

The Omega Morningstar

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34018903) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34018903>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationship:	Castiel/Dean Winchester
Characters:	Gabriel (Supernatural) , Michael (Supernatural) , Lucifer (Supernatural) , Dean Winchester , Kelly Kline
Additional Tags:	Psychological Child Abuse , child witnessing rape , child witnessing rape of parent , Graphic violence infront of child , Childhood PTSD symptoms , Gang Rape , Rape , Baby! Jack , omega slavery , Childhood Trauma , Medical problems , Hospitalization , Omega Presentation , Psychological Manipulation of a Young Child , Nightmares , Chronic Bedwetting , Slicking
Language:	English
Collections:	MSW Server Author Collection
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-21 Updated: 2021-11-02 Words: 23,219 Chapters: 4/?

The Omega Morningstar

by [Alleybee](#), [Harrypotterlover7698](#), [Smithsl06](#) ([Harrypotterlover7698](#)).

Summary

Read authors notes. please.

Picking up three years after the events of Maybe Sprout Wings, The Omega Morningstar focuses on Castiel's three brothers and his young nephew, Jack. Jackson, the son of Lucifer Morningstar, is the much-anticipated alpha heir to the Morningstar empire. He lives in a dark twisted world populated by slaves and those who cruelly dominate them. Taught from a young age by his father and uncle Michael that slavery is an omega's true purpose, Jack knows little else. The dark themes in Jack's life are broken up only by his love of all things mechanical and visits from his quirky but loving Uncle Gabe. Everything changes when Jack presents as an omega and Lucifer dies under suspicious circumstances leaving guardianship of Jack to Gabe. Suddenly his entire future is thrown into question as Gabe whisks him away to live with his uncle Castiel and omega partner, Dean. As Michael attempts to gain guardianship of the young Omega for his own dark purposes, Dean, Cas, and Gabe, along with Dean's brother Sam, work to give Jack a home filled with love, stability, and a family worth fighting for.

Notes

This story has several very dark sections; the first being in this chapter and the first warning in Chapter One is when Jack is three he will witness his mother viciously beaten by his father and uncle. It is dark, disturbing, and definitely qualifies as a Graphic Depiction of Violence I will put a warning before that scene first starts. As that scene progresses Lucifer and Michael rape his mother (again in front of Jack) I will put up another warning before the actual rape scene and an ending tag for that part so you can skip if you need/want to and only read the aftermath and fallout for Jack if you choose.

There are only two rape scenes that we currently have planned for the story. The one in this chapter and another that Jack also witnesses when he is seven in Chapter Two. After that there should not be another rape scene. If that changes for whatever reason we will definitely give you warnings in the author notes and mark them in the story so you can skip them.

This story is written by both Smithsl06 and Alleybee who currently does not have an AO3 account and will be added as co creator when she does. And I definitely recommend the Maybe Sprout Wings and Heretic Pride by the truly amazing Casuallyneurotic. She is an awesome writer.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Maybe Sprout Wings](#) by [casuallyneurotic](#), [HesitateDisintegrate](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter by [Alleybee](#), [Smithsl06](#) ([Harrypotterlover7698](#))

Chapter 1

(Please read author notes for important details and warnings)

Now...

Castiel awakes to the feel of Dean shoving at him while sleepily mumbling something about the phone. It takes him several seconds to recognize that it is *his* phone going off and disturbing his omega's sleep. Then he realizes that the ringtone, "Candyman" by Sammy Davis Jr., it's one he doesn't hear often. In fact he hasn't heard it in quite some time. He looks, squinty-eyed, at the bedside clock and groans. It's two in the morning! He debates just turning the phone off and dealing with it at a more decent hour. Unfortunately, he knows that Gabe doesn't call unless he needs to. Not after how Cas reacted when he found out about Balthazar.

As "Candyman" continues to blast from Cas' phone, Dean whines and wraps his pillow around his ears. Cas reaches over and gently rubs Dean's back as he accepts the call. "Gabe, I don't know where *you* are, but it's two in the morning here."

Next to him, Dean is instantly alert, rolling over and sitting up beside him. In the three years they have been together, Gabe has never contacted Cas. Dean has only heard about him in passing and never pushed for details.

On the other end of the call, Gabe has the *nerve* to sound annoyed. "Look, Cassie, I know I am not one of the few people you actually *want* to talk to but it's important. Everything is falling apart here and I have *no clue* what to do." Gabe's words morph into something rushed and panicked. Cas blinks as his brain takes a second to catch up. Gabe just called him *Cassie* ! Sure, Bal calls him Cassie all the time-but it's not the same. Especially since Balthazar got it from Gabe! Gabe started calling him that the day their father sent Gabe off to boarding school. Hearing Gabe's voice use that nickname again after all this time is....a lot.

The scent of his distress wafts off of him and Dean slides closer, places his arm around Cas, presses into his side, warm and solid, and Cas is so grateful for the omega!

“I realize that you are probably still pissed at me for how I handled Balthazar,” Gabe continues in a rushed speech before Cas can find his voice again. “And I will admit I was young and dumb. And am still probably dumb but I desperately need your help! Please? It’s for Jack.”

Cas freezes at the name. While he’s never met his nephew he knows enough about him from Gabe to long for a connection. Even a tenuous one. If Gabe is calling him about Jack, something really bad must have happened.

“Tell me what’s going on.” Cas’ voice has only a hint of a growl in it. Impressive considering all the worse case scenarios going through his head at that very second. Dean holds him a little tighter and he places his hand on Dean’s thigh, giving it an affectionate squeeze and allowing Dean’s calm scent to comfort him while he listens to his brother.

“He presented earlier today.” His voice drops to a near whisper “Cassie, he’s an *omega* !”

Cas stops hearing Gabe’s words for a second as his mind stutters around *that* piece of information. He, like everyone else, assumed the kid would be either an alpha or beta. It is rare for alpha-omega pairings to produce omega pups. A majority of omegas are born from pairings that include at least one Beta. Given the family’s record of producing alphas on a reliable basis, Jack being an alpha seemed like a foregone conclusion.

“Thank God I was there visiting them this week!” Gabe is saying. “When Lucifer told us that Jack was presenting omega...Cassie, Michael lost it! He tried to go after Jack *physically* -to *attack* him I think! Within a few minutes Lucifer and Michael were tearing each other apart. Lucifer screamed at me to get Jack and get out. I ran to Jack’s room and, oh Cassie, the poor kid was a mess!”

Cas knows his eyes flash red as his hand curls into a death grip on the phone. He hears Dean gasp slightly and realizes that his other hand is doing the same to Dean’s thigh. He let’s go and mouths an apology which Dean waves off, holding Cas a little tighter. “What happened with Michael?” He barks out when Gabe pauses for longer than he can tolerate. “Is Jack alright?”

“Yeah, Lucifer got in Michael’s way and told me to get Jack out of there! They were beating the living hell out of each other when Jack and I ran out the door. Lucifer, it turns out, is actually a pretty decent father, Cassie. Who woulda thunk it, right?”

Cas fights the urge to roll his eyes and the even greater urge to point out to his brother that if Lucifer were any kind of a good parent, Jack would not have to flee his home merely because he manifested an unexpected presentation! Dean suddenly sneezes at the lingering spicy scent of Cas’ anger and Cas works to calm himself. Being impotently pissed at his brothers will solve nothing right now.

“We’re staying at a hotel right now. I didn’t want to travel too far with him while he’s...you know” Gabe continues. “Lucifer called me a little while ago and he wants me to keep Jack for now until he can get things settled down with Michael.”

“Okay,” Cas responds as relief floods him and annoyance takes its place. “Sounds like everything is under control, Gabe. Why are you-”

“Now Jack is complaining of bad stomach pains. He says his insides feel like they’re being ripped apart! He just threw up a little while ago and I think he’s running a fever! I don’t know if this is normal or what! Should I take him to a hospital? Please, Cassie! I tried calling Lucifer but he isn’t answering his phone! What should I do?”

With a guilty glance toward Dean, Cas puts the phone on speaker. As much as he has learned about Omega heats by helping Dean, he knows next to nothing about omega presentation. “Gabe, can you repeat what you just told me please?” He asks even though he knows the phone is loud enough for Dean to have heard everything anyway.

As Gabe reiterates Jack’s symptoms, Dean gazes at the phone with a pained expression. Cas opens his mouth to ask Dean if he can help but suddenly Dean is snatching the phone away. “Ok Gabe-right-put Jack on the phone, I need to talk to him.”

“Cassie, who is that?” Gabe asks.

This is not how Cas wanted Dean to meet Gabe, if at all. “His name is Dean, Gabe. He’s my-” He breaks off and looks at Dean who only looks back at him silently. “He’s an omega,” Cas settles on. “He can help. Let him talk to Jack, please.”

There is a fumbling and a pained groaning that has them both wincing before a small prepubescent voice comes on the line. “Y-Yeah?”

Cas’ heart leaps into his throat. It is the first time he’s ever heard his nephew’s voice! Dean, thankfully stays on mission even though his nose wrinkles at the scent of his Alpha’s conflicting emotions. Joy and distress apparently do not make a good scent combination. “Hey Jack, my name is Dean and I need you to listen to me very carefully, okay kiddo? I know you don’t feel well but I promise it is only temporary. You’re gonna get through it and be just fine. Trust me on this. It’s rough, but it does end.”

“I feel so weird. My insides, they feel like-ugh!” Jack croaks. “What’s happening to me?”

Cas balls his fists as a feeling of helplessness overwhelms him. He damns Lucifer to hell for not preparing Jack for anything other than being an alpha and then foisting him off onto a woefully unprepared Gabe!

Dean, ever the nurturing multitasker, squeezes Cas’ hand and places a kiss against his shoulder before answering Jack.

“I know you don’t feel well Jack and not gonna lie to you buddy, this is only day one. It’s going to get a lot worse before it gets better, but you *will* get through it. Your body just has to adjust and make room for all the-” Dean makes a grossed-out face that nearly pulls an amused snort from Cas. “The new parts, okay?” There is total silence on the other end. “Jack? You with me buddy?.

“Yeah.” The defeat in Jack’s voice makes Cas’ heart clench. Jack may be listening but he sounds too exhausted and anxious to truly absorb what Dean is saying. “It hurts, Dean!”

Now it’s Cas’ turn to whine in frustration.

Dean closes his eyes and nods. He rubs soothing circles on Cas' back, but it's clear he is not unaffected by Jack's plight either.

"I know it does, kiddo. But we are going to get you through it, okay? It'll be over in a few days I promise. There are a few different ways that you can control the pain. First of all calm down and take a deep breath for me, ok? Freaking out will only make it worse." Cas' nostrils flare as the scent of Dean's uncertainty wafts across their bed. He can't blame Dean, whose own presentation had been sorely mishandled and now here he is trying to talk a young omega through presenting-symptoms.

"Ok now," Dean continues firmly when he feels Jack is calm enough. "I need you to get something you can heat up, to use like a heating pad. It can be a bottle of hot water. Heat it up and wrap it in a towel and place it against your stomach. Now the best thing you can do is relax and breathe. Find a comfortable position. When the pain gets intense you need to breathe through your nose. Can you do that for me Jack? Take a deep breath in through your nose and hold it." Over the line, they hear a snuffle followed by a shaky inhalation. "Ok kid, you're doing great, now hold it for a few seconds and let it out real slow through your mouth." They hear Jack comply and the combined scent of their relief has both of their shoulders relaxing. "You're doing great. Now keep that up and give the phone back to Gabe, please."

They hear Jack say something muffled which Gabe responds to as he takes the phone. "No I don't have a heating pad, Jack. Why would I have a heating pad?" They hear Gabe fumble with the phone before answering "What?!" Then there is shuffling and Gabe calls out "Why are you putting a water bottle in the microwave? Stop! It's gonna melt! I don't need to be buying the hotel a new microwave!" Jack says something too muffled to hear to which Gabe responds "I'll heat the water in a mug and we'll seal it into a Ziplock bag or something! Jesus Christ, Jack, just give me a second!"

A growl rumbles in Cas' chest hearing Gabe's sharp tone. He doesn't care how stressed Gabriel is, the last thing Jack needs is to be yelled at right now. Especially when he is just trying to follow Dean's instructions. Next to him, Dean squeezes his eyes shut and pinches the bridge of his nose. It's a familiar stress-tell Dean has developed. Cas never likes seeing it but it's miles better than the ones Dean had when they first met.

"Ok Gabe,listen up," Dean commands in a tone which brooks no argument. "You need to get Jack a *real* heating pad and some heavy ibuprofen pronto!. There are some heating pads

specifically designed for omegas when presenting but even just a normal one will do the trick. You're at a hotel right? Call the front desk, they may be able to give you one. After that make sure he gets plenty of fluids. Sports drinks are good because they'll give him electrolytes but plain water also. He's not going to want to eat but you are gonna have to convince him. I remember that sweet foods were the easiest for me, but see if you can get him to eat other things. The last thing he needs is to get sick right now." Dean takes a deep breath, reaches out with trembling fingers, and grips Cas's hand. Cas is only too happy to offer his support. He knows the scent of his pride in his omega is permeating their bedroom at the moment. Dean glances at him wanly before clearing his throat and focusing on his task. "Gabe, listen very carefully, when Jack starts to panic- *when* -not *if* -you need to *stay calm* and walk him through breathing. If he panics it will make the pain worse. Stress will slow the process and make it take longer. It should only last a few hours at a time before the pain starts to subside. It will flare back up maybe three or four times a day over the next two days or so but the pains should become shorter, duller, and farther apart."

Cas cannot help but be awed by his amazing omega. Dean sounds so confident and from his instructions, Cas surmises that keeping Jack calm is half the battle. Dean sounds like an expert in the field even though they both know he has very little experience beyond knowledge of his own presentation.

"Can I give him some weed? Weed is good for pain, right? I can even make some brownies-"

"Gabe, so help me God, if I find out that you gave our *twelve year old* nephew weed I will have your head!" Cas' tone is so menacing, even Dean flinches slightly. Cas immediately pulls him close and presses a kiss against his temple.

There is a beat of silence as no one has anything further to add. "Gabe, please keep us posted." Cas tells him, not wanting to end their first conversation in years with a threat no matter how well deserved. "If you don't think Jack is safe going back to the mansion, we might be able to set something up over here. Hopefully, it won't come to that but I don't know if I trust Michael."

Two days later they get another call from Gabe.

This one, at least, is during the day. Cas is in his office at NPR when his phone rings. "How is everything Gabe?"

“It’s terrible,Cassie. So bad.” Gabe’s voice is shaky and Cas waits tensely as he takes a few breaths to steady himself “Lucifer’s dead.”

Cas sits up straighter in his chair. He should feel something when getting news like this. Isn’t a person supposed to feel something when a sibling dies?

And yet, Cas just feels..nothing.

Deciding to pack that away for inspection at a later time, he refocuses on the conversation at hand. “What happened?”

“They say it was an accident. That one of the slaves gave him the wrong plate at dinner leading to him having a fatal allergic reaction.”

Cas covers his mouth with his hand. He doesn’t believe for a second that it was an accident. That was the same way their father died and it was suspicious then. If one of the slaves could pull that off, it probably would have happened a long time ago and they probably wouldn't aim for Lucifer first.

Gabe continues, his voice becoming more unsteady with each word until he sounds like he might cry. “Lucifer’s lawyer called me. Castiel, you aren’t going to believe this!”

Cas leans forward on his elbows and rubs his forehead. “Tell me, Gabe.” He keeps his voice gentle in the face of how distraught Gabriel already is

Gabe’s voice goes up a few octaves. He sounds very close to tears. “Apparently, Lucifer left Jack’s guardianship to me!”

Now Cas sits up straight and stares blankly at the painting on the wall across from his desk. “You’re joking?”

He can hear the panic rising in Gabe's voice "Swear to God, man! And now, Michael wants me to return Jack to the mansion! He says that Jack 'needs to be taught his place' and that he will ensure that Jack produces heirs the minute he turns sixteen and becomes a slave." Gabe sounds enraged, despair morphing to anger and raw outrage. "I can't let that happen! He's only twelve for God's sake! Michael will end up killing him!"

Cas' head spins as he tries to process what Gabe is saying. He does not *want* to believe Micheal is truly that sadistic and cruel. What he did to Balthazar was already an unbelievably vile thing, but this is his own nephew! His *blood*, his *family*! Michael helped Lucifer *raise* Jack! Cas cannot wrap his mind around what Michael is threatening being something he would actually follow through on. And yet what Gabe is telling him-

"Fuck." He whispers under his breath. Then clears his throat to get a handle on his emotions and makes a dangerous decision. "Gabe, you need to get Jack back to the states. Once he is here I have friends who can help us protect him." Castiel is already sending out texts explaining the situation to Dean, Bal, Jody, and Sam. "Just send me your flight information and I will make sure someone is there when you land."

12 years ago...

Lucifer could not recall anything more precious than the small being in his arms. He already saw so many of his own features in the child's face. His brow, his chin, his eye shape. He didn't even need to think about it before a name came out of his mouth.

Jackson Morningstar, the next heir to the Morningstar Legacy!

Jack's nursery was connected to Lucifer's suite of rooms. It was adorned and supplied with all the latest toys and contraptions a baby could need. Not only did the child have three personal Beta Nanny's but also four omega slaves to tend to him, which included the birthing slave as a wet nurse. Together, the seven of them covered everything from feeding and cleaning, to rocking and singing and something called 'Tummy Time' that Lucifer didn't understand but if it was good for Jack's development then he was all for it. His little future Alpha needed to have the best so he could be the best.

For Lucifer, every waking moment not spent running the company was spent with Jack. By the time Jack was one, Lucifer started bringing him to meetings and lunches just to get more time with the now toddler.

His brother and business partner, Michael, believed that Lucifer spoiled the boy and accused the other alpha of behaving like a lowly Omega in how he fawned over his “spawn”. Lucifer could not bring himself to care about his brother’s opinions when it came to Jack. Every time he looked at Jack’s little face he fell in love with his child all over again.

2 years Old...

Gabriel did not want to face Michael again. Even if it was almost three years ago, Michael was still pissed about the Balthazar situation. But Michael was making incessant and repeated demands that he either needed to pass on his shares to someone in the family or start taking an active role in the company. Nothing in their father’s will had allowed for him to be a silent shareholder. Michael gave him multiple lectures on how he couldn't be running around sleeping with anything and everything all the while profiting off of the older brother's work. Michael threatened to take legal action to have the shares removed from Gabe and transferred to himself if he had to.

Gabriel really did not care about his shares of the company; his trust fund was more than enough. He could triple his spending and live ten lifetimes before any significant dent was made in his finances. But he really did not want to give Michael the satisfaction of getting the shares from him, so he decided to put them into a blind trust for Lucifer's son instead. That would both shut Michael up *and* stick it to him at the same time. The shares could not be touched until the kid turned eighteen and he was only turning two next week. *A lot can change in sixteen years!* Gabriel mused and laughed to himself as his lawyers drew up the carefully phrased and airtight trust documents.

The day of Jack’s birthday party came up quicker than Gabriel was prepared for. Gabe arrived at the family mansion early in the day and spent time reacquainting himself with his childhood home. As he walked around the mansion he couldn’t help but remember his life there. He almost never left these walls until the day his father shipped him off to an American boarding school shortly after he presented. For Gabe, the hallowed hallways of the Morningstar mansion are filled with many happy childhood memories of he and his brothers, and the occasional Beta nanny, running through them while playing. He enters the spacious library and runs his fingers over the spines of well used adventure books he spent hours engrossed in as a child. For him, reading was an escape from the darker times of his family life.

Darker times like innocently coming around a corner of their private wing and finding Michael torturing a slave in the middle of the hallway. Even before he presented, Michael learned that he could do whatever he wanted to them and his father would not protest as long as they were not left with any permanent visible damage. Sometimes it would be both Michael and Lucifer with Michael egging Lucifer on in some sick game or simply having Lucifer watch as he tried something new.

Gabriel always tried to avoid these “games” but as he got older Michael got more and more insistent that he join in. He could never understand why Gabriel did not want to assert his “authority” over the slaves. He never plugged into the fact that Gabriel did not *enjoy* seeing other people frightened or in pain as he and Lucifer seemed to.

But now, all these years later a new kind memory is being formed. One of him strolling into the family room and his eyes landing on his nephew for the very first time. The boy is sitting on the floor constructing something with Duplo blocks. Lucifer spots him and leans over to whisper in Jack’s ear. The toddler’s gaze is immediately riveted upon the newcomer in the room. Gabriel finds that he can’t take his eyes off of the beautiful little boy whose dark blue eyes are filled with innocence and joy as he runs up to Gabriel. “Hewo, hewo Unca Gabe!”

Gabe is blown away by one thought: *He looks a lot like Castiel!*

Gabe doesn’t have a lot of time to contemplate this because Jack is suddenly jumping up and down in front of him, making a reaching motion with his arms and pawing at Gabe’s abdomen “Ups? Ups Unca Gabe, ups!”

Gabe looks over at Lucifer and after receiving a nod he reaches down and awkwardly lifts Jack. He hears a chuckle from Lucifer as he approaches and deftly adjusts Gabe’s hold. Now Jack is settled on Gabe’s hip with his hand under Jack’s Pull-up clad backside, his other arm is around Jack’s back and Jack’s head is resting snuggly against his collarbone. Jack sniffs a few times before burying his face in his uncle’s neck to absorb his scent. Gabe tilts his head slightly to give his nephew greater access.

Lucifer is watching them with a satisfied expression. “I am glad you could come. I know this house doesn’t have all the best memories and that Michael has been pestering you ever since-well ever! But I really wanted you two to meet. You should know who you are turning everything over to.”

Lucifer strokes Jack's arm as he says it and Gabe is shocked when he sees nothing but love and adoration in his brother's expression when he gazes at Jack. It's an expression that Gabriel never thought he would see on his brother's face. He didn't think it was possible. And yet here they are. As he turns his face into Jack's tiny neck and inhales the sweet scent of happy pup, he thinks to himself *Sometimes good things do happen.*

Given the peaceful reception he receives and his instant bond with Jack, Gabe can't help but reconsider his relationship, at least with Lucifer. He had thought that he would only visit once to drop off the trust documents and be able to avoid this God-awful family for the rest of his days.

But holding his nephew in his arms and seeing actual love in his brother's eyes he can't help but hope that maybe he can actually be happy getting to know Jack. He knows that he and Lucifer will never be close because of how different they are and he will always avoid Michael to the best of his ability. But Gabe does not see his elder brother when he looks at Jack. Jack reminds him so much of Castiel-from the color of his eyes to the shape of his face, that it makes something within him both ache and settle at the same time.

Gabe feels a pain in his chest as this realization washes over him. He knows that he ruined his relationship with Castiel even before the Balthazar incident. He's lost so much because of the twisted machinations of this family.

He refuses to throw away a relationship with his nephew as well.

3 years old...

(Start of Dark scene. Check authors note if you have not yet)

The day Lucifer hears Jack call their birthing bitch "Mama" is the day the omega goes from inconsequential to scum in his eyes. How dare the bitch try to claim anything over his son! She was just a birthing slave, nothing else. He should have listened to Michael and sold her the day Jack turned a year old and no longer required her milk. He storms into the nursery

and rips Jack out of her arms before delivering a backhand that sends her careening into the wall.

Jake cries out for his “mama”, arms out reaching for her with tears flooding his eyes. The whole scene only enrages Lucifer further! How dare she make his son cry!

Holding Jack in one arm, he grabs the slave by her hair and drags her down the staircase and into Michael’s “playroom”.

Michael is just starting in on their newest slave boy. A fresh, untouched one who just turned sixteen a few days ago. Several slaves are stationed around the room. Each is assigned a task from holding the boy to fetching tools and instruments for Michael, to simply being there to bear witness. Michael turns as Lucifer enters and throws the bitch forward. “You were right!” Lucifer storms. “This whore has *my son* calling her ‘mama’! This worthless bitch thinks she has a claim to *my son*!”

Looking at Michael’s eyes he sees them darken. It fills him with a sick sort of glee knowing that the slave will be getting what she deserves. Jack is still crying in his arms as Michael abandons the slave boy and shouts orders at the other slaves to strip her and bind her arms.

Lucifer attempts to calm Jack “Shhh baby. It’s ok sweetheart. I know this is hard but it’s for the best.” He sets Jack down but lifts Jack’s chin to meet his eyes “She isn’t your mama, Jack. She’s only a slave, she is nobody to you. Making you call her “mama” was wrong of her. She needs to be punished for it. Just like you get time-outs right? This is the way a slave gets a time-out.” Jack looks up at him with a runny nose, eyes still wet with tears and filled with confusion. Lucifer picks him up again and turns him to face the slave and whispers in his ear “You need to watch her get her time-out. I know you are confused right now but she is *not* your mama.”

Lucifer, after ensuring Jack is watching, turns back toward what Michael is doing. The slave is completely nude at this point, her arms bound behind her back. She is looking at Lucifer with tears in her eyes. “Please,” she begs around a sob. “Please, take Jack out of h-”

Her words are cut off by Michael shoving a ball gag in her mouth. He begins slowly circling her with a whip swinging in his hand and an evil grin on his face.

Lucifer knows that grin. That grin means his brother has some vicious new idea in his head.

Two other slaves hold the girl fast as Michael starts his onslaught. The whip cracks and whistles through the air, striking every part of her body and leaving behind bloody slashes. Muffled screams are pulled from her and Lucifer can't help but think that they may be the same kind of screams as those of childbirth. Slaves are not permitted any form of pain relief so the birthing process often becomes loud.

No one cares or pays attention when the slaves holding her get struck in the crossfire. Blood begins to drip from their arms and shoulders from several open slashes. They wince and gasp but don't dare make any other noises or move away.

Besides the sound of the whip and the slave girl's gagged screams, the only other sound in the room is Jack's voice as he answers her with his own desperate cries and struggles against Lucifer's hold. "Mama! Mama! No, no no no! Don't hurt mama! *Don't!* Maaaamaaa!" Jack continues to wail and fight as Lucifer holds him fast to prevent him from running to his "mama". Into the boy's ear he whispers a repetitive litany of "She's nothing Jack. That's not your mama, Jack, she's not your mama! She's a slave, Jack, just a slave!"

After several minutes Michael pauses. The girl slumps forward but the others holding her pull her upright again. Michael takes in her ruined form and begins to chuckle. Stepping forward, he grabs her hair and pulls her head up until she looks at him with unfocused eyes.

"So you thought you could corrupt my nephew, hmm, making him call you his mother." He releases her roughly and steps back to deliver another strike of the whip. She releases a muffled moan as Michael continues his taunt. "Making him care about you, huh? Tell me, were you hoping that if he gave a damn about you that it would save you from punishment?" The slave's head swivels upward and she shakes it back and forth. Michael ignores the attempt at a response. "That we wouldn't sell you away when you ran out of usefulness?" Suddenly he drops the whip and punches her in the face and then gut. She grunts and moans around the gag. Her knees buckle but the slaves holding her force her to stay upright.

"Well bitch," Michael continues. "That just proves you never cared about him in the first place. You know you are nothing. You know that you will be sold off eventually. So, what? You decided to hurt my nephew by making it so we had to take his mother away instead just

a stupid slave?" Michael rains down more punches, the slave cries out after each one lands. "Did you think winning his affection would give you power over the situation? Or did you just want to hurt him to get back at us? We've been good to you! My brother has been more than good to you! Do you really hate us so much that you decided to harm our heir?"

Michael chuckles darkly, picks up the whip and begins circling her again. "You know, I told my brother to sell you on the boy's first birthday. But *no*! He thought you were good with the boy and would make a good nanny. He decided to be *kind* to you and take you out of the fertility trade. And you," He begins reigning blows upon her with the handle of the whip. Each word now is punctuated by a blow. "Spit, In. His. Face!" He stops to take a breath. "And hurt his son. My nephew! Our heir!" He drops the whip and begins undoing his pants. "I will just teach you your place again!"

As those holding her release her and step away, Lucifer turns to Jack who is nearly collapsing under the weight of his sobs. Jack's voice has given out and now he is nothing more than a shaking, sobbing mass in Lucifer's arms. One shaking hand comes up to wipe at his eyes before he sticks his thumb in his mouth and sucks, desperate to comfort himself. Lucifer doubts that Jack understands what is being said but Lucifer does and it fills him with rage.

He was kind to this bitch! He even barred Michael, his own brother, from using her! She had a good life! A privileged place in their household as Jack's nanny! And this is how she repays him? By making them punish her in front of Jack!

[Start of rape scene]

Unable to contain his anger any longer, he hands his son over to one of the other slaves in the rooms before joining Michael. He ignores Michael's order to make the boy watch and approaches them just as Michael forces himself inside the girl with no prep. She gasps but doesn't scream.

The agony in her eyes sparks joy inside of Lucifer. She should be hurting worse for what she did. He kicks her repeatedly while Michael continues to thrust into her unwilling body. But even that does not satisfy him for long and he viciously tears off the ball gag. She gasps for breath and he watches one of her teeth fall to the floor as he undoes his own pants. Grabbing her chin, he squeezes her cheeks, forcing her mouth open and shoving himself into it.

Leaning down he whispers in her ear, "I feel your teeth even once and I will kill you right here in front of Jack." He watches her eyes fly to the place behind him where he knows Jack is. He has no idea if Jack is being made to watch and he no longer cares. This is between him and the slave who betrayed them. After a few seconds her eyes close and her body goes limp in defeat.

Lucifer refuses to allow her even that much escape. "Open your eyes and look at me you worthless bitch!" Her eyes open again, tears streaming out. He reaches a hand down and wipes the tears away-a mockery of comfort-before he starts thrusting brutally into her mouth, ramming the back of her throat. Making her gag with each thrust.

They both take several turns with her, switching places and pausing briefly for more whippings in between to allow for refractory. The slave slowly lost the ability to remain upright.

[End of rape scene]

By the time their anger finally exhausts itself, the slave is a bleeding, unconscious mess on the floor. He doesn't even spare her a glance as he walks over to Jackson and takes the now unconscious boy into his arms. Looking down into his son's pale, wet face and feeling sobs shaking him, even in sleep, something in Lucifer goes still.

Over the next few nights Lucifer resolves that, in the future, he will shelter Jack as much as possible from the punishments of slaves. Jack wakes up screaming and crying for his "Mama" every night for weeks before he is finally able to sleep through the night again. Witnessing his son's struggles, Lucifer cannot bring himself to allow the potential for any further trauma to his future alpha. He'd reasons that there will be time for Jack to learn everything when he is older and can better understand it all.

For a few months he allows Michael to keep the birthing slave chained in his private suite for his personal use before renting her out to a fertility clinic. He only considers contracts with clinics in the states to ensure little possibility of Jack ever seeing her again.

In her current condition, he doubts she will survive more than five years anyway.

Chapter 2

Chapter by [Alleybee](#), [Smithsl06 \(Harrypotterlover7698\)](#)

Chapter Notes

This chapter features another dark scene in the last part with another rape scene again it is marked with bolded warnings. This should be the last rape scene of the story.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Now...

Gabe was happy. He was so happy. So warm and so relaxed as the tropical breeze wafted over his body and the hammock rocked in tandem to the gentle roar of the ocean behind him. *Everything is perfect here*, he thought as he lifted his sunglasses and squinted an eye open to gaze upon the beautiful Alpha and Omega stationed on either side of the hammock both dressed in bikinis that left nothing to the imagination and gently fanning him with large palm leaves. *Yes*, he thought as he took a sip of his Mai Tai, *everything is completely perfect*. He lowered his sunglasses and went back to enjoying the breeze and the gentle swaying motion.

Suddenly the omega began shoving at his shoulder and gasping “Uncle Gabe, Uncle Gabe!”

What the-? Gabe thought as he sat up and found himself in his bed in their hotel suite. It was even more disconcerting when he realized that Jack was apparently the omega who was frantically shoving at him.

“Jack, stop!” He barked, leaning away. “What the hell?”

Jack’s eyes were wide and he was nearly panting. “Uncle Gabe, something is wrong! I think I’m dying!”

Now he had Gabe’s attention. His eyes darted frantically over Jack’s trembling form seeking any lethal injury. “Calm down! What do you mean? What happened?”

Suddenly Jack stilled and his face turned bright red. “It’s um- it’s my butt. It’s...something is coming out of it!”

Gabe blinked at him trying to get his pre-coffee brain online enough to comprehend what Jack was talking about. “Your...butt?”

“Something is coming out of it!” Jack repeated more forcefully, throwing his hands up.

Gabe shook his head trying to clear the remaining sleep fog. “What do you mean—did you crap yourself in your sleep?”

Jack’s eyes grew even wider, catching the way-too-early morning light and sparkling like sapphires as tears formed in them. “No. I thought maybe I had, but it’s not-it’s not poop! It’s- it’s clear and it just keeps coming out!” A sob broke free from Jack’s lips. “I think I need to go to the hospital Uncle Gabe! We need to call my dad, he’ll know what to do!”

Gabriel’s heartbeat kicked up a notch as he realized that in all the confusion, he’d never actually *told* Jack that Lucifer was dead. Maybe because his own brain still hadn’t placed that idea in the “Facts” folder of his mind.

It still felt unreal and impossible, even after the lawyer emailed him a picture of the death certificate and Michael had callously informed him that for the sake of the company’s stock, Lucifer’s body had been immediately cremated. A funeral would only create more media attention and Michael wanted to reestablish stability and quell investor concerns as quickly as possible. It was a practical and pragmatic approach. It was also right in line with the cold-hearted asshole that Gabe knew Michael to be.

Unfortunately, no funeral meant that there was no way for Jack to really say goodbye to his father. It was a dilemma that Gabe understood only too well, even if he and Chuck were never close like Jack and Lucifer, the loss of his only parent was still just as real. An orphan was an orphan, and now Jack had joined that club.

Swallowing around a lump in his throat, he reached for Jack’s hand “Jack, there is something-”

“Uncle Gabe, look at this!” Jack demanded as he pulled out of Gabe’s reach and spun around to show a sizable wet spot on the back and inseam of his pajamas. Gabe could only stare as ice-cold reality hit him in the face.

Jack was slicking!

Holy shit, Jack was slicking!

Gabe didn’t know if it was normal at this point but since Jack didn’t seem to be about to keel over right then, death from it was probably not as imminent as the young omega feared.

Jack did, however, appear very frightened and that needed to change. They were scheduled to be on a plane in-

Gabriel grabbed his phone and looked at the time. Six hours!

He still needed to stop by the lawyer’s office to sign the Custodial Documents saying that he *agreed* to take legal responsibility for Jack as well as pick up Jack’s passport and other documents they would need. Honestly, he still couldn’t wrap his mind around Lucifer giving Jack to him but if that is what his brother wanted, he would give it a shot- especially since Castiel had agreed to help them now.

After what Gabe witnessed when he and Jack fled the house, there was no way in hell that Michael was getting anywhere near Jack anytime soon. Not if Gabe could do anything about it.

Right now however, he has a frantic, newly presented omega in front of him freaking out about slicking and he needed to get that resolved so they could move on with their day.

He gets up and pulls on his bathrobe thinking how inhumane it is that he is forced to deal with this before his first cup of coffee. "Listen, you are not dying." He tells Jack and then continues quickly when the Omega starts speaking. "Do me a favor and take a shower."

"But, Uncle Gabe--"

Gabe takes hold of Jack's shoulders, turns him, and begins walking him toward his own bedroom. "No buts! I'm in charge of you and you are going to listen to me. You aren't dying, this is just more presentation stuff. I'm going to go see what I can get to--" His nose wrinkles in disgust. "Contain it. If I'm not back by the time you get out of the shower, stuff a wad of toilet paper in your underwear and wait for me! Got it?"

"Yes Uncle Gabe but--" Jack looks like a deer caught in the headlights as Gabe shoves him into the bathroom and closes the door.

Gabe takes a second to get his heartbeat under control. He can handle this. He *has* to handle this. Lucifer *trusted* him and Jack is counting on him. He thinks again that his brother must have lost some of his sanity to have given this responsibility to him but here they are and he's all Jack has now.

When he hears the shower turn on he makes a beeline down to the lobby still in his bathrobe and slippers. No one is at the front desk but then he sees a pleasant enough looking Omega sitting at the concierge station and moves in that direction before he can second guess his judgment.

She looks up as he approaches, only slightly raising an eyebrow at his bizarre attire. This really isn't the kind of hotel where people walk around in their sleep clothes. "Can I help you, sir?"

Feeling self conscious about the reason for this conversation, Gabriel braces his hands on the sides of the podium and leans toward her. "My nephew is staying with me, he is twelve and he just presented as an Omega. He has started, um...you know..." He looks at her, waving his hands slightly, hoping she will somehow be able to read his mind so he doesn't have to say anymore words. That hope dies an ugly death when she only tilts her head to the side in confusion waiting for him to continue. He leans even more forward and drops his voice to a complete whisper now. "He's slicking."

The concierge, Jenny, based on her gold name tag, rears back and looks at him startled. "You said your nephew is newly presented? How new?"

Gabriel rubs his fingers against his lips trying to get a solid fix on the timeline. So much has happened in the last seventy-two hours that it feels like much more time has passed. "The

pain and stuff just stopped last night. He woke up this morning with this--new development.”

The concierge huffs an annoyed breath. “The hotel has a strict policy on these matters sir. We ask for advance notice on heats, ruts, and presentations. He was presenting when you brought him here, correct?”

Now it is Gabe’s turn to rear back in horror. “Well yes but it was kind of an emergency.”

Jenny is now clearly annoyed. “Even so-”

Something in Gabriel’s face must communicate the helpless desperation he is experiencing because the tension in her shoulders decreases. She still looks annoyed, but at least now it’s a soft annoyance now instead of an angry one. “Let me guess, you are completely unprepared to deal with this?”

Feeling about two inches tall now, Gabe nods. Lucifer really did make a mistake. Gabriel absolutely cannot be trusted to raise Jack.

“Okay,” Jenny is saying, her tone milder, more sympathetic. “If he just presented and he’s slicking, it means his slick glands have activated and are probably experiencing a period of hyper-activity. It happens sometimes, especially in males, because of all the extreme physical changes.” She turns to her computer and taps a few keys. “As it turns out we do have some heat underwear on sight. Let me get it for you.”

She walks away and Gabriel almost collapses with relief. When she returns she hands a package to Gabe. “There are ten pairs in there. That should get him through the next few days. I’ll charge it to your room.”

“Thank you!” Gabriel gasps. As he rushes back to their room, he is more relieved than he can ever remember being in his entire life.

5 Years Old...

Jack’s first day of school came much too fast for Lucifer. But like in everything else his son had to have the best when it came to his education. A year ago, Lucifer had mentioned choosing a school for Jack and a few days later, Michael presented him with three pamphlets for private day schools. All three schools were known to cater to wealthy, slave owning Alpha families and Michael sat on the board of each one. Lucifer poured diligently through the pamphlets, called each school with a list of questions and scheduled visits to each for both him and Jack. In the end he chose the most expensive one, which was thankfully only a thirty minute helicopter ride away. This school had gotten Lucifer’s attention, not only

because Jack seemed most comfortable there but also because of his meeting with the principal, Mr. Watkins. A Beta.

They both know that money and the admission process will not be an issue so they skip straight to the important business. "It is a pleasure to have you here today, Mr. Morningstar. Jack seems to already be enjoying himself in Ms. Morgan's class. We here at Pine Hearst Academy would love to have your son attend. Why don't you tell me a bit about what you are looking for in a school and your goals for his education."

Lucifer folds his hand onto the table between them before speaking. "My son is the sole heir to the Morningstar company." He explains this, though he knows it's unnecessary, everyone here from the principal to the custodians knows who he is. "He will need an environment where he can grow and learn the things that will help him become the head Alpha of both the family and our business one day. He needs to be in a place where he can make connections with others in his standing without the risk of his mind being twisted by radicals."

The principal nods his head. "Of course Mr. Morningstar. We are very selective in which students we take on and which families we accept into our community. We do not allow any radicalism in our institution,

Lucifer continues. "Also a requirement for me will be that three of the house slaves be permitted to accompany him daily. There is one, a beta, who will be his at home tutor. I'm sure you understand how being in the classroom on a daily basis with Jack will assist them in their duties."

Mr. Watkins' brow furrows. "Does Jack have any learning difficulties?" He glances down at the folder with the application. "I didn't see anything noted in the app-"

"My son is perfectly fit and bright as a learner." Lucifer explains trying to keep the instinctive rage out of his voice. He supposes it may be a logical assumption with the private tutor request, but still, the idea of anyone thinking of Jack as anything but the best is always enough to turn his eyes red. "I simply want the tutor in the classroom so they have firsthand knowledge of what Jack's academic responsibilities are." When Watkins still looks uncertain he adds "Obviously they will not do any interacting with Jack during school. They are merely there to observe."

The word “spy” is not spoken but Lucifer sees the instant Watkins catches on. He looks down at the application again, his tongue flicking out to wet his lips. He’s nervous now and, Lucifer thinks, perhaps he is finally understanding who is sitting in front of him.

There is a tense silence which Lucifer finally decides to break. “The other two Alphas will act as bodyguards.”

Watkins’ head snaps up. “That will not be necessary, Mr Morningstar. We have a zero tolerance no-bullying policy. Your son will be perfectly safe here.”

Lucifer smirks. Watkins’ voice has a slight tremor to it. The man is trying to maintain a place of authority and knows he is failing. “Still,” Lucifer offers, his tone mild but a flash of teeth reveals it for a lie. “I would feel better.”

Now, Watkins actually gulps. His eyes swing downward and Lucifer knows that he has won. It is so tempting to demand that the man strip and present for proper domination but Lucifer restrains the urge. Vaguely, his mind goes through a list of potential replacements waiting at home.

Watkins clears his throat. “I will have to bring that request up with the board. Each request has to be approved beforehand and usually only one slave per student is permitted.”

Lucifer gives the man an unimpressed look and fights a smile as he sees the man twitch in his seat, clearly realizing what he just said. Everyone knows that Michael Morningstar owns the board.

Poor Watkins is fidgeting as he tries to save face. After a good morning with Jack, Lucifer is feeling just generous enough to allow him to. “But, um, I’m sure that they will approve your request.”

By the next week, the school board has met and of course agrees to allow Jack to attend with all three slaves. In gratitude, the Morningstar Foundation for the Education of Future Alphas makes a donation large enough to cover the repointing of the outer brickwork and resurfacing

of the floor of the gymnasium building. These were the top two items on the school's fundraising list and after how accommodating the school has been, it seems only fair to reciprocate.

A week before the first day of school, Lucifer calls a meeting with the alpha guards. "I am entrusting you with my son." He explains as they both stand at attention with military precision. They were the best in their respective militias and only days away from shipping out to the front lines when he purchased them.

"If anything happens to him I will ensure you both are shipped directly to the front lines and assigned only the most dangerous and suicidal missions possible." He explained. "If I ever find out that Jackson is harmed in *any* way as a result of your negligence or malicious intent I will sell you to someone whom I *guarantee* will treat you worse than an omega," He bares his teeth at them. "Because *I* will personally make sure of it."

Both alphas have enough sense to flinch at his words. Very few alphas are ever sold into *that* particular trade as their strength and dominating nature makes them more fit for the military than any other designation. Luckily, it is a tactic during training to educate "contracted recruits" on what will await them if they should be discharged early for bad conduct. As a result, both of the alphas standing in front of Lucifer understand exactly what he is threatening. Then, *only* because messing with Alpha slaves was a rare delight he decided to give an incentive. "*If*, however, you work diligently and do the right thing by my son, I will release you both in four years on the same date you would have been freed if you stayed in the military."

Lucifer smirks as both alphas relax and assure him that Jack will never come to any harm on their watch. Lucifer reasons that neither one of them need to know that he was lying about freeing them. If they decided to complain at that time he could always sell them into the trade and buy a new pair if need be.

The next week passes by in a flurry of preparation and before Lucifer knows it he is standing by the helipad as Jack jumps up and down barely containing himself from running around in his excitement. Lucifer chuckles affectionately and kneels down in front of his son. Placing his hands on Jack's shoulders to settle him down even though Lucifer himself is struggling to contain his smile at Jack's enthusiasm. Jack is a natural born learner, bright and inquisitive. Sometimes Lucifer doesn't know how he manages to keep himself from bursting apart with pride in his little alpha-to-be. "Are you sure you don't want me to ride in the helicopter with you?"

Jack, still smiling, wraps Lucifer in a tight hug before pulling back and taking his backpack from his father. "Yup, I've been on the copter lots! And I have Mark, Thomas, and Lucas with me!" As he says it, he counts them off with his fingers while Lucifer beams, enraptured and in awe of his son's growing intellect. Jack is going to be an amazing student! The excited grin never leaves Jack's face as he skips the entire way to the helicopter door where the guards wait to help him aboard. One more hug for his now teary eyed father and Jack is off on his very first day of "big boy" school!

Lucifer glances at Michael who hangs back, stone faced and silent as he watches the exchange.

6 Years Old...

The week Lucifer would always describe as the worst of their lives was when Jack's appendix burst on the three month anniversary of his sixth birthday. They spend over a week in the hospital and for a time it is touch and go with Jack's fever continually spiking and the doctors and nurses frantic each time it does. There are times when Lucifer fears Jack won't make it as he sits by his child's bedside, holding his hand, mopping his brow, and soothing him through bouts of feverish tossing and turning.

Gabe is there with them for that entire time instead of just his usual weekend every month that he spends with Jack. Lucifer can tell that his brother doesn't want to be around him by how tense and still he becomes whenever they are in Jack's room together, And yet, he still stays with them in the hospital, making sure that Jack is never alone or surrounded only by strange doctors and nurses.

Without talking about it they fall into a routine of taking shifts and bringing each other coffee and sandwiches and fresh clothes. For Jack, their quiet cooperation means that someone who loves him, whether his father or uncle, is always by his bedside when he opens his eyes. Lucifer knows he will never truly be able to repay Gabriel for all he did over that torturous time.

Lucifer, for his part, knows he will certainly need to purchase new slaves after this week. Several at the house are most likely permanently damaged after bearing the brunt of his

frustration and worry. Thankfully, none of the slaves that felt his wrath are ones that Jack is fond of. It is normally Michael who always seems to cause permanent damage to the slaves that Jack shows any particular fondness for, forcing Lucifer to sell them off, which always upsets Jack. The last thing he wants is for Jack to be upset in any way while he recuperates. Lucifer resolves that when they get home, he will gather all the slaves and hired help that Jack considers his “friends” and order them to spend their time helping lift his spirits until he is healed enough to return to school.

Returning from home after a few fitful hours of sleep while Gabe stayed with Jack, Lucifer decides that he hates all the white in the hospital. A flash of impotent rage has him wishing he could find the painters and hurt them the way the light bouncing off the bright, shiny walls is hurting his eyes. He was in the hospital several times before with various doctor appointments and checkups for him and Jack but this was the first time that the sheer whiteness of the walls and brightness of the lights made him want to run away.

Seeing his son sick is heartbreaking for him and no matter how many slaves he beats or how hard he uses them, the tightness in his chest never seems to lessen. When Jack was rushed into surgery upon arrival, Lucifer felt like he might actually lose his mind from fear right then and there. He wanted to tear the hospital apart. Tear the doctors and nurses apart limb from limb. He cannot equate this agonizing fear and worry to anything he has felt before. He lives in a world where he is in control and everything bends to his will. He is the one causing fear, not feeling it. But with this, he is helpless. He cannot threaten it or beat it away. He just has to wait and damn if that isn't killing him.

Michael has offered no emotional support but he did take over Lucifer's responsibilities at work for a few days before demanding that Lucifer return once it was known that Jack was stabilized and out of immediate danger.

As always, Lucifer obeys his brother but finds it very difficult to concentrate on anything at the office. The only thing that kept him in his seat at the meetings is knowing that Gabe is staying by Jack's side during the day until Lucifer can get there as soon as Michael finally allows him to leave the office each day. During the workday, he is in almost constant contact with Gabe, even in the middle of daily meetings he stops paying attention to whatever Michael is going on about to send Gabe a text.

Finally after ten long days, the torture ends when the doctors clear Jack to go home. Lucifer is so relieved even as he notices that despite the top notch care Jack received, he still looks thin and pale. He's definitely lost weight and that is unacceptable!

Gabriel dares to laugh at him outright when Lucifer walks into the mansion with Jack in his arms and immediately begins barking orders, in half formed sentences, to the startled domestic slaves, to prepare all of Jack's favorite foods and have them brought to his room immediately.

7 Years Old...

Jack can never figure out why his Uncle Michael says that he should not be friends with the slaves. Many of them are nice and funny and bring him things he likes. Like Sean, a fairly new addition to their household. Sean always smiles and calls him "Master Jack" in an Irish accent that makes Jack giggle.

Daddy says that Jack is too big to wear Pull-Ups to bed anymore and he has to learn to wake up to use the bathroom instead. Jack tries, really he does but he is still having a hard time waking himself up to use the bathroom and most nights he wakes up in a puddle feeling very upset with himself. Daddy is starting to get impatient too so Jack stops going into his room and instead he pulls the cord next to his bed to summon whatever slave is on night duty. These days it seems like Sean is always the one who comes in and changes his sheets while Jack uses baby wipes to clean himself up. Sean calls them "accidents", tells him that he knows that Jack is trying his best and reassures him that he *will* learn in time. They don't tell Daddy that he still wets the bed.

Sometimes Jack has nightmares that scare him so badly he cannot stay in his room. He is not allowed to wake Daddy up unless it is "an emergency with blood" so he often finds himself going up to the slave wing and knocking on Sean's door. On these nights, Sean will often take him down to the kitchen for a cookie (no milk because he doesn't want to have any extra "accidents") and sit with him, encouraging him to talk about his nightmare and what scared him. When he takes Jack back to his room, he will leave the closet light on and sit with Jack, reading him a story or singing an Irish lullaby and stroking his hair, until Jack falls asleep again, the nightmare all but forgotten.

(Start of Dark Scene)

It was a great day in school! Jack arrives home, clutching the spelling test emblazoned with a big red “A”. Daddy will be so proud of him! It is daddy’s day to work at home so Jack is running to his father’s home office to tell him about what happened at school and how they are going on a field trip to the zoo next week! Jack loves animals! The giraffes especially. Maybe if he is really good and asks very politely, Daddy will go with them and Jack can show him the giraffes.

As he turns the corner of the hallway where Daddy’s office is, he comes upon Uncle Michael with one of the male slaves. Startled, he freezes as he takes in the scene before him. The slave is naked on the floor, his clothes torn apart and scattered on the ground. Bruises are already forming into shadow patches on his face; his eyes are wet. He is kneeling on the floor, his arms bound behind his back. Uncle Michael’s pants are undone.

The whole scene makes Jack’s stomach hurt but it gets even worse when he recognizes the slave as Sean!

Before Jack can make sense of what he is seeing, his uncle notices him. “Ah, good timing nephew! I am just about to show this good for nothing bitch what to do with it’s mouth. You see Jack, this worthless sack,” he nudges Sean with his foot, “decided it could talk back.”

Jack's eyes are completely on Sean whose eyes fill with dread before it is replaced with determination. A tight smile forms on his lips that doesn't make it to the omega's eyes. “Master Jack, this doesn’t concern you.” Sean says firmly. “Just run along and do whatever you were doing and don't worry-”

Sean’s words are cut off by Michael delivering a hard kick to his rib cage. Jack cries out as Sean grunts and slumps sideways. Michael is screaming at Sean to never order Jack around like that.

Jack’s throat burns as his stomach lurches painfully. He’s going to be sick!

Suddenly desperate to flee; to find Daddy and so he can make Uncle Michael stop hurting Sean; Jack takes a step back. Suddenly, Uncle Michael stops beating Sean, turns and grabs

Jack's wrist, pulling him even closer to the horrible sight of Sean curled in a ball, sobbing and gasping for breath. Jack whines and tries to pull away but his uncle places his hands firmly on Jack's shoulders, cementing him in place.

"No, Jack, your father is far too soft on you." He looks at Sean "You need to see these bitches for what they are and understand what their purpose is." He glances back at Sean and Jack watches fearfully as his uncle's lip curls in a snarl before his attention snaps back to Jack, his eyes flashing a terrifying shade of deep red. "Stay" He commands, using his Alpha voice.

Jack's muscles lock in response and he is trapped, now unable to run, no matter how much he wants to.

He can only watch in horror as his uncle grabs Sean by his hair and pulls him upright and towards his crotch. Sean tries to resist and Michael delivers a slap that reverberates through the hallway and makes Jack shudder as it echoes in his very bones. Jack releases a helpless sob and somehow manages to choke out "Uncle Michael, don't! Please don't hurt him"

Sean tries to speak again but Michael delivers a punch to the gut that silences him and steals the breath from Jack's body. Michael turns his head and points a finger at Jack. "You just stay quiet, Jack! Watch and learn how we handle disobedient slaves."

(Sexual Assault Scene)

Uncle Michael squeezes Sean's cheeks so hard that Jack flinches. Sean's mouth drops open and Michael forces his penis inside. Jack nearly gags at the sight! Is Uncle Michael going to pee in his mouth? But Michael sits there for a second looking down at Jack before swinging his hips forward and forcing himself deeper into Sean's mouth. He chokes and gag and more tears fall down Jack's cheeks at the sight.

But Uncle Michael doesn't seem to notice Jack crying or smell Jack's fear. "Look at him, Jack!" He commands sharply when Jack looks down in despair and terror. "This was what he was made for! He is nothing more than an omega whore!"

Jack feels his muscles freeze up and all he can do is stand there and watch his uncle abusing his favorite slave forcing him to gag and tears run down it's cheeks mirroring Jack's. They are crying together now, Jack and Sean. And something in Jack takes a small comfort in the fact that at least he doesn't have to cry alone while Uncle Michael finishes his punishment.

It feels like an eternity before his uncle makes a groaning sound and pulls Sean as close to him as he can "Swallow slut!"

(Sexual Assault Scene)

After a few seconds he throws Sean backward so hard that his head hits the wall with a sickening thud.

"Tell the boy what you are!" Michael commands, pulling his belt off of his pants and wrapping it around his hand. Sean looks over at Jack with fear in his eyes before looking back over to Micheal. Micheal kicks him in the stomach once again making Jack gasp and clench his own as Michael begins striking Sean with his belt. Sean cries out in pain over and over as several gashes appear on his back where the buckle makes contact. "Well slave, I'm waiting and I'm almost out of patience. If you want to live past this moment, I suggest you answer the question! What. Are. You?"

Sean looks down at the floor before mumbling so low that Jack can barely make out the words. "An omega whore, Master."

Micheal kicks him again before grabbing his hair and forcing his head to swivel in Jack's direction. "Tell the boy and speak up! I can't hear you!"

Sean looks at Jack with despair in his eyes before practically yelling "An omega whore, Master!"

Micheal grins down at him but it isn't a happy grin. It is a grin that makes Jack's stomach twist until it's all he can do not to drop to his knees and throw up right there.

"Good," Michael purrs, running his knuckles down Sean's bloody cheek and smearing the blood over his lips. "I will finish this with you later." He promises as he releases Sean so

roughly that the omega falls forward grunting when his injured face hits the tile floor. Even so, Sean doesn't dare move at first. There is a beat of silence. Jack snuffles and wonders if they can hear how frantically his heart is beating.

"You are dismissed." Michael sneers giving Sean one last nudge with his booted foot that elicits a startled yelp.

Now Sean moves-lurching into a kneeling position with his hands still bound and awkwardly crawls away down the hallway. Michael and Jack watch him go silently, except for the occasional hiccupping sob pulled from Jack. With his back to them, Jack can see blood streaming down his neck and back.

Finally, Michael turns to Jack "They are not people, Jack, no matter how much like us they seem to be, you must never forget that they aren't like us. When we are kind to them, they sometimes forget and must be put back in their place. If they aren't, they start misbehaving and acting up. Forgetting their purpose. That one assumed he could tell you what to do and dared to try to tell your father how to raise you!" His eyes flashed red. "We are their masters! We control whether they live or die. Whether they eat or starve. They should be grateful they have tongues to talk, not bad mouth and complain and certainly never try to tell any of us what we should do!"

Jack cannot make any words come out. He looks down as more tears fall down his cheeks. Michael places a hand under his chin and lifts his face until their eyes meet. "Do you understand me, nephew?"

Jack doesn't understand anything that he just witnessed but he doesn't think that is the right answer so he just nods. That must be the right answer because Uncle Michael releases him and steps back and waves him off. "Good. On your way now."

Jack doesn't need to be told twice.

When he reaches his father's office, Daddy notices immediately that something is wrong. Safe in Daddy's embrace, Jack breaks down fully, barely able to get the words out to describe what he saw happen to Sean and what Uncle Michael told him. Daddy listens carefully and then tells him to stay in the office and storms out. Jack hears his father command a slave to stay with Jack and then a few seconds later Jack hears Daddy yelling Uncle Michael's name before the sound is swallowed up as Daddy moves further away.

It is two weeks before Jack sees Sean again. He is skinnier and has burns across his wrists. He brings Jack a cookie and a glass of milk while he does his homework but he doesn't meet Jack's eyes or speak at all or even smile. Sean looks angry and Jack asks if he did something wrong. Sean's eyes widen and he opens his mouth to answer before catching himself and slapping a hand over his mouth. But it's too late, Jack has already seen and now he can only stare as Sean places a gentle hand on his shoulder and silently shakes his head. Horror washes over Jack at the realization that Sean's tongue is actually gone! As Sean turns to leave, Jack jumps up and throws his arms around the omega's waist. Sean pats Jack's back gently before gently dislodging his hold and swiftly leaving Jack's room.

Now, Jack cries himself to sleep because Sean doesn't help with his nightmares anymore. He is also frequently punished for wetting the bed because the other slaves tell his dad. Sean can no longer tell Jack that he will be a great Alpha someday or read him a bedtime story in his soft Irish accent. It sickens him that his uncle removed Sean's tongue.

Now, Uncle Michael is a part of Jack's nightmares.

Two months later Sean disappeared from the house. Once the kind omega is gone from his life, something cold takes up permanent residence in Jack's heart. Although he is still kind toward slaves, Jack can't bring himself to befriend them again.

Uncle Michael gives him a satisfied smirk and nod of approval when he notices Jack's new approach. His uncle is pleased with him and that *should* make him happy; but all Jack can feel is the coldness spreading in his chest until his heart finally goes numb from it.

Chapter End Notes

we will be trying to update every two weeks on Tuesday.

Chapter 3

Chapter by [Alleybee](#), [Smithsl06](#) ([Harrypotterlover7698](#))

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Now...

As their plane climbs into the sky, Gabriel sits frozen in his seat. Now that the whirlwind of activity has stopped for a moment he finally has time to think. It is a bad idea because he quickly discovers that he is still unable to process the last five days. The sharp contrast between this trip and all the ones before it is not helping his mind latch onto the new unexpected realities that have been thrust upon him.

This trip had started out the same as every other trip to see his nephew over the years. Sitting in his private jet. Being adorably flirty with the flight crew to pass the time. Landing at the airport and being able to get through security within 10 minutes and into a waiting limo. All of it was the same as any other trip. No surprises at all. Nothing to give him the slightest clue that the next few days would see his life turned irrevocably upside down

It wasn't until he arrived at the family estate that he realized that this visit would not be anything like what he and Jack had innocently planned for themselves. He closes his eyes against a dull ache in his temples which he hopes isn't the beginnings of a migraine as his mind goes back to his arrival five days before.

The limo drops him right off at the front door like always. He pauses and turns to look from the house to the extensive grounds. Everytime he comes back here, his mind instantly takes him back to all the times he and his brothers played on the front lawn as pups and where he's spent many long afternoons entertaining Jack during their weekends together.

This weekend, he and Jack are heading to Paris to attend an exclusive car show hosted by Bufori. The luxury "kit" cars have become a recent obsession for his nephew so Gabriel jumped at the opportunity to surprise him with tickets.

While Lucifer was patiently tolerant of his son's growing interest in anything mechanical or automotive, he had sternly warned Gabriel against doing anything to encourage it further

than the safe confines of a peripheral hobby. Apparently, Jack is entering the stage of his Alpha-heir training in which he needs to focus his attention on learning his family's business.

For this reason, Gabriel had to tell Lucifer he was taking Jack to tour slavery museums in Paris which are renowned as some of the best in the world. But, he couldn't have Jack lying to his father so before returning home, Gabriel would make sure they visited one. He already had one picked out. One of the lesser known museums tucked away in the poorer area of Paris. It was known to be run by those who were not as friendly to the slave trade as some of the others.

Gabriel knew that Lucifer would certainly take exception to his choice but he reasoned that it was technically still a slave museum even if it's views leaned more anti than pro. And besides there were two sides to every issue and that fancy alpha school Jack went to certainly wasn't giving him both of them.

When Gabriel reaches the top step onto the expansive front porch, the doors are immediately opened by a young slave. Her eyes don't lift from the floor as he murmurs a greeting and hurries past her. He feels an unwelcome tightness in his throat. Ever since Balthazar, he cannot look at the slaves the same way. Being in their presence always makes him uncomfortable which is why recently he'd begun planning away trips with Jack.

"Where is Lucifer?" He inquires and has to work to pretend not to notice the slave flinch at the sound of his voice. What the fuck are his brothers doing to these poor people to condition such a response? And worse, are they teaching Jack to do it as well?

"Master Lucifer is in Master Michael's office Master Gabriel." Gabriel bites back the urge to tell her that he certainly is not her master as he heads to where his father's office used to be before Michael took it over.

As he approaches the door he hears murmured conversation and then Michael all but growls "What?"

Gabriel freezes at the hate and disgust in Michael's tone. His voice didn't even sound that way when he learned of Balthazar no longer being owned by Gabriel.

Something is happening that has Michael's hate hackles up all the way. Despite every instinct screaming at him to turn away and go find Jack, he stops by the door to listen. He tells himself that he is in the house now and needs to be prepared for whatever made Michael so pissed.

"He's an omega, Michael." Lucifer's tone is subdued but Gabriel can hear the slight tremor in it. "It's happening. There is nothing we can do. He's still my son and your nephew. Nothing has changed."

Gabriel feels his blood freeze in his veins. Jack! Lucifer is talking about Jack! Jack is an omega? Since when? Surely, Jack or someone would have called him to give him the news!

"It's not going to change anything." Lucifer continues, his voice sounding a bit stronger and more resolute with each word. Hearing him so in control helps ease some of the earthquakes going through Gabe's veins at the sudden news. "He will have to change schools unless we can convince the board to allow him to stay but he is still the heir of this family and will be treated as such."

Suddenly Gabriel wants to applaud his brother and this is a foreign feeling for him. Lucifer has always been the follower, seeking guidance and doing as he was told all their lives. To hear him taking control of this unexpected situation and laying out a plan for Jack's future so strongly is so heartening to Gabriel that he begins pushing the door further open to join the conversation and add his support to Lucifer's words. Before he can step forward, Michael's reply halts him in his tracks.

"I always knew that how you were raising him was probably going to turn Jackson into a bitch." Gabe's eyes widened, his hand coming up to cover a gasp. The pure venom in Michael's tone is sickening enough but now that the door is open enough that he can see his brother's expression as he faces off with Lucifer. That expression is dark and menacing, his eyes flashing with malice. His spoken words are low as he moves to close the distance between himself and Lucifer. "And the fact you think this doesn't change everything is laughable in it's naivety."

Gabriel holds his breath wondering what on earth he is supposed to do. He knows how Michael feels about omegas, Hell, the whole world knows how the Morningstar Alphas feel about omegas. They've built an entire empire around cementing the reality of their views into the fabric of society. Gabriel realizes with horror that Lucifer probably is naive to believe

that Michael will allow Jack anything now; blood ties or not. Lucifer begins saying something--probably to argue against what Michael said-but Michael cuts him off.

"Lucifer my dear, dear, dear brother." Michael's tone drips with condescension. "You are in denial. Nobody in their right mind will ever listen to what an Omega has to say. Except maybe about the best way to get a stain out of a carpet." Michael chuckles at his own joke and places a hand on Lucifer's shoulder. "While yes, your bitch can still be useful; he's not going anywhere near our father's company."

Gabriel startles as he hears a growl. A growl that honestly reminds him of their father when he was about to lose his shit. To his credit, Michael drops his hand but then offers Lucifer a sad smile and turns back to the desk.

Lucifer charges after him. "And what do you expect my son's purpose should be, brother?" The growl is still present in Lucifer's voice and Gabe can see him shaking as he fights for control. It seems that Michael may have finally crossed a line he should not have. The smell of Alpha rage wafts across to Gabe and he turns away, fighting a sneeze as it burns his sinuses.

Gabe turns back around in time to see Michael raise a brow at Lucifer's aggression but otherwise appears unperturbed. "Well Lucy-lu," he replies, sounding almost amused. "Since it's obvious that you still lose your head whenever it involves your spawn, I will explain to you exactly what we are going to do with you bitch-son."

While he speaks, he reaches for his rolodex and shuffles through it until he finds the card he is looking for and takes a seat in the expensive looking leather chair, Gabe notes that it's a new acquisition, replacing their father's sturdy upholstered one. Michael reaches for the desk phone and begins dialing the number from the card. "Your son is an omega. You know that means he's only good for serving his alphas and producing heirs." Lucifer begins speaking but Michael shushes him as the person on the other line picks up. "Yes Stephania, I need you to set up a meeting with the full Three for me. Tomorrow morning. Yes all together. Please mention that I have a very interesting proposition for them which I think they will be pleased to hear." He hangs up the phone and Gabe finds that he is not the only one gaping helplessly at their brother, even if his presence appears to still be unknown.

"What the fuck did you just set up?" Lucifer rasps.

Michael sits back in his chair and tents his fingers in front of him. "We have something very valuable in our possession, perhaps even more valuable than a direct heir would have been." When Lucifer only stares at him in disbelief, Michael rolls his eyes and sits forward. "Don't you see what an opportunity this is? If we plan correctly, our heirs won't only be Morningstar's. We now have the means to form a merger with one of the other companies that we haven't been able to get to play ball. The Thomson's with their remote monitoring system would be the most favorable but I would just as willingly bring the Stefon's or even Porter's companies in as partners. It all depends on which one can come up with the best price."

Gabe nearly collapses with the sudden wave of fear he feels filling his heart for his young nephew. All of the families Michael mentioned are known to be just as cruel as Michael. Rumor has it that the Thomson heir could be worse than Michael. Gabe starts to panic, moving to the side and leaning against the wall just outside the door. He waits for Lucifer to respond but it seems his brother is shocked past verbiage as he absorbs Michael's cavalier statement. Footsteps move toward the doorway and Gabe instinctively shrinks back. He hears Lucifer call out in a voice laced with raw panic. "Where are you going, Michael?!"

Just as Michael rips the door open the rest of the way he calls over his shoulder "To make sure our omega knows exactly what is going to be happening and understands his only job in this family going forward. You're clearly incapable of handling this situation so I have-"

Gabe can barely process what happens then as Michael is suddenly being shoved across the hall and slammed into the wall face first. Before Michael can recover, Lucifer spins him around, One hand going to his throat to hold him in place as he snarls and growls in Michael's face. Gabe isn't sure if he is more frightened or impressed at the aggressive show of dominance he's never before seen from Lucifer. But then the tables turn as Michael twists around, throwing Lucifer into the wall. Lucifer's head cracks against the plaster with a thud that makes Gabe's stomach twist.

The air is now saturated with the unmistakable scent of an alpha dominance contest. It's a mix of rage and pure alpha pheromones meant to intimidate the opponent. Their combined scents are so intense that Gabe chokes and gags where he stands pressed against the opposite wall. He raises a hand to cover his nose and mouth and coughs. Lucifer's bright red eyes are finally drawn to him as he throws off Michael's hold, causing the other Alpha to stumble backward.

As Lucifer gets his hands on Michael again he looks at Gabe and yells “Gabriel, get Jack and go!” He throws his full weight into Michael’s slightly larger form and manages to throw him off balance enough to get him into a chokehold. Gabe remains standing in shock, watching the battle that will certainly lead to one or both of them being seriously injured or worse. He opens his mouth to try to intervene, but Lucifer looks at him with intense red eyes and a face darkened with fury and growls in a voice that is all alpha. “Now Gabriel!”

Gabe can’t think anymore as he runs past the struggling duo and uses the quickest route to Jack’s room. He hears the crashing and cursing of the raging alphas behind him. He doesn’t see anybody in the halls as he rushes past. Doorway after doorway. All the slaves are probably hiding, hoping to avoid either of the pissed alphas. Knowing it will most likely be a death sentence to show themselves right now.

He reaches Jack’s room and throws open the door. The scent hits him, it’s sharp, thick and sickly sweet. Jack is lying on his bed in the fetal position, clutching his stomach. His eyes are squeezed shut, his cheeks are flushed and his mouth is twisted in a grimace of pain. Gabe immediately closes the door and moves to his nephew’s side. Reaching out, he pushes the sweat damp hair off of Jack’s forehead. Jack opens his eyes and Gabe gasps at the glowing gold ring framing his nephew’s dilated pupil.

“Uncle Gabe,” Jack croaks. “Something is wrong, I don’t feel good.”

Gabe’s throat all but closes up. Could it really be that Jack has no idea what is happening to him?

Suddenly there is another crash and the sound of screaming which seems to be getting closer, perhaps indicating that Michael is winning. They need to go NOW.

Gabe reaches out and helps Jack to his feet. The boy is wobbly and disoriented. Glancing around, Gabe locates Jack’s packed duffle and has just enough presence of mind to throw it over his shoulder before half dragging, half carrying his nephew out of the room. Before Jack can say anything Gabe is already speaking “Come on Jack we need to get out of here now.”

He tries to take Jack out a different route to avoid Michael and Lucifer but as they turn a corner he locks eyes with Lucifer who is now pinned to the wall again by Michael. Both of

them are smeared with the other's blood from various bites and scratches. They seem at an impasse, snarling in each other's faces.

Before Gabe can turn them a different way, Jack cries out. "Dad! What's going on? Why are you and Uncle Michael fighting?" Gabe watches in awe as Lucifer's eyes go to Jack and suddenly his whole demeanor calms. He grabs hold of Michael and wraps a leg around his calf, effectively throwing him off balance. Using the shift in dynamics to his advantage, Lucifer shoves Michael through the open doorway right behind them and slams it shut, temporarily trapping Michael. He turns to them while holding fast to the knob. His voice is amazingly calm. The smell of alpha rage is still all around them but suddenly there is a ribbon of cool ocean breeze and sunshine warmed beach running through it. Gabe is startled to realize that Lucifer is releasing his "pleased" scent. Despite the bizarre situation, Jack seems to calm a bit as it surrounds them. Gabe feels his own heartbeat slow down. He had no idea Lucifer could do that!

The red in Lucifer's eyes retracts until it is no more than a thin, barely noticeable ring around his iris. When he speaks, his voice is calm, as if there wasn't an enraged alpha, yelling threats, and pulling on the door he's holding closed.

"Jack, I need you to go with Uncle Gabe. I know you don't feel well, but Uncle Gabe is going to take good care of you." He looks pointedly at Gabe, his tone firmer and more commanding. "Get out of here. Now!" Gabe swallows around the lump in his throat and nods. As they rush past, Jack can do no more than share a last look with his father who is using both hands to hold the door closed as Michael continues to shout at him through it. Jack is close to passing out as they hurry down the stairs. There are no slaves anywhere to be seen as Gabe throws open the front door and rushes Jack through it. The last thing he hears before he closes it behind them is the sound of a door splintering followed by thuds and muffled yelling.

As they climb into the limo, Gabriel looks at Jack who is soaked in sweat and disoriented. There is no way he will be able to fly to Paris like this. Gabriel purses his lips and considers their options before ordering the driver take them to a hotel three towns away. He has no idea how this fight will end but in case Lucifer loses, he doesn't want to make it easy for Michael to find them. At least not until Jack is feeling better.

Now even five days later he is still having trouble processing. What Michael has planned for Jack is horrendous. It is widely known that the Thomson heir, a seventeen year old Alpha named Paul, is currently under suspicion for assaulting a 11 year old Omega that had presented at Jack's school. The scandal is front page headlines.

If Gabriel was sure of one thing it was that he would not allow Jack, his only nephew, to be forced to mate that animal or anyone like him.

Yesterday...

Looking at Christine, Dean couldn't believe how far the young Omega had come since her intake at NRR. She was rescued just over thirteen months ago. When she first arrived she was a textbook case; unable to trust anyone, jumping at every sound, being simultaneously touch-starved and touch-averse, and of course lacking a healthy heat cycle as they all did when they first arrived. He couldn't help but think back to eight months ago when he finally, *finally* got her to break out of her shell for the first time. He accomplished it by opening up about his own journey into and then ultimately out of the trade...

When he finishes speaking, he feels drained just like every other time he's told the story. For a while they sit in silence. Christine is looking down at her hands and after several moments, Dean doesn't think he is going to make any progress today just like hasn't for the last month since they started working on her car together. He gets where she is coming from. Of course he does. Being part of the team at the center, he came to the realization some time ago that empathy is both a blessing and a curse. Her scars run so deep that even Benny with all of his patience, wisdom, and training hasn't been able to so much as crack her protective shell of silence. Dean is just about to get up from the lunch table he is sharing with her to give her space when she speaks. It's so quiet that he almost has to strain to hear her.

"It was my boyfriend." Her lips tremble and she takes a shaky breath. "He was eighteen. I had just turned sixteen the day before." She shakes her head as her eyes fill with tears. "We were both omegas."

Dean cannot help the heated sense of betrayal he feels at this information. Unfortunately, he has learned enough by now that he can guess where this is going.

"Nobody knew we were dating. It would have gotten us ran out of town if they found out two omegas were-" Dean watches as she picks at her clothes and feels a sudden urge to mimic the tick. He balls his hands on his knees to control them.

“He took me out to dinner. I thought he was being sweet.” She looks up at Dean, her brown eyes over-bright with tears, begging him for understanding and maybe even for an absolution she certainly doesn’t need. “He was working three jobs to pay for school and we never went out to eat before.” She actually smiles now but there is something bitter about it. “I was so excited.”

Dean somehow manages to keep his expression neutral. She doesn’t need anything from him but to listen right now. “We were dating for two years.” She scoffs, becoming more animated, running fingers roughly through her tangle of hair. “He helped me through my first real heat.” The last word breaks on a sob which she quickly stuffs back into whatever black hole she has created within herself to cage her emotions.

Dean is all-too-familiar with that little survival tactic.

“He said he loved me. I thought he did!” Her mouth twists bitterly. “Stupid right?” Her eyes flash with self loathing. “I’m a complete moron, right?” Dean shakes his head slightly but offers nothing more than a steady, patient gaze. Christine’s mouth tenses as a single tear works its way down her cheek. She roughly swipes it away and sniffles harshly. “I woke up locked in a cage!”

Now Dean closes his eyes, unable to hold the harsh intensity of her gaze. She’s mad as hell and she has every right to be. Once again, he reminds himself that his emotional reaction is not needed, only his calm presence while she empties herself of whatever she is able to.

Building the cars is functional and practical for the omegas at the center, but Dean knows from personal experience that teaching the omegas to trust and open up to living again is one of the core goals of the program. Working on the cars buys Dean time with them to earn that trust and help them create a wider safe space to open up when they are ready.

“The slaver had great fun telling me how that fucker literally offered me up to him for ninety thousand dollars.” She chuckles but it is a sound laced with venom. “I wasn’t untouched so apparently I wasn’t worth more than that.”

Dean slowly swallows down the bile that has risen in his throat, He knows exactly what she is talking about.

Christine's hands flex into stiff fists on her oversized sweater. She takes a shaky breath as another tear breaks free and tracks down her face. This time, she just lets it go. "He actually approached them and then came up with a plan to drug me and sell me."

He shakes her head and buries both hands in her hair; tugging roughly for an instant as Dean watches, struggling against the desire to soothe her. She needs to vent, not be placated.

Her hands are shaking when she lowers them and she clasps them together. "All they needed was a fake signature and my life was gone." Now she lets the sobs come freely, lowering her head and covering her mouth with her hand. It's all Dean can do as he watches to follow his careful training and not reach for her physically. Everything in him wants to embrace her, hold her close and let her cry against him. It's almost physically painful for him to sit and just be there as a sounding board. He finally loses the battle with himself and reaches for her when in between gut wrenching sobs she manages one final terrible revelation. "Nobody believes a slave when they say they never signed those fucking papers!"

Dean still has trouble coming to terms with it. He knows that, as unbelievable as it is, there are omegas who advocate for the slavery system. Sam has faced several in court since hitching his wagon to Cas' cause. Even when they know what to expect, it's never easy to be in the presence of an omega who is capable of selling their own kind into that sort of life. At times, Sam has returned from court dates emotionally wrecked from dealing with them.

But, all that aside, looking at Christine now, knowing how far she's come, Dean can't help but be proud. "So two weeks until the ceremony, right?"

Christine looks up with a bright but nervous smile. "Yeah, I still can't believe it's real! It feels like just yesterday I was at the auction house." Looking back at the car she has been building with Dean's guidance, she muses "I can't believe that she'll be finished by the end of the week."

The car is nothing special. It's a twenty year old Plymouth that was barely more than a rusted shell when it was salvaged from the junkyard. Looking at it now, with its rebuilt tranny, refurbished engine, and new paint job, it is difficult to imagine its rough beginning at NRR. Very much like its proud new owner.

Dean crosses his arms to keep his chest from bursting with pride. “You still planning that cross country trip?”

Christine’s smile is radiant. “Of course! Like hell I would have you teach me everything about this beautiful car if I wasn't going to treat her to the open road.” She gives a small laugh. “Of course though I'm going to have to come back and help out in a couple months once I've actually learned what it means to be free.”

Dean couldn't help but grin. This pattern has become a joke around the center. Dean’s mentees finish their cars, earn their freedom, go off for a couple months on a road trip and almost all come back to help out in the community. Many of them advocate with NRR now.

Dean can’t help the excitement bubbling within him. Christine is not the first “graduate” of his auto mechanics program, nor will she be the last. Each and every one of them holds a special place in Dean’s heart. To see them come into the NRR broken in both body and spirit and then learn how to drive and actually build their own car from a junkyard reject. To see their confidence and sense of self worth bloom all around him as he works with them. If he’s honest, it’s as much therapy for him as it is for them.

Dean is just finishing up the final sweep of the shop as his phone signals a message from Cas. He is humming as he opens the message but the contents quickly devour his good mood.

NRR Group Chat

Cas [2:41]: Gabe heading to the states with Jack.

Lucifer is dead and Michael wants Jack.

Meet in my office.

Sasquatch [2:42]: On my way.

Now

No matter what he did, Dean's knee wouldn't stop bouncing as he sat next to Jodi in the airport waiting area. He pulled up the picture of Gabe and Jack that Cas sent him.

Everything was happening so quickly and it was starting to affect Dean's sense of equilibrium. This time, just a week ago, Cas had no family in his life. Now, not only was his brother in contact but he was coming to stay with them and bringing Cas' previously unknown, newly presented, omega nephew with him. It felt like a very long time since Dean experienced a panic attack and now he found himself wondering if the streak was about to be broken.

He doesn't realize he is staring intently down at the picture until Jodi covers the screen with her hand. Dean looks up to find her watching him with a wry smile. "I think we know what they look like by now, Dean. Unless you need to make a call, put the phone away."

Dean sighs and pockets the phone only to have Jodi reach over and squeeze his now empty hand. "It'll be okay." She assures him softly and it nearly doesn't surprise him after all this time that she can read his mind. Heart-on-the-sleeve Syndrome she calls it and he hasn't been able to beat it yet.

Dean sits quietly and focuses on his breathing. The last thing Cas' nephew needs after everything he's been through is to witness Dean have a meltdown during their first meeting. Jodi keeps a hold of his hand, absently stroking her thumb over it in a gesture that makes him feel comforted and grounded at the same time. He fleetingly muses that Benny better watch his ass or Jodi might take his job someday.

"Oop, there they are." Jodi says suddenly, releasing Dean's hand and standing up.

Dean's heartrate kicks up as he rises unsteadily to his feet and spots the two figures from the photograph walking toward them. Cas had given Gabe a picture of Dean but Jodi was an unexpected addition when Cas got called in for donor meetings that could not be put off.

As they get closer Dean's eyes fall on the child, Jack, and his breath catches. Jack looks so much like a younger Castiel that it is startling for Dean to be facing him in real life. His attention is forcibly brought back to Gabriel when Jodi reaches to shake his hand.

"Mr. Morningstar, my name is Jodi Mills. I'm the intake coordinator for--"

"Where is Castiel?" Gabe snaps, his arm going around Jack who presses closer to him.

Jodi looks taken aback by his abrupt reaction but quickly schools her features. "I'm sorry, he wanted to be here for you but at the last minute he got called in for a meeting that couldn't be postponed."

Gabe frowns and looks at Dean. "You're Cassie's omega." It's not a question and something about the way Gabe says it makes Dean's hackles rise. Technically, he isn't anybody's *omega*. Not anymore, thanks to Cas. And he knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that *to* Cas, he is so much more than *just* an omega.

Before Dean can snap out a response, Jodi clears her throat. "Dean is Cas' partner." Her brow furrows in confusion as she glances between them. "I thought he told you."

Gabe actually snorts. "Not so much. He just mentioned Dean was an omega and since they were in bed together the first time we called, I put two and two together." He winks at Dean and Dean has to fight back to urge to snarl at him. How dare this fucker-

"You're Dean?" A tiny voice asks from Gabe's side. Dean's focus snaps directly back to Jack who is gazing at him with open curiosity. His mind goes back to their conversation and honestly he's surprised the kid remembers him.

Between his resemblance to Cas and the vulnerability Jack is exuding, Dean softens immediately. “Yeah, Jack it’s nice to meet you, buddy.”

Suddenly the vulnerability is gone and Jack’s expression hardens. “My butt is leaking.”

Gabe drops his arm from around Jack and runs a weary hand down his face. Jodi’s gapes at Jack for a second before schooling her features.. “Um, okay well, let’s-um- lets get you somewhere that you can clean up.”

She reaches to place an arm around Jack but he jerks away and snaps “I’m perfectly fine thank you very much. Just leave me alone!”

Dean is taken aback by the sudden shift in Jack’s demeanor. He tries to remember if he had mood swings at that age. He doesn’t think it would have been tolerated if he had,

“Take it easy Jack. Jodi is just trying to help.” Dean tells him, taking a step closer, hoping proximity to another omega might calm him.

Jack turns to him looking angry now “I don’t need her help. She is treating me like some... some-” He peters out before deflating and looking down.

Dean nods patiently as he remembers that on top of everything else, Jack is grieving the loss of his father. The mood swings are definitely understandable. “Hey Jack, it’s okay. You’re allowed to be upset. A lot has changed for you in the last few days. It’s understandable that you’d-”

Jack suddenly stands up straight with his back rigid. “It doesn’t matter,” He snaps so harshly that Dean actually takes a step back. To his confused horror, Jack actually smirks at him. “I will still act like a proper Morningstar should.”

Dean thinks he must be misunderstanding the hint of threat he believes he detects in Jack’s words. Surely a twelve year old omega isn’t threatening him!

Dean looks over at Gabriel for help interpreting, but the beta just shakes his head and looks somewhere else. Before things can get any worse, the porter arrives with the luggage. Dean almost wants to hug the man for breaking the awkward tension.

As Jodi leads them to the car, Dean contemplates Jack's odd behavior and gets an uneasy feeling that he is missing something important.

Chapter End Notes

hope you all enjoyed the update.

Chapter 4

Chapter by [Alleybee](#), [Smithsl06 \(Harrypotterlover7698\)](#)

Chapter Summary

Michael has a business meeting and Jack finally meets Cas and Dean.

Chapter Notes

Hope you all enjoy the new chapter. the next post should be on the Tuesday the 16th.

Three days ago

Saturday

Michael's body protests any sort of movement after the previous night's brawl which was followed by time spent "teaching" the slave that interrupted the fight before Michael could fully eliminate the problem. Never a fighter and always the weaker of the two, Lucifer is in far worse shape today but could still pose a threat. Michael knows he needs to finish the task he started or things could become unnecessarily complicated. Lucifer is his brother, but blood doesn't always make you family, shared history or not.

Even as he faces this dilemma, Michael looks around the board room and cannot help but smile at the power he wields.

He has requested a meeting with three of the most powerful families in the slave trade on a Saturday morning with less than a day of notice and all three of them have shown up. They are all now seated in his conference room waiting for him and knowing that at his pleasure, they will continue to wait, he makes them do just that.

When he finally strolls in, nearly forty minutes late, Mark Porter is the first to stand and confront him.

"Morningstar," the Alpha barks, red faced and puffed out chest. "Tell me why I shouldn't just walk out of here this second. You call us here on a Saturday without any notice and then have the gall to show up late!"

Michael doesn't even bother making true eye contact before waving him off. "Mark, sit down and maybe you will find out." When the other man doesn't move, Michael finally looks him in the eye. "You are fooling no one with your posturing." Glancing around, he notes a delicious mix of intrigue and apprehension in the other Alphas expressions. Taking a subtle whiff he could smell just a hint of it in the air. He wonders which of them was foolish enough not to wear blockers. It makes him want to giggle with glee. He's already won this game, they just don't know it yet. "Now," he resumes, forcing his tone to remain neutral. "I called you here because I have an opportunity for one of you."

Steven Thomson sits stoically, a mere observer at this point. He is the one that Michael most respects at this table and the man is not stupid, he probably already suspects the odds of a positive outcome are decidedly in his favor. And he is certainly not wrong. The other two have only garnered a seat at this meeting because Michael is curious about what they may offer for the opportunity to intermingle their businesses and genetics with a top dog like the Morningstars.

Timothy Stefon, the one with the weakest bargaining position speaks next "And what opportunity is that, Morningstar?"

Michael makes a show of taking a seat, in a very unhurried fashion, at the head of the table before answering. "Gentlemen, I am offering you the opportunity for a merger."

Scoffs follow his statement from around the table. Every single one of them has turned down numerous offers from Michael in the past. This is the first time he has been in possession of such a desirable bargaining chip.

Thomson taps the table and rises to his feet. "I've told you a thousand times now Michael that I will never give up control of my company. No matter how much money you throw. There will be no company merger. Not from us." He moves away from the table before turning to face Michael squarely and snarling "Stop Asking."

Michael nearly laughs at how the man had to put almost the entire length of the room between them before becoming assertive. His brain immediately calculates the exact time it would take to close the distance and teach the man a lesson in respect. But he remembers that this is a game and this man and his company is the queen's gambit. So instead of answering the aggression, Michael schools his features and calmly responds "I never said a company merger my dear Steven." Now Thomson looks uncertain, no longer so willing to storm out. Michael allows his eyes to travel around to the others. They really aren't included in this negotiation anymore, but their inclusion as potential competitors will help raise the stakes for Thomson. "No, my idea is one much better and amenable to both parties."

Thomson remains by the door, annoyance and suspicion flashing in his eyes and spilling into his voice. "Oh and what pray tell what other type of merger could you possibly be offering?"

Michael's eyes remain on the other Alpha now. "A merger of our families, Steven."

Gasps of shock fill the room. A family merger has not been done since Michael's great grandfather's time and was known to have been the move that ensured the Morningstar's being at the top for generations.

Porter, bless his Incompetent mind, blurts out, "What?!"

Michael considers the Porter alpha for a moment. It is no wonder to him that this man was able to drive his company so far down. It used to give the Morningstar's a run for their money every year. Now it's barely holding its place in the top four. Still an impressive company, but definitely the lowest at this table. "Well Mark," Michael explains, choosing to speak slowly as though to a mentally inept child. He barely spares the man a glance, his focus returning quickly to his real target, Thomson. "Lucifer's son presented yesterday. And while he didn't present as an Alpha I can't help but be happy with what he did present as."

The three lean just slightly in wanting their suspicions to be confirmed. Michael doesn't make them wait.

"Gentlemen, my nephew, Jackson, the sole heir to the Morningstar legacy, has presented as an omega." He waits a beat, gauging the men's reactions. Of all the things they expected to hear at this meeting, this did not make the list.

Michael rises to his feet now, fingertips pressed to the surface of the Cherrywood boardroom table. "And with that, we now have a rare opportunity to complete a family merger."

Across the room, Thomson starts laughing and Michael soon joins him. They both know that with this one development the Morningstar's and Thompsons can ensure that their families stay on top, likely for the next several generations.

Michael watches with gleeful satisfaction as this possibility dawns on Porter and Stefon. If they do not seal the deal they will never be able to compete in the market again. Their companies will be doomed. While they frantically mumble to themselves and type out messages on their phones, Thomson, now far calmer and cockier, resumes his place at the table. Michael cannot help but grin when the man makes a big show of tossing his phone onto the table and leaving it there, untouched as he sits back and crosses his legs. The other two stammer out excuses-they have to meet with their boards. They need forty-eight hours to prepare an offer. Michael benevolently nods his head and waves them off like a king holding court with peasants. They both excuse themselves to go set up the necessary meetings. Michael rises and walks them to the door, shaking each of their hands and saying he looks forward to hearing from them within forty-eight hours.

Once the door closes behind them, Michael walks toward the wet bar and pours a scotch for himself and Thomson. As he hands him the glass, Thomson muses, "Lucifer is on board with this endeavor I hope. I would hate to get my hopes up only for them to be destroyed."

Michael is grateful he is wearing blockers to prevent the souring of his scent from being detected by the other man. "That is of little consequence. This merger will be the first in two generations. It is going to happen either way." Michael gains an evil smirk "You know I never let anything get in the way of growing my company. And a new branch to our family tree is always welcome." He gives the other Alpha a meaningful look. "As long as it's the correct branch."

Thomson smiles. "Here here!" He raises his drink and the two men clink glasses. It's as good as an informal agreement.

"You said he just presented?" Thomson clarifies. "He is quite young, yes? And the presentation as omega was unexpected, I imagine."

Michael folds his hands in front of him. He understands exactly what Thomson is really asking. "Once the merger is finalized I would have no problem with you son-Paul right?" A slight nod in confirmation. "Starts training Jackson in how to please him and to behave as a proper omega. So long as Jackson survives and retains his fertility, I have no issue with any methods Paul might choose to employ to undo all of Jackson's former training. I always believed that once an omega presents they are old enough to be treated as omegas should be. Jackson is only twelve at present and will not be fertile for about three or four more years. Your son can use that time to mold him however he sees fit."

Thomson smirks, pulls out a cigar and lights it before leaning back in his chair and casually putting his feet up on the table. Michael balks and almost snaps at him for the audacity but as this man will most likely be an in-law in a couple years he allows it with a chuckle which is mimicked back by the other alpha. "And what will this merger look like for both companies if I decide to take you up on your offer."

Michael smirks in triumph as he begins describing the details of the business deal.

Now..

Cas had just finished up his meeting ensuring more funding for the legal battle as well as potentially starting a second facility if they can find a suitable location when Dean texts him that they have arrived.

He hurries down the two flights of stairs to his private office hoping to get there before the group. Not only to see Jack but to also warn Bal about the group arriving. The omega is waiting in Cas' office for the finalized paperwork to be sent from the donors. As high tech as much of the facility is, they still have a need to fly under the radar. Because of this, they still utilize fax machines for much of their correspondence. Dean often jokes that the nineteen eighties called and want their technology back. Castiel has no idea what that means but what he does know is that Faxing leaves no electronic record other than the number called. Thanks to Sam's friend Charlie, their fax machine number is untraceable to their direct location. To ensure further security, the only fax machine in the facility is located in a hidden vault in Castiel's office. That is where the signed pledge forms will be faxed to and so that is where Balthazar has currently positioned himself.

As Cas turns down the hallway he sees the door close to his office and cannot suppress a groan. He picks up his pace even more and manages to get into the room just as a voice he assumes is Gabe gasps out “Bal?!”

Everyone turns as Cas bursts into the room. On the outside, Balthazar looks more annoyed than anything else but Cas watches the subtle tick of his friends fists tightening and loosening at his sides. Bal is masking, like he has mastered the art of doing when trouble comes to them. Mission above all else and Cas has never felt more respect for the omega. Before Cas can find his voice, Gabe turns to him and snaps, “I thought you said you freed him, Castiel?!”

He hasn’t seen his brother in so many years and something in him hurts that a veiled accusation is the first words spoken between them.

“He did,” Balthazar answers, eyeing Gabe with piss and vinegar on full display. “Then I co-founded this foundation, that’s about to save your sorry ass with him.” He scoffs and folds his arms across his chest. “You’re welcome.”

Gabe's expression turns sheepish and he seems to find the floor extremely interesting all of a sudden. At the same time, the young boy by his side, Jack, Cas assumes by process of elimination, looks around in confusion, his eyes falling on Gabe “Uncle Gabe, what do you mean by freed him? What was he freed from?”

Everyone turns to answer Jack but Dean is the first to find his words. “Slavery.” When Jack still looks confused, Dean continues, his voice a bit rough. “Both me and Bal used to be slaves.” He steps to Cas’ side and places a hand on his shoulder. “Your uncle Cas freed us.”

“And many others as well.” Jodi adds beaming proudly at Cas who feels his face get hot and quickly looks down at his feet.

“It’s possible to free slaves?!” Cas’ head snaps back up. Jack's expression is filled with shock and Cas could swear a little hope before it fades and is replaced by a guarded almost blank look. He glances around the room, his eyes finally settling on Cas “Why would you do that?” he asks, a clear challenge in his tone. “It is a known fact that even if slaves were freed they

would fall back into the same behavior that made them slaves in the first place and be back in slavery within a month. Why waste the investment?"

Cas doesn't know how to respond and by the looks of it neither did anyone else. As far as he knows, none of the slaves freed by his foundation have ever found themselves re-enslaved.

This time, it is Gabe who responds. "Jack, you know that's not true. You remember that concert we went to, what was it two years ago? The lead guitarist was a slave for almost a decade before being freed and he has been free for over five years."

Jack looks conflicted. "He was an indentured servant, not a true slave, Uncle Gabe. They are completely different things." He looks at Bal. "Were you an indentured servant?"

Bal raises his chin slightly and frowns. "I was not."

Jack's eyes flash with anger. "Then you shouldn't be free. You've been trained. Money was spent making you into something useful. Now what are you? What good has come of any of the thousands of dollars spent to--"

As Jack speaks, Balthazar and Dean's expressions have been shifting to something dark. To his credit, Gabe steps in, placing his hands firmly on Jack's shoulders and speaking over him. "Jack, stop! That's enough."

Jack turns to him in outrage. "But Uncle Gabe, this is--"

"I said enough!" Gabe orders so vehemently that even Cas finds himself flinching slightly. He's never heard his brother speak so forcefully before. Apparently neither has Jack as Gabe's tone seems to stun him into submission.

Once Jack is silent, the beta deflates slightly and pushes a hand through his hair before addressing the stunned onlookers. "I apologize for the outburst. It's been a very long few days and Jack is exhausted-among other things."

Cas is shocked by the extent to which his nephew has been taught-brainwashed really-to view slavery. A pro-slavery omega is not unheard of, but knowing that his own nephew is one makes Cas feel queasy. He has no idea what he can do to help this boy, but he reasons that being away from Michael and the world that taught him such hateful things has to be a good first step.

Gabe and Jack are quietly conversing when Jack finally throws his hands up “Fine, whatever, Uncle Gabe! Can I call my dad now? It's been days since I spoke to him and I want to let him know where I am.” He narrows his eyes at Gabe. “Does he even know you brought me here?”

It takes Cas a moment for his brain to catch up to what Jack said and what that means. He looks at Dean and Jodi who appear equally stunned. Anger fills him faster than he can control as he turns to his brother.

Before he can speak, Dean sneezes and Cas blinks to find both him, Bal, and Jack all covering their noses against the acrid scent of alpha rage.

“What is that smell?” Jack asks from behind the hands cupped over his mouth and nose. “It smells like it did when dad and Uncle Michael were fighting.”

Gabe looks pleadingly at Cas. It's a struggle that he very nearly loses but somehow Cas manages to push down the rage boiling inside of him, demanding that he take his brother apart.

How is it possible that so many days have gone by and Jack doesn't know that his father is dead?

Balthazar is the first one to speak and Cas could honestly kiss him for it. “So I gather that this isn't the weekend you had planned then, eh lad?”

Jack looks at him with wide eyes but stays silent. Gabe places an arm around the boy's shoulders. "I was actually going to take him to a car show in France hosted by Bufori."

Jack turns to him, his face full of wonder. "Bufori! No way Uncle Gabe, you scored tickets?"

Gabe smiles down at the boy sadly. "Yeah, I'm sorry, Jack. Maybe next year."

Dean lights up suddenly. "Wait, Bufori? I know that name." He thinks for a second and then snaps his fingers. "Those are those stupid over priced Rolls Royce knock-off kit cars!" He gives Jack a disapproving look. "Really? You like those?"

Jack frowns at him. "They are beautiful works of master craftsmanship." He looks Dean over with disdain. "Of course I wouldn't expect a slave to know anything about automobile mechanics or design."

Both Bal and Dean snort simultaneously and then begin laughing. After a few seconds, Jodi joins them. Jack looks perplexed by their reaction and Gabe just looks lost. For an instant, the rage is forgotten and Cas smiles as he shakes his head at his brother. "I think Dean may have something very interesting to show Jack."

Dean is grinning ear to ear now. "Boy do I ever." He heads for the office door, gesturing for Jack to follow. "Come on, kid. Let me help you expand your horizons a bit."

Jack looks wary and Gabe tightens his hold on the boy. "What is he talking about?"

Cas folds his hands innocently in front of him. "Well, my dear brother, this *former* slave" He gestures toward Dean "Runs his own auto restoration shop right here in the center."

Jack's eyes pop wide as he looks back and forth between Dean and Cas. "No way!"

“Yes way!” It should be illegal to be as proud of anyone as Cas is of Dean at that moment. He gazes across the room to where the omega stands waiting in the doorway with a shit-eating grin still plastered on his face. “Dean is a master mechanic.”

Dean blushes and Cas feels his alpha preen at Dean’s response to his praise. It’s a warm feeling in his chest that he still isn’t used to even after three years of experiencing it. Before he can get lost in it, Jodi clears her throat and Cas looks over to see Balthazar smirking knowingly at him.

Shaking himself mentally, he focuses on his nephew, whom he realizes he still hasn’t been formally introduced to yet, but that seems to matter very little at this point. “Dean can take a car that somebody gave up on and threw away, and make it over like new again.” He chances a glance at Dean, careful not to get lost in the omega’s eyes. It happens quite often when he looks at Dean, but now is not the time. “How many cars are in process right now?”

Dean nods slightly. “I have three being rebuilt right now. One is only days from being back on the road. Oh, and I pulled Baby in this morning. There is some kind of rattling going on.”

“Baby?” Jack asks, pulling slightly away from Gabe who drops his arm. Jack’s focus is on Dean now.

“Baby is my car.” Dean explains proudly. “You can come meet her if you want.”

Jack looks at Gabe. Gabe looks at Cas who nods solemnly. Gabe smiles down at Jack. “It’s okay, you can go. I need time to catch up with Uncle Cas, anyway.”

“We’ll meet back here in an hour, Dean?” Cas suggests.

Dean grins again and Cas feels his heart stutter at the sight. “Sounds perfect.” He jerks his head toward the hallway. “Come on kid, let me show you what a real car should be.”

As soon as they are out of the room, Cas closes the door and rounds on Gabe. ``You haven't told him yet!"

Gabe immediately goes on the defensive. "How was I supposed to tell him? I haven't even come to terms with it myself yet! What am I supposed to say 'Oh hey Jack by the way your dad is dead and Michael wants to sell you into marriage with a highly abusive alpha just to expand the company. So now we have to run and hide in America in the hopes he doesn't find you.' How the hell do you think he would have reacted to that?"

Cas cocks his head remembering that Gabe told him Michael wanted to make Jack a slave. This version seems different from the original one, but maybe that is just the details.

Cas is about to inquire about it, but to his surprise, Bal speaks first. "You are still not fit to look after anyone, are you, Gabriel? I can't even process what you've done! That poor boy hasn't even started grieving for the only parent he has! Now he'll have to do it surrounded by virtual strangers!"

Even as stunned as he is that the omega spoke up so forcefully, at the moment, Cas fully shares Bal's sentiments. When Gabe starts to defend his actions again, Cas cuts him off "Gabe I know you care about Jack and while I agree that you should be in Jack's life I'm not certain that you are really ready to be wholly responsible for him right now."

Gabe is stunned by his words and Cas winces inwardly at the hurt in his brother's eyes. "What do you suggest I do then, huh?" He turns away, crossing his arms and breathing deeply before turning back. "Lucifer named *me* as his guardian. I can't abandon him."

Cas takes a breath to collect his thoughts. He has no idea what Gabe and Lucifer's relationship was like but having him and Jack in a feedback loop of grief would not be good for either of them. Neither would Gabe's poor decision making do them any good. Cas intentionally gentles his tone. He, himself, feels nothing over Lucifer's death, but he understands that Gabe and Jack need a safe place to grieve. "Come and stay with Dean and I at our house."

Behind him he hears Jodi make a noise which is probably the beginning of a protest. He holds up a hand to silence her.

The original plan was to lock them down at the center until the threat from Michael could be neutralized. Sam is already working on getting an order of protection and citizenship for Jack so he can stay in the states. But given the circumstances, it feels better to Cas to have them in a less institutionalized environment. Being in a home with family would do Jack more good than being at the center.

Gabe looks cowed by the offer as he rubs the back of his neck sheepishly. “Thanks Cassie but I-”

“No buts.” Cas states firmly. “Our home is secluded and spacious. We even have a lake with a dock and a small boat. It’s the perfect place for Jack,” he pauses and sighs. “And you, to rest and get your heads together. Figure out what comes next.”

And heal. He thinks but doesn’t say.

Dean's workshop...

“Do you know anything about cars?” It is a standard ice breaking question for Dean’s newest students. He only hopes it will work with Jack as well.

Dean almost laughs with how fast Jack’s eyes snap around as he flips on the light switch and illuminates the quiet shop. Dean feels hopeful as the despair recedes from Jack's eyes replaced by curiosity and wonder. It’s always the same when he brings a new person in and the feeling of pride never diminishes. The forty five hundred square foot shop is his pride and joy. He considers it one of his greatest accomplishments, second only to achieving his freedom.

Jack turns and faces Dean as he answers. “I’ve never actually worked on any real cars but I’ve read every book I could find on them and I’ve worked with some virtual programs. I really love the MKIII La Joya! We have two at our house. My dad never lets me touch them, though. He thinks I should focus on the company more.”

As he speaks, Jack is walking through the shop, running his fingers lightly along some of the unfinished cars and parts scattered on work tables.

Dean fights a grimace when Jack mentions the company he knows manufactured the very collar that kept Dean enslaved for a decade. Looking at this child, it pains him to know that before Jack presented, he was actively being groomed to believe the pro-slavery propaganda and keeps that company in business.

Shaking off the thoughts, Dean watches Jack, hesitantly exploring the shop and feels encouraged by the natural curiosity and enthusiasm the boy is showing.

He decides to steer the conversation away from any talk of Jack’s father or his former life. “Yes, while the new cars are flashing looking and technologically interesting, for me, all that new tech removes a lot of the fun of fixing them up.”

When Jack looks offended, Dean holds his hands up defensively. “Hey it’s true! The only place you can get most of their parts are from the dealers or directly from the manufacturer. You miss all the fun and challenge of hunting down the parts and rebuilding the car yourself. Do you know that mechanics need to go for specialized classes almost every year now because of all the new tech coming out? You have to be a computer whiz to do anything with models that came out in the last few years. All you do is make a list of what you need and order online. And most new cars are built to be scrapped after about eight years now. Cars are getting more expensive but their life span is getting shorter.”

Jack just stares at him for a moment, his mouth moving up and down before he straightens his posture much like he did at the airport. “Oh yeah? Well what do *you* think a good car is then?”

Dean crosses his arms. He’s still at least six inches taller than the kid. “I’m personally partial to the nineteen sixty seven Chevrolet Impala but the fifty six Coup de Villes are all usually pretty decent cars and fun to rebuild.”

Jack lifts one of his eyebrows, honestly matching some of the silent mocking Dean has seen when an adult thinks a child is being ridiculous. Dean would be offended if it wasn't for the fact that it looked so absurd on the face of a twelve year old "What's the point of having a car like that? They can't be worth very much."

Dean looks around the shop for a second, his eyes landing on a 1972 Volkswagon Beetle that he purchased on a whim last month and never got around to fixing up, a smile forming on his face. "Hmm, if that's what you believe, I guess I won't offer to let you help fix up my current project."

Jack freezes at that statement, all cockiness disappearing, allowing Dean to see how insecure he is under the snobby attitude. Dean almost thinks he's got him at that moment until the walls come back up. Dean can't help feeling a little disappointed.

That quickly changes to shock at the venom that flows in Jack's voice "Do you honestly think that I would listen to some omega bitch about how to fix a car? I'm thinking that all your knowledge about them is the same as your taste in cars, completely wrong and idiotic."

Dean's eyes harden. He can understand that Jack is going through a lot at a young age. He can even feel empathy for him. That doesn't make his attitude acceptable though. Dean pulls himself up to his full height before responding to Jack, his voice losing any of the teasing it held before "If that is what you honestly believe then I guess you don't need to learn how to fix them at all with being an omega yourself what could you possibly know about them either. If you change your mind at any time feel free to ask for lessons."

Jack just scoffs in response before turning around and storming off across the shop to sit at the spare desk Dean usually uses to go over invoices and text with Cas and Sam while his students work.

While Jack broods, Dean texts Cas who tells him that he and Gabe will be there shortly to pick Jack up. Dean glances at the kid who glares daggers back at him. Despite Jack's rotten attitude, Dean's heart breaks for him. Jack doesn't know it yet but his entire world is about to come crashing down around him. Dean busies himself researching the car that Jack mentioned. No matter how many articles he reads about it, he just cannot be impressed by it.

It is about ten minutes later that Gabriel and Cas come by to pick up Jack. Gabe looks around the shop and whistles. “This is way impressive, Dean-o.”

For the umpteenth time, Dean fights the urge to punch the guy in the face. Instead he focuses on Cas who looks worried and haggard. As Gabe collects Jack, they hear him once again ask to call his father.

Cas watches Gabe steer Jack toward the shop door and wipers to Dean “We’re going to take him to Benny.”

Dean nods. “Probably better for him to find out with a professional in the room. And Benny is good at what he does.”

“I invited them to stay with us.” Cas tells Dean. The omega’s head snaps around to look at him in surprise.

The alpha looks so tired and defeated that Dean doesn’t have the heart to challenge the idea.

“It’s fine Cas, we’ll take care of them.” He considers telling Cas about Jack’s disturbing outburst but decides against it when Cas offers him a small grateful smile and moves to leave.

Dean takes hold of Cas’ arm, halting his departure and wraps his arms around him. He lays his head against Cas’ shoulder. And the alpha sighs, returning the embrace instantly and lowering his head to nose at Dean’s scent gland, inhaling deeply. Almost instantly his scent changes from worry to calm.

“I love you.” Cas whispers against his pulse point and Dean feels his heart kick up a notch like it always does when Cas does that.

He pulls back and runs his fingers gently through the hairs on Cas’ temple. “I love you, too.”

“You have a class?” Cas asks even though Dean suspects that he already knows the answer. Cas keeps track of Dean’s schedule better than Dean most days.

“Yeah.” He answers softly. “Just two kids. I’ll be done in a few hours.” He looks over toward where Jack and Gabe are now standing quietly waiting for Cas. “You can bring him back here after if you want. Might be good for him to see what we do.”

Cas nods silently and leans forward for a kiss before gently pulling away and joining his brother and nephew. Dean can do nothing but watch him go, noting the slump to his shoulders that wasn’t there earlier today.

His alpha is hurting and although Dean’s omega whines helplessly in response and stomps around demanding he try to make it better, Dean knows he just has to sit tight and wait for the storm to settle. They’ve been through storms before and nothing has been able to defeat them yet.

He’s sure this will be no different.

End Notes

If you see or think of any tags we should add please tell us.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!