He giggles, holding his stomach. “I’m suddenly fucking happy right now and it is so not appropriate!”

“This is what I have to look forward to?” John asks, a look of horror on his face. “Because I did not sign up for this.”

“Shut the fuck up!” The Captain hisses, his wings shivering with anger. “I didn’t either!”

“James,” the Alpha/Beta says calmly and quietly, extending a wing to wrap around his mate as his arm goes around his slender waist and pulls him tightly to his side. “Just breathe, love. Count to ten, and breathe.”

His Omega takes several steadying breaths, feeling his heart rate slow down to a somewhat reasonable pace, though it is faster than he would like.

“Thanks,” he says quietly, looking up at the man beside him. “I knew I chose right.”

“For what?” His mate asks.

“For everything,” the blond replies softly before turning back to the communicator. “Scotty, let us know when you make progress.”

“Understood, Captain,” Scott replies, closing the link.

The couple tightens their grip on each other as they reach the first of their destinations, allowing the two Alphas to change into EV suits, Khan in blue, Naki in all black. The Security team waits outside as their mates help them slip on the suits, their wings shifting in agitation. The Alphas’ are sheathed, everyone checking and rechecking the seals to make sure that they are airtight, not wanting to meet a premature demise. The only true Omega is trembling, his fingers fumbling with the same seal twice before he sits down on the bench, tears pouring down his face as he begins to hiccup.

“Please don’t leave me,” he whispers, squeezing his eyes closed tightly as he wraps his arms around himself. “I can’t be alone again. I just, can’t.”

His Alpha kneels before him, taking his face between in his gloved hands so he can stroke away his tears, leaning in to kiss them away as he murmurs softly.

“I will not leave you,” he murmurs, shedding a few tears of his own. “I will never leave you. I am your Dahrrii, your Perfect Mate, the father of the child growing in your womb. Our daughter. Besides my mark of claim on your neck and our bond, I have left my mark on you, as you have me.”

He pulls away and locks gazes with his Captain, his expression tender as he strokes away his tears, resting their foreheads together as dark golden blond wings fold around them.

“Even if I am somehow gone,” he says softly, stroking his cheeks. “Even if our bond is somehow broken and my mark purged from your body, I have been a major part of your life. For seven years, I have been a part of you, your other half. I could not have been such a crucial part of your life
without leaving my mark on you, even if it is not being your mate.”

He places a hand on his fiancée’s flat abdomen, slipping through their bond to listen to their child’s, daughter’s, rapidly beating heart. Kirk looks down at his hand before placing his own over top of his mate’s, slipping inside his body to also listen as his closes his glacial blue eyes, tears still spilling down his cheeks. Khan gently nuzzles his face with his own, their tears mixing as they listen.

“I love thee, I love but thee,” the Augment whispers. “With a love that shall not die, till the sun grows old and the stars grow cold.”

The blond sobs softly, clinging to his Alpha as tears cascade down his cheeks, slipping off the bench so he is on the same level as the Alpha/Beta. He cannot get a good grip on him with the EV suit on, but he still clings, burying his head into his neck to surround himself with his scent. The Brit holds his sobbing Captain tightly, knowing that he does not have a chance of stopping the waterworks, letting him sob and cling as he cradles the back of his dark golden blond hair.

“I have to go,” he says quietly, kissing his cheek.

The Omega reluctantly lets go, sniffling as he rises to his feet, finishing off the last of the seals before picking up the black helmet. He stares at the glass visor, his reflection staring back before large gloved hands pry the helmet out of his, looking up into soft arctic blue eyes. His fiancé looks down at him with a tender expression, his gaze flicking to the door when his clone coughs, flicking back to his mate.

“I will return, my love,” he says softly, leaning in to peck his lips.

“When you get back, we need to talk,” his Omega says quietly. “Well, I need to talk, and explain everything. So you better come back.”

“I will, James,” his mate says, kissing him one more time.

He turns and heads out the door to join his clone, the two Alphas heading towards the side personnel airlock that was to be aimed at their target, the Security team surrounding them. Their mates watching from standing outside the door, slipping their hands into each other’s as their hearts clench, tears slowly rolling down their cheeks as H'groybethi stands behind them. The oldest of the four pauses before handing his helmet to the confused Pure Alpha, turning on his heel to walk quickly back to his Omega, dipping him and claiming his lips in a kiss that should only be used in the bedroom. Any being that can become sexual aroused shifts uncomfortably around the couple, looking away as embarrassing physiological reactions occur, refusing to make eye contact with anyone. The twins’ jaws drop at the sight as the shorter male clings to his broad shoulders, the back of his dark golden blond head cradled in a large glove hand as the other rests on the small of his back, the love between them glaringly obvious as is how much they care about each other.

The kiss lasts longer than should be possible for humans to hold their breath, and then some, before the couple finally parts, not the slightest bit out of breath.

“I will finish that,” Khan promises against his mate’s lips, rubbing their noses together.

“You better,” Kirk whispers, still clinging to his broad shoulders.

He is placed back on his feet as they remain holding onto each other, their lips still pressed together as their hearts race in their chests, not wanting to break the moment. The Augment reluctantly pulls away, stepping backwards as their fingers trail down each other’s arms, not wanting to let go. Their
fingers hook before the part, the Alpha/Beta turning and walking away, taking his helmet back from Naki as they continue down the hall, their shoulders tense as they walk.

“I love you,” the Omega half shouts down the hall.

His fiancé looks over his shoulder, smiling back at him softly.

“I love you too,” he replies, turning back around.

The Alphas quicken their pace to the airlock, their mates sharing a look before turning to head to the bridge, their fingers threaded together. Their Klingon bodyguard follows them closely, studying his alien surroundings intently, searching for danger. The Captain enters the bridge and approaches the command chair, much to the shock of his First Officer.

“Captain,” Spock begins, rising to his feet. “What are you-”

“Check the status of the USS Vengeance,” his Captain orders, nodding to the vacant station that was occupied formerly by his Alpha. “Commander Harr-”

“My name is not Commander John Richard Harrison,” the Pure Beta growls, his emerald-tinged wings flaring out slightly. “It is Commander John Benedict Singh, the name Noonien gave me while he cared for me.”

“Commander Singh,” Kirk nods, gesturing to the station. “You may take your genetic donor’s place, for now.”

The Augment nods and takes the station, quickly familiarizing himself with the station as the Omega takes the chair, his First Officer returning to his station.

“Lieutenant Sulu,” he says, an air of authority around him despite his terror. “Check the status of the USS Vengeance. Are her main systems still offline?”

“Yes, sir,” Sulu replies, nodding. “They still are, but sensors indicate gradual restoration is in progress. I can’t predict how much time we have until they’ve reestablished weapons or drive capacity.”

“Let’s hope Scotty can delay them long enough that Noonien and Naki can get onboard,” the blond says, nodding. “Speaking of whom, are you two in place?”

“We are, love,” Khan replies. “Though, despite being my clone and a Pure Alpha, Naki does not appear to be handling it well.”

“We are about to be shot out of a bloody tube into space! How can I handle it well!?,” Naki demands.

“I did it, and I handled it well,” the Captain says. “Relatively.”

“Relatively being the keyword,” his fiancé mutters through the intercom system. “You were fine during the flight but as soon as we had landed, you began to have a bloody panic attack.”

“Excuse me for not being an Augment,” his mate snaps, his wings shivering. “I’m an Omega, not a being with nerves of steel.”

“Says the apex predator,” the Alpha/Beta shoots back.

“Commander,” the Helmsman says into the suit comms and interrupts the conversation. “Your
departure vector is now aligned with the specified cargo door on the other vessel. But there’s nothing we can do about the intervening debris field.”

The debris field.

The Omega’s hand moves to his necklace and begins to worry the pendant, having almost forgotten about the danger that nearly took his life the first time, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as panic settles in his stomach and fear takes hold. He knows that while much of the wreckage from the Vengeance’s assault on the Enterprise would have been blown away into space by the violent attack, some would be trapped between the two vessels and bounce back and forth until the momentum imparted to the fragments by assorted explosions dissipated, drifting there until drawn off by the moon’s gravity or knocked away by a collision with other bits of drifting rubble or some other solid object.

Such as outward-flying EV-suited bodies.

Like his mate.

He clutches his necklace tightly as he fights to remain calm, placing a hand on his flat abdomen as he slips inside his body to listen to his daughter’s heart beat, looking out the forward viewscreen as he waits for the signal and feels his mate join him in listening to their daughter’s heart beat.

“Commander Scott, Lieutenant Sulu, are you two in position?” The Captain asks, worrying his necklace between his fingers.

Something in the back of his mind is trying to be heard, but he ignores it as he waits for a response, his panic increasing.

“Commander Scott?” Kirk asks again. “Lieutenant Sulu?”

Silence fills the bridge before a flurry of curses break it, two different voices in two different languages.

“Christ, Captain!” Scott curses. “We about got caught!”

“Time is off the essence,” his former Captain informs him.

“I bloody well know that!” The Engineer hisses. “Stand by. Stand by.”

There is a long pause, the sound of heavy breathing on the other end, everyone’s hearts in their throats.

“Yeah, okay,” the Scotsman pants. “I’m here.”

“Thank god,” Khan praises. “Can we get shot out of this bloody thing already?”

“Commander,” Sulu interrupts. “The trash exhaust you are presently occupying is aimed at the personnel portal of hangar twelve of the other ship. You are good to go. Provided that the other vessel does not alter its current position, I should be able to hold the alignment as long as necessary.”

“Copy that,” the Alpha/Beta acknowledges. “Is Commander Scott ready yet?”

“Not yet!” Scott hisses, his breathing heavy.

The Omega’s heart is pounding in his chest, waiting, praying, that they can stop the past from
“Whoa, hold on a sec now,” the Scotsman says abruptly. “This airlock door I’m lookin’ at is very wee. I mean, it’s small. Only four meters or so in diameter. And you’re comin’ straight across this way? It’s goin’ to be like-”

“Jumping out of a moving car, off a bridge, and into a shot glass,” the blond interrupts, sighing. “We know, and we’ve done it before.”

“When the bloody Hell did you do this before?” Naki demands. “Oh, right.”

“Commander Scott,” Khan says. “Did you find the manual override?”

“Not yet, not yet!” The Engineer snaps. “I’m in the hangar. Give me a minute. A lot o’ this is familiar, but there’s a lot that’s new to me, too. Too much that’s new!”

“Commander, before you launch,” Spock begins, unable to ignore reporting what he is seeing. “I feel I must restate that there is considerable debris still drifting between our ships. At your calculated departure velocity, contact with even a seemingly insignificant fragment would be cat-”

“Don’t say catastrophic!” The Alpha/Beta howls. “That is the last thing I need running through my mind at this point!”

His fiancée holds onto his pendant tight enough to have the edge digging into his palm as he fights to keep his emotions in check, squeezing his eyes shut tightly as he fights back tears and feels his mate slip through their bond to soothe him, feeling his hand on his abdomen and brush his fingers against his cheek as he whispers in his ear.

“My god,” the dark haired male groans, growling. “You are worse at waiting than when you were in diapers! And I should know.”

“Do not bring my childhood into this!” His clone snarls. “You were a shit parent, by the way.”

“Shut up,” the Alpha/Beta snarls back.

“Commander Scott, Lieutenant Sulu,” the Omega interrupts. “Are you ready for them yet?

“Give me two seconds!” Scott shouts before adding under his breath, “Ya mad bastard!”

“Bitch,” his former Captain corrects. “Omegas are referred to with female gender titles, no matter what secondary gender. Which is why I’m referred to as the Empress, and Noonien’s fiancée.”

“I’m not callin’ my Captain a bitch!” The Engineer exclaims.

“And I would appreciate it if you refrained from calling my future wife and the mother of my unborn child a bitch,” Khan growls. “For your sake.”

The Scotsman’s swallow is audible through his communicator, his Commander rumbling with approval.

“Okay, okay,” he says after a minute or two. “I’m set to open the door.”

“Are you two ready?” Kirk asks, his fingers curling into the fabric of his Command Gold overshirt over his flat abdomen.

“This is to never be mentioned, ever,” his Alpha says firmly. “But I was not ready the first time.
And I am not ready now. But I am more worried about you, love. Our unbreakable bond is somehow breakable, and you are pregnant with our first child, and broken. If I were to be gone forever, I need to know that you will be taken care of."

“Noonien,” the Omega says quietly, tears biting the corners of his eyes.

“In my bedside table in your flat is an envelope,” the Alpha/Beta explains. “Inside the envelope is a piece of paper with a bank account number. I created the account before I left Earth, and the account is still valid and open. It currently has six-point-three trillion credits in it, as I had it converted to this century’s currency when I had a chance. And it is in your name.”

His fiancée places a hand over his mouth and sobs softly, tears streaming down his cheeks as his other hand curls protectively into his abdomen, his crew stunned at the fact that amount that had just been openly declared to be in their Captain’s name.

“Every credit is yours, James,” his Alpha says. “It is for you to do with as you wish, but my only request is that some be put aside for our daughter in a trust fund for her future. Also in my bedside table is my will, for your eyes only.”

“Noonien, please,” the blond sobs. “Don’t talk like that. We’ll get through this.”

“And if I do not?” His fiancé asks.

The Omega squeezes his eyes tightly shut, shaking with the force of his repressed sobs, barely able to hold it together.


His Captain shoots to his feet and turns to bolt off the bridge, but runs into the semi-solid wall of his Chief Medical Officer and nearly takes them both out, clinging tightly as he sobs and sinks to his knees while he shakes. McCoy holds his friend tightly, letting him sob as he rubs his back and he murmurs soothingly, a few tears rolling down his own cheeks.


“I will,” the Klingon replies.

“I’ve been by his side longer than you have,” the Doctor growls.

“Commander Spock, pull the trigger,” Khan orders.

“Yes, Commander,” the Vulcan replies. “Launching activation sequence on three… two… one…”

Kirk grips his best friend tightly as he trembles, his wings folding around them tightly.

“Please be safe,” he whispers.
SERIOUS trigger warning right now. I'm not even joking. This is the climax, and also THE darkest chapter of the story. There is a reason for the warnings. And the tags. This is not for the faint of heart. You have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment before the doors open, Khan sees every second of his life flash before his eyes, even remembering his dreams from cryosleep, and he has to fight back tears when they emerge.

They are what he wants his life to be for the five hundred years, side-by-side with his Empress, surrounded by their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and so on. He dreamed of holding his first child, a baby girl, cradling her in his arms, crying at how beautiful she is. Suffering from sleep deprivation with his mate, watching their child grow up, his Omega becoming Fleet Admiral, the birth of their first grandchild.

Every mundane and boring event in a normal life, and he dreamed about it.

The doors open and both he and his clone are shot out of the refuse tube, the prayer on his lips dying just as fast as it came to them, punching the breath out of him at the abrupt and sudden acceleration.

But the prayer is not for him.

It is for his daughter.

Kirk clings to McCoy as he trembles, tears rolling down his cheeks as his wings fold even tighter around them, listening to his, their, heartbeats sounding in his ears. He focuses on the fact that he can still feel his mate, still able to hear his thoughts, hear him curse mentally. He reluctantly pulls away and rises to his feet, drumming his fingers in the pattern to activate the holoscreen with a link to his Alpha’s vitals, studying them carefully. He changes the screen to a three-dimensional model of space between the two ships, watching the progress of the Augments, the model quite detailed as he takes his command chair. His Chief Medical Officer watches him carefully as he rises to his feet, his knees popping painfully and winces at the action, concern in his scent as he stands by his side.

“Commander Scott, we will be there real soon,” Khan announces. “Are you good?”

“Uh, not yet,” Yuki replies. “We’re having a bit of trouble.”

“Just hurry,” Naki urges. “I do not wish to become a pancake.”

Everyone on the bridge who can spare a glance observes the progress of the pair of Augments, the scents of the dual gendered crew noxious, as are the single gendered crew.
“Captain, their path isn’t clear!” An anxious Ensign speaks up. “It was when they launched, but much of the remaining debris is still in motion and they’re now on course to intersect! The Commander is headed for collision at point four-three-two!”

“Noonien, you have debris-” The blond begins.

“I can bloody well see the debris!” His fiancé snarls as he cuts him off. “I’m not fucking blind! And quit backseat driving! You’re making me nervous!”

The Omega cannot stop a smile from gracing his face for the briefest of moments before it falls, his ring feeling impossible heavy on his finger. He watches the progress of the pair, his heart clenching as things follow too close to their past.

“Noonien,” he warns, his voice wavering.

“I see, I see,” the Augment replies quickly. “I know I’m off course.”

“Scotty?” His Captain asks.

A flurry of curses come from the former Chief Engineer’s end, some that are rather vulgar.

“Use your display compass, Commander,” Sulu informs his Commander anxiously. “You must correct thirty-seven-point-two-four-three degrees.”

“No shit,” the Alpha/Beta growls.

His fiancée lets out a high pitched warning trill, beautiful and melodic, but at a pitch that causes those around him to wince slightly.

“Understood,” the Brit replies. “Commander Scott, you will be ready with that door, correct?”

Silence answers is question, the couple’s hearts increasing in tempo.

“Commander Scott?” He inquires again.

“Lieutenant?” The Captain asks, glancing at his Chief Communications Officer.

“Working,” she grounds out between her clenched teeth.

Something is not adding up.

Kirk’s mind goes into overdrive as he tries to figure out what is wrong with the situation, but he comes up empty handed, much to his frustration.

He knows that something is very, very, very wrong with this situation, but he cannot figure it out, and it disturbs him to his core.

“It’s too easy,” he whispers under his breath. “It’s too fucking easy.”

He bolts to his feet, screaming out a warning.

“It’s a trap!”

His dual gendered crew grasps the concept faster than his single gendered ones, all reacting with various degrees of horror, shock, fear, and devastation.
“Noonien, it’s a fucking trap!” The Captain screams again. “We’ve done exactly what he wants! We’ve been played!”

His Alpha swears colorfully and violently, his curses cutting off abruptly as a startlingly loud crack comes through the speakers of the Enterprise’s bridge.

“My helmet faceplate was just struck!” Naki cries loudly. “I’m flying blind!”

“Imminent collision detected,” Sulu declares sharply.

“Khan,” Spock says abruptly before his Captain can speak. “Use evasive action. There is debris directly ahead.”

“I see it,” is the prompt reply.

The Omega clutches his necklace with his free hand, tears streaming down his face as he sits. He screams as the words “Transmission Lost” appear on the forward screen, John’s howl joining his as a second “Transmission Lost” follows.

“Mr. Sulu, did we lose them?” The Vulcan inquires, calm and collected despite the howls that fill the bridge.

“I don’t know, Commander,” the Helmsman replies. “I’m trying to find them.”

He glances over his shoulder at his sobbing Captain before continuing to work, his finger flying over his instrumentation, before letting out a startled cry.

“They have power!”

Marcus’ face appears on the forward screen, looking quite pleased with himself.

“Nice try, Empress,” he says scathingly, smirking. “But your little plan has failed.”

He looks off-screen at something, loud curses with screams of fury filling the bridge.

“Don’t do it, James!” Khan screams from off-screen. “Don’t-”

He lets out a shriek as pain explodes in the back of his Captain’s head, a loud cry spilling past his lips as he falls to his knees. The Admiral is barking orders as the Omega’s head throbs, looking up at the screen through his tears. A low guttural moan of pain rises somewhere from the direction of the floor on the other bridge, the sound heart wrenching as it emerges.

“You know what the price is for their freedom,” the Pure Alpha says, smirking. “Are you willing to pay?”

The Captain struggles to his feet, clutching his head as he blinks back tears. He thinks long and hard before replying, his fiancé screaming in terror.

Yes.

Lights swirl around his form before he emerges on the Vengeance’s bridge, trembling as tears stream down his cheeks. The Alpha/Beta screams fall silent under the withering look sent his way by his Omega, somehow maintaining its full effect despite the tears streaming down his face. The blond debates about sheathing his wings before deciding not to, climbing the few steps to the Captain’s chair to kneel in front of the Admiral, stretching his wings forward to expose the vulnerable undersides. He bows his head in obvious submission, hands folded in his lap as he
kneels before his former Alpha. He tips his head up as tears stream down his face, his glacial blue eyes wide with a mixture of emotions.

“Please, Master,” he whimpers, the undersides of his wings exposed as he trembles. “Let me please you with my mouth, my body to repent for my inexcusable acts of rebellion. I have been left unsatisfied since I left, my body aching to be filled in a way only you can do. You are the only one who can satisfy me, not even my mate has been able to.”

He places his hands on the knees of the older man, desperation in his eyes.

“I need to have you in my mouth, to taste you, to feel you inside me,” he pleads, tears continuing to fall. “My body aches for you, Master. I know my place now, and I know that I have always desired to be there, where I belong. I want you. I need you.”

His fingers curl into his former Alpha’s thighs, trembling.

“Please, Master,” he begs. “Please.”

Marcus licks his lips slowly before petting the top of his former Omega’s head, preening as he moves into the touch, a desperate whine spilling past his full lips. He toys with his hair before tugging sharply, grinning at the gasp that occurs as he shoves two fingers into the open mouth before him, his grin growing wider at the choked sound his action produces. Kirk does not hesitate to comply with the Pure Alpha’s unvoiced command, eagerly sucking on the digits as his eyes flutter shut, doing his best to complete his task with the eye-wateringly tight grip on his hair. The older male loosens his grip slightly, giving the Captain just enough freedom to bob on the digits before pulling off, flicking his tongue over the tips before swallowing them down. Desperate whimpers mix with loud swallows and wet noises on the mostly silent bridge, most of the other Section 31 personnel, Alphas, specifically Pure Alphas, let out low sounds of appreciation at the sight before them.

The only non-Pure Blood Alpha in the room is terrifyingly silent, his expression blank as his eyes reveal a barely controlled murderous rage that promises to kill everyone slowly and painfully if it breaks out, focused on the sight before him. The Admiral glances at the Augment, smirking at him to invoke a reaction before removing his fingers and slaps his former Omega’s head to the side, grinning at the low snarl from him. The blond does not utter a sound as he is struck, a single tear falling before turning his head back, looking up with clear glacial blue eyes, placing his hands in his lap as he unfolds his wings from his back to expose the undersides. His lower lip trembles as he shifts his weight in such a way that the older male grins, petting his dark golden blond head.

“Getting hard, whore?” He purrs, stroking his face. “Getting hard just thinking about my cock in your mouth? Swallowing my come?”

“Yes, Master,” the Omega whimpers, licking his lips.

“You want it?” Marcus asks, tipping his chin up. “You want it, whore?”

“I need it, Master,” his former Omega whimpers. “I need you, Alex.”

The Pure Alpha’s expression softens, patting his cheek. He spreads his legs to allow the Captain in between them, petting the top of his dark golden blond head as he buries his face into his crotch, inhaling his scent deeply. He rubs his face against the obvious bulge in his pants, tracing it with his tongue before mouthing greedily at the head. He traces his length back to his crotch, undoing his fly with his teeth before pulling out his half-hard erection, licking his lips. The Augment swallows at the sheer size of him, his eyes widening slightly as he realizes that he looks small compared to
Kirk barely wraps his hand around his former Alpha as he strokes him to full hardness, tracing the prominent vein on the underside with his tongue before licking the head with broad, flat strokes. The Admiral groans and tips his head back, petting the younger male’s head as his breathing deepens, his crew watching with unbridled lust as the crew of the Enterprise watches with horror. The youngest one on the bridge turns his head away, his knees giving out as he falls, pale for even him.

“Look away, Naki,” his genetic donor says quietly, tearing his gaze away to look at him. “Look away, my son.”

Khan knows that his clone is mentally and physically an adult, but he is still just under a year old, and it breaks his heart to know that he is forced to watch this dehumanizing moment. He turns back to his fiancée and sees that his ring is off his finger, discretely looking around in search of it and cannot find it, his heart clenching at the thought and fights back tears. His mate turns his head just enough to look at him out of the corner of his eye, a few tears falling before he turns his head away, closing his eyes as he circles the tip with his tongue. He then wraps his lips around the tip, sucking lightly as he looks up through his eyelashes at the face of the older man above him, his hand gliding up and down the rest of his length. He slowly takes more into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as he begins to bob, watching the face above him carefully. The Omega is quickly adjusting so many variables that his fiancé’s head spins, but he realizes that he is figuring out what Marcus likes, reducing him to a puddle of moaning good.

The Alpha/Beta cannot believe his eyes.

His shy, naïve, innocent Omega is skillfully, masterfully, and boldly servicing his rapist, in front of his entire crew, and he is good at it. Judging by how loud the Pure Alpha is moaning and how boneless he is, really good.

The blond continues to bob, feeling him nudge the back of his throat as he suppresses his gag reflex, easily taking him into his throat. The Admiral lets out a particularly loud moan, bucking his hips in response as he sags in the Captain’s chair. His former Omega does not choke at the action, continuing to swallow his down before his lips touch his pelvis, his coarse pubic hair scratching his face. He contracts his throat muscles around him before resuming to move, not letting him leave his throat as he watches his face, studying carefully. Marcus is moaning loudly, a few of his crewmembers are rubbing themselves, and one has even pulled himself out. The Alpha/Beta is seeing red, trembling with barely controlled rage at the situation occurring, ready to take on Alphas that are far stronger than him to end it.

“Fuck, you’ve gotten good,” the Admiral moans, sagging even more.

The Captain does not say a word, pulling completely off to lick at the head before trailing his lips up and down his length, lightly running his fingers up and down the other side. His former Alpha grabs a chunk of dark golden blond hair, eliciting a loud whimper as he yanks harshly, tears biting his eyes. His current Alpha lunges forward to ease his Omega’s distress, yelping as he is yanked back and his world spins from a blow to the back of his head, collapsing onto the ground as he sees stars and his head throbs. He groans softly in pain, his eyelids fluttering as he tries to clear the fog in his mind, slowly rising to his knees with great difficulty. With his hands cuffed behind his back, it is hard to do anything.

The Brit watches as his fiancée continues to please the older man, forcing himself to ignore the loud moans from the Section 31 Officers, and the fact that many have themselves in hand.
Kirk suddenly pulls off and continues to pump the Pure Alpha, stroking hard and fast before he moans, shuddering as he peaks. The Captain closes his eyes as he lets Marcus’ seed splash onto his face, continuing to stroke him through his orgasm, letting him coat his face. Once he has finished, the younger male releases him and cleans his face, making sure to swallow every last drop. The Admiral watches him intently, licking his lips as his former Omega takes his time, putting on a show. He opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue, smacking his lips loudly before preening as his head is petted, like a good pet.

“You taste so good, Master,” he coos, opening his glacial blue eyes.

“Then strip, whore,” Marcus purrs, licking his lips. “If you want to save your crew that bad.”

The blond’s eyes widen as all the blood drains from his body and through the floor, his heart rate picking up as he begins to tremble, his breathing rapid and shallow. The Admiral violently yanks on his long, dark golden blond hair, grinning as he screams and grips his hand tightly, tears streaming down his face. The Pure Alpha tears out a chunk of his hair and strikes him hard across the face, hard enough to send him flying into a wall to the side, slamming into the metal with a sickening crunch. He nearly bites his tongue in half to silence his howls, knowing that his wings are broken and twisted, and that he may never fly again. The Omega curls up tightly as he feels his fangs descend, trembling in pain as he trembles, squeezing his eyes tightly closed as tears stream down his face.

“Please! Let me heal him!” Khan screams. “His wings are broken and he’s in agony! Please!”

The Augment is pleading, begging, screaming for him to be allowed to help his Captain, tears streaming down his face. The Alpha/Beta feels his cuffs open, instantly tearing off the thruster suit to expose his uniform, minus his overshirt, rushing to kneel beside his fiancée. He reaches out to touch him, leaping back as the Omega lunges at him, snarling at snapping his fangs before hissing loudly. He chitters loudly, crouched on the balls of his feet as he spreads his arms, eyes darting every which way. His Alpha tips his head to the side as he exposes his wrists, scrambling backwards as his mate lunges at him again and nearly sinks his fangs into him before backing up, crouching in the corner as he hisses at him. His eyes dart every which way, his breath whistling between his fangs as he continues to shake, tears streaming down his face.

“James, please baby,” the dark haired male whispers, kneeling on one knee. “Please, let me help you.”

Kirk flicks his gaze to his fiancé, trembling in pain before nodding, watching him carefully as he approaches. Khan extends a hand and waits before his Omega shakily reaches out, touching his palm gently before jerking back, reaching out again cautiously. He slides his hand up his arm, resting on his elbow as he continues to tremble, sliding up to rest on his cheek. He sings a few notes in his native tongue, the others gaping at the sound, but it sends shivers down the only non-Pure Alpha’s spine. Glacial blue eyes lock with his former Chief Engineer’s before whipping his head towards an approaching Section 31 Officer, baring his fangs as he snarls and chitters loudly in response.

The Pure Alpha backs off when the Augment whips his head around, lips pulled back to expose his fangs, snarling loudly. The couple hisses at the crew around them, the older of the pair crouching protectively over his Omega, his body coiled tighter than a spring. The engaged couple looks back at each other, gently nuzzling each other’s faces as they coo softly, smiling softly. The Alpha/Beta tips his head to the side as his Captain pulls down his undershirt’s collar, exposing the pale skin of his neck before pressing his lips to it, giving his skin a kiss in apology before scraping his razor sharp fangs over his skin. He then easily pierces his skin with them, tasting the copper rushing into
his mouth as he drinks, feeling his bones begin to set themselves back into the proper places. He injects his mate with a venom that has the sole purpose of stimulating his hypothalamus, causing it to produce oxytocin and other hormones associated with orgasms and pleasure, earning a full body shiver from his fiancé.

Kirk slides a hand into the Brit’s hair, tangling his fingers into the silk-like strands as his other grips his upper bicep, the hand in his hair pulling his head further to the side to have easier access. Khan’s lips part slightly, his eyes fluttering closed as his breathing deepens, his body responding to the hormones in his blood. He feels his blood begin to engorge his erectile tissue as his heart races beneath his ribs, pressing closer to his Captain, feeling him continue to drink his blood. The blond finally releases the Alpha/Beta and licks the wound clean, feeling the wound close under his tongue before his lips are captured, their fangs still exposed.

“That’s enough,” Marcus snarls, clearly having lost his patience.

The Augment looks over his shoulder at the Admiral, his lips pulled back as a low rumble issues fro deep within his chest, his arctic blue eyes flashing dangerously. He reluctantly rises to his feet and moves back to his previous spot, holding his wrist behind his back to be recuffed, but not before he nearly rips out the throat of the nearest Section 31 Officer with his fangs. The wet spot on the front of the Officer’s pants brings a malicious grin to the dark haired male’s lips, his blindingly white fangs gleaming dangerously in the light, his grin only growing wider as the Officers grow soft. Many back up and redo their pants, the scent of fear palatable even by humans, if there had been more than one present.

“Holy shit,” Scott breathes, his voice strangled at the sight of his former Captain.

Kirk flinches at the look from his former Chief Engineer and turns his head away, tears streaming down his cheeks as he presses his lips in a firm line, closing his eyes as his wings fold around him and he trembles.

“You still haven’t paid the price,” the Admiral snarls, rising to his feet.

The Omega is on his feet, striding back to the Pure Alpha as he forces his fangs to retract, lips pulling back as his fangs recede into the slits in the tissue. He sheathes his wings as he approaches the Captain’s chair, grabbing the hem of his gold overshirt so he can pull it over his head, tossing it aside. He reaches down and pulls off his boots, placing his socks inside them before taking the hem of his undershirt in his hands, pulling it over his head to toss it aside. His mate does notice that he is not wearing the necklace he gave him before he left after the Heat they conceives their child, daughter, in ended, leaving it on the pillow beside him as his Omega slept soundly, exhausted from their coupling. Their lingering pheromones were still in the air as the father, unknown at the time, watched his mate sleep, leaning down to kiss his cheek as he murmured softly, remembering how warm his skin had been as he rubbed his side and inhaled his scent.

He then notices a gleam in his boot as the blond tosses his shirt aside, reaching for his belt.

“That’s enough,” Marcus says, the Captain pausing as a look of relief crosses his face. “Do it slowly. I want to enjoy this.”

His former Omega pales, but complies to his request, slowly removing his belt as he unzips his pants, his entire frame shaking. He slowly lowers his pants to his ankles before stepping out, tears streaming down his face as he hooks his fingers in his Starfleet issued underwear, slowly lowering them down his legs. The Admiral licks his lips as the younger male removes his last article of clothing, desperately wanting to cover himself, to only have his current Alpha see him exposed.
“Turn around, slowly,” the Pure Alpha instructs, licking his lips again. “Let everyone see how much of a whore you really are.”

The Section 31 crew chuckle darkly, watching as the only Omega on the bridge reluctantly complies, glacial blue eyes squeezed tightly closed as tears stream down his face.

“Don’t bother stretching yourself, cunt,” Marcus purrs, licking his lips. “I want you as tight as possible. Now, show everyone how much of cock slut you really are.”

Kirk approaches the Captain’s chair with shaky legs, climbing into his former Alpha’s lap to straddle his thighs, his back to his crew. A look from the older male causes him to turn around to face the viewscreen, his eyes squeezed tightly shut so he cannot see his crew’s faces, tears cascading down his cheeks. He reaches between his legs to grab the Pure Alpha, lining himself up before slowly lowering himself down, feeling the pressure build. Once the head pushes inside, the Admiral grabs his hips and yanks him down so he is full sheathed, the Omega screaming in pain. The older male sets a brutal pace, the blond forced to grab his neck to avoid being thrown around like a rag doll, sobs of pain tearing themselves from his throat. Marcus grunts loudly as he thrusts up while pulling his former Omega down to meet him, blood dripping onto his thighs. Kirk turns his head away to avoid meeting anyone’s eyes, allowing the Pure Alpha to attach his mouth to his ear, torturously teasing the organ to force the blond to mewl in pleasure. He pleads and begs and sobs for him to stop, feeling his orgasm build, unable to do anything but cling to the man violating him.

He screams as he peaks, shaking with the force of his orgasm as the Admiral roars in his ear, yanking him flush with his hips as he spills inside him. He violently shoves the Captain off his lap, sending him crashing to the floor in a graceless sprawl, tucking himself back in. He eyes his former Omega’s trembling form, watching the blood and come spill out of him, licking his lips. Marcus flicks his gaze to the sobbing Alpha/Beta, a grin spreading across his face before looking at his crew, subtly nodding. Those not of the Vengeance’s crew are dragged to the walls, their cuffs magnetically locking to the metal before moving to the gasping Omega, grinning wickedly. He looks up in fear as the Pure Alpha circle around him, pulling themselves out. Khan begins to shriek at the top of his lungs, violently yanking on his restraints as he thrashes on the floor, desperately trying to get to his Omega.

Kirk opens his mouth to scream, but one of the crew shoves himself inside, grabbing long, dark golden blond hair before thrusting brutally in his mouth. Tears stream down his face before a muffled scream rips itself from his throat as an Alpha shoves himself inside, grabbing his hips as he thrust violently. The others rapidly stroke themselves, chuckling as the Omega tries to fight, but they are too strong. They spill over him and inside him, taking turns violating him, and sometimes they do not wait. The Alpha/Beta can feel his fiancée being ripped apart as an Alpha climbs on top of him, joining the Alpha who is underneath him inside. None of them are gentle, leaving dark bruises on his skin as they laugh and make rude comments that should never be uttered, cheering as a third forces himself inside. The blond had stopped fighting awhile ago, trying to not be injured any more than he is already. Marcus finally orders his crew to stop, the others finishing themselves off and back away, leaving the Captain filthy with blood and come gushing out of him, trembling violently.

“I think he has enough energy to have one last fuck,” the Admiral states, looking at the enraged Augment. “Finish him off, and all is forgiven.”

Khan ceases his struggling as all the blood drains from his body, his arctic blue eyes blown wide open.
“Limited time offer,” the Pure Alpha sings.

The Augment hesitates, Marcus turning to one of the stations, ordering all weapons systems to be locked onto the Enterprise.

“Alright!” The Alpha/Beta screams in Hindi, thrashing.

The Admiral cancels the order and turns to the oldest person in the room, waiting.

“Alright,” he repeats in English, gritting his teeth. “I’ll do it.”

The Pure Alpha grins as the only Omega in the room snaps his head in the direction of his fiancé, horror scrawled across his face plain as day. Marcus motions for the Brit to be released, the dark haired male snapping his teeth at the Pure Alpha manhandling him, snarling loudly. A red haze is on the edge of his vision, instincts telling, screaming, to kill everyone who put their hands on his Omega without his permission, but he fights his Alpha half to do the task that he is reluctant to complete. He turns to the whimpering, filthy blond on the floor, his heart breaking as he approaches, watching him curl in on himself in fear.

“And don’t be gentle either,” the Admiral instructs, flinching at the threatening snarl sent his way.

Khan turns back to his cowering mate, shedding his clothes with quick, ruthless efficiency before approaching him, hating himself for what he is about to do. Kirk tries to scoot away from the approaching Alpha/Beta, his terror causing his stomach to churn violently before yelping as he is pinned to the floor, staring up into arctic blue eyes with something akin to pure horror. His fiancé leans down whispers only two words in his ear, the words barely intelligible as tears splash onto his skin, feeling the powerful body above him tremble.

Forgive me.

The blond howls as the Augment shoves himself inside, setting a brutal, merciless, and rapid pace that forces him to become boneless in sheer self preservation, squeezing his eyes shut as tears cascade down his cheeks. He turns his head away so he does not have the possibility of looking the Brit in the face, not wanting to see his expression, ignoring everything that identifies him as his mate so he can be a stranger.

And not his Dahrrii.

The dark haired male understands what his Captain is trying to do, hiding everything that can identify him as himself, but he knows that it is not enough. He can still feel that his mate knows who he is, and he knows that their orgasms are building shamefully quickly, feeling it run down his spine as he buries his head into the crook of his neck.

“Forgive me,” he whispers before sinking his teeth into his neck, drawing blood as he shoves himself inside all the way to the root.

His fiancée screams as he peaks, feeling his Alpha add his seed inside him, sobbing uncontrollably. Kirk removes his teeth and licks the wound, pulling out slowly to not further injure his Omega. Kirk scrambles away from his mate, slamming his back against the wall behind him in his short flight, staring at his mate with a look that breaks the older male’s heart.

He promised he would never lay a hand on him.

And he broke it.
“Your debt has been paid,” Marcus says, grinning. “I will now spare your crew.”

Lights swirl around Scott, Carol, and Yuki, transporting them back to the Enterprise, while John is transported onto the Vengeance, dragged kicking and screaming to be cuffed to the wall. Naki is screaming for him to be let go, the twins struck on the sides of their heads violently to silence them, moaning in pain.

“You said you would spare the crew!” McCoy shouts, his face contorted in rage.

“I did,” the Admiral replies, jerking his head in the direction of the Augments. “They aren’t.”

He terminates the transmission, grinning as his former Omega begins to whimper, then sobbing softly. He throws his head back and howls, the scent of death filling the bridge as thick blood spills between his thighs, his mate throwing his head back and howls at the top of his lungs along with him. The blond curls up tightly and continues to howl, tears cascading down his cheeks as he trembles, his pain and misery clear as day. The Augment is consumed with grief, unable to comfort himself or his mate as he miscarries, clutching his head as he continues to scream. A Section 31 Officer quietly heaves in a corner, as the smell from an Omega miscarrying is vile in itself, let alone from a Pure Omega, especially the Empress of Earth. John sobs softly in empathy with the couple, feeling his mate shed a few tears of his own before looking away, their hearts aching.

The wails of the couple die down to sobs, still shaking with grief as Marcus begins to laugh, much to the shock of his own crew.

“Serves you right, whore,” he says, looking at the damaged Enterprise. “Serves you right.”

Kirk sobs softly and curls up tightly as he trembles, tears streaming down his cheeks as he squeezes his eyes closed, holding onto himself as he continues to cry. He sobss slowly become a strange noise, Khan’s heart clenching when he recognizes that his sobs are becoming dark chuckles, before throwing his head back as he laughs. The sound is cold, harsh, and terrifying, sending chills down everyone’s spine as their blood turns to ice, backing away if they can.

“Of course,” he chuckles. “Of course this would happen.”

The Omega lifts his head to look at the Pure Alpha, his smile malicious.

“Alex, Alex, Alex,” he tuts, shaking his head. “You disobeyed, and now it’s time to pay!”

He laughs as he rises to his feet, the filth vanishing off his body as he rolls his head, his injuries vanishing as his clothes turn to smoke before solidifying on his body, his jewelry and overshirt staying on the floor.

“What the Hell are you doing? Get him!” Marcus screams as the Captain approaches him.

The Section 31 Officers lunge at the blond who simply glances over his shoulder to look at them out of the corner of his eye, the Officers screaming as they are slowly dissolved to dust, the particles vanishing on a nonexistent wind. Everyone else can only stare in horror as their screams fill the bridge, dissolved slowly and painfully by someone who reveres life, his expression unreadable.

“Alex,” Kirk sighs, clicking his tongue in disappointment. “That was incredibly stupid. Attacking moi? How dumb are you?”

He approaches and places his hands on the chair’s arms, face inches from the Alpha that took twenty years from him, their positions reversed.
“So, how does it feel to be my bitch?” He purrs, his eyes half lidded.

“What the fuck are you?” The Admiral whispers, his voice strangled.

John begins to scream at the top of his lungs, thrashing violently in an attempt to flee as his wrists crack loudly, the Captain smoothly rising to his feet as he smiles maliciously.

“See? He figured it out,” he laughs.

Khan’s mind whirls as he puts the pieces together, all the blood draining from his body as the word slips out in a strangled whisper.

*Sylar.*

Sylar turns and smiles malevolently at him, his slate gray eyes flashing dangerously.

Chapter End Notes

And the big reveal! Anyone who saw that coming, how the heck did you!? And I wasn't kidding about dark.
Sylar throws his head back and laughs as Naki joins his twin in screaming, both fighting to get free as the front of Marcus’ pants become wet, whimpering loudly.

“Please,” the blond says, laughing coldly. “If I wanted any of you dead, you would have been a long time ago, or severely hurt. And since you did what you were supposed to do, I have no reason to punish you. But you, Alex, you, you disobeyed.”

He turns back to the Admiral, tipping his head to the side as he smiles maliciously, his eyes glinting the color of cold steel.

“You didn’t do what I asked, Alex,” he tuts, wagging a finger disapprovingly. “You Pure Alphas these days.”

He flicks his wrist, an unneeded gesture, and sends Marcus flying into a wall, spread eagle on the surface as the metal tears and wraps around his wrist and ankles, keeping him pinned. Sylar smoothly slips into the Captain’s chair and crosses his legs, sighing softly as he settles in, his eyes falling shut as a smile curls on his lips.

“Quite the luxury for a vessel built solely for combat,” he sighs, relaxing. “But that too is to be expected of such a gluttonous society.”

“You talk as if you are not part of it,” Khan says, inching away.

“I’m not,” Sylar replies, opening his eyes as he steeps his fingers together. “And none of my kind has been. And to answer your question: Yes. I am a Pure Alpha, with a bloodline of seventeen thousand years.”

He chuckles darkly and tips his head to the side, smiling as the Alpha/Beta is mentally dragged back to the Helm and Navigation console, his forearms bound together and slammed up against the surface, the metal wrapping around his torso, abdomen, and neck to keep him in place.

“Can’t have you trying to do something stupid,” Sylar says, recrossing his legs. “I’ve been planning this for far too long to have you fuck it up.”

“Planning what?” Khan demands, ceasing his struggles when his restraints tighten.

Sylar just laughs and shakes his head, his smile cold and malicious.

“Oh please,” he says. “As if I’ll tell you.”

He chuckles and glances at Marcus still pinned to the wall out of the corner of his eye, rising to his feet to cross the distance and stand before him, folding his arms behind his back as he hums softly to himself. Sylar studies the Admiral intently, tipping his head side-to-side as he thinks, his lips
pursed as he thinks long and hard.

“And what shall I do with you?” He muses to himself, his slate gray eyes calculating and cold. “What would be fitting for all the shit you’ve forced me to wade through?”

He taps an index finger against his lips as he hums again, his head tipping side-to-side as he thinks, studying the whimpering Pure Alpha before him.

“You’ve been a problem for me for a very long time,” Sylar murmurs, stepping back. “One I’ve had plenty of time to think about, but now that I finally have you…”

He trails off and falls silent before sighing softly and shakes his head, sitting back down in the Captain’s chair and crosses his legs, stepling his fingers as he sighs softly once more.

“I was hoping for it to be a challenge to make it this far,” he sighs, his eyes falling shut. “But you humans are so easy to manipulate. Dangle a carrot on a stick just over the edge of a cliff, and you leap for it with your eyes closed and a grin on your lips.”

“What do you-” Khan begins, gasping as his air is cut off briefly.

Sylar sends him a withering look before turning back to the viewscreen, looking out at the debris field and the Enterprise, the Alpha/Beta noting that he does have the physique of a Pure Alpha, even more so than Marcus.

He knows that it is not physically possible to change one’s primary gender, and yet…

He looks over in the direction of his clones, knowing that John proves him wrong with his Pure Beta DNA having changed into Pure Omega, unsure how it happened at all.

But how did a Pure Omega change into a Pure Alpha faster than one could blink?

“I would stop trying to wrap your pathetic excuse for a brain around something you can’t even begin to understand,” Sylar says abruptly, his slate gray eyes becoming fixed on the only chimera in the room. “You’ll only hurt yourself trying to do so. And I don’t care about your well-being: I just want to deliver the maximum amount of damage I can possible do to you without overloading your regeneration ability and kill you outright.”

Khan’s stomach plummets through the floor as his blood turns to ice water in his veins, all the color draining from his face as his heart stops beating in his chest, unable to take a breath as Sylar smiles cruelly at him and his slate gray eyes flash with the promise of unthinkable cruelty and violence.

“Yes, I know about your limitations,” he says, his smile a chilling sight. “I need to know everything about my opponent when it involves James, and in your case, I have gone above and beyond detailed research and observation.”

The Augment cannot draw in a breath, frozen completely in sheer terror as Sylar’s smile widens and rises to his feet, moving to stand in front of him and bend over at the waist so their faces are barely centimeters apart.

“Yes, I know about your limitations,” he says, his smile a chilling sight. “I need to know everything about my opponent when it involves James, and in your case, I have gone above and beyond detailed research and observation.”

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“You are something I have been planning for for a very long time,” he purrs, his teeth baring a resemblance to an Omega’s fangs as he smiles. “Something I have planned down to every second and every possible outcome, because I couldn’t let this opportunity slip by, couldn’t let you cause anymore destruction than you already have.”
The Alpha/Beta tries to swallow but his mouth is drier than a desert, his arctic blue eyes terrifyingly wide as he stares into former glacial blue ones, goose bumps spreading all across his body. Sylar smiles and closes the distance between their lips, barely any pressure as the Brit’s terror becomes vile in his scent, the other male stepping away as he laughs and smoothly slides back into the Vengeance’s command chair.

“Although,” he says, steepling his fingers together as he tips his head to the side. “I do have to say that I am grateful that it was easy, because it gives me more time.”

“More time for what?” Khan whispers finally, his voice strangled.

Sylar smiles and crosses his legs the other way, leaning back in his chair as his eyes flash brilliant crimson too fast to be noticed, chuckling darkly to himself.

“Tell him, or not to tell him,” he murmurs to himself. “That is the ultimate question.”

“Where’s James?” The Augment demands, choking as his restraints are tightened.

“James is fine,” Sylar says, swiveling the chair slightly as he talks. “He’s in a much, much, much safe place than what you could ever possibly produce.”

“Where is he?” The Alpha/Beta demands, his upper lips curling back in a snarl. “Tell me!”

Sylar laughs and shakes his head, crossing his legs the other way as he fixes the Brit with a chilling look, a smile with malicious humor and intent spreading across his face.

“You’ve managed to amuse me, despite being inferior, so I’ll humor you: James is right here,” he says, tapping his temple. “And that’s where he’ll stay; safe, and in a place you can’t go.”

“What do you have against me?” The dark haired male snarls, hearing his clones begin to whimper again. “I only want to keep him safe—”

“You can never keep him safe!” Sylar roars as he shoots to his feet, the air crackling violently. “Just by existing you’re putting him in danger!”

The Augment’s breath freezes in his throat as he locks eyes with brilliant crimson, burning with the Hellfire of all Hellfires as breathing feels like plasma is being poured down his throat with each inhale. He can actually feel the inside of his nose, mouth, and throat actually start to blister, his lungs also beginning to blister and close up, gasping for air in response and only causes his problem to grow worse. He can feel his skin start to blister and char, all across his body, his second degree burns quickly developing to third and even fourth degree burns, unable to draw in any amount of air to express his pain. He feels Marcus die slowly and painfully before the air cools, his burns healing as another realization hits him, watching Sylar slip back into the command chair.

“You’re a conduit,” he whispers, the twins’ whimpers increasing in volume slightly.

“Clever boy,” Sylar replies mockingly, his eyes remaining crimson. “But yes, I am a Conduit, with a capital ‘C’. Those things you call conduits are Shadows.”

He makes a face as if he was forced to eat his own waste, spitting on the floor as he snarls, the air crackling slightly.

“Annoying fuckers that have been a pest since they emerged,” he snarls, scowling fiercely. “They were gone, until you showed up.”
“I, I don’t understand,” Khan gasps, trembling with terror.

Sylar exhales sharply and gives a look that clearly expresses his annoyance and fury at a lesser being, glancing over at the disfigured corpse of the former Fleet Admiral baked onto the wall with his still crimson eyes, clearly debating with himself as he turns back to the chimera with his lips pursed before smiling coldly and cruelly.

“Of course you don’t,” he says, chuckling darkly. “Why should a pathetic excuse for a hybrid understand anything?”

He laughs as the eardrum-shattering screech from the chimera, his smirk cruel and shudder inducing, and the Augment would have if not for the rage causing his blood to boil.

“You are inferior for even a hybrid,” he continues. “But I will humor you, for now. The reason I repeated these events was to test you, and you failed.”

“Failed what?” The Alpha/Beta snarls, red around the edge of his vision.

“To see if you were truly of being his mate,” Sylar replies. “That his one bonding was not wasted on an inferior being, but it was. You wasted his once chance at being happy and safe, and now I have to break your bond and cause him to become sterile because you can’t ever meet the expectations that he needs you to be.”

“What, what do you mean?” The Brit whispers, the blood draining from his face.

Sylar sighs again in annoyance, his eyes becoming slate gray again as he flicks his gaze to the whimpering twins, smiling as they instantly fall silent and stops breathing in terror.

“Empresses can only bond once,” he explains, swiveling his chair. “Which is why it is critical that they take their time in picking their Alpha, because once they pass on, the Empress no longer experiences pyresus. They can never bear a child or bond again once their mate is dead. And James never chose you to be his mate. He’s never fully trusted you.”

Khan feels his world spin out of control and shatter, his mind scattering as he tries to wrap his head around the fact that what he is being told might be true, trembling as Sylar smiles maliciously at him.

“Hurts, doesn’t it?” He grins, his eyes glinting cruelly. “Knowing that the person you love with every fiber of your being doesn’t trust you or love you as much as you love them, even though they think they do, a part of them rejects you violently. And I’m not that part. I’m a different person.”

He laughs coldly as tears stream down the Augment’s face, looking down at his lap as he begins to tremble, soft whimpers spilling past his lips as he squeezes his eyes shut.

“Why? Why are you telling me this?” He whispers, lifting his head. “What have I done to deserve this?”

“Because you’ve only hurt James, even if he doesn’t know it,” Sylar replies. “And I’ve got James’ best interests at heart, which don’t involve you.”

“But I’m his Perfect Mate,” Khan says quietly.

“That doesn’t mean shit,” Sylar snarls, spitting on the floor. “That’s what being Perfect Mates means. You’ve forced me to jump through another hoop to complete my objectives, which isn’t much, considering the fact that I’m a Conduit.”
“What does that mean?” The Augment asks, tears still falling down his cheeks.

“I’m still not telling you,” Sylar sings, laughing maliciously. “You’re not capable of handling the truth of what’s really going.”

The Alpha/Beta looks down at the floor as he trembles and cries with soft whimpers, his fists clenched behind his back before his looks up, his arctic blue eyes red with tears and puffy.

“Do you really have James’ best interests at heart?” He asks quietly.

“Obviously,” Sylar scoffs, giving him a look of “Do keep up.” “James’ best interests are the only things I care about. I don’t give a shit about anyone, I especially don’t give a shit about you. I only care about James, no one else, not even our fucking mother.”

He suddenly grins cruelly, his eyes glinting like frozen steel.

“**Oh,** so you’re gonna do the *smart* thing, hybrid,” he grins, watching the chimera clench his teeth to hold back his shrieks. “You’re gonna let me do what I have to do. To keep James’ best interests at heart, do what needs to be done to keep him safe.” He leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees, grinning at the much older male. “You know what? You’ve actually amused me, so I’ll tell you everything. But only because you’ve amused me.”

He leans back in his chair and recrosses his legs, steelping his fingers as he swivels his chair side to side, head tipping to the side as he smiles cruelly and his eyes turn crimson once more.

“I have existed as long as James has, as I am his twin Pure Alpha brother, his older brother, and his twin Pure Beta brother, Adam, younger than I am but older than James, is the same way,” Sylar explains. “Adam and I are Conduits, born solely to protect our sister, just as every one of the Empresses’ brothers have before us. There are exactly two Conduits per Empress at any point in history, and only two. Conduits are nothing like the things you call ‘conduits,’ as we are omnipotent and almost omniscient and omnicompetent mortals who serve an omnipotent, omniscient, omnicompetent, and omnipresent being called, The Elequist.”

He smiles at the pure shock that crosses the Brit’s face, his head tipping the other way as he presses his index fingers to his lips, his crimson eyes shining.

“The Elequist has given the brothers of the Empress the sole task of keeping them safe until they find their *Dahrrii,* but only when their brothers have agreed that they are the one,” he continues. “We can do that by influencing our sister’s thoughts by subtle nudges via unconsciously and subconsciously, so that they can pick the person who is the best for them to be their *Dahrrii.* But you, Adam and I disagreed about you. We both saw that James didn’t trust you completely when you bonded, and was terrified when you claimed each other, especially after that little stunt you pulled in your reality, so he kept his end of the bond partially closed to not reveal his true feelings. He began to trust you more as time passed, and after the first year, he trusted you entirely, *consciously.* A small part of his unconscious mind could not be swayed, but Adam chose to ignore that part because every Empress did not trust their mate entirely, but I could not. James is still terrified that you’ll hurt or kill him, and you did. You raped him.”

Sylar looks away as his crimson eyes water, closing his eyes as he shudders slightly, opening them to fix the dark haired male with the Hellfire of all Hellfires burning in his eyes.

“What’s the sickest part of this whole thing,” he snarls. “Is that you were the one who caused him to miscarry. *You.* Not Marcus, not the other Alphas. *You.*
Khan’s eyes widen as his lips part in shock while tears stream even faster down his cheeks, slowly looking down at the floor as his trembles turn more and more violent and his breathing turns even shakier, squeezing his eyes shut as he begins to whimper before sobbing softly. He throws his head back and lets out a blood curdling howl as tears cascade down his cheeks, every muscle and tendon in his body standing out in sharp relief, his agony and pain reaching all new levels as he continues to howl. The twins look at each other with terror and worry, John tucking his feet under him and stretches one out to touch his Alpha’s thigh, his wings pinned behind his back and against the wall and cannot move them. His shoulders are in agony and his wings are falling asleep with all the pressure on them, barely able to move his legs in the position he is in, his arms having long since gone numb.

“How does it feel to know that you, who promised to never lay a finger on him, caused his body to reject and kill his baby?” Sylar snarls, rising to his feet. “How does it feel!”

The Alpha/Beta’s screams causes the blood vessels in his eyes to burst, healing quickly only to be broken again, tears of blood rolling down his pale cheeks. He continues to howl in sheer agony as the blood drips down his chin and onto his lap, tearing his throat to shreds and coughs up blood before his wounds heal, Sylar sitting back down in the command chair to watch the spectacle before him.

“The moment your bond became ‘unbreakable,’” he spits once the howls become sobs. “It revived the Shadows and allowed them to track down James in an attempt to continue what they had done before: Impregnate Omegas to create Shadow/human hybrids. The bond between Perfect Mates creates a different type of energy that they feed off of, and they died out not in ninth century BCE, but when the last of the Perfect Mates died out. Those things that The Council caught and killed weren’t Shadows, but their human hybrid offspring that survived by hiding away, but were more like the Shadows than humans. Normal Shadows feed off the energy of the bond between Perfect Mates and they divide when they have enough energy to do so, but they have human urges to procreate like normal humans, but when they do so, more often then not the Omegas die violent and painful deaths.”

He leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees, staring hard at the Augment.

“Do you know how long it takes to rape someone to death? Even if you never sleep?” He asks. “A very, very long time. It’s slow, agonizingly slow, but the degradation of being forced to suffer orgasms is the most humiliating, making you wish you were dead.”

He leans back and steeples his fingers together once more, glaring at the sobbing Alpha/Beta before flicking his gaze to the twins on the wall and grins as they flinch and whimper, turning back to the older male as his gaze hardens.

“The necklace Adam created was designed to protect him against things that you can’t grasp, one of them being Shadows, as it hid him and destroyed them,” he continues. “If he hadn’t done so, they would have raped him and we’d be having a different conversation, much less, pleasant.” He smiles cruelly before it vanishes. “Adam undid the tampering of the torpedoes, and prevented me from keeping James unconscious while Naki attacked the Klingons because he was mad with grief. But he couldn’t stop me from poisoning John with tellarin, or ripping out Naki’s memories so you could die from the torpedo exploding. You’re lucky that he likes you or I would’ve killed you outright, but he agrees with me: You can’t keep James safe. You’ll only cause him harm, not good. And I tore out the memories on where you got the necklace because Adam told you everything, and how to pass my test.”

The Brit whimpers softly as he looks down at his lap, the tears of blood startling on his pale skin as
actually tears stream down his cheeks, his body shaking before he looks up.

“I don’t want to know,” he whimpers, unable to see through his tears. “I don’t want to know how I could have possibly been worth to be James’ mate, because it doesn’t make a difference, does it? I’ll only cause him misery, so, please. Please, just, just put me out of mine.”

His arctic blue eyes are filled with unbearable agony as he realizes that what everything the blond before him is saying is true, his whole body trembling in pain as his long jet black hair hangs in his face, his breath coming out in short ragged gasps.

“Just break the bond!” He howls in English.

“Is that what you want?” Sylar demands, sitting on the edge of the command chair as his fingers curl around the ends of the armrests. “Is that what you really want?”

No.

The words want to burst from his lips but he cannot say them, not with how agony is clawing at his insides after his heart has already been torn out and stamped on, without even realizing it. He loves his mate with all his heart, having brought him back from the darkest depths of Hell and showed him the err of his ways, shown him the light, but he cannot wrap his head around the fact that his mate had a piece of him that never loved him. The young, naïve, innocent blond who had punched him and brought him to his knees is his whole world, the reason he continued to lives in a way that goes against his genetic programming, why he submitted to a being that was “inferior” and obeyed their every whim, even though that was the last thing they were. He had regretted every horrible decision he had made before he was put in cryosleep, and after they had bonded, he regretted that he had crashed the Vengeance into San Francisco. He is a better person, in all terms and in ways, and when he had regained his memories in his reality, he had been furious, that they had taken away his identity and made him their slave, but when he bonded with his mate…

He had seen his new face as a second chance, that the crimes of his past cannot be associated with his new face, since he cannot be recognized. He had been given a clean slate, a way to repent for his sins and undo his mistakes so he can be a better person, because his mate needed someone who deserved to be by his side. He was, is, innocent beyond words and needed protection from the world, and from his own mind on occasion, to be reassured and soothed in times of distress and calmed when his own emotions got the better of him. He had fallen head over heels in love with his mate and could not see himself with another person, not even when his mate was gone and he was alone, that he was his soul mate and would never be able to love another person.

But now?

He is not so sure.

Did his mate love him with all his heart, consciously and unconsciously, and the man before him is a liar, or is what he is saying is true, that his mate loves him with all his heart consciously, and did not trust him unconsciously?

Could his entire relationship be a lie?

That his mate never loved him with even the tiniest piece of him?

His gut is telling him that yes, the man before him is telling the truth, that there was always a piece of him that never loved him or trusted him.

He nods vigorously, sobbing as his head falls forward and tears cascade down his cheeks, his body
trembling.

“Say it!” Sylar roars.

Khan lifts his head and locks eyes, watery arctic blue staring into blazing crimson, screaming his next words that would have had his mate howling.

*I don’t want to be James’ mate anymore!*

Sylar grins and waves a hand, the Augment throwing his head back with his mouth open in a silent scream, his arctic blue eyes wide open as every muscle in his body contracts in agony.

He feels the invisible thread connecting him to his former Omega sever violently, a scream rattling inside his head before it is completely severed, his ragged and shredded soul tearing itself apart without an anchor. His mind shatters and scatters to the wind, feeling nothing and inconceivable agony at the same time, frozen to absolute zero and burned in a supernova as he tears himself from the wall and clutches his head. He shrieks as his wings sprout from his back and spread completely, his wings vanishing in an explosion of jet black feathers, falling around him as he continues to scream. His entire world becomes a pain that has nothing that could describe it, unable to see, think, hear, smell, and taste anything, absolutely nothing, and feel only pain. His screams slowly descend into silence, wrapping his arms around himself as he continues to cry silently, his body trembling with the force of his sobs.

“You made the right choice,” Sylar says, leaning back in the commander chair. “But it’s time that our little secret came out.”

He taps on the chair’s armrests and brings the Enterprise’s bridge onto the forward viewscreen, his crimson eyes back to slate gray, a cruel smile on his lips.

“It is my pleasure to finally meet you, Commander Spock,” he says, crossing his legs the other way. “But enough pleasantries: You will do as I say and I will spare your lives.”

“Captain?” Spock asks, a hint of emotion in his voice.

Sylar throws his head back and laughs coldly, shaking his head as he leans further back into the chair, steepling his fingers as his eyes flash dangerously.

“Your Captain is as good as dead,” he says, tipping his head to the side. “But he isn’t, nor will I allow him to speak. So you will have to deal with me. And only me.”

“Where is he?” The Vulcan demands, looking worried.

“Safe,” Sylar replies, scowling. “But you are playing a dangerous game, Commander. I am not someone you want to cross, and you are teetering on the edge of doing so. So I will make this very simple for you: The torpedoes, for your lives.”

“You have betrayed us, Captain,” the Science Officer says evenly, though his eyes tell another story. “We trusted you with our lives, and you turned on us.”

“Your Captain never betrayed you,” Sylar says without hesitation, his fingers curling around the ends of the armrests. “Your Captain was never involved with this, and so I suggest that you stop trying to talk to him. And I was never your ally.”

He leans back in his chair and steeplest his fingers, smirking cruelly.
“Where is the Admiral?” Spock inquires, almost coldly. “And what have we done to be betrayed by you?”

“At peace,” Sylar replies without hesitation as he smirks. “And if we’re going to throw around the term ‘betrayal,’ I’m the one who should be outraged. After all, my only job is to protect James, and he’s the one who was betrayed.”

He gestures to the Augment attempting to pull on his clothes, his expression hardening.

“Your Captain’s mate, the one who was supposed to protect him,” he snarls. “Raped him, and caused him to miscarry. He promised he would never lay a finger on him, and He. *Lied.*”

“And would we now be in a different position if he had not?” Spock replies. “Would this exchange be taking place under different circumstances? Or was having him depredate our Captain merely a momentary interruption in your predetermined plan for regaining control of the chaos and destruction that has occurred in the Captain’s life, and take revenge on those who have caused him pain?”

A few seconds pass before Sylar smiles, all of his blindingly white teeth resembling fangs as he chuckles darkly, his slate gray eyes flashing brilliant crimson too fast to be noticed.

“Oh, you are smart, Commander,” he purrs, recrossing his legs. “It takes true intelligence to see beyond the immediate and into the future. Most men have thoughts only for the moment. It would be interesting to play chess with you.”

“Isn’t that what we are doing?” The Vulcan shoots back.

Sylar smiles and shakes his head, looking down at the whimpering Augment who is unsuccessfully trying to pull on his boot, wiping at his eyes furiously as he sniffs.

“I suppose so,” he says, looking up. “But there is one thing you fail to realize, and that, is that you have been checkmated the entire time.”

He rises to his feet as his face hardens, giving the Alpha/Beta a swift kick in the head as he moves to stand in front of the console, smirking at the loud yelp from him.

“No more discussions,” he snarls. “No more meaningless, time-wasting banter. I’ve waited far too long: *Give me the torpedoes.*”

“Suppose I comply with your request,” the Science Officer replies calmly, not in the least bit intimidated. “What will you do when you get them?”

“Continue the work I was born to do,” Sylar says, his eyes flashing.

“Which is?” Spock inquires, an eyebrow lifting quizzically.

Sylar smiles as his eyes flash crimson, this time, it is noticeable.

“Making the world a better place,” he says, his posture relaxed.

Khan stares at something way off screen for the other ship, another Kirk, only he has deep emerald eyes and the physique of a Pure Beta with a bloodline as long as his brother and sister. The emerald eyes lock with his arctic blue ones, his expression neutral with his eyes revealing deep sorrow, saying nothing and remaining out of sight from the others.
“‘Better.’ Better for who?” The Vulcan asks.

Sylar remains silent as he studies the man on the other ship, ignoring the other on the bridge with him, his slate gray eyes revealing nothing. The twins remain silent with terror and tremble slightly, John’s wings hanging as limp as they can pinned between the wall and his back, Khan focused on the last Kirk triplet, Adam, who has remained silent the entire time.

“For my blood,” Sylar replies, his eyes turning brilliant crimson. “And my blood alone. The royal bloodline will return to its rightful place, by any means necessary.”

Adam steps up next to his twin, kicking the Augment on the way past, Pure Beta and Pure Alpha standing side-by-side, deep emerald and brilliant crimson locking with chocolate.

“No matter what we must do,” he says, standing straight as Sylar glances over at him. “The royal bloodline will return to its former glory. James will return to his position as the Empress of Earth, and the bloodline will resume its lineage, as an Alpha is no longer needed to continue the bloodline. No one will stand in our way, least of all those who do so blatantly. And those who do not fit.”

“‘Those who do not fit.’ Meaning, more like you,” Spock surmises.

Giving the lie to what he had said earlier, Sylar shows himself willing to continue the conversation… provided it might lead to a worthwhile conclusion on the part of a respected opponent, his expression remaining neutral as he stands tall.

“Would that be such a bad thing?” He asks, tipping his head to the side.

“As I understand your position, and extrapolating from what I have subsequently learned about you from all that has occurred,” the Science Officer says. “It would involve the mass genocide of all beings that you not only find to be less than superior specimens, but those who are not genetically similar and try to overthrow your rise to power, with you being the arbiter of such decisions, of course.”

“One must first destroy before they can create anew,” Adam says, turning simultaneously wistful and philosophical. “There is not point in sowing fresh seed on a field thick with weeds.”

The Kirk twins looks at each other with almost sad expressions, the Alpha/Beta trying to crawl away without even bothering to cling to any shred of his pride, yelping loudly as Sylar slams his foot into his ribcage and breaks several ribs.

“Shall I destroy you, Commander, or will you give us what we want?” He taunts, sneering down at the whimpering Augment before turning to the viewscreen. “Come: Here is an opportunity for you to demonstrate your own personal superiority. Not to mention simple good sense.”

The Brit still manages to crawl over to his clones despite his shattered ribs, sitting between them to quietly shush their soft whimpers as he struggles to take a deep breath, glancing over at the Kirk twins ignoring them for once as their scents spike with anger as his fellow Commander stalls.

“We have no transporter capabilities,” he says, doing his best to not incur the Conduits’ wrath.

“Fortunately, that is not a problem, as ours are perfectly functional,” Sylar says as he gives him a thin smile, his scent turning noxious with fury as his patience is quickly running out. “The yatlh whore can personally attest to that. Now, drop. Your. Shields.”

“If I do so,” the Vulcan replies. “I have no guarantee that the both of you will not kill the Singh
triplets and destroy the Enterprise,"

Khan’s heart flutters at the fact that his fellow Commander referred to him and his clones as triplets, even though he sees them as his children, he considers it a small victory. He turns to his “youngest” son as he begins to whimper softly, leaning in to kiss his cheek as he quietly shushes him in Hindi, glancing over as the Kirk twins to make sure that their attention does not become focused on them.

“Everything will be okay,” he says, barely audible to even him. “Just keep quiet, okay? We will get through this.”

He quickly flicks his gaze to the Conduits, feeling the phantom movements of his non-existent wings shift violently against his back.

“We will get through this,” he says to reassure himself.
Chapter XLVII

Chapter Notes

I've been busy. That's all I can say. And be honest, who saw The Big Reveal coming? Also, side note, if anyone would like to draw fanart for this story, let me know. And apology in advance, it might be awhile before I post the next chapter, as I might be posting another story in a fandom so far from this one that you will look at me like I turned into a tribble. But seriously, for all of you who have stuck with me, I thank you. And shout out to trashcant, I couldn't resist putting the blooper reference in, and you get a tribble for recognizing it. *Tosses tribble* Read on.

Khan quietly shushes his “older” son as he begins to whimper softly, rubbing his upper thigh as he murmurs softly in Hindi, trying to keep calm despite how petrified he is.

“Ah, so it sees that we are back to gaming again,” Adam says, his emerald eyes flashing. “As you like. Let’s play this out ‘logically.’ First we will kill the hybrid and his pathetic excuse for Pure Bloods to demonstrate both our resolve and our seriousness. That will eliminate your first concern from the equation, as they will then be dead and no longer a factor in our discussion. As to your resolve, if it continues to hold firm, we will have no choice but to kill you and your entire crew. So you see, you can turn over the torpedoes to us and subsequently trust us to let you live, or we can kill you and your colleagues and recover the torpedoes afterwards. Whether you live or die, we will have those torpedoes in our possession.”

“And yet,” Spock replies, “if you destroy the Enterprise, you will destroy the torpedoes as well. And what will you do with Khan’s crew?”

Sylar smiles cruelly as he glances over at the Augment, his crimson eyes gleaming dangerously as he locks eyes with the Alpha/Beta.

“They are lesser beings,” he replies, turning back to the viewscreen. “But they can be reprogrammed.”

“I will not let those who are innocent become involved in this,” the Science Officer says. “The Enterprise will be destroyed before they ever fall into your possession.”

“You forget, Commander Spock,” Sylar says, his smile widening. “Your crew requires a continuous supply of fresh air to survive. Khan’s, being frozen in stasis, demand only a minimal energy draw to remain as they are until such time as they can be properly revived. Each stasis pod is individually powered, so that even if one or two of the Augments should be lost, the rest would survive until revivification.”

He nods in the general direction of the Vengeance’s instrumentation, his blindingly white teeth resembling fangs as his crimson eyes gleam.

“Oh obviously, obliterating the Enterprise in a paroxysm of destruction would risk the Augments’ survivability,” he says. “Do you still wonder why the former Pure Blid Alma that had the nerve to
call himself Fleet Admiral desired it? In contrast, we will selectively target the life-support systems located in the vicinity of the engine nacelles. Once everyone onboard your ship has suffocated, we will walk over your cold corpses until we recover the torpedoes and the cryotubes. Should a few of you manage to slip into EV suits, we will deal with those resourceful individuals one at a time.”

The Conduits look at each other and smile maliciously, turning back to the viewscreen as their eyes gleam dangerously, their postures and scents revealing that they are relaxed and calm.

“And we have no problem leaving that one armed torpedo onboard to destroy you all,” they say in unison for emphasis.

“Game…” Adam begins.

“… Over,” Sylar finishes.

“Now, shall we begin?” They say in unison.

Spock’s eyes widen slightly as his lips part, the Kirk twins smirking at his genuine surprise, the only chimera on the Vengeance’s bridge swallowing thickly as he looks at the viewscreen and prays that the Vulcan will not do something incredibly stupid.

He lets out the breath he was holding when he watches his fellow Commander look towards the Helm, looking defeated.

“Lower shields, Lieutenant Sulu,” he orders, knowing that he had done all that he could. “And alert the weapons bay to deactivate the torpedo.”

“Commander, sir, are you sure that…” Sulu begins.

“Now, if you please, Lieutenant Sulu,” the First Officer orders.

The Helmsman exhales heavily and complies with the order, relevant instrumentation confirming the execution of the Science Officer’s order, the weapons bay confirming that the lone torpedo was deactivated. The Kirk twins quickly use the Vengeance’s advanced sensors to scan the now completely vulnerable Enterprise, nodding to themselves as defeated murmuring rises up from the bridge crew, the Alpha/Beta watching as his jet black feathers float around the floor of the black bridge.

“A wise choice, Commander,” Sylar says, looking up. “We had a feeling that when all was said and done, you would do the rational thing.”

“Decision making becomes so much easier when an individual’s choices are reduced to one,” Adam finishes.

They glance over at the Augments, smirking at the chimera makes an attempt to shield his clones with his body, giving a weak attempt at a threatening snarl.

“Pathetic,” Sylar taunts, turning back to the Vengeance’s console as he continues to scan. “I can now see that your weapons bay is filled with a variety of photon torpedoes. Including, interestingly, six dozen of an entirely new type.”

His crimson eyes darken a few shades so they are now the color of blood, his lips pulling back into a snarl as he tenses, fingers curling on the console.

“If none of them are ours, Commander,” he hisses, his teeth bared. “If you made an attempt to
double cross us, we will know it. At which point there will be no more discussion – of anything.”

“Vulcans do not lie,” Spock replies solemnly. “You should know that. The ones to which you allude are indeed your torpedoes.”

“But you are half-human,” Adam growls, his emerald eyes also darkening. “And if the Augments are not there…”

Sylar snarls and stares at the viewscreen, his eyes narrowing as he rumbles threateningly, the twins studying the other bridge as if trying to read the Science Officer’s thoughts. John inhales sharply very quietly, looking in the direction of the Enterprise as his eyes widen marginally, his lips parting in a small “o.”

“Okay,” he says without making a sound. “Okay.”

His genetic donor frowns slightly as he tries to ignore how empty he feels, how he feels like, nothing. He feels The Darkness coil and writhe inside him unpleasantly, wanting to ignore the fact that It has broken through the barriers and taking Its time regaining control of his empty shell, fighting to not listen to Its whispers as It does so. The Kirk twins nod once and activate the Vengeance’s military-grade transporter system, Sylar stepping to the side as Adam begins to retrieve the torpedoes, and the precious cryopods they contain, one by one, the twins focused solely on the task. Although Adam operated the applicable controls with superhuman speed and skill, it take several minutes to complete the multiple ship-to-ship transfer, Sylar quickly growling impatiently as it takes longer than he would like.

“You want to do it?” Adam snarls, glaring over his shoulder at his twin. “Then you fucking do it!”

Sylar ceases his growling and chooses to instead glare at his back, Adam resuming to continue the transfer as he curses under his breath, scowling fiercely. As soon as all seventy-two torpedoes have been transported to the Vengeance’s main cargo bay, he commences a deep unit-by-unit deep probe utilizing the Dreadnought-class’ main sensor scanner, where it promptly reveals their interior specifications, and contents. He scans each and every torpedo, taking his time to make sure that they were not double-crossed, relaxing ever so slightly once it is complete.

“They’re clean,” Adam says, nodding as he looks at his twin. “All the cryotubes are there, as are the Augments, and none of them are armed.”

“Thank you, Commander Spock,” Sylar says, smiling coldly.

“I have fulfilled your terms,” Spock tells him stiffly. “Now fulfill mine.”

“Why not? It will make no difference in the end,” he taunts, his eyes back to their brilliant crimson as they flick over to the Augments. “Well, it seems that we have to the Enterprise, as we have been given what we asked.”

Sylar moves to sit in the Vengeance’s command chair, crossing his legs as he steeples his fingers together, the smirk back on his lips.

“This isn’t a transporter room, but if one has a mastery of simple physics and general starship engineering,” he says, his gaze flicking to his twin who stands beside him so he can manipulate the available controls, “it’s not so very difficult to manage the reverse of what brought the three of you onboard.”

Khan feels a familiar sense of displacement take hold, light swimming before his eyes as it shifts and changes colors, and a quick glance shows that similar swirls have enveloped his clones. He
locks eyes with the man that broke his unbreakable bond, crimson eyes cold and indifferent, but the
smirk is cruel.

“After all,” he says, leaning back into the chair. “No ship should go down without her Captain.
Too bad your Captain won’t be, but you’ll have to do.”

“He’s locking phasers on us!” Sulu exclaims as silent alarms begin to appear on his screen and the
Red Alert blares loudly all across the decks of the Enterprise.

“Evasive maneuvers,” Spock snaps, taking the command chair. “Full impulse – whatever we
have.”

Khan blinks as he tries to reorient himself after being transported, unsteadily rising to his feet as he
looks around the brig that at one point had housed him and one of his clones, in two different
realities, the twins quickly working to regain feeling in their limbs from their position on the floor.
He races to the transparent barrier and begins to pound on it, screaming to be let out as he loses his
composure entirely, lurching forward and barely breaking his fall in time to not crack his skull
when John manipulates the electronics to cause the barrier to vanish. The Pure Beta races to the
guard station as his clone struggles to get out of his EV suit, working the comm to connect to the
bridge and sends a message that startles all of them.

“The cryotubes are back in the Medbay and the torpedo is armed: Twenty-seven seconds.”

They are thrown to the floor as the ship is rocked with explosions, John somehow sheathing his
wings in time so they are not broken, his mate catching him as they crash to the floor.

“Crew of the Enterprise, this is Commander Spock,” come over the speakers. “All decks prepare
for imminent proximity detonation.”

Khan lifts head and looks at his clones, seeing their terror and fear as they cling to each other, and
comes to his final decision.

He rises to his feet and begins his unsteady run towards his destination, ignoring how he feels
nothing and everything at the same time, The Darkness silent and still inside him.

Sylar smirks as he watches the Enterprise tumble and fall towards Earth, ignoring the screams
inside his head as he continues to operate the Vengeance, pursue, and engage with weaponry all at
the same time and by himself, ignoring his twin standing off to the side and the tears streaming
down his face.

He is violently slammed to the floor as an explosion rocks the Vengeance, screaming as he realizes
that only a single torpedo was armed after they were transported onboard, livid at the fact that he
was outsmarted.

The single torpedo’s explosion is devastating, as there are no shields to dampen the force of its
explosion, no external walls to absorb any of the flying fragments. The cargo bay takes the full
force of the blast, and anything within effective range of the discharge is blown apart.
Including the remaining seventy-one functional warheads that are mounted on the seventy-one other torpedoes.

A gigantic hole rips open in the stern of the Vengeance, one powerful explosion follows close upon another, and then more follow, a disastrous chain of destruction beginning. Systems do not merely go down – they are entirely obliterated. Disruptions spread throughout the Vengeance, affecting everything from life support in the rear four-fifths of its volume, to motive power, to shields and weapons systems. No corner of the massive warship is spared, much to Sylar’s fury.

Igniting oxygen spreads brief but intense flames to other parts of the ship, huge fireballs flaring into space as one section after another of the Vengeance’s structural integrity is violated. As Adam expected on being on board a state-of-the-art warship, fire suppression works miracles, but it could not prevent a chain of instruments from being fried, nor entire compartments from being reduced to shards of metal, plastic, and other materials that are hurled into the surrounding vacuum.

The bridge suffers horribly, as Adam expected, but as the most heavily shielded and best protected section of the Vengeance, it maintains life-support functionality. Barely, not that it is something the “elder” of the twins gives a thought to.

He can only watch as almost everything on the bridge goes down, fire and escaping gases fills the vaulted compartment as consoles collapse upon themselves, nothing moving save for flame and smoke.

Sylar howls with fury as Adam pulls himself out of the wreckage that surrounds them, embarking on the first of innumerable necessary work-arounds in a determined attempt to keep the Vengeance’s instrumentation functional, and to not incur the wrath of his enraged twin.

Serves you fuckers right! James shrieks in his mind as he continues to howl with grief. I hope you fry!

“I do too,” Adam says quietly, barely audible as his emerald eyes fall shut and a few tears spill down his cheeks.

Khan races along the hallways of the Enterprise as she continues to fall towards Earth, his heart racing slowly in his chest as it threatens to make an appearance, the scents filling his nose are noxious and vile and have him on the verge of being violently ill. Natural and artificial gravity clash violently as the Enterprise draws closer to her birthplace, the Augment’s insides churning violently at the warring forces pulling on him, his vision spinning and narrowing as he tries to not black out while he runs. He barely hears the evacuation order over the blood pounding in his ears, screaming as he suddenly finds himself sliding up the nearby wall, scrabbling for a handhold as the Enterprise continues to tumble and fall. He can feel the tiny fluctuations of her artificial gravity as the precessers fight to remain functional and counteract the pull of Earth’s gravity, managing to get to his feet and run along the curved wall, ignoring the crew trying to make their way to their evacuation shuttles.

He is thrown onto the ceiling as the precessers flip completely and fights to make his way to Engineering quickly and carefully, the single mindedness on which he is using to focus on his task would be terrifying if the same single mindedness was not being used by his fellow crewmembers to reach and board their assigned evac shuttles, doing their best to not suffer severe injuries on their flight. The Alpha/Beta clings to a railing in a large open area that spans several decks so he is not thrown from a lethal height, the Enterprise lurching violently as she tumbles and throws her crew
about, her compromised computer system fighting tooth and nail to keep the artificial gravity on the wounded Enterprise from slewing crazily from one degree to another and slam her crew around like ball bearings in a barrel even more so. The Enterprise rights herself and Khan can race on the floor towards Engineering, the scents of his fellow crewmembers changing from terror to apprehension, but somehow, they do not panic.

He fights to not black out as his trek to Engineering becomes even more difficult as the conflict between Earth’s intensifying pull and the increasingly erratic operation of the ship’s artificial gravity system becomes even more violent, the crew finding themselves walking on floors one minute and ceilings the next, the constant gravitational flux forcing everyone to go very slowly to avoid injury. The Brit continues to make his way towards Engineering as fast as circumstances permit him, well aware of the increasing danger as the Enterprise continues to fall. He is almost there when the ship’s gravity gives a sudden lurch, tossing him over a railing towards the deck far below, one that he does not have a chance of surviving if he falls, his hand shooting out to grab the railing just in time. His grip is firm, but he can do nothing about the shifting forces beneath his feet, wrapping his arm around the railing and uses his incredibly strength to try to pull himself up over the railing.

He can only watch in shock as his grip begins to slip and his sweat slicked fingers become the only thing holding on, and then the railing begins to grow further away, everything slowing down to a speed where times seems to freeze, but he can still feel himself falling. His hands reach out ungodly slow to try to grab the railing that is well out of reach, his heart seeming to beat every five minutes as his hair floats around him, his breathing ungodly loud in his ears. He blinks slowly as he sees nothing but the railing growing further away and his hands reaching out for it, expecting to see his life flash before his eyes or the world to reset from an absolute precognition, but it does not happen.

He is going to die.

He is actually going to die.

He is going to leave this world with less than what he came in with, all the experiences he has had surmounting to nothing, everything he has done becoming absolutely meaningless, everything he has ever desired and wanted, all that he had, slipping from his fingers and even vanishing into smoke. He is not even a whole person, his soul ripped apart and shredded to something that cannot be recognizable as a soul, The Darkness shrieking in his head as It continues to gain control and twists it back into the monstrosity it once was.

All by the person who he loved with every fiber of his being.

“I feel like a fucking beached whale.”

“You are beautiful, love.”

James glares up at his mate as he waddles down the hallways of the Enterprise, a hand on his belly that looks as if it is about to burst while the other is held by the older male, walking by his side as they make their way to the bridge.

“I’m not beautiful,” he snaps. “I’m so fucking huge I can barely fit through the doors!”

“That is an exaggeration, love,” Khan says softly, one of his jet black wings curled around him. “You are not that big.”
“I look like I swallowed a beach ball,” the blond snaps, his cheeks flush with anger. “God, when is she going to arrive?”

“No sooner enough,” his mate mutters, letting himself be led to his chair.

He carefully takes a seat and accepts his PADD to complete work while the older male takes his station, barely twenty minutes on the bridge before the Captain drops his PADD and inhales sharply, hands flying to his abdomen as pain flashes across his face.

“Get Bones,” he whispers, struggling to rise. “Get Bones now.”

“Is it time?” The Alpha/Beta asks, racing to him. “Alert the Medbay-”

“There’s no time,” his wife gasps, clutching the taller male’s shirt. “Get him up here now. Now!”

“Now?” His Alpha asks, terror spreading across his face.

He is answered by the Omega’s water breaking and him beginning to scream, Nyota furiously working to contact the Medbay and alert them that they are needed on the bridge, Spock racing to his Captain’s side as he is carefully lowered to the floor and kneels so his head is in his lap. The blond continues to scream as his husband kneels between his legs and praises the fact that he thought ahead and learned how to deliver a baby, checking between his legs as shock and horror spreads across his face.

“James, you are fully dilated,” he whispers. “And I feel the head.”

“No fucking shit!” His Omega screams as tears stream down his face. “Get it out!”

“Then start pushing,” the dark haired male says, his complexion even paler than normal.

James continues to scream as continues to be in active labor, falling silent to grunt as he pushes and then resumes screaming, clutching his First Officer’s hand tight enough to crush his fingers as he becomes drenched in sweat. Tears are streaming down his face as he reveals just how far his vocabulary reaches, screaming at the top of his lungs as he says things that have everyone in shock, breathing harshly as he remains on the floor.

“I can’t do this,” he sobs after several minutes. “I can’t fucking do this.”

“Yes you can, baby,” Khan says, looking just as exhausted as his mate. “C’mon, just a few more pushes You can do this.”

“I can’t!” The Omega sobs. “I can’t do this anymore!”

“James, just a little more,” his Alpha says soothingly, his voice shaking. “C’mon baby, you can do this.”

The blond looks at him as tears pour down his cheeks and the turbolift doors open, Leonard racing to his side and clutches his other hand, brushing his long dark golden blond hair out of his face as he gasps for air.

“Oh, he says quietly before screaming again.

“I can see the head!” The Augment exclaims. “Just one more push, baby! Just one more!”
His Captain curls up with the effort and screams before throwing back his head, giving the mother of all screams before another, and louder, howl joins him, cutting off his scream to looks down his body as tears stop flowing.

His mate is clutching their newborn daughter in his arms as she howls at the top of her lungs, smiling as tears pour down his cheeks and his uniform soaked with blood, turning to him as he sobs happily.

“She’s beautiful,” he whispers as his wife begins to cry. “She’s so fucking beautiful.”

The Chief Medical Officer is motioning for his team to surround them as he takes the howling newborn from her father and takes over, the older male moving to his Omega and presses a kiss to his forehead as he keeps his bloody arms to his chest. The Omega cannot keep his eyes off his daughter as her cord is cut and gently cleaned, wrapping her in a blanket and carefully hands her to her mother as he is gently helped up into a more upright position, cradling her to his chest as she continues to scream. Tears stream down his face as he coos softly at her and babbles in his native tongue, his daughter instantly quieting and stares up at him with wide sky blue eyes, his father watching his wife pull his shirt aside to expose a milk swollen breast. He instinctively brings her to his nipple and smiles as she latches on, cooing softly as the dark haired male’s shirts are carefully removed and his skin cleaned from the blood, accepting the clean shirts as he cannot stop smiling and tears stream down his cheeks. He brushes his drenched long dark golden blond hair out of his face as he kisses his temple, unable to stop crying as his wings spread to drape over his family, the Chief Medical Officer dealing with the placenta and places it in a bag so his Captain can deal with it as his customs dictate.

“Rani Gwendolyn Christina Kirk-Singh,” James says softly, watching his daughter feed. “That’s her name.”

“It’s perfect, love,” Khan whispers, looking down at their daughter. “It’s the most perfect thing in the universe.”

“Hate to break up this little love fest,” Leonard interrupts. “But I need to get Jim down to the Medbay so the both of them can be given a checkup. And I mean now.”

“Just a few more minutes,” the blond whispers, his voice becoming quieter. “Just a few more…”

He suddenly slumps and the Alpha/Beta holds his daughter to his chest as he falls unconscious, the newborn screaming as the Doctor roars for her mother to be taken to the Medbay, the oldest of those present staring in horror as he is whisked away.

He looks down at his screaming daughter with terror and gently holds her to his chest, doing his best to quiet her as he tries to calm himself.

“It’ll be okay,” he whispers. “It’ll be okay.”

“He’s fine now,” Leonard says, approaching the new father as he gently bounces with his daughter. “Some of the uterine arteries bled and he lost a bit of blood, but he’ll make a full recovery. He’s rejecting pain meds that won’t affect the baby, so he’s still the same stubborn ass he’s always been. You can go see him now, but he seriously needs to take it easy.”

Khan nods and heads into the private section of the Medbay, smiling as his mate instinctively turns his head towards him when he enters, smiling weakly as his dark golden blond wings flutter on the
sheets.

“How are you feeling?” He asks softly, sitting on the edge of the bed as his daughter remains asleep in his arms.

“I hurt a bit, but I’m just glad that it’s over,” James says softly, looking absolutely drained and on the verge of collapsing. “How is she?”

“She is asleep,” his mate replies quietly, looking down at her daughter. “She is just so little and fragile. I am afraid that I will hurt her.”

“She’s half me, Noonien,” the Omega says, his voice hoarse and shredded from screaming. “You could never hurt me.”

“Never,” the Brit says softly, smiling at his Captain. “Do you want to hold her?”

His wife nods as he weakly stretches out his arms to accept his newborn daughter, cradling her to his chest as she remains asleep and lets out a soft sob, tears streaming down his cheeks as he watches her sleep.

“It’s weird,” he says softly. “I’m overjoyed at having her in my arms, but I miss feeling her kick inside me, knowing that she was safe from the world.”

“I am happy that I can hold her now,” his Alpha says softly, brushing his hair out of his face again. “To know that she is a real person.”

“You mean yours,” the Captain says, looking up. “You still had doubts that she was yours, even though you know I would never cheat on you.”

The Augment exhales through his nose softly as he looks away, his massive jet black wings remaining still against his back as he thinks before sighing, letting his head hang as his arctic blue eyes fall shut.

“Yes, unfortunately,” he admits quietly. “I know you would never cheat on me, but I could not stop the doubt that I was actually the father.”

“But you can see that she is yours,” his Omega says quietly, smiling at him. “There’s no doubt that you have to be the father. Despite what you look like now.”

The Brit looks down at his half-Sikh daughter with his jet black hair but looks so much like her mother, smiling softly and leans down to press a kiss to the new mother’s lips before nuzzling his face gently, both smiling softly as their tears mingle on their cheeks.

“I am most definitely the father,” he says quietly, his voice a deep rumble. “Despite what I look like now.”

He looks down at the sleeping newborn as tears continue to roll down his cheeks, turning back to his wife and cups his cheek to stroke his tears with his thumb, leaning in to give him a deeper and more intimate kiss as their bond thrums between them.

“Never letting you go,” he whispers against his lips. “Never letting either of you go.”

“And I won’t let you go either,” the Omega whispers back.

Khan clings to the railing with both hands as his legs dangle freely in the air, breathing harshly and
gasps for air as his hair hangs in his face, sweat soaking his clothes as he realizes what he just saw.

It was what his future was supposed to be, what it should have been.

He remains stunned for a second before snarling with fury, shoving what he had seen out of his mind as rage makes his blood boil, and for once, he wants to kill someone who meant everything to him.

And he does not feel an ounce of horror at the thought.
Chapter XLVIII

Chapter Notes

Seriously, not freaking dead. I’ve been busy with work and haven't had time to type up anymore chapters in awhile, and I do have sequels planned, but I can't guess on how long it'll be until I finish. Those who stick with me, I thank you for your loyalty. This has a lot of mood swings in it, so it may seem a little OOC for even my versions of the characters, but it's still them.
Read on.

Khan races to the warp core before a thought makes him skid to a stop, his head whipping towards the deflector shielding when he remembers that the Enterprise needs to redirect the power to impulse control and the separate, back up relay when he can get minimum power up, his head snapping towards the sound of movement to see John standing before him. He nods and runs towards the relay with the speed of a Pure Omega, his genetic donor startled when he realizes that his Pure Beta clone’s metamorphosis is not finished, and is continuing to become a Pure Omega. He blinks before continuing to run towards the core, surprised at how calm he is when he is fully aware that he is accepting a one-way ticket with his eyes open, not caring that he is essentially committing suicide because he was jilted by his Perfect Mate, even if it was not done by him directly.

For once, he completely agrees with The Darkness demanding his former Omega’s head.

Sylar clings to the still intact forward console as the Vengeance tumbles towards Earth, burning internally, weaponless, without shields, but somehow not entirely without control. Adam clings to the Captain’s chair as his twin fights to make his orders heard above the crackle and thunder of instruments exploding and structural elements falling all around them, their sister shrieking inside their heads with fury and grief at the fact that he knows that his ex-fiancé is about to repeat his actions, cursing and swearing at them as he promises to commit inconceivable acts of violence on them.

“New destination!” Sylar roars. “Starfleet Headquarters!”

“Engines compromised,” the voice of the warship’s computer announces. “Cannot guarantee we will reach intended destination. Specified destination off-limits. Do you confirm order?”

Sylar’s one word response emerges as a snarl as his sister’s shrieks grow even louder in his mind, fighting to get free as his already incredibly violent promises become even more violent, his Pure Beta brother unable to stop the tears from streaming down his cheeks as he regrets everything he has done.

“Confirmed.”

Why. Won’t. You. Die!? James shrieks, his grief consuming him. Die already! You should be binded! I’ll fucking bind you myself! Just. DIE!!
“I want to,” Adam whispers, his emerald eyes falling shut. “God, I want to.”

Khan enters the part of Engineering containing the warp core and stops so abruptly that he actually screeches, staring in shock at the state it is in from being stressed by the abrupt shifts in gravity and the serious damage that had been done during the violent encounter with the Vengeance, swearing that it could not power a potato clock, much less a starship. He races to the active readouts and studies them, his heart sinking when he realizes that his situation is far worse than what his former mate had to deal with, the main power core thread not just decoupled or out of alignment, but completely out of its housing. He glances over at the central core before looking back at the readouts, wasting no time in debating on his actions so he can sprint towards it, halting outside the core containment area as he says a prayer. He reaches for the door control panel and taps out code on the still-functioning keys, placing his open palm over the appropriate bioscanner as he prays furiously, letting out the breath he was holding when it releases the door handle. He pulls and twists on it to open it, grunting when he has to use his Augmented strength to twist the slightly warped device, the portal obediently sliding aside when he twists the device into the “open” position and without a hitch.

The Brit is thankful that there is enough localized auxiliary power for the doorway to function, watching as it opens before him and staggers back at the sudden blast of heat, finding it hard to breathe before stepping into the entrance of the access tube that will lead him to the core cavity. The door slides closed automatically behind him as he sinks to one knee, the excess heat from the very limited amount of energy being produced by the damaged core is hard for him to tolerate, with it being undirected and unchanneled it permeates his surroundings. The Alpha/Beta coughs and struggles to his feet, knowing that while there is nothing he can do to not feel it, he can fight to not think about it. Training, determination, and the images of all those onboard are all that keep him moving as he stumbles through the narrow corridor towards the access portal, punching in the code so the portal slides open to a narrow crawlspace, moving onto his hands and knees and grits his teeth as the heated metal nearly sears his skin to it.

The dark haired male collapses in the crawlspace as he struggles for air, feeling the beginnings of being exposed to the core without protection, tasting copper in his mouth as he coughs. He struggles to his hands and knees with even greater difficulty, lifting his head and continues to crawl to the core center, moving deeper into the engine area as his Augmented healing goes into overdrive to counteract the radiation swirling around him, feeling the burn deep within his bones and spreads outwards.

With every inch he moves forward, Khan can feel himself weaken more and more, his Augmented healing teetering on the verge of failure as his muscles refuse to respond to the commands sent from his brain, his breathing becoming harsh and gurgling as blood begins to fill his lungs. He can see blisters beginning to form on his exposed skin, the bright red blisters contrasting terrifyingly against his pale skin, reaching towards the ladder at the end of the crawlspace that allows him to ascend the main generator complex.

Please…

The Augment pauses at the voice in his head, faint and muffled, almost as if it is coming across a great distance through a pillow.

Please… Noonien…

He grounds his teeth to dust as he ex-fiancée’s voice floats into his mind, rage making his blood boil-
Save them…
Save our family…
Save them…

He pauses on the ladder and looks behind him as the *Enterprise* lurches, swearing that he sees a flickering image in the crawlspace, and the most vibrant sapphire eyes he has ever seen.

“James?” He croaks, startled by how much he does not sound like himself.

*I can’t stop you…*
*So save them…*
*Save our family…*
*Keep hating me…*
*I don’t blame you…*
*But I still love you…*
*I have always loved you…*
*I will always love you…*

Dahrrii…

*And I am your Amarrii…*

Dahrrii…

“Amarrii,” Khan whispers, the word flowing off his tongue like water. “You were my Amarrii.”

‘*I am your Amarrii,*’ Kirk replies, his voice strong and clear. ‘*Once the title of Dahrrii is bestowed upon someone, it can never be taken away. When I talked with my ancestors before Rosébella came over for lunch, I asked them about choosing my Dahrrii. They were pissed because I was too damn young to select one, but they saw that I chose right in the conference room. But here’s something only I know: I knew you were my Dahrrii the moment we bonded. Not claimed, bonded. The very moment our skin touched, you became my Dahrrii. No matter what happens, even if you hate me and never speak to me again, even if we have the galaxy between us, I will never stop loving you. You will always be my Alpha, my Perfect Mate. Always.’

The Augment clings to the ladder as the *Enterprise* lurches again, a war waging inside him as he fights to hold onto the ladder with his weakening strength, looking up at the top of the ladder and begins to climb as he ignores the cries inside his head.

‘*Noonien,*’ his former Omega pleads. ‘*Noonien, listen to me. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry that I hurt you, but you need to listen to me.*’

The Alpha/Beta ignores him, continuing to climb towards the core center as soft whimpers fill his mind, feeling the tiniest thread begin to push itself into his mind and try to anchor itself, but The Darkness beats it away.

‘*Please, Noonien,*’ the blond begs, sounding like he has tears rolling down his cheeks. ‘*Please, let*
me in. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. Please don’t shut me out. I love you. I love you so much.’

The Brit ignores him, hearing his pleas grow more desperate, gritting his teeth to continue the task at hand before he is suddenly slammed with a mental force. He clings to the ladder and resists the force pulling on him, The Darkness shrieking with fury at the fact that someone is fighting to get in and-

He opens his eyes, and finds that he is no longer on the Enterprise, but in a lavish and beautiful Oriental tea garden that makes him pause as he sits up, looking around to find himself in a wooden teahouse just as lavish and beautiful as the garden, Oriental characters painted on the silk tapestries blowing in a soft breeze, the rustle of silk rising up from them and cause him to frown. He rises to his feet and finds that a beautiful wooden table with matching wooden benches, a blue and white china tea set resting on a matching tray in the middle of the table, the cups handleless with a slightly flared gold ringed lip. He looks around and spots a small wooden bridge over a babbling brook with what looks to be like coy darting under lily pads, cherry blossom trees in full bloom and other flora found in the environment the garden’s culture imitates, step stones leading deeper into the garden as birds chirp in the trees and heightens his sense of paranoia. He feels a tug to head deeper into the garden and resists the urge as he sits down on the teahouse’s steps, wary of his surroundings as the tug becomes stronger and soft whispers float into his mind.

Dahrrii…

Please, do not shut me out…

Come to me…

Please, Dahrrii…

Come to me…

Khan grits his teeth as the whispers become louder, the tug almost maddening as he fights the urge to run in the direction of his former mate, refusing to move from the steps before snarling and storms off in the direction of the tug to head deeper into the garden. He crosses the bridge and follows the winding gravel path to stand under a fruit-bearing tree, looking up into the branches to spot a figure sitting among them that is looking down at him, clenching his jaw as he clenches his fist hard enough to have his nails cutting his palms.

“What do you want?” He spits, glaring up at the figure.

James Tiberius Kirk looks down at him with the most vibrant sapphire eyes he has ever seen as a hurt expression crosses his face, dressed in a sapphire and gold cheongsam that is formfitting and flattering and clings to his curves that not only shows off his incredibly womanly and perfect hourglass figure, but makes him look exotic and regal. The cheongsam is slit up the side to the center of his hips, right above the ball and socket joint, a small cutout in the upper chest that would expose a woman’s cleavage, if he were a woman. His makeup is natural with his eye-shadow done in blues and gold, his French manicured nails tipped with sapphire as his open-toed, ankle strap high heels nearly have his feet completely vertical, gold earrings with small sapphire quartz crystal shaped stones hanging from a gold chain gleam on his ears.

“Noonien, don’t do this,” he pleads, pushing off the branch to fall slowly through the trees and land gracefully on his feet. “I’m sorry, Noonien. I’m so sorry that I hurt you. I want to make it up to you. I want to prove that I love-”

The Augment turns on his heel and walks away, slender feminine hands snatching his wrist in an
attempt to prevent him from leaving, but he yanks out of it and walks away from his former
Omega.

“Noonien! Please!” The Captain cries, chasing after him. “I’m sorry! I never meant to hurt you!
Please! Don’t do this!”

“Noonien! Please!” The Alpha/Beta snarls, whipping around. “All I have done is give, and give, and give, and
all you have done is take. When are you going to give something to me? I promised I would never
hurt you, but does the same not apply to you?”

“It does, but-”

“No buts,” the older male snarls, taking a step forward. “You hurt me, you really hurt me, and I do
not think I can forgive you.”

“I didn’t know, I couldn’t have known, Noonien,” his former Omega says, tears streaming down
his face. “I didn’t mean to hurt you, I’ve never wanted to hurt you, don’t you know that?”

“Do I?” The Brit spits, watching the younger male take a step back as his body begins to shake. “I
am not certain of anything I know anymore. You have two older twin brothers? Not to mention that
they happen to be Conduits? What about you? Was the child even mine? Or did you sleep with
someone else?”

He instantly regrets saying those words as an expression crosses the young Omega’s face that is
unlike anything he has ever seen, almost as if he is two years old again and reliving the most
horrendous moment in his life, his chest heaving as he shakes violently and all the color drains
from his body. He can see it in his eyes that he is no longer with him and trapped in his memories,
crumpling to the ground as he curls up tightly and gasps violently for air, curling up as tight as he
can as his trembling increases and the scent of his terror makes him gag. The dark haired male is
frozen to the spot as his ex-fiancée begins to let out the most inhuman noise he has ever heard and
his heart stops beating in his chest, dropping down to his knees and shakes him to snap him out of
his nightmare, crying out as his face is clawed at and throws his arms up to protect himself. Fangs
sink into his arm and he wrenches it free before scrambling to get away, crying out as he is
slammed to the ground and fangs sink into his neck before reaching back and grabs something to
hurl the person away, the Omega rolling to his feet and whips around to snarls at him.

“James, stop!” His former Alpha screams. “Stop it!”

The Captain lunges at him and tackles him to the ground and claws at his face, before freezing as a
word is screamed at him.

“Amarrii!”

James looks down at the mauled Augment beneath him, blood on his face and splattered on his
dress as skin hangs from under his fingernails, the older male’s wounds healing as he stares at him
with fear and gasps for air. The Captain stares at him in shock before sliding off his body like
water, backing up to give him distance before tipping his head back to have his fangs retract,
staring at him as the Alpha/Beta sits up and looks at him. His wounds have healed and he
cautiously approaches the blond, managing to be able to kneel before him and place his hand on
his cheek before he finally takes a breath, tears streaming down his face that creates clean trails in
the blood as he cries.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he sobs, his voice cracking and breaking as he speaks. “I, I didn’t mean
to, I didn’t…”
He is pulled into a tight hug and clings to his former Alpha as he is quietly shushed, burying his head into his ripped shirt as he is gently tugged into the lap of the older male, sobbing uncontrollably as large, pale, warm hands rub his bare back and reveals that the dress has exposed his entire back, starting at the beginning of the curve of his rear to expose the small of his back and traces his sides all the way up to his armpits where the cheongsam loops around his shoulders and neck, exposing more skin that he thought his ex-fiancée would be willing to. He cradles the back of his dark golden blond head as he presses their cheeks together and whispers in his native tongue, the Omega pulling away to look him in the eye before leaning in to give him a peck on the lips, watching his reaction before giving him a longer kiss and takes his face between his blood slicked hands as large pale ones run up and down his back. The pair part and the younger male raises a hand that has all the blood and flesh flying into a sphere that floats above his palm, leaving their skin and clothes clean as the Brit’s shirts are repaired and the sphere is tossed into the air, coming down as a shower of petals that float down and land all around them. The pink and white petals float down in more than should be possible before they kiss again, the dark haired male suddenly rising to his feet and carries his former Omega in his arms to the teahouse, his arms looped around his neck as he stares up at him with his sapphire eyes. The older male carries him up the steps to place him on one of the benches in the teahouse, kneeling before his Empress to push the front flap of his dress aside to kiss his knee as he rubs his ankle, his arctic blue eyes locked with vibrant sapphire. The Alpha/Beta smiles as he feels the invisible thread that was violently severed begin to knit itself back together, their minds beginning to meld again as their shredded souls interweave and heal each other, reaching up to cup his mate’s makeup-ed cheek and feel the phantom touch of his own hand on his cheek. The Omega gasps softly as his eyes widen, reaching out to cup his razor sharp cheekbone, tears rolling down his cheeks as he smiles widely.

“We shouldn’t be able to bond again, but we are,” he whispers, his French manicured nails gentle on his pale skin. “But we are. We’re reforging our bond.”

He whispers something in a language that his mate does not understand, which is a first for him, looking up with confusion as his brows furrow, earning a soft smile and a chuckle of laughter.

“Latin,” his Omega replies. “Something I picked up quickly when I began seeking God to find answers on why things were happening to me. I was a devout Catholic and I prayed every day using an either five or fifteen decade rosary.”

“You were Catholic?” The Alpha/Beta asks, bewilderment clear across his face.

“I am Catholic,” the Captain replies, smiling. “And don’t you worry about the core. Time is frozen outside of our minds, Dahrrii. We’re the only ones experiencing the passing of time.”

His Alpha smiles and his eyes crinkle around the corners as he does so, tugging his Captain down into his lap so he is straddling his closed thighs, his large hands moving to rest on his even narrower waist as manicured hands gently curl into the fabric of his shirts on his shoulders. He runs his hands over his bare back and they skim their noses together, nuzzling their mate’s face as their eyes remain closed as they hold onto each other, their bond solidifying and growing stronger as their scent fills their nose.

“God, James,” Khan whispers, reaching up to tangle a hand into his long dark golden blond hair and pulls him down for a kiss.

James hums softly and loops his bare, slender arms around his long pale neck, somehow pressing closer to his incredibly robust body and molds his even curvier figure against his, their lips working against each other as slender feminine hands frame his pale angular face as his hands run up and down his bare back. His Omega inhales sharply as he finds himself on his back and stares up at the
older male above him, his lips parted before his sensually stretches out on the floor as his body undulates slowly, his eyes half lidded as he gaze up at him and tips his head back to expose his throat. The Augment rumbles and drops down to press kisses over what skin of his neck is exposed, his hands running up and down his sides and slip under him to hoist his lower body off the floor, long legs locking around his waist as slender fingers tangle into the silk-like jet black strands and he lowers himself onto the smaller male. He slides a hand down his leg and hooks a knee over his hip as their lips part and tongues tangle, blinking in shock as he finds himself on his back and his mate kneeling over top of him with an expression that causes him to shiver, watching as fingers quickly undo his fly as he feels his temperature drop and his knot begins to swell. His Captain’s cheeks flush with heat as he pulls him out and wraps a hand around his hips to stroke him, sliding down his body to wrap his lips around him and bobs up and down before pulling off, moving back up his body and straddles his hips as he lifts up so he can pull his silken panties aside. The Brit instinctively reaches down and feels between his legs to find him soaking wet, slipping a finger inside and thrusts a few times before pulling out and holds himself still so his mate can easily slide down onto him, groaning at how hot he is inside and grabs his hips as he settles with all of him inside and his knot pressing against him. The Omega places his hands on his chest as he pants harshly and his body shakes, carefully sitting up as his Alpha places a hand on his abdomen and lightly presses down, feeling just how deep he is inside him and rumbles softly as he feels his internal vagina clench down on him. The younger male tips his head back as he controls his breathing in such a way that he knows he is trying to relax around him, knowing that it is not easy to have something so large in place that is rarely accessible and holds his hips to keep him from moving, slender fingers resting over his as a fine tremor wracks his body. His mate looks down at him before gingerly rolling his hips and shivers at the action, rolling again before they tangle their fingers together and the younger male continues to move, carefully lifting himself off before sliding back down and moans at the action as he shivers. He places his hands on his chest and begins to move with more confidence, gasps spilling past his lips as hands hold onto his hips and the Brit moves along with him, soft whimpers and moans spilling past his lips before he is rolled onto his back and clings desperately to his mate. He mewls softly and cries out as he is pounded into, lips claiming him and swallow his noises as he claws at his shoulders, the older male grunting softly as he feels him draw closer to his peak and holds him tight to his body and he increases the speed of his thrusts. His Captain throws his head back and screams as he peaks, clamping down around him and feels him pulse around him. The dark haired male pulls away and lowers his mate onto the floor to watch him shiver and flinch as the knot shifts inside him, breathing harshly as his eyelids flutter and he moans softly while his hair hangs around his face, feeling him still pulse around him. He carefully lowers himself down to give him a tender kiss, feeling a slender hand tangle into his hair and hold weakly as he tries to kiss back, slumping on the ground as he fights to catch his breath and the Alpha/Beta looks down at him. The moment he deflates enough to slip out he does, pulling his panties back in place as he redoes his pants and walks away, his body tense as he wages war with himself and hears the Captain sit up behind him. He can hear him carefully rise to his feet and sit on the bench, pouring himself a cup of tea and sip delicately, refusing to look behind him as he clenches his jaw.

“You love me, but you can’t forgive me,” James says quietly, putting his cup down.

“I do not know if I could try to forgive you,” Khan says, refusing to look behind him. “Nor do I know if I could ever love you as much as I did, or even I could love you again.”

“You’re half right,” his Captain whispers, folding his hands in his lap. “You hate me more than you love me.”
The Augment does not say anything as the silence becomes tense between them, the sound of the silk tapestries rustling in the breeze as birds chirp in the garden and the sound of water bubbling in the streams, the couple not wanting to speak first before the blond sighs and speaks first.

“I had no idea that this was happening, Noonien,” he says quietly, picking up his cup. “And if I had, I would have stopped it before it began, so you wouldn’t get hurt. Even if it meant…”

“Even if it meant, what?” The Brit asks, turning to him.

The Omega hesitates, tears streaming down his cheeks as he looks down into the depths of his bright red tea.

“Even if it meant letting Marcus claim me,” he says quietly. “Let him be my Alpha.”

His Alpha is struck with pure horror before climbing the steps to stand next to him, taking a seat on the bench perpendicular to his, staring at him as his lips part.

“When an Empress is promised to an Alpha, they do not become their mate, they become their husband,” the Captain says, continue to look down into his tea. “An Empress’ Betrothed is their first relationship, the foundation for all future relationships that they will form. The Empress’ Betrothed becomes their father, then their older brother, then a friend, then their lover, and finally, their husband as they age. An Empress can trust their Betrothed without hesitation, for they will protect them with their life, as one of their many duties. They will be loyal to them and shall never harm them, for their presence affects the Empress’ life for all long as they live. They become the single most important person in their life, until they choose their Dahrrii. An Empress’ relationship to their Betrothed influences how they see the world for as long as they live, and they are the ones that create and shape the Empress’ entire view on relationships.”

His fingers curl around his cup as tears flow down his cheeks, squeezing his eyes shut as he begins to shake, looking away from his Alpha as he whimpers.

“What do you thinks happens to an Empress who never had a foundation?” He whispers. “Who was never shown an ounce of love or safety, who only knew violence and pain, who had the one person they should have been able to trust explicitly and without hesitation, the one who was the basis for all future relationships, be the one person they could never trust? What do you think happens to someone who lives in world where nowhere is safe and can only expect violence, pain, and abuse, and can never trust a single person, for fear of what will happen to them or those around them?”

He looks down at his tea, his tears flowing faster.

“When I was dying in the ditch after Marcus threw me there, I couldn’t move, I couldn’t speak,” he whispers, clutching his cup. “I could only lie in the dirt and feel my life slip away with each passing moment, everything hurting, every bone broken or fractured, so disfigured I couldn’t be recognized as human. Each breath agony and my heart beating was excruciating, and I knew I would never be found. I was forced to face the fact that he would get away with everything and he’d get exactly what he wanted, and I was less than nothing. It was my fault for everything that happened to me, because I was an Omega. I was a whore, nothing, not even a person, and I was the only one to blame for everything. My existence was the worse thing to happen to society, and my death would be the only thing I could do to help my people.”

He lets out a soft snort and looks away, his trembling increasing as his scent changes to fury.

“Who was I kidding, claiming that I was helping my people,” he growls. “I couldn’t have ever
helped them, because they weren’t my people. The Empress was obsolete and worthless, they didn’t have a purpose anymore, didn’t need to exist. I would’ve been better off dead, that’s where a worthless whore belongs. Besides, love doesn’t exist, it never has. Only pain is real.” He levels a venomous glare at the Brit. “You proved it.”

“James-” Khan says softly.

“Don’t!” James shrieeks, throwing his tea in his face. “Don’t you fucking say my name!”

The Augment wipes the tea off his face as he watches his Omega back up, fury and anger radiating off him as a sliver of hurt slips in, his teeth bared as his fingers curl into fists and puts distance between them.

“I trusted you, I trusted you with every ounce of my being, and you throw it in my face;” he hisses, his sapphire eyes burning with Hellfire. “You don’t love me, you never loved me. Not only because it doesn’t exist, but because you were using me. You’re still the same fucking bastard you were before you were put in cryosleep.”

He does not cry out as he is struck hard across the face and crashes into the table, the china set shattering on the floor as he sits up and touches his red cheek, lifting his head to stare up defiantly at the enraged Alpha/Beta staring down at him with his teeth bared.

“Don’t you dare say that,” he snarls in his native tongue. “I’ve changed from that person, and I’ll never be that person again.”

“Then why did you just hit me?” The Omega demands, rising to his feet. “If you’ve changed, then why did you just hit your so-called mate?”

“Why do you claim that I was using you?” His mate snarls, his jaw clenched tightly. “Why do you claim that I hate you?”

“Because you do!” His Captain shrieks, tears streaming down his cheeks. “You’ve hated me because I’m not you!”

“Do you think I care about that?” The Brit snaps, a few tears spilling down his pale cheeks. “Do you think I care about the fact that you are not a member of a human species that was forced to flee from their home because of what they did? They are the most hated group to ever exist, and they will always be that. And they may be superior in every aspect, but they are inferior to even the lowest triple gendered chimera. And what are you?”

The Captain opens his mouth to scream at him before forcing his jaw closed, thinking about his words before his expression softens and he steps forward, moving so they are almost chest-to-chest and actually looks down at him.

“The pinnacle of the gender hierarchy,” he whispers, raising a hand to cup his cheek as tears stream down his cheek. “Is, love, real?”

“Yes, it is,” the dark haired male whispers, placing a hand over his and turns into his touch. “Love has always been real.”

The blond surges into his touch and clings to him, crying softly as he is held tightly to his Alpha and quietly shushed, the couple sinking to their knees as they hold tightly.

“I’m broken,” James whispers. “I’m so fucking broken. I can’t be fixed, I can’t be healed, I’ll never be whole again. Never.”
“You may be broken, but I am in my own ways,” Khan whispers back. “What he did to you, it would have broken anyone, even me.”

The blond looks down at him as his face is gently taken between his large pale hands, his tears wiped away with his thumbs as he is looked at with a soft and vulnerable expression, a soft kiss pressing between his brows as he is murmured softly to.

“What’s happening to us?” He whispers, clinging to his broad shoulders. “Why are we fighting so much when we were so close?”

“I do not know,” the Alpha/Beta murmurs. “But I wish we could stop, and go back to the way it was.”

“Do you think you can try?” His Omega asks quietly, locking glacial with arctic. “Do you even want it to? Do you still want me?”

He steps back at the slight pause and tears spill down his cheeks, shaking his head as he begins to tremble, falling backwards and looks up at him as he hiccups softly.

“Why? Why do you hate me?” He whispers. “What did I do to you to have hate me like this?”

“I just… I just…” The Augment begins before letting out an exasperated breath. “I just don’t know. But I’m hurt, I’m just, I’m just really hurt.”

“But I didn’t know I was hurting you that way,” the Captain whispers, remaining on the ground. “I couldn’t have. I didn’t even know I could do this!” He jerks his head in the direction of the garden behind. “I didn’t know Sylar and Adam existed, not until they…”

He begins to cry and the dark haired male’s heart breaks at the sight, seeing a Pure Omega do what no other Pure Omega has done be so broken and scared, kneeling down to scoop him up in his arms and hold him tight to his body as he cries. The young Omega clings to him as he cries and buries his head into the crook of his neck, hating himself for the fact that he is taking his anger and hurt out on someone who is genuinely innocent of everything, holding him protectively as he carries him into the garden so they can rest under a tree by the stream and hold onto each other. The blond falls asleep on him and they remain in the garden even as the sun goes down, which was strange since it was in their minds, but watching the sky turn a rainbow of colors and the stars come out, with the fireflies coming out and blinking in the sky takes his breath away. He looks down at the young Captain in his arms and his mind whirls as he thinks before sighing softly, realizing that as much as he may feel betrayed by his mate for what has just occurred, he had nothing to do with what happened despite being in the epicenter of the situation. He is truly innocent of the situation that is occurring and had no idea of what was going on until Sylar revealed himself, and while he blames himself for everything that is happening because he is the cause, he did not put any events into motion. He exhales softly through his nose and studies the face of his Omega in his arms, noting how peaceful and relaxed he is despite all the horrors he has faced in his short lifespan, something he should have had all his life.

But then they would never have met.

As much as he hated Marcus for what he did to both him and his mate, if it was not for him, they would have never bonded, never found out that they were Perfect Mates.

Nearly three centuries between their births proved that Perfect Mates did exist, but it was by extraordinary circumstances that they were able to meet and bond, let alone in a reality where their species did not exist.
What would have happened if only one of them emerged in this reality and sought out the other? What was the person they replaced in this reality like? Would they have ever gotten involved in a relationship if they were from different realities?

What would have happened to him?

Khan’s heart clenches at the thought.

Would he have been a tyrant and sought to conquer the Earth again, or even the galaxy? What would have happened to his mate if he had not emerged in this reality? What would have happened to him if his mate had not emerged?

He shakes his head and forces the thoughts from his mind, looking down at the young Captain in his arms and fights the surge of rage boiling to the surface, looking away as he clenches his teeth.

He is the reason his mate is in so much pain, and he knows how he failed the test to be his mate.

“Noonien?”

He looks down as James looks up at him with unreadable sapphire eyes, pulling away slightly so he can look him in the eye, studying his face for a few moments before speaking.

“What’s going on with you?” He asks softly, reaching out to cup a razor sharp cheekbone.

The Augment turns his head away and scoots away to give them space, looking straight ahead as he clenches his fists at his sides.

“I know how I failed Sylar’s test,” he says through clenched teeth. “I know how I fucked everything up.”

“What are you talking about, Dahrrii?” His mate asks softly, tucking his legs under himself.

“I inflicted more pain on you than he did, and I know how I could have stopped this from happening,” the Brit says, looking away as a few tears spill down his cheeks. “I let you punch me, and the moment you did, I began to inflict more pain on you than he ever did, or could do.”

“How could you have done that?” The Omega asks, startled. “All you’ve done is shown me love.”

“I do not know how, but that was the line in the sand,” his mate replies.

“Then I’m glad you did.”

The dark haired male turns to look and see his Captain smiling softly at him, his cheeks damp as he closes the distance between them and rest their foreheads together, stroking his tears away with his thumbs.

“The punch may have been the line in the sand,” he murmurs, his tone tender. “But I would willingly cross it again, and again, and again, because I get to be with someone who treats me the way I should be treated. The way I need to be treated. You treat me the way the Emperor of Earth should treat their Empress, because I know no one else will. You have to remember, I was never shown an ounce of compassion or love, or anything that was not pain, degradation, hate, or rage. You are the only one who has given me a healthy relationship, and I can believe that love is real with you.”

He closes the distance between their lips and gives him a tender kiss before pulling away, resting
their foreheads together as their bond still solidifies between them, his Alpha lifting his hands to rest on his incredibly narrow waist before pulling him into his lap. He lightly brushes their lips together before applying more pressure to give him a proper kiss, running his hands up and down his bare back as their lips part and tongues tangle, slender fingers tangling into his jet black hair as they slowly move onto the ground and hold onto each other. A large pale hands slides down his bare leg to hook it over his hip, but the Alpha/Beta suddenly jerks away and rises to his feet, turning his back on him as he walks away.

“You can’t forgive me,” James whispers, tears streaming down his cheeks. “But I didn’t do-!”

“I can’t forgive myself,” Khan grits out, clenching his fists tightly. “I’ve hurt you more than I thought was possible, and I can’t forgive myself for that.”

“Then you didn’t cross the line in the sand,” the blond says, his voice wavering as he rises to his feet. “I did, a long time ago. And I’m giving you an out. I’m letting you walk away with your hands clean, you don’t ever have to feel guilty about hurting me again. You don’t ever have to deal with me again, because I won’t be in your life anymore.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” The Brit demands, startled. “What do you mean you will not be in my life anymore?”

His reply breaks his heart and can only watch as his mate runs away sobbing, sinking to his knees as tears stream down his cheeks and cries quietly, realizing that he just made the biggest mistake in his life.

I followed my dreams.
I've said this before, but I'm not dead. And I've just been a little busy to finish this up but we're coming close to the end. I've got other stories planned, some AU's of this AU, and I'm going to do a sequel, but I haven't had the time to get back to this or any other story. Everything I've said has been a repeat of what I've said before, but I'm going to stay true to it. The next chapter may take awhile to be posted, it's nearly finished, but I've been having writer's block on continuing it. This is the Death-Rebirth ritual I've been talking about that is making its big debut, and the vows spoken are my own. I used the "It's All About the Dress" book written by the star of "Say Yes to the Dress", Randy something or other, to describe the dresses, so the terms used may have to be looked up if not known. I've got an idea of what the sequel between this one and Star Trek Beyond will be, but haven't written anything down since what I wrote on paper and what I'm posting is different from each other, so I'm not exactly sure when that would be posted or an actual solid story line written. This may sound like I'm abandoning this story and my readers, but I assure you, I'm not. For those of you who have stuck with me for so long, you have my deepest gratitude, and I hope you enjoy. Read on.

Khan continues to climb the ladder to the top of the access tube, struggling for air as his lungs fill with blood and blisters rise on his skin, fighting to continue to make progress. He pulls himself out of the access tube with great difficulty, gasping for air as he looks up through the web of support beams, wires, tubing, and complex mechanisms that make up the interior of the generator complex, he can see the source of all their problems plain as day. The critical core component is out of its housing, but not so much that he is completely screwed, that there is still some hope that he can save the Enterprise, that he can save his family and his crew.

Khan stares at his reflection in the full-length mirror, his evening tail coat fitting his body perfectly as his black starched shirt remains immaculate, his high waisted black trousers tailored, his black Marcella waistcoat and black bowtie around his detachable collar completing the outfit. He turns from the mirror and pulls on his patent leather shoes, doing his best to not wrinkle his completely black outfit done in the style of a white tie, or full evening dress, as his heart races in his chest, his palms sweating as he trembles and breathes harshly.

"I can't do this," he whimpers, turning to his best man. "I can't fucking do this."

He begins to pace as he tries to not hyperventilate, feeling sick to his stomach as it continues to roll violently, his head spinning as he is forced to sit on the bed.

"I'm about to shit myself in terror," he whimpers, digging the heels of his palms into his eyes. "I'm literally about to fucking shit myself. Oh god…"

"Pull it together," George Kirk Jr. states, clapping him on the shoulder. "Jim managed to convince
me to get in this fucking monkey suit, and this is normal for him, and since I gave you permission to marry him, I’m holding you to it. Or I will fucking kill you. Not to mention you knocked him up, so…”

The Augment looks up into glacial blue eyes so much like his mate’s, worrying his lower lip with his teeth as he stares into the eyes of his soon-to-be brother-in-law, trying to get a read on him.

“I’m scared,” he says quietly. “I’m really fucking scared.”

“You have every right to be,” George says softly. “I was. But you’ve just got to do it.”

The dark haired male stares at him before nodding, rising to his feet and moves to stand before the mirror and looks himself over one last time, turning to the tent flap and takes a steady breath before pushing it aside and out into the grassy field. He heads towards the large gathering of people seated in folding chairs with large plaster pillars around them, archways connecting them with black twisting vines wrapped around them and closed black rosebuds, everyone dressed in black attire and the decorations also black. A beautiful wood oriental styled archway had been erected at the end of a black path dividing the guests into two halves, decorated with black twisting vines and closed black rosebuds, the archway situated on a raised dais decorated in black as well. He moves down the aisle to the archway and takes the two steps up to the dais, standing before the archway and turns to face down the aisle, his entire body trembling with fear and anticipation. The Alpha/Beta takes calming breaths to try to make sure he does not vomit, watching as his best man follows him and takes his place beside him, waving to his wife and son as he beams widely.

A funeral tune begins to play and those who are dual gendered quickly begin to weep and express grief in their own way, those who are single gendered looks around with absolute confusion and at each other, all heads turning at the sound of movement and the rustle of fabric.

A figure dressed in all black and royal purple approaches the aisle with their head bowed, Admiral Christopher Pike leading them with their arm linked in his, holding a bouquet of black roses and deep purple flowers. Their massive ball gown skirt as layers of royal purple tulle underneath to give it its massive size, the top made of black satin-organza that hides the figure’s form with large puffy shoulders and long sleeves, long black gloves covering their hands. The top hides their entire upper body and vanishes under a veil made up of several layers of black tulle, the fabric extending past their shoulders with a royal purple ribbon on the hem, a large black sunhat perched on their head with the right side down slightly and large black flowers decorating the left side.

Khan fights to not smile as his mate approaches him in his Death dress, taking great pride in the fact that he managed to hide his pregnancy as the customs dictated, despite being forty-one weeks pregnant. He fights to keep his wings still as he checks to make sure that not a single millimeter of skin or feather is showing, watching him approach the dais at a slow pace as he tries to not beam like a fool, extending a hand to help him up the steps as his soon-to-be mother-in-law’s boyfriend takes his place in front of the archway. The music stops as the couple faces each other, the younger of the pair keeping his head bowed as his hat is removed, his Alpha handing it to his maid-of-honor.

“Put it on!” Carol hisses from her position as a bridesmaid.

The Communications Officer quickly puts the hat on and the Pure Beta quickly fixes it so it sits just like the bride had it, everyone’s gaze focusing on the couple as the older male takes a steadying breath before undoing the clip on top of the veil, pushing it back so it becomes a normal veil and exposes the Omega’s face. He cannot stop the smile from spreading across his lips at the sight of his Captain, his head still bowed and his dark purple eye-shadowed eyes closed as his body trembles slightly, his plum lips parted as he tries to draw in air.
His Alpha curls his index under his chin and tips his head up, his eyes opening the moment they can look each other dead in the eye, and then darkness engulfs them.

They are surrounded by a swirling mass of black from their clothes, the archway, everything near them as everything black, from the outfits provided to the decorations, explode and the black shoots towards the couple to join the swirling mass of black that is butterflies of all sizes, leaving behind pure white as blood red roses bloom and the swirling mass grows more energetic. The butterflies change into blue morpho and monarch butterflies before flying away to land on the roses and decorations, and even on the guests themselves, who are currently gaping at the bride.

Captain James Tiberius Kirk is wearing a form-fitting white satin-organza trumpet wedding gown with a natural waistline, a high-neck neckline trimmed with silver thread and the V-back back neckline filled with beautiful delicate lacework that is very deep and exposes most of his back, the long sleeves attached at his middle fingers with cream colored threading creating beautiful swirls up and down his limbs cling to them and accent his femininity. His train is of royal length and over seven feet long, his veil extending three feet past it with beautiful silk flowers stitched into the mesh and small pearls decorating them, beautiful cream colored threading creating swirling designs near the hem as it hangs around his shoulders and slightly around them. His moonstone and silver jewelry consist of long quartz shaped crystals hanging from a fine silver chain for earrings, the crystals no more than an inch long and thin, his necklace a fine silver chain with a multifaceted hemisphere shaped stone an inch wide set in a plain circular silver setting, two bracelets on each arm made up of pea-sized moonstone stones and glow in the light. His make up is natural and makes his glacial blue eyes glow like stars, his lips curling up in a smile as he ands his white rose bouquet to Nyota, a hand moving to rest on the small baby bump that is becoming more prominent with each day.

The couple turns to each other and takes each other in hand as they look into each other’s eyes, allowing themselves to beam before forcing their smiles back, Chris motioning for everyone to be silent before the couple speaks.

“Thy death is thy rebirth

Death of loneliness gives way to joy

Thy union of two is thee birth

Two minds become one

Two bodies

One soul

Through body

Through mind

Through soul

Thy fate is intertwined

Past has led thee to thy mate

Present and future become one

Thy bond with thee mate is eternal
Never breaking
Never bending
Lasting longer than is known
Thy bond is not physical
It cannot be seen
It cannot be felt
But it is stronger than is known
More powerful than can be
More beautiful than can be seen,”
Khan continues to speak their vows:
“As thy Alpha
Thy duty is to protect
With thy’s last dying breath
Thy shall protect thee at all costs
Thy shall support thee for eternity
Thy shall love thee for eternity
Thy shall be there for eternity,”
Without missing a beat, James continues:
“As thy Omega
Thy duty is to guide
Thy shall commit to thy’s duty
With thy’s last dying breath
Only thy Alpha can share thy bed
Only thy Alpha can sire thy’s descendants
Only thy Alpha can mark thee as thy mate
Only thy Alpha can love thee for eternity,”
As the couple speaks in unison, they slip their claddagh rings on each fingers, James on his left, Khan on his right:
“With these rings
Thy bond can be seen
Thy mark of claim is sealed
Even in death
Thy bond shall remain unbreakable
Thy mate shall be joined after death
Thy love is eternal
Thy soul is one.”

“Seal the bond,” Chris says.

“About fucking time,” James growls before grabbing his husband by his white tuxedo’s lapels and crushes their mouths together.

Everyone cheers as the butterflies take to the air and swarm around the couple and guests, the Augment cradling the back of his mate’s dark golden blond head as the other rests on the small of his back, his wife’s arms looping around his neck as they continue to kiss. They newlyweds only part when the human is on the verge of passing out, holding onto each other tightly as they rest their foreheads together, tears streaming down their cheeks as the biggest smiles anyone has ever seen split their faces in two. The blond pulls away to gather up his train and veil, his mate picking him and carries him down the now white aisle to the hovercar waiting for them, their guests clapping and cheering loudly.

“See you guys at the reception!” The Captain shouts as he waves from his mate’s arms. “And that twenty thousand credit bottle of Romulan ale better be gone before we get there, Commander Scott!”

The Engineer in question turns bright red as the newlyweds slip into the car and close the door behind them, the vehicle silently gliding away to a location that only they know about, the guests beginning to clean up the area as they wonder where they are going.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Khan asks as he watches his Omega rub his slightly swollen belly. “You do not have to do this if you do not want to.”

“This is something I have to do, we have to do,” James says softly, rubbing his abdomen. “It’s really important that we do this. And it’s important that you do this for me, ‘kay?”

His mate nods and places his hand over the top of his baby bump, smiling softly at the flutter under his palm and rubs tenderly, leaning in to kiss a light pink cheek as he murmurs softly. The Captain giggles and hums softly at the attention as he nuzzles a pale razor sharp cheekbone, giggling at the deep pleased rumble rising up from the chest next to him before his lips are captured in a tender kiss, wrapping his arms around the Brit’s long neck as he is pulled into his lap and his hips are taken in hand.

“I have never seen you this beautiful before,” the dark haired male rumbles as he rubs noses with his Captain in an Eskimo kiss. “The beautiful blushing bride glowing from my child quickening in your womb. I am half tempted to consummate our marriage right now.”
“It’s a rental, so, no,” the blond says in opposition. “And I want to do it properly.”

His Alpha quirks his eyebrow and his mate soon finds himself on his back with his dress hiked up and his panties pulled aside, clinging to the Alpha/Beta as he gasps for air and soft grunts fill his ears, shivering when he finally stills.

“You better not have ruined my dress,” he growls, earning a deep rumbling chuckle.

Khan swallows thickly as he wades into the water, his white robe floating around him as he reaches the priest, his wife standing on the shore a safe distance away from the water with his tennis shoes poking out from under his him. The Augment barely registers the ceremony before he manages to cross his arms over his chest and holds his breath before he is dunked into the ocean, sputtering and coughing as he emerges and pushes his soaking wet hair out of his eyes. He can hear clapping from directly in front of him, but with the combination of seawater and his hair, he cannot see. He feels someone help him out of the water as more water is dunked on top of him, cursing loudly as he is towel dried and given a glass of water. The Alpha/Beta downs the water in one go as his face and hair is dried, finally able to see and follows the priest to the tent erected and into the temporary sonic shower, stripping and holds his arms above his head with his fingertips touching, keeping his eyes squeezed tightly closed as the salt is removed from his body and he is completely dried.

When he exits the shower, he is greeted by his wife with his clothes in hand, his eyes glowing as he beams widely.

“Thank you,” he says softly, turning his back as his Alpha dresses. “It means a lot to me.”

“I know, love,” Khan says softly, turning his Captain around to kiss him. “And I would only do this for you.”

James hums softly and kisses back, gathering up his veil and train to head back to the hovercar, gasping as he is picked up and carried to the car.

“I will never drop you,” he says softly, his wings folding around them. “Never.”

“I know, Noonien,” his Omega says softly, holding onto him as he stares up at him. “And I will never let you go.”

Khan tries to draw air into his lungs as he climbs the cables, wires, tubing, and complex mechanisms to the critical core component, feeling himself grow weaker with every push of his legs and every strain on his arms, feeling the unrestricted radiation burn into him and leave its mark on his bones. He hears the terrified thoughts of the crew fill his mind and uses them to push himself, their faces flashing through his mind as well as his own crew, John and Naki appearing last as the memories go backward to when he first laid eyes on them.

“For them,” he gurgles, continuing to climb.

His strength is rapidly failing as the component seems to grow further away with each passing second, his vision’s flickering increasing rapidly and more than once did he nearly fall. He finally makes it to the top, fighting for breath before moving to stand by the lower unit, putting his hands under the device and begin to push up. His palms are scorched from the device as his scream comes out as a harsh gurgle, but he continues to push upwards, using every last ounce of his failing strength to push the device back into its housing.
The heavy device refuses to budge.

He continues to push upwards as his Augmented healing spirals down and begins to completely give out, his vision blurring from not just the perspiration streaming down his face and in his eyes, coughing up blood as he continues to push.

The device finally begins to move and with one last push, he shoves the device back into its housing, collapsing before looking up.

The lower unit is in its housing, but lay askew at an angle it should never be at.

The Augment spits up blood and staggering to his feet, climbing up to grip a section of the unit overhead and swing his body forward, slamming both feet into the lower projecting unit.

The device refuses to budge again.

The dark haired male calls on every last ounce of strength in his body to repeat the gesture, striking down and forward again and again, each time trying to project all his weight and strength into his feet as he kicks out. His quads tremble as his feet slam into the immobile component, the shock of each contact runs upward through his legs, threatening to reduce his rapidly weakening muscles to jelly. Blood runs from his eyes, ears, nose, gums, even his fingernail beds, blisters continuing to form on his skin as he continues to pound away at the misaligned device.

It begins to shift. A little.

The Alpha/Beta continues to kick and swing at the device, wondering whether his heart and lungs will give out before his legs, his vision blurring so much that he can barely see well enough to focus on his target.

His body fails.

Khan drops and smashes his head into the lower unit, falling to the bottom of the core as his racing heart pounds in his ears, hearing it slow as he lifts his head to look at the broken core component. His vision narrows as he weakly raises a trembling hand, struggling to focus enough to give the component a light mental shove, greeted by a rapid succession of clicks, a rising whir, and a flash of blinding white light before everything goes dark.

Khan does not know how he manages to get out of the core, but he gasps as he drops down the ladder shaft, spitting up blood as he drags himself on his elbows towards the door that leads out of the core. His Augmented healing has returned and healed most of his injuries, but the radiation is undoing the damage to his insides, spitting up blood as he somehow crawls into the first chamber. He can hear the emergency barrier lock in place, hearing the mechanics that are part of the decontamination system kick in as he collapses on the hard metal floor, his breathing a harsh gurgle as the portal slides closed and drags his body to the transparent barrier. The Augment moves to collapse in a somewhat upright position by the barrier, coughing up blood and spits as it lands on the barrier, a pain he has never felt before consuming him from the inside out. His arctic blue eyes fall shut as he tries to take in a lungful of air, drowning in his own blood as he feels his life leave his body, slumping against the wall.

“Daddy!”

The Brit lifts his head to see his clones, children, racing towards the barrier, John all but slamming up against the barrier as tears stream down his cheeks, hyperventilating as his twin kneels beside
“Daddy,” the Pure Beta, *Omega*, sobs, his forehead resting against the barrier. “Please, daddy. Don’t leave us. Please don’t leave us.”

It is clear to his genetic donor, *father*, that he is now a full Pure Omega, his figure curvy and slender, rivaling his former mate’s femininity.

“Daddy,” Naki whispers, folding a massive wing around his mate. “Please, don’t leave us.”

Khan looks the twins in the eyes with his failing strength, noting that his daughter’s eyes now have flecks of sapphire along with his emerald, both twins’ flecks quite noticeable. He shakily raises a hand and places it on the glass, coughing up blood as he continues to lose strength and watches them let out soft sobs and place their joined hands over the glass, a ring situated on John’s left ring finger. A soft smile graces his lips at the sight, tears rolling down his pale cheeks as he looks his children in the eye, so many emotions flickering in his eyes as regret becomes dominant. He looks up to see Spock stepping into view, a look of shock and horror on his face as he remains rooted to the spot.

“How’s our ship…?” He gurgles, his children whimpering at the sound.

The Vulcan moves to kneel between the twins, looking very and humanly distraught as he looks at his fellow Commander.

“Out of danger,” he says quietly. “You saved the *Enterprise*. You saved the crew.”

“I saved… my family…” The Alpha/Beta rasps. “My crew… is… second… my family… is first…”

“The *Enterprise* crew is your family,” the Science Officer says quietly, earning a feeble nod. “Why do you consider them your family, when you no longer have a connection to them?”

“If it wasn’t… for the *Enterprise*...” The Brit gurgles. “I would’ve been… dead… the first time. I may hate… James… but he still… saved me...”

He spits up blood and coughs violently, trying to draw air into his lungs as he feels blood run down his chin, opening his eyes to look into tree sets of terror filled ones.

“Naki, promise me…” He gasps. “Promise me you’ll take… good care of your… little… sister… your… mate… protect him at… all cost… that you’ll love him at all… costs… don’t let him go… don’t make the mistake… I did… ‘kay?”

“Daddy,” John sobs, holding his face in his hands. “Please don’t leave us.”

“Naki… promise me…” Khan demands, coughing. “Promise me…”


“*Noonien!*”

Everyone turns to see Kirk running towards the barrier, shoving everyone aside to kneel before it as he gasps for air, tears cascading down his cheeks as he places his hands on the barrier.

“Please, no, baby,” he sobs, his sapphire eyes red from crying. “Please don’t leave me, Noonien. I shouldn’t have pushed you away, it was wrong of me to do that. I love you, I love you so much. I
don’t care what you did to me, because you were forced to. Please, stay with me. Don’t leave me. I can’t be alone again. I can’t. Please, please don’t leave me.”

His former Alpha looks away and refuses to make eye contact, the blond sobbing softly as he places his forehead against the glass, his body trembling as he cries.

“I’m sorry, Dahrrii,” he whisper, lifting his head. “I’m so sorry. Please, please forgive me.”

His head thumps against the barrier as his fingers curl against it, hiccupping softly as tears roll faster down his cheeks, continuing to tremble.

“Please,” he whispers, begging.

“No.”

The Omega’s head snaps up at the word, his lips parted in shock as he trembling ceases, his breath caught in his throat.

“My answer is no,” his ex-fiancé says, spitting up blood. “And go fuck yourself.”

He gasps for air before he does not take another breath, his body slumping as his eyes remain wide open, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. John covers his mouth with his hand and begins to sob quietly, his twin leading him away as he folds a massive wing around him and holds him tightly, quietly shushing him as his aunt appears and has to be shushed by Scott as she sob uncontrollably. The Captain remains unnaturally still as he stares at the form on the other side of the barrier, his sapphire blue eyes wide open as his lips remain parted, still having not drawn in a single breath.

“No,” he finally whispers, his voice strangled. “No, no, no, no.”

He begins to tremble violently and take rapid shallow breaths, tears cascading down his cheeks as the color drains from his body, his breathing ragged and harsh.

“Stop it,” he whispers, fingers curling against the barrier. “Stop it.”

He stares at the still figure on the other side of the barrier before slamming his fists on it and shriek at the top of his lungs, startling everyone at the noise.

“Stop being dead!”

He stares at the figure as he breathes harshly, shaking like a leaf in a hurricane before howling at the top of his lungs, pounding on the barrier as he shrieks and howls, begs and pleads with grief. He stops pounding on the barrier and stares at the figure again before shakily rising to his feet, his trembling hands rising to cover his mouth as he stumbles backwards before falling on his rear, trembling violently as he gasps and breathes harshly. He shakes his head as he tries to draw air into his lungs, tears pouring down his cheeks as he crawls backwards, his back hitting the console and his hands rise to cover his mouth.

“This can’t be happening,” the Captain whispers, his voice strangled. “This can’t be happening.”

“This is your fault.”

Kirk looks over at John to see him staring at the floor before looking at his mother, his arctic-sapphire-emerald eyes burning with the Hellfire of all Hellfires as his wings flare out, turning to face him as he bares his teeth and the air crackles around him.
“You are the reason Noonien is dead,” he snarls, his voice more felt than heard. “You are the reason behind everything. This is your fault. This is all your fault.”

He moves to lunge at the blond but the Pure Alpha holds him back, his jet black wings flapping angrily as sapphire and emerald iridescence flash on his feathers, shrieking and howling and cursing at the top of his lungs as he thrashes in his mate’s hold. The Captain whimpers loudly and scoots away, looking at the faces of his crew as he hears the distrust and hatred in their thoughts, scrambling to his feet as he bolts out of Engineering as fast as he can.

Agony and terror flood his system as iron bands constrict his chest, his heart going into overdrive as he races towards the transporter room while hearing the distrust and hatred spread throughout his, the, ship, knowing that he lost the trust of everyone in his life, and those he had never even met.

He had to get away.

Fast.

The Vengeance screams past the Enterprise as it hurls towards Earth, the margin slight enough that it leaves the smaller ship’s Helmsman gaping at his monitors, but the man at the Helm of the gargantuan metallic corpse that was once the first warship created by Starfleet could have cared less.

In fact, he would have taken great delight in hitting it dead on, or even clipping it would have pleased him.

Sylar clings to the console as he watches the warship plummet towards San Francisco with his teeth bared, watching the ship plunge towards the ancient monument that was the prison on the island of Alcatraz, thrown to the floor as the Vengeance hits the prison and scrape it clean from its rocky promontory. Adam cries out as he is thrown to the floor as well, the impact just enough to critically slow their descent and alter their intended trajectory, plunging into the bay instead of Starfleet Headquarters. He braces himself against the back of the Captain’s chair as the momentum sends the Vengeance through the water and slashing into the city bay-front. He clings to the chair with each impact as it threatens to throw him through the broken forward viewscreen, his head smashing into the chair as the ship’s saucer crashes to the ground, feeling the wound on the back of his head heal.

James watches as the Vengeance crashes into the city as he hears the screams in his head cut off abruptly, feeling their lives vanish as tears stream down his cheeks, watching as the concomitant wave rise out of the harbor and sweep across the low-lying harbor front, inundating facilities, smash apart landscaping, and toss vehicles about like tows with the force of a tsunami. He closes his sapphire eyes and looks away as he brings a hand to his mouth, feeling the panic of stunned onlookers as they are caught in the surge and struggle to stay afloat, hearing those who managed to ride out the wave or reach higher ground fight to save those who cannot do so on their own.

A surge of hope rises inside him at the fact that the slight maladjustments had altered the ship’s course and allowed many more to survive who would have perished, hearing and feeling the gratitude and gratefulness to the thousands acts of bravery, even though there were numerous injuries and unavoidable deaths, the greater carnage his older brother had hoped to inflict did not occur.
The blond lets out a soft sob of relief as a few tears of joy roll down his cheeks before crushing despair destroys it, looking up at the *Vengeance* before running to his apartment as fast as he can without drawing attention, locking the door as he races into the bedroom and yanks his ex-fiancé’s bedside table’s drawer open to find an envelop. He sits on the bed and stares at it before opening it, finding that the piece of paper is in there with all the necessary information before sealing it closed, rising to his feet as he tears off his Starfleet uniform and changes into civilian clothing. He pulls out the largest luggage duffel bag he owns, shoving as much of his clothing and toiletries as he can before sitting on the bed and holds his face in his hands, sobbing loudly as his body trembles before crawling onto the bed and curls up tightly. He cries for several long minutes before forcing himself to pull it together and sits up as he wipes his nose on his sleeve, beginning to actually pack by rolling up his clothes as small and as tight as he can so he can fit most of his clothing in his bag, putting only the most basic of his toiletries in his bag before putting his optional ones it. He pauses and looks over at his former Alpha’s bedside table and moves towards it, pulling out his sketchpad and flips through his sketches as tears roll down his cheeks, seeing the love in the drawings before putting it back and moves to his own beside table to pull out his most prized possession. He holds it carefully in his hands and stares it down lovingly at it, placing it on the table and touches it lovingly before pulling out a notepad, scribbling something on it as fresh tears stream down his cheeks.

He touches the thirty-three decade old restored copy of *Gone with the Wind* tenderly as his tears flow faster down his cheeks, wising he could take it with him but know that he cannot, pausing before adding something to the note and picks up his duffel bag and envelope so he can head out the door. He looks back at his apartment one last time as tears continue fall, unable to detect the scent of his mate as he places a hand on his abdomen and curls his fingers into the fabric, his tears falling faster down his cheeks as he can no longer feel his child growing inside him.

He looks into the apartment one final time before turning on his heel, and heads out into the crowd to vanish from all eyes and never be found.

*Take good care of everyone and everything.*

*Good bye. Forever.*
Apologies

I just want to say that for all of you who have stuck with me for over four years, kudos to you. But alas, all things must come to an end.

This fic will not be finished as I have entirely lost steam on it, and this is the last chapter. I am truly sorry that this will not be finished, but I got stuck on the final chapter over a year ago and have not touched it since. But I will say that I am working on a new Star Trek fic and will be stealing parts of this one to write it.

I am truly sorry for not giving you the ending you expected, but I can no longer write an ending for it. Life does not always happen the way you want it to.

Sincerely

~Ichiakago

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