

Salvator

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28562394) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28562394>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	League of Legends
Relationships:	Kayle/Morgana (League of Legends) , Ahri/Evelynn (League of Legends) , Diana/Leona (League of Legends)
Characters:	Kayle (League of Legends) , Morgana (League of Legends) , Ahri (League of Legends) , Syndra (League of Legends) , Leona (League of Legends) , Diana (League of Legends) , Evelynn (League of Legends)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Verse , Costume Parties & Masquerades , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Omega Morgana - Freeform , Alpha Kayle
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-05 Words: 1,274 Chapters: 1/?

Salvator

by [BabyFoxling](#)

Summary

“Well don’t you smell divine,” a feminine voice purred against her ear, causing her to freeze. Clawed fingers plucked at her chin, guiding it toward the Alpha far too close to her. Purple met gold through the veil of the magic masks covering their faces.

She felt so hot, she couldn't breath, couldn't concentrate. These Alphas were calling her an Omega but she was a Beta, right?

Notes

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

Morgana hated people, but she hated attention more, which she was currently getting from *too* many people. She swallowed, starting to feel overwhelmed as she looked for an escape. Morgana stumbled, heat rising to her cheeks, her vision swimming. She gasped looking around the throngs of people, looking for something, *anything* . Pushing her way through the crowded dance floor to the refreshment table, she started taking big gulps of the spiked punch to try and settle her sudden nerves.

She wrinkled her nose as she fanned herself, the pungent smell of Alpha strong in the air.

“Well don’t you smell *divine*, ” a feminine voice purred against her ear, causing her to freeze. Clawed fingers plucked at her chin, guiding it toward the Alpha far too close to her. Purple met gold through the veil of the magic masks covering their faces.

Golden eyes widened as she was abruptly tugged away, “Evelynn!” A taller Alpha chastised the woman who was now revealed as Evelynn. “You can’t go around grabbing at Omega’s like that, especially one in *heat* .” She hissed.

Morgana looked over the two of them, both seemed to be redheads, but they didn’t smell related. She tilted her head, “I’m a beta,” she furrowed her brow, watching as the two of them seemed to share a look.

Evelynn let out a loud laugh, “Darling, we can smell you,” she gestures with her hands to the dance floor where some were still glancing over, “ *everyone* can smell you.” her arms crossed giving her an amused look. “Honestly Angel face, I was impressed with your gall to come into the lion’s den smelling as you do.” She took another sniff, grinning when Morgana bristled. “Alpha’s tend to not be able to control themselves around such a delicacy as an Omega’s heat, I’d be careful if i was you, lest you be hunted.”

Morgana raised a brow, “You seem to be controlling yourself just fine,” she looked over the two of them.

They shared a look again, irking the purple haired woman in the process. “We are mated,” The taller woman responds.

Evelynn huffed, crossing her arms, “Not to each other,” She glared at her companion, before continuing. “I have my own Omega, she’s around here somewhere.” She glanced around as if searching for her. “Leona’s Omega is a total stick in the mud though.”

The second Alpha, Leona, laughed, shocking Morgana at the lack of care about the disrespect of her mate, expecting them to have caused a scene over it. “She’s a stickler, but she’s also lovely.” A dreamy smile took over her face.

“Our Omegas might thank you later, though in Leona’s case,” Evelynn trailed off, glancing at her friend who was now glaring down at her. Her smile was all teeth as if she bore them at her taller friend. “Anyway,” Her golden orbs glanced back in the angel’s direction. “I’m not sure why you think you are a Beta, or how you think you are anything other than an Omega,” She paused as Morgana let out a low growl

“What is that supposed to mean exactly?” She forced through grit teeth.

Leona edged slightly between them, “Your smell, she means how you smell,” Leona took a cautious sniff at the miffed angel. “You smell like baked sweets, almost like a cupcake, but stronger right now. Like you are all icing?” She looked to Evelynn for help who just shrugged at her, uncaring. Leona sighed, looking back down at Morgana, “Just be careful, okay? It isn’t safe for you to be out of your nest.”

Evelynn let out a low growl, her eyes focused across the room, Leona turned, trying to see what was causing the anger she could scent. Her eyes widened then narrowed, letting out her own growl. “Pleasure to meet you Angelface, hope to see you again soon,” Morgana shuddered, the growl of her voice sending danger pings through her body. “Some Alpha’s need a hand losing theirs it seems.” She sauntered past her, moving quickly and silently.

“If you’ll excuse us,” Leona turned to leave, then paused again “Please get to somewhere safe,” she murmured then followed after Evelynn, both looking predatory and angry.

Morgana furrowed her brow, watching them as they approached a group of what appeared to be Alpha’s, a small girl with pink hair and large fox ears was on the floor, her arms seeming like she was holding her shirt together as she trembled, a white blonde haired girl was crouched in front of her, seemingly in a protective stance as she bared her teeth to the surrounding Alpha’s who were leering and laughing.

She gasped, looking around, catching too many eyes as she did so, fear starting to course through her veins. Leona's warning seemed to echo in her head as she panicked. She couldn't be an Omega, she would've presented hundreds of years ago. She was a Beta, they were wrong.

Her eyes darted around wildly, as she edged closer to the door. An uncomfortable warmth pulsed low in her belly, causing an involuntary whimper to leave her. Whirling around she collided with a hard body, she slumped against them as her knees buckled from beneath her. The strong but sweet smell of mint overwhelmed her senses. Letting out a moan, Morgana took deeper breaths needing more of this scent, mewling as the painful heat receded slightly.

She peered up the Alpha as they grabbed her waist, brow furrowing as she met a soft golden gaze. She leaned in, getting up on her tippy toes to try to sniff at this familiar Alpha's neck, needing to be closer to her.

"Omega," Her voice was cold and ethereal, and it cut right through Morgana to her core. She whimpered and rubbed her legs together, still staring into this new Alpha's eyes.

Something flickered behind the Alpha's back, gaining the purple haired woman's attention. Gasping she gazed in wonder at the golden wings that were starting to curl around her. This Alpha was an Angel too? Another like her, like Kayle?

Morgana looked back up at the angel before her, trying to peer through the mask hiding her identity from her. Morgana moaned as the joints in her wings were traced over by careful fingertips. She needed to know who this mysterious angel is, she needed.... she didn't know what she needed, but she needed it now. Groaning, her body shuddered as the Alpha growled. She whined, baring her neck in submission and trying to look as small as she could in the Alpha's arms.

The angel leaned down, dragging her nose over Morgana's scent gland, causing her to go completely slack in her arms as she emitted embarrassing mewls.

The Alpha tensed, pulling away slightly, making Morgana whimper and clutch at her shirt. "Don't go," she whispered, eyes connecting with the angel's again.

"You aren't in your right mind right now," she husked, petting a purple wing.

Morgana shuddered and let out a whimper, rubbing into the blonde and tightening her grip on her shirt. "Please," Morgana whined, eyes darting around wildly, whimpering and averting her gaze when she made eye contact with a male Alpha across the room. "Help me," she

begged, fear oozing off her in waves.

The Angel let out a low growl, hands tightening on her hips as she too looked around. She snarled and bared her teeth at any Alpha who dared to look at *her* Omega. “Come.” The Alpha demanded, tugging her closer. She scooped Morgana up into her arms, wings coming around and covering the trembling Omega from the eyes of others. “Let’s get you somewhere safe.”

End Notes

Follow my Twitter for updates :) at @FelFoxling

leave a comment about what you would like to see and any feedback

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