When Harry Met Neville.

by SlutPuppy

Summary

Harry is an Omega and he hates it. It's not all bad, but he's unhappy that his status as an Omega limits what he can do in life.

Notes

So, this is my first Fan Fiction. And (obviously) my first attempt at the whole A/B/O (Alpha/Beta/Omega) world. I've been reading quite few recently and got inspired, I suppose. Please be gentle! XD

A quick run-down of my little A/B/O world:
Alphas- Generally males; rarely seen in (mated) females. Male Alphas experience a 'rut' period (a time of increased hormone production, occurring approximately every 10-15 weeks, lasting 2-5 days, depending on how strong/potent an Alpha is). Un-mated Alphas tend to be easily led by their hormones/instincts and could be a danger to un-mated Omegas and (occasionally) Betas. Female Alphas aren't 'born'; most are strong Betas, mated to an Alpha, and able to take on a leadership role when required. They do not experience a 'rut' period, and generally their Heat Cycle is short and infrequent; occurring every 6-8 months, lasting 2-5 days. (I've come across a few stories that refuse to bring in the female Alpha but I am. They're rare, but part of the dynamic. And no, they cannot impregnate anyone (really?!).) An Alpha is considered fully (sexually) mature after they experience their first
knot around the age of 13. Isolation from any un-mated Betas and Omegas is required until full physical maturity (average age of 17), since full control isn't usually possible until then.

Betas- Males and females. Males experience 'rut' period (a time of increased hormones where he's more aggressive sexually, approximately every 12-16 weeks, lasting 2-4 days). This period can vary, based on available mates, other stimuli [competing Betas/Alphas], hormone levels and if they're mated or un-mated. Able to mate (and knot, in specific circumstances) but able to control baser instincts (ie: not mindless to their hormones/instinct when faced with another Beta/Omega in Heat). A Beta is considered fully (sexually) mature after they experience either their first knot (males) or their first Heat Cycle (females) around the age of 13. Beta's experiencing a Heat Cycle (approximately every 12-14 weeks, lasting 2-4 days) are required to be isolated away from rutting Betas and Alphas during their Heat. The use of Hormonal Balancing Aids (AKA HBA or birth control) aren't used until they've reached their physical maturity (on average, at age 17). Physical maturity is, generally, experienced once they've gone through a few full Heat Cycles and they are able to (success fully) conceive.

Omegas- Male and females. (Male Omegas are not rare, but not common either.) Omegas, regardless of gender, are able to bear and birth children once sexually, as well as physically, mature. Omegas experience a Heat Cycle approximately every 13 weeks, lasting 3-5 days, regardless if they're mated or un-mated (though mated Omegas Heats tend to last a bit longer, averaging 4-7 days). An Omega is considered fully (sexually) matured after they experience their first Heat Cycle (on average, at age 13) and isolation from rutting Betas and Alphas is required. HBA is not recommended until they've reached physically maturity; usually after a period of several Heat Cycles (or, on average, age 17). Omegas can opt out of HBA once they're able to take it, but most use them habitually until mated or ready to pup.

A person 'status' isn't known until they reach maturity and either go into their first rut or heat cycle. Until then, it's not known whether child is an Alpha, Beta or Omega (though people can guess and are often times correct -they aren't officially classified and treated accordingly until that time). Schools are required to separate students by 'status' by the age of 13, or grade 8. 'Late bloomers' are held back until they can be assigned by the appropriate status and gender (when required).

Well, now that that's all clarified: So far the main pairings are Lucius/Remus and Harry/Neville. There is going to be a lot of gay in this; that's not to say every character will be in same-sex couplings, I just don't think I'll be focusing on those in het pairings. So. Yeah. I suppose that's a warning, of sorts.

I'll admit right now: I love feedback-don't be shy! (c: I'll gladly accept constructive criticism, but flaming or hateful comments -just to be a dick- will be ignored. Don't like the content/subject, don't read it. Simple really.

(I'll only add new tags/warnings when needed... if needed, so check the tags for add-ons occasionally, just in case.)
Harry Potter is an Omega and he hates it.

He sighs, the noise rather loud in the small, dark space of his cupboard. He doesn't hate being an Omega, per se; but more accurately, what being an Omega means. As far as society is concerned, he has no choice. In anything. Part of him is relieved he doesn't have to sort out decisions and consequences (no doubt that annoying Omega bit in his brain whispering with relief when others chose for him), but another part is outraged—screaming and throwing a hissy fit. He wants to decide on his own mate. He wants to decide what to do with his time and life. He wants to decide when he'd have pups (not if—he can't bear the thought of not having pups, even if he's not ready for them now).

He knows it's foolish to wish things are different, but he can't help it. The time spent alone in his dark, cramped cupboard gives him little else to do but think.

The rhythmic, heavy thumps of someone on the stairs has him ducking his head instinctively—keeping dust and small particles from landing in his eyes. It stings for hours and he's feared injury from rubbing at the irritating grit more than once. He cocks his head, listening as the footsteps move. It's foolish to hope they'll stop at his makeshift door, but he does anyway. It's foolish because he's technically on punishment. And because it's generally not a good thing, even if he's free of the dark space, since he's put to work doing all manner of things. His Omega nature and status in the family is exploited; used to others' whims and wants.

Mostly, he doesn't mind. He likes taking care of things, doing things to make life easier for others just makes that baser part of him wriggle and sing with pleasure and the satisfaction of a job well done warms him. He only minds because it's expected and he's never done an adequate job, according to his relatives. His efforts aren't ever rewarded or even met with gratitude. It's frustrating and always leaves him with an empty ache deep in his chest to be dismissed without a kind word or an affectionate, grateful touch. He hates that Omega part of him that craves a pat on the head and a kindly said 'good pup'.

The footsteps pass by his door and he relaxes a little at the same time he whimpers softly—relieved he's not being pulled out for chores but saddened he'll be left in solitary that much longer. He doesn't mind the solitude, he really doesn't, but his legs are starting to cramp from having to bend them up all the time so he'll fit in a reasonably comfortable position in the small space. He's nearly 17 and much too big to be stuffed in a tiny cupboard under the stairs—even if he is small for his age.

He's sure that's part of the reason he's treated so badly; he's too small and barely worthy of even the lowly status of Omega (he's sure if there was a lower ranking, that'd be his). His uncle says he's a freak, a runt, a worthless lump and frequently laments not drowning him when he was still a tiny, wailing pup.

His uncle might be right, even if it pains him to think it; He didn't even have his first Heat until he was 15 and a half. He figured the fact that he seemed to only like the company of other Omegas was another part of his failures. The occasions he actually got to interact with people, he found most Betas made him jumpy to be around and Alphas set his nerves on edge, mostly because he was leered at and openly ogled. He has no such problems with other Omegas, and finds himself feeling most at peace around them. He knows it's wrong but he doesn't care.

Harry thought being 'late bloomer' was a mixed bag, personally; he didn't have to suffer through
the Heats like his classmates but he felt like a child amongst his peers. Between his smaller size and dysfunctional hormones, he feels as different as he's accused of being. The only plus was that for that very last year, he had almost been the biggest in his age group. He sighs quietly, reflecting at how pathetic that sounds; he's proud of being able to just reach the shoulders of people 2-3 years younger than him. Ugh.

"BOY!"

Harry winces, his head ducking down between his shoulders. He doesn't respond, knowing it's not wanted or required. Heavy footsteps approach his door and he squints his eyes closed, preparing his eyes for the bright light to come. His eyes sting and water, anyway, as the bright sunlight streams into his cupboard. He knows better than to put a hand up to block the light; his uncle always takes it as an offensive move and he gets a thumping for it.

"We're having company. Get out here and get dinner started," Vernon says, stepping back just enough to give the boy room to crawl out of his cupboard. He resists the urge to put a boot in his scrawny bum, only because he doesn't want to hear the boy whine about his sore rear-end as he cooks. Before the boy can scamper off to the kitchen, he places a heavy hand on his thin shoulder, stopping him. "I left the recipe out. Do not muck about. And don't burn it," he says with a sneer.

Harry just nods. He doesn't roll his eyes, but he wants to so badly he has to close his eyes for a moment. He's only burned food once, but he's reminded of that lone occurrence nearly every time he's ordered to make a meal. He had been seven, and still sorting out how to adjust to using the cooker without his stool (his aunt claiming such 'niceties' were no longer allowed) and trying to juggle the other chores his aunt had ordered him to do at the same time. He had only reminded his uncle of the single time he actually had burned anything and was thumped. He didn't think he was talking back or smarting off, merely being helpful.

"Yes, sir," he says quietly and hurries into the kitchen once the meaty hand is gone from his shoulder. He wants to shudder and wipe off the imagined filth from the touch, but he doesn't. He focuses on his task, stretching his muscles out from his earlier cramped confines as he stands at the counter.

Beef Wellington.

He can make that in his sleep, he muses with a small, smug smile. Did his uncle really think this would be a challenge? He tsks softly and gets to work, humming under his breath as he goes. He ignores the doorbell when it sounds; knowing he's not to pause in his task and that his aunt will want to answer the door like some proper lady. Not that she is one, he thinks with a snicker. She's a rotten old bat, with mean, beady little eyes that watch his every move when she's of a mind. He imagines her opening the door with her fake smile and an attempt at a graceful curtsy, trying to impress the pants off their guest, and snickers again.

By the time he's sliding the pastry covered meat into the oven, he realizes he's being observed. He goes very still when the scent of an Alpha hits him. He doesn't move, knowing better than to turn and look at the man. He sniffs as subtly as he can; yes, definitely a male. He curses himself for that last sniff, realizing the scent is affecting him. It's not a very strong reaction, or even all that inappropriate. Just the normal one he might have around any Alpha; the urge to submit and show his neck. Thankfully, he's not in heat (or sensing a potential mate), so he can easily control himself. And ignore the stranger.

Surely his uncle didn't have guests just so he could daydream or drool over their scent. He giggles softly to himself, imagining his uncle's look of horror if he knew Harry was in here entertaining such thoughts about Important People. The unknown Alpha's scent is nice, but not overpowering or
irresistible. It's a bit comforting, actually, and he finds himself wondering what his own papa would've smelled like.

"Hello."

Harry gasps and nearly drops the large knife in his hand in his surprise. He ducks his head down, his shoulders rising submissively and doesn't turn around. "Hello," he murmurs. He doesn't want to speak (and he scowls a little when he hears his voice come out in an embarrassing squeak) but he knows better than to be rude. And ignoring a greeting is rude. He relaxes a bit when he hears the door close, thinking his guest has left but goes stiff and wary when he realizes footsteps are moving into the kitchen. He feels a surge of panic, unsure why the strange man would be coming into the kitchen. Surely, he's safe in his own home... Though, he's quite sure his uncle would only respond to a cry for help by telling him to shut up and to keep an eye on dinner so it didn't burn.

"I'm Lucius Malfoy."

Harry nods politely, keeping his chin tucked to his chest. "Sir," he says politely, bowing respectfully. He doesn't know what else to say. People never want to know his name, so he doesn't offer it.

"And you are?"

Harry's surprise and shock make him finally turn to regard the strange man. "Harry," he says quietly. He wants to look up, see the man's face, but he doesn't. He can only see the ends of pale blonde hair pulled into a loose ponytail that's draped casually over one shoulder and the man's chest. The pale hair looks soft and well styled, and his chest is quite nice, too. Lucius isn't overly muscled, but firm looking and quite broad. He has the embarrassing urge to whine and rub his cheek against the Alpha.

The man is wearing, what is no doubt, a fine, expensive suit. He's probably a very successful man; the fine clothes and the proud posture scream 'Important Person' even if he isn't obviously an Alpha.

Harry inhales, his mouth open just a little bit, drawing the warm scent across his palate (smelling Alpha with a spicy undertone that reminds him of Christmas and a subtle hint of old, worn but comfortable, leather). Yes, successful but currently un-mated. There are too many nuances in the older man's scent he doesn't know how to interpret (not having much in the way of social skills) but his limited knowledge tells him the Alpha is currently un-mated but probably not entirely lonely.

Lucius seems a bit too old to be un-mated, even though the older man looks like he'd be able to easily care for a mate. And children. He curses that stupid Omega voice in the back of his brain—annoyed those thoughts always go right to pups. Thankfully, he's not thinking of pups specifically with Lucius, and he's quite relieved.

Harry goes stiff again when he feels a finger slide under his chin, digging gently to get into the space between his chin and chest. The finger is slender and warm but strong and insistent. He can't suppress the whimper this time and lets the man lift his face. Either he's misread the man's polite intentions or he's angered the man enough he needs to be chastised. He can't imagine what he's done wrong, though, so he keeps his eyes averted.

"Is there a reason you won't look at me, little one?" Lucius asks softly.

He feels anger surge through him, well aware of the reasons. He can't believe some Alphas still
treat Omegas like they are little more than slaves or hired help (or worse—merely breathing, warm and pliant sex dolls). And this boy is family! (Even if the little one wasn't introduced with the rest of the Dursleys, he can smell it on him.) All the more shameful, in his opinion. He's starting to regret his decisions about Vernon Dursley. He can't help but think of his own son as he looks at the little green-eyed Omega—standing there looking totally submissive and obedient to a perfect stranger. Alpha or not, it's rather unsettling to see an Omega react to him in such a way. He's suddenly feeling rather proud he's encouraged his headstrong Omega son to be more independent and free-spirited; it would kill a piece of him to see his son cowed in a similar way.

Harry shakes his head slowly. His head is lifted but his eyes are still lowered. He's got a fine view of the man's lips now and he doesn't know what to think. They're a soft pink and quite full for a man but he's not at all inclined to wonder how they'd feel pressed against his. (He wants to hang his head down again, shame prickling through him. No, he shouldn't stare at a strange Alpha like that but he's ashamed he doesn't even want to and that seems worse somehow.) He can't seem to do anything right. When he notices the man's lips turn down, ever-so-slightly, he suppresses a whimper, scared that he's upset the Alpha somehow already.

"No, sir."

"Sir," Lucius repeats with a soft sigh. "Am I correct in assuming you're not allowed to speak? Strongly encouraged to keep your tongue, hm?" He watches the boy nod slowly, a look of confusion on what he can see of his face—as if he doesn't understand why he is being asked such a question. Harry's entire posture screams wary and frightened. It's sad, really, and it makes a part of him ache that he's frightened the little one. "Is it because I'm an Alpha?" he asks, merely curious.

Harry stills, unsure how to answer but slowly shakes his head. "No, sir. I'm not permitted to speak to anyone," he says quietly. His uncle and aunt have made that quite clear. Outside of school, where he's only allowed to speak when spoken to, he's to speak to no one. Lucius Malfoy being an Alpha is just another reason for his reluctance to speak. Alphas don't speak to Omegas unless they want something. He feels a worm of unease go through him, Lucius' motives for being in the kitchen starting to weigh on his mind. There's no way he'd willingly submit to anything the older man wanted but he certainly wouldn't be able to fight him off either.

"I'd ask why, but I think I already know," Lucius says with another soft sigh. "Are you uncomfortable?" He can see the way Harry is still standing stiffly and looking downright scared now. He mentally curses, realizing the boy probably thinks the worst of him when the pungent scent of fear hits him and he can just hear the quiet whimper from the boy. "I'm not here for any other reason than my curiosity about the menu." As much as he wants to rest a reassuring hand on the boy's shoulder, he's quite sure the gesture wouldn't be appreciated, most likely feared. Anger bubbles in him again; he's quite sure this boy has only ever known touch to be painful or cruel. Or none at all—which is almost worse. He lets his hand drop from the Omega's face, brows pinched when Harry's head immediately lowers again and the boy's shoulders relax.

Harry relaxes a little, the words reassuring. Why would the man lie? He turns away enough to reach the printed recipe from the table and silently hands it over. "I made Beef Wellington, sir. Is that acceptable?" he asks, chewing the inside of his cheek nervously. He doesn't know what he'd do if it isn't. His uncle specifically told him to make this, he can't change the menu now. But... to refuse a guest's desires is almost worse, especially since he's sure Lucius Malfoy is a Very Special Guest for his uncle. He can't stop his hands from clasping in front of himself or the way they start to wring against each other with a growing sense of trepidation the longer Lucius stays silent. "Sir?" he asks in a whisper, when he hasn't gotten an answer. He's so tempted to look up, make sure he's not being sneered at or glaring at angrily, but he can't.
"Oh, no, it's fine, Harry," Lucius says, still reading over the recipe. It looks quite complicated. "Smells wonderful," he adds, sniffing the air gently. He looks up and smiles a little when he realizes Harry has relaxed a little more with his reassurances and praise. "Harry—" He sets the recipe back onto the table and leans against the counter. He crosses his arms over his chest and studies the Omega closely.

Harry's bright green eyes are still averted but he can still see their bright color. It's quite an intriguing, if not all together unique, color. The boy's hair is pitch black and a complete mess upon his head. It's shaggy and in need of a trim, brushing the boy's collar in the back and nearly in his eyes at the front, but he's quite certain Vernon puts it off caring for the boy as long as possible.

Harry is quite petite, as well. Still undeniably male (even for an Omega) but just... small. Short and much too skinny. He sighs softly; his intended would probably crush the poor boy to his chest and stuff him full of food for a solid week.

He relaxes his stance, on the off chance Harry actually looks up at him, he doesn't want to appear overbearing. "Are you happy here?" he finally asks. He tilts his head, truly curious. He can't imagine the boy would be, but he wants to know his thoughts regardless. He frowns, realizing that it's quite possible the boy doesn't know any different and won't speak up.

"Sir?" Harry sneaks a peek up at Lucius through his lashes and bangs, the image of the man distorted but clear enough to make him gulp. He doesn't know why the man is speaking with him and he wants to squirm with discomfort. Or hide in his cupboard. And what sort of question is that? Does it matter?

Lucius stills. "Yes, it matters." He's barely able to keep the growl from his voice, certain it would upset the fearful young Omega. He's actually a little disconcerted to see what would happen if that were to happen. Would the boy wind up on his back, his belly exposed as he whined pitifully? The very idea of the real possibility makes him feel a little nauseous.

"Shit," Harry whispers. He hadn't meant to ask that aloud. He claps both hands over his mouth, belatedly realizing he's cursed aloud, too. Oh no! His eyes widen and he finally looks up at Lucius. "I'm so sorry, sir!" he squeaks from between his fingers. He quickly looks down and shakes his head, stepping back two steps. He knows it won't save him if Lucius decides to discipline him, but he can only hope he looks remorseful enough. He knows he should drop to his knees (or roll onto his back) but he can't move—he's completely frozen.

Lucius chuckles, oddly uplifted to see a bit of spirit in the little Omega. His amusement dies when Harry starts to tremble a little, his knees beginning to bend. "No!" he says, grabbing the boy's elbow to keep him from kneeling. Good god, what have they been teaching this boy! He casts a quick angry glance over his shoulder, making a mental note to talk with Vernon—even if he's quite sure it won't do a damn bit of good. It's not his place to meddle in the personal lives of his employees, but this is a bigger issue than that. He can not sit by and ignore the mistreatment of a child or an Omega; his role as a father and an Alpha status make it nearly impossible to ignore.

"No," he says again, softer this time. "There's no need to apologize, Harry. I asked because it does matter. I'm going to guess you wouldn't even tell me if you weren't happy, though."

"M sorry, sir," Harry murmurs, squeezing his eyes tightly shut. He doesn't remember ever being happy, but he can't say such things to a stranger, an Alpha. It's rude to speak of his family in such a way and he doesn't know why he's being asked, and he's wary of causing unknown problems for his uncle. (He doesn't care if he does, but he'll be punished for it and he cares about that.) "I wouldn't lie, sir, but it's... disrespectful to speak about my family in such a way." He peeks up at Lucius again, knowing the man would understand his answer; he's worded it carefully so he
doesn't have to say anything rude, but making it clear he doesn't have anything nice to say, either. He sees the Alpha purse his lips for a moment, a soft huff of breath briefly puffing out his cheeks and he realizes the man understands.

Lucius snorts, amused to see that spark back for a brief moment. His expression soberes, "They don't deserve that respect, Harry."

"Oh, they do!" Harry says adamantly, looking up at Lucius again. "They're the only ones that care for me. The only ones that would care for me." He nods emphatically. He's been told lots of times that his relatives took care of him. He's lucky he's not in an orphanage or one of those places unwanted Omega's go to be sold as slaves; slaves of every variety. Or left on the streets, forced to sell himself and scrounge for food. He ignores the usual sensation of sorrow that drifts through him at the reminder of his dead parents and sibling, knowing he wouldn't even be where he is if they were alive. It's something he's had nearly 15 years experience with, after all, and he shakes it off without a pause or outward sign.

Lucius snorts again, shaking his head gently. He doesn't ask why the little Omega's scent reeked sharply of sorrow for a moment, but he is curious and files it away, hoping he'll have a chance to ask later. "Care for you," he repeats his voice soft with incredulous doubt yet dripping with scorn. The boy is wearing baggy hand-me-downs and his too-large glasses are taped in a few spots. Proper care. Sure. "Does your cousin ever cook?" he asks.

"No," Harry says with a giggle, forgetting himself in his humor. The image of Dudley at the cooker or chopping vegetables has him giggling again, tears coming to his eyes. "Oh, no," he breathes out through a fresh batch of giggles, his hands holding his belly as he gasps softly. The very idea that Dudley could so more than wipe his own bum is too amusing for words and he goes into another quiet fit of laughter.

Lucius smiles a little, enjoying the little one's mirth, but his suspicions are proven correct. The fat little over-indulged whale of child he noticed furiously playing video games when he arrived isn't held to the same standards as the little Omega. Even if the rotund boy has the scent of a Beta, he should be helping with the home just as much, if not more so, as the little Omega. He should be just as learned in how to care for house and family—roles any Beta is expected to fill when mated and starting their own family. He nearly winces at the very thought of anyone stuck with such a mate. Ugh. "I see," he says. He turns when the kitchen door is opened.

"Boy! How dare you!" Vernon bellows. He's not looking at Mr. Malfoy at all; his gaze is solely on his insolent nephew. The nerve of the boy! Useless whelp! He should be busy with dinner, not faffing about or flirting with his boss. He growls lowly, his face darkening with anger as his hands clench. He only gets two steps towards the useless Omega before he's halted by the pointed sound of a throat being cleared. He realizes Mr. Malfoy is glaring at him and he's taken aback, unsure why he's being looked at in such a way. "Mr. Malfoy. I apologize for my nephew," he says, convinced his boss finds his nephew lacking in some way. Not a surprise, really.

Lucius shakes his head a little. "No apologies needed. For him," he adds, raising an eyebrow and giving Vernon a look loaded with disdain. "I merely came to inquire about dinner. I believe it's nearly ready."

Harry takes the opportunity to slink away, checking on dinner as the two men focus on each other. The vegetables are nearly done and he's grateful the pasta hasn't boiled over or gotten over done. He gets into his task; completely forgetting the glaring Alphas just paces away. He carefully drains the pasta and sets to making a brown butter sauce, pulling a few herbs from the cupboard as the butter melts. He only spares the swinging kitchen door a brief glance, fully relaxing when he's left
Once Harry has served dinner, he dutifully retreats into the kitchen. As usual when they have an Important Guest, he drags a stool up as close to the door as he can so he can listen in and smell the food. It's a bit embarrassing—pathetic even—but it helps him to pretend he's sitting amongst them, enjoying the food he's worked so hard on. His mouth slowly drops open when he hears "Would you consider selling me your nephew?" drifting through the narrow crack of the door. He goes still, his entire body going rigid, mentally praying he'll hear a firm denial.

The dining room goes still, even Dudley pausing in shoveling food in his face as he looks between his dad and Mr. Malfoy. Who would want to buy that little Omega freak? He'd probably have defective pups or be unable to have any more than 4 or 5 (the fact his own parents only have him is blissfully ignored). He doesn't voice this opinion, though, because his dad hasn't said anything yet. Even he knows better than to speak before his Alpha father.

Lucius feels disgust roll in his belly when Vernon's beady little porcine eyes light up with a greedy look. He only manages to swallow his food by sheer force of will. It's also the only thing keeping him from sneering or just taking the boy outright. He has to test the limits of his self control when he's immediately quoted a ridiculous price for the boy. He idly wonders if Harry can overhear the conversation and fights the urge to go explain, or comfort the boy. "Alright," he agrees. Honestly, he'd pay three times as much just to get the boy away from here.

"Excellent!" Vernon says, tucking into his food with renewed gusto. He spends the rest of dinner going over all of Harry's faults (lazy, in constant need of correction and supervision, whines dreadfully during his Heats, etc.) and his few virtues (he's still 'pure'—never been mated—only due to Lucius' good timing; another month and he had planned on lining up suitors. And he's been tested—he's healthy enough to carry pups, even though one's only bound to get maybe four out of the boy since he's a runty little thing). He's quite unaware of the icy look he's getting from his boss.

He's a bit too preoccupied with the extreme good fortune of getting rid of his nephew and making a tidy sum from the useless thing. "Laws as they are," he starts, his focus mainly on the large slice of chocolate cake he's steadily making his way through, "—it's all a bit tricky until he's seventeen, mind. Are you able to wait a month before you... acquire him?"

"No," Lucius says simply. The very idea of leaving Harry here another moment, let alone another month, makes his hands clench under the table. "I have no desire to use the boy," he says coldly. If he isn't so sure it will ruin his chances of removing Harry from this family, he'd remove Vernon's throat with his bare hands. Or his teeth. How dare he imply such a thing! And to still allow his nephew to go with him, thinking such things could be in his future is appalling! It makes him sick to know Vernon is an Alpha, one that short-sighted about the well-being of a child (and an Omega), isn't fit for the title. "As such, he can be in my care as soon as you've signed the contract."

He feels absolutely sick he's buying the little Omega like livestock, but it is still legal. He's only using the outdated laws to his (and Harry's) advantage. He watches, suppressing a sneer, when Vernon just nods enthusiastically. "I wish to bring him home with me, within the hour."

"Oh, yes. Of course," Vernon says, figuring the boy will just be used for labor until he's old enough. He doesn't care, once Mr. Malfoy owns him, the Omega is no longer his concern. "BOY!" he bellows, quite aware of the boy's habit of sitting by the door. He scowls when the boy's face merely peeks out of a crack in the door. He can only see one green eye, wide with fright (or maybe just the usual blank look the boy has) and he's irritated he's forced to remind the boy of his manners in front of his boss (and now the boy's new owner). "Get. Out. Here! This instant!"

Harry sidles into the room, his eyes firmly on the floor. He's managed to choke back the hot sting
of tears, but there's still a thick lump sitting painfully in his throat. He's relieved he won't have to speak, for once grateful for his uncle's aversion to hearing his voice. He keeps his head down, his chin firmly against his chest, and his hands clasped at his front.

"Clear the table, you're leaving as soon as you're done."

Harry nods and hurries to comply. He avoids Dudley's outstretched foot with practiced ease but doesn't dodge the punch Dudley aims at his ribs in time. He whimpers, the stack of plates jarring and nearly falling—only just managing to catch them in time before they tumble from his hands. He hunches his shoulders at his aunt's hissed 'Be careful, you clumsy dolt!' and hurries back into the kitchen. He comes back out only to gather the rest of the silverware and glassware. He avoids looking at Lucius, even though he can feel the older man trying to catch his eye numerous times. It's embarrassing to be seen as such a useless Omega in front of the Alpha and he oddly hopes he doesn't change his mind about taking him away.

Why is Lucius trying to look at him? He knows better than to make eye contact... Is the Alpha trying to rub in the fact he's been sold like a farm animal?

Harry does the washing up, the task familiar and not even requiring his full attention. No, instead, his mind is left to wander and think as his hands go about their well-known task. He's being sold, given up from the only family he's ever known. Lucius seems nice enough, even becoming enraged and disgusted at the mention of Harry being used as a sex object or merely kept around to carry pups (which seems like the same thing, in his mind). He's a little disgusted with himself (and his stupid Omega nature), but the idea of being with pup doesn't bother him at all. Even if he'd probably go through hell and pain, it'd be worth it for a little one of his own. Even the worst Omegas are usually allowed to care for their pups until they reach maturity.

Anyway, all that doesn't mean he's not going to a better place; the man willingly bought him, after all. He even brought it up first! Even so, he's still looking forward to leaving his relatives' home. Anywhere, and anything, has to be better than here...

He goes still when Lucius enters the kitchen again, the man's scent already becoming familiar. There's a hint of something sharp—sorrow maybe?—that makes his nose twitch but the doesn't stop or turn around. He doesn't know why the Alpha is saddened and he can only hope he doesn't further upset the man.

"I'm sorry," Lucius says, watching the little Omega stiffen. Harry doesn't pause in his chore though. He wonders if Harry would learn to give him his full attention with a gentle reminder it's rude to ignore people. "You may leave that, little one," he says, the endearment slipping out, waving a hand at the half-done dishes. He smiles when Harry peeks over his shoulder at him, his green eyes wide and a little panicked. "Your hour is up and it's no longer your responsibility."

For the first time in ages, Harry smiles. Regardless of what happens now, the very idea of any of the Dursleys having to wash their own damn dishes tickles him. Serves them right for selling him to the first person that offered money (little does he know his uncle has been getting offers for weeks, only waiting for bigger amounts). He shrugs and carefully dries his hands, turning to give Lucius the impression he's listening. He can't raise his eyes any further than the older man's knees, though. "Sir?" he finally whispers after almost a solid minute of silence. He needs more instruction, he has no idea what's expected of him.

"I'll give you a moment to pack."

Harry slowly nods and eases past Lucius, ducking into his cupboard. He doesn't worry about the sharp intake of breath or the low growl from Lucius as the older man sees him doing it. (Why
would the Alpha be bothered? It's his space after all, and he knows he's lucky to have even this.) He pulls a tiny, battered book from under his ratty pillow and holds it close to his chest. "Ready, sir," he says quietly. A quick glance around his small space assures him he's got all he needs—well, all that he wants. The clothes aren't really his and nothing fits, anyway. Either he'll get new ones or just walk around nude; depending on Lucius' whims.

"That's... it?" Lucius asks cautiously. That sadness is back when he sees Harry clutching the small, old book tightly. Harry merely nods and doesn't duck back into that horrible little cubby for clothes or any other personal items. He promises to rectify that problem as well. Harry will probably take a bit of convincing (and slow, patient guidance), but he'll be enjoying his own clothes and personal possessions in no time. "Alright," he says, making to take Harry's arm. The sadness deepens when the little Omega flinches but forces himself to still with a visible effort. "I'm not going to harm you or touch you inappropriately," he says earnestly.

Harry nods slowly. "Sorry, sir." He knows he's being stupid; Lucius bought him and can do what he likes to him. "I'll behave, sir," he adds in a quiet, but firm, voice.

"No, Harry," Lucius says kindly. "That's the point, little one. You can act however you wish to. If you want to push me away, do it. I won't stifle you; that won't happen ever again."

Harry just stares blankly, unable to process the words for the longest time. He goes willingly when Lucius leads him out to a large, black car. He sits quietly when he's buckled in. When he's told to pick a station on the radio, he just presses the first button and tries to melt into the seat. He's too busy replaying Lucius' last words, the sounds repeating and echoing in his head. Is the Alpha serious? Why did he waste money on buying him, then? He's confused but finds himself relaxing at the words, nonetheless. Again, why would an Alpha lie to him? He wouldn't—the very notion of an Alpha doing such a thing is laughable. It's enough to make him realize it's all true. He spends the ride to wherever Lucius lives convincing himself those words are true.

Vernon and Petunia watch the expensive sedan pull away, both quite pleased with themselves. It's not until later, when they're both waiting expectantly for their tea does the full implication of their actions hit them. With Harry sold, there's no one here to do all his chores. They share a look and both call for Dudley at the same time.

It is about time their precious Beta learns a few things about the ways to make a proper cup of tea.

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Harry stares, wide-eyed, as they pull up to what he assumes is Lucius home. The building is massive; probably something more appropriately called a Manor or a mansion than a home. He blinks stupidly when he realizes he's been staring long enough to have Lucius coming around to open his door. He flushes with embarrassment; he's supposed to open doors for the Alpha, not the other way around. Lucius words echo in his head and he forces the apology down, flushing again when he's only given a gentle, warm smile.

Lucius smiles, quite proud to see Harry already working on adapting and learning. For the first time, he's cautiously optimistic about the whole spur-of-the-moment decision. Hopefully, Remus won't skin him. Or go into a pout and refuse his advances for who knows how long. He's hoping the little Omega hits his Intended right in his Instincts and he's quickly forgiven. "Harry," he says softly, smiling warmly at the little Omega. It's nice to see a real reaction to his impressive home; he's quite proud of it. "Do you like it?" he asks, smiling a little.

"It's amazing, sir," Harry breathes, awed. "It's so beautiful!" he says, his eyes darting around the various tones in the marble and the ornate carvings and other details that just make the home look
so... awe-inspiringly beautiful. He can't believe he'll be living here! His mind immediately wonders how big the cupboards are and he's quite sure a house this size won't have tiny little spaces. No no. He'll probably have a space big enough to actually stretch out in.

Lucius inclines his head in thanks, truly touched at the honest criticism. Most people comment on the size but few notice the small details (like the imported marble and carefully chosen, complimentary colors). He makes a mental note to nix that 'sir' business, but lets it go for now. "Ready to go in?" he asks after Harry spends almost 5 minutes just staring up at the house. "I promise you, you'll have all the time you desire to study your new home," he offers with a grin.

"Thank you," Harry says softly, flushing with warmth at the promise and reminder that this is his home. He finally gets his feet to move, following after Lucius. His smaller, scuttling gait sounds odd in the echoing hall as he hurries to keep up with Lucius. Even the man's footsteps sound like those of an Alpha; commanding, precise and heavy. He squeaks when he runs into Lucius, smacking into his back and bouncing a little, when the Alpha stops suddenly. He cringes when the overpowering musk of another Alpha and a Beta waft towards him as they enter the main house. He sidles closer to Lucius, unconsciously seeking refuge behind the only familiar person and scent he knows.

Lucius glares at his god-brother and Intended, his silvery eyes flicking between them rapidly. The pair aren't even in the little Omega's eye-line and they've already panicked him. He tries to ignore the soft whimper at his back, stifling the urge to lay a comforting hand on Harry. "Beloved," he says, extending a hand towards Remus. "I have news."

"So I see," Remus Lupin says dryly, eyeing the cowering Omega hiding behind Lucius. He's a bit confused he doesn't feel any jealousy, even if he knows his beloved well enough to know he'd never buy an Omega for... unsavory or purely selfish purposes. He only has to inhale deeply to realize the Omega is still a child and that his Lucius has no dishonorable intentions towards the little one. He doesn't detect a hint of anything from the little Omega other than fear and uncertainty. He watches the little Omega as Lucius speaks, explaining the Omega's (Harry, he learns) presence.

Severus, of course, just sneers at the pathetic little Omega and stalks off, muttering darkly under his breath about strays and unneeded burdens.

Remus, on the other hand, finds himself rushing forward. "Oh, you poor little love—" he coos, easing closer. He wants to grab the little Omega, cuddle him and nuzzle his slender, little neck affectionately and smooth his hair down but he doesn't. Not now that he knows it'll only scare the poor little thing. "Welcome, Harry. I'm Remus."

Harry looks at Remus, a feeling of warmth coming over him as the Beta looks at him with affection. Guarded affection, but it's still there—warming his amber eyes and making Harry want to wriggle in joy. Even after hearing Lucius tell the two strangers his reasons for him being there, he was still wary of the Beta (Lucius' Intended) until this moment. "Hello," he finally whispers, aware he hasn't kept his manners. "Thank you," he says plainly. He's not sure what exactly he's thanking Remus for (maybe for not tearing out his throat on sight) but he ducks his head with a flush when the Beta smiles warmly at him. He's never had so many smiles pointed at him in a year, let alone all in one day. Again, his inner Omega wriggles with joy, pleased he's pleased the Beta.

"You are welcome, Cub."

Harry flushes with warmth, that urge to wriggle happily washing through him again. He's never been called such an endearment before! He likes it but doesn't want to bask in it too much, just in case it's just something Remus does simply out of habit and he's reading too much in to it. He's a
little curious what makes Remus say 'cub' and not 'pup', but pushes away his curiosity. He looks to Lucius for direction and feels panic surge through him when he realizes the Alpha isn't there any longer. He whimpers softly, his eyes darting around nervously, unsure what to do.

"Aw," Remus coos and gently places a hand on Harry's arm. Harry doesn't jump or flinch, so he gently rubs at his arm, comforting and soothing the scared cub. "It's alright. He's only left us to get to know each other. I'm Remus, Lucius' Intended," he says again, shifting closer. He's warmed when the little one doesn't move away, only looking up at him with wide green eyes. He hums, eyes flicking to the doorway Severus oozed through moments ago. "That pleasant man earlier was Severus. He's an un-mated Alpha, so we'll... we'll be sure to keep an eye on you two," he says diplomatically. He smiles, a happy smile filled with teeth, when Harry only nods in understanding.

Even if Severus rarely showed an interest in male Omegas, quite a contrary behavior for an Alpha, he doesn't want to risk Harry's new found happiness and growing sense of security. Instincts didn't give a toss to preferences when an Alpha encounters an Omega in Heat. He knows Severus has been bitching about moving out for weeks, maybe this will give him that push to finally get off his arse and quite dithering about. He's not at all regretting the fact that he'll most likely be seeing the back of the dour man.

"We've a son, Lucius' first mate died while pupping..." Remus trails off, sending a silent prayer and thank you to Narcissa for her struggle and most precious gift. "Draco is an Omega as well, but with a bit more—" He pauses, a hand waving around as he cracks a smile, "—enthusiasm than you." He smiles warmly at the thought of Draco, the snarky little Omega currently holed up in his room for pulling a prank on his teacher. Even Lucius had had a hard time keeping a straight face as they spoke to the teacher; the poor woman's favorite cardigan had been dyed into a rainbow of colors, sparkly unicorn stuffies sewn onto the shoulders. She is a mean old woman and he's not surprised she's the butt of pranks.

Harry nods, taking the information in. He doesn't like the idea of coming between a family, a loving pack. He blinks, realizing Remus is looking at him intently, but warmly. "I'm sorry, this is so... different."

"I know," Remus says softly. He inches closer, sighing inaudibly with relief when the Omega doesn't flinch or move away. "I know you being here came from deplorable circumstances, but please believe me when I say we only want you to feel welcomed—a part of our pack. Can you do that?"

Harry swallows thickly but nods slowly. "I can try," he whispers. He inhales the Beta's scent—chalk, gardenias and woody musk—feeling a sense of calm and comfort sooth a part of him that he's nearly forgot about. "Uhm," he fidgets, unsure just how much can ask for so soon. While they might say they want him as a pack member, not merely as help, he's still wary.

"You can ask anything," Remus says quietly, sensing the Omega's distress. His heart aches a little to see the boy so torn, simply because he needs to ask a question.

Harry takes a deep breath, again soothed by the Beta's rich, calming scent. "Can I have a hug?" he asks in a small voice—just barely above a whisper and almost unheard, even with Remus' heightened sense of hearing. He feels like a child asking for something so silly, but he's aching to know what it feels like. Plus, he can't ignore that Omega part whispering begging pleading for the promised comfort and affection any longer. He tries not to stiffen when the Beta's arms go about him, but he does a little. He slowly turns his head and lets his cheek rest again the older man's cardigan, his nose tickling a bit with the fuzzy material. Oh, it feels so good to be held—even by a complete stranger—and he can't keep in a little whimper.
"Hush, now, little one," Remus soothes when hears the soft whimper. He feels Harry relax slowly and small arms tentatively wrap about his waist. He nuzzles the Omega's hair, inhaling his sweet scent, familiarizing himself with it. He feels his paternal instinct revel in the cub's next soft whimper; it's one of happiness and contentment this time. He squeezes the little one gently.

He still needs to have a talk with his Intended, but he's relieved they have the little Omega now—regardless of how it came to be. He's surprised to realize they're still standing there, embracing, 10 minutes later when Lucius eases back into the foyer. He looks at his beloved over the Omega's messy hair and smiles. "Did you sort out Harry's room?" he asks quietly, unwilling to disturb the Omega's happy little bubble.

"Yes, love," Lucius says, a proud look on his face. He's proud of both the Omega for allowing Remus' touch and his beloved for gaining the Omega's trust. He angles his head towards the hallway, indicating they should follow.

Remus pulls back a little. "C'mon, Cub, let's get you settled, hmm?" He nods, even though Harry is silent. He wraps and arm wound the Omega's shoulders and leads him after Lucius. He pauses, pleased, when he realizes Lucius has placed Harry right across the hall from them and Draco. "Here we go," he says and opens the door.

The room is huge and decorated in muted tones of blue, crème and dark grey. Bookcases line two of the walls, each shelf full of books and decorative knick-knacks. The light grey carpet looks thick—plush enough to sink into up to your ankles. Overall, the room is tasteful and stunning. Harry stares wide-eyed, the realization he's looking at his room dawning slowly. He's gently pushed into the room, but thankfully Remus comes too, holding him steady. "This is mine?" he asks in a hushed whisper. He notices the bed; it's bigger than his aunt's! It's covered in fluffy bedding and so many pillows, he could probably comfortably nest in them alone. He doesn't know what to do with all the space and he's embarrassed to feel his eyes prickling painfully and a sob catching in his throat.

"Oh, Cub," Remus coos, rubbing a hand on the little one's back. He can only imagine Harry's shock; the poor cub was probably used to a tiny, bare bedroom if Lucius' brief story was any indicator. He highly doubts the little Omega is disappointed and looking for something more lavish. "Is it alright?"

Harry nods, unable to speak around the lump in his throat. "Yes," he finally manages in a hoarse whisper. He has to force himself to meet Remus' amber eyes, remembering Lucius gentle order. "Thank you," he says quietly, trying to suffuse every ounce of gratitude in his voice as he can.

"You're welcome, Harry."

Harry turns to see Lucius smiling warmly at him, even if his eyes are a little sad. He finds it's harder to force himself to meet the Alpha's eyes as well, but he does. He flushes and leans into Remus when Lucius' smile only widens and he nods approvingly. He pulls his small book from his pocket and looks around. It seems so silly to look for a place for it in the massive room, but he does. He jumps when Lucius is right next to him, his hand on his shoulder with the lightest touch.

"I've already cleared my schedule tomorrow. We'll need to sort out your wardrobe, little one."

Harry blinks and can only nod. He doesn't want to burden his new pack but he doesn't want to argue either. He's left with another hug from Remus, an affectionate nuzzle to his temple making him whine softly in subdued contentment. Lucius just pats his shoulder again before closing the door with a soft click. Once alone, he looks around his room, wide-eyed. He feels a bit foolish for
expecting his new pack to shove him in a cupboard... but this... this is just unbelievable.

He wanders his room, touching things and marking a few items with his scent out of habit and instinct. He realizes there's a bathroom attached to his room and he just stares into the large room for awhile. There's a shower and a tub, a few simple hygiene products sitting on the counter. New and unused. Just for him. He feels like a sappy little Omega when it starts him crying; staring at the shampoo bottle and stupidly touched it's his. He knows it's stupid to cry over shampoo, but he can't help himself. He sinks to the floor, amazed the carpet is so plush against his bum, and just lets himself cry. He's alone and no one will mock him for it. By the time he's cried out, his throat aches and his eyes feel gritty, but he's calmer. He finally eases into his bathroom, looking around at the fixtures and shiny tiles, and rinses his face off, patting himself off with the fluffiest towel he's ever had his hands on.

He slowly makes his way to his bed. He's exhausted and can only give into his urge to strip and crawl under the covers. He sinks into the soft mattress, sighing happily. It's so much better than his thin cot mat he nearly bursts into tears again. He curls up, rolling and wiggling around to form a cocoon of sorts, and inhales the soft scent of linen and lilacs. He wriggles happily, whining softly as he feels the soft fabrics against his skin and he's asleep as soon as he settles again.
Harry enters the dining room, finding his way there by following his nose to the alluring smell of bacon, sausage, coffee and eggs. He's moving in a slow shuffle, feeling unsure and wary. He woke up with a start this morning, forgetting where he was at first. *Then* he realized he was late to making breakfast and nearly bolted out of his bed before remembering he was told he wouldn't be doing that. He eased back into bed, rolling around a little to get comfortable in his blanket-cocoon again.

For probably the first time in his life, Harry rolled over and went back to sleep.

Now, though, he's warily looking at the gathered family. He's still reminding himself this is his new pack. He quickly avoids the other Alpha's (Severus') dark gaze as he looks around the table. He jumps when a cool voice filters through his thoughts.

"Who's *that*?"

Harry flinches, trying not to react to the tone, and looks to Lucius. He blinks when he's waved into the room fully by the smiling Alpha and sits in the only vacant chair, relieved it's by Remus and not the tall, pale, blonde young man watching him like he's a criminal of some sort. He's quite sure that the boy is Lucius' son, Draco. An Omega as well. Even if Remus hadn't told him, he'd know just by the other boy's scent (a hint of citrus, something a little floral and cool mint). He looks up and blinks, realizing Draco is the spitting image of his father. Only without the commanding set to his shoulders. Or a warm expression...

"This is Harry, Draco. We've discussed this," Lucius says, his tone wavering between stern and exasperated.

Draco sniffs and regards the little Omega across the table. He's annoyed the little runt is leaning into *his* Remus and he narrows his eyes. "I still don't understand why we've started taking in strays," he comments in a haughty tone, sniffing again.

"Draco!" Lucius scolds, ignoring Severus' amused snort. "We've discussed this," he says again, adding a hint of a growl in his voice. He glares at his son, disappointed and upset to see him behaving so. He doesn't want to have to use his position as Alpha to settle his son but he will if needs must.

Draco huffs softly and leans back in his seat, sullenly nibbling on a strip of bacon, glaring across the table at the cowed little Omega. "Yeah," he says morosely. He knew his father rescued the whelp and he does feel a little bad for the Omega if even *half* of what he heard was true. He's just never gotten used to sharing. He still didn't like Severus being around so often, and the Alpha is his godfather! "So, Harry," he says, a false sweetness in his voice. "Sleep OK?"

"Yes, thank you," Harry says softly. He looks up and gives a wan smile to Draco, buoyed when it's returned (even if it's—somehow—a bit snide around the edges). Before he knows it, he's ignoring
his breakfast in favor of gushing about all the finer appointments in his room. He's getting to the
bit about the silk covered pillows when he realizes Draco was mocking him earlier. He stares
down at his eggs, saddened to realize Draco didn't give a toss how he slept, and he's suddenly not
very hungry. "May I be excused?" he asks, his eyes still on his plate.

Lucius glares at his son again. "No, Harry. Finish your breakfast," he says kindly, turning to the
other Omega. He knows the little one only had two bites before he went into an exciting account of
his first night in his new home. It was bittersweet hearing Harry gush and prattle on excitedly. He's
pleased to see him settling in, but it saddens him to hear the boy so thrilled over something as
simple as fluffy towels or the large selection of books in his room.

"I was serious, Harry," Draco finally says, realizing why Harry had stopped talking. Yeah, he
might've been making fun of the little Omega at first, but when he realized the kid was seriously
gushing over having his own shampoo, he felt like a worm. "Well, anyway," he says, picking up
his own fork, indicating Harry should do the same. Only when the smaller Omega starts back in on
his scrambled eggs, does he continue. "We'll add that to our list when we go shopping. I mean, you
simply can't continue using generic shampoo! I mean, look at that hair!" he cries, indicating
Harry's head with his fork. His grey eyes are wide with shock and admiration.

Harry unconsciously reaches up, patting his messy nest of hair at the mention of it. "What's wrong
with it?" he asks quietly, trying to smooth his hair down, self conscious about it now.

"It's gorgeous!" Draco gushes. "You have to take proper care of it before you end up losing it all!"
he says seriously. He himself would probably kill for such thick, shiny hair. It's a bit depressing to
realize the other Omega had probably been using inferior products all along and it would only
become more gorgeous. A bit unfair, that. "It's a bit of a mess," he muses, staring at the defiant
strands, standing up in nearly all directions. "But, no matter." He takes in Harry's shy demeanor and
doesn't add that some people like to look just shagged. The poor Omega would blush so hard, he'd
probably burst into flames.

Harry just blinks, a smile pulling at his lips. He hadn't expected Draco warm to him so fast. He
hums thoughtfully. "Alright," he says with a shrug. He doesn't really care.

"And wardrobe," Draco says importantly. "You're forbidden to wear those rags after today," he
says, indicating Harry's too-large, ratty t-shirt and jeans with another wave of his fork. "I mean,
they do nothing for your figure."

Harry just nods along, his cheeks warming with an embarrassed flush. "I don't have a figure."

"Sure, you do. Everyone does," Draco says with a sniff before grinning at Harry impishly. "Even if
you're a bit too thin, we can work with that. Everyone can find something to make them look
fantastic."

Harry just nods again, feeling overwhelmed. He leans into the touch when Remus rubs at his back,
soothing and comforting him. He sends him a grateful smile and finishes his breakfast. He's
probably going to need his energy. Both blondes are looking quite excited at the prospect of
shopping and he's a little scared.

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During the next few weeks, Harry settles in with his new pack.

He still doesn't like Severus (but that's mostly just because the grumpy Alpha doesn't like him) and
he's no longer embarrassed to seek Remus out for affection. He hasn't worked up the courage to ask
the Beta to tuck him in yet, feeling childish and silly for even wanting it. Draco doesn't seem to mind indulging him in his newly acquired habit of asking for affection, either. But he only gets brotherly hugs or hair ruffles from his pack-brother. Which is OK; as comforting as it is having the other Omega around, his flowery, citrusy-sweet scented hugs just aren't the same as Remus', anyway.

He was happy it was summer time and he had ample time to explore his new home and the surrounding grounds. He had spied a small lake from his window and it had become one of his favorite spots to wander around or just sit and think as he watches reflections ripple and wave on the water's surface. He thought he'd be annoyed the first time Remus found out 'his' spot, but it only soothed him more to sit next to the Beta, inhaling his comforting scent and talking about anything and everything. After he learned Remus was a teacher, he realized why his room had so many shelves of books.

He was still highly embarrassed when he was dragged out on shopping trips- at least once a week. Just a few days ago, Lucius had insisted he needed formal wear and he'd had to stand still for over an hour while he was pinched, pinned and measured. On the plus side, Draco had chosen the fabric and style and seemed quite pleased with the expected outcome. He didn't know when he'd ever need a hand-made, hand-tailored suit, but at least it made his Alpha and pack-brother happy. He felt blissed out on their happy scent for over an hour, his inner-Omega wriggling in ecstasy to have pleased his Alpha.

He tries not to grump down the stairs. He's still waking up, having been rudely awoken earlier than he was used to by Draco pounding on his door before he rushed into his room and jumped on his bed. Reluctantly, Draco's probing fingers and wiggling body coaxed some giggles out of him and he rolled out of bed, readying for another shopping trip. He's actually looking forward to getting more casual clothes.

Later, they practically stumble through the front door, bogged down with bags and exhausted from hours of shopping, Harry gasps as he looks up. He turns to Draco, and offers him an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, I didn't know!" he says, bowing his head slightly in shame and apology. It's odd to feel the urge towards another Omega, but he goes with it. For all intents, Draco is his pack-brother and deserves the respect.

The entire main room is decorated in bright colors, balloons and a massive cake dominates a large table. A large pile of gifts are under the table- all sizes and shapes, brightly wrapped and just begging to be torn open. A large, bright banner spelling out 'Happy Birthday!' stretches across the doorway arch.

He feels terrible he didn't know it was Draco's birthday. He feels so ashamed he hadn't thought to buy the other Omega a gift while they were out. Some pack-brother he's turning out to be. He avoids both Malfoys gazes, staring at his toes.

"Whatever for?" Draco asks, cocking a hip out and planting a fist on it. He knew Remus stayed behind to decorate and he's truly confused. He had hoped Harry would like it. One's 17th birthday is a big deal, even for Omegas.

Harry waves towards the decorations. "I didn't know it was your birthday," he says softly. He feels even worse when he realizes he's made the blonde Omega spend the day with him, shopping for him. He feels Lucius' hand on his shoulder and he closes his eyes. The old habit of preparing for a reprimand (or a thumping) resurfaces and he bows his head, going very still. The Alpha exerts just enough pressure to have him turning. He forces himself to meet the grey eyes, remembering Lucius doesn't appreciate his averted gaze.
"No, Harry, this is for you. It's your birthday today, is it not?" Lucius asks, a little worried he has gotten the date wrong. He almost rushes off to check Harry's paperwork when the little Omega gasps again, his green eyes going shiny.

Harry nods, trying to sort out his emotions. "Yes, it is." He's completely embarrassed. He forgot his own birthday! He never got presents (or even the day acknowledged) before, so he feels a bit justified in forgetting. He's never had balloons. Or gifts. Or a cake. Or decorations! He blinks, now realizing why Remus hadn't gone with them earlier. He's further embarrassed by the choked little whimper that comes out when he sees Remus indicate the decorated room with a flourish and a beaming smile.

"Oh!" Remus says, rushing over. He folds Harry close to his chest and pats his back, rubbing the back of his head soothingly with his other hand. He didn't think a few decorations would cause such a fuss! He shares a look with Lucius, pride and anger flitting across both of their expressions and they both sigh softly. Once again, Remus finds himself relieved they've taken the little Omega into their pack. To think, a child never having a birthday party. It's positively horrendous! "Do you like it, Cub?"

Harry nods, sniffling wetly and trying hard to rein in his emotions. He's supposed to be an adult now, not bawling like a pup in front of his entire pack. He's only relieved Severus isn't there to sneer and make fun of him. "Yes, thank you. I'm sorry," he says, wiping roughly at his eyes. "It just... surprised me."

"Well, you're welcome, Cub," Remus says brightly, kissing Harry on the temple. He rolls his eyes a little when he notices Draco's envious look. He should probably not indulge the mature Omega, but he can't help it. He opens his arms and tilts his head at the blonde, snickering when Draco rushes over and fills out his arms in a group hug. "Spoiled little cub," he murmurs affectionately, placing a kiss on Draco's temple as well.

Draco sniffs indignantly but doesn't move away. He's over his aversion to sharing Remus, but he can't help that childish fit that sometimes happens when Remus has to give Harry a little extra affection. He truly doesn't mind, the other little Omega really does need it, but he's relieved Harry doesn't mind group hugs and sharing the Beta as well. "Shuddup," he mutters, finally leaning away from the tangle of arms.

"Right," Remus says, giving Harry one last pat. He smiles when he notices Harry has himself under control again. "Lucius, we'll be cutting cake and opening presents," he says, grabbing both Omegas and pulling them towards the room. It's subtle but clearly a command for the Alpha to take the shopping up and put it away. He snickers when Lucius merely inclines his head (he doesn't miss the heated look he's sent), and loads his arms and hands with bags. He'll probably have to submit to any command Lucius gives in the bedroom later, but he's always happy to compromise. The possibilities make him shiver a little with pleasure and he forces his focus back on Harry.

Harry opens gifts, stunned as he adds each item to a growing pile. Digital cameras, various electronics, a new cell phone, books of every genre, and clothes. He slowly tears into the last gift. He does it slowly, pleased Remus and Draco's patience is still intact (since he's opened every single gift with agonizing slowness, in an effort to savor each moment) and only watch with wide-eyes. The paper falls and he looks curiously at the small box. It's a rounded rectangle and covered in velvet. He looks up at Remus, surprised to see the Beta looking at him with wet eyes and a proud smile.

"Open it!" Draco cries out, his patience finally gone. "Open it!" he repeats in a near scream of anticipation when Harry only blinks at him. He's just barely able to restrain himself from taking the
gift from Harry's hands and tearing into it himself.

Harry nods and finds the spot where the box splits and nearly drops the box when he finally opens it. It's a ring! A gorgeous, sparkly ring. "Remus?" he asks softly, unable to speak any louder. He has a vague idea what he's looking at and it's making his palms sweat as his heart rate kicks up. Oh boy. Oh boy…

"Do you know what that is, Cub?" Remus asks, leaning closer. Harry shrugs, his entire posture unsure. "It's a family signet ring," Remus says, proudly. "Lucius filed adoption papers a few weeks ago and they've finally gone through. You're a Malfoy now—by adoption."

Harry feels himself choke up again and he gently runs a finger over the ornate M on the front of the ring—amazed when he realizes the sparkly look is from the M entirely filled in with tiny diamonds. Adoption means he's truly pack. He's not some sad little Omega that was bought any longer. "Thank you," he whispers. He doesn't know what else to say; he's completely overwhelmed with gratitude and happiness. Every part of him warms with ecstasy and happiness at the symbol of complete acceptance and love. He gives Remus a watery smile.

He stiffens when he's brought into a strong hug—Lucius' strong scent filling his senses and overwhelming him for a moment before he relaxes into the embrace. It's not the first time Lucius has hugged him and he's getting used to it. It's a comforting hug, making his inner-Omega bit wriggle with contented happiness at the Alpha's strong, protective hold. "Thank you," he says again, just in case the Alpha wasn't there for his earlier words of gratitude.

"You're welcome, Harry," Lucius says proudly. He gently lets go of Harry, smiling warmly. While the little Omega went stiff when he first hugged him, he had relaxed almost immediately into the embrace. He's proud of Harry, of course and he ruffles the boy's messy hair. "Now, this does mean you're officially a Malfoy. It also means you've a Trust Fund and a few extra responsibilities."

Harry looks up at Lucius, eager to know more. He squares his shoulders, ready to prove his worth. He'll be a proper Malfoy if it kills him! "Such as?"

"Well, you are no longer going to be bought should you want to take a mate. They'll have to court you, properly," Lucius says, a wicked grin on his face. He's looking forward to weeding out undesirable Alphas and Betas that come sniffing around his sons. He notices his phrasing hasn't passed by Harry and he's pleased to see the pensive look on the Omega's face. He's not forcing Harry (or Draco) into a relationship and he never will. Of course, he'd love them both to find suitable mates and fill the house with adorable grandpups, too.

He's tempted to let Harry know he has set up funds for other Omegas, affording them the same chance if they couldn't afford it on their own. He hates the idea of any family feeling forced into selling their Omegas into marriage if they don't want to. "And, of course, most importantly, you are required to attend all Malfoy functions." He laughs with delight when Harry groans. "It's not that bad, is it, Harry?" he teases, gently poking the Omega. Not only are there family functions (that are more like social events) but company functions they all must attend at least quarterly.

"No, papa," Harry says sullenly. He stills when he realizes what he's called the Alpha, a little scared he's overstepped his boundaries. Family ring or not, he isn't a Malfoy by blood and many Alpha's don't appreciate being addressed as such by non-blood related pups. Even if Lucius is the kindest Alpha he's ever known, and he really doesn't think the man will be anything but pleased, he can't help cowering a little as he waits for a reaction. He's enfolded in a tight, but somehow still gentle, hug again. He sniffs, letting himself soak in the comforting Alpha scent that's soothing his frazzled nerves. "Parties aren't so bad," he adds in a choked whisper.
Lucius just nods. It's a bit embarrassing to be moved by such a simple thing, but he's thrilled Harry thinks of him as a father figure. Even if it scared the little Omega at first to blurt it out, he couldn't be happier. A look at Draco shows his son isn't bothered by Harry's attachment and he ruffles his pale hair, grinning when the blonde Omega squawks about 'ruined hair' and 'immature Alphas' and flees the room screeching, in search of a mirror.

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Harry pauses, mid jog down the stairs. There are two strange men in the foyer. Alone. He doesn't see Lucius or Remus, or even Severus. He's immediately uncomfortable when he realizes they're both Alphas and staring at him. The taller, older one, a bit more intently. He wants to turn, run back up the stairs and lock himself in his room.

He doesn't. He finishes going down the steps at a more sedate pace, stopping at the last step. He grabs the rounded newel post in a death grip and looks between the two strangers. "Uhm, does someone know you're here?" he asks. He's hoping he can run off and fetch someone; tell one of his papas that they have guests.

"Yes."

Harry fidgets, unsure what to do now. "Alright," he says inanely. He feels even more uncomfortable when the older man continues to stare at him, his eyes unblinking. They're an odd sort of brown that almost looks red when he Alpha's head tilts ever so slightly to the side, as if he's being thoroughly looked over. It's unsettling and he keeps his eyes averted.

"And you are?"

Harry winces at the smooth, drawling words. He's probably supposed to go into Omega-induced ecstasy and fall at the Alpha's feet or something. At least, that's what the Alpha's posture suggests. He's just glad he can't scent the man from here; he probably wouldn't smell very appealing... "I'm Harry, sir," he says quietly. He doesn't like the look he gets as the man repeats his words in that same drawling, purr (as if he's pleased by them). He wants to fidget, aware the man is eyeing him boldly again. "And you, sir?" he asks, feeling brave.

"Ah, yes, how rude of me. I'm Tom Riddle." The man bows formally, a hint of a mocking smile on his face--as if he's amused he's actually showing manners to an Omega— and Harry has the urge to escape up the stairs again. "This," he says, indicating the other Alpha with him, "is Neville Longbottom."

Harry nods politely, his eyes lingering on the younger Alpha a bit longer. Neville's face is pulled into a small, but warm, smile and his brown eyes are kind. He has to squash the urge to rush over and bury his nose in the other Alpha's neck, wanting to see what he smells like. He's able to just resist, knowing it wouldn't end well. Thankfully, Lucius enters the foyer and all attention is off of him. He watches as the men greet Lucius politely. He involuntarily smiles when Neville's handshake is more personal, the younger Alpha clasping his left hand over his and Lucius' clasped hands. He wonders if they're friends. He jumps a little when he realizes he's being addressed.

"Hm?"

"Oh," Tom purrs, those creepy reddish-brown eyes roaming over Harry again. "We've met."

Lucius hides a scowl, making a mental note to watch Mr. Riddle around his boys. They're basically equals at work, but even if the man was above him, it wouldn't stop him from getting between the man and either of the Omegas under his care. Tom Marvolo Riddle is not the sort he wants either of his boys mated with, but Harry even less so. Tom would probably rival the boy's uncle in his
cruel ways. "Well, good. My other son is out at the moment, so..." he trails off, turning around and heading towards his private office. He sends Harry a quick smile before disappearing.

Harry stares after the small group, his eyes slowly returning to the spot Neville Longbottom had been as soon as he can no longer see them. It hasn't been that long since the other young man had left. His eyes dart around, making sure he's alone, and he hurries over to where the young Alpha had been standing.

Immediately, he's overwhelmed with the warm scent of earth, and something woody. He closes his eyes and lets the scent surround him until he realizes, embarrassingly, he's wriggling around a little and making a strange whining, keening sound.

What is he—Oh.

Oh!

He thinks he knows what it means but he's not sure. He rushes off, searching for Remus. At this time the Beta is usually in the kitchen, sorting out dinner if he's of a mind to cook. "Remus!" he calls out, breathless from his running.

"Harry," Remus says warmly, going back to looking through the fridge. "What's up, Cub?" he asks, looking over his shoulder. He slowly stands taller, closes the fridge door and narrows his eyes. Harry's flushed, high spots of pink on each cheek, and his eyes are practically sparkling. Oh. He stifles the urge to coo, knowing it would only embarrass Harry. Probably enough to have the Omega run off and hide somewhere instead of talk to him.

Harry fidgets, unsure how to phrase his question. "How... uhm, how did you know Lucius was your mate?" he finally gets out in a hushed whisper. It's a little embarrassing but he needs to know. He's not exactly comfortably with swooning over a perfect stranger just because he smells nice. Well, amazing and like everything he's ever want—No, whoa... Wait.

"Well," Remus says slowly. He knows they've got visitors and he's curious which has affected his little Omega. He silently hopes it isn't Tom—that man makes his skin crawl. He can't imagine his sweet little cub at that man's mercies. He suppresses a shudder and gives Harry a warm smile, focusing back on the little Omega's question. "I was drawn to his scent, right away."

Well, that's putting it politely.

It was closer to him inhaling the intoxicating scent deeply, plastering himself against Lucius' chest and rutting against the Alpha as slick practically dripped down his thigh. It had been a bit embarrassing, since they'd been in a very public place at the time, but it happens to everyone when they find their mate. He still gets the urge to bury his face in Lucius' neck and just inhale, growling keening noises coming unconsciously from him that only turn his mate on and makes him a slave to his baser instincts and hormones in the best way imaginable.

Harry's shoulder slump a little. "What did that feel like?" he asks quietly. He thinks back to the warmth that had enveloped him and how parts of him tingled and... warmed up, other parts settled in a contented feeling of 'mine' and peace of finally being protected. He knew, technically, what happens—he has read the appropriate books, after all—but it's something else to feel himself react. It has never happened before and it had taken him completely by surprise. Now he just wants to make sure that's what actually happened and he tries not to shift awkwardly, the odd sensation of slick between his cheeks new and verging on uncomfortable.

"Like... home," Remus says after a moment of searching for the right word. He grins, unable to
help himself. "And it made me nearly insane with the urge to rub up against him." And then bend over, presenting himself as he begged for Lucius' knot—but he doesn't add that part. It's personal and he's sure that would definitely send Harry running. He can only imagine how an Omega must react when sexually excited. Harry smells a bit... sweeter than usual.

He draws Harry into a hug, rubbing gentle circles on his back, easily ignoring the added scent of Harry's fading arousal. "Relax, Cub. Even if you did react because you've found your mate, it doesn't mean anything has to happen, alright?"

Harry nods and gently pulls away. He's hoping his reaction wasn't as severe as Remus described only because he's not quite fully matured yet, even if he's 'old enough'. He's already quite smitten with Neville, the first Alpha he's ever reacted to. He likes the other boy and he's really hoping he had that embarrassing reaction for a reason. "Yeah, alright." They both turn when there's the distinctive cadence of footsteps heading into the kitchen. Harry stills, knowing who it is before they even appear in the door way. He backs away a few steps, only hoping the basket of fruit will help mask the scent of his steadily returning arousal.

"Sorry," Neville says, smiling a little when he realizes he's startled the Beta and the Omega. "Lucius went to show Tom something and asked if I could make myself useful in here?" He looks around, nodding politely to Remus. He's met Lucius' Intended a few times and always finds the older man pleasant to talk to. His attention quickly focuses on the Omega, though. He keeps himself still, only by sheer will power, and quietly studies the Omega.

He's uplifted when he realizes why Lucius had sent him into the kitchen and he's pleased to be here as he stares, inhaling deeply. He hopes fervently that his assumption of Lucius' approval of him being around the Omega is correct. Even if it's not, he's happy to take advantage of the opportunity.

He never thought he'd describe a male as beautiful, but he can't think of another word to describe Harry. The Omega is short but lithe and it tickles his baser parts to now he'd tower over the little Omega; be able to envelope him fully, if needs be. His hair is black but messy in a way that's alluring and has his thoughts go where they shouldn't. Green eyes are wide and bright behind a pair of chunky, stylish frames. The pinked cheeks just add to the whole picture and he's instantly smitten. He really wants to scoop the little Omega into his arms, but he knows enough about Harry, and he's also in full possession of decent manners, so he stays firmly planted where he is.

Harry notices the Alpha's chest puff out and he realizes why Lucius had sent him into the kitchen and he's pleased to be here as he stares, inhaling deeply. He hopes fervently that his assumption of Lucius' approval of him being around the Omega is correct. Even if it's not, he's happy to take advantage of the opportunity.

Harry notices the Omega's scent. He's able to envelope him fully, if needs be. His hair is black but messy in a way that's alluring and has his thoughts go where they shouldn't. Green eyes are wide and bright behind a pair of chunky, stylish frames. The pinked cheeks just add to the whole picture and he's instantly smitten. He really wants to scoop the little Omega into his arms, but he knows enough about Harry, and he's also in full possession of decent manners, so he stays firmly planted where he is.

"Dinner?" Neville answers blankly, his brain still a little scrambled by the Omega's intoxicating scent. Oh, that's heavenly... "I'm Neville," he says, extending a hand.

Harry can't help himself, he giggles quietly and bats his eyelashes up at the stunned Alpha. "I know, we've already met." He slowly reaches out and let's Neville's large hand engulf his. He embarrasses himself when he whimpers softly as their palms meet. Oh dear. He doesn't realize he's pressed his face right into Neville's chest until he's being gently, but insistently, pulled away. He hears Neville growl lowly at the same time he whimpers again and he turns. "Remus," he whines.

"Ah ah, Cub," Remus chides with a warm smile. He pulls Harry to his side and looks the young Alpha up and down. He's met Neville a few times and likes him. But now that Neville is inhaling his little one's scent like it's the finest ambrosia, he's eyeing him critically. "How are you Neville?" he asks politely. He snickers when Neville's (still dilated) eyes snap to him and the Alpha blinks,
probably only just remembering he was there.

Neville clears his throat, giving Harry one last longing glance. "I'm good, Remus. You?"

"I'm well," Remus says, his voice almost a sing-song. "So, you like our Harry, eh?" he asks. He ignores Harry's embarrassed whine and focuses solely on Neville.

Neville nods, eyes flicking to Harry once more. He smiles when Harry meets his eye, rather pleased the little Omega isn't as shy as he'd been when they first met. He doesn't agree with subjugating Omegas and he's pleased Lucius adopted son isn't a meek little thing. "I do," he says, turning back to Remus. "Do you think Lucius would mind?" he asks slowly. While he mainly works with Tom Riddle, he has enough contact with Lucius it could make things very awkward at work if it were a problem.

"No," Remus hums. He's sure Lucius wouldn't have sent Neville in here if he didn't approve. At least to letting the pair meet. "You do realize, Harry has a say in anything that affects him, yes?"

Neville nods, eyes flicking to Harry again. He smiles when their eyes meet again and he chuckles softly when Harry's lashes flutter down and the little Omega's head tilts a little, showing just a peek more neck. His teeth itch as he stares at the soft, pale skin. "Of course," he says seriously, tearing his gaze away from the alluring sight and focusing back on Remus. He backs up a step when the Omega's scent of arousal (thick and sweet like flowery honey) threatens to override his rational thought. "Sorry," he says, realizing Harry has noticed and immediately bowed his head, probably assuming rejection. "I need to regain my brain," he says in a joking tone.

"Oh," Harry says. It takes a moment for him to get it and he feels himself flush and a warm squiggly feeling to work through his body. Oh dear. "Remus, I think I'd like to show Neville around."

Remus studies Harry closely. Harry might not be the timid little Omega he had been when he first got here, but he's not as assertive as he wishes Harry would be... not to let him roam around with an un-mated Alpha (what with the pair throwing pheromones around like confetti). "Alright," he finally murmurs. "Door remains open, alright?" he says with a snicker, expecting the pair to wind up in Harry's room at the end of the 'tour'.

"Yeah," Harry mutters, feeling like a chastised pup. "Uhm. Did you want to follow me?" He feels himself flush again when Neville's eyes roam his body—decidedly less creepy than when Mr. Riddle did it—and the Alpha nods firmly. "OK," he hurries from the kitchen, sure Neville is close behind.

Neville follows Harry, listening with only half an ear as the Omega points things out. He's mostly watching Harry's lovely mouth form words. How his eyes sparkle when talking about something that interests him. The way his narrow hips sway ever so slightly as the Omega walks. He's most distracted by the overpowering scent of Harry, the scent tingling through his sinuses and sending heat curling lazily through his body. He doesn't know why the Omega smells exactly like a treacle tart with hints of dusky roses, but he's near moaning aloud when Harry pauses and he bumps into the Omega's back.

"Harry," he murmurs, his hands automatically coming up on either side of the Omega's hips. He wants to say it's so Harry won't stumble or fall, but he's really just taking the opportunity to touch. Harry doesn't seem to mind...

"Sorry," Harry says quietly. He's relieved he can't see Neville's face (or, more importantly, Neville can't see his) because he can't control the urge to go limp against the Alpha, thoroughly enjoying
the steadying hands on his hips. The grip is tight but not uncomfortably so. He likes the way Neville's large hands hold him protectively and securely. "I'm clumsy sometimes," he blurts out. He curses mentally, unsure why he'd say such a thing. Ugh; does he want Neville to run away?

Neville chuckles, bending enough to sniff at Harry's neck, keeping enough distance he isn't touching but can still inhale greedy lungfuls of the warm, sweet scent. Oh, but does he smell amazing. "That's alright; I'm rather clumsy myself. I'm generally only able to keep my feet when I'm working," he says quietly, bending a bit more and letting his nose just barely touch the delicate hollow behind Harry's ear. He smiles when Harry gasps softly but doesn't move away or make him stop.

"What do you do?" Harry asks breathlessly, his eyes fluttering closed. He should probably stop Neville—the Alpha is practically nuzzling his neck now! He probably won't even stop the Alpha if he were to scent mark him... At the very idea, a wave of warmth goes through him ending pleasantly in his crotch and sending another burst of arousal through him, making that wet feeling return quickly. He feels Neville groan and realizes the Alpha can probably pick up every nuance of his scent, even down to the copious amounts of slick now wetting his lower half. It's a little embarrassing but he can't control it.

Neville forces himself away from Harry's neck, unwilling to scent mark the Omega without his permission. And he's getting hormone-foggy enough, he'd probably forget to ask and just draw his tongue from jaw to shoulder without a word. "I work in the greenhouses for your father."

"Oh," Harry says quietly. The alluring scent of earth and wood makes sense. He slowly reaches down and grabs Neville's hand, bringing the Alpha's wrist up to his nose and inhales deeply. Ah. As well as the rich, musky scent of earth and wood, there's an undertone of something he can only think of as 'red'. It's incredibly arousing and has him and his inner-Omega wriggling with joyous contentment and he's rubbing the Alpha's wrist along his cheek and under his chin before he realizes just what he's doing. He's not exactly sorry, but it seems a bit rude to just grab and rub but thankfully Neville hasn't jerked his hand away or told him to stop.

Neville swallows thickly, trying to keep his hips away from Harry. He doesn't want to freak out the Omega with evidence of his arousal, he's quite sure Harry hasn't ever experienced a turned on Alpha before. Thankfully, he's not so far gone to be mindless or feeling his knot fully emerge. He watches intently as Harry continues to nuzzle and rub against his entire hand, soft sounds and little whines coming from him as he does so. He stifles the urge to moan, silencing the sound but still making his chest rumble with the silent sound.

"Harry—" he says quietly, his nose once again running along Harry's neck and the shell of his ear. "Can I?" He holds his breath until Harry nods, a soft, needy little whine coming from the Omega's throat. "Do you know what it means?" He has to ask. He doesn't want to trick the Omega into anything, no matter how badly he longs to scent mark him. Start claiming the little Omega as his.

"Yes," Harry breathes, tilting his head and showing his neck when he feels the tip of Neville's nose slide along his ear again. He shudders lightly, pleasure zinging through his body. "It's OK," he says encouragingly. "If you want to," he adds, realizing Neville might not want to. It was one thing to be swept away by hormones and instincts, but maybe he's regained rational thought and doesn't want to have anything to do with him. His thoughts of being a worthless runt evaporate as he feels the slightly scratchy, warm slick drag of Neville's tongue go up his neck. He relaxes fully, encouraging Neville to pull his shirt aside to get better access.

His breathing stutters when Neville's teeth lightly clamp at the delicate flesh where his neck and shoulder meets, his tongue wriggling through the gap. Oh, it feels amazing and he goes completely
limp in Neville's hold, letting the Alpha do whatever he pleases. He shivers when Neville's tongue draws back up his neck and lips purse just under his ear in a soft kiss. He moans softly when there's suction.

"Shit," he whispers, uncaring of his language, only focusing on the onslaught of pleasure. He squirms against Neville, wiggling his bum against his crotch. He's too short for his bum to line up with Neville's arousal but it does press warmly into his lower back. He makes a needy little whiny sound again as he registers just what he's feeling. He's a little relieved he's not in Heat or he'd be naked and presenting already.

"Harry," Neville says in a warning tone when small hands slide up his thighs. The touch is gentle, unsure, and alluring as hell. He pulls away enough to get fresh air into his lungs, clearing his head a bit. "No," he says gently, placing his hand over the one Harry has inching towards his crotch.

Harry drops his hands and lets his head droop. He should have known Neville didn't mean it. Or maybe he just expected more? He feels suddenly embarrassed by his complete lack of experience. "M' sorry."

"It's alright," Neville says, wrapping his arms around Harry's shoulders. He doesn't quite understand the abrupt change but he knows Harry feels rejected. "I can't... we shouldn't go further," he says softly. Oh, he wants to but it's not the right time. He sees Harry shoulders are still slumped so he gently turns the Omega around, noticing a rather dull look in his green eyes. "Honestly, it's taking all my willpower to say no. Are you even ready?"

Harry shrugs. He thought he had been but... No; he's relieved Neville stopped things when he did. He peeks up at the Alpha through his lashes and offers a small, apologetic smile. "I'm sorry," he says again. "I'm kind of a spaz," he admits with a small, crooked grin. He figures it's a wild understatement but he hopes he'll have a chance to explain more later.

"Well, that's alright with me. I'm attracted to spazzes, apparently," Neville says lightly. He smiles when Harry peeks up at him again and he leans down enough to kiss the tip of his nose. "We should go out."

Harry worries his bottom lip. "I guesso," he says slowly. "Oh! I mean, yes!" he says quickly, realizing Neville might take it as a lack of enthusiasm to get to know him. He figures they should probably get to know each other before they mindlessly rut against each other again. But he's never done anything like that before and it's a little scary. "Are you free tonight?" he asks hopefully.

"Yeah," Neville says, after a short pause. He's not but there's no way he's going to say 'no' right now. He doesn't want to and he's pretty sure it would've brought that dull look back to Harry's eyes. "I'll pick you up at seven," he says, running a thumb gently along Harry's cheekbone. He smiles when Harry merely nods, eyes wide and sparkly again. He kisses the corner of Harry's mouth, murmurs 'Bye' and turns. One more moment and they'd be right back to 'inappropriate touching'.

Harry watches Neville walk away (well, it's more of a confident saunter that makes him want to turn into a puddle of goo). And he gives into the urge to squeal softly and settle onto the plush carpet for a mini-celebratory flail. Thankfully, he's on his feet again when Draco rushes down the hallway, eyes wide and his cheeks pink with excitement.

"Harry!" Draco practically yells, tackling the other Omega so they end up in a sprawl. "Did you seriously just find yourself a sexy Alpha?" he gushes, slapping at Harry playfully. He'd just managed to see Neville as the Alpha was leaving and he positively reeked of Harry's sweet Omega-stink. He had been scared, thinking the strapping young Alpha had taken advantage of his pack-brother... Right up until he saw the blissed-out spacey look on Harry's face.
Harry giggles softly and nods. "He's taking me on a date," he says in a stunned whisper. "Oh no!" he says, sitting up suddenly and sending Draco into his lap with a squeak. He claps both hands over his eyes and nibbles his lip furiously. "I've never been on a date! What am I supposed to do?!!"

"Well, for starters? Play hard to get," Draco says wisely, sitting upright and dusting himself off. "Omegas that let an Alpha knot them on the first date don't get proposed to," he says sagely. He goes into raucous laughter when Harry's face turns beet red.

Harry averts his eyes, embarrassed mostly because he didn't exactly hate the idea (even though it did send a flutter of nerves and want through him in equal measure). But he knows Draco is right. He'll have to remain strong and not tempt Neville. "I can't believe you said that," he groans pitifully, covering his heated face in his hands. He glares when the blonde Omega just throws his head back and cackles with delight.
Harry nervously paces by his bed, watching Draco sort through his closet. The blonde is tossing things around and there's another growing 'reject' pile by the other Omega's feet. He pauses when Draco mumbles something that suspiciously sounds like "need to go shopping".

"I can't believe after all those trips out, there's nothing suitable!" Draco huffs, closing the closet door with a bit of extra force. He crosses his arms and glares at the closest pile of clothes, nudging it with his toe and lightly scowling at it.

Harry rolls his eyes and gingerly walks through the various piles of clothes, shoes and belts. He picks something up at random, a pair of black fitted slacks, and holds them up. "I don't see why I can't wear this? I mean, I don't even know where we're going."

"He better be taking you to some fancy five-star restaurant," Draco says with a haughty little sniff, lifting his chin. It's only good manners. And, of course, Harry is totally worth the effort. That damn Alpha better know that... He's met Neville before and he does think he's a nice enough bloke, but that was before he rubbed his Alpha stink all over his pack-brother. He hides a grin, hoping he can sneak downstairs and watch his father and Remus make him squirm. He does so enjoy an uncomfortable Alpha.

Harry snickers and wriggles into the pants, not even bothering to kick Draco out. He's never been particularly modest or shy, having long ago gotten used to being nearly nude around other Omegas at school and healer visits. He smooths the creases from his bum and thighs, turning to admire his reflection. Not bad, really. He's gained a bit of weight since coming to live with his new pack, but he's pretty sure the flattering fit is down to quality tailoring and expensive fabric.

"I'm wearing these," he says, sitting on his bed and crossing his arms over his chest and his legs at the ankle. "Find me a shirt," he says, waving a hand imperiously and trying to sound as snooty as Draco can. He giggles when the blonde Omega just gives him a dry look, but goes about finding a shirt to compliment the pants. "Nothing fussy," he says as Draco's top half disappears into his closet.

"You'll wear what I pick!" Draco shouts, his voice muffled by the remaining hanging clothes and being almost entirely inside the closet. "Aha!" he crows and tumbles out of the closet in his haste to give Harry the shirt. He pops back up, and throws Harry the shirt, pumping his fist victoriously when it lands atop Harry's head. He smirks proudly when Harry's cheeks pink as soon as he pulls the shirt from his head and takes a look at it. But at least the other Omega wriggles into the shirt without a word of protest, his fingers shaking a bit as he buttons the shirt. "Good, right?" he says smugly.

Harry nods, smoothing down the shirt... Well, tunic is probably more a more accurate description. It's a soft material (most likely silk knowing the Malfoys) and a dark green that he's sure is meant to be flattering on him. Well, he thinks it's meant to, otherwise Draco wouldn't have picked it. "I guess. Does it look OK?" he asks, standing and rotating slowly in a circle. He's gotten very adept at the right speed to spin over his weeks shopping with the Malfoys, and he lowers his arms and does another slow spin (another learned behavior when trying on and modeling clothes). "Well?" he asks, nervously chewing his bottom lip when the blonde Omega is silent.

"Looks good," Draco nods approvingly. 'Good' is a bit of an understatement but he doesn't want Harry to get all shy and self-conscious. In the tight, fitted pants and the tunic, the little Omega looks good enough for any Alpha to eat. He's glad he picked the tunic; it's long enough and loose.
enough in spots it gives Harry the impression it's a modest top. But it's really not. He snickers, wondering what Neville will do when he sees the way the open neckline showcases Harry's slender throat (with a peek at his alluring collarbones when Harry shifts just right) and the clingy, luxurious fabric flows in the perfect way to accentuate his slight muscles and lithe figure.

He wraps an arm around the other Omega's shoulders and squeezes reassuringly. "C'mon," he says, leading Harry from his room. "You've got an Alpha to make drool."

He cackles with delight when Harry groans with embarrassment even as his cheeks pink with pleasure at the very idea of Neville actually drooling over him.

-xXx-

Neville tries not to squirm as he's being stared down by two protective parents. Even Remus is making him want to cower a little.

"And your plans for the evening?" Lucius asks, crossing his leg to rest his ankle on his knee. He suppresses a smile when Remus nods importantly, fixing on the young Alpha with a hard stare. He pats his Intended's thigh, pleased to see his protective instincts aren't quelled by an Alpha, even a younger one.

Neville clears his throat, "Uhm, I figured dinner and a movie?" He doesn't know, really. He's never had the urge to date before and he's feeling entirely too nervous about what he had thought was a good, casual night out. Plus, they'd be in a public place so they should be able to behave themselves (that is, if Remus didn't insist on coming along to chaperone). Now, looking between a glowering Beta and a carefully blank-faced Alpha, he's not so sure. He nearly asks for a recommendation, but doesn't. He's an Alpha, for crying out loud. He can certainly decide where to take a lovely Omega on a date!

"I see." Lucius sits forward, resting an elbow on his knee almost lazily and pinning the young Alpha with a hard, steely look. "I realize you're a fine young man," he says, smiling a little when Neville nods warily. "However, this is a whole different set of circumstances. I'm sure you're already aware how one properly treats a potential mate, but I just want to re-iterate some key points."

Neville nods, relaxing just a little. He knows these things and he's beginning to realize he's not about to be challenged. Or scolded like a child.

"Firstly, hands to yourself," Lucius says in a tone that leaves no room or debate or doubt. "You may only touch above the waist and only in cases where it's polite to do so. Secondly, Harry is not property or a piece of meat for your... baser urges."

Neville swallows heavily at the heavy steely stare boring into him and nods once. He's already interested in more from the little Omega than just a quick rut, but he's not sure he can completely behave. Harry's scent is so tantalizing and he's so wonderfully receptive to his touch. And that lithe, compact little body— He snaps his attention back to Lucius when he hears a throat being cleared.

"Lastly?" Lucius speaks once it's clear he has Neville's complete attention again. He's not sure if he should go over and shake the lustful thoughts from the young Alpha's head (no matter how tempting it is to stalk over, grab him by the neck and shake him like an unruly pup) or just be pleased there was a goofy, smitten smile on the boy's face amidst the glazed over hazel-brown eyes. "Have fun!" he says, chuckling softly when Neville's face drops into an expression of confused surprise.
Remus chuckles as well. He knows as Lucius' Intended, he doesn't have a lot of say even though they've been un-bonded mates since Draco was a pup (and can, finally, fully mate-bond once Draco is an adult and Lucius previous mate-bond with Narcissa is completely severed). But he's also Harry's guardian and he takes that responsibility seriously.

"I'm more concerned with making sure you don't try to mate or bond with him too soon," he says bluntly. Both Alphas turn to look at him, matching looks of incredulous surprise on their faces. He's not sure if it's his candid words (he didn't say rut or knot like he wanted to, mostly because he could tell Neville has respect and a growing affection for Harry so he didn't want to be crass) or the fact he's spoken at all. Frankly, he doesn't give a toss.

"What? It's a valid concern. While Harry is 17, he's not quite mature enough for a full bonding or mating," he says, raising an eyebrow at Neville pointedly. He's happy to see Neville's understanding look, thankful he doesn't have to say aloud that Harry's first set of Heats were delayed and his subsequent maturity, physically, will be later as well. Delays like those have caused Alphas to reject a mate in the past. "Probably won't be for another winter or so."

"Alright," Neville says slowly. He realizes this means waiting... but he doesn't really care. He'll take suppressants if needs be; he wants Harry, no matter what. "I'm really not bothered by that. I'll gladly wait until Harry's ready." He fidgets, unsure how to ask what he's thinking. "But... uhm, should he want to... uhm, go further, that'll be OK, right?" He doesn't want to add that Harry had appeared quite willing earlier. He doesn't want either of them to be in trouble, though, should hormones or instincts get the better of them. He feels ridiculous for even having to ask 'permission'—they're both adults! But he wants to show his respect and commitment and he knows that means having awkward conversations with an over-protective Beta and a stern Alpha.

Remus mulls over the question. "I should think so, if he's ready, yes." He grins, "And to avoid any embarrassment later, you are going to be barred from seeing him in 10 days. For about a week." He hums thoughtfully, tapping his chin. "Maybe 10 days would be safer," he says after a brief moment. Since Neville's already drawn to Harry, even lingering Heat could affect the poor boys.

"OK," Neville says, nodding. He feels a tingling thrill go through him just knowing his mate will be going through a Heat at that time but reins in his baser instincts. No matter how appealing the thought of Harry round with his pups is, he knows he won't be allowed near the little Omega—even if it isn't possible yet. He's at once relieved and disappointed; he doesn't want to test his restraint but he longs to see his sweet little Omega flushed with want, presenting and whimpering for him. He clears his throat, realizing he's being stared at with knowing eyes.

"I just want you both to know my intentions are honorable and I fully intend for us to be properly mated and bonded. I'm sure we're meant to be together," he says, unable to keep from letting loose a love-sick sort of sigh. Unhelpfully, his body seems to have retained the little Omega's tantalizing scent and he closes his eyes for a moment as it's replayed, setting all his senses aflame with the sweet, alluring scent. "You can ask him," he says once his eyes are opened again. He knows Harry reciprocated the scent-marking of his own free will and he hopes the little Omega realizes it's the first step to a mate-bonding. Everything throbs and his teeth itch with the urge to mark Harry as his Intended. Oh yes...

As if on cue, Harry enters into the room, stumbling a bit as if he's been lightly pushed (he was—damn Draco!). He nervously glances around at everyone before his gaze settles on Neville. He lowers his head a little and smiles shyly up at Neville, gazing at him through his lashes. He feels like he's in a trance as he watches Neville slowly stand and his eyes flick all over and his face moves into a pleased, warm smile.
His smile widens when he realizes Neville's eyes are actually a lovely hazel; they're more green than brown at the moment (and it makes him tingle and want to wriggle with that Omega-pleasure to know such a thing means his Alpha is pleased with him). He jumps when Remus clears his throat and hurries to sit next to the Beta, his cheeks aflame.

"Hi Neville," Harry says once he's seated. He can't help leaning into Remus a bit, seeking a familiar scent to settle his nerves. He can't believe he's actually going on a date!

"Hello, Harry," Neville says, sitting down again. He smiles when Harry nods in greeting. He's still feeling a bit stunned just from the quick exposure to the Omega. And— Oh, _fuck_! What is he wearing! Everything fits like a second skin but in the most modest yet alluring way and the green is just... Wow. He manages to stifle the groan that wants to bubble out and meets Remus' amused amber gaze. Oops. It probably isn't a good thing he's been caught out ogling the little Omega. Beta or not, he's a bit afraid of Remus when the amber seems to glow a bit. Thankfully, it's amusement but he's sure he'd see the same thing if the Beta wanted to lunge for his throat.

Remus shifts so he can wrap an arm around Harry's shoulders. "Nervous, Cub?" he murmurs quietly. Harry nods just enough to give an answer and he kisses his temple, giving his shoulder a reassuring rub. "Don't be. Neville is a fine young man. Otherwise, Lucius would have him skinned and decorating the front lawn as a warning to other unworthy suitors." He smiles when Harry gasps a soft giggle, which he quickly smothers with his hand. "Now then—" he says, addressing Neville again, as he brings Harry closer and settles back into the sofa. "Harry is an adult now, but I'd feel more comfortable knowing he was home safe and sound before midnight."

"Of course," Neville says. He's relieved, honestly. His gran had said the same thing, a stern finger in his face reminding him to be home at a decent hour. And to not keep the sweet, little Omega out too late. It's only proper, after all. The older female is the only female Alpha he knows (probably because she'd been left as the only head of their small pack since widowed at a young age and his parents were killed in a hunting accident when he was only a pup). And she scares the pants off of him even when she's in a good mood. He stands and eases over to where Harry's sitting, bowing a little at the waist. "Shall we?" he asks, holding out his bent arm.

Harry feels himself flush but he nods, eyes widening when Neville lifts him off the sofa by his hand and folds his hand of the Alpha's with a gentle move. He feels everything warm when that hand stays, large and comforting. "Uhm, I have my phone," he says inanely to his parents before Neville leads him out of the room and out of the house. As soon as the door closes, they both relax.

"I'm sorry," he says softly. He hopes Neville doesn't find his parents too much; he doesn't want the Alpha to change his mind and leave him alone.

"Not at all, Harry," Neville says warmly, realizing Harry is apologizing for the earlier scrutiny. "I'd actually be upset if they didn't make sure I was worthy. I am, I promise," he says going for playful but sounding earnest. He turns to look at Harry openly. He smiles when Harry merely nods, his beautiful green eyes opened a bit wider. "Are you always this shy?" he asks quietly, opening the car door and easing Harry into the seat. He shuts the door, hopefully giving the Omega a moment to think since he looked stunned.

Harry waits until Neville slides in behind the wheel, his hands twisting together in his lap. "Yes," he says honestly, shrugging self-consciously. He watches Neville nod a little and start the car. He's quite relieved the Alpha isn't looking at him with those intense hazel eyes, or he's sure his voice would freeze up. "I'm adopted."

"Yes, I know, Harry," Neville says, smiling a little. "What was your other family like?" he asks after a comfortable silence. He's not exactly uncomfortable with the silence but he wants to know
everything about the enchanting little Omega. He feels bad for asking when Harry goes a bit stiff, his eyes losing that little sparkle of happiness. Well, he can't take it back and he's even more curious now, quite honestly.

Harry goes still and thinks. He doesn't want to lie but he's so afraid of telling Neville the truth. Will he be pitied by the Alpha? Will Neville agree with how he'd been treated (he has doubts of that—Neville is very kind)? Or will the Alpha even believe him? He's since learned how out-dated his relatives' thinking was, many people being shocked or disgusted at the treatment he'd endured. He knows Neville won't think less of him, but it's almost an ingrained behavior to expect the worst. He takes a deep breath, preparing for the worst but hoping for the best.

"They were very strict..." he starts, his fingers twisting together nervously. He notices Neville's head is cocked, the other boy silently and intently listening and waiting for him to continue. "I wasn't treated very well. My uncle didn't like me, always quick to yell at me or even hit me when I didn't get something right," he says, leaving the 'which was all the time' out. He knew he wasn't as incompetent (or stupid) as his relatives made him out to be; they were just never satisfied with him—for whatever reason. His eyes widen when a low growl rumbles through the car and the Alpha's hands tighten on the steering wheel enough to make the leather wrapped wood groan in protest. "What?" he asks nervously, unsure how to take Neville's reaction.

"What? An Alpha should never strike an Omega!" Neville says softly but heatedly, the growl still present even as he speaks. There's never any need to physically hurt an Omega, especially by an Alpha. There are so many ways to control an Omega's behavior, if one feels the need to do as such, without resorting to striking them. It's just wrong in so many ways, the least of which is sheer strength difference. He calms himself with an effort when he notices Harry shrinking away, trying to disappear into his seat.

"I'm sorry, I am not angry with you, Harry love. I'm just— There's never a reason to hit! I hope you realize that," he says quietly, his eyes leaving the road long enough to give Harry a searching look. Harry merely shrugs but then quickly nods so Neville will look back at the road. "Alright," he says quietly. "Anyway, my aunt hated me, too. She never hit me," he's quick to add when Neville growls again. "Apparently, she never got on with my mum and I guess transferred that to me," he muses aloud, shrugging. He doesn't care; he's just glad he's away from there now. "Well, I did everything in that house. I didn't mind," he continues hurriedly, when a low growl is heard again. "You know how Omegas are," he adds with a light shrug. The Alpha nods slowly, understanding most Omegas like doing things for their pack. Harry is no exception. "But it was thankless..."

He hates that there's longing in his voice, his yearning for simple praise clear. He jumps a little when Neville's hand slowly uncurls from the steering wheel and settles lightly on his knee before Neville lifts it and that large hand is settling warmly at the back of his neck. The grip is light but sure and he wants to go limp and just melt into his seat. He swallows a whimper when Neville gently kneads and squeezes.

"You're a good Omega, then, aren't you?" Neville says in a soft croon, gently working his fingers along the back of the Omega's neck.

Harry nods, feeling everything warm and squirm in absolute joy at being praised by an Alpha. By his Alpha. "Yes," he whispers. He doesn't know if he should be embarrassed or not, but he can't manage it. Not when the back of his neck is being gently stroked and kneaded and Neville's comforting, earthy, scent wraps around him. He takes a long moment to just enjoy the entire experience since it's the first time he's ever had this happen. He's a bit sad the hand on his neck leaves, but he manages to refrain from pouting or whimpering.
He pulls himself together with an effort, and clears his throat. "Anyway, they made sure I was isolated. I did go to school, but that was pretty much the only time I left the house. I only left my cupboard fo—"

"Cupboard?" Neville repeats in a deadly quiet tone.

Harry swallows thickly. He shouldn't have said that. He remembers the fiery rage he saw on Lucius face and he should have expected a similar reaction from Neville. He doesn't think Neville is upset at his lack of social skills... and he suddenly regrets trying to explain his complete incompetence around others. "My room," he hastily corrects. "I only left my room for chores."

"You said cupboard, Harry," Neville says, his head slowly turning to look over at Harry. He grits his teeth and drops the issue. He knows it's a moot point to get worked up over; an Alpha is within their rights to house and care for their pack however they see fit. But he's getting a clearer picture of Harry's past. And of Lucius, of course. He's known the older Alpha since he was a young pup and he's becoming less and less surprised to learn why Lucius had 'rescued' Harry from his previous home. He realizes now Lucius probably had to buy the little Omega and viciously squashes another flair of anger, his vision actually tingeing red around the edges. To think; people still sold Omegas! "I'm not mad at you, Harry," he says again, unwrapping a hand from the steering wheel again to gently rest on Harry's knee.

Harry nods, his mind focused entirely on Neville's hand on his leg. It's not an indecent, or inappropriate, touch but it's quickly setting his senses aflame anyway. It's almost as good as when Neville had gently cradled his neck and he squirms a little as pleasure rolls through his body in warm waves. "Where are we going?" he asks. He really wants to pout and whimper when Neville's hand returns to the steering wheel, but he's mostly relieved he's able to calm down again.

"Movies and dinner," Neville says, lowering his window. He turns his head enough to have fresh air whipping across his face, trying to clear out the enticing scent that seems lodged in his sinuses. His thoughts were beginning to get muddled and completely distracted by the alluring, sweet scent coming off Harry in waves. He shouldn't have touched Harry, but his Alpha instincts had been practically screaming at him to comfort the little Omega. He's slightly glad he didn't go near Harry's neck again... They'd probably crash. "Is that alright?"

Harry nods, unsure what to say. He hasn't been on a date before so he doesn't have a better idea and he's quite content to do whatever Neville wants. Besides, he's happy doing anything as long as they get to spend time together. "Uhm, which first?" he manages to ask. He's starving and he's not sure he could hold out through an entire movie.

"Dinner?" Harry nods eagerly. "Great," Neville hums, glad he's chosen to do that first anyway. Of course, even if he hadn't, they'd eat first since Harry had silently requested it.

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As soon as they know Draco's holed up in his room, loud music blaring (but thankfully muffled by the thick walls), Lucius drags Remus up to their own room. The door is still clicking closed when he's on his Beta like a second skin. He smirks when Remus gasps with surprise, his amber eyes going wide and already glazing with that lusty look that makes him want to rip his clothes off... with his teeth.

"Don't play coy, love," he murmurs, licking and nibbling along Remus' exposed neck. "You know what seeing you act like a knot swinging Alpha does to me." He demonstrates (not that it's needed) by grabbing Remus around the hips and slamming their bodies together. He's fully hard the moment Remus moans and he knows his little Beta feels the beginnings of his knot swelling
against his hip when another needy-whiny moan comes from his sexy little Intended.

Remus can't help the whimpering groan that bubbles up his throat. Sure, he knows Lucius likes when he's assertive but he knows his Alpha gets off even more when he goes pliant and submissive, bending over for him and begging for his knot like a good little submissive Beta. He bears his neck and moans when it's immediately licked and bitten. "I know," he gasps, finally managing to get words out of his mouth. "Fuck, stop teasing me," he begs, pressing closer to Lucius and grinding up against the fantastic bulge in the Alpha's pants.

He goes with a happy whimper when he's roughly handled towards their bed, sprawling on it the moment his legs hit the edge. He goes to paw at his clothes, but that feral glint in his Lucius' steely eyes has his hands stilling and moving to grab the blankets in tight fists instead. "Oh god, yes," he chokes out when Lucius is on him moments later, hands everywhere. There are a few times the clothes are literally torn from him, the sharp sound of fabric ripping and seams giving way sounding through the room, punctuating their moans and heavy panting.

By the time he's completely naked, he's freely leaking slick and actually making a small puddle under his arse. He smirks when Lucius groans, his heated gaze riveted to his wide-spread thighs and the slick-shiny prize between them. He glides a finger through the trickle of slick and rubs it around, moaning softly as his eyes close. He'd rather feel his Alpha's fingers on him (in him) but it's almost as fun to wind Lucius up. He hears another growl and slowly opens his eyes, meeting heated silvery eyes as he drags another finger through his slick and glides both slick fingers inside himself. His hand is smacked away and he shivers when he hears another throaty growl. He fists the sheets again, obediently obeying his Alpha's silent order to stop touching himself.

At the hurried rustling noise of clothing being removed, Remus pops up onto his elbows to watch his Alpha tearing off his own clothes. He only regrets not being able to do that himself for mere moments before he's pounced on, pinned under his Alpha's weight. A heated trail of biting kisses along his chest stop all rational thought. His arms flop out from under him and his neck arches when those biting kisses focus on his nipples long enough to have him making keening sounds like a bitch in heat. He moans appreciatively when a large, warm hand wraps around his flushed cock. But even that doesn't distract him from the fantastic feeling of Lucius finally sinking inside him in one, heated thrust.

"Fuck," he says in a shaky exhale. It's not often he's mounted without preparation but it's only a momentary discomfort. Lucius doesn't keep still long, those hands are everywhere and he whines softly, wanting his Alpha to move. He lifts his legs, drawing Lucius closer, deeper.

Lucius growls lowly in pleasure when Remus' legs wrap behind his thighs and squeeze, urging him to move. "Just like that," he grunts, unable to do anything but rut wildly into his very willing, very hot Beta. He doesn't know how they still affect each other like this after so many years and he doesn't care. He leans up and grabs Remus' legs, his fingers sinking into his muscled thighs as he spreads his Beta wider. Remus automatically shifts, lifting his hips for that perfect angle. "Yeah, just like that," he pants out, canting his hips and changing the angle until Remus howls, his eyes rolling back in his head. His own eyes flicker closed when Remus' moans reach that pitch they get just before everything tightens. He grunts when the first spurt of wet-heat splashes both of their bellies, and Remus' own chest.

Good; he wasn't able to hold off any longer himself.

Remus stills, his body still tingling, when one final, hard thrust has Lucius' knot finally sinking in with a nearly audible pop and, as usual, he cums again. "Oh god," he groans, his body going limp even as he twitches with another orgasm. He growls softly with pleasure when he feels his Alpha's
knot stretching him even wider and filling him completely. He twitches, feeling a little cum seep out of their joined bodies and moans softly.

He sighs with contentment when he's covered in the reassuring, possessive, weight of Lucius' relaxing body. He strokes along his Alpha's back as their breathing slowly evens out. He wiggles a little, trying to settle himself and Lucius more comfortably for the 20 minutes or so they'll have to wait to separate. Even though he's being squished a little now that his Alpha's weight isn't as pleasant, he whines softly when Lucius carefully moves them, rolling gently onto his back so he's draped over the blonde's firm chest.

"Alright?" Lucius murmurs, his fingers lightly caressing the length of Remus' body. He feels his Beta nod and brings his arms to wrap around his back, careful not to jostle him too much. "Don't fall sleep," he says softly when he feels Remus go limp and his breathing start to even out.

Remus grunts, wiggling his face into Lucius' chest with a low pitched whine of annoyance. "I know." He almost regrets the decision to wait up for Harry, making sure the date went well and that Neville brings him home at the proper hour. He props his chin up on his fist and stares down at his Alpha. "Do you think I'm being unreasonable?" he asks.

"No," Lucius murmurs, running a hand through Remus' hair and smiling up at his Beta warmly. "It's a bit... over-protective, but perfectly reasonable. Harry... he hasn't had someone give a shit about him and I think he was more pleased than annoyed to have a curfew."

Remus just hums thoughtfully and settles back down against Lucius' chest. He hums again, in contented pleasure this time, when the slight shift reminds him they're still intimately connected. "Well, good," he finally says, trying to ignore the warmth seeping down his thigh. As much as he enjoys the scent of his Alpha on him (and in him), he's looking forward to a bath. He's not a young pup anymore and his Alpha really works him over.

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By the time midnight rolls around, Harry is surprised to realize he doesn't want to go home. He's had the best night of his entire life (even better than his birthday and being officially adopted) and he doesn't want it to end. Dinner had been great and the movie... Well, he barely remembers the movie, since he'd been mostly focused on how close Neville was and how warm and cozy he'd been snuggled against the Alpha's side mere minutes into the movie starting. He's sitting in the passenger seat, worrying his bottom lip as Neville turns onto the street he lives on. As they pull up to his house, he's unsurprised to notice lights on. He sighs quietly, sure someone is peeking at them from somewhere.

"I had a wonderful time, Harry."

Harry turns, blinking when he realizes Neville's shut the car off and is turned in his seat, looking at him intently. "Me too," he says, his voice barely above a whisper. He gasps softly when Neville's hand is on the back of his neck. There's a gentle kneading motion again just before he's gently pulled across the car towards the Alpha. He doesn't know what to say, but he's scared even whispering a 'yes' to whatever Neville wants will break the trance they've fallen into. He's staring, unblinkingly, into Neville's dilated eyes, a thin band of greenish-brown railing the blown irises. He's entranced, caught in the curious sight of a completely aroused Alpha.

He did that! And he isn't in a full Heat or suffocating the Alpha with his scent (well... now he is). It's a surprisingly heady feeling and he's invariably aroused by it. A moment later, Neville groans thickly, his eyes fluttering closed as the scent of his arousal hits the Alpha full on. "Sorry," he whispers.
"Don't," Neville growls lowly. "I'm completely OK with this," he murmurs. He inches closer, unsure how far to press his luck. Harry isn't backing away but he isn't coming closer either. Plus, he's pretty sure they're being spied on and he wants to give no indication of Harry fighting him. "Can I kiss you?"

Harry nods, but Neville doesn't do anything until he manages a squeaky 'yes' and leans in just a bit more. He whimpers softly and his eyes close when their lips meet. He's reveling in his first kiss, marveling at the gentle tenderness of it. He doesn't know what to do, so he just mimics what Neville does. He gasps, completely taken by surprise when he feels Neville's tongue glide across his lips. He presses closer, completely taken in by the way the kiss deepens just a little bit and they both groan at the same time. His head is swimming pleasantly and everything is tingling. He goes limp, completely compliant, when Neville's hand massages the back of his neck, squeezing it just so and making him whimper softly with need.

"Sorry," Neville says, pulling away. He places a series of quick pecks on Harry's parted, slightly puffy lips and forces himself to pull away again. He groans softly when Harry makes that needy whimpering noise again and leans closer, one small hand coming up to fist in his shirt demandingly. It's amazing how that combination of needy and demanding turns him on and he shifts in his seat a little. Harry's eyes open slowly and he looks confused for a moment. "I'm not sorry I kissed you," he says, wanting to roll his eyes. He doesn't, remembering that Harry will need more reassurance than he's used to giving. He really doesn't mind, especially when he gets a shy smile, Harry peeking up at him through those incredibly long, dark lashes.

Images Harry kneeling in front of him, and giving him that same look, flashes through his mind and he has to lean back a little. He needs some breathing room... He subtly shoves a palm into his crotch to (hopefully) stave off the emerging knot. "I'm sorry I took advantage though."

Harry blinks. "No, you didn't. I said you could."

"Yes," Neville says slowly. "But I meant to keep it chaste." Sure, they weren't licking each other's tonsils but he hadn't meant to even involve his tongue at all. He's not sure what would have happened if that arousing noise from the Omega's delicate throat hadn't brought him to his senses. He reaches out and gently strokes his fingers over that throat, brushing downwards to glide along one just visible collarbone. His mouth waters, and his teeth itch with the urge to bite and Mark both. He reluctantly pulls his hand away, tucking it under his thigh so he'll stop touching the alluring Omega.

Harry's brow wrinkles slightly, a bit confused. "But, didn't you like it?"

"Oh, yes. I certainly did, love," Neville says, purring the words lowly. He grins, a bit wolfishly, when he sees Harry's cheeks pink adorably and his scent spikes with heat. "But I promised I'd... go at your pace."

Harry's brow wrinkles even more. "But I wasn't stopping you," he admits, biting his lower lip. "Is that wrong? Am I... Am I going too fast?" he asks, worried he's coming off as 'easy' or something. He doesn't know the proper way to date or start the whole mating-bond thing. He's never learned and most books sorta just allude to it being driven by natural instincts and leave it at that.

"No, it's not wrong," Neville says reassuringly, moving in to gently kiss Harry again. "Look, I don't want you to think I'm only interested in a quick knot and run or something. And I also know you're... a late bloomer," he says gently. He sighs softly when Harry looks down in shame, gently easing Harry's face back up. "I don't mind that, just so you know. I only mentioned it because I know you're not going to want the same things I do, when I do."
Harry wants to lean back, maybe sulk to leave the car. He knows Neville hadn't meant to imply he's childish, an immature pup that needs to be handled carefully, but that's how he's taking it. He thinks about how Draco would respond and tries not to blush too hard. "Just because I'm not going to beg for your knot, doesn't mean we can't fool around."

Neville stills for a few seconds before laughing and bringing Harry close again for a heated kiss. Either Harry's already getting used to being kissed or he's putting on a false bravado, but his Omega doesn't pull away or flinch at the intense kiss. There's only a soft whimpering moan and Harry kisses him back, his hands coming up to fist in his shirt again. he reluctantly pulls away, pecking a few kisses to Harry's lips.

"I see," he says, their lips brushing together as he speaks. "But it means if you aren't ready, I'll have a difficult time restraining myself... past a certain point. I'm really alright with waiting, love." He smiles warmly when Harry flushes at the endearment. It's slipped out a few times over their time together and up until now, Harry hadn't reacted. He realizes, now, that probably hadn't registered. "C'mon," he says, pecking Harry's lips once more before pulling back and climbing out of the car. He takes a few deep breathes, greedily drawing in fresh air, calming down further. Thankfully, they hadn't gotten carried away enough to have him overly concerned about embarrassing himself with an obvious bulge in his pants (though, it was a near thing when he heard 'beg for your knot' earlier, even if 'not going to' came before it).

Harry waits until Neville rushes around and opens his door. He still feels awkward when Neville does it, but it's embarrassingly charming too. "Thanks," he says, blushing furiously when Neville kisses his cheek and leads him towards his front door with a hand gently on the small of his back. "I... Thank you, Neville. I had a really nice time. When can we go out again?" he asks in a rush.

"When are you free?"

Harry doesn't even pause to think. "Tomorrow."

"Alright," Neville says with a smile, pleased he isn't the only one that's feeling eager. He pulls Harry close, hugging the little Omega tightly before gently letting him go. "I'll come get you at 7, is that alright?" He can't resist running his nose, gently, along the sweep of Harry's jaw.

Harry nods, smiling brightly. "I can't wait," he says shyly, looking up at the Alpha through his lashes. He's a bit confused when Neville takes a deep, shaky breath and takes two steps backwards. Oh. He's not sure why he keeps forgetting that he affects the Alpha... but he does and he's finding it very enjoyable each and every time. (Even if it's slightly torturous for Neville.) He stifles a giggle and takes a step towards his front door. As much as he doesn't want to, he bids Neville a good night and hurries into the house.

As soon as he shuts the front door, he's leaning against the cool wood and trying to regain a normal breathing pattern (and heart rate). Luckily the hallway is empty and no one is there to witness him sagging against the front door and sighing like a love-sick fool. He peeks out of the window in the door and watches Neville take a few more calming breaths, appearing to talk to himself, and then driving away a bit too fast. He jumps and whirls around when he hears Draco's voice drifting down the hallway.

"I said," Draco huffs, realizing his taunting probably got lost in the cavern of their big, stupid house. Or the other Omega was still in Alpha induced La-La Land. "How was your date?" he asks teasingly, drawing out the last word until it had at least three syllables. He grins when Harry just does that love-sick sigh again and his eyes close. "That good, eh?"

Harry nods, smiling sheepishly. "Yeah. Fantastic for a first date," he adds shyly, expecting the
other Omega to make fun of him for it. Surprisingly, Draco just hums and nods understandingly. "What was yours like?" he asks curiously.

"My first date?" Harry nods. "Dunno, haven't had one yet, have I?" he says cheekily. He's not embarrassed, and he's certainly not surprised by Harry's stunned expression. "Oh, please. Do you think my father would let just anyone take me out?" he asks smugly, waving a hand over his body. "And besides, I haven't had the extreme good fortune of a sexy Alpha practically falling into my lap."

Which is mostly true; he hasn't even had the good fortune of seeing an Alpha worth his drool. Yet. So, he's only a little envious that his pack-brother did indeed have a sexy Alpha practically fall into his lap. But it's probably the only way Harry would've met an Alpha (for a while, at least), since he doesn't really go anywhere. He's definitely more social than the other Omega so he's really not worried about finding his own sexy Alpha. Or a Beta. Whatever; he's not really all that picky as long as they're sexy. And tall. Hopefully rich. Maybe with lots of muscles...

Harry giggles, unable to help it, and breaks Draco from his thoughts. His pack-brother doesn't sound at all envious, which is a surprise, just happy. For him. The blonde Omega is smiling warmly at him, his grey eyes sparkling with delight for him. On impulse, he rushes over and hugs his pack-brother, feeling a bit overwhelmed with the reminder that he's around people that care about him. He's still embarrassed how often he's struck dumb with gratitude for his new pack. "Thanks," he whispers.

"Anytime," Draco says softly, rubbing Harry's back. He's got an idea what brought on the emotional outburst from the other Omega and he's happy to indulge Harry's needy phases. "So," he says brightly, hooking his elbow through the other Omega's and leading Harry towards the kitchen. "Tell me everything," he gushes, giggling when Harry's cheeks pink and his head dips a little in an effort to hide it. His giggles turn into cackles of delight when the other Omega's lips roll together and the blush creeps down his neck. Oh, yes, this will be good.

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Neville rushes a bit, pressing down on the gas pedal probably more than he should since he's running a little late for his date with Harry. It'll probably be the last he can see the Omega for nearly two weeks before they're kept apart because of Harry's Heat. They've been seeing each other for weeks now and he's really hoping he'll be allowed to make a more permanent Mark on his little Omega tonight—Mark him, properly, as his Intended. He's actually nervous, looking forward to asking Harry...

His eyes narrow when he pulls up the Malfoy's long driveway when he spots a car in front.

He recognizes that car. Without further thought, he parks his car, uncaring he's parking in Mr. Riddle's shiny, black sedan. He hadn't heard anything at work about there being a meeting at Lucius' and he's immediately wary.

He's let in by a scowling Draco and alarm bells are immediately going off in his head when the blonde Omega points a stiff finger towards the formal sitting room. He nods a quick thanks, sure he owes Draco a big one, and hurries off in that direction. He's barely taken a few steps before the sharp smell of Harry's panicky fear hits him and he's running. He skids into the room, anger flooding his body to see Tom Riddle crowding his Omega into a corner.
"Mr. Riddle."

Tom turns lazily, even though those two words are enough to have him wanting to stiffen, and isn't all that surprised to see Neville Longbottom in the doorway. He is surprised to see the other Alpha seething with anger, his entire body stiff and his hands clenched into tight fists. Well, that explains the steely, hard tone he had heard. It's almost amusing but the younger Alpha is rather imposing at the moment and he's almost surprised he's looking at Neville Longbottom. Well, Longbottom seems to think he has a big knot and the backbone to hold it up. "Longbottom," he drawls, dismissing him almost immediately.

"What are you doing?" Neville asks in a low growl. His eyes flick to Harry and he growls again when he sees the naked look of fear on his Omega's face. The thought that that fear might be for him doesn't register—all he sees are the fear-widened green eyes and cowering body language. "Get away from him," he says before Riddle can even answer. It was mostly a rhetorical question, anyway; it's clear what Riddle is doing and it's making his pulse thump in his temples with rage. He growls low in his throat, again, unable to help himself when Riddle doesn't move.

Tom scoffs. "And why would I be doing that?" he asks, sounding amused. His gaze flicks back to the cowering Omega and he turns to smirk at Longbottom. "He's right where I like him," he says with a leer. A submissively cowering Omega is probably one of the most perfect things in the world. A beautiful, pure, submissively cowering Omega is the most perfect thing. It's only slightly disappointing the Omega is pumping out the acrid stink of fear instead of the sweet scent of arousal. But even that isn't so bad.

"Get away from him," Neville says again, growling. He steps closer, unconscionably standing taller and widening his stance. He's a little wary of Tom Riddle; he's a colleague and technically his boss. But simply as another Alpha, he's not at all intimidated by the older man: he's taller, broader and younger—hands down the victor should this escalate. His only real concern, and the only reason he hasn't already tackled Riddle with a fist in the face (or his teeth on his throat), is the fact Tom is too close to Harry. He hates the idea of getting the Omega involved in their scuffle. Or, god forbid, him getting caught between them.

Tom scoffs again, turning his back to Longbottom for a moment to wink at the Omega. Harry is looking frantically between him and Longbottom and he's not sure how to read the boy's expression; there's anxiety as well as fear, but it's not exactly clear just who's eliciting what reaction from the little Omega. Interesting; he didn't think Longbottom would be a domineering sort of Alpha. He frowns a little when the Omega keens softly each time he glances at Longbottom, a look of longing flitting across his beautiful features. He glances back to Longbottom, remembering it's quite stupid to have an enraged Alpha at one's back.

"I said—" Neville says, stalking closer. He grabs Harry by the arm and pulls, trying to ignore the way the Omega flinches and tries to cower submissively. He easily rights Harry as he stumbles, the Omega's feet tangling with the sudden jerk. He can't ignore the sight of his scared Omega, even with Riddle watching them intently, and he forces himself to loosen his hold. He gently rubs his thumb soothingly along Harry's elbow as he brings the Omega behind his back, his push gentle but insistent. As soon as Harry safely tucked away out of sight, he presses a gentle hand on the closest part he can touch—the Omega's hip. His anger abates a little when Harry presses close, his smaller
hands tentatively fisting in the fabric at the back of his shirt. "Get away from him. He's mine."

Harry stays quiet. At first, he'd been terrified Neville was mad at him; convinced his Alpha would think he'd drawn Mr. Riddle's attention and wanted it. He'd been taken by surprise by the older Alpha and cornered before he even knew what was happening. Thankfully, by the time Neville came in, Mr. Riddle had only begun to lean closer and inhale deeply, his creepy brown-red eyes crawling all over his body. He had looked up and only saw Neville looking at him with anger clear on his normally calm, handsome face. He hates that he flinched from Neville. He knows Neville wouldn't hurt him, but it's an ingrained habit and he's a little ashamed he reacted that way.

Now, though, he wishes he could purr. Every part of him is wriggling happily, safe and secure from Mr. Riddle and free to let the words 'he's mine' echo around his head happily. He thought he'd object to being growled and fought over like a possession, but it has the exact opposite effect; he's this close to keening pathetically and trying to crawl into Neville's pants, seeking anything the Alpha will give him. He's never been defended before and he's in total agreement with that Omega-brain part that just wants to rub himself all over Neville, roll over and just cover himself in his Alpha's scent.

"Is that so?" Tom asks, his eyes narrowing a little. Yes, he did notice a lingering stink from Longbottom on the Omega but it wasn't a mate-bond—it wasn't even a proper scent marking. He really could just take the Omega and there isn't much Longbottom can do besides challenge him. He cocks his head a little in thought; is the little Omega even worth such dramas? The memory of wide green eyes staring up at him reminds him that, yes, the little Omega just might be worth it. He's not exactly out of his prime, but he's still silently measuring the (waning) desire for the little Omega against the increasing odds of a physical altercation with Longbottom. He prides himself on his intelligence and logic and right now... he's not exactly happy with the more logical course of action.

"Yes, that's so."

Tom's gaze snaps away from Longbottom's elbow when he noticed the Omega's green eyes peeking out at him and flicks his eyes up to fix a dark glare on Longbottom. "I don't think so. He's clearly un-mated," he says lazily, a finger flicking out to point in the vague direction of the Omega's un-marked neck. He smirks when Harry whimpers and hides behind Longbottom once more, one green eye peeking out from around the other Alpha for only a moment. He inhales deeply; the Omega is definitely not mated or Marked but there's really no denying the way their scents intermingle enough to speak of frequent (semi-intimate) time spent together. He sneers a little at the way they're touching, adding that knowledge into the equation. Longbottom is surely the sort that would let his emotional attachment fuel his desire to 'defend' the Omega. How tedious.

"He's my Intended," Neville says tightly. He hears a soft, but pleased, gasp and feels Harry press even closer. He remembers he's got a hand on Harry's hip so he forces his hand trail to the dip of the smaller male's lower back. He spends only a moment to enjoy the light shiver and Harry warming a bit more before he gives his Omega as gentle a reassuring squeeze as he can in his current state. It presses them a bit closer together and his anger abates that much more when the subtle scent of Harry's growing arousal hits him.

Dammit. He should know better than to add Omega pheromones into the mix but he... just can't help himself. He can't not touch or comfort Harry. It goes against every instinct and he refuses to let Riddle affect how he'd react. The suppresses a snarl when he notices Riddle's nose twitch.

"So, fuck off," Neville growls. He steps back just enough to bring Harry closer to his back so there isn't any space between their bodies. He's very glad Harry doesn't protest; no, instead his little
Omega just melts against his back with a contented little whimpering-sigh and he feels a nuzzling sensation on his back. He fights a smile, pleased and ever so smitten to realize Harry's cheek barely makes it past his shoulder blades.

He notices Riddle's eyes narrow and before the other Alpha can take a step closer, he pulls Harry around just enough to look him in the eye. He tries his damnedest to offer an apology and ask for permission with his eyes but he can't linger too long. He pulls Harry close, growling with pleasure when the Omega goes pliant, molding himself against his chest and immediately offers his neck with a plaintive whine. Before Riddle can take another step, his teeth are sinking into the soft skin where Harry's neck and shoulder meet.

The soft whimper of pain turns into a quiet keening moan of pleasure and he can't stop himself from making the same sound. He didn't know this would feel so good for the Omega but he's so glad he's not hurting Harry too badly. He'd nearly unlatched his teeth when that pained whimper hit him.

Neville groans softly when Harry presses closer and hands are carding through his hair. He can't still his own hands, unable to stop them from roaming all over Harry's body, but ultimately landing on Harry's hip and arse. The Omega doesn't offer any protest at all and he shivers lightly with pleasure when Harry somehow manages to press even closer, arousing sounds still panting out of his mouth with each sweep of his tongue or light suck.

"Oh, well," Tom says, managing to sound bored even as he watches the Omega being marked right in front of him. It's, admittedly, a little arousing to hear the Omega's whimpering humming moans. He's tempted to take a cheap shot at Longbottom, since the Alpha is good and distracted as he bends the Omega backwards and buries his face in that slender neck, but even he has limits so he just walks past the pair in search of Lucius.

He doesn't take losing very well (er, at all, really) but being as how he's in the negotiation stages of buying a pair of Omegas that rival Harry's beauty and are guaranteed receptive now, so he doesn't consider it a loss. However, he's quite content to make sure the next few months at work will be rather unpleasant for the cocky young Alpha.

He's logical, maybe a little questionable in the sanity department, but he's no pushover. He smirks, already working the numbers on how many extra hours he can make the insolent whelp work so he'll miss quite a few nights with his new little Intended. At least until Lucius interferes and ruins his fun... Insufferable Alphas that try to be 'fair' make his eye twitch.

Neville watches Riddle leave from the corner of his eye. Only when he's sure the other Alpha is gone does he gently loosen his hold on Harry, keeping his arms securely around the little Omega when he wobbles unsteadily. He slowly loosens his jaw, his teeth and lips tingling from the prolonged activity. He pulls back enough to admire the Mark and he growls softly with pleasure. He gently runs his tongue over the bite-mark, soothing the area and adding another layer of scent over his Omega. There's a lingering taste of copper in his mouth that arouses and distresses him in equal measure.

"I'm sorry," he whispers when he finally has control of his voice back. He hadn't meant to initiate such an important moment like that and he especially wishes it hadn't started so roughly. When Harry's beaming smile slowly shifts into a heart-breakingly sad look, he pulls the Omega close again, burying his face in his dark hair. A few deep lungfuls of the sweet scent has him feeling a little lightheaded but saner. "Not for doing it, love, but for acting like some knot-head and doing it so roughly."

He slowly leans back and gently brushes his finger tips over the still-clear indents from his teeth.
He can't help smiling a little when Harry shivers and makes a little whimpering groaning sound as his head tilts, his cheek brushing against his knuckles. "I had wanted to do it a bit differently," he admits, feeling his cheeks warm. He had also planned to check with Remus first, knowing the Beta would practically insist on it. Shit—he hasn't even asked Lucius for permission. But still, he doesn't regret it.

"It's OK, really," Harry says, unable to keep from reaching up and touching the Mark gingerly. Just as when Neville touched it, pleasure-pain sparks through him, radiating from the still tender area and zinging through his body. He wants to shift when that slick feeling returns, but he stands still. "I'm glad you got here when you did, too," he adds, curling his arms up and leaning against Neville's chest. He again finds himself wishing that he could purr, thoroughly enjoying the reassuring hold when Neville's arms immediately come up and wrap around him. He didn't think anything truly horrible would've happened, his papa is here—somewhere—after all, but it had been almost painful to be around another Alpha giving off that possessive, aroused stink. Plus the older man is just creepy. "Thank you."

Neville rubs his hands along Harry's back, the touch more soothing than arousing. He doesn't know, for sure, why he's being thanked. He's a bit confused. "What for?" he finally murmurs. He feels Harry sag a bit and he bundles him closer and shuffles them over to the sofa, carefully arranging them so Harry is on his lap, sitting astride him, and resting his head on his shoulder. He'd rather be able to look Harry in the eye but he knows his Omega well enough to know he'll be able to talk more freely if he's not looking at him.

"Wanting me," Harry says quietly, tucking his head under Neville's chin. Really, there are so many things he's thanking Neville for, but it all comes down to that. It seems overly mushy to thank Neville for being patient, kind, adorable (but sexy, too!), respectful and just over-all wonderful. Since their first date last week, they've spent all of Neville's free time, everyday, together and he's thoroughly fallen for the Alpha. He knows the Alpha likes him, and he can only hope it's more than biological reasons that has Neville staying around. But even if it's not, he's content enough with knowing he won't be stuck with an Alpha he doesn't have feelings for.

He feels Neville still and rubs his cheek against the Alpha. He's trying to comfort his Alpha but he's also still affected by the Marking and seeking affection and reassurance, hoping Neville will touch him back. Or praise him; he's being a good Omega, after all. When there's only silence for another few moments, he stiffens. He's suddenly terrified Neville's rational thoughts have returned and the Alpha is now horrified at Marking him and trying to find a gentle way of saying he'd been overrun with hormones and wasn't thinking...

Neville sighs softly, realizing his silence is freaking Harry out. "I don't want you to thank me for that," he finally says, moving just enough to be able to nuzzle against Harry's neck. Luckily, it's the other side from the Mark or they'd both probably be doing something they shouldn't. "I want you because you're wonderful, smart, beautiful and just... just, dear god, so perfect. I should probably thank you," he adds with a soft chuckle. He's serious, of course, but he's pretty sure Harry won't believe him.

"Really?" Harry asks, feeling breathless. He moans softly when Neville's head dips and there are teeth lightly grazing the other side of his neck and a hand on his back is sliding downwards to palm his bum, strong fingers flexing in a gentle squeeze. "Oh," he sighs, arching his back a little to rub his arse against Neville's hand, needing a bit more. Everything's getting hot and he's suddenly hit with the brilliant idea of crawling into Neville lap.

Neville hums, stilling Harry's attempts at moving with both hands on his narrow hips. "Stay still, love," he says lowly. He chuckles softly when Harry whimperes and goes completely still. He's not
exactly sure why he's so pleased to see Harry comply so easily, but he is. Stupid Alpha brain... But he still wraps a hand around the back of his Omega's neck, squeezing gently and rubs his other hand down Harry's chest. "And, yes, Really. Would I lie, Harry?"

"No," Harry breaths, his eyes fluttering closed. Oh god, he never knew his nipples were so sensitive! He whimpers and bites his lip, quelling the urge to wriggle and start writhing around because Neville hasn't said he could move yet.

Neville hums approvingly, his hands back around Harry's hips and tightening his grip enough to have his Omega keening softly but not moving—just like he'd said. "That's my good little Omega," he croons softly. He chuckles softly when Harry makes a thick noise of pleasure in the back of his throat and he nuzzles his Omega's neck, his other hand sliding up Harry's side to gently cup the other side of his neck, his palm nearly burning with the heat of the fresh Mark.

"Excuse me."

Harry and Neville both still, identical flushes of embarrassment immediately heating their faces when they recognize the voice. Neville sits up straighter and doesn't stop Harry from burrowing against his chest, feeling the Omega's arousal fade to be quickly replaced with a thick scent of embarrassment. He slowly meets Remus' amber eyes, relieved more than he'd like to admit to see no anger in the Beta's expression or posture. "Uhm—"

"I see," Remus says slowly, quietly. He takes in the way the pair are sitting and shakes his head a little. He's a little pissed they went ahead with an impromptu Marking session but he's pleased to see the gentle way Neville is holding his cub. The lingering stink of Tom Riddle adds the final piece and he nods slowly. "I see," he repeats and crosses the room to sit opposite the couple. "Is this what you want?" he asks, bending over enough to catch Harry's reluctant gaze.

Harry nods, too embarrassed to look Remus in the eye for long. He was this close to begging Neville for more when they were interrupted and he knows Remus knows. His face is lifted gently and the look on Neville's face is clear. There's understanding but also a gentle urging to remember his manners. "Yes," he mumbles. He peeks up at Remus, relieved his papa isn't angry. Or sad. There's understanding there as well, with an underlying look of affection. "I do," he says, a bit louder, nodding once decisively.

"Me as well," Neville says levelly. "I had not intended to do it without first talking with you and Lucius though," he admits. He grins when Remus blinks in surprise. "And then I was going to ask Harry, but—" he shrugs sheepishly. He can tell Remus already sorted out the 'why' moments after coming in. "I fully intend to complete the mate-bond the moment Harry is ready."

Harry flushes and ducks his head again. He knows exactly what that means and he's overcome with equal feelings of anticipation and anxiety. Oh, he really can't wait. He hopes Neville will go through with an engagement first, he's old fashioned that way, but he'll agree even if there isn't a ring on his finger. "I'd like that, too," he says softly, hoping only Neville can hear him. He smiles shyly, his lashes fluttering as he looks down again when Neville's eyes flick down to his.

"Is Lucius going to kill me?" Neville asks, once he's able to speak without an aroused growl in his voice. God, Harry just doesn't realize what he does to him! He tries to shift his little Omega, subtly, so it's not obvious he's ready to pop his knot but it backfires and only winds up with Harry's arse pressing down all that much more, the angle now better for him to feel the way he settles between the Omega's cheeks. He wants to groan in frustration at the perfect way that sweetly heated cleft nestles his arousal. He's never felt the urge to claw clothing off someone before and it's absolutely humiliating when he remembers they have an audience. He doesn't think Remus' amusement (or acceptance) will last very long if he starts pawing obscenely at his cub.
Remus smirks, feeling a bit bad for the Alpha trying to rein in his emotions and hormones. And apparently, his innocent little cub is not helping the situation at all—what with his wiggling around, wandering hands and those soft whimpers. "Probably not," he finally says, snickering. "I'll talk to him. I'll make sure he understands what happened. And that Harry agreed." He smiles when said Omega stops trying to tempt Neville and nods vigorously, snuggling into Neville's chest with a happy little humming sound. "And, I think you should go," he says gently to Neville. "I think we're going to start our separation a bit early."

He knows it's not uncommon for stress to bring about an early Heat and he wants to take no chances. He doesn't know how to react to the heated flush on his cub's face or the increased scent of his arousal. It's natural, of course, he's just concerned this will only make Harry's Heat that much more difficult. Nor does he want to test Neville's ability to refrain from furthering their bonding process.

"Alright," Neville says reluctantly. He doesn't know if he could resist Harry's alluring sounds and movements much longer. He gently moves Harry until the Omega is sitting next to him. He peeks at Remus quickly, noticing the Beta is averting his eyes, studying his cuticles as if they were the most fascinating thing ever. He gently cups Harry's face, his thumbs slowly rubbing the Omega's cheekbones, "I'll see you in a few days, love," he says quietly and kisses Harry gently. He wants to deepen the kiss, pry his little Omega's mouth open with his tongue and just make himself at home, but he doesn't. He smiles when Harry sags against him and shy hands slide into his hair. "I like that," he whispers, leaning into Harry's touch and encouraging his shy Omega.

Harry smiles, bending his fingers a bit to rub at Neville's scalp. His smile grows when Neville groans softly and leans into his hands even more. "Good," he says, thrilled he's found out something that Neville likes. He lifts his chin for one last kiss, turning into a puddle of goo when his face is gently caressed again and Neville stands with obvious reluctance. He nearly sighs sadly, knowing his cub won't be 'his' much longer. "And don't worry, I won't let Lucius skin your Alpha," he says, snickering when Harry gasps. "Really."

Harry just nods, settling against Remus and accepting the Beta's comforting hug. It's not exactly the firm grip of his Alpha like he longs for at the moment, but he know it's the best he'll get for now and snuggles in after a moment. He absently rubs a finger over his Mark and hums softly with contentment.

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"OH MY GOD!"

Harry flinches and rolls over, putting a pillow over his head. He doesn't know why but he's got a raging headache to match the body aches and feverish feeling that comes along with his Heats. Remus had warned him this Heat might be a bit stronger, since he's newly Marked. And without his Intended. He groans when the movement makes pain throb through his head in a slick wave. "What?" he mumbles, his voice muffled by the pillow.

"You've been Marked!" Draco screeches, pointing at the just-visible teeth marks gracing Harry's pale neck and shoulder. He had sort of expected something like that when he let Neville in the
other day, but still! His pack-brother is basically engaged and he missed it! So not fair! "I demand to know when this happened!"

Harry groans softly and rolls onto his back, glaring balefully up at the blonde Omega. Oh god. Draco is flushed and bouncing with excitement. He can't handle his pack-brother's bouncy enthusiasm right now. "Two days ago," he snaps. He immediately feels bad for being irritable but Draco doesn't even seem to notice. The worst of the other Omega's Heat has passed and he's a little envious. Blonde git is bouncing around without a care in the world. "Sorry," he sighs, rubbing at his forehead. "That day Neville came over. It just sorta... happened," he says, shrugging a little.

"Did he force you?" Draco suddenly demands, leaning forward with a fierce scowl. "Alpha or not, I'll cut his damn knot off!" he hisses, his fingers hooked into claws. He growls, fisting his hands and resting them on his hips. He's rather impressed with himself when it sounds almost scary (not Alpha or Beta scary, but still).

Harry can't help laughing. "No. God, no. As soon as I knew what he was going to do, I let him. I... I was hoping he'd want to," he says quietly. He winces when Draco squeals, the blonde's bouncing increasing tenfold. "Geez! Stop! My head is going to explode," he moans, pressing the heels of his palms into his temples and rubbing in slow circles.

"Oh, pish. You big baby," Draco stills though and shuffles closer. He leans over the other Omega's prone body and grins, flicking a clump of dark hair from Harry's eyes. "Was it good?" he asks, grey eyes twinkling with curious mischief.

Harry feels himself flush but doesn't turn away. He's gotten used to Draco's prying nature; the other Omega is just a happy little gossip and he loves his pack-brother despite this embarrassing habit. "Yeah," he breathes, unable to help himself. The memory floods his mind and he feels the flush deepen and his entire body warm. It had hurt at first but pleasure had exploded through his body and he hadn't been able to do anything but react. "It... it was amazing."

"Oh god," Draco whispers dramatically. "I'm so jealous!"

Harry doesn't know whether to apologize or offer encouraging words. So... he does both. "I'm sorry, but you'll find your Alpha soon."

"Pffft," Draco snorts. "I'm not picky. I wouldn't turn down a sexy Beta." He shrugs and then carefully crawls onto Harry's bed. He reaches over and rubs at Harry's temples, glaring at his pack-brother and daring him to say a word about him being nice. He smirks when Harry just rolls his eyes and relaxes into his pillow.

"Oh!" Harry says, his eyes going a little wide. He can't see Draco with a Beta—his pack-brother is the sort of Omega that needs a stabilizing, dominant Alpha. Not so much one that'll control him, but one that'll be able to handle his enthusiasm and spoiled nature without anger or harshness. Draco needs a mate that'll be able to temper him and adore him properly—and that's really only a role an Alpha can fill. He really really hopes Draco finds that.

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"You knew, didn't you?"

Remus looks up, feigning an innocent expression when he sees the way Lucius' brow is pinched together. His Alpha is too vain to frown or scowl unless he's very upset. "What's that, love?"

"Don't play coy," Lucius says harshly. He sighs and rubs at the wrinkle in the middle of his
forehead. "Sorry. But I don't appreciate when you play dumb."

Remus closes his book. He doesn't know whether to drape himself against Lucius' chest or stay where he is so he can look up at his Alpha. Both would work... He aims a coy look up through his lashes at Lucius, letting his lashes flutter as his gaze drops. "I'm sorry, Alpha," he simpers, enjoying the way Lucius' eyes narrow slightly and dilate a little. "There's quite a bit that I know. You'll need to be more specific," he says with a smile. He grins when Lucius gives him a flat look and merely continues looking up with that innocently questioning look.

"That Harry's been Marked," Lucius says slowly. "Don't even try continuing that innocent look!" he snarls, pointing a finger at Remus. Damn Alpha brain; that coy routine is scrambling his hormones--er, brains-- and he knows Remus is very aware of it, too. The little imp. His lips want to twitch into a smile when his lovely Beta's lips move into an alluring pout. "I know you know. You're way too involved not to know."

Remus shrugs. He abandons his 'helpless Beta' routine and slowly stands. He eases closer, pressing his chest against Lucius' and hums softly with pleasure. It's not uncommon for him (or any Beta) to find an irate Alpha arousing. It makes for a glorious shag and he's so ready. "I only knew after it happened," he says quietly. He quickly wraps his arms around Lucius when his Alpha goes to move. "It couldn't be helped."

"I'd like to hear how that could possibly be true," Lucius murmurs. His voice is quiet but it's heavy with command. "I'd like to know what possible reason you could give that'll keep me from skinning the hide from that impertinent whelp that thinks he can take such liberties with our pup."

Remus shivers, he can't help it! God, that forceful Alpha tone just makes him want to whimper and rub his arse against Lucius' crotch. "There was... a situation. And before you think any liberties were taken, Harry said he wanted to. He looked absolutely besotted, love," he adds quietly. He knows Lucius only wants their cub to be happy and he's pleased when Lucius calms (though, he's a little sad to see some of that fire leave his Alpha's eyes and the growl rumbling in his chest fade— it's just so fucking sexy!). He reaches up and carefully runs his fingers through fine, silky soft blonde hair. He never can resist when it's loose.

"What situation?" Lucius asks after a moment. He's starting to be affected by Remus' closeness and touch. As much as he just wants to throw his Intended against the nearest surface and strip them of all clothing and bury himself hot and tight until they're tied... He's not lost enough to hormones to be completely distracted. He gently wraps his hands around Remus' wrists, carefully bringing them behind his Beta's back, transferring both wrists to one hand. He grins when Remus doesn't even try to wriggle away; he just moans softly and presses closer, their bodies aligning in that perfect way that nearly has him going back to his Throw-Remus-Against-The-Nearest-Surface-And-Shag-Him-Raw plan...

Remus takes a moment to regain his brain. He's pleasantly restrained and everything is starting to throb with a hot, aching want. "If I tell you everything, you'll go into a full Alpha rage, and I don't think that's wise," he says, sounding breathless. He ends on a whine of need and he's nearly got Lucius pinning him against their door when the Alpha suddenly pulls away. He moans softly, raising a leg and hooking it just under Lucius' arse, when that fierce look is back.

"Riddle," Lucius growls, his eyes narrowing slightly. He remembers having the other Alpha over the same day everything happened. He had made it clear—on numerous occasions—that his sons were off-limits. He only had to show respect to Riddle in a professional capacity and he'd be damned if he let the other Alpha near his boys. He hated even having the man in his home for the required work-related social engagements. "What did he do?" he asks in a soft, dangerous tone.
Remus sighs softly. "Nothing. I promise, love!" He presses closer, nuzzling Lucius' neck. As much as he's enjoying that hot growl, he really doesn't want Lucius tearing away in a blind rage. "I promise. Neville didn't allow anything to happen." He's quite pleased his cub has such an Alpha and he can only hope Lucius sees the same logic.

"But he had to Mark Harry," Lucius says in a soft growl. He realizes what must have happened but he's not as upset now. Now he's growling because he can feel Remus' hot body pressing against his, from shoulder to knee, and the growing hard length against his hip. He inhales deeply, letting out the breath in a throaty groan when he's hit with the hot, sweet scent of his Beta's slick. He almost lets go of Remus' wrists, but he doesn't. He'd rather keep his Beta right where he is. "I won't do anything stupid. I have the ability to restrain myself. But now—" He pauses, his teeth millimeters away from Remus' bent neck. "But now, I'm not restraining myself. You wanted to distract me," he says in a low growl, leaning down to devour Remus mouth in kiss. "Now you can," he whispers hotly as he trails his lips and teeth down Remus' neck.

Remus just makes a throaty sound of pleasure, not at all bothered with the idea of distracting his Alpha. He howls with pleasure when he's nipped at the same time his arse is squeezed, their bodies pressing together tightly as Lucius moves to pin him against the nearest wall.

-xXx-

Neville paces nervously. He'd only been able to talk to Harry on their phones for the last 11 days. So he hasn't been completely without his Omega, but he's nearly twitching with the need to see, smell, touch his Omega. He's a little nervous to realize he's been left alone with Lucius but thankfully the other Alpha just gives him a quick look over.

Until they sit and the speech about the mating-bond and how it needs to be done properly. There isn't any mistaking the subtle threat in the older Alpha's tone. There will be no leniency next time. He wants to point out the fact that he and Harry are basically adults, but wisely rethinks it. Again, he knows how protective Lucius and Remus are of the Omega. And... Well, he likes how much Harry will appreciate him doing things properly—traditionally, even. He wants his Omega to feel cherished and taken care of.

"I don't care what sort of... circumstances arise—" Lucius says, swirling a snifter of brandy. He absentely sniffs at it before pinning Neville with a hard look. He likes the boy, truly he does, but he won't tolerate another blunder. Not at Harry's expense. "You fuck this up, or rush, for any reason, and I'll make sure you won't have to worry about birth control issues." His eyes flick down to Neville's lap, briefly, just to make sure his intention is clear.

Neville hasn't ever seen Lucius so scary before but he finds himself easily believing the other Alpha and nodding vigorously. He has no intentions of challenging Lucius; not only does he not feel it's needed, but Lucius is slightly bigger than him and he's a parental Alpha with an entire pack to look after. "I intend to, sir." He clears his throat softly. He doesn't know how to approach the issue of 'when' and he sits back, going quiet when Lucius glares at him.

"Good," Lucius says. He lets his scowl drop off of his face and eventually smiles. He likes Neville but the young Alpha isn't really worth the threat of wrinkles. "The only reason I'm not killing you now is because you have a very smitten Omega and a convinced Beta on your side." The unspoken 'I've been manipulated by both' is tactfully overlooked.

Neville nods slowly. "It's completely mutual, Mr. Malfoy." He fidgets in his seat, annoyed he's acting like a pup that's just barely learned how to control his bladder. He stills with an effort and calmly looks up at Lucius. "Sir, is there a time-frame that's appropriate?"
"Next spring," Lucius says immediately. He's partly hoping to put off the inevitable as long as possible but mostly... he's feeling disgruntled enough to want to see Neville's reaction. Most would huff and puff, refusing to be put off so long. He smirks at Neville's wide-eyed expression. He'd gladly allow the pups to bond earlier if Harry proves to be ready sooner. But only for that reason.

Neville nods slowly. It's only about 7 months but it feels like forever! "Yes, alright," he finally says. He knows Harry probably won't be ready until then and he's only briefly regretful. Ugh. He's probably going to need quite a few cold showers... But, it's only 7 months and he's actually looking forward to spending that time bonding with Harry on a more emotional level. He doesn't say that aloud, mostly because it's rather personal and he's not especially looking forward to Lucius thinking he's soft.

He watches Lucius nod carefully, his eyes narrowed again, and he's starting to relax. He checks the time, eagerly anticipating the second he'll see Harry walk into the room. Everything is tense with anticipation, even as he tries to look calm and collected. It's probably a moot point; Lucius can probably smell the stink off him from across the room.

"Remus was quite adamant in making sure I understood the situation." Lucius sets his snifter aside. Neville slowly looks from the doorway to the older Alpha. He doesn't want to ask. He's quite sure how Remus kept Lucius preoccupied and he's rather speechless. What is he supposed to say? "Uhm. I'll have to thank him."

"You should," Lucius says with a soft snort. "Anyway, I'm glad we had this talk, son. I'm sure you understand why..." he trails off, smirking when Neville nods. "Good." He leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees and clasping his hands together. "I like you, Neville. I really don't think I could have picked a better mate for Harry if I tried." He nods once at the stunned expression on Neville's face. "Don't make me regret that, Neville."

Neville sits up straighter, his chest puffing out slightly. "No, I won't. Thank you, Lucius," he says quietly. He doesn't recall calling the man by his first name before and he feels a burst of pride when the older Alpha just nods at him importantly and settles back in his seat, resuming the lazy sipping of his brandy.

They enjoy a comfortable silence until Harry eases into the room, his eyes flicking between the Alphas. Part of him wants to immediately go over to Neville but another part—the unmarked, adopted little Omega part—wants to see Lucius first. His dilemma must have been clear because Lucius meets his eyes and tilts his head at Neville, a warm smile on his face. He eagerly rushes over to Neville, his entire body warming and feeling a curious lightness overtake him when their eyes meet.

"Harry," Neville greets softly. He stands and pulls Harry close, unable to keep himself from running his nose along Harry's neck and huffing softly against the soft, warm skin. His eyes flutter closed briefly and he lets only the tip of his tongue drag along his Omega's jaw before he pulls back. "How're you, love?"

Harry blushes and has to drop his eyes. It's overwhelming to look into those lovely hazel eyes at the moment. He's missed Neville terribly and he's so tempted to just crawl into his Alpha's lap and stay there forever. He remembers his papa is in the room and sits next to Neville instead. "Fine," he says quietly. He's really sure Neville isn't interested in hearing about his stronger-than-usual Heat.

"Well, if you kids want to make that movie, you better skedaddle," Lucius says quietly, unable to take the tension any longer. As much as he doesn't want to see that Alpha paw his son, he can't look at the awkwardly stiff couple another second, either. He refuses to leave the room to give
them privacy but the next best thing is to kick them out and maybe they'll settle down after they make out in the car for a few minutes like the crazy teenagers they are.

Harry pulls away from Neville and nods, "Yeah, alright. C'mon," he says, standing quickly and pulling Neville to his feet. He beams happily up at the Alpha, leaning into him and inhaling deeply. He shivers delicately, rubbing his cheek against Neville's chest. He missed that wonderful scent. "Bye papa," he chirps, waving with one hand in Lucius' direction while he pulls Neville from the room with the other.

-xXx-

Harry tries his best not to cower like he used to, but it's hard. Severus' presence isn't any more welcomed than it ever was and now it's worse. He's managed to find an Intended just as dark and sour as he is. Maybe even worse. He wonders if the woman's face would crack if she dared to smile. For the countless time, he's wondering why the couple are even here; even when Severus lived at the house, he never seemed all that interested in being an active member of the pack. It's just weird. He jumps when he's elbowed sharply in the ribs. "What?" he hisses in a whisper. He pulls his gaze away from the woman's insane mess of dark, curly hair and looks at Draco.

"Stop being such an Omega," Draco drawls. He pinches Harry's collar between his thumb and index finger, yanking up until his pack-brother stands up taller. Thankfully, they're being ignored at the moment as the 'adults' schmooze and chat with each other. "Don't let her scare you. She's just a bitter, old hag that had to settle for Severus," he says, snickering when Harry's eyes widen. He rolls his eyes, "I adore my godfather, but I also know he's a miserable old shit." His eyes flick over to the Beta plastered to his godfather's side and he sneers. He's pretty sure she's probably the only person he's ever known to swoon at Tom Riddle. Ew.

The woman's short dress is this shy of skanky—most of it made of a open weaved black lace that shows more of her pale skin than should be allowed. Her hair is absolutely dreadful. It would be pretty if she bothered to tame the curls, but instead it's just haphazardly pulled into an odd half-bun thing and left to frizz. And he's not even going to comment on the horrible job she did with her eye shadow. Her heavily lidded dark eyes are stark; with a botched attempt at a smoky-eye look—he's almost hoping she was punched, in both eyes, instead of it being horribly applied make-up.

Overall, even if he liked women, he simply cannot see the appeal. At all.

Harry rolls his lips together to keep himself from laughing aloud. The foyer echoes way too well and he really doesn't want to call all attention to himself. "But she's so mean!" he whispers, his eyes darting over to the woman currently pressed against Severus' side. Even as she talks to Remus, her mouth (smeared heavily with a dark, blood-red lipstick) is in a frown. How can someone frown while they speak?

"I'm sure Severus enjoys that about her," Draco says blandly, looking at said couple as well. "He's perverted like that. He'd totally get off on her glaring and snarking at people." He stifles a cackle in his sleeve when Harry's eyes bug out, probably in shock. "I swear, for a Marked Omega, you really are a bit of a prude," he says with a smirk. As expected, his pack-brother's face explodes in a blush and Harry squeaks out something that might be his name in an effort to chastise him.

They both stand upright when they see the group of 'adults' move towards them. Even though they already met the Beta attached to Severus' arm, it wasn't official. Draco bows formally, his hands firmly at his side. This is one of the few times he'll happily accept the fact that Omegas aren't required to greet a lady with a handshake (or, Ew!, a kiss to the hand).

Harry mocks a similar move, his bow a bit stiff and rusty looking when he's formally introduced.
He smiles at Remus proudly, his smile faltering a bit when he's sneered at by the Beta he's just been introduced too. He knows for sure he doesn't like Bellatrix Black when she gives him a contemptuous look. He doesn't even know why and he finds himself pissed off and glaring back at the bitchy Beta, ignoring Draco's snicker of amusement.

"Potter-Malfoy?" Bellatrix repeats with a slight sneer, eyeing the puny little dark-haired Omega. She looks between Lucius and Severus for an answer, ignoring Remus completely (she hasn't any patience for fellow Betas, especially mated ones).

Lucius works to keep a polite smile on his face. "Yes, our Harry is adopted. I've left it to him to decide his surname." He smiles warmly at Harry. They'd had that discussion a while ago. He'd prefer if Harry kept his new name, but he can't begrudge the pup a connection to his real pack—and he happily accepted the compromise of the hyphenation. He's also aware it all might change and Harry could very well end up just taking Neville's last name. Later, of course. He'd made it clear he's proud, he loves him, and he'll be their pup no matter what name he ends up with.

"Why on earth would you allow a wittle Omega to decide anything?" Bella asks, her eyebrows pitching up. She looks to Severus and sees him looking just as disapproving. Well, at least someone around here isn't completely mental. She sucks her teeth and looks down just enough to cow to the annoyed Alpha when Lucius glares at her. She may not like the Alpha but she knows her place. Unlike some, she muses, glaring at the two uppity Omegas. The dark little one isn't as bad as Lucius' pup, but still. He's looking at her defiantly (or trying to; his gaze going to her eyes and the floor in a steady, dizzying rhythm), his impertinent green eyes staring right into hers when he finds his nerve.

Remus clears his throat and shifts his arm in a sweeping gesture. "Dinner is ready," he says, hopefully stalling Lucius cursing the woman, Harry from having his confidence smashed from doubt and Draco from saying something snarky.

Ugh; this is going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

Ah. Geez. I went and did that. HAHAHAHAHA. I'm not saying I totally ship Severus/Bella but I did say there'd be straights in here. But. Like. I'm not gonna get into those smexytimes. *shudders* So. Yeah. Sorry (I think).
Thanks again, you lovely people.

;) SlutPuppy
Chapter Five.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Harry paces along the front porch. He's been waiting for Neville for almost an hour now. He's gone past his paranoid thoughts, past annoyance and now he's firmly stuck in 'worried'. Neville isn't usually late. He also isn't rude or thoughtless enough to forget calling if he'd be late... He gnaws on his thumb nail, his eyes trained on the end of the driveway, willing Neville's car to appear. He jumps with a little squeak when his phone vibrates in his back pocket. He smiles a little when he sees it's a message from Neville.

**Sorry! I got side-tracked at work and ended up getting roped into taking a family friend home. :(**

Harry sighs softly with relief. "Thank god," he mutters to himself. It seems stupid now that he'd been worried (and nearly convinced Neville had changed his mind). He quickly taps out a message, proud of himself for getting adept enough at it to be able to compose the return message quickly. He studies the message for any signs of insecurity or subtle reprimands before he sends it. *It's OK. I was a little worried but thank you for letting me know." It doesn't seem pushy or anything so he sends it.

**OH! Sorry! I didn't think... We're stopping by first. I want to see you.**

Harry blushes, amazed Neville can make him react in such a way simply with a message. The simple 'I want to see you' just warms him thoroughly. He wants to say something along the lines of 'no, no, I'm fine' but he can't manage to get his fingers to type the message. He wants to see Neville sooner, even if it means he'll be bringing a stranger with him.

'It's OK! I can't wait to see you. Please drive safely.' He re-reads this message a few times and sends it when he feels it's adequate, too. It's understanding and just the right amount of eager. With a dash of 'I care' thrown in. He jumps when Draco bangs out of the house, the door slamming closed as he steps out.

"What are you doing outside?" Draco asks, surprised to see Harry home. He thought the other Omega left awhile ago to go on another date with Neville. He'd roll his eyes but it's absolutely adorable and so freakin' sweet. It's almost enough to make him jealous for his own sweet, adoring, hunky Alpha. Almost; he certainly wouldn't need as much romancing as Harry but he'd gladly wallow in the adoration.

Harry shrugs. "Waiting for Neville."

"He's late?" Draco asks, raising an eyebrow and cocking a hip. As if. He'd give a piece of his mind to any Alpha that left him waiting. "He better have been in some sort of horrible accident?" He says it to be joking but when Harry's fingers tighten around his phone and he pales, he realizes it's probably the worst thing he could have said. "Uh," he says, unable to finish and offer a suitable alternative or even an apology.

Harry pats Draco's arm. He knows what the other Omega meant but he'd been momentarily frozen with horror at the idea. Oh god! What if Neville did get into an accident because he had distracted him when he messaged him? He shakes his head lightly, banishing the thoughts. "He's on the way now. He had to give a friend a ride home or something."

"A friend?" Draco asks, grinning impishly and wiggling his eyebrows. Oh shit. Now Harry is
glaring daggers at him. He really needs to remember not to fuck around with an Omega in the in-between stages of a mating bond. Or the still fragile ego and emotional state of his pack-brother. "Oh, calm down, kitty. I was kidding. Neville doesn't even look at anyone but you," he says in a soft, reassuring coo. It's true, too. They just had a company function (something to do with sales? Whatever; he didn't care, it just meant par-tay time to him) and Neville hadn't left Harry's side the entire night. His father had to resort to bringing people over to them when he wanted to introduce Harry or Neville to someone. He thought it was sweet, personally.

Harry shakes his shoulders, releasing the tension a little. Logically—rationally—he knows Neville is his. But when he lets that little Omega part of his brain do the thinking, he's reducing to wanting to snarl 'mine' and initiate the full on mate-bond. Right then, if at all possible. Of course, he knows Draco is messing around with him and he manages a smile. "Yes, a friend. I didn't ask who, so don't ask," he adds before Draco can bother him for more information. The nosy little pest. He's feeling antsy and it's not often at all he goes through so many emotions in one conversation.

"Fine," Draco says with a sniff, leaning against the porch and waiting. He's bored enough to keep Harry company and he's curious enough to know who Neville considers a close enough friend to bring him anywhere near Harry. He wishes Harry knew more, but he's content to know it's just someone new. "So, where are you two headed?"

Harry shrugs. "I dunno. We didn't really make plans," he says, fighting a blush. He likes that Neville picks him up, kisses him breathless and then asks what he wants to do. Usually he has no idea, but often times he offers something silly (like mini-golf or just going to a beach) because he knows Neville won't make fun of him for wanting to do simple things he never got a chance to do before. He looks away from Draco's searching expression, knowing the blonde is dying to ask why he's blushing.

"Oh," Draco says, drawing the word out into at least three syllables. "You should have him take you to the fair. It's totally lame and a complete cliché, but you'd like it." He cackles with delight when Harry looks offended, grateful and forcefully aloof at the same time. It's hilarious, really.

Harry nods a little. He's never been to a fair... and, apparently, he's lame enough to find the idea of Neville winning him a cheap stuffed bear completely lovely. He feels his cheeks warm again and he ignores Draco's leering gaze. "Where is it?" he asks, tapping his phone to life. He has no idea what town name Draco babbles out, but his phone seems to. Within seconds, he has detailed directions on how to get there and a little information on the fair in the corner. "Oh. Wow," he says, noticing there are going to be fireworks after it gets dark.

"What?" Draco asks, leaning in and looking over Harry's shoulder. "Oh! How romantic is that?!" he gushes, noticing the part about fireworks. He takes a moment to imagine sitting on a blanket, snuggled in against a warm, hard chest and making out fiercely as fireworks go off overhead. "I mean it," he says archly when Harry gives him a look. "I can be romantic and sweet," he huffs.

Harry merely nods, smiling sweetly. He knows better than to argue with Draco, especially about character points that may or may not be true. He's saved from having to defend himself when Neville's car pulls up. He rushes over, completely focused only on seeing Neville. He fidgets as he waits for the car to stop and smiles when Neville's door is immediately thrown open. He doesn't give his Alpha a second to even unbutton himself before he's wiggling his way between Neville's chest and the steering wheel, giving his Intended a kiss.

"Hi," Neville murmurs when Harry pulls back a little, smiling and feeling absolutely breathless. It's not the first kiss Harry's initiated but it is the first time he's given that kind of heated, desperate kiss and he's not at all embarrassed to realize he's pinned under the elated Omega. "How're you?" he
asks, his hands splayed over Harry's hips as he nuzzles a slender neck and sighing happily as his Omega's scent washes through him. He's missed that smell.

Harry shrugs self-consciously, feeling a little embarrassed to realize he's practically straddling Neville's lap and he's being smirked at by Draco (and probably the stranger sitting in Neville's passenger seat). He averts his eyes, leaning against Neville and hiding his face in the crook of his neck. It takes a moment for the comforting scent of his Alpha to calm him. "I'm fine. I missed you," he whispers.

"Me too," Neville says quietly. He pats Harry's bum gently, regretfully shifting his warm bundle from his lap. As tempting as it is to stay right where they are, he needs to stretch his legs and introduce Harry and Charlie. He shoots his friend a quelling look, halting the red-heads taunt before he can even open his mouth. He glares a little; he'd told Charlie Harry could be sensitive, especially around new people. He doesn't like the amused sparkle in those blue eyes and sends another glare, only relaxing when Charlie rolls his eyes and puts his hands up in surrender. "C'mon," he says when Harry's back on his own feet.

Harry nods, letting Neville lead him around the car. He smiles shyly when the passenger unfolds himself from the seat and steps out of the car. The man is obviously an Alpha, tall and broadly built. He's got coppery red hair pulled into a long ponytail. Harry finds himself immediately relaxing when he's offered a friendly smile, warm blue eyes sparkling at him with warmth and amusement. He's also immediately moved to call Draco over. "Hi," he says, shyly, offering his hand. "I'm Harry."

"I know," Charlie says with another smile and chuckling softly. "I'm Charlie," he says, shaking the Omega's hand gently and letting it go. He's not at all surprised to see the shy greeting but he's pleased to see the Omega meet his eyes and smile back, even if he is plastered to Neville's side. He'd heard about Neville's Intended and he's, quite frankly, impressed. And a little jealous; Harry's quite the package. He keeps any inappropriate thoughts to himself, though; he knows Harry won't appreciate it from a complete stranger (especially an Alpha). And Neville will probably rip his throat out if he over steps his boundaries. He goes very still when he's hit with the most amazing scent.

Draco struts over, pausing when a red-headed Adonis steps out of Neville's car.

Oh. My. God.

He's never, ever, in his entire life found red hair attractive until now. And luckily, the tall, muscly Alpha's hair isn't red so much as... coppery. It reminds him of a not-so-new penny glinting in the sun. He blinks when he realizes he's been just standing there, staring (and probably drooling a little). "Hi, I'm Draco." He wants to hit himself in the face when his voice comes out all breathy and flirty. He just barely manages to keep from groaning; all he has to do now is plaster himself against the strange Alpha and shove his ass in his crotch and he'd complete the picture of a typical hormone riddled Omega.

OK, maybe that isn't such a bad thing... Not when the red-head's eyes narrow on him and he shifts closer, his nose twitching and his eyes darkening a little and going all intense. Draco takes as sneaky an inhale as he can and savors the sharp musky smell that just screams Alpha. It's heady, like being in the middle of an upscale gentleman's club. It's all tobacco, coffee and leather. Oh, he smells good. God, he's this close to just burying his face in whatever part of the man he can reach when he hears Neville chuckling.

"Charlie, this is Draco. Lucius' son."
Draco's eyes narrow, wondering if there's a subtle warning hidden in there. Any irritation is immediately gone when Charlie (Oh, that's a nice name) steps closer and commands his entire attention again. "Hi, Charlie," he says quietly. Oh, what the hell is this? He's never the shy little Omega, peeking up coquely through his lashes at a sexy Alpha! But that's exactly what he's doing right now and he can't seem to stop himself. He makes an embarrassing whimper-whooping noise when Charlie's hand wraps around his, the grip warm and firm—arously so. Oh god, he's mortified when he has to completely smash the urge to do something inappropriate with that hand... or make that whiny noise again. He's 90% sure it had gone unnoticed the first time; he won't be lucky twice.

"Hello, Draco," Charlie murmurs. He's not at all bothered knowing this is Lucius Malfoy's son. As a matter of fact, it amuses him greatly. His father works for the Malfoy company and doesn't think highly of the older blonde, Lucius. He doesn't give a shit for company politics, though. He steps even closer, feeling the urge to growl with pleasure when the blonde Omega does as well and gives him the most alluring look from under those dark-golden lashes again. He'd heard much different things about Draco Malfoy, and the coquettish little Omega act is a rather surprising.

Harry is standing off to the side, pressed against Neville and just enjoying his Alpha's warm, solid presence and the arm around his waist. He's watching Charlie and Draco, feeling amused and he doesn't know if he should be; it's the first time he's ever seen Draco act like an Omega. "Uhm, should we interrupt?"

"No," Neville says, taking a step back, drawing Harry closer against his side. He's completely amused by the display and he's not at all willing to be the one to interrupt. He's never seen Draco act in such a way either and it's... intriguing. He's not doing the complete submissive Omega thing, but there are more submissive displays going on now than he's ever seen from the blonde Omega. He swallows a snort when Draco's eyelashes flutter again and Charlie looks like he's been hit in the gut. "Oh god, do I look like that?" he whispers, leaning down but unable to take his eyes off the completely stupid look on Charlie's face. He feels like he has looked like that... He can remember a time or two when he thought his brain had actually shut down because Harry did something so arousing all the blood rushed elsewhere.

Harry shivers gently and nods, pressing closer to Neville. He nods a little. "Yes, but you're much sexier when you make that face," he says absently, watching as Charlie makes a grab for Draco's hand again. His pack-brother doesn't fight the embrace and willingly scoots closer to the redhead, peeking up at Charlie again. He wonders if he does that. "Do I do that?" he asks in a whisper.

"Yes," Neville says hoarsely. He highly doubts Draco's look is as nearly as powerful as Harry's, but that's surely down to it being Harry. Sure, Draco has pretty eyes but he's quite sure that look wouldn't have him wanting to toss that Omega on the nearest soft, flat surface and do unspeakable things until he was begging to be knotted. He clears his throat and slides a hand around Harry's hip. "Did you have anything in mind for later?"

Harry knows Neville is asking about their date, but all he can think of is fooling around in the back of Neville's car. He can't help it; Neville's scent is aroused (and arousing) and his hand is cupping his hip in just the right way to get his own hormones percolating. He smothers the urge to wriggle against his Alpha, shaking his head a little to clear it. "The fair!" he blurts out.

"Alright," Neville says once he decodes the words and why Harry said them. He vaguely remembers hearing about a local fair. Maybe they can park somewhere and watch the fireworks from the comfort of his front seat. Or the back seat. Whichever Harry finds more comfortable. He slowly looks away from Charlie and Draco, more than a little amused to see the blonde still staring up adoringly at Charlie, and gives Harry his full attention."Well, that's interesting."
Harry nods, giggling softly into his hand. He darts another look towards is pack-brother and Charlie, his amusement drying up. "Is... is Charlie a nice guy? Uhm, as an Alpha I mean," he asks, peaking up at Neville. He doesn't want to think Neville would willingly bring a jerk around but he also wants to know since the other Alpha seems to be taking an interest in his pack-brother (and vice versa).

"Oh, yeah. Charlie's great. He's one of seven kids," Neville says, nodding a little when he see's Harry's wide-eyed expression. Oh, he's very aware of where Harry's thoughts are right now and he has to bite his cheek to keep himself from letting their conversation go into pups and how many he wants. He clears his throat. "So, yes, Charlie is a very good Alpha," he says, squeezing Harry around the shoulders. "And don't you dare think you're anything other than amazing for looking out for your pack-brother," he says quietly, leaning down and nuzzling Harry's temple.

Harry nods, feeling relief flood through him at Neville's reassuring words. It's still an adjustment for him but it's easier when he's encouraged from everyone. "But will Remus approve?" he asks after a moment, looking up at Neville with a cheeky smile.

"Most definitely," Neville says with surety... even if he's not quite sure it's 100% accurate. Charlie is a good Alpha, but he has a feeling Remus isn't going to appreciate how much of his Alpha stink is already all over the blonde Omega. They're pressed closely together now and he's pretty sure Charlie's mouth is on Draco's neck. He'd interfere, but they're both fully mature adults and he's happier to focus on his own Omega. "So. The fair, huh?"

"Yeah, I haven't been before," Harry says, quietly. His attention is back on the other pair, watching warily as Charlie's hands slide around Draco's body. Mostly above the waist. He'd be concerned if he didn't know for a fact Draco wouldn't allow such a thing if he didn't want it or like it—Omega instincts screaming in his brain or not.

Neville nods, understanding the meaning behind those words and just silently vows to make sure Harry has the whole experience. Well, except for the whole 'vomiting too-expensive, deep fried, fair food after riding a ride' part' is not exactly an experience he wants to share. "Well, I think we're going a little later than I thought," he says, amused, as he watches Draco pull Charlie into the house. He hopes Lucius is home, mostly just because he's fully expecting to wait until Charlie can go through a discussion with the older Alpha.

And hopefully come through unscathed.

-xXx-

"You realize we've been seeing each other for 6 months today, right?"

Harry nods. Oh, he knows and he's a little surprised to realize Neville is aware of it, too. It doesn't seem like it's been 6 months; it feels like he's only met Neville yesterday but at the same time like he's known him forever. It's a little confusing but it's just how he feels. "I didn't know if that was a thing or not," he admits quietly. He's done private mini-celebrations for each important time frame he's been seeing Neville. He blinks when there's a box being pushed in his line of sight. "Oh!" he gasps, realizing it's a gift. "I didn't get you anything," he says, looking up at Neville miserably.

"It's alright."

"No," Harry says, shaking his head sadly. "I wanted to, but I just didn't know if you'd think I was weird for thinking it was a big deal." He gives a shuddery sigh, feeling stupid and lame all over again. He willingly looks up when Neville's finger slots under his chin, the move so ingrained and such a habit he doesn't even fight the insistent, gentle pressure anymore. "I'm sorry," he says,
misreading Neville's attempts to meet his eyes.

Neville shakes his head. "Don't be sorry. I'm pleased you felt it was important, too," he says softly, kissing the tip of Harry's nose. He smiles when Harry merely looks at him, that questioning look back as he gauges how honest he's being. He almost hates when Harry does that; he knows Harry doesn't do it because he thinks he's being lied to—it's merely an old habit he hasn't been able to completely get rid of; to make sure he's not being mocked or made fun of. It doesn't happen as often as it used to and he longs for the day Harry is no longer haunted by his past and he never sees that look again. "Well, open it," he prods gently when Harry only continues to stare up at him. Thankfully that assessing quality is gone from his expression and there's only that open amazement and affection that makes him want to squeeze Harry and smother him with kisses (and nibbling bites).

"Thank you," Harry says, finally remembering his manners and thanking Neville for the gift. He slowly opens what he now realizes is a ring box. His hands start to shake before he's even opened it all the way. "Oh," he breathes, taking in the simple band inside. He watches numbly as Neville plucks the ring out. He has a wild moment of panicked fear, thinking Neville is going to toss it away or say 'never mind' instead of lowering himself down on one knee like a bloke in a romantic movie. "Oh," he says again when he realizes just what Neville is doing, even if the move is done awkwardly since they're in a car.

Neville perches himself along the car floorboards, holding the ring up. "Yes, Oh," he says and smiles warmly. His eyes slowly widen. Shit. His mind is totally blank... "I had a whole big speech planned out but I'm—I can't remember any of it," he says feeling dazed as Harry continues to look at him with those liquid green eyes. It would take a stronger man than him to be able to withstand that sort of look. "I love you. I want you be with you always. So, marry me?"

He winces, a little put off by the halting words. He stumbles backwards, landing against his door and awkwardly on the backs of his heels when Harry's body slams into him. He panics when he feels Harry shudder and the salty scent of tears hits him. "Harry?" He tries to pull the Omega off of him so he can see his face, but Harry's arms are locked and he's not able to. He calms a little when he realizes Harry's shaking is a good reaction and he runs his hands all over Harry's back and sides, trying to calm him down. He had expected an emotional display, but this is a little overwhelming...

"Yes," Harry murmurs, his face buried in Neville's neck. He can't tear himself off his Alpha any further to be able to speak any more clearly. He can't bear it. He's overcome with everything; he can't focus.

Neville nods a little and rubs his hands along Harry's back in calming circling motions. He heard the 'yes' and he's elated. "Thank you," he whispers, kissing the side of Harry's head. He turns his head a little, smiling as the sky brightens with the first few fireworks. It's almost poetic really; he feels like there are fireworks going off inside him, too. It's embarrassingly mushy, but it's so true. He manages to pull Harry away and feels his chest tighten when he sees tears on Harry's face. "Are you sure you're OK?" he asks, brushing away the moist tracks with his thumbs.

"Yes," Harry says nodding quickly. He wants to hide his face in embarrassment for crying but Neville's hold on him is too tight to allow him to. And too warm and comforting he doesn't really want to. "I'm just... you didn't have to do this and it means so much to me. I..." he trails off, scared. He heard Neville say it first and he's still unsure if he should say he loves him back. He has that old doubt and fear creep up; what if Neville is only saying it to manipulate him? Love doesn't always matter in a bonding. But neither is an official engagement; many people recognize the mate-bond as a marriage so it's not like it's needed. He forces himself to look up and meet Neville's eyes. His breath catches as he looks into his warm hazel eyes and he's blurring words out without thought. "I
love you, too."

He recognizes the intense look that settles in those hazel eyes and he feels himself melt, every part of him wriggling happily. There's no lie of love, he feels it warming him all over as Neville looks at him.

Neville nods slowly. He manages to get a window open, needing the fresh air. He's this close to pulling Harry closer but he refuses to even start anything right now. He doesn't know if he'd be able to stop himself should Harry be overwhelmed. He gently pushes Harry across the seat, but keeps their hands entwined. "Sorry, I just need to collect myself." It's a pretty common sentence and, oddly, one he's not grown tired of saying. Harry always blushes alluringly and gives him space. Or sits closer and whispers that it's OK if things happen. The fact that he can clearly smell the arousal from his Omega is a confusing sign and he really does not want to test either of their control.

"Alright," Harry says quietly, shifting over and giving Neville some breathing room. He worries his bottom lip with his teeth, confused. He doesn't know why Neville still refuses to allow the... physical aspects of their relationship to get past kissing. "I'm sorry," he says, looking over at his flushed Alpha. Does Neville find him lacking in some way? But no... that can't be it. The hot, thick scent of his Alpha's arousal is rolling over him in waves (making him want to roll around and just cover himself in it), so it's not that. Does Neville think he'd be unwilling to go further?

"Don't apologize, Harry," Neville says and scoots closer. His brain is still muddled but he can't bear to see that look on Harry's face any longer. He blinks when Harry climbs into his lap, straddling him and leaning in so their chests are pressed close together. He groans softly, and his hands automatically settle on Harry's hips. "What are you doing?"

Harry shivers, thoroughly turned on by the low tone. He experiments with a gentle roll of his hips and gasps softly. Oh wow; his head rolls forward as heat seeps into his body. "I'm not sure I should be leaving my fiancé to stick his head out the window," he says, feeling bold. He grins when Neville groans again. He leans into the touch when hands slide up his chest, the firm, warm touch sliding across his chest until hands wrap loosely around his chest, those long fingers ghosting over his ribs, too and making him shiver with pleasure. "I won't stop you," he whispers, shuddering and moaning softly when Neville's broad thumbs swipe across his peaked nipples.

"You should," Neville says in a soft growl. "And don't say things like that."

"Like what?"

"Fiancé."

Harry chuckles softly, pressing closer and leaning in to speak in a soft whisper. "But it's true."

"Yes, but it's hitting me in that Alpha center," Neville says seriously. He was amused when Harry first told him about his 'annoying Omega brain bit'. It's quite true that, at times, he feels like he's being controlled by that little instinctual part of his brain. Like right now. He very much wants to pin Harry under him and drive his little Omega wild with his tongue and hands until he's a slick-sticky mess and sobbing with the need to be filled, knotted, begging to be rounded with his pups. He shakes his head a little, trying to clear the lust-hazy fog that's settling over his senses. "You doing that is not helping," he says, stilling Harry's wiggling hips with his hands.

"Would it really bother you if I wanted that?" Harry asks shyly, looking up at Neville through his lashes. There's a wild look on Neville's face he hasn't seen often and it makes heat spear through him, that now familiar feeling of his slick hitting him just before the scent of his arousal hits
Neville.

Neville's eyes flutter closed. He can't stay rational when Harry looks at him like that. Or giving off that sweet, intoxicating scent. But he can't manage to say anything to get that alluring expression off his Omega's face, either. "Wanted what?"

"You."

Neville groans softly and finds the will, somewhere, to gently push Harry back into the seat next to him. "No, it doesn't bother me. But..." he trails off. How did he say what he's thinking without sounding like a controlling asshole? Or making Harry feel awkward or unwanted? "I don't think you're ready for how... intense it can be."

"Oh."

Neville sighs softly, lamenting the way the lust puffs out of both of them like a candle in a breeze. Dammit. "I don't—"

"No, I get it."

"I don't think you do," Neville says, frowning a little as he takes in the way Harry is now leaning away from him subtly.

Harry slowly turns towards Neville, overcome by frustration and anger. "I do! Don't sit there and pretend like you know what I'm thinking! I want you. I've been wanting you for weeks now, but you always push me away. Why are you even bothering with me if you aren't willing to let things go past a kiss? Am I really just some helpless pup to you?"

"Because I don't think you—"

"I swear to god; if you finish that sentence, I'm going to rip something off," Harry growls out.

Neville blinks, taken aback by the fierce tone. He slowly smiles and scoots closer. "Look, I really really want to go past a few kisses. I do," he insists when Harry glares at him. How is a glaring, pissed off Omega just as sexy and tempting as a pliant, turned on one? "But. There's a point where a kiss flips a switch, of a sorts, and it's no longer enough. It can go from kissing to actual... rutting, in a very short time span."

"I know," Harry huffs. "That really wouldn't bother me. Neville," he says, turning in the seat and giving his Alpha the most convincingly earnest expression he can. "I know and I'm ready for that. I keep telling you I am but you don't listen." It's rather annoying too. He's gone home from many of their dates feeling frustrated and unable to fully satisfy himself without his Alpha's help. He knows Neville has to be having the same problem and he just can't understand how his Alpha manages to restrain himself. He does appreciate it but it's such a wasted effort. He restrains the urge to whine and rub himself against Neville; mostly because he'll probably do something drastic if he's pushed away again.

Neville sighs, rubbing a hand over his face. "I'm talking full on sex, love."

"I know that," Harry says, sucking his teeth and sounding offended. He sort of is. As if he doesn't know how biology works and just what it would mean should Neville get worked up and they got carried away. The very thought has him unable to keep from whining softly and wiggling a little in his seat. "I'm well aware sex would happen. And I keep telling you I want that. I'm ready for that."

Neville sits quietly, staring intently at Harry. "But..."
"I'm a big boy, I can handle you." Harry gives Neville a cheeky grin when he's looked at warily. He's matured quite a bit in the months since seeing Neville. He doesn't think he's had that final Heat where he has to truly worry about pups, but he's so ready to wriggle around and beg for his Alpha. And he probably already would have if Remus hadn't insisted on Neville staying away through his last Heat. It had been nearly unbearable and he was pissed at the Beta for awhile because he knew Neville's presence would have eased the Heat. So what if they probably would have up attached at the hips for most of the Heat? He (nor his inner Omega brain) could find a single problem with that outcome.

Neville chuckles, shaking his head. "I know that," he says nodding. Even if he'd started out placating his Omega, it feels true. Harry isn't as strong as him but he's gained quite a bit of confidence, especially when they're alone, and he really doesn't doubt he'd speak up. "I feel really stupid now..."

"You should," Harry says brightly. He slides back onto Neville's lap, leaning forward and resting his arms on Neville's shoulders. "We coulda been doin' it for weeks," he says in a heated whisper, leaning forward and nipping at Neville's lips. He laughs when he's immediately kissed back. The laughter morphs into a moan when a strong hand slides behind his neck, kneading gently as the kiss deepens. Yes, this is exactly what he had in mind. There isn't any doubt in the back of his mind, only the strong desire to give into the promise of pleasure and submit. He makes a needy sound in the back of his throat and presses closer, one hand burrowing into Neville's hair and the other sliding down to tentatively cup the front of Neville's jeans. He makes that whiney-needy sound again when he feels the firm warmth against his palm.

Neville slowly pulls back. "Well, now that that's cleared up," he says, his voice thick. He clears his throat, hating himself a little when Harry's green eyes slowly open and he's pinned with a glare. Yeah, it's really only serving to make his arousal notch up but he refuses to have some fumble in the car if this actually goes further. Not for their first time. "We'll have to continue this in a more appropriate setting."

"Fine," Harry says with a sigh. He'd argue, but he recognizes that stubborn set to Neville's jaw and shoulders. He's not talking his Alpha into going any further. He gets the distinct idea Neville doesn't want to stop but isn't at all interested in having their first true intimate experience in a car. It's sweet. Frustrating as all hell, but sweet. He nods and gently eases himself off of Neville's lap. He'd been tempted to shift forward just enough to feel the firm bulge in Neville's lap press against his palm.

Neville leans forward and shrugs. "Not really," he says, giving a cheesy grin. He laughs when Harry rolls his eyes and groans aloud. "You knew exactly what I meant, so you aren't allowed to think I'm a dork."

Harry just giggles softly, leaning against Neville and twining their fingers together as he rests his head against Neville's shoulder. He stares at the simple, but stunning, golden band on his ring finger and sighs softly. "I do, but your my dork so it's OK."

"That I am," Neville agrees with a smile and kisses the top of Harry's head.

-xx-

"OH MY GOD!"

Harry rolls his eyes at the overly dramatic display and obediently raises his left hand, stumbling a bit when Draco grabs it and pulls his hand closer to his face. "Ow."
"You—!"

Harry nods. "Me." He grins when his pack-brother is reduced to making odd squealing and screaming sounds as he bounces around. He's happy Draco is so thrilled for him but he's getting a little dizzy watching the blonde.

"Oh! Wow! Does Remus know?" Draco asks, pausing mid-bounce. He cocks a hip out and smirks, "Does dad know?"

Harry shrugs. "Yeah. I mean, Neville made it known pretty much since we started out that he was serious." He flushes, remembering the way Neville had spoken that day he'd marked him as his Intended. It still makes heat and want sizzle through him and he's annoyed all over again he hasn't been given the chance to take those feelings out on his Alpha like he wants to.

"But... marriage? That's pretty serious," Draco adds, sighing wistfully. He only just met a hot-ass Alpha and it's way too early to expect such a thing from Charlie—but oh, he's quite envious of his pack-brother. In a good way, of course. He's thrilled for the both of them really; he hasn't seen a more sickeningly adorable couple in a long time. They even 'out adorable' his dad and Remus—when they get into that lovey-dovey mindset. (It's so gross but nice to see even old people still get busy.)

Harry shrugs again. "Yeah, that's what he'd said. They didn't seem bothered by it," he says, thinking back. Remus had looked positively elated and Lucius had that cautious smile on his face. Like he wasn't sure if he was being told only what he wanted to hear or not. "Besides, it's not like Neville really has to ask their permission. I'm an adult."

"Yeah, but still. It's all traditional and proper to ask for fair Omega's hand in marriage," Draco says in a proper tone. "But still," he sighs, grabbing at Harry's hand again. It's a simple gold band, but it's quite beautiful in its simplicity. Stunning really. Diamonds or some other stone would just look gaudy on the thin band and he's glad Neville didn't bother trying to impress with a showy ring. It wouldn't suit Harry's slender fingers and simple style.

Now, his engagement ring, on the other hand, better be dripping with diamonds. He hopes he'll need to work out his finger to hold the impressive thing up.

"Yeah, well, he's already got me, so," Harry says, trailing off when Draco gives him a sappy grin. "So, how's Charlie?" he asks, hoping to deflect some attention off himself and Neville. Any more questions and he's sure he'll be blurtling out how badly he wants to further things with his Alpha. Hopefully sooner rather than later. He giggles when Draco's eyes go all glazey and the blonde's face moves into a large, happy smile.

Draco sighs softly and pulls harry into a hug. "Oh, Charlie is just spectacular. Did you know his father works with ours? And he's got a shit-ton of brothers and a sister?" he asks, his eyes going a little wide. He can't imagine that large a pack—he's a little overwhelmed with just his smallish family. But he's looking forward to getting to know them, even so. "And he's older than me," he adds, feeling smug for some reason. It's not a big age difference, only about 6 years or so. Just enough to have Charlie fully matured and firmly in his prime. Yum.

There's a tiny part of him that's still sulking that Charlie hasn't kept himself from being with others while searching for his mate. Not many, thankfully, or he'd have a hard time allowing those sullied hands on his pristine body.

Well. On his body again.
In more intimate places.

"I did not know that," Harry says, smiling indulgently. Draco is still looking a bit far away, so he taps the blonde on the shoulder. "Did he have to go through the parental gauntlet?"

Draco nods, a grin popping up on his face a moment later. "And he did very well."

"So, you like him, huh?" Harry asks playfully, poking at Draco's chest. "Like a lot?"

Draco slaps at Harry's poking finger, trying to scowl but not quite able to manage it. First off, he's still thinking about the drop dead gorgeous Alpha and secondly, Harry is adorable. "Yes. I like him," he says in a huff. "Like a lot. And I suppose I have to thank Neville."

"You do," Harry says brightly. He laughs when Draco gives him a disgruntled look. He's probably more amused than he should be at the very idea of Draco feeling compelled to thank his Alpha. Or... well, anyone at all. "What? You said it first," he says. He grins when Draco's scowl intensifies and waves the subject off. "So, tell me more about Charlie," he offers, snickering when Draco is immediately distracted and tells him everything he's found out.

It's actually quite more than Harry expected, given the way the pair hadn't appeared to do much talking. He managed to find out every one of his siblings names (and which are mated—all but the youngest boy and the girl), occupations and birthdays (well, birth order). He knows what Charlie does for a living (tames tigers or something that sounded exotic and dangerous). He also found out that Charlie is in town for a brief time but willing to stay around a while longer. There's more, of course, but he's already tuned out Draco's words and merely watches the blonde Omega speak with enthusiasm and waving his hands around as he gushes.

"So, is the whole family going to come next week?" Harry asks, eyeing Draco with a mix of anxiety and excitement. He'd be beyond nervous to meet such a large family, so soon. He'd been beside himself when he finally got to meet Neville's gran. She's a very stern woman but ultimately kind, even if she wasn't openly affectionate or brimming with warmth. Her firm nature actually ended up calming him in short order. "I mean, that's... that's a lot of people to meet."

Draco waves off Harry's worries with an absent flick of his hand. He isn't nervous about meeting more of Charlie's family mostly because he's met a few of the Weasleys a time or two in the past. He didn't exactly get along with them, but he didn't harass them either, but he isn't meeting complete strangers. "Not really. I mean, Charlie did warn me that his mum might want to hug me. And his sister can be a real bitch, but otherwise—" He shrugs.

"Oh. Do you think he told them yet?"

Draco shrugs again. He doesn't really care. If Charlie hasn't gotten around to telling his family by then, it'll be obvious because he has no intentions of leaving a speck of air between their bodies the entire night. And he's pretty sure he'll still have a wonderfully obvious scent still lingering on his body from the way Charlie had nibbled and licked at his neck. He's still a little surprised he'd submitted so easily to the Alpha's advances, but oh dear god it felt too good to say no.

"Probably," he finally says. Charlie had seemed rather... reluctant to leave but Neville had started to get antsy to get to his date. And he'd been quite open about how close he was, emotionally, with his family so he hadn't the heart to make fun of the Alpha. Especially if he wound up seeing more of Charlie.

"Well," Harry says slowly, laughter in his voice, "Looks like you had a sexy Alpha fall into your lap, too."
Draco cocks his head a little and then bursts into wild fits of laughter. He totally did... and he's totally OK with it.

Chapter End Notes

Do you hate the Charlie/Draco pairing? It amused me greatly since canon Charlie works with dragons... LOL It just seemed appropriate that he'd be the one to 'tame' our little feisty blonde Omega. I don't know if I can/want to focus on three pairings, so lemme know if you'd rather see more Lucius/Remus or Charlie/Draco. I'm cool either way... so... yeah. Comment and lemme have it! :D Thanks! 'Til next time...

;) SlutPuppy
Harry stares at the clothes flying out of Draco's closest with a bemused sense of déjà vu. The muttering coming from the closet is also familiar and he can't stifle the snicker. He blanks his face when Draco's head pops out, a heated glare on the other Omega's face.

"Shut up!" Draco yells, throwing a random shoe at Harry. He pumps his fist when it connects with Harry's chest, making the other Omega squeak and fall back onto his bed with flailing limbs. Serves him right for laughing, the git. "It's not funny. I need the perfect outfit and I don't have it!"

Harry slowly sits up, rubbing at his chest. That was a boot and it really hurt! Of course, he's not going to whinge and give Draco the satisfaction. The git. "You've got to have something."

"No, I don't," Draco insists, hiding a pout as he disappears into his closet again. Nothing is right. It's either too flirty, too expensive or too alluring. He owns nothing that's perfect for meeting Charlie's pack. Properly meeting Charlie's entire pack. As his soon-to-be Mate. Ugh. This is so not fair! "Harry!" he cries out, jumping up with sudden inspiration. "You!" he yells, pointing a finger at his wide-eyed pack-brother. "You've got clothes."

Harry nods, a little confused and uncertain. Of course he has clothes, he doesn't walk around naked for crying out loud. "I do," he says slowly. Oh! Oh! You wanna borrow something?" He snickers when Draco's face pinches with annoyance... and probably a little bit more than a healthy amount of irritation. He's tempted to point out that scowling, frowning and giving him a Bitch Face will cause wrinkles but he doesn't. "You can," he adds when Draco just stands there, looking petulant.

"Excellent!" Draco rushes from his room and into Harry's, landing against the Omega's closet with a bang before jerking the doors open. Harry has modest clothes. Harry has clothes that don't look trendy and expensive—even if they usually are. Harry better have the perfect fucking outfit... He slides hangers across the bar quickly, scanning each garment before studying the next. In the back of his mind, he's pleased to notice the care Harry has taken with his clothes; they're all neatly arranged and on appropriate hangers.

Harry flops onto his bed, watching Draco paw through his clothes. He's tempted to limit what Draco can borrow but it's silly to think he'd be able to keep his pack-brother from taking whatever he wants. He's bemused to realize they're practically the same size now; Draco only being a few inches taller than him. He's a little worried to think something of his will have to be altered to fit his pack-brother's taller frame... "I think you should pick something modest," he says after watching Draco wrinkle his nose for the hundredth time as he shoves a hanger aside with a scowl or a hissed curse. The sharp sound of teeth being sucked is nearly constant, as well. Picky little ponce...

"Of course," Draco says archly, rolling his eyes. He rushes past a few more things before stopping, his hand flying up to his mouth to stifle an excited squeal. It would be so undignified to make such a noise... even if he did find the most perfect thing. Ever. The irony of such a thing being in Harry's closet isn't lost on him. "Oh! I so need this!" he gushes, pulling a sapphire blue three piece ensemble out of Harry's closet. The blue will go so well with his eyes and the fit will be perfect since Harry isn't as puny as he had been. The tailoring of the suit is meant to be slim, fashionably fitted.
It's almost too formal, but he can tone it down easily enough... Maybe if he leaves the jacket off...?

Harry smiles, pleased Draco actually found something. For a moment there, he'd been worried they'd have to make an impromptu shopping trip and he suppresses a shudder. Shopping isn't that terrible, but it becomes an all day endurance exercise when in Draco's company. "What would you say if I told you I was going to wear that?"

"I'd say tough shit," Draco says with a sniff and cuddles the suit to his chest; carefully, so as to not wrinkle it, but possessively so Harry knows he'll get his eyes scratched out if he tries to take it back. "And I know you totally weren't. So it's a moot point. Prat." He smooths a hand down the fabric, resisting the urge to do something lame, and supremely embarrassing, like twirling around in glee.

Harry laughs, tucking his legs up against his chest and resting his chin on his knees as he watches Draco turn and pivot with the suit draped along his front to check out his reflection in his floor length mirror. He smoothes a laugh as Draco strikes a pose, kicking his leg out and cocking his hip out. It's probably supposed to be alluring but it only makes him want to giggle.

"Yeah, I wasn't. I don't even know if I'm going," he adds, playing with his duvet nervously. He knows he's supposed to; Lucius and Remus really like having him at the parties and introducing him to people. He's a lot less shy than he used to be, but big crowds of people still make him nervous and unsure of himself.

"What?! Why not?!" Draco demands, twirling around and giving Harry his full attention. Between Charlie and Harry, he had expected full support tonight. He really hadn't expected his pack-brother to make other plans... The selfish git! What on earth could possibly be more important?

Harry looks away, fighting the urge to fidget. Or blush. "Well, uhm... I wanted to spend time with Neville..."

"Oh," Draco says, drawing the word out and nodding slowly. He narrows his eyes and stares until Harry meets his eyes. He covers his mouth with his hand, trying to stifle the mad giggles trying to come out. Oh; that look on Harry's face is priceless and so very telling! "Oh my god! You aren't!"

Harry shrugs, his face (and probably his neck) heating up with a blush. How does Draco do that? It's like the blonde can read his mind or something... "Well, yeah. I want to and I know Neville wants to... And it's not like he's not made his intentions clear." His hand briefly touches the now-permanent Mark on his neck, hidden by his shirt collar, before resting on the golden band on his finger. It doesn't make any sense why they should wait any longer. And, it's crude—but, he's afraid one of them will explode if they wait much longer. It's getting harder and harder to resist that urge to be claimed by his Alpha. He can't imagine how Neville copes at times.

"Is that... a good idea?" Draco finally asks, trying not to grin. Or cackle with delight when Harry's cheeks somehow get even redder and he nods, almost imperceptibly. He was pretty sure Harry's last Heat had been The Big One, as he likes to call it—that final kick off into maturity and adulthood. His had been absolutely dreadful and he's glad it only happens once. He's also glad his Heats have been more bearable since he's able to take the Hormone thingies. He hides a grin, knowing Harry probably won't ever bother with them. At least for awhile... He knows his pack-brother too well to expect him to willingly take suppressants, even at his young age. Not with such an adoring, doting, devoted Alpha.

"Wow. OK. So... Huh," he sputters a little, at a loss for words. He doesn't want to be crude, so he smoothes that urge right away. Harry would probably spontaneously combust. And never share juicy details with him ever again. "Congrats, little brother," he says with a warm smile, rushing
over to give Harry a hug. It's probably a little sappy, but since it's just Omegas he doesn't feel too silly. Especially when he actually feels himself go all gooey and sappy, pleased for his pack-brother's happiness.

Plus, now that he's thinking clearly, Neville won't really be in his right mind the moment he's near Harry... And expecting the Alpha to attend a party seems pretty naïve.

Harry chuckles, wiping at his face. He'd been so relieved to finally get to that final stage of maturity. He's also sure that'll be a trigger for Neville; his Alpha senses will be able to tell right away and it'll probably lead to a very awkward moment if they aren't alone when he sees his Alpha again. "So? You don't mind that I'll probably not be around?" he asks nervously. He hasn't any idea what's going to happen later but he's pretty sure he (or Neville) won't be making it to the party. He feels a little bad he won't be there to support Draco as he meets Charlie's entire pack...

"No way," Draco says, waving a hand. He has to admit, the chance to mate would totally be his first thought, too. Unless it was something really important. Like, earth shattering or life and death. "I'll just make sure I keep Charlie stuck to me like glue," he says with an impish grin. Like it's going to be a hardship to keep himself plastered against his Alpha all night. Mhm. Not at all. He flaps his hand at Harry again, dismissing his guilty expression. "Really, it's fine, Harry."

Harry nods, relieved. He didn't know what he'd do if Draco went into a tantrum and demanded he go; he'd be torn if forced to choose between his Alpha and pack-brother. "There's only two hours before the party, shouldn't you be getting ready?" He's mostly being sarcastic, but the way Draco jumps and runs from his room means it's probably close to the truth. He shakes his head, grinning a little, and slides off his bed. He needs to get ready too but he doesn't know what else to do besides a shower. He rushes into his bathroom, ignoring his reflection. He does not need to see himself to know he's blushing furiously at the very idea of how thorough he'll be washing.

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As soon as he adds the finishing touch to his hair, checks to make sure his outfit is smooth and fitting perfectly, Draco heads downstairs. Charlie said he'd come early and he's actually nervous as hell. Which is an odd feeling... It sort of makes him want to run upstairs and shower again. Or throw up. But he won't do either and he forces himself to calm down. Instead, he focuses on sipping delicately at a small glass of some pale liquor. He nearly swallows his mouthful wrong when the bell sounds and he hurries to the front door.

Charlie smiles warmly when the door is opened quickly as he's immediately greeted with the sight of his delicious looking blonde Omega. "Draco," he greets, stepping inside past his Omega. He chuckles when Draco slowly closes the door and leans against it, his eyes wide and (unconsciously, he's sure) flicking down alluringly. "You look... incredible." He eyes Draco from head to toe and manages to restrain the urge to lick his lips. Or pull the Omega against his chest and do things that'll mess up his spiffy suit and impeccably groomed hair. Few things annoyed his Omega like being deliberately mussed.

"Thank you, Charlie," Draco murmurs. He lowers his head and winces a little. If he didn't like Charlie so damn much, he'd hate the Alpha for being the only one able to make him act like a simpering Omega. He holds his breath when Charlie steps closer, his Alpha's arousing musk surrounding him like a cloud and going right to his groin. "You too," he adds when he realizes that Charlie looks—Oh my god... He doesn't even know how to describe his red-headed Alpha. Fantastic? Powerful? Delicious? Dangerous? All of them, really. He didn't know they made leather pants that managed to look formal...

Charlie smooths a hand down his side, smirking a little. He had hoped his choice would be
appreciated. "Thank you," he says softly. He invades Draco's personal space, pleased his Omega only makes a soft sound of consent and pleasure. He slowly draws his nose along his jaw, inhaling deeply. It's a heady scent, the way his and Draco's scents mingle. It's warm and very arousing to know he's the only one to have put a Mark on the pale Omega's magnificent body. He hums a soft growl when Draco's posture relaxes into a submissive gesture. It's intoxicating to have his blonde Omega pressed against him, willing and— He pulls away with an effort, remembering where they are.

"C'mon," Draco says, blinking a few times to clear the dazed feeling. He's reluctantly grateful Charlie has the presence of mind not to get too carried away in the middle of the foyer. That would be an embarrassing greeting for the other guests. He rolls his eyes when he realizes he's dragged Charlie into the study and sees his father and Remus. He really should've known he wouldn't be able to have a moment alone with his red-headed Alpha.

Lucius glances up, his gaze settling on the couple's clasped hands. He doesn't feel the urge to skin Charlie, not as much anyway, since he knows his son wouldn't tolerate anything less than the perfect Alpha. Of course, he's well within his rights to use his brain, and not hormones (like his son), to make sure the Alpha meets his expectations as well. So far, Charlie has and he has no complaints with the red-head.

"Charlie, nice to see you again."

Charlie nods a hello to Lucius, inclining his head respectfully at Remus a moment later. He doesn't care what other Alphas think, one should show equal respect to an Alpha's Intended. A Beta, in his opinion, can be just as formidable as any Alpha. Especially one with strong parental instincts. And he knows Remus does—he's seen the glint of judgement in those amber eyes. He stands a little taller and pulls Draco close, preening a little when Draco practically melts along his side. Charlie accepts the offer of a drink with a nod, smiling a little when Draco leans against him again. He'd been a little concerned his Omega would put a distance between them in front of his parents. He does notice a slightly pinched look on Remus' face, the Beta giving him a mildly disapproving look. He respects Remus, naturally, so he makes sure he keeps his hands in appropriate places. Even if Draco is a fully mature Omega, Marked as his Intended.

"So," Remus says, settling into one of the leather chairs. He watches as Charlie and Draco sit in another chair, the Omega practically in the young Alpha's lap. He wants to snarl his disapproval, but Draco looks very smitten (and overly pleased with himself) and he just can't. His Omega's happiness is really the only thing that matters and it's plain to see. He sighs softly, looking into his drink for a moment before glancing back up at the couple. "How are you two?"

Charlie takes a long sip of his drink, enjoying the burn as it slides down his throat. He shouldn't be nervous, not as a fully mature Alpha in front of a Beta, but he is. It's odd how the fact that the Beta is a parent changes things so drastically. He's not even moved, in the slightest, to try to challenge or defy the Beta. Plus, he's pretty sure his Draco would attempt to gut him (or worse) if he tried. "Fine."

"He means, Charlie dear, as a couple," Draco points out, playfully poking Charlie in the chest. The poke turns into a fondle and then a caress and then and his hand is stroking down Charlie's fine, toned chest. Before he can get any further, he stills, halted by a throat being cleared. Oops. He shrugs and just settles himself against Charlie's shoulder. He gives Remus a cheeky grin; the Beta should be well aware how difficult it can be keeping one's hands off a fine Alpha. Even if it's a little gross to realize Remus' Alpha is his father... Eww. Nevermind.

"Oh," Charlie says and clears his throat. He probably should have reconsidered allowing Draco to
sit so close to him. "We're fine as well."

Remus just hums thoughtfully. "I'm sure," he says. His amber eyes pine the young Alpha with a dry look, "I meant; Your intentions? Towards our Draco," he adds, nodding his head in the blonde Omega's direction. He ignores the narrow-eyed glare he's getting from Draco, not giving a shit if he's embarrassed his cub. He'll do that and worse if needs be...

"Oh," Charlie says again, feeling himself start to sweat. He's never had to do this before and he's a little scared he's going to fuck it all up. He's very interested in Draco and he really does not want to be kept from his sexy little Omega. "What would be appreciated?" he asks after a few moments of thought. It's probably a cop-out, a little weak sounding, but he really would rather know ahead of time what Remus (and Lucius) expect of him. He knows Lucius can easily bar him (verbally as well as physically) from ever seeing Draco again. Remus probably could be equally capable... Beta or no, he's not willing to test the man's strength when it comes to his pup...er, cub. And he does not want anything to keep him from his blonde Omega.

Remus smirks, ignoring Lucius' snicker so he doesn't actually start laughing, and leans towards the snuggling couple. "Marriage."

"Ah."

Draco has to fight the twin urges of plastering himself against Charlie and saying 'yes! Marry me!' and glaring death at Remus. How dare he embarrass them like this? He doesn't know if Charlie is interested in going that far (not that he'd fool around randomly) and he's a little annoyed his parents are giving the Alpha such an ultimatum so soon in their relationship. He really doesn't want Charlie scared away... He's only just gotten to see the gorgeous red-head without a shirt on! He doesn't want Charlie pressured into anything by his over-bearing parents. "Remus," he whines.

"What, Cub?"

Draco merely glares at the Beta. Oh; he so knows what. "You're being completely embarrassing," he mutters. He snuggles into Charlie's side when his Alpha shifts to cuddle him closer. He's tempted to stick his tongue out at the bossy, mean Beta, but he doesn't. He's pretty sure it would really only cement Remus' rationale for treating him like a little pup. "Sorry," he murmurs soft enough so only his Alpha can hear.

"It's alright," Charlie says. He sits up straighter and fights the urge to fidget. He is not some prepubescent Alpha! He can do this. "I would not be opposed to more... if Draco wants it." He looks down at the blonde Omega against his side. Things warm and throb when he gets a shy smile, those enchanting grey eyes peeking up at him through golden lashes. What kind of fool would he be to refuse that? A massive one. And his mother didn't raise any fools.

"Would you like that?" he asks in a soft murmur, cupping Draco's cheek with one hand as the thumb on his other rubs small circles on Draco's shoulder. He grins when Draco immediately nods, a completely gooey look on his face. It's strangely arousing to see his normally exuberant (and oftentimes down-right bossy) little Omega being so coy. It's absolutely endearing. He can almost never guess when he'll get which reaction and it's positively thrilling.

Remus watches the pair with a bittersweet feeling. He hadn't honestly expected both of his sons to be mated so soon. But, honestly, he can't complain about their choices. Harry's Neville is a wonder; a real oddity in Alphas of his age. He's not met many Alphas that kind, patient and blatantly adoring of their Omega.

And Charlie... Well, he never expected his little Draco to be so smitten with a Weasley. He's never
had a problem with the large, red-headed pack, but Draco has always been a bit of a snob and he's pleased to see the Omega has matured enough (or maybe just too blinded by his hormones to care) to see past trivial things and find a mate he can connect with on more personal levels.

"I see," he says quietly. He leans into Lucius, grateful his Alpha wraps a comforting arm around his waist. A glance up shows him his Alpha is thinking along the same lines as he is. They share a private smile; it's partly sad, partly proud and happy. He tries to look on the bright side; since Draco is fully matured and soon to be mate-bonded, he's now free to complete his mate-bond with Lucius.

"So, you aren't opposed to marriage."

"No," Charlie says, clearing his throat. The idea of marriage isn't as frightening as he once thought it would be. Maybe because he knows it'll be Draco he'll be marrying. Anytime it was brought up previously, he'd snort with contempt or break into a panicked sweat. "I don't think it would happen any time soon, but I'm not opposed to it."

Remus narrows his eyes, amber slits staring down the young Alpha. "Marriage, then bonding." He ignores Draco's horrified squeak. It's probably an unfair expectation but he really wants to see Charlie's reaction. He's not disappointed when the red-headed Alpha's shoulders tense and his blue eyes narrow slightly in challenge. He smirks, leaning into Lucius when the older blonde makes no sound of disagreement. Or move to challenge the younger Alpha back. They both, essentially, just sit back and let the red-head have a mini Alpha tantrum.

"I... I don't know if that's going to be possible," Charlie finally says. He glances at Lucius and isn't surprised to see the older Alpha scowling lightly at him. "I'm just being honest with you both. I honestly can't promise that." And he really can't. He's already Marked the little blonde Omega and his advances of further explorations of the lithe body have yet to be objected to or halted. If he gets in the mind to mate-bond, he knows there will be no refusal. And he won't hold himself back, not if Draco wants to. He can control himself... but only to a degree.

Shit.

He's already beginning to heat up with the image of his blonde Omega, his gorgeous pale skin flushed with fever as he writhes and whimpers, leaking and ready for him. It'll take a stronger Alpha than him to be able to refuse that.

A look down at his Draco shows the annoyance on the Omega's face. No, there would be no refusals or coy little dances of 'wait' or 'put a ring on it' with his snarky little blonde. Plus, a mate-bond is as good as being married, so it's not like he can skip out on his fully mate-bonded Omega. And really, it's only knowing that is the parental concern calms him enough to keep him from snarling or going into some stupid, Alpha-rage fueled challenge.

Thankfully, the doorbell sounding saves them all from further conversation. Oh, he knows they'll be discussing it again, most definitely, but he's glad the older couple are aware of his intentions now. Even if they aren't exactly agreeing with the way he wants to do them—Draco is and that's really all that matters to him. He nods politely when Remus and Lucius leave the room, both nodding back.

"Well, that was the most embarrassing thing I've ever had to endure!" Draco huffs, flopping over to lay across Charlie's lap. He crosses his arms over his chest and pouts. "I swear, they think I'm a freakin' pup!"

Charlie chuckles and runs a hand through Draco's soft, pale hair. He smirks when his blonde
almost immediately calms, a smile forming on his face as he shifts to nuzzle against his palm. It's a bit of a shame that pout is gone... he was this close to nibbling that full bottom lip. "They're just looking out for you. I know—" He covers his Omega's saucy mouth with his hand and kisses his slightly pointy nose. "But they care about you," he murmurs quietly. He doesn't have to add that not all Omegas have such a luxury. Even still, he snickers when grey eyes roll and a wicked little tongue licks at his hand. He doesn't remove it, which he's sure was Draco's intention, but bends over so he's nose to nose with his Omega.

"They can't really stop me from doing anything—not since they agreed to you being mine," Charlie says, his voice low. "Not if you say yes," he murmurs. His eyes flick down to his hand, as if he could see those tempting lips through his own hand, and he licks his own.

Draco pulls the hand from his mouth and grabs the back of Charlie's neck, forcing his Alpha's lips against his. Immediately, he's kissed with the usual intensity that makes his toes curl and his body flush and tingle with heat. God, there's no way he'd say no to this! He moans softly, the sound muffled by Charlie's mouth. He blinks, feeling dazed and stupid, when Charlie pulls away. He whines softly and tries to pull his Alpha's lips back to his own, but Charlie goes rigid, refusing him. "Charlie," he whines. Why isn't Charlie kissing him? Charlie loves kissing him and the feeling is totally mutual.

"Just wait, love," Charlie murmurs. He smiles when Draco's eyes widen and dilate, those slightly puffy, delicate pink lips parting. He gets that reaction every time he uses some endearment. 'Love' is his personal favorite, though. The rich sweet scent of his Omega fills his senses and his eyes close as he inhales deeply. Oh, that is the most wonderful thing. But the time and place aren't so wonderful... "I'm certainly not going to mate you right in this chair," he says dryly.

The sweet scent of his Omega thickens and he groans softly. He should have known that would excite his little blonde. "If there wasn't going to be nearly a hundred people here in less than 10 minutes, I would consider it..." he trails off, his eyes flicking all over Draco's lightly flushed face.

Well. Maybe. He probably won't. He's just sappy enough to prefer the first time with his little blonde Omega isn't a quickie in Lucius study, expecting an interruption at any minute. He's not into the public sex thing (he's way too possessive and territorial—the very idea of someone else seeing his Omega flushed and naked is just... No) and he's not at all wanting to set a precedent of a two-pump mating for his little blonde. So, yeah, he's forcing himself to pull away from his very tempting, very willing Omega.

Draco groans, feeling his entire body flush with heat with the very idea. He scowls lightly when Charlie merely raises an eyebrow and makes no move to touch him or kiss him again. "You're a tease, you know that?" he mutters.

"No, I just refuse to rush it," Charlie says. He leans down even closer, running his tongue along the edge of Draco's ear, nipping the outer shell gently. "And it certainly will be longer than 10 minutes."

Draco groans again, wiggling in Charlie's lap as slick heat pools in his belly and excited tingling warms his arse and inner thighs. Why did Charlie have to say such things? He is a bloody tease! Stupid Alpha! He whines when he's moved, Charlie making him sit up. "I'm going to have to change now," he mutters, feeling the familiar warmth ooze uncomfortably as he sits up. Ugh. It's kinda gross; especially since his tease of an Alpha isn't going to do anything about it. Everything's throbbing hotly now and he's feeling a little cranky from being refused.

Even if he does understand... And sort of agree. He doesn't want to be walked in on. Someone would see his sexy Alpha naked! And that's just not on. If people think a possessive Alpha is
bad, they'll be getting quite the re-education about possessive Omegas. Especially blonde ones that can and will choke a bitch.

"Sorry," Charlie says through a chuckle, kissing his blonde's scowl-wrinkled forehead. It's really very tempting, but he's using all of his restraint at the moment. He really does not fancy the thought of being interrupted... "I'll wait down here—go change." He helps Draco stand and pats him on the bum to get him going. He watches Draco lope from the room, his Omega trying to look annoyed but failing.

He jumps, jerking the hand that he'd been sniffing away from his nose (when did he do that?), when he's suddenly clapped hard on the back. He looks up and his face splits in a grin. "Bill!" he says happily, hopping up and pulling his oldest brother into a tight hug. He laughs when there's lots of back-slapping, both Alpha trying to 'man up' the hug.

Bill leans back and grins. "Hey, bro! So—" His eyes wander over his brother for a moment; it's been awhile since he's seen him and there's only subtle changes in his brother. Charlie looks good. Happy. His grin widens and he pokes his brother in the stomach. "Mum said you'd found yourself a sweet little Omega."

"I don't know if I'd call him sweet," Charlie says with a chuckle. Of course, he thinks Draco is sweet (he certainly smells sweet) but he knows not everyone sees that side of his little Omega. "But yeah; I have. Draco Malfoy—Lucius' son." He grins when Bill merely nods, eyes a bit wide with surprise. Yeah—he can understand the surprise so he's not offended or put out; either the blonde's name or his age is the reason. He shrugs a little. "Just one of those things, brother o' mine."

Bill nods, still a little stunned. Of all his brothers (and his lone pig-headed, spoiled but adored little sister), he really would have expected one of the twins to be the one to set their sights on such an unlikely mate. But he's happy for his brother; Charlie looks completely smitten and he's already got a sweet underlying scent to him, making it clear he's serious about the Omega. Enough to tell their mum, anyway. He claps Charlie on the shoulder again, giving him a toothy grin. "Well, then, congratulations."

"Thanks. How's Fleur and the kids?"

Bill hums happily, rocking on his feet as his chest puffs with pride. "All well. Expecting a new pup," he says with a soft growl of pleasure. It's one of those Alpha things he just can't help. His Fleur is a beautiful Omega, almost too beautiful, but never more so when rounded with his pup. He takes the slap on the back with grace, even if he's nearly knocked off his feet by the force of it. "Mum's thrilled, of course."

"Of course," Charlie agrees. "Congrats to you as well, big brother!" he says with a cheeky smile. If he's thinking right, this would be the third pup for his brother and his Omega mate, Fleur. He can see Bill and Fleur being excited and proud, but his mum reacting like that just stymies him. He doesn't understand how his mother still loves the idea of grandpups, after having seven pups of her own. He's quite sure his mum is a tad insane...

He laughs when the room fills with his other siblings, too. "Oh god," he groans dramatically, his eyes flicking from each freckled face. "You've all come."

Ron and Ginny glower at Charlie, but the twins just cackle with delight. Percy merely sniffs and walks back out of the room, in search of his new Intended. He's rather uncomfortable with leaving her alone for long; she's painfully shy. She's only just gotten used to being around his massive pack, and he hopes she's found his mum... He saw more than a few sour looking familiar faces—he doesn't want her traumatized.
Charlie rolls his eyes and manages to gather all of his remaining siblings in for a group hug. It doesn't take long for his siblings various mates and Intendeds to wander into the room, each of them pausing at the sight of the pile of red-heads. "Hi!" he says, waving briefly to the group. He really only recognizes Ginny's Intended, Dean; everyone else is a stranger to him.

He feels a bit bad he doesn't know any of them and he makes a mental note to visit his family more often (and he will now that he's moving back to be with his Omega). He should know every one of his sibling's mates. A small blonde Omega giggles and gives him a dazed smile before rushing into the room and latching her arms around Fred and adding herself to the group hug. He slowly untangles himself and looks around the room. "Alright; introductions."

"I'm Ron—"

"Not you, dumbass," Charlie says with a laugh. "I meant the people I didn't know!" God, his youngest brother could be thick... "I haven't been away that long, little brother," he says, rubbing his knuckles over Ron's head. He grins when he's growled at, his hand slapped away, and Ron makes a show of fixing his hair. He's pretty sure it's a lost cause; Ron's hair is only second to Harry's in terms of messiness. And that's down to the Beta's laziness and not some genetic trait.

A tall, dark skinned Beta saunters into the room and stands close to George. The tall red-head immediately drapes an arm over his shoulders and kisses his temple. "I'm Blaise. Uh, George's," he says, hooking a thumb over at a mischievously grinning twin. He rolls his eyes and slaps at George's chest with the back of his hand. "Mated," he adds, just in case it isn't obvious. He extends his hand to the only Weasley he hasn't met yet and shakes the Alpha's hand twice before letting go and sidling closer to his red-headed Beta.

"Nice to meet you, Blaise," Charlie says sincerely. He's quite pleased to see his brother settle down, even if the both of them are giving him unconsciously wary looks and shuffling away a few paces. He can't blame either Beta; he's probably still exuding some strong pheromones from his little Omega. Speaking of... He turns to the giggly little blonde and raises an inquiring eyebrow. "And you are?" he asks with a gentle smile.

Fred sidles closer to his Omega and wraps a possessive hand around her small waist, pulling her against him tightly. He knows he's amongst family but he can't help it. His Alpha brother is giving off some strong mating stink and he wants there to be no confusion. He relaxes when Luna giggles and kisses his chest, the only spot she can reach without making him bend down. Her small arms settles around his waist and he's pleased to show off his mate.

"I'm Luna! Nice to meet you. You're—" She pauses and sniffs delicately. "Oh!" she says and giggles, covering his hand. She leans into her own Alpha and nuzzles his chest with her cheek, hopefully soothing his (no-doubt) raging instincts. Yes, there are some strong pheromones coming off the other Alpha, but they're not for her. Or anyone else in the room. "You're Charlie," she says and holds out her hand. She giggles softly when Charlie holds it delicately and shakes it once before letting go.

Charlie smiles, immediately taken with the other blonde Omega. She's so giggly and fun! He doesn't know if she'll clash with his blonde Omega or if the pair will be inseparable friends for life and he's dying to have the two meet and see what happens. "Lovely to meet you, Luna." He holds his hands up when Fred gives a short growl. "Easy, bro. I got my own sexy blonde Omega. Chill." He laughs when Fred blinks, apparently unaware and surprised by the fact he had growled at his own brother... Or maybe at the seriousness of his voice.

"I'm Hermione."
Charlie nods politely to a tall, slim, Beta with honey-brown bushy hair. She's tried to tame it into a bun... and it almost worked. It's charming, though, instead of messy or unattractive. He's a little surprised to see the smart looking, bright eyed Beta plaster herself to Ron's side. How did his clumsy dolt of a brother get a Beta like that? He shakes his head and can only give Ron a thumbs up—which is met with a confused look. Ugh—the dolt.

"Nice to meet you, Hermione," he says, merely inclining his head this time. He has no interest in setting off his short-tempered, hot headed Beta little brother by offering a handshake (or a chummy/family-oriented hug).

"So, where's your Omega?" Ginny asks, folding her arms over her chest and smirking at Charlie. She bumps her hip into Dean when the Beta tries to pull her close with a possessive arm around her. She's a Beta as well and doesn't appreciate when he tries to act all dominant—he ain't an Alpha and shouldn't act like one. Very rarely does she find it a turn-on. (And in front of her family is definitely not one of those times.) She relaxes when he backs off, instead relaxing his hold into a half-hug; his hand settling gently on her hip.

Charlie huffs and shrugs. "Changing." He glares when Ron snorts a 'poncy git' but doesn't throttle him for the rude remark—this time. It's not exactly untrue but he doesn't appreciate the commentary. "We'll meet up with him later, I wanna say hi to mum and dad." He heads out of the room and it's a bit of a surprise to see the lower level of the house full of people, quiet murmuring of conversation filling the large hall. He must have been really focused on Draco to miss that many people entering the house... He spots his parents and makes his way over with a smile.

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Draco huffs, annoyed all over again he's had to change his perfect outfit. Stupid, damn, sexy Alpha! He's not even in Heat and he's flushed and still lightly leaking into his third pair of boxer-briefs. He rolls his eyes towards the ceiling and decides on the embarrassing solution of a stupid SlickPad(*). He hates the damn things but he refuses to keep rushing upstairs to change... or making an embarrassment of himself. There are a fair number of Alphas invited and he doesn't want to reek of wantlustarousal to anyone but his Alpha. Even the mated Alphas will take notice... He slips into a pair of pressed, dark washed jeans and studies his reflection. It doesn't look terrible with his button up, tie, and vest. And he's certainly no longer going to be over dressed. Adjusting his tie and calling it good, he wrinkles his nose and gives Harry's door a wide berth, hurrying past on his way down the steps.

An hour later and Draco is practically smothered into Mrs. Weasley's side; quickly learning how to breath around the woman's impressive bosom. The mother Beta hasn't really stopped cooing over him and giving Charlie gooey, adoring looks as she does so. And he's quite content to be there, soaking up the adoring attention. So far he's met Charlie's entire pack (and holy shit, there are so many of them!) and he's only had a problem with the Beta his age; Ron.

Apparently they'd gone to school together and he made a habit of picking on the red-headed Beta. Which he still finds funny; a Beta being picked on by an Omega. It didn't help the situation when Ron's entire pack found it funny as well, the twin Betas (Fred and George, he thinks) howling with laughter for a solid minute (and randomly going into snorting, chuckling fits through the night whenever they glanced at their younger brother). He'd care but Charlie has so many siblings, he's not bothered that he has managed to alienate only one of them. He's drawn into a conversation with Luna, Fred's blonde Omega, and the pair of them wander off to chat (well, gossip; Luna's perfected the art of blending in the background and the other blonde Omega knows the juiciest things about practically everyone they'd gone to school with).
Charlie startles a little when he's clapped on the shoulder, blinking twice as he looks into intense silvery grey eyes. "Lucius," he murmurs, inclining his head politely. He waits until Lucius greets his parents, both of the red-heads shaking the blonde Alpha's hand briefly. "What's up?" he asks after they've finished their politely forced conversation. He's truly confused. He hasn't been inappropriate with Draco the entire evening and he doesn't actually work with Lucius or Mr. Riddle.

"I'd like to speak with you."

Charlie merely nods and follows the blonde Alpha towards a secluded part of the house. All the sounds of the party dim until they're in complete silence. He can't help looking around the luxurious room; it must be Lucius' personal study, there are filled bookcases along every wall and a massive desk takes up the end of the room. He's pleased Lucius chooses to sit at a comfortable looking wing-back leather chair, indicating the seat next to him. He really expected the blonde to sit behind the desk, a silent power-play.

"I realize I haven't the right to demand anything of you," Lucius starts, looking at Charlie earnestly. "You're both mature adults. However, you are required to seek my permission to mate with my Omega. My pup," he adds in a quiet, low tone.

Charlie nods, understanding why Lucius wanted to talk. Great... "I know. And I have."

"Yes, and we've given it. What I ask, in addition, is that you seriously consider marriage. It's... just something I know Draco would want, even if he doesn't say so." Which is an odd thing for him to feel compelled to say. Normally, Draco wouldn't think twice to say what he wants but Charlie just... scrambles his son's usually put-together brain and he wouldn't be surprised if marriage is one of those issues that gets scrambled; one of those things Draco wouldn't press if Charlie seemed uncertain. If he thought it was deliberate manipulation on Charlie's part, he'd probably remove the boy's knot through his arsehole.

As it is, the young Alpha doesn't seem at all put off by the gentle demand, just hesitant to offer a promise to take his time. He's probably been too spoiled by the patience he's noticed Neville show.

Charlie nods again. Yes, he can see his blonde little Omega preening happily over an elaborate ring. The added promise of forever and another mark of commitment and mutual ownership. He doesn't know when that'll happen but he's sure they'll be bonded first. It's inevitable at this point and he can't imagine any other way to go about it.

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Harry loosely holds a towel around his waist as he heads towards his closet. His attention is on what to wear, not his now open door. A low rumbling growl as him turning towards his door and he nearly drops his towel in surprise. "Neville?"

He flushes for two reasons: He literally squeaked out his Alpha's name and he's... well, tenting his towel and clenching his cheeks together as heat tingles through him; almost instantly aroused the moment he had heard Neville growl. The heavy—fantastic—scent of his Alpha is also working on him. He makes a noise, somewhere between a needy whimper and a moan, when Neville slams his door closed and leans heavily against it.

He doesn't do it to tease or be sexy, merely a subconscious response to the sexy image Neville makes; standing tall and alert, looking powerful, his broad shoulders nearly blocking the door way. He makes a noise, somewhere between a needy whimper and a moan, when Neville slams his door closed and leans heavily against it.
Even from where he's standing, Harry can see Neville's chest heaving and his nostrils flaring wildly. He idly hopes Neville locked the door but the thought is quickly gone when he sees Neville's eyes darken, his hands clench and an arousing growl rumble deep in his Alpha's chest.

"Harry."

Neville hasn't any room for embarrassment at the way he's practically grunted his Intended's name. He's trying hard to not be overcome with hormones and instincts but Harry just looks so tantalizing. He had almost expected a less-than-mature body under his Omega's clothes, probably because Harry was so slight. But that's not the case. Harry isn't built but there is no mistaking him for anything other than a mature male. He stares at the lean, delicately muscled body and feels himself twitch with interest.

And his Omega smells so... good. And receptive. He growls softly when Harry turns towards him; his Omega's lithe, beautiful, naked body nearly on full display. His hands twitch with the urge to rip the towel away and cover every inch of Harry's body. His hips twitch with the need to move, claim, mate. And his teeth itch with the overwhelming instinct to Mark.

"What are you doing?" he finally manages, only after he's swallowed a few times. He hadn't expected to find Harry in such a state and he almost regrets coming early. And not knocking. He runs a shaky hand through his hair and tries to clear his thoughts but it's bloody difficult when Harry's eyes widen and his cheeks go an alluring pink, the color seeming to drip down his body so his neck and chest pink, too. He wants to look away because seeing that just isn't helping his rapidly fraying control.

Harry blinks, taken by surprise. He's not sure why Neville is still against his door—all the way across the room—and he's a little put out. He hadn't planned to see Neville this early (or while practically naked!) and he's unsure what to do now that being fresh from a shower and nearly nude hasn't affected Neville. Sure, his Alpha is flushed and breathing heavily, but apparently still able to control himself. He wonders if it's that Omega bit that's pouting outrageously that he hasn't aroused his Alpha to the point of throwing him down and mindlessly rutting. "Uh."

"I mean... Why aren't you dressed?" Neville asks with a slight growl.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, regretting it the moment he gets a lungful of Harry's scent. Oh god. It's so sweet with his little Omega's arousal. He slams himself against the door, grabbing the doorknob with a tight grip, trying to make himself turn it and leave instead of rushing across the room. It's obvious now that Harry has only just recovered from his last Heat, if not still in the very tail-end of it. And oh dear god, it's either wishful thinking or a new method of torture when he realizes how ready Harry smells. He slowly opens his eyes and jumps a little when he sees Harry is not even an arm's length away.

He hadn't heard Harry cross the room... "What are you doing?" he asks again, his voice sounding harsh and desperate.

Harry shrugs one shoulder and steps closer. It's actually a relief to see the way Neville is trembling slightly; his body straining as he seems to fight for rational control. He feels a little better—he is affecting his Alpha. He lets his fist uncurl and feels the towel hit the tops of his feet. Yes, he's blushing like crazy but it's obvious Neville isn't going to make the first move. His silly, noble Alpha. It's sweet—but now isn't the time for sweet.

"Nothing," he finally answers in an innocent tone, looking up at Neville through his lashes. A groan rumbles through Neville's chest and he feels giddy as heat flashes through his body and
pools in his belly. He drops his eyes, feeling his lashes tickle the tops of his cheeks; it's both a submissive gesture and so he can look his Alpha over appreciatively.

"Stop," Neville protests weakly. They haven't discussed this aspect of their relationship. He really shouldn't even be here but thoughts of the party apparently had everyone forgetting about the timing of Harry's Heat. Even Remus had invited him into the house, smiling warmly in greeting before dismissing him as he headed towards Harry's room. Did the Beta truly not realize or was it a subtle way of allowing this to happen? He doesn't know and he's so torn.

He makes an inarticulate sound of want when Harry presses closer, his alluring Omega's nude chest pressing against his own. Even through the fabric of his shirt, he can feel how hot Harry is; his Omega's body is flushed with aroused fever. It's a small thing, but he's so grateful it's not the full-on heated flush of Heat, or neither of them would be very coherent... "We haven't—"

Harry makes a shushing noise, placing his finger across Neville's lips and cutting off any further words. "Do I have to do this all myself?" he asks cheekily, pressing closer. He's never been naked in front of Neville before but he's only a little self-conscious. Mostly, he's just hoping Neville likes what he sees. If he actually freakin' looks, that is. He rubs his cheek against Neville, humming softly and wriggling closer. Even if his Alpha is trying to behave, his scent is nearly suffocating; it's thick and heavy and Harry just wants to roll around in it.

"No," Neville says slowly, his heart rate jumping when Harry's hand slides down his chest, his slender fingers trailing along buttons before resting on his belt. The touch is light but arousing as hell. "I can't—"

"Why not?"

Neville pauses, taken aback at the harsh tone. It takes a moment to realize he's rejecting his Omega and most likely making him feel wretched and unworthy. He'd never want that. He releases a shuddering breath and slowly wraps a hand around Harry's naked waist. God, his skin is so warm and soft. He strokes the soft, heated skin, his fingers fluttering and teasing. He takes a moment to let his eyes trail down Harry's body and he's just perfect. He doesn't know how hips can be narrow and slightly rounded, but it's sexy and makes his Alpha brain start gibbering delightedly. He really likes the light dusting of dark hair on Harry's chest, especially how it leads right down his smooth belly, leading downwards.

He forces his eyes upwards again, licking his suddenly dry lips. "I want to. But... Well—"

"Me standing here naked isn't a big enough hint that I'm ready?" Harry asks, fighting the urge to cross his arms over his chest and pout. It's really not the image he wants to convey if he's trying to talk his Alpha into completing their mate-bond. He sees indecision on Neville's face and sucks his teeth. "I swear, if you tell me I'm not ready, I'm going to hurt you." He can't fight the pout this time.

Neville chuckles, despite himself. The pout drawing Harry's lips into an alluring shape too good to resist. He slides a hand up to the back of Harry's neck and the soft, relieved sigh and fluttering eyelashes as Harry relaxes in his hold really clue him in. He feels a bit like an idiot for being so reluctant but he brushes it off for now. He can dwell on that later... Right now, he's got more important things to do.

Namely, take care of his Omega.

He doesn't mean for the kiss to be harsh and hungry, but it quickly gets that way. Harry doesn't complain though—merely follows his lead and practically melts against him, whimpering and
moaning into his mouth. His mouth leaves Harry's, he smiles a little when Harry makes a sound of protest and tries to follow, but only to trail down his Omega's jaw and neck. Harry's neck immediately tilts, showing his full submission and giving him free reign on the expanse of soft, smooth skin. He leaves a trail of biting kisses, grunting softly with approval at the lightly purpling trail of marks. He sucks gently at the Mark on Harry's neck and he applies his teeth to the area again.

"Neville," Harry sighs, pressing closer to his Alpha in a silent plea for more. Heat rushes through his body and he feels his entire body flush. His skin tingles and becomes sensitive, almost feeling hot to the touch. He squirms a little, the sensation of the heated rush of his slick making an appearance has him press against Neville with a needy whine. Usually, it's a rather uncomfortable sensation but right now it only makes him want and feel the urge to arch his back against Neville's front, enticing his Alpha and showing him he's ready.

He can feel his Alpha's bulge press hotly against his belly and he wriggles again. He wants to feel Neville's bare skin so he tries to work Neville's shirt off. But he's pressed too closely to his Alpha's chest to get his hands to do anything more meaningful other than scrabble uselessly at Neville's back and sides. "Take off your shirt," he begs in a breathless whisper.

Neville removes his mouth from Harry's neck long enough to step back. The moment there's air between their bodies, Harry's fingers are on his buttons; pulling his shirt out of his pants and undoing the buttons with quick, dexterous fingers. He groans softly at his eager Omega and makes no move to help. Or stop Harry. His head tilts back and he moans quietly when slender fingers brush against his naked chest, slender fingers stroking through his chest hair and over each bump of muscle.

He gasps softly, surprised, when those fingers ghost over his peaked nipples and linger enough to gently pinch. "Don't do that," he moans.

"Why not?" Harry asks, marveling at the feel of Neville's hardened nubs under his palm. Sudden inspiration has him bending down a little and licking one. Oh, that's wonderful! He hums happily and does the same thing to the other one, smiling a little when Neville makes a sexy noise and arches a little against the door. It's thrilling to realize he can affect his Alpha, too. He gasps when his hands are grabbed, looking up at Neville uncertainly through his lashes. An apology is on the tip of his tongue, truly sorry he'd done something his Alpha had explicitly told him not to do.

"Because if you do, this will be quick and rough," Neville grits out from between clenched teeth. He had hoped their first time would be gentle and sweet (neither one of them are under the strong influence of hormones and instincts that tends to drive the mating into animalistic territory, sealing the bond between them with an almost painful rush). Mostly, he doesn't want to scare Harry away from ever wanting to mate again. Of course, his Omega's delicately flushed cheeks, half-hard erection and the nearly-cloyingly sweet, maddening scent of his Omega's slick all tell him Harry isn't shying away.

Harry blinks, a little surprised. "Isn't it supposed to be?" he asks after a few beats. He'd read that's what happened, especially the first time. It's a sign of a true mate match: their bodies and all that chemical stuff is so attuned they just go wild—completely at the mercy of instincts and hormonal urges. At first the idea had scared him, a little, but right now? It's all he can think about; being pinned, pawed at, bitten and claimed by his Alpha. He whimpers softly, his imagination going wild. Yeah, it's not at all a scary thought and he wants it. Right now.

"Yes," Neville admits, looking down. He can't deny Harry is a sight to behold. A sight that has his Alpha brain practically drooling and demanding he bend the Omega over, leave a trail of biting
kisses along his neck and shoulders and fill him. He merely watches as Harry slowly reaches out, his hands settling on his jeans. His fingers are shaking a little, but there's a determined expression on his Omega's face and he doesn't stop Harry from popping the button and lowering the zipper.

He's nearly hard enough to be fully displaying his knot and he's worried for all of two seconds Harry will shy away. He grunts harshly when a hand slithers down his pants and he's gripped shyly, but with purpose. His pants and underwear are pushed down and he doesn't hesitate any longer. He kicks his jeans off fully and picks Harry up bridal style, smirking when his little Omega squeaks and clutches his shoulders.

It takes quite a bit of willpower to release his hold as he lowers Harry onto his bed, but he does. He's quick to lower himself on top of his Omega, unable to stay apart long. He leans down and kisses Harry, making himself keep his touch gentle as he cups Harry's face in one hand. He groans deeply, getting a full hit of Harry's scent. It's warm and sweet and completely drives rational thought away. He latches his teeth onto Harry's neck as his hands roam all over his Omega's body. Each pleasured gasp, moan and whimper is like music and his arousal notches up with each sound. He can't manage to speak, to make certain Harry is sure and ready.

Which seems a moot point as Harry wriggles out of his hold just enough to move so he can lay on his stomach. He sits back on his heel and watches, absolutely speechless, as Harry draws his knees up and bows his back. If he were paying attention to anything else, he'd check his chin for drool. But he's not paying attention to anything but the alluring image on the bed of his Omega presenting himself, submitting fully to him. His Harry is the picture of a needy, wanting, Omega: back arched, bum high in the air, and making the most lusty, wanton moans of need he's ever heard. It's quickly making him lose his rational mind. He growls softly and shuffles closer.

The glistening trail of slick running freely down slender, toned thighs isn't helping matters either; the intoxicatingly thick, sweet scent is shirt-circuiting his brain and going right to his swelling knot. He groans softly when Harry makes a keening noise and his hips and back arch prettily. How could he think Harry wasn't ready? Everything about him screams *ready* Omega and he really can't talk himself out of continuing. Not when Harry looks over his shoulder and pins him with those bright green eyes—bright green eyes that are hazy and darkened (yet still somehow clear), his need and desire plain to see.

Harry gasps softly when a large, hot, gentle hand settles on the swell of his arse. He wriggles backwards, hoping for more contact. Neville's mere presence is making him burn up, his body sweat and everything tingletchrobache with *need*. It's almost unfair for his Alpha to get him so damn worked up and not do anything about it! Staring at his presented naked body as he palms his own hardening cock do not count and he pouts, aiming another look over his shoulder at his still-as-of-yet immobile Alpha. He's pleased to see Neville's body twitch gently in a shiver, his hand pausing and just pressing down instead of stroking slowly.

"Neville," he whispers, his voice a soft whimper. He'd be embarrassed to be reduced to such a baser response, but he can't manage it at the moment. He can't think through the fog of needwanheat surging through his body. "Please." He shifts, making sure he's fully on display and leaving no doubt in his Alpha's mind as to what he wants. He feels a heated tingle rush through his entire body as Neville gets closer, the heat of his skin as his Alpha presses close adding to the fever in his own body. He whines softly, wiggling himself and hoping to entice Neville into action.

"It's alright, Harry," Neville murmurs softly. He leans down, covering Harry's body with his own and presses a trail of nibbling kisses along Harry's shoulders and the back of his neck. He buries his
face in the flushed skin right by his Omega's Mark and inhales deeply, releasing the breath with a shuddering moan.

Good god, who can resist *that*?

He leans back and gently palms the rounded taut flesh of Harry's arse. He's never gotten to see his Omega fully naked and he's a little disappointed he's not going to be able to linger over the sight. He chuckles softly when Harry makes a keening sound again and he slides his hands down, cupping Harry's cheeks and spreading them a little. He groans as the scent of his Omega's arousal increases and practically smacks him in the face.

Neville slowly traces his thumb around the twitching muscle, his ears perked and greedy for every keening moan, whimpering gasp and sound of pleasure Harry makes. He groans softly when his thumb slips in without resistance. A trickle of sweet-smelling slick seeps past his thumb and he stares, mesmerized, as it dribbles down Harry's pale inner thigh. He can't help himself—he leans in close and drags his tongue from Harry's knee up to the heated, slick crease. He breathes out heavily through his nose, unable to swallow for a moment as he rolls the sweet taste around his mouth. His tongue flicks back out slowly, savoring the taste on his lips, and he nearly shoves his entire face in the slick-sweet area.

Instead, he focuses back on what he was doing. He makes a mental promise to simply ravish and adore his Omega's entire body with fingers, hands, mouth and tongue. Later. Now, though, need is overriding any sweetly romantic ideas and he brings his other hand up, groaning softly as he feels the heat radiating off Harry's body. An obscenely arousing wet sound accompanies the movement of his other thumb sliding in along his first. He gently rotates and moves them, the muscle easily giving way and relaxing.

Another sign his Omega is ready.

He hears another desperate moan, followed by a whispered 'Please' and he realizes he's probably driving Harry crazy. Harry's thighs are trembling and he idly wonders how long it'll take before Harry just drops to the bed and rub himself against the mattress for some relief. Not that he'd allow it...

Harry buries his face in his pillow, unable to keep himself up on his hands any longer. His elbows are shaking and feel like jelly and Neville doesn't seem to mind the new position. He raises his arse even higher as he tucks his hands under his chest. He's convinced Neville is trying to drive him insane, his brain feeling foggy and mushy with heat and lust. He writhes helplessly, arching up into Neville's chest when his Alpha's weight finally settles over his back again, pleasantly pinning him under his weight. He's ready to start whimpering and begging again—he'll gladly do it if it'll get Neville to *move*! Only his Alpha can end the *feel so empty* and hotfeveredflushed of need. "Please, Neville."

"Please, what, Harry?" Neville asks, his voice a low, demanding growl. He carefully slides his palms all over Harry's heated skin. No, he really doesn't want to hear his Harry beg but he hadn't been able to stop the words from coming out of his mouth. But now that the words are out there... Yeah, he wants to know what his Harry wants. He wants to hear his sweet little Omega whimper and beg for him—to be filled and owned.

Harry makes a sound that's close to a sob and he turns his head out of his pillow. He can feel his hair plastered to his forehead and neck, sticky with sweat. He can't imagine being able to think, let alone *talk*, for much longer. "Please, Neville. Fuck me. Knot me. Fill me. Make me yours." He hears and feels the deep rumble that goes through Neville's chest, the vibrations going through his own back and making him shiver almost violently. He nearly felt silly for saying such things...
until he heard and felt the affect it had on Neville. If that's what his Alpha needs, he'll say it over and over.

"Please," he moans, arching his back up into Neville's chest again. He makes an embarrassing sound when Neville's hands slide around his sides and long, strong fingers settle over his nipples. Broad thumbs circle the hard nubs and he moans loudly. He probably shouldn't have told Neville how sensitive they could get... but he doesn't care at the moment. It feels too good and it really loosens his tongue, whined pleas coming out of his mouth in a steady stream. His back arches again when he feels something hot and thick nestle between his cheeks. He's just about to beg to be filled—mated into until he's full and dripping, until he's stuffed—but Neville finally moves. He makes a choked sobbing sound of relief when he feels the thick, heated flesh shift and press against him.

"Alright, Harry," Neville breathes, unable to take another word coming out of Harry's mouth. He's never heard his Omega speak like that and it goes straight to his cock. "I'll take care of you, love," he murmurs, gently stroking along Harry's side in a smoothing manner. Just as he knew it would, the words make Harry choke out another needy whimpering sound and arch against him. "God, I hope you're ready for this," he says just as he lines himself up with the slick-shiny fluttering ring of muscle and push.

There's a loud, relieved groan from Harry as soon as he feels the blunt head touch his heated body and his Omega shifts his body and hips in just the right way to have him sliding inside that slick tightness, both of their movements causing him to slide right in until their bodies are flush. He stills, restraining the urge to rut and thrust when he hears a whimper. Until he realizes it was one of relief... and then of unsatisfied need because he's stopped. He gently runs a hand up Harry's sweaty back until his hand settles on the back of his Omega's slender neck and he gently pushes down—pinning Harry fully against the bed—as he rolls his hips, causing a tremor to work through Harry's trembling body as he presses against all the right spots.

Harry releases a shuddering sigh. There's the slightest sting just from the sheer size of Neville (he's never had something that size inside him before) and even with his feverish urge to gogogofuckfuckfuck, he's glad Neville has paused, giving him a moment to adjust. It doesn't take him long, though, and he's arching and wiggling impatiently in less than a minute. Thankfully, Neville doesn't need him to say anything (he probably couldn't at this point past inarticulate groaning and grunting), and he finally moves.

The hand on the back of his neck is strong and gentle, the fingers occasionally kneading or playing with the sweaty hairs there, and it settles him almost as much as Neville's weight on top of him and the fullness of Neville inside of him. He manages to slide his hands out from under his chest and grabs at the sheets, fisting them tightly. "Oh god," he moans as Neville's thrusts get harder, faster and all together perfect. "Neville," he pants out.

Neville shifts, pressing his chest against Harry's back again. He slowly slides his hands all over Harry's body, reveling in the heated, sweat slicked skin. He manages to lean forward enough to pepper kisses along Harry's shoulders and pull Harry's face around enough for their lips to line up, kissing his Harry as gently as he can.

"Harry," he whispers, pulling back only enough to be able to speak legibly. "I love you, Harry," he pants out. Even if they're both a bit mindless to hormones and lustneedheat, he doesn't want Harry to forget that he loves him. He doesn't want him to think this is simply a biological response. He wouldn't be doing this with anyone else, and he's inexplicably turned on to know he won't be.

His toes curl with the heady scent of Harry's increased arousal and the choked response—"Oh!
Hng. Love you, Neville”—is nearly inaudible over his moans and panting. But he does hear it and he nearly bites Harry with his next kiss, feeling everything well up and makes him feel dizzy and tight. He makes a thick sound of pleasure in the back of his throat as he feels everything tighten under and around him as Harry cums with a gasping moan. He groans aloud, nearly stilling his thrusting as he's squeezed tightly, almost feeling trapped in Harry's spasming body. He keeps moving through it, though, his teeth clenched, drawing out Harry's pleasure until he can't wait any longer.

"Gonna knot you, Harry," Neville says in a growling whisper as he leans back and grabs Harry hips in a tight grip. He stares at the way his fingers sink into soft, pale skin and he flexes them, enjoying the way Harry moans encouragingly. "Gonna knot you and fill you up with my pup," he grunts. He's really not sure where the words came from. They feel right, even if he hadn't spoken them consciously. And it's apparently not at all bothering Harry to hear them; his little Omega shudders with a pleased sounding gasp as he cums again. And that's probably one of the sexiest things he's seen—his Omega flushed, writhing, sweaty through an orgasm simply from his words.

"Yes," Harry moans, arching his back and his hips, spreading his thighs a little more to accommodate Neville. He needs him closer even though he knows this part will probably hurt; an Alpha's knot is nearly double the size of his cock. It's going to be a tight fit... He howls as a final thrust has Neville's knot slipping inside his body with a squelching pop at the same time teeth latch onto his neck. Neither is painful and he cums again, his body trembling and going limp with the overload of pleasure.

He's dimly aware of Neville slowly loosening his jaw, pulling his teeth from the newest Mark and licking it gently. He can't even manage to care he's fallen into a heap into his own cum. He nearly purrs with contented bliss when Neville moves him, carefully tucking him close to his chest and rolling until they're both on their sides. He sighs, feeling positively boneless, completely sated and satisfied as Neville holds him close. Their bodies are still intimately connected and pressed tightly together. It's probably the most amazing thing he's ever experienced. "Wow."

Neville chuckles lowly and manages a weak nod, nuzzling the back of Harry's neck. Wow indeed. He gently runs his hands all over any skin he can reach and they just lay quietly, until their breathing is nearly back to normal. "I didn't hurt you?" he finally asks, voicing the one question he actually fears hearing the answer to. Any intention of being gentle had gone out the window the moment he put his hands on Harry. And he can see quite a few red spots that might actually bruise... He feels like a bastard until Harry makes an incredibly happy sound and snuggles back against him. 

"No. Oh god, no," Harry says in a breathless rush. He really wishes he could turn around and look Neville in the eye. He settles for grabbing the hand off of his hip and holding it to his chest, sloting their fingers together tightly. "No," he says again. "Definitely not. It..." he trails off, feeling his cheeks and chest heat in a blush. Flashes of the entire mating flashes through his mind and his cheeks flush even darker. He did those things... He said those things! Oh my god. He feels a tingle of pleasure work through his body, tender places heating and flushing all over again.

"It was amazing," he finally whispers. He feels Neville's arms tighten around him and he settles back against his Alpha, feeling completely content and absolutely warm and reveling in his Alpha's presence. He's so sleepy, but he can't just yet. "Did you— I mean, was it— Uhm..."

Neville fights the urge to laugh or do anything else that'll have Harry mumbling a 'nevermind' or just huffing in irritation and smacking him. Harry still gets shy about certain things and he's hoping his little Omega will find his courage since he's not being closely studied. Finally, he hears a long, explosive sigh and Harry's fingers tighten almost painfully around his.
"Did you mean what you said?"

"Which part?" Neville asks, hiding a smirk against the back of Harry's neck. No, he can't be seen, but he doesn't want it obvious he's a little amused. He had said a lot of things and he had indeed meant every single thing he said, even the things uttered in a mindless haze of Alpha rut. He can feel the skin beneath his lips warm and he knows Harry's blushing violently.

Harry clears his throat. "Uhm, that part about... you uhm, filling me with your pup..." he finally manages to say in a whisper. He feels Neville's arm tighten again but he doesn't know what it means. Is it too soon to want such a thing? He can't help it, though, and he really hopes even if it had been said in the heat of the moment, Neville understands just what it meant for him to hear it. The chance if it happening now are slim, but still...

"Yes," Neville finally says. He doesn't know what Harry will think about it, but it's true. So very, very true. "Not now, I guess, but... Yeah, I meant it." He nuzzles the still fresh Mark, licking the indents that thankfully taste only slightly of copper. He didn't need to make it too deep and he's glad he didn't get carried away. He feels tremors hit Harry's body again and he's immediately concerned. He won't take his words back, but hopefully he can talk his Omega into the possibility of later if Harry isn't ready.

Harry closes his eyes and just basks in the warmth of his Alpha and lets the 'yes' echo around his mind. "Good. And I don't care when." He nibbles his bottom lip nervously. He's an adult, for fuck's sake! An adult that just mated with his Alpha—he really should not be feeling shy. About anything. He sighs softly and decides to make full use of the close contact, especially since he can say whatever he feels and not have Neville looking at him. Sometimes those warm hazel eyes make him squirm and he knows he wouldn't be able to be so candid if they were on him right now.

"I know we're young, and only just now mated, but I wouldn't mind it," he finally says, fiddling with Neville's thumb. He fights the urge to squirm because he knows it'll only pull at their connected bodies and hurt both of them.

"Really?" Neville asks, his hand sliding down Harry's chest to rest warmly on his belly. It's really not uncommon to impregnate an Omega on the first mating, especially if there's already a strong bond present. Surprisingly the idea doesn't scare him or do anything but make him want to keep Harry pinned to this bed and full of his seed until there is a pup, even if it's highly unlikely at the moment.

He clears his throat softly and nuzzles the back of Harry's neck, licking and nipping at the salty skin. Even under the tang of sweat, he can still taste his Harry's unique sweetness and he hums appreciatively. "Good," he says before Harry can second-guess anything. He hums again and spreads his fingers out, smiling when Harry gives a breathless giggle at the tickling sensation. "Good."

Harry relaxes completely in Neville's hold, nuzzling his cheek against his Alpha's arm and thrilled beyond words. He drifts off, every part of him humming and warm with contentment.

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Remus settles on the edge of their bed and looks up at Lucius. The party has been over for hours but neither of them had been tired enough to head to their room until now. It's hard to pinpoint one specific feeling that he's feeling and he's at a loss for long moments. He gratefully accepts the offered comfort when Lucius gently spreads his knees and steps between them. Lucius steps closer, leaning over enough to hug his shoulders as he rests a cheek on top of his head. He holds onto Lucius' waist and buries his face in the blonde's firm stomach, letting his Alpha's scent sooth and
"You realize Harry and Neville were both missing earlier." He'd be lying if he hadn't expected Neville to seek out Harry. He almost hadn't let the young Alpha in earlier... but he doesn't want to be the one keeping them apart any longer. He's reluctantly impressed both of them had been able to hold out this long.

"Yes."

Remus nods, his nose brushing along Lucius' belly gently and making his Alpha twitch slightly. "You realize that scent... What it means." He also knew the moment Neville found Harry what would be happening. As much as he doesn't want to think of his cub in such a situation, he knows he had been ready for it; has been since his last two Heats. It had been obvious what went on behind Harry's closed door earlier this evening... Even if he wanted to try to pretend otherwise.

"Yes."

Remus nods again, his eyes slowly closing. He's going to miss his cub. It's anyone's guess how long it'll be before he leaves their pack to be with his Alpha and start their own. The painful ache is soothed a little because he knows Harry will never completely abandon them. The little Omega hasn't been a part of their pack long, but there is no denying the depth of their pack-bond. "You realize we'll probably be grandparents soon."

There's a slight pause. "Yes."

Remus sighs and can't find it in himself to be upset or even all that resentful. He's so happy for Harry, he really can't begrudge the little Omega this happiness. Not after his previous life. Of course, there's little chance of pups right now, but he doesn't expect Harry to bother with the Hormone Aides... not now that he's mate-bonded and never been shy about voicing his desire for pups. Neville is really the only one he's unsure about but he doesn't doubt the Alpha will be able to refuse for long. He's familiar with that Alpha glint, the one they get when they think no one is watching and they're imagining their mate, waddling around and swollen with their pup.

"You realize we have our own bond to complete," he says softly, his fingers gently stroking along Lucius' sides.

This time there's no pause. "Yes," Lucius says, once again, his voice a holding a hint of a growl.

"Right." Remus says, affecting a sigh. "Have at it." He grins and looks up at Lucius. He flutters his eyelashes, giving his Alpha an adoring look. He goes willingly enough when he's pushed back onto their bed, his body relaxing and splaying out for his Alpha automatically. He brings his legs up to wrap around Lucius' hips the moment his Alpha settles over his body. He runs his hands all over Lucius' back, humming softly as his fingers and palms sweep over the muscles. Even through the dress shirt his Alpha is still (regrettably) wearing, he can feel his powerful form.

"We need to plan a wedding. Two, most likely."

Lucius eyes flutter closed for a moment before he opens them again and glares down at his Beta. He's almost annoyed at the change in subject, especially as their bodies align in that perfect way, but he really can't yell at Remus. "Yes," he says simply. He grins, seeing annoyance in Remus' expression. He erases the look with a long, heated kiss. He pulls back, sucking a plump bottom lip into his mouth briefly and watching it snap back. "We'll start on the one that is sure and go from there. Now; May I continue?" he asks, rolling his hips to make his point.
"Yes, Alpha," Remus murmurs demurely even as he's grinning mischievously. He can wait until later to make his plans. He knows he has to wait until morning to speak with Harry (and Neville—that Alpha better not slink away and leave his little Omega to wake alone) and he can do that. A hard nip to his shoulder has him focusing back on Lucius and he puts all thoughts of Harry's full mate-bond with Neville and wedding plans to the back of his mind.

Right now he's got an Alpha demanding his full attention. And he's a very good Beta that always gives his Alpha what he wants.

Chapter End Notes

This is my first attempt at a real smexytime scene (as well as an Alpha/Omega mating thing) so, I'm chewing my nails down to nothing with nerves. Was it dull or 'clichéd'?

And I promise, the next chapter is more than just smexytimes... XD

*SlickPad© is like a sanitary napkin that females use during menstruation but altered a bit for use by Omegas—especially near their Heats, when they have to deal with the messy effects of excess slick production but still have to be out and around in public. SlickPads© are absorbent, with the added feature of a (safe, hormone free) scent blocker. (Rather effective but not designed (or recommended) to mask/protect in a full-on Heat.) LOL Kinda gross but quite handy... I couldn't resist putting something like that in there...

;)SlutPuppy
Chapter Seven

Hi again! My apologies for the super lateness. I know no one cares about excuses, but I do feel bad I've had limited time to devote to writing... Why can't fanfiction pay bills and walk the dog? And this chapter took awhile mainly because it really didn't want to coalesce and fought me. But I won! Hah! So... Another chapter. Finally. XD There be smexytimes in here...
Thank you all for showing the love. XD I appreciate and love you all (yeah, in a totes homo way LOL).

Chapter Seven.

Harry hums happily, half-asleep and completely comfortable, as he rolls over and burrows his face into the solid warmth pressed against his cheek. He wiggles around, trying to get comfortable again and stills when he hears a soft growl. Oh! He's pretty sure his entire body blushing as he remembers... Neville is in his bed.

Naked.

And getting excited, if he's interpreting that hot, slightly moist, feeling pressing against his belly properly. He wiggles against the sensation for a moment before he realizes just what he's doing. He smothers the urge to roll away, suddenly embarrassed by his nakedness and apparent ease at which he's willing to rut against a sleeping Nevile. He stays though, mostly because it just feels too good to be pressed up against his sleepy-warm Alpha. And it also seems like a pretty silly reaction to have considering why Neville is in his bed. He flushes again, but it's more from arousal this time, not embarrassment.

He jumps with a soft sound of surprise when his bum is lightly pinched and Neville's sleep-gruff voice whispers in his ear. He can't smother the soft moan or the shiver that works through his entire body (making his toes curl for a brief moment) from that voice, though.

"Stop fidgeting."

Harry hides his face in the crook of Neville's neck and nods, going still again. "Sorry," he murmurs, kissing the skin by a slightly-frowny mouth gently in apology. He hadn't meant to wake his Alpha... But now he knows Neville isn't a very deep sleeper, if that little bit of movement woke him up. He's not normally a restless sleeper, but something about sharing a sleeping space with his Alpha has him wanting to roll around until he's as close as he possibly be.

"'S'okay; just go back to sleep."

Harry makes a quiet snuffling sound and snuggles back in, not even bothering to argue. He tries not to squirm when the slight movement sends pleasant aches through his body, memories of the previous night (and early morning) flashing through his mind. Practically every part of him has been licked, bitten, or sucked by his Alpha at some point in the past few hours and it... it feels
amazing. He turns his head enough to peek out the window and notices it's just barely light outside. Good; he can go back to sleep and probably wake back up in time for breakfast.

Neville lays quietly, waiting for Harry to settle back down and go back to sleep. He's not sure what woke his Omega, but he had been concerned for a few moments Harry had been in pain... until it took a moment to identify that soft noise earlier. It wasn't one of pain, thankfully. Harry doesn't seem to be in discomfort (or at least not enough to be bothered by the numerous aches he's bound to have after multiple matings) and that's enough to soothe his nerves and over-active Alpha protective instincts. He's not all that sleepy; he's still riding a euphoric high from earlier and he's used to getting up just past sun-rise most days to tend to his greenhouses. He feels his Omega relax completely with sleep and decides to try to go back to sleep as well, his hand gently petting through Harry's hair.

When Harry wakes again, he squints against the bright morning sun and buries his face in his pillow. He's fully awake and immediately aware of his growing arousal when his pillow is firmer than usual and smells amazing. Like warm woodsy Alpha. He relaxes, feeling sleepy and warm again. He hums softly, his eyes still closed as he nips and kisses at the delicate skin over Neville's ribs, chuckling softly when his Alpha jumps with a squeaky sort of noise.

Well, that's adorable.

"Morning, love," Neville says, gently guiding Harry's face away from his sensitive sides and up to his face. He smiles at a drowsy Harry, his Omega grumbling and trying to hide his face back in a pillow after a quick peck to his lips. He chuckles and kisses a bare shoulder, gently stroking a hand down Harry's flank. "Not a morning person, eh?"

Harry shrugs; he isn't, even if he'd been used to waking early, he never enjoyed it and wasn't usually fully aware and conscious until 9 am or so. He shifts around until he can nuzzle his cheek against Neville's chest, grabbing his Alpha's hand and guiding it to his face. He's nearly desperate for any touch from his Alpha now and he's on the verge of whining for more. He makes a soft sound when Neville's hand gently cups his neck, his large warm hand just about the most perfect thing; ever. He finally opens his eyes and smiles up at his Alpha.

"Not really," he finally says, wiggling around until he's free enough of the blankets to straddle Neville's waist. "I really got used to sleeping in," he says, shrugging again as he slides his hands up Neville's stomach to his chest. His feelings of warm contentment are heating up and he's this close to wriggling and rutting against Neville. He's not really in the mood to talk, either. And he's trying to keep his focus on the way their bodies press together and the way his Alpha's muscles bunch and coil with each small movement. It makes his palms and thighs heat and tingle, wanting to feel more and he's very aware of the way his lower half heats up.

Neville stills Harry's movements, grabbing his Omega around his hips. "We should get up, get dressed." He rubs his thumbs in gentle circles over the slightly protruding nubs of Harry's hipbones, smiling a little when it makes his Omega shiver and his legs tighten on either side of his hips. He really doesn't want to say no to his little Omega, but he's very aware of the muted noises beyond Harry's bedroom indicating the rest of the house awakening.

He's not embarrassed about mating with his Omega, here and now, but Harry is rather vocal; their Bond is too new for him to be comfortable with anyone else hearing his Omega making those wonderful sounds of pleasure and submission. Even if it is Harry's pack, he's just not quite able to rein in his Alpha instincts.

"Yeah, alright," Harry mutters, reluctantly climbing off of his Alpha and plodding towards his bathroom. He shuffles towards his shower and jumps a little when Neville presses along his back,
reaching around him to turn on the hot tap. He can't help the shiver that works through his body, both at the lovely heat of his Alpha on his back and at the very clear indicator that they'll be showering together. He hums with pleasure when hands slide around his waist and lips gently press against the back of his neck.

Neville chuckles softly at the speed of Harry's reactions. He really hopes his little Omega is always so responsive. He reluctantly takes a hand off of Harry's hip to adjust the water temperature and gently nudges Harry under the spray. He takes a moment to just look, enjoying the sight of his Omega's naked body as Harry wiggles under the spray and turning a little to evenly soak himself. Harry's even more alluring wet and it takes a considerable amount of self-control to keep the steamy moment strictly to wash themselves.

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Remus looks up when Harry peeks around the door frame. It takes a moment but he realizes why his cub would be apprehensive to enter the dining room this morning. He's torn between smothering the Omega in a hug and laughing until he probably passed out. He offers the Omega a toothy, happy, smile.

"Harry."

Harry makes a soft squeaking noise and nearly backs into Neville. He's starting to regret asking his Alpha to let him 'handle things' and to let him go first. He's actually sweating! "Remus," he murmurs. He takes a deep breath and shifts closer so he can get more of his face around the door jamb. He knows he's being ridiculous but he can't seem to help himself. The look on the Beta's face is very... knowing.

He feels his cheeks heat as he averts his eyes and mumbles "Morning."

"Mornin', Cub," Remus says, lips twitching. He tries not to shift his eyes from Harry's face, but it's rather difficult. He's not sure if Neville left already (which is doubtful; he's never seemed that sort of Alpha) or he's behind Harry and the cause for his cub's nerves. "You comin' in or...?" he trails off, leaving the option up to Harry.

Harry peeks behind him, stealing a glance at Neville over his shoulder. He scowls a little when his Alpha merely smirks at him and palms his bum. That is so not helpful... He groans softly when Neville's tongue slowly drags across his lower lip and makes a vaguely sexual gesture with his hand. Ugh! Stupid sexy Alpha! Thankfully, his natural reaction (namely to plaster himself against Neville and demand a more thorough demonstration of that earlier gesture) is forgotten when Remus speaks again.

"Oh. Uh. Huh?" Harry fights a blush, realizing he completely missed what Remus had said what he was ogling Neville and his naughty gestures.

"I said, bring Neville with you," Remus says again, smiling and not at all put out to have to repeat himself. He was a young, newly mated cub himself once... He wants to sigh wistfully, but he doesn't. He's not sure exactly how Harry would react and he really can't handle his cub shying away. He smiles warmly when Harry only stares, his green eyes wide.

"It's alright, Cub," he mumbles, waving a hand at Harry.

Neville listens to the entire conversation, his hands now on Harry's hips in what he hopes his Omega takes as a supportive gesture. Yeah, he'd had a moment of hormones there, but he's behind his Harry completely-support wise. He'd been bemused to realize he'd been made to follow his
Omega's lead, but that had quickly turned into that gooey feeling of pride he often gets when Harry asserts himself. He'd nearly plastered himself along Harry's back when his Omega's courage faltered a few moments ago, but he'd been able to control himself.

He nods encouragingly when Harry glances over his shoulder at him again. He doesn't have any problems joining Remus for breakfast. Even if he's sure the Beta will be glaring at him and trying to be gracious at the same time.

"Alright," Harry finally says, easing into the room. He quickly grabs Neville's hand, slotting their fingers together, and heads towards the table. It's a bit of a surprise to see only Remus there, the Beta sitting in his usual spot. Harry takes a seat across from him, his hand still tightly entwined with Neville's even as they sit. He fidgets when Remus looks them both over, his nose twitching and his brows pinched.

Oops. Remus has to know... He feels a curious mix of embarrassment and pride; unsure which feeling is more prevalent even as he sits down with Neville close to him.

"You know," Harry blurts out. He winces and wills himself to relax when he feels Neville's thumb gently stroke along his knuckles. He has no reason to be embarrassed or ashamed but he can't help feeling like he's done something wrong when Remus' sad eyes flick between him and Neville.

Remus slowly nods and releases a deep breath. "Of course. It's hard not to," he says, smiling wryly. He sighs softly; he doesn't want Harry to misunderstand him and the way his cub is slowly sinking into himself means he has. "I'm not upset. I'm actually quite proud of both of you for being able to wait so long."

He has the good grace to feel slightly ashamed, squirming a little in his seat, at the realization he's caused both young men undue stress with his request (or, more aptly put, thinly veiled demand) for them to wait. He gives his cub a warm smile, his discomfort abating as he watches Neville comfort the Omega. It's subtle but it's easy to spot once one knows what to look for.

And he's been looking.

Neville, with another super-human effort in self-control, merely hums in response. He's not in the mindset to agree with the Beta, nor is he willing to say something rude or disrespectful. But, honestly, he's not at all soothed by Remus' words or the Beta's pride. He's still a little ticked off Harry's parental figures had the nerve to ask it of them. It hasn't been an easy few months, even if he would've waited of his own accord until Harry had been ready. It's one thing to bend to his Omega's needs, quite another to be expected to do the same for his 'parents'.

Of course, Harry beams at Remus and Neville really can't stay irritated for long. He nearly rolls his eyes at himself; one smile from his Omega and he loses any rational thought. He's not sure if it's his stupid Alpha brain or not, but his only real goal in life anymore is making sure his Harry is happy. And if that means nodding along to Remus, he'll do so.

"Thanks, Remus," Harry says quietly, warmed thoroughly by the Beta's pride in him. He leans into Neville's touch when his Alpha's hand settles on the back of his neck, a gentle squeeze has him relaxing. The fingers that glide through the hair at his nape relaxes him completely and he's so close to just melting into a puddle of happy Omega goo.

Remus merely nods, that sense of shame still lingering as he watches the pair across the table. It's obvious how much Harry means to Neville and while he knows he hasn't completely gotten in the way of their intimacy, he is very aware how long he prolonged their Bonding. He can't do anything about it now but be supportive. And he will be.
"Don't thank me, Cub." He fills his mug with coffee, mostly just for something to do with his hands. He doesn’t know what to say to Neville, the young Alpha looking a cross between irritated and completely besotted, depending where he’s looking.

Thankfully, Draco slumps into the room and gives the distraction Remus needed.

The blonde Omega immediately calls attention to himself by making a strange squealing sound when he spots Harry and Neville, sitting together and absolutely *reeking* of a fresh Mate-bond. He playfully slaps at Harry, catching his pack-brother right on the cheek. The slap echoes around the dining room and then there’s the sound of growling and chair legs scrapping across the floor as its pushed back hastily.

"Neville!" Harry shouts, trying to work his Alpha’s fingers out of Draco’s t-shirt. He’s never seen him move so fast before!

He’s glad Neville hadn’t grabbed any of Draco’s body parts or did anything more than grab his shirt and shake the blonde Omega while he growls low in his throat. He’d been surprised by the smack too, but he knew Draco hadn’t meant to *hurt* him, for crying out loud. He tries again to get Neville’s grip on his pack-brother to loosen.

Draco whimpers and goes limp, unused to being man-handled by an Alpha but going with his first natural reaction. He doesn’t even know why Neville, the usually calm and friendly Alpha, is shaking him! What the fuck is his problem? He makes an embarrassing whimpering squeaking sound and he doesn’t know what to do. He turns frightened eyes to his pack-brother, realizing Harry is trying to get Neville off of him but failing. He whimpers again, hunching his shoulders in, when he’s pulled closer to an enraged Neville.

"Do not. Hit him. Again," Neville growls out, shaking the blonde Omega with each clipped word. He whips his head around, finally registering his Omega’s pleas and slender fingers scrabbling over his own in an effort to loosen them. He looks back at Draco, finally loosening his hold on the other Omega. He breathes out sharply through his nose, trying to get a handle on himself. He wants to wince when he takes in the frightened glances and stink of fear he gets from both Omegas.

"Shit."

He really hadn’t meant to do that... But the sound of that slap, knowing it had been on his Omega, had made him see red. He didn't care if Draco was playing around. He didn't care Draco is another Omega. He didn't care if Draco is Harry's pack (it sure as hell didn't stop his old pack from harming him). He refuses to ever let his Harry be touched like that; ever again. He shakes the blonde again, less harshly this time, merely to send his point home.

"Alright! *Geez*!" Draco cries out, trying not to flinch when Neville shakes him again. He manages to keep his head from flopping around, but only because he’d been expecting that last shake. Even though he can tell the Alpha isn’t blindly raging anymore, he goes limp and nearly adopts a submissive stance because Neville is still rigid with anger. At least his hazel eyes aren’t all insane-Alpha looking anymore so he slaps weakly at Neville's fist in his shirt. The brute. "I didn't *mean* it! I didn't mean to *hurt* him!"

Harry finally manages to get Neville's fingers out of Draco's shirt and he slides himself between his heavily breathing Alpha and his shaken pack-brother. He nuzzles his cheek against his Alpha's chest before looking up at Neville through his lashes. He’s not at all above working on his Alpha with the coy expression, well aware how Neville reacts to The Look.

"He didn’t mean it, love. It didn’t even hurt," he says, sliding a hand down Neville’s arm, feeling
the tension slowly drain away.

Even with Draco being shaken around like a rag-doll, he's warmed and completely gooey inside at the protective side of his Neville. He hadn't expected it, honestly, even with his Alpha's reassurances and possessive gestures he occasionally displayed when they were out. He never doubted Neville would protect him from a serious threat, but a playful smack from Draco was enough to get Neville reacting. He should probably be upset, but since there wasn't any actual pain being inflicted, he really can't manage it. He blinks up at Neville a few times, smiling when he sees his Alpha relaxing a little.

"You've a hand print on your cheek," Neville says through clenched teeth. He gently rubs his thumb over the slightly pinked skin, closing his eyes when he feels the warmth coming off the area. True, it isn't bright pink, but his Harry had been hit hard enough to leave a mark and heat the skin. So very not OK; even if done in jest.

He glares at Draco over Harry's shoulder. "I won't allow anyone to hurt him. Ever. Again."

Draco nods enthusiastically. OK, he's a little impressed with Neville going into protective-Alpha-mode, but he's mostly just put-out it was against him. Fuck beans; his brain feel like its been rattled around his skull and his chest hurts with a dull, achy throb from where Neville's fist had been clutching his shirt and bashing against his chest with each shake. He doesn't know what to say, so he merely nods again. He really hadn't meant to hurt his pack-brother and he's mostly glad Harry realizes it and was able to calm his over-protective Alpha before he went into a full-blown, Alpha craze. Freakin' knot-head.

Remus slowly sits back down, releasing the breath he'd been holding since the chairs scraped across the floor and he heard Neville growl. He'd frozen, unsure what to do. On one hand, he understood Neville's reaction (even if it was a bit extreme) and he found himself pleased to see the way he immediately leapt to Harry's defense. But on the other, Draco is his cub and he felt the need to step in and protect him. Even if he's pretty sure Neville could wipe the floor with him, if push came to shove. Thankfully, it hadn't escalated and Harry had been successful in calming Neville down quickly.

"Neville," Harry murmurs, sliding a hand up his Alpha's chest and stroking gently. He smiles when Neville looks down at him and blinks a few times, as if coming out of a daze. "I'm OK. Really."

His face quickly shifts into a scowl and he grabs a fistful of Neville's shirt, pulling his Alpha down until their noses are nearly touching so he can glare at in widening hazel eyes more intensely. He's pleased to see his Alpha immediately registers his change in demeanor and a wary expression replaces the dazed one. "If you ever do that to Draco again--"

"Yes, alright! I get it!" Neville interrupts and covers his Omega's mouth with his hand. Green eyes are still staring at him with a fierce look and he's a little disturbed to realize it's turning him on. So not the place for that... "I won't apologize for my reaction, but I am sorry if I hurt Draco over a misunderstanding." He flicks his gaze over towards Draco. "Are you alright?" he asks, feeling rather sheepish when he takes in the blonde Omega's disheveled state.

Draco nods, smoothing out the wrinkles in his shirt and running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, I'll live," he mutters. He likes this shirt, too. The wrinkles are probably permanently set in the silk now thanks to Neville's beefy Alpha hands and rough treatment. Uncouth heathen... He gives Neville a smirk, sitting down in the chair next to Remus. "Just be glad my father or Charlie weren't here."

Neville shrugs, honestly unconcerned. Both Alphas would understand his reaction, even if they'd both be foaming at the mouth because it had been directed at Draco. He pulls his chair back
towards the table and makes sure Harry is comfortable sitting once again before settling back at the table again. Hoping to change the subject (and get on with the day), he looks towards Remus, "Well, what's for breakfast?"

Remus rolls his eyes a little and pushes the plate of pancakes towards Neville. He huffs softly when Harry grabs it first and starts filling both of their plates. He watches the way Neville smiles in gratitude and Harry preening proudly under the attention and he can't help but be pleased for the pair.

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Charlie gently rubs a hand over his Omega's chest; it's no longer pink, or even bruised, but he knows his Draco needs the attention at the moment. He wanted to fume and go hunt Neville down, skin the other Alpha in slow, painful ways. But, now he's calm and Draco had explained what happened, taking full advantage of his weak spots to distract him and turn any aggression into lust.

He's content to just soothe his Omega's (admittedly tiny and barely there) wounds and ruffled ego. He bends his head and gently kisses the area, groaning softly when he's hit with Draco's warm, arousing scent. He probably shouldn't have taken the blonde's shirt off, but it had been too tempting to resist giving his Draco a bit of 'doctoring'.

Draco, in a flash of brilliance, threads his fingers into Charlie's hair, his short nails gently scraping the Alpha's sensitive scalp. He gently pushes, silently urging Charlie's explorations to continue. And his Alpha is a brilliant, brilliant man when he takes the hint and kisses a trail all over his chest and down his stomach. He's about to pull Charlie back up, needing those lips on his, when his Alpha is again brilliant; warm, wet lips settle over one already pebbling nipple. He sighs out a soft moan and his fingers tighten in Charlie's hair.

"Probably shouldn't be doing this," Charlie mutters against Draco's nipple, flicking his tongue out over the peaked bud and drawing an arousing moan from his sexy Omega. Well, even if they shouldn't, he's not stopping unless Draco says differently. He slides his hands down his Omega's body, his fingers fluttering over the sensitive places he's now familiar with. He's encouraged when his Draco only moans, his hips arching up a little, when he wraps his hands around narrow hips. He eases his pinky under the blonde's waistband and strokes the soft skin slowly.

Draco grunts softly when he feels Charlie's agile pinky dip further, deep enough to actually stroke along the top of the crack of his arse. It's enough to have him arching his hips again and the first hot-wet sensation of his slick hits him. No, they probably shouldn't be doing this but he's not stopping his Alpha for anything. He lifts his hips and wiggles when he feels Charlie's hands on his button and zip.

"Yes," he whimpers, urging his Alpha on.

"As you wish," Charlie says with a soft smile, smirking when Draco's eyes roll and he groans at the memory of the cheesy line in that old movie. He can't help it; his Omega does things to his Alpha brain that makes him want to say silly things, ravish and cherish, bite and kiss at the same time. So that means saying sweet, corny things as he slides a finger down his Omega's warm, slick cleft. He groans softly as the hot, sweet scent fills his senses, his Omega's arousal impossible to deny.

He inhales deeply, his nose pressing against the soft skin of Draco's lower stomach. "Fuck," he mutters, sneaking another finger along with the first.

Draco groans at the obscene wet sounds he hears as Charlie's fingers move and wriggle. He doesn't remember when his pants were shoved to his knees, and he doesn't care. All he knows is he's
trembling with desire and need, groaning and arching as he feels slick dripping down his arse and thighs. It's not fair for Charlie to tease him like this! He kicks his pants off fully, not even caring they're going to wrinkle.

"Charlie," he grunts out and manages to whine at the same time, trying to chastise his Alpha for being such a fucking tease, but it's barely audible and it only makes his Alpha decide that adding his mouth into the mix is a brilliant idea.

And really, it is.

Charlie grins as his Omega makes a keening sound, his legs flopping open wantonly and inviting him to do whatever he wants. He licks up between Draco's cheeks, humming at the orgasmic taste, continuing up along the thick vein running under his Omega's cock. It's really a beautiful cock and he needs to feel its warm weight on his tongue.

Draco bucks at the sensation of his Alpha's mouth wrapping around him and the warm, wet heat that surrounds him is enough to have a fresh wave of heat going through his body and making more slick trickle from him. He makes a soft sound and reaches down to bury his hands in red hair, pulling and squeezing. He doesn't know exactly what he wants; he's lust-addled and just ridding the pleasure heating his body and fuzzing his brain.

"Alright?" Charlie asks, looking up at his Omega. He's not sure if Draco was pulling at him to make him stop or because he was lost to sensation. Either way, he doesn't mind taking a moment to enjoy the sight of his flushed, thoroughly fucked-out looking Omega. He licks his lips, humming softly as his eyes close for a brief moment as he savors the taste.

Draco nods, trying to speak. "Yeah," he finally manages, his voice sounding almost husky. "I just... What are you doing?"

"I'm sure you know what a blow job is, love," Charlie says with a smirk. He cocks an eyebrow, as if to say 'you've given plenty, you should know'. The mental image of his Omega, blond hair disheveled, cheeks pink with arousal and those perfect lips stretched around him makes him groan softly. He forces himself to give Draco his attention again when he realizes his Omega is blushing and squirming. A coy and coquettish Draco he's used to, shy is new and he's a little confused.

"What?"

Draco doesn't know what to say. He didn't know Alphas enjoyed doing that sort of thing, too. Charlie hasn't ever attempted to before and he's not sure what to make of it. Sure, he's had his Alpha's mouth on his arse (Charlie really really liked doing that), but not on his dick. It's very welcomed, but still a little confusing.

"Nothing, just... You've not done... that before."

"No, but I've wanted to," Charlie says with a shrug. He leans down and flicks his tongue over the pre-cum shiny slit and hums with pleasure. Draco tastes amazing no matter where he licks his Omega. "Does it make you uncomfortable?" he asks after a moment. He doesn't think that's the problem; his Omega is leaking, copiously, from nearly every place he can leak from (even his lovely mouth is shiny with drool) so it's obvious he's enjoying himself... But he's confused as to why his Omega looks confused.

"No, but I've wanted to," Charlie says with a shrug. He leans down and flicks his tongue over the pre-cum shiny slit and hums with pleasure. Draco tastes amazing no matter where he licks his Omega. "Does it make you uncomfortable?" he asks after a moment. He doesn't think that's the problem; his Omega is leaking, copiously, from nearly every place he can leak from (even his lovely mouth is shiny with drool) so it's obvious he's enjoying himself... But he's confused as to why his Omega looks confused.

"Nothing, just... You've not done... that before."

Draco shakes his head. "No," he murmurs. He reaches down and grabs a fistful of red hair, directing Charlie's mouth back to where it was. "Continue."

Charlie chuckles but obeys his Omega, getting his fingers into the task so he can't be labeled a
tease. Heaven forbid his Omega isn't satisfied. But before he can fully get back to task, he's pulled off again. "What?" he asks, trying not to sound tetchy at being interrupted.

"As much as I'm enjoying that, I..." Draco trails off, feeling himself blush. He's no prude and he's been with Charlie long enough, he shouldn't be embarrassed. But he is, a little. He'd rather their positions were reversed-stupid Omega brain, insisting he should be the one giving the pleasuring instead of laying back and enjoying it. He looks at Charlie through his lashes. "I'd rather do you."

Charlie hums thoughtfully before relenting. He's really not done with his Omega but there isn't a damn thing he can refuse his Draco. Not when he gives him That Look with those damn eyes and that mouth pulled into a pout. He pulls Draco into a sitting position, groaning softly when his Omega immediately shimmies off of the bed and shuffles closer, his pale hands reaching out and adjusting his legs so they're open enough for him to slide between them.

"On the plus side, you won't have to go at it long," he offers with a soft laugh. He wiggles his eyebrows when Draco looks up at him, his pretty mouth parted in surprise. He isn't sure why it's a surprise; just looking at his Omega got him hard, touching and licking him could probably have him coming in his pants if he'd been allowed to finish. He wiggles his legs to get Draco's attention and lifts his hips, humming softly when his Omega immediately helps him get his pants off.

Draco's eyes are glued to Charlie's crotch, waiting eagerly for the moment he'll see his Alpha's fully hard cock. He's not at all disappointed a moment later when he's greeted with Charlie; fully hard, leaking copiously and with the swell of his knot just starting to emerge. He shuffles closer, drawing his hands up Charlie's inner thighs, trailing his thumbs around the soft red hair. He didn't think he'd find something like that attractive, but he does. It just makes him want to bite and lick every inch of his Alpha's sexy, powerful body.

He realizes he's been distracted with Charlie's inner thighs when he's suddenly grabbed on either side of his head and directed towards Charlie's waiting cock. He goes willingly, moaning softly. He loves when his Alpha directs him, his touch gentle but firm. He's never confused to Charlie's wants or desires and it thrills the baser parts of him to please his Alpha. He nuzzles the patch of red hair at the base of Charlie's erection, mouthing the soft yet rigid flesh. He really doesn't have much practice with this but he's never left his Alpha unsatisfied yet. He goes with whatever instincts pop into his head.

Charlie groans softly, his hand settling on the base of Draco's neck when his Omega's nose nuzzles his balls, that wicked little tongue darting out and laving a wet path from his fluttering hole all the way to the tip of his cock. His hips twitch when that tongue flicks out and circles the tip, collected the heavy bead of pre-cum before swirling around and pressing at the underside. "Fuck," he grunts, grabbing at his Omega's head again. He moans when Draco's lips part obediently and he leans forward, swallowing him down.

He doesn't go all the way at first, trying not to shove his entire length down that warm, tight throat; his Omega needs to work up to that. And he's fine with that. Especially since that wicked little tongue doesn't stop swirling and wriggling the entire time and a slender, but strong, hand slides up his leg and thigh to wrap around the bottom part his mouth doesn't reach. Fuck but his Draco has gotten good at this.

Draco moans, no doubt sending the vibrations through his Alpha, and his eyes close as he enjoys the sounds Charlie makes. His eyes fly open when he hears Charlie grunt out a command. He slowly pulls back, not even bothering to wipe his chin even though he can feel a dribble working it's way down. He really can't be arsed to mind looking debauched or slutty, not when he's being looked at like this, like Charlie wants to eat him.
"What?" he asks, sitting back on his heels.

"I said, I want you to touch yourself," Charlie repeats, his eyes riveted to the trickle on Draco's chin. He nods when his Omega only looks up at him, eyes wide and unsure. "You know how." He says it with confidence; it's not a question. No one goes through a Heat or a Rut without knowing how to satisfy themselves and he desperately wants to see Draco like that. "I want to see it."

Draco shifts on his knees awkwardly. He's never done that with an audience before... but the very thought of it has his body flushing with heat and he's suddenly not so shy about Charlie seeing him wank. It's true, he does know how. It's something he's been doing since his first Heat, after all. He looks up at Charlie, unsure how to continue. "Uh, I don't have anything," he mutters with a small shrug of his shoulders. He meant to get a larger Knotty, his old one too small and worn out enough he had thrown it away without a second thought, but he hasn't gotten around to it yet. Not since he has a few weeks until his next Heat.

"You've got fingers," Charlie breathes out in a rush. He really wants to see his Omega writhing around on his own hand. The very image makes his dick twitch and his Omega's cheeks go pink(er). "I really don't care how you do it, just please do it?"

Draco slowly nods and shuffles closer to Charlie. He takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out as he reaches behind himself. Unsurprisingly, he's able to sink three fingers in right away and he hears Charlie moan loudly, his eyes trained on the sight. He didn't think his Alpha could see him. He squeaks when he's suddenly lifted and turned around but he arches into Charlie's touch when his Alpha palms his lower back and arse.

"Continue," Charlie chokes out, sitting back with an effort. He slowly removes his hands from Draco; he doesn't know how long he'll last with the visual stimulation on top of the physical one. He grunts when he notices Draco's hand slide around from his arse to his hip before wrapping around his own bobbing cock. He licks his lips when he sees the shiny palm, knowing his Omega's slick is easing the way. It takes a few moments for Draco to move again, his confidence back (or maybe he's just forgotten to be embarrassed being watched in his fog of pleasure) and he's moaning and wriggling in moments.

It's as sexy as Charlie thought it would be and he's barely able to hold out for another minute.

-xXx-

"Harry."

Harry slowly looks up, his applications forgotten the moment he sees his Alpha casually leaning against the door frame. He smiles. "Neville."

"What're you doing?" Neville asks, walking into the room and cupping the back of Harry's neck as he kisses the top of his head. He gently pushes Harry back down when he feels the Omega shifting to stand. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

"You're not," Harry says quickly. He shuffles some of the papers around and sighs softly. "I'm thinking of going to college," he finally admits, averting his eyes. He knows Neville isn't the sort of Alpha that thinks Omegas shouldn't further their educations and are meant to be kept barefoot and pregnant. He's still wary though, mostly just because he's unsure what he wants to focus on and he's pretty sure any hint of disagreement from his Alpha will have him changing his mind.

Neville hums softly and pulls out the chair next to Harry, looking over the stack of applications as he sits. "That's a great idea, love. What did you want to do?"
"Uhm." Harry fidgets nervously. He knows he's smart, he did well in school after all, but, he doesn't know if he's smart enough to go through with the applications. "I want to be a healer..."

Neville hums again and gives Harry's neck a gentle squeeze. He smiles when his Omega relaxes and leans towards him. "That's wonderful. There should be more Omega healers," he says with a firm nod.

He knows it's generally a field filled with (mated) Alphas and Betas, mostly because Omega's just aren't usually educated that extensively. But in the past few years, a few Omegas have been able to force their way through the system and he's proud his Harry wants to be one of the few. He knows most Omegas are used to being prodded and looked over by Betas (or, less frequently, an Alpha), but he also knows an Omega healer would be so very soothing and would, no doubt, make healer visits less of an ordeal.

"You want to do that?" he asks when Harry makes no further comment. He knows Harry can do it; he's got a stubborn streak that will help get him through the occasional hiccups and he's definitely smart enough.

Harry nods, looking at Neville from the corner of his eye. His shoulders relax when he sees Neville's expression, a mix of pride, expectation and happiness. Of course his Alpha would support him. "I do. I was thinking of focusing on either Omega Health or maybe... uhm... a pup specialist."

Neville smiles and pushes a few papers closer to Harry. "You could always do both, since they're related fields." He watches, his smile growing into a full-out grin, when Harry pulls the papers closer, sorts out the proper ones and actually starts to fill them out. He shifts closer and rests his hand on the back of Harry's neck, gently kneading and massaging as Harry writes furiously. By the time Harry finishes, he's almost forgotten why he sought out Harry in the first place.

"I nearly forgot," he says, watching Harry rub the ache from his hand. He pulls Harry's hand into his and takes over the task, smiling when Harry sighs with relief and murmurs a soft 'thank you'. "I meant to ask you about... well, living arrangements."

Harry looks up, eyes narrowed a little. "What do you mean?"

Neville pauses for a moment, suddenly feeling nervous and unsure. He takes a deep breath and lets it out, his fingers stopping their soothing movements in favor of just holding Harry's hand. "Well, I'd like to consider the idea of us. Uh. You know. Living together."

There. That wasn't hard at all. But now Harry's eyes have widened and he's looking a little pale. "Move in? Together?"

"Yes," Neville says, nodding slowly. "I mean, we're Bonded now," he adds, scooting closer and pulling Harry's hand close enough to cuddle it against his chest. He's not holding on so Harry can't run away, he's pretty sure. He just... needs the contact at the moment because he can't quite read his Omega's reaction. Harry's breathing is getting a little rapid and his eyes are going shiny.

Harry swallows a few times, trying to dislodge the lump in his throat. "And we're to be married."

"Yes," Neville agrees, smiling and nodding again. "So?"

Harry can only nod his answer, unable to really articulate anything that isn't a choked sort of noise. Neville's smile instantly relaxes him and he shifts over until he's in his Alpha's lap and snuggles in against his chest with a nuzzle and a happy sigh. "When?" he asks after a few minutes of contented silence, his voice slightly muffled by Neville's chest.
"Well," Neville says slowly, rubbing both hands down Harry's back and enjoys the way Harry leans in closer and makes a happy little sound. "Rut is 'bout three weeks away," he says meaningfully. It'll be his first Rut as a Mated Alpha and he'll do whatever he can to ensure their privacy. He has no intention of letting his Omega out of his sight the entire time and it'll be safer for everyone if they were in their own space for the duration.

Harry nods slowly, understanding what Neville means. It feels like his entire body flashes with heat at the idea and he's glad Neville's thinking ahead. He hadn't even thought of that! Plus, well, it's just wonderful to imagine being on their own together. "Alright," he says quietly. "We should look around then, yeah?"

"I've looked at a few already," Neville says warily, unsure how Harry will respond. He only hears a happy hum and nearly sighs with relief, inexplicably relieved his Omega doesn't seem to mind him assuming he'd say yes and taking control of things. "I made a few appointments.

Harry hums again, pleased that they won't have to wait very long. He turns his head enough to kiss Neville's chest. "Good. When?"

"This weekend OK?"

Harry nods and snuggles closer, trying to wrap himself in Neville's scent, as his eyes close in contentment at his Alpha's closeness. If all goes well, they could be settled and happily holed up in their own make-shift den before his Alpha's Rut hits.

-xXx-

Lucius looks up when Harry shuffles into his study, the Omega's face set in an uncertain expression, a slight frown on his face.

"Harry."

Harry's shoulders tense and he eases closer to Lucius' desk. The thing is huge and it always intimidates him to see the Alpha sitting behind it, looking imposing and the epitome of power and strength. Now especially. He had, inadvertently, overheard some of the meeting going on a few minutes ago. He didn't recognize the Beta male that had slunk out moments ago, but the submissive set to his shoulders hadn't been hard to spot. From what he heard, he didn't blame the guy. Of course, the moment the strange Beta spotted him, he threw his shoulders back with a sneer and made a point of ignoring him as he sauntered across the foyer and left.

He hadn't been aware of how ruthless or cold his adoptive father's voice could be and he's unsure about speaking with him now. Lucius has never been anything but kind and understanding towards him, but he's wary regardless. He's a mate-bonded adult now, surely the 'kid gloves' would come off at some point?

"Uhm." Harry fidgets, unsure how to proceed. He silently berates himself to pushing Neville out the door moments ago, insisting he could do this alone.

What the hell had he been thinking? He nearly whines and backs back out again, but he won't. He can do this... It's only Lucius and the Alpha has never show him anything but understanding and kindness.

Harry blinks when he notices Lucius is closer, the Alpha now leaning against the edge of his desk slightly and looking at him with an expression of fond amusement. He didn't think the blonde would sit on his own desk.
"Is something wrong, Harry?" Lucius asks, leaning forward enough to gently squeeze Harry's shoulder. He frowns a little when the Omega flinches ever-so-slightly and tenses a little. He doesn't let go though, long ago learning not to react that way. It only takes seconds for Harry to relax and shift closer.

"Not really," Harry mumbles, shuffling closer when Lucius makes no other moves. He's still wary and tense, but it's not because of the blonde Alpha so he shifts until he's practically cuddling into the Alpha's side. Almost immediately the firm hold and familiar, warm scent soothes him further. "I'm just... I'm sorry."

Lucius hums softly and gently wraps an arm around Harry's shoulder, holding the Omega closer. He's missed being able to soothe and cuddle a pup since Draco deemed himself 'too old' for such treatment. Besides his Remus, no one else ever warrants such 'soft' treatment but he does know how to soothe and comfort like a proper Alpha. "Whatever for?"

"I don't want you to think I don't... love you all," Harry murmurs, pressing his nose into Lucius' chest and inhaling the scent. It's distinctly Alpha but so much different from Neville's. "I do. But..." he trails off.

Lucius chuckles softly and pats Harry's head. Of course, he's very aware of what Harry is trying to say. Now that his pup is Mated (and Bonded), he'll be wanting to go with his Alpha, their own home and probably a pack of their own. It's a bittersweet feeling that sweeps through him. "It's alright. It's not like we'll never see you again."

"Of course you will!" Harry says, leaning back and giving Lucius a wide-eyed look. He realizes he's being teased a little and he huffs. "You're mean," he says petulantly, going back to the semi-cuddling position he'd been in. He smiles when he hears Lucius chuckle again, the soft laugh rumbling through his chest is soothing and he smiles a little.

Lucius clears his throat and places a gentle hand on the back of Harry's neck. "So, when are you and Neville planning this?"

"Uhm, I dunno," Harry murmurs, leaning away a little so he can look at Lucius properly. He doesn't go far, he doesn't want to disturb the calming hand on him. "We're looking this weekend, so, depending how that goes, maybe next week?"

Lucius nods slowly. That makes sense. He doesn't blame the young Alpha for wanting to move fast. He's waited for months, after all. "I see. Is there a reason for the hurry?" he asks, cocking an eyebrow and smirking a little. Harry's scent is only that of a Mate-Bond, but he's not exactly used to scenting an Omega in pup, either.

"No!" Harry says, fighting a blush, when he gets Lucius' intent. He's close to blurting out the small detail of wanting some privacy to spend his Alpha's Rut together, but he knows that's not what his papa means. "No," he says again, "We're just... It's time, I guess."

"Yes, that's true," Lucius says. He suppresses the urge to mention the Manor is large enough for the young couple to have a portion to themselves, for privacy and all that, but he doesn't. He's sure Harry is just excited for the feeling of independence. "Just so you know, Remus will insist your room remain as it is. Should you visit," he adds.

Harry nods, wiping at his face. "Yes, thank you," he murmurs. He goes willingly when Lucius gently tugs on him, resting against the Alpha for a few minutes and enjoying the comforting embrace.
Chapter Eight.

Harry tries not to fidget too much. He doesn't know why he's nervous, but he is. He jumps a little when Neville's hand suddenly settles on his knee, a firm press pausing the bouncing. "Sorry."

"It's fine, love," Neville says, looking away from the road to give Harry a quick smile. He doesn't blame his Omega for being nervous; he is too. He eyes Harry from the corner of his eye, catching him chewing on a thumbnail. "I'm nervous, too," he admits, hoping it'll put Harry at ease. Or at least distract him.

Harry stills and slowly turns towards Neville. "Really?" Neville nods and Harry exhales loudly. "Why?" If it's for the same reason, maybe he won't be so worked up...

"Lots of reasons," Neville says after a moment. "I'm worried we won't find the perfect place, mostly."

Harry huffs softly. That is one of the few things he isn't worried about. It figures... They're parking in front of a large house moments later. He looks out the window and frowns slightly.

"Too big," he murmurs, leaning a little to see the entire house. He climbs out of the car and glances around, taking in the neighborhood. Even though the house is big, the yard (front and back) are tiny. Barely any room for toys and a jungle gym for their pups. He smiles when Neville takes his hand and heads up towards the front door.

Before they can knock, it's opened by a tall brunette dressed in a well tailored pantsuit paired with high, designer heels. A tiny, polite smile is on her face as she waves them into the spacious foyer. It takes only a moment for Harry and Neville to sort out that she's an unmated Beta. She sticks a hand out towards Neville, "Hello. Neville? I'm Pansy, we spoke on the phone."

"Yes. Hello. Pleasure to meet you, Pansy," Neville says politely. He keeps his grip light and drops the Beta's hand after two shakes. He gently pulls Harry forward. "This is Harry."
Pansy nods at the Omega, another small smile making her lips twitch. She looks at Neville and hands him an information packet. "It's a fairly new home, built in two-thousand nine. There are four bedrooms and a full-size basement."

Neville merely nods and hands the papers to Harry. He has very little in the way of demands for their future home, but he knows Harry has ideas and wants and he's happy to let him make most of the choices. He looks around, taking in the parts of the house he can see.

"How big is the yard?" Harry asks, shuffling papers around, eyes flicking back and forth as he skims the information listed. He can't see anything about the yard size, just numbers bragging about the square footage inside the house.

Pansy looks at Harry briefly, quick enough to miss if one isn't looking, and looks at Neville when she answers, "It's about an eighth of an acre."

"Oh."

Neville's brows wrinkle as he looks at the Beta. He's not sure he's liking her so much, especially if she's going to ignore Harry's questions and only address him. It's already grating on his nerves and he's not all that sure how long he can stay his usual calm. He's learned there not much else that can set him off like some stereotypical raging knot-head than his Omega being mistreated in any way.

"Is the kitchen modern?" Harry asks, looking through the papers again. The pictures are in color and everything looks... grey. Blah, boring and dull. Stainless steel. It's all very posh but he's not sure he likes it. He knows they can just walk through and look, but he doesn't think he wants to waste the time. The yard is tiny - too tiny for Neville's greenhouse and room for pups to run and play.

Pansy hums and looks to Neville when answering again. "Oh yes. Remodeled just last year," she says.

"Right," Neville says dryly. He doesn't give a shit. Harry asked and he's growing annoyed the agent isn't answering Harry directly—even if his Omega is too busy reading and flipping through papers to notice. He takes a few steps down the hallway, expecting the agent to follow. Thankfully, she doesn't. She stays with Harry, looking at him with a politely blank face.

"Miss Parkinson," Harry starts, shifting so he's next to the agent and not in front of her, "Is this right?" he asks, pointing to something on the paper.

Pansy looks down at where the Omega is pointing and nods. "Yes. There is a pool."

"Oh. Oh, no. No no," Harry says, handing the agent the papers and stepping towards the door. "Thank you, but no. Can we see the next house?" he asks, already opening the door and stepping outside. He knows there are several on the list for the day and he's eager to get started.

Pansy nods and nearly jumps when Neville brushes by her. She's a little surprised the young Alpha isn't doing anything but walking by the Omega, an arm slung casually (adoringly, not possessively) around the Omega's slim waist, their heads bent together as they talk. She'd assumed the Alpha was the usual sort, but when he showed little interest in the details, leaving it up to his Omega to ask questions, she'd realized that wasn't the case. She mentally shrugs, happy enough to deal with the pleasant Omega instead.

Harry looks through the window as they pull up to a small, cozy looking bungalow. It's the third house of the day and the first one to give him hope. The second had been just like the first; all
smooth marble, tiny yard but boasting large square footage inside. He didn't like it and they hadn't bothered to get out to look at it. Pansy gave no indication she cared when they didn't even get out of the car, waving her on to the next property. Apparently, she was mellow enough to just go with it since she was getting paid no matter what, and just waved them to follow her to their next destination.

Harry hurried from the car as soon as it was in park, catching up with Miss Parkinson just as she got the door open.

"Oh," Harry breathed, taking in the entrance hall. It's small, much smaller than the previous two, but not in a bad way. It's cozy but big enough they aren't crowded awkwardly. He holds out his hand for the now familiar pages and gives the Beta a smile when she doesn't even look at Neville anymore. He hadn't noticed at first but Neville mentioned it in the car. He didn't think Pansy was anything but polite, so he didn't care if she was the sort that was a little old fashioned. He isn't going to hang off Neville's arm and just smile prettily.

Thankfully, Pansy seems willing enough to answer his questions directly now. Not that it would have stopped him from asking, he's just happy he won't have to come off as some mouthy Omega prat.

Neville wanders down a hallway, leaving Harry and Pansy to their talk. This house is smaller, only three bedrooms, but it feels nicer. Cozy and more comfortable like a proper den should be. He presses against the wall when Harry and the agent walked passed, not even sparing him a second glance. He smiles a little, pleased. Their dark heads are bent together as they murmur at each other, Harry's voice bright with excitement that the agent returns with a subdued sort of excitement, both pointing at things on the print-out Pansy had prepared for each property.

"Oh wow," Harry says, lowering the paper and looking around the kitchen. It's bright and sunny, like a proper kitchen should be. A large picture window over the sink facing the backyard appears to be responsible for the bright lighting. He looks around, taking in the expanse of white washed wood and subtle red accents. The appliances are all new and bright white. It's a lovely kitchen; he can already see himself cooking and baking in here. He moves around to peek in cabinets since the house is empty and he won't feel like a snoop. Spacious. He runs a hand over the granite countertop, sharing a grin with Pansy. "I like this one."

Pansy nods, smile twitching on her lips for a moment before getting back into agent mode as she explains the house was built in the 50's and most of it had been renovated two years ago. "That includes this kitchen," she says, waving a finger around the space. It's bright but in a good way, the large window over the sink making the place warm and welcoming. She bets the little Omega is already imagining himself making cookies or something...

"I really like it," Harry whispers, leaning towards the agent with a small smile. He looks through some drawers, pleased probably more than he should be to see built-in dividers in most of them. "What do you think?" he asks Pansy, eyeing the sunny kitchen before looking back at the Beta with curiosity.

"It's nice," Pansy says with a non-committal shrug.

"Nice? Just nice?"

Pansy laughs, unable to help it. Harry is making a face at her and she's a little annoyed with herself to feel like squeezing the Omega's cheeks and ruffling his messy hair. She doesn't like being open and friendly, but Harry is just too warm and adorable to resist. "Nice," she says again, firmly as she nods once. "I won't be living here, it really doesn't matter what I think."
She hides a scowl, wishing she'd managed a hint of scorn in her tone (because, really, why did the Omega care what she thought?) instead of sounding like she wanted to give him hot cocoa and groom his wild hair. It's off-putting, quite frankly. But she can't manage to take her annoyance out on the Omega and offers a tiny smile when he glances at her again.

"True," Harry says. He looks around thoughtfully, chewing the inside of his cheek. "Do you think Nev'll like it?"

Pansy smiles again, feeling less annoyed with herself. "I'm sure he will if you do," she says honestly. "I've sorted out by now that he's perfectly happy as long as you are. He hasn't done more than give cursory glances." Harry looks pleased and displeased at the same time. It's kind of adorable to see the Omega torn, as if he's annoyed his Mate didn't give more input but pleased to have the main say. "What does he want?"

"Room for a greenhouse and a master bathroom," Harry says absently, looking around at the cabinets again. He isn't thrilled with the white but that can easily be painted or replaced.

"Well, there isn't a greenhouse on the property but there is plenty of yard space for one," Pansy says, remembering the details. "And there is a master bedroom with an attached en-suite," she adds. Harry looks pleased and she relaxes a little, leaning against a counter. "Are you planning for pups soon?" she asks. She knows it's a personal question, but most people buy homes with the future in mind. A newly Mate-Bonded pair would definitely be looking forward.

Harry hums happily and feels a warmth bloom through him at the very thought. It takes a moment to tamp down that inner Omega practically gibbering with glee at the idea, and he smiles. "Not any time soon, but yes. We're to be married," he says, wiggling his ring finger and showing off the band. His smile grows when the Beta's eyes widen just enough to let him know the stoic woman is impressed. "I'm hoping to attend school in the fall."

"Ah!" Pansy is strangely pleased to hear that. Both of her parents are Omegas, a very odd pairing that most people think abnormal (and are quite vocal about it; as if it's any of their freakin' business), so she's very pleased to hear about another Omega doing something they want to do. Even if it's easy to see pups will most likely come sooner rather than later, regardless of their careful plans. She hasn't seen such a devoted Alpha in ages and she can't imagine he'll be content for long without a pregnant Omega to dote on.

"This home is only about a half hour from two of the local universities. Which are you going to?"

Harry feels himself blush for some reason. He studies his shoes before looking back up at the Beta. She looks interested instead of merely making polite conversation like he would've expected of her only an hour ago. "I only just applied," he admits.

"Well, I'm sure you'll hear from one of the best," Pansy says reassuringly. She gathers herself and her papers. "Now, onward." She hooks her arm through Harry's and leads the Omega through the house, pointing out things of interesting as she shows off the rest of the house. Harry makes the appropriate interested noises, murmuring design ideas as they wander. By the time they're stepping out in the backyard, she's pretty sure the couple have found the house they want.

Neville watches Harry walk around, his eyes roaming the property line and looking around. "There's a deck," he says, pointing towards the back of the house. It isn't very high but it looks like it would be a lovely spot to relax outside. And he's just pleased to see plenty of space for a reasonably sized greenhouse. He slides a hand around Harry's waist when his Omega sidles next to him, pulling him close and places a nuzzling kiss on Harry's temple. "Well?"
"I like it," Harry says softly, nodding. "Should we keep looking? In case we find something better?"

Neville shrugs. "I dunno, how many did Pansy have left to show us?"

"Er," Harry's nose scrunches up as he squints one eye in thought. "Two more. But she said she can keep looking for us until we find something, so I'm sure we could keep looking."

Neville hums softly and looks around the yard. It's spacious and he can already see a glass building in the back and maybe a large swing-set by the house... He slowly shakes his head. "I like it, too."

He chuckles when Harry gives an excited little bounce.

"Good. C'mon, I'll let Pansy know," Harry said, kissing the nearest spot he can reach on Neville's jaw before unwinding himself from his Alpha's hold and practically skipping over to where the real estate agent is. "I think we're done looking," he says to her, the moment he's close enough.

Pansy nods, smiling a little. "I figured as much." She looks to where Neville is staring off, probably mentally measuring out the yard, and feels a bit of a jerk for having to say "I'll need to speak with your Alpha" to Harry. "Financial things and all that," she adds apologetically.

"Yeah, sure, I get it," Harry says, waving a hand dismissively. He's probably meant to be annoyed at having Neville being referred to as 'his' Alpha, in this regard, but it's true. And he's pretty sure Pansy doesn't mean it in a negative way, especially since her professionally courteous expression cracked for a moment and she looked sorry as hell for saying it. He shrugs, not taking any offense because at the moment Neville handled his own finances. He nearly squirms happily knowing that's something he'll probably happily take over once they've married. "He's pretty much the brains with that sorta stuff any way."

Neville joins the pair after a moment. "The place feels like it's been empty for awhile."

"Yes," Pansy admits. "The owners bought something across town and emptied the house hoping it would sell easier if it was ready to live in right away. The neighborhood is going through a... change of sorts." Neville's eyebrows go up and she nearly sighs. She has a feeling the couple won't be walking away once they hear, but she knows it's something she has to disclose now that they've asked. "Progressive, I suppose you could call it." She points down the block to a large modern-looking home painted a light taupe with dark brown trim. There are a few toys in the yard, obviously left behind by rambunctious pups.

Harry follows Pansy's fingers and then takes a look around the neighborhood. It looks like there are more than one young family around. He doesn't see any problem, though. "OK," he says slowly. "We were planning on expanding our little pack someday, as well. And... Well, it's not like we have to worry about older, retired packs complaining about noisy pups, right?"

"No," Pansy says, smiling a little again. "There are quite a few young families here. That house I pointed out is an Alpha couple. Two doors down is a lovely pair of Omegas." She knows; she'd sold the Omega couple the house 6 months ago. They'd been a little nervous living so close to a pair of Alphas, until she'd mentioned they were fully mate-Bonded and wouldn't be a problem. They, like most, assumed the pair were merely living together to save expenses.

It takes a few moments for the words to sink in and then Harry smiles widely. "Oh," he says, looking back at the house with a new perspective. An Alpha pairing isn't exactly considered normal. An Omega one even less so. "Are there... erm, a lot of those?" he asks, hesitantly, and feeling unsure if he's asking a rude question or not.
"Is it an issue?" Pansy asks coolly.

"No," Neville says, leveling the real estate agent with a flat look. "It isn't."

He knows Harry wasn't asking because he's uncomfortable. A look at his Omega shows that he's looking a little more excited, actually. He's aware of the issues some couples face and he's pretty sure Harry is looking forward to meeting others that don't hold onto outdated social norms. He, personally, is looking forward to younger couples they could socialize with. Harry doesn't have many friends outside his pack and he's hoping that can change.

Pansy nods curtly but she's relieved. She clears her throat, "If you're still interested, we can get the paperwork started and you can be in by the end of the week." Harry nods, grinning at her and she smiles back. "Well, then, in that case, let's go to my office."

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"Oh. My. God," Draco screeches, coming to a stop just inside his father's study. His hands fly up to cover his eyes and he makes a few exaggerated gagging sounds. "Can you not do that here?"

Remus slides off Lucius' desk, snickering as he adjusts his pants. "Relax, Cub. There's nothing to see." Although, a few more minutes and his young Omega might very have actually been traumatized. The overly-dramatic little priss. He laughs when Draco eases into the room, nose twitching, as he warily looks between him and his father through the gaps in his fingers.

"Seriously. Gross guys," Draco whines, his hands falling down to his sides once he sees it's safe. God. Parents were not supposed to get freaky on desks and shit. Ugh. There has to be an age limit on that kinda stuff, right? Of course, he'd have to be so old he couldn't move to not fondle his Alpha, but that's beside the point. No pup should have to see their parents doing that.

Lucius chuckles and rises from his seat, now that his son's presence and hysterics have successfully chased away his erection. "What can we help you with, pup?" he asks as he idly smooths his clothing.

"I forgot," Draco grumps, flopping onto the sofa with his arms crossed. "All I can think of now is... Ugh!" he trails off, flailing his hands about.

Remus gently smacks the back of Draco's head, snickering again when the Omega squawks with indignation and immediately moves to fix his mussed hair. "Don't be a prude. What did you want?"

"Oh!" Draco says, sitting up, his hand dropping from where he was artfully rearranging his hair. Now that he's here, he's feeling like a bit of a tattle-tail... "I overheard Harry and Neville talking."

Remus nods his understanding, moving to sit next to the Omega and patting his arm. Draco flops over, settling his head onto Remus' lap with a dramatic huff, a hand over his forehead. Honestly, how Charlie puts up with his cub's antics, he can't imagine. But it does speak of deep affection and commitment, though, so he really can't complain.

"...And?" he prods when Draco doesn't say anything else.

Remus shifts a little when Lucius settles next to him, his arm resting behind him on the sofa but quickly dropping down to rest on the nape of his neck. He suppresses a shiver; he has to remind himself they're not alone, and he's got a pouting cub resting his head in his lap. They'll have to return to their Bonding celebration later. He gently cards a hand through the Omega's fair hair, making a soft noise of comfort when he realizes most of Draco's distress is genuine.
"Nothing," Draco mutters. It's not like he wants to keep his pack-brother from being happy, but did he have to leave already? It feels like the little runt just got there... "Are you going to let him move out without being married first?" he asks, tilting his head back to look between his father and Remus. He sucks his teeth when they both give him a look, almost a scolding look he hasn't been given since he was young pup bringing mud-pies into the house. "Damn."

Remus can't help chuckling softly, patting Draco's head. "You wouldn't like it if we pulled that on you, now would you?" Draco's pout deepens but he shakes his head a little, huffing softly with resignation. He hums in satisfaction and relaxes against Lucius, content to just sit with his Alpha and cub. It's a lovely, quiet moment and it feels like too long since their cub allowed such immature behaviors like grooming and snuggling with his parents.

Naturally, it doesn't last long. As soon as he feels Lucius chest expand with an inhaled breath, ready to speak, Remus prepares to pull his hand away so it doesn't become entangled. Few things sets his cub off like mussed hair...

"Have you asked Harry about his wedding plans?" Lucius asks, obviously addressing Draco.

The Omega sits up quickly with an excited gasp. "No, I haven't! Oh god!" he cries and jumps up, rushing from the room muttering about tailors, wedding magazines and calling caterers.

"You did that on purpose," Remus murmurs, leaning back into Lucius and snuggling closer. As much as he wants to be irritated at the happy pack moment being ruined, he really can't begrudge his beloved wanting his full attention at the moment. He lifts his face enough to kiss along his Alpha's jaw, feeling the gentle rasp of fine stubble against his lips. He feels Lucius' chuckle reverberate through his chest and smiles.

"Perhaps," Lucius concedes, sliding a hand into Remus' sandy hair and gently pulling his head back for another kiss. "He did interrupt, after all," he murmurs lowly against his Mate's lips.

Remus just hums in agreement and pleasure as Lucius' lips leave his and travel down his neck.

-xXx-

Harry glances up at the muffled curse and scuffling noise just outside his room. He opens the door and nearly laughs at the sight of Draco. His pack-brother's arms are full of magazines, bits of fabric draped over his shoulders and his cellphone in his mouth. "Draco?"

Draco scowls at Harry and pushes past the other Omega to drop everything onto the bed. He yanks his phone from his mouth, throwing it on a pillow before turning towards Harry. "You almost got away with it," he accuses, jabbing a finger sharply towards Harry. "As if,"

Harry snorts softly and closes his door. "I wasn't trying to do anything of the sort. We just haven't started planning, is all."

"Haven't started—!" Draco sputters, flailing around. He pulls a face that screams 'scandalized' and glowers when his pack-brother has the audacity to laugh at him. "Harry! You're to be married in, like, two months!"

"Seven weeks," Harry corrects, grinning widely and nearly going breathless for a moment. Seven
weeks and he'll be married. Oh wow... He's lost in his own little world of giddy warm feelings of happiness before he realizes Draco is poking at him, a scowl on his face. "What?" he says, rubbing at his upper arm where he'd been viciously poked. Draco's fingers are freakin' pointy and he can put some strength behind them when he wants to.

"All the more reason to plan now!" Draco says archly. "Look, I know you probably want something simple-" He sneers a little when Harry smiles serenely and nods encouragingly. "I knew it," he mutters, making a soft sound of disgust. "No doves?" Harry snickers and shakes his head. "No ice sculptures?" Harry shakes his head again, lips twitching with amusement. "Not even a huge wedding party, everyone wearing coordinating tuxes?" he asks, tossing his hands up in defeat, knowing he'll get another bloody 'no'.

Harry slowly shakes his head, patting Draco's shoulder. "No. I don't have that many people to fill out a wedding party. I'm happy with something small. Neville is too, since he doesn't have a big pack either." He'd feel bad about ruining Draco's plans, but he knows the other Omega will make good use of everything for his own wedding. (Which, he's quite sure would happen even if Charlie only proposed so Draco could have a lavish wedding.)

"Besides," Harry says, gathering the messy pile of magazines into an orderly stack, "The money we save on the wedding, we can spend on the honeymoon."

He's looking forward to that; Neville had readily agreed to a long honeymoon so they could travel. He's always wanted to see what all the fuss was about beaches. He doesn't know how much sightseeing they'll actually do, though, he muses with a blush. They hadn't planned it that way, but he'd be nearing a Heat when they left for their Honeymoon.

"True," Draco concedes with a soft grumble. "Is there anything at all I can do?" he asks, begging with his eyes to have at something.

Harry purses his lips, thinking. He knows it's meant to be his (and Neville's) day, but he can't bear to see Draco looking so put-out. He hadn't realized until now how much the other Omega would enjoy planning something like this. "Well, we haven't picked out our tuxes. And I guess we could use a good caterer..."

"Yes!" Draco hisses, punching the air. He grabs Harry into a fierce hug, pushing away after a few wiggles, pats and sways so he could gush at his pack-brother properly. "You will not be sorry. Ohmygod," he breathes in a rush, already envisioning the couple getting measured for hand-tailored tuxes. "We have to get you both to André! Now!" He hopes they didn't wait too long; it could take ages for a perfect, exquisitely tailored tuxedo. "Call Neville! Have him meet us there!"

Harry just follows after Draco as the other Omega runs from his room. He sends Neville a message, smiling like a dope when Neville immediately responds, letting him know he'll meet them. He feels a wave of affection for his Alpha at that; ridiculously pleased Neville just went along with it instead of ask questions. He waves a hasty goodbye to Remus, rolling his eyes at the Beta's amused smirk as Draco drags him outside and shoves him into his car.

-XXx-

Harry jumps when the curtain on his dressing room twitches aside. His hands fly up to cover his exposed parts but fall away when he realizes it's only Neville. And does his Alpha look amazing in a tuxedo. He stares, mesmerized at the way the fabric clings and smooths across a broad chest and shoulders. He wishes there isn't a jacket in the way of letting him see Neville's tapered waist, developed chest and smooth belly. He considers asking, maybe, for a manly twirl so he can see the back...
"Neville," he breathes, eyeing his Alpha unashamedly. He finishes dressing, doing up his pants and sliding into the matching jacket. He hasn't put the tie on yet, but he's pretty sure he'd just fumble with it; his hands are shaking slightly, Neville's close presence already affecting him. Besides, the look his Alpha is giving him pretty much guarantees he wouldn't be wearing it long.

Neville nods, occupied with staring back at Harry. His Omega in a tuxedo is a mouth-watering sight. And it isn't even properly altered yet. The cuffs and legs are a bit too long but that doesn't detract away from the over-all look. The charcoal color is doing wonders for Harry's coloring; his skin looks edible and his eyes are bright.

"Harry."

Harry shivers at the deep tone, unconsciously swaying forward towards Neville even as he lowers his head and looks up at his Alpha through his lashes and fringe. He doesn't mean to present submissively, almost demurely, but he can't help it; Neville looks ready to eat him in the best way possible and he just reacts. He clears his throat, "What're you doin' in here?"

"I wanted to see how your tux fit," Neville says absently. Harry's warm scent is overpowering in the small space and he's having a very hard time controlling his baser urges. And Harry's 'come-hither' look isn't helping any, either. He groans softly when his Omega shifts closer, his hands running along the lapels of his tuxedo coat. He looks down, mesmerized as slim fingers straighten and smooth, picking off specks of lint that only Harry can see.

He knows it's just the Omega instinct to groom but it just makes him pant softly with arousal and slide a hand around Harry's waist. "Stop that," he chides gently, knowing if Harry continued they'd do more than just groom each other.

"I can't," Harry whispers, reaching up to adjust Neville's hair, grooming him with gentle adoring touches and then fixing his collar and bow tie. He hums happily when Neville's face presses into his neck and his fingers stop their grooming motions to sink into the brown strands, gripping lightly. He wants to pull away; he can already feel heat flashing through his body, pooling low, and he really doesn't think this is the time or place.

He nearly whimpers when Neville's large hand cups his bum and he feels the heated stirrings of arousal going through him kick up a notch. He whines softly, mortified at the very idea of staining his new trousers with slick before they're even his. He wriggles, intent on getting away, but it only has him rubbing against Neville's body and bringing them flush together. The material of their trousers only adds to the slide, feeling fantastic against his body.

"Shit," Neville grinds out, using both hands to hold Harry still, pressing his Omega's lithe figure against him. "I shouldn't have come in here," he mutters just before he bends down and kisses Harry, gently pushing until he's pressing his Omega against the mirror. Harry makes a soft sound of pleasure and it goes right through his body and to his groin. Mating in public isn't exactly accepted, but it does happen. Sexy mates and raging hormones make it hard for even the most rational Alpha to hold back. Exceptions are usually made if a Mate is in Heat (or Rut). They're in a private enough area, it shouldn't be a problem... As long as no one is foolish enough to interfere.

He presses their hips together and claims Harry's mouth in a kiss, tilting his head back and growling softly with pleasure (and a little dominance) when Harry easily submits with a soft, pleasured whine. He licks along Harry's bottom lip and growls lowly when his Omega nips in retaliation; it fans the fires to see his Harry enjoying himself and giving as good as he's getting. The slight sting is eased by Harry's tongue and he groans softly as his bottom lip is pulled between his Omega's perfect teeth once again. His hands are pulling at buttons and easing between layers of fabric to get at his Omega's soft skin. He gives the round bum in his other hand a squeeze, his
fingers sliding slightly towards the middle and pressing.

Harry slides a leg up Neville's, hooking it around the back of his thighs so he can press closer, grinding the growing bulge in his trousers against Neville's. "Are you just going to tease me?"

"No," Neville says with a growl, undoing Harry's pants with jerky, hard motions—not giving a toss if he rips the fine fabric—and letting them pool at his feet. The sweet, heady scent of Omega assaults him and he pulls Harry into another kiss, nipping and licking at his pinking lips and down a slender neck. He slides a hand under Harry's boxer-briefs and groans loudly when his fingers are immediately drenched in sweet slick. He should probably care they might've ruined Harry's new pants, but he doesn't. They're probably safer on the floor, anyway, even if they're going to be a wrinkled mess.

Neville kicks the fabric away and slides a hand down the damp underwear again, dragging the pads of his fingers over a heated furl of slicked muscle. Harry makes a soft keening noise and arches his hips backwards, silently begging for more. Neville groans softly when two fingers sink in with a soft wet sound and Harry moans softly, burrowing his face against his chest in an effort to be quiet. He pulls away from Harry's heat just long enough to shove his underwear off and down his gorgeous legs, chuckling lowly when Harry gasps softly and kicks them off with a desperate sound.

Harry gasps at the sudden blast of cool air over his heated skin. He fumbles with Neville's pants, suddenly—irrationally—annoyed at the complicated fastenings. He should probably protest before they get too far into it, maybe point out they're in a fairly public place and anyone can walk in. He fists his Alpha's shirt, distracted from his task and nearly popping the buttons as he pulls at the fabric. He's so past the point of caring about where they are when a large, warm hand wraps around his cock and Neville's fingers slip inside him at the same time. The dual points of pleasure has him shuddering and whining out a long moan, hitching his leg up Neville's hip when two fingers become three and wiggle.

"Neville," he whines softly, "someone could come in." The growl from his Alpha, that he can feel and hear, has him shivering in pleasure and arching against Neville's chest. He rubs himself against Neville, feeling soft fabric whisper against his heated skin.

Neville mouths at Harry's neck, his hands possessively wrapping around his Omega's hips, finger tops digging pleasantly into the meat of his cheeks. "They wouldn't dare," he murmurs lowly. Anyone with ears and a nose will know what's going on and interrupting will be extremely stupid. And dangerous. He backs Harry up until he's flat against the mirror again, his Omega hissing quietly as the cool glass hits his heated skin. He hitches Harry up a bit, firmly holding his Omega up with a firm grip on his bum and hips. "You're mine and they know it."

"Yes," Harry breathes, nodding emphatically. He's pretty sure Neville will be embarrassed later for 'going Alpha' but he doesn't mind; it thrills him to know he can get his mild-mannered Neville to such a state. He can feel the bulge in Neville's trousers pressing against his heated skin and he wriggles, whining lowly. He doesn't really care if he's making a mess of the pants, either.

He wriggles until he's put down and he's quick to turn around, pressing his front to the cool glass and presenting himself to his Alpha, arching his back, hips canted out invitingly. He looks over his shoulder, angling his head so he's gazing at his Alpha through his lashes in a way he knows drives Neville to distraction. It works, he can see his Alpha's chest heaving as he moves closer, a hand wrapping around his hip possessively.

"Neville," Harry murmurs, wanting—needing—to yank his Alpha into another kiss. He manages to get a hand around the back of Neville's neck one he's close enough, licking into his Alpha's mouth in a heated kiss, and nipping along Neville's reddened lips as he pulls away. "Get your pants off
and get in me," he demands. His hands press against the mirror when Neville presses close, chest firmly against his back as large hands circle his waist in a possessive yet gentle, adoring hold.

It drives him completely wild, both his libido and that gibbering Omega center in his brain, and he arches backwards again. He whimpers softly when one of his Alpha's hand leaves him, leaving his skin feeling too cool.

Neville chuckles breathlessly and manages to get his pants undone, one-handed, and down without losing his grip on Harry. He grunts when their heated skin presses together, the hot-slick-wet sensation of Harry's slick trickling down his pubic bone nearly makes him black out with potent want. He doesn't get a moment to react before Harry is reaching behind himself and gripping him in one hand.

"Fuck," he breathes, head dropping so his forehead lands on the back of Harry's neck. He hadn't expected that. He makes a guttural groaning-moaning-grunting sound when Harry teases the head along his slick cleft. His Harry has become quite the saucy little Omega... and he can't find it in himself care. Not when His Omega arches so prettily, causing the leaking tip of his cock to catch briefly at his slightly-puffy rim, and makes the most arousing sounds. They both shudder, hips slamming together at the sensation.

"Sometime today," Harry mutters, trying to get Neville to move already. He runs two fingers along himself, gathering up excess slick before reaching back and grabbing at Neville's cock again. He smears as much as he can onto his Alpha's cock, mostly just because he loves the feel of Neville, soft-hard and warm-hot in his palm. It's become one of his favorite sensations... second only to being filled by his Alpha. He spreads his legs and shifts his hips just enough to have the flushed head brush along his heated body again. It's a tease, both for himself and Neville, and he gives a breathless laugh when Neville's grip on him tightens with a soft growl.

It's one of warning and frustration and he's no longer in the mood to tease. He presses his face against the mirror, the cool glass bliss on his flushed cheek, and moans as he works himself down onto Neville's cock. He's expecting his Alpha to take over, but Neville doesn't; he's letting Harry do this on his own and it's surprisingly arousing. It almost makes him want to slam his hips back but he goes slow, savoring the pressure and sweet friction as he's slowly filled and stretched.

Neville growls lowly, his hands settling around Harry's hips—because he needs to touch—but doesn't make any move to rush his Omega along, not when he can tell how much Harry is enjoying the control. The breathy, soft moans coming from his Omega are almost too much, though. He bottoms out and has to still his Harry's hips, intent on giving his Mate time to adjust.

A roll of those sinful hips has Neville sliding out in a slow, maddening drag and Harry makes a gurgled sound. He immediately tightens his hold, gently but forcefully stilling the slim hips in his hold, afraid his Omega might've rushed too fast. "Harry?" he whispers, leaning forward and petting sweaty hair back, willing those green eyes to open.

Harry's eyes slowly open and he turns his head just enough to see Neville. He feels amazing, pleasure tingling through him; almost too hot but in a good way. "Hmm?"

"You alright?" Neville asks, bending his head down and placing a line of kisses along Harry's nose and cheeks. The angel is awkward but he refuses to move. He cups at Harry's cheek, staring into lust-glazed eyes and feeling much better about Harry's comfort level. His Omega honestly looks moments away from orgasm.

Harry hums and nods, nuzzling into the hand on his cheek before moving his head just enough to kiss and lightly nip at Neville's palm. "Oh yeah. Be even better if you moved," he says slowly,
opening his eyes to glare playfully at Neville. He braces his hands on the mirror when his Alpha grunts and is quick to comply, his hips moving immediately in a fast, hard rhythm. It's perfect and his head falls back with a loud moan, bouncing a little as he lets it rest on Neville's shoulder. "Oh god," he pants out.

He doesn't know if it's the thrill of being where they are or the insanely arousing way Neville let him start, but he's already so close. He's a complete mess of pre-cum and slick but he can't seem to care. His hands fist against the mirror and his eyes squint closed as he pants against the glass.

"Close already, love?" Neville asks between thrusts and panted breathes. He smirks when Harry nods with a whimper and wraps a hand around his Omega's cock, flicking a thumb over the leaking slit. Harry bucks into his hand with a gasped moan. He moans softly when Harry's hips circle, trying to fuck himself backwards as well as into his fist. He strokes again, thumbing the sensitive little dip, smearing pre-cum, on the upstroke. He's rewarded with Harry cumming two strokes in, his body bowing and tightening around him as his Omega whimpers his orgasm.

Three more thrusts and he's right behind Harry, fingers tightening on his Omega's hips. It takes all of his effort not to shove his knot into his Harry right there but he manages to hold back as he cums. It's a right mess, moans appreciatively and rests his hands over Neville's.

Harry wrinkles his nose as he leans away from the mirror, trying to avoid the stripes of cum on the glass. "Ugh," he groans softly as the sensation of copious amounts of Alpha cum leak down the back of his thighs. He hears Neville groan as well, but for a completely different reason... He should've known his Alpha would enjoy the sight of his messy, leaking Omega. He glides two fingers through the mess, hiding a smirk when Neville makes a choked moaning sound and swats his hand away.

"Do you have anything to clean this up?" he asks Neville, turning a little.

Neville shrugs and shakes his head. He really hadn't planned spontaneous sex in the changing room... "No," he admits quietly. He can feel Harry blush and he turns his Omega around gently, nuzzling at his temple. It's a little sweaty and smells absolutely amazing with his Omega's sex-heavy scent. It's almost enough to have him twitch with interest. He spends a long moment just scenting and stroking along Harry's flank, humming happily and enjoying an intimate moment. He looks around and grabs Harry's t-shirt from the floor. "Here."

"What am I gonna wear?" Harry asks in a whisper, eyes darting around nervously even as he uses the shirt to wipe away what he can.

Neville shrugs again, smiling when Harry immediately begins wiping him down as well. Harry's ministrations are gentle and adoring and he swallows noisily, swamped with feelings and warmth towards his Omega. He pulls Harry into a gentle, loving kiss, humming softly with satisfaction and contentment when his Omega practically melts against his front. Harry is amazing and he's suddenly overwhelmed with how lucky he is. Maybe it's Omega nature to look after their Alpha, but Harry gives and takes care of him without thought and he's... so grateful.

"You OK?" Harry asks, leaning away from the tight hug a little. Neville just nods and he leans up to kiss his Alpha's chin. "Good. I've ruined my shirt... and I can't wear it out so I hope you've got a genius idea."

"I figured you could wear that shirt," Neville says, pointing at the button up Harry is wearing. They'd managed to keep it clean, just barely. There's a suspicious splotch along the hem, but it won't be noticeable if Harry tucks the shirt in.
Harry nods. He's quite relieved they'd be able to do that; he's worn clothes out of a store before. He's rather relieved the shirt fit him well... "Yeah, OK." He spends a few moments straightening Neville's appearance and looks up at his Alpha with a warm smile. "Ready?"

"Yes," Neville whispers, feeling his chest tighten pleasantly when Harry beams happily at him. He peeks out of the curtain and looks around, making sure no one is close by. The changing rooms offered no privacy beyond a door, so anyone in the area had to've known exactly what was going on. Thankfully, the area is deserted and he pulls Harry out of the area and towards the registers.

They get a few looks, most are indulgent looks from older people. He ignores the sneer or two, well aware they're from other Alphas that are jealous of his lovely Omega. Harry is gorgeous, willing and warm. He doesn't blame them... But he'll still tear out a throat or two if they don't back off and put their hard gazes elsewhere.

The sales woman doesn't make any comments but the knowing look and mischievous twinkle in the Beta's hazel eyes is enough to have Harry blushing and look away while Neville pays for their suits and accessories.

Neville ignores the Beta, swiping his card and waiting for the transaction to process. He eases Harry closer, mostly just to calm his Omega's fidgeting because he doesn't want Harry to be embarrassed. He wraps an around around slim shoulders and Harry is quick to snuggle into his side and he smiles. "When will the alterations be done?" he asks the sales woman.

"Next week," the Beta says, pushing the credit slow across the counter for the Alpha to sign. She sneaks a quick smile at the Omega pressed against his side, offering a silent apology for making him uncomfortable. He beams back at her and her smile grows warmer. He's far from a pup but she finds herself fighting the urge to coo at him, anyway. No wonder his Alpha couldn't keep his hands to himself...

Neville nods approvingly, sliding the signed slip back. He narrows his eyes at the grinning Beta and grabs his receipt, leaving without a polite goodbye. He knows she wasn't flirting with his Harry, but he still didn't appreciate her looking at Harry like he was an adorable pup.

-xXx-

"We've found a house."

Neville's words brings dinner to a halt, everyone going quiet and giving the young Alpha their attention. He clears his throat, suddenly feeling nervous being the center of attention. Harry's hand finds his under the table and gives a reassuring squeeze. He gently squeezes back, feeling calmer. "I, er, just thought you should know."

"That's good, yeah?" Remus asks, leaning forward a little and squinting at Neville. The poor thing looks nervous and a little uncomfortable. He wants to go over and sooth him, but he stays seated, smothering the urge to console a full grown, Mated Alpha. Even if he does look a bit like a nervous, awkward cub right now.

"Yeah," Neville says, nodding. He clears his throat, giving Harry a small, warm smile before looking back at the Beta. "We found a nice one—roomy but cozy."

Lucius nods, wiping his mouth. He's aware of the young couple wanting to be somewhere private for Neville's pending Rut. He can only hope they hadn't made a hasty choice... "Nice neighborhood?"
"Yeah!" Harry says happily. "There are a few packs with young pups, already, so we know it'll be good for... erm... later," he trails off, blushing furiously and suddenly very interested in his peas. He sneaks a peek up and hesitantly returns Remus' warm smile, the Beta visibly pleased at the not-so-subtle mention of grandpups. Even Lucius looks pleased, though he's much more subtle about it as usual. "Erm, we can move in next week," he adds quietly.

That's the only part he'd been truly nervous to tell his pack. It feels too soon but not soon enough at the same time; he doesn't want to leave the loving pack but he needs to be with his Alpha. It's kind of unfair but he knows his pack will understand and not make him feel bad for giving into his urges to be with Neville. Lucius looks a bit taken-aback but not in a negative way and Remus looks like he's about to burst into happy tears. Harry releases a pent-up breath.

"So soon?" Lucius asks, raising a pale eyebrow. He looks between the young couple, concerned. He realizes there's a bit of an urgency behind their searching, but he doesn't want them to settle. He also hopes his pup doesn't feel like he has to leave because he's Mated now. But he won't stop Harry if it's truly what he wants... And from the look on the Omega's face, it is. He sighs inaudibly, resigning himself to it. "Is there an issue you might've missed?"

Neville shakes his head and leans back in his chair a little, squeezing Harry's hand gently, silently asking him to let him speak. Harry still looks so nervous, he doesn't mind taking the attention off his Omega. The older Alpha doesn't look angry, just concerned. He can appreciate that; it does sound like a hasty decision. "Not at all," he says firmly, but politely. "The previous owners had the means to move before selling their house. It's perfect, really, and we got lucky we could move in so soon."

"Alright," Lucius murmurs, pleased Neville has already looked into any possible problems. He sees the young Alpha sit up a little straighter, chest puffing out slightly. He nearly smiles, pleases Neville seems to appreciate his input. "I expect that means you'll be making arrangements shortly?" he asks, looking between the young couple.

"Yeah," Harry says quietly. He feels a little bad to be moving out already, after everything his pack has done for him... But neither of his adoptive parents are giving him any sort of guilt or making it harder than it has to be and he's grateful. "We'll visit, though!"

"Of course you will," Remus says firmly. He reaches over and ruffles Harry's hair, unable to help himself from smoothing the back of it briefly with an absent groom of his fingertips. He smiles when Harry indulges him and nuzzles his hand before leaning away towards Neville again. He pretends not to notice when the young Alphas fingers gently smooth through Harry's hair, subconsciously replacing his scent. "So, how's the school search going?"

Harry shrugs. "Fine. I'm just waiting to see which school accepted me," he says, nervously chewing his bottom lip. He knows he didn't have to check the Omega part of the questionnaire (it isn't exactly legal for them to ask anymore), but he figured it would be easier in the long run. And he wouldn't feel like a big fat liar, either.

"You'll probably have to sort out which school you want when they all accept you," Lucius points out, giving Harry a small but proud smile. The Omega had spent time doing little else but studying (and taking care of his pack) during his youth; as a result he is extremely intelligent (even if he tried to hide it). As well as still shy and reserved. He'd been pleasantly surprised when he'd gone through the Omega's old school records. He wanted to strangle Dursley all over again when the bastard had barred Harry from accepting numerous scholarships he'd been offered.

It hadn't surprised him Dursley preferred the Omega to think himself stupid but it still made his pulse pound and his hands clench even now. He fully expects every school Harry applied to to
accept the Omega; eagerly and with full scholarships in an effort to get him enrolled. He almost wishes Harry had an interest in business so he could intern with him. Draco showed little interest and he had hoped to keep some of the management in the family.

Harry makes a soft noise, blushing with embarrassed pleasure. "Maybe," he murmurs. He knows his grades were OK and he's not as confident as his Alpha papa, but he knows better than to say anything that could be seen as negative about himself. He wants to fidget when he's suddenly the main focus, everyone giving him proud smiles.

He clears his throat and mutters something about the wedding and thankfully everyone starts talking at once, immediately filling the room with excited chatter and tentative plans. He eases back in his chair, grateful for Neville's quiet, calming presence next to him as everyone gets caught up with talk of flowers, caterers and whatnot.

Harry jumps a little when Neville's low voice is suddenly in his ear. "No say in our own wedding?" Neville's warmth along his arm and against his neck makes him shiver. He shakes his head and then shrugs. "Not really. I never actually thought I'd ever get married, so I didn't spend hours thinking about what I wanted. I have you and that's all I need." He feels sappy and warm just to say it aloud, but it's true. He smiles when Neville just stares at him, eyes warm and glazing slightly. "What about you?"

"Chocolate cake," Neville says after a pause, needing a moment to compose himself after Harry's admission—both the never planning to be married and needing only him. He looks around and once he confirms everyone is distracted, gently pulls Harry close, his hands gently cradling his Omega's face. "And you, of course," he adds, sweeping his thumbs across Harry's cheeks and kissing him softly. He means for it to be chaste, gentle, loving, but Harry makes a noise in the back of his throat, slides a hand into his hair and presses closer and the kiss quickly heats up.

He only pulls away when he feels Harry shift in his seat, like he's going to climb into his lap. A lovely idea to be sure, but the wrong place entirely. "Love you," he whispers before reluctantly letting Harry go.

Harry feels himself flush all over again, warmth practically exploding through him in happy little bursts. "Love you, too," he whispers back.

He jumps when Draco slaps at his shoulder, getting his attention so he can shove magazines at him and demand answers. He echoes Neville's only requirement and ignores the dramatic roll of grey eyes. He knows Draco's pleased for the minimal input since the blonde Omega doesn't bother to argue and he's sure they're going to have the most ludicrous display of a chocolate wedding cake, ever, but he really doesn't care.

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