Summary

Percival had long given up on the idea that he would find an omega mate, he never seemed to fit what they were seeking in a husband, always too rough, not gentle enough.

But then he meets Newt Scamander and the omega is utterly perfect to him, with his shy smiles and tendency to run headlong into danger. Catching vipers in his hands and keeping nifflers for company, Newt is nothing like the typical demure omega and Percival is lost before he can even think to resist.

Notes

IT'S SO FLUFFY.

I wanted to write something really sweet and then this happened. I was trying to write marathon sex and there is some in there but I think I need another go at writing a marathon fucking fic.

I was forty pages in and I realized I hadn't gotten to the sex yet. Like, wtf, this was supposed to be a short kinky piece.

There is a bit of strange dubious consent in this, where Newt lets Percy have it whenever he wants regardless of his own needs but at the same time he likes that? I dunno, I had no real
Percival managed to secure himself a precious omega without ever realizing he was doing so.

It was estimated that ninety percent of the wizarding world was made up of alphas with a mere ten percent as omegas. An alpha man and woman could procreate together but an alpha and omega, regardless of genders, could have a dozen children within their lives. An alpha pairing was lucky to have two.

Pure families were obsessed with omegas and while the Graves family wasn’t as fixated as most, Percival’s mother had mentioned more than once how nice it would be if he could find himself a nice omega and settle down.

Since they were rare, omegas were sought after by the old families. They were courted and wooed, coaxed and seduced into marriage. Some were born into arranged marriages while others were given an endless line of alphas to pick from.

Percival had never had the patience for omega courting, having to be that perfect mix of coaxing and charming. He had always been forceful and stern, too forward for most omega’s delicate tastes. Percival didn’t know how to play at sweet or soft. When he had been younger and more inclined to find a pretty wife or husband Percival had honestly tried.

It had been an utter failure.

Lanna had been so endearingly sweet and kind hearted, with a omega shy smile. Percival had been working as an Auror only for a year and had been introduced to her through her brother who was working with him. For six months he had officially courted her, acted proper and did his best to be soft. Percival had spoken softly and obsessed on his every action, trying to be the charming alpha.

After six months Lanna had sent a letter politely putting an end to the courtship.

Percival lacked sincerity the letter explained, that she could sense something dark in him and would prefer someone more gentle.

You could not hide from an omega was the old saying, they could see you for all you were and all you were not.

Percival didn't try to court omegas after that.

Instead, he allowed his work to overtake him, dedicating himself to being an Auror. While he might not have been sincere enough for omegas, he was well suited to seeking justice. The Graves family was part of the original twelve Aurors of MACUSA and as such Percival following in his ancestral footsteps made his family proud. It was enough that no one really pressured him to marry. Instead, his younger brother, Tristan, was the one being sent to various matching events and constantly hounded to find an omega to marry. Not since their great grandmother had there been an omega in their family and in high society letting it go too far was considered improper. Percival understood that omegas were more likely to produce powerful children but he also had no patience for pureblood nonsense.
So he stayed out of the entire mess as best as he could.

He was in Britain for a meeting of the International Confederation of Wizards. The actual meeting was the part he enjoyed, the hours of delicate socialization that came after were a special sort of hell. But Percival had been born into it, raised to stand with his back straight and a polite smile on his face at all times. He could do everything expected of him at such an event flawlessly but that didn’t change the fact he hated it.

He wondered sometimes if that was what Lanna had sensed in him.

So once the initial round of handshakes were over and done with he slipped into the garden to wait out the few polite hours he would have to stay.

A shuffling in the flowerpot caught his eye. Years of working as an Auror had trained his instincts so finely that he reacted without thinking, Throwing out a hand he caught the creature hiding in the flowers and carefully closed in to inspect it.

The little rodent struggled in his magical hold, frozen in place.

Percival recognized it as a niffler and he fought an inappropriate smile to find the little thief among the elite. Dripping with their jewels to state their wealth. He knew he should turn the little beast into someone but Percival was almost impressed. No one had even noticed him sneaking around. A quick glance revealed no one was looking and Percival felt a touch defiant.

He made the little beast empty it’s pouch, ensuring nothing sensitive was stolen. Once he was sure, he let it go, watching it tumble back into the pot. In a flash too fast for his eye to follow, the little thing was scuttling up the side of the building.

Percival caught the flash of someone leaning outside an open window, a split second moment, before the windowpane was pulled closed.

“Here we are,” the other alpha announced as he led Percival into the apartment.

“I do appreciate this,” he told Theseus Scamander a third time, following him up to his apartment.

“I understand, I’ve had to travel around as well and I’ve found my accommodations ‘suddenly’ at some old blood families estate or manor.”

Percival frowned in agreement; glad to have been able to politely refuse the powerful family's offer to stay with them when his own arrangements suddenly and mysteriously fell through. It was a show of influence in a sense, that they could manipulate people’s privacy so easily. Percival was thankfully deemed on the older side and these so called mix-ups had died down over the years. He no longer found himself at dinner with some poor omega or with a bedroom across from one. It was an underhanded thing, a try for power from lesser families or an assumption from purebloods. As the Director of Security in MACUSA, Percival was now deemed an alpha worth marrying and thus the table had turned for him. He was the one being sought for marriage.

He was glad to know Theseus, the man holding the position of Head Auror for the Ministry. They had met over the years for various world events and become friends.

More importantly, the man was a single alpha and thus the target of the same issues Percival found himself in. He’d offered his own apartment to Percival for the weekend. Theseus had even mentioned that they could look over work together to grant him a strong excuse to agree.
The apartment had a comfortable guest room and Percival was just glad there was no omega lurking down the hall. It was bizarre to go from coveting them to dodging them, feeling awkward for the poor men and women whose families were trying to shove them onto him.

“Don’t mind the desk, Newt stays with me a fair amount so it’s mostly his stuff, just set it aside,” Theseus offered as he spelled the blankets and sheets clean and fresh.

“It’s no issue,” Percival shrugged it off and was just happy for the comfortable bed.

Theseus turned out to be a perfect housemate, usually focused on his own work but coming up from it to suggest lunch or dinner. In the evenings they shared a drink and discussed ways to improve their respective departments and Aurors. Theseus was uninterested in social events and more focused on his job and Percival felt a quick kinship with him for that simple fact.

On his second night, Percival used the desk to write a letter and was distracted by a gorgeous drawing of a Swooping Evil. Curious, he only meant to take a quick look but ended up reading through the entire thing. It was well worded and the information in-depth in a way Percival had never seen before. Magical beasts were under a strict ban and thus an issue on the black markets. Finding a reliable source on various animals was hard, most things outdated or just outright nonsense. Last year he had nearly lost a man to incorrect information, some document swearing a Swooping Evil wouldn’t attack once in their cocoons. Which they learned was bullshit when an Auror suddenly had a beast on his face, very nearly killing him.

Notes for thestrals, mooncalves, and nundus were at the end, clearly a guide in the making and Percival was immediately intrigued.

“Newt’s working on a book, he wants to write a decent guide on magical creatures, hoping to help preserve them via education,” Theseus explained with an easy shrug when Percival brought it up.

“Is this Newt known for good information? The papers seemed to know what they were talking about.”

Theseus offered a sharp laugh.

“Newt’s been in the forests of the world, down on his hands and knees poking and prodding the things. He’s bloody brilliant when it comes to his creatures. Hogwarts, one of our best schools, is already wanting copies of the book when it comes out.”

Percival nodded his head, making a note to remember to make the request for copies for his department when he returned home.

“Book will be sold out before it’s even printed.”

Or perhaps he should make inquiries right away. It paid to be on top of these sorts of things.

“Our mums delighted with it all, proud of Newt to go against the idea what an omega should be.”

Percival blinked, realizing that this Newt was a sibling to Theseus and apparently an omega.

“I’m surprised your family let him travel for his studies,” he mused without thinking and Theseus paused with a frown. They were settled in the living room, sharing a fine whiskey. The man settled in a worn but comfortable chair across from Percival.

“We don’t think omegas belong locked up,” he replied a touch cold.
Percival nodded. “They should be free to do whatever they want but what should be and what is reality are two different things. Surely people tell your family the ‘proper way’."

Theseus relaxed again and smirked.

“You know, we’ve never had trouble with that. Mum was from one of the Sacred 28 families, pureblood nonsense, and dad is from a pureblood family as well. Mum is an omega and her mother and grandmother were omegas.”

Percival allowed his eyebrows to rise. This Newt could very well be as crass or as wild as he wanted, a line that strong would be highly sought after.

“Big families too, mum chose to stop with just me and Newt but she was one of twelve and her mum was from a big number too. It’s part of why people throw their poor unmated omegas at me all the time.”

“Quite the catch you are,” Percival teased and the other man snorted.

Later that night Percival wrote a polite note to Newt Scamander, requesting a few copies of the book for MACUSA to reference, praising his knowledge and hinting the books could help them preserve the creatures as well. He left it with the papers on the desk and didn’t think more of it beyond securing the book.

He met Newt Scamander a month later when Theseus was the one visiting. Percival had offered his own apartment to the man in repayment and when Theseus had mentioned he was bringing a guest Percival hadn’t really thought about it. He just replied that the apartment had three guest-rooms, he was used to his family’s visits. His brother often coming to stay and his mother liking to shop in the city, his father brought along. He had only two other cousins who really visited, a pair of young alphas who stayed with him when they wanted to cause trouble in the city. The whole lot of them lived a few hours out in the country, in the vast family estate of the Graves.

Theseus arrived at the Woolworth building around midday. Percival met him just as he escaped a tedious meeting about department communication. It was three hours of every department blaming the other and an utter waste of time.

“Aren’t they always,” Theseus sighed and offered a bitter smirk that Percival shared. He noticed the omega then, a slender young man staring up at the impressive architecture of Woolworth. Percival’s first thought is that he was strikingly pretty with sharp cheekbones and soft freckles, copper-brown hair catching the sunlight. A deep blue coat made him stand out and brought attention to his trim waist. The entire picture put together was outstandingly omega. Percival looked but knew better than to stare, was better than to stare. But he noted a few alphas walking by and gawking a bit.

“Newt,” Theseus called, reaching out a hand to cup the omega’s neck and reel him in. “This is Percy, the Director of Security here at MACUSA, the same fellow who left you the note asking for copies of your book.”

The omega offered a shy smile, not meeting Percival’s gaze. “Hello.”

“Pleasure to meet you. I do hope we’ll be able to arrange for copies of your writing, what I’ve seen indicated it would be well used here.”
Newt Scamander replied with a touch more sincere smile. “I did add you to the list,” he reassures.

Percival nodded and led both men to his private office. Theseus had arrived to attend a meeting with Percival but Newt couldn’t come along due to the confidential nature.

The omega was carrying a worn leather suitcase and seemed ready to settle himself in Percival’s office but the meeting could take hours. Too many people in high positions who liked to hear themselves talk.

“Goldstein,” he called, a touch of magic to make the name echo down the rows of auror desks. After a moment he sees her rise up from her desk and make her way over with quick steps. Tina remains a touch too eager to please but with time it will fade and the young auror will come into herself. With a bit more confidence, she won’t second-guess herself as much as she does now, she does have excellent instincts.

“Sir,” she came to his side and he gestured her into the office, following her with the brothers already inside.

“Theseus Scamander and his brother Newt Scamander,” he introduced and she darted forward to shake hands and introduce herself.

“I’d like for you look after Newt while we attend the four o’clock meeting.”

“Oh that’s not n-necessary,” Newt protested, looking a touch affronted.

“I must insist. Without Tina to move them along, every alpha auror is going to come find a reason to stop and greet the pretty omega in my office.”

Newt flushed and Theseus snorted, crossing his arms and eyeing Tina now.

“Moreover, if you need anything to drink or eat Tina can show you where to get it, the building is confusing to navigate even to those who work here.”

“Are you going to be able to tell a bunch of gruff alphas to get lost?” Theseus asked and Tina’s back went straight as she fixed him with a narrow look.

“Should I give you a taste, sir?” she bristled and Theseus laughed, raising his arms in surrender.

“No offense meant, it’s good to see omega aurors, the Ministry is still being prissy about it.”

Tina relaxed and nodded her head after a moment. “Mr. Graves believes in a fair chance for everyone.”

Percival hid a smirk as one of his tougher aurors was slowly charmed by Theseus. Truly the man could squeeze water from a stone with that bright smile alone.

“It’s not truly necessary, I don’t mind waiting on my own,” Newt spoke up.

“It’s fine,” Tina replied. “Mr. Graves knows I’m just going over paperwork today so it won’t matter if it’s at my desk or here. I would honestly prefer that fancy looking couch,” she gestured at the extra seating set up in the large office and then motioned to her left leg, which was still wrapped.

“Oh, please come sit,” Newt hurried up and offered the couch. “I didn’t realize you were hurt.”

“I chased a stubborn wizard and in the end I caught him.” Tina huffed but didn’t apply her usual stubborn nature to it. “But I’ve certainly learned my lesson, humiliating as it is to have your boss
need to carry you because you twisted your bloody ankle because your shoes weren’t meant for running.”

Theseus hid a smirk and Newt looked sympathetic. Tina would take the story to her grave usually but now she was using it to win the omega she had been silently assigned to. Percival didn’t think there was any real danger but he did know every alpha truly would pester the meek looking man.

“We should go soon,” Percival reminded Theseus and the two left with quick goodbyes.

“He doesn’t actually need a babysitter.” Theseus pointed out as they walked down the long halls.

“No but if he has to sit around for hours he might as well have someone to talk to. Tina is supposed to be on lunch and working a half day anyway. That woman could have her leg chopped off and still show up for work the next day.”

“You don’t sound that bothered,” Theseus noted and Percival shrugged.

“She’s dedicated.”

Theseus waggled his eyebrows and Percival suddenly wanted to hit that man.

“Don’t be crass, I’m her director.”

“Shame, she’s pretty and she had some bite.”

“Are you always this sexist?”

It was meant to sting but Theseus just laughed.

“My mum would castrate me if I were. I do genuinely mean it, she is a beautiful woman and I admire strength, more so any omega who wants more than a house and babies. Not that it wrong, but my mum was never like that and neither is Newt, I suppose I’m used to admiring them going after big dreams and not let anyone stop them.”

“Did Newt run into much trouble?” Percival inquired distractedly, pushing the doors open to head down to the conference rooms spelled to be sound proof.

“Hoard of it. A young, unmated, omega that wanted to travel the world and wander around jungles without a big burly alpha escorting him? He had to fight tooth and nail not to be underestimated and sent home like a good boy.”

“Good for him,” Percival noted sincerely and then they enter the room with everyone gathering and the conversation turns to MACUSA and Ministry relationships.

“So then the Swooping Evil lands on the fellow, knocking him right into the mud. The alpha was so scared nearly wept.”

Tina muffled her laughter and Queenie clapped her hands in delight. Newt looks like someone else, suddenly lively and smiling as he gestured.

“After that, the local alphas left me be to my research, the family I was staying with at the time were very impressed as well, wanting to see if they could look after injured Swooping Evils themselves, if only to keep unwanted alphas from their daughter.”
“My, oh my, I could see the value, I’d sure like a nice beasty to sit in my pocket and knock down any rude alphas!” Queenie laughed and Tina chuckled and then glanced over, noticing them returning first.

Percival pushed the door the rest of the way open and Theseus followed with a bright smile and wave to the trio of omegas.

“What about the uses of Newt’s creatures?” He asked and the two women smirked at one another, sitting up to leave now.

“We certainly learned something,” Tina mused and smiled genuinely at Newt as he sat up and shook their hands in goodbye.

“It was lovely to meet you Newt,” Queenie bubbled happily and coaxed a shy smile in return.

“Likewise,” Newt offered.

“You’ll send us our copy of your book?” Tina asked and Newt nodded his head again.

“I’ll make sure to send it out as soon as it arrives.”

Percival caught Tina throw a wink at him, no doubt knowing he was trying to secure copies for the department. One day that woman would be a force to be reckoned with he mused.

He watches the sisters go and then gathered up the brothers to take them to dinner. Percival avoids the more trendy places, he didn’t feel the need to wine and dine the pair. Instead, he took them to a quiet family run Italian place that he preferred.

“This sauce is just like what I’ve had in Italy, you can taste the freshness in a way,” Newt mentioned during the meal just as the owner was walking by and before he knows it the man had introduced himself and was heaping food on the omega. Newt stuttered and blushed insisting it was too much but then he ate the entire plate. Theseus got a lecture from the restaurant owner for trying to sneak a few bites, a big plate was given to him and Percival both so they would stop stealing from the poor underfed omega.

“I imagine after a few kids I’ll have a proper belly,” Newt mused shyly, not seeming offended at all, nor thinking he had a waistline to maintain.

It’s strangely appealing, Percival was too used to omegas of high society chasing body ideals. While he firmly believes it was their choice to do so, it was mind numbingly boring for him, the latest trends and styles seeming so unimportant in the face of chasing criminals and protecting the city.

After they eat far too much, they left with takeout boxes of dessert, fresh Tiramisu the owner had by ‘chance’ just wiped up. They make Newt promise three times to come visit again.

“They were nice,” he commented later, seemingly unaware that he had endeared himself permanently with a single genuine compliment.

Theseus just laughed and said he might vomit if he ate again for a week.

Percival can understand, his stomach stuffed full and his body pleasantly relaxed and eager for a cool bed. The Scamanders are good company and the entire evening had been a good one.

He showed them into his apartment and the guest rooms ready themselves, magic freshening the sheets and blankets, brooms making sure there were no dust bunnies hidden anywhere.
While that happened they sat down for a bit of dessert and some fresh coffee to go with it. Going against the idea that they are all fully stuffed. Newt declined the coffee but Theseus seemed used to it. Most aurors were Percival’s found.

There was a letter waiting for him, the pigeon leaving it in the mailbox attached to the window. It was a touch odd since his mail goes directly to the Woolworth building but his mother had been signing his name up for the odd high society event. Mainly those involving alpha omega matches. Tristan was the one who got the brunt of his mother matchmaking but Percival didn’t escape it entirely of late.

Theseus was in the middle of an outrageous story about catching a dark wizard with no trousers on as Percival pulls the seal; more focused on Theseus than anything.

A strange noise, like a kettle whistling, echoed and Newt looked up sharply. Percival glanced at him as he opened the envelope. Out of sheer reflex, his jerked back when something moved. It was lightening quick, faster than he can slam his magic up.

Newt was already moving though, bare hand darting out and he caught the snake before it could bite Percival in the face.

With a truly practiced ease, Newt overturned a large fruit bowl on the table and slipped the creature under it quickly.

“The dark should calm it,” he muttered, keeping a hand over the bowl.

“Are you ok?” Theseus directed to Percival, his tone serious and his charm gone for the face of a true auror. Honestly, Percival felt a bit dumb, making such a rookie mistake. But mail of a dangerous nature has never reached his home before and the letters are all carefully checked at the department. He knew he was justified in the slip-up but he was still a touch humiliated to have done it.

“Fine. What was that?” He asked, turning the envelope over and finding an address for a matchmaking club. There was a letter inside and he used careful magic to pull it, inspecting everything carefully before reading it. It was a simple invitation to an event next Friday. Percival had received hundreds over the years, nothing about it was different.

“A Norwegian Viper, strong venom, a single bite would have killed you under two minutes,” Newt explained, wand out as he lifted the bowl and carefully cast a spell around the beast, keeping it contained but allowing to slither on the table and for them to see it clearly.

Newt’s suitcase comes to his side and he popped it open. A spell called two live mice out. The snake ate them immediately rushing to devour each one. “It’s highly agitated and clearly starved.”

“A murder attempt obviously.” Theseus frowned, leaning in to look at the snake, clearly trusting Newt to keep it contained.

“It must have been, they’re hunted quite terribly since they pose such a threat to wizards. But this one could have been an illegal pet, his colors are gorgeous.”

Percival can’t argue that. The viper was a brilliant scarlet with orange and yellow markings, like a lick of fire.

“Huh. Nothing boring about you,” Theseus attempted to lighten the mood but Percival grimaced.

“I receive my fair share but not in my own home. My mail goes to my work office.”
“Is that common knowledge?” Theseus shot back and Percival shook his head.

They discuss the possible culprits and try to figure out how they knew to use the matchmaking service letter, if it was chance or if they were watching the apartment.

Percival went over his wards and Theseus helped him, the man was powerful and despite the sting to his pride, Percival allowed him. Better to have all the protection they could, more so with innocent people in the house.

Newt was clearly taken with the snake and Percival can’t detect any magic on it, attempts to trace it to its origin fail as well so he lets the omega keep the creature. If he takes it into the offices the snake would be destroyed needlessly. It was clear Newt knew how to handle it and Percival saw no reason to kill pointlessly.

“Thank you,” Newt offered to him when Percival requested he keep it. “Not many people would see it that way. It did attack you. Many wizards would demand it be killed for that.”

“It wasn’t the snake that tried to kill me, not truly,” he replied easily, more focused on finding the human behind the attack. He missed the way Newt looked up at him, a shy gaze peering at him.

Percival slept uneasily and come morning he contacted his mother, asking to meet her for lunch. He filed the attack at work but for now intended to look into the matter on his own.

“Make sure to mention I’m helping you,” Theseus added, reading over Percival’s shoulder. “Call it a trust building exercise or some nonsense.”

“You really don’t have to,” he pointed out, not really wanting the other man involved. It could end up a massive mess if either visiting Brits were hurt.

“Makes it less boring, besides, Newt did technically save your life last night. That thing would have gotten a bite in.”

Percival frowned, but he couldn’t deny it.

So he writes Theseus Scamander was assisting and the man used that to bully his way into Percival’s lunchtime meeting with his mother. It became very clear Theseus was enjoying himself entirely too much.

But the true danger had passed and they both knew it. Now it was a matter of tracking down the would-be killer. Percival was on guard and won’t be surprised again, there was no real threat at this point. It was a bit disconcerting that he had gotten so used to attempts on his life and the rare ones that do make close calls don’t faze him anymore.

The real trouble though, was that Theseus brought Newt along.

Percival’s mother shook the omegas hand and from that moment on she was very politely pumping him for information. She was fantastically good at it too, so subtle that Newt doesn’t seem to realize he’s given her his age, marital status, intentions for children, family line, and general plans for the future all in a single light meal.

Theseus caught on but seemed to allow it since his mother was genuinely engaging Newt and the young man seemed relaxed talking with her.
Theseus could charm a stone but his mother could have it agreeing to marry in an hour.

Unfortunately, she knew nothing about the matchmaking letter and even less about the actual club. It was a high society group that caters to omegas and invites alphas of proper standard to public events, dinners, and dances in order to meet omegas and find matches. It was one of many in New York but it did have a strong reputation.

“You attended a series of parties yourself last year,” she pointed out and Percival blinked, realizing he did. Tristan had begged him to go with him and so Percival had suffered alongside his brother. He had only agreed because Tristan’s latest sweetheart of the time had dumped him and the man was feeling morose. The last thing they needed was Tristan doing something stupidly desperate like trying to marry the first omega that smiled at him.

“Anything noteworthy?” Theseus asked and he shook his head.

“I don’t attend such things normally, so I don’t know if anything was out of place but nothing was obvious. It seemed normal.”

“It is normal, what sort of letter did you say you received?” His mother frowned and Percival exchanged a quick look with Theseus. The last thing he wanted to do was upset her.

“A tad threatening it seemed, enough to merit us looking into it. That or Percival knows I like a good mystery,” Theseus replied smoothly adding a wink and despite herself, his mother smirked a touch.

“There’s an event this coming Friday?” Newt contemplates and Percival’s mother lit up. “Yes, Tristan can’t make it so I thought perhaps Percival would go. Would you be interested in attending as well?”

Percival was at once working up excuses in his mind while Newt and Theseus exchanged a reading look.

“We’d love to,” Theseus grinned before Percival could excuse them out of it.

“The best way to catch our trouble maker,” Theseus shrugged later and Percival was disgusted at the logic of it.

“Have you attended these events before?”

Theseus nods. “Omega family line remember, just smile politely, say meaningless things and go nowhere isolated at any point unless you want to be groped.”

Percival snorted at the painful accurate summary.

“And Newt?”

Theseus grinned mischievously.

“If anyone asks, you’re both deeply in love,” Theseus teased and Percival glared as Newt blushed. Percival had contacted the club and received two extra invitations and the approval to investigate on his own. The other option was far more public and the club knew enough to want to avoid that.

“Honestly, you are far too amused by this.” Percival frowned.
“Imagine if we did fall in love,” Newt added with a glare at his brother and Theseus’ smirk dropped.

“Not funny. You are not moving to America.”

“Then go mingle, find our assailant.”

Theseus fixed Percival with a warning look and then left them, wandering into the crowds. They were just walking in now, among omegas and their chaperones and alphas in groups, everyone dressed to the nines. Newt looked good as he was, clothing neat and clean but clearly not ridiculously expensive. Percival hoped it would keep the gold diggers away from him. But then, Newt was a gorgeous thing, his pretty freckles and lush mouth distracting.

After the third alpha asked and was declined to dance, Percival took Newt’s hand and tucked in the crook of his arm.

“Might make them stop,” he whispered and Newt blinked through a deep blush that looked lovely on him. He pressed in closer to Percival anyway, keeping their arms linked, as it did indeed keep most alphas away. Any who did approach them Percival turned around with a steely look.

“Honestly, you have that intimidation down very well,” Newt chuckled softly and Percival fought a grin.

“Being an alpha is entirely about posturing,” he replied and won another soft smile from the omega on his arm. Newt felt good against him, warm with his soft scent constantly under Percival’s nose. It made sense that omegas were so sought after, the way Newt’s smell alone managed to unwind some part of Percival that was almost always coiled up tightly.

“Tina?” Newt blinked and Percival, in turn, was surprised to see one of his aurors at the event, even more so, in a black waitress outfit.

She looked mortified to be caught, face burning a humiliated red.

“Try not to draw too much attention,” Percival spoke gently to Newt. “I asked Tina to attend in case support was needed.”

Understanding lit in Newt’s gaze and he nodded his head at her.

“We’re just mingling about, trying to pick up any information on anyone collecting rare magical creatures,” he explained and Tina nodded her head as well, immediately playing along.

“Have you heard anything?” Newt asked and Tina shook her head but then tilted it in considering.

“Some people adore your brother and others despise him, moving in on the poor American omegas,” she offered and Newt huffed with amusement. “A few complaining about aurors in general,” she added to Percival, her gaze was curious now, trying to place why they were there.

“Keep an eye open for trouble,” Percival commanded and she nodded her head seriously, turning back to offer tall glasses of champagne to others.

Theseus was indeed the life of the event, moving through circles and charming people, dancing with every omega and sipping drinks with young alphas.

“He’s good at that,” Percival observed.
“He really is, Theseus has always been good with people.”

“It seems like so much work,” Percival sighed and Newt nodded. “I know, it makes me a bit tired to just to watch him.”

They shared a smirk for that.

As the evening wore on Newt’s grip on Percival’s arm grew tighter and it became clear he was very much done with the pressing crowd and endless introductions. So Percival swept them both out onto the balcony. The event was being housed in someone’s grand city mansion, complete with a small but lush garden in the center, the building built up around it in a rectangle, allowing only those inside the house access.

“Let’s take a break for now and see if we can’t sneak off together,” Percival suggested and Newt blinked at him with huge eyes.

“How to investigate,” he clarified and Percival felt distinctly amused and maybe even a touch embarrassed.

“So-sorry. Too many events like this with alphas making such suggestions,” Newt stuttered, face flushed red again.

Before he could reply Newt froze in a way that screamed danger.

“Don’t move,” Newt breathed and Percival went as still as he possibly could.

“A freezing spell, something that won’t harm a living creature,” he said calmly and slowly, not looking the least bit scared for how motionless he stood.

“Where?”

“Between our feet.”

Percival didn’t look, he just cast the spell wandless and after a moment Newt gradually looked down. He blinked and slumped his shoulders.

“Another snake,” he huffed, pulling out his own wand and lifting the black beast up. The top of its head had bright blue marks, Percival knew enough from reading up on snakes after the first one that bright colors usually meant venomous.

“Sir!” Tina shouted, casting a spell to deflect what was flying towards Percival and Newt. Quickly moving between Newt and their attacker, he fought the next series of blows with wandless magic, calling his own wand to hand in the pause. Theseus appeared from nowhere, disarming the stranger and in seconds Percival had him down on his knees, arms locked behind his back.

Robert Dolan was apparently the brother of an omega Percival had turned down last year, insulting her family deeply it turned out. The omega, Helen, Percival could barely recall her and he felt bad for that, had become dismayed and ran off with some alpha to Europe. Apparently, this had caused more shame and by Robert Dolan’s logic Percival was to blame for the entire thing.

It was a stupid bloody headache and Percival wanted his week back. He laid charges without remorse over the whole thing, sitting in the auror offices in one of his best suits with Theseus, Newt, and Tina.

He eventually managed to convince Theseus and Newt to return to his apartment, promising to
follow after the last of the paperwork was done up.

“Don’t be long! We should go out for a drink to celebrate! Hope to see you there,” Theseus winked at Tina who rolled her eyes at him.

Once they were gone Percival leaned against his office chair and looked at Tina, still in her waitressing outfit. She only just then realized she was caught.

“Please explain this. I would like to leave it be, but I have a feeling I should make some sort of inquiry.”

“It’s nothing! Just a second job, Queenie and I do it sometimes. Fancy places like that love having omega staff so every now and then…” she shrugged, looking mortified again.

“Why?” Percival sighed, picturing one of his best aurors offering drinks and getting groped. It was none of his business but an auror wage should have been enough to live off comfortably.

“We want to buy a house is all.”

That was unexpected.

“The housing we stay at is for omegas only but it’s also run a bit like a penitentiary. If I stay in the office passed a certain time I usually just stay all night since I know the place will be locked up for the night. The cranky omega running it seems to hate Queenie for her abilities as well.”

Tina stood up straighter then, lifting her head determinedly.

“We’re in no rush to get married so we want a house of our own. But omega’s owning property is a joke apparently. No one will grant us a loan so we need the entire sum upfront.”

That really was a joke.

“Tina, you are aware I am your direct supervisor?”

He got a nod in return, the omega before him seemed ready for some sort of scolding or censor.

“As such, I am technically your overseeing alpha and thus could cosign any loans you sought.”

That made her blink. “Y-yes. But. Well, it seemed silly. To ask my boss for something personal like this. The others give me a hard time as it is, if they found out you were signing like my father or something I’d never hear the end of it.”

“I agree with that. It is ridiculous that as grown omegas you and your sister have to abide by chauvinist alpha nonsense, but it is still law.” He sighed.

“Please write the paperwork up and I’ll sign it. Let any other omegas know that I have no issue with this and have no intention of embarrassing them, have them send the paperwork in the same as typical forms for vacations or some such if they wish. No one but them and myself need to know about this.”

Tina nodded her head, a quick appreciative bob.

“If you find your coworkers crossing any lines please inform me as well.”

“Yes, sir.”
“Finally, please go change and meet us at the Saucy Pixie. If I have to go out with the Scamanders, so do you.” Percival didn’t want to think of a drunk Theseus Scamander.

Tina brought Queenie, who offered Percival a bright and thankful smile, clearly hearing about the discussion, he gave her a polite nod in answer. Theseus immediately commandeered both of them, chatting and making them laugh endlessly at the bar. Percival took a quiet corner with Newt, sipping drinks and watching Theseus reenacting Tina’s wand work from earlier, praising her brightly until she was finally flushing.

“Was everything sorted then?” Newt asked lightly and Percival nodded his head absently, aching for his bed and feeling old for wanting it so soon on a Friday night.

“Dolan is in a cell cooling his heels and he’ll be tried and charged as the evidence is gathered. You’ll have to let my aurors take a look and document those snakes. Both of them.”

Percival watched Newt flush, caught.

“But once they’re done, both can go with you, their better off that way I suspect. The family owned them but they were both confiscated permanently.”

Newt smiled gratefully and then looked over to Tina.

“Did you discover why your employee had a second job?”

Percival sat up, caught off guard. Newt smirked a touch, eyes on the table. He seemed so meek and shy but it was becoming clear to Percival that Newt was a very clever individual.

“Yes, we discussed the issue,” he replied, unwilling to make Tina’s matters anything but private.

Newt smiled more for it. “That’s good. One thing that America and Britain share is the backward treatment of omegas. We’re exquisite treasures but also utterly incapable of being independent apparently.”

Again, he was nearly dead on to the truth.

“It’s nonsense, Tina is just as good as her alpha coworkers,” Percival huffed and took a swing of his drink. Newt glanced at him, a lingering second where he met Percival’s gaze. It felt like something hot rushing up his back, along his spine, to have Newt look at him properly.

“I agree,” he smiled.

The next Saturday they woke to a package with a sincere apology for all the trouble from the matchmaking club. Along with that were a series of letters of interest, all carefully checked for danger the letter promised.

Theseus snorted and Percival reminded himself to get his address off the bloody list immediately. Still, they sorted the letters, various individuals who had met them and were thus interested in knowing them more.

None of the letters raised any charms for curses or danger.

Theseus had a massive pile, fifty-six letters. He was grinning over it, not arrogant, but mostly
amused. Poor Newt wanted nothing to do with the forty-two letters addressed to him and Percival was amused by his mere ten.

“I’m old news,” he huffed.

“Charming Brits are taking over,” Theseus agreed. Newt shook his head, more focused on his breakfast as Theseus ripped open letters for both him and Newt, looking for the more lewd ones.

“This fellow promises to take you to new peaks of pleasure, you won’t need Graves once he’s done with you,” Theseus wheezed and Newt’s face burned red.

Percival fought a smirk but also felt his stomach turn a bit, glancing at the omega and finding he didn’t like the idea of others making remarks. An inappropriate thought considering Newt was a friend visiting and not looking for unwanted affections. Percival would be better pushing such idle thoughts away until they faded.

And yet there was no denying Newt was a stunning, unique individual, very much unlike any omega Percival had met before. A strange mix of omega shy but also daringly brilliant, with an air of well-meaning trouble about him. A curious man.

“You dropped this,” Newt said, bending down to pick up a letter from the floor, Percival’s name written across it. He frowned at his ten letters, all sitting there.

The handwriting was familiar, Percival noted absently and that made him open it up. It was a single sheet folded in half, a single sentence.

'I’m interested if you’re interested.

Newt’

Percival blinked and stared a touch too long. Newt was focused on his breakfast but his face was crimson. Percival made himself look at his own plate but his mind was suddenly whirling, going over their interaction and trying to make sense of it all.

“Why are you so red Newt? I didn’t even read the worst one,” Theseus teased.

“I-I was just thinking, what i-if my future mate’s letter was here waiting to be read?”

Theseus immediately waved his hand and the letters tore themselves up, he growled at the pieces, every inch an over-protective alpha brother.

“You’re cleaning that up,” Percival managed, as tiny bits of paper scattered all over the table.

The brothers left on Sunday, having stayed a week over to help Percival with his snake problem. There hadn’t been a moment alone with Newt since the breakfast, Theseus clinging after Newt’s comment.

“Newt’s going to die an old maid. I will accept no less,” he grumbled.

Percival thought more time would be wise, most letters would be responded to in a weeks time, enough to think about it but not so long to leave the writer wondering. He hadn’t been consciously trying to woo Newt or anything, but somehow, he had caught the interest of the omega.

It surprised him that Percival didn’t think he needed a week to decide.
Newt Scamander was fascinating and Percival was certainly attracted to him, there was no reason not to court and see what could develop between them. Lanna had been a hard blow to his confidence and had bruised his heart but Percival had the feeling Newt was worth that chance. He was shy but bold, a snake charmer with no fear of danger. Percival felt that Newt wouldn’t think him too rough for his tastes.

They came to the office with Percival, Theseus wanting to say goodbye to Tina and Queenie.

“He’s playing it very smooth, but I’ve never seen him this taken before,” Newt mused, watching his brother coax a smile from Tina.

“May I write you?” Percival asked abruptly, and felt like an idiot for it. But Newt smiled down at the floor happily.

“I’d like that.”

They exchange letters, sometimes with gaps in between while Newt travels. Percival finds reasons to travel to Britain, agreeing to work related events and even taking weekends off to portkey across the world. Usually, they meet in England but a few times while Newt’s traveling they meet as well. India once and another in the deep jungles of China, Percival had portkeyed and apparated hours just to meet Newt for a daylong visit. It was about that time he realized he was very much gone over the omega. They had only been seeing one another for six months but Percival was ready to move to the next step.

As per tradition, Percival offered the first gift, a spelled journal. It shrank down for easy travel and would never run out of pages, the paper waterproof and fireproof as well. Percival spelled it himself, taking quiet evenings to work on the project. Courting gifts were a reflection of one's self supposedly. Percival had never bought into it before but now it seemed important, more than he wanted to admit. The journal signified that he didn’t mind Newt’s traveling or his studies, didn’t expect them to stop. He rather liked the other man just as he was.

Newt had accepted the gift with a warm smile, fingers spreading over the pages and undoubtedly reading the magic woven throughout.

“It’s brilliant,” he breathed with a soft sincere smile.

They were of all places tucked in a campsite in Indonesia, the heat sweltering. Newt’s vest was gone and his shirtsleeves rolled up, his shirt undone a bit at the neck. He wasn’t wearing an undershirt or union suit, his skin peeking out. It was the most Percival had seen before and he immediately wanted to see more. The long bare column of his neck down to his collarbone was distracting, Percival had never been one to let base needs occupy him but they were courting. There was a good chance that one day Percival might be able to touch Newt, to lick his skin and suck love bites against his neck.

When he made himself look up to Newt’s face, the other man was looking away and crimson, clearly having noticed Percival staring.

“Sorry,” he apologized immediately.

“It’s fine. I suppose it’s half the point?”

“I spent months making the book for you and now a bit of skin is distracting me from seeing how you like it.”
“Well I love it, so don’t worry. I also have a response gift.” Newt sat up from his little fold out stool, surprising Percival. He hadn’t expected Newt to have a gift ready already. Perhaps they were more in sync than he had first thought.

“I’m not sure if this is appropriate, I’m terrible with these sorts of things but I wanted to try my best,” he explained nervously and Percival prepared to adore whatever he was given.

A small wooden crate surprised him.

Newt gently set it before Percival and eased the lid off. Inside a nest of golden dried grass and mud was a single blue egg.

“It’s a Nostrum snake egg. For decades it was believed to be a false cure un-until it was realized that the venom of the creature was actually an anti-venom for all other poisons. I found two abandoned eggs a week ago, they don’t like their siblings so he or she will need to be on their own.”

Newt rambled on about snakes and habitats, having a manual prepared to guide Percival and willing to help him create a safe place for the creature. He was nervous and growing uneasier by the second, but Percival was having his own troubles.

Newt had gifted him with a creature infant.

This was the sort of thing you only gave if you were certain that a marriage would work out well and you wanted to see if your would-be partner would be a good parent.

This was the sort of gift you gave if you knew you wanted to marry.

“Thank you,” Percival finally rasped and Newt’s shoulders slumped with relief.

“Is it too much?” He picked at the dirt under his knees, looking away from Percival.

“…No. It’s perfect, I agree, that is. Very much agree.”

“…I’m glad.”

Newt’s face was a fetching red but he managed to look up at Percival, peering up at his hair, not able to meet his eyes but smiling warmly all the same. Morgana, he looked amazing, the evening sunlight filtering through the trees and spots of it dancing on his skin, making him glow with his gorgeous eyes warm and soft affection radiating off him. Percival felt like an utter fool but there was nothing in him that cared.

Snakes were tricky creatures it turned out.

He read through Newt’s careful papers on the Nostrum snake and then went and picked up a few more books. As it turned out, Nostrum snakes were exceedingly rare and highly sought after. A look into them revealed them to be one of the number one stolen snakes, their venom able to cure any natural poison and most common potion effects. Everything rambled on about their value and little about the snake itself. He sort of understood Newt's plight then, that the wizarding world took advantage of magical creatures too much.

Percival ended up spelling his pocket into a warm and secure nest for the egg, carrying it around with him rather than leaving it at home. It was mainly paranoia, that something would happen, some freak
accident that would end with the egg crushed. Newt would be devastated and call the whole thing off. Percival sort of hated himself for turning into one of those over worrying alpha males he once thought utterly foolish.

Morgana help him, should he have actual children.

After a truly trying month, the egg hatched.

Tina was in his office breaking down an arrest report when his pocket hummed. Waving the office door closed with a slam he pulled out the rocking egg and spelled his scarf over for something soft to set the egg onto.

“What is that?” Tina stared but a tiny crack took precedence. A small silver head poked from the egg, tongue scenting the air for the first time. Percival very carefully tipped the egg into his bare hand, helping the newborn squirm into his palm.

It sought the heat of his body, coiling around his wrist and just barely looping all the way around, it was so tiny. Percival summoned the jar of insects and immediately began stuffing the creature. It ate greedily, crunching one after another. At ten Percival stopped only because Newt had insisted, too much and the creature would make itself ill.

The snake was content, settling against his skin and flicking its tongue, skin still a bit slimy with its scales not fully dried and hardened yet. It was so tiny and Percival was suddenly scared he might accidentally squish the poor thing.

Someone knocked and swung his door open, walking in and startling them all, the snake coiling tightly in fear and Percival slammed the door before thinking.

“Did you just slam the door in the president’s face?” Tina whispered and Percival felt a headache coming on.

“You did not,” Newt breathed and Percival huffed, glad that the tale was amusing to him. They were hidden on another balcony, a grand event going on inside that neither were inclined to care about.

“I was scolded for a solid hour before I admitted what had happened.”

Newt looked delighted and struggling to hide it, smiling down at the snake curled snugly around Percival’s wrist. The little thing hung perfectly still, watching the room around them curiously. Percival had tried to find a proper name for her, something fitting with deeper meaning. While he poured of name books he nicknamed her Abby for no real reason and the name had stuck.

Abby had remained small and come to prefer to be around Percival’s wrist, settling there unless she was hunting bugs or exploring the apartment. Percival was silently grateful that the little snake preferred his wrist, making his life easier since he could literally feel her warm scales pressed to his wrist whenever he wondered where she was. He sometimes had to abandon his task at hand and find her in his apartment, worried something had happened. Abby’s scales had shined into a subtle metallic silver tone that made her look like a bracelet more than a live creature and he used it fully to his advantage. If she moved she merely looked like a charmed piece of jewelry.

Newt had chosen well for him, allowing Percival to carry his anti-venom with him always. He’d also been endeared by the little beasty, wasting idle time rubbing her scales, as they shed they seemed to
itch her and Percival would never admit how many hours he spent rubbing expensive lotions onto her. Researching everything before daring to put it on her and risk irritating her scales or somehow harming her.

“I’ve been trying to teach her sibling to live in the wild but the Nostrum has been very domesticated. It’s a bit of a battle.”

“And this little one?” Percival asked.

“Her egg was already charmed, she was unfortunately domesticated before she was even born.”

“Found in an abandoned nest were they?”

Newt flushed, caught.

“It might have been inside a poacher’s home with many other creatures who are now free or in good hands,” he admitted with a little shrug.

“...As long as you’re careful,” Percival appalled himself by saying, encouraging law breaking. Morgana, Newt had a hold on him if he wasn’t even able to properly scorn him for stealing. Even if it was from thieves.

Percival was called away from Newt’s side, forced to speak with two political powers. It was a larger event, dining and dancing going on all around him in a truly massive ballroom.

Theseus was off somewhere being far more social. Newt had come along with his brother to ‘run into’ Percival. Of course Theseus was suspicious, asking Percival to keep an eye out on Newt. He was beginning to worry some alpha was lurking around his brother.

Percival could only imagine the mess that would be.

Honestly, Theseus was the only reason they haven’t come public with their courting. Newt and Theseus’ father had passed on when they were young men and as such, Theseus was the alpha of his family. He would be the one to permit or deny a alpha hoping to officially court Newt. So far, he had denied every single alpha for a wide variety of ridiculous reasons, ‘might be a murder’ to ‘just didn’t look right’. Percival couldn’t be too upset as it had stopped anyone else from marrying Newt before him but now it was a tricky puzzle he had to solve if he wanted to the one marrying Newt.

And he would be the one.

Certainly not any of the other alphas who seemed to know Newt and had stopped to greet him this evening. And certainly not the alpha currently swinging Newt around on the dance floor.

Percival watched two other alphas dance with the omega before he could politely excuse himself from the men talking to him. When a tall broad man led Newt from the floor Percival was there, smiling politely if a bit challengingly.

“Percy,” Newt breathed with a very clear relief, he left the other alpha and tucked his hand into Percival’s arm. “This is William, he works with Theseus.”

Percival moved his free hand over Newt’s own, lazily dragging his fingers over Newt’s knuckles possessively. The other alpha watched the entire thing.

“Good to meet you,” he offered calmly.
As soon as they could, Percival snuck Newt away and the other man was pleased, walking down the peaceful London streets, the summer air feeling refreshing after a room filled with perfume and cologne. There was a light rain in the air and it cast a charming reflection on the streets, the sun long faded into night.

Newt was, of course, staying with his brother, the guest room ever set up for him.

Percival followed him through his dazzling suitcase, meeting various beasts and watching his own creature hiss curiously. They had been through the case before though and so Abby wasn’t too worked up.

Newt carefully kept her sibling shut away. “They would fight right away I’m afraid, a terrible trait for reproduction.”

A tiny little green stick called a bowtruckle leaped onto Newt’s shoulder and clung fiercely.

“He’s getting a bit attached,” Newt chuckled.

Percival paused when he spotted the niffler sneaking around underfoot. Although he had visited the case a handful of times and met the creatures, they were released once healthy and different ones came in often enough that Percival was usually meeting new faces.

“I hadn’t realized you had one,” he mused of the niffler and Newt gave a soft huff.

“You’ve met him before.”

Percival blinked, trying to recall his time in the suitcase and then he realized who it must be.

“From that event, he was robbing the guests blind.”

“Yes, it’s my family’s home actually. I saw you catch him and was just about to try and distract you but then you let him go. It impressed me terribly.” Newt smiled, eyes down shyly. “Your note about my book caught my eye too, when Theseus offered to bring me to New York I half agreed to meet you I think.”

Percival followed Newt, he was walking aimlessly, fingers running along green bamboo. He looked lovely, sensual without knowing it, something sweet that Percival badly wanted to ruin. The more they progressed in their courtship, the more he let himself think about it, eyes lingering on Newt’s slender wrists or the delicate curve of his waist. Percival very much wanted him but their physical intimacy had never developed. British were known for that Percival heard somewhere, sometimes not even kissing before marriage.

But Newt was worth the wait.

The omega paused to set his Bowtruckle down on a branch, insisting it stay for the night now.

“I worry I spoil them,” Newt huffed and he looked perfect. Down in his habitats, he seemed to shed his nervousness a great deal, leaving him with soft smiles and dancing eyes.

Newt glanced at him when Percival didn’t reply, cheeks turning red as he dropped his gaze but his meek smile lingered, inviting.

Closing the distance between them, Percival very gently tipped Newt’s face up and kissed him.

Morgana, Newt tasted divine. His sweet scent flooded Percival’s sense and the soft warm feel of his
mouth was marvelous. He crept a hand on Newt’s waist, feeling the other man lift his hand to Percival’s forearm, touching but not stopping as he curled his arms around Newt.

He deepened the kiss, parting his mouth to swipe at Newt’s lower lip. The omega jumped pulling back a touch and letting out a heaving sigh, face fetchingly red and eyes a bit dazed.

Newt’s scent was pouring around Percival, muddling his brain as his cock twitched. The scent of an omega, hungry for mating was truly staggering. Percival imagined he understood the old legends and poems about people dying willingly for omegas, throwing themselves down in worship.

Nothing had ever smelled so good before, no one had every felt so right in his arms. Percival was a grown man but he felt young and stupid suddenly, adoring of the omega before him.

Newt licked his lower lip, making it shine, his gaze locked on Percival’s mouth. Long fingers touched either side of Percival’s jaw, exploring shyly before Newt leaned in and they shared another sweet kiss.

Newt leaned against Percival, kissing softly, letting Percival lick at his lip and begin to work his way inside. When they shifted back a touch, Newt’s thigh pressed to Percival’s erection and he jumped back, panting a bit.

Newt was adorably flushed but he looked startled, shoulders trembling a touch. When Percival took a step towards him he ducked away, pushing him back and hurrying towards his suitcase doorway.

“S-some te-tea maybe?” He fumbled and was up the ladder in a moment, leaving Percival utterly baffled.

He found the omega in the kitchen, watching the kettle heat, a hand pressed to his mouth, tracing over his lips repetitively.

“Have I done something wrong?” Percival asked Newt gently and the omega shook his head quickly.

“Of course not, I just, well, I was… that was a lot and I was a bit nervous I might throw myself at you like some hussy. Too excited I fear.”

Percival blinked and tried to make sense of that.

“You were too excited?”

Newt flushed harder, his ears going red.

“I’ve never…Merlin, you’ll think me a child.” Newt pressed his face to his hands and shivered once. “That was my first proper kiss.”

“…Huh.” Percival managed, struggling and unable to come up with a comforting reply.

“That’s not to say I haven’t… explored myself and what not. I have an embarrassingly large collection of s-sexual t-toys. But I’m so bloody jumpy and Theseus had always loomed over me like a hawk.” Newt’s tone turned bitter. “I can barely handle being k-kissed. Most omegas they… they do things. I’ve heard p-plenty of gossip about who was good with their m-mouth or how good so and so ta-tasted. But I’m not, I don’t…”

Percival carefully slinked in closer, touching Newt’s arm and when he let him, he curled a soothing arm around the other man.
“It’s alright darling,” he breathed, the endearment slipping out. Newt ducked his face but leaned against Percival’s chest.

“You think I’m some prude don’t you?”

“I don’t think prudes have sex toy collections,” Percival replied and Newt put his hands up to hide his face again. Percival chuckled, winding both of his arms around the omega and resting his chin on the top of Newt’s head.

“Will you show me them one day? Once we’re married? You won’t be a hussy then if you throw yourself at me,” he teased softly and felt a deep triumph when Newt finally laughed.

“Merlin, I feel like an idiot.”

“Nonsense, you’re an independent, smart, gorgeous, sweet, omega man. You’ve seen the world and you’ve written a book people are grabbing at before it’s even released. You catch vipers in your hand and keep nifflers for company.” Percival rumbled, pressing his mouth to Newt’s ear.

“Not being a sex god does not make you lesser.”

Newt chuckled, finally letting the rest of his tension go and slumping against Percival fully.

“Will you kiss me again?”

“Of course.”

Percival pressed their mouths together again; kissing with more care now that he knew Newt was so inexperienced.

Abby rubbed against his wrist, slithering off his hand and onto the counter, clearly a bit unsure of Percival’s hands all over Newt.

The idea of a partner who was a complete virgin had never appealed to Percival before. But now that Newt was revealed one, his shy mouth against Percival’s, he found himself utterly turned on by it. He was Newt’s first kiss, he would be his first time, his first in everything. An omega bonded to an alpha when they knotted, so everything but that, most omegas had done before marriage. But it suited Newt to be so pure, so bright and untouched.

Percival felt terrible that he was so eager to ruin that, to make Newt come and see him break apart during sex, to come inside and on his pale pretty body.

Morgana, Percival suddenly wanted to commit every single sex act he could think of on Newt.

He broke their kiss and tilted his head to press a soft kiss to Newt’s neck. The omega sighed and tipped his head to give him room. Pressing Newt gently to the counter behind him, Percival rubbed against the man, pushing his thigh between Newt’s own. He opened his mouth and sucked a wet mark, tongue tracing skin as Newt shivered.

Trembling hands gripped the sides of Percival’s vest, fingers curling to hold it tightly.

Percival bit carefully at the spot between Newt’s neck and shoulder, Newt jumped and let out a gorgeous little whine.

Percival was achingly hard and he nudged himself against Newt’s thigh, rubbing his own against Newt’s erection. The omega gave another sweet sound, head falling back as he moved one hand
from Percival to brace himself on the counter.

“Too much,” Newt sobbed, voice so wobbly that Percival just had to break it.

“It’s ok,” he promised, pushing his thigh higher and feeling Newt roll his hips. He growled encouragingly, taking Newt’s waist and moving him, showing him. After a long slide Newt gasped and moved on his own, rubbing against Percival, pushing his body in tight, touching everywhere they could with his hands.

“I’m- Oh dear, Percy,” he whimpered and Percival could smell the rising climax, his knot was pulsing, trying to fill out as his head was flooded with omega sexual excitement.

“Come on darling,” he breathed, mouthing at Newt’s neck, pinning him to the counter as his breathy sighs grew fast and higher. The hand on Percival’s waist clutched desperately and Percival was in danger of coming in his pants himself.

Newt came with a high cry, hips jerking in tight motions. Percival rocked him through it, sucking a love bite on his neck as he held onto the shaking omega.

“Oh dear,” Newt sighed, still panting a touch. “That felt… it felt so good, I’m afraid I might break when I feel your knot inside me.” He mused thoughtfully.

Percival closed his eyes and prayed for patience.

That night when he returned to his hotel for the evening, he wrote a formal letter requesting the right to publicly court Newt with the intention of marrying him. In the morning light, he sent it off and then headed out to the meeting for the International Confederations of Wizards, the reason he had come to London in the first place.

When the long boring thing of important people talking about their own importance let out for lunch, Theseus met him at the door and punched him straight in the face in front of dozens of important officials. Percival had the sense to leave Abby with Newt the night before, not sure how she would react to the fight.

They both end up on the floor fighting and then in the office of Justus Pilliwickle, the current head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, and essentially Theseus’ boss.

“What the hell,” the man lamented, pinching his brow and looking like Theseus was the source of many headaches. “You are the head of Aurors for the Ministry and a respected figure to many. Why in Merlin’s name would you walk into a meeting of the International Confederation of Wizards, selected delegates from all over the world, and punch the Director of Security from the Magical Congress of the United States of America? Why Theseus?”

“He wants to marry Newt,” Theseus gritted but Percival could see an edge of shame to him. The alpha realizing he had crossed a line.

“Merlin preserve us, Newt is what? Twenty-five? Twenty-six? He is not in fact ten and in need of this sort of nonsense.”

Theseus opened his mouth to say something but Justus spared him a dark look and Theseus shut up.

“You need to apologize. Publicly.”
“Like hell,” Theseus snapped but again he stared down his superior and looked away first. The man turned his gaze to Percival.

“I imagine this can be all smoothed over?”

“Of course,” Percival agreed calmly. “I only want everything to go as efficiently as possible.”

“Good, good, so you intend to court Newt Scamander I take it?”

“Theseus was right, I’ve asked for permission to court Newt to marry. We’ve met by chance over the last few years and have found a mutual compatibility.”

There was a different in asking to court and court to marry. A general courting was simply to see if the potential was there. Courting to marry was saying the potential was already confirmed and a permanent match was hoped to be made.

The DMLE head barely blinked at the news, cocking his head to the side.

“It would look good,” he pondered and Theseus swallowed a curse. “A British omega marrying into one of the Original Twelve of MACUSA.”

“Politics are not a factor in this, it is a love match,” Percival admitted and the man shrugged.

“Still looks good for the Ministry. Scamander,” Theseus sat up. “Get your head on right. Make a public apology tomorrow morning, not a second later. And for the sake of us all, go talk to your brother and try for once to consider what he might want before you rule over him like a damn tyrant.”

The words hit home, it was clear on Theseus face.

“You did this on purpose,” he snarled when they left the office and were alone. Percival didn’t bother to deny it.

“Just consider that Newt asked we hide the fact we’ve been unofficially courting for over seven months. That your mother knows and approves, that I’ve met her numerous times. That the only thing you’re doing is putting a wall up between you and your brother.”

“Fuck off.”

Percival let the man go, knowing Newt would be waiting with his mother at Theseus’ apartment, both knowing he had learned the truth finally from the note Percival had sent.

They never talked much about what happened but Newt showed up that evening at Percival’s hotel, eyes red-rimmed. They slept together for the first time, nothing sexual in the wake of Newt’s aching, but simply curled up together. Percival wasn’t used to sharing a bed but Newt was a comfort, his soft scent and body heat lulling him into one of the most restful nights he had ever had.

Newt’s suitcase sat on the table and Abby slithered on the bed between them, following the trail Newt made with his finger in the sheets in the morning light. Despite Percival’s best coaxing attempts, Newt didn’t rise or dress for the day, spending it curled up under the blanket looking broken hearted. But he stayed with Percival at the hotel with every intention to return to America with him.

Theseus finally showed up at the door a few days later, looking resigned.
“I really do love him,” Percival greeted and the other alpha gave a weary sigh.

“I know. That’s the problem.”

Percival married Newt in the spring.

They got married in England to appease Newt’s brother and mother; the Graves family was inanely wealthy and capable of bringing everyone over to attend. There were hippogriffs in the audience, the niffler got loose and robbed half the guests, Theseus cried like a five-year-old, and to top it all off a handful of dark wizards tried to crash the whole thing.

Percival almost felt bad for them, Theseus directing all his pent up emotions onto them with a ferocity that was truly impressive.

Their honeymoon was a portkey to a stunning tropical island packed full of magical creatures. It was followed by a portkey to America three hours later when some bloody dark wizard decided to attack the Woolworth building in broad daylight.

“I’m sorry,” Percival apologized to his new husband for the fifteenth time. Newt just shrugged easily, just as he had done every time before.

“It really doesn’t matter Percy, I’ve never really understood the importance of the honeymoon night.”

“It’s not just that.”

“The ‘first’ night?” Newt inquired and Percival nodded his head. He would never hear the end of this from his family, his first married night spent working.

“Well, technically won’t our ‘first night together’, be out first night regardless?”

That brought him up short.

 “…That’s true.”

“Then please go deal with your MACUSA emergency, one so great the entire government will topple without you. Our first night can wait until we’ve both rested. I’m actually very tired from comforting Theseus all day and coralling the Hippogriffs after that fellow threw that curse, the one with the explosion. I honestly think it would be best to wait and rest before taking my first proper knot.”

 “Newt, you’re both a tease and an utter darling.”

His omega offered him a shy smile.

His omega.

“I’ll go fix MACUSA. Come home and we’ll sleep. Wake up and knot you finally.”

“You should eat me out as well, I rather liked that.”
Percival groaned and unhappily apparated to the Woolworth building. If MACUSA was not, in fact, teetering on the brink of ruin he was going to be livid for months.

Newt was primed and ready, they’d spend months exploring sexually since their first kiss and Newt was so perfect. Whimpering and sighing, sobbing and moaning, he didn’t hold back, never hid his reactions, never learned to be ashamed. Through careful conversations and some admitted exaggerations on Percival’s part, Newt was quickly becoming a sexual deviant and not even knowing it.

He thought the wide variety of sexual acts, anything he learned about, were all completely normal and was curious to explore them. Newt was utterly clueless to the idea of shame in his sexual exploration in a bizarre turn. Percival expected him to be shy and meek but Newt took to learning with a surprising vigor. He thought that as long it was with Percival, the man he intended to marry, it was perfectly fine and there was no need for embarrassment.

Percival might have played along with this, encouraging it until they talked about sex over the breakfast table casually. It left him a bit dazed, how hard he got hearing Newt talk so filthy like it was nothing.

Percival had spent the last few months leading up to his wedding with Newt wanting to suck him off, wanting to be sucked off and eaten out, wanting to lick out Percival, wanting to be fingered, wanting his nipples sucked and wanting to lick every inch of the alpha as well. He would sit in Percival’s lap and curl his hands around his poor knot, watching it fill out and spurt, fingers holding the base and running along the length until Percival was such a mess. Newt, the tart, immediately liked it, saying he felt powerful and sexual when the alpha was promising him anything if he could just bury himself inside him.

They learned that Newt liked the taste of come and he loved having Percival sucking on his nipples as long as he bit them to get them sensitive first. He would genuinely cry if Percival licked his ass out long enough, working him over until Newt couldn’t form words properly.

Percival didn’t like being tied up but Newt did, and while he like a bit of rough treatment, he did not in fact like being spanked and neither did Percival. He did, however, like to have Percival fuck him with his toys, pumping fake knots into Newt until he was screaming, outright howling. The meek and quiet soul broken and so loud that Percival was left throbbing every time.

Through this entire torture, Percival’s main way to orgasm had been by Newt’s hands and mouth or by thrusting between the omega’s closed thighs. Neither could properly feel the same as a true knotting and Newt’s omega scent drove him half mad. Percival had knotted in other alphas before but he had heard it was different with an omega, someone made to take a knot.

It was a fixating thought.

And now, after months of waiting, or being a gentleman, being appropriate and waiting, saving this for his wedding night, he was called away.

Percival appeared to the Woolworth building with a loud crack, his magic vibrating off him in his anger. The skies were clear so he quickly used the wandless spell to called for a strong storm, the common fall back to hide damage to a building.

He twisted his wand and the building began to repair itself. He felt young and stupid for acting out so childishly but also livid about being denied what was his. His power hummed when he called it and
so he used it, fueling it with his anger and frustration. Abby quivered against his wrist, not used to such large flashes of power from him. She slithered up his sleeve and curled around his throat comfortably. Percival pressed fingers to her scales soothingly, feeling a touch bad but his vehemence was stronger.

There was an omega waiting at home for him.

A stunning gorgeous omega that wanted to be knotted.

Percival would give everything to MACUSA in the end, he knew that much. But he sure as hell wasn’t going to be pleasant about it.

Tina and his other top Aurors met him at the door, looking wide-eyed in a satisfying way.

“Please tell me, what was so deeply terrible and scary to you lot, that you called me away from my own wedding night?”

“Tina says all of MACUSA is scared of you now. That the skies went dark and lightening flashed when you appeared with a great alpha snarl, a snake curled at your neck hissing and spitting venom,” Newt greeted him when he gets home. The lovely man is in loose trousers and a half-buttoned shirt, sitting at the dining table and picking at the feast there. Just seeing the man relaxed and at ease settled something in Percival’s stomach. A calm wrapped around his shoulders as he finally came home to his husband.

It was ridiculous and beyond foolish but some tiny part of his mind whispered that someone might come and steal his omega, take Newt away from him. All day it had been there, the pushing and insistent need to return home to Newt as soon as he could.

Percival used to think so little of alphas driven by instinct, by those letting some base thought process guide them. Now he understands in a way, how powerful those once insignificant thoughts can become.

“She was here?”

“Yes, she brought all this wonderful food for us and she gave me this charming book as a gift.”

Percival managed a sound of acknowledgment; he was exhausted, having worked through the night and into the next day, burning his magic out as he went. The dark wizard was a known close ally of Grindelwald, the dark wizard extremist. His people had been in the right to call him.

“Did you know it’s believed that if I stand upside down after knotting, your sperm might reach my womb easier?”

Percival jerked in the chair he had slumped into. Staring at the pink book with a bold title ‘Mating and the Married Omega’. Newt turned the page and tipped his head to the side.

“It hadn’t really occurred to me that I could ride you, settle on your lap and take your knot,” he turned the book to show the illustration. The couple on the book bouncing happily. Why would Tina give Newt such a thing? Certainly not as a joke. She must have genuinely thought the thing would help them.

“Morgana help me, I need to sleep Newt.”
“You need to eat first. And then we can settle in for a nice nap and this evening we can have our ‘first night together’.” Newt suggested easily, flipping through his book and taking bites of a bun as he peered curiously.

Abby left Percival’s wrist and slithered over to Newt who obligingly spelled a mouse over from his suitcase to feed her. He wasn’t even remotely fazed to feed her at the table while eating their own meal. It was a silly thing and Percival was likely very overtired but he felt his heart skip a beat at how sweetly Newt treated his creatures. Such a kind omega.

If Percival was a younger man perhaps lust could have won out. Instead, a warm meal, cool bed, and comforting omega curled up beside him put him out like a light.

Percival woke slowly, the morning sunlight coaxing him as he pressed his face into the warm pillow under his head. The blankets were kicked down around his hips and the room was the perfect temperature, not too hot or cold, just pleasantly warm.

Newt was spread out beside him, the little bed hog crowding Percival to one side, an arm flung over his chest as Newt slept on his belly. His sleeping shirt was riding up and he was bare under it, the milky curve of his ass on display as he rested peacefully.

Percival could feel his cock stir at the sight, his mouth watering with how much he wanted to touch and taste. In fact, there was no real reason why he had to hold back any longer. So Percival pushed up from the bed and gently moved Newt’s arm off of him.

Looming over his husband, Percival ran his mouth gently against the nape of Newt’s neck, breathing in the lush scent and tasting the faint hint of sweat. Only recently had it become ghastly to mate bite. For ages before, it was the norm for an omega to wear the scar marks of an alpha bite on their neck. Their alpha doing it the first time they knotted. Percival understood the reasoning for it; he would love to see Newt marked as his in such a permanent way. But the idea of hurting him intentionally was more revolting than the want to mark him.

So he placed a gentle kiss on Newt’s delicate neck instead, watching the omega shift and mumble sleepily. An adorable little snuffle coming from him as he sighed.

Percival ran his hand down his back, feeling the sun warmed skin. He looked pure and untouched, the idea of it lingering in Percival’s mind. Newt was a virgin, more so than most, everything sexual he had learned had been with Percival. And now they would complete the lesson, he would have that final bit of sexual innocence from Newt, would feel him on his knot.

Percival was hard now, his cock eager for the idea of it. He dragged his fingers over the warm skin and pressed himself a touch closer, inhaling the sweet scent and catching the rising excitement coming off Newt. The slow heavy seep of omega scent, a sexual call that Percival could feel his body responding to eagerly, a touch desperate even.

“Little faker,” he growled and Newt huffed, blinking open lazy eyes and peering back at Percival, face flushed.

“You’re the one looming over me, running your mouth on my neck like I’m rather tasty.”

“You are,” Percival huffed, wrapping an arm around Newt and turning onto his back before pulling him over. Percival was on his back now, with Newt facing him and settled on his chest.

The omega sat up slowly, face so red as he rested his hands on Percival’s chest and straddled his
hips. Percival wore only the bottoms of his sleeping clothing, Newt wearing the top, wrapped up in his scent.

“So,” Newt breathed, gaze not meeting Percival’s own. “Is this ‘our first night together’ then?”

“I believe so,” Percival replied evenly, watching Newt’s blush as it ran down his body, his neck and chest flushing, disappearing under the shirt.

Percival gently tugged the edges and Newt bit his lip shyly but let Percival lift the shirt up and off him, leaving Newt bare on top of him.

“How does that make you feel? To know this is our first proper time?”

Newt tilted his head, offering up a sweet smile. “Eager,” he decided and leaned down, kissing Percival softly.

It didn’t take long for it to turn more hungry than sweet. Percival cupping Newt’s neck as he pressed his tongue into Newt’s mouth. The omega gave a soft sound, pleased as he stretched out over Percival, bodies pressed close as Newt let him kiss and taste as he pleased.

“I do like that,” Newt breathed when Percival pulled back a touch. “Kissing you that is.”

“But you’re ready for more?”

Newt nodded his head, pushing back and feeling Percival’s cock up against his ass.

“Honestly, I’ve ridden knots before, not real one mind you, but there should be little difference I suspect.” Newt seemed nervous so Percival simply nodded, watching Newt sit up higher and arch back, rubbing his backside along Percival’s cock.

Reaching down, he took hold of himself, pointing his erection up so Newt could press more firmly against it. He was soaked, his little hole dripping clear slick that scented sweetly. Newt’s face was flushed, his eyes half lidded as he sat back again, feeling the head of Percival’s cock up against his hole again.

Letting go of his erection, Percival cupped Newt’s pretty ass and pressed a finger over his hole, the tip sinking into him.

“You’re a bit open.”

Newt hummed in agreement. “I pleasured myself last night, worked a toy inside so I would be ready for you.”

Morgana, what a thought. Newt curled up on their bed, legs spread as he worked a fake knot into himself, slowly pumping it in, bit by bit until he had the entire length inside himself. He would always begin trembling half way through, whimpering so perfectly. If Percival drew it out enough, he’d even get gorgeous tears, Newt begging beautifully and looking amazingly fuckable.

Percival pressed three fingers instead of two and Newt arched a bit surprised but they all went, sliding into his hole easily. He stretched them out and cupped Newt’s ass with his other hand, groping at him as he worked his fingers, twisting until he got the right spot and Newt’s body twitched against his will. He closed his eyes for a moment, muffling a whine as Percival stroked him again.

“So sensitive, perfectly ready,” he crooned up and Newt’s pretty eyes opened and looked down at
him, blushing so red but a shy little smile that made Percival’s heart twist and his cock ache.

Newt pressed back again and Percival fumbled to get a hold of his dick, lining himself up, rubbing the tip through Newt’s slick and pumping himself to smear it.

“Just go slow,” he offered and Newt huffed a little teasing sound.

“I know,” he mumbled back, pressing down a touch and the head slipped and smeared against the slicked hole.

It was almost too much, feeling his body slowly beginning to give way and open up.

Then it went unexpectedly, the head sinking in as Newt moaned, a gorgeous breathy sound right from his chest.

He was up on Percival, straddling him with his thighs spread wide and his hands on Percival’s chest. His shoulders were quivering as he sank down another touch, biting his lip and waiting a moment before going down again.

“Alright, darling?”

Newt nodded, very gently settling on Percival’s lap, his cock up inside his omega.

Newt felt amazing, a hot tight pressure all around his length. More than that, he smelled so good, Percival felt mildly drugged, as if magic was twisting his senses even though he knew it was an omega’s sexual excitement doing it to him.

Newt looked perfect, his gorgeous lean body, pale with soft freckles and faded scars. He wasn’t just a delicate omega, he was clever and strong in his own right, a creature tamer if Percival had ever seen one. Which made it that much more, the Newt would let Percival see him like this, whimpering and breaking apart so sweetly.

Percival rolled his hips gently and Newt moaned again, blinking down at him with a shy look.

“It feels different, you’re so warm and t-thick, I can feel you pulsing in me,” Newt sighed a bit, trembling as Percival rocked him, moving Newt on his lap as the omega got used to riding his first proper cock.

Percival gripped Newt tightly and rolled their bodies on the bed without pulling out of him. Newt jerked in surprise as he laid on his back but laughed a touch, winding his arms around Percival’s neck as he kissed the omega over and over, licking at his swollen lip, fat from Newt biting it so much.

Pulling back he thrust into Newt in a long motion and the omega groaned softly, lifting a hand to bite at his knuckle as Percival began to fuck him. Rocking in and out of his pretty little husband.

Percival leaned over Newt and watched him begin to come undone right away, face flushed as he muffled whines. He looked delightful as he shivered and his thighs closed on Percival’s middle, squeezing at his body and encouraging him to start thrusting harder.

Newt sighed and pushed back, clutching at Percival and whimpering each time he lunged into him.

Arching his back so prettily, he pressed his head into the pillow and turned his face away, trying to hide as his hand muffled his cries when they grew loud in the quiet room.
“None of that,” Percival growled at him, pulling his hand away and taking Newt’s chin, making him look back. Looming over him he pressed their foreheads together, staring down at the omega as Newt looked away, his eyelashes wet with tears just about to fall.

“Are you ok darling?” He breathed, still thrusting, still shoving into Newt even as he asked, playing at being kind as he fucked the other man.

“Feels… It feels too much,” Newt managed to get out and Percival grinned, pressing a sloppy kiss to his parted mouth as he pounded into him.

Newt broke the kiss with a cry, a tear falling as he whined and tried to escape the sensations but Percival slammed into him without letting up, making him take it.

Pulling back a bit, he gave short hard shoves now, watching Newt bounce on his cock, the omega making a breathy sounds with each impact.

His long arms were curled around Percival’s shoulders holding on tight, gripping harder as he shivered and hid his face against Percival’s neck.

“Almost there,” he comforted Newt, sliding a hand down to caress Newt’s smooth leg and hold his thighs open so he could ram in ruthlessly now, feeling his knot beginning to fill out.

Later on, they could play more but with Newt’s first time Percival didn’t chance hurting him or ending up swelling too much outside of Newt.

Instead, he slid as deep as he could and held Newt there, grunting as he felt his knot quickly expanding up, the tight pressure making him pulse.

“Oh, Percy, I can f-feel it,” Newt gasped sweetly, so bloody innocent and amazed by the feeling inside him. His hips rolled in tight little motions.

“Almost, come on darling,” Percival muttered, feeling the swell of the knot begin to give way to pleasure, the high of a tie taking over. Newt was whining out, hands clutching at Percival’s shoulders as he trembled. His poor body didn’t know what to do, part of him trying to move, to thrust and another trying to stay still and press down into Percival as far as he could.

Newt’s breathing went faster, rising higher and quicker as little whimpers came. His thighs trembled as he tensed and gripped at Percival desperately.

“P-Percy,” he cried, a tad frantic and Percival wished he had his mind about him.

“S’ok,” was the best slur he could give, feeling the bliss of a strong tie coursing through his body.

As Percival’s knot swelled up and the pleasure of it ran through him, Newt was also enjoying his first time. The knot was pressing up against his sensitive insides, right against the place that was hot wired for pleasure. A fake knot wouldn’t create the same reaction as a proper knotting either, the scent of an alpha and the semen rushing into him, triggered Newt’s first proper knot orgasm.

He sobbed out, shivering as he came, body wracked with trembles as his fingers dug into Percival’s shoulders. Newt whimpered through it, his legs wrapping tightly around Percival’s hip and holding him as deep as he could go. Percival was no better, groaning as he felt the steady pulsing of his body coming, filling and marking Newt, claiming him as his own.

They stayed tied a good ten minutes at least, a good amount of that time left Percival panting and Newt a shaking mess, both of them dripping sweat.
Sitting up felt like such a labor but Percival managed it, gently pulling out of Newt as the omega laid back in the sweat soaked blankets and gave a tiny whine as he came free.

Percival reached down to touch him, gently exploring Newt’s used hole. It felt opened up, loose after taking a knot properly. Percival felt a perverse thrill that he had done that, that Newt was stretched out from his cock. Three fingers went into him easily and he was soaked, his slick and Percival’s seed mixing together and beginning to seep from his hole. He fingered Newt lazily, the poor thing sobbing a bit in the aftershocks.

“Ok?” Percival questioned distractedly, sitting back so he could see, watching his fingers disappear into that pink hole, the rim looking a bit puffy and well fucked.

“Thought it would be the same as the toys,” Newt confessed and Percival chuckled.

“I did warn you before,” he offered up without mercy, licking his lip and moving back on the bed so he could arrange himself down between Newt’s thighs. He dropped a kiss on the omega’s knee as he spread him wide and Newt shivered.

“I don’t know if I can,” he protested but Percival refused to let him escape, licking down his thigh and then diving right in, tongue running over the slick mess and along his rim.

Newt whimpered, body jerking and over sensitive as Percival licked him out lazily, taking his time as he worked Newt up until he was moaning and riding Percival’s face.

He fucked Newt again then, riding hard this time, slapping their bodies together roughly and snarling when the knot filled out and locked them together.

With Newt pulled back into his lap as he sat on the bed, he kissed and bit at Newt’s neck, feeling his body tie with the omega as Newt sobbed perfectly.

Percival licked over the long line of his skin, tasting his sweat and scenting his pheromones. It felt a bit like getting drunk, his mind hazy as his knot filled out and everything suddenly felt so good.

He bit at Newt’s pale skin, teeth leaving red marks now as his mind hissed possessively.

Don’t bite, the civilized part of him snarled, the idea of hurting Newt appalling enough to make him relax his mouth.

But then Newt’s hand was reaching back and cupping Percival’s head, fingers clutching as they pulled him more firmly against Newt’s smooth deliciously skin.

“H-harder,” Newt gasped and they were knotted now, bodies tied together tightly as Percival filled him up. There was no doubt what Newt meant and so Percival bit harder, digging his teeth in more. Newt sobbed, his body clenching down on Percival’s knot so hard his vision went blurry, his whole body jerking in reaction to the pleasure.

“Harder,” the omega said again and Percival’s didn’t think, he just obeyed, blood filled his mouth and he swallowed it, pulling his head away in a sharp instinctual jerk, he the tore skin.

Newt cried out, shoulders shaking as a bloody red mark now graced his neck. Percival felt something rumbling in delight at the terrible sight. He licked over the mark soothingly, holding Newt tightly in his arms. Secure and unable to escape him.
“I’m so damn sorry,” he breathed much later, dabbing the torn skin with a wet cloth and feeling like a monster. In the moment he had loved it but in the aftermath he felt like the worst sort of alpha. Mating bites were a thing of the past, something left behind because it was a disgusting mutilation.

“I don’t mind, I do think I asked you too actually,” Newt replied, slack on the bed and utterly worn out, barely awake as Percival tended to him. He had put on trousers to go find healing potions and medical supplies. Newt was laid out on the bed naked, sprawled lazily in the sheets that reeked of them.

“I’m still sorry,” he muttered, making sure the mark was properly cleaned before he attempted to heal it. When the called the magic to seal the skin Newt’s hand caught his fingers.

“If it’s all the s-same,” he gently protested. “I’d rather you leave it.”

“Leave it?”

Newt hummed, an embarrassed sound. “I know it's considered barbaric but I’ve always sort of liked mating bites, it’s still very common all over the world you know. It’s not something proper…but I’ve always l-liked the idea.”

“Oh,” Percival blinked, peering at the red mark. It would scar, two little crescent moons on his neck. Some omegas would get symbolic tattoos in place of the bite Percival knew.

“There’s a gland there as well, you’ve damaged it you see, so my scent will change. It’ll be obvious to other alphas I’ve been bitten, that I’m mated.”

Percival knew what he was talking about, omegas with muted scents. It wasn’t common now but Percival did know it. Some omegas actually underwent surgery to alter it and change their scents so alphas would leave them alone. But with their marriage, it would be clear that Percival had bitten Newt. People would talk, would think him some knot head alpha, claiming in such a brutal way.

“You can heal it, if it bothers you,” Newt finally said, his shy gaze peering up at Percival knowingly.

“No. I don’t mind. I just don’t want people to think you’re a kept omega.”

“I am a kept omega aren’t I?”

The meaning seemed to go over Newt’s head and Percival huffed, settling for pressing a reassuring kiss to his bare shoulder.

“If you want to keep it you can, I’m not going to complain that my mark is on you.”

“I suppose I should bite you too?” Newt mused and Percival chuckled. Laying out beside Newt and thinking of running a bath for them.

“If you’d like. Bite my neck?” He teased gently.

“You’re wrist maybe, I think I’d be scared to accidentally injure you seriously if I bit your neck,” Newt replied, his tone not joking as he pondered.

Percival blinked and felt something stir through him, the idea of wearing a scar by Newt not atrocious at all.

“I’ll have to think about it,” Newt sighed and Percival hummed in agreement, stroking Newt’s bare back idly and feeling the pull of sleep slowly drag him under, the two curled up like lazy beasts in
the last rays of sunlight.

Percival doesn’t realize the misconception until he suddenly does and then he goes along with it. Utterly.

Come evening he wakes alone and goes looking for Newt and finds him in the kitchen, coaxing some baby…somethings, to eat bits of raw cut up chicken. Little heads peeking up from a large nest of twigs and grass.

“There you go, very yummy right?” He praised them so sweetly and Percival just watched him for a moment, his new mate, his husband.

Coming up behind him, Newt glanced over his shoulder as Percival hugged him from behind, pulling him close. He smelt amazing, his omega scent mingled with Percival’s own now. The bite looked much better now, a potion not erasing it but helping it heal up quicker.

“Oh, again?” Newt blinked and smiled. Before Percival could ask him what he meant, Newt was pressing his delicious ass back into his lap invitingly. Newt grasped the edge of the counter and looked back at Percival over his shoulder, heat bleeding into his gaze.

Percival doesn’t overthink it, he just slid his arms back so his hands were holding Newt’s hips, squeezing encouragingly as the omega pushed his trousers down.

The fucked and knotted right there, Newt bent over the counter, muffling his moans so not to wake the sleeping creatures in the nest.

They spent the week fucking and Percival didn’t catch on, he thought Newt was just that eager for it.

But one evening when Percival arrives home Newt didn’t come to meet him. It wasn’t important really but he has usually had since Percival returned to work. A touch worried and refusing to admit it, Percival goes looking for him.

Abby still came to work with him each day, curled around his wrist and watching everything calmly. But when he returned home she was slithering off his skin right away, going straight into the suitcase where there were mice and bugs all about, a feast waiting for her. Her sibling had been since rehomed and so there was no danger of letting her go about as she pleased. Percival refused to be clingy about it, Newt would never let him live it down.

Percival might have placed a charm on her scales so he knew where she was.

Newt might be pretending not to know that.

He found the man in his suitcase, carefully cleaning a large gash on the side of his unicorn. Randal the unicorn doesn’t much care for Percival, but unicorns typically don’t like alphas so Percival doesn’t take it personally.

“Is he alright?” He greeted Newt and the omega jumped a touch, turning to blink at him.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t realize how late it had gotten,” Newt apologized a touch more than needed and Percival was perplexed.
“It’s fine Newt, you don’t have to meet me at the door every time, you have your own life and work,” he soothed, coming in to cup the back of Newt’s neck and squeezing it reassuringly. The mating bite was well healed and usually hidden when he was fully dressed, with only a loose shirt and open collar, it was peeking out.

Newt smiled sweetly up at him and Percival pressed a kiss to his head before going back into the apartment and starting dinner. When he thought about it, he realized he was being a bit of an ass, coming home to a meal and mate waiting. Newt, however, was still working the entire time, he had a case full of sick or injured animals to care for and even then, he still managed to have a meal waiting each night. Percival had looked after himself for years, he could manage to make dinner for them both. Perhaps they could trade off and on the odd day eat out or something of that nature.

“I didn’t mean to get so caught up, Randal opened his stitches and I was worried,” Newt told him when he came into the kitchen, peering at the pots bubbling away, a thick stew in the making. The fridge was always packed with cuts of meat for the creatures so Percival just took a bit of the nicer beef for them, there was enough to keep something fed for days either way. The local butcher must be in love with Newt he mused.

“Come on,” Newt offered, pulling on Percival’s hand a touch, leading him closer. He went, of course, taking the kiss offered greedily. Pushing Newt against the counter his hands eventually wandered and Newt was red faced, flushing a bit as he tried to turn in Percival’s arms.

“You said you were a bit sore last night,” Percival mentioned, holding Newt’s hips to stop him from turning.

“I’m fine now, it’s no worry, Queenie recommended a potion shop and they had a lovely selection for omegas still getting used to knotting.”

Percival blinked. “I don’t want to hurt you Newt, if we’re mating too often.”

“It’s fine,” Newt reassured, lifting a hand to cup Percival’s face and pressing a soft kiss to his mouth. “I’m getting used to it quickly, I don’t want to leave you unsatisfied.”

“Newt,” Percival pressed a soft kiss to the corner of his mouth, trying to make sure his omega understood. “It’s not your job to offer yourself up all the time.”

“But it is in a way, I’m your omega and you want me, I like what we do, of course, I’m just… adjusting to having sex so often is all.”

Newt was stubbornly set about the whole thing, utterly convinced his body should be available to Percival whenever he wanted it. Despite all his attempts to convince him otherwise, a tiny dirty terrible part of Percival was immensely turned on but it. The idea that Newt would just take him whenever he wanted, always willing for Percival to satisfy himself through his body. It was base and old world thinking and Percival felt terrible but Morgana, did it excite him.

Newt seemed determined they fuck in the morning and right when Percival came home, with a final time before bed.

He should protest more and he knew it, but his omega was always smiling sweetly and pulling Percival over him. It wasn’t until he was pulling his cock free, knot going down that Percival remembered he was trying to go easy on Newt.

Newt would make such pretty sounds when he was fucked out as well. A touch higher than usual, a bit more breathless. His fingers would tangle in the sheets tightly but he would keep his thighs
opened every time.

Percival might have started to enjoy it.

Immensely.

One morning, after a particularly long session Newt got out of bed and when he walked there was a
touch of a limp.

It was horrible.

It made Percival so bloody hard.

He stumbled to his potion cabinet and poured healing drought down Newt’s mouth, feeding him like
an infant even as he was pulling at Newt’s shirt, stripping him down.

“I’m not sure I c-can,” Newt breathed ad Percival hummed gently.

“Let the drought work,” he replied, easing Newt back on the bed, laying him out on his back as he
took his trousers down and off, working until Newt was naked and bared for him.

He was still loose from the morning knotting and Percival’s fingers entered him smoothly. Newt’s
face flushed a bit, thighs trembling as if to close but he held them still, kept them open.

“No you need a bit to rest?” While he did very much like the idea of his poor omega fucked out,
Percival wasn’t aiming to actually hurt Newt.

Newt chewed his lip and shook his head. “Y-Your right, the potion is working, the ache is fading
away.”

Leaning down, Percival kissed Newt’s neck, pressing soft touches along his skin as he moved down
his chest and stomach, licking at Newt’s little cock until it was stiff, the tip drooling cutely. Leaving it
behind, Percival went between the spread thighs and began lapping over his hole. His omega sighed,
relaxing into the feeling as Percival licked him out, tongue pressing into the loose entrance. Newt’s
slick and his own seed made him wet and when Percival fingered him a bit more, it seeped out. It
was lewd and filthy and Percival’s cock was throbbing as he pressed his face back in and licked at
the mess, sucking it down and swallowing it as Newt whimpered on the mattress, arching into each
touch.

Licking his lips, Percival rose up, pressing his erection along Newt’s thighs and rubbing his cock
along Newt’s smaller one, a slender little thing not meant for penetration really.

Chuckling, Percival pulled back and let the head of his cock slide downward, between Newt’s
cheeks. When he pushed, it slid along the full globes of his pretty ass and the bedding, rubbing along
the mess there.

“Ready?” he asked just to see Newt shiver. After a moment he nodded, biting his lip fetchingly and
gripping the blanket tightly.

Percival pressed the head in, slowly applying more pressure until it gave way, a wet slip and it was
inside Newt.

The omega trembled a bit, whining as Percival pushed deeper, sliding into his mate and savoring the
feeling of him.
“Like heaven,” he breathed, looking down at Newt as he bit his lip so tightly and his pale thighs quivered. Percival bottomed out with a sudden thrust, working a high whimper from Newt.

“Alright?”

Newt nodded his head quickly, clearly not telling the truth

“Little liar,” Percival teased, staying inside Newt but not moving, leaning down to kiss the other man. He took his time, coaxing Newt’s mouth open before slipping his tongue in tasting and taking as Newt allowed him, his body slowly losing its tension. Percival felt no need to rush, letting Newt get used to full feeling before he rocked in small motions, pulling out only a touch and working until Newt wasn’t flinching.

“Better now?”

Newt nodded, his gaze looking away but he seemed more truthful so Percival pulled back in a long stroke and then thrust in.

Newt sobbed a bit, clearly not in pain though as his pretty body pushed back into the next lunge. Newt looked amazing on a cock, face so flushed and eyes so glassy, like he was still getting used to the pleasure of a good fucking.

He looked so debauched, so taken and used and Percival’s perverted mind loved it, adored every lost little sound Newt made as he fucked him.

Percival was looming over Newt, who was laid out on his back, thighs spread and taking his pounding. He turned his head and pressed his mouth against Percival's wrist. A sudden pulse of hunger making the alpha groan out. They had danced around this, Newt licking at his wrist idly, tongue flicking over the skin, teeth biting lightly.

"Do it," Percival growled and Newt glanced up at him, heavy-lidded as he was fucked but his gaze sharp.

"Stop teasing," he hissed, slamming his hips harder into Newt, feeling him struggle to stay where he was on the bed under the lunges.

Percival felt like he blinked only a moment, closing his eyes as the pleasure rose up dangerously. The red hot pain of the bite caught him off guard.

His knot filled out quickly then and Percival pushed deep, watching Newt shiver and grab at his arms, clutching to the alpha as they began to tie. But he still kept hold of Percival's wrist, teeth digging in with blood welling around his mouth.

Newt tensed up, he always did after a few rounds, as if to fight the high rising in him. But he fell every time, breath going fast and eyes clenching shut as he came, a knot high rushing through him. Percival pressed sloppy kissed to his skin, his own mind hazy as he felt the pulse of pleasure, the deep satisfaction of a strong tie.

Newt gently let go of his wrist, licking over the bloody mess and Morgana, the sight would stay with Percival for life. His sweet kind omega husband licking at the torn skin so lazily, a satisfied air about him.

It scarred, of course, Percival made sure to let it and was often distracted by it. Sitting in meetings he would glance down and see the edge of the mark peeking from the cuff of his shirt. Newt's mating
He wore the scar on one wrist and Abby on the other, a set of chains that Percival would gladly wear for life. On slow days the mark would work him up, just looking at it or tracing it with his fingers. By the end of the day he was ducking out quickly, rushing home to bend Newt over the nearest surface.

Sex with an omega truly was amazing. Percival would have never been able to knot another alpha so many times, knowing it hurt them by the end of a single knotting. But Newt took them so perfectly, worn out, fucked out, but never hurt. His pretty pink hole would be a red puffy mess but it was never torn or in any real pain. Percival knew he was going too far sometimes, taking the pleasure Newt offered him more than he should. A proper man would help ease Newt into it, build up to sex but Percival couldn’t stop himself. He pounded Newt every chance he got, bent him over every surface in the house and fucked him against the wall. He kissed Newt’s knees after he received carpet burn from a go in the study. Percival was quickly becoming obsessed with Newt’s body, with taking him, with Newt never once protesting, always willing.

It was such a twisted thing to adore.

“We could slow down a bit,” Percival offered into Newt’s neck, tied with him firmly on a lazy Sunday. The omega shook his head, pressing back against Percival. They were laid out on their sides in the bed, Newt’s back pulled to Percival’s chest.

“We could, there’s no shame in it.”

Newt’s fingers tugged Percival’s hand and he lifted the scarred wrist to press a soft kiss to the skin. In answer, Percival pressed a kiss onto Newt’s neck, right over his own scar.

“I like it,” Newt sighed, half asleep already. “It makes me feel good, that I take care of you like this, makes me feel proud.”

“You take perfect care of me without forcing yourself,” Percival protested and Newt gave a sigh in answer, so tired he was drifting off as the knot high faded.

Percival was honestly a bit embarrassed that it took him so long to realize it. They were six months into their marriage now and each day Newt would ride him, sometimes twice and if Percival was feeling terrible they would manage a third time, Newt sobbing oh so prettily and fucked out. It became their strange normal, Percival fucking Newt whenever he pleased, walking up behind him and curling his hands on Newt’s waist. No matter where they were, Newt would let him, push down his trousers and muffle his cries as Percival fucked and knotted him. So far he had managed to keep it inside their home but Percival knew he would only grow bolder with time. He had always wanted to fuck someone over his desk at work and now he had fantasies of Newt spread out over it. When they attended social events that Percival was forced to go to, there were so many dark halls and empty rooms, all perfect for him to have his omega in.

Living together was a change but not anything they weren’t able to handle. Newt was terrible for leaving clutter, piles of things all over. Percival would wave his wand and clean things up; send everything back in its place only to find it out the next day. Newt would smile sheepishly and admit it was easier for him to find in plain sight. Which seemed silly since everything was well organized in the cupboards. But Percival learned not to mind messes so much and Newt would try at times to clean up. It was clear though he would get caught up in things and just honestly forget.
Theseus was also a constant presence, showing up a few times a month at least, still possessive over Newt’s time. While he wasn’t an outright ass about it all, it was clear that Newt’s big brother was still adjusting. Thankfully though, Tina was proving a perfect distraction. Theseus and Percival’s auror slowly circling each other in one of the most pathetically lengthiest courtings Percival had ever seen. Morgana, they just needed to get on with it already.

The magical creatures were a bit harder to swallow, creatures suddenly in every nook and cranny of the house. Almost every morning Percival had to fight the niffler for his pocket watch, if he was to wear any other adornments he had to carefully spell them out of locked cabinets. Even then, the little beast found ways around magical locks. The occamy were very cute but when startled they ruined entire rooms, Percival and Newt having to put everything back together with magic. Percival packed up the family heirlooms his mother would not forgive being damaged and sent them to her, explained the house was to be filled with fine things that held no sentimental value.

Through this all Newt looked terrible each time, apologizing over and over, clutching his beasts as if Percival was going to grab them and toss them out the nearest window.

All the windows were spelled now, every door and crack in the wall were heavily and continually blocked with wards to keep the entire lot of beasts inside the apartment. Even then, something would get out on occasion, never anything massive, but then Newt had plenty of smaller creatures.

Percival dealt with everything as best as he could, but he absolutely refused to let the beasts in their bedroom for the first month. The last thing he wanted was a curious demiguise peering while he was buried inside his mate. Thank Morgana, Newt agreed with this, growing embarrassed and flustered with the idea of his creatures watching.

However, once that was done and they were curled up to sleep, Percival would wake at some point to some sort of beast slithering over his back. The niffler on his pillow, even a few mooncalves at the foot of the bed at one point.

A part of him was deeply frustrated with it, with losing his large bed to himself, first sharing with a mate and then with all the bloody animals.

But Newt never slept well the few times he actually banned them for the full night, tossing and turning. Percival’s orderly life was invaded and his home changed around, but in the end it was a good thing. There had been an aching emptiness to the apartment for years that he convinced himself he didn't mind. But now, with the place so full there was a new contentment sitting in Percival's stomach.

He made peace with a messy home and in turn made his office impeccable at work, he spelled his study at the house to remain untouched and Newt worked to keep it that way. The creatures were not allowed in and so when Percival worked, he would only find the odd one that had snuck in, usually something small, just wanting a bit of calm in the mad house. Percival could at least understand that.

He peered at the snake in his bottom desk drawer and huffed to himself, honestly more exasperated than irritated at that point.

“Darling, if you think a few beasts are bad, wait until you have a few little ones running around,” his mother teased him at lunch one day. The thought, oddly enough, helped a great deal. The beasts were trying but if Percival could handle them then he could certainly deal with a child. He was gruff and reserved in many senses and so children typically did not like him. Percival had never been bothered before but now he worried a bit. They would try for children soon enough and the last thing he wanted was to struggle to have his own child like him. The magical beasts became a training of sorts and with that mindset, Percival found them far less bothersome. It only helped that they took to...
him easily enough, Newt was their shining star of course, but Percival was eventually accepted as the stand in when Newt was busy.

With that sort of mindset, trying to prepare for a child one day, it should have been glaringly obvious. But Percival went about his days, merely noting absently that the bedroom was getting rather messy. He would spell it clean and leave for work, coming home to a new mess and just shake his head.

The laundry basket was continually spilled out and his undershirts were often missing. Percival would find them stuffed under pillows or between the sheets in the bed, the winter blankets pulled out despite it being the middle of July.

“I can put them back if you want,” Newt offered, looking like he would very much rather not and so Percival learned not to mind them piled up at the foot of the bed. More clothing ended up on the bed and more creatures curled up with them every night.

Newt smiled just as sweetly as ever and they fucked all over the place still. Percival had become adept at shooing creatures from a room and closing doors all while stripping a whimpering Newt down. Magic had never been so useful as it was at those times.

There was no obvious change beyond the bed and clothing stashing.

So Percival feels like he’s justified in taking so long to realize it.

Getting up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom, he pushed a niffler off his back and uncoiled an ocammy from his thigh, both creatures grumbling sleepily. Percival used the facilities and went to get a drink of water from the kitchen, padding down the dark halls and muffling yawns.

His life was a bit bizarre but he was utterly content he thought lazily, pausing at the bedroom door to admire his mate, spread out like a starfish with beasts piled on and beside him, his suitcase beside the bed.

Tipping his head he thought idly that Newt look a bit like a mama, curled up in her nest, the blankets all piled and the extra pillows pulled from the linen cupboards. Every spare sheet really, packed into the bed with their dirty laundry, their scents clinging to the entire mess.

Percival smirked at the idea of Newt nesting and then he nearly dropped his glass in the realization that Newt was nesting.

Newt was nesting, an inaccurate term for an old age denning instinct omegas had never completely shaken off. The need to try and make a safe comfortable space for themselves and their unborn children.

Unborn children.

“W-what is it,” Newt muttered, trying valiantly to remain asleep as Percival very gently shook his shoulder. “Wha’ts wrong?”

“Newt, darling, wake up for me,” Percival whispered, the creatures around him grumbling as he woke their mum. Morgana, the nickname made his stomach flip now.

“Percy?” Newt looked adorably confused, hair pulled up in all directions, blinking in the dark of the bedroom in the dead of night. “Do you need to leave? Is there an emergency?” He asked with a long large yawn, peering up blearily and Percival felt like a bit of a fool for waking him.

“Newt,” Percival pushed some wild strands of hair from the omega’s face. “Newt, are you… are you
pregnant?"

The omega blinked up at him in confusion. “I don’t think so?” He replied, utterly baffled and Percival felt his heart slow down a bit. He slumped into the bed, some creature under his side scurrying away with a growl.

“Oh. I just, I thought you might be nesting is all,” he felt like an ass now, waking the poor man in the dead of night for such a silly notion.

But Newt blinked, looking at the bedding as if seeing it for the first time and then pulling a shirt from under his pillow. He looked over at Percival with wide, shocked eyes.

“Oh.”

Percival brought Newt to work with him that morning, keeping the omega close and feeling torn between professionalism and the deep need to snarl at anyone who glanced at Newt.

The aurors department had their own healer, a kindly older man who had fought in the war and dealt with everything from a cough to a severed limb with a same calm air. He worked everyday hours, keeping a schedule for appointments but also ready for any emergencies.

The healer, Dr. Weiss kept his judgment to himself when Percival showed up and politely told the auror with a bad cold he would have to wait.

“An emergency is it?”

“Well,” Newt shook his head as Percival closed the office door and struggled to get himself under control. He had thought it was bad when he was about to mate Newt properly but that was nothing. He wanted so badly to curl up around Newt, to hold him close and hide him away. The mystery of why pregnant omegas were so rarely seen was laid out before him it seemed. Percival's fingers itched with the need to protect his pregnant mate. He didn't even know if Newt was actually with child. Morgana help him.

“A pregnancy test then?” The old man asked with a sly voice as he looked between the two and Newt stuttered a positive answer.

“We’re not sure, I’ve no obvious signs, but I think I might have been nesting?” Newt looked to Percival and he made himself push away from the door, coming over to his side and curling a comforting arm around Newt’s waist.

“We just thought we should check,” he managed to rumble.

Percival curled his hand into a tight fist, holding it behind his back as the other alpha approached Newt, wand out. Fighting the need to snarl, he took a deep calming breath and Newt peered up at him, anxiously.

“I would remind you, you’ve been in my office plenty of times over the years. I’ve stitched you up more times than I can count and fixed a few rather nasty curses,” Dr. Weiss directed at Percival and he made himself nod.

“A simple spell really, just to check, omegas have a very wide range of symptoms when pregnant, some more obvious than others.”
Newt bit his lip and nodded, watching the spell light at the end of the wand and gently float to his flat midsection, white light crawling over his stomach. Percival stared, not sure what he was looking for but trying to find it all the same.

“N-nothing?” Newt asked after a moment and the doctor chuckled, pulling a file cabinet open and offering a brochure on first-time omega alpha pregnancy.

“Congratulations,” he announced and Percival wanted to sit, very badly. He slumped into the nearby chair that the doctor pulled over with a wave of his wand and Newt accepted the pamphlet, pale as a sheet.

“It’s so soon,” Percival breathed before he could help himself and the doctor snorted.

“Six months since your marriage isn’t it? Not soon at all, right on schedule if anything. Omega and alpha pairs do have a high fertility rate. If you’re not looking to have children close in age you’ll need to take potions to prevent future pregnancies.”

Newt stumbled a step and Percival was up so fast the chair behind him banged against the floor. Curling an arm around Newt he steadied him and the omega blinked over at him.

“I’m pregnant,” he whispered softly as if it was a secret and Percival felt a laugh bubble its way up his throat.

“Yes, I heard,” he replied and Newt looked a mix of utterly shocked and wonderment.

“We’re going to have a baby.”

“That usually happens.”

“Percy, there is a life inside me, growing in my womb.”

He chuckled, feeling both more elated and baffled than he could ever recall feeling. There was a joy lighting up in him, growing brighter with each passing second. He would have to tell his parents and brother right away, they’d be overjoyed of course. Tristan would be off the hook for a bit with Percival and Newt providing a grandchild.

“I’m pregnant,” Newt told the doctor, as if he might not know. The old man smiled easily, looking amused with the Director of Security blinking back tears, clinging to his shell-shocked mate.

Percival called in for the day, knowing he was useless for his job until this new knowledge settled. Newt just wandered the apartment, blinking at things and touching his stomach. Percival followed him like a puppy, pressing closer and then hesitating to touch the man, afraid to somehow hurt him. It seemed like suddenly every inch of the apartment was a dangerous hazard. Percival eyed high shelves and heavy objects with plans to toss them the second he could. Everything needed to be safe for his mate and child.

“I’m pregnant,” Newt told him and Percival managed a nod. Years as an auror had numbed him from outright shock, settling Percival firmly on the ground. But it felt like all of that had failed him, he couldn’t fight a smile and he couldn’t stop his chest from burning with an overwhelming adoration. All for a tiny life still tucked away in Newt’s belly.

“We’re pregnant,” Newt corrected himself after a moment, and Percival slinked closer, curling up against Newt’s back, his hands hesitantly meeting in front of Newt, over his stomach. Newt’s hand
covered them and they both blinked down at his stomach.

“I feel very unprepared for this,” Newt confessed in a whisper.

“I agree.”

“There must be books.”

“Thousands.”

“I think we might need them. All of them.”

Percival nodded his head, cupping Newt’s belly and silently agreeing.

“I was just thinking a few days ago,” Newt sounded a bit dazed still, head tipped to the side. Abby had slithered onto the counter and was peering at them curiously, used to being at work with Percival this time of day. “That only two years ago I was utterly certain I would never mate, never have a family or anything like that. No one ever felt right, it sounds silly, out of a soppy novel, but no one ever did. Then you came along and you fit without ever even trying, without me realizing I was looking at you that way.”

“I thought you were stunning the moment I saw you, clever before that, reading your notes,” Percival offered, feeling emotional but if not then, holding his mate who was carrying their first child, when could he.

“You were very handsome,” Newt agreed absently, reaching out to let Abby slither over his fingers. “Very charming, but many others were too.”

Percival huffed against Newt’s neck and he pressed back lightly as Percival nuzzled his mating scar. “But you let the niffler go and praised my work. You let me keep those poor snakes and I was impressed then. And then you treated Tina as an equal, covered for her when we found her working another job. I realized then, how much I liked you. I was sure you would think me a child, writing you a note like that, but I knew I’d never be able to talk to you, both my nerves and Theseus working against that.”

“And here we are,” Percival surmised, curling his hands over Newt and watching Abby make her way up his arm lazily.

“Here we are.”

End Notes

In my head I just wanted to write marathon fucking.

But a little voice whispered, how did they meet? Did the court? Was Theseus pissed? And it grew into this mess.

I was thinking of writing a more porny fic about Percival being forced into a marriage with Newt so he just callously fucks him all over the house not knowing Newt is super into the rough hand. lol.
Also working on another arranged marriage because I'm dumb and have tropes I love, a fic where Percival is raised as Newt's incesty brother that somehow is also about murder now, a fic where Percival is aged down and a horny little bastard that calls Newt mummy during sex, a bdsm threesome fic, and a fluffy rabbit Newt and wolf Percival breeding fic.

Thank you for all the lovely comments on my other fics, I will get to answering them! I do love receiving them as well, it means lots to get kudos and comments, knowing people like my porny stuff inspires me to write so pat yourself on the back you muses, you!

Lastly, feel free to come bother me on my tumblr! the-miss-lv.tumblr.com

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!