### A Universally Acknowledged Truth

**Summary**

Mike is an Omega paralegal past the ideal age for mating. He's thirty-five, and has long since retired his skinny ties. He gave up all hope of ever being courted. Alpha Specter is in want of an Omega.

(Or: the Jane Austen 'Pride and Prejudice'&'Persuasion' with a dash of A/B/O because there aren't enough!)

### Notes

**Things you need to know about the setting:** It's pretty much the modern-world with hints of the a regency-eque culture of courting, mating, and spinsterhood. The ideal age for marriage is discussed within the story itself. Availability for courting is displayed through clothing preferences.
Warning: Language at the start is pretty coarse. Be warned.

It's 4:25am from where I am. I'm posting this now to motivate myself to finish writing. Not Beta Read. Beta Needed!!! For now, sorry for the grammar mistakes. Feel free to point them out!

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UPDATE: 10 December 2017

A year after this was written, I woke up today to finally write the revision that have bugged me ever since I posted it. Quick background; this story was written for MarveyWeek, during which I crammed 7-stories in 1-week--1 story per day. It was tough and I was very lucky to make it. However, it came at the expense of some stories being rushed. I reread and reviewed the original story A Universally Acknowledged Truth, and finally tied all the loopholes, plot holes, and idea holes in this story. Hopefully, you all enjoy the NEW 4,000 included.

Love, Arh!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

It is a universally acknowledged truth, that an unmated Alpha in possession of a good career and
good fortune, must be in want of an Omega.

Harvey Specter was such an Alpha. He may not have come from the cusp of high society but he
clawed his way up from the bowels of his childhood and made a name for himself in one—Pearson
Specter Litt, the highest ranked law firm in all of Manhattan Island.

Society today may no longer have the black-and-white era of house-omegas and business-alphas but
the universal truth still remained;

Alpha Specter was in want of an Omega.

“Get your heard out of your man-gina, Ross.”

Mike smiled at his friend impassively and smoothened the front of his tie. “I have an ass-hole,
Rachel, I do not nor will I ever have a ‘man-gina’, okay? Will you stop with the overly sexist
comments about female versus male body parts in omega anatomy?”

The female paralegal backed away, caught off-guard. “Ooooh-kaay? What’s gotten your panties in a
twist?” She twisted her face into a smile to lighten up the sudden tension. “Is it all the omega scents
clouding up the office lately? Is it bothering your nose?”

“We wouldn’t be bothered if they’ve done the courtesy of not bathing in enhancers when they visit
or at least leave their scent au natural.” He scrunched his nose, and heard snot. “They are giving me
allergies with their synthetically thick scents!”

Rachel blushed a little at his comment. “Can you blame them, Mike? They are trying to enhance
Alpha Specter to court them.” She giggled, “Even I wore a little pepper-up when I enticed my mate
to court me, it’s only natural. They’re all vying for the top Alpha’s affections with so many in the
pool with them. You would too, if you had tried.”

Mike ducked his head.

At thirty-five, he doesn’t have an Alpha.

He presented late for an omega. Most omegas present their second genders in their middle to late
teens. He, on the other hand, had been in the exact middle of his twenties. When tested, doctors
believed it as an after effect of early childhood trauma from his parent’s early passing. It mattered not
since he was determined to give his grandmother the best care while in her twilight years.

“If the alpha is only attracted to how you smell, how then will you be able to ensure a good match?
What if your personalities do not align? Or if you have different political view? Dear, god, what if
the alpha is a supporter of the pigheaded bully Trump?”

He knew it was a deflection and hoped to God that she’ll follow.

The omega rolled her eyes. “I may not be a fan like you but, Mike, you really shouldn’t bully other
people for their choices when no one here is judging you for yours.” She pointed to his broad brown
tie. “Plus—I know that I don’t frequently work with him but I really don’t think he’s a Trump fan. I
think he’s a Clintoner.”
Mike wrote her words down and snorted into his coffee, grumbling. “I wasn’t talking about Alpha Specter.”

“I didn’t say that you were.”

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“Do you not have other ties?” Edith Ross gestured to his powder blue tie. “Michael, honey, I love you and it matches your eyes but I think I’ve seen it for a million times by now.”

Of course, he had but not the ones she hoped for. He exchanged his youthful skinny ties to the broad ties when he was thirty-two. She threw a fit when she saw him wearing the latter one during one of his visits. Since then, he made it a point to have a spare tie in his briefcase—the only one he had left.

“What?” He nervously ran his palm down the cloth again. “I like it. Said it yourself, matches my eyes. I know I’ve got gramp’s eyes.”

“Michael, it’s fraying. What’s the use of finishing your degree if your paralegal job doesn’t even pay you enough to buy ties?” She shook her head disapprovingly. “Honey, at this rate, I’ll never get to see any of my great-grandpups!”

“Grammy…” Several times, he tried to ease her into the idea that he was already a spinster omega and that he was fine because he was happy. He had a job he loved, friends he loved, and an apartment he loved. What more could he need? Certainly not an alpha. He didn’t need an alpha at all. She wouldn’t hear it.

“Michael,” the old omega called his name like a chastise, “This is the twenty-first century. Alpha-Omega customs are long out of date. You’re still young and handsome and fertile—”

“Grammy!” He hid his hands in his face, blushing like he was twenty-five when he woke up with his slick-ruined sheets.

She merely lifted her eyebrow. “You still have your heats, right? You should have. It hasn’t even been ten years since you presented…”

“Yes! God, Grammy! I still have my heats.” Mike, if possible, tried to bury his red face even deeper. “Can we please not talk about this? How was your week? Did you make up with Mrs. Griffin?”

“Don’t you try to change the conversation, Michael. I raised your alpha father. I taught him that when he was a pup.” Edith took him by the ear and hauled, making him yelp. “Now, you listen to me here. Don’t you let anyone else tell you that you’re too old. You got that? As long as you have heats, it means you can still carry a pup. To an Alpha, that’s all that matters.”

“Grammy…” he wanted to protest but thought against it. “Yes, Gammy. I’ll remember that. Not yet too old. Right. Got it. Can you, uhm, let go of my ear now? It’s really starting to hurt, Grammy.” She did, and he breathed a sigh of relief, rubbing at the sore shell.

“Ahh-hem, now that it’s established that I need to buy more ties. What else has been happening with you?” He asked, lying stomach down on the small space beside her. He pressed his nose into her palm to catch her scent and allowed it to calm him down.

Above him, Edith chuckled and her frail fingers began to card through his hair like she always did in his youth. “Well, if you insist, you always did love my stories… Did you know that Mrs….” He trailed off to the sound of her voice, and her stories, which lulled him to a dreamless sleep.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

First of all; WOW, I did not expect such an overwhelming wave of enthusiasm for this fic! Thank you for all the kudos! Second, as a thank you, I am posting this chapter earlier by a day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Mike Ross worked for the firm since it called itself Pearson Hardman. Five re-incorporations later, he still has never found himself here—in the middle of the opulently decorated Chilton Hotel ballroom hotel—underdressed for the annual PSL Gala without a proper invite.

Parties, such as these, were part of the few remaining customs carried over from the olden days for the upper-ups of high society to showcase their affluence and good fortune. For the most part, this was where traditional alphas found their mates. Senior Partner Alphas hosted one every season of the year.

Paralegals like Mike had no reason to be here, except he did. Too many omegas came tonight. Probably because of central alpha of the occasion. He scrunched up his nose, hating the smell of pungent omega-enhancer cologne clogging up the air, so thick he can see a permanent spritz-fog hanging in the air.

“Crashing the party, omega?” A voice sneered from somewhere behind him.

Alpha, his mind supplied. Every instinct screamed at him to lower his head and bear his neck but he fought it. Turning around, he only lowered his eyes to greet the alpha. “No, Alpha,” he followed traditions for calling an unknown of a higher designation. “I was just looking for Alpha Donna. She told me to come here.”

The alpha walked around him in a circle and leaned closer to sniff him behind the ear, a lewd behavior even in modern times. He reeled back but the alpha had fingers pressing at the base of his neck. It had a paralyzing affect. “There was a rumor she liked them young. I didn’t expect this young. How about you take a younger alpha for a spin, huh? I’ll make it worth your while.”

“Let go because I have no idea what you’re talking about.” His hand reached up to his tie. The alpha’s eyes tracked the motion and saw the girth of the fabric.

“What the hell?” The alpha snarled, glaring at the wide piece of cloth. “Just how old are you anyway? You’re wearing broad tie! Pssst, omegas and their deceiving faces.”

Freed, Mike smoothed fabric down twice to collect himself. He burned with fury and humiliation at the insinuation but held firm. “Took you long enough.” He felt smug when he saw the alpha begin to seethe.

The male looked familiar but, for all his eidetic memory, he couldn’t remember the man’s name. He faced his fair share of bigoted alphas in his time at university and he had enough. He willingly took his chances.
“Fancy alpha lawyer like you, do you want a metal for figuring it out?” He scoffed, loudly. “No, don’t move.” He held a finger in front of the alpha’s face, “I’m a 6th year paralegal for Pearson Specter Litt. I am here on an official errand by Pearson Specter Lit, and not to socialize. This venue is rented by Pearson Specter Litt, thus making it under the firm’s jurisdiction for business operation under our by-laws.”

He lowered his hand and grinned at the alpha’s blank expression. “Section 23 of those by-laws are omega rights. Now that I’m finished and you’ve heard my case; are you still determined to make good on your bark, council?” A thrill rushed through him when the Alpha paled. “No? If so, will you be so kind as to dismiss this poor old omega so this omega can go finish his job?”

The alpha gnashed its teeth together. “This isn’t over, omega.”

“Oh yes it is,” another much deeper voice came. Then, slow clapping. Both Mike and the unnamed alpha whipped around, and instantly recognized the drop-dead gorgeous alpha in a three-piece suit who was clapping his hands with an amused expression.

“Alpha Specter,” the younger alpha bowed his head. “I caught an unfamiliar omega crashing the party and I came to investigate.”

Harvey looked unimpressed. “Is that so? And what did you find out?”

“The omega was looking for Alpha Paulsen, sir.”

At that, Harvey’s eyes twinkled brightly in interest. “For what, pup?”

“I…” The younger alpha hunched his shoulders. “I was just about to ask—”

“—don’t bother.” Harvey cut him off with a bark. “Go and get out of my sight before I change my mind and fire you instead for sexual harassment. There’s a dozen young ripe omegas here. I see no point of you bothering this one. Go!”

Mike fought back the lump in his throat. The words stung despite not being aimed at him: young ripe omegas, a reminder of his age and impending spinsterhood. He should have let it bother him but it did. He clutched the end of his tie like a life line.

When the young alpha disappeared, Harvey spoke again. “Now, that’s what I would have done if there actually was a section on omega rights. I seem to recall Section 23 being entitled sexual harassment counter-measures with a sub-section for every gender designation. I would know. I helped write those new by-laws.” A hint of pride lingered in his tone.

“Same difference.” The omega scoffed. “Omegas are the ones who often use them anyway. Might as well have a whole section dedicated to article nine-point-three, improper behavior towards omegas in the workplace by an alpha of higher rank. Classic bookcase.”

“Personal experience?”

He scented bitterness in the air coming from the alpha, and stiffened. “No, it wasn’t me… I…” the scent rapidly faded and the spicy scent of Alpha Specter stayed in the air mingling with the omegascents. It nearly caused Mike to soak through his panties but he clenched his ass tight.

“Stop that,” the command was soft but spoke with a hint of alpha-voice, more coaxing instead of ordering. He let go straightaway, his throat to lumpy to even speak. He merely kept his gaze at the alpha whom everybody has been talking about. The man met every and all expectations, and so much more.
“You shouldn’t hold your tie like that.” Without warning, the distance between them disappeared as a large calloused hand pried his fingers from the fabric before smoothening it out. The alpha crinkled his nose at the handmade creases. “See? It’s wrinkled.”

“It’s alright. No one’s here to look anyway.” His hands continued to smoothed down the cloth despite his words.

“The clapping was for you, by the way. You out-lawyered one of our top associates. Quite impressive.”

This close, he could smell the rich aroma of alpha filling his nose. His hole throbbed with a secretion of slick. He pinched it tightly but couldn’t hold it. How embarrassing! For an omega well out of his prime to shamefully react to the alpha when younger omegas were in attendance! The humiliation!

“I… I…” Something made a quiet crackling sound. His eyes shot open because they’ve been half-closed. “The envelope! McKernon Motors!” He cried out, prying the small white envelope from his inner jacket. He saw the alpha’s eyes widen minutely. “You need to help me find Alpha Donna. She told me to give it to her as soon as I find it!”

“What no ‘alpha’?” Harvey teased, voice and scent light.

Mike blushed. In his haste, he’d forgotten the proper honorific. “I’m sorry, Alpha Specter.” He ducked his head. “I didn’t mean to…” Instead the reprimand he expected, the alpha chuckled softly.

“It’s alright, Omega. I think she meant to give it to me. But, I don’t see that point of going through all that trouble when you can give it me directly.”

A hand appeared in Mike’s line of sight. He handed over the envelope, and listened to the crinkle of paper then the alpha’s deep rumbling hum.

“Ahh, so I did leave a loophole.” From under his lashes, he watched the alpha smiling as he checked his shiny gold watch. “I can honestly say that I didn’t expect you guys to finish it tonight. How many of you did it take?”

“Heh,” Mike snorted before he could stop himself. Harvey raised his eyebrow at him. “I mean I… that I… one, Alpha, just one, ehrm, me.”

“I see.” His head might have already been affected by the pheromones cycling inside the ball room but he swore he a flash of red in the alpha’s eyes. It was gone too soon to check. “You should stay and enjoy the party since you’re here. It’d be a wasted trip.”

Mike felt overjoyed to receive a personal invitation from an alpha like Harvey but it quickly faded when he remembered his age and his designation. “It’s no waste. That file is important, right?”

“Yes, for me it is.” Harvey tucked it into his own inner pocket, observing Mike with serious eyes. “But why do I get the feeling that you’re about to decline?”

“Because I am.” The younger man looked to the ground and scuffed his shoes. “I’m sorry to decline, Alpha Specter, but this is no place for an omega like me. See?” He gestured from his old suit to Harvey’s Armani. “I am underdressed too. If you do not mind, I think I’d rather go home and call it a night.”

“Indeed you are and that’s a pity. Perhaps next time, then?” Harvey licked his lip, a movement which Mike hungrily followed with his eyes.
“Next time,” the omega lied, wanting to say anything just to get away. He left the ball room trying desperately to forget the imagined look of disappointment on the alpha’s face. Lucky for him, today was Friday he had no pending for tomorrow.

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Turns out, he didn’t have to go to work for the rest of the week because he suddenly went into heat. Heat, which he spent it locked away in his apartment with alpha-porn, knotting toys, and energy drinks. But even if he tried, the only name he cried out during climax was Harvey.

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Mike did not look forward to returning to the office. Rachel took over his most critical work but another fifty or so cases waited at his desk when he returned. Associates would be swarming his desk before lunch demanding that their cases be prioritized.

He alighted from the elevator with a sigh.

“Oh hi, Mike, you’re back!” Rachel stood up from her office chair to hug him. Her office was the one right before his. “How was your heat? Bit of a surprise, huh? Something up?”

“Woah. Woah. Rachel, stop with the mothering!” He shimmied from her grasp. “Christ, one at a time! Jesus! I just got back.”

She reluctantly released him with worry written on her face. “Okay so what gives? You filed a heat-leave for next month so why di—na-uh, don’t you give me that look, Mike, we take supps to un-sync for a reason and you’re early. So, spill.” She pinned him with her gaze.

“What can I say, Rachel?” Mike chuckled uneasily. “I really don’t know. Even I didn’t know it… it just… happened.” He let his eyes drop to the floor and whispered. “Things like that happen to unmated omegas my age, okay? So just… lay off. I’ve got work to do.”

Rachel arched her eyebrow knowingly. “Damn right you do. I had to file overtime, Mike, overtime! Just to cover your ass last week.” Yet, despite her words, she smiled at him affectionately. “Go on, scoot. Get out my office and use that brain mojo of yours. Then, you’ll make it up to me at lunch.”

“Thanks, Rachel,” he said, kissing her on the cheek. He gave her a three-fingered salute on his way out.

“Yeah, yeah. I love you too. Now, go! We’re going to that fusion restaurant! No whining about them not having cheese burgers or pizza!” She hollered behind him.

Mike entered his office, surprised. “What in the world…?”

A small package lay at the center of his desk where his work should be. He shuffled to it cautiously. It was a box, a small rectangular box made of wood with a thin white ribbon wrapped around it. No card or anything in sight.

He untied the bows before opening it. A miniature scale model of a car. Not just any car but a perfect 1:64 ratio mini of the F1 racecar by McKernon motors. His heart leapt to his throat when he realized. He let it go like it burned, hitting his tabletop with a clatter. He shook his head furiously.

No, no, no, it wasn’t right, it wasn’t.
He shakily picked it up again, shoved it into the box and into his top drawer to be forgotten—an Alpha like that was just his silly little dream.

Chapter End Notes

Please take note: Fic!Mike entered the firm approximately the same time as TV!Rachel. I pretty much based paralegal-partner interactions from her. So... Mike doesn't get to generally talk to junior partners and above. In the show, TV!paralegals mostly interacted with the associates. TV!Mike doesn't even tell TV!Harvey (at first) that he's always talking to TV!Rachel. But, I'd like to think that fic!Harvey knows just who his fic!paralegal often goes to...
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Okay, so... this ended up being waaaay (like x4) longer than I initially expected. From three chapters to a whooping 11! Hence, you guys get more updates! Yay! 'Cause I wanna spread the Marvey love~ (and, 'cause I needed motivation to finish the last chapter)... It's 2:11 in the morning. Please forgive the types and mistakes. Ding me if something really sticks out to you!

A knock on his door alerted Mike of a visit. His head shot up in surprise.

The red-haired alpha entered his office with the grace of a lioness on a hunt. It made him lean harder into his seat even if he didn’t show it. Mischievousness twinkled in her eyes. She found an empty space on his desk and sat down. Her presence forcing him down like a tidal wave. He still didn’t bear his neck to Alphas.

“Still spunky as ever, aren’t you Mike?” She raised her eyebrow. “Did you get the present? No, don’t answer that. Of course you did. I put it there!”

“Donna! I mean, uh, Alpha Donna, what are you doing here?”

She laughed. “Oh, relax, Mike, no need for formalities. You saved me and Rachel the other night. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been able to bring her to the gala. Okay?”

Rachel and Donna dated on and off for two years. Both women were career-oriented, only children, with little want for bearing pups until they were settled. They decided to take the final step just last year. Unfortunately, Mike wasn’t able to attend the ceremony because his grandmother was sick with the flue. He sent a heat survival kit for the occasion. The couple was more than grateful. He’s been friends with Donna ever since.

“Thanks, Donna.” Hearing the words made him relax a bit. “So what are you doing here? You don’t come to the paralegal’s floor just for anything. Usually, it’s to pick-up Rachel after hours. It’s—” he glanced down at the clock. “—three o’clock in the afternoon. And you’re visiting me. What gives?”

“Ah, sharp as ever. No wonder Buttercup likes you so much.” She grinned from ear to ear. “I need some more of that magic brain mojo of yours.”

“You?”

“Okay you got me. Not me. Harvey. ‘Cause his knot-head of an associate is too busy skirt-chasing Harvey’s rejects to function properly and this case is important. You in?” She waved the around the folder from under her arm.

Mike cocked his head. “I don’t know, Donna... I am kind of busy...” he gestured to the stack of materials on either side of his desk. “I mean... you could have just asked your mate. What’ll Rachel think when she finds out you gave me a case?”

Donna promptly froze. “I—I will handle my mate. Aww, come on, Mike. I’ll find something else for
her to work on but I need this done. If possible, today, before shit hits the room. You do not want to know what happens when shit hits the roof. It’s… disgusting.”

“Fine,” he extended his hand to take the folder. She bounced off his table with triumphant expression. “Uh-uh-uh,” he shook his finger, “You’re buying me dinner for every hour of over time, and I’m starting the count at six! It’s not going to be cheap.”

“Mike,” she answered, grin not fading. “Get this done and Harvey will buy you dinner for the rest of the week.” He flushed up to his ears. “Oh,” her eyes darted from his face to his tie and then widened. “But I thought… you’re wearing a…”

Mike face-palmed his face and waved her away with his other hand. “I know. I know. I’m aware that I’m too old. It’s… it’s nothing. Just don’t—don’t tell anyone, okay?”

“Mike…”

“Please?”

“Okay.”

If she sounded sad or disappointed, he forced himself not to notice. He listened to her footsteps fade away before opening the folder.

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The case took him fifteen hours and twenty-three minutes to complete, not including break time. He completely it just shy of eight am in the morning. His back was killing him when he stood up for his hourly yoga regiment. Doctors warned him to keep fit, and his office-yoga regimen helped with that. He heard three distinct pops from his lower back.

He stared out over Manhattan while he stretched his leg. His reflection on the glass window told him he looked just as bad as he felt; dried sweat matted under his skin, eyes far too dark to ever be removed, and skin pale from the lack of proper sun in the past week. Rachel’s heat was coming up and both of them needed to be ready on the work-side of things.

His personal phone beeped.

[[ From Rachel: Join me for breakfast? I’ve got rainbow bagels J ]]

He was half-surprised that he hadn’t forgotten to charge it.

[[ To Rachel: With cream-cheese spread? ;p ]]

[[ From Rachel: You betcha ;) ]]

Mike rounded up his poses and grabbed his research. He saw her seated at her desk with a bag full of pastries. He tapped twice.

“Hey, I’m gonna run up to the SP-floor before we eat, okay?”

Rachel stared back at him in surprise. “Mike! Did you stay all night?” She asked, sounding horrified and her scent shimmered with irritation.

“I’m fine, Rachel, really. It’s all in a day’s work.” He forced calmness to override his tiredness.

“Hope you got an extra cuppa joe in there too ’cause I need it.” He winked without letting her get another word in. If she called after him, he didn’t care, too excited at the prospect of visiting the SP-
floor.

In general, paralegals don’t go up to the fifty-third floor. Not for anything else but because they weren’t needed on the partner’s floor. Associates were normally the ones who came and went through the various floors of the office. Mike’s only been up a handful of times.

Donna stopped him immediately when he arrived. Her face reflected abject horror, and guilt matching Rachel’s. “You got it done.” And her voice conveyed her obvious disbelief. “In one night? How many hours did it take?”

Mike gave her a cocky grin. “Of course I did. I’m the best.”

“Don’t Rachel hear you say that.” She warned with no real threat in her tone. Her face softened when she took the file, holding it as if it were sacred. “Mike, thank you. I didn’t really expect you to finish until tonight.”

“Oh, Donna, you wound me,” He placed his hands dramatically over his heart. “And for that you’re going to owe me lunch today apart from—”

“Donna!” A voice boomed, cutting Mike off. “Goddammit, Donna! Did you let another omega in my office? The hall stinks like a—” Whatever Harvey wanted to say died on his lips when he saw Mike standing right outside of his office. “—oh, it’s you.”

“Me?” Mike felt the flush on his cheek the second he saw the alpha.

“You’re the omega from the gala. The paralegal, right?”

“Yes, Alpha Specter.” He unconsciously bared his neck. The annoyed scent dissipated as if it were imagined, replaced by something cool and fresh. He could feel the alpha coming closer even if he didn’t look.

“Harvey is fine. No, I insist that you call me Harvey.” The alpha corrected with the same amusement from all those nights ago. He might have had his hands inside his jacket pockets but that did not deter even an ounce of his domineering presence. He eyed the omega intently.

Mike had unconsciously grabbed the end of his wrinkled broad tie again. His only nervous tick in front of alphas. He didn’t let go.

“Your tie—”

“It really doesn’t matter.” He cut the older man off. “I told you. It’s fine.”

Harvey tilted his head minutely but withdrew his unspoken words. “I assume you came here for a reason.” His eyes drifted to the folder resting on the divider. They narrowed at Donna. “Did you…?”

“Yes.” She replied unapologetically then shrugged. “Sorry, boss, it needed to get done.”

“Yes.” Mike felt a little awkward about being spoken about like he wasn’t even there. But then the male alpha’s eyes jumped to him. “You…?” That instinctual surge to go down on his knees to beg for a knot flared again. His blunt nails left crescent-shapes on his palm.

Harvey did the unthinkable: his lips twitched into an approving smirk. “Good Job, Mike.”

Their eyes locked together. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t speak. All he could do was hold eye contact for as long as possible. His inner wolf cried out.
Too soon, the blasted phone blared like an alarm. Donna swiped it from the holder but it was too late; Harvey and Mike had torn their eyes away. She answered it professionally despite the growl crawling up her throat. “Yes, sir. Right away, sir.” She sent Mike a rueful look before turning to Harvey.

“I’ve got Ms. Sainz on line two, Harvey.”

No one would ever dare attest to the fact that Harvey’s reaction was two-seconds delayed but Donna saw what she saw even if she kept her mouth shut.

“Ah, yes. I’ll take it in my office.” His nostrils flared as he swept past Mike and into his office.

With Alpha Specter gone, Mike sagged against Donna’s cubicle divider for support. The scent of Harvey clung to the air and wouldn’t face, or perhaps he simply held to the scent too strongly. It took a handful of deep breaths before the vertigo subsided.

“Mike? Do you need help going down?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I think I might just be a little hungry.”

Donna shot him a worried look which prickled the back of his neck all the way to the elevators.

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Omegas in pursuit of Alpha Specter were still relentless. They came day in and day out, one of three at a time, seeking an audience with Harvey. Not even heavy duty cleaning chemicals proved potent enough to dissipate the heavy scent of omega seeping into every nook and cranny. Even the beta staff members have noticed.

“That’s it! I can’t work like this anymore!” Rachel’s voice came out muffled from the scent-blocking facemask. She slammed her firsts onto Mike’s desk, rattling it. “I’ve got top grade scent-blockers on my door and I still smell it! How can you even stand this?”

Mike calmly pulled the earbuds out. He pulled his mask to only cover his nose. “It’s not like we can do anything about it. An Alpha can’t un-announce his search for a potential mate. You said so yourself. You and Donna went through it!”

“Yes…” She collapsed on his couch with a groan. “But we didn’t stick up the whole office during our courtship. We were civilized enough to be discreet about our scents.”

He hummed, absently continuing his speed-reading. “Guess not everyone’s you then, Rachel. What was it you said?” He asked as he turned to the next document. “Quote—You really shouldn’t bully other people for their choices when no one here is judging you for yours—unquote.” He even mimed quotation marks.

Rachel clicked her tongue, caught. “Argh. Fine! Don’t be such a smart ass and tell me how you deal with it. I’m losing my mind here and I’m your O-BFF! Save me, Mike~” She threw her head back against the armrest and groaned.

Mike took pity on her. “I’ve put spray-on blockers.” He took off his mask completely and showed her the extra layer of mesh fabric. “I spritz every hour or so depending on the pheromones in the air.”

“I… did not even think of that.” she gaped at Mike’s cost-efficient stroke of genius like it was the world’s greatest invention. She grinned maniacally. “Show me! Come on, I can’t take it anymore.”
He chuckled tersely, trying not to breathe through his nose.

The office line rang in the middle of their lesson.

“Ross speaking.” Mike squished the bulking handset between his ear and his shoulder. “Donna?” His eyes widened in surprise. Rachel’s head perked up at the sound of her mate’s name.

“Is she looking for me?” Rachel whispered beside him.

He shrugged his shoulders twice. “Are you looking for Rachel?” The omega in question watched him tensely, but he shook his head. “You want what…? No, I can’t possibly…! Donnaaaaa, please don’t make me… I can’t… but I… a week! No! Five days. No more than five days and that’s my final offer or find another omega. Better yet let your mate do it! She’s here right now. Let me ask her.”

At her name, Rachel’s piqued up again. “Me?” She rose to her feet and climbed on top of his table.

Mike pushed away his files. “Do you wanna play junior associate for Alpha Specter?”

“What?!” Her eyes nearly bulged out of her face. “You want me to… what?!”

“Kyle, Alpha Specter’s associate, called in sick.” He scoffed. “Guess all those omega-hormones finally caught up to the poor kid.”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “I’m surprised none of the associates decided to jump his ship.”

“Hold on,” Mike lifted his finger. “I’m putting Donna on speaker.” He pressed the button and put down the handset. “Donna, you’re live.”

Donna’s voice crackled into life. “Okay. Good. So, does either one of you want the job?”

“Hey to you too, Blossom,” Rachel drawled, rolling her eyes. “There’s got to be a catch. I’m sure someone in the bullpen would jump for that opportunity so why call us?”

“Harvey needs an omega.” At that, both of their eyebrows touched their hairlines.

“Why?” They asked simultaneously.

Donna’s line was silent for half a second too long. “Because Kyle went into rut this morning and growled at the omega. Harvey thinks bringing up another knot-head will force their ruts as well.” A pregnant silence befell all three of them. “…so? Any takers or do I have to make another call?”

Rachel shook her head. “Mike can take it.” She insisted. “Heaven knows I can’t stand the smell from this far away, what more if I go directly to its source. He doesn’t seem to have a problem with that.”

“That’s why I called him, Buttercup. Plus, I know he’s the best, er, after you of course.”

“Nice save.” Mike muttered under his breath. “Doesn’t anyone care what I think about all this?”

(Of course we do, Mike.)

(Of course we do, Mike.)

Their chorus and their tone made it clear enough; clearly, they’d made up their minds.
Author's Notes: Friendly reminder that I am slightly altering the Senior Partner-Paralegal Interactions and adding a Donna/Rachel matchmaking twist because they're awesome. I am not tagging them simply because I only tag major relationships in the tags. Also, Harvey was just promoted to senior partner when Mike arrived (just like in Season1 except as a paralegal).
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

This chapter is beta-ed by the awesome Buzzwell. Thank you darling so much for doing it on such short notice. Because of you, everyone gets a new chapter from me tonight~ (Well morning, it's technically 2am here. Semantics. urgh.) Anyway, please do enjoy~

Mike took a side-trip to the pharmacy to bulk-up on suppressants and blockers during lunch. He normally didn’t drink suppressants but being around so much omega-hormones might make him act haywire. He’d rather be safe than sorry. The drugs also helped him control his scent by dampening it.

Donna met him by the elevators.

“Rachel ratted me out, didn’t she?”

She faked innocence. “My mate did no such thing. I’m merely… Fine, yes, you caught me.”

He waved her off. “Okay so how’s this going to work? You hand me papers then I hand them back to you? What’s the big difference about working downstairs anyway? Sounds pretty much the same to me.”

“Well, for one thing…” Donna only smiled. She led him straight to Harvey’s office and pushed him through the door. “You don’t get that kind of eye-candy in the paralegal floor, do you?”

Mike felt the rush of wind hit his back when she closed the door. The alpha inside was talking on the phone, his voice velvet smooth while he directed through the conversation, perfectly at ease, perfectly alpha. He clutched the end of his tie instinctively. If anything, at least he’ll have this memory after this charade was all over.

The phone call ended.

“Ahh, Mike.” Alpha Specter’s voice directed to him had an obvious effect. “I see you’re holding your tie. You still haven’t listened to my tie-advice.”

He instantly let go but kept his back flush against the door. Different from all their past interactions. This was pure alpha in a tightly contained space with no other way out. “Someone would think that you’d had enough omegas prancing around your office.” Fuck. Two minutes in, and he already blew it. The omega in him screamed for him to grovel and beg forgiveness. He fought hard.

“Not enough, apparently.” Harvey didn’t miss a beat, voice playful. “So… is that what you came up here to do? Prance around my office, huh, omega?”

Oh dear god. Mike scratched at the glass wall to keep his knees from buckling. His grip on his tie, tightened. “Naah, not my thing. I’m more of a ‘put on my tunes kinda guy and bury my ass in work’ type of omega. Not to be, you know, sexist and all. Omegas come in all shapes and sizes, as to Alphas and Betas. It’s biology putting a trick on all of us. You’d think two genders would have been enough.”

What the hell was he going rattling off like some pre-heat teenage omega?
God, it was so embarrassing.

“I mean, uhm… Donna said you had work for me?”

Alpha Specter gave him a speculative look at that. “You’re spunky. I’ll give you that, kid. But there’s a difference between being a paralegal and a lawyer. Are you sure you’re up for the job?”

Mike knew a challenge when he saw one. “Gimme me your worst, alpha.” For a second, he thought he saw red flash around the alpha’s eyes but it disappeared in a blink of an eye. He lost the cockiness seconds later when Harvey pulled out file as thick as half a rim of bond paper.

“Take a look at that. Read every page, every paragraph, every line, every punctuation. It needs to be airtight when you get it back to me. After that, we’ll see if you’ve got the job.”

“Thanks.” He barely contained his eye roll and turned to leave.

Harvey stopped him. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Uhm, my office?”

The alpha looked at him as if he had two heads. “No. You’re sitting down on that chair and doing it here.” He pointed to the sofa and the coffee table with a smirk. “I don’t know if you’ve heard this about me, Mike, but I’m not the type of alpha who knows how to share.”

Hot damn, the possessiveness in Harvey’s tone doesn’t make him leak in his scent-blocking panties a little. Mike stomped his way over to the leather monstrosity and hopped onto the cushions, making it huff out air. “What?” He glared back at the lawyer in irritation. “My chair’s harder than this, and I’m not in risk of getting fluff-swallowed alive.”

For his effort, the alpha merely cocked his head and snorted.

Working with Harvey was surprisingly easy. After Mike gave back the 274-page document, in less than an hour no less, the alpha quickly warmed up to the omega, more so than they already had. Two omegas came in that same span of time. Their scent clogging up his sinuses. He hadn’t worn a mask to avoid judgement.

Impressed, the older man handed Kyle’s last case to Mike—pro bono, sexual harassment suit.

Mike felt like he stepped onto cloud nine, eager to please and quick to move. That, and he needed to get out of the omega-smelly room pronto. He dug through the employee records like a man on a mission. More omegas came and went, bringing with them their thick artificial omega scents that made his eyes water.

He wanted to kiss the ground outside after finally finding out the missing employee file. The open air never felt so fresh to his hypersensitive nose. He took his time talking to the lead witness. Something felt off. On a whim, did a thorough background check on her. Boom! He caught them!

“She’s lying.” He announced, barging into the Senior Partner’s office at ten o’clock in the evening like he had every right to do that. “As it turned out, Joanna received a substantial money transfer from this one bank account. I checked it out. It’s from one of the Delvin McGregor’s shell companies. I think they’re paying her off.”

The trail of evidence proving his case thudded on the dark wooden table.

“You found this all out… in two days?” The alpha gave him a skeptical look. He skimmed through
the documents with that thinking furrow on his forehead, occasionally making a ‘huh’ sound or a hum. Mike tried his hardest not to fidget where he stood, fingers playing with the end of his tie as he waited.

“You’ve got good instinct.”

That caught the omega’s attention. “What?”

Harvey gave him a swaggering look. “Fishing for compliments now, Mike?”

Mike blushed all the way up to his ears. Hearing such a flirty tone from the alpha shouldn’t have such an effect on him. He fingered the coarse cloth of his necktie in embarrassment. “Can I… can I go home now? I’ve got an early day tomorrow.”

Harvey looked like he wanted to say something else but quickly changed his mind. “Sure. But, uh… good job today. I’ll see you bright and early tomorrow at my office. Nine am. Sharp.”

The permission jolted Mike into action. He was headed for the door without a second thought, hearing the blood thundering in his ears and his heart jackhammering inside his chest. The words rung in his head like a traitorous echo.

***

The mornings might have been filled with omegas coming in and out the office for a chance to meet the eligible alpha but it meant that time for work was severely cut-down. No alpha in his right mind would allow for his productivity to decrease because of something as mundane as courting—which meant doing most of the work after-hours.

Harvey was a generous Alpha.

It began with one late night in the middle of burning the midnight oil. A cup of sweet and creamy coffee materialized under Mike’s nose, and then a warm roast-beef sub, from the deli two blocks away, came a few minutes later.

“What this?” He stared hesitantly at the offering of food.

The alpha merely curled his lips in a sly smile. “Don’t tell me that one all-nighter already melted your brain to mush, huh, rookie? It’s coffee and a sandwich which you can also refer to as food. You put them in your mouth, but not at the same time ‘cause if you could do that then that’d be awesome.”

“Har-har, Harvey.” Mike’s brain-to-mouth-filter had gone faulty hours ago. He just blurted out whatever came to his mind at the moment it was created. He might regret it in the morning. Right now though, he didn’t really care. “You’re hilarious… do you use that brrrrri—” he rolled his tongue “—liant humor of yours on unwitting omegas? One of your super power, perhaps?”

Harvey laughed out—loud and powerful, rumbling deep down his core. “Shut up and eat your goddamn sandwich before I force-feed you. You’re skinnier than Kyle and that kid seriously needs to put on more weight if he wants to work in the corporate jungle.”

Mike rolled his eyes but followed. “Oh,” his mouth fell open into a perfect circle after his first bite. “Oh Blesses Mary, mother of God, this is… oh, sweet baby jesus… this is amazing. What the hell did you put in this? ‘Cause I’ve eaten this before and it doesn’t taste like this.”

“A great man never reveals his secrets.” The other man grinned from ear to ear. “Besides, if I tell you now then you won’t come back to ask me for more. What’s the fun in that?”
“Course it’ll be no fun. Point is to eat not play footsie under the table.” He bit into the sub, stretching his mouth wide over the girth again before chomping down. Juice oozed from the corner of mouth and down his fingers. On another time, he would be embarrassed by utter lack of decorum in front of an alpha but his hungry stomach took over his higher brain functions. He munched happily.

If Harvey saw it, he said nothing.

“You’re a weird omega.” Mike stiffened instinctively, but the alpha quickly back-tracked. “No, that’s not what I meant! It’s just… I haven’t met many omegas like you. You’re different.”

Very carefully, the omega responded. “And what would that mean?” He slowly put down his half-eaten sandwich. The strong urge to eat overpowered by curiosity.

“For one,” Harvey gingerly wiped the grease stain off Mike’s cheek. “I’ve never seen an omega eat the way you do. At least, not in front of me… and—” he inhaled rather deeply, nostril blatantly flaring. The omega blushed at the unguarded gesture. “—you smell… nice. It’s clean. I haven’t smelled an omega without enhancers in months.”

Consciously, Mike raised his arm to his nose and sniffed himself, only to reel back a second later. “You’ve got to be kidding me? I reek. Sheesh, dude, if you’re gonna tell an omega they stink, you could have at least been decent enough to look apologetic! I smell like—” he sniffed again “—argh! Two days without showering that’s what.”

The alpha said nothing but he kept stealing glances at younger man. For his part, Mike ate his food with joy clearly evident in his sullied day-old scent. It was a damn good sandwich. They finished their midnight snack and went back to work.

In the early pre-dawn morning, they found their smoking gun buried under the mountain of paperwork.

“Hey,” Harvey patted the paralegal starting to doze-off on his couch. “There’s a shower in my office. I can lend you a shirt and clean boxers.”

The blond squinted at him, smiling weakly. “Pfft. Alright, I stink, no need to be pushy.” He snorted. “Give me… give me five minutes and I’ll haul my stinky ass into your shower.” Energy depleted from nearly two whole days of nonstop work, he only heard his own words.
Buzz has been amazing. Everyone give'em a round of applause for catching hole I didn't see. :) Thank you so much for volunteering to beta this for me~

Something big, and warm, and smelling like alpha wrapped round Mike. In his sleep he felt protected from the rest of the world. He wanted to stay cocooned in his soft heaven forever but the alarm-clock had other plans for him.

5:00am. It shrieked its ungodly shrill of high-pitched bells less than a foot away from his ear.

“Shit fuck!” He jolted out of bed with a fright. The squawking wouldn’t stop. If only he could disintegrate the blasted thing by the power of his mind alone, he shan’t be suffering like this. But alas, he was merely human. He fumbled blindly for the source of the noise.

CRASH

His alarm clock fell to the floor with a sickening crack but it stopped.

“Dammit,” he groaned into his lumpy old pillow which smelled like his drool. “Argh.” Somehow, he felt different. The sheets clung to him in a vise-like grip, tangling with his limbs, trapping his arms and legs and—a shirt? He pushed the covers off with a jerk, staring at his arms. A dark black cotton shirt which he was sure he didn’t own.

The memory of last night came crashing down on him.

“Harvey,” he forced himself to breathe—Harvey and the shirt. Last night—well, err, this morning really—Harvey let him use the showers in the alpha’s office before driving him home to the apartment. Embarrassment which evaded him from his drowsy half-asleep state came crashing to him now.

He’d let an alpha bring him home—all the way to his apartment, he remembered in shock, not just the front of the building. He hasn’t allowed anyone to do that in a long time. The thought shouldn’t bother him as much as it did. If only he were still wearing his skinny ties, then the gesture wouldn’t have been lost on him. Such a pity.

“Alright, Mike, just two more days.”

Two more days-worth of memories shouldn’t be a problem, right?

***

Being Alpha Specter’s temporary step-in associate gave Mike privileges that he never dreamed of as a paralegal. For one, his access to Harvey’s floor went virtually unquestioned to most of the firm. The only ones with a bad thing to say were jealous junior associates who felt betrayed that an omega got their supposed chance to get into the elder alpha’s good graces.

“So much for progressive hiring.” Mike mumbled angrily at the coffee stain on his grey tie. Of all the
days to wear grey, he chose today when the knot-head douches searched out for blood. He recognized the young alpha who shoved him from the bullpen. He filed away a mental note to put that particular asshole’s work at the bottom of pile.

Donna saw the stain like a bogey on her radar. She bared her teeth. “You will tell me right now who the pup was and I’ll make sure that they get their nose buried in so much paper work they won’t be able to smell anything but ink for the next year—”

The omega lifted his hand to stop her. “Donna,” he warned, shaking his head. “The last thing I want is for more rumors about getting special treatment from Alpha Specter’s office. It’s a scandal in itself that he wouldn’t have an alpha temp. It’s just a tie. I have a spare inside my briefcase.”

She appeared taken aback but didn’t oppose him. Amazement flashed through her eyes, then she nodded. “I shouldn’t have expected anything less.” She chortled. “Get changed. He isn’t in yet. You still have time. He shot her a grateful look, saluting before he went to the rest rooms.

Mike stared at the old powder blue tie for a solid five minutes before wringing it around his neck and tying the knot.

He bypassed Donna on the way back, slipping into the room with only a glance and a smile sent in her direction. He wanted to avoid being rattled by her invasive questions. She didn’t have to know that he was lying to the single most important person in his life. Grammy’s hopes and dreams were better left in the realm of daydreams. His nose caught scent of alpha too late.

“And who the hell might you be, young man?”

Mike jerked his head in the direction of the unknown alpha. He let out an uneasy laugh. “Well that’s something I haven’t heard in a long time. I assure you, alpha, there is nothing young about me anymore.”

The alpha eyed him, appraising. His eyes zeroed in on the thin blue strip of fabric. “So it seems.”

“This is… uhm…” Mike clutched it defensively. His grandmother’s words haunted him. He became all too aware of the wear and tear—the frays, the small rips, the cloth softened by years of washing—which befell the old garment. He really didn’t want to explain himself.

He chose to avoid answering the non-question. “The names Mike Ross, paralegal. I’m—”

“Good, Mike, you’re here.” Harvey torpedoed through the door with a determination that Mike’s never seen on the senior partner. If he saw the blue tie, he didn’t say anything about it. “I need the pharmaceutical research, the Langston briefs, and the deposition question for this afternoon. Have you filed the—”

The familiarity of their dynamic melted away Mike’s worries. “Motions for discovery—change of venue—change of date—and—notice of cross-motion to invalidate the hearsay testimony.” He slapped each folder in succession on the alpha’s desk with a triumphant grin on his face. “And oh yeah—” he pulled out three thicker files from his briefcase “—the other three things you didn’t have to ask for.”

“Good work.” Harvey took one of the files and signed it before handing it back to Mike, his pen still stuck between the pages. The omega took a perverse enjoyment in seeing the other alpha’s jaw hitting the metaphorical floor. The unknown older man faked a cough to gain their attention.

“Ah yes, how rude of me,” Harvey rolled his eyes, playful rather than annoyed. “Dad, this is Mike, the omega helping me out while Kyle’s, ahem, indisposed. Mike, this is my father Gordon Specter.
Speaking of which, dad, I didn’t know you were visiting today.”

Gordon let out a deep laugh. His eyes crinkled in a way that reminded Mike of Harvey. “Well, son, I just was in town. So I thought why not visit my oldest son who, by the way, isn’t even mated yet.” The challenge came through loud and clear in his voice.

Harvey let out a small growl. “I haven’t chosen anyone to mate with yet.” He cast Mike a sideward look. The omega didn’t see it.

The older alpha took a loud sniff of the air. “Really? By the smell of it, you’ve got quite a diversity in choices, Harvey. What’s taking you so goddamn long? It’s been months since you’ve declared your willingness to start a courtship.”

Mike shouldn’t be here. He really shouldn’t. This type of conversation was one you had in the privacy of your own home and not in the glass-walled office at nine am in the morning. He slunk back as close to the wall as he possible could. Just the thought of ‘mate’ on Harvey’s lips made his stomach do cartwheels.

Harvey seemed to realize this. “Dad,” he let out a warning. He spared Mike a sideward glance before turning back to his father. A million-dollar smile normally reserved for clients stretched across his lips. “Would you like to join me for breakfast? I’m famished. There’s a diner in Midtown that serves waffles that you really like. I’ll have Ray pick us up in ten minutes.” His tone left little to discuss.

“Mike,” the omega jumped at the sudden address. “Go over what we found this morning and double-check if we missed anything. I want to nail this son of a bitch inside a coffin before we send him back to hell.” He checked his watch briefly then his father. “If I’m not back before Clarence comes in, I want you to do the deposition on your own.”

“Right.” Mike straightened up fully. “Got it. Leave it to me, boss.” He saluted with three fingers even if the anxiety threatened to spill out from every pore. He kept his scent together, blocking it with neutralizers and an extra-layer of dampeners this morning.

The senior partner sent one last nod his way and left with Gordon in tow. He didn’t come back for the rest of the day. Mike kept the pen.

***

On their last official working day together, Harvey brought Mike to a café-restaurant inside a hotel. The old omega felt self-conscious as the alpha navigated through the maze of tables and chairs whilst being cool, comfortable, and confident in his own skin. His wide-faced tie felt like a noose hanging around his neck.

Harvey ordered for both of them. All the while, keeping a respectable distance away. He said nothing about the tie. He smiled though, all open and friendly-like, making Mike’s heart somersault in ways that it shouldn’t.

“Alpha Specter, why are we here?” Mike was unable to contain his curiosity any longer.

If the older man noticed the change in address, he said nothing about it. “Remember the document I made you proofread yesterday?” The paralegal nodded. “It was for Jones. He’s one of my oldest clients, and he owns this hotel. He’s planning to do a merger with a hotelier from Vegas.”

“Why exactly am I here then?”
“Harvey!” Another voice cut in before the alpha could answer. A petite dark-haired brunette went up to their table, specifically to Harvey, and planted a wet kiss on the man’s cheek. It left a deep pink stain on the tan skin. Her scent wrapped around the older man with a squid’s tentacles.

Mike didn’t even hear her name. She looked familiar. She was pretty, incredibly so, and in the cusp of her girlhood. He realized, with a start, where he’d seen her: the lobby of the firm. She must be one of those drawing Harvey’s attention.

Unfounded jealousy bubbled up in his chest while he watched them together. It was ridiculous to feel such a thing! He had no claim on the alpha. They were merely colleagues, not even friends. He hastily stood up.

“Excuse me, I’m going to the bathroom.” He fled as far away as he could. They might smell his rancid bitter scent.

How could he have been so stupid? He foolishly thought that he’d been asked out on date. It was already quite impossible but he had hoped. But who was he kidding? Alphas like that would want an omega just like that—young, docile, and fertile—not like him. He was on the end of his ideal years. Catching would be a challenge.

“Get a grip, Ross. Don’t be delusional. He’s out there with an omega in their prime—everything that you’re not.” He hissed at his own reflection. He saw a desponded old omega staring back at him—too old and too broken. “Go out there and be professional. Stop making yourself look pathetic. We chose this, remember?” He gripped his tie with so much hate. For the first time in his life, he wished he presented on time.

The ripe young omega was gone by the time they got back.

“Mike, are you alright?”

“Yes, alpha.” Mike lowered his head and his eyes. Not even the smell of food could lift up his spirits. Thank god he always carried blockers on his person as a precaution. He spritzed the whole bottle on himself before daring to come out of the boy’s room. He was a hundred and one percent sure that Harvey couldn’t scent his mood.

Still, the man looked at him with concern. “Are you sure? You were in there for a pretty long time.” He still had the pinkish stain on his cheek where she kissed him.

Mike forced his away from the other omega’s claim. “Yes, alpha. I’m fine… just feeling a bit off.” It wasn’t far from the truth. If he were honest, he’d been feeling an itch under his skin for the past few days. He purposely avoided thinking about it. “It’s nothing. I’ll be okay.” But once he thought about it, the feeling won’t go away.

Harvey scented the air loudly, bordering on lewd and a deep growl rumbled from his chest.

“Mike,” his voice was drenched with his alpha-voice, “Answer me honestly; are you going into heat?”
Blood drained from Mike’s face. Harvey’s question hit straight in the middle of a bullseye. “No—” He hadn’t even thought about that possibility because—“I can’t—that’s not—no, it can’t be—” All his fears were coming true. He fought back tears that threatened to spill.

Deep down, he knew it—on the back of his head, tingling under his skin, at the bottom of his slacks. He knew it. If only he’d been more attentive to his body’s needs, he could have avoided all this fiasco in the first place.

“Mike?” If Harvey’s voice sounded like a boom box, it was because he was crouching down beside Mike with a hand on the omega’s lower back. He rubbed slow circles, coaxing gently. “Mike,” he let his alpha-voice bleed into his tone, “I need you to calm down. Come on, stay with me, kid. You’re gonna be alright. Is there anyone I can call?”

Mike’s omega wailed in desperation as his body continued on its natural course. He shivered because his temperature spiked. He descended into delirium. “T—T—Trevor. Please,” he whined with all the omega-voice that he could muster. It only heightened his shock. He hadn’t used it since he was in college. Harvey’s scent changed but he didn’t recognize what it meant.

The scent, the weight, the presence of the alpha beside him sent his instincts on overdrive. He must get away. He was gushing. He needed to get away from Harvey before he does something monumentally stupid like proposition the older man. The rejection will crush him unconditionally. He doesn’t know if he’ll survive that. He won’t. He just won’t.

“Mike, come on. You’ve got to give me more than that.” Harvey’s tightly wound voice washed over him.

“E—Evans,” He gasped, clinging to a hand that he knew belongs to Harvey. It was big and sweaty and cool. He’ll take this. “Tr—evor Eh—evans.”

Alpha, he thought while Harvey’s physical form cocooned his shivering body, my alpha. This was what it felt like to be embraced by Harvey. If this was all he the physical connection he’ll ever get from the alpha, he’ll gladly take it and treasure it for the rest of his days.

He vaguely recalled falling asleep but he dreamt of thick calloused hands through his hair, of a lovely voice murmuring soft promises against his forehead, of someone holding him close like he was the most precious thing in the world.

Mike wished so hard for it to be Harvey.
When Mike opened his eyes, the alpha was nowhere in sight. He found himself in a dark room with the lone light coming from the reading lamp. The bed smelled like scent neutralizing laundry detergent. He couldn’t help but buried his face in the pillow. It helped him clear his head. He could smell the heat coming off him in waves. It surprised him that he even made it here safely.

He couldn’t quite remember it well but someone had brought him here. Harvey probably called Trevor to haul his omega ass out of that hotel. He laughed bitterly at the thought. The omega part of him wished that it was Harvey who took the time and the effort to bring him here but that was merely a selfish little fantasy.

“Mike?” Someone called from outside the door. “You awake, now?” A streak of light flooded from the corridor and a figure walked inside. It formed a halo of light around the pregnant female beta, who was also one of his oldest childhood friends.

He turned his face towards her. “Hey, Jenny,” he mumbled weakly. “Fancy meeting you here.”

Jenny snorted at his failed attempt to be funny. “Guess that’s a silly question now, huh?” she sat down on the chair by his bedside, her face a picture of worry. She smiled tiredly at him while rubbing absently at her pregnant belly. “Hey, Mike-y, how are you feeling?” With her free hand, she stroked over his sweaty forehead.

“Like I’ve been dipped in lava or something. S’too hot here, Jenny…” He tasted cotton in his mouth and his voice sounded like gravel. His throat felt as dry as a dessert like he hadn’t used it in years. He rose up on shakily on his forearms. He could feel sweat dripping down his back. “Are you sure it’s okay that I’m here? Won’t it affect the baby?”

She gave him a wary smile. “Of course it is, Mike, you know that betas aren’t too sensitive with scents. You’re always welcome here. As long as you don’t get too upset, it’ll be fine. This little pup’s fairly stubborn just like his daddy.”

Mike glanced down longingly over Jenny’s six-month-old belly. “Yeah?” He tried to smile. “None of them got their mama’s niceness, yet?”

“I’m praying that’s a nurtured-trait and not nature. I’ve already got two little Trevors running around. We’re hoping for a little Jenny this time, or an Uncle Mike would be nice too.” Jenny reached for a glass of water on the bedside table. “Here, drink this.”

“Thanks.”

She helped him tip the clear liquid into his mouth, urging him quietly to take a sip. He did. He took big gluttonous gulps. Three-fourths disappeared before the glass returned to her.

“How long has I been out?”

“Just over a day.” She placed the glass back on the table, then gently touched his hand. “How are you, Mike? I feel like I haven’t seen you since the baby shower, and that was months ago. I know I should have called more but I didn’t really know when you’re busy with legal stuff…”

“S’not your fault.” Mike told her. “I have been really busy.”

Jenny snorted. “Busy enough to forget your suppressants apparently.” The omega didn’t laugh the joke off like he normally would have. She backtracked, panic bleeding into her voice. “Mike? There’s nothing wrong with your cycle, right? I mean… it’s only been a couple of years since you presented.”
He squeezed it tightly, not letting go despite her small flinch. “It’s the second one in seven weeks…” He told her, voice barely rose above a whisper. “It’s not fair, Jenny, maybe the doctors were right… about me being a… being a…”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence, Mike.” Jenny’s scent flared and she hissed, surprising him. “You are not a broken omega. Do you hear me? You just presented later than usual. Some present early and have their heats long into their forties. You are thirty-five, for heaven’s sake, not fifty-three.”

“It doesn’t matter anyway.” He sighed, letting of her hand so that he could wrap his arms around his shaking frame. “I—I was ready to give all that up when I switched ties, Jenny, but I—I’m… it’s not fair, you know?” It wasn’t fair to lay all this on a pregnant woman but he couldn’t stop himself. It hurt, and the heat hormones messed with his control over emotions.

“Mike…”

“Please,” he wheezed out, “Let me finish.” She nodded. “Jenny s’not fair. I thought… I had… I had given up… I always knew that I was attracted to alphas but they didn’t want me ‘cause I was unpresented. Then, when I did, t’was just too late, ya know? Presenting as an omega at twenty-five when others my age were already mated… I tried to keep my head held high… I tried but… date one too many alphas who only want a hole to knot and it gets to you…”

The bed dipped, and Jenny wove her arms around his shaking frame. He leaned into her touch without jostling her pregnant belly. Her calm beta-neutral scent tried to comfort him, but the motherliness and the warmth only reminded him of what he couldn’t have anymore.

“It’s not your fault, Mike.”

“I know,” he sighed into her embrace. “S’why I changed ties in the first place. I figured it’ll be easier if I just kept them all away, pretend I wasn’t interested. I mean I was happy—am happy. I could live without an alpha. I could live without falling in-love again. I’d be just as happy looking after my godkids as I did raising my own children but then… then…” His words got lost in his hiccups.

Jenny was a gentle yet solid presence beside him, running her fingers through his hair. “You fell in-love, Mike, and that’s not a crime. You’re still human.”

“I can’t—t” he sobbed into her neck. “He can’t—not me, never me when he’s got so many pretty, young, and fertile omegas. Unlike me. I don’t even know if I’ll be able to—if could even—” He sprawled his fingers over her stomach, “—He treated me like I wasn’t broken or old or even an omega. He treated me like an equal —and I—I started wanting this again, Jenny, with his hair and his eyes.” Then he lowered his hand, clenching it to a fist. “I don’t even know if I can, not after this heat… s’too close together.”

“It could be something else, Mike. Some omegas aren’t regular. Or, it could be an effect of your suppressants. How about we go to a hospital?” She offered, doubling the calm in her scent. “Maybe it’s not menopause.”

Mike scoffed and pulled away, scent rising. “And wait for them to tell me what, Jenny? That’s I’ve got something wrong with my reproductive organs? Pffft. I already know that. I’ve known that since I graduated college without presenting. I know that something’s wrong with me. I don’t want to pay some know-it-all doctor to tell me what I already know!”

From a distance, the cry of a child erupted.
“Mike!” Jenny raised her voice, “Calm down. Your scent is scaring the children! You know their noses are sensitive.”

Rationally, he knew she was right. His scent was all over the place and it wasn’t pleasant. It smelled of angry, distraught, sick omega in heat—a combination that would make even adults turn their noses. The right thing to do would be to listen to her, but his emotions took over.

“Get out,” he barked, snarling.

Jenny, too, seemed affected by his hormones. She didn’t back down. “Michael Ross. You are in my house, under my roof, so help me G—!”

“Just get out!” He snapped, jumping off the bed despite fatigue and fever. “Jennifer Griffith Evans, so help me, I am not in my right mind. My inner omega does not care that you’re my best friend or that you’re pregnant, so please,” his voice broke into a whisper, “for your own safety, just leave me alone for a while. I’m not going to do anything stupid but I need to be left alone.”

“Okay,” Her shoulders slumped, defeated. She rose from the bed, grabbing the glass of water as she went, and walked to the door. “Mike, I… you know I didn’t mean…”

Mike simply nodded. “Me too, Jenny, I’m sorry.” He watched her leave, pale peach baby-doll maternity dress and olive green shawl disappearing behind the door. Her scent lingered, the flowery scent which exuded ‘warm, happy, comfort, and home’ stayed as a bitter reminder of all the thing he couldn’t have anymore.

Jenny, sweet and kind-hearted Jenny. Once upon a time she was his ideal. That was before he presented. Now, she’s the closest thing he had to a sister. In another life, he could have been the one mated at thirty-three with pup number three on the way but that wasn’t his life. Time got the better of him, in more ways than he wanted to count.

***

Trevor showed up on the second day of Mike heat carrying a bribe of sorts: three boxes of pizza and a gallon of freshly squeezed orange juice, to feed and rehydrate the omega. He placed the items on the bedside table and plunked directly onto the chair. He hadn’t even bothered to knock—just like old times. He dropped his hand dramatically on the gigantic lump on mopping in the middle of the bed.

“Rise and shine, Mikey. It’s afternoon and you missed lunch. Jenny has sent me to make amends.”

Mike groaned before groggily peeking out from his mound of comforters. “Trev’r what the hell? Yo’r luck’ I ain’ naked.” He garbled irritably before pulling the cover closer to his head. Trevor got lucky catching him at a lull. He realized that he experienced chills every time his body didn’t need to be screwed senseless. A few hours earlier and his best friend would have gotten an eyeful.

The tall lanky-haired beta just smiled. “Come on, Mike, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before.” He laughed, patting the approximate lump of Mike’s shoulder. It was true. They’d been best friends first then roommate before Jenny came into the picture. They’ve seen each other at their best and worse times. He really didn’t care if those sheets were stained forever.

Another loud groan came from under the sheets.

Trevor was relentless. He poked and prodded Mike until the tuff of blonde hair gave way to a full head. “There you are, buddy, finally got you to join the land of the living.” He laughed, patting the approximate lump of Mike’s shoulder. It was true. They’d been best friends first then roommate before Jenny came into the picture. They’ve seen each other at their best and worse times. He really didn’t care if those sheets were stained forever.

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Trevor was relentless. He poked and prodded Mike until the tuff of blonde hair gave way to a full head. “There you are, buddy, finally got you to join the land of the living.” He tugged the sheets lowers. “Phew. You stink . Is it like this all the time?” The omega glared dagger but he merely rolled
his eyes. “Touchy-touchy! Let’s get some nutrition into that skinny frame of yours or my wife will have my head.”

Mike conceded. He sat up huddled under the blanket. “You’re an ass.”

“You look like hell froze over.”

“I’m in heat.” He deadpanned.

Trevor couldn’t hold it in. He burst out laughing. “Shit. I’m sorry. If I can’t tease you about it, what’re best friends for? God. Are you always this cranky? ‘Cause you sure as hell weren’t this crabby the last time. Ouch—!” A pillow hit him head-on, a slick-stained pillow.

“Damnit, Mike! Ewww! You got it on my shirt! I am your friend but I don’t want my missus clawing my face off.” He frowned at the shiny patch on his shoulder. “I am not spending a night in the dog house for you, friend or no friend there are limits to this friendship.” He said even if they both knew it was a bold-faced lie.

The omega stuck out his tongue, corners of his mouth tilting slightly. “I birthed your second child inside your bathroom, Trevor, because you fainted.”

“Ahah!” Trevor smirked. “Got you to smile at least!” He lifted the top of the first pizza box and pried a steaming hot slice of pizza. Mozzarella stretched and clung to the rest of the pie. Mike stared at it queasily. “Go on, Mike, I’m not gonna hand feed you. I’m a happily mated man. That’s something for your alpha to do.”

He caught his mouth too late. The blond man’s face was already crestfallen. He opened his mouth to speak but closed it immediately, thinking better.

“You know, you could go back to wearing skinny ties, you know? I mean… it’s just a piece of clothing Mike. I mean… you really like this alpha, right? How’s he supposed to know that you like him if you’ve got the damned piece of cloth knot-blocking him. There’s isn’t a respectable alpha who would bypass that neon sign. And he sounds like a respectable alpha.”

“It’s not that simple, Trevor.” Mike stared at his hands, clenching “I thought about buying a new tie. This weekend actually. But then…” he didn’t have to say the rest. “I can’t do that to him, Trevor, he’d want—he’s an alpha. He’d want a family. I can’t rob him of that when fate’s robbed me of mine. He doesn’t deserve that.”

“But what about you, Mike? What if he wants you?”

Mike didn’t say anything.

With that, they fell silent again.

Trevor didn’t understand. Of course, he wouldn’t. As a beta, the courtship and mating rituals were different from an alpha-omega couple. Society and tradition was a pain in the ass that way. The alpha-dominated old high-class didn’t see betas as much of anything other than fillers in the social structure. While the bias against betas was lost over time, the emphasis on A-O relationships wasn’t.

Mike cut through the awkward silence with full determination. “Trevor, man, don’t be awkward now, okay? Just… urgh… gimme the freaking pizza slice, okay? Jeezus! I am going to get pizza stains on this bed and, by God, you’re going to explain it to Jenny ‘cause I am not in the mood.” He grabbed the food with a tad more force than necessary.
Trevor wasn’t the best at serious talk. He came here to lift-up Mike’s spirits not bring it back down. He sighed in relief because even when in heat, Mike still made things easier. “If I agree to clean that up, will you eat and drink everything I brought?”

There was a heavy silence where Mike stared between the slice and his best friend. “Counter-offer. I try to eat as much as I can but I finish that juice. Pizza isn’t that good for me anyway. Then, you give me new sheets because these ones reek of heat.”

Trevor offered a fist-bump. “Deal.” He grinned as they bumped fists. “But dude, it’s your stink.”

“Shut up and eat with me.”

They demolished two boxes of pizza and Mike singlehandedly drank the gallon of juice. Trevor made good on his word and delivered fresh sheets after cleaning up. His best friends and their beautiful ten-year-old son said goodnight through the door while the youngest was already in bed.

When all was said and done, Mike was finally left alone in the Evans’ guest bedroom again. His best friends were married, with children, even if their family wasn’t perfect. Never did he envy them except for now. Curse his hormones for making him feel so morose. Fate dangled it in front of him when he met Harvey Specter, and now fate was taking it all away again.

He curled up into a ball in the middle of the bed. The mattress would need changing with the amount of bodily fluids he secreted during this heat. It scared him. Then, for the first time since he donned his very first broad-faced tie, he allowed himself to cry.

Chapter End Notes

Mature Themes: fertility, menopause, and children
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This chapter was beta-ed by Buzzwell~ A lot of revision came from Buzz's suggestions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A small note-less bouquet waited for Mike upon his return. His heart jumped at the sight of flowers was juxtaposing to the hard lines of his boxy office. They smelled amazing though, filling his lung with a new kind of freshness to chase away the lingering scent of omega-enhancers. A get-well present? Something from Harvey? He hadn’t heard from the alpha since their failed lunch at the hotel.

He allowed himself a little hope but a glance to Rachel’s office crushed it in an instant. There sat a similar arrangement in front of her. She was smiling and laughing while talking on the phone. She brought it to her nose, idly playing with the petals. Both bundles must have come from Donna. Sadness panged him. Still, the gesture was a kind one.

Rachel saw him looking, turned and waved. He gave a small wave back. He was a fool to think that the compliments, the food, or the trinkets were more than a superior treating his subordinate properly, a very stupid fool indeed. It shouldn’t matter. He would be fine. At least he hadn’t made an even bigger fool out of himself by buying something stupid—like a new tie.

He stared at the broad tie resting in the middle of his chest, and sighed. It wouldn’t be right to trap an alpha to him, especially one at the cusp of their prime like Harvey. The alpha deserved to pass on his genes to the next generation with a white picket fence, a dog in the back yard, and a room full of toy cars.

Mike pulled out the small McKernon matchbox. He smiled sadly while running his fingers over the intricately carved details of the wheels, the body, and the engine. They could have had a playroom with toys just like this one. He had made good memories with Harvey. He’ll keep them even if he couldn’t keep the alpha. Life was just that; he’d lost to time. It was no one’s fault, just a bad draw of luck.

“Strong, confident, independent omega.” He reminded himself while playing with the car. “Maybe, one day, you’ll get to hold his little pup, right, Mike?” He scoffed at the thought, putting the toy away. “Yeah, right. He’ll probably have a house-omega with an omega nanny. And you, Mike, are not omega-nanny material. You’re a paralegal.”

Later, when Rachel asked him about his two-day emergency leave, he answered that he was at the Evans’ house. She dropped the topic and didn’t ask him again.

***

Days, weeks, soon a whole month had passed.

Mike and Rachel found themselves working in the library on a late Tuesday evening, grateful that the omega-storm had passed. Given their tenure and seniority, it was rare that they worked a case together. Tonight they had a critical one for Jessica, who needed a rush-job from her best paralegals
in the firm. She also bribed them with infinite platters of sushi.

They agreed. Over the past six-years, they’ve spent many days in this space and unofficially claimed the best table in the library. Their table of choice sat by the windows with a spectacular view of Manhattan, sparkling with the life of city lights. A half-empty platter of sushi lay between them with another unopened platter waiting in the pantry marked with post-its that threatened death for thieves. Donna signed it before she left.

Mike liked that about Rachel and Donna; they weren’t a clingy-clingy couple who arrived at work and left for work, and went to the same events or hung-out with the same circle of friends, kind of couple. They were Rachel and Donna, two separate individuals who simply belonged together.

“Thank god I can finally breathe!” Rachel stretched her arms over her head. She gave off calm and relaxed scent despite the ungodly hour. “I thought those perky little bitches with fake scents, fake tans, and fake nose-jobs would never leave! They stank worse than a Playalpha launch party.” She glared at Mike’s poorly hidden giggle. “Ouuh, don’t you play innocent with me, Mister! You were snot-faced for a week too! I bet the stink on our floor wasn’t as bad at the stink in his office .”

He brought up his hands in mock surrender. “Sheesh woman, and they said I was pre-heat cranky!” He laughed, biting into a piece of salmon maki and squinted at her thoughtfully.

She stuck out her tongue. “Well, excuse you, Mr. Man, my heat is a week away. So sue me for being irritable with those omegas scents disrupting my Chi flow, okay? And I need my Chi to function properly. My senses were going haywire and I’m not even on the same floor with them!”

“You know, it wasn’t really all that bad. First day was the worse but…” Now that he thought about it, he noticed something off the day he came in with an allergic reaction to all the fake omega scents. “They dwindled down after that or they just stopped coming to the office. I guess Harvey just met them outside or something.”

His friend looked at him suspiciously. “So it’s Harvey now, is it?”

“I, uhm, that’s not uh…” Mike touched the knot of his tie, loosening it, but kept his scent in check.

“Mike....” She pressed on, “No more Alpha Harvey ?”

“Rachel....” he warned.

“You’re no fun.”

Still, his last words sparked Rachel’s mischievousness. She leaned in with that evil look she copied from Donna in her eyes. “So…any idea what made, Harvey , stop entertaining omegas in the office? Or did he stop entertaining them completely?” Her eyes widened exponentially. “Maybe he’s found an omega that he wants to court!”

Mike dropped the sauce-dipped tuna onto his yellow pad. It stained his notes black. On the plus side, he didn’t damage any firm documents. “Shit, now, I’ve got rewrite all of this. Thanks a lot, Rachel, you’re a true friend.”

“Aww, Mike, come on, you’re avoiding the question.” She rolled her eyes and ripped away the stained sheet, fish and all. “You were there. You must have noticed someone catching Harvey’s eye, or getting some extra-attention. Use that big brain of yours. You’ve gotta remember something!”

“Rachel,” he said with an exasperated sigh, “I’ve got photographic memory for the things I read but that doesn’t mean that I remember everything.” That was a lie. He could remember everything from
the days he stayed in Harvey’s office down to every single detail but he wouldn’t tell her that.

“Really, Mike?” She sounded unconvincing, not even bothering to comment as Mike jotted down the old notes into a fresh sheet of paper. “It’s been a month and I haven’t seen any new omegas inside the firm, nor have I seen Harvey chasing women or men who’ve been eyeing the alpha. So what gives, you’re telling me that they miraculously stopped for no reason? Bull. Shit.”

“Rachel, I don’t know really, I didn’t notice him acting strange or different or singling out an omega.” He refused to answer because he really hadn’t seen anything like that. He was too focused on how Harvey treated him that he forgot about the omegas after they stopped visiting. “He didn’t do anything like that at all.”

“Mike, Miilike, Mikeeee,” she whined, pulling on the hand which he wasn’t using to write. He would have bitten her head off if she messed with his notes for the second time in one evening. “You can tell me… I promise not to say anything… not even to Donna. I just want some office gossip to get me through all—these—files!”

Mike shook her hand away, clearly irritated. “Rachel, I told you, I didn’t see anything!” He suddenly snapped, breaking the lead of his pencil in his fury. “If you’re so goddamn curious about it, why don’t you go ask your alpha? She’s his secretary for Christ’s sake! She sees everything that happens inside his office!”

“Woaah, Mike!” Rachel jerked back in surprise. “Calm down. I was just asking, okay? Sheesh…” she mumbled under her breath, “I thought I was the one with pre-heat hormones. Are you alright? You aren’t usually this… I don’t know… jumpy? Did something happen at your friends’ house?”

Mike sighed, and took a moment to collect himself. “I’m sorry,” he said after a while, “I guess… yeah… something came up while I was there.” He waved his hand, dismissing the topic. “Forget about it. It was just regular ol’ family stuff.”

Rachel gave him a disbelieving look but didn’t press it. “Sorry, just feeling… weird, you know? Gotta talk about something to keep it from getting to me. Besides, Donna’s been acting… off too. Like, alpha-weird weird. I think syncing our cycles is messing with her too. She’s been all alpha on me lately. I love her and all when she’s all alpha-female but the bruises are not so fun after.”

Mike choked on his Red Bull. “Jesus, Rachel, were you raised in a barn!”

Rachel stuck out her tongue. “Were you raised in the 1800’s? It’s sex. We’re two adult omegas. Our ancestors fought long and hard to grant us our rights, and we can talk about sex. It’s not taboo. It’s natural and bea—”

“—don’t.” He cut her off. “Don’t you dare say beautiful, Rachel!”

She scoffed. “There’s the Mike that I know and like.”

“As much as I love you, Rachel, I do not want to hear about your sex life with Donna. I have to see her when she picks you up from your office. I do not need a visual of what you two look like when you get down and dirty.”

Rachel threw her head back and giggled. “Alright, alright, I won’t ask about the other omegas, but what about you? You’ve got to tell me what it’s like working with the legendary Harvey Specter. Alpha aside, he’s the youngest senior partner this firm has ever seen, well, according to the rumors at least.”

“Huh,” Mike wasn’t impressed. “By rumors, I assume you mean Donna. She’s the only one who’s
been here long enough to testify to that.”

“Hey! I can have other friends.” He gave her a really (?) look. She folded. “Fine, it was Donna. So sue me for believing what my alpha says. But come on, Mike, if it weren’t for the omega-scents I would have fought tooth and nail for that chance, you know that too.”

Mike absently toyed with the end of his tie again. He knew she was telling the truth, and he knew it. If he had taken the LSAT, he could have convinced her to try for a third time but being a lawyer just wasn’t in his lists of priorities. He needed a job to pay for his grandmother’s care as soon as he graduated from college. He hadn’t thought about it until he played Harvey’s associate for a week.

He sighed with resignation, and folded “S’not like we exchanged stories like girls at a slumber party when we worked all night—we actually worked all night—in the plainest sense of the term. It… was not ideal. I could smell my own stink by the end of it—oh, but he did something to the roast beef sandwich and it was delicious.”

Rachel stared at him in shock. “He fed you?”

He stared right back. “Uhm, yeah? By law, he’s mandated to do that.”

“Oh… oh ;,” Slowly, the expression on her face changed. “Oh! Mike, maybe the reason why you didn’t notice other omegas was because you were too busy staring at the alpha.”

Blood rushed instantaneously to Mike’s cheeks, giving him away. “Okay,” he confessed, “Yeah… I liked him maybe a little bit? But it’s not like he did anything, okay? We just… worked, like I said. Of course, we ate something while working, I mean, who doesn’t? But that was it.”

Rachel became more interested with every word he spoke. “Ah-hmmm,” Rachel cradled her chin on her hands, elbows on the desk. “Go on, do tell me more.”

He rolled his eyes dramatically. “You’re having fun with this, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am taking perverse fun in your whirlwind romance with a hunky hot alpha.”

He knew that look from Rachel, and resigned to his fate. Telling her wouldn’t change anything anyway. He admitted as much to Jenny and Trevor, so having one more friend know his embarrassing alpha-crush wouldn’t hurt anyone.

“There’s not much to tell, really… So I like him? He’s not… not what the rumors say he is. He was a perfect gentleman. Hard-ass but still a gentleman. He’s really peculiar about work and at times I really did feel like I was his real associate. It was… new. He never pulled rank or gender. He treated me like an equal.”

“OMG!” She clapped excitedly, “You’re smitten! Oh, Mike! Why don’t you start wearing skinny ties again? See what happens?”

Mike clutched his sleek black wide-faced tie as second-nature. “No, I can’t! Rachel that’s embarrassing! An old omega like me going back to wearing those thin things? It’ll be a scandal! I can’t! And what if it turns out that he doesn’t want me? What then? I’ll be humiliated!”

“But what if he does?” She countered boldly.

After his second heat, he had already decided that he wouldn’t be buying anymore skinny ties. His hand held the fabric tighter. “Fine, I’ll try.” He said, if only to appease her. He just wanted out of the conversation and agreeing was the best way to do it.
Rachel Yoda-quoted him. “There is do or do not, young padawan. There is no try .”

***

Mike didn’t see any more of Harvey for the weeks that followed. Alpha Specter was nowhere in sight—not even on the premises—since Mike returned from his leave. He hadn’t been seen anywhere near the office for almost as long as Mike was away. In a way, it made life much more bearable for the omega trying to move on.

According to rumors, he flew to England to handle urgent business for the firm, so urgent in fact that his less vital clients were re-distributed to other partners. It caused utter chaos in the partner’s floor, the bullpen, and down to the paralegal floor. Harvey caused Mike trouble.

Gossip flew left and right about an English omega heiress, the daughter of some rich powerful business man in London, had caught the alpha’s attention. The so-called business was merely a cover-up for them to discuss their engagement in secret.

***

Mike smelled him first before he saw the alpha sitting in his office. The instinct to bare his throat roared inside him but he held his head high. He didn’t even flinch when the man turned to face him but his hand automatically came to rest on his tie, flattening it against his shirt.

“Alpha Specter, it’s a pleasure to see you again. What can I do for you?” He held his head high, respectful but feigning nonchalance.

“I didn’t know that paralegals had a flexible schedule.” Gordon Specter gave him a calculating stare. He had an air of carefree confidence about him but an authoritative presence just like his son. “Nor did I know that paralegals get views as great as this. They must really like you a lot, huh?”

The omega kept a tight lid on his scent, and smiled warily. “I am a sixth year paralegal on the road to my seventh, alpha.” He crossed his arms and leaned against the door, right beside his name. “So, yes, I’m fairly certain that they like me very much.” He already had an idea what the old alpha came here to say.

“Sixth year.” Gordon put some thought to that phrase, then chuckled. If he noticed the thick width of cloth on Mike’s chest, he made no mention of it.

Mike stayed defensive, fighting with his inner omega for control. He had spent years refusing his innate submissive tendencies. He wouldn’t fail now. “Do we have a problem here, alpha?” To his surprise, the alpha laughed. He felt his shoulders relax but he kept on his poker face.

“No.” The older man shook his head. “I just assumed you’d be younger. That’s all.”

Mike’s hand dropped down to his sides He steeled his face and controlled his emotions just as tightly clutched the end of his tie. Anger and shame revolted in his lower gut. He tasted the coppery tang of blood from biting his inner cheek. “Yes, well, as you see—” He unbuttoned his jacket, “—I am not. Does this mean that we do have a problem, alpha?”

“Gordon, please.” The other corrected. Gordon stepped away from the window and perched on the edge of Mike’s desk. He made himself visibly smaller by hunching his shoulders. It did him little good for his stature was high. “I am a simple jazz-man and divorced elderly alpha with two fully grown alpha boys. I don’t think you need to address me ‘alpha’, Mr. Ross, another title is fine.”

“Mr. Specter then.” Mike decided. “I believe we’re acquainted too little to be on a first name basis.
Please, allow me the formalities that society expects me to give until such a time that such nuances are no longer needed. I assume this is not a casual visit. So let me repeat my question. What can I do for you, Mr. Specter?

“My, my, the little pup was right—you are a feisty omega. May I be frank, Mr. Ross?”

“I expect no less because, as you’ve clearly pointed out, I’ve got work to do.”

“I’ll get straight to the point. I came here to talk to you about my son.”

“Ahh, so now the truth comes out, huh?” Mike kept his voice blank. He stared, eye to eye, at the much older alpha but he didn’t bare his teeth. He wasn’t a pushover despite his second-gender. “Though, I think I’m hardly in any position to be of such a concern to Alpha Specter.”

In truth, he already knew what the elder alpha had to say. It wasn’t fair to be judged like this. He had already given up his skinny ties—given up any right to expect such affection from an alpha, let alone enough to invoke the alpha’s father to come forward. The alpha’s words only confirmed it. If not for his age, then surely his broad tie would be enough.

“Oh? Even I can see through that lie. Are you trying to fool me or yourself?” There was no judgement in the man’s voice, his words merely a statement of fact. Yet, it did not prepare Mike for the news; “My alpha son has chosen to take an omega as mate… I can’t say I’m surprised. You wouldn’t happen to know anything about that now, would you?”

“Mr. Specter, I am a paralegal and he is my boss. Sometimes we work together. That’s just how the word works. While it is not ideal, I am able to respect the boundary between work and personal relationships. I trust Harvey to do the same. Should he decide to court an omega, it shouldn’t interfere with how we conduct business in this firm.”

“I see.” The alpha made no comment about the name slip. He merely dropped his hands and kept his eyes on Mike. “I may not have a fancy degree to my name but, tell me, Mr. Ross, do you honestly expect me to believe that you do not have feelings for my son?”

Mike bit his lips, swaying momentarily, but caught himself. For a moment, his scent flared with panic. “I…” He looked away, breaking eye contact for the first time. Gordon knew—Harvey’s father knew, and he was trapped.

“W—what I may or may not feel for your son is my own business,” he spoke with growing anger, “With all due respect, Mr. Specter, I see no point in you coming to my place of business. I have made no attempts in trying to earn his favor—I know my limitations. You, sir, should learn yours.”

“I am his father.” Gordon raised his voice. “Harvey is a very prominent alpha and it’s my duty to protect him.”

Mike had enough. He grew up with alpha-bullies like this and he never cowered or begged. He faced the alpha head-on even if every instinct told him to back down. “If Harvey is the man you raised him to be—” He bared his teeth. “—then you should have a little more faith. He has a right to choose his own partner.”

“And what of tradition? Of custom?”

“Harvey Specter is a grown goddamn man.” He snarled, protective instincts flaring, “I believe that he will not allow something as moot as outdated societal practices to stop him from making his decision. Because if he did, then he’s less of an alpha that I thought he was.”
Gordon openly studied Mike’s expression. “You speak tough for an omega.”

At that, Mike could only smile, feeling pride well up in his chest. “Because times are changing. And, if don’t change with it, we’ll never move forward. Mr. Specter, I have the highest respect for your son. I trust him completely. I know he didn’t get this far just by following his knot. So it might be time that you trust him too. Any omega whom he chooses to court will be lucky to have him, and I won’t interfere with that happiness.”

Something flashes in Gordon’s eyes, and just like that fear spikes again at the back of Mike’s mind. He might have gone too far—too vulgar—too forward. But then, the alpha’s eyes softened. He stood up and took something from behind the table. It was a large sleek black paper bag with a blue ribbon.

“This was on your table when I got here.” He placed it back. “I didn’t check for notes or gift cards but I think it’s pretty clear who this is from. Don’t you think so? Thank you for your time, Mr. Ross. It was fun talking to you. I’m sure we’ll meet each other again in the future—I hope in less hostile climates.”

Gordon patted the Mike’s shoulder one last time before he left but the omega didn’t see the small smile on his face, too shocked at the sudden change in demeanor.

Mike stared at the package for a long time. “Fuck, what am I going to do?”

Chapter End Notes

Sadly, Harvey isn't in this chapter but don't worry. He'll be back in the next one. I know that most of you weren't expecting a sorta sad-leaning story but, I promise, there's a happy ending! On a side note, I will honestly say that I like the Mike & others brotp-action in this story--especially Trevor and Jenny whom I can count on one hand the number of times I've tried to write them. I sincerely hope that you guys are liking it so far~
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Once more, this chapter is beta read by the awesome Buzzwell, give'em a round of applause guys~ And, did you know, I almost forgot to update this today! I was going to update tomorrow but then I say the date!

Warnings: There are some warnings at the bottom for those with sensitive trigger issues. Please scroll down the bottom if you feel that you might be triggered by (potential spoilers).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike couldn’t bring himself to open the paper bag, fearing its contents. It lay forgotten in his bottom drawer. The tiny seed of hope was growing into full bloom. It scared him. He buried himself in his work and took more time in his research. Heck, he evaded all of the partners’ floors entirely. He still did the work but he evaded inter-office interactions as much as possible, sticking close to his set of people rather than rubbing elbows with lawyers

But they worked in the same firm, meeting again was inevitable. He saw Harvey in the lobby, and the alpha wasn’t alone. He couldn’t see the person clearly but he scented unmated omega in the air. Thankfully, she didn’t wear enhancers with her cologne and her clean youthful scent reached his nose. His stomach plummeted when she reached up and pulled Harvey close.

Mike had told Gordon Specter the truth. If Harvey did indeed already choose an omega to court, he would do everything in his power not to impede that happiness. He got his answer today—Harvey had chosen an omega, and it wasn’t him. What was he thinking? Why did he hope? He forced down his distressed scent, and snuck into the elevators. The pacifier he wore made for a good distraction.

He wanted nothing more than to crawl back to his Brooklyn apartment, but he didn’t. He was Mike Ross and he was a professional. Instead of slinking away from his responsibilities, he decided to work his entire day away. A day that should not have extended into the night. A tap on his shoulder pulled him from his latest research, tie laying forgotten at the bottom of his briefcase.

“Hey, Mikey,” Rachel called out from the door.

Mike looked up to see his friend ready to leave for the day. It was only six. Strange, she normally didn’t leave earlier than eight pm in all the years he’s known her except when—he took a deep breath, and the underlying sweet smell of pre-heat omega told him what he needed to know. He eyed the strip of maude peeking from his jacket pocket, haunting him.

She smiled at him guiltily. “I have terrible timing, don’t I? Guess you’re staying-in longer?”

He shook his head. “No, this case has terrible timing. You’re only a day early from schedule.” One of the folders got thrown over his jacket because he didn’t want to see it. He felt clammy underneath his suit. He sniffed the air again, definitely pre-heat and not full-heat yet. “Smells like you’re right on time actually. At least you’re better prepared than I am.”

The female omega beamed, cheeks tinting lightly. “Yeah. You gonna be good here and man the fort
while I’m gone?” She glanced towards the rest of the library tables where everyone was all hands on deck. If she weren’t an omega on the verge of heat, Mike doubts that she would be allowed to leave. “You know I can always extend for another day if you need me. It’s not that bad yet…”

Something in her face gave her reluctance away. She was biting her lip in silent prayer.

“Naaah,” he shook his head, and the miniscule twitch of her mouth told him everything he needed to know. Suddenly, everything made perfect sense to him—the embarrassment, the excitement, the hope which came from her scent. He couldn’t believe himself that it took him this long to get it. “Oh Rachel. My God! When did you—you didn’t even—how long? How long have you been trying for pups?”

“This is the first heat without my implant.” She bit her lip, smiling shyly at him but she dodged his eyes. She sounded scared to even explain. “I didn’t tell you ‘cause… ‘cause you know… God, Mike, I’m sorry. I feel like a gigantic douchebag for not telling you sooner. I just—”

“—you thought I wouldn’t be able to handle it.” He finished for her. He put down his highlighter to give her an *are you kidding me (?)* expression. “Just because I’ve had two heats less than two months apart doesn’t mean that I suddenly turn into an asshole omega-shamer, Rachel. Getting pregnant does not necessarily mean becoming just another breeder. It’s parenthood which you’re bravely choosing to enter. Not all omegas can do that.”

“Mike, that’s not what I—” Rachel’s lips began to quiver, overtaken by the pre-heat hormones raging through her body. If there was one thing Mike hated with every heat, it was the feeling of not being in full control of his emotions. She currently felt the same.

“Rachel,” he shushed her, suddenly feeling guilty. Knowing her, she thought that this was some kind of betrayal for her best friend who wasn’t in a high point of his life. She shouldn’t be. It wasn’t her goddamn fault that fate decided to be cruel to him.

“Rachel, it’s fine. I’m fine. You… you’ve got this amazing chance with Donna. Believe it or not, I am happy for you—for you and your alpha! Rachel, you’re going to try for pups. Don’t let my old omega thing be any hindrance to that, okay? Come on—” He shook her gently, “Rachel, come on. Okay?”

“Oh-okay,” She nodded eventually. He thanked whoever designed this space that they were at the farthest table from the rest of the research group. Who knows what kind of rumors would spread around if the associates caught wind of this sob-fest?

“Louder.”

“Okay,” Rachel said with more determination. “Thanks, Mike.” She started wiping her tears away. “Are you going to be okay here? While I’m out on heat? Things will be good?”

Mike snorted at that. “As if! Who else would you trust to do all your work while you’re gone?”

“Mikey’s right, Buttercup,” Donna chimed in, magically materializing beside their table. Her nostrils flared, and her scent was a mix of arousal and protectiveness. She smelled like Rachel too. “We need to get out of here right now before both of us starts losing our shit.” She took her omega into her arms. Rachel went to her alpha willing. “Let Mike do his job, now, okay? Time to go, Buttercup.”

“You got her?”

“Yeah.” The alpha nodded. “I’ve got her. You gonna be okay here?”
“Of course. I’m just closing up something for—” He bit his lip too late and she caught it.

“For Harvey, I know. You think I don’t who my boss hands off his research to? No, wait. Let me correct that—that I know he didn’t hand them off personally. He’s too much of a chicken to do that. I still know who he favors sending Kyle to as his go-to guy. He gave you the important-important files tonight, you know. That’s why you have Kyle on your detail. The kid’s praying for another one of your Hail Marys to push through.”

“Praise me all you want but that’s not gonna do shit. You both know you’re just wasting my time by talking to me in, right?” He pointed to his colossal stack of discovery. “I’ve got that to still go through so you should go, and take your mate to whatever luxury hotel you booked for the week and make lots of Rachel-Donna babies!” He stuck out his tongue in an attempt to fool even himself. “Speaking of Kyle, that little runt told me he’d be back with dinner!”

“I’ll text him.” Donna promised on their way out, with Rachel in her arms.

***

Kyle came back with takeaway—with a roast-beef sub on a paper plate and a bottle of freshly squeezed orange juice.

“Well that was certainly a quote unquote minute. Where’d you haul your lazy ass to? It’s been an hour.” Mike eyed both items with mounting suspicion. “There’s food literally right there.” He pointed just beyond the shelves where a bunch of guys delivered pizza. He wasn’t sure exactly when they came but semantics really didn’t matter when he’s been feeling his stomach gurgle for quite sometime. He wanted to eat, plain and simple.

“What? They had a line, okay? It’s nearly seven. What’d you expect in rush-hour grocery-rush? The girl at the orange station took forever too.” Kyle placed the brown paper bags in front of the omega. He smelled of sweat, smoke, and sausages. His scent was also mildly annoyed. He said nothing as he pulled out greasy-looking sandwich and a sweating bottle of freshly squeezed orange juice.

“I was wondering about that too. You didn’t have to go that far for juice,” said the blond, cocking his head to the other table filled with energy drinks. Legally, the firm had to pay them and feed them for the overtime they were doing tonight due to the gravity of Harvey’s case—none of them would see their apartments in the near future if the opposing council still kept sending over their discovery files at ten o’clock in the evening.

The young alpha shrugged. “Harvey told me that you’re more determined to get things done if I gave you an incentive.” He sat down across from the omega, opening his own meal. “Look, Mike, Rachel might be the best researcher we have in the firm but you’ve got an eye for detail that has even Harvey impressed. Together, you two make a scary tandem, omegas or not. But, she’s not here so you’ll have to stick it with me.”

Mike took the damp bottle of orange juice, and opened it with a pop. “Ahh, I see now, so, this is a bribe then for me to help you find the smoking gun… because don’t you owe me enough favors already?” He did not refer only to the time that Kyle went into rut, but since starting in the firm, the alpha had called on both Rachel and Mike on numerous times to help research cases for Harvey.

“Call it what you want.” Kyle picked at his own greasy sub and avoided Mike’s eye. “I’m just following orders.”

“And just what orders are that?”
“Don’t patronize the paralegals.”

Mike laughed at Kyle’s response. He might be the undefeated mock trial champion, but Mike was a seasoned paralegal and not some fresh grad. He couldn’t fool Mike for shit.

“Fine,” he griped, twisted the cap off and took huge gulps. Sweet orange heaven poured down his throat. It tasted better than Red Bull anyway, healthier too. “But don’t think that this gets you into the omega-only research club with me and Rachel. You’ve still got a long way kid. We’ve all got a long night.”

The smell roast beef sandwich made his mouth water. It was still hot. He didn’t even notice the tiny alteration in the packaging when he peeled back the wax paper. It tasted just like the last one—hot and brimming with flavor. A tiny, naive, part of his inner omega wished that those specific orders came from Harvey but he shook it away.

Kyle snorted into his food. “You don’t know the half of it. I saw a dozen more boxes being delivered in the lobby. Travel boxes mean for long-distance transit not cheap office-sized ones. This isn’t going to be fun,” he mumbled dejectedly, “I had made plans to…”

“What is the deal with this case anyway?”

“Oh didn’t you know?” The associate leaned in and whisper conspiratorially. Mike just shook his head. “It’s not the case, really. It’s the deadline. Rumor has it that Harvey started courting an omega. They say that he’s planning to host the ball again in autumn to finally ask her to mate formally.” He was too busy gossiping to notice Mike’s reactions.

“I think, and I’m just his associate, okay? But I’m still one of closest to him apart from Donna and Jessica. Anyway, I think he’s courting the daughter of one of our clients. Lani? Lottie? Louise? Lola? Yeah… I think that’s her name. Jerome Jensen’s daughter.”

“Lola.” Mike repeated with the name sounding familiar on his lips. His hands froze mid-highlight, making a blotchy yellow mark on the paper. He’d heard it before. He remembered exactly how he knew it. He dropped the highlighter like hot coal. The memory burned a hole through the pit of his stomach. His distress nearly bled into his scent but he quickly tapered it down, nails digging into his palms.

Kyle enthusiastically nodded, “I heard she’s studying in Columbia, a biologist. Looked her up on Facebook too and, whoo—wee, she’s real pretty too—dark brown hair and dark brown eyes, sharp nose, high cheekbones, and her teeth! Man, she has an awesome smile. Harvey’s real lucky to catch her—smart, young, and pretty.”

Mike pushed away the food, appetite gone. At least, he’d gotten through half but it threatened to come up. He twirling his pen to mask his shaky fingers while idly listening to Kyle wax poetic.

Biologically, alphas were wired to woo an omega mate with anything and everything they had, even if they hadn’t meant to formally court the omega—like a peacock showing off its tail-feathers in front of people at the zoo. The instinct clearly presented in Kyle because he rambled on, and on, and on, about each time he saw Harvey and Lola together. Mike drowned it out as best he could and focused on the task at hand.

“A-hah!” He cried out, startling the alpha mid-monologue.

“What?” Kyle glared, clearly annoyed at being interrupted. He must have been real into the story that Mike couldn’t even remember now.
The paralegal flipped the file for the associate to see, underlining the words upside-down with his pen. “See? It’s right there! The amounts aren’t matching. Look—” he searched through the mountains of files for one that he remembered reading a few hours ago. He found it under the uneaten roast-beef sub. “—here, see?” He laid the files side by side and pointed to the amounts. “There’s about a four-million-dollar difference! Ehm, give or take a few thousands.”

“What? How’d you…” Kyle grabbed the pen from Mike’s hand and pulled out a calculator. He punched the numbers in rapid succession. His eyes bulged out of their sockets when he computed the exact amount. “How the hell did you do that?” He dropped the pen on the table in shock. It rolled back to the middle of the table.

Mike tapped his head twice, and grinned. “Monster brain.”

Kyle stared at the papers on the desk and at his calculator. A flash of silver caught his eye. Then, suddenly, he was staring at something else completely with his face an utter shock. He picked up the silver pen and rolled it between his fingers. “This is Harvey’s pen.”

All thoughts of celebration plummeted. Mike looked at Kyle with abject horror. “What did you say?”

“What? Harvey’s pen. It’s got an inscription on the body of the pen. See?” He pointed right below the hook of the metallic pen. The letters HRS glinted in the white fluorescent light. He pulled it away when the other tried to reach for it. “Mike, why do you have Harvey’s pen?”

“I…” Mike stammered, face red with humiliation. The smallest trinket he kept from all their time together was discovered in the most shameful way by the person most likely to tell Harvey of his secret. He opened his mouth but guilt lodged itself in his throat. “Kyle, it’s not what you think…”

“Really?” Kyle glared, accusatory. “Because it looks to me like you stole it.”

“It isn’t stealing if I gave it to him.” Both men jumped at Harvey’s voice. “Isn’t that right, Mike?”

He turned to the omega, eyes like lasers searing through all of Mike’s strongest defenses. He perched on the dark oak table like he had every right to be there. His scent was cool and calm as ever. No one spoke about the time nearing midnight and the fact that most of the senior partners have already gone home. He even looked as fresh as he had this morning only—without a tie and a waistcoat.

“Yeah, the Langston briefs, I remember.”

Harvey beamed, happy with Mike’s memory. “See, Kyle? That’s why you don’t go jumping to conclusions before you have all the facts. Now, be a good pup and give Michael back his pen.”

Mike’s inner omega preened at the sound of his whole name. It had been too long since he was near the alpha—his alpha, his mind kept telling him—that a simple name felt like a hand stroking his head. His whole body became acutely aware of the pacifier he wore this morning. He read in a health magazine that having a plug helped unmated omegas transition smoother into menopause.

God, why did he choose today of all days to wear it?

It pressed against his prostate with every tiny movement. He could feel himself already leaking down there. Harvey smelled amazing, the same rich scent since Mike first time they met—except, it smelled stronger now and thicker, more pungent. The alpha was right there. They haven’t been in close proximity for weeks.

He gripped the nearest thing he could find without thinking. It turned out to be Harvey’s hand. He vaguely heard the alpha bark out an order to Kyle. It messed with his head. His mind was swimming
of ‘yes, alpha, please’. He didn’t hear the words but the tone sounded urgent. His vision slowly dimmed.

No, no, no, he screamed inside his head, no, please, I’m not ready. He fought against it; he flung his arms, kicked his feet, and tried to get away. Someone, somewhere, was yelling for him to calm down but he couldn’t. He didn’t want it. He couldn’t let it happen. He wanted time, more time, just another season. He wanted—

An arm wrapped around his shoulders and another slid under his knees. Something big, and warm, and smelling like his alpha draped over him. He felt a dry kiss on his forehead, and that was the last thing he remembered.

Chapter End Notes

**Warnings:** Again, mature discussions about fertility and child-birth.

**Notes:** Harvey is here, for everyone looking for him in the last chapter (@Lily). I'm so sorry that it's short though. But, hey, that means that we start off the next chapter with (ohh shit, I almost spoiled you guys. I need to keep my mouth shut.) in the next chapter~ I think I need to show more of Mike's inner thoughts on why he doesn't feel like he should be courted. These are very serious issues for him as an omega.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

*Star Wars Theme, just because I'm listening to it while I post this.* For everyone who asked, Harvey's baaaaaaaack— and, as promised, this starts off with both of them!

**Warnings:** Additional warnings are at the bottom. Please check if any of it triggers you before continuing. (I just realized this after I re-read through the text. I'm so sorry for the earlier readers.)

EDIT: Thank you to Buzzwell for the betaread and Hardleyf for third-reading this. These two wonderful creatures are the reason why this story got better. :D *round of applause please*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike woke up comfortable and warm. He hadn’t slept like that in ages. The only thing that could possibly ruin his perfect sleep came from his neck. He had an irritating crick that refused to go. He moved his nape, trying to find a better angle, when the bed moved with him.

"Wha—?" He blinked slowly, mind too sleep-addled to comprehend. It was dark. The only trace of dim light came from far away. His flight instincts didn’t ring. *Stay*, his inner omega told him, and he wanted to follow it. He really did want to stay—right here, right now, and never leave his warm haven. He purred happily at the thought.

"I see you’re finally awake."

Mike jumped but a hand over his chest kept him from moving far.

Someone chuckled gently from behind him.

Alarm bells started ringing in Mike’s head. That voice belonged to Harvey, and not just that but the older man currently held him in the traditional way an alpha would hold their omega, cradled on the alpha’s wide frame as if he were the most precious thing in the world. His inner omega responded to it beautifully, clawing out of his skin and desperate to touch its chosen mate, but his mind continued to rebel. It was *wrong* to want this.

"Relax, Mike, I need you to quiet your mind before you panic again. Can you be a good omega and do that for me?" Harvey didn’t even need to use his alpha-voice, his scent was enough—spicy, strong, and smooth, washing over Mike like cool river water.

The words worked like magic. Mike’s inner wolf lowered its ears in submission to his alpha’s request. Without his cylinders tumbling at a hundred miles per hour, he could *feel* just how much of Harvey surrounded him—the breadth of the alpha’s chest, strong sturdy arms around his waist, a calm voice in his ear, and the scent of an alpha trying to calm down its mate.

"Are you back with the land of the living now, Mike?"

"Yes," he purred without thinking, the sound reverberating down his esophagus and making his chest rumble. He crawled onto the alpha’s lap without shame, pressing their bodies together, wanting
to touch, claim, and mate. “Yes, alpha, I’m with you.” He clearly wasn’t.

“Mike!” Harvey barked, snapping the omega out of his haze. He gently pushed the younger man away.

For a second, Mike thought he saw red bleeding into Harvey’s irises despite the darkness but it vanished in a blink. He shook his head, and forced the lingering fog away. He blushed when he realized just how closely they were pressed together. He did that. Stupid, stupid, stupid. He felt ashamed.

“Harvey?” He glanced up to see the alpha at an awkward angle. His legs were askew over Harvey’s thighs and his torso twisted in a weird manner. He observed the dark but familiar room. He spent nearly a whole week here. “What are we doing in your office?”

Harvey let out a happy hum. His fingers absently traced over the goosebumps on Mike’s arms, and the omega shivered under the new attention. “Good. You’re finally awake and lucid.” His other arm squeezed Mike’s middle. He buried his face in Mike’s neck, and took a heavy whiff, scenting the omega. Mike blushed at the blatant display of affection.

What ever happened had rattled Harvey’s inner alpha, and turned the normally collected man into a wreck. His inner omega wanted to soothe his distraught mate.

Mike became keenly aware of the pacifier still plugged up inside him, keeping his rapidly pooling slick inside his hole. Their position didn’t help anything for he sat in between Harvey’s legs while he straddled the alpha. He gingerly spun around so they were back-to-chest. The omega inside him loved the safe position but it also pressed the plug harder onto his prostate.

“Alpha, tell me what happened?”

“Oh, you were brilliant, Mike. You found the first real breakthrough in this case then suddenly something was wrong and you fainted in the library,” Harvey croaked into his neck. “You smelled like heat and despair. I didn’t think—god, I didn’t think—that—the only thing that calmed you down was letting you scent me. Other scents only made you worse, so I brought you here to my office while we waited for the ambulance.”

Mike stiffened, his scent letting out huge waves of panic.

Harvey caught it immediately. “Mike? Damnit— Mike, ” he used his alpha-voice, “Tell me what’s going on.”

“No ambulances.” Mike shook his head reverently. He pushed away Harvey’s legs, trying to get away, but the alpha held tight on his waist. “No, Harvey, I will not go into an ambulance and you cannot make me. I don’t care even if you’ve already called them, or if the firm doesn’t want to pay for a wasted emergency vehicle. I’ll pay. Just don’t—don’t make me go into an ambulance.”

Arms wrapped around his shoulders until he finally stilled.

“Okay, you win.” Harvey nodded against his neck. “I’ll tell them to call off the ambulance but you need to go to a hospital. You’re in heat again. ” He scented Mike again. “Don’t even deny it. No matter how faint. I can smell the change in your scent. It’s there, lower now, but still there. Mike, I think you need to see a doctor. There’s something wrong.”

It took a few minutes but Mike eventually calmed down. He extracted himself from Harvey’s lap and promptly collapsed on the floor. He heard the alpha jolt into action but he raised his hand. “Stop,” he half-pleaded. “I’m fine. Just let me—” his knees shook as he tried to stand, “—let me get my legs,
okay?"

The alpha whined like a lost dog on the couch. “I’m serious. You need to see one tonight,” he insisted.

Mike collapsed against the single-person ottoman. “It’s—” he brought his watch up to his eyes in an attempt to read the time, “—three…? For one, it’s already morning. Two, it’s a bitch to get a cab at this hour, and I’m not stupid enough to think I can ride a train in this state. I’m better off waiting for the busses to open. I’ll catch the first bus back to the hospital.”

A growl ripped from Harvey’s throat, surprising the other man.

“Harvey are you alr—?”

“—I’ll drive you.” He rubbed both hands over his face, not daring to look at Mike. “I rented a car from the club yesterday ‘cause I thought I’d be out early. If I—if I promise to keep my hands to myself, will you let me drive you to the hospital? You can sue me for sexual harassment if I do. I’ll take it. Just—just let me bring you to the emergency room.”

Mike didn’t know what to say. He doesn’t understand what’s causing the alpha’s misery.
‘You smelled like heat and despair… letting you scent me.’

Something snapped in his brain. Heat, he was going into heat again and that must be what was affecting Harvey. It all made sense—Harvey’s smothering and touching and scenting was caused by Mike’s burgeoning heat. He must be reeking of pheromones and heat-scent by now. They’ve been locked in this room for more than an hour and the alpha had been keeping himself in-check. He also kept Mike safe.

Mike’s heart did a little somersault at Harvey’s display of control. A strange, curling sensation made him burst into laughter. “Harvey, you’re my boss and you’re offering to take me to the hospital because my body chose this inconvenient time to rebel against me. I’m not going to sue you for sexual harassment. This isn’t your fault.”

“Really?” Harvey looked up expectantly. Happy alpha spurred from him.

Mike merely nodded. He would be an adult. This was a person responsible for his health and safety, nothing more. He didn’t delude himself with selfish wishes. It wasn’t personal. Yet still, a selfish part of his inner wolf preened under Harvey’s undivided attention.

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The ride to the hospital took only ten minutes even if the streets of Manhattan were never empty. Harvey fulfilled his promise. It wasn’t easy. Mike’s heat began to ramp-up before they even left the parking lot. The scent, the whimpers, and the presence of an omega in near-heat would drive lesser alphas into a feral state. He didn’t even look at Mike the entire way, focusing solely on the road with hands gripping the steering wheel for dear life.

Harvey had all but barked out orders to the hospital staff demanding care for his omega when they reached the driveway. Mike grabbed the alpha by the neck, pulling him close, and whispered something as Harvey scented his skin. If later asked, Mike wouldn’t be able to remember what he said but Harvey’s wolf recognized it enough for them to get past the metal doors.

Waiting inside was a blur. It seemed like hours passed even if they stayed in queue for only forty minutes. With every second, the pacifier keeping him plugged became less pacifying. Mike kept
fidgeting on the chair. He would have lost his mind if it weren’t for the solid presence of an alpha beside him. He tried to make Harvey leave because the other man had no obligation to sit through it with him. Harvey insisted on staying.

“Ross, Mike Ross?”

“Finally,” Mike muttered under his breath. Heat simmered under his skin, low-key but present. He raised his hand, “Here!”

The on-duty nurse spotted him at once. They were taken to an empty medical bay. She closed the door before leaving. “The doctor should be with your shortly, Mr. Ross.”

Mike sat on the bed restlessly. His plug did very little to ease him. The omega inside cried out for its alpha, who was sitting a respectable distance away on the companion’s chair. It wouldn’t rest until they had at least some form of contact.

“Harvey, get up on the bed.” He demanded without an ounce of hesitation, startling the older man. Harvey complied, taking a seat beside the omega. Mike flung his legs over Harvey’s lap and curled into the alpha, seeking warmth and comfort and finally finding peace. “I—I’m sorry, I don’t know what’s gotten into me.” He buried his red face into Harvey’s shoulder.

“It’s alright, Mike.” Harvey cooed, one hand running gentle fingers over Mike’s head. “Take what you need.” The omega purred in contentment.

“Mr. Ross?” A voice ruined the moment. The ER Doctor entered the bay with a clipboard in hand. He watched the pair curiously but made no comment. “Good morning, my name is Dr. London and I’ll be your attending physician today. How are you feeling?”

“Like I’m in heat.”

Dr. London flipped through his clipboard. “According to this, your temperature is 105.2 F, normal for an omega your age in the pre-stages of heat. From what I smell, you’re producing a healthy amount of slick too assuming that you’ve been religiously drinking water. Anything else with this heat in particular that’s causing you alarm, Mr. Ross?”

“It’s my third one in half a year. The last was about three weeks ago.”

That caused the doctor to widen his eyes. He recovered quickly. “I see… If I may, I hope I am not being rude or that you take any offense…” he kept flittering his gaze between Mike and Harvey, question becoming more obvious without him saying it. Scenting wouldn’t work inside the ER, not with the thick neutralizers which hung in the air. “…are you two a mated pair?”

“No!” They answered at the same time, twin blushes on their faces.

Harvey recovered faster. “What does that have to do with anything?” He bared his teeth at the Beta Doctor’s challenge. Unmated meant that he had no right to be here without Mike’s explicit consent. “No-no-no-no! I’m not leaving him. I am staying right here. What does it matter if we’re a mated pair or not?” He snarled, eyes growing redder with each word. “I won’t leave him alone while he’s in heat!”

“Forgive me. I had assumed—” He pointed at Mike’s open collar with no tie. “—I apologize, Mr…?”

“Harvey Specter,” the alpha barked, glaring.

Dr. London remained unfazed. He glanced from Harvey to Mike. “Right. Mr. Specter, this
information is sensitive and personal. I will have to discuss this in private with Mr. Ross. I have to respectfully ask you to leave voluntarily or I will not hesitate to have you sedated and confined to a hospital bed. Do I make myself clear?” He gave Mike an out.

Harvey’s eyes bled into red and he growled, loud and low, straight at the doctor. The only thing that stopped him was Mike’s hand gently caressing the back of his neck.

“Harvey, I don’t want you to leave, but the doctor is right, you aren’t my alpha. You can’t be here. I—I can’t force you to stay here.” As he spoke, Mike pressed on the base of Harvey’s nape, right at the scruff, uncaring if it was normally a gesture used by mated pairs. “Please, I need you to let me talk to him, okay? I also need to know what’s going on. I have to speak with him to know.”

Harvey covered Mike’s hand with his own, laying the hot palm flush against the back of his neck, and nodded. “I won’t leave. Take as much time as you need but I’m staying here. Call me if you need anything. I’ve got—” He patted down his pockets and cursed. “I’ll be right outside. I brought your phone but not mine.”

“Might I suggest the cafeteria or the grocery store one block down. I’m sure Mr. Ross will get hungry soon enough. It’s almost breakfast.”

The alpha took the suggestion without complaint. “Here,” he said, once more removing his jacket and draping it over Mike’s shoulder. “It—it might help you keep calm.”

Dr. London and Mike released a pair of sighs when Harvey’s scent faded from the air.

“So, Mr. Ross,” Dr. London perched on the plastic chair, and settled into a comfortable position. He didn’t even mention the way Mike huddled under the alpha’s jacket. “You’ll tell me everything that I need to know so I can help you get better. Start with when it all began—from your very first heat.”

Mike told him. He recalled every vivid detail—from the night when he woke up in a slick-drenched bed at twenty-five until all that he can remember of last night. He recounted the conversations with his grandmother, the Evans, and Rachel. After that, he began to confess his fears, and his choices, and his improper affection for Harvey.

When he was done, Dr. London handed him a box of tissues. “I believe you’re experiencing the breaking of a pseudo-bond. That alpha with you just now, I think that you’ve unintentionally formed a bond with him without realizing. It’s not uncommon for omegas your age. One of the symptoms include increased frequency of heat to try and attract your chosen mate to solidify the bond. But we need to run more tests just to be sure. I have to ask; are you sure the affections are one-sided?”

The question hit Mike like a sucker punch to the gut. Harvey’s jacket weighed heavily on his shoulders. “Yes. Harvey… Harvey’s been courting another omega. He’s going to ask her to be his mate formally. He just—he just got saddled with taking me today because I literally attached myself to him and wouldn’t let go. Pretty pathetic, huh?”

“Alpha Specter was reluctant to go.”

Mike shook his head at the insinuation. “It’s the guilt. He probably thought this was all his fault because I was working on his case when it happened… probably thinks an old omega like me should stop working as much as I do… oh god, I’ve been such a terrible employee for the past few months too…” Guilt, fear, anxiety, and a million other emotions threatened to drown him. “I don’t want to lose my job. What am I going to do?”

“We still need to run your blood to confirm the diagnosis. I suggest that we confine you for the
duration of your heat. Since you’re an unmated omega, we can offer to give you drugs to help stabilize your condition but I wouldn’t recommend it given your age.”

“That’s a fancy way of saying I’m screwed.”

The Doctor hid his smile poorly. “No, on the contrary, I’m saying that you’re a very fortunate omega to have such a doting alpha as merely a friend. While, I cannot formally advise it as your Doctor, there have been studies about omega’s hormones stabilizing with the presence of an alpha with them during this crucial period. Alpha pheromones can do wonders for an omega’s internal chemistry.”

Mike was appalled. “Are you suggesting I fuck him?” He growled despite his inner omega rejoicing at the idea. His body betrayed him by producing more slick, a copious amount enough to slip past the tight plug inside him. He shifted on the medical bed. It didn’t help that he still had Harvey’s scent all around him.

“Not necessarily sexual intercourse. It’s a cuddle-heat, Mr. Ross,” Dr. London corrected, making Mike blush, “I think that’s your inner-wolf talking for you not me, Mr. Ross.”

“But that’s—that’s highly inappropriate for an alpha of his position—with an omega like me! I can’t—” He gripped the bars of the hospital bed until his knuckles turned white. “I can’t… I can’t ask him to do that… that would be unfair.”

Dr. London patted him on the knee. “The decision remains completely yours, Mr. Ross, but may I suggest you talk with the alpha? Cuddle-heats bear very little risk for mating compared to knotting-heats. It’ll stabilize your internal chemistry and might lessen your risk to early menopause. If there’s any chance at all that you’re still hoping for children, you might want to think about considering it.”

Mike stared at the fluttering curtains long after the doctor was gone. He drew his knees up to his chest and pulled the jacket around him tighter.

Could he really consider it? Ask Harvey to spend a heat with him?

Chapter End Notes

**Warnings:** Discussions of physical illness, a make-believe medical condition known as "Pseudo-Bond Break". It is when a bond remains unconsummated between two individuals for a prolonged period of time. If untreated, it may cause infertility on either parties. Treatment involves increased physical contact between the intended pair, or mating. To break a pseudo-bond without the risk of forming a true-bond, parties may rely on medical treatment but with risks. This medical condition used to be deathly before the advent of modern-day medicine.

**Notes:** Oh, shit! Mike! What will he decide? Will he ask Harvey? Or will he chicken out again? Yes, your kudos|comments|bookmarks are always an inspiration. I eagerly await what you guys have to say~
NOTES: This is it, guys, the home stretch--only three chapters remains before this story comes to and end. As promised, we start off with Mike and Harvey plus a lot of Marvey moments~ Thank you to everyone who has shown support for this story until now. The support has been tremendous and I've felt your love for this story. You've gotten this far, I hope you stick with this story until the very end, and I promise you that it's a happy ending. Once again, let me thank the two wonderful people Buzzwell and Hardleyf, who have made this story so much better. I love you both. Please give'em a round of applause guys.Read below for special announcement~

About This Universe:
#1. It's pretty much the modern-world with hints of the a regency-esque culture of courting, mating, and spinsterhood. The ideal age for marriage is discussed within the story itself. Availability for courting is displayed through clothing preferences. Modern world being the world we live in today with all our gadgets, technologies, etc. with an ABO-twist to human biology. Regency-esque culture being the emphasis for traditions and customs (mostly of the upper-middle and higher class).
#2. Male omegas show their availability to be courted through their ties; skinny for available and broad for unavailable/uninterested. While their is no specific age to shift from skinny to broad, it is typical for omegas to change ties between ages 30-35 when the 'prime' of their fertility has passed. Some omegas, who choose not to have partners earlier in life, change during their younger years. Others, never change at all. There no rule which forbids and omega to shift back to skinny ties. It is, however, a rare occurrence.
#3. Alphas are expected to follow these customs, especially those who belong to high society. An alpha, acting outside the consent of an omega, is considered dishonorable, and can be grounds for legal reparations.

Warnings: There's always an implied warning of dubious consent in all ABO stories. Since, this has not been explicitly used as a plot device, I chose not to tag it. I mean, after all, this story is pretty much all about consent which ironically created the dilemma in the first place. (SPOILERS: Further warnings are below.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Mike neither heard nor smelled Harvey’s return. He lingered in his trance-like state, without acknowledging the alpha who entered the bay. He simply stared at the curtains with a blank look in his eyes, unmoving. The promise of heat still weighed heavy in the air. He smelled worse now. Even with the hospital neutralizers, he smelled himself underneath the alpha's jacket. His pacifier barely helped him contain his slick.

“Mike?” Harvey crouched by the bedside. His eyes were swimming with worry and concern. “Hey... what did the doctor say?” He placed a hand on Mike’s socked foot, slipping a finger under the cotton, disregarding decorum. After all, his jacket was wrapped around the sick omega like a cocoon. He touched Mike gently. The skin-on-skin contact seemed to ease the omega’s discomfort minutely.
“Harvey, I’m a thirty-five-year-old unmated omega who’s about to experience my third heat in six months. What do you think he said, huh?” The blond man’s voice sounded as weary as his visage, cracked and barely audible. He didn’t even bother looking at the other man but he felt fire where Harvey touched him.

Harvey bit his lip, not rising to the bait. “Okay, withdrawn. Let me rephrase the question; what’s his diagnosis?” He willed his calming scent to soothe the omega. “Come on, Mike, I can’t help you if you won’t let me. You—you’ve got to let me. So, please, what did he say?”

At that, Mike let out a bitter laugh. “PBBS. Pseudo-Bondbreak Syndrome.” He flinched at the sharp intake of breath. “I’m sorry—I know it’s unfair to you—but it seems my body convinced itself that it is already mated and—the bond’s being rejected.”

“Mike, I—” Harvey tried to move closer but Mike flinched.

“Don’t apologize. It’s not—it’s not your fault.”

“Did he—of course he did—what’s the recommended treatment?”

Mike refused to answer. He curled further into himself like a child. He didn’t want to answer. How could he? How could he possibly tell Harvey that the alpha he bonded to was him? When he knew that Harvey wanted to mate with someone else? That would tie Harvey to him like some kind of curse. He couldn’t do it—not to Harvey.

“Mike, come on. Do you need more tests? Drugs? ...Are they planning on keeping you overnight? The firm’s got one of the best health care packages in Manhattan. Whatever it is, I’m sure it can be covered by your insurance plan. If not—” This time, Harvey kept his distance.

“Harvey, shut up. I can pay for it. Look—I know I go to work on a bike and that’s a choice I made because it’s healthier. I’ve been in this job for so long and I do have savings, okay? It’s not money. That’s not—” Mike’s voice broke, “that’s not the problem.”

Harvey opened and closed his mouth. His hand came to a rest on Mike’s ankle, not pressing not squeezing but just a simple touch to let the other man know he was still there. He breathed a deep sigh of relief when Mike didn’t pull away. He made his scent as calm as possible.

“Okay… then tell me what is the problem?”

Mike steadied himself for the inevitable. He might not tell Harvey the truth but he was no saint. A heavy sigh passed his lips. “Look, Harvey, there’s absolutely no reason for you to agree to this. Heck, this is borderline sexual harassment from me to you even if you agree. It’s improper, and inappropriate, and—there are other methods of course but this one I—god!” The jacket fell off his shoulders as he carded fingers through his hair, only then did he turn to look Harvey in the eye.

“I need an alpha. And I—I want it to be you.”

Harvey’s eyes grew large. “You want me to spend your heat with you?”

“No—yes.” Mike wrung his hands together. “It’s not—it’s not sexual, okay? You don’t—don’t fuck me. You can’t.” That’ll be too much. “You shouldn’t—and I know it’s unfair to ask you. It sounds presumptuous and I know we aren’t mates. But I—I don’t want another alpha. I’d rather take my chances on the meds than ask another alpha.”

“Don’t,” Harvey snarled, alpha-red bleeding into his eyes. “Don’t take another alpha.”
“Harvey, if you do this—if you even agree to this…” Mike tentatively touched Harvey’s hands on the bed. “… I need a promise—no, more than that—I want a written contract that neither of us can speak of this publicly to anyone. This is between us and the hospital staff. Non-disclosure agreements all around. I don’t—I don’t want—” your soon-to-be fiancée to know, “—it getting out that you spent a heat with an unmated omega —” Like me.

“But Mike—”

“—That’s my final offer; we promise not to talk about it.” Mike did the cowardly thing and used his omega-voice. Alphas were weak against it, and it stuck a chord deep within the alpha in front of him. Harvey’s eyes turned completely red while Mike’s were omega gold. Their staring match lasted a long time until the alpha halfheartedly pulled away.

“You’re a stubborn omega. You know that, right?” It was soft and teasing, with a tiny undercurrent of sadness.

“Of course, I am and I’m not changing for anybody.” Mike put on a brave face. He did it. He asked Harvey to be his alpha even if it only lasted one heat. He wanted it. Oh, god, he wanted it so much that he could cry in pure happiness.

Harvey smelled the happiness in Mike’s scent and reluctantly agreed.

“Come, eat, I’ve brought breakfast and some orange juice.”

***

They settled their office-business separately. Harvey left the hospital to make his arrangements. Mike called-in a favor from Trevor to get stuff from his apartment. Since he didn’t have a laptop, he phoned HR and filed his medical leave. They were more than accommodating given his tenure. He suspected that it also had something to do with Harvey bringing him to the hospital last night. His cheeks heated at the memory.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

“It’s open!”

“Hey, Mikey. I wasn’t sure I got the room right.” Trevor entered with a lazy grin. “Woo-hoo—” He took in the wide open space with a whistle. “You damn sure have some mighty fine insurance. If your pay’s so great, why are you still in that dinky old apartment of yours, huh? Duuude, it’s like I’m in a hotel not a hospital!”

At Harvey’s request, and the selfish omega inside him, Mike upgraded his room to a private suite. For reasons unknown to him, they gave him a presidential suite without any additional cost. It had a king-sized hospital bed, a tub in the bathroom, and a fully-functional kitchen in the sectioned-off living room. He especially liked the flat screen TV at the foot of the bed.

“Perks of being a paralegal in Manhattan’s #1 law firm.” Mike, already in bed with an IV-drip, answered with a shrug. “It has Netflix too. Look!” He pressed a button on the small remote and opened Netflix. The room was also less scent-regulated compared to the ER. He could already smell Trevor’s concern despite his cheerful facade but Trevor was barely affected by the heat-scent.

Trevor rolled his eyes dramatically. “Perks of banging the boss, you mean.”

“What?!” Mike abruptly cut the power. His scent flared with embarrassment, slick stopped only by his pacifier. He automatically touched the center of his chest, looking for a tie but touched his
pajama shirt instead. He felt naked without it hanging around his neck.

“Aww, come one, Mike! Don’t pretend this isn’t what it is! That’s why you’re here isn’t it? You’re spending your heat with the alpha you’ve been pining over.” Trevor collapsed onto the plush red lazy boy chair. It was electronic. He wasted no time extending the legs with childish glee. When he finished, he gave Mike a triumphant look like he’d just won the lottery. “See what I mean? You don’t get service like this for being friends, Mike!”

“Trevor!” Mike face-palmed with his IV-hand. “Ouch. Fuck! It’s a cuddle-heat! Stop making it into some cheap omega-porno okay? We’re not here to have sex. We’re in a freaking hospital because I’m sick. Can we pretend, for a minute, that we can be adults and be serious about this? I’m serious, Trev, it’s not some goddamn joke!”

“Oh shit. Woah!” Trevor jumped out from his seat, reacting to Mike’s sour scent. “Shit, it’s serious! Mike! You’re serious about this guy! I mean… it’s the same guy, right? Mikey, he got you the freaking presidential suite! Mike, that’s—”

Mike shot daggers at his friend. “— I got me this room! Trevor, will you fucking listen to me? It’s not enough that you won’t know what it’s like… you’re mated and happy, you have another pup on the way with Jenny, you’re a beta… you don’t know… you just don’t…” He gripped the sheets until his knuckles turned white, refusing to look in his friend’s direction.

“Mike,” Trevor said with a firmness that shocked Mike, who closed his mouth with a click. “Mike, shit. Jenny should be the one here and not me. I suck at this crap. Look, Mike, I don’t know what’s going through your mind but it’s obvious that this alpha—this alpha, I think—I think he’s good for you.”

“Stop right there, Trevor.” Mike warned, raising his IV-hand again. Why did he let them line the right hand in the first place? He agreed to the fluids because the impending heat felt like a bad one but he kept forgetting it. “I told you. This isn’t what it looks like.”

“He’s going to stay in this room with you for an entire week! It doesn’t get more obvious than that!”

“It’s a cuddle-heat! It’s not like we’re mating or anything. Besides, I asked him, okay?” He slumped against the heavenly fluffy pillow with a woosh. He practically melted into its plush softness.

“… and he said yes, didn’t he?” Trevor walked over to the bed and nudged Mike, shoulder to shoulder, letting his friend’s head fall against him. They were like brothers. The single action was enough. “Okay, so sitting here and being an adult. Mike, what did the doctor really say? I mean, hey, you’re the kid that took the calculus finals with a 104.5 F fever and got a hundred. If you’re here, then shit’s serious.”

“It’s called PBBS. Pseudo-Bondbreak Syndrome. I read-up on it before for a client.” Mike wrung his hands anxiously in front of him. “In a nutshell, it means that my body basically convinced itself that it’s bonded to an alpha and the lack of physical intimacy means that the bond is being rejected.”

“And the alpha…?”

Mike nodded. “Yeah, it’s Harvey.”

“The heats?”

“It’s the old omega inside me trying to attract its mate.” Mike snorted indignantly. “Can you believe that? We’re fucking human and yet we’re still ruled by our animal instincts. God, what makes us
any different from dogs, huh? Nothing! I drag in the first alpha that gets close to me!”

“Come on, Mikey, you know that’s not it!”

“Yes, it is. It’s biology!”

Trevor looked unconvinced. “So, you’re saying that you—you, not your omega, Mike, but you—you aren’t the least bit attracted to the alpha hanging around you? That you’re thinking with your dick like an alpha thinks with their knot? I’m not buying it. Alphas were kissing the ground you walked on. You had them eating at the scuff of your shoes but not once did any of them affect you like this.”

“I had Grammy to think about. She’d given me so much… the only thing I could do was try to make sure she got the best medical care that I could buy. Then, it was too late. I wasn’t thirty-five before. I thought I wouldn’t want an alpha anymore but turns out I just hadn’t met the right one.” Mike concluded softly, sounding beaten. “Just—for once in my life can I be allowed to be selfish about this? I like him. It’s half my fault that my wolf’s this way. I like-like him.”

Trevor said nothing, and a long silence stretched between them. He did the only thing he could; he threw an arm over Mike’s shoulder and pulled his friend close. “Being mated to Jenny certainly changed my perspective on a lot of things. So, pretend this is her voice you’re hearing not mine, okay?” He waited for Mike to nod before releasing his deep breath.

“I think it’s a really bad idea that you don’t tell him. And, I don’t want you to get hurt. You’ve had enough, Mike, and you deserve to be happy too.” He faked a cough and pretended to not be awkward. “Now, as for me. This is my piece of advice.” He unceremoniously tucked a small satchel of weed into the palm of Mike’s hand. “It’s not a lot but it’ll take you down for the most of it if things get too weird—can’t believe I’m gonna say this but—I really hope that you don’t use it.”

Mike laughed, a true, bright, and genuine laugh. The plastic crinkled when he tucked it into his own pocket. “Thanks a lot man. I appreciate the freebie.”

“Call it a best friend’s I won’t let you get stuck here miserable discount. On the house!”

***

Harvey arrived with an honest-to-god side-along suitcase and a hefty bag of groceries. By then, Trevor had long gone and the sun had begun its descent. Immediately, alpha wafted through the air and Mike felt himself grow wet again. He waved shyly from the open partition leading to the bedroom. He hadn’t been this bare with another person in a long time. Even with the thin pajamas, he felt practically naked under the bedsheet.

“Hey, woah! Did you buy the whole store?” His eyes bulged from his sockets as two more people, wearing their blue uniformed aprons, strode in after the alpha. Each carried his weight in food. Despite his limited view, he could hear the paper bags crinkling in the kitchen-slash-living room. “Harvey?” He called out. Muffled voices came from the other side but too low to distinguish. “Harvey! Hey! Dude, that’s not fair! You gotta fill me in or somethin’!”

He watched the men leave. One of them, probably an alpha, scented the air visibly. There was a snarl and a bark before the pair were shoved out of the room permanently. When Harvey turned back, his eyes were shining red.

“Stupid alpha mutt.”

That, he heard perfectly clear.
Mike stared—there was no way that he couldn’t, not with that display of dominance from the gorgeous alpha. He could feel the slick pooling around his freshly placed plug. There was no way he would risk getting his slick all over Harvey during this heat. No way in hell. But it did him no favor now that he felt it pressing against his inner walls whenever he clenched.

“So…” he coughed gawky. “Groceries? What’s that about, huh?”

“A little bird told me that omegas generally prefer flavor-rich foods during their heat. Something about taste buds being affected or something.” Harvey explained while going through the motions of transferring his clothes to the wardrobe. The domesticity of it struck Mike down to the core, his inner omega purred in elation.

“By little bird, I assume you mean Donna.”

Harvey shot Mike a look over his shoulder, and raised his eyebrow. “I didn’t know you two were close.”

“Hazards of being office-besties with her mate. You know her, right? Rachel?”

“Robert Zane’s daughter? Of course I do. Kyle had a crush on her before he realized that she was mated to Donna. And oh boy, did Donna play circles around that kid. I’m sure he’s traumatized for life. Couldn’t even look at her for an entire month!”

“What happened?”

“I threatened to fire him if he wouldn’t man-up and apologize. Then, I bought Donna a handbag.”

Mike chuckled under his breath, feeling a tiny bit closer to the alpha. He let himself relax and enjoy the view of Harvey’s arms and back moving under the grey waistcoat. How he wanted to run his fingers and explore each ripple. Another wave of slick trickled down his channel, and he forced his thoughts away.

“How did you know about all that?”

Harvey shrugged his shoulder. “The key, knowledge is.”

Mike doubled-over laughing. “By that, you mean Donna.”

This time, it was Harvey’s turn to bark out a laugh. He whipped around, eyes twinkling with amusement. “You just double-yoda-ed me. Impressive.” He smirked. He pushed off the floor, satisfied with his unpacking, and kicked the door closed. He held a dark blue PSL folder under his arm. “At least you got that right. Yeah, Donna tells me everything.”

Mike gulped at the thought. What if…? What if Donna told Harvey…? His stomach went on a roller-coaster ride around Liberty Island. “Everything?”

“Well, maybe not the first one. Donna didn’t tell me about the groceries.”

“Really?”

Harvey nodded his head. He went to the other side of the bed and sat down. “Yepp. That. I learned from Linda. Kicked my sorry ass too when I got the plain flour tortilla when she asked for whole-wheat.”

“Oh,” Mike’s heart sank a little. He forgot to mask his scent.
“Hey, no, it’s not what it sounds like!” Harvey hastily retracted, hand ghosted over Mike’s forearm before finally touching the bare skin. The touch wasn’t like the TV-drama fireworks, and shooting stars, and supernovas. No, it felt like a blanket of calm being draped over their shoulders. Mike wordlessly gaped at the hand. Harvey squeezed.

“Linda is Marcus’ wife. She’s an omega. They’re an alpha-omega couple too. The tortilla incident was from when she was pregnant with their son, Dillan, ehrm, pregnancy-heat… I think. They were…” he sounded quite embarrassed at this point but he kept on talking, “…indisposed when I got the call and couldn’t make it to the store.”

Mike burst out in a fit of laughter. “I cannot believe we are talking about your baby brother’s sex life!”

“Well, I had to learn from someone, right?” Harvey snorted.

It caught the omega by surprise. “You mean you’ve never helped an omega through a heat before?”

“Not like this.” Harvey dropped his hand and looked away. “You’re gonna have to take the lead on this one and guide me through it.”

Mike felt all of the blood rush from his toes to his cheeks. His jaw almost hit the floor. “I—uhm—okay,” he exhaled loudly through his mouth, “Okay. Then—” he spotted the blue folder and sprung an idea to buy them both some time. “How about I take that and you—” he bravely poked a finger to Harvey’s chest “—stink. So go take a shower or something and change into one of the million pajamas you brought along. It’ll be easier to figure it out once we’re both settled.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Harvey handed him the file and strode into the bathroom.

“Christ,” Mike groaned, hitting his face with the folder. “This is going to be one hell of a week.” He unabashedly stared at the alpha’s ass until it disappeared through the wooden door, ass clenching down on his pacifier. His hands fiddled with the thin cold metal between his fingers.

Chapter End Notes

**Warnings:** Some of you may view Mike being ‘coerced’ by his biology despite the way he tries to control it. Rest assured, he does choose to spend the heat with Harvey for himself (on an emotional level, and not over run by the need to procreate).

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:** For everyone asking for Harvey’s POV during these events, I am sorry. This will not be happening in this story. However, in line with "Marvey Appreciation Week", Day 5 - Pride and Prejudice, I am writing a not-so-sequel which focuses on Harvey’s side of this whole affair. I do hope that you read it. It will be posted **July 10, 2016 HKT**. This story is now part of a series. If you like, you can bookmark the series so you don’t miss the update~ :)

**Notes:** Yes, as always, your kudos/comments/bookmarks are always an inspiration. I eagerly await what you guys have to say~
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Before you read this. I suggest you read the last line of chapter 10 again, and please don’t hate me. This is the second to the last chapter~ Strap onto your seat-belt guys, Mike's in for a bumpy ride~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike waited to the telltale pitter-patter of the shower before pulling ripping the sheet off his body. He felt entirely too hot, and it worsened his anxiety. Nervousness steadily wound tighter in his chest. The longer he waited, the worse it got. Having Harvey here—the alpha whom his inner omega had already claimed here to stay made so many more possibilities possible.

He wanted to touch without the world watching.

He can touch. Proof sat in the manila folder in his duffel. Harvey’s elegant signature signed a copy of the non-disclosure gave him permission to touch the alpha. Just the thought made his fingers tingle in anticipation, his breathing grew uneven, and his hole produced more slick. He could smell his own arousal saturating the air. Too much too soon. He needed something else.

As if on autopilot, he brought the book to his nose with the now-empty plastic bag sandwiched between the pages. The smell of fresh basil, a hint of vanilla bean, and lots of timber filled his nostrils—very fresh premium grade high-quality product. Back in the day, Trevor and he could only afford the bitter dry stuff. It was worth its weight it gold. Trevor must have spent a tiny fortune.

The good stuff began kicking in.

In the end, he succumbed to temptation. He took the hit shortly before Harvey arrived, making sure to turn-on the ventilation and spray an extra spritz of neutralizer. It used to help him back in college. He needed the same help now. It wouldn’t have done him any good to smell uncertain, anxious, and scared when Harvey arrived. He only did what needed to be done to bring himself down.

Mike eased into it like coming home.

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The rest, he couldn't remember.

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Generally, most omegas experience heat three or four times a year and it varies between every three to four months. Seeing as this was Mike’s third heat in the span of half a year, he knew this one would be different from the others. It only lasted two intense days, a pseudo-heat.

Mike guessed it right on the first night

This heat was the single-most memorable heat of his life—the only one which he didn’t spend alone in bed with a fake knot and curled-up in agony as his body yearned for the touch of an alpha. No, this one he spent in the arms of a perfect alpha gentleman the whole time: feeding him fresh
homemade comfort foods, making sure he stayed hydrated, and cuddling him when he needed it the most.

It ended too soon. His fever broke on the first night and completely gone by the second. According to the doctor, Harvey’s alpha pheromones helped stabilize Mike’s internal chemistry and, assured of its mate, his inner omega relaxed in Harvey’s comfort. He got through it all-clear, and with a clean bill of health, as healthy as a male omega in his thirties could be. He was okay.

The following day, Dr. London signed Mike’s release dorms and Harvey brought him all the way back to his apartment in Brooklyn. That was the last he saw of the older man. He went home flushed but not hot, sweaty, and thrumming with adrenaline that refused to leave his system.

On the first night back, he couldn’t fall asleep. His bed felt too narrow, too cold, and too lonely after spending his pseudo-heat in Harvey’s care. His body craved an alpha and his inner wolf kept crying out for its mate. He twisted and turned until the sun broke out, and only then did his tired brain realize that his skin bore their mixed scents which appeased both his body and his mind.

Three more days, that scent kept him going. He spent those days stuck in bed, refusing to take a bath lest the alpha’s lingering scent be washed away. He fell asleep cocooned in Harvey’s spicy warm scent. In his dreams, he dreamt of brown eyes, large hands, and a voice whispering sweet-nothings in his ear.

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Tuesday, and Mike was prepared to get back to work, having all but forgotten what really happened in the hospital. It came back in bits and pieces. He washed off the remaining post-heat lethargy with a steaming hot bath that soothed his locked-up muscles, and with it any reminder of the nights spent with the other man.

A stray handkerchief hid in his duffel, which smelled strongly of Harvey. It calmed all of his jittery nerves down. Still, the Harvey-scented fabric didn’t change the fact that he didn’t have skinny ties to wear to work. A weekend trip to the boutique would remedy that.

He had thought, long and hard, about his feelings for Harvey over his last days of medical leave. Memories from the hospital came back to him in fragments, mostly in phantom touches and in words that echoed in his mind at night. He clung to them with buzzing hope for something. He saw it in Harvey’s dark brown eyes, on the night his fever broke—a look of utter relief as if the alpha was scared for his life.

In the darkness, Mike had reached out and called him “mate” but it could have all been just a dream. The truth was he didn’t remember which parts of it were fantasies and which parts were memories. He didn’t care in the end, for his wish had been granted. It gave him a tiny bit of hope that, maybe, Harvey loved him too.

Daydreams caused him to miss the tuff of red hair in the lobby.

“Ommpf!” Mike groaned on impact.

“Mike!”

He opened his eyes. “Donna?” He stared at the red-haired alpha in surprise. The alpha stood before him in one of her designer dresses, primped and ready for a work day. “What are you doing back? Aren’t Rachel and you supposed to be on your trip? Did something happen? Did—”

“Woah, there, buck-o!” Donna raised her hand to stop him. “One, that is no way to speak to a Lady,
Mike! Shame on you for being so lewd.” But then she winked humorously. “Two, yes, but things happen when you’re the right-hand woman of the firm’s name partner. Three, the only reason that I’m happy I’m here is because Rachel and I clearly underestimated ourselves in the fertility department.” She waved her eyebrows at him, making him flush at the realization.

“That’s great! Congratulations!” He beamed up genuinely but Donna’s face quickly faded. Her scent became a little sour around the edges.

“Oh, shit. I was not supposed to tell you that. Rachel wanted to do that. She’s frantically been vibrating with it since we got back!” She grabbed his hands and held it close, leveling their eyes. Her thick alpha scent invaded his nose. “You are going to act surprised and you are going to win an Oscar for your role. Otherwise, I am retracting my approval of you. Do I make myself clear, Mike?”

Mike laughed uneasily, pulling his hands away. “Okay…” Up close, he saw her nostrils flared at his scent. He looked away in embarrassment. He prayed that she wouldn’t be able to pick up Harvey’s scent from the handkerchief in his inner pocket.

Donna only smiled, full of happiness. “Good. Now, the last thing…” she rummaged through her uncharacteristically large handbag which was conspicuously not-designer and made of canvas material. It didn’t look like something she’d use on a regular basis. Now that he noticed, the bag stood apart from her carefully crafted outfit-of-the-day.

“Ah-ahah!” She pulled out a thin parcel wrapped in white Japanese-paper wrapping. “This came out the day after you were discharged from the hospital. No—” she waved a finger over his shocked expression, “—don’t give me that face, you know that I know everything, right? I don’t always need Rachel to tell me everything about you. I’ve got other sources.”

“And by that, I assume it’s because Harvey told you.”

“Haaa—yes, well, I still know everything. So, take this.” She pressed the paper into Mike’s waiting hand. “And, get your ass up to the office so Rachel can give you the surprising news, okay? I have got some errands to run today. Looks like you do too.” She flicked a nail over his broad tie then waved. “Toodles~!”

Mike chuckled to himself and watched her leave the office. He tapped the letter to his chin twice before entering the elevator. The entire office buzzed with gossip when he entered their floor. He blocked out most of it, simply intent on finding Rachel and thinking of a way to make his surprise believable.

Rachel ambushed him with a tight hug before he even reached her office. “Mike! We did it! Ehrm, Donna and I did it, awkward, huh, whatever—you’re going to be a godfather! I’m pregnant. I mean—I haven’t asked you but you are going to say yes, if I asked you, right? Right? Ouuhhh! Tell me you’re going to say yes. I’m asking you right now. Will you be my son or daughter’s godfather?”

“I, uh, what…?” The sheer amount of information didn’t make it hard for him to fake shock.

“Pregnant!” Rachel repeated. “Pups. Babies. What happens after a heat-long night filled with lots of s—ummf!” He clasped his hands over her mouth. Yet, even then, her eyes were shining with excitement. Her scent smelled sweeter and different. He also felt her lips grinning against his palm.

“Rachel, shut up! I know how babies are made. Tone it down will you! You’re gonna ‘cause a ruckus for the whole floor!” He gave her a cautious look. “If I take away my hand, will you promise to let me keep talking?” He waited for her now before extracting his hands. “Okay.”
Mike wrapped his arms around his best friend, careful to avoid Rachel’s delicate stomach, and hugged her tight, breathing in her new scent. With her scent too strong, she wouldn’t be able to smell Harvey on him. “Congratulations! I’d be honored to become a godfather to your pup. As long as you name him or her after me, of course.”

Her radiant smile when they parted was enough. “I am so excited! I don’t—” She was smiling when she spoke. “No, I am not naming my kid after you. Donna and I already have names prepared.” But then, her eyes saw the envelope haphazardly tucked into his pocket, bypassing the tie. “—oh my god—I don’t know if I have anything to wear on Saturday!”

“On Saturday?” Mike asked, lost at the sudden turnabout. “What’s… on Saturday? A pregnancy announcement so soon?” He laughed off the sudden change in her scent.

But Rachel wasn’t laughing now. “Mike…” she gave him a serious look and pointed to the parcel. “Mike, don’t tell me you haven’t read that yet?”

“Well, I…”

Rachel paled. It didn’t look healthy for a glowing pregnant omega. “You should… I think you should go to your office and read that.” She kissed him on the cheek, too quiet, too guarded. Mike’s twisted at her words. A cold shiver ran down his spine. “I’ll see you at lunch, okay? I’m craving sushi today.”

“You aren’t supposed to eat raw things while pregnant,” he snorted, making her eyes snap open. He tried bury his anxiety with jokes. “I’m serious. How about we go to the café beside the bookstore and I’ll buy you your first baby-gift, yeah? *How to be pregnant for dummies* .”

It worked. Rachel’s giggles followed him all the way to his office.

When he reached his desk, he took a good look at the letter; Elegant curvy script spelled out his name in silver, Michael James Ross, at the back of the midnight blue envelope. Inside, a lighter blue parchment gave him details of the date and time, of the venue, and the proper attire.

Alpha Specter had finally decided on his mate at the next Alpha ball, and Donna just gave Mike his invitation.

He was too late.

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Mike didn’t know where else to go. The lights were turned-off when he tiptoed inside his grandmother’s room. Her familiar scent made him slowly relax. It was the only other scent he grew up with. Despite his impressive stealth, the elderly omega roused from her sleep, unimpressed with the turn of events. Her reading lamp flickered on with a smooth swipe of her fingers.

“Michael, what did I tell you about sneaking into my room?” She chastised, eyes studying him in the soft tungsten glow.

He stopped dead in his tracks like a kid caught with his hand inside the cookie jar, a foot away from her couch beside her bed, and let out a guilty whimper. Caught, he straightened his posture and pushed down the swirl of emotions running up a storm inside him. His instincts were fight or flight. He chose to stay.

“Nothing ever gets past you, huh, Grammy?” He collapsed on the thick couch with a heavy sigh. His jacket fell open. He still had Harvey’s handkerchief and Harvey’s *engagement invitation* stuffed into
his inner pocket. He just stared at the plain white ceiling above him.

Edith sat-up. “Michael James Ross, how many times do I have to remind you that I raised your alpha father alone? As I did you by the way. That sneaking-in the middle of the night stopped working when you were ten years old. You’re a grown-ass man!”

“Oh, Grammy. It’s nice to see you,” he deadpanned. “Can you at least pretend to be happy to see me too?”

Edith wasn’t willing to play ball. “I wish I had the same sentiment, Michael. You haven’t been to see me in nearly a month, and you just tried to sneak into my room while I was sleeping. Clearly, something isn’t right in your head… I wish I could say that when I can smell how sad you are?” Her eyes spoke louder than her words as she leveled with him. “Now, you can either tell me what it is or you can let this poor old woman get her beauty sleep.”

Mike felt like he was sixteen years old again, right after Trevor presented and he still hadn’t. He had been so scared then, and he was scared now. He hid this from her because he didn’t want her to worry, yet she was the only person he wanted to talk to about it. Trevor, Jenny, or Rachel weren’t the same. She knew him inside-out. She was the only one who could understand.

“Grammy, I—” There were too many things he wanted to say. He didn’t even know where to begin.

“You can start by telling me why you’ve gotten skinnier again. The truth now, Michael, don’t think I won’t be able to see past that fraying old skinny tie of yours either. I know you haven’t been wearing them since you were thirty-two.” Her scent smelled like flowers and potpourri, calming him despite her sharp words. “At least tonight you’re being honest with me.”

Mike glanced down at the fraying old skinny tie. He knew it was useless to keep denying it. “I haven’t bought any other skinny ties like I promised,” he admitted, tugging the messy knot around his neck and untying it. “This one is actually the last one I have. That’s pretty much the reason why you think it’s old—because it is old. I bought it when it first started. One of the very first things I did after I presented as an omega.” He took off the tie and threw it on the floor. “And now—”

“Michael,” she said gently, patting a space on her bed, “come here.”

He dragged himself to the bed, feeling exhausted with everything that’s happened. It felt like his emotions were at the breaking point. He was trembling by the time he sat down beside her legs. “I’m sorry I lied—I… I just didn’t want to worry you. I had—I thought I didn’t want an alpha any more but then—”

“You met your alpha.” Edith placed her hand over his. “It’s okay to fall in love, Mike. Why wouldn’t you want that for yourself?”

He stared at the contrast between their hands, pale to dark, smooth to rough, and young to old. But Grammy’s hands had held and given life to two fully grown children with as much love and devotion that a parent could give. Her words struck a chord inside of him.

Why didn’t he?

“Grammy, how did you know that grampa was your alpha?” He deflected, instead.

The question obviously took Edith by surprise. She did not answer immediately.

“I knew because my wolf responded to his in every single way, even those that I wasn’t aware of at first. Your dad knew that it was your mom because he could sniff out her scent even in a crowded
train. That’s how they met, you know.” She smiled, bittersweet at the memory. “But the truth is, Michael, that every wolf responds differently. It’s not always an exact science. Now, we can talk all night about all the theories between chemistry and instinct… but why don’t you tell me about that alpha you spent your last heat with.”

Mike nearly fell off the bed in surprise. “How’d you…?”

Edith pinched his nearest ear and twisted, making him yelp. “My real grandson forgets to visit me but that doesn’t mean that my adoptive ones don’t too. Jenny told me everything and I’ve just been waiting for you to come clean.”

“Ratted out by my two best friends.” He snorted, shaking his head. “Thank god I haven’t introduced you to Rachel yet or I’ll be in more trouble…” his laughter died out and he refused to look her in the eyes. “Hey, Grammy…? What good is an omega who doesn’t have heats and might have trouble bringing a pup to full term? I mean… you said so yourself… that’s what alpha’s look for in a mate and I—I—I’m at the end of my line. Two heats and one pseudo-heat in the past six months. I don’t think I can…”

The rounded curve of a rolled crossword magazine hit him on the back of his head. When he looked up, Edith’s eyes were furious.

“Don’t you dare.” She pointed a finger. “Don’t you dare equate being an omega to the ability to breed children because if you do, I swear to God, that somewhere along the line, I raised you wrong. Michael, it’s the twenty-first century and if the alpha you like doesn’t even look at your brain, your quick wit, or your humor, then that alpha doesn’t deserve you at all. Is that what your alpha said to you?”

“No!” Mike jerked up, “Harvey would never—” he realized it too late that he’d said the name. “He would never say anything like that! It’s just—hear it one to many times and I got stuck. The other alphas didn’t want me. They wanted an omega. But Harvey… when he looked at me I felt like he was seeing me —finally seeing just me. Grammy I hoped that he would be my alpha.”

“Those other alphas were fools,” the older omega told him. “But this Harvey, it wouldn’t be the same Alpha Harvey that you’ve liked since you went to Harvard, right? Or is it the one from that fancy law firm of yours? The one with the—what did you call it(?)—hard-ass or was he the hard-ass. I can’t remember. No, wait.” Mike didn’t even have to say a word because his red-face told her everything. “They’re not—they’re not the same Harvey, right?”

Mike knew he was caught, and nodded.

“They’re one and the same,” he admitted quietly, lost in the memory. “He was a fourth year TA to one of my first year professors. God, I hated that professor. He was a disgruntled old asshat who hated freshmen like we were scum of the earth. But Harvey… he was handsome, smart, and charismatic. He had all the omegas swooning whenever he took over class ’cause our professor was a no show. I was unpresented, I didn’t have a chance. I saw him in the library a lot, studying … I thought it was fate when I saw him at the firm.”

“Michael, I’m going to ask you the exact same thing I asked your father before he proposed to your mom.” Her voice pulled him back to the present. She waited until they were eye-to-eye. “Do you love this person?”

“Yeah.” He confessed, “I do.”

Edith eyed the letter in his pocket. “It that the letter? May I read it?” He pulled out the letter which
had been burning a hole in his pocket for days, and he still hadn’t given his response to it. He wanted to, so bad, but he didn’t want to ruin Harvey’s life. She read it in silence with an unreadable expression.

“Michael,” she pointed out clearly, “this doesn’t have the omegas name. How are you so sure that you’re not the right omega?”

Mike shook his head. “I already know who she is, Grammy. I’ve seen them together. They’ve been courting for a while now. I can’t remember when it started.”

Edith laid her hands on either side of Mike’s face, and pulled her grandson to her, kissing him on the cheek. “I don’t know what you think you know but I know you. Somewhere along the way, someone convinced you that you don’t deserve to be happy and I swear that when I find out who that alpha-bastard is, I’m going to break his knot.” She pulled away to look at him directly. “The black box on the table is for you.”

“What?” He blinked in surprise. “Grammy… what did you…?”

“Hush.” She raised her hand. “I am so damn tired of seeing your ratty old tie and it gives me headaches. You deserve happiness, and you deserve a chance to know how Harvey really feels about you. I think your alpha will appreciate a fresh one, don’t you think?”

Mike got up from the bed and took the black box with shaky hands. He held the expensive-looking packaging with reverence. “When did you even have time to buy this?” Then, he saw the brand. “Scratch that. How did you even afford this? Grammy! Did you spend your monthly allowance on this? That was for things you wanted to buy.”

Edith didn’t answer him. “Just promise me that you’ll use it tomorrow night?”

“I promise.”

Inside lay a beautiful soft-looking brand-new powder blue skinny tie that matched his eyes perfectly.

Chapter End Notes

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: For everyone asking for Harvey’s POV during these events, I am sorry. This will not be happening in this story. However, in line with "Marvey Appreciation Week", Day 5 - Pride and Prejudice, I am writing a not-so-sequel which focuses on Harvey's side of this whole affair. I do hope that you read it. It will be posted July 10, 2016 HKT. This story is now part of a series. If you like, you can bookmark the series so you don't miss the update~ :)
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

First and foremost, I would like to thank the awesome Buzzwell for being such an amazing cheerleader starting from chapter 4 onwards. Buzz, you're help has been tremendously helpful. I really appreciate you taking the time to nitpicking my plot-holes and make me re-write parts that kinda sucked (at first). I love you and I would love to continue working with you all the time. Thank you very, very, much!

Second, I would like to thank Hadleyf for third-reading through the things that we over-edited or didn't get the last time. I'm looking forward to the next project that we're working on together. *winkwink* You already know which one I'm talking about.

Third, I would like you thank YOU, the reader, for being patient with my updates and sticking with this story until now. It's the last 5k words. Thank you so much for all the support that you've given the story so far. I have felt all your love for it. I hope that I was able to rekindle your love for Marvey too~

Finally, for everyone asking the question "What's Harvey been doing all along?", this story is now part of a series. You can bookmark that if you do not want to constantly check for an update about the not-so-sequel. Thank you and, without further ado, please enjoy the final chapter.

Lots of Love,
Attorney C

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Mike dressed in shades of blue: a black shirt, a skinny fit midnight blue suit with a matching waistcoat. Of course, to top it all off, he wore his powder blue skinny tie in a crisp Eldridge knot. He found himself entering the Chilton Hotel’s grand ballroom, with a proper invitation this time. He smiled as broadly as possible to the doorman, trying to exude a confidence that he didn’t feel.

Today was Alpha Specter’s ball. He had announced publicly that he would choose a person to be his mate today. It was no surprise that Mike immediately recognized a handful of their famous clientele at first glance, and Michael Jordan being the most renowned. However, he couldn’t see the alpha of the night anywhere.

Mike stuck close to the walls, not wanting to draw attention. He spied the vast ballroom filled with people from the firm but, like usual, the guests comprised mostly of junior associates and above. The others on his floor didn’t look like they got invitations. It made his heart flip somersaults.

A closer inspection of the venue revealed a startling new addition to the hotel’s feature; thin pipes dissected the ceiling, hidden with blue metallic wrappings. He peered up at it curiously. Then, not a second later, something spritzed out from the hidden sprays underneath the speakers and a damp fog fell on the crowd.

Mike covered his mouth with his hand. He realized with awe that he could breathe a fresh gulp of air instead of smelling old perfumes and a combination of scents, a wide-scale scent neutralizer.
“So we meet again.” A familiar voice greeted him.

“Mr. Specter,” he bowed in proper greeting. “It’s a pleasure to see you again.” But he couldn’t keep his scent in check. He unconsciously ran a hand over his tie.

Gordon nodded in return, eyes following Mike’s movements. “Truly it is, Mr. Ross, but not in a less hostile environment. A pity, really, I had hoped for... something warmer?” He gave the omega a wary smile. “I may be old but my sense of smell is still serviceable. Pray tell, how may I have offended you tonight?”

Mike pulled back at the blatant accusation. His scent flared again before he looked away in embarrassment. If he used his nose, the alpha’s scent wasn’t anything unpleasant—just there, and very neutral. He lowered his head in apology. “I’m sorry, I’m just... nervous.” He touched the intricate knot on his tie again.

Nothing on Gordon’s scent changed. “I see... I’ve noticed that you’re wearing a new tie, Mr. Ross, so you’ve finally changed your mind about courting?” The older alpha showed no inclination of his thoughts about the issue. He simply sounded curious.

Mike gripped the tie tight enough to wrinkle the fabric. He tried to shrug-off his nervousness. “I am an independent and mature omega, Mr. Specter, and with all due respect, I don’t think how I dress myself is any of your concern. But, if you must know, yes, it’s new because I—I needed an update from my old one.”

“Very well, I like this better than the last one. Thick ties don’t do justice to your lithe frame.” Gordon smiled cryptically at him with twinkling eyes. “I am a firm believer that age is just a number. Would you like some champagne?” He asked, swiping two from the passing waiter behind him and offering it to Mike. “It is my son’s party, after all, which makes me feel a host by extension. And now, if you excuse me, I think I have some other guests to attend to.”

Mike was dumbfounded by the entire exchange.

“Woah, Mike!” Donna magically materialized beside him with a hard slap on his back. “Did I just see—no, of course I did, I’ve got 20/20 vision—but anyway... what was that? You’re cozying up to family already? I didn’t know you had it in you!”

Beside her, Rachel looked scandalized. “I’ve seen him before in your office! I thought he was a hidden senior partner or something. He’s Alpha Specter’s father?! You’ve already met Alpha Specter’s father and you didn’t tell me? I’m calling O-BFF privileges here!” She slapped him playfully on the forearm. “Come on, Mike, spill.”

Disoriented by the rapid-fire turn of events, Mike wobbled several steps back with his hands crouched in front of him defensively. “Okay-okay-okay, wait!” He glanced at the ladies calculatingly. “One at a time. Who am I going to answer first?”

Two things happened simultaneously; Rachel raised her hand and Donna pointed to her mate.

“Okay, fine.” He sighed in defeat. “But can we at least find a table first? I’d rather...” he surveyed the general area still filled with many people who knew the alpha-of-the-night. “…I don’t want to cause a scene, especially not in front of the firm’s top clients.”

The pair were amenable to his suggestion, and they found free seats without hassle in a small alcove near the windows. Drapes hung all around giving them a small sense of privacy despite the location. From here, they could see the empty dancefloor in the middle of the ballroom.
Mike took a deep breath before waving to Rachel, “Ask me.”

“You’ve met Alpha Specter’s father! How?!”

Mike downed half of the sparkling beverage in one gulp. He needed the extra courage. “Two times before; once in Harvey’s office and the other in mine, that’s when you saw him, Rachel. Then now.”

This time, Donna seemed surprised. “Gordon went to your office? When was this?”

Mike turned to Rachel for a little back-up support.

“About two weeks after my temporary associate thing. From the time that they stormed out of Harvey’s office. You remember that, right?” Mike addressed Donna, who simply nodded her head.

“The week after I covered for his ass because of his emergency heat-leave.” Rachel said.

“Ohhh-kay…” Donna sat on her chair, stock still, with her thinking face on. This was one of the few times she thought out loud, and the omegas could practically hear the gears churning inside her head, aligning all the puzzle pieces together. “Oh my…” she paled.

Mike and Rachel shared a look. “What?!” They both said at the same time.

“Blossom, what’s the matter?”

“Donna… you aren’t really being reassuring right now.”

Donna pressed her lips together. She gawked at Mike, wide-eyed, with an unreadable expression on her face. “That day—” Her hand darted toward to Mike, landing heavily on his shoulder. The chair lurched behind as she abruptly rose. “—that day, did you get anything? A note? A box? A present? Anything at all?”


She refused to answer. “Did you open it?” As a well-trained alpha, she kept her scent clear from any of her emotions. She masked so well that even her mate couldn’t smell a thing. “Well, Mike, did you open it?” A little bit of her alpha-voice bled into her tone.

“What?” He shot back, scent rising. She’s never used her voice on him before, even Rachel was taken aback by Donna’s shift in demeanor. He didn’t fold. “What’s so important about it anyway?”

Anger and alpha red flashed in her eyes. “Answer me: did-you-open-it?”

Mike seethed in his seat. He hated these games, these tricks, these power-plays. The omega in him yelled to bare his neck. Friends or not, Donna was an alpha who was currently showing dominance but he stood his ground, and raised his chin all the higher. “No.”

“Crap!” She cursed, chair clattering to the ground. A few heads spun their way as the alpha bolted from their table and disappeared into the crowd. Both omegas wanted to yell out after her but etiquette, in a high-society event such as this, prevented them from doing so. Several eyes turned their way. Rachel ducked away from the gazes and Mike fought hard to keep his head high.

Very quietly, Mike whispered. “Rachel, can you still smell her?”

It took Rachel a few seconds to understand. She sniffed the air in search for her mate’s scent, and she nodded when she caught whiff of the flowery sunshine smell. “I’ve got her.” She turned to Mike. “I
think I can still follow her but my nose isn’t as good as it used to be.”

“Okay.” That was all he needed. “Let’s go.”

They rose from their table less conspicuously than Donna’s departure. Two omegas of their age didn’t draw much attention from the rest of the guests. Rachel followed her nose with Mike right behind her. The quantity of varied scents meddled with her nose, and they too soon got lost in the mass of people. To make matters worse, a spritz of neutralizer drizzled over the ballroom again.

Mike and Rachel made it to the buffet table before she lost the trail.

“Damnit!” She cursed under her breath, searching frantically for her mate with her scent bleeding into pregnant and distressed. The alphas around scented her immediately. Mike bared his teeth, warning them to stay away.

“She’s mated and pregnant.” He hissed.

A lone alpha came forward, neck bared in a submissive gesture with his palms wide open. It seemed awkward given his tall stature and brawny frame, and yet he made it look like the most natural thing in the world. “I know.” He offered softly, showing the golden ring on his left hand. “So am I, and I know how to handle pregnant omegas. Stress isn’t good for the baby. Let me help her.”

Mike was beside her in an instant, running a soothing hand up and down her arm. He glared at the unknown alpha with blatant mistrust, allowing it to bleed into his scent as a warning. “If you touch her wrong, I will castrate you, laws be damned.”

The alpha chuckled at the threat but not in a condescending way. “Omega, I believe you but I don’t think you can do anything worse than my wife.” He chortled a little as he took most of Rachel’s weight in his arms. “We need to get her out of this crowd. Do you have a table?”

Mike surveyed the area but their table had been commandeered by a set of junior associates. He shook his head. “I can take her outside.”

“Non-sense.” The alpha scoffed. “You’ll sit with us—my wife’s at the table. You can meet her too.” He smelled familiar but different, Mike couldn’t quite put his nose on it but his instincts told him to give this alpha his trust.

“Oh my, Cucciolo! What happened to that poor girl?”

“Young and light-headed, Ciccia. I found them in the middle of the buffet—almost in an attack.” The alpha gently lowered Rachel onto a chair, and his omega immediately gave her a glass of water while cooing in a language that Mike barely understood.

Then, the omega turned to him. “And you, dear, are you alright?”

“Y—yeah.” Mike replied, albeit a bit shakily.

“I’ll go get us some more water.” The alpha told his mate. “You know what to do.” She leaned-up to kiss him on the lips, nodding. When the alpha was gone, she turned to Mike and asked him details about what just happened. Mike told her about Donna’s sudden disappearing act and the failed
chase, without holding back their names.

“My name is Melinda De’Medici S—” The alpha came back with orange juice, cutting her off.

Rachel greedily consumed it. Color returned to her features but the wariness of her almost-breakdown left her lethargic. Mike coaxed her into closing her eyes and leaning against him. She was out like a light as soon as her head touched his shoulder. The lights dimmed while he talked and the orchestra on stage began to play.

“Oh! Thank goodness! I’ve just about had enough of all these pheromones in the air!” Melinda clapped her hands as another wave of spritz blanketed the hall. “Which reminds me, Mike, do you like to dance?”

Mike gave her a small smile. “I do. But—” he gazed longingly at the floor where several figures have started to move despite the mist, “—my stature doesn’t allow for much frolicking. I’m afraid I haven’t danced in years.”

“That’s quite sad.” Melinda frowned, reaching for his hands. “But don’t worry. We are friends now, are we not? Then, I shall invite you to all the parties that my husband and I host, surely then you can liven up the floor again.”

Mike wanted to decline but the excitement in her eyes stopped him. “Okay,” he agreed, “But only if I am fortunate enough to be asked. Very few alphas would ask an old omega like me. More often than not, they prefer the young ones without hip pains and bad joints.”

She gasped in mock horror. “Mr. Ross! Are you calling me old?” He flushed, mouth open with a ready apology but she burst out in a small fit of laughter. “Oh, relax! This is a party, and as a rule you must enjoy! I might be over thirty but I can still rock the dance floor. Isn’t that right, Cucciolo?”

“Si, mi Ciccia.”

Melinda turned to Mike, triumphant. “If you don’t believe me, I will show you! Here, hold my darling. Age is just another number, Mike. Giving birth to a child doesn’t mean I can’t put on my moves with mi Cucciolo.” She gave him no room to argue or respond. The next part felt like an out-of-body experience as she placed the baby in his arms. She even winked as her husband’s broad back led her into the dance floor. They, too, fit the bill of a perfect alpha-omega couple.

He followed them with his eyes. When the fog cleared, his heart plummeted all the way down to the ground floor.

Harvey spun on the dancefloor with a beautiful brunette in his arms. Ms. Jensen wore a dainty pink and white lace embroidered dress. Every time they twirled, her skirt blossomed with a hundred tiny flowers. She was young, and plush, and flawless, everything an Alpha like Harvey deserved. They made a picture-perfect sight like something from the movies.

The child in his arms began to whine for attention, affected by his anguish. He tore his gaze away and gently detached Rachel from him. He laid her gently on three chairs, with one on either side so she wouldn’t fall. He didn’t have a choice, not without drawing attention to them when they barely escaped.

“Hey,” he cooed gently to the infant. “Hey, shh, come on, don’t cry. Your mama’s gonna be right back. She’s just dancing with your paps, okay, little man?” He rocked his arms and swayed like many times before, remembering how it was for Trevor and Jenny’s first born. He rubbed his hands over the child’s back in a series of small circles. Mindlessly, he began to hum an old tune under his
breath.

“~ Hey Jude, don’t make it bad. Take a sad song and make it better. Remember to let her into your heart, then you can start to make it better~ ”

He sang the opening lines of the old Beatles song from one of his parents’ old cassette tapes. He often listened to it when he was younger. That made him feel closer to them. He focused on the song, and lost himself in the good ol’ memories.

“~Hey Jude, don’t be afraid. You were made to go out and get her. The minutes you let her under your skin, then you begin to make it better~ ”

Mike kept on singing until the very last chord, completely forgetting the world around him.

“~ nah nah nah, Hey Jude~ ”

Slow clapping caught his attention, too close. A strong presence was merely a foot from him, and the spicy dark scent of the alpha breezed by him. He opened his eyes. Harvey Specter stood before him with the same amused expression from all those months ago, eyes twinkling with a million stars.

“One clapping is for you. I didn’t know you could sing.”

Mike concentrated on keeping his gentle rocking motion. “He was fidgeting. And I—it reminded me of home. He wouldn’t calm down otherwise.” He turned away slightly but Harvey kept looking at him with an intense gaze. “She could have left him with Rachel. He would have liked her scent more but she’s…” he glanced down at the sleeping female.

“You seem to be doing a marvelous job. No help necessary. You’re wonderful with children.” Harvey stood the closest he’s been since the cuddle-heat incident with a voice like honey velvet that made the omega’s heart flutter. “I thought you were an only child?”

Mike felt his cheeks heat up. “I am but my best friends from childhood ended up mated together and I’m their number one omega nanny on speed dial. You can call me, Uncle Mikey.” He couldn’t help but beam in pride. “I sung for their pups too. Singing seems to work like a charm.”

“I must agree. You are quite charming, Mike. That child doesn’t calm down for anyone at all.” Harvey said in a matter-of-fact tone, catching Mike off-guard.

“How would you know?”

“My darling Dillan does so!” Melinda appeared beside the alpha with protest. She rolled her eyes in a familiar fashion that spoke volumes of their relationship. “That’s just because you have no patience babysitting, Uncle Harvey.” She jabbed Harvey on the side then smiled brightly at Mike. “Oh my he’s asleep. Well, aren’t you a gifted baby whisperer. Even I have trouble getting him to do that.”

Piece by piece, it fell into place. Linda was Harvey’s sister-in-law, his brother’s omega.

Harvey kissed the female omega on the top of her head. “Marcus can take him to the room downstairs. I’ve already given him the keycard.”

Melinda waved the offer off. “You—” she nudged him with her shoulder. “—should ask this fine young omega for a dance since he hasn’t been asked in years.” She stressed on the last word, earning a dark red blush from the male omega.

Mike prepared to decline but a hand on his shoulder stopped him. An unopened parcel—a paper bag
—dropped to the table beside him. Too distracted, he didn’t see Harvey’s eyes grow wide with recognition. He looked up to see Donna gazing ruefully at him.

“Nice tie,” she smirked knowingly. “I think… I think you should open it.”

With shaky hands, he took it. He recognized it as the one which Gordon left on his table, the scornful day when he refused to give into hope. Back then, he couldn’t, not with the whole mess of his heats being so close together. He opened it now and nearly dropped it when he saw the contents.

Inside was the softest looking dark tan leather bag, a messenger bag. He dared reach into it to discover that he was right. It felt soft underneath his fingertips, malleable when handled. It must be genuine leather. He acknowledged it for what it was.

“Open it.”

“There’s more?” He turned to Harvey in shock. “How can there possibly be more…? Harvey?”

Harvey merely nodded, stiff and anxious. Mike has never seen the alpha so fazed. He peeled back the dark leather flap to look inside. There was a deep blue felt box nestled in the customary paper padding. His fingers trembled when he reached for it, opening the top lid. The words *made in England* stared back at him.

“Will you put it on for me?” His voice quivered when he asked Harvey.

Harvey silently complied. He picked up the clip from the box and deftly attached it onto Mike’s tie. The heat of his fingers left a shadow of warmth which stayed long after they pulled him away. His mouth was pressed into a thin line.

Mike’s heart pounded in his chest. Blood pulsed inside his ears. He became acutely aware of *everything*. Harvey—Alpha Harvey—was like an open book with his scent clear in what he truly wanted, and that thing was Mike. The alpha’s scent reached out to Mike’s inner omega with a single word echoing between them.

“Now, my boss is too dumbfounded to ask but I’ve been his secretary for over a decade and I know that face—it tells me that he really wants to dance with you but he’s too afraid to ask. So, Mike, if you really want to—you should ask him. He’s too proper to proceed with a botched offer. Screw propriety. It’s his party. Don’t worry. I’ve got Rachel.”

Donna took Rachel into her arms.

Mike opened up his hand, “Would you like to dance?”

Harvey’s response was to pull the omega into his arms.

It felt right—like two missing puzzle pieces that fit together, like two halves of a whole, like a stabilizing agent to appease their inner wolves.

Harvey led Mike to the dance floor. The band played a violin concerto accompanied by the piano and the rest of the orchestra. They didn’t have to hurry. Not now. Not ever. They stretched this one period in time where they were simply *together* with no heat, no proposals, no mating looming over their heads.

They danced.

Mike hadn’t felt like this in years. His body felt lighter than the air as Harvey led him across the
floor. He followed on instincts alone, trusting the other man to lift him, to twirl him, and to dip him as the music prescribed.

“Do you like it?”

He barely heard the question when all he could think about was Harvey’s scent surrounding him. He tipped back his head and came eye-to-eye with the warmth-filled brown eyes. After that, he couldn’t look away, transfixed like some kind of unyielding lock.

“This dance. This ball. Do you like it?”

“It’s… nice.” He could say no more for his brain was distracted.

“Just nice?” Harvey smirks as he dipped Mike low, making the young man bare his neck for him, and him alone, in a display of flagrant possessiveness.

Mike’s head grew light-headed from the blood-rush, but he hadn’t had this much fun in years. “Very nice.” He concedes with a bubbling laugh. “If you must fish for compliments then, yes, this party is very nice, alpha. Is that what you want to hear?” He asked playfully, “More compliments on how well you throw a party?”

Harvey laughs too, dark and husky, coming from the very depths of his chest. Mike felt it when he spun straight into the alpha’s wide chest, back pressed against the heat. Harvey leaned close enough for his lips to touch the tip of Mike’s ear.

“I would like you to join me for the next one. I’m thinking of hosting again in Spring next year.”

Mike forgot that they were dancing on the floor, too high on endorphins. He reached back to caress Harvey’s cheeks, angling up so he can nip at the sharp jaw line. “Of course, Alpha Specter, what omega in their right mind would say no to that? As long as your mate would agree, I’d be happy.”

Harvey growled, alpha-side coming to the surface. “Of course, I believe he would be amenable to you accompanying me in parties.” His voice deepened two octaves. He released a wave of pheromone-laced scent that smelled thickly of his arousal, crossing the line of impropriety—of friends’ play-flirting together.

Mike jumped back but Harvey already read his moves. Arms trapped him to his dance partner, hands firmly over his, and it happened in slow motion—the alpha sunk to both knees in front the omega.

“Michael James Ross…”

Mike’s heart leapt to his throat when Harvey started speaking.

“…there has been a terrible misunderstanding because I am not interested in mating…”

Not interested, the words echo in his ears, louder than the shattering of his own heart. He closed his eyes, not wanting to see Harvey’s face for this. One hand managed to escape and he gripped the end of his tie. He knew, he just knew, that the fantasy was just a dream and that an alpha like Harvey—

“…with Lola Jensen or any other omega in this room…”

Mike blinked, unsure if any of the words made sense in his super-brain.

Harvey had stopped talking but he held their hands together. “Open your eyes, Mike,” his lips brushed across the omega’s knuckles in a whisper, “I want to see your eyes when I ask you.”
Mike wouldn’t—Mike couldn’t—Mike shouldn’t but the tenderness in Harvey’s tone melted all of his resolve. He squeezed the alpha’s hands like a lifeline, and opened his eyes.

Red met gold.

Alpha and Omega.

Harvey and Mike.

“Michael James Ross, you are the omega to my alpha, the only wolf who answers my own, but that is not why I want you—you are more than that, Mike. I love your brain, your wit, and your humor. I love your personality, your character, and your strength. I love you and only you. I would have no other”—he kissed the back of Mike’s hand.

Harvey rose up in slow motion, and pried Mike’s hand away from his tie. Once freed, he brought the end of the fabric up to his lips and kissed it too. “—If you’ll have me, it would be an honor to mate with you.” They were face to face, inches away from each other, scents mingling together. The world, the party, the crowd melted in the background.

“Oh fuck,” Mike ruined the moment.

The alpha simply smiled, lips underlined by the tie. “I’m so glad that this matched your eyes perfectly.”

“What?” Confusion flared inside Mike. How could he have known that unless…?

Harvey’s smile only grew bigger. “What proper alpha would court an omega without seeking proper permission? And since your parents…” his voice trailed off but he gestured to one of the tables covered with cloth. “…I had to ask your grandmother, of course. I think I have her stamp of approval.”

Mike squinted his eyes in the direction Harvey pointed to. Very slowly, Edith’s figure appeared from the shadows, as did Trevor and Jenny’s. Mike turned to Harvey then, eyes bright and shining. He grabbed the alpha’s face. “But Harvey, your father…”

“Messed with my plans to properly gain your consent for courting. And, he has an odd-way of showing you he approved. But trust me, he does. I’m sorry, I thought—I thought you knew.”

Blue eyes widened impossibly huge. “You’ve been courting me?” He asked out loud because he couldn’t believe it. He didn’t know if he wanted to believe it— an alpha like Harvey courting him, from all the pretty young omegas in attendance tonight.

“Yes,” Harvey pressed their forehead together with a sneaky arm around Mike’s waist. “I’ve been courting you since McKernon motors but then Donna corrected my false assumptions. According to her, intent must be in writing: signed, sealed, and delivered. It never occurred to me that you never read it. Then, you ask me to stay for your heat and I—I knew then that it could only be you.”

“Oh, but I thought…” Normally, Mike would have felt caged by the arms around him but Harvey’s were different. Harvey’s words wrapped around him like a safety blanket from his own insecurities.

“Clearly, we’ve been getting this all wrong. If not to mate, I ask for your consent to court you— properly this time—until we reach a point where I can ask you to be my mate all over again. I can wait even if my rut is just around the corner. You’re it for me, Mike, I’m not going to look for someone else when I’ve already found my perfect person.”
“Your rut?” Mike’s heart skipped a beat, a million possibilities going through his head. Harvey in rut, him in heat; the chances seemed next to nil and yet it was here. “You’re going into rut?”

“Yeah,” Harvey confessed, cheeks tinting red. “Jesus, I’m so embarrassed but I wanted to push-up the mating because of your PBBS and my rut. I think—it’s just when you’re heat stopped I knew but it wasn’t proper to tell you yet—not without us being mated. I think, no, I know, our bodies think we’re already mated but that’s not the only reason why I want you, I swear.”

He kissed Mike’s hands again. “You are the breath of fresh air when I thought I was drowning, solid ground when I was getting too high, an omega—no, a man—unlike any other—who isn’t afraid to speak his mind despite all gender norms.”

Mike understood even with the massive jumble of words and influx of information. It had been staring him in the face all along. Harvey was going into rut and he—his heat stopped when they were together—they were syncing up like a mated pair even without the bond-bites. His heart wanted to sing out loud.

He burst out into a fit of laughter because he couldn’t contain the happiness in his chest. He grinned like an idiot and placed kisses on the back of Harvey’s knuckles. “Yes,” he answered, looking straight into Harvey’s eyes and seeing brown give way to red. “Yes to everything and more as long as it’s with you and only you, my alpha.” His eyes turned to gold.

The expression on Harvey’s face was something Mike would remember for the rest of his life. Harvey looked at him like he was the single most important thing in the world and that his answer made the older man the luckiest alpha on the face of this planet. He lunged for Mike, arms around the omega’s waist, and lifted Mike off the ground with a twirl. His chest rumbled with heady laughter.

“Yes!”

Mike yelped when he was carried, gripping Harvey’s shoulders in surprise. This was outside proper decorum and yet he couldn’t find it in himself to reprimand the alpha for inappropriateness. He was weak against Harvey’s face which was overfilled with joy.

“Harvey, put me down, this is… this is embarrassing!”

“I don’t care,” Harvey announced stubbornly, “They can all be jealous that I have the prettiest omega in town.”

Mike rolled his eyes but smiled when he looked down. “Oh, I bet all the mated alphas will say the same.” He was going to have an alpha—not just any alpha but Harvey. “Alpha,” he couldn’t help but say.

Harvey’s smile grew impossibly wider, eyes shining. “Omega,” he said peering up at Mike with unbridled glee, “my omega.”

Mike’s inner omega keened at the name. “Yes,” he agreed, leaning down to press their noses together. “Yours.” The alpha’s scent surrounded him like a protective cocoon, and his own mingled with happy, adoring, mate. Their lips met unceremoniously. It was warm and simple, yet he couldn’t be happier. His omega answered to the call of Harvey’s inner alpha.

The moment was broken too quickly when the room erupted in a round of applause.

Harvey growled, a deep resonating noise that erupted from the center of his chest, laced with his alpha-voice. His pheromones and scent flared at the crowd for a split second before he remembered exactly where they were standing. He tapered it quickly.
Mike acted on instinct; he tilted his head in submission like it was the most natural thing in the world, not thinking twice at baring his neck for his alpha. His hands caressed Harvey’s nape, playing with the short brown hair in soothing circles. His touch melted the alpha. Harvey’s growl turned into the cutest little purr that only Mike could hear.

Mike purred into Harvey’s ear, feeling it down to the tips of his toes. “I think you owe me an explanation. Am I the only one who wasn’t in on what you were doing?” A quick glance behind Harvey shows his family sitting in the background. He gently played with Harvey’s reddening ears.

“Not really,” Harvey murmured against his neck, arms still wrapped loosely around his waist. “Despite my reputation, I’d like to think that I’m a private man.” He rubs his cheeks on any inch of skin which he can reach. It was an old scenting-display. He brushes over somewhere sensitive, and Mike giggles.

“Harvey,” Mike interrupted the alpha mid-rub against his cheek, “I think we need to get back. You still have some explaining and proper introductions to do.” This time, when he reached for his tie, the coolness of the metal met his skin like a promise.

Harvey smiled, linking their fingers together. “I think I do,” he said, leading them off the dance floor and back to the tables. “I’m introducing my intended omega to the rest of the world.”

Society may have come a long way but the universal truth still remained; Alpha Specter was in want of an omega, and not just any omega—Harvey wanted Mike.

Chapter End Notes

That's it. It's finished. I hope you all had a wonderful time witnessing the Jane Austen inspired love story between Mike and Harvey. Thank you so much for reading~ I enjoyed writing this story immensely. I feel like, of all my stories, this one was the hardest to write because it dealt with a lot of inner-struggles and emotional battery that strikes close to my heart. This went deeper than what I expected. Mike's pain was very real to me. Mike's view of himself was definitely a huge struggle that he needed to overcome, and it's not easy. Dealing with oneself is often the hardest challenge of all. I hope you can see his growth and how he slowly overcame the years of self-doubt. It's been building since he presented late and dated some knot-head alphas. He dealt with those, lived his life, but still came out a bit scarred. He's not perfect. There's only so much that a person can handle. At least, now, he has one more person to depend on to help him recover from all his negative experiences. <3

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: For everyone asking for Harvey's POV during these events, I am sorry. This will not be happening in this story. However, in line with "Marvey Appreciation Week". Day 5 - Pride and Prejudice, I am writing a not-so-sequel which focuses on Harvey's side of this whole affair. I do hope that you read it. It will be posted July 10, 2016 HKT. This story is now part of a series. If you like, you can bookmark the series so you don't miss the update~ :)

End Notes
Things you need to know about the setting (just in case you didn't get it the first time around.): In the case of male omegas, their neckties are their availability: skinny for open to romantic pursuit and broad means they've given up or aren't interested in being courted.

I have got a lot already written. I will be posting weekly. :) Anyway, if you liked or enjoyed this fic, you should know what to do. Comment/Kudos/Bookmarks are always appreciated by this author. :)

If you have a prompt or an idea, you can INSPIRE ME on tumblr. Or TALK TO ME, I don’t bite, pinky promise!

Works inspired by this one:

In Want of An Omega by Attorney C (arh581958)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!