Out of the Fire

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by fruitybec

Summary

Alpha/Beta/Omega AU: Omegas are going missing in Chicago, and CPD are on the case. Secrets and dynamics are keeping Halstead and Lindsay apart, but does it have to be this way? Set after 301, but with reference to episodes since that point. This fic contains some BDSM elements, non-graphic description of rape, awkward sexual situations and two people finding their love for one another and building a relationship. Burzek relationship is background, but they will be happy in this universe.
Erin flipped herself over, restless in the warm apartment. She had been trying to sleep for hours, but her brain just wouldn’t stop going over her meeting with Will a week ago. "Um... you know when Jay came... back... I wasn’t there for him. The only friend he had was Mouse, who believe it or not, was the one who dragged Jay home... when he was going through..." The words kept reverberating through Erin, the aborted sentence from Will, inquiring about his brothers’ wellbeing. She had always seen Jay as Mouse’s protector and hadn’t considered that their relationship had ever been reversed.

Erin pushes all thoughts of Jay and Mouse from her mind – they certainly aren’t productive – the need to get some sleep before work the next morning is overwhelming. If she turns up with bags under her eyes, the whole precinct would think she was partying again, and Hank would get one of his little plastic cups out for a surprise test. So she commits to lying in bed, trying to sleep while her mind runs in circles.

Sitting on the edge of her desk the next morning, Erin watches as Antonio slaps pictures of missing people and dead bodies onto the whiteboard. His face is drawn, but he remains silent until the rest of the squad turns up.

Atwater is the last to file into the office, and offers a quick greeting to everyone before Antonio launches into the briefing. Voight stands in his office doorway, keeping an eye on the rest of the team.

Dawson points at the first picture- a good looking blonde teenager with a bright smile. “This is Britany Vanner, she is seventeen years old and was reported missing this morning.” He taps the photo again, “She was reported missing by her mother, who went to wake her up this morning and found her bedroom in disarray and the window open. It appears she has been kidnapped during the night. The family say they have no known enemies who would want to kidnap their daughter, but we will still need to dig through their dirty laundry.”

Voight walks over to he whiteboard and takes over from Antonio. “There is another angle we need to consider here. Miss Vanner is a young omega, and while her mother said she has been on suppressants since puberty, we cannot rule out that this attractive young girl has been abducted for sale to Alphas or for breeding purposes.” Lindsay shook her head, disgusted. Breeding factories were one of the latest scourges to pop up in the area around District 21 - criminals would force omegas to mate with genetically strong Alphas and bear children, hoping that the union would create young omega children who could be groomed for sexual slavery. While the rape of omegas was a terrible thing, the authorities wanted to crack down on breeding factories because the children who were born Alpha or beta were killed or abandoned at birth, as there was only monetary value in the omegas, who were naturally submissive. For every omega born, two Alphas and two betas enter the world, leading to the murder and abandonment of a large number of children.

Erin spoke up. “Was it known she was an omega?”

“Some of her friends knew, and her boyfriend, Nick Porchez, knew. But it wasn’t common knowledge, and she never had an unsuppressed heat. Most people thought she was a beta.” Voight pointed to another picture on the board, of a middle aged African American woman. “This is Denise West, she went missing last week, from her house – her children reported her missing. The report lists that she probably ran away from her family. She was an Omega also.”
Antonio pointed at the rest of the pictures on the whiteboard. “In the past eight weeks, nine omegas have gone missing in the local area – eight women and one man. They have all gone missing without leaving a note or indicating they were especially unhappy with their lives. We are thinking that a breeding factory has recently started operating in this area, and they are currently recruiting omegas.”

Erin screwed her nose up at the technical language – recruiting omegas for breeding was essentially abducting, raping and holding someone against their will – but the vocabulary had been softened so that the reality was easier to digest for Alphas. “You know as well as I do that the two most vulnerable times for the breeding factories is when recruiting and retailing.”

Voight nodded. “And we’re not going to wait to bust them until they have children to sell to slavers, we’re going to get these bastards now. Dawson and Ruzek, I want you to hit up your CI’s and find out if there are any rumblings out there. Lindsay, Halstead, go interview the family of Britany and then interview the officers who responded to each case. See if there is something or someone in common.” All the intelligence officers nod their heads and grab their gear. “Lindsay, a word.” Voight tips his head towards his office, and Erin follows him in.

“I know you have worked with dynamic people before, but I just want to remind you to keep your temper, stay calm, and if there are any omegas on the premises to give them a wide birth. Also, leave the talking to Halstead. A beta is far less threatening to these people than you will be – they just lost one of their own, they will be defensive and over protective with another Alpha sniffing around.”

Erin tried to keep herself from rolling her eyes. “Sure, Hank. I’m not about to get into a fight of dominance with a family who have just had their daughter kidnapped. I’m not that insensitive.”

“I know. It’s just… these are our people. It could have been Camille who was abducted. It’s rare that these cases make it this far, and we have a real shot at solving this.”

“I’ve got it.”

“And tell Halstead to keep it gentle too, will you. The last thing we need is the family thinking that CPD sent two alphas to investigate.” Voight was often surprised at how fired up Halstead could get, considering most betas were level headed – like Dawson or Al.

Lindsay smirks. “No problem, I’ll keep him in line.”

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Erin and Jay walk down the concrete path to the front door of the Vanner house – Erin can immediately scent at least two alphas inside the house and immediately knows they will be dealing with one of the families who are proud of their dynamic heritage and don’t try to hide. Bunny had been like that, always trying to convince Erin to live like her ancestors had intended. That she had ended up in love with someone who was a beta, and essentially undynamic, had angered Bunny when she had worked out who she was pining for.

“I’ll let you take lead on this one.” Erin motioned for Jay to step up to the door, and placed her hand on her weapon in readiness.

Jay offered her a lopsided smile in return, “Yeah, thanks.”

The door swung open, and a tall man was waiting for them, attempting to take up as much of the doorway with his considerable bulk. He looks over the two detectives before opening the door
wider to allow them in. “Have you found her?” The man asked desperately, not allowing either Jay or Erin time to reply. “Is there any news?”

Jay led them through the house, “We haven’t found her yet, Mr. Vanner. We are working on a couple of leads, and we have a few more questions for you and Mrs. Vanner.” The large alpha indicates for the two police to sit.

“Sure, anything to help.” He turns around and opens a door, “Rose! The police are here!” Erin takes the few seconds to note the well-presented, neat living room. A picture of the family was on the sideboard and Lindsay stood up to have a closer look. Britney stood between her parents, a wide smile in place and her arms around their shoulders.

“Is this a recent photo, Mr. Vanner?” Erin asked, holding up the picture.

“It was from around Christmas last year. We have provided the police with a newer photo of her.” Rose was a small woman, barely five foot tall, but she gave off strong alpha vibes, more so than her imposing husband. It took her a couple of seconds for her to realise that Erin was also an alpha, and then her smile was pulled into a snarl. It was one of the things that frustrated Erin the most, the jealousy and possessiveness that female Alphas always showed towards other female Alphas. It could get violent, and it was only that possibility that stopped Lindsay from telling Mrs. Vanner to chill, that they were here to find Britney, who the Vanners’ had failed to protect.

“I hope you are taking her disappearance seriously, Detective. Just because she is an omega, don’t mean she has no rights.” Erin nodded her head, and decided not to point out that in America, Britney was in all essence a second class citizen.

Jay, on the other hand, didn’t seem to understand the delicate status quo, “Miss Vanner, as your daughter was an omega you know she could have run away if she went into heat. She may be currently off with an Alpha, and will return in a couple of days’ time with her tail between her legs. But we are going to investigate her disappearance, and we will take is seriously.” Mr Vanner took a step closer to Halstead and attempted to intimidate the younger man, but Halstead just raised an eyebrow and continued. “We will also need to talk to any of Britney’s friends that you know about and her boyfriend.”

Rose glared at Jay, before turning to Lindsay with a tight smile. “I’ll go get you their names and numbers, then.”

Lindsay eyes Halstead from the corner of her eye as they make their way down to the car. She was surprised that he had taken such a confrontational approach to the interview, but he did have the habit of constantly surprising her.

“And Voight thought you would be a calming influence on that family. I can’t believe you just said ‘tail between her legs,’ that is so offensive, Halstead!”

Halstead just gives her one of his grins and they drive to start a long day of interviews.

Walking into the precinct, Erin feels like they have spent the day banging their heads against a wall. None of Britney’s friends had any idea of where she could have gone, none had seen her in the previous few days. They had nothing, but Erin knew that they would not be leaving until they either cracked the case or they could no longer function.

Olinsky was sitting in his little alcove, whispering away on his phone, and Voight was in his office talking with the Commander. His voice was becoming raised and it became clear that he was being
told to put the case on the backburner, that there were other crimes more pressing than an omega on heat going missing.

“If she was on legal suppressants like her parents told us, it is very unlikely that she would have an unplanned heat. They are reliable these days.” Halstead was frowning as he was flicking through the paperwork.

“Maybe she didn’t like how they made her feel. They can make omegas depressed and anxious. She could have gone off them without saying anything,” Erin countered.

“And then not asked her boyfriend to,” Halstead did some air quotes “‘Help her through her heat?’ They were having sex, that much is obvious from the way he talked about her, he said that her parents got really angry when she started staying the night.”

Lindsay nodded. “We are missing something.” She took a sip of her coffee and looked around the room. “Omegas need to go to a doctor to get legally prescribed heat suppressants, right?”

“Yeah, they are prescription only.”

“So we find out who her doctor is, and go have a word with him. Maybe she had stopped getting the suppressants.” Erin jumped off the desk and grabbed her jacket and keys from the table and headed for the exit, knowing Halstead would be following in her wake.

A quick phone call to the Vanners’ provided them with the name of the family doctor Britney had been seeing since she was a little girl. The doctor practiced out of a small surgery a couple of streets from the Vanner family home, and the waiting room was filled with young families and screaming children, nearly all dynamic. This local doctor probably specialised in dynamic health, providing suppressants and birth control to omegas, and helping young dynamic families become settled.

The nurse at the counter told them that the doctor would be finished with his current patient in a couple of minutes and that they could then go interview him, and so Lindsay took a seat at the end of a row of chairs, while Halstead paced back and forward, probably bored, possibly uncomfortable. She knew he had experience with dynamic individuals, he had been in the military, which is an irresistible challenge for young alphas, and he hadn’t flinched or been ignorant of her or Voight at the precinct. She had been surprised when she had met Will, who was the most stereotypical playboy Alpha, because it would have made more sense, biologically, for Jay to be an Alpha like his brother. Since meeting Will she had played around with the idea that Jay was on suppressants, but she never saw him take anything. His personality and physical appearance certainly screamed Alpha, but they could be society’s influence, not a genetic imperative.

She focused on the doctor as he walked out, an older man, maybe early fifties, with thick rimmed glasses and a walk that left her almost running to keep up. He offered her a smile and ushered her to a chair, while completely ignoring her partner. Immediately she knew he was a chauvinistic womaniser. It would only make this interview that much sweeter.

“So, Detective. How can I help you?” The doctor’s eyes crawl from her legs up to her face, hovering on her chest for longer than needed.

“Yes, Dr. Daniels. One of your patients, Miss Britney Vanner, has been kidnapped.”

The smile on the doctor’s face drops, and he then looks concerned. “Young Britney. She has been a patient of mine for a long time, since she was a toddler, I think. How can I help? Anything I can
“We know she was an omega, and was wondering if she was on suppressants or had spoken to you about,” Lindsay paused for a second, uncomfortable. “her needs.”

The doctor looked mildly offended. “Not everyone thinks that those with a dynamic are freaks, Detective. Scientifically it has been proven that dynamic people are in no way deficient or disabled. Their plight can be compared with that of women, and I am sure you can appreciate that cause.”

Lindsay lifted an eyebrow, not believing that this doctor had the nerve to lecture her about dynamic rights and feminism.

Halstead took that opportunity to take the lead. “We just need to know if she was on suppressants – and if she had been compliant with taking them. She hasn’t come into your surgery in an unplanned heat? She hadn’t talked to you about weening off the drugs?”

The doctor shook his head. “Detectives. I understand you are doing everything you can to find her, but I cannot just share that sort of information, you know that.” He at least had the decency to look somewhat apologetic as he said it.

“I’m sure the privacy of her medical history will mean a lot to her when we find her dead, doctor. She will look up at us and thank us for not nosing into her medical history, which could have held a clue.” Erin smiled at the doctor, who looked upset at the prospect of his patient dying.

Halstead takes two steps towards the doctor, who is sitting on the edge of his desk. Jay looms over the smaller man who shrinks back from his powerful frame for a moment before remembering to maintain his ground.

“If you don’t want to provide us with the files, doctor, we will have to get a subpoena, and Britney will be dead. I don’t like it when we fail, and people die.” One of Halstead’s hands flick out and crush the doctor’s shoulder between his fingers. “Come on, your job is to help people. Help us out.”

The doctor nods and seems to think that helping will mean he can escape Halstead’s grasp sooner. “I’ll grab you a copy of her medical file.”

Lindsay smiles. “Thank you doctor.”

The doctor is only gone for two minutes before coming back in with a manila folder clutched to his chest. He passes it to Lindsay, “She was on suppressants since she hit puberty, but only a couple of days ago she came in and asked about contraceptives and going off the suppressants. I advised her how to wean off them slowly, but she was already starting to scent, so I think she may have already stopped taking them. She had to leave through the back door, a couple Alphas had come into the surgery and caught wind of her scent.”

Halstead looks incensed. “And you didn’t think to tell us any of this when we first asked?”

The doctor pales. “No. I don’t talk about my patients. She could have holed up somewhere with her boyfriend to get through the heat. She was irritable and said she was going to go and mate with her partner. She’s probably with him.”

Erin shook her head. “No, she’s not. So she may now be with some Alpha who is taking advantage or maybe even kidnapped and in a breeding factory.”

The doctor opens the door. “I can’t control what happens when my patients leave, it’s the police’s
job to keep people safe” He says pointedly, and the two exasperated Detectives take that as their cue to leave.

As they walk back into District 21, Halstead heads to the locker room to grab his things – they had already been working the case for 14 hours and it was time to head home, get some sleep and start fresh the next day.

Mouse looks up as Erin walks into the bullpen, “Hey Lindsay, can I, uh, have a word?” Erin freezes for a second, recognising from Mouse’s tone that this wasn’t about the case.

“Sure.” With a nod towards the break room, she leads the way to the coffee pot, thinking simultaneously that she really didn’t need caffeine just before going home, but also thinking that a mug of coffee would offer her something to do while talking to the sometimes squirrely IT expert.

“Shoot Mouse, what’s on your mind.”

The young man looks over his shoulder, scanning the bullpen with his constantly shifting eyes. “Um. Well, I know you and Jay have uh, had a thing.”

Erin’s eyes go wide, she knew that the two men were close, but she hadn’t ever considered that Mouse would know about her and Halstead’s history. Then again, it was starting to become clear to her that everyone had known something was going on, they had been the only two in denial.

“Sure Mouse. But we are over now.”

“Yeah, I figured. It’s just that.” Another furtive look over his shoulder. “It’s just that…”

Erin’s patience was now starting to wear thin. “What Mouse?”

“Just keep an eye on him. During this case… you know… because of, you know, his past.” Mouse now looked like he wanted to be anywhere but in the room with her. “I assume he’s told you, you know, when you were together.”

It was like pulling teeth. “I have no idea what you are talking about, Mouse. Stop talking in riddles.”

Mouse’s eyes go wide. “Oh. Shit. Fuck. I’m dead… he’ll kill me.”

“What? Halstead? He would never kill you, Mouse. Just tell me what’s going on.”

Mouse shakes his head and backs away out of the room. “Nope. Just look out for him. And maybe ask him what happened. Just don’t tell him I told you too, okay, Lindsay? It wasn’t my place to tell you anything.”

Lindsay groans and thinks to herself that Mouse hadn’t told her anything anyway, but she thinks back to that conversation she had with Will in the hospital a week before.

*The only friend he had was Mouse, who believe it or not, was the one who dragged Jay home... when he was going through...*
Lindsay grabbed a six pack of beers on her way to Halstead’s apartment, thinking that the social lubricant could help her usually taciturn partner talk about whatever it was that had concerned Mouse enough to talk to her. She knew it was probably bad, Mouse had documented PTSD and Jay had served in the same unit, so she assumed it was related to his time in the Rangers.

Thinking back, Jay had always been very interested in her past, especially her history with Voight and Bunny. But he had never opened up about his own past; he never lied or refused to talk about things, but he never encouraged open discussion about his life. She had barely known about Will until he had turned up at the precinct, all charm and swagger.

She rang the bell to his apartment and then waited. She was half hoping that he would answer the door in nothing but a towel, but she pushed her fantasies back and reminded herself that this is the real world where people put clothes on before answering the front door.

Finally the door swung open, and Halstead stood there for a second, his eyes half closed, his hair sticking up on one side, wearing shorts and a tee-shirt. She had woken him up, she realised. Then started the daydreams of falling back into bed with him, forgoing the talk and beer, and getting to touch all that skin again. Once again she had to kick herself, she should have called before she had headed over to his place at eleven at night.

“Erin. I wasn’t expecting you.” His brows are furrowed, and he looks a little confused to see her at his apartment, but he steps back to allow her in.

Looking around, everything looks the same as the last time she had stayed here, although she knows that Will is also a resident in his small house. She looks enquiringly at the second bedroom door.

“He’s at work. Night shift.” Halstead pulls Will’s bedroom door shut, but not before she catches a glimpse of clothes on the floor. Will was most likely a nightmare tenant for a clean-freak like Jay.

Lindsay holds up the beer and wiggles it from one side to another. “I brought some beer, thought we could talk over the case a little.”

Halstead looks back at his own bedroom for a few seconds, obviously wistful for more sleep, but he looks back at Erin and nods his head and drops down onto his couch. “Yeah sure, but we need to be up early tomorrow.”

Erin shrugs her shoulders. “We’ll just have one or two then.” She knows he is still a little worried after her sabbatical – that she might have problems with alcohol – but he also respected her decisions without nagging, which she appreciated.

Halstead turned towards her and popped the cap off the top off the beer, before swallowing down a large gulp. “Do you think that all these disappearances are related? I mean, they kind of have to be, right? That many omegas in a small area going missing.”

Lindsay nodded. “You don’t normally get lots of omegas going missing except when a breeder is building a stable. It’s horrible, but most omegas are protected so well by their families and friends that his sort of thing doesn’t happen in large numbers.”

“It does happen though. Omegas go on heat, and turn up a week later, embarrassed and ashamed.” Halstead tugs on the edge of the beer label, his hands not settling and belying stress he is feeling.
“Yeah, but lots of these omegas have been missing for longer than a week, Jay. Plus, they are from families that can and do handle heats – some of these omegas were wives who were excited for their next heat so that they could have a dynamic baby. They are either being kidnapped or killed. I’m not sure which is worse.”

Jay remains silent, now catching onto the fact that there is nothing new to be discovered by talking over the facts of the case. Erin had come to his place with something else in mind, and as much as he wished it was for them to rekindle their relationship – he had a sinking feeling it was something else.

As soon as Erin looks at him with concerned eyes, he knows that it’s serious and that he is not going to enjoy this conversation. “I spoke to Will at the hospital the other day, when Mouse was being held at gunpoint.”

“Yeah, he said he told you about how the victims were doing.” And also mentioned how well she was doing and how good she looked, and when they were going to sort out their messy pasts and get on with it?

“Yeah, well, he kinda let something slip.” Erin took another swallow of her beer and broke eye contact, looking at his TV screen instead. The screen was blank but it was better than looking at Jay’s face right now.

“Great. What did he say?” Jay can feel the tension starting to build up. He wasn’t an idiot, he knew that people talked about him with Will when he wasn’t there, but he didn’t want Will and Erin making a habit out of it. Will didn’t know how to keep his big mouth shut.

“He said that you were messed up when you got back to the States, after your tour.”

“Well, yeah. We saw some shit.” The way the Jay says it makes it clear that he isn’t in the mood to elaborate, but she plunges in anyway- he hadn’t kicked her out yet so he couldn’t be that angry.

“Yeah, Mouse made that clear. He also told me that I should look out for you because of what happened, in your past.” Jay’s eyes go wide, and he feels betrayed for a second, before realising that Mouse probably thought Erin knew. But she didn’t, not yet.

“He’s just a little, you know, edgy right now.” Jay felt bad for all of a couple of seconds for pushing this back on Mouse’s PTSD, but then he remembers that Mouse put him in this position and he doesn’t feel so bad. Besides, what right does Mouse have to talk to Erin about him? First Will, and now Mouse. And now Erin is putting pieces together, and probably coming up with all the wrong conclusions.

“But he’s never told me to look after you, he’s always known I’ve got your back. This was something different. He is worried for a different reason.”

Jay doesn’t reply immediately, just trying to gather his thoughts. If he was to come clean with Erin, she would know things about him that could seriously hurt him. She would also know that he had broken the law. But what worried Jay more was that she would feel betrayed that he hadn’t said anything earlier. Before they were together. He started to get that feeling, the one that he had been running from ever since he was shipped back. Normally people were happy to allow him to be the sports loving, joking, capable professional – they didn’t dig under the surface at all. He didn’t want them to.

He realised he must have been shaking his head, because Lindsay then placed her hand on his arm, and quietly asserted, “It’s alright, I’ve got your back. It’s why you have backup, remember?”
And that throws him back to thinking about all the times she had his back, and the times he had looked out for her. Like when she came back for him. She was invested. He could do this. He would do this.

"WHAT?" Erin can’t help but raise her voice.

_Fuck_. He should have known she would lose her shit over this. “You heard me.”

“You’re an omega?” She looks at him like she’s looking at him for the first time in her life. “There is absolutely nothing about you that is…”

He turns a glare onto her, “Weak? Submissive? Useless? Irresistible? Irresponsible?” He knows all the adjectives, his family had done everything they could to make him independent and strong, but those words had still followed him around. The way that Alphas would talk about Omegas in front of him, thinking he was either a fellow Alpha or a beta, made his toes curl and his blood boil.

“That’s not what I meant Jay. It’s just… you served in the military.”

It was one of the few things that omegas were forbidden from doing, serving on the front lines in the military. The armed forces were filled with Alphas, and everyone at the very top down to the grunts were concerned with what would happen if an omega went into heat around all those Alphas jacked up on adrenaline and boredom. Most people assumed it would be a situation in which the omega would be fought over, raped, and then maybe killed by another Alpha in a fit of jealousy. It didn’t make much sense to Lindsay, these men and women were productive members of the community, and most omegas used suppressants that meant Alphas couldn’t tell immediately what they were.

“Yeah, Will helped me present as beta, he provides me with suppressants off the books. He knew the doctor who did my medical when I enlisted, they had gone to med school together.” Jay places the beer bottle back onto his coffee table, his eyes still trying to avoid eye contact with his partner. He just knew that this was changing her view of him and all of the things he had done in the past.

“But you don’t have any of the mannerisms. None of the tells!” Being a female Alpha meant she needed to watch for tells – most male omegas tried to hide what they were, because they would usually be met with derision from their friends, family and co-workers. They normally couldn’t hide their natures the whole time, so there were certain things that you could occasionally catch. The most common tells were being extremely charming, having copious amounts of sex and allowing the people in their life to make decisions for them, or appearing passive. However, the first two behaviours were extremely common in male Alphas, so it was far from fool proof. Plus, Erin could remember all the times that Jay had stood up against Voight, like when Hank and Olinsky had been set to kill Pulpo.

“Well, now you know. And you don’t have to worry about me. I’m fine. I’m just as capable as I was five minutes ago.” He really didn’t want to be having this discussion any longer.

“I know that, Jay!” Erin exclaims, shocked that he would have to gull to remind her that he’s capable. The man who more often than not was her personal rock, and the unit’s battering ram. “I’m still your partner, and friend. I just… I’m surprised because of all the… violent things…”

Jay’s glare makes Erin’s sentence shrivel.

“Don’t you dare tell me not to do my job, Erin Lindsay.”
Erin wanted to kick herself. She had already stepped wrong, but she couldn’t help it. Things were starting to fall together in her head. He always let her drive, with only a small token complaint, he let her dictate the pace of their relationship, always. Their unending magnetic pull towards each other. She had thought it was love. Now she knew it was chemistry. Their bodies and minds were chemically designed to be together.

“Okay. Sorry. Of course you should be out on the streets.” Erin paused. “But why didn’t you tell me back when I was on the task force.”

Jay tried to ignore the pain in her voice, “I haven’t told anyone, and I didn’t want to tell you and then wonder if it was just a chemical attraction. At least, you thinking I was a beta, I know you want to be with me.”

“But Jay…” She stopped herself before she said she could have hurt him (because she knew she couldn’t) or that they could have properly mated (because she knew that they wouldn’t have).

“Erin look,” Jay took a deep breath. “It doesn’t change anything at work. I don’t want to have a big coming out party, and I don’t want Voight knowing because he could go one of two ways – he would kick me off the squad as a liability, or he would become protective over his daughter’s omega mate.”

“Voight wouldn’t do that, Jay. He is a professional.” Erin faulted over her words, remembering how big Voight’s protective streak had been over his wife and the few omegas in the Voight family.

Jay gave her a knowing look, “Yeah, I thought so.”

Erin thought back on what Jay had just said, then froze. “You mean, you would mate with me?” She knew that mating was a huge commitment, it meant more than marriage in their circles. It was a mental and emotional connection which bound the two together for the rest of their lives. There were many people who would then view Jay as belonging to Erin, or that he had less rights than the average person. It certainly wasn’t something she was ready for or comfortable with.

“Maybe. I dunno. The only person I have ever considered mating is you, but at this point, it’s a long way off.” Jay looked down at his half-finished beer, the admission making him feel vulnerable. He was used to being the emotionally balanced one in their relationship, not the one off-kilter. Mating was one of those thoughts he just wanted to hide from. That urge was one he was deeply ashamed of.

Erin smiled and put her hand on his bicep. “Maybe someday.”

Jay laughed and replied, “Oh, definitely.”

“That doesn’t mean you can’t give me a kiss.” Erin decides that there is no point pretending they aren’t going to be together now, she couldn’t hold herself back even if she tried.

Jay moved closer and pressed his lips to hers, giving her a chaste kiss before moving back. “I would love to kiss you, and take you to my bed… but…”

Erin nodded. “We have a case. And an important one.”

“You can stay the night. As long as you can keep your hands to yourself, I don’t need any more distractions.” Jay grabbed Erin’s hand and led her through to his bedroom.

“Do you have a tee-shirt I can borrow?” She still remembered the feeling of being wrapped up in
his clothes, it was one of the things that she had missed when she had told him they needed to cool it.

Jay smiled, turning to his dresser and pulling out a black tee. “Good idea, I’m notoriously distracted when you are in bed naked next to me.”

They laid next to one another, listening to their breathing become deeper and deeper, until they both fell asleep.

The next morning Erin woke up to find Jay gone, but could hear him in the kitchen. From their short time together, she had gathered that he woke before six every morning, regardless of how long or exhausting their night had been. She laid there thinking about his revelation the day before, and what it really meant. It was dangerous, but exciting. She had always just assumed she wasn’t going to get her happily ever after, male omegas were not exactly common – and they were secretive – so she had just made her peace with dating a beta. She had gone on a few dates with Alphas, and they generally didn’t tend to be compatible. Kelly Severide had been an example of that sort of incompatibility.

It did remind her that Halstead had dodged her questions last night, somewhat hidden behind his big revelation. She wasn’t sure if it was on purpose or not – he had come out, after all – but being an omega wouldn’t be a reason why Mouse would tell her to look out for Jay. It didn’t connect with anything that had happened when they had been deployed, and that was what Will had alluded to.

Walking into the kitchen she is greeted with a mug of coffee and a brief kiss from Jay. “Morning. Sleep well?”

“Like a baby.”

“Please, now I’m starting to feel creepy for perving on you while you were sleeping, if you were sleeping like a baby.”

Erin laughed. “You should feel creepy for perving!” She swatted his chest. “But you still haven’t actually answered the question I came around to ask last night.”

“What do you mean?”

“I wanted to know why Mouse is so worried about you. About what happened in Afghanistan before you came back?” Erin ran her hand down his chest, trying to offer some support without patronising the man in front of her.

Jay’s forehead crinkles into a frown for a couple of seconds, trying to decide on what he should say. “Have you heard about the IED attack, when we were in the Humvees?”

“Yes, Mouse told me a little about that.”

“Well once we survived the IED, things went from bad to worse.” Jay took a sip of the coffee, before placing it on the counter before him. “There were hills to the east of us, the Khyber Pass, just a little further up. It was hot territory, part of the lands where it’s not Afghanistan or Pakistan, the tribal lands.”

“I’ve heard about that area.”
“Yeah. They had a team of snipers up in the hills, two snipers with two spotters, and they covered every escape route available to us. It was a killing ground, but Mouse and I got lucky. I’d been injured, but Mouse dragged me 200m away from the killing ground and set up the sniper rifle that had been attached to my webbing.”

Erin tried to imagine the two men, injured, dirty, in the thick of it.

“I came to, and Mouse was exchanging occasional fire with the other snipers, but as soon as he loosed off a round, he had to then stealthily drag me to a new sniper nest, so he eventually decided it would be best to go dark until I could move. After a couple of hours I felt like we could engage in battle once again.”

“Jay…”

“Please don’t interrupt, or else I won’t finish.” Jay reached out and grabbed her hand. “So we started a sniper hunt, and they did the same. Everything was fine for the first day or so, we had MREs tucked into our webbing and pockets, and Mouse had found a water source close by. It gave us diahorrea, but not so bad that it was dehydrating us.”

Erin screwed up her nose, “Well, that’s not pleasant.”

“I realised that we were about to have another problem. I only had two suppressants tucked away in my kit, and the type I take is a short lasting type that you need to take every day.”

Erin’s eyes widened. “You didn’t.”

“Oh I did. I went into heat, there in the desert, pinned down by snipers, with Mouse.” Jay looked away, remembering how torturous the experience had been.

“But Mouse is just a beta… he couldn’t have really satiated that… urge.” Erin shook her head, trying to clear the thoughts of Jay and his best friend having sex in the desert.

“Yeah, he’s a beta, and he’s also straight. So am I.” Jay shrugged. “We didn’t have sex.”

Erin’s eyes widened. “You went through a dry heat in Afghanistan, while engaged in a sniper battle?”

“I told Mouse to put a gun to my head and stop me with force if I got a little close for comfort, I made sure he always kept one in the chamber just in case. We spent three further days in the desert, me dry humping my best friend’s leg, he trying to stifle my groans and his laughter. We kept moving, and finally we managed to kill one of the snipers.”

“But there were two snipers…”

“Another unit finally found us, and took out the other sniper team. But that was when the real fun started. I was half delirious from the heat, half delirious from dehydration, and still injured, when we were rescued, and the guys that found us – there were six Alphas amongst them. Mouse knew I didn’t want any of them, so he then had the difficult task of keeping me away from them and vice versa. We were taken to a field hospital, and he didn’t leave my side. My secret was out, and my commanding officer now knew that I was an omega and in the forces illegally. We had always gotten along, and we both had great respect for one another, so I was offered my discharge then. The men wouldn’t have allowed me to stay in the team, they wouldn’t feel comfortable with an omega fighting beside them.”

“Jay, that is… horrible. It’s such an unfair law.”
“They gave me something in the hospital to stop my heat – it was like pure ice in my veins, but it did the job. When I got back home I went and saw Will, got my regular script from him, off the books, and have taken them religiously ever since.”

Erin’s jaw tensed. “So you haven’t had a heat for over five years?” Medically, it was advisable that omegas experience a heat at least every two to three years, or else the hormones build up to dangerous levels, making for unstable emotions and even more difficult heats. Some omegas had gone without heats for ten years before the medical profession realised it was unhealthy.

“No. Will monitors me, and says I’m fine.”

Erin raises an eyebrow. “You can’t suppress forever, Jay. Just say you have the flu and take a week off.”

Jay just shakes his head. “Well now you know. And I’ll take no more advice on my health from you. We really should be heading out.”

Thankfully no one at the 21st was game to mention that she was wearing the same clothes as the day before, she liked to think that her reputation for not taking crap was helping her for a change. The only person who let on that he noticed was Olinsky, who looked at Lindsay then Halstead with a raised eyebrow.

Voight walked in and started to assign tasks to everyone, and when she found herself partnered with Voight, and Jay with Olinsky, she started to think that Voight had noticed something was amiss in the three seconds he had been in the room. Not that it matters, she was resolute in that she was going to be with Jay, regardless of what Voight thought about it.

She and Voight were going to chase up the male omega who had gone missing, a Mr. Johnathan Sorrell. They already had collected a lot of information about him, but still needed to interview his boyfriend, sister and doctor.

Lindsay starts to read out the address for the boyfriend when her eyes caught a name further down the sheet of paper. “Dr. Lewis Daniels? That’s his doctor?”

Voight looks over at her. “Yes.”

“Lewis Daniels was also Britney Vanner’s doctor. That is one hell of a coincidence, Jonathan Sorrell didn’t live anywhere near the surgery.”

“Let’s bring him in, and get some answers.” Voight steps on the accelerator and turns the lights on as he drove like a mad man towards the doctor’s offices. “Get in touch with the others, and see if he was the physician for any of the other victims.”

Lindsay pulled her phone out, but was already feeling like they had their first big lead in the case.

Antonio went silent for a couple of seconds. “Just let me check, the doctors’ name does sound familiar to me.”

Erin can hear the rustle of papers in the background. “Yep, he was the doctor to Janelle Sharpe, who went missing three weeks ago. This is more than a coincidence now, I’ll get everyone to head towards you guys. Olinsky and Halstead are nearby.”
“Excellent. We should be okay the four of us.”

“No problem.”

Barely five minutes later the SVU came barrelling around the corner, and the two younger detectives went straight to the trunk and took out a long gun and a sawn off. Halstead handed the long gun to Lindsay and kept the shot gun for himself. It was early in the morning, and they were hoping to catch the doctor before he had patients for the day. The last thing they needed was a room full of innocent bystanders present for the arrest of their friendly neighbourhood doctor.

The doctors’ BMW is parked in his reserved spot and no other cars were present in the parking lot, so the four detectives make their way over to the front door. “Halstead, take the back.” He nods and makes his way to the back of the building.

Voight tries to open the door, but finds it locked. He motions for Olinsky to use the battering ram, and seconds later the door is forced open. The detectives swarm into the waiting room, clearing all the angles as they go. She can hear that Halstead has just kicked in the back door and is clearing the back of the office.

“POLICE! Put your hands in the air, stop what you are doing!” Voight’s voice booms out, and then Lindsay catches a glimpse of Dr. Daniels, the short man hunched over a paper shredder, pushing paperwork through the narrow chute.

The doctor doesn’t heed Voight’s warning, and continues to push medical files into the shredder. Voight yells once more to stop, but the doctors’ hands fly into the air as he feels the barrel of Halstead’s shotgun poke into the back of his neck. “Hands up! Or else I shred your spinal column!”

Olinsky grins at Jay’s hyper-violent and typical takedown talk. He steps up to the doctor and grabs his arms pulling them behind his back to slap his cuffs on him. “I got him.”

“You all have nothing on me! Nothing!” The doctor struggles against the cuffs for a couple of seconds before Olinsky jerks him back, putting him off balance.

Erin then reads him his rights while they lead him off to the cars. Voight places him in the backseat of the SUV and Jay gets in besides him, as always vigilant to their prisoner. She and Voight get into the front and they drive back to the precinct. The whole way, Dr. Daniels lamenting that he is innocent and they are framing him. Finally he decides to quiet down, but then Erin can feel him watching and evaluating them all. It flicks through her mind for a second that she hopes Jay will be okay, but she pushes those thoughts from her mind, reminding herself that he is just as capable and physically strong as he always has been. Her finding out he is an omega hasn’t changed him at all, all that has changed is her perception of him.
To die between your thighs

Hi guys. A few warnings for this chapter. It includes imprisonment, implied rape and violence, please don't read any further if these things trigger/upset you. Thank you to everyone who has left kudos or subscribed, you certainly make my day. I am planning to continue to update this story every Saturday (Australian time), I'm hoping I can keep up with the big chapter every week, but with uni going back next week, my time might become a bit tighter.

Erin’s smiling as she walks up and sits on the edge of Jay’s table. The rest of the Intelligence Unit were either interviewing Dr. Daniels or watching the interrogation, and she figured it was the perfect time to get some flirting in. Flirting came to Jay and Erin like breathing, it was natural, it was part of their partnership, but now she felt it was charged, there was nothing else she would prefer to be doing. Or well, there were a few things that she would prefer to be doing, but they weren’t really practical for the office. Especially not when they were still trying to keep things professional at work, which was a unique form of torture.

“So… once this case is over, maybe we should watch the game and have some beers.” Erin attempts to keep her voice steady and casual, but she notices that it comes out deeper and grittier than usual.

Jay smiles playfully at her. “Are these beers flimsy cover for further interrogation, or do you actually want to sit and watch the game, while having some drinks?”

“Well, I can think of other things we could do, but watching the game sounds like a good start.” Erin leans forward over the desk, happily noticing when Jay’s eyes move down from her face to appreciate the view down the front of her shirt.

“Beer, couch, game. I won’t say no. My place or yours?”

Erin considered that question for a few seconds. Her Alpha instincts were yelling at her to take him back to his place, claim him and his apartment as hers. It was such a stupid urge to mark territory, and she wanted to stamp down on that right now. Jay would not appreciate her turning up at his apartment and scenting everything. Plus, Will lived with Jay still, so they probably wouldn’t get any privacy if he was home, so her place could probably lead to… other things.

“Mine?” The tone is still deeper than usual, and now she knows her eyebrow has probably joined in the flirting.

“Done.” He smiles at her, knowing that their banter, while usually flirtatious, was taking on a second meaning now. “I’ll bring some food.”

“Sounds great.”

Antonio then walks into the room looking confused and stressed. “Jay?”

Jay looks up and nods at his friend. “What’s up, Antonio?”
“The doctor… well, he has admitted to providing omegas for a breeding house that is operating locally, but he stopped talking, and said he won’t talk to anyone else but the ‘tall man with the shotgun,’ I assume he is talking about you?”

Halstead looks alarmed for a fraction of a second. Before she knew he was an omega, she would have assumed it was because interviews were his second least favourite part of the job, after paperwork, but now she couldn’t help but think it was because of his closeted dynamic. It makes sense that he would be worried about interviewing an expert on all things dynamic.

“Sure, I’ll be right in.” Halstead stands up, squares his shoulders and walks towards the interview suite. Erin follows him slowly, not wanting to insinuate that she wants to be in the interview, but close enough that if he needed her, she could be there.

Voight is standing in the hall looking frustrated, it is obvious by looking at his face that he is annoyed that a suspect thinks he can choose who interviews him. What gets his gall even more is that he is sending in Halstead and complying with his request.

Halstead stands next to Voight and waits a couple of beats for the boss to fill him in.

“He has admitted to funnelling over twenty omegas from his practice into a local breeding house, and we suspect he has been selling omegas to private owners too, but he won’t give me the names of the victims, the breeders or pimps, or the location. He sat there silently and then he asked for you.” Voight looks him over. “He might be trying to get someone who is undynamic to handle his case, thinking you will go easier on him.” Voight looks down at his clenched hands. The doctor would have been able to tell how close to grievous bodily harm he had come, It was radiating off him in waves.

“Olinksy was there too,” Jay answers. “Why would he ask for the person who had been holding a shotgun to his back to interview him?”

“No idea, Halstead. Just get in there and get some answers.”

“Sure, boss.” Jay looked over at Erin with an imploring look, and it took her awhile to decide if he wanted her to join him in the interview, or to watch from the observation room. She nods her head at him and goes into the observation room, where the rest of intelligence is waiting.

Halstead walks into the interview room, standing up against a wall, his feet shoulder width apart, his arms crossed across his chest. Lindsay has to admit that he looks intimidating.

Dr. Daniels looks up at him, a coy smile playing across his lips. “So, shotgun boy, are you at least going to introduce yourself?” Daniels has both of his hands flat on the table, as if trying to present himself as no threat. It’s clear to everyone in the observation room that the word boy had been used as an insult, and Halstead couldn’t help that he sometimes looked young. He certainly was not untried or unexperienced however, and Erin can see Daniels making his first misstep.

“Detective Halstead.” Jay didn’t allow the Doctor a chance to talk. “And now you are talking to me, so where is the breeding factory? Where are the rest of the girls, Lewis?”

The doctor smiled serenely and had a brief chuckle. “You’re dynamic, aren’t you, Halstead?”

Jay just stared at the doctor unimpressed. “No. You’re not very good at your job.” He focused on keeping his body still, not betraying any of the nervous energy he was feeling. This man gave him the creeps, bad.

“At first I thought you were an Alpha using suppressants. Most don’t bother with suppressants,
especially not in law enforcement. People, even betas, tend to respond to an Alpha’s commands, so suppressing an Alpha nature just makes someone less effective as a cop. So you were a curiosity to start with. Plus, the whole military bearing- I’d assume you’ve served. So I thought maybe your unit was one of those strange ones in which everyone suppresses their dynamic to keep things simpler.”

“Well you are wrong, Lewis.” Erin wants to laugh at Jay’s laid back use of the perp’s first name. “And I’m not in here to talk about me, as flattering as this discussion is.” Jay’s whole body is tense, and in the observation room Lindsay doesn’t know if she should tell everyone to leave the room and give Jay privacy or to allow them to stay. If she tells them to leave, it would just be drawing further attention to the conversation and make it seem like Jay had something to hide.

“But then I realised that the other two detectives in the car were both Alphas, and not suppressed. So why would you be taking suppressants?”

Jay laughed at him, and sat down at the table. “Okay, so you have caught me. I’m a dick loving omega, and maybe when we finish up here, you can take me around back and fuck me into submission. Is that what you want to hear? You win, you saw through my disguise.” Erin is now holding her breath, she can’t believe what just came out of her partner’s mouth as it was so out of character.

“Well Detective, now you have trusted me with the truth, I will take you up on your offer of a back alley fuck, you’re not my usual type, I normally like my omegas smaller, weaker, more you know, traditional. But considering you have just outed yourself on a videorecording that I assume will be used in court, I’ll take pity on you.”

“Like I care. I’ve proven myself.”

Erin then notices that the rest of the observation room is staring at her. She turns around and sees all the questions in their eyes, waiting for her to deny what is being said in the other room. She knows that they will probably assume Halstead is playing a role. “I think he would have told me… you know… when I left the task force. I would have noticed if he was a dick loving omega!”

Olinsky nodded his head. “Ain’t any of our business, kid.”

“And wouldn’t you agree to anything to get the information? I know I would, if I could pull it off.” Erin laughed and pointed at Jay, “not that I think he can pull it off.”

Inside the interrogation room, the doctor was alternating between leering glances and providing information, and Jay resisted the urge to kill him with his bare hands.

The team assembled in the staging area, picking up their weaponry, loading their mags with rounds and putting vests on. All the intelligence officers kept glancing Halstead’s way, but most weren’t tactless enough to mention the interrogation they had heard earlier. Halstead just continued putting shotgun shells into his tac vest.

Of course, Ruzek’s restraint only lasted ten minutes before he sidled up to Jay. “Hey man, that was pretty intense in there earlier. If you ever wanna talk about stuff, you know I won’t judge, but I’m experienced because Burgess is an omega, y’know.” Ruzek keeps looking anywhere but at Jay.

Jay stopped strapping himself into his vest, and let a couple of tense seconds pass before turning to face the younger man, standing close enough to make Ruzek extra uncomfortable. “What are you
saying, Ruzek? Who the hell do you think you’re talking to?” It all came crashing back on Adam at that moment, that although Jay was his friend and they could joke around at work, Jay was still his superior, and generally didn’t talk about personal things while at work.

Ruzek’s face flushed, that feeling that he hadn’t experienced since he had first been brought up to intelligence – that he had fucked up, without knowing he had. “No, Jay, it’s just that, if you were, y’know, an omega, I’d want you to know that it doesn’t change my opinion of you – kinda half awed, half terrified.” It wasn’t a lie Al was his mentor and role model, who taught him so much about the job, but he wanted to model his morals on the much cleaner Halstead.

Jay scoffed, “It’s nothing to do with you, Ruzek. My sex life won’t affect you at all.”

Lindsay is shocked, Jay hadn’t denied it, hadn’t tried to assert his image as an Alpha or beta again. He hadn’t confirmed anything either.

Voight walked in holding the warrants in his hands, “Stop messing around. Let’s get after them!”

Halstead jumps into the passenger side of the Chrysler with the shotgun, and tried to remain upright while Lindsay attempts to break the land speed record in a vehicle not designed for those speeds.

They pull up in front of the condemned property, an older large house that could do with some maintenance. The front porch was sagging in places and the yellowing paint was peeling off the door and walls.

Atwater takes down the door with the big black door key and the rest of the unit pile into the dark dingy house. Immediately Erin and Voight freeze – the scent of omegas on heat is overwhelming, and it takes them a few seconds to temper their natural reactions. Their drives are to protect, but also to procreate. Here, their job was just to protect.

“Over here!” Dawson calls from the room over. “I’ve got two perps, and four victims.”

The unit make their way over to where Dawson is, and freeze when they get there. There are a series of cages, and in them are three women and one man, all bound so that they couldn’t even move properly in the cages. There are holes for their heads at one end, a bottle with a sipper cap pointed at their mouths. The omegas were dirty, and when Erin notices that their cages are open at the back too, providing access to their genitals, she feels the undeniable urge to kill someone. It fills her up, but she tamps it down so she can be useful. She recognises Britney Vanner in one of the cages, her hair limp and greasy with one hell of a black eye.

Voight immediately goes forward to release the caged omegas, but they immediately start shaking and crying more. He takes a step back, not wanting to hurt them any more, and knowing all too well that most of the damage done here was psychological. “We’re the police, we’re here to help you. You’re safe now.” When he steps forward, the cries increase and the victims seem to be inconsolable.

Olinsky looks up from cuffing one of the rapists. “How about you and Lindsay take these two scumbags to the car.” Ruzek steps towards the cages, a hand outstretched to one of the padlocks on the cages. The omegas don’t react in fear this time, but the sobbing continues.

Lindsay nods. “I’ve got him.” She grabs him from Olinsky and steers him so he hits one of the walls, letting out a groan at the painful impact. “Oh sorry, I didn’t see that wall there!”

By this point Ruzek and Halstead are opening up the cages and letting the omegas out. Only
seconds later, paramedics are flooding the scene and taking away the omegas in ambulances. They are left looking at the cages, blood on the floor and implements of torture scattered around the room.

Voight tells two uniforms to take the perps to the precinct and looks around at his squad. “Britney Vanner will be sleeping in her own bed again, and that is down to the hard work of you all. We have some time owing to us, I think we could all do with a long weekend. I’ll see you bright eyed and bushy tailed on Monday morning.”

The whole squad murmur their thanks and walk back to their cars. Voight stops Lindsay before she follows and drops his tone to her. “I don’t know exactly what is going on with Halstead, or the two of you, but you better remind him that being a member of this squad means he tells me everything so I can lie for him. That goes for you too.”

Lindsay just nods her head, wondering why this pep talk is being aimed at her.

“If I know anything, Erin, it’s not to squander your time with your loved ones, because you never know when your time will be cut short.”

“Hank, you have been against Jay and I being together since the very beginning. Just because he said he was an omega to a suspect to get information, that shouldn’t change anything.”

“I always thought it was just a matter of two young, good looking people with a great partnership wanting to ruin everything, I thought it was all about the physical. But I’m starting to see that it could be more than that. Just don’t let it affect your jobs, or flaunt it in my face, and we will be fine.”

Erin shakes her head, not believing what she is hearing. “Sure, fine. Thanks.”

She doesn’t mention that she had already decided she and Jay were going to be together, with or without his blessing.

Hank doesn’t mention that he had already given his blessing to Halstead weeks ago.

Jay felt content with his current place in the world - the Cubs were winning, he had a cold beer, a full belly and a beautiful girl beside him. Plus, three days off as long as his phone doesn’t ring. He considers dumping his iphone down the toilet to ensure he gets the break.

Jay had his hand on the back of Erin’s neck, lazily rubbing where her neck met her tee-shirt. She was relaxed into the couch, one of her hands resting on one of Jay’s thighs. It was an intimate position for them to be in, and Lindsay was loath to do anything to shatter the peace. But she was also starting to feel an urge bubbling up inside her, one that she normally pushed down, but looking over at Jay, she now knew that it was possible that soon she wouldn’t have to.

“You know, Voight gave me the green light.”

Jay’s hand stopped rubbing circles into her neck and he looked at her with sarcasm, “That was generous of him.”

“He said that you need to tell him – he pretty much knows. But that he doesn’t care if we are together.”
“Honestly, it’s none of his business.” Jay turned around to face her. “I know he’s our boss, but he gave Burgess and Ruzek a pass, and if it took me getting transferred to another unit, then we would survive.”

“Well now it’s not going to come to that.” Lindsay moved closer, her eyes scanning his body, trying to pick up any hint that he wasn’t open to her advances. Finding none, Erin pushes her lips against Jay’s, smiling as one of his hands comes up to wrap around the back of her neck, pulling her in closer.

Before Lindsay can stop him, he has his other hand on her hip and is manhandling her onto his lap. They groan in unison as their bodies connect – his hard chest pressed against the softness of her breasts. His hands are underneath her shirt, gripping hard at her back, as if keeping her in place. She moves back from his lips to look into his eyes. “I’ve missed this… missed you.”

Jay smiles at her, his hand rubbing up and down her back. “You have no idea.” Their lips meet again, and she runs her hands down his chest, feeling the muscles tense as she makes her way to the hem of his shirt. He pulls his arms away from her so they can remove the fabric, and Erin smiles when she is met with the sight of his body. She had pleasant memories from when they were together, but it was always a revelation to be faced with a naked Halstead – the man certainly benefited from his job and physical training.

Before she can get her hands on him, he is removing her shirt and pressing his face into her neck to lick and bite at her collarbones, and she lets her hands card through his hair as he attacks her skin in a way she knows will bruise come morning. He presses small kisses to her chest as he makes his way down, nimble fingers fumbling with her bra clasp for a couple of seconds before the black lace and padding fall away. Jay’s hand cups around one of her breasts, his mouth starts sucking at the other, and Erin lets out a load groan and grinds herself into the man below, feeling his erection hard against the fabric of his jeans. He grips her hip a little harder and grinds himself up into her.

“You know, we could take this into a bedroom. You know, where there is a bed.”

Jay nods. “Sounds good. You are wearing too many clothes still.”

Erin laughs at him, but gets off Jay’s lap, heading for the bedroom. A swift look over her shoulder lets her know that Jay is following her, and she stops in the doorway to press a kiss to his lips.

“I just want you to know that this would have happened even if you hadn’t told me you were an omega. It has always been the only possible future for us.”

Jay cocked an eyebrow at her, “Don’t pretend like you didn’t feel like all your Christmases had come at once when I told you.”

Erin looked Jay in the eye, conveying how serious this was to her. “It feels like Christmas morning every time I’m with you, and it has nothing to do with your dynamic.”

Jay smiles in response. He then tugs at the waistband of her jeans. “Thanks. And you’re still wearing too many clothes.” Erin pulls down the fly on her pants and allows him to pull them down, stepping out of them before turning back to face him, her fingers briefly wrestling with his belt before managing to strip him out of his jeans and boxers.

Erin reaches for his hard cock and pumps her hand down his length a couple of times. She presses a kiss to his lips and manages to muffle his groan. “God damn... you’re certainly ready for this.”

Jay laughs and picks her up and throws her onto the bed, grabbing her by an ankle as she bounces a
bit further up the bed than he had hoped. He kneels down onto the bed between her legs, and leans down to press a kiss just above her left knee. She can feel his stubble scraping against her skin as his kisses venture higher and higher until he is pressing kisses to the lace of her underwear. Erin gives a brief moment of thanks to morning Erin for putting on sexy underwear this morning, this wouldn’t feel anywhere near as sexy if he was pressing his face into old granny panties.

Her thoughts are pulled from underwear choices as the lace is pulled down her legs and his tongue connects with her clit. He hadn’t ever gone down on her before, and as he sucks her clit between his lips, she feels like she has been cheated out of one of the world’s greatest pleasures. One of his long fingers starts to slip between her folds, and she can’t help herself but bear down on his finger. His tongue and lips continue to torment and pleasure her clit, and when his finger curls up inside her, hitting her G-spot she cannot help herself, she lets out a groan, and places her hand on his head, pressing him closer to her core. She wonders if he can breathe, but then a second finger joins the first and his ability to breathe becomes less important to her. She figures that he could easily fight her hold if he needed to.

Erin was right, because a couple of seconds later he pulls himself away from her, looking back up her body with a smirk. “I wasn’t expecting to be suffocated, but if I was to die between your thighs,” He shrugs, “What a way to go!”

“Shut up, and get up here.” Jay moves up the bed and presses himself up against her body, stretching up towards her before joining their lips once again. She can taste herself on his lips, but she can’t seem to really care at this moment. All she wants is Jay, all of him, right now. Pressing her shoulder into his chest, she flips them over so that she is on top of him, and grabs hold of his hard cock. She guides him to her opening, and he groans and she slides down onto him. He starts to thrust his hips up while she uses the headboard to brace herself.

It feels like it has been forever since they had been together, and she knows in that instance, when she feels him thrust up inside her, that she was never going to let anything get in the way of being with him again.
Walking into the precinct the next morning, Erin expected everyone to be looking at her and Jay differently, but she quickly shook that feeling away. The only people who would possibly notice a difference were Alphas, and most of the Alphas around here had enough tact not to mention anything. Plus, they hadn't mated, so Jay wouldn't smell like he'd been claimed. The thought of claiming him sent heat rushing through her body, it was similar to the feeling of euphoria that she got from alcohol or drugs, just as addictive but for some reason acceptable. Voight would probably kill her if she did mate with Halstead at the moment, and she would have to resist. Neither she nor Jay were ready for that kind of commitment now, but she felt a shiver of excitement at the prospect, it was biologically programmed into them, but she had plenty of experience in denying herself pleasure.

Walking up the stairs into intelligence, she can't help the large smile across her face. The smell of fresh coffee invades her senses and she's surprised that she's not the first one in for the day. Usually it was her or Antonio, but she knew that Dawson had Diego's birthday that day and had begged the day off.

Voight is standing in his office, mug of steaming coffee clasped in his hands. "Hey kid. You're in early."

Erin returns his easy greeting, "I wanted to get a jump start on the day. Got a pile of paperwork I'm procrastinating on. Any chance of a juicy case having already popped up and saved me?" She puts her handbag into her drawer and takes out her badge and clips it onto her hip.

"Nope. I could always get the Taser recertification man in again. You seemed to enjoy that last time."

Erin's whole body stiffens. "Um no, I'll be fine with my paperwork, thanks." She could remember the easy joking, the teasing as she had tased Halstead and he had returned the favour. It made her uncomfortable that someone else would use the taser on him, in fact, the idea of doing it herself now, in front of all her co-workers, horrified her.

Voight looked over the lip of his mug. "You alright there?"

All she wanted to do in that moment was to confess everything to Voight, her mentor, her father figure, the man who taught her to be an Alpha; and ask him if what she was feeling was normal. But that would be outing Halstead, and although everyone kind of suspected, it was another thing for Halstead to tell Voight. She couldn't even imagine how that conversation would go, and she worried that Halstead wouldn't be able to admit something to Voight that he personally struggled so much with.
"Yeah, I'm fine. Got a lot on my mind."

"You need to talk, I'm here." Voight grabs her shoulder as he walks out into the bullpen, to greet Olinsky. Who knows what the two of them were cooking up now, but judging by the way they slink off to the corner and talk in whispers, it wasn't going to be anything above board.

Ruzek and Halstead walk in together, Adam making the other man laugh at something he said. Lindsay scans her eyes up and down Jay, trying to see if there was anything that would give away what they had done together the night before, there wasn't anything, and that makes her feel much better. He seemed to be in a good mood, relaxed in the company of friend.

Halstead walks up to Voight and she overhears him ask to talk. A nod of the head indicates that they should go into his office, and Voight follows the younger man. It seems weird to Erin, normally the only time Halstead is in Voight's office is to get reprimanded or questioned. She can't keep her eyes off of Voight, constantly trying to decipher how her mentor is taking the news, silently hoping that Jay is breaking it well, and not doing something drastic like handing in his notice.

Inside the office, Jay had decided that the best way to tackle this conversation was to be brutally honest and lay his cards on the table.

"Sir," Start it off by giving the man respect, if he had learnt anything in the Rangers, it was that a little ass kissing could go a long way in avoiding an ass kicking. "We need to talk about something."

"Sure Halstead, shoot."

Jay takes a deep breath. "I wanted you to know that Erin and I are together. Last night we decided that we are going to try and make this work between us."

Voight puts his feet up onto his table and folds his hands across his chest. It's his casual intimidation pose, and without a single word it lets Halstead know he's not impressed by this turn of events.

"I want you to understand something Voight – I'm not asking for your, nor do I need your permission. I'm going to see Erin regardless of your opinion. But I know how much you mean to her and I want to respect the relationship that you two have, so… " Jay moves his weight from one foot to the other, a subtle sign that he was nervous. "If you cannot treat us both like the professionals we are, I'll be forced to transfer to another unit. I am willing to work patrol, or even a phone and desk somewhere, as long as it means I get to be with her."

Voight nods his head, somewhat stunned at the forceful speech that had been delivered. Although Jay always came across as friendly, Halstead and Olinsky were very similar in that they kept the personal lives private at work, and generally would go the route to keep everything conflict free. That Halstead, who seemed to revel in the action and adrenaline of Intelligence, would rude a desk for Erin, meant something to Hank.

"I want you to understand something Voight – I'm not asking for your, nor do I need your permission. I'm going to see Erin regardless of your opinion. But I know how much you mean to her and I want to respect the relationship that you two have, so… " Jay moves his weight from one foot to the other, a subtle sign that he was nervous. "If you cannot treat us both like the professionals we are, I'll be forced to transfer to another unit. I am willing to work patrol, or even a phone and desk somewhere, as long as it means I get to be with her."

Voight nods his head slightly, "I've no interest in transferring you to another department, Halstead. Don't flaunt it, don't let it fuck up your work and we will be fine."

Halstead stands up and takes a step towards the door. "Thank you Sir." He lets a beat pass before adding, "And I'm an omega. If that makes any difference." He then makes the swiftest exit from the sergeant's office that Voight had ever witnessed, and he can't help but smile and shake his head. In reality, Jay and Erin being together wasn't a big deal, but if the two of them mated, things would
get more complicated.

Mouse shook his head. "You don't think your retreat was a little cowardly, do you?" He was leaning back in his chair with a beer in his hand, but he still didn't look particularly at ease.

"Facing down Voight is one of the hardest fights I've ever been engaged in. I always feel like I might not make it out alive." Jay shifts on the edge of the desk.

"So Voight knows, Lindsay knows… the rest of the team pretty much know…"

"Lindsay knows because of you. Don't think that you have gotten away with that. We're gonna have a little chat one day about what the phrase in confidence means."

Mouse snorts. "Anyway, the rest of the team know you're an omega. You're back with Erin." He looks away for a second, knowing how touchy his friend could be about this topic, but also knowing that he needed to bring it up. "You're in a safe place now, man. You know. In a relationship, with someone you care about…" He knew he was rambling.

"Yeah Mouse, I know my own current situation."

"So, it's time you came off the suppressants." It felt all wrong to be talking to Jay about this, but he continued to force himself to, as he was one of the only people who knew the whole truth and how these things affected Halstead.

"Not this again."

"Just, you know, you could have a nice heat where you get to have sex with someone you care about. Not to mention the distinct lack of snipers, IEDs and military personnel in Chicago. It would be a whole new experience for you, man." Mouse tried to keep it light, but he wasn't oblivious to the fact that they had transgressed into the too personal arena for Halstead.

"Great, you've said it now. Tomorrow I'll get called in because there's a sniper hitting hipsters downtown. Or IEDs on the L."

Mouse laughs. "You could let the sniper go for a while. Run down the population of hipsters a bit."

"Hilarious."

"But seriously man. Don't pretend like you're not already a little bit excited for a heat with Erin? God damn man, I don't know how you always attract the hot ones."

Jay lifts an eyebrow and offers a smile. "Don't you start, I don't want you looking at her in that way. Plus, it's still so new."

"Protective, are we? Isn't it normally the alpha who will get all uppity if I look a little too hard?"

Jay laughs and punches Mouse on the arm. "I'd advise against any lingering glances in my direction that can be construed as interest if I was you. No matter how amazing I look in my jeans."

"Man, I don't even know how you run in those things."

"Trade secret, my friend, trade secret. Maybe when you graduate from secretary we will include it in the welcome pack."

"Fuck. You."
"I told him we're together, and Voight gave us the stamp of approval." Jay said as he came into the locker room.

"You know what that means, don't you?"

"What?"

Erin tried to smother her laugh. "That according to your longstanding logic, he's your girlfriend's father figure. You better brush off your best suit and practice calling him Mr. Voight and being nervous."

Jay laughed and shook his head. "Nope. I'm not sucking up to your dad after hours. I do enough yes sir'ing during work. Not doing it at home too." Erin's glad that they are joking about it, that Jay could laugh about his new complicated life. Her eyes were drawn to him as he started unbuttoning his shirt to put on some fresh clothes, she could already feel the rise of her desire, and she noticed how his neck flexed as he turned it from one side to the other, stretching out the joint.

Erin wants to run away from what that probably means for her. Her Alpha side was becoming more and more attached to Jay the more time they spent together, and was urging her to claim him. The problem was that they hadn't really gotten to the stage yet where that sort of mating was appropriate. It seems that because of their friendship they had skipped so much of what was normally considered courtship, and both of their bodies now wanted the final act.

"I'm surprised you're not dead though." She had noticed his swift exit from the office and Voight's bewildered expression.

"Me too, and because I'm still breathing, are we going to your place or mine tonight?"

"Mine, but it will have to be later – Voight and I normally have dinner on Monday night if we don't have a case."

"Of course, I'll take the opportunity to catch up with Will or Mouse. I'm pretty sure they will both be itching with a desire to congratulate me on my," Jay hesitates for a second, "coming out."

Erin laughs. "Well have fun, and I'll be back home by nine, so any time after that sounds good to me."

"Awesome."

Erin couldn't help but feel nervous, walking up the driveway towards Voight's house. It was her old home too, she'd been here a million times before, had even brought boyfriends to dinner, boys that she had known were no good for her, but wanted to see Voight get cross over. Now she was wondering if she was going to get an earful about Jay. Voight had given her the green light, but after two years of it being forbidden, she couldn't help but feel like some kind of retribution was on the cards.

"Hey kid, come in." The Voight house smelt strongly of steak, and she smiled as she held up the six pack of beers.

"Hey."

"I was surprised that you still wanted to do dinner tonight, I assumed you would be spending it with Halstead. He did something pretty ballsy for you today."
Erin smiled at him. "Well, I'm glad he did it. Did he tell you that we're… together?"

"Yes."

"And you don't have a problem with it?"

"Erin, I'm starting to understand that the two of you are more than partners, I don't want to use the word soulmates, but it could be that, and that no matter what say to either of you, you would sneak around behind my back and then probably get yourselves into hot water trying to keep your relationship from me. I don't want that. Plus, if you have already started to feel connected to him, it would be cruel for me to stop it from happening. I can't imagine how it would have felt if I hadn't been able to be with Camille, if someone had told us to stop seeing one another. I might have killed someone. And let's face it, if someone has the skills to kill me, it would be Halstead."

Erin laughed. "So the whole reason you are okay with this is self-preservation?"

"No. I want you to be happy, Erin. And I think he makes you happy."

"Thanks."

"Tell him that he better be here next week for family dinner – if he is going to be family, he better get used to being around me while we are off duty."

Erin flashed back to their conversation earlier that day, and couldn't help but smile at the thought of being family. "I think that is the first time you have ever told me to bring a boy to dinner." Erin grabs some plates out of a cupboard and loads vegetables onto them. She can remember a time when Voight had to be pushed to cook anything that wasn't pure protein, but it seemed like he was taking better care of himself these days.

"There is a first time for everything, Erin."

They both sit down at the dinner table and start eating, a comfortable silence descending while they fuel up.

By the time that Erin gets back to her apartment, she is feeling happier than she had in a long time. Her relationship with Halstead could now be public, Voight was happy with her decisions and was seeing Jay in a better light. There was something about being able to get everything off her chest and be honest with her mentor.

Walking through her apartment, she cleaned up some of the mess – she knew that Jay was a bit of a neat freak, and tried to at least make the place presentable before he would be coming over. She made her bed, and cleaned her bathroom. It made her feel younger, like she was trying really hard to impress a boy. It dawned on her then that was what she was doing. Impress ing a boy.

Turning the TV on, Erin flicked through a couple of channels, but there was nothing on that seemed remotely interesting. She offered a silent thanks to the heavens when her doorbell rang, relieved that finally Jay was here, and her night could only get better.

Opening the door, she had to hold herself back from flinging herself at him. It was almost as if she was losing all the self-control she had. She needed to touch him, taste him, have him, and she needed it all now.

Jay seemed to read the look in her eyes, and offered her an easy smile. "Easy there, tiger. At least let me in first."
It was all Erin could do, step back into her apartment before latching her lips to his. His hands came up to rest around her waist, and he used his foot to knock the door shut behind him. Her hands ran up his back, under the fabric of his shirt. Lindsay grabs the material and starts to pull it up, and luckily Halstead gets the hint.

They shed all their clothing as they make their way to her bed, by this point the only coherent thought going through her mind was 'mine'. All this skin, all this muscle, all this strength, was hers. Most Alphas wanted weak omegas that they could manhandle and control, but it turned her on to no end to know that her partner was strong, that any control he ceded he did so because he wanted to, not because she forced him to.

Pushing him back onto the bed and crawling on top of him, Erin can't help but nose at his neck. He hadn't had a shower since that morning, and he smelt like him. The scent of Jay, of what was hers, was intoxicating, and she couldn't help but nuzzle in, and open her mouth to lick and bite at his skin. A groan escapes from her lips, earning a chuckle from the man below her.

Lindsay bites at his neck, and is happy when he tilts his head back to allow her more access. She feels completely cloaked in his scent, the smell of sweat, cordite and coffee. It was a cocktail that she was sure she could get drunk on. As she bites harder, she knows that he's going to be bruised in the morning, and she can't get herself to give a damn – everyone would know that he was hers. She reminds herself not to bite to hard, the last thing the need right now is for them to be mated and have him bleed out from a bite to the jugular.

Planting her hands onto his chest, she lifts herself up onto him, rubbing herself along his hard cock, but not actually sinking down.

"Fuck, Lindsay." His voice is breathy, and it makes her feel better that he is obviously struggling with keeping himself under control as much as she is.

"Just wait, I got you." She rubs harder, bringing one of her hands down to grip him tightly. He squirms in her grasp, but she leans down and plants a sweet kiss to his lips. "Patience."

Jay huffs out a laugh. "You don't get to lecture me about patience!" He flips them over, and Erin stifles a noise that would definitely wake up the neighbours as he slams himself into her heat. Jay places a hand on one side of her head and uses the other to reach down and rub her clit, in time to his thrusts. She turns her head so that she can get her mouth onto his wrist, her hands gripping tight around his torso, and sucks gently on the pressure point below his thumb. The next thing she knows, she has her teeth dug in and his skin, thin in that spot, is tearing, and she can feel the blood rushing between her lips.

It seems like that burst of pain was all they were waiting for, because they both find their orgasms at that moment, her walls tensing around him and him grinding into her heat with abandon. He closes his eyes and stays where he is, not that he would have much chance of moving if he wanted to, Lindsay had locked her legs around his hips, and her arms were holding him down on her. If he was to get up, he would only end up relocating her as well.

Erin holds them together as the last trembles fade out, and then her senses come back to her. She had bitten him and tasted blood. There was blood. He was bleeding. She quickly sat up, pushing him backwards into a sitting position. Voight's lessons from when she had been growing up – blood meant death or mating.

"Shit, Jay! I didn't mean…" She had lost control and done the one thing she shouldn't have. They hadn't talked about it, and she had bitten him without permission.
Jay's eyes go wide for a second. "Don't you dare say you didn't mean to mate with me. Don't say it." He knew that at this point right now, they were at their most vulnerable, if they didn't embrace the bond, they could end up half-bonded or broken bonded. Both of which would be horrible.

"No Jay, I just didn't want to hurt you. Plus, we hadn't talked about this." She indicates the blood that is burbling up from the bite on his wrist. "That's certainly not a traditional or smart place to bite." Normally Alphas would bite chests, or thighs or upper arms. Traditionally the neck was the preferred spot, but it was easy to kill an omega by biting at the neck. Most Alphas were taught not to go for the neck, and she hadn't. But she could still have hit an artery.

"I'm fine, Erin. It'll stop bleeding soon. And you have never been a traditional person, of course you bit my hand."

She jumps up and grabs a handtowel from the bathroom, wrapping it around the bloody wound. "I know we didn't plan to mate Jay, but I don't regret it." She applies pressure to the towel and hopes that the bleeding will stop. At least Jay doesn't seem to be in pain.

Jay smiled at her. "Me either."

After ten minutes, the bleeding hadn't stopped, and Erin was becoming restless. "Maybe we should go to the hospital?" The towel was wet with his blood and she couldn't believe how much blood her mate could lose from a bony place. Maybe she had nicked an artery?

"No Erin, that's a terrible idea. First, it's just a bite. Second, we wouldn't be guaranteed to be seen by an omega." Jay looks at her and lifts an eyebrow.

It is only when wondering why that would even matter that the intense jealousy surrounds her. The mental image of an Alpha touching Jay right now makes her want to snarl. She represses those animalistic urges and moved a little closer to Jay. "Oh."

"Yeah." Jay pulls her into a hug and she pulls the hand towel away to see if it is still bleeding. To her concern, blood flows freely from the wound.

"We need to get this looked at, Jay."

Jay's brows creep together. "Will could always come around. He's my brother… would you feel comfortable with that?"

Erin's hands clench into fists as she considers Will Halstead – a stereotypical Alpha, one who has definitely been with his fair share of omegas throughout his life, a threat. But he is Jay's brother and there is no way he is going to steal his brother away from Erin. She feels some of the tension release, and unfurls her hands.

"Okay, call him."

Jay gets up to find his jeans, but Erin pushes him down. "Actually, I'll call him. Stay right there. I don't want you bleeding on the carpet."

"So charming."

Erin grabs her own cell phone and finds Will's number, putting the phone to her ear while walking back to the doorway so she could keep one eye on her mate. That was going to take some time to get used to.

Will answers the phone within a couple of rings. "Detective Lindsay, how can I help you?"
"Hi Will, I hope you're not working?"

"Nope, I've got the night off and am having a couple of drinks a Molly's. Didn't Jay tell you he caught up with me here?" Erin can hear Hermann yelling something in the background and then loud cheering.

"No he didn't. Sorry to take you from the bar, but we kind of had a little accident." Understatement of the year award goes to Erin Lindsay, Chicago Detective! "Could you come around to my place and bring your med bag? Jay may need a stitch or two."

"I can if you really need me to, but I would take him to the ER. That's what I usually do when he's injured himself and is refusing to go."

"Well, no. That's not going to work, Will. You will see when you get here." Erin uses her 'this isn't a request voice' and Will gets the message.

"Okay, I'll be there as soon as possible." Will hangs up and makes his exit from Molly's.

Jay can't help but stare at Erin, it seemed completely surreal to him – he'd always told himself he wouldn't mate with anyone, it was too much of a risk, it gave an Alpha control over him. Yet here he was, comfortable with a bite mark on his wrist. It wasn't a subtle spot, though, and he promised himself that he would tell her off for it when she wasn't looking so… on edge. At this point he thought that if he told her it wasn't alright, it would probably send her into a dominance fight with him. He could dominate her physically, sure, but that would hurt both of them more than help the situation.

Erin came back into the room and passed a glass of water to him, and he gratefully took a drink. He then realised that they were both chilling out naked on Erin's bed, waiting for his brother to come over.

"We really should put some clothes on."

Erin laughs and looks down at her own naked body. "As much as I wish we didn't have to, you are right."

Jay struggles a little to put his boxers and jeans back on, and Erin gets a little thrill out of being able to help him. It doesn't hurt that she would use any excuse to get her hands on him now. As Erin is pulling her own tee-shirt on, she hears a knock at the door.

Will Halstead is waiting impatiently on the other side. He had already figured out that whatever was going on, Jay was resistant to going to the hospital, which reminded him of them both when they were younger, and they would get into fights that Jay would invariably have to end. He'd come home with broken knuckles and would always try to ignore them because he hated hospitals. It was something that he thought his younger brother had gotten over, being a police officer meant you spent quite a lot of time in the ER asking questions and getting in the way.

As soon as he walks into Erin's apartment he knows why he's not going to hospital. Erin's shoulders are tense and she looks worried. Worried, and possessive. They have probably just bonded. "Hey Lindsay. Are you okay? Is Jay okay?"

Lindsay's eyes shift towards the bedroom. "Yeah. Suppose so. Come in, he's in the bedroom."

Will follows her, hoping every second that he's not going to be confronted with his brother bleeding out from an arterial bleed on the other side of the wall. He hopes that Lindsay would be able to quell her possessive nature enough to call for an ambulance if it was serious, but he knows that
many omegas had bled out because their Alphas couldn't make that call. It was heartbreaking to talk to those Alphas afterwards, the guilt would often drive them to suicide.

Will is relieved when he sees his brother sitting up on the bed, a green hand towel clutched around his wrist. He spins around to shoot a glare at Erin. "His wrist, Erin? Really?!!"

"Well, I wasn't planning it, Will. I just did it." Her eyes flick to Jay. He smiles supportively. "We weren't planning on it, we got lost in the moment, and I felt like I needed to."

"And you both feel okay?" Will asks, sometimes unplanned bonding results in unfinished or one sided bonds. "Are you both bonded?"

The two detectives look at one another and nod. "Yeah bro. It's fine. Now stitch me up and leave, alright?" Jay can't help but want his brother out of the apartment so that they can get dirty again. Or at least talk through what this is all going to mean.

"Sure, sure." He sits on the edge of the bed and gently grabs Jay's arm, making sure to keep tabs on Erin – hoping that she would know he was no threat here. "Let's have a look."

Pulling away the hand towel, Will can see the bite, it is deep into the fleshy part of the wrist, wrapping around the side. It certainly wasn't a place he had seen bitten very often. "I think a couple of stitches to close it up, and I'll be out of your hair. I'll put some local in quick, okay?"

"Sure." Jay holds his arm still as Will injects the lidocaine and stitches up the wound. He cannot help feel the tension in the room building. He wasn't hurting his brother, but Erin would want to be left alone with her new mate now, and Jay would want the same. Putting the last stitch in, he stands up quickly and walks out of the bedroom, Erin and Jay following him.

"Congrats guys. I'll leave you to it, but I suggest you call in sick tomorrow. You will be useless for at least 24 hours." You might need up to a week. Will adds silently that because it was unplanned they were likely to have hiccups and more intense reactions.

Erin nods her head, knowing that neither of them would be able to think straight for at least the next 24 hours. "Thanks, Will. Sorry I got a little…"

"Don't worry about it. Look after yourselves. Drink lots of water, take breaks to eat, don't break any bones." Will winks and grabs the door handle. "And if anything else goes wrong, don't hesitate to call."

"Thanks man." Jay smiles and watches his brother leave, trying to remain straight faced while Erin's hand has made its way down his back and is now palming at his ass through his jeans.

"Can't you wait for two minutes?"

Erin pulls him back into the bedroom. "No. I won't wait a single moment."

After a much needed hydration break, Erin picks up her cellphone again and picks out Voight's number. She was nervous about this, they had only gotten his blessing and an invitation to come to dinner next week, and here she was, mated. She felt like one of those people who got married after the first date. This was all moving much too fast and she was worried that Hank would call her out on it.

"Erin? Is everything okay?" His voice is impossibly raspier than usual, and a quick glance at the clock – 2:17am – tells her she had woken him up.
"Yeah, Hank, everything is fine. I didn't mean to wake you. It's just that," A deep breath. "Halstead and I won't be able to come into work tomorrow."

Hank stays silent on the phone for a couple of seconds, before finally venturing the question. "Why not?"

"We mated."

The silence stretches out even longer, and she thinks that maybe she can hear a touch of disappointment in his tone when he does answer. "Okay, call me tomorrow and let me know if you will be in. Sometimes it can take longer than a day."

Erin wants the ground to eat her up. There was never a moment in her life that she wanted to be talking about this with Hank Voight. "Sure, I'll call. Thanks."

"And Erin?" Oh God it never ends. "Look after yourselves. Drink lots of water…"

Erin cut him off before he could continue. "Thanks, Hank, but we've already been read the riot act from Will."

"Why the hell was Will there?" Voight's voice sounds worried.

"Don't worry, I'll talk to you later." Erin hangs up the phone before Hank can add to her humiliation. He would be disappointed in her if he knew that she had to call Will to stitch Jay back together again.

Walking back into the bedroom, she smiles at the sight before her. Jay asleep, on his back, his long arms splayed across the bed, his chest rising and falling slowly. It wasn't the first time he had been in her bed, but it was the first time it had ever felt so right. Stifling a yawn, she gently climbs in next to him, curls herself up against her mate, and couldn't help but smile – her mate. Her mate. She was mated. He was hers. She was his. She fell asleep with her subconscious providing that repetitive refrain.
I'm a bit unsure of this weeks chapter - I'm glad I'm posting something, but at the same time, I couldn't get it to be how I wanted it to be. I adore all forms of feedback, so if you have a spare few seconds, I would LOVE to know what you think.

Also, HOW GOOD WAS Chicago PD 3x17! It was better than any roadtrip we were promised, if you ask me. (also, the military historian in me spent half an hour identifying awards, badges and ribbons. Surprised to see a Good Conduct medal in there, means he was a good boy who followed orders. Also, quality of picture meant I think I spied a Distinguished Service Medal, which is impressive, but can't be sure. It pretty much confirmed he was an infantryman in the Rangers who saw overseas action in Afghanistan. I wanted to see his sleeves so I could determine how many tours he might have completed, but no such luck. My biggest pet peeve is when TV shows give characters massive chests full of awards and decorations that they could never had achieved. Once I saw a Korean Campaign award on the chest of someone who only fought one tour in Iraq. /nerdiness

Now we have the long wait for the next episode. Might need to redirect my focus on writing instead of waiting, lol.

Waking up to the sound of pans banging in the kitchen and the smell of coffee thick in the air, Jay stretches his body out and smiles. He feels the faint tug of stitches in his wrist, and can't help but smile when he realises that last night was real, that he hadn't dreamt what he and Erin had done the previous day.

Walking into the kitchen, he finds Erin wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. "Mornin'." He bends down to give her a kiss on the neck, the atmosphere in the apartment casual and content. "I'm assuming you called Voight?" If she hadn't called Voight, they were both now very late for work.

"Yeah, I figured that we wouldn't be up to working today, and I turned off the alarm on your phone. I hope you don't mind."

Jay smirks at her. "So now we are mated you think you can just turn my alarm off? That is such an Alpha thing to do. Here I was, thinking you were different to all the other Alphas out there."

"It was either that, or I destroy it when it goes off at five thirty in the morning. Who feels the need to get up so early, even on a day off?"

"I always have. I like to run before I start my day. It clears my brain." Jay smiles. "Keeps me fit, too."

"If you are going to try and convince me that running at 5 in the morning is something I should be doing, you need to get to know me better."

"I'm certainly not averse to getting to know you better." Jay stepped up to his girlfriend and pressed his body against hers, making sure that he wasn't pressing her against the stove.
"Jay, I'm cooking." Erin swats away one of Jay's hands as it reaches up to cup her breast. "Stop it. I'll burn the eggs."

"So?" Jay's hand makes a brave return, this time running down her abs, trailing down to rub between her legs. She then feels his lips on the side of her neck, and knows that she has no chance of staying on task.

"Jay…" She protests as her body betrays her: she dips her neck forward to allow him more access, and she feels his teeth scraping against her skin. "Fuck it."

Erin pushes him away to pulls her jeans down her legs, and smiles when she can feel Jay's victory smile pressed into her neck. She leans forwards onto her kitchen counter and smirks when Jay knocks her ankles apart, as if he is about to execute a search on her. He presses himself against her legs, and she can feel his hard cock through the fabric of his boxer shorts.

His hands grip her ass and he presses a kiss to her back. "So beautiful."

Erin can't help but blush, but her embarrassment only lasts for a couple of seconds before she feels his fingers inside her, hooking up into her and trying to pleasure her. It's not enough. "Jay, just fuck me."

Jay's groan in response is electrifying and after a couple of seconds, she feels the blunt head of his erection pushing into her, and she shifts herself back onto him, smirking when he uses his hands and arms to hold her in place. Their lovemaking this time is different to the other times, feeling almost like a quickie, but she knows that now they are mated, their bodies will be telling them to have sex, to be close, all the time.

She can feel herself starting to tense up, feel the tiny tremors run through her body, and she takes a couple of deep breaths before she feels herself tighten around him, her whole body tensing and writhing as his cock pulses within her. He relaxes down onto her and they stay like that for a couple of minutes, just enjoying the afterglow. His body is heavy on hers, but it feels grounding. Her body is aching from all the sex they have had since being mated, but it was a pleasant

Erin's senses come back to her first, and she starts trying to push Jay off her. Not an easy task, as he's a big guy. "Shit. Shit… move!"

The smell of smoke is suddenly clear to Jay, and he rushes off into the kitchen, grabbing the frying pan off the heat and throwing it into the sink, turning on the tap to stop the burning egg mixture from cooking any more.

He turns to her with a guilty grin. "I suppose I'm buying you breakfast, then."

Erin laughs at him. "One of us should have at least to turn off the gas."

"How about we have breakfast at that little place down the road. You think you could handle that?" She knows he is asking how possessive she is feeling. She wouldn't want to punch someone for simply looking at Jay.

She nods, thinking that she can handle it. She was feeling quite sated right now, and they did need to eat. "Let's have some water first, and then we can walk down there."

Thankfully, the diner wasn't very busy, and no one seemed to pay either of them any attention. Erin keeps scanning around to see if anyone was taking an interest, but no one was. Both she and Jay were trained to be aware of their surroundings, even before being cops – she'd had to watch her
back while she was on the streets and Jay had been trained by the Rangers to always be alert or some other such command. She couldn't help but think more of dangers to Jay rather than dangers to herself. She was wondering if Jay was feeling this new shift as well, but then reminded herself that the drive to protect was much stronger on the Alphas' side. Jay probably felt like he usually did.

The waitress comes over, and offered the two detectives a friendly smile. Erin's glad that she didn't bother to try and flirt with Jay, who was careful not to offer the attractive girl any lingering glances or soul destroying smiles.

Jay then ordered the largest breakfast item on the menu – it may have been designed for two people – with extra bacon. Erin laughs when the waitress goes to walk away. "I think he was just ordering for himself. He doesn't speak for me."

The waitress offers an amused apology and takes down Erin's more sensible order. She then heads back to give the order to the kitchen.

"Are you really going to eat all that?" Jay could eat, she had seen him demolish his fair share of pizza and Chinese food, but this seemed extravagant even for him.

"Yep. I'm starved."

"I obviously wore you out."

"You wish. Once I've refuelled we can have round…" Jay thinks for a second, counting on his fingers. "Are we on round six?"

"I think we would be having round seven." Erin laughs, and wonders how much longer this feeling, that they could go at it for days, was going to last.

"Round seven sounds like an excellent way to spend the afternoon." The waitress comes back and places their food before them on the table, smiling at them both.

"Eat your breakfast, and if you're good, maybe you can have round eight as a reward." Erin swallows nervously for a second, unsure of how Halstead was going to react to her ordering him around. Often at work they were flippant with one another, but she refrained from talking down to him or patronising him. She shouldn't have worried, because he responds with a mock salute that would have gotten him reprimanded in the Rangers.

Halstead manages to polish off his whole plate and helps himself to a piece of bacon on hers. "I should call Will and apologise for being a dick with him last night."

"I don't think he minded at all Jay, I think he was just happy to see you… happy."

"Maybe. How did Voight take it? I assume you told him the reason why we can't come in."

"Yeah, I told him. He seemed a little disappointed, in that we hadn't planned it. He probably would have wanted us to wait until we had a couple of rostered days off."

"Ha. Like we could have waited. Also, we probably would have had to take furlough just to mate. That would be awkward explaining our need to leave to your father figure." Jay smiles at the thought and reaches across the table to take her hand in his. "Although, it's a crap spot for a bite, Erin. When I shake hands with people, they will be able to see my scar. It's not very subtle."

"Good. They will know you are claimed. Or if it really bothers you, you could pass it off as a war
"Pass off my human bite mark as a war wound? That would just invite more questions, don't you think?"

Erin laughed. "Yeah, it probably would." She pulls his hand closer to her and turns it so that she could get a better look at her bite. It was healing really fast, the stitches pulling together the skin that was already knitting together. Running one of her fingers over the wound, she cannot help but shudder – it immediately made her feel centred, comfortable and in control.

"Do you feel something?" She asks Jay.

He looks down for a second. "Yeah." He replies quietly.

"What does it feel like to you?"

He looks back up and his intense eyes bore into hers. "It feels like home."

Returning to work felt like torture for both Jay and Erin, they had discussed having an extra day or two off, but they both felt like they could return to work, even though it would be nicer to stay in bed. Lindsay wondered what Voight had said to the rest of the unit, if he had told them all exactly why they hadn't been in yesterday or if he decided that it was their place to tell the rest of the team.

The bullpen was buzzing when they walked in, and Erin only had a couple of seconds to appreciate the fact that they hadn't had to come in separately, they were now officially a couple.

"Lindsay, Halstead. Glad you could make it." Erin looks down at her watch, sure that they weren't late. They were fifteen minutes early.

Jay throws his jacket on his chair and sits on the edge of his desk, attentive. "Sure boss. What have we caught?" Judging by the gruesome pictures on the whiteboard, whatever they had caught involved dismembered bodies.

"Patrol was called out late last night, early hours of the morning. Half of a body found in a dumpster down town."

"Half a body? Which half?" Atwater asks.

"They found the torso and head in the bin." Voight points out a freezer. "We are sending samples of the meat in the burger restaurant to be analysed, because a toenail was found in a burger patty."

Halstead blanches. "So it's possible people have been eating our victim?"

"Yes. The restaurant is obviously closed now, but judging by the... showiness... of this murder, they are making a point and it is likely they will kill again."

Voight sends Olinsky and Ruzek to the restaurant. "Halstead, Lindsay, we need to talk." He nods to his office and the two detectives walk into the small room.

"I'll make this as painless as possible. As I stated earlier, you both can stay in intelligence even though you are mated, but I know you work as partners normally, so for a couple of weeks I want you to work apart."

Lindsay stands straighter, all the muscles in her upperbody tensing for a fight that she knows she won't win. "Voight, we will be complete professionals."
"I don't doubt it, Erin. What I'm worried about is that at the moment you are both going to be very protective and jealous. I think if you are partnered with other people, just until your hormones die down a little, it will be for the best. Once you settle down, we can re-evaluate." Voight's tone doesn't invite argument.

Halstead nods. "Yes, Sir."

"Sure, Hank."

"Great. Halstead, you and Atwater are going to be partnered up for today, and Lindsay, I want you and Antonio to work together. We've got a lot of witnesses to interview. Halstead, you head over to Med and interview a couple of the employees of the restaurant, they have been taken there in shock."

Both the detectives walk out the office, and Jay puts a hand on Erin's back. "Be careful out there, okay?"

"You too."

It was some sort of ambush, Jay was sure of it. Over the years he had experienced a couple of ambushes, and some of them had been worse planned than this. After they had interviewed a couple of witnesses, they came to the conclusion that none of the patrons of the restaurant hadn't seen anything, and they were all in shock because they had just eaten burgers at the restaurant before finding the body.

The second salvo from the other side (because he was sure now that Voight was somehow complicit, and being sent to the hospital was enemy manoeuvre #1), was Will and Natalie purposefully walking towards him.

"Hi Jay, hey Kevin." Nat had an easy smile and welcoming disposition, but it was his brother that worried him.

Will had that look in his eye. The one that he used to get when they were kids and he was about to steal something that was Jay's, or tell mom that Jay had done something Will had done. "Hey guys. Kevin, do you mind if I grab Jay for a few seconds?"

Natalie, who was now also in the traitor list, smiled at Kevin, seamlessly picking up how to make this ambush go smoother. She should have enlisted, the forces could have used a tactician with such a good smile. "I'll buy you a coffee, Kevin."

Kevin looked from Jay to Will, "No worries, Nat." He turned around to offer a bright smile at the brothers before walking down the corridor with the doctor. Traitor.

"What do you need, Will? I've got a job to do."

Will called out to the nurse behind the counter that he was taking one of the rooms for 15 minutes, then grabbed Jay by the arm and pulled him into the little examination room.

Jay wanted to roll his eyes and walk out, but he knew the quickest way to get out of this was to play along with his brother's demands. The alternative was to fight his brother, most likely physically, and that wasn't appropriate here. Plus, he tried to avoid serious physical fights with his Alpha brother, for two reasons. First, he was worried he would seriously hurt Will, who had no hand to hand training and had avoided fights growing up. Second, it was like stomping on his delicate alpha ego when Jay did win the fight, which was guaranteed every time.
"Sit." Will points to the bed in the middle of the room.

He suddenly gets where this is going. And why he was being ambushed at a hospital. He'd managed to avoid Will actually running any tests on him for over a year now, and obviously his brother had enough.

"Jay. Sit down. I want to make sure your bite's okay. I was in such a hurry when I put those stitches in, between you wanting to be alone with Erin and her wanting me to stop touching what is hers, it wasn't a great place for me to ensure it doesn't get infected."

Jay stands next to the gurney and pulls his sleeve up, revealing the mostly healed bite mark. "Here."

"Sit the fuck down, Jay." This time Will takes Jay by the shoulders and pushes him so his thighs hit the bed.

He takes a deep breath to keep himself from hitting Will, before sitting on the edge of the bed.

Will grabs his wrist and notices how quickly the wound has been healing. "It's healing quickly, that's good. It's a sign that you guys are doing the right things and looking after one another. Sometimes it can take weeks, or even months. I'll take the stitches out for you, they're probably annoying."

"Cool." Jay relaxes, "Thanks." He can't wait to have the irritating stitches out.

Will grabs the suture removing tool and starts to cut them from Jay's skin. He notices his younger brother calming down and relaxing, and he takes that as a good sign. Swiping some antiseptic onto the site, he considers the best way to handle his difficult patient.

"I've updated your medical records, Jay. It now lists you as mated to Erin, just in case you get brought in here without her, or they need her for some reason. You're going to have to do some paperwork at work as well, because the hospital shares those records with the government."

Jay just looks stunned for a second. "Why did you do that? Will, it's none of their business."

"We don't get a choice, it's the protocol we are legally required to follow."

Jay's glare hits Will like a brick to the face, his voice filled with sarcasm. "And we all know you always follow procedure."

"Look Jay, it's done now. You and Lindsay just fill in a form, and then Voight signs it saying that he's happy to have a bonded omega in the Intelligence unit."

"Great, I'll just go and do that then." Jay starts to get up from the hospital bed, but Will steps closer and presses his hands down on Jay's shoulders, indicating that they weren't done here.

"You also feel cool to the touch Jay. I'm just going to check your temperature, blood pressure and heart rate. You should be getting these looked at every six months on the suppressants, you know that. I think it might be starting to affect you, lowering your temperature and other vitals."

"Well, I'm currently angry at my prick of a brother, so will that have any bearing on the results, doctor?"

"If anything, it will increase your blood pressure and make you seem healthier than I suspect you are."
Jay rolls his eyes. "Fine. Make it quick. I have a job to do, you know."

Erin can't believe how different everything is this time as she walks up to Voight's house. Last time she came here, she felt so unsure of everything in her relationship with Halstead, and now tonight, she had her hand wrapped round Jay's and they were walking into Voight's house to have family dinner. How could this be her life, it was too good for someone like her.

Jay smiled at her, "I hope all this niceness hasn't been a ploy to get me to come to his house where he can kill and dispose of my body without anyone knowing what he has done."

Erin laughs. "Voight would have invited you out for a picnic at the silos, if that was the case. There is no point relocating your body after the fact."

"I'll remember to never accept any invitations to gatherings at silos from now on. Thanks for the heads up."

Lindsay knocks on the front door and offers a bright smile to her mentor and father figure when he opens the door. "Hi, Hank."

It shouldn't have surprised her, but she was shocked when Hank offered Halstead his hand. The two men cordially shook hands. "Voight. Thanks for inviting me." As the two men shake hands, she notices Hank's eyes focus on the mark on Jay's wrist, his eyes narrowing for a second before looking at Erin disapprovingly for a second. He then focuses his attention on the young man in front of him.

"Jay, when you are a guest in my house for dinner, call me Hank. And don't revert to your previous training – it will get awkward for everyone if you call me Sir. At work, that's not weird – here, it might get me killed." Voight playfully clasps Lindsay on the shoulder, and she doesn't have the heart to tell Voight that it was true.

Jay laughs at his boss. "No chance of me slipping up with that here."

Voight signals for them to follow, and walks into the kitchen. The table is set for three, with Jay sat next to where Erin normally sits. Erin stares at the table for a couple of seconds with a silly grin on her face. "I'm not going to get used to this."

"You better – we're not breaking up just to make this less weird for you."

Voight pipes up. "I don't think that's an option, is it?"

Both Jay and Erin shake their heads with a small smile, feeling slightly strange about how things had happened. They certainly hadn't taken the conventional route when it came to mating, they had jumped in head first.

"You are so restrained compared to Camille and I when we first mated. I almost killed her father when we went out for dinner a week afterwards, because he touched Camille. Like her father was a threat to me. We also snuck off to the bathroom twice."

Jay smirks, "Well, there's still plenty of time for me to kill you, and we know where the bathroom is, so we will be fine."

Erin and Hank stand there shocked for a couple of seconds. Then Voight starts to gruffly laugh. It reminded him that his pseudo daughter had not chosen herself a conventional Alpha/omega relationship. Jay Halstead was far from the stereotypical omega, and Erin was a fairly repressed
Alpha. He could not compare what they had to his and Camille's relationship. It only made sense
they would find happiness together, but he had to remind himself that they probably wouldn't have
a "normal" relationship.

"I think he meant that I would try to kill him, Jay." Erin responds with a laugh of her own.

"Oh, I knew exactly what he meant, Erin." Jay's voice has a sharp edge. He's bucking the dynamic
roles that society had set them, and letting Voight know that it wasn't going to fly.

Voight smiles at his protégé, "Why don't you grab some beers, Erin?"

Jay sits down at the table and the two men start to talk about the game that had been on the
previous night. The chatter is comfortable, and Erin turns her attention to grabbing out a couple of
beers. After grabbing two beers for her and Jay, she grabs a bottle of whiskey to fashion Voight his
preferred Manhattan.

A roast is cooking away in the oven, and Erin returns her attention to the conversation taking place
without her. What she hears brings her brain to an abrupt halt.

"You really need to be careful, Jay. I know those drugs have really improved, but if it has been
more than a couple of years, you really need to…"

Jay interrupts. "I know, but there's never been a good time. I didn't want to do it with anyone…"
His eyes flick to Erin. "Else."

"When you are in the system as mates, you are both entitled to 7 days off when you need it, Jay.
Plus, any extra time you need can be covered by a medical certificate after the fact. Don't put
yourself in danger… it's important for your relationship as well as your health."

Erin cuts in to the conversation, wishing that she could jump into one of the bottles of beer and
drown. This was so embarrassing. "Um, Voight. Stop talking please." She can tell from Jay's body
language – the way his back was straight, his shoulders set, almost at military attention – that he's
not comfortable with the way this conversation is going either.

Voight huffs out what could pass for a laugh and stands up to grab the roast beef from the oven.
"Get used to people talking about your sex life, kid. As soon as you are mated, about half the
people who know will ask you uncomfortable questions."

"I get that. I'd just prefer you're not one of them. If we need your advice, or help, we'll ask. Okay?"

Voight nods. "I was just saying that if you need the time off work, it's no big deal." Hank puts the
carving knife into the sink and carries a plate of sliced meat to the table.

"That's great. But now can we eat dinner?"

"Sure."

The rest of dinner flies by, and when they go to leave Hank pulls Erin in for a hug and whispers in
her ear. "I think you found a good one. He won't be easy though."

"I've never liked easy."

Voight laughs and then shakes hands again with Jay, smiling widely as they make their way to
their car, Erin swinging the car keys around her index finger.
Will stopped Erin as she was leaving the ER. "Hey Erin. Can we talk?"

Erin froze for a second, she really needed to be heading to talk to one of the witnesses. The doctor had said that it would take a couple of minutes before she could talk to her, so she turns to Will. "Sure, what's up?"

"It's about Jay. Did he say I saw him yesterday?"

Erin shook her head. "Nope, we had a busy night last night. Not much time for talking."

"Well, I took his stitches out."

"I noticed they weren't in anymore. Thanks for that." Erin's mind flicked back to the night before, when she had felt so alive, touching and licking at his wrist.

"I also gave him a quick check up. You know he's been on suppressants for a long time, right?" Will looks resolute. "He's starting to get Suppressant Dependence Syndrome. It's still early stages, but I've prescribed him half, quarter and eighth doses to taper down. His heart rate was 45 beats per minute. He normally hovers around 55. His temperature was down a degree and his blood pressure was quite low. He's not happy about it. He's got about two weeks of normal pills left, but if you can convince him to go off them earlier, that will be better."

"It's not that bad though, right? We've just mated, Will, I don't think either of us are ready to go through a heat right now. Plus, he can't be off suppressants and work. Even when he's tapering down…"

"He needs to take them to work in the field, you mean. Obviously during his heat you both will take time off, but until then he will have to… what do you cops say? Ride a desk? His heart rate is getting really low, Erin. It could get dangerous. Do you know how suppressants work?"

"I just know that the good ones, like the ones Jay takes, mean that you can't tell he is dynamic and they suppress his heat." Erin and Jay hadn't talked about the biological basis of their relationship, she had never been comfortable with it, and Jay didn't seem much better.

"Yeah. But they are a depressant. They can start to slow down other bodily functions, like respiration rate, heartbeat, blood pressure, temperature. His heartbeat is down to 45 beats per minute, Erin. And that was when he was angry at me. He's normally around 55-60, which is low for most people, but his excellent physical health combined with suppressants means it's normally low. But now it's dangerous. I can't prescribe him anymore."

Erin is upset, Jay hadn't told her any of this, hadn't said the suppressants were affecting him, or that he had to come off them. He'd gone to dinner with Hank, and then distracted her with mind blowing sex. "He didn't tell me. Will, how serious is this? He's going to be okay, right?"

Will smiles. "Physically, Erin, he should be fine. It's likely that he will have a very intense heat, because of how long he's gone without one, and then his vitals will return to their usual levels. Emotionally he'll even feel better, his hormones will even out. Once that has happened, he can suppress again. No big deal."

"But we have to have the heat first."

"Yeah, and I don't know what you know about his last heat…" Will trails off, trying to determine how much his cagey brother has told his girlfriend.

"He told me about Afghanistan. I assume he's not going to be very happy about this."
"Since we were kids, he's always viewed it as his body betraying him, Erin. Our dad wasn't happy with anyone knowing Jay's status, and put him on suppressants when he was young, younger than is considered safe. When he would come off them, which dad made him do every year just after his birthday, he would have to stay at home for a couple of weeks, he couldn't go to school or to see his friends. Dad didn't want anyone knowing. He would lock him up in his bedroom, and he'd spend half his time screaming at us, the other half, silent." Will looks away, the memories making him uncomfortable. "Erin, physically he's fine, but emotionally, this is going to be tough."

"But he won't be alone this time."

Will smiles. "And I think that this could be the first time it isn't torture for him."

"He's going to hate being pulled out of the field. He's going to hate anyone at work looking differently at him."

"He's going to have to get over it, Erin. This is his life, and the hand he has been dealt. And honestly, there are worse things than being a male omega."

Erin laughs. "That's true. I'll see if he tells me in the next day or two, if he doesn't, I'll bring it up."

"Thanks Erin."

Erin then leaves the hospital, wondering how she is going to be able to maintain her attention on the case, when all she can think about is damn Halstead's impending heat.
Lewis Daniels sits across the table at his lawyer, Miss Penny Drayer, a middle aged woman with straw coloured hair that was cut into a severe bob. He had hired her because she had managed to get several other cases dismissed due to police incompetence and he had hoped she would work her magic on his case. It hadn't turned out that way, he was most likely to be sentenced to a long jail term. It made him regret the thousands of dollars he had spent, but she was still his lawyer, for the time being.

The long prison sentence was part of the reason why he had called her and asked for this meeting. The night before, Daniels had been watching the TV in the common room when a news story about 'The Dismemberer' had come onto the screen. He had thought that it was a terrible name for a serial killer, 'Dismemberer.' He'd listened intently while the pretty news anchor said that two bodies had been discovered, both dismembered and dumped near fast food restaurants. That hadn't excited him until he saw the identity sketch of the suspect – he’d recognised the young man in the picture.

He'd sold three omegas to Jason Duns over the last two years, each of the omegas had then gone missing. As a customer, Duns had been different from most of the other buyers that Daniels dealt with, as he was buying for his own pleasure and use. He wanted good looking adult omegas who were about to go into, or were in the middle of, a heat. His other customers wanted younger omegas who were just about to reach breeding age, whereas Duns said that the ability to reproduce didn't matter to him. Lewis hadn't asked any more questions, the way he saw it, it made no difference what was happening to these omegas, as long as he got paid.

"I want to make a deal. I have information on an open case, the Chicago Police Department will want to talk to me."

Drayer shifts in her seat uncomfortably, her hands settling on the table. "Dr. Daniels, the police department, especially the Intelligence Division of the 21st district, are certainly not going to negotiate with you." She doesn't mention that he was lucky he was still alive, and that Sergeant Voight had a reputation for disappearing murdering monsters. Daniels made her skin crawl, but she made her livelihood from representing men like him for years. She'd dealt with worse.

"Trust me, they will want to talk to me. I want to talk to Detective Lindsay. I know who this Dismemberer is. Get that delicious bitch cop in here, and I'll tell her the name."

Dreyer leans back in shock. She hadn't expected him to have such high value information. Nodding her head, she pulls out her phone. "I'll call the prosecutor and Sergeant Voight."

Daniels smirks creepily and then rubs his hand against his stiffening erection. "Tell the prosecutor that I want a reduced sentence. I don't want to spend my whole life in here, I want out before I hit retirement age."

"I'll see what I can do, Dr. Daniels. I'll bring back a deal."

Daniels keeps pawing at his crotch, "Great. I'll be waiting."

Jay knew he had to tell her. It was bubbling up his throat, but the words were getting stuck as if
they were made of quick dry cement. He wasn't good at this – he could offer support for someone, he could talk about someone else's problems and give advice, but he always struggled to ask for help. It had started when he'd been a kid who'd been different from the rest of his family, and not been able to explain how he experienced his life differently to them.

He knew that if he didn't tell her before the packet of pills ran out, she would know. She would smell him as omega, even before his heat hit. There was no way that she would ever accept he had gone off suppressants because he chose to. They both knew that P.D. rules stated that unsuppressed omegas couldn't go out in the field – they could work a desk, man the phones, but couldn't actually go out and police. He wouldn't have her back. Erin would never believe he would willingly sacrifice that.

Shit.

He's still ruminating on what he's going to say, and how he's going to say it when she waltzes into his apartment. She has used her key to let herself in, and while he thought that it should bother him, it didn't at all.

She's smiling and swinging her keys around on her finger, before putting them on the counter and making her way over to Jay. "You look deep in thought."

Jay rallies himself, knowing this is his opening. "Yeah. There's something I need to tell you."

Erin takes a step back so she can eye up her mate fully, she can tell that he's unsure about how this conversation was going to go. "Lay it on me."

He takes a deep breath and just blurts it out. "I have to go off suppressants. Will said that it's been too long since my last heat." He purposefully doesn't add that Will is forcing him to stop taking the drugs because his health had already started to suffer.

Erin leans forward and presses a kiss to his cheek. "Hey, it's fine. We will just tell Voight we need a week off work, and we will get through it." She offers him a salacious wink. "Maybe it'll be fun."

Jay smiles, "I'll probably have to come down from the suppressants for a few weeks first. Apparently they've built up in my body, so it can take a while for them to cycle out."

"And you won't be able to work while that's happening?"

Jay offers Erin a crooked smile. "Well, I don't think it would affect my performance in the field."

Lindsay laughs, "But it'd affect mine! I struggle to keep my hands off you when you're just normal and suppressed, always have. When I can smell your scent, it's worse. I can't imagine how I'm going to focus and be professional when you're…" Erin pauses to search for the correct term to use, but all the words that described being off suppressants were somewhat unflattering or not suitable for call Jay – ripe, hormonal, primed – and then some were more insulting; begging, rape-able, baby machines. She decides to go with a technical term. "Unsuppressed."

Erin freezes and looks at Jay. "I know you will be going into heat, which means that it would be really easy for you to get me pregnant, but I'm not ready for that yet, maybe in a couple of years, or something, but it's all too soon." She stops herself from rambling when she hears Jay start to chuckle.

"Hey, don't stress. I'm with you there. I've no intention of knocking you up right now."

Erin thinks for a second about coming clean to Jay that Will had already told her about the drugs,
but decides there's no point turning this into a fight. She would just keep an eye on his health for the next couple of days. "Well, that clears that up. So do you just stop taking them? Or are you on one of the ones you need to slowly cut down?" She knew the answer already, Will had told her, but she wanted to get Jay talking about it.

"Yeah, I'll have to slowly cut down on them over the next couple of weeks. I could go cold turkey, like in Afghanistan, but that's not a very nice way to do it."

"So, you'll talk to Voight tomorrow at work?"

"Yep. I think it'll be at least four weeks before my body is back to... uh... its natural state, so we can book leave a little closer to the time."

Erin looks her mate in the eye and addresses him sternly. "I know you don't want to go through another heat, but you have no choice. If there's anything I can do to make it better, tell me, okay?"

"Sure, thanks." Erin can tell from his response that like everything else he won't be forthcoming with that sort of information unless she pushes, prods and nags. And she's not sure she wants to be that person.

Voight's office seems oppressively quiet, and Halstead feels uncomfortable sitting in one of the chairs. He usually elected to stand, but he didn't want this conversation to be a big deal, so he'd sat. Judging by Voight's unsettled face, his decision to sit may have concerned the older man.

"I need to talk to you about something."

Voight flutters his hands in his 'so talk' motion.

"I'm going to be tapering off my suppressants and then Erin and I'll need to take some time off."

"How long have you been on them? I know that the longer you have been taking them, the longer the tapering period is."

Jay shifts uncomfortably in his seat, he's not ready to be talking about these things with his girlfriend's pseudo-father. He should have remained standing. "A couple of years."

"You've been in this unit for three and a half years, Jay." Halstead's blood feels like it is curdling in his veins, whenever Voight uses his first name in the office it feels like he is being turned into black pudding. "And I don't think you've gone off 'em in all that time. Unless you didn't have the flu last year?" Voight's eyebrows raise in question.

"No, I had the flu. My last time off the suppressants was before that."

"So, you are asking for time off."

"For me and Erin. We aren't sure exactly when we will need it, because we're not sure when the heat will actually hit. Legally I can't be out in the field until after. Erin said she won't be able to concentrate if I'm... you know... around."

"No problem. From tomorrow you are chained to this office."

Jay suppresses a groan "Yes sir." He'd known it was coming, it was regs after all, but drove him crazy all the same.
He walks out of Voight's office and heads straight for Erin. "I've told him. Today is my last day being useful. After today I'll just be a glorified secretary. He's okay with us taking some time off, he seemed pissed that it's been a while for me."

Lindsay shook her head. "He's just worried about you."

"Ha. Unlikely." Jay didn't want to say that Voight caring for him personally made him uncomfortable, but it did. He had known that Voight always had his back when they were out in the field, but he also knew that he hadn't been Voight's favourite. Since becoming Erin's mate, the older man had started to act somewhat protective of him.

Erin grabs his bicep in a gentle squeeze, "Anyway, don't do anything stupid today, I need to keep you safe."

Jay rolls his eyes. "Oh god, it's started already."

"You know I'm joking." Erin pauses, "But, I am starting to feel more... aggressive."

"Starting to? From what I've seen you turned into a big momma bear the moment you bit me."

"Maybe. I don't like being called your momma though, that's weird."

Jay laughs. "And anyways, we've always had each other's backs. That doesn't change now."

"Nope."

At that point Voight emerges from his office, and gives the daily briefing.

Returning to the precinct at the end of the day, Erin feels sorry for Jay when she sees the massive pile of paperwork on Jay's desk. He'd always been an ardent hater of paperwork, and would take dangerous or hard tasks if it meant getting him away from a desk. Erin had a sneaking suspicion she was going to have her hands full trying to keep Jay from leaving the precinct.

Ruzek walks out of the locker room and smiles at Erin. "You in for Molly's? Everyone's coming."

He looks suspiciously over her shoulder, back at Voight's office. "Even the boss." Because of the history between Matt Casey and Voight, he often avoided the bar owned by firefighters, but on occasion would come in if he needed to have a word with one of his unit after hours.

"Suppose so. I'll catch up with you later."

Hank walks into the bullpen just as Ruzek leaves, and Erin turns to face him. Worry creases his brow and his lips are pulled into an angry grimace. Erin knows immediately that something big is happening, and it is really weighing down her boss.

Before she gets the chance to ask him about it, Hank's gravelly voice fills the room. "Daniels says he knows who is cutting people up and dumping them. Says he wants a deal."

Erin is shocked for a second before forcing herself to calm down. "And what? We just give him a deal? What does he want?" She could still remember the way Daniels had been so calculating and cold with Jay in the interrogation room. Jay had acted unimpressed and unaffected, but she had known it had rattled him. They shouldn't be making any deals with that murderer. But she knew the way law enforcement worked, plus, she wanted the current murders to stop.
"He's requested to be charged with people smuggling charges and conspiracy instead of murder. He'll get 15 years max instead of life."

Lindsay shakes her head empathetically, "No. No way."

"Command has already given the lawyers the green light. They only informed me because he stipulated that he will only talk to you."

"What? From what I could tell, he got off on holding power over omegas, why would he request an Alpha?" Erin crosses her arms across her chest, confused and worried about this turn of events.

"I'm not sure, Erin. But he'll try to get under your skin. He's requested you for a reason, and you can't say no."

"When?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. You meet with Daniels, the prosecutor and Daniels' lawyer at 3. I'm going to come to the prison but I can't sit in on the interview."

Molly's was packed, with nearly all of the 2-1, firehouse 51 and Chicago Med knocking back shots and beers. Erin was wedged into a booth next to Jay, talking to Burgess and Adam. They hadn't meant to sit down with the other couple, but they had ended up together. She and Kim often sought each other out because they rarely got a chance to hang out, and their respective partners normally followed the girl's lead.

Burgess was trying to convince Ruzek that they should go away somewhere, together, as a couple. Adam was adamant that asking for leave from Voight to go on holidays could only end up with his body in the bottom of a river somewhere. Erin had to agree with Ruzek on that score, but she was happy to contribute to the banter, it meant she couldn't dwell on her meeting with Daniels tomorrow.

Jay looked at Kim, "You can ask for him to have leave with you when you go on heat. Just choose somewhere secluded, and then you get a holiday as well." Adam, although a beta, had dominant traits and it meant it worked, kind of. They wouldn't have an easy time of a heat, but Adam could help Kim. Up until recently, Kim had been the only omega who had admitted what they were at the 21, and she seemed to be excited to have Jay to share that burden with now, although he seemed to not share her enthusiasm.

"That's a great idea, Halstead." She turns her attention to Adam who looks like he is considering climbing across the table to make his escape from his determined girlfriend. "Legally, Voight can't deny you leave if it's for that purpose. And even if he did, I could mention something to Platt and we both know who would win in that debate.

"Voight." Jay, Erin and Adam all say his name with fierce conviction.

"You guys underestimate the terror that is a Platt protecting her children."

"And you think she'd go to bat for you?" Erin asked, mock serious.

Kim frowned. "Hmmm. Maybe? She does occasionally go all Alpha protective of me."

Jay laughed. "I can't imagine anything more terrifying than having Platt go Alpha on me."
Adam joined in glad to deflect attention away from his own shortcomings, "You better be careful Jay, she might try. Your news is spreading through the precinct like wildfire, I'm pretty sure she knows by now."

"Oh great. This could be fun."

"You never know how the people around you'll act, Jay. We all know you're the same, but some people, especially old people, seem to be stuck with the idea that omegas are weak and need to be protected."

Kim snorted. "It's a little hilarious though. Thinking that either of us," she points to herself and Halstead. "Need protecting or are weak."

Erin takes a big sip of her beer. "It's outdated mentalities. Sooner or later it'll wear off. I think for Adam and I, it's different."

Adam thought back to how he had gone against Voight's orders when Jay had been held hostage – Voight had said that Burgess could go in and deliver the CI files to Keyes. He'd nixed that idea, right in front of the whole team. He knew rationally that she was capable, but he'd been unable to stop himself. "It's true. I try to keep myself from doing anything too drastic, but occasionally I can't help it."

Jay nods in understanding. "Olinsky told me about you going against Voight for Kim when I was being held by Keyes. You made the right decision – Erin and I got out of that because we can read each other. I knew exactly what she was going to do, and she knew what I am capable of. Kim and I wouldn't have had that."

"Thanks. You're the first person to tell me I did the right thing, that I'm not an idiot."

Halstead holds his hand up, stopping Ruzek from continuing. "Oh, I didn't say you're not an idiot. It was an incredibly dumb thing you did. Voight won't forget any time soon."

The girls both laugh.

"Thanks man. Nice to know you'll back me."

"I've always got your back, man. Just try and be a little less… bull-headed."

"Whatever. Anyway, what is up with that massive pile of papers on your desk? Is Voight punishing you for something? Is it because you inappropriately touched his daughter?"

Lindsay and Halstead both respond indignantly at the same time.

"I'm not his daughter!"

"I did nothing inappropriate!"

Kim raises an eyebrow. "Seems like the detectives don't want us to pursue this line of questioning, Adam."

"I think we will interrogate them harder! What's with the paperwork? Are you training to be a house mouse? Cause we already got one of them."

Erin looked at Jay, knowing that although she was involved, it was really Jay's place to tell them, or not tell them. However, it seemed pretty unlikely that they wouldn't work it out themselves in
the coming weeks.

"I'm coming off suppressants, so I'm manning a desk for a couple of weeks."

Kim offered a sympathetic smile. "Oh. I was glad that I could do double duty when I was shot – recover from gunshot wounds and come off the suppressants."

Adam laughs. "Most people don't think of that as a good thing."

"I wish they would make a suppressant that doesn't mess around with pain meds. I get as high as a kite when I take anything heavier than paracetamol."

"I generally just avoid painkillers. They make me… unbalanced."

Erin raises an eyebrow. "What exactly does 'unbalanced' mean?"

Jay avoids eye contact. "Like, irrational… and kinda violent."

Kim laughs. "Of course you'd go crazy. Normally painkillers make omegas extra compliant, but you like to defy stereotypes."

"You know it." Halstead replies.

"Well, I hope that you're not hurt again, Detective."

Halstead shrugged. "I'm usually able to tough it out, or I take sedatives at the same time so that I'm more… placid… or unconscious"

Kim winces. "Ouch. At least now you and Lindsay are together, things should get better." He knows she's referring to the heat that all omegas end up having after taking heavy duty pain killers, the medical protocol was to stop suppressing and then fight the pain, but he had always stayed on the suppressants and only took weak pain killers.

Erin smiles and decides that she should provide an exit strategy for her boyfriend, who had started to shift in his seat. "We need to head home now, catch you guys tomorrow."

Adam raises an eyebrow, surprised that they would blatantly leave together. "So you two are like… out? Together. Does Voight know? Does everyone know?"

Erin nods. "He knows, and he seems okay with it. We're not going to be in everyone's faces though, that's not our style." She doesn't draw attention to the fact that they had mated, if they hadn't noticed yet, she wasn't about to tell them.

Kim nods. "Yeah, I get that."

The two detectives say goodbye and leave Molly's hand in hand. Kim smiles at Ruzek, "You know, they are kinda perfect for each other."

Adam shakes his head. "God, you are such a hopeless romantic. Do you want some tequila? I've heard it's the ultimate panty dropper."

Kim raises a sultry eyebrow "Are you wearing panties, Adam? 'Cause it's hard to drop my panties when I'm not wearing any."

He stands up quickly and throws some money for drinks and tips on the table. "Screw tequila, let's go home."
"I wasn't expecting you and Kim to chat like that." Erin smiles, lifting her tee off and turning to face Jay in her bra and panties.

"Why not? Because we haven't before?"

Erin sits down on his lap. "Exactly."

"Kim's alright."

"I'm happy that you're able to share with someone. All I can think about when you are talking about going off suppressants, is all the crazy sex we are going to have." Erin shifts in his lap, feeling his erection stirring beneath her. Glad he seems just as interested as she is.

"Well, I think that is the only good part of going on heat – we will get to play scrabble. Lots and lots of scrabble."

"I'm a bit nervous about it, to be honest. I've never been with a guy before when he's… like that."

"I've never been with a girl during heat, but I think it's going to be a matter of me feeling like we need to constantly be together, and you feeling like you can't keep your hands off me."

"That doesn't sound too bad."

"You might regret saying that."

Erin leans down and presses her lips to his. "Nope. I'm going to enjoy every second we're together."

Jay opens his lips, and wraps his fingers around the back of her neck.

Erin started unbuttoning his shirt, somewhat stymied by the fact that he had started to wear button-up shirts all of a sudden. It was like he did it to frustrate her, knowing full well she didn't have the patience to poke all those small buttons through tiny holes.

True to form, after unbuttoning two of the black buttons she decides that she will simply sacrifice the buttons to the gods, and puts all her strength into pulling the two sides of the shirt apart, hoping for an explosion of buttons and the revelation of naked flesh. Instead, she gets Jay's roar of laughter that has him shaking, while his shirt remains fastened. This is her favourite of his laughs – unbridled and honest, and she's only upset for a second that it is at her expense. She then gets taken by the way he's beaming, a full and honest smile on his face, and his chest – still clad in the black shirt – vibrating with the effort of holding his laughter in.

"It's not funny. Who knew your shirts were so strong?" She runs her fingers down the cotton fabric, enjoying the way his muscles jump and quiver beneath her touch.

"Maybe it's a normal shirt, and cotton thread is your kryptonite?" To prove his point, Jay grabs the fabric at his collar of his shirt and pulls- just enough to make a single button fly off the shirt and hit the framed picture above the bed. He raises an eyebrow in a sultry manner, but it is ruined by the fact his eyes are still laughing at her.

Grabbing the shirt by the hem, Erin pulls it up over his head. She tries not to laugh as he gets stuck, because the buttons on the cuffs of the sleeves hadn't been unfastened. Grabbing the wad of fabric
in her hands, she twists the cotton shirt around until his wrists are effectively immobilised in front of him.

"Kinky." He doesn't bother to elaborate any further, but allows her to push him over onto the bed. She pushes his hands up above his head, the pillows propping him up enough that he can watch as she kisses down his chest.

Jay brings his arms down, pulling at the crude restraints to free himself and Erin stops kissing him, looking up at him in disapproval. "Keep your arms above your head. Don't move them 'til I tell you." Overt orders are certainly new in their bedroom, but Jay's arms reassure their position above his head, and she locks her eye with him for a second, hoping that the playful dominance showing there was communicated to her partner. She was mindful that like everything else they seemed to do, they hadn't discussed how their relationship was going to look in the bedroom. Sure most Alpha/omega couples were most comfortable in a Dominant/submissive relationship, but Jay was different, he had lived his life as a beta for a long time and she didn't want to assume anything. Who knew what would be acceptable, besides Jay himself? Once again, she was flying into a sexual situation blind, with plenty of potential for everything to go wrong.

She needn't worried, Jay's body easily relaxed against the white pillows, his pale skin flushing pink with his excitement. He offers her a small smile.

Pressing her lips just above his navel, she is delighted when his abdominals tense and she can lick at the ridges that form there. She had never been one to objectify men, she had never been one of those teenagers who stuck photos of shirtless men on her walls, but to be faced with someone who was good shape, who looked after his body and worked a hard job – she certainly wasn't going to complain. She'd always been attracted to personalities, and not always healthy ones. To be able to take advantage of a man who was an honourable, trustworthy and loyal was the big winner here, the physicality of Jay was just an added bonus.

Leaning back, she unfastened his belt buckle and he lifted his hips so that she could whip it through his belt loops. His pants and shorts soon ended up on the floor with her own shirt. Sitting on his knees, she took in his darkened eyes and the way his lips were slightly parted. His cock was rock hard and demanding her attention, and she could feel the occasional tensing of his thigh muscles, like he wanted to buck her off him and take control, but was restraining himself.

Deciding to reward his good behaviour she runs a hand up one thigh – muscles bunching even harder than before – before tapping a light tattoo at his hip. Reaching behind her, she unfastens her bra, and Jay's eyes focus on her face for a second before flicking to her chest, rotating the focus from one spot to another. She pulls the black lace fabric from her, and flings it up the bed so that it lands next to her mate. His eyes follow it for a second, tracking the action, before realising that he could be looking at her, and his eyes fling back to her naked chest.

A loud exhale is punctuated by a twitch of the erection in front of her, and she offers a wolfish smile as she runs her hands up through her hair, before pulling down to cup her breasts. She squeezes them for a moment before using her fingers to twist and pull on a nipple.

"Fuck, Erin." His arms start to pull against the cotton shirt binding him tight, and in the process he brings his arms down from above his head.

Erin glares at him and drops her hands from her body, slapping Jay on the groin area, carefully avoiding anything that would actually hurt but close enough to startle anyone with external genitalia. He immediately stills and he looks to her for reassurance.

"Hands back up above your head, babe."
She tries not to laugh as his arms fly back up so they are above him once more. It was the reaction
she had wanted, and so she smiles approvingly and brings one hand up to her breast once again.

"If you're a good boy, maybe I'll let you touch me too." His eyes widen, his pupils dilate, and she
can see, she has him hook line and sinker. At this point, she could probably request almost
anything and he would co-operate with her. It was part of being an Alpha with an omega,
especially after being mated, this ability to drop the omega partner into a deep state, similar to what
submissives in the BDSM community call subspace, but with omegas, they called it om and it
could be controlled by the Alpha. She could drag this on, she could push him down further, or keep
him just under the surface as he was now. Still aware, but willing to bend to her will.

She hadn't put anyone down before, hadn't been with someone who could drop. It was one of those
things she just hadn't thought would ever happen to her. She held all of the power right now, and
that scared her. She was worried she would hurt Jay and that she wasn't cut out for the
responsibilities of being mated with someone. It was too late now, they were mated and here she
was, sitting on her naked mate in complete control.

Her hand pinched hard at her nipple, and Jay let out a moan when she bit her lower lip. She knew
he wanted to touch her, that he wanted to be more involved, but she decided when that would be,
not him. She ran her hand down her stomach, rubbing across her pubis bone a couple of times
before dropping lower.

Jay tries to sit up a little bit more because Erin's hand had disappeared from his view, but with his
arms above his head and her sitting on his knees, there was no way for him to change his angle of
vision. Erin knew that he could feel that her fingers were wet, and the pace that she was setting, but
it was a tease to have that against his knee and legs when he'd prefer it to be higher.

Erin wriggles her fingers against her walls, trying to rub against her g-spot. She can feel Jay getting
restless beneath her legs, but reminds herself that this isn't about him right now, it's about her. She
rubbs her thumb across her clit until she can feel herself start to tremble and knows that she has
brought her first orgasm to her door.

She freezes her hand for a second and looks up at Jay, who is now panting with his own need. "Are
you a good boy, Jay?"

His enthusiastic nod would be comical in any other circumstance. "Good boy." She notices the way
that he makes a sharp exhale at her words. That obviously hit a nerve with him, but he doesn't seem
to be upset or uncomfortable, so she continues playing with him.

Using the hand that had been touching herself, she wraps her slick fingers around his cock, jerking
up and down his length a couple of times, while his head falls back against the headboard in bliss.
The muffled thump of his head hitting the cushioned wood makes her glad that she had purchased
a padded headboard.

Jay's voice is thin and reedy. "Erin… Please." He draws out the vowels in his words, his voice
slightly higher with his pleasure.

"I've got you, Jay. Trust me." She doesn't mention that he really should trust her considering what
he's just handed over once he hit that first level of om, that she could do whatever she liked right
now.

"Please." Erin's pretty sure he's not even sure what he's begging for anymore, but she increases the
pace of her hand and he starts jerking his hips into her hand as much as his restrained pose will
allow him. A low moan starts to escape him, and just as he shuts his eyes, she leans down and
takes his member into her mouth.

His whole body jumps and she can feel the shift in his posture. She knows he has let his arms come back down, because some of the shirt hits her hair that is hanging down in front of her face. She immediately pulls back, letting his dick fall from her lips and looking at him with one eyebrow raised.

"Really? Do I have to tell you to keep 'em up again?"

He looks abashed for a second, before returning his arms to the headboard. She knows his shoulders and arms are probably aching by now, but she figures that he's strong enough to keep them up. He does more physically demanding tasks before he sits down for breakfast.

"They drop down one more time, and your dick doesn't go near me again tonight. Understand?" He nods his head, watching her intently, hoping that she was going to return to delivering the mind shattering blow job he had been enjoying before.

Erin shifts on his legs so that she is straddling one of his knees, pressing the bone against her pussy. She lets out a groan at the sensation, and then shifts until she feels her clit connect with his knee. Leaning back down, she takes the head of his cock back into her mouth and lathes her tongue underneath the head, using her lips to grip around his sensitive cock. She uses one of her spare hands to continue jerking him off, the other reaching down to fondle his balls. She knows it won't be long before he is done.

Grinding down against his leg, she can feel his body trembling. Soon his hips start to stutter more and he loses his rhythm and she can taste his salty cum in her mouth. She sucks down for a couple of seconds, continuing to jerk him with her hand, before pulling her mouth away from him.

Erin watches as he continues to spurt cum over his groin, rubbing his thigh at the same time. "Good boy. Damn, you're so hot." Jay's eyes are still closed, and she knows that he's most likely deeper now.

Reaching up, she unbuttons the cuffs of his shirt, and pulls it off him, freeing his hands and arms. He keeps them above his head, still following her directions, and she smiles softly at him. "You did good, Jay. You can move your arms again." He brings them down and she rubs his shoulders for a minute, just making sure that there is still circulation and that she hadn't really hurt him. "Move down the bed so you're lying down."

He moves down the bed, his movements disjointed and slow. It is such a contrast to how he usually moved – fast and with purpose- that she can't help but smile. He's quiet, normally he would have said something to institute a little normalcy into what they had just done, but she knows some omegas are silent while in om. He might be one of them.

He turns to study her once again, and she feels that connection with him. Reaching down, she takes his hand in hers and rubs her thumb against her bite mark on his wrist. She feels content, and it feels like waves of happiness crashing down on her soul. Jay's eyes close, and he tilts his head backwards, bearing his neck and shoulder junction to her. She continues to rub the slight bump of the scar for a couple of seconds before noticing that it is making him drop deeper.

She stops as she doesn't want to take him down any more than he already is, she strokes her fingers against his chest, pressing a kiss into his arm. Jay turns onto his side and envelopes her in his arms, kissing her hair. Smiling, she tries to focus on these feelings of love, safety and happiness that seem to be occupying the air around them. Erin does everything she can to not think of the interview with Daniels the next day. As soon as she thinks about not thinking about Daniels, he has
effectively come into their bedroom and stolen the moment from Erin.
District 21 was buzzing the next morning as Halstead and Lindsay walked in. They hadn't spoken about the night before yet, and Halstead seemed to be a mild form of denial that he had sunk into om, so she was playing along. Erin hadn't wanted to make a big deal out of it or make it awkward, so she'd maintained the status quo. She'd pushed it aside and focused on what was important that day – namely the interview with Daniels and tracking down the Dismemberer.

"Good morning, Lindsay!" Platt happily greeted Erin. Platt liked Erin, but this morning’s greeting was sunny even for her. She froze for a second and turned around to see the Sergeant, maybe someone from the city was here to make sure she was being polite again. Looking around, there seemed to be no outsiders present, so the desk sergeant must just be in a good mood. Unsettling for all.

Jay had bypassed the desk, having long gotten over that Platt loved his mate and merely tolerated other mere mortals, and was using the hand scanner to get upstairs.

"Detective Halstud?" Platt calls out to Jay, who decides not to take offense at the nickname. Certainly wasn't the first time he had heard it.

"Yes, Sergeant?" He keeps his tone curt.

"These arrived for you this morning. I'm not a receptionist, get them delivered to your own house, not mine." Halstead and Lindsay freeze when they see the big arrangement of red roses that Platt's pointing at.

Lindsay is closer to the office area, so she gets to the flowers seconds before Halstead. She pulls on a plastic glove from her pocket and plucks the small card from the arrangement with her latex covered fingers.

"Wow. That's a bit of an over-reaction to your partner getting flowers, Detective Lindsay." Platt looks from one Detective to the other, before moving so she can read what it says on the card. "Dearest Shotgun Boy. Miss you, and see you soon."

Erin looks at Jay. "Well that's inappropriate."

Jay raises an eyebrow. "That would be Lewis Daniels trying to get in your head."

Platt stands there for a couple of seconds before looking at the two detectives with fresh eyes. "I knew there was all that delicious unresolved sexual tension between you two, but I never realised you got around to resolving it."

"You're the last to put it together, Trudy." Platt's eyes go wide for a second, thinking through the possibilities for developing blackmail material. "And before you start, Hank already knows."

Trudy just nods and points to the flowers. "And what do you want me to do with these?"

Halstead speaks up. "Get rid of them, if you don't mind. Throw 'em in the bin. But take photos and keep the card. We'll keep them in case he escalates." He didn't think that he would, these flowers were sent to throw Erin off balance before her interview with Daniels, and as such, it would be a one time delivery. It was still important to keep track of all his behaviours though. Halstead knew that these sorts of actions implied stalking, but he didn't get that vibe yet.
Lindsay wrapped her hand around his wrist for a second, her fingers warm against her mark. She felt grounded by touching it, and Jay smiled at her, glad that she was benefiting from their connection too.

Letting go, they jogged up the stairs into Intelligence. Both Jay and Erin feeling like things were about to kick off, but there was nothing they could do besides prep for the interview.

Hank called Lindsay into his office within minutes of her arriving. He was concerned about her doing this interview, it reminded of how Yates had demanded to speak to particular detectives while he had been in prison. He hoped it wasn't bringing back unpleasant memories for her, but he knew better than that.

"How are you?" He didn't want to pry too much, but Lindsay hadn't shared too many details of how things were going with her and Jay, or how the current case was going, and he wanted to make sure that she was coping.

Erin was having none of it, raising an eyebrow as she answers, "Fine."

"I'll come with you to the prison today. You're going to interview this scumbag, then we catch the killer. Don't let him mess with you, alright?"

"Yes, Hank." She stopped for a second and debated whether she should tell him about the flowers now or later. "He sent Halstead some creepy roses. Tryin' to throw me off, you know."

"Was there a note?"

"That he missed Jay and would see him soon. Called him shotgun boy again." She shivered. "Fuck, how does he know that Jay and I are together, Hank? Platt hadn't even put it together."

"He probably read the subtext and made a lucky guess. Don't mean we back down. Means we come at him harder."

Lindsay nods. "I've got this." She sucks in a deep breath. "I'd just feel better if Halstead was with us, y'know?" She wants to add that she didn't want to let her mate from her sight, or that she felt he was being targeted by a psychopath, but she knew to try and keep it professional. Jay could provide her backup if he was with them, and he knew more about Daniels from interviewing him than Erin did.

Voight looks at her seriously for a second. "No. I know you're feeling protective, but we're not bringing the object of Daniels' obsession to him. Halstead can stay here, in the office, and do paperwork."

Erin exhales and tries to keep her temper in check. She knew that he was being logical, but that didn't make it any easier. "Sure. It's best for him to stay here."

Erin couldn't believe how awkward the drive to the prison was. She and Hank had travelled longer distances before, but there seemed to be a divide between them that wasn't easily bridged. She could tell that he was upset that she had rushed mating with Jay, and that he didn't really approve of their relationship, because he was a traditionalist who would have liked for her and Jay to have a civil wedding ceremony followed by bonding on their marriage night, like good dynamic people did.

Erin also missed having Camille around, because she had so many questions that she would have wanted to have asked the older woman, that were awkward to address to her boss. If she brought up
her sex life with Jay, both she and Voight wouldn't survive the mortification that would result.

Voight was content to sit in silence, but he could tell Erin wanted to talk. He'd effectively been her family for over fifteen years, he knew when she needed to vent or discuss something. It didn't take a genius to work out that she was most likely worried about that she had mated with a co-worker without proper planning. "So, how're you and Halstead?"

Erin lets a silence stretch out after his question. In one way, she felt like this was the perfect opportunity to unload some of her questions and hopefully get some decent answers from someone she trusts, but she also knew that he didn't really want to discuss her relationship. Thinking through her list of people she could talk to about her relationship, Voight was the only Alpha on the list. He was the only one with experience that could give her advice on what she was going through.

"We're okay. Still working out how everything works."

Voight raises his eyebrows. "It's simple, Erin. It's the same as every other relationship. You discuss your needs, compare them, compromise and then live your lives."

Erin looks at Voight from the corner of her eye. "Well, I've never been with an omega before, so some things are different."

"Mostly during his heat."

"Yeah well…" Erin replies hesitantly, wishing that the door of the car would open and she would tumble out onto the blacktop. That would be easier than this conversation, more comfortable at least.

"Yeah well, what?" Voight can tell that there is more to this, and that she wants to talk about it. "Spit it out, kid."

"I'll assume you've experienced an omega dropping?" She drinks a mouthful of bitter coffee. It had gone cold, but she needed the distraction from what she was saying. Never in her life had she imagined she would be having this conversation with Voight.

"Yeah. Camille and I were mated for a long time. Eventually she went under." He could still remember how it had felt, when he'd noticed the glassy look in her eyes, like she was experiencing a euphoria he would never get to touch. When she'd come back, they'd laid in bed for hours, just touching one another and talking in quiet voices. It was one of the best days of his life, when she'd dropped that first time.

"Jay dropped just under last night." Erin fiddles with the lid of the coffee cup. "Not like, all the way down. He was just under, I think."

"Some go down easier than others. I've heard of plenty of omegas going under even to unmated Alphas – it can cause some problems if they're coerced into doing something they don't want to. You know that." They had dealt with a couple of rape cases over the years where an omega had been in om while they had been assaulted. The cases were almost impossible to prosecute, as the omegas normally had only vague recollections of what had happened and couldn't provide descriptions of their attackers.

"Yeah. It's just… I wasn't expecting it from him. It takes a lot of trust, right?"

"Erin, he already trusts you with his life on the job. He trusted you with his heart when you mated with him. Of course he trusts you enough to drop."
"It's just…" Erin pauses, trying to word this in a delicate way. "He can't really say no, can he?"

Voight looks at Erin sharply. "It's not rape. It's part of your relationship, and you're going to have to
to get comfortable with the idea, he's going to keep doing it, and if you give him all the power so he
doesn't, you both will be miserable.

"What happens if I do something he doesn't like? Or I hurt him?" The takeaway cup was now
empty, but she kept twisting the lid in her fingers.

"You might do something he doesn't like. You will probably hurt him. But you sit down like damn
adults and you talk about what's okay and what's not okay. You come up with limits." He looks at
her disapprovingly once he puts together that communication is the gap in their relationship.
"That's beginner stuff, Lindsay. You should have done that already."

"Yeah. We don't talk about it. We're always… caught up in the moment."

"Part of being an Alpha is being in control of your own emotions and keeping you both in check." He adds after a pause, "Maybe you need to focus on controlling and restricting your emotions in
regards to him."

"Hank…"

"Just think about it."

Erin puts the cup back in the cup holder and watches the urban landscape fly past the SVU. She
wonders what Jay is up to right now, and represses a smile at the thought of him unloading his
Glock 17 into his computer.

Will sees the older man standing by the emergency room doors and groans. He was last thing he
needed to deal with tonight after struggling through a double shift in which he and Nat had argued
constantly. He wasn't sure why they were arguing, but sure enough, they were.

His hair was even greyer than last time he'd seen him, the red almost drowned out by the white. He
wanted to say that it made the old man look more distinguished, but that was a hard call, Stephen
Halstead had most likely emerged from the womb wearing a three piece and tie. Even when he
came home from work, he would shed his work suit (always with tie, jacket and vest) and done his
casual wear – a suit. The only concession he made to relaxing would be omitting the vest. Will can
vividly remember his father wearing a jacket in the height of summer while the rest of the family
were sweating through singlets.

"William!" His father's voice is loud in the busy room, and he knows there is no avoiding him now.
He'd been hoping to slip back out into the bowels of the hospital, but now he's been spotted.

"Hi Dad. " He looked down at his watch, trying to make it seem like he was on a tight schedule.
He'd been about to finish his shift and only had one more patient to check up on, but he didn't want
his dad suggesting they go out for dinner. It was late, and he didn't want to spend the night trying to
dodge the mines that a conversation always entailed.

"Let's go outside and talk, son." Mr. Halstead runs a hand through his hair, and Will notices that
he's let it grow out. He usually sported a short back and sides that was cut by a very expensive and
exclusive barber, but it looked like he'd missed an appointment or two. It was one of the only habits
that Jay had inherited from their father – the ability to maintain perfect hair, no matter what was
happening around them. For Stephen Halstead it was about image, that he always portrayed an
appropriate and tidy image. Jay seemed to take the hair issue as a point of discipline – that the time
taken to maintain standards was essential. The difference was slight, but important.

It worried Will that his father was not his usual over starched self. His shirt was wrinkled. He had bags under his eyes. He'd been about to tell his father where to go, but decided to take pity. If only for his health.

"Sure." He walks past the older man, travelling a fair distance from the front of the hospital. He didn't want anyone overhearing this conversation. He was used to being the centre of the gossip mill, but he didn't want to add Halstead family drama to that.

"What's up?" Halstead senior's forehead crinkles at his son's colloquial use of the English language.

"I've been trying to get in touch with both you and Jay." Will had noticed a missed call from his number earlier in the week, and assumed Jay had received even more calls.

"We're both busy. With work." And girlfriends, friends and lives that he hadn't been a part of for a long time.

"I understand. I was just wondering if you were planning on coming to your mother's memorial?"

Will took a deep breath. None of the Halstead men had taken the matriarch of the family's death easily. He'd partied his way through the grief, throwing himself at any woman who would have him. Their father had thrown himself into work, pretending that his wife hadn't existed to begin with. Jay had thrown himself into the Army and Afghanistan, which had ended in disaster.

"Dad." Will reminds himself to temper his tone. The last thing he wants to do is get his father pissed off. "I've got to work. I farewelled her years ago." He wants to add that they don't all drag on their mourning now because they like the way the mourning widow portrays to the upper echelons of society.

"What about Jay? I know it hit him harder, he was younger than you when she died, and he was closer to your mother than you ever were. I just wanted him to know he's invited."

Will shakes his head. "Dad, you know as well as I do that Jay won't come to a memorial that you've organised. Just like he didn't come to the art exhibition or the dedication ceremony you held in her honour." If anything, his younger brother had been horrified at the way their father was using her name to gain celebrity and social standing.

"I just thought that it could help us, you know, patch things up." Yet another thing Halstead senior wished for, but Will knew that each time the other two men were in a room together, things disintegrated further between them. They would argue, or Jay would do the stoic standing at attention in the corner of a room while his father talked disapprovingly about his youngest son to the guests that he was supposed to be impressing with his children. Last time they'd been together, Jay had lasted ten minutes in the same room before having to make a hasty exit and go home.

"You know how that always goes, Dad. He's not going to want to see you, and if I was you, I'd give him a wide berth at the moment."

"He's my son, I have a right to see him." Will can see the older man's shoulders tense up and can tell he's getting angry. He needs to warn him off Jay.

"Now's not the best time. He's just mated. You don't want to upset him or his Alpha."

Stephen Halstead's face blanches. As always, he'd pushed his son's dynamic to the back of his
mind, ever the embarrassment. "He's what!?"

"He's mated, dad. I don't need to explain it to you. You go over there and upset him, you will be staring down the barrel of two guns, and Lindsay's not likely to take it easy on you."

"Lindsay. That sounds like a girl's name. At least he's not taking it up the ass like some queer."

Will closes his eyes in disgust. He'd forgotten how his father's prejudice ran deep and wide. "Don't say that. Even if he had ended up with a man, that's fine."

"But he's mated to a woman? He's not her bitch, I hope. I hate when you see those omegas snivelling and submitting. Especially boys."

"Yes, we all know what you hate, you've made it clear many times before. I have to go back to work now." He stands up and looks his father in the eye. "Leave Jay alone. Don't call him, don't go to his work. Just give him space. I'll talk to him about maybe getting in touch, okay?"

Stephen Halstead nods his head. "Fine. I couldn't work out what precinct he works at, either. He's not listed anywhere, and he doesn't get much media attention. He's hard to track down."

"Good. Let him come to you." Will had always had a better relationship with Stephen than Jay. He'd shared their father's dynamic and interests. He'd followed the same career path. As soon as Stephen had realised Jay was an omega, he hadn't stood a chance.

Lewis Daniels couldn't believe his luck - sitting across from him was the delectable Detective Lindsay. He'd half expected the sour faced Voight to turn up to take his statement, but the fact they had sent the female detective meant they were taking him seriously. Plus, he had picked up on the vibes between her and shotgun boy.

Daniels was trying to drag the process out, he'd tried to engage in a couple rounds of small talk, but the pretty detective had not taken the bait. She'd raised an eyebrow, stared him down and demanded he give up the goods.

She tapped her fingers against the steel tabletop. Her fingers were painted a dark blue colour, and he imagined those fingers running down his body, unbuttoning his prison issue jumpsuit and reaching in to…

"Daniels. You tell me the dismemberer's name right now, or else you don't get your deal." Her eyes narrow. "In fact, if you don't tell us his name and how you know him right now, I will add accessory charges to your sheet, and you can do time for the Dismemberer's murders too."

Lewis paused for a second, considering her threat. He could tell by the look in her eyes that she meant every word. "His name is Jason Duns."

"How did you know Duns?"

"I supplied him with products..." He smiled at her, letting the euphemism hang in the air.

"Omegas?"

"Yes."

"How many omegas did you supply to him?"

Lewis shook his head. "Let's just say some products. More than one, less than one hundred. I don't
Erin stood up, glad that she now got to leave the room. She couldn't wait to get distance between them. "The lawyers will take it from here."

Lewis raised an eyebrow at her, "I'm glad. Thankyou for your time, Detective. Say hi to Jay for me." He lets out a chuckle. "How is he in bed?"

Erin doesn't bother to respond, just spins on her heel and starts to walk out.

"I can get him for you. He's really secretive, but I've been writing to him. He asked me for a referral to someone else who could supply him with product."

The way he kept referring to omegas as product was sickening Erin, it was as if they regarded omegas to be some sort of addictive drug. "And what? You're going to tell him you can get him an omega from prison?"

Daniels laughs at her. "Of course not, he'd never believe that. But I could tell him I know of a cop who occasionally stumbles into omegas who would be perfect for him."

"Do it. Give him my name and we will supply a phone number." As Erin is agreeing to go with Daniels plan, the door opens and Voight walks in.

"Oh, Sergeant Voight, I was wondering if you would make an appearance."

Voight shoots a glare at the convict. "Give Duns my name. I already have a rep for bending the rules."

Daniels nodded his head, "I've heard all about you from behind these walls, Voight. I'll set up a meeting. Duns has a type, and he's only ever offered me money when I've actually produced an omega who is in heat, or just about to go into heat. He likes them attractive, any age. Male or female." He focuses on Erin. "Loves eyes. I think it has something to do with the mementos he keeps."

Voight speaks up, taking Daniels' attention away from Lindsay again. "Give him my name and number, and tell him to get in touch. I'll then call him when I find someone." Voight doesn't voice it, but he knows that he has two options of omegas to use as bait. Lindsay would veto one choice, Ruzek the other. Both Halstead and Burgess would be more than willing to go undercover.

Erin came into her apartment to find Jay sitting on the couch, drinking a beer. She'd been a little surprised when she'd gotten back to the office and he hadn't been there. The rest of the unit, bar Al, had gone home, and Al offered her a smile and said he'd told Halstead to go home, because he'd started getting restless to the point of annoying. He'd been unable to sit in his chair for any period of time, and had constantly been getting up to go to the breakroom, bathroom, downstairs, locker room. She could appreciate that the rest of the team might have been able to get more work done with him absent.

It surprised her as she had seen Halstead remain still for hours at a time, but it had to be a situation in which he had to stay still for a mission. Surveillance type jobs or lying in ambush. He'd made it clear to the rest of the unit early that he'd prefer to be chasing after a perp than lying on a roof doing surveillance.

He looks at her when she walks in, and lifts himself up off the couch, placing the beer on the table as he does so. He already has that glint in his eye, and he walks over to her before pulling her into
his arms. She can feel his strength and frustration, his anger at effectively being leashed and muzzled. It upset her too, because right now he was just as capable at his job as he had ever been.

Their lips meet in a searing hot kiss, but she pushes him away before it can get too erotic. She thinks back to her conversation with Hank in the car that morning. Communication was not their strong point. Plus, she was hungry and she knew he wouldn't have eaten yet.

Keeping one hand on his chest to keep the distance between them, Erin raises an eyebrow. "How about we have some dinner first. And chat a little." She notices the slight frown on his face. "And then you can ravish me, okay?"

He seems to think it through for a couple of seconds, as if his brain was switching from one objective to another. "Yeah. What should we have?" He walks into her kitchen and opens up her fridge. She'd noticed he was a proficient cook, as she was, so between them they should manage to feed themselves with the contents of her cupboards.

"Unless you are content to have eggs again, I think we're going to have to order out."

Erin grabs the bag of bread and notices green mould growing on the surface. "I think it's going to be take out."

He pulls his phone from his pocket. "Chinese or pizza?"

"Chinese."

She leaves him to place their usual order, and goes to change in the bedroom. How the hell does she bring this up with him? All she wanted to do was curl up on the couch, watch some mindless TV, and maybe slip her hand down his pants and initiate something else that would send them mindless.

She walks back out and notices Jay has made himself comfortable, back on the couch, but had grabbed her a beer from the fridge too. She picks it up and has a mouthful. "Thanks."

"Bit rude of me to drink your beers and not at least grab you one too."

She smiles and sits down next to him on the couch. Memories of bringing the big piece of furniture up into her apartment flood her, sitting on Jay's lap as they kiss, feeling him beneath her. How he had pushed her back onto the cushions and kissed her passionately, his hands tangling into her hair. She has to temper down the lust and heat that flow through her body, she pushes away the urge to grab him and do unspeakable things to him. Jay turns around to her, one of his eyebrows rising up.

She notices his reaction, and asks "Can you… feel… that?" The way he'd turned to her when her lust had peaked made her think that they were connecting on a deeper level. Or jay could smell the rush of her hormones. Either way, she was going to have to try and control that.

"Yeah." He turns his body so he is facing her completely, then leans forward and kisses her. She runs her tongue over his lips, and his tongue meets hers, licking into her mouth. He groans and wraps a hand around her neck, and starts pushing her backwards. She knows exactly where this is going.

She pushes him away with a laugh. "Jay. Wait."

He groans. "No. Why?"

"We need to talk."
At that, he sits back and looks alarmed. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine Jay. But we still need a talk."

He looks at her for a couple of seconds, mistrustingly. "About?" He keeps his sentence clipped, short. Obviously not wanting to talk at this moment, his hand reaching down to rearrange himself only proving it.

"We need to talk about you last night." He moans at that, and turns his face to watch the TV once again.

Erin grips his jaw and turns his face so that his focus is back on her. "No. You are mine." She can't help the possessiveness in her tone, and is happy when she notices his eyes are focused on hers again. "You are mine. And we need to talk about things. About our relationship."

Her fingers loosen on his jaw a little, and she feels him nod slightly.

"Good." She strokes her fingers over his cheek, wanting to be supportive, after her show of force. She goes with her Alpha instincts. "Good boy."

His pupils' contract, and she knows she has his attention. She needs to be careful not to drop him into om, so she drops her hand down from his face. "Jay?"

"Yeah?" He is running his fingers down her thigh, not quite sexual, more that he just wants to be close to her, touching her.

"Are you already cutting down on the suppressants?"

His fingers stop, the look in his eye sharpens, and she knows that whatever mindframe he had been down in a couple of seconds ago was now gone. He was thinking analytically once more. "No."

She'd suspected as much. Although he was on desk duty at work already, she'd thought actually stopping the suppressants would be a big deal for him. "Tomorrow, you start taking the smaller doses." She doesn't let it be anything but an order, not willing to play around with his health.

"Sure. Fine." She feels like he would have followed his response with a 'whatever' if he'd been a teenager.

"No point being at a desk longer than you have to."

"True."

Erin moves closer to him, until she's sitting on top of him. Reaching up she knits her fingers into his hair, enjoying the feeling of messing up his usually neat style. "See. I know what I'm talking about. Soon you will know I'm always right."

This time he doesn't hold back with the teenage sass. "Whatever." He leans forward and kisses her, but this time it's different from the passion filled kiss he'd delivered when she'd first come home, this time he kisses her slowly, delicately. She sighs into his lips and pulls back once again. "We're not done talking yet."

"Okay." He lifts his eyebrow, and leans forward for one quick kiss before she can stop him, insinuating that he'd prefer to be making out over talking and is willing to do anything to get back to more fun things.
"I want to talk about last night." She runs her hand through his hair and grips the back of his neck. He takes a gulp of air as if he is starting to drown. She knew that for most omegas, grabbing the neck was one of the sure fire ways to get them to drop, and sure enough, she can feel him relax below her.

She removes her hand, and sits back so she can look him in the eyes. "Last night, you dropped. You know that right?" She'd spent some of the trip to the prison earlier that day, googling om, subspace and what was happening to both her and Jay right now. She'd been surprised to read that some omegas would drop, and when they came up, they wouldn't remember anything from when they were down. She'd been concerned that had happened with Jay, considering there had been no cheeky comment when they had woken up, no banter. She'd thought that he was nervous about other things, but after googling om, she had wondered if maybe he hadn't remembered the amazing sex from the night before.

"Yeah. I figured as much."

"Has that happened to you before? You went down easy." It wasn't surprising for him to go down with her, however, but his profession and his military service, the speed to which he had gone under had worried her.

"Not for a long time." He looks away from her. "Once I trust someone, I can go under easily enough."

She smiles reassuringly at him. "Hey, that's okay. As long as it's not just anyone." A shiver of jealousy rips through her at the idea of anyone else having that sort of control over him.

"Generally only people I consider pack. So you." He pauses for a second, looking away. "I've gone under for Will once or twice. He did it when we were kids and I was hurt. Things hurt less when you're under. He tried after Keyes, but it didn't work anymore. Maybe I just wasn't feeling very trusting."

She knew that pain was just as present in om, but the ability to deal with pain was greatly increased. During om, an omega would just accept that the pain was part of their lives at that point and there was nothing to do about it. "That's alright, Jay. It's normal to go under for family when you're kids." She'd heard of some Alpha parents who would keep their omega children right on the cusp of om most of the time. It meant that they would be obedient and easily managed.

"Yeah."

"But I need to know how to look after you when you're under, Jay. I need to know if there are things you don't want me to do. You know, limits and stuff. And what I should expect."

Jay looks at her and then chuckles. "Are we really having a safe sex conversation right now?"

She smacks him on the chest. "Yes Jay. We're having a safe sex conversation. Do you wanna be involved?"

"Sure. I don't want you to make all the decisions."

"Good. Now…” She pauses for a second, thinking back to the night before. "Are you usually silent when you're down?"

Jay shifts uncomfortably for a second, obviously still not comfortable with their conversation. "Yeah, I think so." He starts fiddling with one of the buttons on her shirt. "I think I normally will answer direct questions, but sometimes I don't even do that. Depends on how deep I am."
"If something happens, and I need you back up quickly, what can I do to bring you up?" She didn't want to turn her relationship into one of those horror stories of an omega being in om while the house was burning down. A male Alpha, and most Alphas tended to be men, could at least fireman carry their omega to safety. She didn't even want to consider having to do that with Jay – she'd guess he would almost weigh double what she does, and he was tall.

He thinks for a couple of seconds. "I don't know? I've only ever come up slowly."

"So you don't even something that could bring you up?"

"Maybe threaten me with a gun?"

"Not funny. Are you ticklish? That can bring some people out?"

He shakes his head. "Not ticklish."

"Maybe I can pinch you or something?"

"Sure, you can try that."

"So you don't know if it will work or not?"

"Nope."

"Great. How about things that you don't like, so I can not do them when you're you know, unable to object violently?"

"Isn't this when you are meant to bring out a long list of things and we independently tick off what we like and we don't like?" She'd seen plenty of lists like that over the years, and it always had made her wonder who the hell would need such a device just to work out what their partner liked and didn't like.

"I thought we could just be adults and talk to each other."

"Okay, that's fine."

"So, what's a no go?"

Jay looks uncomfortable for a second, and she wonders if he's uncomfortable being asked what he doesn't like or if he's thinking about something that he doesn't like. "Blindfolds. I need to be able to see. Actually, all sensory deprivation is out, I don't like being deafened either. But especially blindfolds."

She hadn't been expecting that, but she supposed it made sense. "Anything else?"

"Well, I don't know how freaky you plan on getting? So I don't know how much stuff I need to cover? Like, I'm not keen on being killed, so I'd say that's a limit."

"Very funny. I'm not going to kill you." She laughs at him. "Well, that depends on how much you piss me off, really. But I'll try not to kill you."

"And don't piss on me, no matter how possessive you are feeling. You can scent mark me, but you squat, and I'm out."

Lindsay laughs at him. "Sure babe, I won't pee on you. That's not really my style."
Jay looks at her seriously. "What about you? Anything that freaks you out?"

She thinks for a couple of seconds, wanting to take this seriously after requiring him to do so. "Yeah, actually." Erin strokes his cheek. "You've seen my CI file. No calling me a whore, or a slut, or anything like that. Don't say that you will pay for something if it means you get sex."

"Sure. I wouldn't anyway."

"I mean, if we go out for dinner, and you buy, and then we come home, don't think of hinting that I then 'owe' you sex."

"Sure. Noted. Anything else?"

"Nothing I can think of." She leans forward to give him a quick peck on the lips. "Do you know the traffic light safeword thing?"

Jay rolls his eyes. "Of course." It was the most used safeword system by dynamics, and nearly all Alphas and omegas were familiar with it.

"We'll use that. If you are able to talk when you're under, or if you're up, you can just say red and I'll stop everything. Okay?"

"I'm starting to get the feeling you're planning a lot of dirty things."

"You've no idea how perverted my mind is."

"I can't wait to find out." Jay scoops a hand under each of her thighs and picks her up, placing her back first onto the couch before lowering his whole body down on top of her.
Intelligence and some of patrol were all present for the briefing, Olinsky's tangerine filling the air with citrus twang as they all listened to Dawson run through all the known facts of the case. The hunt for The Dismemberer was getting wider, and now they had managed to get a suspect, the city had allowed the case to stay with the intelligence department. The team had all thought that it was ludicrous that they were being 'allowed' to work the case, as if Voight would let anyone else have that responsibility.

"This is one of the three victims that we have identified so far." He writes her name beneath her picture. "She was an omega, and was kidnapped on her walk home from school two weeks ago." The whole room is silent, knowing it was getting worse. "She was seventeen years old, and had been about to go into heat. She was unsuppressed. Her body was found yesterday and the coroner puts her time of death at yesterday morning, which means she was held captive and alive for thirteen days."

Voight picks up the train of the briefing. "All three victims have been omegas in heat or about to go into heat, of varying ages, and of either sex. We're assuming that he keeps them alive during their heat, and kills them when they have cooled down."

Erin speaks up. "Which corresponds with what Daniels told us – that Duns likes to omegas who are about to go into heat. He's probably raping them throughout their heat while they are more pliable and vulnerable."

"We have five missing persons cases who fit the profile. However, because it's not unheard of for an omega to go missing just before their heat, we can't be sure how many of these people are actually in danger." Antonio adds, writing five names onto the whiteboard. "However, we need to hunt down each of these omegas. Check dynamic hotels and hostels, see if we can get some of these omegas out of the woodwork."

"We're going taking this undercover." Voight pauses for a second, as if considering. "Ruzek, Burgess, Lindsay, Halstead, Olinsky- in my office." He doesn't need to spell it out to the rest of the unit that a dynamic would be going undercover.

Halstead had already decided that it was going to be him. There was no way he was going to let Burgess go in, he didn't want to see her hurt. Plus, he was coming off his suppressants anyway, so he would fit the profile of what Duns liked.

Ruzek and Burgess sit down on the couch, while everyone else arranges themselves as comfortably as possible in the cramped confines of the office.

Voight pins each person with a steely gaze. "We have a distinct advantage over most other precincts, in that we can actually put an omega in undercover." Most precincts didn't have many omegas on staff, and the often held civilian roles. Between the discrimination that most omegas faced and the fact most omegas gravitated towards more nurturing careers, not many omegas made it into the police force. The ones that did, usually didn't get opportunities to go undercover. Voight shifted his gaze from Burgess to Halstead. "Either of you can go undercover, we don't think he has a preference of gender."

Halstead can see that Ruzek is going to veto Burgess going undercover, and thinks that it's the right decision.
Ruzek breaks the silence that had dragged on for a couple of seconds, everyone turning around the situation in their heads. "Voight, all due respect, but you can't expect Kim to go off suppressants and hand herself over to a serial rapist and killer."

Lindsay glares at Ruzek, her blood boiling. "But you expect Jay to do exactly that?"

"Um, yes. He's part of Intelligence, has more experience undercover and he would have more of a chance of freeing himself if something goes wrong. Fuck, Lindsay, you know it's gotta be Jay."

Kim speaks up, ignoring the Alpha and beta currently arguing over their significant others. "I'll do it, Voight. I want the experience."

"Kim, what the hell?" Adam's voice is alarmed.

"Adam, sometimes we do dangerous things in our jobs. This is one of those times when I need to do my part. You don't own me."

Jay decides to step in at that point. "Tactically and strategically, I'm your only choice, Voight. Adam's right, I'd be better able to handle myself if things go sideways. Plus, I'm coming off suppressants right now anyway, Kim can continue taking hers."

Olinsky shakes his head, unbelievingly. "Never before have I heard two omegas argue over who should go into heat and then go undercover in a very dangerous situation. Aren't heats usually filled with sex, fluids and wanting softer cushions, because everything hurts?" His question goes unanswered.

Voight nods at Halstead, and he knows the moment their eyes meet that Voight had already decided that he had the job.

"Plus, it'll be better than staying here doing paperwork." Jay shrugs, letting everyone know that the prospects of doing paperwork and the danger of papercuts wasn't enough to keep him entertained when there was a case with much higher stakes available.

"Jay! You can't be serious." Erin grips his shoulder angrily. She turns her attention onto Voight. "Why can't we just send someone else in, and use one of those omega pheromone sprays?"

"That's what we would have done in the past, Erin. But they wear off quickly, and some Alphas can actually scent the difference. Plus, it's hard to fake the mannerisms of being an omega." Olinsky can remember being sprayed with the pheromones and then trying to fake being an omega. It was one of the hardest undercover jobs he had ever had.

Lindsay points at Halstead, somewhat victorious. "He doesn't have any of the mannerisms of an omega!"

Olinsky laughs. "So he'll be undercover, pretending that he does. Trust me, it will still be easier."

Jay shrugs his shoulders. "I'm going in."

Voight nods. "So it's decided. I'll offer up Halstead to Duns, and we will see if he takes the bait." He nods at Ruzek, Burgess and Olinsky. "You're dismissed."

The officers and detective leave the room, and Lindsay can feel yet another awkward conversation looming on the horizon.

"Are you going to be able to handle this, Erin?" Voight leans back in his chair and places his feet
up on his table. "Because if you can't, you need to take some time off." His stare is unrelenting, taking her measure.

Lindsay is incensed at the implication. "You gotta be shitting me. Of course I can handle it." She glares at her mentor. "I knew, as soon as Daniels said he could get in touch with Duns, that you were going to take Jay in."

"So, what's your problem?" Voight seems genuinely perplexed and that just makes Erin angrier.

Lindsay rebuts with another question. "If you knew you were taking Jay, why did you bother inviting Burgess and Ruzek to put their two cents in?"

"If they presented a strong argument that Burgess should go in over Jay, I would have allowed it. Or if Jay himself said he wouldn't do it, of course I wouldn't have forced him."

"Great, cause it looks to me like you are trying to make it seems like we are all helping make the decisions, but you already know what you're gonna do."

"You're going to have to help us with this, Erin." Voight pulled out his mobile phone. "Duns contacted me last night." He throws the iPhone to Erin.

Dropping her glare from Voight, she reads the short text exchange.

_Mutual friend said you could provide product?_

*Yes. Pick up some product on streets when they run away.*

*How often? How much? Any now? They got to be ripe with heat.*

*Every couple of months for ripe ones. $10,000. One now.*

*Pictures. Description. Then I'll say where we meet.*

*Will take photos later. M 20s just off supps.*

Lindsay glares at Hank. "So you had already decided it would be Jay last night. Great."

Voight turns his attention to Halstead who had been remaining quiet. "We need to get photos. You need to look like you're close to your heat, and that you're weakened. Maybe an addict or something." Voight certainly didn't think a picture of Halstead looking in his prime was going to entice the monster, if anything, it would make him weary.

"I'll go for a run, get nice and sweaty. That will make me look feverish."

Voight nods his assent to the plan.

"Great. Give me half an hour or so." Halstead turns and walks from the room, knowing that Erin and Voight were most likely going to argue about the case and his participation in it. He doesn't really care, he's just happy to be working again.

Erin watches him walk out of the room and represses the urge to scream at him and chain him to her. Outdated urges that she really couldn't act upon, especially here in the office. Her blood continues thumping in her ears, a ringing cacophony of mine, mine, mine, mine!

"Great, Hank."
"He's been in dangerous situations before. You've seen him going into worse situations, like with Bembenek. At least this time I will be there."

"You know why I'm angry. He's going to be in his heat, when he's his most vulnerable and I won't be there! I don't know what he's like, how much control he has." She leaves unspoken that Jay and Mouse had managed to get through one without Jay getting too frisky, so he must have some control.

"I'm sure he will be fine. I know it's been awhile for him, but it's not his first heat."

Erin snaps. "I wanted it to be a normal heat, Hank! It's our first heat since we mated! What did you and Camille do for your first heat, huh? Did you have to watch her bait a serial killer?"

Hank does feel guilt at that. He had taken leave from work and they had gone to a dynamic retreat where they'd been left in privacy for five straight days and they had connected on a whole other level. Nine months later, Camille had given birth to Justin.

"You know he needs to do this, Erin. You're in the position that you can stop Duns. If you don't get over this, you will argue with him about it. Isn't it one of the things you like about Halstead? That he's willing to put himself in jeopardy to save others?"

"Yes. But there has to be limits, Hank."

"Maybe you should let him set the limits."

"Fuck off. You know as well as I do that I have to be the one setting boundaries." Halstead certainly wouldn't set any for himself. As Voight had said earlier, Jay would always sacrifice his own life if it meant someone else could live.

"Whatever you need to do to get right with this, do it, Erin. If you need to have some time at home, you can. If you need to be here, you can."

"I'm not going home."

"Then you can help us get him in the right frame of mind. We'll take the photos once he gets back. It will look more realistic if you can put him down. I can take some photos of his face, it will look like he's in his heat."

Erin groans. "Seriously? Just don't take any photos of his face. I'm not putting him down for work, Hank. Neither of us are comfortable with that."

"Ask him if you can." He knew that Halstead would do practically anything to catch the killer.

"Fine."

Jay pushes himself hard on his run, most mornings he would run for half an hour and would cover a fair distance, so the time wasn't a problem, although he usually was wearing sweats and runners, not jeans and boots. But he wanted to look exhausted in the photo, he wanted to look wasted, so he pushed himself to run further.

It was strange walking into the front of the 21st when he was exhausted and sweaty, sometimes after a firefight or he'd chased a perp, he would arrive at the precinct a little worse for wear, but he would normally come in the back entrance. He regretted not doing that this time.
As soon as he makes his way back into the Intelligence bullpen, he can see that Erin and Voight had finished their inevitable argument about the job and Erin was now aggressively typing something up on her computer. Walking over to her, he placed his hand on her arm, squeezing it as she looked up, crinkling her nose.

"You're all sweaty."

"That was the idea, right?"

Voight walks into the room and throws his phone to Mouse. "Let's get these photos taken. Mouse, you can be our photographer for the day."

Mouse nods his head and scrambles from his chair. "Yes, Sir."

They head downstairs and Erin looks at the cage with distaste. She reminds herself to be professional. She pulls Jay to the side. "Hank said this would look better if you were down. I said I didn't think it was necessary."

Jay nods his head. "I suppose so. It's not that big of a deal, Erin. Mouse has seen me in worse states than om, and Voight is practically family now, right?"

"You don't have to do it. Really. You're already doing more than Hank should expect you to."

"It's okay. Let's get this over with so I can have a shower, it's cold."

She walks in the direction of the cage, and glares over at the two spectators in the room. "Don't come over to us until I tell you."

Both men nod their heads. Lindsay sits down on the bench. "Do you wanna sit on the bench or the floor?"

Voight speaks up. 'Sit on the floor. You'll look less intimidating."

Jay slides down to the cold concrete, the sweat on his legs almost freezing when he hits the ground. He can feel his body starting to cramp up, he usually stretched out more after a run. He should have taken the time to stretch and cool down.

"Are you sure you're okay down there, Jay?" Erin sounds concerned.

"Yeah, Voight's right."

Erin pulls him back so that he's sitting between her legs and starts to massage Jay's shoulders. Mouse, polite as always, had turned around from the scene in front of him, but it takes Voight a couple of seconds to realise that she expected him to avert his eyes also. With a soft laugh, he turns his back too.

Erin runs her fingers over his shoulders, feeling the lingering warmth from the exertion of his run. She tugs off his shirt, knowing it was holding most of the sweat and would only make him colder. She runs a hand through his hair, messing it up, making him look younger. Her fingers card through the short lengths, before dropping back down to his shoulders.

She leans forward to whisper in his ear. "I've got you, babe. You're safe here. I'm right here. Lean back into me, okay?"

He tilts his head further into her lap, and she smiles at him approvingly. "Thanks babe, you're
doing so good."

Erin reaches down with her free hand and wraps her fingers around his hand, her thumb making contact with the slightly raised bite on his wrist. Running her thumb over the scar, she lets herself sink into the feeling that washes over her. She needed this, this opportunity to calm down and get herself in the right mindset. If only there weren't two men watching over this encounter, it would be perfect.

Her other hand drops down from his head to his neck, and she squeezes tightly, her fingers wrapping as far around as she can. Leaning down, she kisses his temple, his scent strong and heady, and as soon as she does, she feels him start to relax. She moves backwards again, and he follows her, she keeps one hand on his neck and the other on his wrist, guiding him down to lay on the floor. She represses a shiver when his sweaty flesh hits the cold concrete, but he doesn't react.

She positions on his back, but his physique, all abs, strong arms and broad shoulders, while attractive to Erin, certainly doesn't make him look like easy prey. Or prey at all. She thinks she should've kept his shirt on. She gets up off the bench and kneels next to him. Pushing him gently on the shoulder, flipping him onto his side.

"I've got you babe. Roll over for me, okay." It sits heavily on her, that she's using her influence over him, an influence that he said would never apply at work. He rolls over onto his side and she pushes his legs under the bench.

"Curl up for me." Once he curls up, most of his height is hidden by the bench, his arms hidden by his torso. "Good boy. Stay there for a couple of seconds, I'll be back in a minute. Just close your eyes and relax, okay?"

She stands up and steps backwards. When he's curled up on his side, he looks skinnier as opposed to muscular. His spine is extended and his ribs are exposed and visible. It had surprised her the first time she'd seen him lying like this while he'd been sleeping. It made him look so different, she'd woken him up that night by running her fingers down his ribs and as he had turned back over, stretched and flexed, she'd been met with her boyfriend's muscular chest once again. She felt bad sharing this with a serial killer, but she knew that if Jay looked like a strong cop, Duns was less likely to take the bait.

Looking back over at Mouse and Hank, she can see that they both have their backs turned. "Okay. Let's get these photos taken."

Mouse turns around and freezes when he sees Jay. She wonders if it reminds him of Afghanistan, if Jay had looked like this when he'd actually been in a heat. Maybe he was just shocked to see his physically strong friend reduced to a sexualised object.

"Do you mind, Lindsay?" Mouse gestures to Jay, and she just offers a slight nod. He takes a couple of steps closer and then zooms in on Jay using the camera's zoom, snapping a couple of pictures. He looks back at Lindsay once he's finished, but her eyes are fixed on her mate.

Jay had started to unfurl himself, most likely looking for her. She walks back over and pulls him up off the floor. He'd started to shiver slightly, and she grabs his hoodie that she had brought down with them. She wraps it around his shoulders. "Here you go. You did good."

He leans closer into her embrace, and she hugs him back, one hand going down to the mark, rubbing the scar in the hopes that it will settle them both. She grips the back of his neck again, needing to keep him under for just a couple of minutes.
"Mouse, hand me the phone, will you?"

The tech adviser walks closer to the pair slowly, not wanting to startle either of them. He hands over the phone to Lindsay and backs away. Jay's leaning his forehead on her shoulder, and she brings her hand from his neck to his jaw, pushing him away a little bit while angling his head up. She feels slightly sick as she snaps a couple of pictures of him, ensuring to keep her own hands out of the photo. His eyes are wide and glassy, and he looks feverish.

She throws the phone back to Mouse, and then looks at Voight. "We're done here. Give us a couple of minutes." They walk out, Mouse handing the phone to Voight as he walks past. She thinks that she should check he's okay later. It probably wouldn't have been easy for Mouse to see Jay like that again, but Hank wouldn't have known that.

Erin's in two minds about what to do with Jay. She wants him back up right now, it feels wrong having him under while they were at work. She wanted her partner back. At the same time, she knows bringing him up gently is better for the omega. She wraps an arm around him and guides him so he's sitting on the bench.

Thinking back onto their discussion the previous day, she decides to see if there's a way to bring him up. Erin uses her short nails to pinch the skin under his upper arm. It was one of the more sensitive parts of the body without actually causing large amounts of pain. He jumps and pulls away from her, and she feels guilty for a couple of seconds before he turns to her with a soft smile.

"Suppose it works. The pinching thing."

She smiles back at him. "Yep. Useful to know. Are you okay? I don't know about you, but that was pretty intense and weird."

Jay nods his head. "Yeah, not sure I'll be able to look Voight in the eye for a while, but I'm okay."

"I just wish that it didn't have to be you. And before you start, I agree that you're the logical choice."

"I'll be fine. Voight will be there for the swap, and then we get this guy and we get to go home."

"I think you need a normal heat Jay. One where you're not trapped. By sniper fire or by a locked door or a serial killer."

Jay's eyes darken. "I don't want to talk about that right now, Erin." He stands up. "I need to keep my head in the game."

She runs her hand down his arm in apology. "Sure, Jay. Sorry." They walk back into intelligence, to wait with the rest of the unit for Duns to respond to the pictures that Voight had just sent.

Will walked into the 21st District, and only had to wait five minutes before the salty old desk sergeant buzzed him upstairs to see Jay. He'd been surprised to receive the phone call from Voight telling him to come and speak to his brother about something, but figured it was likely to do with his heat that was coming on.

Walking up the stairs, he can smell the faint aroma of his brother's scent, it had been hidden for so long he'd almost forgotten what it smelt like. It brought back memories of when they were kids and Jay would go into heat. It's strange to smell it walking into his place of work, and knowing that the whole unit now knew about his dynamic.
As soon as Jay spots him, his eyes glower with betrayal. Obviously Voight hadn't given him a heads up that Will was coming. Voight walks from his office and strides over to Will, offering his hand to shake. Out of the corner of his eye, he spots Erin looking slightly puzzled. So she hadn't been briefed either.

"Will. Thanks for going out of your way, we won't keep you long."

"Sure Voight, I just finished my shift at the hospital. What's going on?" He is genuinely interested to know what job they could be working right now that would require a consult from him. He knew that Dr. Charles would come down to the precinct and help out with a case when they could use his expertise.

"We're going undercover, and I'll let Jay fill in the rest of the details for you." He nods his head to the office. "You guys can work in there."

Will freezes for a second. Usually when treating an omega, doctors invite the Alpha to come in and be present, especially as he was an Alpha and that could be awkward or even dangerous. He flicks his eyes to Erin and considers inviting her in, but Jay has stood up by this point and grabs him by the elbow, dragging him into the office before he can talk it over with his brother's mate. Probably best that he continues treating Jay as his independent brother, and not a love smitten omega. If he wants to retain his ability to breathe, that is.

"You didn't think to give me the heads up you were coming?" Jay's eyes are alight with cold anger. Will had always been the hot-head – getting fired up, arguing, getting into fights. Jay would get as angry, but would want to be alone, would shut down, and would plan vengeful revenge that would cause havoc later on. That cold version of anger, and the calculating way that Jay wielded it was terrifying.

"Hey man, I had no clue what I was here for. I thought it might be for you, but I didn't think it warranted me calling you. I assumed you knew."

Jay just looks away.

"So, what's the case?" Will is curious because Jay's meant to be on desk duty, not walking around, stinking of omega. "Must be a big one?"

"We've got a lead on the Dismemberer." Jay shrugs his shoulders and Will's stomach sinks. He knows that Jay is about to use himself as bait, it's obvious. He doesn't like it. "We arrested the man that was supplying him with omegas, and now Voight has landed that hook-up himself. We sent him a picture of me, playing up the heat aspect. You know, all sweaty."

Will nods. "Yeah, man. Are you sure you should be doing this?"

"I think that's why Voight called you. I'll be in heat, but that doesn't mean I'll be any weaker."

Will represses the urge to hit Jay over the head with a heavy object. "Physically you will be just as strong as ever, but you will have fever, chills, nausea, especially if you aren't being looked after." Omegas needed Alpha hormones to settle during a heat. A bonded omega usually only responded to their Alpha's pheromones, so the only way Jay was going to be able to avoid the nausea and general unpleasantness was to be around Erin. "You're not going to be going undercover with Erin, I take it?"

Jay shakes his head in the negative.

"So you will go through it full force. You know how horrible that can be, Jay. You will also be
wanting to submit." He holds a hand up to silence Jay before he can protest, and say that there was no way he would submit to a mass murderer. "You won't be able to help it, Jay. You will just respond to his pheromones and scent and be putty in his hands."

"I won't."

"And considering you will need to be in heat, you will be off your suppressants, which you have been on for so many years." He glares at Jay. "Your heat is going to be one of the hardest heats you have ever experienced, Jay. It's going to hit you like a Mack truck."

"I got it. But medically, there is no reason I can't go undercover, right?"

"As your doctor, I am advising you not to. As your brother, I'm begging you not to put your life in the hands of a psychopath while you are not in the right frame of mind."

Jay glares at Will. "I'm doing it. Thanks for the concern, though."

Will stands up and takes a step closer to Jay. "You will need at least a week to come off the suppressants, you still need to taper down."

"Sure. A week."

Will grabs a piece of paper and writes down a dosing schedule that would probably get his licence revoked in any other situation. Then again, he would get his medical licence revoked if the board found out that he had kept his brother's dynamic concealed from the authorities and military. He was really just continuing the clusterfuck that their father had started.

"Follow this, to the letter. If you stop taking them abruptly, you will hit your heat hard. It will be like Afghanistan all over again." He gets out his prescription pad. "I never thought I would have to prescribe you contraception against getting pregnant, but here I am." He writes out the script for the injection. "When you get it, bring it to me and I'll give it to you. Don't give it to yourself, it needs to go in a vein and your aim is crap with a needle."

"Good with a rifle, though."

Will rolls his eyes. "This will also mean that you can't get Erin pregnant, so it's doing double duty."

"Sure. Thanks." Jay doesn't like to acknowledge that his body would accept the child of a male omega, it had always freaked him out, especially as he had never felt any attraction towards men. It was like his body had found yet another way to betray him.

Will quickly takes Jay's blood pressure, temperature and heart rate, noticing that they have all started to rise slightly from the last time he had done so. He doesn't mention it to Jay.

"Everything looks good. I'm not about to make the decision for you, but my advice is not to do this, Jay. Stay behind your desk for the next couple of weeks, take a week off with Erin, have some fun, and then come back to work." Will rolls his eyes. "But I know you better than that, so I'm not going to say you can't do it." Will knew that would only cause him to insist on doing it and lying to everyone.

Will leaves the Intelligence department, offering a nod to Voight on his way through. "It's up to Jay. Just keep him safe."

Jay emerges after a couple of moments, and Erin stands up and looks at him enquiringly. "Everything okay?"
Jay nods, and grabs her fingers in his own for a second before letting go. "I'm in. Let's do this."

"Will gave you the all clear?"

"Yeah. He said that it will be a little tough because of the fever and nausea and stuff, but that I should be okay." He doesn't elaborate on the rest of their conversation, knowing that it would either make them call off the sting, or cause more worry for Erin.

"Excellent. We'll set the meet up to be for three days' time. You will be completely off your suppressants by then?"

Jay considers telling Voight to push back the meet so that he could do it as Will told him to, the piece of paper burning a hole in his back pocket. But he'd come off suppressants cold turkey before, and he'd been in a war zone. This was just going to be him acting as bait for twenty minutes, acting submissive and heat fucked. Voight would be right there with him. There was no way that this was going to go bad.

Duns had followed the boy home. He was barely a teenager, and still had the wiry limbs that would probably fill out during his later teen years. He liked to be provided with his sluts, but his best supplier had been arrested and he needed another to add to his collection. There was a woman in his playroom right now, but she had been given to him with the promise she was about to heat, but she hadn't. He knew now not to agree until he could smell them, until he could feel that fever flushing their system.

This boy – he reeked with the fever. It was probably his first, judging by his age and the way he was quickly making his way home. He would be worried, maybe he thought he was getting sick, maybe his family had told him what was happening to his body. Duns preferred it when the young kids weren't taught, when they went into their heats unknowing what was going to happen next. The slick dripping down their thighs, the way their bodies would do anything to procreate. The fear when they realised they had no control over what was happening, and that Duns was there to take advantage. He wasn't one of those Alphas who liked to pretend to take care of an omega – he didn't like the kissing and cuddling that happened between rounds, he would usually throw them down into his playroom to wait for the fever to spike again. He liked listening to their cried while they were down there, knowing that he was just waiting for them to heat up again. Of course, after the final fuck of their heat, when the fever would break for the last time and they would come back to themselves – he loved seeing that horrified look in their eyes when they realised what was coming next. Their screams, while he was fucking them the last time, after their heat, and hacking at them with his machete were intoxicating. He'd never known pleasure that potent.

The young boy was unknowingly walking into his trap. For the past couple of days Duns had watched him walk home, and each day the boy had taken the same path down an alley. He wanted to laugh at how cliché it was.

Today he'd driven his van into the alley and parked next to a big dumpster. There were a couple bags of trash in his van, which he used as camouflage. He was picking up the bags of rubbish and throwing them into the bin, and he was wearing utilitarian looking overalls. As he suspected, the young bitch continued walking past him, barely bothering to look in his direction.

Once he had walked by the van, he threw one last bag into the dumpster and quickly grabbed him around the chest and slapped one hand across his mouth, pressing hard to muffle his screams. Back in the van, he had duct tape already pulled from the roll, and he slapped that on the struggling omega. He followed that with a heavy duty steel collar, and wrist and ankle restraints. He'd spent a couple of hundred dollars buying the appropriate devices, because he didn't like chancing that his
quarry would get away. He'd spent a fair amount of money on the leather hood he pulled over the slut's face. His final act was clipping all the restraints into the hook set into the floor of the van, from which a short chain was attached. It meant that the captured omega had to curl up on the floor and wouldn't be able to move or sit up and get anyone's attention. He'd built the system himself, proud of his abilities as a welder.

On the short trip back to his home, he can't help but get hard hearing the little cunt struggling in the back. The best part of it, if you asked Duns, was that the scent of terrified omega mixed with omega on heat was filling the enclosed space, and it was the best perfume he had ever smelt.

He hoped that this omega would last at least a week. His last younger one had been the longest to survive, holding on to her delicious heat for 12 days before she'd cooled down. Just thinking about the look on her face when he'd been with her the last time gave him an erection.

"Boy, you started leaking yet?" He laughs as the omega in the back of the van freezes. "You better hope you're nice and slick before we get home, I don't believe in providing lube when your body does it for me."

He feels his lust coiling in his belly, like a snake waiting to strike.
Betrayal

Chapter Notes

Authors Notes: This is the first time that the version of Out of the Fire that is posted on AO3 is different from that posted on Fanfiction.net. If you are here from there - Hi! Welcome! Thanks for braving my kinky mind. The two versions only differ in that the AO3 version has bonus, extra, smut that I've decided should only be included here - fanfic.net is weird with ratings and I don't want to push the boundaries too much. Then again, the sex act that occurs here isn't in my mind any 'worse' than what has occurred in previous chapters, but I know that it squicks some people.

I would also like to show a little love for some readers who have been so wonderful and amazing with their reviews: Purplepetridish, Charmita, CPDCFCMED7410 and Mikky96 (hope this one is steamy enough for you, Mikky). Reviews make writing less lonely and more enjoyable.

Also, updates from this week onwards will occur on Sunday nights (in Australia).

Now, onto almost 9k of what is mostly smut. I apologise if that’s not what you’re here for. Ha. There’s a little plot slipped in too, I promise.

Jay puts down the mop when he hears the doorbell, he wasn’t expecting anyone, so he figures that it’s probably a delivery person or neighbour asking for a bowl of sugar or some other crap. He grabs his gun on the way past the counter. He was never really off duty, you could never let your guard down in Chicago, because then you could find yourself taking an unexpected bullet. It was in his nature to be armed around strangers and people he doesn’t trust. He wonders when this need to be armed had become acceptable and the norm for him.

He doesn’t bother worrying about it now, just happy with the weight of the Glock in his hand. Looking through the peephole, Jay’s stomach plummets to the ground. He feels sick. Will had called him yesterday to warn him Stephen Halstead was trying to track them down to invite them to some memorial, benefit or some other crap. He doesn’t think Will would have been enough of an asshole to actually give their father his address, so it means Stephen has done some stalking and asking around. Great. That’s all he needs, yet another psycho stalking him, trying to get under his skin. Daniels had been more than enough. At least his father won’t be sending him flowers to the precinct like Daniels had done.

The weight of the Glock comes back to him – he could just shoot him where he stands, on the other side of the door. Then he wouldn’t have to talk to him. Jay shakes his head, knowing that he doesn’t have to talk to him anyway, he won’t answer the door. He hadn’t made any loud noises since the knock at the door (because he’s not suicidal), so Stephen probably didn’t even know he was in the house.

Probably safest to put the gun away, unless he wants to go to jail for shooting the old man.

He tiptoes away from the front door, glad that he had taken his boots off when he’d come into the apartment. He can walk silently if he needs to. He can be silent. Put the gun away, go sit on the couch until Stephen goes away.
There’s another knock at the front door, this time harder and more forceful. He walks into the bedroom, unlocks Erin’s gun safe and locks it back up. They usually weren’t anal retentive about gun safety, they had no kids, nearly everyone who came to their house where cops or knew not to be assholes, and they never knew when they would need protection close by. The safe is acting like a form of protection for them now – Jay doesn’t want to use the weapon himself. He pushes back the voice in the back of his head - the one that sounds strangely like a little kid – whispering to him that he doesn’t want to provide Daddy with a weapon either.

He creeps back over to the couch and sits down slowly, making sure to not make any sound as he transfers his weight from his feet to the cushions.

Another knock at the door, and Stephen Halstead shouts through the wooden door. “I know you’re in there, Jay. I could hear you hyperventilating earlier!” Crap. He hasn’t thought about his breathing. He holds his breath for a couple of seconds as if his father can still hear his breathing and that it was giving him away. He only realises that he’s holding his breath when he feels a slight burn in his chest. He forcibly reminds himself to breathe, and adopts the breathing pattern the Rangers had taught for when you’re behind the sniper rifle. It’s a lie that snipers hold their breath when they are taking a shot, if you deprive your brain of oxygen, your performance declines, your eyesight can become blurry, and your sense of time is distorted. You don’t notice wind speed or direction and all your muscles tense up, leading to spasm. Spasm at the wrong time, and you end up with the bullet in the wrong place. Not good. Slow, steady, shallow breaths. In and out. He runs through the breathing exercises, and they help distract him from the fact that his father is still yelling at him through the door.

“…on, Jay. I want to talk to you. Invite you to the memorial. You should be there, you were her favourite.” Jay rolls his eyes into the back of his head at his father’s attempts at guilt him into opening the door. It was something that he’d dealt with for years, this idea that both Will and Jay had favourites. It was true, when they had been growing up, Will had gravitated to their father, and Jay to their mother. It had more to do where they found acceptance and approval. Their mother had found Will to be a handful, and had been somewhat worried by the ways he emulated and copied her husband.

“I promise I’ll be gone in ten minutes. I thought you would prefer to talk here, in private, than for me to come to your work.” Jay freezes, the threat there not subtle enough to slip by him. Plus, he was familiar with his father’s threats.

“You work at the 21st district, right? In Intelligence.” He can hear the older man shift his weight behind the door, and he wonders which of his immaculate suits he’s wearing. He’s not bothering to even hide his threats now. And Jay’s not stupid enough to think that he won’t follow through. Stephen Halstead would get a perverse sense of pleasure coming to the precinct and treating Jay like a piece of omega trash.

“That’s some slippery pole climbing you’ve done. From a grunt in the Army to a Detective with the Chicago Police Department.” From anyone else, the comment might border on a compliment, but from Stephen Halstead, it was insulting - insinuating Jay had slept his way into his new position, because that’s the only way Halstead senior sees omegas in positions of authority – as having used their bodies to manipulate and take advantage of the system and Alphas in positions of authority.

“Just open the door, I won’t even come in. I’ll stand in the threshold.” Jay hears something, possibly fingers tap against the door. “I won’t trespass. I’m not stupid enough to come uninvited into a cop’s home.” Jay doesn’t mention that he’s harassing a cop right now, because he doesn’t want to engage the beast on the other side.
Stephen Halstead’s voice has dropped lower when he delivers his final threat, the trump card clutched in his hands. “It’s okay, Jay. I understand. You don’t want to let an Alpha into your house without permission from your bonded Alpha, right?” There’s a dark chuckle that sends shivers down Jay’s back, and he reminds himself that this man doesn’t control the situation any more. Up until this point he hadn’t even considered where Erin fit into this mess, or that she might come home while they were arguing. Etiquette stated that an unbound Alpha, like Stephen Halstead, shouldn’t enter a premises where a bonded omega was without the bonded Alpha, Erin in this case, being present. It was acceptable if there was a strong connection, like relation or friendship between the unbound Alpha and bonded omega. Jay put these thoughts from his head, Erin didn’t care about etiquette or tradition, and if she came home to find his father here, she would be pissed that Stephen had upset Jay. “It’s okay, Jay. I’ll just wait here for her to get back. Lindsay, right?” How the hell had he found out Erin’s name? He was going to kill Will.

The monologue continues. “I’ll just wait for her. Then I’ll tell her about the memorial that you’re not going to, because you’re emotionally constipated. I’ll invite her along. I’ll tell her everything Jay.” Jay reassures himself that Lindsay would believe him over his father, and would understand why he wouldn’t go to his mother’s fake memorial, once he explained it. But he really didn’t want to have to explain. Stephen’s threat to tell Erin everything wasn’t really that much of a threat either, because he’d already been upfront with Erin about certain aspects of his past. Plus, she’d believe him over his father.

Jay still didn’t want to drag Erin into this. More so, he didn’t want Stephen Halstead dragging his partner, one of the best parts of his life, into his manipulative mind games. He gets up off the couch and walks over to the door.

Gripping the handle, he knows he’s being an idiot. He knows he should just ignore him until he goes away. Or shoot him. He shouldn’t open the door to his past, to his father. But he can’t help himself. The first thing he thinks is that the old man looks exactly that, old. The second thing is disbelief when the older man just pushes his way into the apartment, despite that he’d said just seconds before, that he’d stand on the threshold of the apartment. He should have known better. Stupid, stupid. Rookie mistake.

Who knows, maybe he’ll set up camp here and never leave, just live on the couch and occasionally share embarrassing and horrible stories from his childhood with Erin. He assumes he’ll do it when they’re trying to be intimate – sharing a kiss – ‘do you know about the time he pissed his pants in first grade because a third grade Alpha jumped on him?’ or ‘has Jay told you about the day his mother died? He was in Afghanistan, so I assume he hasn’t.’

“What do you want, Stephen?” His father’s eyes narrow when Jay refuses to use his favoured epithet of father or dad.

“I’m here to invite you to the memorial.” He holds out a cream coloured envelope, and Jay takes it from his hands.

“Thanks. And I’ll provide my RSVP – I can’t make it.” He shrugs his shoulders and takes a step towards the door. “Lovely to see you again. Don’t bother dropping around again.”

But it’s too late. He’s let the devil into his home, and now he wants to look around. Stephen takes in the neatness of the place, but he can see the feminine touches, the photo frames filled with smiling candids, a couple scented candles on the bookshelf. He takes a closer look at the photos and is a little upset when the only familiar faces are Jay and Will. It angers him how effectively he’s been wiped from Jay’s life. “Will said you were mated.” Jay starts thinking of more ways he can torture and kill his brother. Maybe an overdose? Or maybe he should take a page from Voight
and Olinsky’s book and take a trip to the docks and fashion Will a Chicago necklace.

Stephen picks up a photo of Jay and a pretty woman smiling next to one another, obviously a couple. He can smell her in the room and it’s nice to put a face to the scent. “Is this your mate?”

Jay grabs the frame from his hands and puts it back on the bookshelf, picture down. “Leave.”

“I’ll take that as a yes. She’s pretty.” He traces his finger over one of the other pictures, this time of what he assumes is the Intelligence unit, standing around with beers in their hands at a pub. He thinks that the photographer may have requested them to smile, or cracked a dirty joke, because a big, black man and a young man wearing sunglasses are both obviously laughing, while the rest of the group glare down the photographer. It makes for an interesting photo, the group of strong men surrounding the female Alpha from the other photo – Lindsay.

“I see you have yourself a nice little family going on.” He taps the picture of the Intelligence squad. “Dare I say it, you may even be building a little pack of you degenerates.” He turn his fake smile on Jay.

“It really doesn’t look good for either of us that you don’t turn up to things like the memorial, you look like a bastard of a son, and I look like I failed to raise polite kids. “ At least Will has a decent excuse, he’ll probably be saving lives in the OR or ER or something. What can I say about you, boy? That you’re not present because you’re handing out parking tickets?” His eyes are glowing with his anger, and it reminds Jay of why he shouldn’t have opened the door. Despite all he had done, despite fighting in a war zone, taking on the streets of Chicago on a daily basis – his father could still put the fear of God into him.

“You can say whatever you want, Dad. I won’t stop you.” As soon as Jay says it, he knows he’s slipped up. He called him dad, and that tells Stephen Halstead that he still has power over his youngest son.

“You need to leave now.” He doesn’t dare touch the older man, but he squares his shoulders and balances his weight so that he’s posed aggressively, his hands dropping to his hips, curled into loose fists. It sends the message that he’s willing to fight. He’s willing to get aggressive to get this man out of his house. He shouldn’t have to, but here he is.

“You should come to the memorial, Jay.”

“I won’t be there. And you need to leave. Forget my address, forget where I work, forget my damn name, I’m no longer your son.”

Stephen Halstead’s anger boils over at his son’s words, and he reacts just like he did when Jay was younger, smaller and weaker than he is now. “You will not speak to me like that!” It had always been one of his biggest triggers, his sons disrespecting him or being insubordinate in any way. Will had managed to learn early that he should just nod, agree and then come up with polite excuses and apologies later. Jay had always been blunter, would refuse to budge and would always speak out if he saw injustice. It drove Stephen mad, and he feels that familiar rage flow through him. He doesn’t think his actions through, because as soon as his hand slaps against the roughened surface of Jay’s jaw, Jay’s eyes harden and his whole body tenses in anticipation.

The pain that Stephen feels is unlike any he’s felt before. Jay hasn’t ever hit him back, it wasn’t like he hit his son often. But now, he knows he will always lose this fight, because Jay’s fists are like scalpels pinpointing his most sensitive parts with razorblade accuracy, and it doesn’t take more than a couple of seconds for his son to completely disable him.
After the flurry punches render him unable to breathe and almost falling to the ground, he follows Jay’s hissed demand that he leave him alone.

Platt reshuffles the papers in front of her, and glares down at the officer who is currently wasting her time. “Do you want me to get you a Band-Aid? Maybe call the doctor? Call for an ambulance to come take you to hospital so you can cry about your sore finger and clog up the emergency room? Huh?”

The officer drops his hand, knowing that his wound certainly didn’t warrant any of those reactions, except maybe a Band-Aid, which he could source and apply himself. “No Ma’am.”

“Good. Great.” Platt holds out a set of keys. “Same as yesterday. Crossing duty.” His partner’s face falls at the dud assignment, but knows better than to argue.

Burgess moves to the front of the counter as they clear off, Roman rearranging his precious haircut in a window that doubles as a mirror. She assigns them a quadrant in Back of the Yards that generally sees some action during a shift. She doesn’t want to say they are her favourites, except, well… Most of the other officers don’t dare give her crap back, so she likes that Roman and Burgess at least attempt to keep up with her.

“Dorian Gray, get your ass over here.” Roman looks over at her, a little shocked at being caught out.

“Yes ma’am. Back of the Yards.” He repeats back at her. “Got it.” He takes the car keys from her and lifts an eyebrow at Burgess who is still standing stationary in front of the desk sergeant. Finally gets the hint that Burgess wanted to talk to Platt and he clears out.

“Yes, Burgess?”

“Well, boss, I’m going to need to put a leave slip in for some time off.” She pauses and makes eye contact with Platt. “For both Adam and I.”

As the only “officially noted” omega on staff (and where the hell was Halstead’s paperwork? She had heard the rumours and wasn’t going to let that fly for too long) the phrasing of the request and the fact Platt had been hearing some brass gossip that Burgess was probably going to get detailed upstairs regardless of if Voight liked it or not, made her pause.

“You’re entitled to one week every six months without a sick note from your doctor. If you need longer than 14 days in a year, you need a letter from your doctor.”

Burgess looks like she wants to die. “Well, it’s been a year since last time.” Since she was shot, she doesn’t add. “So it might go to ten days or so.”

“Great. What dates were you thinking? You better not be saying in two days’ time, because I can’t cover you that easily.”

Burgess shakes her head. “Probably in a month.”

Platt nods. “Do the paperwork, put “Om” in the leave type box – and get it back to me. I’ll share it with Voight too.”

Burgess’ eyes meet her eyebrows. “Why would Voight need to know?”

Platt lets her silence stretch out uncomfortably, and raises a pointed mocking eyebrow. “Why do
“you need to know?” Burgess gets the hint and turns from the counter, hoping to catch Roman before he decides she’s riding shotgun.

Jay shakes his head as the freezing water cascades down his back. He’d forgotten just how hot he would feel. The way his bones felt like they are on fire beneath his skin, trying to claw their way out. It makes him uncomfortable, and even the cold shower isn’t doing much to do cool him down – the heat was inside him, where the water couldn’t reach.

It was starting to come heavily on him now his heat was rolling over him in waves, and he was left praying that the currents didn’t drag him out too deep. He had only taken a quarter dose that morning, and now that his heat is coming, all he could think about were three things. Getting cool, having sex and being with his mate. Erin was still at work, and was meant to be coming home soon, but he knew how cases were, if things kicked off she would stay as late as they needed her, so he wasn’t holding his breath. Voight had sent him home earlier when Jay had stripped off to jeans and a t-shirt in the bullpen. He would have taken all his clothes off if it wasn’t for everyone watching him intently, and it being his workplace.

Voight had said to come back in the next night, before the meet that was scheduled for 8pm. Voight had explained that Olinsky would be in an overwatching sniper position, with eyes on the whole scene, and the rest of the team would be waiting in the wings to come and arrest Duns when Voight said the takedown word. Jay’d gone over the plan multiple times, using his analytical skills to try and find a gap or oversight, but so far, it sounded like a tactically sound plan.

He’d picked up a box of ice blocks and cool packs from the pharmacy on the way home, while he was picking up the damned contraceptive injection that Will had prescribed him. He’d tried to ignore the predatory look that one of the pharmacists had given him, but eventually he had squared his shoulders and stared him down. He’d felt victorious when the Alpha had looked away first, but that was short lived, because he then felt it.

It was something he hated about heats more than anything else. That his body, his stupid, stupid body, was preparing itself to reproduce. He could feel some slick trying to escape his body, and it sickened and shamed him in equal measure. Will had tried to talk to him before, when they had been younger and not miles apart, before the war and their mother’s death had changed everything. He’d wanted to know what it was like, how being an omega was so different to being an Alpha. All Jay had been able to do was shrug awkwardly and tell him it was hell. To himself, he had considered it yet another way his body had betrayed him.

He liked the shower, because he couldn’t feel the slick. He couldn’t feel the way that his body would do anything to get something – preferably a dick – inside him. He felt no attraction to men, he was as straight as a ruler, but when the hormones took over and he started leaking he would do anything to make it stop. His nightmare had always been that it could include having sex with another man. It was one of the reasons he had a good relationship with Mouse. He had been in that place, begging for it, rubbing himself all over his signaller, but Mouse had spent equal amounts of energy pushing him away and laughing at him.

He’d been surprised when they had come home, and Mouse had admitted that it had been difficult. And that if Mouse had been an Alpha, there was no way he could have resisted the begging. That was just another way that he behaved during heats that he hated – desperate. The embarrassment that he’d felt after that conversation meant he’d avoided his friend for a couple of weeks, before Mouse had come to his house with a six pack and said that it didn’t happen, and that they didn’t have to talk about it again. He was grateful that his best friend knew how to deal with his bone
crushing embarrassment, by ignoring it all.

He considered the water bill briefly before deciding to just stay in longer. There was no way he was about to go sit out in the lounge when it felt like his insides were on fire. He could smell himself now, the rank stench of an omega in heat. He’d been told that to Alphas it was a good smell, sweet and alluring, almost like tropical fruit. To him, it smelt like someone had eaten too many tropical fruits and then suffered through an intestine ripping case of the squirts. He hated the smell almost as much as he hated the slick. And the heat. And the begging. And the embarrassment. And the neediness. Who was he kidding? He hated it all.

Grabbing some of his body wash, he applies it liberally so that the chemical smell almost covers the heat smell, but it’s still there, lingering. He considers getting some scent cancelling soap from the shops (although he knows he shouldn’t go out right now, he’d probably end up in a fight) when he hears the door open and Erin’s boots trampling across the wooden floors. There’s a faint rattling sound as her keys, gun and gear get put down on the counter, and he can almost visualise it as she gets a good whiff of the scent of her mate in heat.

He’s right, because the bathroom door opens only seconds later, and she is standing there, fully dressed, watching him through the glass doors of the shower. “Hey.” He feels a bit like an animal in a zoo exhibit, maybe a monkey or orangutan, and the tour guide explaining that it was coming up to mating season and soon this monkey would be providing genetic material to a nice girl monkey.

He smiles at her, not bothering to hide his body, knowing that they are far from that point in their relationship. Plus, she might take it the wrong way, despite the feeling of being in a freak show. “Hey. Wanna jump in?” It wasn’t something they had done together yet, shower together. But he still really didn’t want to get out of the icy cold spray, and he wanted to be close to Erin, so he decides it’s time to tick off yet another of his boyhood fantasies. Shower with a ridiculously hot girl.

Erin nods, and starts pulling off her clothes, throwing them into the middle of the bathroom floor, despite that the basket for dirty clothes is within easy throwing distance. She almost falls over and bumps her head on the sink as she bends over to take off her boots and jeans. He laughs at her once he’s sure that she’s okay. She’s excited to get to him and that makes him feel slightly less horrible about what his body is currently doing to him, if only because Erin might enjoy it. “Hey, careful. Don’t hit your head or anything.”

Erin laughs at his tone and straightens up, shooting him a mock glare. “All you need to focus on right now is making room for me in that shower, so that we can steam this place up.”

Jay steps into the corner of the shower so that there is plenty of room in the stall for his girlfriend to join him. Their shower isn’t massive, but he reassures himself that Erin’s small enough to fit in next to him. If it was a bit of a squeeze, that would only be better.

After the bra is thrown into the hamper, Erin is fully naked and Jay takes the time to admire her body. He constantly had to kick himself that he had a girlfriend that looked like this. Her small waist and rounded hips, the way that her hips fit perfectly in his hands. He felt like he had won the lottery every time he touched her.

Erin smiles saucily at him when she notices his blatant appraisal and approval, and he can tell that she’s going to enjoy toying with him a bit. She pulls back the shower door and steps into the shower. He’s shocked when a screech fills the air and she quickly jumps out of the shower.

“What the fuck!?” Jay is concerned that she had hurt herself for a second, before she puts her arms
around her body, like she always did when she was cold. She hadn’t expected that he was having a cold shower.

“Great detective work, Detective Lindsay.” He smiles and turns on a little of the hot water so that it would be habitable for her at least. “How could you have not known it was a cold shower? The room isn’t steamy and is quite cold, and I’m going to need lots of cold showers for a while.”

Her expression softens. “You starting to feel it?” She wraps an arm around his shoulders and nuzzles into his neck. “I can smell it. You smell delicious. As soon as I walked in, all I could think about was touching you.”

“I’m feeling it.” He wonders how honest he should be with her, before settling on the good standby that honesty is always the best policy. “I don’t like it.”

Erin kisses his neck and then wraps her other arm around his shoulder too. “You’ll be okay. I’m right here.” She doesn’t mention that he has an undercover op that he needs to be sharp for the following night. She was making her peace with having him do the case by telling herself that it was just an hour or two during his heat, a process that would take a couple of days to a week. They would catch a serial killer, and then come back to her apartment and just bury themselves in one another.

“I’ve never wanted to be an omega. My body is traitorous.”

Erin frowns at him, trying to understand where this is coming from. She’d noticed that the whole dynamic thing brought up feelings of betrayal in Jay, she’d noticed whenever they would talk about heats, or dynamics or anything related to dynamism, he would act like he’d rather talk about anything else. In a couple of months’ time, when they have been together for longer and know each other better, they wouldn’t need to constantly talk everything through. But right now, she needed to know where he stood on so many issues, and she had no clue how to bring them up with him, without him getting upset.

She didn’t want to act like she agreed with him, for she really loved his body and the fact he was an omega was a bonus. But she really didn’t want to argue with him either.

“Who knows, we might not be together if you weren’t an omega. We might not have the same chemistry. Plus, I get that you don’t enjoy your heats or being an omega, but I’m looking forward to having a week off work and being able to spend all that time with you.” She runs a hand down his broad back, his body warmer than the shower water.

He offers her a crooked smile. “Yeah, I’m kinda looking forward to playing lots of scrabble.” Jay pulls her closer, rubbing his stiffening dick against her, before leaning down and pressing a kiss into her hair.

“You know, we don’t have to wait until you’re incoherent. How ‘bout we see if a triple letter score makes you feel better now, huh?” She smiles at him, using her whole body to create more friction between her wet skin and his erection.

“Mmmm. That sounds good, what word are you going to play to get yourself a triple letter score?”

Her hands untangle from behind his back, and she offers an impish smile. “How about blow job?”

“I’m not sure that warrants a triple letter score.”

“How about you wait until I’ve put my tiles down, and you can score me then?” Erin flicks her thumb over the head of his cock a couple times. She feels him go completely still under her
ministrations, and it makes her smile.

“Sounds good. But we’re going to have to stop with the whole talking in riddles thing, I don’t have enough brain power to keep up right now.” He looks pointedly at the hand around his cock.

“You’re distracting me.”

She pumps his dick a couple of times, smiling when he lets out a loud groan. “That’s fine with me. Just relax.” She drops down onto her knees, and as soon as she does, she knows she’s going to have to make this quick. After a whole day at work, which had included two raids, kneeling on the shower floor was certainly not how she was planning on spending her evening. Get him an orgasm, let him feel a little better about himself, then they could go and hide from the rest of the world in bed, where at least it was more comfortable than a hard tile floor.

Keeping one hand on his cock, she uses the other one to steady herself on his hip before licking delicately at the head of his dick. She knew that he liked it messy, quick and with a hint of teeth, but it felt wrong to just jump to that from the get go. Erin hears his head crack back into the tiles and he reaches down and cups the back of her neck. He doesn’t try to control the pace or pull her towards his erection, he knows better than that by now.

Taking more of his length into her mouth, she rolls his balls between her fingers and then gets hit with the smell. It makes her instantly wet, her eyes closing in bliss at the sweet smell of omega slick. She’d never smelt it this closely before. Sometimes she smelt a lingering aroma when they cleared a dynamic brothel, or when they rescued an omega thick with heat from the streets, back when she was on patrol. She knew what it was, knew that it wasn’t technically for her, but it still was filled with his pheromones and turned her on.

She lets out a loud groan and runs her hand over his balls once again, rolling them and touching them, staying just this side of gentle. She knew he was sensitive, and assumed that he would be even more so right now, but there was just an urge inside her to claim, to touch, to have. Running one hand behind him, she grabs his ass and even though the water is running down them, she can feel some of his slick and can’t help but run her fingers through his crack. He lets out a disgruntled noise, but doesn’t tell her to stop, so she just takes his cock in deeper and swirls her tongue around the sensitive head, distracting him from her hands on his ass.

She wonders if he would be willing to let her touch him there. She knows that he’s straight, that he’d likely never had anal of any kind, but she was an Alpha, and he was dripping, and she wanted it all for herself. She wanted to taste him, possess him, and take everything he could offer her. Plus, anal sex wasn’t something that happened only in gay relationships.

Feeling his balls start to pull up towards his body, she knows that he’s not far away, so she rolls her palm over him once more and focuses her attention on getting his dick as far down her throat as possible. She feels his thigh start to tense below her hand and seconds later he is spilling his seed down her throat. She takes it all, making sure to look up and maintain eye contact with Jay hoping that’s a sexy thing to do. Judging by the way Jay shudders and doesn’t look away, she’s struck gold.

“Fuck, Erin. That was good. So fucking good.” He rests one of his hands on her head and strokes her forehead with his thumb.

“Glad I impressed you. Do I get a triple letter score?”

“I think you might’ve.” Jay reaches over and turns off the water, reaching behind her to open the shower’s screen door. He grips her around the shoulders and steers her out of the shower, not really worrying about all the water they are dripping on the bathroom tiles. Erin knows that once they
were fully sated, fed and done for the night, he would get up without a word and mop the bathroom floor. She’d thought Voight was a clean freak when she was a teenager living under his roof, but she now knew that her mentor had nothing on her boyfriend. Jay wouldn’t say anything about it, wouldn’t guilt her the way Voight used to, he’s just get up and mop the floor as if it was going to bug him for the rest of the night until he actually did it.

Erin wraps the towel around her hair once they have efficiently dried off, and then follows Jay into the bedroom. She notices with a smile that he has made the bed and vacuumed the carpets before she got home, but she doesn’t mention it, worried that he’d take it to man that she expected him to tidy up and clean her house, which was far from the truth. Jay pushes her back onto the bed and then climbs on top of her, his knees between her thighs. There’s a predatory look in his eyes that sends heat to her core, and she reaches up to pull him down on to her.

Jay has other ideas, however, his arms, knees and hips locking in position above her, and even when she uses all her strength to drag him down, he easily withstands her. It’s another reminder, an important reminder, that she doesn’t hold all the power here, that Jay allows her to control situations because he chooses to allow it. There was no doubt that if he wanted to, Jay could physically overpower her in seconds. All the times she has held him down, or pushed him around, it’s because he’s decided to let her.

He smiles down ferally at her, as if knowing exactly what she’s thinking. He’s definitely enjoying his display of strength. She reaches up to wrap her arms around him, feeling the hard planes of muscle beneath her hands as she runs her fingers loosely down his spine. She feels him shiver, and leans up to kiss him, but he pulls back with a playful smirk and brings his knees up further, so they are against her hips and then sits back, one hand resting on her chest, keeping her prone on the bed.

“Do you think I could get a triple letter word score too?” His eyes are playful and he starts gently tracing his fingers over her pubis bone, gentle enough to not bring any pleasure, hard enough not to tickle, just right to tease her to death.

“Fuck Jay. Maybe? You gotta try.” His finger dips a little lower, coming to rest just above her clit hood. He cocks an eyebrow at her, and then the finger drifts lower so that it is resting on her clit. He doesn’t rub, doesn’t apply pressure, just places his finger on her, and she can see that he is intently watching her reaction.

“I don’t gotta do anything.” She can hear his faint mocking in his voice, but all she wants him to do right now is to move his index finger. All her being is focused on that connection between them. On his finger being such a tease against the most sensitive part of her body.

“Fuck, Jay. Come on.” She bucks her hips up, hoping that by catching him by surprise she might gain some of the delicious friction that she desires. He reads her movement through the tensing of her muscles, because as soon as her hips lift off the bed his finger is removed and has nothing touching her.

“Naughty. Stay still.”

“You’re an asshole.” There’s no heat behind her words, but at that moment she does feel like he is being unfair. She’d pleasured him in the shower, she’d gotten on her knees and sucked his seed from him, and she knew it had been good. She didn’t want to say she felt like he owed her, because that was a bullshit sentiment. The problem arises from the fact that she likes being in control, likes being the one in charge, likes being dominant. In the shower, getting on her knees for him, while she enjoyed it to some extent, she enjoyed making him feel good, it made her feel submissive. Inside, she’d just assumed that they would come in here, he would get down onto his knees and return the favour. Now things weren’t turning out the way she’d envisioned and she needed her
mind to catch up with what was happening now, because what was going on now was still hot and good.

Because goddamn, the teasing finger on her clit has returned, and while this might not be her in charge, it was still hot as sin.

He’d been watching her face, her expression clouded with thoughts. “What are you thinking about?” He’s curious, because her expression has been a mix of frustration and lust.

She smirks up at him, knowing that he’s just let her have a little of the power back. She assumes he’s done it on purpose, asking a question that she can either answer or she could fight back against his control by either refusing to answer, or lying.

“I was thinking about pinning you down on this bed, about tying you to the headboard, running my hands all over you, sinking down onto your dick and riding you. I was thinking about spanking you for being naughty, taking you own belt to your ass for thinking you can maintain control.” She makes sure her voice stays low, quiet with extra gravel, and knows that her seduction has been somewhat successful when she feels his dick, which up to this point had been uninterested in what was happening, twitch next to her thigh. “I was thinking about all the things I want to do to you, and trying to work out what you would let me do, what you would enjoy. What I could convince you would be good, even if you currently think it’s not on the cards.”

She flicks her hips back up, and this time his reaction is slower. His finger darts from her clit, through her heat and dips just a little bit into her pussy before he realises he’s been played and pulls his hand away, just as she is returning her hips to their original position on the bed, hoping that her movement ended up with his finger pressing, stroking over her clit. She’s disappointed.

“You just can’t behave, can you?” He asks her, bringing his finger up to his face and pushing it into his mouth, tasting her. She stares at him hungrily, and he knows exactly what she wants.

“No. And you wouldn’t have me any other way.” She shifts her thighs as much as she can underneath him, feeling the way that his body adjusts to hers. She can tell that the banter, the way that his body was responding to her was switching the power dynamic between them again, but she lays back and allows him his fun.

He shifts down the bed and she feels cold where his body heat had been keeping her warm, but she doesn’t complain as he sits back on his heels between her knees, his eyes focused on the heated flesh between her legs. He grabs her thighs and pushes them out and up, stretching out her pelvis and spreading her pussy to his greedy eyes.

“Fuck Erin.” His eyes dart up to meet hers, and she can see her own desire reflected back at her. Despite knowing what is coming next, despite seeing him bend towards her, rocking forward on his knees, she still jumps a little when she feels him kiss her pubis bone, right where his finger had been tracing patterns earlier. She sighs at the feeling and tries to tilt her hips up, struggling with the strain that it places on her thighs that are held in his vice like grip. Her sigh turns into a growl when he moves his face away and looks back up at her.

“I thought you knew not to move?” She anticipates his lips against her lower stomach or pussy again, but is shocked when she feels his teeth nip into the soft part of her thigh. She yelps and tries to move her thigh away, but his hold is strong and she can barely move an inch.

“Do you need another lesson on staying still? I’m being nice holding you here.” He looks back up at her, and she can see the deviousness in his eyes. Obviously he was enjoying holding the power right now, and she wasn’t going to stop him if it meant that he would be using his tongue on her
soon. They both would end up getting what they want.

His eyebrow cocks in question, obviously expecting a response and she stutters through her reply. “I’ll be good.” She doesn’t add the silent for now that they both know is implied by her agreement.

One of his hands moves so that he’s gripping her under the knee and then she feels him rearrange her so that her legs are pulled up slightly and she’s now even more exposed to his eyes and the rest of the room. Both his hands grip behind her knees again and he then leans back down, and she can’t help but imagine how this scene must look to anyone who was to walk into their bedroom right now. Jay kneeling (which is always a good sight, if you ask her), his arms tense and pulled back from holding her still, his head nestled between her legs. She would make a sight too, considering she could feel a thin layer of sweat building on her skin, cool whenever she moved or was moved, and one hand cupping a breast and massaging her own flesh while Jay wasn’t looking – she was slightly worried that he’d tell her to stop. She was more worried that she would follow his instructions.

His lips press back onto her clit, and she wants to let out a groan of frustration at the way he is making her wait. She was so good to him, getting him get off in the shower, no teasing, no holding back pleasure. Tiny kisses are peppered on her skin, and she can feel him press one into her clit and she almost goes to bring her knees in to hold him in place, but knowing his mood that would probably make him stop, so instead she reaches down with one hand and presses it to the back of his head, trying to pull him closer to her clit, to get some pressure, get some friction. She feels his neck muscles go tense, and doesn’t know if she wants to laugh or cry when she can’t move his head. He’s strong, goddammit.

He just keeps that gentle pressure on her clit with his lips, imitating what he had done earlier with his finger. She’s going to kill him later, and she’s starting to shake with the effort of trying to push him into her harder, while not just pulling herself away and then jumping on him, sinking down onto his cock and stopping his little game.

Vibrations start to ripple across his shoulders, and she thinks it’s his muscles straining against her for a couple of seconds before she feels his soft laughter. His soft laughs vibrating against her pussy.

“You bastard.”

He replies, but this time doesn’t bother to move his lips from her clit, just talks right next to her, his lips brushing the sensitive bud. “Thanks, darling.”

She growls and pushes her hips up into his face, and this time he lets her, opening his lips so that he can do the thing he does – she’s not one hundred percent sure what it is, but she suspects that he sucks her clit into his mouth, while he has his lips pursed so that there’s not quite enough room for her clit to fit in between his lips comfortably. It always sends fire into her belly and she responds by rubbing her cunt against his face with abandon. He lets her for a couple of seconds before stilling her with his hands, again.

He then starts eating her out properly, his tongue darting inside her and then withdrawing to push at her lips or her clit. Sometimes she feels his teeth scraping against her heated flesh, never hard enough to hurt, just providing a different sensation.

When he feels that she’s getting closer – her hand tightening in his hair, her body arching up into his mouth and his face starting to get even wetter with her fluids, he returns to her clit, sucking on it and lathing it with his tongue, one of his hands leaving her leg so that he can put two fingers inside of her, tucking up and moving against her walls, and she knows he’s searching for her g-spot, and
as he keeps stroking away at her, she feels her whole body tense, feels her muscles contract and then pleasure flows through her, relaxing and tensing as she goes.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck. Shit, Jay.” After a couple of seconds to catch her breath, because that had to have been one of the best orgasms of her life, and it was just oral sex, for crying out loud. She sits up and takes in her lover’s face. Still glistening with her fluids, a satisfied smirk on his face and his eyes lit up with her reaction.

She pulls him down onto her and he allows himself to be moved this time, pressing his mouth to hers, kissing her deeply. She can taste herself on him, and she pulls back.

“I don’t know who taught you how to give head, but if I could go back and thank her…”

Jay laughs and ruts his hard cock into her hip. She reaches down and takes a firm grip on his dick.

“I suppose I’ll just have to thank you instead. How about a sexy massage?” She reaches around him and flips him onto his belly, happy with the way that he now lets her manoeuvre him. “Just relax. You’re not in a hurry, are you?” She runs her hands down his back, stopping to massage some of the bulkier muscles she finds. It’s one of her favourite views, so she sits back to admire him for a couple of seconds, before resuming her deep tissue massage. She can feel him relax under him and knows that it’s the perfect time for her to get some honest answers.

“So, babe.” She runs her fingers into his trapezius muscle and he lets out a load groan. He probably went to the gym earlier that day, and she thinks it might have been arms, chest and back day, judging by the way he’s reacting to her massage.

“Ughhhh…mmm?” He can’t even get out a coherent word, and she massages down his back a little.

“That feel good?” As he had already orgasmed once tonight, she knew he wouldn’t be as eager to come again in short order, knows that he’s happy to be more sensual, rather than sexual.

“Mmmmmhmmm.” Still just guttural sound from him, but that doesn’t bother her because she can still understand him. She shifts so that she’s straddling his thighs, almost like he had done to her earlier.

“God you’re sexy.”

He doesn’t reply this time, she knew he wouldn’t agree with her, he wouldn’t want to be seen as arrogant, despite the fact she knows that he’s not oblivious to his good looks. He gets hit on more than any other cop at the 21st, her included. Daniels had been infatuated with him, mainly based on what he looks like. Criminals and bad guys would often try and get a rise out of him by calling him pretty. Sometimes it even worked. Normally, it didn’t. Because he knew what they were trying to do.

Erin’s hands start to massage at his lower back, and she works her fist into the dimples just above his ass. She knew that when he was sat at a desk all day, his lower back would often suffer because he never sat in his chair properly, if he even used the chair at all.

He lets out another groan, and she then moves lower still, grabbing an ass cheek in each hand, and using all her strength to massage the tense muscles. She keeps an eye on his upper body, making sure that he’s not about to flip out on her.

“You should see yourself right now, Jay. All pliant, all this muscle and power, putty in my hands.”
She digs her fingers into his ass and starts to massage him again. She pulls apart his ass cheeks, curiosity and lust driving her actions, and she looks up to check he’s not silently freaking out. He has his face is buried in her pillow, but she feels that he’s embarrassed more than anything else.

“Anyone ever touched you here?” She leans down a little bit and blows on his hole, and watches with amusement as it twitches. She knows it would be cold, his entrance is slick and shiny with his natural lubrication. She runs a finger through the liquid, and brings it up to her mouth to taste it. It tastes of Jay, of his pheromones and almost like what she, herself tastes like. She waits for his response while sucking on her finger, and when one isn’t forthcoming she slaps him on the ass.

“I asked you a question. And I expect an answer.” She parts his ass cheeks again and presses one finger softly against his hole. She doesn’t press it in, she just sits it there, like he had done to her clit only minutes before. “Has anyone ever touched your hole, Jay?”

He shakes his head from side to side, and she can read that he’s still more embarrassed than concerned at the change of events. She slips one hand further under him, and feels that his dick is still hard, and he hasn’t safe worded. So this hasn’t gone too far for him.

“No. No one has ever touched me…” He takes a deep breath. “There.”

She rubs her finger against his entrance, teasingly redistributing the slick that had been running down to his balls back up to his hole, and then pushes it back inside him with the tip of her index finger. She knows that if she’s going to do more than a finger or two, she needs to go buy lube, even with his slick. She doesn’t want to hurt him.

As soon as his ass is breached, Jay goes dead still on the bed and lets out a breathy “Fuck.”

She is concerned about his reaction. “You okay, babe?” She runs her spare hand up his thigh in an attempt to be soothing, but she thinks that she might have just succeeded in overstimulating him further.

“Yeah…. I think. It’s just…” He buries his head into the pillow once again, and she’s sure that it’s embarrassment that’s making him reluctant to discuss this with her, just like before.

“Hey, it’s okay. You’re near your heat, and your body is going to respond to this. Even when you’re not on your heat, it’s okay to like this.” She slowly moves her finger in a little further, until the first knuckle is buried in him. She thinks that she definitely is going to pick up some lube to do this properly, because she doesn’t want to hurt him.

He looks up at her for a second and then nods. “I know, I just never thought that I would…” he zones out after a couple of words, but she gets his meaning. He never saw himself letting someone put anything near his ass. He’s tried for so long to be anything but an omega that allowing himself this type of pleasure, something that’s so stereotypically omega, seems like he’s betraying what he’s been attempting to hide for so long. She presses a kiss to his back and then pushes the finger in a little more, smiling when he gently lifts his hips to meet her.

“Good boy. God you’re amazing.” She wiggles her finger around a little inside him, trying to find his prostate. She’s never done this before, but she knows enough about the male body to know it’s meant to feel good when your prostate was touched, and she knows that getting him to enjoy this is going to make his heat ten times easier on him. She’d been researching female Alpha/male omega heats, and what she’d read had alarmed her. The normal heat could last anywhere from four to fourteen days and there were only three things that would help an omega through the heat. Actually ingesting or absorbing fluids from the Alpha, being penetrated culminating in a knot of some variety and long periods of skin on skin contact.
Two of those methods were easier for a male Alpha to provide. The traditional heat scene was the omega presenting themselves (in a very debauched style, usually on their knees, with legs spread, head to the floor and hands parting their behinds so that everything was on display) to the male Alpha, the Alpha having rough sex with the omega (usually vaginal for females, anal for men) followed by the Alpha knotting the omega, then staying tied for a prolonged period of time while unloading an inhuman amount of semen in the waiting orifice. Most of that didn’t apply to her and Jay. She’d spent some time looking at female Alpha heat sex aids, and most of them had made her blush. She hadn’t known how she could even suggest them to Jay. ‘Hey babe, you want to bend over and take this massive sex toy up your ass that I’ve just pulled from my pussy so it’s covered in my pheromones? Oh, and when I press this little button it’s going to swell and knot you and you won’t be able to remove it. Sounds great, yeah?’ That was never going to happen.

Bringing her attention back to the man on the bed in front of her, she pulls her finger mostly from him before pushing it back in. His scent is thick in the air, and it makes her want to jump on him and ride him to completion. She resists the temptation and wriggles her finger around, finally feeling his whole body clench up when she rubs over what must be his prostate. His eyes go wide, and he lets his head fall back onto the pillow once again. Must feel good then.

She starts rubbing that spot inside him, massaging it gently and watching with intrigue as his cock jumps and twitches under her ministrations.

“Fuck. Lindsay.” He sits up on his elbows, looking down at her and what she is doing to him. He lets out a breathy plea. “Please…”

“Please what?” She uses her free hand to cup his balls, and he loses his train of thought for a couple of seconds.

“It’s not enough…”

“It’s not enough for you to come?” She pinches softly at the skin where his thigh and groin join and smirks when he shifts his body away from the shock. His movement causes the finger in his ass to stretch him a little further, and he groans loudly.

“No. Not enough to come.”

She shakes her head, continuing the torture, like he had done to her earlier. “Actually, through my internet research.” She hears him laugh at her, so she gives him another pinch, this time on the thigh proper. “I discovered that many men can at least ejaculate from this.” Her formal scientific language makes him laugh properly this time, and his body tenses up around her finger.

“Are you going to be a good boy?” Her fingers that have been pinching him stroke up his thigh, tracing along his balls and then very lightly trailing up his rock hard cock.

“Yes. Ugh… please. Fuck, please.” Erin likes him like this, completely wasted and not above begging, and she hadn’t expected him to react to being finger fucked like this. She takes pity on him and grasps his cock in her hand and gives it a single rough jerk, and he lets out another moan.

“No. In you.” He reaches down to grab her, and she is mindful enough to remove her finger from him before she is pulled up the bed.

“Okay, okay. Bossy!” She straddles his hips once more, and they both groan as she slides down his length. “Better?”

He nods mutely, his hips bucking up into her core. She puts one hand on his lower abs. “You’re
close, babe. Try and hold off for a bit longer, huh?”

He nods silently again, and stops thrusting his hips up into her as intently, his tongue pops out from his mouth, licking briefly at his lower lip. She knows that it’s one of his tells, that he’s concentrating hard. She’d seen him do it behind a sniper rifle and in dangerous situations. He’d done it once while he was boxing with Antonio. They had both sworn that it was a friendly match, but once she’d seen him do that, she’d known that to Jay at least, it was serious.

Using her thighs, she lifts herself up and down on his body, effectively pleasuring herself with little regard to his pleasure. She knows he’s enjoying it by the little jerks of his hips under her, but she smiles ferally at him before leaning forward and placing her hands on his shoulders and starting to push down and back on him as hard and fast as she can, using his chest for leverage.

“Uh… ugh… shit.” He’s once again reduced to simple words and vocalisations. One of his hands reaches between their bodies and he manages to get his finger on her clit, rubbing at her intensely. Her orgasm approaches like a freight train, and she feels herself tip over the ledge. Judging by his reaction, Jay’s found his orgasm at the same time.

She lays down on his body, his arms reaching around her in a tight embrace.

“Fuck.” His voice rumbles below her, and she lets out a laugh.

“Yeah. I agree.”

“That was… that was something.” She looks up at his face, which is still blissed out.

“Good something? Bad something?” She’d half expected him to drop down into om if he’d been enjoying it, and the fact that he hadn’t made her worry a bit.

Shaking his head, he smiles down at her. “Good. Different.”

“I’m glad, I was worried you were going to freak out and say that you don’t do ‘that gay shit’.”

He frowns at her. “I’m not homophobic. Plus, butt stuff,” She laughs at his description, “happens in straight and lesbian relationships too. Trust me, I’ve seen photographic evidence.”

“Still, it’s something lots of guys aren’t interested in.” Plus, his complete aversion to anything overly ‘omega’.

“Well, I figure that now you’ve got no recourse when I suggest fucking you up the ass.” He pokes her on the chest with a smirk.

“Touché.”

He stands by the door that leads down to his modified basement, one hand up against the cheap, peeling wood. He is listening to them, trying to hear their sobs. He doesn’t think they are asleep, he hasn’t turned the lights off for his pets yet. There were two down there at the moment, the young boy, who’d said his name was Carl, and a young girl, Jasmine. He was going to be getting another pet tomorrow, if all went to plan, so he needed to make room for his new pet.

A year ago, when he’d gone to the hardware store to buy the needed tools and materials to make his play room, he’d thought that he would only ever have one pet. He’d imagined, no, he’d dreamed! That one day he might have two, so he’d made sure there were enough restraints to keep two pets from running away.
Neither of the pets downstairs had finished their heats yet, so he didn’t want to kill one of them to make room. Or, he shouldn’t kill them for that reason. He’d gone to a pet shop earlier and purchased a dog cage. One of the really big ones. He’d joked that he had a Great Dane at home that needed a cage when children were over. No one had wondered why he wouldn’t just close up the dog in a room, or put the dog outside. They just came back with a sturdy cage that barely fit in his van. After he used the girl tonight – he could smell that she was about to spike, her scent like coconuts and mango – he’d put her in the cage.

He wasn’t stupid. This new pet was a fully grown adult man – and he’d looked strong in the pictures. He could probably kick his way out of a dog cage. He normally wouldn’t take such a risk, taking a third, but once he’d seen the photos of the man’s face, damn, he couldn’t pass up on that. He was already in his heat, so he wouldn’t need to wait. He’d have him in the basement, it would be too risky to move him upstairs like he did with the younger pets. Duns walked over to the kitchen table and picked up the metal collar, he was sure it would fit snugly around the man’s neck.
Juice

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay on this chapter, guys! My life has been crazy busy and I've had this chapter sitting unedited for weeks now, with no chance to edit! I'm hoping to start posting somewhat regularly, but I can't guarantee the chapters will be weekly again. There's only another two chapters after this one, maybe an epilogue depending, before this story is finished. Thankyou to everyone for their warm wishes/reviews/encouragement. It really did help me pull my finger out and devote a day to getting this chapter up to scratch. Hope you all enjoy it, and let me know what you think!

Erin woke first the next morning, which surprised her because Jay usually woke up with the sun to go for a run, so she assumed he's decided not to go for a run today. She imagined him running through the park, his heat scent flowing behind him, alphas trying to keep up to his brutal pace. She considered waking him up and telling him to go for a run, just so she could make omega chasing a hobby of hers, but then decides that she probably shouldn't. He might take it the wrong way.

He's curled up away from her, on his side looking particularly vulnerable, but this time one of his arms is splayed out behind him, which doesn't look comfortable. She traces a finger down the visible vein his bicep, and it must tickle because he moves his arm away from her. She turns her attention to his torso, tracing one finger along a rib, and holds back her laughter when he shifts away from her.

"What d'you want?" His voice is slurred with sleep, and she leans over and kisses the back of his neck, taking in the scent of his heat like it was an expensive perfume.

"Morning to you, too. What makes you think I want anything?" She runs her hand around to the front of his chest, following the rib that she had been feeling from his back.

"Because I know you." He's already sounding more alert and wake, and one of his hands finds hers and she pulls her in closer to him.

Erin snickers at him and buries her face into his neck, opening her mouth and lathing at his salty skin with her tongue. She stops just long enough to ask if he's still complaining.

"No, that's nice. Bit wet and sloppy though."

She doesn't bother responding, just returns her attention to nibbling on his neck and shoulder, her hand moving down his chest, purposefully tickling him as she reaches down his stomach before coming to a stop just above his dick. He'd said he wasn't ticklish when they'd discussed how to get him up out of om, but his reaction to her fingers over his abs makes her think that he'd been lying. He lets out a load moan, but stays still under her ministrations. She nips at his earlobe, and he tilts his head back onto hers, allowing her more access.
Erin reaches down a little lower and takes his length into her hand and starts to rub, his body reacting to her quickly. His breath coming in short pants that make her smile. He starts rutting into her hand, and she can feel that he is close when he starts to tense up, and she continues jerking him until he comes. He turns around in her arms and they kiss. She forgets that her hand is covered in semen and gets it all over the sheets and his back, which makes him pull back from her and glare. "Great. Now we need to change the sheets, again."

Lindsay laughs at him and decides to add to his mortification. "We would have had to anyway. You leaked." She grabs his hand and pokes it into the wet spot between them. He buries his face into the pillow, causing her to laugh even harder. She can hear his murmuring faintly through the pillow, "That's just great."

"I didn't mind that much." She'd woken up during the night and smelt him, and her only reaction had been to snuggle closer and curl herself around him like all she desired was to protect him from some unseen terror. His reaction was, as usual, completely unnecessary. "Yeah well. It's not you that's leaking."

Erin pokes him in the side. "I think you will find that most women kinda get wet and leak a little when in sexual situations." She grabs his hand again and guides it between her legs. "See? I was touching you inappropriately and I started leaking."

He shakes his head, but leaves the topic alone, happy to be touching her and feeling evidence of her arousal. "Even just the smell of you right now makes me wet, Jay."

He pushes her over so that she's on her back, allowing him better access to her. He runs a finger through her cunt, starting at her clit and working down until he is pushing his fingers into her. She grinds down on his hand, and he continues fingerling her for a couple of seconds, just enjoying the feeling of her and the way that she's reacting to his touch.

Pulling his fingers from her, he reaches up and tweaks a nipple before hoisting himself on top, pushing himself into her. The only benefit to being in heat, if you asked him, was that his refractory period was much shorter.

Once he feels himself coming closer and closer to coming, the pleasure boiling low within him, Erin reaches up and buries her face back into his neck, kissing and nibbling at his skin. He reaches down between them to touch her clit, knowing that was the way to get her to come with him. Erin decides she's had enough of lying under Jay in a subservient position and pushes one of his shoulders back as she flips them both over, and Jay lets her reposition him below her, so she is riding him. She sits up on his body, one of her hands splayed on his chest for balance, the other drifting up Jay's body to grip around his throat in a chokehold. She tightens her grip just a little, so she's limiting the amount of air he can suck into his lungs, but not so tight that he's unable to breathe.

Jay closes his eyes, losing himself in the feeling of being in her, the way her walls are tightening around his dick, the feeling of comfort, and home, and love that was flowing through them. She grabs onto his wrist, pressing into the mark, sending him deeper, and he can feel that he's hovering just on the edge of om, and for once he wants to go there. He wants to drop down with Erin right now, so that she can remember that he belongs to her tonight when he goes undercover to catch
Between the added weight on his throat and her touching the mating bite, he feels himself dropping fast, that hazy feeling, almost like lightheadedness, and lets himself fall. Normally he would try and keep himself somewhat lucid, but all he wants is to feel her, and let her take him. He drops like a stone this time, deeper than he'd allowed himself to drop with Erin.

Erin grinds against him even harder, turned on by Jay letting himself drop. She takes her hand from around his throat and grips onto his hair instead. She doesn't want to be choking him when he can't safeword or won't fight her off. She can see that he's gone, that he's riding a wave of sensation and trust. She buries her face back into his neck and bites down hard, careful to miss all the arteries and veins. She doesn't break the skin, but comes close. Jay bucks up into her one last time before coming, the combination of pleasure, pain and om too much for him to handle.

Erin rocks against him while his dick starts softening inside her, and moans when he slips out of her. Jay reaches a hand down and starts stroking her clit, his fingers nimble against her nerves. She lets him stroke her for a couple seconds before grabbing his hand and pulling it so that his hand is next to his head on the pillow. She smiles down at him for a second. "Tap my thigh hard if you need me to move."

Jay frowns at her, as she certainly isn't heavy enough to warrant him needing her to move when she's straddling his thighs. Plus he apparently had a safeword for that. He understands what she was saying more fully after a couple of seconds when she crawls forward on her knees so she is straddling his upper chest. Her eyes seek out his, just checking that this is okay, before moving forward a little more so she is straddling his face. She grips his hair and guides his mouth to her clit.

"You're so good at this." She pulls his head to where she wants him to focus his attention while rubbing against his face. She knows that he'd be eating his own come at the same time as eating her out, and that thought makes her groan and grind even harder against his tongue.

She doesn't last long, she'd been close to orgasm earlier when she'd bitten him, but she stays sitting on his face for a minute, enjoying his tongue gently licking at her flesh, cleaning her and tasting her. He's not doing it with any intention to get her to orgasm again, but it seemed more intimate, more like a form of worship, than when he was eating her out in pursuit of an orgasm.

She shuffles down his body so she is straddling his chest and looks down at her omega (she never thought that she would say that about anyone), before leaning down to kiss him gently.

"We should get up and have showers."

"Will will be here soon."

Jay groans under her but removes his hands from her thighs so that she can get off him completely. He follows her into the shower and hopes they have enough time for another round before his brother actually turns up.

"Well, your temperature, heart rate and bp are all in the normal range for your stage, Jay." Will removes the blood pressure cuff from around Jay's bare arm, and as always keeping an eye on the Alpha in the room while touching the bonded, in heat omega. It was strange to think of Jay like that, but he could smell the pheromones, could feel the connection in the air between them. It was intense. He wanted it for himself, but at this point he couldn't see that happening any time soon.

Will puts the blood pressure cuff away and looks at his younger brother seriously. "So, have you
"decided you're going undercover?" He knows that although he said Jay shouldn't do it, his dense brother would have decided to go through with the plan.

"Yeah. We're doing it tonight." Jay points at the syringe sitting on the table. "That will work tonight, right? Just in case?" Jay wasn't planning on letting Duns touch him in any way, wasn't planning on being left alone with the psycho killer, but he knew better than most that often plans went sideways and it was important to be prepared.

"It will work within three to four hours of injection, and will stay present in your system for at least three weeks. You won't be able to get pregnant for that time. You're also rendered infertile, so you won't get Erin pregnant either."

He looks at the Alpha who is hovering a couple meters away from the two brothers, not wanting to impose. "I assume you're on the pill?"

Lindsay nods, while Jay shakes his head in disbelief. "Will, you're not her doctor. We're old enough to manage our own contraception."

Will glares down at Jay, "Don't forget, you're on the books as my patient, and Lindsay is your mate. Your reproductive health is my business regardless of how awkward or uncomfortable that makes you."

He doesn't give Jay any warning before stabbing the injection into the vein on the inside of his elbow. "So, there are a few side effects from this drug." He keeps his face serious, wanting to impress on both of them that this drug's side effects were nothing to sniff at. "You may feel some cramping and stabbing pains in the next couple of hours, but that should subside. It's no worse than the usual heat pains, so you probably won't know the difference. You might feel cold, almost like when you had the heat-stop, but it won't last as long or be as intense. Your body won't be as hot during your heat and you will produce less lubricant."

Jay looks away uncomfortably at that. Will continues, "So, if you are doing anything of an anal nature use lots of lube. I don't want to have to stitch you up. Okay?"

Jay hasn't turned his attention back to his brother, but Lindsay nods her head at Will, her face just as serious as his. "Sure, I'll be careful."

Will throws the needle and alcohol wipe into the bin, looking forward to being able to get out of here. He felt that standing between Erin and Jay was like standing between two massive magnets, and he was just waiting to be squished by their unrelenting pull to one another.

"Okay. I'll get out of your hair. Jay, I still don't think this is a good idea. Next heat, as your doctor, I'm going to insist on you not doing anything stupid and actually taking the time off work. If you can't manage to get time off work for whatever reason, I will have you committed to a heat hospice for the period, and then you can have a supervised heat with medical care. You're lucky I didn't just veto this undercover op this time."

He turns his attention on Erin. "Look after him. Make sure he eats, drinks lots of water and stretches. He could probably do with some exercise that occurs outside the bedroom after the first few days are over." He turns his expression serious again. "If you need anything, call me. If you can't stand me coming into your house," Will wasn't sure how comfortable she would be with another Alpha while they were deeper into Jay's heat, "Just let me know and I can get April or Dr. Choi to come and look after you both, okay?" April is an omega, while Ethan is a beta, so both should be acceptable presences if Erin and Jay were feeling particularly twitchy.
Will walks to the door and lets himself out, hoping that Jay doesn't get hurt and that he can trust the Intelligence unit as much as Jay seems to trust them. He doesn't understand Erin, either. If he was bonded, there was no way he would ever let his omega put themselves in a dangerous situation during their heat. He knew that if anything happened to Jay, even if it was something minor, Erin would never forgive herself.

Will hopes that it never comes to that.

The mood in the Intelligence Department had been pensive and strained all day. They were acutely aware that the longer they didn't act, the more time Duns had to prepare for the handoff. They'd spent all day tracking down the missing omegas, and had been reassured when all the missing omegas had been accounted for. Duns should be desperate to get his hands on Halstead to replace the latest victim that he'd killed and dumped.

Voight had been in a terrible mood, the door to his office remaining shut unless he was out in the bullpen telling them to get a wriggle on with prepping for the mission. Olinsky had come in for the morning briefing, shared a quiet word with Voight and then disappeared himself. No one had seen Olinsky again until he'd turned up at 4pm, a serious look on his face that brokered no room for asking what was going on.

Just before seven, Voight emerges from his office, and stands in the middle of the room waiting, and it's only when they hear Halstead and Lindsay's voices that they realise the Sergeant had heard or smelt their approach and appeared to greet them. Ruzek jumps up and practically runs to them when he sees they are carrying bags full of burgers. He stops dead when Erin lets out a deep growl. Halstead laughs and puts all the bags down on Dawson's desk. "No sudden moves, Ruzek. She might rip out your throat." Dawson and Olinsky both darkly chuckle at that, but Adam can tell that Jay's words were a warning – to keep his distance from Jay, so that Lindsay doesn't lose it. He's used to omegas being in heat, he'd helped Burgess through two, and although he wasn't an Alpha, he still knew that he felt protective. It must be even worse for Lindsay and Halstead, what with being bonded. Sometimes he wished that he and Burgess could bond – it made him feel like he couldn't provide everything she needed when he couldn't satisfy the needs of an omega.

"No problems, Erin. I'm not gonna touch." He stops and holds his hands in the air, wiggling his fingers in a gesture that obviously means that he's not going to touch her mate. "Although I am going to do unspeakable things to this burger."

Erin laughs at him and then picks up a burger and walks over to Voight, passing it over, knowing that he wouldn't come any closer to Jay until she gave him permission. "You're all good, boss." Voight relaxes a little, but he is painfully aware that he is in the same room as a heated omega and their mate. It feels like World War Three might kick off if he looks at Halstead the wrong way.

Burgess comes into Intelligence, and Antonio throws her a burger. Roman, following behind, picks up his own and starts to unwrap the burger from the greased paper.

Kim sits as far from Jay as possible, and she wrinkles her nose at the other omega. "Ugh. Heat smell."

Jay nods his head and smiles at her comment, obviously agreeing with her.

Burgess smiles at the other omega, a bit stunned that he seems so in control of his own faculties. Usually when she was at that stage of heat, when she was smelling that ripe, she couldn't carry on a coherent conversation. She would be grinding herself on the closest available dominant man. The
only concessions Jay seemed to be making towards his heat was wearing a t-shirt where a jumper would normally be required, and occasionally shifting uncomfortably in his chair.

Omegas who were suppressed were extra sensitive to the scent of omega in heat, and didn't find the smell pleasant like an Alpha did. If she had been unsuppressed her body would try and cycle with Jay's considering they spent quite a bit of time together. Since Jay had been outed as an omega, she had started to feel a sense of solidarity with him, almost like they were in a super select and cool group, they would often sit near each other at Molly's. Jay had even started to say hello and ask how she was around the precinct, when he usually tried to keep to himself. She was glad they couldn't cycle – as they both were normally on suppressants - she didn't think the precinct could cope with the hormonal insanity that was two unsuppressed omegas cycling naturally. It was something that usually only omegas who stayed at home, poly households or weird hippy communes did these days.

Voight walks over to the white board now that he has permission to come closer to Jay. He taps the mugshot of Duns they had all been staring at all day.

"We have the meet at 8 tonight." He taps the map. "I've arranged it to be in a parking lot." He writes the address up next to the map, and draws a line to a big red dot that is on the map.

"Halstead and I will go in, and I will offer to sell Halstead to him. He's already taken the bait, so he should have the money with him and is expecting a straight swap – omega for money."

Lindsay feels herself tense at the way Voight is talking about Jay. That he's a commodity to be traded. She tells herself to calm down and that this is a job. Jay was currently an undercover operative, not an omega in her, and by extension, Voight's family. Voight would talk about any of the Intelligence operatives in the same manner if they were going undercover.

Voight continues. "Jay, stay in the backseat, laying down. I'll say that I'd given him a mild sedative that should be wearing off soon."

Jay nods at this, happy he wasn't going to be locked in the trunk or anything. He'd had thoughts a crooked cop would deliver a captured omega by putting them in the trunk, and he'd been about to veto that transportation method. He didn't want to be in a dark trunk, waiting to be handed over to a mad man.

"Jay will keep his nine mil tucked into the cushions, just in case things go south. We've modified the back of the car so that the gun is invisible to the outside world, but easy to get to. When the deal is done and I have the money in my hands, we will take down Duns. The takedown word is juice." He looks at Halstead. "You don't get out of that car. If you need to defend yourself, you can shoot him through the window of the SUV."

Jay nods at Voight, making it clear he understands his role. Voight then goes through the tactical plan for the takedown and where everyone will be waiting. He wraps up the briefing and tells everyone to go ready their kit.

Erin approaches the Sergeant and asks to speak to him in private. Voight looks at her for a second before nodding once, striding to his office, holding the door for her and then letting it close after them.

"What's up, Erin?"

"I need to talk to you about Jay. You're going to be with him, and you need to know a little about his limits and what you can do and what I will kill you for doing. I know he looks fine out there,"
she motions out of the window of the office where Jay is talking with Dawson. "But he's already
deep in heat and spending most of his time in om."

Voight raises an eyebrow. "Does he know you're talking to me about this?" He wonders because
she gets angry when he makes decisions for her, and now it appears she's doing the same thing to
Halstead.

She glares at him. "OF course we talked about it, Voight. I'm not a monster."

Voight just raises an eyebrow and then rolls his hand around, as if telling her to get a move on with
the conversation.

Erin takes a deep breath before barrelling in, nervous that she's about to be sharing such intimate
details of Jay with their boss. "No sensory deprivation. Don't blindfold him, don't deafen him in
any way. So, he can't go in the trunk of a car." Lindsay makes eye contact with Voight so that she
knows how serious she is. "I don't know what he will be like when he's with just you, but he's been
slipping in and out of om for the last couple of days. He said it's normal for him to spend most of
his heat down to some extent."

Voight nods. "That will help us then, him being down. He'll look more vulnerable."

Lindsay glares at him, scared that he doesn't seem to get the problem. "He will be more vulnerable,
Hank. He'll be obedient, and submissive. Don't expect him to talk to you at all. He might answer a
direct question, but I don't think he can lie when he's down, so it could compromise his cover if
you ask him how he's doing. Understand?" She takes a deep breath. "I'm not sure how well he will
actually be able to defend himself, so his safety is on you."

"I got it. I won't ask him anything. I'll look after him, Erin. It's going to be less then twenty
minutes, he'll be armed and the whole unit, you included, will be moving in within seconds of me
saying the takedown word." He reaches out to her and places his hand on her arm. "I know you're
worried, and that he's in heat and you want to be with him, but I will look after him. He'll be
coming home, and you will be out of here within the next two hours."

Erin nods her head at her mentor, wanting to trust in what he is saying, but she can't help but feel
like something is going to go terribly, horribly wrong.

Mouse jiggles the small tracker between his fingers, waiting for Erin to acknowledge him and
allow him to get closer to Jay. It takes him clearing his throat a couple of times, but eventually Erin
smiles at him kindly and moves back to give him space. It makes him nervous, He and Jay had
been in difficult situations plenty of times before, but Erin was now invested, and she had never
liked seeing her partner hurt. Now that they were mated, he imagined that would only get more
volatile.

"I dug out the good stuff for you, bro." He holds up the small plastic device, which was slightly
larger than a vitamin pill. "It's an internal tracker." He passes it over to Erin so that she could look
at it closely.

"An internal tracker? This isn't available to CPD?" Erin asks, confused. Mouse knows that he can't
pass it off as something the precinct provided now.

"Uh… yeah. It's uh… it's mine."

Jay raises an eyebrow. The pill now being held between his thumb and finger, looking at the beige
surface for a tell-tale marking, "Looks suspiciously like the ones that they gave us in the Army for
special ops."

Mouse looks down at the linoleum floor. "Yeah, uh… Yes, maybe. I hacked it so I can track the signal and they can't."

"And he swallows it, right?" Erin asks, looking at the pill the Jay is now holding up to the light.

"Well, either that or it's inserted, uh, rectally. It's disposable after it's been used, either way, of course." Mouse looks away awkwardly.

Erin laughs. "He'll swallow it."

Jay sits back against his chair, Erin sitting on the table in front of him. Everyone else was giving them privacy, either vesting up downstairs or getting their gear in order. She knew that Voight, or possibly Olinsky, had given them the signal that they should move on. She appreciated it, that's for sure.

She'd considered trying to convince Jay to stay up, not to go into om. That he'd be safer, and better able to defend himself if he was fully aware of the situation. He was a good enough actor, so he would be able to act like he was under if he needed to. Plus, this guy probably wouldn't think it was any better if Jay was under compared to if he was up. He wanted to take him back to his place to rape and murder him, and it wouldn't matter if his victim was up or down, backwards or forward.

Taking in the way Jay's shoulders were hunching over, and the slightly glazed look in his eyes, she knew that it wouldn't be fair to ask him to stay up if he couldn't. It was like sleep depriving someone for days, starving them and then asking them to cook a six course meal without tasting a single thing.

"Hey babe." She runs her hand into his hair, still feeling weird being affectionate in the office. She wished that he wasn't in heat, and that they had just sprayed him while he was suppressed so that he seemed like he was heated. Or even sent someone else in – she thought that any of them would have been just as convincing as Jay was. "Do what you have to, follow Hank's lead, okay? He's," she pauses, wondering if what she's about to say has always been truth, or was it just now that she'd bonded Jay that it'd become truth. "He's pack. Okay?"

Jay nods his head, moving her hand with the movement of his head, and leaning forward to kiss her.

"Stay in the car. If it looks like you're going to be dragged out, either by Duns or… Voight," She really didn't want to think that Voight would do that to Jay, but she could never be sure. "You shoot Duns. Hell, shoot Hank if you have to. Just come home to me."

"I'll do what I need to, babe. I need you." His eyes drift down, and she can see that his dick is hard against the material of his tight jeans. It looks slightly obscene, and she knows that he'd probably do anything to have her right now, but they are at work, and she isn't about to break that rule so spectacularly. Jay would never forgive her.

"As soon as you are home, you can fuck me all over the house, okay?"

Jay gives her one of his megawatt smiles. "That sounds like an excellent coming home present."

The back seat of the SVU was surprisingly comfortable, and Jay had to keep reminding himself not to fall asleep. He'd also been trying to keep himself out of om, but he could feel the pull, constantly
dragging him down. Heats were best spent in om or asleep and he was struggling to resist both right now. Voight had kept a tense silence since they had set off from the precinct and that helped him not want to drop under – uncomfortable silences certainly weren't his thing.

Voight turns another corner – their second, and he knows that they are now only five minutes away from the meet. He'd studied the map multiple times, counting how many corners they would take on the route that had been marked in green, and how long each stretch of road would take. Five turns, the last two within a hundred yards of one another. Then pulling up in front of the warehouse. It was cliché, these sorts of things always seemed to go down in abandoned warehouses, but they weren't actually going to be inside the building, just waiting in what had been the employee's parking lot. The street was home some condemned buildings, multiple abandoned worksites and a courier company that was normally closed at night. There were lots of places for Intelligence to hide away in their cars, a couple tall buildings for Olinsky to perch in and no bystanders or witnesses. It was perfect for this swap, and although he knew that Voight had selected it, it still feels ominous.

The car pulls up on the loose gravel, and he can't help but tense his whole body in anticipation. He knows it's stupid, because they are going to at least talk and make the swap before Voight brings Duns any closer to the car. They both assumed that Duns would want to see Jay before handing over the money, but they'd decided that he could look through the window and Jay would shift on the seat when Voight tapped the glass.

Voight's door opens, and he hears the older man's boots crunch on the loose stones of the parking lot, and then take a couple steps away from the car. Another door, further in the distance, and of an older model, if the metallic 'clung' is any indication, than the SVU. More footsteps as the two men approach one another, and Halstead wishes he could poke his head up and get a visual, because acting as bait is driving him mad. He wraps his hand around the grip of the Glock, and readies himself in case things kick off.

"Sergeant Voight?"

Hank just grunts.

"I've heard about you, but didn't realise that you were dealing in omegas these days." Jay wonders when the criminals of Chicago were going to catch up that Voight wasn't on their side. It seemed like their stupidity was endless.

"Branchin' out."

"Is he here? The omega?" The anticipation and excitement that thickens the Alpha's voice makes Jay feel sick.

"Yes. I gave him a sedative, but he's sleeping, not unconscious. You bring the money?"

"Of course I brought the money. I won't hand it over till I see him." Jay hears a zip being dragged down its tracks, most likely showing Voight the contents of a bag of some description. Not being able to see what is happening is setting him more on edge, and it worries him because he can feel that his reflexes and senses have been dulled by his heat.

Voight makes a sound of acceptance when he sees the money. "That'll do." More gravel under boots. "Have a look. He's a tall one but he's completely heat fucked. He's a day into his proper heat, but had an intense pre-heat of a few days."

It's weird, hearing Voight talk about him like that, and he reminds himself that it's part of the cover
and Voight's playing a character.

He hears a tap against the glass and shuffles around on the seat a little, wanting to give Duns a good view of him without compromising his grip on the Glock. He's waiting for the takedown word, to spring up and sit with the weapon trained on the serial killer, but Voight seems to be letting him dig his grave just a little bit.

"So, is he what you wanted?" Duns mustn't have handed over the money yet, and Jay feels the anticipation pulse through him, it's a huge effort to remain still and focused on not being a threat. He doesn't want to tip off Duns before he actually hands over the money.

"Oh yeah, he's stunning." Great, thanks. "He's so ripe, I can smell him from here." Jay knows that all the adrenaline he had been feeling in the last couple of minutes would have caused him to sweat more, which in turn leads to him smelling like a fruit salad left in the sun to spoil.

He hears the two men shift, and can tell that they are about to make the swap. "He's going to fit in so well with the other two sluts I have at the house."

Jay freezes. They'd thought he had no more omegas imprisoned. It was a risk to take Duns off the street and hope they would crack him before the omegas die of dehydration. Voight knew as well as he did that a psychotic Alpha like Duns would withhold the omega's location just so he could have some control over the situation. Thinking about the tracker he'd swallowed, he turns around to look out the window.

He can't see Duns, but he can see Voight's expression. He's trying to decide what his decision should be. Jay knows he'd want to call the takedown word so that they could arrest this killer, but at the same time, he didn't want to damn two omegas to death.

Voight looks through the window at Halstead, and the younger man puts all his effort into communicating with his eyes. He hopes it doesn't just look like he's eyefucking his boss, but that Voight has some of the ability Erin does in reading him.

His message must get across because then the door beyond his feet is opened and Voight reaches into the car to roughly manhandle him from his lying position. Once Voight is looming over him, blocking him from Duns' view, he nods his approval of this new plan to his boss. Erin's going to kill him. She'd said to stay in the car, and not let either Duns or Voight pull him out. He wonders it's still bad considering it was he himself that decided to get out the car.

Now he is locked into playing his role, so as Voight pulls him out of the car, he bucks up against the older man's thigh and makes sure he is close to the button mic on Voight's shirt. "Please… let me…" He says it loud enough for Duns to hear, but he's talking to his mate, hoping that she wasn't about to come around the corner and save him from himself.

Voight looks a bit shocked at Halstead's action – never had he imagined that Halstead would be rubbing his erection against him, but he could appreciate the situation the detective was in. Needing to pass on a message to Erin while staying in character. It also reassured Voight that Jay did actually want to go through with extending the undercover op, that Hank wasn't reading his signals wrong.

He pushes Halstead away from him, towards Duns. The killer looks like all his Christmases have come at once when he takes in the Detective's body and the heat-fucked expression on his face.

Duns pulls the young man into the back of the van, his eyes roaming his new catch. The omega
was much bigger than he'd appeared in the pictures, six feet and quite muscular, but that just added to the thrill and challenge. As the boy was already deep in his heat, he was quite compliant. The collar might be a little tighter around his throat than he'd planned, but that was a small discomfort that the bitch could stand until he got him back to the house and could grab a larger collar.

The cold steel wraps around his throat, and Jay feels like gagging at the feeling of constriction. He'd never worn a collar – he'd never been with an Alpha who liked it. It was one of those old fashioned things that some bonded pairs did in private, you rarely saw omegas walking around with a collar around their neck. Now he knows what it feels like, he knows it's going to be added to his list of limits when he gets home.

Jay remind himself to think of the two omegas who need him right now. He keeps his eyes lowered, hoping that the dangerous killer doesn't notice that they are no longer glazed, that he's completely in control of his body and brain. If Duns works out that Jay is playing him, it's possible he will immediately kill Jay rather than have a fight on his hands.

Playing up the heat, he presses his face against Duns' hands when he reaches out to clip a chain to the ring in the centre of the collar. The chain is attached to a ring welded into the floor of the van, and as soon as he's attached to it, Jay knows he can't use his brute strength to escape from this. He would need to be released from his bonds. Not that he was planning on fighting back until he had been taken back to wherever Duns was keeping the two omegas. He could stand being in danger, being touched by this monster, because he knew he was saving others who had it much worse. Plus, he knew that the team would be frantically waiting for the tracker to become stationary and then Intelligence would be coming in after him. He had complete faith in them.
Erin slams her hand down hard onto the dashboard of the 300. Atwater looks at her out of the corner of his eye, not believing safe to engage her in conversation just yet. Her bonded omega has just been driven away, bound, by a serial killer. To say her anger levels were soaring would be an understatement, and he didn't want to get in her range of fire. He knew that when it came to the relationship between Lindsay and Halstead, they were both fearless and quick to protect one another.

"Fuckin' Halstead!" Lindsay's use of Jay's surname was loaded with pain and anger, and Atwater knew that it wouldn't be long before she was tearing strips from Voight or letting Jay get out of the car and be taken by Duns.

"We got a tracker on him, right?" Atwater asks, trying to remind Lindsay that they planned for this, and all was not yet lost.

Lindsay put her face in her hands for a couple of seconds, trying to press the tension headache that was quickly developing into submission. She hadn't wanted to believe that they were going to use the trackers that they had planted on Jay. "Yeah, a couple."

Lindsay's phone begins to ring, and looking at the display, answering when she sees that it's Olinsky calling her, from his position on a rooftop nearby. She knows that he would be the last one with visuals on Jay, and she needed to know how he was. She was also hoping that Olinsky might say that Jay had gotten away, that he'd fought back and wasn't currently in the back of a serial killer's van.

"You got eyes, Al?" She doesn't mess around with pleasantries, too much was at stake.

"They're heading further South, Voight and Antonio are already tailing them at a distance, follow them until we can get and updated location from Mouse."

Lindsay nods her head and motions to Atwater to follow Voight's car, which they can see in the distance.

"Did you see him get in the van?" She knows that Olinsky would have watched Duns take Jay and she needed to know how he was. She was also hoping that Olinsky would tell her that Jay had gotten away. She still considered that best case scenario, and she pushed the guilt that she felt when she thought about those two omegas down. Her primary objective was keeping her mate safe, being a detective came second to that, and always would.

Olinsky pauses for a second. "Yeah. He's chained up in the back, so don't ram'em if you do catch up. He'll be fine." He tries to reassure her before ending the call, so that he can start to pack up the rifle and other surveillance gear into his go bag. He had a feeling that they would be needing all hands on deck before long.

Lindsay checks that her gun is still on her hip – she's already imagining how it's going to feel to slot this son of a bitch. There was no way she was going to let anyone else end this bastard. She owned Dun's death just as much as she owned Jay's life. She thumbs up Mouse's cell phone, and hopes that he's got eyes on, or at least a location for Jay and Duns.

She feels reassured when the first thing that he says to her is that all four trackers are currently transmitting Jay's location, the signal clear as day, and they can pinpoint Jay's location to under a
hundred feet.

"Okay Mouse. Keep me updated on what's happening. We need to get this bastard."

Atwater steers the car towards the intersection and is glad that Voight had told Lindsay that she needed to be in the passenger seat. The reasoning had been that they needed her to be mobile – able to get to Jay as quickly as possible if things at the meet had gone wrong. Now Kevin is wondering if somehow the Sergeant had foreseen things going tits-up and hadn't wanted a distraught and angry Lindsay playing demolition derby on the streets of Chicago. She was a great tactical driver, but he knew that her driving abilities would have become significantly more aggressive in this current situation.

Jay had known as soon as the collar had clicked shut around his neck and his hands were bound behind his back that there was no easy way of getting out of this situation until Duns released him. This didn't bother him too much as he was the Trojan horse – he wanted Duns to bring him into his house where he could then rescue the captured omegas. The idea that they were in for a life of rape and torture before their gruesome deaths added to his resolve, and he would do what it takes to save them.

He could feel that his body was overheating – the sweat dripping from him and the dampness in the seat of his sweatpants. His heat was starting to hit him hard now, and he wanted to rub his dick against the van floor, but he shakes his head to try and clear those impulses from his mind. It reminded him of his time in Afghanistan when he'd been humping Mouse's leg and avoiding the snipers hunting them down. Once again, he was going to be going through his heat and demanding more of his body than he knows he should. Once this is over, he's going to demand a long weekend off, and steal Erin away to the cabin. As inappropriate as it is, just the thought of his mate arouses him, and he feels more lubricant trying to escape his body.

Jay is jolted from his thoughts when Duns hits the breaks, his body being pushed forward against the collar, which is attached to the metal ring in the floor. For a couple of seconds all the air is forced from his lungs and he can't get another breath in. The van comes to a complete stop, and he manages to drag in a deep breath and then the light-headedness hits him. The collar had just locked him in a sleeper choke hold. He thinks back to his training, knowing that there is something else important to remember about that side of the neck. Something the instructors had continually warned all the troopers about. All his memories of his military training flood back, all the hand to hand instruction seems to be coming to him like he's watching a series of fucked up kung-fu movies, and he can't remember what's correct and what's fiction – artistic license of his oxygen starved brain.

It then hits him – if Duns slams the breaks on too hard, he might get flipped forward. With his hands restrained behind his back, he wouldn't be able to brace himself from snapping forward too much. The force and angle would be just right to snap his neck, leaving those two omegas in even more danger.

His new priority is to flip himself over onto his back, to twist his neck in the tight metal collar enough so he can use his hands on the metal floor of the truck to somewhat stabilise himself. If he was on his back, Duns breaking hard wouldn't be a life ending situation.
Olinsky watches the van break and turn right at the intersection, leaving his field of vision. He's lying on top of a building three doors down from the warehouse, everything but the scope packed away so that he could bail as soon as he lost visual. He had an open line to the rest of intelligence and Mouse stuffed in his ear canal.

"Just turned right, and I've lost visual. Mouse, you still got him?"

"Affirmative. All trackers working. He'd heading east. Voight's catching up." Mouse's voice is tight but controlled, and it reminds Alvin that Jay's best friend is a battle experienced soldier too. He wouldn't be at panic stations yet. He'd wait until this ordeal is over. Al thinks that once Jay is back home where he belongs, he should take a bottle of red to Mouse's place just to check on the younger man. He had the feeling that today's events would be bringing bad memories to the forefront of the ex-Ranger's mind.

"I'm gonna get down stairs, Ruzek, get the car running." He picks up his go bag and the rifle case, being careful not to bang the case against anything, lest he de-calibrates the rifle. That would be a sure way of pissing Halstead off when they got back. Incorrectly handled weapons was one of Jay's buzurk buttons, he'd delivered a ten minute lecture to Antonio after the senior detective had stowed a pistol down the front of his pants. His lecture had included detailed description of the man's penis being shot off, and Halstead had driven the point home by drawing a diagram of the angles of fire on the whiteboard, showing that the average man – say 5 inches – was in danger of unplanned circumcision from unplanned fire. He had wanted to laugh at the shocked and pale faces of the male members of their team, and he hadn't broken Halstead's safety warnings by telling the guys that he'd received the exact same lecture in boot camp – it was a common weapon safety fear tactic, and Halstead had delivered it better than anyone he had heard before.

"Roger." He can hear Mouse typing away while responding.

As he is running down the stairs as quick as he can, he is glad that he no longer has to run up and down high-rises as often as he used to. He and Voight now got the privilege of turning up after the perps had been chased down, leaving a lot of the legwork to the younger Detectives and officers.

He carefully places the gun in the boot, checks that his own pistol is on his hip and then joins in the chase. He hopes that they get there before things go to complete shit.

The van comes to an abrupt stop, and as Jay's body moves upwards against the cold metal floor, he is glad he'd managed to turn around, knowing that he would be dead if he had remained in the position Duns had left him in. His throat feels raw, and he knows that he's at least bruised his neck turning his head in the metal restraint. Collars were certainly now on his no-go list. He hoped it wasn't it wasn't some kink of Erin's that he'd yet to discover. Some Alphas really did have a thing for restrictive neck-wear, and up to this point in his life, the idea hadn't disgusted him.

He can still hear the sounds of traffic passing them by, so he assumes they have stopped in a parking lot or on the side of the road somewhere. He calls out for help, even though he knows that it probably won't be heard, but he knows that Duns would expect his prisoner to be screaming for help. In reality he was content to rely on the trackers that were secreted all over, and inside, his body.

The back doors of the van fly open and Jay blinks against the streetlight that floods the van. It hadn't seemed dark in the back until he could contrast it with the light flooding in now. He can see the silhouette of Duns, and when the killer steps up into the van and shuts the door behind him, Jay
can see that he's holding a wicked looking serrated knife.

Although Jay is still biding his time, he scales down the likely percentage chance of him surviving this if Intelligence don't come to his aid. The man is armed with a knife, while Jay is restrained and sinking into one of the harshest heats he can remember. Duns steps closer, and Jay can't hide the flinch that ticks his body. The glee in Duns' eyes is horrifying and makes Jay's skin crawl. He feels for all the other omegas who have been in his place before him. It would have been so much worse for them.

The other man laughs at him. "So, now you know how fucked you are. But I don't trust that cop any further than I could throw him." Duns runs the knife down Jay's cheek, just hard enough that a red line appears.

Jay knows he has to continue to play his role. "Please, please let me go!" He moves his face away from the knife as much as the collar will allow, but all that does is bump his head against Duns' knee. He jerks his body back in the other direction, and feels the blade cut deeper into his cheek.

"Oh bitch, how prettily you beg. I can't wait to have you." He reaches down and grabs Halstead's shoes, pulling them off one by one. He then unbuttons Jay's jeans and laughs when Jay starts to struggle, trying to wriggle away from the hands that are pulling the denim down his legs. "It's okay, pet. I've just got to strip you off, you know, for our security."

The feeling of being a victim in this whole game is raised when Duns' fondles Jay through the fabric of his underwear. For a second, he thinks that means he will be able to keep the cotton shorts, but then that knife comes down and Jay freezes as Duns cuts the fabric, pulling the fabric away from his body. He just wants to curl up and protect his modest, to avoid the gleeful gaze of this monster, but there is no way he can get away.

The knife returns and cuts at the black fabric of his tee-shirt, and Duns pauses when he sees exactly how muscular his latest catch is. Definitely not one of those children he has back home. Now that Jay is naked, he can smell the slick, the ripe scent of omega on heat, and it excites the unhinged Alpha even more. He had to ignore his own desires, and his growing erection because he knows that it is safer to have the bitch back at his house.

"No one can hear your cries for help, slut. But if you keep annoying me, I'll be forced to gag you." He holds up a gag, a large red ball type one that Halstead is sure would look ridiculous and probably wouldn't fit in his mouth. "Don't make me that angry, okay?"

Jay nods, and Duns smiles when he sees the tears streaking down the other man's face, and the sheen of sweat that is making his body glow. His erection is as hard as it has ever been, this combination of omega scent, power and the visuals. The quicker he gets home, the better.

Duns takes the clothes and throws them into a trashcan in the parking lot. He had a feeling that the cop might have put a bug or tracker on the bitch – he would be able to take Duns money and then resell the omega if he killed Duns. He might be paranoid, but he didn't want to take the chance.

Getting back into the driver's seat of the van, he smiles and fondles himself when he hears the faint sound of the omega trying to escape his restraints in the back of the van. No one could see into the back, but he wanted to get his latest prize home before too late. Plus, he knew that he was about to enter the range of his signal blocker – which meant he would be as safe as houses.
Mouse was watching the three trackers stay stationary while the fourth, the internal, started
moving again. The bastard had most likely stripped Jay and dumped his clothes. That meant that
the killer was anticipating that this could be a trap, or he had very strict security procedures. Jay
being stripped naked did worry him, but as long as the tracker was moving, he knew that he was
likely safe. It was hard to rape or torture someone while driving, it was when that tracker stopped
that he would need the team to move in quickly. Jay could survive some nudity – he knew that as
part of anti-interrogation training both he and Jay had been stripped naked and tortured. His friend
would be worried, and scared, but he could deal with this. He would have to deal with this.

"Guys, Duns has dumped the three trackers – he must have found them, or stripped Jay off just in
case."

He can hear the tension in Voight's voice. "Fuck. Do we have any idea where he might be
headed?"

Mouse feels bad for all of half a second about not telling the Sergeant that he had planted an
internal tracker on Jay. 'I'm still tracking him using a tracker he swallowed.'

The lines go dead as everyone comprehends that Mouse had been hiding some technological
equipment from the CPD.

"You can check out the parking lot where he dumped the other trackers, if you want, but I assume
you will just find his clothes and shoes." He provides the address of the parking lot, but rightly
guesses that no one is interested in going somewhere that they knew Jay isn't.

"He's still headed east, on the same street. You guys are less than a mile from him, and are
maintaining that distance."

Voight roughly responds. "Mouse, keep an eye on him. Olinsky? Have you caught up?"

"We're right on your tail, boss." Ruzek answers for his mentor.

"Lindsay? Are you and Atwater still with us?"

"We're on the parallel road, just south of the one he's on, just in case we need to cut him off."
Lindsay checks the map on her tablet. "We're just ahead of him, and if you need us to, we can be
on him in minutes."

Voight can hear the steel in her voice. She would want nothing more at this moment than to torture
and kill the man holding her mate, but it was too risky to get into a car chase with Jay in the back
of the van. They didn't know if he was properly secured – he might fly through the front of the van
if the rammed it. "We stick to the game plan. We let Duns take him to his lair, and then we take
him"

"Yes boss." Hank is glad to hear the restraint in her voice, she was managing to keep it together
despite the massive pressure she was under. He knew how much of a struggle that must be.

Mouse keeps his eyes trained on the GPS co-ordinates flashing up on the screen, transmissions
from Jay's tracker. He liked to think about the little pill navigating around Jay's cast iron stomach,
battling against the pizza, burgers and coffee that appeared to be the staples of his friend's diet.

The tracking device wasn't as easy to keep tabs on as the movies made it seem. Even the tech that
PD issued them looked slicker, what with the location being projected onto a map of the city for ease of tracking and a topographic map just in case the tagged item or person went off road.

The tracking pills he'd stolen – of which he had three more just like the one currently making its way through Jay's digestive system – transmitted encrypted strings of GPS coordinates. They weren't automatically grafted onto a map, so they were harder to use. The pills were designed to be used in the Middle East, Africa or on the open ocean, where street maps or topographic maps were practically useless. Giant sandstorms worked their way across the ME on a weekly basis, meaning a topographic map was greatly changed in the course of a month or two. Most of the army units that received the coordinates were more familiar with GPS navigation anyway. Oftentimes the tracker's location was transmitted to a drone or fast air, and a location described with a street number and suburb was pointless to those machines, they certainly didn't consult a road map. They would direct their rockets, guided missiles and bombs using the GPS coordinates.

He'd contented himself to just watching the coordinates flash up on the screen, the pattern, the change in numbers soothing him – Jay was still on the move, heading east. He was waiting for the tracker to transmit the same numbers twice, then a third time – and then he'd wait for the numbers to remain stationary a few minutes longer. So far, he'd had a couple false locations because the van had stopped at traffic lights or stop signs, so he was making himself wait until the same string of numbers filled his whole screen – the equivalent of being stationary for three minutes. Then it would only take a few more seconds for him to translate that information into an actual street address, and then bingo – the troops get Jay out. He'd made sure they were staying within a mile radius of the tracker, and he'd familiarised himself with the longitudinal and latitudinal numbers he could expect from different locations.

Mouse reaches for his mug of coffee, his eyes not leaving the stream of numbers on the screen, still changing. It's soothing, being able to track Jay's location, provide some level of support, despite the fact he wasn't carrying a rifle and standing at Halstead's back. A shiver passes down his spine at the thought of being back in combat, and his eyes close for a second, only a second, to try and clear the phantom feeling of a rifle in his hands from his memory.

When his eyes flick open – the worst has happened. The feed has died. There's no new numbers being transmitted from the tracker. But it's not just the same numbers repeating either – the tracker has stopped transmitting and he only has a generalised location for his best friend's location, not a street address, or a GPS co-ordinate.

It dawns on Mouse that he's once again failed his best friend. He's lost the signal. Jay's alone with Duns and Mouse doesn't know where they are

The stress that everyone is feeling is amplified when they hear Mouse's voice, high and worried for the first time that night. "Guys… I've lost the tracker."

Erin's voice is raised. "What do you mean you've lost it? They've stopped?" Her hand reaches back down to check that her gun is still in its holster, thinking that she's closer to getting her mate back.

Mouse's response is timid. "Uh… no, Erin. As in, I'm not receiving a signal from it anymore. If they stopped I'd still be receiving the signal. It's either malfunctioned, with is very unlikely, or they are passing through a military grade signal blocker." He pauses for effect, "And, uh… they're not easy to get your hands on."

"So the signal could just pop up again when they have passed through the jammer?" Olinsky
knows that this is best case scenario, but he wants Erin to be thinking that it's the likely situation.  

"Yes. Stop up near that mall complex, that's where we lost the signal. I'll let you all know if the signal comes back online."

Erin sounds livid. "And in the meantime, Mouse? What the fuck do we do in the meantime?"

"Wait. And look for the van?"

Erin's groan of annoyance grows into a scream of rage.

"Fucking delicious." Duns turns around to study the omega struggling in the back.

Jay knows that each wave of fear or panic that he feels sends his pheromones skyrocketing. His fear pheromones screamed to Alphas that they needed to protect him, claim him and keep him safe from all other Alphas. It was part of the possessive drive of Alphas, and was triggered by fear pheromones. His body was basically begging to be claimed, and it was only arousing the man in the front seat more. Not a good thing when Jay knows that riling Duns would only lead to him being assaulted faster, leaving him with less time to get himself out of this mess. That's assuming he could get himself safe. The calmer he could keep Duns, the longer Erin and the rest of Intelligence would have to storm the house and get him back. He knew she would be coming. He knew she'd be pissed. It would take a true act of God to stop her.

From the front seat he hears a beep and then the sounds of a roller door opening. They are idling in a driveway, and Jay feels the adrenaline course through him. It would be all over in minutes – Intelligence would come bursting through the door and take Duns down. He felt a couple of seconds of embarrassment thinking about the state that his colleagues were going to find him – naked and chained up – but that was much better than being with Duns any longer than necessary.

The van moves forward slowly, and Jay assumes they've come to a stop in the garage of a house. He hears another beep – and then the roller door closing once again. The van wouldn't be visible from the street. He stamps down on the flood of fear he feels. He's going to be fine. He is going to get out of this. Erin is coming.

The front door of the van opens and he hears Duns making his way to the back of the van – he's scratching his fingernails along the side of the vehicle, and it's such an intimidating sound that Jay hates this man even more. Duns is doing everything he can to put his victim off balance and afraid. He'll play along, knowing that the only chance he has is to keep Duns thinking that he had all the power.

As soon as the door is opened, Jay starts pleading to be let go. He offers the serial killer money, he even offers to have sex with him, as long as he can then go home. As his mouth is going a mile a minute, he is taking in every detail of the room he is being debussed into. He had been trained to be perceptive and notice detail and he forces himself to concentrate. He starts to think of his situation not as a Detective would, but more how a Ranger would. This was becoming a classic case of escape and evasion – and he had a distinct advantage to what a soldier normally did – Duns had no idea that he was an ex-soldier or cop.

The garage is cold, but that works in Jay's favour, bringing his body temperature down a little further, allowing him to analytically consider his situation. He needed to wait for rescue, which he knew was coming. In the meantime, he needed to keep Duns pacified and thinking that everything
was going his way. He needed to protect the two other omegas on the property – he could smell them now he was out of the van. Intelligence would be coming, and he'd been trained to withstand torture – he knew all the mental and physical tricks to get himself through this.

Duns grabs a pole from the wall, the type dog catchers use to control violent and nasty dogs, and hooks it to the collar around his neck. Jay's slightly impressed, but more worried, at the amount of thought and order than Duns has put into his kidnapping routine. Duns only then releases the collar from the van floor and then pushes Jay into the house, keeping him a fair distance in front.

All of Jay's plans of waiting for rescue, of everything going to plan is ruined when he notices the metal box, painted army green, about the side of a printer, lying on the table. Recognising the military grade signal blocker from his time in spec ops, he knows that intelligence would have no way of knowing where he is.

Duns' face lights up when he sees the crestfallen expression on his captive's face. "You know exactly what that is, don't you, Detective Halstead?"

At that point, hearing this serial killer call him by title and name, he knows he's screwed. He'd about to be raped and likely killed. This has all been a set up. Someone has either leaked details of their sting, or more likely, they had walked straight into a trap.

"Dr. Daniels says hello." Duns giggles at the horrified look on the Detective's beautiful face.

hello." Duns giggles at the horrified look on the Detective's beautiful face.
Jay notices with trepidation all the padlocks and bolts on the back of the wooden door in the dirty, unkept kitchen. To say that Duns had covered all his bases was an understatement, and he shudders when he realises that through that door is where he was keeping the other two omegas. He can smell them now, two young, hurt and scared omegas, their scents flooding his senses, and while he is standing waiting for Duns to open the door, he can hear the faint sounds of a young girl crying. It sounds like she is below them, and he feels a grim sense of determination when the collar around his throat is tugged down the steps.

Although the last thing these two omegas would be concerned about is his own nakedness, he still feels a jolt of discomfort at being undressed in front of who he assumes are two minors. They have already been through a lot, and he wanted to tell them that he was here to save them, but he also has a sneaking suspicion he is here to suffer with them. That signal blocker in the garage meant the unit wouldn't be able to get an accurate location for him. He was kicking himself, unable but trying to remember the exact effective range of that type of blocker – as far as he could remember it could cover a small town or a suburb in a larger city. It could be made to cover a much smaller area though, and if Duns was being smart, he would have set it to cover a street or two and it would only be running until he was sure Halstead wasn't bugged. Jay had to assume that Duns was smart enough to do that, everything else had been so well planned. A large blocked area that continued for a long period of time always attracted attention from the authorities.

Duns pushes him down the stairs, and he stumbles a little on the narrow steps – the room is dark and he struggles to not fall down as Duns forces him to continue downwards. He tries to angle his body backwards – less chance of forward momentum breaking his neck if he does trip, but the pressure on the collar forces him to move forward with little care. It takes a couple of seconds for his eyes to adjust to the dark room. There is a table with a lamp and various torture implements on it, but the corners of the room are hidden in darkness until his night vision kicked in.

He sees a young boy is chained up to the ceiling – a collar similar to the one currently squeezing the life out of his own throat – is watching what is happening with wide brown eyes. Halstead didn't know how the Intelligence unit had missed two young omegas that were also missing, but he assumed their parents probably thought their disappearances were simply a case of rebellion. God knows he had tried to run away plenty of times when he was a teenager. In the corner of the room, a large cage held a teenaged girl. From her scent and the way that her body had been badly beaten, he assumed that she had been here the longest and was almost at the end of her heat.
Jay knew that omegas who were ending their heats had no importance to Duns, and he could guess that it was when the omegas cooled down that they were killed. Judging from his own body, he would have another week of his heat in which to escape or be rescued, but if he wanted to save this girl, he would have to act sooner. Steeling himself, he knows that things are going to have to get worse before he can get his chance to end this.

Duns attaches his collar to a short chain, and then fastens it to a hook bolted into the ceiling, just as the young boy is chained. Jay still has his hands tied behind his back, so he is unable to stop Duns from groping him – he strokes the length of Jay's penis a couple of times, then reaches back to fondle his testicles. Jay tries to ignore his reality for a couple of seconds, to go to a safe place in his head just as the torture and interrogation specialists had advised them in training, but the disgust brings him back to reality when he feels Duns running his fingers further back, feeling the slick his body was producing. He almost collapses from relief when the other man stops and pats his cheek, his slick sitting slimily on his skin.

Duns grabs two sets of manacles from the table, and Jay realises that his hands are about to be bound to the two metal rings he can feel digging into his lower back. The restraints had been optimised to someone's height who was at least four inches shorter than he was, so he knows that once his hands are bound, his arms and upper body would be unable to assist him in his escape. It was now or to wait until Duns decided to rape him. The fact was, Duns might rape one of the others first, and he knew he would never forgive himself if he had to witness them being put through that.

As Duns unfastens the handcuffs and readies the manacles, Jay tenses his whole body, then reaches up to pull himself up the chain connected to his collar and starts the fight of his life.

Lindsay slams the car door shut, and storms over to Voight, who is on the phone. She notices that her mentor is speaking to his superior, and only just stops herself from punching him while he's talking to the boss.

"How dare you let him go?!" She pushes at Hank's shoulders, and he stumbles back a couple of steps, shocked that she would become violent with him.

"Erin…" Hank tries to grab her by the arms to comfort her, but she shrugs him off. "Erin… calm down."

"CALM DOWN?!" She screams as loud as she can and then stares at Voight. "Are you seriously telling me to calm down right now?!"

Voight knows he needs to step carefully, Lindsay is a powder keg waiting for the chance to explode. "We'll find him." He reaches out to touch one of her arms again. "I've called in more officers and we will door knock this whole neighbourhood if we need to."

"A fucking DOORKNOCK?" One eyebrow makes for her hairline. "You know as well as I do that a doorknock is unlikely to work. It will take at least twenty-four hours to cover this whole neighbourhood alone. How could you have let him go?"

Voight shakes his head, starting to lose his temper. He wanted to find Jay too. "It was his decision. I would have arrested Duns there and then if Jay didn't consent. He wanted to save those omegas. Don't forget about them."
"Consent? Hank, Jay's in his heat right now, and I told him…" Lindsay takes a deep breath. "I fucking told him that you're pack. He's so heat fucked that he can't consent to ANYTHING right now, you know that!"

Omegas would rarely go against what any Alpha in their pack wanted, Voight knew this but didn't want to think that he had shirked his responsibilities.

"No! I told him that you're pack. That I trusted you. I told him he would be safe with you. What makes you think that he didn't just pick up on your non-verbal clues and decided you wanted him to lay it all on the line? Because let's face it, you were relieved when he said he wanted to go in. And now I've lost him." She takes a deep breath and barrels on. "And now he's in the hands of a rapist called the Dismemberer! What do you think is happening to my mate right now, Hank? That Duns is hosting a picnic in the park and is inviting omega guests to give platonic hugs?"

Hank can tell Lindsay is close to tears, and although he has dealt with her crying and being upset a few times, recently it was Jay who shouldered that responsibility. It was Jay who'd given her a hug and held her when Nadia died. It was Halstead who listened to the stories of her past and offered his absolution for her sins. He doesn't know what to say to a woman whose omega has just been kidnapped when he was meant to be looking out for them both.

Luckily for him, he doesn't have to deal with the situation because Mouse's voice breaks the silence – they were on the edge of where the blocked area began so that they could still use their radios.

"Guys – I saw this idea on a movie once, when the heroes found the location of a signal jammer by discovering all the edges of where the signal becomes blocked and then mapping it all out – technically the centre of the field should be the location of the jammer, and although we can't be sure that the location of the jammer is where Duns is, if we can disable the jammed then can at least get the internal tracker's location again."

Lindsay frowns for a second, thinking through what Mouse has just told them. "So we just use our cell phones to get some of these plot points, and then you can work out where the jammer is?"

"That's the idea. I can't promise that he doesn't know how to throw the signal into havoc, but that's not something that a civilian would know about."

Erin grabs the keys to the 300 from Kevin's hands and makes her way to the car, jumping in and taking off down the road before Atwater even has a chance to properly shut the passenger side door. He holds the phone in his hands and watches carefully for where he loses signal, telling Mouse their location every time.

The rest of Intelligence all follow suit and Mouse starts to plot all the points out on his computer's mapping program, hoping that they will get a location before it is too late. His friend's life is on the line, and they can't find him fast enough.

As soon as Duns turns around after taking off the handcuffs, Jay levers his body up into the air, his fingers biting into the chain above his head, not offering as much comfort as a pull-up bar, but he knows he can hold his body weight up like this for at least ten minutes.

His thighs grip around Dun's throat and he starts to squeeze with all of his strength. Dun's feet are still on the floor and he tries to get away from the vice constricting around his throat, but Halstead
twists his body left and right, like a crocodile doing a barrel roll, hoping to put the man below him off balance. It works for a second, and Jay feels the strain in his arms exponentially increase as Duns loses his footing, so that Jay is holding all of Duns' weight as well as his own. He doesn't let go, but focuses his energy into his legs, visualising all of his strength and power channelling through his thighs – always squeezing harder.

Duns realises that Halstead has the skill and strength to kill him, and starts to struggle harder, punching at Jay's thighs, hips and ass, trying to hurt the other man enough to let go. Using his body-weight Jay pulls Duns back towards him a little bit, and the killer gets his feet under him again. Jay puts more pressure on his neck, trying to convince him that he needs to get away, that punching him isn't going to work.

Both of the kids are crying and sobbing, they had been told by Duns that to fight back was to make their situations worse, and here they were, watching this stranger throw their futures away.

Halstead keeps trying to pull Duns closer to the wall, and Duns, now somewhat oxygen deprived starts to panic. He tries to pull away, his hands gripping Jay's naked thighs and scratching. He then remembers that he has a knife in his pocket, and lowers his right hand to pull out the flick blade.

Jay screams as the blade plunges into his lower back, and he is worried that Duns has hit something vital and that he will lose his suffocating grip on Duns, but after a couple of seconds the pain recedes and he feels the knife being withdrawn. He pushes down the pain – he'll address that later – and once again swings his body towards the wall. This time, Duns takes the bait.

As Duns goes to pull back from Jay, the ex-Ranger allows one of his thighs to slip away for a second. Duns, thinking that he has just found the advantage in the fight stabs the knife once more, this time into Jay's thigh. Another scream escapes him as the pain blinds him for a second, but he uses the pain and anger, drawing out his scream as he pulls back his leg – the one that had moved away from Duns' throat – to kick out at the man's chin. His other thigh provides leverage and traction, and Dun's neck twists around unnaturally, the loud crack assuring Jay that he's just ended this.

Duns falls to the floor below Jay, who lets his tired and sore arms lower him down. He lifts up one of his feet and brings his heel down right into Duns' nose, testing if the other man is just dazed, unconscious or dead, and when the other man doesn't respond, Jay's quite sure that he's killed Duns. Looking up at the ceiling where the chain is attached, he suddenly realises that he'll still be forced to wait for rescue – he's still chained up with no way of freeing himself.

The teenage girl drops her hands from her face, her disbelief that the monster had just been vanquished is palatable. "Is he?" She looks down at the body of her tormentor. "Is he, dead?"

Jay nods. "Yeah. He's dead."

The girl lets out a strangled sob and rocks back and forward. "Thank god. Thank god. Thank god."

The little boy looks over at Jay. "He said no one would ever find us. I can't believe you're here."

Jay nods and tries to smile reassuringly at the boy, while still catching his breath from the fight, the blood still running down his lower back and legs. Looking at the way they are all restrained, he notices the cage the girl is in has a pet shop sticker on it. "What's your names, guys? I'm Jay Halstead, you might not believe it, but I'm a police officer." He wants to build a bit of trust with the two kids before things get too bleak.

"I'm Steve Vogues." The little boy smiles for the first time since Jay had seen him, and it breaks his
heart because it makes him look even younger.

The teenage girl sniffles, "I'm Abagail."

"I know you both must be sore and tired, but we will get out of here."

He looks at Abigail and the cage she is in and gets an idea. "Abigail, I think the cage you are in is made for large dogs."

Abigail nods, reaching out and touching the bars. She'd been curled up with her knees up against her chest the whole time Jay has been in the room – he assumed that she incorrectly thought the position offered her some modesty. He didn't want to victimise her further, but he could see that she was their way out.

"We can get out of this, you're strong enough to get out of that cage."

She looks at Jay with bewilderment.

"I think you would be strong enough to kick out the end of the cage that can open and close. Aim for the lock. You would need to lie on your back and then use all of your strength to kick upwards, but you can do it."

Abigail looks a little unsure for a second before unfurling her body hesitantly. She lays down on her back, but Jay can tell that she feels extra uncomfortable while she's lying there.

"Steve, you and I are going to shut our eyes for a minute, okay buddy?" Steve nods and his eyes slam shut.

Abigail looks confused for a second.

"You need to bring your legs up to your chest, and then kick down with as much force as you can." Jay looks over to see that Steve still has his eyes shut, giving the lone girl amongst them some privacy, and it dawns on Abigail's face a second later how both of the men would have been able to see all of her when she pulled her legs up. She waits until she sees Jay close his eyes, and then uses all her force to beat down on the wire cage.

Jay hears a series of kicks and rattles until finally the door of the cage clatters open. "Nice work, Abby!"

Abigail starts to cry again as she crawls out of her prison. She looks over at Jay again. "Now what?"

"Go through his pockets, and get the key. He can't hurt you anymore." Jay knows that's a lie, Duns would be haunting and hurting these kids for a long time.

Abigail looks worriedly at the man who had tortured her for so long, but she walks over to where Jay is chained up and kneels down.

Abigail stands up after a few seconds, clutching the key in her hands. "Found it!"

"Now unlock my collar, and then unlock Steve's, okay? You're doing really well"

It only takes the teen a couple of seconds to slip the key into the lock and to free Jay. He immediately grabs a towel that was sitting folded on one of the tables and wraps it around himself, handing one to Abigail and the other to Steve, who Abigail is freeing from his restraints.
Making his way up the stairs, he can feel the pain of the stab wounds start to come back to him, the adrenaline wearing off, and the general discomfort of his own heat start to climb again. He needs to get out of here, he needs to get Abigail and Steve home, he needs medical attention and he needs Erin. His need for his Alpha floods through him and he has to bite down the moan that wants to escape his lips. It's unbelievable that his heat can still be affecting him with everything that is going on, with how much pain he is currently in.

He remembers all of the locks on the wooden door and prepares himself to kick it in, before realising he's an idiot and it would be unlocked – Duns wouldn't have locked himself downstairs. Opening the wooden door, he's stumbles into the disgusting kitchen, but doesn't pay it much attention, hustling through the back of the house and to where he remembers seeing the jammer. He's only been in the house for less than 30 minutes, but he didn't know how long the rest of Intelligence has been without his current location.

The grid references were flowing in, each of the four vehicles heading in different directions to plot the circle, and Mouse was starting to see the pattern. He was typing the commands into the computer to form all of the given plot points into a circle around a central point when all of a sudden a GPS coordinate flashed up on the computer screen he had been using to track Jay.

"Lindsay, I've got him." Mouse reels off the GPS coordinates, whilst simultaneously entering them into his computer to get a street address. He shouts it over the comms, and he hears the sound of the sirens and squealing tires as all of Intelligence head towards the location.

Voight's voice, steady and full of gravel fills the airwaves. "Nice work, Mouse. Let's hope Duns has the jammer where he has Jay."

It takes Mouse a second to realise that they think they have the location of the jammer. "No, guys. The jammer's been turned off. I have Jay's tracker's location. The jammer has been turned off or blocked." The team check their phones and seeing that they all have reception, realise that Mouse is right.

All of Intelligence arrive at the address at about the same time, and Voight doesn't hesitate in sending his team into the house as quickly as possible. He has a horrible feeling of what they might find, and has kept Lindsay in the back of the assault formation, just in case things have gone horribly wrong.

The whole unit is shocked when they find a family who had been sleeping peacefully before being violently woken at the address. There's no Duns, and certainly no omega smell at the house. It dawns on Voight at the same time it dawns on Lindsay that they have just raided the wrong house.

"Mouse!" Erin's voice is angry, and Antonio flinches at the fire he can hear in it. "Mouse, he isn't fucking here."

There is no response from their IT specialist for a couple of seconds, but they can all hear the way that he is nervously tapping his pen against the table.

"MOUSE?!"

"I'm looking at the blueprints of the house, Lindsay. The house is really close to the one next door,
they share a common wall – one in the garage."

No one in the intelligence unit needs it to be spelt out to them, they spill out of the house, no one bothering to apologise to the innocent family living there – the department could later smooth over the inconvenience of a broken door and armed raid – and cut across to the lawn in front of the adjacent house.

Just as they are getting ready to breach the front door, the door swings open and there stands Halstead, wrapped in a towel with blood over a good percentage of his body. He nods calmly at Voight, "Glad you could make it. The kids are in the kitchen. There's a body downstairs. It was a setup."

Voight and Antonio move past the exhausted detective, to get to the children and check to see if they need first aid.

Jay takes another step outside, the pain in his leg and back now torturous, but knowing that his Alpha is near. He could smell her, and he knew that holding her and being close to her would chase all the pain away. His Alpha was better than morphine.

Erin wraps her arms around Jay's shoulders and starts to cry into his chest, the feeling of being reconnected after worrying so much about him is overwhelming. She figures it must go both ways because she can feel that his body is shaking slightly too. She runs a hand down his bare back, scared by how naked and vulnerable he is, only to find her hand covered in blood. Pulling it away, she notices a glazed look in his eyes and then he crashes onto the ground in front of her.

She pulls backwards and screams to call a bus.

Ruzek is standing on the front lawn, a phone gripped tightly in his hands. "I've called an ambo for each victim."

"And Jay too?" Erin has found one of the stab wounds and has started to apply pressure, her other hand removing the towel to find the other.

Ruzek pauses for a second. "We've called three ambulances, Erin."

When she realises that Ruzek has just referred to Jay as a victim of this serial killer and rapist, she loses all the composure she had, crying with abandon as Alvin comes out to assist her in giving Jay first aid.

Lewis Daniels stands outside of his cell, watching the two guards pull all of his belongings off his table, lifted up his mattress to search beneath it, and cause general chaos in the confined quarters of his latest home. He has a sneaking suspicion of what they are looking for, but they wouldn't find it – he had a collection of three photos of a certain detective, ones that really tickled his fancy. They had been used to bait Duns into abducting Jay Halstead – and he had hidden them well.

He hadn't believed it when the stupid Intelligence unit had approached him to set up Duns. It was then he realised they didn't have a clue that the two of them had been abducting and raping omegas together for years. He'd spoken on the phone to Duns afterwards, telling him that he had a genius plan. He'd described Detectives Lindsay and Halstead to his partner in crime, and been overjoyed when Duns had been willing to take the risk to get their revenge.

They'd even sent Duns photos of the bitch, deep in his heat, looking all sweaty and naked on a
concrete floor, his eyes all blow. Duns had managed to slip them to him in a framed photograph of his parents – the photos of Jay Halstead had been sewn into the fabric backing. Daniels had known that Voight, Lindsay and Halstead would fall into his trap, they thought they were more intelligent than he was.

Now that they were searching his room, it meant that the game was up. Either Halstead's eviscerated body had turned up or Duns had been caught – but either way he knew that he'd been victorious. He'd proven that he could get to an uppity omega, even from the inside of a prison cell.

The guard tips over the bed frame, and it's then he realises he's been rumbled. Tucked up into the metal frame is the well-thumbed pictures – his favourite had been the close up on Shotgun Boy's pretty blissed out face. He'd imagined what it would have felt like to fuck him, to take him when he looked like that. It had quickly become his favourite fantasy for when he was having a date with Rosie Palms.

The guard holds up the pictures by their corner, his face stretched into a grimace of disgust. The game is up – and they think that they've got him. Lewis Daniels thinks that it was all worth it, and hopes that Duns had managed to have his fun with the bitch, but either way Lindsay and Halstead would never feel safe again.

Will had been working in the ER when his brother was brought in. Of course, it was some kind of punishment - he hadn't put his foot down to stop Jay from going undercover to bait a serial killer and now would have to patch his brother back up again.

Lindsay was running next to the gurney as they brought her partner and mate into the ER, and it had been a struggle to get her to give them enough room to assess the bloody omega. Voight had tried to pull her out from the trauma room.

It took Will gently laying his hand on her shoulder, getting her to make eye contact with him and then assuring her that he would take care of Jay, and as soon as she could return to Jay's side, he would personally come get her. With that, she'd done a quick about-face and barrelled out into the main concourse to check on the two children who had been brought in with Jay.

He was glad there were no senior doctors or administrators on hand to tell him that he couldn't look after his brother's case – and although he knew that things could get awkward – he knew there was a chance his brother had been assaulted besides the fight that the unit was saying his injuries stemmed from, he knew Jay wouldn't appreciate any other doctor looking after him. He had a deep distrust of doctors, which stemmed from the way their father had treated him when they were all growing up.

There appeared to be two stab wounds, one in Jay's lower back and the other in his upper thigh. His throat was badly bruised and one of his fingers had been dislocated, but apparently Jay had put that back in himself before the intelligence unit had turned up.

It didn't take Jay long to start coming to, his eyes going wide with fear for a second before getting his bearings and calming down.

He looked over at Will, his expression anxious. "Are the kids okay?"

"I think they are, Jay. They're both here now, safe. You need to relax, okay?" Will couldn't help but run a hand through Jay's short hair, worried that he was in pain, but relieved that he's awake.
"How bad are the stab wounds?" Jay's voice is a little croaky, which Will assumes is related to the bruises around his throat. Jay's hands start to pat down his own body, trying to assess the damage. He'd seen other vets and first responders do this – Will had always thought it was checking to see if they were still combat effective.

"They don't look too bad, we thought you might be unconscious because of blood loss, but I think it might have been shock." Jay looks away at that.

"Is Erin here?"

Before Will can even answer him, Erin comes barrelling into the room. "I'm here." She shoots a glare at Will, daring him to kick her out again.

"Are you okay?" Jay looks her over carefully, wondering if she'd killed Voight or not, and if she was angry with him.

"I'm fine, Jay. Just worried about you."

"Are the kids okay? Do you guys know that it was Daniels who set everything up?"

Erin nods her head. "Yeah, there was evidence at the house that pointed to that. His cell is being turned over as we speak. He will be charged with accessory or conspiracy charges."

Erin turns again to Will. "What now? How serious are those stab wounds?"

Will shakes his head, knowing exactly where the two detectives are going with this. "He's going to need some scans, and to be patched up, he will need stitches – but he'll be okay." He talks directly to the other Alpha, defaulting to the way he usually discusses an omega's health with their Alpha as if the submissive partner isn't there. It quickly backfires when Jay's hand flings out from the bed in a perfectly executed punch to his kidney.

After taking a couple of moments to move out of Jay's effective range of violence, and nodding apologetically at his brother, he continues. "You should be able to get out of here tomorrow, maybe even tonight depending on how the scans go."

Erin looks happy with that news, Will had a feeling that she wanted to take Jay home and cocoon him from all possible future damage. He wishes her luck with that – he'd been trying and failing to do that the whole of his adult life.

"But, there is one other thing we need to keep in mind." He diverts his attention back to Erin, talking to her while also making sure Jay can't hit him. "Jay's still in his heat. No matter what happened, that biological imperative will continue. With these wounds, uh, mating won't be as easy and it can lead to further complications. We can give Jay HeatStop, which he's had before – but add that to the shock that he's experiencing right now – it's not the ideal solution either. You two have to decide if you want to have very boring non-active heat sex, or the HeatStop." Will nods his head at the Alpha and then leaves the mated couple to discuss things.

Erin pushes open the door to the apartment, carrying the duffle bag in one hand and the bag of pharmacy drugs in the other. Jay follows her in, a little slower in gait than usual but not in any obvious pain. The doctors had kept him overnight, but had been overjoyed to see him leave the next day. Apparently, he wasn't a very good patient and had wanted to be left alone whenever Erin wasn't with him.
It weirded Erin out, she was listed at the hospital as his Alpha, so all of the medical decisions had been left in her hands. It was like Jay was a child or unable to make his own decisions. Of course, she had discussed everything with her partner, and let him give consent to the scans and the possibility of surgery, but it was her signature on all of his papers. He'd looked the other way and pretended not to notice how the hospital was treating them, but she could tell that it hurt and belittled him.

He'd refused the HeatStop, even though she had thought it was a good idea. She didn't want to be with him and injure him further, and the doctors had said that was a very real possibility. Jay had looked her in the eyes and said that he would prefer to go through a sexless heat sitting next to her than have that drug again, and if he was willing to put himself through that, how could she argue?

Jay made a beeline for the couch and let out a groan of satisfaction when he sunk into it. The smell of omega in heat was intoxicating, but she couldn't help but notice the faint tang of fear and vulnerability underneath it, so strange and foreign to her in Jay's scent. Erin was ashamed to admit that her body was responding to it – she knew it was natural and Jay would understand, but she felt sick for getting off on what he had just experienced.

While Jay had been sleeping at the hospital, she'd nipped out to go read through the statements they had all given. Jay had kept his short, but she could tell he was leaving something out, so she'd pulled out Abigail and Steve's statements and known her omega hadn't escaped scot-free. She knew that compared to what those kids had experienced, he'd been truly lucky, but he'd still been… touched. Someone had stripped, fondled and groped what was hers and she was struggling to push back the feeling of needing to claim Jay again.

Grabbing the pain pills she knew he would refuse if she let him, she made her way over to him, sitting down next to him on the couch. Erin passes him a glass of water and two pills.

"Take them."

Jay raises an eyebrow. "I don't need them, Erin. I'd want to skip the pain pills and go back to suppressing as soon as possible."

Erin gently grabs his jaw, mindful of the bruises on his neck. She twists his neck so that they are face to face, maintaining eye contact. "Let me take care of you now, babe." She knew she was asking a lot, but if she could get him to go down for her, he would be able to survive this heat easier.

"Erin…"

"Trust me. You're safe here." She rubs her fingers behind his ear and down to his neck, knowing that usually either relaxed him or turned him on.

"I trust you." There's no hesitation in his voice and that makes her heart soar.

"So let me look after you, Jay." She brings her fingers back up to his jaw and pulls down on his chin just a little bit. "Open up."

A little of the tension melts from his shoulders and she notices his eyes take on that slight gaze. His mouth drops open in her hand and she places the pills on his tongue. He takes a mouthful of the water and then collapses down onto her chest, his eyes closing as he lets his fatigue win. She knows right now sleep is what he needs, but later on, he'd most likely wake up and need a different type of attention.
She also wanted to have words with him about disobeying her instructions to stay in the car and shoot anyone who wanted to get him out. Her mind, influenced by the heat scent in the air, immediately defaulted to a mental fantasy of Jay presenting his ass to her and being able to take a belt to him for his misbehaviour. She pushed it from her, knowing that at this point that would be harsh on his body in a way that she couldn't subject him to, and that they needed to build up their dominance and submissive relationship to those levels that she could take a belt to him and for him to know that she did it out of love.
The feeling of Erin's fingers tickling his side brings Jay back to consciousness, her nails a light pressure against the cotton covering overheated skin. He must have fallen asleep not long after getting home from hospital. Erin had managed to manoeuvre him enough on the couch so she could squeeze in behind him, his shoulders supported by her chest.

Her hand drifts from underneath his shirt and he lets out a small huff at the loss of contact – he'd been enjoying the feeling. He's quickly satisfied when she rubs the mark on his wrist, where she had claimed him only a couple of weeks ago. It felt like it had been decades, that they had been mated for years, and now he couldn't imagine life without her. Pleasure floods his body at the sensation and he nuzzles closer to her, almost climbing up her body. He's mindful that he's much larger than her, even if he is currently injured. He doesn't want to squash her.

"You're a terrible fake sleeper." Erin's voice is light and full of mirth, but her hand doesn't stop stroking at his mark.

"I'm not faking – this is nice." To illustrate his point he turns his head to the side and buries his face into her breasts. He feels a little thrill when she runs her hand through his hair, gently pulling him closer, and when Erin groans and her hand tightens around his wrist, he realises that she'd already been turned on. Concentrating on the signals from his Alpha, it becomes clear that she was putting herself through some form of torture. He was still in his heat, it would have been tough to be this close to him and not claim him. Although the events of the past day had certainly tempered his own heat, he can still feel the residual burning in the pit of his stomach.

Jay turns his body around so they are lying chest to chest, supporting most of his weight on the arm rest behind them. Erin grabs his wrist warningly. "Don't you dare. You've already got stitches, and I'd prefer not to have to take you back to the hospital in the next couple of hours because we busted some. Just lie back." Erin slides out from under him, and he lets out a sigh at the loss of contact. Turning onto his back again he tracks her progress across the room. Erin goes into the kitchen and fills a glass with water and picks up one of the orange pill bottles sitting on the counter.

Erin holds out two pills to him, and he gives her a little glare.

"Don't be a baby. They're antibiotics. I know your stance on pain killers." She presses the glass of water into his hand and watches as he takes the pills, before carefully placing the glass on the coffee table afterwards. "Good boy." Erin runs her hand down his uninjured leg. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Like a pin-cushion, but I'll be alright." He reaches up to grab her other hand, tugging slightly to pull her down towards him. Usually he would pull her down with more insistency, but he knows she is worried about hurting him. Obligingly, Erin leans down and presses her lips to his, and he continues to pull her down until she is straddling his lap. The extra weight brings a bolt of pain that he bites down. If Erin thinks she's hurting him, she will stop proceedings quickly. That's the last thing he wants.

"Let's take this to the bedroom." Erin says as she stands up, her hips swinging enticingly as she starts to walk to the bedroom. "We'll both be more comfy there."
Jay doesn't need to be invited to the bedroom twice, and with as little pain showing on his face as possible, he hauls his injured body from the cushions and follows his Alpha. She's doesn't waste any time, pulling her tee-shirt over her head and throwing it on the floor, the black lace of her bra making her tanned flesh stand out in stark relief. He strides over to her and palms one of her breasts, his finger rubbing over the nipple he can feel hardening under the soft lace.

Erin allows him a couple of uninterrupted seconds before gently pushing his hand away, wanting to concentrate on getting them both naked and in bed with as few complications as possible. Jay's eyes are full of heat, and she knows that if she doesn't make a move soon, he might just pick her up and throw her on the bed. That sort of lifting was certainly not on the doctor approved list, and she didn't want to even think about calling Will if they needed another late night stitching visit. The one after their mating had been mortifying enough.

"Stay still." Kissing his lips chastely, she grabs his attention from where he'd been focused – her breasts, back onto her face. "I want you to be a good boy for me, and that means you only move where I move you. If you're uncomfortable or in pain – you have to tell me."

Already she can see the frustration building in his eyes. He's never liked being a passive partner in their love making. "Erin-"

"I mean it, Jay. You move, you're in trouble. If you're in pain, tell me." She grabbed a handful of the soft cotton tee-shirt that he's wearing and starts to pull it up. "Arms up."

Knowing that following orders is currently the quickest way for them both to get down and dirty, Jay lifts his arms up so that she can pull the tee-shirt over his head and then down his arms. His top joins hers on the floor, and he has to stop himself from moving closer to her when she takes a step back. The rule was no moving, and right now he was going to do everything he could to follow her orders.

His patience is rewarded with a saucy smile, and then her jeans and underwear join the growing pile of clothes. Reaching behind her back, she unclasps her bra and seconds later she is completely naked. He can't help but stare at her body – a younger man's wet dream – and wish that she would come closer and that they could get on the bed and do what both of their bodies were begging them to do. For the first time since he had escaped the hospital, he feels the heat flush through his body – starting in his cheeks and burning down his body until all his nerve endings are on fire, calling for her.

Erin's nose twitches when she smells his slick, knowing how much his restraint would be costing him right now, she moves forward and pulls down his sweat pants and underwear, making sure to drag the fabric against his hard cock. She'd been eyeing him since they'd come into the room, his erection making a proud tent in his pants that he'd seemed almost ignorant of. She wasn't stupid, she knew that he would be aching to drive his dick into her, but he hadn't even gone to touch or stroke himself.

Getting onto her knees, she pulls his feet from the pools of fabric and then looks up at Jay, noticing that he has his eyes shut but is still allowing her to move his body. Once both of his feet are free she leans back on her haunches and smiles wickedly up at her omega. His smell is intoxicating and she knows she would be pumping out her own pheromones right now that would be influencing him.

After thirty seconds with no contact Jay frowns a little and opens his eyes, looking down at his Alpha. As soon as she sees that he is watching her, she grabs his dick in one hand, tightly gripping the base, and leans forward to take the tip and first few inches of his dick into her mouth. Jay's eyes roll up to the heavens and his head tilts back in pure enjoyment, which Erin breaks by pulling back.
"Eyes on me."
His eyes snap back to her, and she once again takes his length down her throat, providing him with one of the most obscene blow jobs she'd personally ever provided. Above her, Jay is groaning out a soundtrack of obscenities. "Fuck, Erin. Shit."

Erin knows that she's literally got him in the palm of her hand, his whole body is tense and locked up, soaking up the pleasure. She deep throats him, gagging a little when he slides down the back of her throat, one hand supporting her weight on his good thigh, while the other one reaches around and grabs a handful of muscular ass.

He pushes forward even further into her mouth, starting to rise up onto tip toes, and she slaps him in reprimand. He sinks back to his previous position and her fingers ghost across his skin and then slide into his ass. She can feel his slick and gently rubs a finger against his hole, gauging his reaction. When no protest is provided, Erin pushes her finger against the tight ring of muscle, feeling it give way.

Pushing her finger in and out a couple of times she eventually starts to focus on his prostate, rubbing it quickly and somewhat roughly. Her mouth and throat continue to pleasure him, he tongue trying to lathe at his skin as much as possible to bring him more pleasure. She feels him start to tense up, can feel the corded muscles in his thigh tightening under her hand and knows that he's not going to last much longer.

"Erin… fuck. Oh god, shit"

That's all the warning she is given before he is spilling his load down her throat, her finger gently rubbing at his prostate, knowing that it would be pushing that barrier between pleasure and pain. When he is finished and his body has started to relax again, she stands up, and offers him a devious smile. He looks a little shell-shocked – and very much in om. Her smile softens when she sees the glazed look, and this time it doesn't scare her. It doesn't worry her. It feels natural and it feels right. She's not afraid of hurting him like she had been before – he was already grievously injured but still went under for her. He was hers, and he was here, safe.

"Lie down on the bed." She strokes one hand down his side, and when he turns away from her to get on the bed she quickly checks that the bandages aren't stained with any blood. Assured that so far they haven't caused any tearing or ripped out any stitches she resumes watching his body for its aesthetic. Strong muscles, pale skin, a light smattering of golden hair on his legs and groin, and a smooth chest. He'd lost a little bit of weight in the past two weeks, and that worries her a little, but she reassures herself that things would balance out. Male alphas always had it drilled into them that they needed to feed their skinny girl omegas, and Lindsay had always assumed it was part of that urge to provide, something that she hadn't really felt. She'd thought it was a sexist and dynamicist thing - treat the little omega bitch like a baby, like something fragile – but now looking at Jay's ribs and hip bones she was starting to think that tradition actually had some sort of basis.

Erin watches Jay lie down on the bed, his head resting on his pillow and his hands positioned by his sides. Smiling, she gently pulls the pillow from under his head and watches the lazy smile stretch across her omega's face. He knows what's coming next, and he's looking forward to it. She runs one of her fingers over his lips and feels that dominant thrill when he opens his lips around the digit, his tongue darting out to touch the skin of her index finger. She pushes it deeper into his mouth, half testing to see what he will allow, how submissive he would be and half trying to turn him on again. She runs her finger down his tongue and across his teeth, pulling it back out and then lazily rubbing it against his cheek.

"You're such a good boy."
The small smile returns and she then climbs onto the bed, shifting her position so that she has one knee on either side of his face. Looking down at him, all she can see is the very tip of his head and delightfully messed up hair. She knows the view that he would have of her right now would be much more enticing – his heat would be calling him to serve, to get as many of his Alphas fluids as possible to settle the burning feeling.

"Do you want it? How much do you want to serve me, Jay?"

Jay stays silent for a couple of seconds, holding his breath and considering his response. "Mistress. I belong to you. All I want is to serve you."

Erin freezes as the title, not expecting that sort of language – obviously Jay was raised in a more traditional dynamic family, but she hadn't expected him to use such antiquated, if extremely hot, titles. "Such a good answer, you're such a good boy." With that, she lowers herself down onto his face, grinding her pussy hard onto him, feeling him lap up her juices with abandon.

Voight looks over the paperwork with a slight frown, trying to find the trapdoor in the fine print, the method they were using to fuck him over this time. "This isn't like the last 'promotion' I was offered, right?"

The board of senior cops all smile and shake their heads. "It's not even a promotion, Sergeant. We're creating a new task-force. A new unit, even, and we want you to be the head of it.

"We're already an Intelligence unit. We already get specialised cases."

"We are aware of that, Sergeant. The Intelligence unit will be expanded from current numbers, provided with extra resources and intelligence and take on a select handful of cases. When you are not working one of these specialised cases, you will continue in the same manner as you do now, but with added resources and manpower. However, we believe there will be enough work to keep your expanded unit busy"

Hank frowns, not understanding exactly where this is going. "Put it all on the table for me, why don't cha?"

"After the amazing work your unit did taking down Duns and Daniels, CPD have decided we should specialise your Intelligence unit into a new prototype – a dynamic crimes unit. You will work primarily in taking down omega trafficking, criminals targeting the dynamic community, dynamic on dynamic crimes and even domestic abuse calls which concern dynamic individuals. The NYPD have implemented a similar unit in each of their boroughs, and it has been successful in protecting the dynamic and non-dynamic alike."

Hank sits back in his chair, thinking this over. Of all the units, it did make sense that his unit would be targeted for this opportunity – he didn't know any other units with three dynamic individuals or more, plus, they often appropriated Burgess, who was as omega as they come. While it made sense, he really didn't want to deal with the dynamics of so many Dynamic people under his command. Things were complicated enough as it was, throwing an unrelated Alpha into the mix would be adding fuel to the fire.

He nods at the Captain. "I accept as long as we still work cases how we see fit. Intelligence works because sometimes we stretch the rules, and that won't change. I also get to select my team."

A chorus of congratulations, handshakes and pats on the back follow, and Voight leaves the office.
annoyed at the bureaucratic crap his job always seemed to entail. Clutched in his hands are a selection of personnel files in which to select their three other dynamic specialist police officers. They didn't need to discuss the fact that Burgess would be making up number four of the new recruits to their unit. They would need to see if they could ferret out at least one other omega who had made it into the CPD. It couldn't just be Burgess and Halstead.

Jay straightens himself up, standing at parade rest, consciously tensing his arm muscles. The guard – wan ageing beefcake who had introduced himself as Matt – kept turning around and looking at Jay, he was an Alpha and Jay had signed in as a detective, but was unsuppressed and it was certainly throwing good old Matt off. Jay just raised an eyebrow at the guard, daring him to say anything.

Leaving the apartment that morning, he had purposefully ignored the protective vibes and signals that Erin had been displaying – his Alpha wasn't happy that he'd insisted on coming alone to the jail. She wanted to be there and didn't think Jay going and visiting the psychopath who'd almost had him raped and killed was a good idea. But Jay knew what he needed, and closure, if not victory, was only possible by facing his fears. Plus, there was no way he could walk away from this without the last word.

The whole of the Intelligence unit were confused and angry with Jay. He told them that he wouldn't testify in court and although they had enough evidence to send Duns away for life, if he had survived, they didn't have enough proof of Daniel's involvement without Jay's testimony.

The rest of the unit had kept begging him to reconsider, Antonio had pulled him aside and said he was disappointed in Jay's decision, but that he understood if Jay wasn't able to take the stand. That upset Jay, that Antonio thought he was too much of a coward to stand up to his attackers in court. He'd bitten his tongue and not responded, not wanting to bring any more attention to what was going on. He'd locked eyes briefly with Mouse, who'd offered him a sympathetic smile.

It was much later that day, when they both had been sitting alone in the bullpen – Jay not cleared for light duties yet, but unwilling to spend another second alone at home– that Mouse had asked if he truly wanted to go through with not testifying. The look in his friend's eyes had communicated that Mouse had worked out the ulterior motive for Jay, and was double checking that he knew what he was doing and had thought it through. Jay nodded, Mouse nodded back, and nothing more was said on that topic.

Matt stands aside to allow him through the door and Jay can't miss the way the beefy Alpha's body goes tense when he steps closer. He's aware that he is much riper than usual – a combination of the adrenaline of facing Daniels and the last of his heat scent.

The guard held the door open for Jay, looking him over with interest. "Do you want me to leave the door open, or come in with you? Daniels is easily excited by omegas and it usually gets hot in there." His tone is kindly, but to Jay it seems patronising.

Jay shakes his head. He knows that the Alpha is just responding the way his biology insists, but it still rankles that this old man would think he needs protecting. "No. Close the door." He has two reasons for wanting the door shut – to intensify his scent and so he can't be overheard. He'd already liberated an anti-surveillance device from Mouse, so he knew his visit isn't going to be recorded by the camera in the room. As he walks in, he thumbs the button on the device that is sitting in his pocket. He knows that its effect is limited to three metres, so he makes sure to sit close enough to the recording equipment.
Daniels jumps as Jay walks into the room, looking somewhat surprised to see him. Intelligence had made sure Daniels hadn't heard of the death of Duns, or the kidnapping of Jay, so the last thing he had known was what he and Duns planned to do. To see Jay alive should be a shock to the criminal mastermind.

"Shotgun boy! How delightful – if surprising – to see you!" As he is speaking he gets his first sniff of Jay's scent and drops back down in his chair and fans his face with his hands. "And how delicious you smell!"

Jay doesn't bother to respond to him right away, instead he sits down at the table and crosses his arms across his chest, knowing that it would make his biceps bulge. He remains silent, he doesn't need to be dragged into a conversation on Daniels' terms, he can set the pace himself. It was part of warfare – make the enemy wait when they want to be moving, make them move when they want a break.

Daniels raises an eyebrow at the tactics. "So… how did that sting go? Did Voight take down The Dismemberer?" Daniels is obviously digging – he'd want to know if Duns had gotten away or been arrested. If he'd been arrested, Daniels would know that his sentence would likely be extended.

Jay leans back. "We know everything, Lewis. How you tried to set us up. How you orchestrated the whole thing. I know about your schoolboy crush on me – that you've been asking around, digging up any information you can get."

"Well, a beautiful omega such as yourself, allowed to run around unchecked? It's just not right. You can't blame me for wanting to take you in hand and show you how a good omega should be? You'd be beautiful on your knees, and we both know it."

Jay uncrosses his arms and rests his palms on the table. "You were right all those weeks ago – I do have a military background. I've served multiple tours in Afghanistan. Special Forces. I was trained as a sniper."

"So? I already guessed that you were a soldier." Daniels impatiently taps his fingers against the table.

"Well, I wanted to tell you in person that you're not going to be charged with what you tried to get Duns to do to me. I won't be testifying against you."

Daniels freezes. "Wait- what?"

"If you were found guilty you would probably receive another eight to ten years behind bars, maybe a little longer. I am a cop, after all."

"But, isn't that what you want? I probably wouldn't get out until I'm sixty."

"What I want, doctor, is revenge. And I can't do that while you're stuck in here. I've dealt with Duns.‖ Jay pulls a photo out of the manila folder, a crime scene picture from Dun's house. It was obvious that Duns' neck had been snapped. "And Lewis, I'm going to take you out too."

For the first time since he was a little boy, Daniels feels cold dread coil in the pit of his stomach. "You'll never see me again, Lewis. When you get out of prison, I'll be waiting in a perch somewhere, a rifle aimed at you. I'll wait, I'm very patient. I'll follow you until you are alone, and then I'll shoot you in the kneecaps. I'll wait for that pain to settle and I'll then carefully shoot lead into your joints, one at a time. I'm going to watch you bleed out. You'll never see me, but god knows I'll be watching you."
Jay leans over the table. "That's what will happen if I find you first. If my Alpha manages to get to you before I can, your end won't be so pleasant." He darkly laughs. "Enjoy what's left of your life. I'll be seeing you."

Jay stands up and walks over to the door, knocking once before the guard swings it open. Matt is looking at him in awe, and Jay gives the eavesdropper a sadistic smile before heading down the hallway, pulling a packet of pills from his pocket and dry swallowing one. He grins to himself as he feels the first soothing flow of suppressants flowing through his bloodstream. *Finally.*

**Chapter End Notes**

Author's Note: This story is now officially finished. Thankyou to everyone who has stuck around, reviewed, followed, favourited, subscribed or lurked this story. I hope you enjoyed it, I know I have enjoyed writing it. Most likely there will be sequels, but I've got a couple of other projects to work on first.

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