



EVIL
OMEGA

S. RØDMAN

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EVIL OMEGA

Content Warnings

This book contains explicit sex scenes between the two main male characters.

Trigger Warnings

There is reference to past non-consensual sex.

A main character overhears non-consensual sex

Silas Northstar is an outcast. A wolf shifter without a pack. A hated and feared necromancer, infamous for killing an entire pack. He aspires to become the true supervillain people whisper he is.

He is also an omega. Heat cycles are a fact of life, but he has no problem finding casual fun with humans to satisfy his needs. He can't imagine that ever changing. He doesn't do lonely, and he definitely doesn't do feelings. He doesn't need an alpha.

Dean Westlake is a happy-go-lucky alpha who is trying his best to settle into his new pack in a new city. The pack's Alpha, George, is an idiot, but

Dean is glad to not be alone anymore. Few packs will accept a second alpha, so he knows his choices are limited. He needs to make this work.

The rumors of the city's supervillain sound far-fetched. He's not worried.

Then the Westlake pack captures Silas. That night he goes into heat. Someone has to deal with it.

Dean gets the honor, and the fireworks begin.

The morning light shows Silas has vanished. Everyone says no one can keep Silas Northstar for long.

Dean vows to prove them wrong.

Evil Omega

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CHAPTER 1

Screaming. So much screaming and so high pitched.

Dean jumped out of bed and ran to his Alpha's bedroom. He flicked on the light and blinked at what his eyes were telling him, his mind still wondering if he was asleep and this was some kind of twisted dream. The screaming continued.

He decided he should do something in case it was real. Grabbing a handful of the assailant's soft, dark hair, he dragged him out onto the wide landing, just as Jasper and Bob came running up the stairs. Faces ashen.

"Bob, get the healer here now. Jasper, get in there and try to stop the bleeding."

Wide eyed, they scurried to obey.

Dean forced his prisoner to his knees, keeping hold of his shoulder length hair. He was glad the young man's hands were already cuffed behind his back.

More people came running and Dean barked out orders for towels and water and ice and for someone to go make sure those guarding the perimeter

weren't distracted or tempted to come and help.

The healer arrived and Dean let him take over the scene.

Then he looked down at his prisoner, kneeling quietly beside him. Dark eyes glinted back at him. Drying blood covered his chin, trailing down a long slender neck. The young man grinned maliciously at him, baring bloodied teeth.

Dean shook his head slowly. "You nearly bit his dick off," he said, strangely calm.

His prisoner shrugged. "He shouldn't have shoved it in my mouth," he said almost sweetly. Dean shuddered at the man's menace. The captive smirked back at him.

He was young, though it was hard to tell under all that blood. Dean would have guessed mid twenties. His skin was pale and smooth, cheekbones and jawline to die for. Dark eyes and hair contrasted sharply with the paleness of his skin. His hair was silky and felt amazing wrapped around his hand. The strands Dean didn't have a hold of fell to the prisoner's slender shoulders.

He was wearing a tight black tee shirt with some heavy metal band on it that Dean had never heard of, and a studded belt with very tight black leather trousers that showed off his very shapely thighs as he kneeled.

Dean scented. Definitely a shifter, a wolf shifter like himself. He scented again, confused. An omega? He blinked.

The kid had the build of one, all slender and graceful. Didn't seem to have the attitude of one, though. Omegas were sweet and submissive.

But he did seem quite content kneeling by Dean with his hands cuffed behind his back. It was all very confusing.

Dark eyes, far too knowing, seemed to read him like a book and the kid smirked again.

The screaming had finally stopped.

Jasper came out of the alpha's bedroom with some blood-soaked towels.

"What does the healer say?" Dean asked.

Jasper's face was pale. "He will live. Gonna take a while for his dick to heal."

Dean nodded, assessing the situation. As second in command, he was going to have to take over whilst George healed.

"Who the fuck is this?" Dean asked, gesturing at the kid kneeling at his feet.

Jasper glanced at the prisoner and licked his lips nervously.

"Silas Northstar," he said.

Dean blinked in surprise. "What the fuck?" he said out loud.

Silas Northstar, necromancer, dark mage, murderer of entire packs and general all round badass? Dean hadn't been in this part of the world for long, but even he had heard the tales. Well, maybe not all the tales, it seemed.

"For fuck's sake," sighed Silas. "It's just Silas, since my father disowned me like ten years ago." And he rolled his eyes for good measure.

Dean stared at him. Was he wearing eyeliner?

Silas grinned up at him. "Not what you were expecting?" he asked.

Dean shook his head. "No," he found himself saying. "You are supposed to be a supervillain, not a goth twink."

Silas snorted in amusement. His dark eyes glinted with merriment and Dean suddenly thought it was probably a good thing that Silas was amused by his comment and not offended. Dean decided he needed to work more on his brain-to-mouth filter before his luck ran out and he did something like piss off a necromancer.

"When did we capture Silas Not Northstar?" he asked Jasper.

“This morning.”

“Why did nobody tell me?” growled Dean.

Jasper shuffled his feet uncomfortably. “You were off on that job, negotiating with Mosshill pack and Alpha thought he could handle it. Was going to tell you in the morning, since you got back so late.”

Dean sighed and waved his hand dismissively at Jasper, who scurried off.

George had taken a prisoner, not bothered to tell him, and then, for some reason, decided to shove his dick into the mouth of a necromancer infamous for slaughtering an entire pack. His Alpha was an idiot.

Also, prisoners should not be assaulted. It was not honorable. The whole situation stank. Though he had to admit that Silas was hot as fuck and if he really was an omega, maybe it wasn't surprising George got confused. Intelligence wasn't the man's strong point.

Brendan and Connell ran up the stairs. Dean realized they'd been relieved from perimeter duty. It was later than he thought.

“What do you want us to do with the prisoner?” Brendan asked.

Dean thought for a moment before hauling Silas to his feet. “He stays with me so I can keep an eye on him.”

Brendan nodded and looked both worried and relieved.

Dean shoved Silas towards his room. The young man walked towards it calmly, sighing dramatically, as if resigning himself to some unpleasant task. “My safe word is pineapple,” Silas said brightly as he walked into the bedroom.

Dean couldn't suppress his bark of laughter. “Like I'm going anywhere near you after what you just did,” he said, shutting the door behind them.

Silas turned to face him and his dark gaze ran up and down Dean as if undressing him. “Really? How disappointing. You give such mixed

messages. Keep me cuffed, shove me into your bedroom in the middle of the night. Talk about getting a guy's hopes up."

"Hilarious," said Dean dryly, whilst trying to process the way Silas undressing him with his eyes had tied his guts up in knots.

Maybe George wasn't so stupid after all. Maybe Silas had seduced him.

He opened the door to his bathroom and turned on the light. "Come on, let's get that blood off you," Dean said.

Silas looked surprised for a moment, but then walked calmly into the small bathroom.

Dean took a washcloth and ran it under the tap, waiting for the water to warm up. Dark eyes watched him expectantly.

"I'm not uncuffing you," answered Dean to the unspoken request.

Silas sighed as if it mattered little.

Dean pulled him up to the sink, put a hand on his blood covered chin to tilt it up and started gently dabbing and wiping at the blood with the warm wet cloth.

After a few moments of staring at him intently, Silas closed his eyes. The silence stretched. They were standing very close. And holding the prisoner's chin and gently wiping it whilst Silas stood still and passive felt incredibly intimate.

Then Silas leaned into his touch. Dean caught his breath and felt his cock start to harden.

Chin now clean, he lowered the washcloth to Silas's pale, slender throat. He wiped very gently, aware of how sensitive skin was there.

Silas shivered, and his breath hitched.

Slowly Dean withdrew the cloth. The air now heavy with tension.

"Are you really an omega?" Dean asked softly, his throat suddenly feeling

thick.

Silas opened his eyes and regarded him solemnly before giving a slight nod.

Dean stared back, feeling like he could drown in those dark eyes forever. Then he noticed Silas's pupils were wide. His cheeks flushed.

"Are you going into heat?" he asked, barely above a whisper.

Silas drew in a deep breath and let it out shakily, eyes locked with Dean. He gave another tiny nod.

"Oh. Was it me?" he asked in surprise.

Omegas had heat cycles but could also be thrown into one by an alpha. Normally happening when they were scared or dominated. Dean had heard it was some evolutionary survival tactic of pleasing an aggressor.

Silas gently shook his head, still staring intently.

"Was it George?" he asked, thinking how the alpha had tied Silas up and assaulted him.

The look of sheer scorn and disgust that flowed across Silas's beautiful face made Dean chuckle. He couldn't imagine his boss throwing anyone into a heat, and it was nice to have his opinion confirmed.

Dean's joy was short-lived as it was quickly replaced by realizing whatever the cause, he was going to have to spend the night in a room with an omega on heat. It was going to be torture. He groaned his dismay.

Dark eyes turned puzzled.

"I'm not touching you," explained Dean.

Silas looked surprised and then rolled his eyes.

"So, great timing, Huh? Going into heat on the night you are captured?"

The necromancer flashed him a dark look before shrugging and looking away. Something in that gesture gave Dean the impression that the omega

was less than happy about it. Dean could understand that. It was a set of circumstances out of his control that could turn spectacularly shitty. Nothing anyone could do about it now though. It was what it was.

Dean rinsed out the bloody washcloth and threw it into the laundry basket.

“Do you want to wash out your mouth?” Dean asked, as he turned on the cold tap, remembering the omega’s bloodied teeth.

Silas bent down to drink. He swirled the water around his mouth before spitting it out and taking another mouthful.

Having the omega bent over, not a million miles from his cock, was not helping Dean’s boner problem in the slightest.

Silas stood back up, droplets of water glistening on his chin. Dean wiped them off with the pad of his thumb, managing to come to his senses before he moved his thumb to those soft-looking lips. He turned off the tap. “Do you need a piss before we go to bed?”

Silas nodded.

Dean gingerly unbuckled the studded belt, tugged open the button, and unzipped Silas’s fly. Dean stared at the very nice half-hard cock. He licked his lips before returning his gaze to Silas’s face.

“I’m not touching it. You’ll have to sit like a girl,” Dean said and stepped to the side so Silas could get to the toilet.

Silas gave him a disparaging look, but went and sat on the toilet.

Dean felt conflicted. He wanted to turn away to give the omega privacy, but he knew he would be stupid to turn his back on Silas. So he settled for keeping side-on to Silas whilst the omega did his business.

When he was finished, Silas stood up and Dean saw with dismay he was going to have to touch the omega’s cock to put it away.

Sighing, he tried to do it as nonchalantly as possible, but failed. Silas cock

was warm and soft in his hand and it twitched, starting to thicken.

Dean swallowed and hurriedly, carefully, tucked it in and pulled up the fly. He looked up to find Silas smirking at him in amusement.

Annoyed, Dean strode into the bedroom and went to his bedroom cabinet and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. They weren't iron magic blocking ones like Silas was wearing, but they'd work for fixing those to the bedframe.

Silas had followed him out of the bathroom and now raised an eyebrow at the cuffs in Dean's hand. "Kinky," he drawled.

"You have no idea," answered Dean and was nearly floored by the look of avarice, lust and need that flashed across Silas's dark eyes before vanishing, leaving only a smirk behind.

It took Dean a moment to gather his thoughts. "Lie on the edge of the bed, facing the middle," he ordered.

Silas obeyed without qualm. Pausing only to kick off his boots. Dean attached one end of his cuffs to the ones Silas was wearing and snapped the other end to the metal pole of the bedframe that ran underneath the mattress, from the headboard to the footboard.

Dean looked around his room. The bed and a cabinet were the only things in it. Sleeping on the floor would be nowhere near far enough away from the omega's scent to not be affected. He'd just be uncomfortable and cold as well as horny as hell.

He walked around to the other side of the bed and got in. Laying on his side and facing Silas. He told the Echo to dim the light to ten percent. He needed to keep an eye on his prisoner.

Silas just stared at him. Dean tried to ignore him and closed his eyes, but he was hyperaware of every breath, every slight movement the omega made.

Eventually Silas spoke. "You're really not going to fuck me?" he asked.

Dean opened his eyes. "I'm not a rapist."

Dark eyes blinked at him in surprise. "You know most people think fucking an omega is never rape."

Dean snorted in derision. "Most people are stupid."

"Omegas are property and they always spill when given cock."

"Omegas are people and a body's reaction has nothing to do with consent."

Silas stared at him intently for a long moment, like Dean was an interesting puzzle. Dean squirmed, feeling like he was being dissected.

"Besides, you might turn me into a zombie."

Silas suddenly gave him a dazzling, dangerous grin, as if that was the best idea he had ever heard. It sent shivers down Dean's spine. Unsettled and retreating the only way he could, Dean closed his eyes again. It had been a long, eventful day and, to his surprise, he fell into a fitful doze full of erotic dreams.

He awoke with a start an unknown time later. The scent of Silas's heat enveloped him. Thick, needy, and alluring. The omega was whimpering softly and gently, helplessly bucking his hips. His eyes were clenched closed, his cheeks flushed, and he was biting his bottom lip.

Dean's cock was hard and leaking. He watched the omega struggle with his heat for a moment.

"Do you want a hand job? It might help?" he asked. A peculiar mix of dread and intrigue shivering through him.

Dark eyes flew open, and Silas nodded keenly. Dean felt a stab of guilt. He had thought he was doing the right thing by leaving him alone but thinking about it, tying the omega up in a bed, just out of reach of an alpha, during a heat, was probably a unique form of torture.

Dean reached out and gently unbuckled the studded belt. He deftly

unbuttoned the leather trousers and then carefully unzipped the fly.

Silas's cock bounced free from its restraints. It looked engorged and sore and seemed to bob hopefully.

Reverently, Dean touched it, carefully wrapping his fingers around it. As Silas cried out loud and bucked into his hand desperately, Dean groaned, helpless, tugging firmly on the omega's cock. Silas gasped, writhed and bucked frantically, his whole body rigid and taut as he cried out his orgasm, spilling his seed all over Dean's hand in less than a minute.

Dean thought it was the hottest thing he had ever seen.

Silas kept his eyes closed and seemed to have difficulty catching his breath. Dean watched mesmerized as a faint sheen of sweat curled the dark hair at his temples.

Silas was beautiful.

Suddenly, dark eyes fixed on him. "That's not what I need," said Silas.

Dean swallowed. He'd never felt so aroused and so conflicted in all his life. His alpha instincts cried out to take care of the omega and give him what his body demanded. But Silas was a prisoner, George's own captive, and a dangerous one at that.

Dean stared deep into the intensity of Silas's dark eyes, feeling helpless.

A knock on the door startled him. Jasper's voice called out sounding grumpy, "Healer says you need to hurry up sorting that heat out. George's cock is trying to respond and for fuck's sake, the rest of us would feel a whole lot better too."

"Fine," snapped Dean, feeling like an idiot. He'd obviously spent far too much time alone before joining this pack to not have it cross his mind that all the other shifters nearby were also going to be affected.

He placed his hands on the waistband of Silas's trousers and started pulling

them down. Then he stopped, frozen by a pang of guilt.

Silas looked up at him and raised an eyebrow. “You want me to sign a consent form or something?”

Dean didn’t bother to answer. He just gave a soft growl instead and ripped the trousers all the way off, flinging them across the room.

“Hey, those are expensive!” Silas complained, but the way his breath hitched and his eyes glinted made it seem he didn’t really mind.

Dean stared back at him, considering the logistics. He uncuffed the prisoner from the bedframe, but there was no way in hell he was removing the magic binding cuffs, which meant Silas had to stay with his hands bound behind his back.

“Lie on your stomach,” he ordered.

Silas shook his head. “Yes, Alpha,” he said mockingly as he obeyed.

The rush of arousal that roared through Dean was intense. Silas was taking the piss, but hearing that title, that form of respect on his lips, was ridiculously satisfying, perhaps better than the sight of Silas rolling over for him and displaying his incredible ass. It was so pert and perfectly formed he could stare at it forever.

But Silas had other ideas. He slowly drew his knees up until he was on them, shoulders still on the mattress. Frigging presenting his hole to Dean like the good little omega he certainly was not.

Dean shucked in a breath as every drop of blood in his body rushed to his cock, leaving him dizzy. He hurriedly whipped off his boxers.

Silas chuckled. Low and teasing.

Dean reached out to touch.

“No fingers! Just cock!” demanded Silas.

“But...” began Dean, but was interrupted.

“This isn’t my first rodeo.”

“Does that make me the bucking bronco you're riding?”

Silas laughed, rich and musical. It made Dean’s heart skip a beat.

“Promises, promises,” teased Silas, his sultry tone completely destroying Dean’s ability to form a single coherent thought.

He placed his hands on the omega’s hips and relished in the feel of holding Silas. He shuffled forward until he was kneeling just behind Silas, his cock eager and hard.

“You want lube?” Dean managed to say. Omegas produced their own slick when aroused but there was no such thing as too much lubrication in Dean’s opinion.

“I want you to get on with it,” said Silas and behind the annoyance in his voice, Dean could hear the hunger. He shuddered.

It felt so wrong just to shove it in, but that was what Silas wanted. Taking a deep breath, he took hold of his cock and guided it to Silas’s waiting hole.

He pushed in, staring transfixed at his cock disappearing into the omega’s body. Swallowed by divine tight silken heat. He gasped in pleasure.

Silas moaned hungrily, rocking his hips, demanding more, so Dean fed him more of his cock. Deliciously sinking in until he was balls-deep in needy omega. Stretching, filling the omega deep, deep inside and giving him what he needed.

Silas’s soft warmth was engulfing his cock, caressing it as his channel twitched. Dean grunted, nearly overwhelmed by pleasure. His hips took over, as his mind was no longer functioning. He felt his cock slide in and out, the friction added to and enhancing all the other sensations trembling through his body.

The scent of the omega's heat was consuming his mind and drowning his

thoughts with ecstasy until he was lost in a sea of pleasure.

While Dean had experienced the delight of an omega in heat before, nothing had ever felt this incredible. This overwhelmingly intense, it was everything and now Dean had tasted it he knew he was hooked. He needed Silas forever.

“Do. Not. Knot. Me,” gasped Silas in between thrusts.

But the omega was taking everything Dean could give and demanding more, slamming his hips back onto Dean. Dean heard his words, but his desire was too high, the pleasure too intense. He couldn’t stop it. He grunted as his knot formed.

“Fuck!” cried Silas, but it sounded more like a groan of ecstasy than a shout of anger.

Dean shifted his angle slightly, determined to drag his knot all over the right places inside Silas. Silas keened and started to shudder.

“If you try to mate me, I will stab you in the heart, raise you from the dead and keep you as my bitch for all eternity.”

Silas’s words were a cold deadly promise that reminded Dean he was balls-deep in a dangerous necromancer who had killed an entire pack. Somehow, it only made him even harder.

“Alright, alright, Jeez, no need for threats,” Dean managed to grunt.

Bending down and biting the omega’s neck as they came, binding the omega to him, felt like a wonderful idea to his wolf, but unlike knotting it was one he could control.

The idea of making Silas his mate, keeping him forever, swam through him like a beautiful dream. He imagined Silas turning his head to look back at him with those dark eyes and demanding, “Mate me.”

Dean grunted as he came, seeing stars as his seed spilled deep inside Silas.

Silas whined his frustration.

“Sorry,” gasped Dean, fighting his embarrassment. Omegas normally came first, at least any good alpha made sure they did. Especially during heats where omegas needed to come often.

He quickly reached around for Silas’s cock and stroked it with all the skill he could muster. Silas rocked his hips, fucking Dean’s hand and impaling himself on Dean’s knot with as much movement as the knot would allow him.

When he came, it was glorious. He threw back his head, and all but howled his pleasure as his body trembled and jerked. His channel clenching and writhing around Dean’s cock so intensely Dean nearly came again.

Dean gasped in as much oxygen as he could. Silas dropped his head back down and did the same. They stayed in position, locked together by Dean’s knot.

Dean watched Silas closely. As soon as the omega recovered, he was going to need at least one more orgasm to satisfy his heat.

It didn’t take long before Silas’s breathing slowed and he gave a faint whimper, his hole clenching around Dean’s cock. Dean groaned in delight and started a circle motion with his hips.

“Argh!” cried Silas before turning and biting the pillow desperately. Dean grinned. His technique worked every time. He couldn’t thrust in and out whilst his knot was full, but a gentle circular motion never failed to drive omegas wild.

Silas came again, hard, explosively. Seemingly out of nowhere. This time, the intensity of Silas convulsing around him tore another orgasm from Dean.

His knot went down but miraculously his cock stayed hard, so he fucked Silas into the mattress whilst the omega sobbed, wailing into the pillow as he

came multiple times.

At last, with a roar, Dean rode the largest orgasm of his life, feeling like he was pumping a never-ending stream of seed into Silas's ass. When it finally stopped, he pulled out and collapsed onto the bed beside Silas. All his muscles suddenly rendered into jelly.

Silas groaned and straightened out his knees so he was lying flat on his stomach. Not seeming to care about the wet patch. Dean scented to check the omega's heat had broken. He was both relieved and disappointed to find it had. He was exhausted and spent, but he would never be able to get enough of Silas.

Dean turned his head to look at him. Dark hair splayed all over Silas's face, so Dean gently brushed it off to find dark eyes regarding him with an unreadable expression. His face was flushed and sweaty and with his messy hair, he looked well and truly fucked. Dean grinned. He was happy with that.

He wanted to pull Silas into a hug or spoon, though either would be difficult with the omega's hands bound behind his back. Heats were intense for omegas and they normally needed care and affection afterwards.

But somehow he doubted Silas was the cuddly type. He stared back into dark eyes, trying to figure it out. On one hand, Silas was a scary supervillain people talked about in uneasy whispers. On the other, he was still an omega. Dean decided he probably did need a hug and started to move closer.

"Don't you fucking dare," growled Silas, dark eyes narrowing.

Dean flopped back down with a sigh. "You're the boss."

Silas chuckled, his dark, naughty promise of a laugh, and Dean felt butterflies in his stomach. He'd just called his prisoner, his omega prisoner, who he had just fucked thoroughly, his boss, and nothing had ever felt more right.

As sunlight woke Dean up the next morning, he knew Silas had gone before he opened his eyes. Sighing heavily, he opened them to confirm. The empty handcuffs glinted on the bed and the curtain billowed in the wind from the open window.

Dean wasn't surprised. One of the first things he had ever heard about Silas Not Northstar was that no one could keep him for long.

CHAPTER 2

The meeting dragged on, so Dean let his mind wander. He stared out of the window at the cloudy gray cityscape and wondered if he would ever see Silas again. It had been months since the necromancer had escaped, but Silas was still all he thought about.

Luckily, George hadn't chewed his ear off too much about letting Silas escape on his watch. He'd been in too much pain from his injury and Dean could tell the alpha was secretly relieved Silas was gone, as he had learned the necromancer was too much for him to handle.

Now George was whining about "Vampires pissing in my territory and disrespecting me," and Dean had to hide his yawn. He couldn't see how it mattered what vampires were doing, it didn't affect them one bit. As long as they didn't attack or affect any of the pack's business, Dean couldn't see what the problem was. All this stupid posturing and play-acting at being gangsters was a waste of time and would only cause needless deaths if it went too far.

Dean regarded his boss and tried to figure out if he really was that stupid. George looked like an annoying fratty prep boy who had reached his thirties in good shape. The man was wearing a pink polo shirt and cream chinos. His brown hair was swept back in a short, expensive cut and his pale green eyes betrayed his lack of intelligence.

For the thousandth time, Dean regretted joining this pack. He'd been lonely after years on his own and had accepted the first pack that would take him. Alphas rarely liked taking other alphas into their pack. His choices had been limited.

Dean had thought such a large pack would diffuse the situation, and he'd been right there. He wasn't the only other alpha serving under George. But the urban pack was too big, too sprawling, far too removed from their roots to Dean's mind, and George was an idiot who was probably going to lead them all to disaster.

George had inherited the Alpha pack leader position from his father and Dean was pretty certain that was the only reason the shifter had gained any power at all. Dean suspected he could swat George like a fly. He let his daydreaming take him there and shuddered at the thought of being a pack leader. He was confident he could do a better job than George. Hell, anyone could. But to lead a pack, be a proper alpha, required giving all your heart and soul to serve your people. Dean knew he couldn't do it. Didn't think he could be that selfless. Didn't want to do it. Which meant he was stuck with George.

Jasper poked him in the ribs. "Still moping about losing your fuck toy?" he whispered as George droned on.

Dean grimaced. He didn't think anyone should be thought of as a fuck toy. Definitely not Silas. He gave Jasper his best glare, and the man put his hands

up in surrender.

“Alright, I’ll admit I’m jealous. No one has had Silas Northstar. For years”

Dean blinked in surprise. Jasper had been ribbing him for months but had never confessed this before, and this piece of news was interesting, flattering to his ego. Could it be true? Was he the only person to have had Silas? He thought about it for a moment.

“Don’t be ridiculous, he has heats,” Dean hissed back. The omega would need to feed his body’s desires, every time he went into heat. He examined Jasper with fresh eyes. The beta was young, all blue eyes and floppy blond hair. He wasn’t bad looking. Would Silas turn him down? He wondered, and winced at his irrational pang of jealousy.

Jasper leaned in. “I’ve heard he goes to human nightclubs when he needs to.”

“Which ones?” Dean nearly snapped out, biting his tongue just in time. But his thoughts went straight to figuring out how soon he could slip away for the night and how many gay bars he could cover. But what were the chances that the night he could slip away would be the same night Silas was on the prowl?

He had no idea what Silas's heat cycles were like. Omegas had anything from monthly to yearly ones.

Dean sighed. It was hopeless.

“And that fucking Silas Northstar!” snarled George suddenly.

Dean snapped his full attention back to his Alpha at the sound of Silas’s name, suddenly worried George had developed mind reading skills. “What’s he done now?” Dean asked. Innocently, as if he hadn’t just been thinking about the necromancer.

George glared at him. “It’s in the daily report.”

Dean glanced at the untouched papers that had been placed on the table in

front of him and managed to keep a guilty expression off his face. George wanted to run the pack like a business and make out he was some sort of CEO. It was pathetic. George opted to fill him in verbally rather than wait for Dean to read the paperwork.

“He got involved in Methuen Coven’s infighting by raising one of theirs from the dead to spill secrets on her murder and now they are petitioning me and whining at me because he is a shifter on my territory and supposedly I should be controlling him!”

Dean read between the lines of what George was saying. The coven was pissed at George and threatening him and he was shitting himself. Dean suppressed his giggle. Sadly, it wasn’t funny. If a coven of witches became pissed at George, they would go after the whole pack. But he loved seeing George rattled.

“So, what’s the plan, boss?” he asked.

George glared at him with his sickly green eyes. “Plan? There is no plan. They can go fuck themselves. Silas Northstar is not my problem.”

Dean felt a wave of disappointment. He had tentatively hoped they would order him to hunt the omega down and capture him, but he wasn’t surprised. He knew George was now terrified of the omega and, for that, Dean could actually forgive him. Having your dick nearly bitten off would do that to a man.

Such a shame they had all been banned from talking about it.

George called the meeting to a close and strode out of the room as if he had somewhere important to be. Dean kept his face carefully blank, concentrating on not rolling his eyes or making some other mocking expression.

He stood up, feeling a little stiff from being sat down for so long. Some

pack members had filed out after George, others were still milling around.

Dean considered going to his room to read for a bit. He had some free time. He couldn't think of anything else to do with it, and he had a growing pile of books he wanted to read.

"Hey Dean!" called Bob, from one of the little groups that had formed. Dean walked over with a smile. "Do you want to come play snooker in the rec room?" Bob asked as he ran a hand through his dark, curly hair. The man wasn't bad looking, but Dean didn't think Bob was asking him like that.

Dean grinned. He was terrible at snooker and didn't enjoy it much. But that wasn't the point. It was an invitation. They wanted to hang out with him. Maybe he was finally settling in.

Dean agreed, and they headed down to the rec room. Bob set up the table while Connell wandered over to the tiny kitchenette to fetch some beers. He gave one to Dean with a nod.

Dean accepted it and took a swig. He knew it was only a beer and a game of snooker, but it meant the world to him. He had been alone, without a pack for too long. So long that he had worried that damage had been done and he would never be able to fit in anywhere again.

Destined to always be a lone wolf.

But these small gestures from the pack proved he wasn't entirely incapable of making friends and fitting in. George was an idiot, but maybe Dean could carve out a home here after all. Somewhere to belong. Some people to become a family with.

Bob took the first shot and then handed the cue to Dean. Dean put his beer down on the shelf behind him and accepted the cue with a nod. Feeling stupidly nervous, he bent over, trying to line up his shot. Acting like he knew what he was doing.

Taking a deep steadying breath, he went for it. The white ball bounced forward. Hopping like a crazy rabbit. Completely missing all other balls. Bob and Connell laughed like it was the funniest thing they had ever seen.

Maria appeared out of nowhere and slapped Dean on the back. Dean stood up and grinned sheepishly. He didn't mind making a fool of himself if it amused people.

It was probably going to be easier to play as terribly as possible for laughs, than to try to play well. Dean liked his new tactic. It gave him hope. He could believe everything was going to be okay.

CHAPTER 3

A few nights later, Dean jolted awake to the feel of cold steel against his neck. He tried to swing for his attacker but found his arms and legs were tied, spread-eagled on the bed.

His eyes shot open to be greeted by Silas's dark stare. The omega was straddling him, holding a knife against his jugular. Dean saw his life flash before his eyes. He never thought he would die like this. Murdered in his own bed by a vengeful necromancer.

The delicious scent of a heat washed over Dean and he immediately relaxed. His heart thumping for a whole new reason. Silas wasn't here to kill him. He was in heat and, out of all the people in the world, he'd come to him. It was beyond wonderful.

The omega hadn't gone to a human nightclub. Instead, he had chosen to climb up ten floors up the side of a building to spend it with Dean. It had to mean that last time had meant something to him. Something he wanted to repeat. Possibly only that Dean was a good lay. But it was something. Dean could work with that. Use it as a starting block for his charm offensive.

“Oh. Hi Silas. I would have called but, you know, you didn’t leave your number,” Dean managed to say calmly.

Silas laughed. It was his rich musical laugh, and it flipped Dean’s stomach over. He watched mesmerized as Silas gracefully slipped off him and placed the wicked looking dagger on the bedside cabinet. Seemingly content that Dean was going to behave.

A tiny part of Dean’s mind acknowledged he should probably call for help. He should at least try to resist. Put up some sort of fight. He quickly acknowledged that it was the worst idea he had ever had. Why on earth would he want this to stop?

A cool breeze blew in from the open window. “We are ten stories up. Are you a wolf or a cat?”

Silas flashed him a grin. “No need for insults.”

Dean drank in the sight of the necromancer. His glorious dark hair was twisted up into a man-bun. A few strands had escaped and tumbled free around his face. He was wearing something made of black silk that clung to his body in all the right places and cinched divinely at his narrow waist.

“You’re wearing a dress?”

“It’s a kimono,” corrected Silas.

“You climbed ten stories wearing a dress?”

“Kimono.”

Suddenly Silas was pulling at Dean’s jeans, yanking them down his legs, as far as he could. “Who sleeps with their clothes on?” he grumbled as he struggled to pull the jeans down far enough.

Dean cast an eye on the red silk cords that bound his arms and legs to each corner of the bed with pretty knots. It was beautiful work. There was no way

he was getting out of them. It was quite possibly the hottest thing he had ever experienced. He turned his attention back to Silas's question.

"People in packs at war with vampires who might have to jump up to fight for their life at any given minute, or because a crazy person nearly bites their Alpha's cock off!"

Silas made a disparaging sound as he finally worked the jeans down to Dean's knees. "Not like your cock swinging everywhere in a fight would change anything. It's not that big."

"So it is big?" asked Dean with a cheeky grin.

"Shut up," answered Silas, but he smiled at Dean fondly before his dark eyes fixed on Dean's naked cock, bobbing to attention, as almost excited about this as Dean was. The very tip of Silas's tongue poked out and ran over his soft lips. Dean groaned as arousal coursed through him.

"Do you have any lube?"

"Top drawer, bedside cabinet," said Dean hurriedly, almost before Silas had finished asking the question, just in case the slightest hesitation would cause Silas to change his mind.

Silas grinned and retrieved the lube. He squirted a large blob of it onto his hand and then smeared it all over Dean's cock with a careless, almost medical touch. Despite that, and the chill of the lube, Dean gasped and writhed.

Then Silas was untying the sash on his kimono and Dean forgot to breathe. The necromancer shrugged the silk off his shoulders and it slid to the floor. Beneath it, Silas was naked. His beautiful, divine body on full display, all perfectly defined contours and muscles, wholly masculine, but slender and graceful. Like the hottest ever anime character.

Silas straddled him again, this time rising up on his knees and with no further preamble, reached behind to hold Dean's cock steady as he lowered

himself onto it.

Dean bucked and yelled as a tsunami of pleasure and sensation ripped through his body. Silas was hot and tight and soft around his cock. He wanted this to never end.

Silas rode him, and Dean watched in reverent awe. The omega threw his head back, baring his long, slender throat. As he slid up and down, his bun slowly unraveled until his silken hair tumbled wantonly around his bare shoulders.

“Faster,” Dean croaked, unable to move and helpless underneath the omega.

Silas tipped his head and looked down at Dean with a dark look. “I don’t care what you want,” he said softly and closed his eyes again.

Dean whimpered but surrendered to the omega’s will. Relaxing his muscles and lying back, helpless. Letting Silas use him as he willed.

“Good boy,” sighed Silas happily.

Dean groaned deeply, a rumble from his chest and nearly spilled from the omega’s words. He liked dirty talk but never would have imagined mere words would have such an effect on him.

Silas chuckled, a pleased, satisfied sound, and Dean wanted nothing more than to spend his life coaxing that sound out of the omega.

The necromancer rode him with skill, taking his pleasure at his own pace. He came with a beautiful moan, hot droplets of his seed spraying Dean’s chest, but he continued to ride.

His ass gripped Dean’s cock, writhing and pulsing around it as he spilled. Dean groaned as his knot began to form. The pleasure was just too intense. He was powerless before it. He didn’t even want to try and fight it.

Silas cried out and hissed at the sensation. He opened dark eyes to glare

down at Dean. “Do you ever not knot?” he asked snidely, but there was satisfaction and desire in his voice.

“Will always knot with you,” Dean gasped.

Silas raised one beautifully arched brow and gave Dean a malevolent grin. “I don’t know what you hope to achieve with flattery.”

“More of this,” confessed Dean eagerly, shamelessly.

Silas laughed, and the melodic sound sunk into Dean’s soul. Where Dean hoped to keep it forever.

Then Silas’s elegant hands rested on Dean’s damp chest and he used the extra leverage to quicken his pace. Clenching around Dean’s cock tightly, pulling all sorts of sensation and pleasure from it. Dean groaned, a deep rumble of lust. He had never felt anything so good. Had never dreamed that sex could feel this incredible.

Silas spilled again and brought Dean, grunting with him, but he didn’t stop and the pleasure didn’t cease. Increasing instead to a whole new level and then they came again, together, for a final time.

Dean’s knot was full. Locking them together. Silas sat still. Eyes closed, head back. Shivering and trembling from the force of his pleasure, both the orgasm he had just had and the pressure of an alpha’s knot pushing against just the right spot as nature designed it to.

Dean wanted to watch Silas writhe like this forever, but then he was hit by a wave of his own ecstasy as Silas’s tight, wet heat quivered and caressed his cock. Dean closed his eyes and lost himself in the stormy sea of his satisfaction.

Eventually, and far too soon, Dean found himself gasping alone on the bed. Head spinning and only able to see stars.

He blinked his eyes to clear his sight. Silas was calmly tying the sash on

his kimono. Dean scented, feeling crushingly disappointed when his nose confirmed that the omega's heat had broken.

He watched as Silas deftly pulled up his long dark hair back into a bun, the black silk sleeves of the kimono sliding back to reveal his slender arms. Suddenly he was turning to go, heading towards the open window.

"Can you untie me?" asked Dean.

"Nope," said Silas without even looking back.

"You're really going to leave me like this for my pack to find?"

"Yep."

"Silas!" called Dean desperately as the necromancer reached the window. Silas stopped and turned to face him. Dean took in a deep breath. "Can I have your number?"

Dark eyes glittered, and the grin that spread across his beautiful face was dazzling. "No," he said and jumped out of the window.

Dean stared at the empty window for a long time before dropping his head back onto the pillow with a heavy sigh. He was trapped on the bed, sticky and stinking of sex. His pack was going to take the piss out of him mercilessly. But none of that mattered. He was pretty sure Silas Not Northstar liked him.

CHAPTER 4

The pack did take the piss out of him and George was furious that Silas had broken in. He ordered extra wards and sigils, as well as CCTV and increasing the guards.

Dean was dismayed that it would be difficult for Silas to come back, but consoled himself with being entertained by how freaked out his Alpha was.

He was also cheered up by the curved deadly knife Silas had left on the bedside cabinet. The necromancer didn't strike Dean as the forgetful type, so Dean thought of it as a gift. He cherished it and had a sheath specially made for it. It nestled snugly in the hollow of his back right now, and Dean realized he had been nowhere without it since Silas had left it for him.

He shook his head at his own daftness and carefully scented again. The nighttime city air was heavy with layers of smells, but he couldn't detect anything untoward. Nothing to be concerned about.

He looked at Brendan, who was patrolling their territory with him, and the beta nodded his agreement that he couldn't scent anything odd either. This mostly industrial part of the city was deserted at this time of night. Nothing

but warehouses and factories. The type of place most humans had the sense to stay away from.

Dean sighed. Patrolling was boring. Wandering around in case anything happened, which rarely was the case. But with George escalating things with the vampires, patrolling had also become tense. Tense and boring. An awful combination. It was going to be another long, tedious night.

Dean's thoughts turned to Silas again. As they always did. "What do you know about Silas Northstar? Why did he kill the entire Greenwood pack?" he asked Brendan, trying to sound casual.

He was desperate to know more about the necromancer. Was he really as evil as everyone said? Dean would have sworn the omega wasn't, but he was well aware it could just be his cock trying to convince him that Silas was just misunderstood.

He'd asked a few people after the fuss of his second night with the omega had died down and heard wildly different stories. But Brendan seemed the sensible sort. He had been born into the pack. Had lived in the city his whole life. There was a good chance he would know. And alone on patrol with him was the perfect time to ask.

He liked Brendan. He was a gentle, thoughtful man, despite the impression his stocky frame gave.

The beta gave him a strange look, and Dean swallowed, suddenly nervous and regretting his decision to ask. He knew George was suspicious, and it was hard to defend himself, because if push came to shove, he probably would betray George for Silas.

There was no need for the pack Alpha to know that, though. So Dean told himself he needed to shut up and stop asking questions about Silas. It wasn't helping anybody.

Brendan was nice, but nice people were normally loyal to their Alpha's. Loyalty was also part of beta's nature. It had been a stupid, risky idea to ask him. The only thing it was going to get him was being reported back to his Alpha.

He stared back at Brendan, trying to look innocent, as if he had merely been making conversation. Attempting to salvage the situation. But there was a knowing look in the beta's kind brown eyes. Intelligence that said too much. The beta was on to him, Dean thought in dismay.

Brendan smiled, ran his hand through his short brown hair, and began to tell his story. Dean blinked in startled delight. More relieved than he cared to admit.

"There was one survivor," said Brendan, ominously, in the style of a talented storyteller. As they continued to walk.

Dean grinned in delight and nodded at him to continue. He might actually get something close to the truth. If not, he could tell he was in for a good story.

"My second cousin, Michael Greenwood, was the pack mage. He got away."

Dean waited with bated breath. Understanding that Brendan wanted to tell the story well.

"My mom made me drop off some food when he was first in hiding and he told me all about it." said Brendan before pausing dramatically to stare off into the middle distance. Dean resisted the urge to punch him. "Northstar and Greenwood packs had been fighting for generations. It didn't seem like they would ever stop. But they came to an uneasy truce, and the Northstar Alpha offered his son Silas to sweeten the deal. He was a sweet little thing back then, already gorgeous, so Greenwood Alpha made out he was pleased."

Brendan paused again. His brown eyes regarding Dean solemnly, checking his audience was hooked. Satisfied that Dean was hanging on every word, he continued.

“Greenwood never intended to honor the treaty. They took the omega out into the woods and passed him around the whole pack, anyone who wanted a turn, all night, and they also savagely beat him. A message to the Northstars.

"Michael says the boy was crying, pleading, begging them to stop. Completely pathetic. Then, when he was all bloody and broken, so much so, Michael thought they might have killed him. The ground began to shake and move and frigging zombies crawled out. Michael climbed up a tree and shielded himself with magic whilst the zombies tore his pack apart.”

Dean couldn't think, couldn't feel. His entire body numb with horror. But Brendan wasn't done yet.

“Then when they were all dead, and the zombies were just lying there like they were sleeping, the Northstar pack turned up. They never intended to honor the treaty either. The omega was to lull them into a false sense of security. Or provide a distraction. I don't think Northstar cared which it was.

"The Alpha takes one look at the carnage and his blood-covered battered son and screams that Silas is a vile abomination, a whore of evil and no son of his, before slinking back into the woods. Disgusted and morally outraged at the use of dark magic. Though if you ask me, the pompous ass was probably shitting himself. Wondering if he was going to be next.

"Michael swears the kid had no magic at all until that moment. The woods were on an ancient burial mound and whatever they woke up that night has made Michael hide for the last ten years.”

Dean nearly walked into a lamppost but managed to swerve it at the last minute. His thoughts nothing but a garbled, hurting mess. His heart aching.

“Ten years? How old was Silas?” he blurted. The omega was young. That this had happened ten long years ago was horrifying. He would have been only a teenager.

Brendan shrugged, “Legal, just. Still just a pup, if you ask me. He’d only had his first shift a couple of months before.”

Dean swore vehemently, no longer caring if Brendan reported back. But the beta patted him on the shoulder and gave him a look that said he knew it was a sick, awful story.

Dean felt his body tremor with impotent outrage. What the hell was wrong with people? Why were they so needlessly cruel? Silas didn’t deserve that. No one did. Dean was struck with an irrational longing for a time machine. He wanted nothing more than to go back and stop it from ever happening. To be able to protect Silas from the past.

They walked in silence for a few blocks. Dean trying to take it all in. Brendan’s words had the horrid ring of truth about them. And he wished he’d never asked, never known. Silas would hate to be pitied. He knew that in his bones. But now he knew, how could he not?

“Vampires,” said Brendan suddenly.

Startled, Dean scented. Brendan was right. Vampires.

Carefully, they followed the scent until they traced it to an empty warehouse. One that George owned. Not only were the vamps in pack territory, they were in pack property.

Dean whipped out his phone and called for backup. Then there was nothing more they could do but wait, hiding in the shadows outside.

Dean tried to figure out how many vamps there were and what they were doing, but it was impossible. Vampires had a peculiar smell that overpowered everything else around it.

What the hell would they want with an empty warehouse? Dean really hoped they weren't feasting on humans. He wouldn't want to see that. He was entirely too soft for his own good. Especially when it came to people unable to stand up for themselves. Bullies were the worst kind of evil.

He was pretty sure he would still be able to smell blood and death over the stink of vampire, so he tried to console himself that whatever he was about to walk into, it wasn't that. He was pretty confident that he could handle anything else.

Eventually, their reinforcements arrived. Ten more shifters, all betas. Twelve werewolves could take on pretty much anything, so Dean led them in.

CHAPTER 5

The warehouse was old, empty, but clean and serviceable. The vamps were in the middle with some foldout tables, packaging drugs. The only lights on in the whole place were above their head. Dean counted seven vampires. He liked those odds.

The vampires all turned their heads to look at him at the exact same time. It was creepy as hell. Dean hid his shudder of unease. He was about to speak when his eyes fell on Silas. Sitting on the floor, bound to a pillar. His jolt of surprise quickly turned to delight at seeing the omega again.

Silas looked stunning, as usual. He was wearing faded black jeans and a tight black tee-shirt with a red pentagram on it. His black Dr. Marten boots had red laces. It was a good look.

He didn't seem to be concerned about being sat on the floor tied to a pillar with sturdy looking ropes. If anything, he looked a little bored.

"Hi Silas, you like being tied up or something?" Dean asked, as if no one else was there.

Silas grinned and gave Dean a filthy wink. "You know it," he said wryly.

The wink seemed to go straight to Dean's cock, and he found himself grinning in return. It was an effort to turn his attention back to the vamps.

"You shouldn't be here," he told them, unable to pick out a leader.

The vampires didn't bother to reply, they just attacked.

It was a blur of motion and violence. Dean didn't shift, but he let his wolf take over. His predator's instincts were quicker and far more lethal than his own.

He was dimly aware of the commotion around him as vampires, and shifters fought. He didn't let it distract him, keeping his focus on the person he was fighting. It was a pale blond man who looked young, but like all vampires his eyes betrayed his true age.

He did see Silas swipe a leg out to trip over another vamp, and it made him laugh, nearly causing him to get punched in the face, but he ducked just in time.

The air filled with growls, grunts, and groans, as well as the smell of blood. Time slowed, and the world narrowed to the warehouse. Suddenly, the blond vampire turned and ran. Dean looked around and saw that all of them had somehow agreed to flee at the same moment.

Dean panted and quickly cast his eye over his wolves. They were all still in one piece. Some cuts and scrapes, but nothing that wouldn't heal in a day or two.

Satisfied, he walked up to Silas. Dark eyes glanced at the knife in Dean's hand and Dean felt a flash of embarrassment that Silas now knew he kept it and carried it with him.

"What did you do to piss them off?" Dean asked, desperate to draw attention from his keepsake.

Silas rolled his eyes. "Nothing."

Dean raised an eyebrow and waited.

Silas sighed. “Vampires don’t like necromancers. You know, the whole ability to control the dead thing.”

“Oh,” said Dean, feeling stupid. He looked down at Silas tied securely to the pillar. “I guess you can’t actually control vampires?” he said, thinking Silas wouldn't be in this predicament if he could.

The Necromancer just gave him a hard, icy stare, and Dean acknowledged Silas had no reason to share his secrets. He also remembered he should probably free him.

As he bent to cut the ropes binding Silas to the pillar, he came close enough to Silas’s slender neck to see two entry wounds. One of the vampires had fed from him. He could smell one of them all over Silas. Drowning out the omega’s own beautiful scent. Dean realized that was why he hadn’t known Silas was here until he had seen him.

Dean trembled with a rage so sudden and intense he couldn’t breathe. How fucking dare they. He was going to hunt them down and kill them all. Before he could start to form a plan, he was hit with the scent of sex and the realization that feeding wasn’t the only thing the vampire had done.

Silas caught his look and looked away as he climbed to his feet.

“What can I say? Everyone loves omega ass.”

Dean stood shell-shocked. His earlier rage utterly doused by horror. How could Silas be so calm? Especially after what had happened ten years ago. How was the omega not a gibbering mess? Dean wondered if Silas was the toughest person in the world.

Silas met his gaze calmly, dark eyes seeming to read his soul with ease. He nodded thoughtfully, as if he had seen exactly what he had expected to see.

“Ah, I see you have heard my origin story.”

He sounded disappointed, but mostly resigned, as if it was inevitable Dean was going to find out. Which Dean supposed was true.

So many words tumbled through Dean's mind, but none of them were good enough. How could he convey that whilst he thought Silas's past was awful, and he did feel pity, he didn't think any less of him? Did not think of him as nothing but a victim. He certainly didn't want it to change anything between them. He couldn't find the words and hoped at least some of his thoughts and feelings that were clear in his eyes for Silas to read.

Instead, he fixed on the fact Silas had referred to it as his origin story. A far easier topic to handle.

"You're not actually a supervillain," Dean said.

Silas grinned malevolently, dark eyes flashing, "Give me time," he promised.

Dean chuckled, suddenly more convinced than he'd ever been of anything. "I believe you. Can I be your minion? With benefits?"

Silas's dark eyes sparkled, and the amused, satisfied smile that spread across his face was dazzling. It made Dean's heart skip and his insides fill with a warm, gooey feeling.

"Let me drive you home," he offered. He hadn't failed to notice that Silas was leaning heavily on the pillar he had been tied to.

Dark eyes narrowed.

"Stop being a stubborn prick," interjected Dean before the omega could say anything.

Jasper decided to pipe up helpfully. "Shouldn't we take him to George?"

Dean stifled his growl. "George enhanced security to keep him out, not have him brought in."

Jasper held up his hands in surrender.

“Give me your car keys and get those injured back to the compound,” Dean ordered sharply.

Jasper scowled but fished his keys out of his pocket and threw them at Dean, who caught them neatly.

Dean watched Jasper turn and start rounding up the wounded to head back to their cars. Some injured shifters leaning on their friends as they limped away.

“Jasper, give George a full report,” he called. The beta nodded in acknowledgment. Dean would have liked to have thought it was an obvious requirement, but Jasper, like George, was not the brightest.

“The rest of you, stay here and guard the scene.” Dean’s initial thoughts were that the vamps were carrying out their trade in Westlake territory to keep their own clean and if the human cops found any trace and caused trouble for George, it would be a double win. He glanced at Brendan and could tell the beta was thinking the same thing. Satisfied he had done his duty and could leave it in Brendan’s capable hands, he turned his attention back to Silas, giving him an expectant look.

Silas regarded him intently for a long moment and Dean found the world shrunk until it was just the two of them, staring at each other. Nothing else existed or mattered. Eventually, the omega seemed satisfied and pushed himself away from the pillar with the tiniest nod of agreement.

Dean grinned and led Silas out of the warehouse. Once out in the street, he quickly scanned for Jasper’s car, relieved to find it was nearby. He unlocked it and held the passenger door open for Silas, who shook his head at the gesture but climbed in nonetheless.

Dean jumped into the driver's seat and leaned over to rummage in the glove box, hoping that Jasper was a creature of habit and the water bottles

he'd seen in his car at other times would have been replenished. Dean smiled in satisfaction when he found an unopened one and he quickly handed it to Silas.

“Drink, for the blood loss,” he said.

Silas gave him an odd look but took the bottle, opened it and took a big, long drink. Dean watched his bare throat bob as he swallowed and licked his own dry lips.

“Ah, where do you live?” he asked.

Silas held out his hand. “Give me your phone.”

Dean obliged and watched Silas tap away with lightning speed on his phone. It made Dean feel old. He'd never be that fluid with technology.

Silas snapped the phone onto a holder on the dashboard and Dean saw the map app was open with a location programmed in. He sighed, turned the engine on, and braced himself for following his phone's commands.

CHAPTER 6

Dean pulled into the cul-de-sac of pristine bungalows with immaculate gardens. He looked at Silas, wondering if the omega was going to yell at him for not being able to follow phone directions, but Silas just stared straight ahead.

Dean parked outside the particular bungalow the phone instructed him to. It looked just like all the others. Dean wondered if Silas had got him to take him to his grandma's house.

Silas jumped out of the car and strode up to the front door. Dean scurried after. Not sure if he was invited, but determined to make sure the omega was okay.

In the glow of the streetlamps, he saw the bungalow backed into some woods and thought it was a great location for a shifter's home. Regardless of the granny exterior. Full moons or anytime you wanted to shift, you'd just need to hop over the garden fence.

Silas opened the door, flicked on the lights, and stepped inside. Dean followed before stopping in his tracks and blinking in surprise.

If the outside looked like a grandparent's home, the inside looked like a crazy cat lady's. Minus the cats. There were plants of different sizes and shapes everywhere. In pots against the walls, crowding in window sills, hanging down from shelves.

Abstract art littered the walls, and there was clutter everywhere. Bookcases groaning with books. Shelves full of weird ornaments, including tiny statues and a crystal skull.

Dreamcatchers and wind chimes hung from the curtain rails and the comfy looking armchairs and sofa were covered in throws and brightly colored cushions.

Dean tore his eyes from the living space to look at the open-plan kitchen that was to the left. It was very tidy but crammed with cookbooks, a giant spice rack, and an expensive looking set of copper pots hanging up neatly.

A small pine dining table bridged the space between the kitchen and the living area. Set with white lace doilies. Dean was hit with the hilarious notion that Silas had crocheted them himself.

"I'm having a shower," Silas announced before disappearing down the hallway to where Dean presumed the bedrooms were. The necromancer seemed content to let Dean stay. Well, Dean told himself, Silas wasn't throwing him out and it was kind of the same thing.

He looked around the living space again and chuckled. He loved it. It was like sneaking a peek inside Silas's mind, and it was clear the omega wasn't evil. Creative certainly. Possibly a little bit eccentric. Dean thought it was a lovely, cozy home. Omegas were said to be good homemakers. Maybe Silas had more omega traits that he let anyone know.

Dean made his way to the kitchen. Silas should eat something nutritious after being a vampire's snack. Dean could take care of someone's physical

needs easily enough. He wasn't sure if he would be any good with deeper stuff. But he told himself he'd cross that bridge if it came to it. Silas seemed emotionally fine at the moment. The necromancer was definitely tough.

He explored the cupboards and fridge, delighted to find some good quality steak. He grabbed one of the fancy pans and started cooking.

Silas was in the shower for ages. Dean winced in empathy. He could relate to the need to thoroughly scrub and burn several layers of skin off. Even if just to eradicate the stench of vampire, if nothing else.

He started to worry the food would get cold when Silas finally emerged. Smelling like his usual gorgeous self, all traces of vampire gone. His long hair all wet and curling in beautiful tendrils around his shoulders. Dean eyed up the pretty black silk pajamas, but was a little disappointed. He had been fantasizing about Silas coming out of the shower in nothing but a towel.

The omega stood half in the shadowy hallway staring at the table Dean had set with the dinner as if he had never seen such a thing.

"You cooked?" asked Silas, sounding completely bewildered.

"Um, yeah. I hope that's ok?" Dean replied tentatively, wondering if he had overstepped the mark. He supposed it was taking the make-yourself-at-home thing quite far, and Silas hadn't even said that. The necromancer had been barely tolerating his presence.

After the longest moment, Silas nodded and came and joined him at the table. He picked up his knife and fork and tucked in. As he put a piece of steak in his mouth, he closed his eyes and moaned in pleasure. Dean nearly choked on his own food and his cock stirred.

"You are a damn fine cook," said Silas, opening his eyes and regarding Dean in delight.

Dean just grinned. His heart doing happy little cartwheels. He had pleased

Silas, and it was the best feeling in the world. He wanted to do it again and again. And then some more. It could be his life's calling. Dean's wolf wanted to go hunt some rabbits and drop them at Silas's feet to keep the omega's approval.

Oblivious to Dean's devotion, Silas happily continued to devour his meal. In no time at all, Silas had cleared his plate. For a moment, it looked like he might lick it, but he restrained himself. Dean was pleased, his wolf approving of nurturing the omega. Silas deserved someone caring for him. Hunting for him, protecting him. Dean told his wolf to shut up. Silas didn't need someone to protect him. He needed someone to fight alongside him. Have his back. Be his equal.

Dean stood up and took Silas's plate with his own to the kitchen. He could feel the omega's eyes on him as Silas watched him for a moment.

"You wash up as well?" Silas asked.

"I am a complete domestic goddess," replied Dean.

Silas chuckled, and the sound warmed Dean's soul. Dean fiddled around, figuring out the dishwasher for a moment, but soon had it on. He turned around to face Silas, feeling suddenly awkward. He didn't want to leave. He wanted to stay forever.

Silas had stood up whilst Dean was sorting the dishwasher and was now standing very still by the table. Dark eyes fixed on Dean as if he didn't quite know what to do with him.

Dean swallowed nervously and gestured to the TV in the living room. "Wanna Netflix?" he suggested apprehensively. Desperate for any excuse to spend more time with Silas.

Silas crossed his arms over his chest, raised an eyebrow and gave Dean a thoroughly disparaging look that burned into Dean's soul and wounded it.

Dean took a step back and raised his hands. “Netflix and no chill, I mean it,” he said earnestly. Keen for Silas to see the truth in his eyes and kicking himself for not realizing how his suggestion would sound.

He knew most alphas had a one-track mind, so it wasn't surprising Silas thought that of him. Though it stung a little that Silas believed Dean wouldn't care about what the vampire had done and would still expect an omega to be up for it. Most alphas were assholes, so Silas just needed time to get to know him better, Dean told himself.

Silas regarded him suspiciously for a moment before breaking into a grin, an almost fond look in his dark eyes. “Fine,” he agreed.

Dean practically danced to the living room and settled on the very comfortable sofa, feeling happier than he had for a long time. Silas sat beside him and picked up the remote. When he pulled Netflix up, Dean saw the recommendations were all romcoms. He couldn't stop his laugh from escaping. Silas turned his head and gave him a threatening glare.

“It looks just like my Netflix,” pleaded Dean, hoping Silas could discern his honesty. It seemed to work as eventually Silas chuckled and turned back to the screen. Netflix had a brand new romcom out that day and they both agreed on it immediately.

Silas hit play and then, to Dean's astonished delight, snuggled up to him, resting his head on his shoulder as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Dean's heart went so crazy, he was sure Silas could hear it.

He tried to calm himself down. Told himself not to read anything into it. Silas was a shifter, an omega at that, without a pack. He would be touched starved. Shifters were big huggers, big on the touchy feely. Nothing but overgrown cuddly puppies.

Dean had been a lone wolf for long spells of time, but never as long as ten

years and not from such a young age. It was heartbreaking to think how utterly alone Silas was. Hated and feared by everyone and none of it his fault. He hadn't exactly asked for his dark powers.

Dean swore silently to himself. He'd managed to calm his heart down, but now he had to fight his tears. Bursting into tears in front of Silas would help nothing. It would most likely just piss the necromancer off.

Pulling himself together, he focused on the film and the feel of Silas's warm slender body pressed against his. He knew he would never need anymore than this to be happy. It was everything. He was complete. Now he just needed to find a way to make it last. Preferably for eternity.

CHAPTER 7

Dean woke in the pale light of early dawn. Alone on the sofa, with a blanket over him. He yawned. It was quiet and still in the bungalow. Peaceful. Like an oasis of calm in a crazy world.

Dean didn't remember falling asleep or Silas slipping away. He hoped he hadn't snored like an oaf. The sofa was comfortable and the blanket warm. He didn't want to move.

He remembered he had left his phone in the car and groaned, imagining hundreds of missed calls from George demanding to know where he was and what he was doing with Silas Northstar. Somehow Dean didn't think telling George that he had been watching romcoms would cut it.

Dean sighed. He had to go. He rolled off the sofa and folded up the soft blanket that had been covering him, before placing it neatly on the back of the sofa. The thought of just sneaking out without saying goodbye didn't sit right, and he didn't want to leave a cruddy note.

He padded quietly down the hall, intending to peek into the bedroom to see if Silas was awake. If he was, he'd say a quick, proper goodbye. If not, he'd

have to think of a Plan B.

The bedroom door was wide open, and the large unmade bed empty. Nothing on it apart from a crumpled white sheet and some plump looking pillows. It didn't even have a duvet on it. Dean stared for a moment in confusion. The bungalow wasn't exactly big. He didn't know where else Silas could be.

Dean frowned. He crossed the hall to investigate the other rooms. He found a spare room on the left, but that was also empty. Nothing but a neatly made bed. Where had Silas gone?

The bathroom door was shut. Dean put his ear against it. He couldn't hear any water splashing or anyone moving around, but his nose told him Silas was in there. Silent and unmoving.

Dean's heart started to race. Had Silas collapsed from blood loss? Had the vamps taken more than he had thought? Had Silas become upset and done something stupid?

He knocked on the door with a sharp rap. "Silas? Are you okay?"

There was no reply, no hint of movement. Nothing but silence. He tried the handle, but the door was locked. Terror clawed at Dean's gut. The thought of Silas being in danger was awful. The thought of losing him was unbearable. Even the mere idea tortured his soul.

He stepped back and kicked the door with all his might. It splintered beautifully. A few more powerful kicks and it was a disintegrated mess of wood hanging off its hinges.

Dean stepped through and then froze, staring in astonishment at the sight before him. Squeezed between the bathtub and the basin was a duvet, shaped roughly as a person sitting up.

Dean blinked in surprise. "What are you doing?"

“Having a panic attack,” came the muffled reply in a deadly calm tone.

“Oh,” said Dean reflexively, before he could stop himself. It wasn’t exactly surprising that Silas had panic attacks, but he was still taken aback for some dumb reason.

He looked at the splintered mess that was all that remained of the door. Feeling guilty and a bit dismayed at his overreaction. Thinking of the noise, destruction and violence he had caused. It would have been intimidating at the best of times, let alone for someone already feeling anxious and scared.

“That couldn’t have helped,” he said sheepishly.

“Not really,” agreed the duvet.

Dean ran his hand through his hair and thought. “I guess a necromancer having a panic attack is a bad thing? Might accidentally raise a zombie army or something?”

“Something like that,” said Silas so quietly that Dean only just heard him.

The poor man had tried to make himself feel safe by locking himself in a dark small space and Dean had exploded in like some kind of animal hunting its prey.

Dean realized he was very lucky the necromancer hadn’t reflexively fried him alive or turned him into stone when he was doing his little door kicking down act. Silas had kept it together and trusted that Dean meant well. Somehow understanding that Dean’s intentions were good, if misguided. Dean was flattered. It also alarmed him that Silas wasn’t well enough to yell at him or make a snide comment.

He knew little about panic attacks, but he knew how alphas and omegas complemented each other. He was determined to help. It wasn’t in his nature to let anyone suffer alone.

Dean stepped forward, pulled Silas out from where he had wedged himself,

and lifted him up into a bridal carry, still covered in the duvet. Greatly relieved that the necromancer didn't resist, he strode into the spare room and to the built-in closet he had seen. He stepped in, settled cross-legged on the floor with Silas in his lap. He reached out and pulled the closet door shut. Then he burrowed under the duvet with Silas.

He held Silas tightly, still in a bridal carry, and the necromancer relaxed his head against his shoulder. "I'm an alpha. You are an omega. My scent will help you feel safe," he explained. "Let the pheromones do their thing."

Silas said nothing, but he seemed to be content to be in Dean's arms. He made no move to leave, at least. Dean held him tight, as if he was the most precious thing in the world. Joy fluttered in Dean's stomach as he felt the tension slowly drain away from the omega's body. It was working. His presence was making Silas feel safe. Finally Silas fell asleep and Dean had never felt more honored. Silas trusted him enough to fall asleep in his arms. A man who had only enemies in his life. A man hated, hunted and feared by his own kind for ten long years.

It was the most intimate experience of Dean's life. He was in a deeply uncomfortable position and had a terrible crick in his neck. It was also stuffy under the duvet, but he wouldn't have moved if someone paid him a million dollars. Holding Silas was priceless.

He sat there in the dark closet holding Silas while he slept until early afternoon. Eventually, Silas stirred and moved his head.

"Oh, I drooled on your shoulder, sorry," he said sleepily.

Dean shrugged. "It doesn't matter." And it really didn't. Silas seemed a whole lot better now, and that was the only thing that was important.

By unspoken agreement, they both started to move. Slowly and stiffly, they untangled and climbed out of the closet. Pausing when they were

standing in the empty spare bedroom. A strange tension between them.

Dean knew he really had to go. George would be going apeshit but he lingered awkwardly for a moment. Not quite sure where to look or what to say.

“Um, I will pay you for the door,” he said.

Silas just shrugged without looking at him. “I live alone. I don’t need a bathroom door. It’s fine.”

Those simple words were like a knife to Dean’s heart. A practical side effect of having no friends, no family. Nobody to need any privacy from. It was the loneliest thing he had ever heard.

Dean shuffled his feet. He couldn’t think of any further way of delaying the inevitable. He’d run out of excuses. “I’ll be off then,” he said, kind of hoping Silas would stop him, or ask to see him again. Maybe give him his number.

But Silas just nodded at him. Arms crossed, clearly waiting for him to go.

Dean slunk out of the bungalow feeling forlorn. It felt like the worst awkward morning after the night before. Even though it had been a completely chaste night. They hadn’t even kissed. He knew he was being ridiculous. But he couldn’t shake it off. He slipped into the car and headed back to the pack compound, feeling morose as he drove.

He was waiting at a junction when he was hit by a wave of dizziness. When it settled, he realized he had no idea where he had just driven from. He had absolutely no recollection of where Silas’s home was. Apart from being somewhere behind him.

The wave of grief that washed over him startled him with its intensity. He understood why Silas had wiped his mind. The necromancer had to protect

himself, he couldn't let people know where he lived. It hurt, though. Silas didn't trust him enough to give him that information.

But he had no reason to trust him with his life, Dean told himself, trying to be rational. Sleeping in his arms was one thing, knowledge that could get him captured was another. All the same, his heart still ached. He had no way of finding or contacting Silas now.

He prayed for a chance to meet the necromancer again. For their paths to cross. For a chance to earn Silas's full trust. He hoped it would be soon.

CHAPTER 8

Dean lay alone on his bed, idly scrolling on his phone. His mind wasn't on the social media pages he was looking at. His mind was on Silas.

It had been weeks since he had last seen him, but the omega had been busy. First, there had been a magical fight on East Street with some coven members. Some humans had caught the flashes of blue and purple lights on their phones, and videos were circling on YouTube.

Everyone was pissed about that. Paranormals had a long-standing agreement to keep humans in the dark about the existence of magic and magical creatures, whatever the cost. Such careless displays of magic were deeply frowned upon.

No paranormals wanted to return to the days of pitchforks and fires. Humans were weak, but there were an awful lot of them. They also had powerful weapons now. Being discovered would be death and disaster.

It had taken years of work to convince humans that the paranormal creatures their ancestors wrote about were just figments of their uneducated imaginations. It wouldn't take much to undo all that hard work. So all

paranormals vowed to keep humans ignorant, even if it cost them their own lives.

Letting humans see magic was shocking. Silas Northstar had become internationally famous and despised. Dean wondered why the coven members weren't getting nearly so much flak. It was deeply unfair.

The second incident occurred a few days later. George had just started working with some humans on distributing smuggled alcohol. He'd taken delivery to one of his warehouses but Silas had appeared out of nowhere, incapacitated the guards and stolen the lot with the help of a forklift truck and some zombies. George was furious. Mostly because it made him look bad to the humans he was trying to impress.

These two events had made George pivot from wanting to keep himself safe from Silas, to wanting to capture him again. The vain man loved the idea of being the one to catch the necromancer when everyone was looking for him. It would also redeem him in the eyes of the paranormal community since Silas was running amok in his territory.

He'd yelled at Dean about it for over an hour, threatening to throw him out of the pack if he didn't share everything he knew about Silas. Going over the same rant that he had when Dean had returned from his night at Silas's house.

Dean had kind of hoped George would chuck him out. His own morals wouldn't let him leave a pack he had sworn to serve. But this pack was annoying him. George had eventually seen it wasn't a threat Dean was scared of and had reluctantly shut up. Dean was far too useful for his own good.

Others in the pack had been ordered to hunt for the omega. Dean deemed not trustworthy enough, and he was happy with that. Whilst he wanted nothing more than to see Silas again, he didn't want him to be George's

prisoner. He was pretty confident the pack members assigned to the pursuit weren't up to the task, so he tried not to worry about it.

He sighed and flicked to his contacts, scrolling to stare at Silas's name. He'd been shocked and delighted to find it weeks ago. He figured out Silas must have put it in when programming his address for the map app.

He'd stared at it a thousand times, longing to call, but he knew George had the tech to bug people's phones and strongly suspected he'd be high on the list of people the pack Alpha wanted to spy on. He didn't know if George's tech contacts could stretch to tracking the location of someone he called, but it wasn't worth the risk.

He sighed again and glanced at the window he had left open. He knew Silas was too smart to come back, but it didn't stop him from hoping.

He tapped on the calendar on his phone and recounted for the hundredth time. There had been exactly eighty four days between when he had first met Silas and the night the omega had climbed through his window. It was now exactly eighty four days since that night.

Three monthly heat cycles were common. Silas could very well be in heat tonight.

"I've heard he goes to human nightclubs," Jasper had said.

Dean jumped out of his bed and paced his room. There were several gay bars in the city. It was a ridiculous idea. Heat cycles weren't always regular. So many people were hunting Silas. Surely he was too smart to go out? Silas could have found someone to shack up with. There were a hundred reasons why Dean's idea was stupid.

Dean sighed. But there was a chance, and it seemed that was all his dumb heart needed.

He put his phone on the bedside cabinet, in case it was being tracked, and

walked over to the window. He looked down. It was a long drop. How the hell did Silas do it?

He spied a drain pipe running past his window and gingerly shimmied out, determined not to be outdone by Silas. Swearing and shaking, he gradually made his way to the ground, resisting the urge to kiss it in relief when he made it. Wolves belonged with their paws firmly on the ground.

He wiped his hands on his jeans and headed for the nearest gay bar. Slipping through the street light lit streets, thronged with humans as unobtrusively as he could.

By the time he stomped into the third nightclub, Dean was in a foul mood. They were far too noisy, too crowded and the smell of sweat, lust combined with the chemical scents of shampoo and body spray were overpowering.

He did get to see some very pretty humans though, which was nice. He also discovered humans flocked to him like flies to honey. He'd always heard that humans found shifters hot, even though they didn't know they were shifters. Something about pheromones and being naturally well built. Dean knew he was tall and muscled by human standards. His jawline was strong, he had a good head of tawny hair, and his wolf-hued green and gold eyes were striking to humans. He just had never put it to the test before and was flattered. If only he didn't just have eyes for Silas, he could have had a very fun night.

"Hello, handsome," said yet another human, sidling up to him. Dean didn't mean to be rude, but at that moment, he saw Silas.

The omega was in the middle of the dance floor. Surrounded by worshipers. His body undulated in perfect rhythm to the music, and there was a lot of body to see. He was wearing the tiniest tightest shorts Dean had ever

seen and nothing else apart from his Dr. Martens with red laces. The shorts were black and sparkly, shimmering in the flashing lights of the dance floor.

Dean saw his naked chest was dusted with silver glitter. As he tossed his head, flicking his dark hair back, Dean saw impressive black and dark purple eye make-up.

Dean could only watch, feeling his mouth hang open. The human followed his stare and made a noise of derision before admitting defeat and disappearing.

He watched Silas dance, completely awestruck. It was the most incredible thing he had ever seen. He could watch it forever.

Then a large human stepped up very close to the omega and Silas smiled up at him. Dean was moving towards them before he realized he had decided to. He grabbed Silas's arm and swiftly felt a surge of magic. His life flashed before his eyes. He'd grabbed a powerful necromancer and was about to die. It was the stupidest thing he had ever done.

However, as he helplessly stared back at Silas, he saw recognition flash in his dark eyes. The magic abated and Silas let Dean drag him off the dancefloor, out of the nightclub and to the car park at the rear.

"Half the paranormal world is pissed off and looking for you. What the hell are you doing!" spat Dean.

Silas crossed his arms, lifted one leg to rest his booted foot against the nightclub wall behind him, and leaned back. Fixing Dean with a dark stare as he did so. "Getting laid," he said calmly.

Outside in the night air, the scent of his heat wafted over Dean. The smell melted Dean's brain and fried his ability to talk or think as it embraced his instincts, surging them to life. His cock stiffened. His wolf demanded to fuck. All thoughts of being angry at Silas evaporated.

“You didn’t call,” said Silas, as if it mattered little.

“G... George bugged my phone,” stammered Dean.

Silas’s eyes widened, and Dean thought he saw relief and hope flash in them. As if he had been hurt that Dean hadn’t called and was happy to find there was a good reason. Dean liked that look. He liked it a lot.

“Can we go back to yours?” Dean begged.

Silas shook his head, sending his dark hair flying. Dean thought he was going to die from the crushing weight of disappointment. They’d had a lovely evening watching Netflix, followed by an extremely intimate morning curled up in the closet. Silas had shown Dean his vulnerability. Then Dean had left and never called. He understood how much he had fucked up and it hurt.

“We can go to a hotel.”

They were the six most beautiful words Dean had ever heard. They held forgiveness, redemption. Promise. Everything Dean wanted. He felt himself grin so broadly it hurt his face. Silas laughed at him, the sound stirring Dean’s soul as it always did.

“I don’t have a car,” Dean admitted in distress.

“Good thing I do.” replied Silas with a smile and he led Dean across the car park to a very ordinary looking car. Dean had fully expected a pimped-up hearse. The car was black though, and that made Dean smile.

Silas felt around one of the wheel arches and brought out the key. Dean raised an eyebrow before looking at Silas’s shorts. There was no way a car key would fit in them. Dean briefly wondered how the omega carried money and then chuckled at himself. As if Silas would ever have to buy himself a drink when looking like a sex god incarnate.

Silas unlocked his car and Dean jumped in. Mildly surprised to see it was still completely non descript on the inside. It was a very sensible car to have

when you were being hunted and didn't want to draw attention to yourself. Dean spun off into a little daydream of keeping Silas safe so the omega could have a pimped up hearse with pink fluffy dice hanging from the mirror, as he was sure that was the necromancer's true heart's desire.

Silas drove them to a nearby cheap hotel. Dean spent the journey staring at the seat belt running across the omega's naked chest, pondering how he was somehow both amused and deeply aroused by watching Silas drive whilst practically naked.

Silas pulled into the car park. He flowed out of the car as soon as he parked and Dean fumbled with his seat belt to hurry after.

The omega opened the door to the reception, holding it for Dean and gesturing to him to go first.

"You're paying," he said with a smile.

Dean scurried up to the desk, hastily fishing his wallet out of his pocket. The receptionist was an old fat man with glasses who looked at Dean suspiciously before his eyes flicked to Silas.

"We don't do rooms by the hour," the human said gruffly.

Dean felt a flash of insulted outrage. He glanced back at Silas who was leaning in the doorway smirking. His body glitter looking outlandish in the bland tiny lobby and his tiny shorts leaving nothing to the imagination.

Dean sighed and relented. He couldn't really blame the human. Besides, they were here to have sex. Just hopefully for the entire night, not a few hours. The human wasn't to know that it was far more than a random hook up or that Silas was not a sex worker. Even though some part of Dean felt sure their connection was so strong, it should be discernible to everyone.

"That's fine," he said, and pulled out a roll of notes.

It felt like it took forever to check in. When he finally had the key in his

hand, he grabbed Silas's hand and ran in the direction the receptionist had pointed. Silas chuckled and let himself be towed.

Halfway up the stairs, Silas faltered. Dean turned back to him in concern. A wave of heat scent hit him. Silas's pupils were wide and his face flushed. His heat was intensifying.

"Are you okay?" asked Dean.

"I will be," answered Silas with a truly filthy wink.

Dean swallowed dryly before turning and pulling Silas up the stairs. He thanked the gods when he saw their room was the first one in the hallway. He fumbled with the key and they fell into the room. Not even bothering to turn the lights on.

Suddenly Silas was jumping into his arms, his legs wrapping around Dean's waist, his arms around his neck. His lips descended onto Dean's, tasting of fire and need. Silas was hot to the touch, as if the fire within him was consuming his flesh. There was a reason they were called heats, mused Dean as he gloried in the feel of Silas's skin against his.

Dean groaned and kissed him back passionately, ecstatic to be kissing Silas for the first time. He carried Silas over to the bed and dropped him on it. Silas stared at him, his dark eyes glinting with lust. Dean kneeled by the bed and unlaced Silas's boots before pulling them off and tossing them over his shoulder with relish.

Dean stood and quickly kicked off his trainers. Grinning, he climbed up onto the bed and started tackling the shimmering shorts. He had been worried about them being too tight to get off, but he found the material was stretchy and they slid off easily.

He drank in the sight of Silas sprawled naked before him, looking up at him with a hungry, expectant look. He realized this was the first time neither

of them were tied up. The thought made him chuckle. He loomed over the omega, covering his body with his own, before leaning down to his mouth.

As they kissed, he tried to hold himself up with one hand whilst removing his jeans with his other. After a brief moment, Silas reached up, grabbed his jeans, and yanked them off.

Dean pulled away from Silas's lips just long enough to whip off his tee shirt. He plunged back into the kiss, sinking his tongue into Silas's mouth and delighting in the moan the omega gave.

He slipped his hand between Silas's open legs and groaned when he found him wet with slick.

Dean slid a finger in. Silas bucked his hips, crying out.

"I want your cock," Silas whined.

Dean chuckled, "Are you always this impatient?"

Silas glared up at him, eyes glassy, cheeks flushed, and his hair all tousled. "You try being in heat!" he snapped.

Dean relented. He withdrew his finger and took hold of his throbbing, leaking cock. He lined it up to the omega's empty hole and thrust his hips to sink his cock all the way in.

Silas threw back his head and screamed in pleasure. Dean felt a moment of pity for their hotel neighbors before his senses exploded with delight, destroying his ability to think.

"Oh, Angel. You feel so good," Dean groaned.

"Angel?" gasped Silas in a tone of disgust.

Dean chuckled. "Yeah, old testament kind, all fiery vengeful warrior. Devastatingly beautiful and terrifying."

"Idiot," grunted Silas, but he sounded amused. He lifted his legs and wrapped them around Dean's hips, pulling him in tight and deep. Holding

him there. Dean groaned, surrendering to instinct. Giving his omega what he needed.

He thrust hard and fast. Driving the omega up the bed until Silas had to raise his arms above his head and brace himself against the headboard to stop himself from being smashed into it.

Dean didn't relent. He could tell by Silas's cries and the way his hole clenched around him that this was exactly what the omega needed.

Sure enough, Silas came hard, arching his back off the bed and making such a sultry sound that Dean was nearly undone.

Dean mercilessly kept up the punishing pace, and Silas sobbed from the overwhelming sensations from his hypersensitive body before spilling again gloriously.

Dark eyes opened then. Still full of lust and need. Their gazes locked onto each other. Dean stared deep into Silas's eyes as the omega was swept up in another orgasm. All his heart and soul suddenly naked in his eyes as the swirling pleasure tore down all his walls. It pulled Dean with him, and Dean cried out as his seed pumped into the omega's pulsating ass.

They panted together for a moment in the sudden stillness. The silence ringing in Dean's ears. The dark hotel room filled with the scents of heat and sex and his own arousal.

"I thought you said you'd always knot with me," said Silas breathlessly. Legs still wrapped around Dean as if frightened he'd disappear.

Dean grinned. "The night is young, Angel," he promised.

CHAPTER 9

Dean stirred reluctantly in the pale pre-dawn light. He was in a warm, delightful tangle with Silas, not sure where he ended and Silas began. It was divine, like pure bliss. The very best way to wake up.

He had never felt so content in his life. This was everything he had ever wanted. This was everything that had been missing from his life, everything his soul had been yearning for. It was like finding a piece of himself he hadn't known he had lost.

Silas opened his eyes and held Dean's gaze solemnly. His dark eyes holding a warm, soft look. The omega appeared well and truly sated. Dean smiled softly, pride swelling his chest. He was a good alpha.

His good mood started to deflate as reality began to sink in. "I need to go before George finds I'm gone," he said reluctantly, fighting a cold swell of sadness. He'd never wanted anything more than to stay in Silas's arms forever.

Silas nodded his understanding before leaning forward to kiss him. Dean squeaked in surprise. The omega's heat had broken hours ago, yet Silas

kissed him tenderly, thoroughly. Dean sank into it, his spent cock stirring lazily. He was beyond delighted that Silas wanted to kiss him in the morning after the night before, with no heat hormones addling his thoughts.

He whined deep in his throat when Silas pulled away. Silas smiled softly at him before giving him a gentle shove on his chest.

Pouting, Dean did as he was told. Rolling out of bed with a heaviness in his limbs, caused by his reluctance. It took him a moment to find all his clothes as they were strewn haphazardly all over the hotel room. He stared in bemusement at his sock laying on top of the bedside lamp. Silas turned his head to see what he was staring at and gave a little chuckle.

Dean pulled on his clothes, fighting his wolf, who was demanding he get back into bed and snuggle. Incensed and outraged that Dean was even thinking of leaving. His wolf was well and truly smitten. His wolf also held no regard for the need to get back to George.

He didn't dare look back at Silas, as he knew his resolve would break. As he put his hand on the door handle, Silas spoke. His voice stopping Dean in his tracks.

"Dean, buy a burner phone, you idiot."

Dean did turn back then, to find Silas propped up on his elbows grinning at him. Dark hair, all disheveled and utterly adorable.

A burner phone, of course. He was such an idiot. It was such a simple solution. He grinned. "This is why you are a supervillain and I'm just a minion."

Silas chuckled and flopped back down on the bed. Dean left with a spring in his step, happiness making him a little giddy. Silas wanted him to call him.

Dean scrambled back through his bedroom window. The climb had been exhausting and terrifying. He didn't know how Silas did it. The omega was a wolf too and shouldn't be any fonder of climbing than Dean was. It was ridiculous.

It had been extra tricky as he also had to avoid the extra sigils and wards George had ordered put up. He was very glad he knew exactly where they were. Nothing like breaking into your own place.

He panted for a moment, waiting for his heart to calm down and his dizziness to subside. He really hoped he would never have to do that again. But he would, if it was the only way to see Silas.

He retrieved his phone from the bedside cabinet, accessed the compound's security recordings and quickly deleted the CCTV footage of him climbing in and out. He was pretty sure he was the only one who checked the damn thing anyway, but better safe than sorry.

Then he breathed a sigh of relief. A little pang of guilt tickled him. He was in charge of pack security, he shouldn't be breaking it. Dean huffed at himself. He was being absurd. It wasn't like he was going to harm the pack. He'd never do that.

A loud knock on the door nearly made him squeak in fear. Jasper walked in without waiting to be invited.

Dean panicked, but as he looked around his room, he realized he was just standing in his room, fully dressed. His bed was unmade, as usual, and looked like it could easily have been slept in. So, for once, Dean was glad he was a messy person. Brendan couldn't possibly know that he hadn't just got up and dressed.

"Are you coming to breakfast? Because Paul is saving the last of the bacon for you and Bob is bitching because he wants it."

Dean breathed a sigh of relief. Brendan wasn't on to him. "I'll be right down," he said, trying to sound casual.

Jasper nodded and started to close the door. Suddenly, he paused, giving Dean a curious look.

"Why are you covered in glitter?" He asked.

Dean swallowed and looked down at himself in alarm. Silas's silver body paint was everywhere. Despite the danger, Dean couldn't help grinning as his mind frantically tried to think of an excuse. How the hell was he going to explain this? His mind frantically scrambled for a plausible explanation.

"Oh um, I was wrapping a birthday present for my niece. Sparkly wrapping paper. Glitter always gets everywhere." Dean said with a smile.

He prayed Jasper wouldn't ask any further questions or heaven forbid ask to see the imaginary birthday present. Dean didn't even have a niece. But he was pretty sure Jasper didn't know that.

"Oh," replied Jasper, apparently content with the explanation. "I will see you down there."

The door closed with a soft click. Dean collapsed onto the bed in a fit of giggles. He had been feeling like the cat who had got the cream before Jasper's question. Now he could add being smug about his quick thinking to his good mood. Life was good.

CHAPTER 10

Dean tucked into his lunch happily. It had been James's turn to cook, and the beta did a mean mac and cheese. The large kitchen diner was busy with some pack members coming and going, others like Dean sitting at the table and enjoying lunch.

James was still fiddling around, tidying up and moaning at everyone who came into the kitchen area to get a drink, that they were in his way. Vicky and Maria were leaning on the breakfast bar, mercilessly teasing and mimicking James every time he complained.

Dean loved this part of pack life. The hustle and bustle. The companionship. The banter. He had missed this in his time alone, and he wasn't sure if he could cope without it again. George was an ass, but so few packs would take an alpha, his options were limited. Dean knew he should try his best to make it work.

He felt his burner phone buzz in his pocket and grinned. He had exchanged thousands of secret texts with Silas over the last few weeks. They had started off shockingly filthy, but had gradually evolved into something more.

Now every night, the last thing he did was text Silas goodnight. Every morning, before he had barely opened his eyes, he texted good morning.

Silas was unsurprisingly a night owl, so Dean knew the buzz was his reply to his good morning. He couldn't look at it here and he found himself wolfing his food down. He wished he could take a picture of the mac and cheese to show Silas, so he would just have to tell him about it.

Dean had a picture on his phone of a squirrel he had seen on his morning run. Now that Silas was awake, he couldn't wait to send it to him.

George walked in, the whites of his eyes showing. His scent tinged with stress and fear.

"I've had reports of hunters in our territory," he said.

Dean's stomach clenched, and his heart sped up. He dropped his fork, all appetite gone. This wasn't good news at all. What the hell were hunters doing here? They normally focused their attention on paranormals who were killing humans. Nothing like that was happening here, as far as Dean knew.

He felt a flash of annoyance at George for blurting the information out in front of everyone, scaring them. A good leader would have calmly asked his seconds to step into his office and told only them. Only telling the whole pack when they needed to know and could be reassured that there was a plan in place and it was all under control.

Dean stood up, ready to go to George's office and work on a plan. He knew hunters were only human, a handful who had discovered the truth, but they freaked him out. He was glad most humans didn't even know about hunters, let alone believe them. As far as anyone knew, it appeared that hunting was strictly a family tradition and one that was dying out. Thankfully. The thought of more hunters gave Dean nightmares.

He walked into George's office with Brendan and Jasper. His mind

whirling through plans. He needed to know everything that George knew. How many hunters? Where had they been seen? Did anyone know why they were here?

They needed to get the hunters out of the city, alive or dead, as soon as possible. Nip the problem in the bud before more of them arrived. If they got a foothold in their territory, it would be a disaster. Dean wasn't about to let that happen on his watch.

George sat in his oversized padded black leather chair, behind his enormous desk and swiveled. The Alpha steeped his fingers together and squinted, which Dean had learned was his way of trying to look intelligent.

“Do we know why they are here?” asked Dean, eager to get on with it and speed up George's theatrics.

George scowled at him before shaking his head, as if he blamed Dean for this lack of info, as well as for interrupting his performance.

Dean ground his teeth and held back his growl. He looked out of the large window in an effort to calm himself down. It was a damn fine view. Almost all the city stretching out far below. If he got rid of George, he'd have this nice corner office and fantastic view to himself. In moments like this, it was sorely tempting.

“It was probably Silas Northstar, eating children's' brains or something,” said George.

Dean stared at him. What the hell did George think Silas was? A zombie? Did the Alpha not understand the difference between being able to raise the dead from being dead?

Dean ground his teeth again. He didn't even know why he was surprised. “I suppose every bad thing that has happened in this city for the last ten years has been Silas Northstar's fault?” Dean bit before he could stop himself.

George raised his eyebrows. “Yes,” he confirmed, as if it was obvious.

Luckily Dean didn’t know what to say to that, so it was easy to keep his mouth shut and not get himself into trouble. He understood it now. Silas was the scapegoat. Fall down the stairs, cursed by Silas. Crash your car, hexed by Silas. Unseasonably cold, that damn necromancer ruining everything again.

It wouldn’t surprise Dean if, instead of telling naughty children that the Council were coming to get them, they were threatened with Silas Northstar instead.

It was likely that Silas thought it was hilarious. Thought of it as people increasing his infamy without him even having to do anything. But it filled Dean with a cold fury at the injustice of it all.

“How many hunters?” Dean asked, dragging his attention to the problem on hand.

“Six,” answered George.

Dean swore, it was a large group. One of the largest he had ever heard of. It was going to be a challenge to deal with them.

“Where have they been seen?” asked Dean.

George shrugged, “Around the harbourside.”

Dean walked over to the large map of the city hanging on the office wall. He lifted it off its hook and carried it over to the desk. As he thumped it down, George looked up at him like he was going to object, but then seemed to think better of it.

“Show me exactly where and then remind me where all the pack properties are in that area.” Ordered Dean.

George glanced at him a moment before leaning forward and complying. Dean breathed a sigh of relief. His Alpha wasn’t going to be an ass.

CHAPTER 11

That night, Dean found himself standing in an alleyway with ten of the pack's best fighters. The plan was a very simple one because in Dean's experience, all the most effective plans were.

Brendan was going to 'accidentally' run into the hunters and then lead them here. The alley ended in a loading bay door to the back of an empty retail unit. The door was weighted and currently held open with a rope. If everything went wrong, the plan was to run inside, slash the rope and the heavy door would slam down, protecting them from the hunters.

Dean checked the edge of his blade again. The one Silas had left him. It was definitely sharp enough to cut through the rope in one movement.

He took in a deep steadying breath, plastered on a confident smile, and looked each of his ten pack members in the eye. Letting them know he was confident, so they should be too.

Maria and Vicky both grinned back at him in delight. They jostled each other for position at the front, both of them eager to be the first to see action.

Dean smiled fondly at them. They were an absolute nightmare to work with normally, but in situations like this, he couldn't imagine a better pair to have. They always fought with a ferocious savageness that was frankly terrifying to watch.

A movement high above him caught his eye, causing his adrenaline to spike. His eyes focused, and then he blinked in surprise. Silas was standing on the roof of the building that flanked the alleyway on the left.

The necromancer was wearing an ankle length black leather coat that danced behind him in the wind.

He looked incredible, imposing. The way he stood spoke of power and control. To top it off, the wind cleared the clouds away from the not quite full moon behind him, so he was silhouetted upon it.

“What are you doing here?” called Dean.

“Nobody fucks with shifters,” explained Silas, his voice carrying clearly on the wind.

Dean grinned in pride and delight. His pack mates looked at each other in surprise. They thought Silas was evil. They would never have thought he'd come to help fight against hunters.

“If you are going to help, get down here and stop posing!” said Dean.

Silas reached for the rusty fire escape and shimmied nimbly down the outside of it. He jumped the last few feet, boots making a thudding sound on the concrete as he landed gracefully.

Dean ignored the anxious whispers of his crew.

Silas wiped his hands together to brush the rust off and looked up at Dean.

“You ruin all my fun,” he sighed.

Dean looked around the alleyway anxiously. “No zombies?” he asked. The undead scared the shit out of him.

“They are not very discerning,” admitted Silas, dryly.

Dean chuckled. He could imagine it would be difficult to get zombies to only attack the right people.

But there was no time to reply as Brendan ran into the alleyway, six hunters hot on his heels. The pack all dropped into a fighting stance as one, and the hunters skidded to a halt. Now free from mundane eyes, one hunter reached for the crossbow hidden on his back.

Apprehension filled Dean. The way these hunters held themselves. The way they spread out screamed experience and skill. They knew their stuff and had plenty of practice at working together. This was going to get nasty.

At least all six were here. He didn't have to worry about some slipping up from behind in a surprise attack. Brendan's little lure had clearly completely fooled the hunters.

Maybe they weren't the brightest, but they were still deadly. Dean swallowed nervously. He didn't want any of his pack to get hurt. He hated violence. A little voice at the back of his head telling him it was because he knew that given the chance he'd embrace it far too much. Relish it. Break the thin barrier between himself and the savage beast he was deep inside and never be the same again.

One more fight will be fine. He told himself sternly. One more fight wouldn't change him. And if it did, keeping his pack safe was worth it.

Magic coiled thickly around the alley. Malevolent, malicious, threatening, seeming to whisper insidious promises of pain and endless torment. It felt ancient, primeval, something far older than the darkest shadows of the world. Dean felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise as his very soul recognized the danger.

A heavy black fog swirled around the pack. Dean glanced at his crew and

saw the mist made their eyes glow ferally like a cat's in headlights. Except there were no lights here.

They looked terrifying, even to Dean's eyes. He imagined what the thirteen of them looked like, standing in the dark mist, eyes glowing, to the humans. The hunters backed away carefully, the scent of fear clear in the air. The humans knew they were well out of their depth.

"You have one chance to leave the city. Now. Immediately. If you hesitate or linger, we will send you to hell," said Silas, his voice calm and full of menace. Laced with steel.

The hunters nodded their surrender, turned on their heels, and fled.

The dark magic faded away like a dream in the morning. Tendrils dissipating like smoke in the wind. The shifters laughed their relief, slapping each other on the back and making jokes.

Dean stifled his anger. The sheer hypocrisy of them being happy to accept Silas's help. Deciding to tolerate him when he was useful, and it suited their purposes, pissed him off. He didn't let it show, though. This was a moment for celebration.

Silas stared at Dean, dark eyes intense but unreadable. Dean stared back, hopelessly transfixed, mind spinning with what he had just seen, just experienced, but mostly trying to figure out what Silas was thinking. Why was the necromancer giving him such an intense look? Could he tell Dean was furious with the others?

Then it dawned on him. He'd never seen Silas use his powers before. There was a difference between knowing someone had dark magic, and feeling it, seeing it with your own eyes. Watching it terrify grown-ass hunters into running away. Silas wanted to know what he was thinking.

Dean grinned. "That was awesome."

Silas's eyes flashed with surprise. Looking for a moment as if he was completely taken aback. Dean understood then that the necromancer had fully been expecting him to voice disgust, hate and fear. He was braced for it. Yet even though Silas had truly believed that would be the outcome, he had still come to save their asses.

Silas had wiped out his birth pack's enemies and been despised for it. He was still willing to repeat that to save shifters. Shifters who gave him nothing but hatred. He thought Dean would hate him for it but had chosen Dean alive and despising him, over the possibility of Dean getting hurt. Silas took loyalty to a whole new level.

The thought broke Dean's heart, and he longed to sweep Silas up into a tight embrace and hold him forever. Squeeze all the love he hadn't received, yet deserved, into him in one sharp burst. But he couldn't here, in front of the pack. If Silas would even let him hug him like that in the first place.

The omega held his gaze. Dean watched haunted eyes slowly comprehend that his dark powers really, truly did not faze Dean. He also appeared to read Dean's hugging intentions. Silas gave him a soft, sweet smile that was almost shy. It sent butterflies fluttering in Dean's stomach.

"I know why the hunters were here," said Silas.

Dean startled, struggling to pull his thoughts away from how much he liked Silas, to the very real problem they had just faced. He raised an eyebrow and waited for Silas to continue. Glad one of them was keeping their eye on the ball and not getting distracted. Someone needed to be professional.

"The vampires lured them to the pack territory."

Dean swore. This wasn't good at all. What the hell were the vampires playing at, and why had things escalated so far and so fast? It made no sense.

Involving hunters was a dirty, dangerous trick that could have backfired on the vamps. Hunters weren't exactly their biggest fans.

"I think I might know why," answered Silas, clearly able to read Dean's mind.

"Is there anything you don't know?" asked Dean wryly.

Silas grinned, dark eyes sparkling. "Come, I'll show what I think the source of all of this might be. It's not far from here."

Dean turned to Jasper. The beta gave him a suspicious look but was clearly torn, as Silas had just saved their asses without any of them having to lift a finger. After a brief moment, he sighed, gesturing at Dean to go before turning to give orders to the others.

CHAPTER 12

Dean slipped out of the alley with Silas. Feeling a spring in his step. He was delighted to steal some time with him and would have been happy to go anywhere or do anything. So, walking down the street late at night was fantastic.

It was a beautiful, clear night. The moon nearly full. The slight breeze stirring all the scents of the city. It may have been the relief of the hunters being dealt with, but Dean felt happy. Deeply content with the world. Filled with a feeling that everything was going to be okay. The future held promise.

He snuck peeks at Silas, trying not to let on he was ogling. The long leather coat fit his slender shoulders perfectly. Underneath, he was wearing a tight crop top that barely covered his nipples. Tight black jeans with a studded belt slung low across his narrow hips, hanging lower on one side. Something about the way the belt hung caught Dean's attention and refused to let go. He struggled to drag his gaze upwards to admire the omega's fantastic eyeliner. Silas was without doubt the hottest person he had ever seen.

And Silas seemed to like him. It was too good to be true. Dean did not know what the necromancer saw in him, but he was more than happy to roll with it.

They walked down a row of bars. Noisy drunk human revelers milled around everywhere. The air thick with cigarette smoke, alcohol and perfume. The humans shouted noisily at each other and shrieked with raucous laughter as they staggered on the sidewalks.

Dean smiled and shook his head. It seemed they were having fun. Dean let the atmosphere soak into him. He could pretend he and Silas were out on a date. Just ordinary people enjoying a Saturday night of revelry. It was a nice little fantasy. Maybe they could make it real one day. He'd love to go on a date with Silas. Do things properly. If a little out of order.

As they reached the end of the row of bars, the road became darker and quieter. A large human male turned around from peeing against a wall and gave them a disgusted look as they passed. Eyes lingering on Silas for far too long. The smell of his urine rancid in the air, thick with the alcohol he had consumed.

“Fucking faggots.” The human threatened. His voice deep and heavy with hate. Laced with the promise of violence.

Dean winced. He would have ignored it, but he had the distinct impression that it wasn't Silas's style. He was pretty certain the human was about to be disemboweled or something. Dean wondered how much mess he was going to have to help clean up.

Silas whirled to face the homophobic idiot. His dark eyes raked the would-be assailant up and down, clearly undressing. The oaf stood frozen in outraged disbelief.

Silas smiled sweetly, flirtatiously. “When you are brave enough to come

out of the closet, look me up, my dear. I'd love to jump your bones."

Dean watched, transfixed, as the man's face turned an alarming shade of purple. Suddenly his meaty fist swung for Silas but the omega ducked, gracefully avoiding it, before pushing at the man's broad chest. The man staggered helplessly back until he hit the wall, partly from Silas's shifter strength, partly from the man's aversion to being touched by a gay man.

He tore his horrified gaze from Silas's pale, slender hand on his chest to his dark eyes and blinked. Silas grinned at him, stood on his toes, leaned in and gave the man a quick kiss on the nose before stepping away.

"Ta-ra," Silas said brightly in the campest voice Dean had ever heard. Silas then took Dean's arm and led him away, sashaying his hips. The human speechless behind them.

Once they had turned the corner, Silas dropped his arm and returned to his usual confident stride. Dean felt the absence of his arm and the warmth of his slight body pressed up against him like it was a physical pain. He hid it, shaking his head and chuckling instead.

"What was that?" he asked in awed amusement. It was the funniest thing he had ever seen.

Silas looked up at him and grinned. "What? I have the gay and I am not afraid to use it."

Dean laughed heartily, tears forming at the corner of his eyes. He hadn't laughed so hard for a very long time. It felt like his soul was being replenished.

Silas's grin widened, and his eyes sparkled. It was somehow a soft, warm look, as if he regarded Dean with tenderness. As if Dean meant something to him. It shattered Dean's heart, as it was everything he ever wanted.

"I love you," he blurted out helplessly.

Silas laughed and punched him in the arm before turning away and looking at the road ahead.

Icy tendrils of horror climbed up Dean's spine and tightened his throat. He couldn't believe he had just said that. Voiced the words he hadn't even admitted to himself. He was so lucky Silas had just taken it for banter. The necromancer would probably disappear into the night, never to be seen again, if he thought for one minute that Dean had meant it.

Dean shuddered at the thought of what a close call it had been. Schooled his features into a blank look and stared at the road ahead. Determined not to make any more slip-ups. What the hell was wrong with him? He needed to get a grip.

He passed the rest of the short journey in silence. Too scared to say anything else in case his lips betrayed him again. Luckily the silence felt companionable rather than awkward and that small thing, discovering that silence between them was easy, made him fall for Silas even more.

Silas led them into a park and over to a bushy border of flowers and a hedge. All enclosed by a low iron fence. At the end of the hedge, half covered by it, was a large stone. Dean stared at it. He never would have noticed it if Silas hadn't shown him. It was completely unassuming.

He imagined it without the greenery. It reminded him of a standing stone, like something from Stonehenge.

"What the hell is that?" he asked in a whisper, as if it could hear him.

Silas crossed his arms and shrugged, dark eyes regarding the stone as if it were an intriguing puzzle.

"No idea, but it gives off magic that feels vampirey," he explained.

Dean tried to feel for magic. Although he couldn't wield any himself, but he could normally feel it. He couldn't feel anything from the stone, though. It

was unnerving. Not that he had any idea what vampirey would feel like anyway.

Was this what the vampires wanted? Why now? This park had been pack territory for generations, as far as Dean knew. He thought about the location. The park was a fair way into George's territory, but the South road led directly to it. If they ceded the park and South road to the vampires, would that be the end of it?

Or would it be the beginning of something? Would this strange stone somehow enhance their powers? Unleash some new horror upon the world?

"Do you think it would be safe to give it to them?" Dean asked.

Silas tilted his head, regarding the stone thoughtfully, as if he could hear its whispers. Dean suppressed his shiver of unease. Eventually Silas nodded.

"Whatever it is, it's not very powerful. My best guess would be some religious or spiritual significance."

Dean nodded as if he understood exactly what Silas was talking about. He trusted the necromancer's expertise in magic and his opinion. And that was all that mattered.

Dean was about to ask why stone had woken up or why the vamps were now interested in it, when suddenly Silas went very still. Every muscle in his body tense. Dean frantically looked around but saw nothing, smelled nothing, heard nothing.

"What is it?" he hissed.

"Fucking witches, approaching the park," Silas answered.

Dean swore. He didn't know the full details of the beef between Silas and the coven, but it wasn't good. Another fight would be a disaster. It would also be a fight Dean couldn't help with. He could shift and try to attack the witches, but they'd probably just turn him into a frog.

“Go!” he urged urgently. Desperate for Silas not to get hurt. There was no shame in a tactical retreat.

Silas nodded, backed up a few steps and melted into the night.

Dean blinked, staring forlornly at the spot where Silas had been. It was cool he could disappear like that. He sighed heavily, turned, and headed home. He hadn't even got to hold Silas's hand or kiss him. It was so disappointing. Was this going to be their life? Exchanging text messages, Dean creeping out to be with him on his heats?

It was depressing. His good mood from earlier vanished, much like Silas had. Dean wanted more, so much more. He wanted to go to sleep with Silas in his arms. Wake up with him. Make him breakfast. Spend his life with him. Not just the occasional stolen moment.

He had to find a way to make that happen. There had to be a way. George could accept Silas into the pack. George could free Dean to leave the pack. As far-fetched as either seemed at the moment, one of them had to happen. Or a mysterious third option. Life would be unbearable otherwise. But did Silas feel the same?

CHAPTER 13

Dead bodies were heavy. Especially ones stuffed with weights. Silas was tempted to reanimate it and get it to walk itself to the canal. Alluring as that idea was, he didn't want to draw magical attention to himself. Not with so many paranormals pissed at him and hunting him.

The industrial estate was deserted in the middle of night. Lit by off-white street lights dotted around the empty car park. The lights hid the moonlight seeping through the clouds, but Silas could still feel her waxing power tingling along his skin. It wouldn't be long until she was full and her call to shift too strong to ignore.

Sighing, he stopped to catch his breath. He figured it was safe enough to have a little rest.

He'd caught Dean's scent earlier and figured the alpha was on patrol somewhere nearby. The industrial estate was bang in the middle of Westlake territory. A part of him really wanted to run into him. Another part really didn't. It had been mere days since they had seen the hunters off. He

shouldn't be missing Dean so soon. He shouldn't be missing Dean at all. It was ludicrous.

The alpha was far too good looking, and Silas loved being in his strong arms far too much. He wished Dean's joking "I love you" had been real, with a longing that was far too strong, even though he wasn't sure if he felt the same. It was all too much, and Silas didn't know how to make any of it stop.

Lingering in the hope Dean would find him, certainly would not help anything. Silas sternly told himself that it wasn't what he was doing. This was just the best place to get rid of a body and so what if he needed a little rest? It was just coincidence that Dean was on patrol nearby. It meant nothing. Dean catching him with a dead body probably wasn't the best idea, anyway.

As if conjured by his thoughts, Dean was suddenly there. Staring agape at Silas, sat on the ground with his arms around the armpits of a dead body.

"I, er...smelled blood," explained Dean, looking sheepish.

Silas looked down at the pulpy mess that had been the dead body's face and sighed in resignation. Before he could say anything though, Dean stepped forward and picked up the dead guy's legs.

Silas grinned, delighted at Dean's calm acceptance of the scene, before staggering to his own feet again. Together, they started carrying the body up the grassy embankment towards the canal.

"Who was this?" huffed Dean.

"Michael Greenwood," answered Silas.

Dean suddenly dropped the legs, nearly causing Silas to lose his balance.

"What the fuck?" exclaimed Dean, horror and outrage making his wolf hued eyes look more gold than green. "You killed a man for something he saw ten years ago?"

Silas dropped his end of the body and stood to his full height, which, aided by the embankment, made him appear taller than the alpha for once. Fury gripped him. How dare Dean judge him? And why the fuck did it hurt so much?

“He watched nothing. He took part. First in line after the alpha,” Silas snarled in reply.

Did Dean really think he was a murderous, vengeful shit? Fuck, maybe he was a murderous, vengeful shit. But he wanted Dean to think better of him. Wanted to be better. For Dean. He wanted to be someone Dean could be proud of. Fuck, this feeling was infuriating.

“Do you want more gory details?” Silas demanded.

Dean actually took a step back, his face pale. A look of pain on his handsome face. The alpha shook his head vehemently, as if he couldn't imagine anything worse than hearing more. “I'm sorry. The story I heard made it sound like he was just an observer.”

Silas made a noise of derision. He was still conflicted and angry, but pleased that Dean believed him without qualm. He blinked in surprise as Dean bent and picked up the legs again. A further wordless apology. Silas relented and picked up the body from his end.

They made it to the top of the embankment and together they watched the body disappear into the inky waters of the canal.

Dean quietly took his hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. His hand was warm and strong. It was nice. Silas supposed he should feel something as he watched the last Greenwood pack member sink to his watery grave. His vengeance was now complete.

But mostly he just felt tired. Weary. It wasn't like he had spent the last ten years actively looking for Michael, more like just keeping an eye out for him.

However, he still felt a little directionless now. What was the purpose of his life now? More fighting, running, hiding?

An unsettling thought suddenly hit him. Would the ancient power that had seeped into his dying body that night now leave him? Return to its slumber now it had completed its revenge on the horror it had witnessed?

A quick, anxious, internal check confirmed the dark magic was still coiled contently inside him, showing no signs of going anywhere. Silas took in a deep, shaky breath, more relieved than he cared to admit. He no longer knew who he would be without it. It was his lifeline, his identity. His everything.

Maybe the darkness wasn't done with revenge. Many people had hurt him in one way or another over the years. His father, the vampires, the coven, Dean's boss. To name but a few. Was his whole life to be a never-ending cycle of revenge? It sounded exhausting. Exhausting and hollow.

Suddenly Dean was pulling him close. Gentle fingers on his chin, tilting it up. Green eyes regarding him hungrily for the briefest of moments before Dean leaned in and his lips descended on his own.

The kiss stole Silas's breath away. He couldn't stop his moan of delight or his knees weakening. Dean tasted of everything good and everything he needed. The kiss was hungry, possessive, as if Dean wanted to take every inch of him and keep him forever.

He felt Dean's arms encircling his back, pulling him even closer, holding him as if he never wanted to let go. Silas returned the kiss passionately. With fire. He wanted to both consume and be consumed.

His cocked swelled, and a need grew between his legs. Suddenly, he wanted nothing more than for Dean to throw him on the floor and take him. He wasn't even in heat or anywhere near being in heat. He'd never felt a longing like this. It was unsettling.

He pulled away, stepping back. It was far harder to do than he liked.

“Stop that,” he said and winced at how breathless and needy he sounded.

Dean grinned, green eyes flashing as he stepped forward to capture him once more. Silas raised a hand and pushed against the alpha’s broad, firm chest.

“No! I have shit to do,” Silas insisted.

Dean raised an eyebrow and smirked. A devilish grin on his face. “Oh yeah, Angel, like what?”

Silas whined in annoyance. Why was the alpha so damn tempting? Why did that stupid pet name do things to his insides? It was so vexing. “Like clean up a murder scene. I don’t want human cops on my back along with everyone else.”

Dean’s face fell. He looked completely crestfallen. Like a little boy told he wasn’t allowed any more sweets. Silas almost felt bad for him.

“Let me help,” Dean offered.

Silas thought offering to help clear up a murder scene was the most romantic gesture he had ever heard of. It gave him a strange sensation in his stomach, almost like butterflies. Regretfully, Silas shook his head. He wouldn’t be able to control himself. They’d end up making out in the crime scene, leaving all sorts of DNA everywhere.

Dean sighed heavily, disappointment clear in his wolf-hued eyes. “Fine, I guess I’ll see you on the thirteenth.”

Silas stared at him, completely baffled. The thirteenth? What was the crazy alpha on about? The thirteenth was ages away.

The alpha smiled gently. “When your next heat is due.”

Silas felt his face flush and hated it. He did not want Dean to see he was rattled. There was something so incredibly intimate about Dean working out

his heat cycle. Silas did not know if he loathed it or loved it. Either way, it rendered him completely speechless.

He nodded and instantly cursed himself. Why the hell was he agreeing to spend his next heat with Dean? So what if that was what he had done for his last three heats? It meant nothing. Maybe this time he'd fancy some fresh meat. Lord knows there were plenty more fish in the sea.

But Silas realized with growing horror that the thought of spending his heat with anyone else made him feel sick. Physically sick and queasy. As if there was nothing worse in the world. Silas wondered in horror when that feeling had taken root, how on earth had it happened and more importantly, what the hell was he going to do about it.

Completely flummoxed and utterly out of his depth, Silas turned on his heels and fled.

CHAPTER 14

Dean checked the time on his burner phone again. Silas was now sixteen minutes late. He hadn't sent a message either. It wasn't looking very hopeful.

It was still a long way from the thirteenth and Silas's heat. The omega didn't need him yet, so Dean told himself it was still a win that Silas had agreed to meet. Even if he didn't show up. It was progress, and Dean was happy with that. He would pursue Silas for a thousand years, if that was what it took. All good things come to those who wait.

He tried to stop the anxious tapping of his foot. It was stupid to be this nervous. It was just coffee. No big deal. The door of the coffee shop opened and Dean looked up hopefully, but it still wasn't him. Disappointed, he twirled his half empty latte cup around on the dark glaze of the table. The spoon rattling on the glass.

It was fairly empty in the coffee shop. The corner he had chosen was deserted apart from him. He hoped it wasn't too obvious that he had been stood up.

Dean normally enjoyed the background murmur of people talking, the hiss of the steamer, the smell of the beans being ground. However, today he was far too on edge to appreciate it. He wasn't giving up hope yet. Silas could still turn up. He would wait a little longer. Maybe just an hour or two to make sure.

He looked out of the floor-to-ceiling window. The coffee shop was in a mall, so there wasn't much to see. It was a weekday morning, so there weren't even that many shoppers to people-watch. Nothing to distract himself with.

The bell on the door jingled again, causing Dean to snap his attention to it. This time, it was Silas. Dean's mind did happy cartwheels. A shiver of elation trembling throughout his whole body. If he had been in wolf form, his tail would have been going crazy like an overexcited puppy's.

Silas was wearing an unzipped black hoodie with the sleeves pushed up to his elbows. The hood was up and he was wearing dark sunglasses. If it was an attempt at disguise, it was hopeless. The necromancer was far too striking. People noticed him and not just because of the way he dressed. He was gorgeous.

At least Dean thought so. Dean thought Silas was the most beautiful person on the planet, but he acknowledged that could just be his own opinion. However, if people didn't agree with him, they needed their eyes tested and they were wrong. But, hey, less competition for him. So it was all good. Dean realized his thoughts were spinning chaotically and tried to still them, tried to focus.

Showing off Silas's taut chest was a tight black Henley shirt tucked into a snug pair of black jeans that had so many tears in, Dean thought there were probably more rip than jeans. Still, he wasn't going to complain about getting to see so much of Silas's pale, smooth skin beneath.

Silas seemed to see him immediately. Dark glasses fixing on him unerringly. He wove effortlessly through the tables towards Dean and Dean felt his heart rate increase. It was like being a teenager at school and having your crush walk up to you. Except far more nerve-wracking. Dean swore his palms were sweaty.

“This is stupid,” said Silas grumpily as he slide into the seat across from Dean.

Dean grinned, hiding his nerves. Portraying instead a cocky confidence he didn't quite feel. “There is nothing stupid about coffee. What can I get you?”

Silas made a dismissive gesture and pulled out his phone. Tapped at it for a few moments before putting it away. He made no move to go to the counter.

Dean stared at him. Silas sighed. “I ordered on the app. Jeez, how old are you?”

Dean took a sip of his coffee, saying nothing. Suddenly worried Silas would either think he was too old or not old enough. Luckily, it seemed to be more of a rhetorical question.

Silas fidgeted with the cord on his hoodie. Dean watched the gesture for a moment and then smiled. Silas was nervous. Silas had almost not come. That was why he was late. You don't get nervous about coffee with someone you don't have feelings for. Dean suddenly wanted to do a little happy dance. His own anxiety vanishing to be replaced by sheer delight.

The barista appeared out of nowhere, sliding a monstrosity in front of the necromancer. It had a mountain of cream and tiny pastel-colored marshmallows layered on the top.

Silas took off his sunglasses and glared at Dean, challenging him to say anything. Dean just smiled instead. He really wasn't brave enough.

“So, how has your day been?” Dean asked.

Silas glared at him again. “I’ve been polishing the jars I keep the souls of my enemies in.”

Dean blinked. He wasn’t quite sure whether or not to believe it. It could have been a joke or it could be true. Dean didn’t know enough about necromancy to tell. But he got the message. They weren’t normal people, they couldn’t talk about normal things.

“Alright, what do you want to talk about?” Dean conceded.

Silas just shrugged, then spooned a large dollop of cream into his mouth. Closing his lips around the spoon and pulling it out in a way that was thoroughly distracting. Dean never thought he would be jealous of a spoon.

Dean cleared his throat. “Have you seen that new romcom?”

Silas’s eyes lit up, and they proceeded to discuss their favorite scenes. Then they chatted about romance novels before discovering they were also both fans of Chinese dramas. It led to a long animated discussion about their favorite shows and characters. Descended into sharing their favorite ships and getting their phones out to show each other their favorite fan art.

Dean was in heaven. He already knew he liked Silas a lot. To find they had shared interests as well felt like a sign that they were meant to be. Like it was destiny or something.

Dean’s main phone buzzed. He glared at it in annoyance. He didn’t need to check it to know it was George.

Silas smirked, licking his spoon. “Boss keeping you on a tight leash?”

Dean scowled. It was true, but damn if he was going to admit it. He liked being in a pack. His last period of being alone had frayed his nerves, and he was really starting to settle in here. But sometimes, like now, he longed to be his own boss again.

He didn’t want to leave. He wanted to stay with Silas forever. His wolf

liked him a lot and couldn't understand why they weren't pack. Everything was so much simpler for wolves. Dean often wondered if they were the more intelligent side of shifters.

He stared at Silas longingly, torn between leaving and staying. In that moment, if Silas had asked him to, he probably would have run away with him.

“Go!” said Silas, waving his hand in a dismissive gesture. As if he didn’t care that Dean was leaving, or at least he was far too composed to show it.

“I’ve had a lovely time. Let’s do this again,” Dean said. Determined to be polite and proper.

Silas grinned at him like Dean was an idiot. “You do remember we have already fucked three times?”

“But this is our first date,” insisted Dean.

Silas chuckled. “What about the time you helped me with that dead body? Or the time you cooked dinner at mine?”

Dean looked around anxiously in case anyone had heard the dead body part. Silas saw and shook his head at him. He was right, anyone listening would think it was a joke.

“Wait! So you are saying we are dating?” Dean asked, attempting a teasing tone but feeling his guts twist with emotion. He wanted it to be true. Needed it to be true.

Dating a super villain was going to come with difficulties, for sure. But they felt like semantics. Dean was adamant he could find a way to make it work. He was under no illusion that it would be plain sailing. He knew it would come with ups and downs. But he was certain it would be worth it.

Silas threw his spoon at Dean. It hit him in the middle of his chest. Dean caught it before it fell to the floor. He placed it back on the table solemnly.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Dean said with a wink.

Silas gave him the finger, but he was smiling fondly, dark eyes sparkling. Dean longed to kiss him but knew if he did, he would get carried away and end up banging him over the table. The coffee shop patrons would probably not appreciate that. Well, maybe some would. Others would certainly object.

So reluctantly, he merely stood and left with a cheerful wave. Feeling giddy with glee. He was dating Silas Not Northstar. All was good in the world. His mind whirled, already planning when he would next be able to see Silas. It couldn’t be soon enough.

CHAPTER 15

The ritual was boring Dean to tears, so he tuned it out, turning his attention to Silas instead. Dean always enjoyed looking at him. The necromancer looked drool-worthy as usual. His dark hair was swept back into a high ponytail and having his hair up showed off his incredible cheekbones.

He was wearing a large black jumper with silver sparkles in the wool. It had a roll neck and fell to just above his mid-thigh, which was a shame because Dean imagined the incredibly tight leather trousers beneath would show off his amazing ass beautifully.

The necromancer's arms were crossed, and he looked just as bored as Dean felt. They were in the park, by the standing stone. In the middle of the night. Three vampires stood across from them as they performed a ritual to officially cede the park to the vamps.

Brendan was taking the active part of the ceremony as he was a blood member of Westlake pack. Dean was thankful he only had to stand there with Jasper and try to look somber.

Silas was there as the most independent witness they could find at short notice. Sure, he wasn't friends with the vampires, but he wasn't one and he wasn't a member of the Westlake pack either.

The vampires had been happy enough with that, to Dean's relief. The negotiations had been painful enough until he had convinced the vampires that he didn't know and didn't care why they wanted the stone. Then they had finally admitted that it was what they wanted.

They also gave up on finding out how he knew about the stone when it became clear he would not share, although Dean figured it was probably fairly obvious that it was Silas who had told him.

George had just been happy to have a way out and an opportunity to look magnanimous. Despite all his bluster, he had just enough brain cells to acknowledge he wasn't able to handle a full-on war.

It wasn't exactly the setting Dean had in mind when he had been plotting on how to see Silas again. However, he was happy to take whatever he could get.

He determinedly kept his mind away from wondering if the vampire that had hurt Silas was here. It was an effort not to scent for him. If he did identify him, Dean was pretty sure he wouldn't be able to control himself. He'd rip that motherfucker's head off. Consequences to the treaty be damned.

He didn't know how Silas could be so calm about it. He told himself that it was confirmation that particular vampire wasn't present. But he had a suspicion that Silas just accepted that omegas were treated like shit. The indoctrination of his upbringing still making some part of him believe that was what omegas were for. Their sole purpose in life and the only thing of value they had to offer.

Some packs talked such shit. It was like the worst of patriarchy, on

steroids. It broke Dean's heart, and he longed to show Silas the truth.

Not for the first time, Dean was glad he hadn't been raised like that. In his birth pack, the Alpha led, but all were equal. All were viewed as people and treated with respect. If Dean ever found himself leading a pack, he was adamant those were the values he would instill.

Finally, the ritual was over, and they could leave. Dean couldn't get out of the park fast enough. He was trying to think of a way to get rid of Brendan and Jasper so he could sneak some time alone with Silas, when they were brought to a startled halt by three mages appearing out of nowhere at the gate of the park. Dean's heart hammered in alarm, and the hairs on the back of his neck rose at the threat.

The lead mage was tall with long blond hair bound in braids. His gray eyes dull but brimming with power. Dean swallowed nervously. This wasn't good. He looked like an enforcer.

"I am Ethaniel Methuen, enforcer of the Council. Silas Northstar, you are under arrest for revealing magic to humans. Do you have anything to say?"

Dean's world went dark as his worst fears were confirmed. The fucking Council was pissed about the stupid YouTube videos? That had been months ago and debunked by the humans as fake. It was unfair. Unfair and terrifying. The Council was scary. All paranormal kids were brought up on being told to behave or the Council will get you.

It was like being arrested by the boogeyman.

"For fuck's sake," said Silas, not sounding worried. He fixed the enforcer with a dark stare. "It's not Northstar. Hasn't been Northstar for ten years since my father disowned me. Technically, it's Greenwood since he mated me. Admittedly, it was only for a day, but I think it still counts legally. And the Council is so big on legal."

Dean smothered his laugh. How on earth Silas could be so calm was beyond him, but his sass was hilarious. The enforcer looked completely bewildered. No doubt he had never been talked to like that. It was clear he had no idea how to respond.

Dean ignored the distracting whimper of pain from deep in his soul, caused by Silas coldly talking about the Greenwood Alpha mating him. Now wasn't the time.

Suddenly Jasper was using the opportunity to leap at the mage, throwing him to the floor whilst snarling ferociously. Brendan launched at another enforcer and Dean was about to take the third, when the mages disappeared in a puff of silver smoke.

Dean knew they had only gone to get reinforcements. They would be back very soon.

Jasper got to his feet, wiping blood from his mouth. He grinned at Silas, who looked so utterly shocked. Dark eyes impossibly wide in a deathly pale face. Dean was worried the necromancer might faint.

"Nobody fucks with shifters," said Jasper with a wink.

Dean laughed, adrenaline making his body shake. He couldn't believe this was happening. It was all so fast. It felt surreal, as if it was happening to someone else. Everything had changed in a few brief moments and would likely never be the same ever again.

The beta cast Dean a sheepish, apologetic look. He'd acted on his own without the alpha's command or approval. Brendan gave a little nod of apology as well, but his actions had been backing up a pack member in a fight. Less to forgive. Dean nodded his forgiveness at both of them.

They'd only done what Dean had been thinking. Dean had hesitated because Silas wasn't pack, he didn't feel he had the right to order them to

endanger themselves to protect Silas. As much as he wanted to. He was so grateful that Brendan had taken it upon himself to act.

“We need to get out of here and lie low. I have somewhere we can go,” said Brendan. Surprising Dean with his offer. It was exactly what they needed.

Silas stared at them. “W...why?” he stammered. Looking completely lost. It crushed Dean’s heart to think no one had ever helped the omega before. He was far more alarmed by people being nice to him than by people trying to arrest him. Dean vowed to make the omega become used to it.

Brendan shrugged. “You are just a pup still. Definitely a pup then. You didn’t deserve any of that shit and you don’t deserve to be imprisoned by the Council.”

Silas looked completely taken aback and flicked his attention to Jasper.

“What he said,” replied Jasper with a grin. His blue eyes flashing mischievously.

Dean scowled. He believed Brendan. The man was decent, and the way he had looked after sharing his story about Silas’s past showed he knew how sick it was, knew how none of it was Silas’s fault. Jasper, on the other hand, was an idiot.

An image flashed of Jasper telling him he thought Silas was hot and he was jealous. Maybe the beta thought if he helped, hid out with the omega, he’d get a chance.

“You know he is mine, right?” Dean growled, without meaning to. His wolf speaking through him without his consent.

Jasper just looked at him and laughed. “No shit!”

Dean cringed. What the hell had come over him? Jasper had attacked an enforcer. He was probably more wanted than Silas now. He had no choice but

to hide. And what did he mean, 'no shit?' Had they not been discrete? Was there something obvious between them? That thought was enticing, and Dean found himself longing for it to be true.

But more importantly, why had Dean been compelled to say anything in the first place? Dean wondered why the hell he was suddenly behaving like an alphahole about it and what the hell did Silas think of him and his 'mine' crap.

Dean anxiously looked at Silas, terrified he had ruined everything, but the omega wouldn't meet his gaze. Silas looked completely thunderstruck. He was also blushing. It was the most endearing thing Dean had ever seen. He prayed it was a good sign. Could it possibly mean that Silas liked Dean calling him mine? The thought caused Dean's breath to shake.

Dean shook his head to clear it. He needed to focus. Their current situation was dangerous and required immediate action.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Dean said and as one, they turned and ran. His wish had come true. He was getting to run away with Silas. Just not in the way he had dreamed of.

CHAPTER 16

Brendan's secret cabin in the woods was beautiful. Like something pulled from Silas's mind as a dream home. It was far from fancy. One main room with a kitchenette, a fireplace, a battered sofa and an ancient TV. There were two bedrooms, one on either side of the main room, and one neat bathroom.

It was small and in splendid isolation. Not even a dirt track leading up to it. It was perfect.

Silas could tell the place had no mobile phone signal, no Wi-Fi. Not that he could check, as Dean had ordered them all to dump their phones on the way. He'd vetoed them taking a car as well, saying cars were too easy to track. He'd also forbidden Silas to 'even think about using magic', which Silas was insulted about. He wasn't an idiot. He didn't want the Council to find them.

Now it was very late. So late it was probably early morning. They had run at first, before walking for miles and miles. They had decided not to shift as Brendan said there were no clothes at the cabin and they didn't know how long they would be there for. Being naked for any length of time was

impractical. Dean and the Westlakes also had weapons as well as other stuff in their pockets that they didn't want to lose.

Silas's feet hurt. He was pretty sure he had blisters. His boots were far more decorative than practical, but no one was ever going to know that, though. Silas would rather die than admit it.

He flopped gratefully onto the sofa before pulling off his boots. He hid his sigh of relief and discreetly wriggled his toes. Thankfully, no one noticed.

Brendan started rummaging around in the kitchen. Jasper went to help him, and Dean had headed back out to check the perimeter.

Silas sighed. They were obviously all in much better shape than himself if they had energy left after their long hike. Silas was sure he would never be able to move off the sofa ever again.

He made a mental note to start working out more, once this was all over. Resolutely ignoring the dark little thought that wanted to add 'If we survive.'

Suddenly Jasper squealed in delight at Brendan pulling tins of lamb stew out of a cupboard. Silas chuckled. Right now he felt far too tired to feel hungry, but he could relate to the young shifter's enthusiasm for food. It was one of life's finer pleasures.

Dean suddenly appeared in front of him with a large glass of water and a smile. Silas took it, feeling strangely emotional about the gesture. He gulped the cold water down, instantly feeling a lot better.

He handed the empty glass back to Dean, who was now staring at him intently. Silas scented his arousal and gave a seductive smile. The alpha had been turned on by watching him swallow. It was flattering.

Dean put the glass away, deftly staying out of Jasper's and Brendan's way in the small kitchenette as they heated the stew. Then the alpha sat down next to him. Silas snuck in a little sniff of his delicious scent. Dean always smelled

so damn good. He wanted to roll in it. Lick him over every inch of his muscled body. Eat him. Silas shook his head and pulled his thoughts out of the gutter.

Brendan and Jasper walked over to them and handed each of them a steaming bowl of lamb stew. Silas brought a spoonful to his mouth, and as soon as he tasted it, his hunger awakened and he tucked in gleefully. It was surprisingly good for something that had come out of a tin.

Silas shook his head to try and clear it. This situation was bizarre. He was bewildered to be eating stew at five in the morning with a bunch of shifters who were treating him like pack.

Shifters who had thrown away everything. Their safety, their freedom, being with their true pack. All just to stop him from being arrested by the Council. It was completely baffling. Jasper and Brendan didn't even know him. None of it made any sense. The world didn't make sense anymore. It was terrifying.

Silas stared at his empty bowl. It had been so very long since he had been in a pack or in a pack-like situation. He had completely forgotten how to do it. Should he wash everyone's bowls up? He hadn't contributed yet. Was washing-up enough? Would anything ever be enough, given all that they had sacrificed for him?

Dean took the bowl from his hands, putting a stop to Silas's deliberations. He sat there in a daze, tiredness seeping back in as Dean washed up. The stew having a soporific effect. Silas had a brief flare of panic, wondering if they had drugged it, before chiding himself. Not everyone in the world was an asshole. Dean had shown him that.

Brendan said that he and Jasper would take the room on the right before gesturing at Silas and Dean to take the other. Silas wondered why everyone's

assumption that he'd want to share a room with Dean wasn't annoying. If anything, it was strangely pleasing. Silas sighed. He never thought he would be exasperated with himself.

Silas hauled himself from the sofa and trudged over to the bedroom, Dean following close behind. Silas opened the door and looked around. The room was only just big enough for the one double bed and a chair.

Dean turned to Silas with a grin. "Only one bed," he commented. His enticing green-gold eyes sparkling.

Silas scowled at him and his stupid romance novel reference. It wasn't the time for jokes. He was still feeling wildly unsettled by everything that had happened, not least the effect Dean calling him 'Mine' in the park had had on him.

He was a necromancer, a badass. People were genuinely scared of him. They whispered his name in dread, in case saying it too loudly would make him appear. He was going to be a supervillain one day. He was well on the way to being one already. He did not get all mushy because an alpha pulled the 'Mine' bullshit.

Dean gave him an uneasy look. "Um...I can sleep on the sofa?"

Silas fixed him with his best stare, trying to read the alpha's thoughts through sheer willpower alone. Mind reading wasn't one of his skills. Was the alpha saying that because he now regretted ever meeting him, or was it some dumbass chivalry?

"You fucked me ten minutes after we first met. I think it's a bit late to be worrying about my virtue," he snapped.

Dean pouted. "Hey, it wasn't like that. It was at least half an hour."

Silas couldn't hold back his laugh. Dean somehow always made him laugh. Silas couldn't tell if it was infuriating or delightful.

“I’m sorry about your plants,” Dean said solemnly.

Silas stared at him. His line of thought completely derailed by the alpha’s sudden change of topic.

“Goddess knows when you will get to go home. All your plants are going to die.”

Silas tried to untangle his feelings. Dean cared about his plants? Or cared that he cared, which was kind of the same thing. Alphas were not this thoughtful or considerate. They didn’t have the mental capacity for it. But Dean had noticed his plants, realized Silas cared about them and he had thought about them, all whilst they were on the run from the Council. It was crazy.

“Gladys has a key. She will pop in and water them when she sees my car isn’t there,” Silas heard himself explaining.

“Who's Gladys?”

“My neighbor.”

Suddenly Dean was laughing until there were tears in his eyes. Silas glared at him.

“I’m sorry, it’s just the scary necromancer is on such friendly terms with his elderly neighbor that she waters his copious amount of houseplants for him when he is not there.”

Silas had no idea what to say to that, so he took off his clothes instead. Which shut Dean up. Silas briefly thought of seeing if the shower worked, but he was far too tired. Since alphas thought omegas smelled amazing even when they were all sweaty, he was sure Dean could cope.

He climbed into the bed. Turning to glare back at Dean, who was just standing there. An uncertain look on his stupidly handsome face.

“Get into bed,” ordered Silas and then, seeing the hopeful look on Dean’s

face, added, "For sleeping."

Dean looked disappointed, but swiftly whipped off his clothes. Silas battled to keep his eyes off the alpha's sculpted abs and toned stomach. He definitely was not going to look lower.

The alpha crawled into bed next to him, pulling him into a tight spoon before he could resist. Dean's body heat soaked into his sore muscles. His strong arm around his chest felt comforting, protective. His divine alpha scent washed over him, bathing him in delicious pheromones that made his mind do happy little cartwheels.

Silas sighed and decided he was too tired to pull away from the spoon. One night wouldn't make him soft. It was fine. Everything was fine.

CHAPTER 17

Silas slept soundly until afternoon light streamed through the window. The bed was soft and warm. Dean was nuzzling his neck, his arms holding him tight. Silas felt like he was bathing in Dean's delicious alpha scent. Silas let out a contented sigh before he could stop himself. Dean didn't need to know how much he liked this, how much he could get used to waking up like this every morning.

Such a shame the Council was hunting them. Nice things were off the table for now. Silas huffed. Who was he kidding? Nice things had always been off the table for him. There was no reason for that to change. Not until he was a powerful enough super villain that people left him the fuck alone.

Dean started to lick and kiss his neck, drifting to the spot where a mating mark would go. The long faded one from the Greenwood alpha was on the other side, so Silas didn't mind Dean licking him where he was. A few seconds later, Silas's eyes flew open, and he groaned. He had no idea that spot was an erogenous zone. What the hell had he been missing all these years?

Dean sealed his lips there and sucked. Silas went wild, dizzying waves of pleasure crashing over him. His cock was suddenly hard, his hips thrusting back against Dean, feeling the alpha's erection against his ass cheeks. It was bliss. His new favorite thing.

Dean's firm hand took hold of Silas's cock and caressed it, causing Silas to moan. The alpha's touch was near magical. Almost teasingly gentle, and quickly finding the perfect rhythm. He was very, very good at this. Not that Silas would ever admit it. Dean's ego, like all alpha's, didn't need any encouragement.

Silas let the sensations roll over him for a while, savoring the pleasure. Then he flipped over to face Dean, throwing his leg over Dean's hips and taking the alpha's hand to guide it to his hole.

Dean obliged happily. His finger tracing around his hole gently before slipping in. Silas threw back his head and groaned, his hand gripping Dean's shoulder tightly. Oh, fuck, that felt good, thought Silas in a daze. Thankful he had managed not to cry it out loud. It seemed his body loved any part of Dean inside of it.

Dean slid in a second finger, scissoring him open delightfully. Silas whimpered from the intensity. Then Dean crooked his finger and danced along his sweet spot. Finding it with no problem at all. Silas's hips rocked, his cock leaked pre cum, and he gasped and sobbed from the intensity.

Then Silas pushed Dean onto his back and straddled him. He needed more, he needed to feel Dean's hard cock inside him. He yearned for it with a hunger that was startling. He stared into the alpha's green and gold eyes as he took Dean inside himself, hissing at the delightful stretch as the alpha's large cock breached him, opened him up, and penetrated him.

Dean's cock inside him felt so good. It filled him. Felt like it belonged. Hot

and deep, firm yet somehow like silk. Silas let his body adjust for a few long moments, savoring the feel of his ass quivering around Dean's cock cushioned inside him.

Then he rode, shifting his angle until he had the cock rubbing along all the right places. He looked down at Dean then and found the alpha staring up at him as if he was a god he would worship forever. Silas smiled.

"Stroke me," he ordered.

Dean fumbled to obey. Silas keened his pleasure from the joint sensations of Dean's cock filling him and his hand teasing his cock. It was sheer bliss. Sex rarely felt this good when he wasn't in heat. How the hell did Dean do this to him?

Silas cried out as he felt Dean's knot form, stretching him even more, hitting all the right spots with far greater intensity. Silas hated to admit he loved being knotted. Nothing else ever felt so good. The lack of knots had been the single most disappointing thing about sleeping with humans.

The alpha's hand became uncoordinated and his hips spasmed. Silas stopped and sat still.

"I didn't tell you that you could come," he said.

Dean's eyes went wide. Sweat broke out on his forehead, but he nodded enthusiastically, as if in apology, his hips settling. Willing to obey.

Silas placed his hands on the alpha's abdomen, holding him down, forbidding him to make any movements of his own. Satisfied, Silas began to ride again. Leisurely, at his own pace.

He relished in the feel of it, the lust and pleasure that danced along his nerve endings. The rolling swells of delight that washed through his body and his mind. Cleaning out all the worry and stress and leaving nothing but primal satisfaction.

His wolf approved. Eating and fucking were good. Silas should do more of both, wolf Silas whispered. Life was too short to deny yourself joy. He groaned his enjoyment, then felt his own orgasm start to build, far sooner than expected.

He opened eyes he hadn't realized he had closed, to stare down at Dean.

"Come now," he commanded.

And with a grunt, eyes rolling to the back of his head, heels drumming on the bed whilst he screamed, the alpha obeyed. Taking Silas with him so they orgasmed together in perfect unity.

The feel of Dean's cock feeding cum to his ass was incredible. Hot, wet splashes of ecstasy deep inside him.

Silas panted, waiting to stop seeing stars. Aftershocks spasmed all over his body with Dean's knotted cock still nestled inside him. Binding them together.

He finally looked at Dean. The alpha grinned up at him, looking completely spent. As well as a little blown away. Silas's seed painting his sculpted chest. It was a good look. Like he belonged to Silas. As if Silas had marked him. His wolf whispered that his scent was now all over Dean. It was an intensely pleasing thought.

"Good morning, Angel," Dean said breathlessly.

Silas grinned, "It certainly is."

CHAPTER 18

A few nights later, Silas stood naked just outside the cabin, staring up at the full moon, feeling her silvery power tingling along his skin. The moon was beautiful, powerful, divine. Silas could stare at her forever. Worship her with full devotion.

Whilst his darker powers came from elsewhere, Silas always thought of himself as first and foremost a shifter. One of the moon's children. Her divine light, the source of his shifter magic, his ability to change shape. She was the mother of his soul and Silas would always be devoted to her.

He heard movement behind him and saw with surprise the others had come out too. Also naked, they came and stood beside him.

Silas swallowed dryly, hit with a tangled web of emotions. He had felt the moon's call to shift, to run in the woods. He had thought to do so alone, as he had done for so very long.

He'd forgotten that the others would want to shift as well. It hadn't crossed his mind that they would let him run with them. The idea was startling.

Thrilling. It filled him with a longing so intense it felt like a physical pain that brought tears to his eyes.

He had been old enough to shift and run with his father's pack only twice before he had been given to Greenwood and that dark night that had stolen everything.

Silas was brought out of his morose thoughts by Jasper shifting, his joy clear. Brendan and Dean quickly followed him. Flowing effortlessly into their other forms.

The three gray wolves looked up at him expectedly. All beautiful and fierce. Dean the biggest. His alpha status physically clearer in wolf form than human.

Silas grinned, surrendering to his shift. He let the others have a moment to take in his black wolf. He knew it was unusual. It had startled his birth pack on his first shift.

He looked at them tentatively, far more anxious than he cared to admit. Uncertainly churning his guts. What if they rejected him? Thought of it as a bad omen? Not that he would care, he told himself. He wanted to be feared and hated.

The wolves regarded him calmly, seeming to take it in their stride as if it was no big deal. Their tails even gently wagging.

Silas felt a rush of relief, nearly overwhelmed with emotion. He was about to run, give his mind time to settle, when Jasper yipped at him. Bouncing into his shoulder playfully.

A surge of dizzying exuberance filled Silas, all anxiety forgotten, and he yipped back, slamming his front paws on the ground in the canine signal for wanting to play. It had been so very long. But his wolf remembered how.

Jasper barreled into him, and they squirmed and nipped and played. Silas

could not remember ever feeling this happy. After a while, the older wolves joined in, creating a noisy, chaotic pile of boisterous wolves. It was everything Silas had never dared to dream of.

Eventually getting bored with playing, Silas wagged his tail and then tore off into the night, delighted when the others gave chase. He could get used to this. This is how it is meant to be, whispered his wolf thoughts. Silas ignored the second thought that hissed at him insidiously, that he didn't get nice things, so this wouldn't last. He knew it was true, but damn it, he was going to enjoy it whilst it did last.

They ran for miles through wild woods, in glorious companionship until eventually they became distracted by interesting scents which caused them to calm down and snuffle around contently.

Dean found a stream, and they drank delicious cold water painted silver by the moonlight. It was like liquid magic, refreshing Silas's soul as well as his body.

Silas had eaten well in his human form, so his wolf wasn't hungry. He had no interest in hunting, only to run, play and investigate smells. Liberated by a sense of freedom that never existed in human form.

Brendan and Jasper were playing noisily. Silas looked up at them from sniffing the forest floor, as he noticed something about them. The way they were playing was starting to change as the moon's other pull took hold.

Silas blinked in surprise as the betas shifted to human form, stared at each other a moment and then slunk off deeper into the woods together.

Silas had not expected that. He hadn't thought that they saw each other that way. But full moons made shifters extra horny. He wasn't one to judge. Sex was fun. As long as everyone involved was into it, it was all good, as far as he was concerned.

He turned to look at Dean, to see what he thought of it. Dean's green and gold eyes sparkled with amusement. If he was in human form, he would be grinning like an idiot.

Silas felt his own amusement bubble. He stared at Dean. Just the two of them. In the woods. With the moon beating down.

Brendan and Jasper had the right idea. Silas was suddenly completely bored with sniffing the forest floor. There was something a lot more fun they could be doing. He shivered as a wave of arousal doused him. He shifted to his human form. Dean quickly following suit.

The alpha stared at him hungrily for an intense moment before pouncing. Pushing Silas back and back until he hit a tree. Then attacking his mouth with a ravenous kiss.

Silas came undone before it. Wrapping his arms around his alpha's neck, quickly followed by his legs around his waist. Soon Dean's hard cock was breaching him, impaling him in that way that felt so good, so right. The alpha's amazing smell filled his soul, his powerful arms protectively surrounding him. His cock deep, deep inside him where it felt like it belonged. It was perfect, everything was perfect, and Silas felt like he wanted it to last forever.

Then he worshipped the moon by screaming his pleasure to her as Dean railed him. Not caring that he got scratches all down his back from the tree bark.

It was a good night.

CHAPTER 19

Dean looked proudly at the pile of wood he had chopped. It was certainly an accomplishment. It made him feel manly and strong.

Chuckling at himself, he started making a pile in his arms to take into the cabin. Satisfied he had an armful that looked impressive but that he could actually carry, he headed back.

As he approached the cabin, he heard raised voices. He got closer and could make out it was Silas and Jasper. As far as Dean could tell, the argument had something to do with the TV remote.

Dean sighed, dumped the wood outside the door, and walked in. His nose immediately confirmed what he had suspected. What he had been expecting.

Silas looked furious. Like he was seconds away from calling on his magic. His dark hair all messy, his cheeks flushed and his eyes flashing dangerously. Jasper seemed to be desperately trying to appease him, with little luck by the look of things.

The beta turned to face him as he approached. Casting him a pleading look that begged for help. He looked so relieved to see Dean that Dean nearly

chuckled. But then he relented, he wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of Silas's fury. It would be terrifying.

He gave a quick prayer that he wasn't about to experience it and sprung into action. Dean strode up to the necromancer, picked him up, and threw him over his shoulder. As he had hoped, Silas was so startled he didn't incinerate him or even struggle.

Dean strode to their bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind him and dumped the omega on the bed.

Dark eyes regarded him, utterly taken aback. Then they fixed on Dean's hands as the alpha took off his belt. Silas licked his lips.

"Are you going to beat me or fuck me?" He bit. But his voice held thinly veiled uncertainty and Dean caught a flash of fear in his eyes.

Dean felt his mouth fall open in horror. He'd never seen Silas look scared before. He had thought it was an emotion the necromancer didn't do. Yet here they were and it was Dean who had scared him.

"I'm going to fuck you, Silas," he clarified. Mortified that he had made Silas uneasy.

"Phew, that's a relief," said Silas with a sardonic grin. More like his usual dirty, confident self. But Dean was still shaken.

Dean glanced at the belt now in his hand and dropped it as if it had suddenly turned into a snake. He caught up with Silas's thoughts. Technically, Silas had been rude to Jasper. Officially his beta and above him in pack hierarchy. Omegas were supposed to be submissive to everyone. But Dean wasn't that kind of Alpha, Silas absolutely wasn't that kind of omega, and this wasn't even a real pack. It seemed Silas had been raised like that though, and thought he was in trouble.

"I was going to tie you to the bed with it. But...um, never mind," explained

Dean, the idea not seeming the least bit sexy now. His mind instead falling down a path of wanting to know who had beaten Silas with a belt so badly that he was still scared. He also wanted to know if this person was still alive and if so, if he could find him and kill him. His father was the obvious culprit. That man and Silas's shitty birth pack needed to pay for all they had done to Silas.

Silas sat up on the bed and pinned him with a death stare. Discerning enough of what Dean was thinking to know he didn't like it. Dean thought that was fair enough. Silas was more than capable of fighting his own battles. He pulled his thoughts to the horrifying present. Silas had been scared of him.

"Silas, I would never..." Dean began lamely. He would never hurt Silas. The very idea was unthinkable. Why would Silas think that of him? Never mind that Silas could turn him into a pile of goo with a click of his fingers if Dean ever stepped out of line. Had he scared Silas so much that the necromancer had forgotten how powerful he was?

Dean growled in frustration. "Take off your clothes," he ordered. Thinking to get to the simple stuff now and deal with the tricky stuff later.

Silas crossed his arms. "Why on earth would I do that?" Menace and anger clear in his voice. Dean felt a trickle of unease dance along his spine, raising the hairs on the back of his neck as his primeval senses reminded him how very dangerous Silas was. The necromancer was definitely starting to remember how powerful he was.

Dean took a breath for courage and then spoke as non-threateningly as he could. "Because it's the thirteenth."

Silas looked completely startled, his dark eyes widening as if Dean had just grown two heads. His mouth even formed a little 'O' as he took in what Dean had said. Then his shoulders dropped as if he was suddenly defeated.

"Oh, am I being a bitch?" he asked softly.

"Yes," said Dean.

Silas flushed and dropped his gaze. "I lost count of the days. How could I have not realized I'm in heat?"

Dean shrugged. "It happens. Now take your clothes off and let me make you feel better."

Silas obeyed, but he didn't look very happy. Once he was naked, he hugged his knees to his chest, his dark eyes full of emotion.

"Why do you even like me?" he whispered, looking almost as sad as he had that night by the canal. It tore at Dean's heart.

"Because you are hot as fuck and fantastic in bed," replied Dean without hesitation. There was more, so much more than that. But he couldn't dump that on Silas right now.

He put a finger on Silas's soft lips. Silencing him. "Say nothing else, Angel, cos you'll be embarrassed when you are not in heat and you'll get mad at me about it and my little heart will break."

Silas just stared at him.

Dean pushed him back until he was lying on the bed. Crawling on it with him. They lay face to face and Dean tilted the omega's chin up and started kissing him gently. Tenderly. Showing him he was precious.

After the briefest of hesitations, Silas kissed him back. Dean felt the tension slowly drain from Silas's body as he became warm and pliant. Dean was pleased with that.

Silas broke their kiss and started sliding down the bed. A look of naughty promise in his dark eyes. Dean caught him by the hair, stopping his progress.

"Oh no! That is never happening, my Angel, because I will never forget how we met," Dean said fondly, with a chuckle.

The necromancer looked up at him, a look of sheer outrage on his face. As if deeply offended that Dean thought he would bite.

Dean ignored him, pushing him onto his back as he slid down instead. He didn't really think Silas would do that, but he suspected the thought would play the whole time he was in Silas's mouth, which wouldn't be much fun.

"Maybe in twenty years when the images aren't so burned into my mind," he said cheerily.

Before Silas could say anything, Dean swallowed him whole.

Silas clawed at the sheets, moaning beautifully. Dean hummed appreciatively. Silas tasted divine, and Dean felt regret that he had never done this before. All that wasted time. All those times he could have had Silas's cock sliding across his tongue, filling his mouth with his wonderful flavor.

Dean licked and slurped to the best of his ability, keeping a careful eye on Silas's reactions. Determined to discover what his omega liked.

He was getting to take care of Silas for another heat. He was blessed. This would be their fourth together and Dean realized with surprise that it meant they had first met a year ago. A whole year, yet with only a handful of encounters. It was so unfair.

He wanted to spend all his days with Silas, like they were doing now. Except his dream didn't have them hiding from the Council. Despite that, their days here in the cabin had been the best days of Dean's life. He wanted them to never end.

Dean took Silas's cock as deep as he could, swallowing around it. Silas cried out, shooting hot seed down the back of Dean's throat. Dean drank it all greedily, sucking hard to make sure he milked every last drop.

"Fuck," said Silas, sounding a little dazed.

Dean released his cock with a wet plop and looked up at him. The omega's

eyes were unfocused, his face flushed. Dean felt a surge of pride.

“I’m very good at that. So don’t be embarrassed, Angel,” he said with a grin.

“Why would I be embarrassed?” asked Silas condescendingly.

Dean laughed. Silas was right, there was nothing wrong with finding your pleasure quickly.

“Are you hard?” asked Silas.

Dean nodded.

Silas languidly rolled over. Then rose to his hands and knees. Positioning himself so he was on the very edge of the bed.

Dean stared for a moment, before scrabbling out of bed to stand behind Silas’s wonderful ass. Not quite believing such an amazing thing was being offered to him in invitation.

“Well, fuck me then!” snapped Silas.

Dean chuckled, “With pleasure.”

Silas was deep in his heat. Hungry with need. His hole would be wet with slick. He wouldn’t need preparing and never seemed to have the patience for it when he was in heat.

Dean shuffled closer, placed his hands on the omega’s hips and sunk into him. The sensation of his hard cock being engulfed by silken heat took his breath away. Dimming his vision.

Distantly, he heard Silas whimpering with need. Dean focused and started thrusting, using his hands to pull the omega back onto his cock with force.

Silas groaned, taking him passionately. Rocking back on his hips, and shuddering. His ass clenching and spasming around Dean’s cock with his pleasure.

Dean decided he liked this position. Him standing, Silas kneeling on the

bed. It gave him good leverage, a great view, and enabled him to give Silas a good pounding, whilst appeasing his alpha nature with how dominant it felt.

Though Dean was well aware of who really was in charge, and he loved it. Far more than he ever thought he would. A kink he never knew he had.

He felt his knot start to swell, so he shifted the angle of his thrusts each time until he found one that made Silas wail. Dean grinned, held that angle, and thrust as hard and as fast as he could. Watching with glee as Silas became completely undone, screaming helplessly before the force of the pleasure rocking through his body.

The omega came hard just as Dean's knot completed, locking them together. Stopping any more thrusting.

Dean caught his breath as Silas gasped. In the sudden silence, Dean could make out Jasper muttering at them from the main room, just on the other side of the thin door. Dean winced in sympathy. Smelling an omega's heat and hearing all the fun would be incredibly frustrating.

"I'm sure if you ask Brendan nicely, he will fuck you," called Dean, half expecting protests that Jasper would be the one doing the fucking.

But Jasper only whined, "He's gone hunting."

Dean chuckled, "He can't have gone far!"

The next thing he heard was the front door slamming as Jasper ran out. Dean laughed in delight. "I was wondering who was topping."

"What makes you think they don't take turns?" asked Silas, looking back over his shoulder at him with a mischievous glint in his eye.

That thought stunned Dean into silence. Feeling suddenly very unworldly and far too conditioned into thinking only in traditional roles. Would Silas ever...? He wondered.

Silas winked. "Do that thing, and I might, if you play your cards right."

Dean let out a helpless groan at the thought. Not even alarmed that Silas had known what he was thinking. Silas chuckled teasingly at him.

“Oh, this thing?” Dean asked wickedly, and he started to rotate his hips.

Silas gasped, his head and shoulders suddenly dropping to the bed as if no longer able to hold him. “You bastard,” he panted in between wails of pleasure.

Dean grinned, “You asked for it.”

He brought the omega to a sobbing, messy orgasm whilst still knotted. He had a brief moment of feeling smug before his own orgasm slammed out of him, tearing a guttural groan from his throat. He was relieved when his knot went down, as it meant he could pull out and collapse on the bed before his knees gave out.

The tsunami of pleasure he had just felt had turned his bones to jelly. Beside him, Silas also collapsed down from his kneeling position. They lay there panting together for a while.

“You good, Angel?” asked Dean breathlessly. Wanting to confirm what his nose was telling him about Silas’s heat being broken.

“Hmm mm,” confirmed Silas. Then he rolled to his side and wriggled over to Dean to snuggle. He lay his head on Dean’s shoulder and pressed his body in close.

Dean thought he might explode with happiness. He was the luckiest man alive.

CHAPTER 20

That evening, Brendan found a battered Monopoly set in a cupboard in his and Jasper's bedroom. They all sat crossed legged on the floor in front of the fireplace and played.

Silas was ruthless. Jasper surprisingly cunning and Brendan slow and steady. Dean was doing terribly. Mostly because he couldn't stop staring adoringly at Silas.

From the way he absent mindedly tucked his hair behind his ear. To the way he joked and teased with Jasper, showcasing his dazzling wit, to the way he smiled. A warm, genuine smile that Dean hadn't seen before. He'd seen wicked grins and dark promises, but this soft, unguarded smile stole his heart.

Silas was feeling safe enough to let his guard down. Probably the first time in forever. Dean's wolf strutted in pride, convinced it meant he was the world's best Alpha. Good Alphas made their people feel safe. Dean had to remind himself that this wasn't a real pack, and he wasn't actually pack leader.

Dean completely missed what Jasper said, but whatever it was, it made Silas laugh. His beautiful musical laugh that seemed to caress Dean's soul. Dean realized he was completely smitten. Head over heels. Caught hook, line and sinker. And he didn't care. It was even scary anymore. It was just wonderful.

Suddenly, Silas sat up completely straight. Tension in every line of his body. Dean jumped to his feet, scenting for the danger.

"They're here," said Silas, flowing to his feet.

There was no need to ask who. All four of them ran out of the cabin. They didn't even make it to the first line of trees. Dazzling white light bathed them, revealing a circle of Council enforcers.

Dean snarled, dropped into a fighting stance, and attacked. He gave the fight his all, but the enforcers were well prepared this time. They had brought excellent fighters. They used magic. There were at least twenty of them, and it was hopeless.

In no time at all, Dean was overpowered. Sprawled on his front with heavy knees pressed into him, holding him down. Over before it had even really begun. As resistance went, it was pathetic. Dean had never lost so badly. He was dismayed.

They tied his hands behind his back, and Dean could feel the strands of silver and iron woven into the rope. There was no way he was getting out of these. Rough hands hauled him up from face down in the dirt to kneeling.

Dean frantically blinked the sweat and mud out of his eyes and looked around. Brendan and Jasper were kneeling beside him. Looking battered but not seriously hurt. Dean was relieved and thankful, but fear clutched at him for Silas.

Then he saw him. He was at the edge of the woods, outside the circling of

attackers, facing them with balls of blue light in his hands. Static sparking all around him and moving his hair.

He looked fierce and incredible, and Dean's heart swelled. The enforcers faced him uneasily. Dean understood then that Silas was more powerful than all of them together. Pride filled his chest.

It suddenly made horrifying sense. The Council wasn't pissed at some YouTube videos that had been dismissed. They were pissed at how powerful Silas was. Pissed and scared, most likely.

Fucking cowards, thought Dean with a growl.

"Surrender," said the blond enforcer who had tried to arrest Silas in the park.

Silas just smirked, and the standoff continued.

Suddenly, the enforcers were looping a rope around Jasper's neck before flinging it over an overhead branch. They heaved and Jasper was hoisted up by his neck, gurgling and thrashing his legs.

Dean bellowed and surged forward, trying to get to him, but there were too many enforcers and they held him in place. Horror and rage blinded him.

He heard Brendan completely lose his shit. Snarling savagely. There was a satisfying yelp of pain from one of the enforcers, but it didn't seem like Brendan was going to be able to get to Jasper, either.

"Surrender," said Blondy again. Calmly, as if Jasper wasn't choking to death right beside him.

Silas didn't smirk this time. He just glared with cold, dark eyes. Dean waited for him to do something. Why was it taking so long?

Then a rope was around Dean's neck. He gasped in terror, feeling death breathe down his neck.

"Surrender, or your alpha is next."

Silas said nothing. Did nothing. He could have been made of ice.

Then they were hauling Dean up. The rope constricted around his neck. He couldn't breathe. He felt his eyes bulge. He could feel the lack of blood to his head. He panicked, feeling life slip away from him. His body took over, thrashing and kicking desperately.

Eyes watering, he looked at Silas. Waiting for him to help, for him to stop this. Dark eyes stared back at him. Devoid of emotion, of any feeling, of any warmth.

"There are plenty more fish in the sea," Silas shrugged. And then he disappeared.

The enforcer swore vehemently. Dean fell crashing to the ground, gulping in sweet air desperately as the rope loosened. He thought he'd never get enough oxygen.

He saw with immense relief that they had cut Jasper down as well. The beta was gasping like one of Silas's fishes out of water next to him. Brendan kneeling over him as best he could with his hands bound behind his back, crying whilst telling Jasper it was all over and he was okay.

As Dean lay gasping helplessly on the forest floor, he realized he had pissed himself. Near death and strangulation will do that to a man, he told himself. But it didn't ease the cold bite of shame. The shame that was tiny compared to the mountain of his grief.

Silas had left him to die. He had left them all to die rather than surrender himself to the Council. The cold, hard truth was that Silas valued his freedom more than Dean's life. He hadn't even seemed conflicted about it. Silas had never had any feelings for him at all. Dean was just a convenient fuck. Nothing more.

He felt the tears roll down his cheeks. He wished they had left him up there

to die because nothing, nothing, could hurt worse than this pain. His soul was breaking into a thousand pieces, and he'd never be the same again.

CHAPTER 21

Dean woke up in a tiny cell. Before he had even opened his eyes, he could feel he was deep underground. The cell had thick stone walls with a heavy iron door. No windows, just a bright artificial light glaring down at him.

He was lying on a low shelf with a thin piece of foam on it for a bed. Three steps would take Dean from wall to wall. Not even enough room to pace.

Dean swallowed nervously. He didn't even remember being knocked out. The last thing he remembered was lying crying on the forest floor in his own piss.

Thankfully, he was now wearing clean clothes. Grey joggers and a sweatshirt. Clean and impersonal. The idea of strangers undressing and redressing his unconscious body was deeply unsettling.

Almost as unsettling as the knowledge that they had taken his knife. The one Silas had given him. He'd never see it again, hold it again. Much like its original owner. It was lost forever and he shouldn't care, but the pain of its loss burned brightly.

He had no idea what time it was. It could be minutes or weeks after they had knocked him out. The disorientation was nauseating. Added to the crushing claustrophobia that was threatening to suffocate him and Dean had never felt worse.

Suddenly, he heard shouting and banging from the cell next door. After a while, he recognized Jasper's voice. Relief washed over Dean. It was overwhelmingly comforting to have a friend near, as well as knowing he was alive.

"Jasper, are you alright?"

"No," sobbed Jasper, before quietly adding, "They took my brother five years ago, and no one has seen him since. I can't end up like him. My mother couldn't cope."

Dean didn't know what to say. He felt ashamed he hadn't known that. He should know things like that about his pack members. And he should at least find something reassuring to say, but words deserted him.

At least he now knew why Jasper had been so quick to attack the enforcer. It felt like betrayal. Dean had thought it was due to loyalty to him or regard for Silas. But it had been neither. Reasons and a history that had nothing to do with them.

Why it hurt at all, or even registered after the magnitude of what Silas had done, was beyond him. Maybe it was just that the wound was so fresh, anything hurt. Whatever it was, he couldn't find any words for Jasper.

"Brendan?" Dean called instead.

"I'm here," said the beta calmly from the cell on the other side to Jasper.

They were all alive. For now. No thanks to Silas. Dean felt as if he would drown in guilt. He had led them to this disaster. He was a useless idiot. It was all his fault. He had trusted the necromancer, and the betas had trusted him.

Whatever Jasper's actions, Dean was the one in charge. An alpha, if not a pack leader. His role still was to keep others safe.

He sat on the narrow bed and rested his head in his hands. He could see no way out of this. The three of them were all doomed.

After an eternity trapped in the cell, they took him for questioning. The room they took him to was bare. Windowless. Nothing in it apart from a table and some chairs. Soulless and cold.

They wanted to know everything he knew about Silas, of course. At first Dean balked. He wasn't a traitor. Then he wondered why he was being loyal to someone who had betrayed him.

And what did he know about Silas, anyway? He could describe his home, but he didn't know where it was. He knew his origin story, but the Council would already know that. He knew Silas was hot, fantastic in bed and beyond the villain persona, he was sweet, even affectionate. He also had doubts and insecurities, like any mortal.

He knew Silas had been so utterly alone for so very long that it broke Dean's heart to think about it.

The only thing Dean knew that might be of some use to the Council, a weakness they could exploit, was that Silas had panic attacks. With what he had been through, it wasn't surprising. It would be more surprising if he didn't have them. Dean would not betray that, though. That was too sacred a trust to break, regardless of what Silas had done.

He knew the necromancer wasn't invincible. The Westlake pack had captured him. The vampires had captured him. Both in a fairly short period. So it was obviously possible. But he didn't know how they had done it. He

had the feeling the Council already knew anyway, as they wasted little time asking him about that.

They interrogated him for a long time. Dean could tell they were frustrated with him. He did not know if they believed him or not. They didn't threaten him or even try to intimidate him. They just ask their questions in different ways, covering the same topics with calm authority. Expecting to be answered. Unable to imagine a world where they were not obeyed.

Eventually, they returned him to his cell, where Jasper and Brendan anxiously called out to ask him if he was okay.

He didn't know what to say to that either. He didn't feel okay at all. He knew he should try to put on a brave face for the betas' sake, but he just couldn't muster the strength. Who knew answering questions could be so exhausting. It touched him that they cared, though.

He wasn't sure if they would be questioned too. Briefly, he wondered what they would tell the Council about Silas, and then he wondered why he cared.

He mumbled a confirmation that the Council had not tortured him, and they had nothing to worry about if they were next. Then lay down on the bed, facing the wall, and tried to sleep. It was the only way he could escape the nightmare that had become his life.

CHAPTER 22

It could have been hours, or days, or even years later when Dean was brought before the Council. He had lost all sense of time. They had fed him a few times, though, so his best guess was days.

The Council chamber was underground. All vaulted ceilings and arches. Lit by hundreds of candles in elaborate candelabras. Dean thought the whole thing was pretentious and over the top and that was before the thirteen High Council members walked in wearing gray hooded robes, cowls up, hiding their faces in darkness.

Dean wanted to laugh, but decided he was probably already in enough trouble.

“Dean Westlake, you are charged with attacking enforcers of the Council, hiding a delinquent and failing to control your omega. How do you plead?”

Dean tried to see which one of the thirteen had spoken, but the way voices echoed around the chamber, it was impossible. He wondered which one was a shifter as there was supposed to be one of each paranormal kin on the

Council. Then he wondered why he was bothering. He doubted they would be any more lenient.

His mind whirled through a thousand things to say. Silas wasn't a criminal, but he was. Silas wasn't dangerous, but he was. They had attacked the enforcers in self defense, but that wasn't true either. The enforcers were only trying to arrest them, not hurt them.

He thought of the fact that omegas were not property. They were people with thoughts and rights to autonomy, like everyone else. They shouldn't be controlled by anyone. The idea that he could control Silas, if for some crazy reason he wanted to, was hilarious. Luckily, his brain-to-mouth filter worked for once and he didn't voice his opinion out loud. The Council wouldn't want to hear it. They were incredibly old-fashioned.

That left him with one thing to say. "Silas isn't mine."

The words stung. Dean felt a wave of bitterness. He was angry that the words hurt so much. Silas had betrayed him. He shouldn't care. Shouldn't want the omega to be his.

"You haven't claimed Silas Greenwood?" one of them asked, sounding intrigued.

Dean noted the change of last name they used for Silas. Dropping the Northstar he always moaned about. It made him smile. He wondered if Greenwood would piss him off more than Northstar, even though he had been the one to suggest it to the enforcer. He wondered if one day he could claim the omega and give him a last name. The last thought caused him to wince. What the hell was wrong with him? Where were all these stupid thoughts coming from and how, for the love of all things holy, could he make them stop?

"No," he confirmed.

He felt a tingling, tickling sensation in his mind as someone magically checked for a mating bond. It felt like an invasion. A violation. Some stranger rummaging inside his mind uninvited. He shuddered from the force of his revulsion.

Someone murmured their confirmation that Dean had spoken the truth, and the Council conferred amongst themselves.

“Why did you not claim him?” they asked.

Dean wondered what he could say to that. Could he explain that their relationship wasn't like that, that they had never talked about it? Hell, they had only recently agreed that they were dating. An image of their date at the coffee shop flashed before their eyes. Dean nearly whimpered aloud from the pain it caused. Time was incomprehensible. It made no sense that the happy moment had only been weeks ago. Weeks ago or eons ago, it was all far too intimate to share with the Council.

Then it dawned on him how the Council would think. An alpha would want to claim a powerful omega, make him his property and be able to control him, direct Silas to use his powers for his own goals. That's what the Council had meant when they accused him of not controlling his omega.

Dean couldn't imagine anyone controlling Silas, mating bite or not. However, Dean acknowledged that there might be some magic he didn't know about in the mating bond that would bind Silas to an alpha's will like that. The necromancer had been vehement about warning Dean not to try to claim him when they first met. He'd also stuck to using humans for his heats for years. Maybe that was what he had been avoiding. Someone claiming him, mating him.

Dean angrily squashed down his irrational sadness that this could mean Silas would never agree to mate him. Like that was ever going to happen

anyway. Silas had left him to die, he'd left them all to die. Dean's stupid wolf shouldn't even want to mate him after such a betrayal. Never mind that he was unlikely to ever see Silas again. That last thought hurt so intensely, Dean couldn't breathe for a moment.

Dean furiously pulled his thoughts together. He needed to answer the Council. Dean said the only thing he could think of that the Council might understand.

"I didn't think it would work."

There was no point in saying Silas didn't want to. Omegas didn't have opinions in the Council's eyes. Or if they did, they were inconsequential. Dean was an alpha. It would have been easy for him to hold Silas down whilst he was in heat, knot him and give him a mating bite whilst inside him. Take what he wanted. In the throes of his heat, even Silas, as powerful as he was, would be powerless to stop him. Dean swallowed uncomfortably. He had never realized how vulnerable Silas was in those moments, how much it meant Silas had trusted him.

The Council members murmured between themselves.

Dean waited to hear his fate. He didn't feel scared, though he knew he should. He hadn't been able to feel much of anything except misery from the moment Silas had looked into his eyes with nothing but coldness as Dean was dying and said only "Plenty more fish in the sea" before leaving him.

"Dean Westlake, we sentence you to a year and a day in the pit."

Dean blinked. A year didn't sound too bad. Not considering how ruthless the Council were supposed to be. Only thing was, what the hell was the pit?

CHAPTER 23

The next day, they bundled Dean into the back of a van. He sat docilely on the bench with his hands cuffed in front of him. At least he was about to discover what the pit was.

After his hearing, they had taken him back to a different cell. There had been no sight nor sound of Jasper or Brendan, and worry gnawed at him. What happened to them? Had they been sentenced too? Were they going to be taken to this pit?

Dean had tried to ask the guards but got nothing but stony silence in return. He thought it was unnecessarily cruel to keep him ignorant. But the Council had their ways, and he was in their power. Subject to their whims.

With nothing apart from his imagination to go on, the best Dean could come up with was that the pit was a mine, and it was hard labor.

Dean didn't mind physical labor. It was nice to not have to think. Something hard and exhausting would be good, as it would drown out his thoughts. His thoughts and heartache.

He sighed forlornly as the van started up and started driving down the bumpy road. Sometimes when he was catching some fitful sleep, a little piece of hope bloomed that Silas's plan was to rescue them.

That tentative hope hurt worst of all. It was naïve, childish, and ignorant. Life wasn't an action movie. Nobody got rescued from the Council. They were far too powerful. Even if Silas wanted to, it was impossible.

Also, Silas would have told him. With a look, an intention in his dark eyes. They knew each well enough for that. Silas's last look had been cold, empty, uncaring. Everything between them had been a lie. Or Dean's stupid fantasy. Silas had never said he was more than a convenient fuck. It had all been in Dean's head. He'd fallen for a super villain and been stung.

He closed his eyes, resting his head on the van wall behind him. His thoughts were going around in circles, had been for days. It was exhausting. He wanted it to stop. Silas had betrayed him. That was it. He should put it behind him and move on.

The van drove along. Dean didn't bother to look out of the barred windows. He didn't care where he was or where he was going.

He was startled when the van stopped and the back doors opened. He had expected the journey was going to be longer.

He stared at the man regarding him. He was wearing a very expensive dark suit. His black hair was neatly cut, and his gray eyes sparkled with joy.

Dean scented, trying to figure out what he was. The guy appeared human, only the glint in his eyes giving away that he was something more.

"Hi Dean, welcome to my establishment. I'm Caden. It is a pleasure to have you," the stranger beamed. Before stepping back and gesturing for Dean to step out of the van.

Dean, feeling completely bemused, scrambled out of the van as gracefully

as he could with his hands bound. He jumped down onto the tarmac and looked up, blinking at the building in front of him.

They were downtown in some unknown city, and the building looked like a nightclub. A large square building painted black with blacked-out windows and a frilly canopy over the front double doors.

A name was written in a loopy font in neon tubes but it was switched off and in the midday sunlight Dean couldn't make out what it said.

The grinning Caden waved cheerily at the enforcers as they got back in the van and drove off. Dean glanced at the two huge bouncers dressed in black, standing on either side of Caden. Yeah, he still wasn't going anywhere.

Caden grinned again and gestured Dean towards the front door. Sighing, Dean did as he was told.

Stepping inside, it took a moment for his eyes to adjust. It really was a nightclub. Black, sparkly floor, plush red velvet seating, some arranged in discreet booths along the walls. A dancefloor. A stage with a pole in the middle.

Dean stared at the Caden in complete bewilderment. Had they had sentenced him to serve a year in a brothel?

Caden just grinned. "Follow me," he said cheerily.

Dean followed. The guy rattled on about how popular his club was. How everyone loved it. It was very exclusive, members only with a long waiting list. He led Dean through other club rooms, more dancefloors, then a floor of private viewing booths. For what Dean could only imagine were for lap dances. Or possibly more.

They went down some more stairs to a very impressive dungeon. Dean looked around at all the BDSM play equipment, interested despite himself.

They went lower still. This level was colder. Cavernous, with a concrete

floor. Caden led them to the middle and peered down. Cut into the floor was a huge circle creating a pit a good eight feet deep. Dean saw a barred gate in the walls of the pit. And something that looked like bloodstains on the bare concrete floor.

It reminded Dean of a Roman gladiator ring. He swallowed nervously.

Caden grinned yet again. “This is where you will serve,” he said, confirming Dean’s worst fears. “You wouldn’t believe the money people will pay to watch a nice, virile, young alpha like you fight.”

Dean looked at the bloodstains. The harsh bare concrete of the entire floor. He got the distinct impression the Caden wasn’t talking about some sexy play fighting whilst smeared in baby oil. Upstairs was all about sex. Down here was all about entirely different primal urges. He wondered if it was worth asking if he could work upstairs instead.

Caden whacked him on the back. “Don’t worry, we won’t let anything kill you. And every time you win three fights in a row, we will send an omega to your cell.”

Dean glared at him. He wasn’t an animal. “What if I don’t want to fight?” he snarled.

Caden’s smile didn’t slip. “Well, your opponents won’t be holding back. We won’t let you die, but you know, shifters can take a lot of damage before death is a problem.”

Dean wondered how many times he would have to stand there taking a bloody beating before they got bored.

Caden’s gray eyes hardened. “We can always give you drugs to help with any reluctance.”

Dean shuddered. He didn’t want to become a drug-crazed, violent beast. “Can’t I work up stairs instead?” he blurted out.

The man's eyes widened at that and he looked surprised. He clapped Dean on the back again, hard enough to make Dean stumble forward. "Never had an alpha offer that before."

Caden regarded him thoughtfully, his gaze running all over Dean. Undressing and assessing. Dean bore it uneasily. He knew he had a good body. However, something about Caden's gaze was creepy.

"Would you sub?" Caden asked, sounding doubtful.

Dean nodded. Surprised by his tingle of excitement. He told himself it was because anything was better than becoming a violent monster.

Caden raised one well-groomed eyebrow in surprise before licking lips. Dean dared to feel hopeful, but then Caden sighed. "Sadly, the Council sentenced you to the pit. I will see what they say. But you know bureaucracy, it will take a while for them to even consider it."

Dean nodded glumly. He understood. His fate was sealed. If the Council did ever change his sentence, it would be too late. He was going to be a broken, damaged mess. His life was over. The council hadn't been lenient at all. They had destroyed him.

Caden led him down another level to a row of cells. Each one seemed to be carved out of concrete with bars all along the front. No privacy. A thin bed, toilet and a sink.

The occupants were sullen. Dean saw one was a huge scarred alpha, the other a mothman. The third cell was empty and Caden showed him in like it was a five-star hotel room.

"We are so happy to have you join us, Dean. I look forward to working with you."

Dean shook his head. The man was crazy. Or utterly evil. Probably both.

The door clanged shut behind him. Dean tried not to wince, but failed.

Slowly, he turned around. Caden was outside the cell, still grinning. He gestured at Dean to step forward and slip his bound hands through the bars. Dean did as he was told, and Caden released the cuffs. Dean snatched his hands back, rubbing his wrists.

“Well, I will let you get settled,” said Caden cheerily, before sauntering off with his bouncers.

Dean sighed heavily and rested his head against the bars.

“Hello,” said a soft voice from the cell on his left, the mothman. Dean wondered what the cryptid had done. Mothmen were very private. The ones Dean had met had been complete gentlemen.

“Let me guess. You revealed yourself to humans in nineteen sixty six and have been here ever since?” said Dean in a weary, lame attempt at a joke.

“Yes,” came the sad reply.

Dean blinked in surprise. Shit, it was that mothman. The one who had given away his species’ existence to the humans before disappearing the following year. Now it appeared he had disappeared because the Council had arrested him. Dean was horrified they had kept him imprisoned for so long. The humans had long ago debunked his sightings as local hysteria.

“Why did you do it?” Dean asked numbly, still in shock.

The mothman made a sad, forlorn noise. Wistful, lonely and utterly heartbreaking. “I fell in love,” he said.

Dean blinked. “So did I,” he admitted, and he laughed. And laughed and couldn’t stop. He heard the bitterness in his own voice and felt light-headed, a touch hysterical. He laughed till he couldn’t breathe and then he realized he was crying instead. Great wracking sobs of grief.

He curled up on the floor whilst the mothman made soothing noises. Life couldn’t get any worse than this.

CHAPTER 24

Dean decided life could get a whole lot worse. Standing in the pit with jeering, shouting crowds above him was definitely worse.

The huge scarred alpha whose cell was next to Zayne the mothman's, but who never said a word, was glaring at him with eyes that clearly showed the lights were on but no one was home. There was nothing inside the alpha apart from fury and rage, and it couldn't wait to be unleashed upon Dean.

Dean swallowed nervously. He tried to rouse his own wolf, but it just wanted to run away. He tried showing his inner wolf the eight-foot walls all around him, but only succeeded in getting his wolf to want to submit. The other alpha was bigger and far angrier.

Dean didn't think submitting was a good idea. The alpha was too far gone. He would just rip his throat out. He really hoped Caden had been telling the truth when he said they wouldn't let him die. Even so, Dean was pretty certain it was going to get very painful before it was over.

A whistle blew, and the alpha roared, charged forward, barreling into Dean and carrying him backwards to smash him against the wall.

Dean grunted as the impact knocked all the air out of his body. He saw a meaty fist head towards him and he managed to duck, swerving away.

He got a good kick in to his opponent's leg and dropped into a fighting stance, heart racing, adrenaline pumping. The alpha roared again and turned to face him.

Dean saw the alpha was slow. He was huge, vicious and strong, but Dean was faster. Relieved to have a plan, Dean set about jumping in with a blow and dodging back out quickly before the alpha could retaliate.

After a few repeats, Dean's confidence grew. Maybe he could do this. Then he saw stars and realized he was sprawled on the floor. The alpha had got a punch in out of nowhere. Pain lanced through Dean's jaw. The idiot didn't press his advantage, taking his time to throw back his head and give a victory roar instead.

It was the only reason Dean wasn't defeated. He scrambled to his feet, backing away from the alpha and dropping back into a fighting crouch. Whilst trying to ignore the ringing in his ears.

The alpha charged, so Dean side-stepped nimbly, getting an elbow jab into his opponent's back as he passed. Dean neatly whirled around to face his attacker again.

The alpha charged once more. Dean swerved gracefully away. He had a moment of feeling gleeful, but it was doused by the realization that the alpha was getting more and more pissed off.

Dean dived in, aiming for the nuts. He either missed or the alpha didn't have any, as he didn't even blink. Dean tried to dodge back, but suddenly there was a huge hand around his throat. He was thrown to the ground and straddled. The alpha squeezed, and the world started to go black.

He heard shouting and cheering as the watching crowd celebrated his

defeat, and then the alpha was roaring with pain. Dean felt a tingling jolt of pain run along his whole body. He realized they were using cattle prods on the alpha and some of the current was reaching him. Dean gurgled and wondered if they would be able to get him off in time. He never thought he'd die like this. As fucking entertainment.

Eventually, they pulled the alpha off him. Dean couldn't move. Someone took him by the armpits and dragged him across the floor, through the gate and straight to the floor of his cell, where they dropped him. Dean gasped in a shuddering gulp of air. It burned his throat.

"Does he need a healer?" someone said.

One of the staff slapped him lightly on the face to get his attention. Dean managed to focus his eyes on the woman's face. "No, he's fine," she said.

The staff left and the cell door clanged shut. I'm not fine, thought Dean. I'm pretty sure I'll never be able to talk again. He tried a cough, it was raspy and hoarse.

Two fights a week, Zayne had told him. Great. One down, one hundred and three left to go.

Dean lay on the floor, still unable to move. He listened as they herded the alpha back to his cell as he snarled and growled. The door clanged shut, and the alpha seemed to immediately calm down. Pacing the cell instead by the sounds of it, as if waiting for something.

Then Dean heard footsteps of the staff returning, but this time Dean smelled an omega. The alpha's cell was opened and the staff's footsteps retreated. The omega whimpered. The smell of fear rancid in the air.

Dean groaned, remembering that Caden had said they got an omega in their cell if they won three fights. Seemed he was lucky number three for the alpha.

He heard the rip of cloth and a thud. Some more whimpering. The pungent smell of the alpha's lust. Dean forced himself to move and crawled to his bed and placed the pillow over his head. Desperate to shut it all out.

Through the pillow, he heard a few more whimpers and a growl. The sound of someone being pushed around. Then the sickly sweet scent of a forced heat. The beast of an alpha had thrown the omega into a heat. Scared him into a primal submission.

Dean's cock stirred. It didn't care about the situation. It just knew there was an omega in heat nearby. Dean groaned in misery. This was going to be the worst night of his life.

He'd gladly go back into the pit than lie there listening to someone being raped and not be able to do anything about it.

But he was a prisoner now, and they had taken away all his choices. This was what Silas Northstar had done to him.

CHAPTER 25

Time blurred. There was food, exercise, showers, staring at the wall in his cell, and fights. He was put against the other alpha repeatedly and, as Dean had both hoped and feared, his wolf had finally stirred, jarred by the constant threat to a savage determination for survival.

His first fight with Zayne had shocked him. It had felt ominous the moment they rolled a large net over the top of the pit before bringing Zayne out. The mothman had seemed friendly and gentle when they chatted through the bars of their cells, but he had ruthlessly torn Dean to bloody shreds. He had needed a healer afterwards. Luckily, they seemed to have semi-retired Zayne and rarely put him in the pit.

It had bewildered Dean when Zayne had immediately gone back to his normal, calm self. Talking to Dean from his cell like nothing had happened. Dean had caved in and rolled with it. He didn't have the energy for a grudge, and he had no one else to talk to. The guards weren't exactly chatty.

Sometimes he was put in the pit with people he hadn't seen before. Carted in from other establishments, he guessed. His wolf no longer cared, and Dean

let it take over. Sometimes he shifted to fight, other times he didn't. Dean just switched off and let his wolf decide. Do whatever it needed to for survival.

Dean came back into awareness as he was being pulled off an unconscious adversary. The crowd above was cheering wildly. Dean threw his hands up to show the guards they didn't need their cattle prods. Those motherfuckers really stung.

The guards backed down. Dean panted heavily as they herded him back into his cell. He went straight to the sink and took a long drink from the tap.

When he had finished, he straightened up and startled to find Caden regarding him from the other side of the cells. The creep moved as silently as shadows.

"Well done!" beamed Caden. His eyes gleaming above a grin that threatened to split his face.

Dean ignored him, turned and sat on his bed instead. Caden didn't seem to be bothered by his rudeness.

"Do you want a female or a male?" Caden asked brightly.

Dean blinked at him in confusion.

"You have won three fights in a row. You get an omega," explained Caden patiently.

Dean wrinkled his nose in disgust. "Don't bother."

"You earned it, we need to keep you incentivized."

Dean groaned. Caden wasn't going to go away. He wanted to treat him like an animal, use sex to get him to fight more ferociously. Dean decided he might as well just state a preference. They could shove a poor omega into his cell for him to ignore.

"Male," Dean said. And then cursed himself. He should have said female. Then he wouldn't have to deal with even the slightest bit of temptation.

Caden grinned, “Good choice! A man after my own heart. My new wolf omega, Aiden, is delightful. I never knew boys could be so much fun, but this one has turned my head.”

Dean didn’t care. Didn’t know why Caden was boasting to him. It was probably something to do with Caden fucking one of Dean’s kind. Dean didn’t find it insulting. He didn’t give a shit what the man did with his dick.

“I’ll send you Isaiah,” said Caden as he left.

Dean closed his eyes. He felt drained. Like a little piece of himself had been slipping away every day. Pretty soon, there would be nothing left. He would be a hollow husk of the man he had once been, and it was all Silas Northstar’s fault.

His cell door opened and shut again. The scent of omega tickled his nose. He opened one eye. The omega was young. All mousy hair and eyes. Mousy personality, too, staring at Dean with wide timid eyes.

Dean wondered what the hell the timid little wimp had done to piss the Council off. He didn’t seem like he would say boo to a goose. All tiny and thin and pathetic.

Dean didn’t think he had sunk so far that he would have taken pleasure in any omega they sent him. But he was still relieved that they had sent him a thoroughly unappealing one. He wasn’t in the least bit tempted.

The omega shuffled his feet nervously. Dean caught his scent again. It was familiar. He had met this omega before somewhere. He thought for a moment. Then it hit him. This was the omega they had given to the crazy alpha a few times. The vicious, violent alpha he now knew was called Raphael.

A memory played of the whimpers and cries he had heard through his pillow after his first fight. Sickness coiled in his gut. Getting beaten half to

death by Raphael wasn't fun. Being taken by the savage beast must be awful. To experience that fairly frequently? In between having to work upstairs, no doubt.

Dean felt like a bastard. The omega wasn't mousy and pathetic. He was broken and abused. He probably had been like a firecracker before the Council had got hold of him. Would have to be to piss them off. They normally didn't care about omegas. On the very rare occasion they did something wrong, it was their Alpha that was blamed.

Another memory played, this time of the omega sobbing softly after Raphael had finished with him and Zayne whispering soft words of comfort to him. Dean had done nothing. Hadn't helped at all. Not even offering the small gesture that the mothman did every time. Dean just covered his head with his pillow and tried not to listen. Selfish, uncaring bastard that he had become.

The omega was staring fearfully at Dean as if Dean was some sort of evil monster. It annoyed him. Precisely because it was entirely too close to the truth. Dean was turning into a monster. Just like he had always dreaded. Losing more and more of himself each day.

Dean sat up and threw his pillow and blanket at the omega, who flinched but caught them deftly. "Go to sleep. I'm not touching you," he said before rolling over and facing the wall.

He wasn't a monster yet.

CHAPTER 26

The next day was also a fight day. They were back-to-back fairly often. Dean's guess was that it meant it was a weekend. He stepped out into the pit, just wanting to get it over with.

He glanced at his opponent, a selkie he remembered thrashing before. Dean rolled his shoulder. A movement caught his eye, causing him to look up. He saw Caden was watching today. Sat on his stupid throne-like chair. A very pretty boy was sitting in his lap. Tight white jeans, a loose flowing pink top that just invited you to slip your hand under. Short spiky blond hair.

Eyes dark as sin, staring right at him. Dean felt time stop. Everything ground to a halt. All noise, all movement. As if the very Earth had stopped turning. It was Silas. Dean would recognize him anywhere.

A rage like he had never felt before instantly consumed Dean. Setting fire to his soul. He roared, ran across the pit, jumped up and caught the edge of the pit with his fingertips, right at Silas's feet.

The boy's eyes widened in fear and he squirmed further into Caden's lap, trying to get away. Caden laughed and patted him reassuringly, just as the

selkie attacked, yanking on Dean's legs and pulling him back down into the pit.

Dean jumped to his feet. Smashed his fist into the selkie's face brutally, three times in a row. The selkie dropped heavily to the floor.

Dean turned his attention back to Silas. He needed to get to him, to rip him apart and destroy him like he had been destroyed by him.

Silas stared back at him. Dark eyes unreadable. The rest of him, down to his mannerisms completely unrecognizable, apart from his scent.

Dean needed to get up there, pull him down into the pit before the guards could stop him. He didn't care what they did to him afterwards. Behind him, the selkie was somehow getting up.

Dean rounded on him angrily. Determined to get rid of the annoying nuisance. The selkie whimpered and tried to get away. Dean caught him by the hair and smashed his face against the wall. The selkie crumpled to the floor, out cold.

The guards entered the pit with their cattle prods raised. Dean ignored them, turning instead to face Caden's throne. It was empty. Silas had slunk off to safety again.

Dean growled, there would be a next time. Caden often watched. If Silas was now called Aiden and his new toy, he'd be back, too. Dean wouldn't miss his opportunity next time.

Later that evening, Dean lay on his bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. They had taken Raphael to the tiny exercise yard and Zayne to the shower room. It was relatively quiet. A little taste of privacy.

Then he heard Silas's unmistakable voice. He thought he was hearing things at first. So he listened carefully. It was definitely Silas, speaking an octave or two higher than his usual sultry tone. He also sounded very camp, which was unlike him. Unless he was winding homophobes up.

"Come on, boys," he whined at the guards stationed at the end of the corridor. Dean wondered what the hell he was up to. "I want to tease the alphas."

Dean couldn't make out the guards' mumbled reply, but it sounded like they were refusing.

"Caden said I could go anywhere I liked."

Dean could hear the pout. He could also hear the dangerous flash in his dark eyes that went with the undercurrent of steel in his voice.

The guards evidently heard it too as the next thing Dean heard with the sound of light footsteps approaching. Dean frowned. It sounded like Silas was wearing trainers. He'd never seen him in anything other than boots.

Then Silas's scent hit him like a punch to the gut. Taking a whisk to all his emotions, from hate and anger to love and longing. It was too much. Dean closed his eyes and tried to pretend it wasn't happening.

Far too soon, Silas was there. Standing just on the other side of the bars of his cell. Dean couldn't look at him. Everything already hurt far too much. Looking would just make it worse.

The silence stretched for a long, tense moment. Dean could hear his heart hammering. What did Silas want? Why was he torturing him like this? Hadn't he done enough?

"I'm so sorry," Silas said softly.

Of all the thousand things Dean thought Silas might say. That hadn't even been on the list. His mind floundered, completely lost.

“I’m so sorry I left you.”

Dean said nothing. He didn’t move. He felt paralyzed.

Silas took in a deep, shuddering breath. “I fucked up. I was arrogant. I thought I’d be able to get you out the next day. A week at the most.”

The necromancer sounded guilty, mused Dean. He’d never heard that tone in Silas's voice before.

“If I had known how hard it was going to be to find you, to get you out. If I had any inkling of what they would do to you,” Silas stopped suddenly and sniffed, “I never would have let them take you.”

Dean felt like his heart, soul and mind were shattering into a thousand pieces. He didn’t know what to think, what to feel. He wasn’t even sure what was real anymore. He had trusted Silas once before. Part of him wanted nothing more than to trust him again. He wanted the words Silas was saying to be true, so much so that he couldn't breathe.

Slowly, Dean sat up, swung his legs round, and finally looked at Silas. It was strange not seeing him in black. The short blond hair accented the darkness of his eyes. Showed off his cheekbones. He looked softer, younger. Like a completely different person.

A soft sunshine boy. Camp and weak. Flighty. Possibly a bit bitchy. The perfect twink. Sweet, submissive. Everything an omega was supposed to be and nothing Silas was.

It was convincing. Completely believable. Maybe the Silas persona had just been an act, too. Did Dean have any idea who this man standing in front of him really was?

“How do I know Aiden isn’t the real you and Silas was just an act to get me here making money for your real boyfriend, Caden?”

Silas closed his eyes as if the words hurt him. When he opened them, he

rubbed them as if he was wiping away tears.

“You don’t, I guess,” he admitted.

Dean stared at him. He had completely exhausted what little words he had, and all that was left was a black hole of hurt, betrayal, and longing. Hopelessly entangled with desire and love. He wanted to melt the bars between. Whether to murder the omega or fall into his arms, he wasn’t sure. It could have been both.

“I’m sorry it has taken so long. I’m trying. The magic wards here are insane. I needed to get on the inside, find the keywords. Nobody powerful in this place was gay or a woman. I had to convert Caden,” Silas said with a weak smile.

“Are you sleeping with him?” asked Dean angrily and wondered why the hell, with everything that had happened, everything between them, that was where his mind went. It really was the very least of their problems.

Silas gave him a long, level look. “You can’t be a gangster’s moll without giving up the goods,” he said. Finally, sounding like himself.

Dean didn’t like the thought of Silas pimping himself out. If he was doing it to get close enough to get Dean out, Dean liked it even less. He didn’t want Silas to do that for him. He knew how much it would cost Silas to play the little omega.

Dean’s wolf didn’t like it one bit either. ‘Mine’ it growled possessively, yearning to rip Caden to shreds over it. Not understanding that Silas had left Dean to die.

Dean walked up to the bars until they were inches apart.

“Where are Jasper and Brendan?”

“At home with the Westlake pack. The Council decided they were only betas, doing what an alpha told them, as they should.”

Relief surged through Dean, making his knees go weak. It was the best news he had ever heard. It felt like a ton of weight slipped from his shoulders. He hadn't realized quite how much guilt he had felt about dragging them into trouble.

"Dean, I am destroying this place in a few days because it deserves to be destroyed. But I need you to think carefully about your decision. If you stay and serve out your sentence, it will be over. You will be able to go home."

Dark eyes stared at him intently. Dean narrowed his eyes. What kind of trick was Silas trying to play now?

"If you escape, you will be always running from the Council, a life of looking over your shoulder. It's a huge choice. You have a few days to decide."

Dean stared back at Silas, still far too lost for words and now even more confused. His mind couldn't process what was happening.

"I will help you escape, get you somewhere safe, and then leave you alone. If that's what you want," Silas said earnestly.

Dean didn't know what he wanted. He didn't know anything, so he said nothing. Silas stared back at him and Dean saw the necromancer's walls slowly come down until he could see everything. Silas's pain, grief, loneliness, regret. Even fear. Then something that looked like love and yearning. Silas bared everything. It made him look vulnerable. And that clutched painfully at Dean's heart.

"I want nothing more than for you to come with me. I swear I'll do everything in my power to never let anyone hurt you ever again. If you will have me," Silas said. Tears in his beautiful eyes. "But it is your choice," he whispered sadly. As if he believed Dean would never choose him.

Dean hadn't had any choices lately. Not since Silas had chewed him up

and spat him out. Anger cut through all the confusion like a knife. Dean's hand lashed out between the bars and found Silas's throat. He squeezed hard, knowing he didn't have long before the guards came.

Silas didn't struggle, just stood there taking it like he thought he deserved it. Dean stared into his eyes as he tried to choke the life out. A role reversal from the time Silas had stared calmly at him as he was dying.

Silas gurgled, his eyes fading. Dean swore and dropped him. Feeling his turmoil like a thousand different conflicting voices shouting in his head. The guards hadn't even noticed.

Silas gasped in a breath and rubbed his throat. Dean wondered if there were going to be bruises and if so, how was Silas going to explain them to Caden.

Silas suddenly thrust his own hand through the bars, shoving something into Dean's hand. Dean stared down at it dumbly. It was a simple necklace. A crystal pendant held in gold with a leather cord.

"Wear it so the zombies don't hurt you," instructed Silas, his voice hoarse. "If you decide to stay, just find a corner, stand still and they will leave you alone."

Silas bowed his head, turned, and walked away. Shoulders down.

"Are you giving Isaiah one of these?" whispered Dean, not wanting the guards to hear now that Silas was closer to them.

Silas looked back over his shoulder, a sly smile and a glint in his eye. As if delighted that Dean cared about the timid omega. "Of course," he said, as if it was an obvious answer. "Nobody fucks with shifters."

CHAPTER 27

Silas swore softly to himself in the dark. The cemetery was an asymmetrical shape, so finding the center was tricky. He stomped around for a bit, adjusting his position until he was satisfied. Then he closed his eyes and tried to still his thoughts.

A gentle breeze stirred his hair. Silas smiled. It felt so good to be free of that stupid, itchy wig. It was also a relief to be back in his normal clothes. Ankle-length black leather coat, tight black leather trousers and a black mesh top. He had a great pair of boots on. All buckles and zips.

People accused him of posing, but he swore that black leather was very practical when you were a necromancer. Nothing else washed free of blood and gore quite like it. That it looked good? That was just a bonus. Silas grinned to himself.

The quiet of the cemetery was peaceful, like a balm to his soul. He let it seep in. He needed it. Everything had been so stressful and hard lately. Even more than usual, and that was something. He'd been so frustrated to find that not only was the nightclub like a magical Fort Knox, there were no dead

anywhere near it apart from an ancient battlefield far below the nightclub. It lay underneath seams of concrete, steel and cables. There was even a sewer in the way. If he woke those poor bastards up, it would take them forever to claw their way out, if they even could. So Silas had decided to leave them to their rest and think of another plan.

He chuckled at himself. His new plan was ridiculous, amusing, and completely awesome. He loved it.

Necromancy and seduction were his strongest skills, his best powers. Hell, they were his only powers. The only skills in his toolbox. Only one involved magic, the other he had learned along the way. It was embarrassing to have so few talents. But at least they were good ones.

Seduction had worked well enough to get him into the nightclub, gaining him access to the magical codes, but that was as far as it could get him. The next step required zombies. The only remaining thing in his repertoire.

He unsheathed his new knife, held it to his wrist. He tried not to think about the first time he had done this. Laying dying on the ground, his blood seeping into the earth, awaking the dark power he now wielded. He shuddered and pulled the knife across his wrist, letting the blood fall onto the soil.

He cleaned the knife on the grass and returned it to his sheath. He took a cloth out of his pocket and when he had spilled enough blood, he pressed it against the wound to stop the bleeding. Another scar for his collection. Some human hookups had thought he self-harmed when they saw them. Silas thought it was close enough to the truth.

Dean had never mentioned his scars. Silas had no idea if he had noticed them and said nothing or was always so overly excited, like a puppy, to be with him, that he didn't see them. Dean always acted like Silas was a sex

god, completely rocking his world. So it was probably that the alpha had been oblivious.

Silas closed his eyes. Thinking of Dean hurt and he couldn't be distracted by that pain now. So he packed it away. He reached out with his magic, like casting out a web. A strand touching each of the graves.

When he could feel all of them, he whispered, "Wake up."

The magic soared through him, flowing down the strands he had cast, hitting each corpse like a bolt of electricity. It was done.

He perched on a headstone and waited for them to climb out of their graves.

It took a while. The ground heaved and shook. The air filled with the moans of the dead. A stone tomb nearby rattled, so Silas hopped off of his impromptu seat and helped push the lid off. The zombie climbed out gratefully.

Silas looked around the cemetery. They were all out. Standing free in the night air. Waiting for his commands. Silas grinned and led them down the hill to the main gates, feeling like an even darker version of the Pied Piper. So far, so good. Everything was working as it should.

Taking a deep breath, he walked up to the large bus he had stolen and opened the door. He had never tried this before. No one had. It was unheard of.

"In," he gestured.

Some of the zombies shuffled forward. Silas held his breath. A zombie, wearing a suit and looking freshly dead, stepped forward and got on the bus. Silas breathed a sigh of relief. Busses probably had been part of that one's daily commute. Things were looking hopeful. It was going to work.

A few more copied the first zombie. Silas grinned. Then he started

encouraging them, actively shooing towards the door of the bus. Some wandered off, and he had to chase after them, bring them back to the fold. Only to find others had ambled off in the other direction. Cursing, he caught them and brought them back to the vehicle. It was like trying to herd cats.

Silas was grateful for the large car park, deserted at three in the morning. His invisibility shields also helped. This sight would certainly be hard to explain to humans. Though his backup excuse of a zombie-themed student bar crawl might fool some. Humans liked rational explanations. Bought into them happily, eager for something to banish their primordial terror back into the dark and continue their belief that they were top of the food chain.

A few more zombies shuffled onto the bus. Silas sighed and put his hands on his hips. He looked at the remaining zombies. He could tell by the feel of them that they had lived and died before buses had existed. This was going to be hard. They didn't understand what they were looking at or what they were supposed to do.

He took one by the hand and tried gently coaxing it toward the bus. It reluctantly followed his lead, but balked at the door. Silas gave it an encouraging tug, and the hand came off.

Silas looked down at the dismembered hand in his own. "Sorry," he said.

The zombie looked sadly at its lost hand. Silas had an idea. He walked further into the bus, waving the hand like a treat. The zombie lurched after. Silas chuckled. He got the zombie into a seat and gave it back its hand.

Stepping back out of the bus, he swore. The other zombies had scattered. He had to run to catch some. The undead were surprisingly fast. He was out of breath by the time he had rounded them all up again into a huddle by the bus.

Then one of the zombies that were already on the bus wandered off it. Silas

groaned in frustration. Zombies were so dumb. He could snap his fingers and awaken their primal predatory natures easily enough. Turn them into ferocious killing beasts. But for fuck's sake, trying to do anything else with them was a nightmare.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, he tried again. This time pushing, shoving, pulling, and general manhandling. Eventually, he got them all on the bus.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, he looked at them. The bus was packed. Zombies squashed into every corner. Crammed like sardines into the aisle and some sat on top of each other in the seats. They all stared at him, silent, unblinking, waiting.

He smiled back at them proudly. His children.

He went to get into the driver's seat, but a fairly fresh zombie was in it. She had died young and had still had long blond hair. She was trying to put the seat belt on but didn't have the coordination. Silas put his hand on her to guide her out of the driver's seat. He saw a flash of her death, thrown through a car window.

She looked at him sadly, horror in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Silas, tenderly. Struck by the sadness of her learning her lesson far too late.

He gently eased her out of the driver's seat and to the front row of passenger seats. He pushed her into the lap of a zombie sitting there. Then he took the bottom zombie's arms and crossed them over the girl zombie's, hoping it would make her feel safe.

Finally, he climbed into the driver's seat, trying to ignore the zombie goo. It perfectly backed up his argument that long, black leather coats were essential for a necromancer.

He started the bus up and grinned. Driving a bus load of zombies ten miles to attack your enemies was hilarious and genius. It was going to do wonders for his notoriety and infamy. It was also going to be a huge amount of fun.

CHAPTER 28

Dean listened to Zayne destroy Raphael in the pit. He grinned. He wished he could watch, but consoled himself that hearing it was nearly as satisfying.

From what he could discern, the fight ended with the shifter out cold. Zayne was taken back to his cell without fuss. He heard calls for the healer. Then, to his surprise, the staff were arranging for Raphael to be taken to the medical bay. Dean hadn't even known there was such a thing. They had always just been patched up in their cells before.

The crowds left. The alpha was carried away. Dean found the silence was strange after all the noise. It rang in his ears. Everything felt strangely calm. He hadn't realized how much Raphael's aggression and rage permeated the air. Now it was gone, he could suddenly breathe easier.

Then there was the clang of doors being opened and footsteps. Dean caught Isaiah's scent and realized with surprise he was being brought to Zayne. The mothman was getting his reward, despite doing some serious damage to Raphael.

Zayne had never accepted a reward before and, unlike Dean, they had respected his wishes. Dean wondered what had changed this time.

“Don’t be disappointed in me, Dean. It is my rut,” said Zayne sadly.

Dean blinked in surprise. Were mothmen psychic? He hadn’t heard that they were. He also didn’t know they had ruts. It explained his increased violence. It wasn’t Zayne’s fault that his body had biological needs. Dean couldn’t blame him for that.

“Why Isaiah, though? He doesn’t deserve it,” snapped Dean, not liking the idea of having to listen to the little omega suffer. It seemed especially cruel, as Zayne had taken time to comfort the omega after his abuse at the hands of Raphael.

Zayne sighed. “Does anyone?”

Dean groaned in weary defeat. Zayne was right. Anyone dragged into their cells would likely be less than willing. At least they had been so far. Another cruelty of this place. Plenty of people were horny and loved being railed. They could find someone like that. There was no need to make it so miserable for everyone. Well, Raphael didn’t find it miserable. That bastard didn’t care. As long as he got to shove his dick into something, the monster was happy.

They left Isaiah in Zayne’s cell. Dean put his pillow over his head like the coward he had become. After a while, he realized he wasn’t hearing anything. Tentatively, he lifted up his pillow. A murmur of voices. They were talking? Dean made a face of surprise before rolling over and trying to get comfortable. Maybe he could fall asleep before they got busy next door.

Dean’s thoughts wouldn’t let him sleep. They filled with Silas. As they always did. His hand reflexively went to the pendant around his neck, and he clutched it. The guards hadn’t noticed it, and Dean wondered if Silas had put

a cloaking spell on it as well as whatever zombie repellent it was infused with.

He wondered if he could trust Silas after all. Was it true? That Silas had thought he could rescue him? His leaving him quite literally hanging had just been a ruse? Had the necromancer trusted that the Council wouldn't actually kill him?

Dean wanted to believe that with every molecule of his heart and soul. He felt like he needed to believe it more than everything. His desire for that to be the truth was frightening in its intensity. The world split into dark and light. If it was the truth and Silas wanted him to run away with him, the world was glorious. A dazzle of light, perfection, and joy. If it was a lie. The world was awful, cruel and heartless, and Dean didn't want to be a part of it anymore.

What if he believed it, grasped for the joy only to have it snatched away in betrayal again? Fear shuddered through him at the thought. It would annihilate him. There would be nothing left. The thought of the pain it would cause him was terrifying.

Silas had given him the pendant days ago. Time was running out. He still had no idea what he was going to do.

A moan of pleasure startled him out of his thoughts. He looked at the cell wall as if it could tell him what was happening on the other side.

Another gasp of pleasure followed by a wave of the heady scent of arousal. A warm wet slurping sound followed by a soft cry. Dean raised his eyebrows. He hadn't pictured Zayne as a considerate lover.

Dean listened to the soft sounds coming from next door, becoming more and more flustered. He felt like an intruder. It wasn't like he could leave and give them privacy.

Isaiah cried out in need, a tinge of being overwhelmed in the sound.

Zayne's voice was low and soothing, encouraging. Zayne was a huge guy, over six foot and broad. Rumors said Mothmen were hung, even for their size. Isaiah was tiny. Dean's mind boggled at the logistics. Then he felt himself blush. Why was he being such a pervert?

The sounds became more frenzied, picking up pace. Isaiah started to keen his pleasure. Dean's cock filled, heavy with need. His heart rate increased. The omega's moans were low and sultry, full of lust. Guiltily, Dean put his hand on his cock, stroking in time to the rhythm of movement he heard from next door. Hoping they would be too busy to notice the scent of his own lust.

The omega started screaming his pleasure in great shuddering bouts that went on and on. Dean's eyes widened. Damn, he was going to have to get Zayne to give him tips. Dean needed to up his game. He had never heard an omega have that much fun. By the sound of it, one orgasm rolling seamlessly into another, each one more intense than the last.

Dean pictured giving Silas that much joy, and within moments his seed spurted all over his hand, his orgasm taking him by surprise. The sweet release felt oh so good. It had been oh so long. Until now, he hadn't had any sort of sex drive since being here.

As the aftershocks of pleasure dancing throughout his body faded. He felt conflicted. Upset. It was as if his own body had betrayed him. Spilling at the mere thought of Silas. Didn't his body understand the mistrust, the doubt? Everything he had been through? Why did his own body still want Silas with a need that ached?

He didn't hear Zayne finish, yet he smelled the pheromones of his climax. It was intense, powerful. Isaiah whimpered, and the mothman made even more soft comforting noises.

Dean felt a pang of loneliness so intense it physically hurt. He wanted to

crawl next door and tangle into a snuggly puppy pile with them.

He blinked back his tears and wondered if he would ever be able to sleep.

CHAPTER 29

Evidently Dean did manage to sleep as an almighty boom that shook the entire building startled him out of his doze. He jumped to his feet, not sure if he was more surprised by the noise or the fact that he had drifted off.

He heard the guards' radios crackle. "A fucking bus just smashed through the front wall!" came the shocked voice. Then there was a hiss and screaming, lots of screaming. Too loud for the radio to handle. It distorted and cut out.

It impressed Dean when he heard the guards leave their station, running up towards what they had heard. Or maybe they were running away. It was hard to tell. Dean wouldn't blame them. Whatever was happening sounded terrifying.

"Isaiah, are you wearing the pendant Aiden gave you?" Dean called out, remembering at the last moment to use Silas's alias.

"Yes?" answered the omega, clearly confused as well as surprised that Dean knew about it.

“Did he tell you what it was for?” asked Dean, even though he was pretty sure he knew the answer. Silas wasn’t stupid. The fewer people who knew, the better.

“No,” came the quiet reply.

“Okay, this place is about to be swarming with zombies. The pendant will keep them away from you. Keep Zayne behind you, stay still and they will leave you alone.”

Zayne made a humming noise. “Dean, your lover has come to get you? How wonderful.”

Dean felt his jaw drop. Had he told Zayne about his necromancer lover? Or had the mothman heard gossip from the guards, or Isaiah? Either way, it was strangely startling.

Nearly as shocking as Zayne’s utter conviction that Silas coming to rescue him was nothing but wonderful. Maybe it was. Maybe he was being an ass. Maybe Zayne had spent fifty years hoping his own lover would come rescue him and still be nothing but happy if it happened.

A wave of dizziness hit Dean as he imagined Zayne’s pain. Dean had a chance that the mothman would likely sell his soul for. Wasn’t love worth all the risks?

Dean felt his heart rate increase, nervousness trembling through his body. Was he brave enough to run away with Silas? Was he brave enough not to? Both options suddenly seemed equally terrible.

There was a loud metallic click that made Dean flinch. It took him a moment to place it as the cell doors unlocking. Gingerly, he opened his and stepped out, before jumping back in and shoving the cheap, thin shoes they had issued him with onto his feet before quickly leaving the cell again.

Zayne and Isaiah had left their cell. The mothman’s dark wings curled

protectively around the omega. Isaiah's clothes and hair were all disheveled and his lips swollen. Dean grinned.

"It might be safer to wait it out in there," said Dean, gesturing back at the cell.

Zayne shook his head. "I have never had the chance to try to escape before."

Dean looked at Isaiah. The two of them had just had fantastic sex by the sounds of it. It didn't mean they wanted to try to escape together. Isaiah with his zombie-repelling pendant and the mothman with his general badassness.

The omega nodded at Dean before looking up at Zayne with a soppy smile, which the mothman returned. Okay, maybe it did. Maybe they were just caught in a post-coital afterglow and it would wear off once they were out of here and they would go their separate ways.

Dean guessed it really didn't matter. It certainly wasn't any of his business. "Okay, then. Good luck," he grinned at them. They smiled and nodded in return before turning and heading for the passageway to the stairs.

Dean thought frantically about where he should go. Was Silas expecting him to wait here? Should he try to make his own way out of the nightclub? The sounds of screams and chaos were getting louder.

He dithered for an anxious minute, hopping from one foot to the other with indecision and nervous energy. Then he heard fighting at the other end of the passageway. The decision had been made for him. There was nowhere else to go. He hoped that Zayne and Isaiah had made it upstairs before the fight had reached the passageway. There was nothing he could do if they hadn't. The impotence gnawed at him. He hated this.

Dean ran out into the pit. It seemed strange, with no audience jeering down at him. The walls were just slightly too high to jump. A tantalizing torture.

He whirled around, a vague plan of building a pile of bodies to climb up, forming in his mind.

The fight spilled into the pit. Several staff and a multitude of zombies. It was savage chaos. Loud and frenzied. Dean reversed away until his back hit the wall. He clutched his pendant. The fight was so vicious he was sure he was going to get caught in the crossfire, even if the undead didn't attack him directly. It was hard to stay out of the way.

"Hey," said a familiar voice from above his head. Dean looked up. Silas was lying on the floor above the pit, peering down at him. His long dark hair hanging down and his face completely spattered with blood.

"Are you okay?" gasped Dean in alarm.

"I'm fine. None of it's mine. Are you coming?"

Dean looked at Silas's outstretched hand. He noted the black leather fingerless gloves. He looked up into Silas's dark eyes and saw the necromancer was terrified. Terrified that Dean was going to say no.

Suddenly, the decision seemed easy. The sound of Silas's voice alone had calmed his soul. If Dean had been in wolf form, his tail would be wagging. Something about seeing Silas as himself, not Aiden, was healing. It was probably stupid and foolish, but in that moment all Dean felt was love.

Dean found himself grinning and grabbing hold of Silas's hand. He jumped up, Silas pulled, and together they got him out of the pit.

"Follow me," said Silas.

Which, Dean thought, was an entirely unnecessary thing to say. There were frigging zombies everywhere, pulling people's guts out. Like Dean was going to do anything other than stick close to the necromancer controlling them.

Silas wove through the carnage, gracefully. Effortlessly. As if he was in his

element, which Dean supposed he was. Dean scrambled after him as best he could. Having to duck here and there as the fight raged around them, as well as hop over piles of gore.

Finally, they made it to a side door and out into an alley. Dean gulped in the free, fresh night air and then coughed. Inner city alley air wasn't that fresh. It still tasted a million times better than captivity.

Silas strode over to a very nice looking motorbike. He confidently swung his leg over and took hold of the handlebars. He looked at Dean expectantly.

Dean fought the rising return of his doubts. A niggling voice that implied his earlier emotions had been influenced by the zombies everywhere causing a desire within him to play nice with the necromancer. That and mere gratitude for being recused.

Dean resolutely squashed it all down to deal with at a later safer time. He needed to focus on the here and now. Silas wanted him to get on a terrifying, fast, death machine.

"You want me to get on that thing? And on the bitch seat?" Dean spluttered. Annoyed at the fear that coiled around inside him at the thought of whizzing along on two wheels. Some part of him stirring to make a joke, as if it would make it less intimidating.

"I told you when we first met that I was going to make you my bitch," replied Silas with a wink.

"If I tried to mate you, which I didn't!" protested Dean, remembering the threat well.

Silas chuckled. "Maybe I'm being preemptive. Now move it!"

With Silas's suggestion ringing in his ears, stirring a conflicting storm of emotions within him, Dean scurried to obey. It wasn't the time or place to be scared. Or to reflect on his feelings. They didn't have time for that.

He settled behind Silas, wrapping his arms around him. It felt divine to have the omega in his arms again. To feel the warmth of his slender body against his. Dean burrowed his face into Silas's hair and inhaled his delicious scent. It was like breathing in happiness. Silas didn't seem to mind being squeezed and sniffed.

The motorbike started with a roar and they sped off into the night. Dean clung on, surprised to find he wasn't scared at all. He was exhilarated, ecstatic. Maybe it was the taste of freedom rather than a newfound love of speed. Maybe it was that he trusted Silas's skill, because true to form, Silas was making hurtling down the city streets and weaving through traffic look easy. Like he did with everything. Whatever the cause, Dean relished it. He almost wanted the journey to never end.

CHAPTER 30

They drove for a long time. Leaving the city for long, straight roads lined only by trees and fields. All shadowy shapes in the dark. They roared down the tarmac. The motorbike the only vehicle for miles and miles. As if the road belonged just to them. Created for their escape. Dean listened anxiously for pursuers, but there was nothing. Just him, Silas, the bike, and the night.

After a while, Dean smelled the ocean. He breathed it in as it got stronger and stronger until he could hear it too. It had been a long time since he had been near the ocean and it brought back happy memories.

He let his mind drift, recalling his childhood and simpler times. It was nice, if a little melancholy, thinking about how time changes all things. He made a mental note to find a safe way of contacting his parents to let them know he was okay. He loved his parents, but as betas, they had never quite known what to do with their alpha son.

He missed his birth pack but respected the old Alpha Edward far too much to stay and cause drama. There were always those that would urge youth over

wisdom, and Dean wanted no part of that.

One day he would find a pack he could settle in. Belong too. He would keep trying until he found it. It was all he had ever wanted. A pack and a happy home.

Now he was on the run, and the dream seemed further away. Dean sighed, letting his brief pang of sadness drift away on the wave of exhilaration that freedom from the pit brought him. Having his arms wrapped tightly around Silas made it feel like everything was going to be okay. There was hope, and that was all that mattered. All that Dean needed.

Eventually, they came to a stop. Silas switched off the engine and the sudden stillness felt strange after so long. The sound of waves crashing against the shore filled the silence. Dean looked around. They were outside a beautiful little house backed by a line of tall graceful trees. The house was on the top of a cliff, looking out onto the sea. It was stunning. He wondered how Silas had found it.

Dean relished in the sight, all bathed in pale pre-dawn light. It was magical after so long in a world of nothing but concrete and bars. He slid off the motorbike and stood staring at the sea. Silas came and stood beside him in companionable silence. As if he understood Dean's need to absorb it all.

The ocean stretched out as far as he could see. Endless, timeless. Powerful. The source of all life on earth. An entity of beauty and wonder. Dean drank in the sight, inhaled the smell. It felt like it was healing and nourishing his soul.

"Come on, bedtime," said Silas after a while.

Dean followed him into the house. It was nice, all neutrality decorated in pale colors. Dean wondered whose it was and how long he was going to be staying here with Silas. He had always wanted to live by the sea.

Silas mentioned zombie goo and led him straight to a shower, where he

helped him undress before guiding him in. Dean washed quickly. Silas held out a soft, fluffy towel for him. Dean wrapped himself in it gratefully.

Silas then steered him into a soft, clean bed and tucked him in. Dean couldn't understand why he felt too dazed to do those things for himself, but he was grateful for Silas's care and attention. Amazed that Silas effortlessly discerned that he needed help and gave it to him without fuss. But then omegas were supposed to be nurturing.

Silas had never seemed to deny his omega nature. The constructed roles around like it, obedience and sweetness, yes. But he appeared happy in his own skin. Confident with what he liked and needed for his pleasure for a start. So, maybe he enjoyed nurturing as well.

Dean sank into the warmth gratefully. He swore he had never felt a bed so soft. It was like it was made of clouds. He had completely forgotten what real beds felt like. He wanted to lie in it forever. He cuddled the duvet that felt as soft as candyfloss.

Silas turned to go. Dean sat up.

"You are not joining me?" Dean asked in alarm. Was Silas leaving him again? He hated that he felt so needy, so fragile. That his body actually shook with fear at the idea that Silas was abandoning him.

Silas shook his head. "I'm having a shower and then I'm sleeping next door. You need to rest. And time to think about what you want."

Dean stared into Silas's dark eyes. He was pretty certain he wanted Silas, but he could see the omega was resolute. He'd promised to rescue him, no strings attached, and he was keeping it. Silas was as stubborn as hell.

Dean sighed. He was immensely relieved that Silas wasn't going far. The other side of a thin wall felt bearable. He could cope with that, just about. He

was pretty certain Silas wasn't going to run away in the night. Dean had confidence in that.

He was suddenly very tired. The need to sleep was pulling his eyelids closed. All the adrenaline and tension from the day evaporating, leaving only exhaustion behind.

Silas was only next door, he told himself. There would be plenty of time to talk and sort everything out tomorrow. Or more like later that day, since it was already morning.

They could have a nice cup of tea and a long heart to heart. Maybe take a walk by the sea. They could work everything out, hopefully put all the pain to rest and decide what they were going to do next. It would be lovely. Healing. Dean was looking forward to it.

Maybe Silas would let him kiss him. That would be nice, thought Dean sleepily. He hoped his dreams would be about that. Or something equally pleasant.

"Okay," agreed Dean with a happy smile before dropping back onto the pillows. He was out like a light.

CHAPTER 31

Dean stirred in the late afternoon light, feeling more rested than he could ever remember feeling before. His cock was very hard. He stretched and yawned. An enticing, alluring scent washed over him. He sat up in surprise. Silas had gone into heat.

Dean threw off his duvet and padded over to Silas's room. He opened the door. Silas was sitting up in bed, obviously naked, even though Dean could only see his torso. His dark hair was all tousled and messy. He clearly had only just woken up, too. He stared at Dean with wide, dark eyes.

"Shit. It's early. It's never early. I'm so sorry," Silas babbled, sounding very confused.

Dean shrugged. "It was an exciting day yesterday, and you ended it pressed up against a sexy alpha."

Silas scowled at him. Eyes narrowing. Clearly not liking what Dean was insinuating.

Dean grinned. "Or maybe you missed your alpha."

Silas glared at him. “Dean Westlake, you are not my alpha and you did not throw me into a heat, you can get that ridiculous notion out of your head.”

Dean felt his grin falter. “Not sure I am a Westlake anymore.”

Silas winced as if struck. His scowl vanishing. “I’m sorry,” he said before looking away.

Dean shrugged and ran his head through his hair. It wasn’t like he had enjoyed having George as his alpha anyway. Maybe it wasn’t such a bad loss.

“We should start our own pack,” said Silas with a wry grin. His dark eyes glinting.

Dean raised an eyebrow, “Are you offering to mate me?” Surprise and a tentative hope swirling in a dizzying dance, even though he was fairly certain Silas was just teasing.

Silas’s blush was beautiful. It fully restored Dean’s grin.

“I was joking,” muttered Silas, not looking at him again but for entirely different reasons this time.

“What would our name be?” Dean asked, wanting to play with the fantasy a little longer. As well as wanting to ease Silas’s embarrassment.

“Darkstar,” said Silas almost immediately. He had clearly thought about it.

Dean chuckled, “Isn’t that too similar to Northstar?”

Silas smiled and shrugged. “It will help dumb people realize it’s the same person, don’t want to waste all that notoriety I’ve built up.”

Dean shook his head fondly. “Dean Darkstar does sound awesome.”

Silas laughed. His musical laugh that never failed to stir Dean’s soul. All sorts of hunger and need filled Dean. His wolf suddenly howling at him about the heat it could smell.

Silas jumped out of bed, suddenly looking extremely flustered. “Don’t look at me like that.”

Dean wasn't entirely sure what look he was giving Silas. Hopefully, one that showed how much he wanted him. But whatever it was, Dean knew he couldn't stop it.

Silas spoke. "I'm leaving. There is food in the kitchen. I'll come back tomorrow."

Dean blinked in total confusion. Feeling as if the world was suddenly incomprehensible. Silas had gone to all that trouble to rescue him, but didn't want him? Even though he was now in heat? He was going to leave Dean all over again?

Silas took pity on him. "You need to rest, to think. Not be swayed by my stupid pheromones."

Dean stared at the completely naked Silas and licked his lips. He was fairly certain it wasn't just pheromones. Silas was always sexy as sin. Dean always wanted him. He took a step forward. Suddenly Silas jumped onto the bed, ran over it, passed Dean and out of the door. Dean whirled and followed him.

"Dean, stop it. You were in there for six months. You need time to heal," Silas called as he ran down the stairs.

Dean didn't know what to make of that. He hadn't known it had been six months. It felt like a lifetime. Six months also meant Silas must have had a heat without him. Dean wondered if the omega had spent it with Caden. Dean's wolf growled at the thought.

But he wasn't just jealous in an alpha possessive way. He was sad that he hadn't been there for Silas. The omega had been alone for the last six months as much as he had. It didn't matter that Silas had been on his own for a very long time before Dean had met him. Dean didn't want Silas to be alone ever again. He deserved to be cherished.

An ornament flew at his head. He dodged it with ease.

“Stay away. It’s for your own good!” said Silas sternly. His dark eyes serious.

Dean grinned. “I know you want me.”

Silas glared at him. “Of course I fucking do. It’s you. And have you seen yourself in a mirror lately? Bonus side of six months in the pit is you are hench.”

Dean glanced down at his bicep and blinked in surprise when he saw how much bigger it was. He grinned and flexed.

Silas rolled his dark eyes and shook his head. “Alphas,” he muttered in disgust.

“Come on, Angel, you want to, I want to. You omega, me alpha. You in heat. It’s not complicated,” said Dean in his best Tarzan voice.

The necromancer lobbed another ornament at his head, Dean ducked and the porcelain smashed on the floor.

“It is very complicated!” argued Silas and ran into the kitchen. Giving Dean a magnificent view of his naked ass. Dean stalked after him.

“And you’re not thinking straight!” yelled Silas.

As Dean walked into the kitchen, a douse of cold water hit him full in the face. He shook it off and laughed. Silas threw the empty glass at him. He caught it and continued his advance. Feeling drops of water run down his face and off his hair.

Silas’s dark eyes widened as he stared at the now wet Dean striding towards him. Suddenly he leaned on the kitchen counter, scrunching his eyes closed as if he was dizzy.

“Shit, are you okay?” asked Dean, skidding to a stop as alarm and guilt quickened his heart. He had only been playing. He hadn’t meant to alarm

Silas. If that was what the problem was, what if Silas was ill? Was it a panic attack? Dean's heart rate increased further.

"Oh, you know, just an omega in heat being chased by an alpha who is acting very alpha-like. Totally not doing anything to me," snapped Silas, not opening his eyes.

Dean grinned in pride as relief washed over him. Silas wanted him. The omega thought he was sexy. Dean was winning the argument.

"Oh gods, you smell amazing," groaned Silas and he rested his forehead on the counter.

"Let me rail you then," suggested Dean helpfully.

Silas whimpered. "You bastard. I'm trying to save you from yourself," and he started to run. Dean had been expecting it and had made a devious plan, inspired by Silas's confession on the effect his alpha behavior was having.

He closed the difference between them in no time, grabbing a handful of the omega's hair and pulling him backwards until his slender body was pressed against Dean's. Before the necromancer could struggle, Dean lowered his mouth to Silas's ear.

"Mine," he growled as deeply as he could.

Silas moaned and swooned back against him, completely boneless. A full surrender.

Dean chuckled in triumph, purposely making it a deep rumble in his chest to seal his victory.

"You utter bastard! That's so unfair. It's cheating," gasped Silas breathlessly, helplessly.

Dean grinned in delight and maneuvered him back to the kitchen counter and gently bent him over it. He stepped in between Silas's spread legs.

"I don't want angry sex," said Silas quietly, almost meekly.

It was like a bucket of cold water had been chucked on Dean's head. He felt like the worst kind of asshole.

"Oh Angel, I'm not angry," he reassured passionately. He didn't want Silas to think that of him. He needed Silas to feel safe, worshipped. He felt honored that Silas had told him. Something about the omega's tone suggested he didn't really think Dean would care, and given Silas's past experiences, Dean wasn't offended. Only heartbroken that Silas had learned to believe that no one would ever give a shit about what he wanted.

"You nearly jumped an eight-foot wall because you wanted to rip my throat out so bad," said Silas.

Dean swallowed. What could he say to that? The pit had been hell? It had nearly destroyed him? He had believed Silas had betrayed him?

A revelation hit Dean then as Silas's words sunk into him. A flash of memory played of Dean leaping up, gripping the edge of the pit and the look of fear and hurt in Silas's dark eyes. He'd seen the fear in the moment and dismissed it as acting. Only now did his mind see the hurt.

Despite that, Silas had still risked everything to rescue him. Even whilst believing Dean hated him and would never forgive him, Silas had cared enough to make sure he was free.

"I wasn't thinking straight." Was all he could come up with and it sounded lame to his own ears.

Silas made a noise of derision. It was clear Silas really did think Dean was just being a horny alpha swayed by heat pheromones.

"I'm not angry anymore, Angel," insisted Dean and he realized it was true. Silas hadn't left him to die. He had made a mistake. He'd always meant to rescue him. He just hadn't banked on it taking so long. The Council was the

real enemy. The Council was the one who had hurt them. For nothing. For the sole reason that they feared Silas.

He lowered his body over Silas's, close enough to feel the fierce heat radiating from his body from his heat. He nuzzled the omega's neck tenderly. Silas shuddered.

"I'm not angry," repeated Dean softly.

"Really?" whispered Silas.

"Hmm hmm. Can I fuck you now?"

"Please," Silas moaned.

Dean ran his hand down Silas's back, stopping to caress and cup his firm ass cheek. Silas pushed up into his touch eagerly. Dean slipped his fingers to the omega's crack, drifting down to his hole. Dean groaned at the wetness he found there. Silas hadn't been lying about their little chase doing things to him.

Dean nibbled the shell of Silas's ear. "Can I use fingers?" he asked. Silas nodded feverishly. Dean grinned. He gently slipped a finger inside Silas's silken heat. The omega's moan and the way he thrust back into Dean's touch started Dean's cock leaking pre-cum.

Dean added a second finger. Silas cried out, arching off the counter. Dean, still holding his hair, pushed him back down and started scissoring. This lost in heat, Silas didn't need it, but it felt good.

Silas whimpered with need, his hips rocking. Dean licked his lips. He felt like he had pure arousal running through his veins instead of blood. He bent his fingers, looking for Silas's sweet spot. He found it, teased it, bringing Silas to a beautiful orgasm that had the omega shuddering and keening. Dean kept working his fingers, sliding in and out, prolonging the waves of Silas's pleasure for as long as he could until the omega was completely undone.

Dean let him rest, catch his breath. He delighted in the sound of his omega's breathless gasps for air.

"Cock!" insisted Silas, clearly incapable of any further words. Dean chuckled. His cock was very pleased with both Silas's short refractory period and his demand.

He held his aching cock and guided it to Silas's needy hole. Slowly, slowly, he eased the tip in. Silas mewled and spread his legs wider, demanding more. As slowly as he could, Dean eased a little more in, feeling Silas stretch around him.

A little more and Silas's hands scrabbled at the kitchen counter, a low sultry groan escaping from his throat.

"I know, Angel. I know. It feels good for me too," rumbled Dean tenderly.

Silas whimpered and tried to push himself back onto Dean's cock, but Dean held him. One hand firmly on his hip, one in his hair. Holding him still and forcing him to take it at Dean's pace.

Dean pushed a little further into Silas's tight heat. Rumbling deep in his chest from the sensation of his cock being engulfed. It took all his willpower to keep the slow, tantalizing pace. Reminding himself that delayed pleasure was exquisite. Worth waiting for. His omega deserved it.

Silas shuddered again as another wave of rapture washed over him. Dean gave him another inch, delighting in the carnal moan Silas made in response. It forced a growl from Dean's throat and he felt his knot already beginning to form. And he wasn't even all the way inside yet. With a groan, Dean sunk the rest of the way in. Fully taking his omega.

Silas tried to arch his back again, but Dean held him down. The omega cried out his satisfaction. The sound was like music to Dean's ears.

Dean thrust in and out, relishing how well Silas took him and demanded

more with just the noises he was making. Dean happily obliged, picking up the pace until Silas was whimpering and moaning nonstop.

Dean groaned as his knot formed. It would feel good, but it would hinder the fun for a while. He concentrated on getting the angle of his thrusts just right, he needed to hit Silas's sweet spot and bring him to another climax before the knot paused things.

Silas's noises increased in intensity, his pale skin all flushed even all along his back. His channel quivering around Dean's cock in hungry need.

"Mate me!" Silas suddenly howled.

It startled Dean out of his rhythm, his next few thrusts all jerky and uncoordinated.

"What?" was all he was able to say.

"No! Ignore me. Stupid heat. Big decision," keened Silas.

Dean was impressed that Silas could manage to say that much, to be that coherent. Just then, an avalanche of bliss hit Dean as his knot swelled. It smashed all thought and reason from his being. His wolf had heard "Mate me" from Silas and didn't need any further encouragement.

Dean watched his body bend over Silas. Watched his teeth bare and as Silas's orgasm imploded in perfect synchronicity with his own, his teeth sunk into Silas's skin. Right where neck and shoulder joined.

Silas howled and writhed, his channel clenching down so tightly on Dean's cock that it pulled even more seed from him. Stars spun and Dean was nothing but pleasure, sensation and delight.

Slowly, the world came back into focus. He was leaning over Silas, his arms on either side of the omega, taking his weight on the kitchen counter. Silas was panting as if he would never be able to breathe again normally.

Dean's knot went down and his cock slipped out with a wet gush of seed.

Silas started trembling weakly, so Dean spun him around, put his hands on his hips and lifted him up to sit on the counter. Then he stepped in close. Silas wrapped his arms around Dean's neck and rested his head on his shoulder.

Dean ran his hands down the omega's back to soothe Silas's shaking. Dean thought it had been intense enough for him. He did not know how Silas was keeping it together.

More of Dean's mind came back online and the reality that he had just mated Silas started to sink in. Apprehension coiled in his gut. They were bound for life. Silas was now his property in the eyes of tradition and pack law. It was definitely something they should have talked about first. Even though Dean admitted to himself that he wanted nothing more. Truth be told, he had wanted Silas to be his from the moment he had met him. His wolf was ecstatic with the turn of events.

"Hey," said Silas weakly, without lifting his head from Dean's shoulder. He sounded exhausted and very, very sated. He tenderly twirled his fingers through Dean's smattering of chest hair. "Hi, Dean Darkstar."

Dean grinned so broadly his face hurt. Silas wasn't angry. He was rolling with it. Accepting it. A mated alpha and omega pairing was all it took to be a pack. A pack of two. A family. All the pack Dean felt he would ever need.

"Hi, Silas Darkstar," said Dean with pure joy. He had never felt happier in his entire life. He hadn't known it was possible to be this happy.

Silas lifted his head up to look at Dean. His beautiful dark eyes still slightly unfocused. "It does sound good."

Dean chuckled in agreement. Silas rested his head back on Dean's shoulder.

"It hasn't messed with your magic, has it?" Dean asked. Concerned about

the Council's assumption that he'd mate Silas to have control over his magic and their implication that it would work.

Silas stilled for a moment as he assessed. After a brief, tense moment, he shook his head. "All good," he confirmed. Dean breathed a sigh of relief.

"Carry me to bed," Silas ordered. "Heats after mating are a bitch. It's not going to go away for days. You are going to have to do me again in a minute."

Dean really, truly liked the sound of that. For once in his life, he and his wolf were in full agreement. "As you wish," he said, and he carried Silas to bed.

CHAPTER 32

Dean could smell the delicious scent of lasagna long before he could see the house. It made his stomach rumble. He wanted to run back to the house straight away, but he fought the temptation and diligently finished his perimeter check without cutting any corners. As much as he wanted to be home eating lasagna, he didn't want to end up back in the hands of the Council. He definitely didn't want anyone else to, either.

Silas was more than capable of guarding them on the magic side, and Dean took care of the physical side of keeping them safe. Just in case something slipped past the magic boundary or was immune to it.

Once thoroughly satisfied no one had been creeping around their property or physically messing with Silas's wards, he turned home gratefully. It felt strange to call it home, as they moved so very often. Yet Dean had come to learn that home truly was wherever the heart was. And Silas was his heart.

The smell of cooking was even better once he opened the front door. It hit him together with a wave of warmth. Making him realize how chilly it had been outside. He looked around the large open plan living space. He saw that

Brendan and Jasper were on the couch playing a computer game loudly. Isaiah was checking on his cooking, a red spotty cloth flung over his shoulder. Silas was leaning with his elbows on the island counter, scrolling through his phone whilst picking cheese and pineapple cocktail sticks off Isaiah's hedgehog creation, and eating them.

Dean grinned and started to take off his boots. The happy domestic scene warmed his heart. A warm glowing feeling inside that could only be achieved by having a pack. His wolf was content.

Isaiah saw what Silas was doing and frowned. "That is for tomorrow."

Silas rolled his eyes. "I'm hungry now and I don't want to do this stupid human Christmas thing, anyway." And he took another stick of cheese and pineapple.

Isaiah put his hands on his hips. "There is nothing stupid about celebrating family, Alpha-mate."

Silas glared at the little omega. "Don't call me that! I'm Silas Darkstar, feared necromancer. Not just this hulking lump's mate!" and he gestured dismissively at Dean. Dean didn't mind, he knew Silas loved him really.

"But you are also our Alpha-mate. It's something to be proud of," insisted Isaiah.

Silas just pinned the little omega with his best death stare.

Isaiah glared back for a moment before giving up with a little huff of displeasure and turning back to his cooking. Dean sidled up next to Silas and stole a stick as well. He saw that the necromancer was watching Isaiah in the kitchen, a pensive look in his dark eyes.

"Do you wish I was more like that?" Silas asked.

"What, a perfect traditional omega? Hell no, give me badass supervillain any day," said Dean with a grin. Puzzled that Silas would even think such a

thing.

Silas smiled warmly at him, seemingly satisfied, and went back to scrolling on his phone.

Jasper shouted loudly in triumph as he killed something in the game. Brendan groaned in defeat. They were worse than teenagers. Dean sometimes regretted buying the console.

“What are you doing?” Dean asked.

“Looking at messages from prospectives,” Silas answered without looking up.

“Are there a lot?” asked Dean, surprised.

Silas nodded, “Yes, we are famous and a lot of people see how cool we are.”

Dean chuckled at that. He was fairly certain it was Silas who was the cool one. Dean was pretty sure he was entirely average and boring.

Silas was looking thoughtful. “A small pack is more mobile, able to move around easily. Keep two steps ahead of the Council. But a large pack, well, there is safety in numbers. The Council is not supposed to be a ruling authority. They are only supposed to go after renegades and strays. If they start throwing their weight at an established pack, other kin won’t take it because nobody would want to be next. Or for the Council to have that much power.”

Silas looked up at him. “But, you never wanted to be a pack leader.”

Dean smiled and took more cheese. “No, but I’m okay with being the figurehead whilst you’re the power behind the throne.”

Silas smiled at him as if he was daft and bumped his shoulder.

“You do whatever you think is best,” confirmed Dean. Silas had kept them all safe so far. Dean trusted his judgment. The necromancer had

underestimated the Council once before. However, Dean was confident he had well and truly learned his lesson and would never repeat that mistake.

Dean suspected the Council had also learned not to underestimate Silas. He could imagine that they had a newfound respect for the necromancer after he had destroyed one of their establishments with a busload of zombies.

Dean thought for a moment about the idea of having a bigger pack. He'd actually enjoyed being the pack leader, the Alpha of their current small pack. It wasn't actually much different from being second in command. Except he didn't have to run his decisions by any idiots like George. And it was so lovely to have a pack. A bigger one sounded promising. An idea he could definitely get used to.

"Aren't emails an unconventional way of doing it?" asked Dean. Thinking how prospectives usually approached the pack they wanted to join in person.

Silas raised an eyebrow, "Our pack is on the run from the Council and includes a mothman and a necromancer and you are worried about conventional?"

Dean sighed in defeat. "Fine, but is that safe? Can't they track us?" he asked, gesturing vaguely at the technology in Silas's hand.

Silas gave him a long, level look. "You think I don't know how to use the dark web?"

"I don't even know what that is," Dean admitted.

Silas shook his head sadly, turning his attention back to his phone. "I don't even know what you bring to this relationship."

"Cock?" suggested Dean, with his best dirty wink.

Silas laughed. His wonderful laugh that flipped Dean's insides. Dark eyes glinted up at him, and Dean just had to lean in for a kiss. Silas tasted good, so

very good. His soft lips were warm enough to ignite a fire within Dean's blood.

“Urgh! They are at it again!” complained Jasper from the couch, without even turning around. Completely ruining the moment. Reluctantly, Dean pulled away.

Brendan scooted round to face them. “Are you sure you two aren’t Wererabbits?” he teased, his brown eyes twinkling.

Silas flipped him the finger, whilst pulling Dean in close and putting his arm around him.

Just then, Zayne came in. He paused by the doorway and scented, his amber eyes locking straight on Dean and Silas. “Again?” he asked, sounding surprised.

Brendan and Jasper laughed. Ganging up on them, in Dean’s opinion.

“Fuck you,” snapped Silas, but it was more fond than angry.

“Yes, please!” smirked Jasper.

“Hilarious,” said Silas, dryly.

“Well, if you let us join in, we probably wouldn’t be complaining.”

Isaiah spoke up. “It’s just so loud.”

Silas rounded on him, a look of disbelief on his face. “You are a fine one to talk.”

The little omega turned an impressive shade of scarlet before turning on his heels and fleeing back to the kitchen.

Zayne bristled his black wings. Dean eyed him uneasily, calming his inner wolf that was snarling at the threat to his mate.

“I’m sorry,” said Silas, holding his hand up in a placating gesture. “I’m an ass. I forget how delicate he is. I will apologize to him when he has stopped feeling embarrassed.”

Seemingly appeased, the mothman backed down and hurried after Isaiah. Brendan turned back to his game with a wry chuckle.

Dean looked down at Silas in his arms. “You make handling Zayne look easy,” he said. Feeling awed and proud. “You are amazing.”

Silas’s dark eyes held his gaze intently. “Obviously,” he teased.

Dean pulled Silas even closer. Relishing the feel of his warm, lithe body next to his. “Isaiah, how long until the lasagna is ready?” Dean called, without taking his eyes off Silas.

“Twenty minutes,” answered Isaiah. “And there is garlic bread.”

“Twenty minutes?” Dean asked Silas.

Silas gave him a truly filthy grin and nodded. “Yes, Alpha.”

Dean groaned as his cock swelled at the sound of Silas’s teasing words. He was so going to have to get revenge with some growled ‘Mine’ as soon as they were upstairs.

But the necromancer stepped lightly away, striding a few steps to a small pile of shopping bags that were leaning against the wall. Dean felt a moment of panic that Silas wasn’t coming to bed. Then he realized what he was looking at. *Silas’s Christmas shopping*, Dean thought with delight. Silas had come round to the idea, after all.

The omega pulled two comfy looking cushions out of one of the large bags. One was turquoise and the other purple. He threw one at the back of Jasper’s head with lethal aim and then the other at Brendan’s. The betas winced as they were hit.

“To put over your delicate ears,” Silas said sweetly.

Dean chuckled, took Silas’s hand, and they ran upstairs.

The End

ALSO BY S. RODMAN

Incubus Broken

Gentle giant Daniel believes the world is normal and safe, until one night driving home with his children, his world collides with the shy and beautiful Ezekiel. Who turns out to be a demon. Daniel assumes at first that Ezekiel is a homeless rent boy with a dark past. Ezekiel doesn't know what kindness is. Or kisses or hugs. Despite only ever knowing cruelty he is kind and sweet. Adoring and adored by the children. Daniel longs to help him, to drag him from his dark world, to his sunny one. But the journey is far harder and darker than Daniel could ever have imagined. Daniel wonders if he is strong enough, if fairy tales are true and if love does conquer all. There is real evil in Ezekiel's life and it threatens them all, as Daniel discovers the real monster is not the demon.

ALSO BY S. RODMAN

Omega Alone

Erik is the Alpha of a small happy pack. One night whilst negotiating a treaty, an omega is dragged into the room. Erik is stunned by his beauty, his scent, and immediately fills with desire to protect the little omega, keep him safe and make him smile. Buying the omega is the easy part. Getting the scared and damaged omega to trust him is going to be hard. Especially when Erik accidentally triggers Luca's heat on their very first night. Luca is a hated half breed. His father a human mage. His mother a captured shifter. Luca longs to be human and no longer despised. He knows nothing of shifters, or omegas and alphas. Luca believes he is imprisoned by animals who want him dead. He has no idea why he is suddenly full of unbearable arousal and he has no idea what to do about it.

ALSO BY S. RODMAN

Dark Mage Chained

When Max is asked to guard a sexy dark mage, he just knows it isn't going to end well.

Max is a light mage who likes his own company and living alone in his ramshackle cottage.

The prisoner reeks of disgusting dark magic, is hot as hell and a sarky pain in the ass.

He's also dangerously full of magic. Max needs to empty him and the only way to do that is through sex. Simple enough. No need for emotions to get involved.

Atticus is used to being passed around. He's not used to the way Max looks at him. It's annoying and stirs feelings in him. He will just have to escape as soon as possible by any means necessary.

There is no way he is going to catch feelings.

There are only two things Max and Atticus agree on. Love at first sight is not real and enemies to lovers is not a thing.

ALSO BY S. RODMAN

Prison Mated

Alpha Logan has been in a human prison for years, hiding his shifter identity.

One day he smells an omega and his world comes crashing down.

Humans don't believe the paranormal world is real and everyone wants to keep it that way.

But omega's are gorgeous, sexy as sin and their pheromones attract humans.

An omega in a prison full of pent up violent men is a disaster. How can Logan keep him safe without revealing his paranormal strength and betraying their kin?

What if he falls for little omega and starts to believe keeping him safe is more important than keeping the paranormal world hidden?

Feth believes he is a terrible omega. He is beyond relief when a hot alpha finds him and offers him protection. But pretty soon he messes that up too.

Surviving prison seems easier than working things out with his new alpha.

Will the alpha like him? Claim him?

Will he get prison mated?

ABOUT AUTHOR

I love characters that are battered and broken by life, who through the course of finding love, discover they are strong.

I like to pour my dark past into my characters and hope I will be forgiven.

Despite everything, because of everything, I will always believe that love conquers all.

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