But Your Inadequacies Fill Up His Heart

by botanical_mysteries, one_golden_sun

Summary

John Laurens is an omega who has good reasons not to trust alphas.

So when he meets Alexander Hamilton and Gilbert du Motier-Lafayette, two alphas who have been a mated-pair for years, he wonders why he can't resist their magnetic pull.

Notes

Some of those um...heavier tags will be noted when we get to the those chapters.

ENJOY!

HUGE shout out to @paperthinrevolutionary for their amazing editing and beta skills. <3
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Falling in love with a fellow alpha had so far been the oddest decision of Alexander Hamilton’s life. It was so hard not to, though. And never mind the fact that the French were so much more liberal about such arrangements, not to mention that Lafayette never seemed bothered by the taboo nature of their relationship, or that he couldn't quite understand the inner frustration that Alex often wrestled with. Alex already had a hard enough time, being quite runty for an alpha, and more or less enjoying things that were more befitting a beta or an omega; but bending over for a fellow alpha was the worst of his transgressions.

Their arrangement was unusual, of course, but it had its benefits. No omega meant no heat cycles to deal with. No worrying about his mate’s ability to take care of himself. The knowledge that Lafayette loved and cherished him for his mind and his actual being, not because of some weird mix of hormones and his knot. And they were lucky to live in the modern world, where if the mood struck, they had the ability to entertain a willing omega for an evening was a possibility, something they indulged in occasionally.

Despite Alex’s inner turmoil, they had never made any plans to seriously court an omega. They were both painfully aware of all the ways such a relationship could end up, and nearly all of them were ugly.

So of all the ways they could meet an omega, of course it would end up being just as unconventional as their relationship.

Alex was walking from his office to the small deli a few blocks away. The beta he shared an office with had come in with some delicious smelling corn soup, and he realised how hungry he’d gotten. His daydreams of overpriced toasted sandwiches were interrupted by the sharp, acidic scent of a distressed omega. Worse, a distressed omega in heat. He stopped in the middle of the street, snapped his head around until he figured the scent was coming from down a nearby alley. Ran for it, knew he’d guessed right when he heard shouting.

“Fuck off, Lee!”

“I’m just saying, you don’t need to be alone.”

“I wouldn’t let you anywhere near me even if you were the last alpha on earth.”

“C’mon, baby.”

“I’m not your baby, you fucking piece of shit.”

“Why would you come into work smelling like that if you didn’t want an alpha comin’ after you, huh?”

“Uh, because I need to fucking pay my rent, maybe? Because I have deadlines to meet?”

“You wouldn’t have to worry about that if you had an alpha to look after you, sweetheart.”

“Don’t fucking touch me!”

They were in a doorway that led off an office building.

“Hey!” Alex shouted. Despite his size, he had the advantage of surprise and speed, and basically ran
into the other alpha, making him stumble and lose his footing.

“The fuck?!” the man shouted.

“I heard you talking back so I know you’re not deaf,” Alex hissed. “Don’t you fucking understand what ‘fuck off’ means? It means go away. No. Go sit on a cactus. Go jump into the Hudson. Do you need more examples or do you think you get it now?”

“This isn’t any of your business,” he snapped.

“I just made it my business. Fuck. Off. Or I call the cops.”

“I’m just trying to help my omega here,” the man said, bearing his teeth in the guise of a smile. “He doesn’t want to go home even in his state. You know how omegas can be.”

“Fuck you, I’m not your fucking omega. You smell like wet socks and rotten garbage, you piece of shit,” the omega snapped.

“Hey, you know detaining an omega in heat against their will is a crime, right?” Alex said, not bothering to hide his aggressive stance. “I happen to have friends in the police department who would be really fucking excited to take in an asshole like you.”

The alpha looked him up and down. “You think a runty little shit like you scares me?”

Alex went for his phone, flipped open to his contacts. “Last chance to fuck off before I have Sargeant Tallmadge on your ass.”

The other alpha actually looked spooked at that. “Fuck you,” he spat, before fleeing back out onto the street. He glared over his shoulder a few times back at Alex during his retreat, baring his teeth and shaking his head.

“Jesus fucking Christ, do they not teach alphas manners anymore? For fuck’s sake,” Alex muttered. He turned his eyes to the omega. He was pretty, Alex thought. Tan skin covered in freckles, curly brown hair pushed back into a ponytail. He was flushed with heat and anger, breathing hard. Regarding Alex warily.

“You okay?” Alex asked. “He didn’t touch you? I mean, he did, but like...”

“No,” the man said. “I’m fine. Thanks.”

“Hey, I heard what you said about rent and deadlines, and trust me, I get it, but maybe you should go home. I can walk you if you like.”

The man eyed him some more, sniffed. “You’re an alpha, right?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re fucking tiny.”

“I’ve been told.”

Alex took another step towards him, instinctive. The omega visibly recoiled, flinched. “I’m sure your boss will understand. You are quite… fragrant.”

The omega’s face twisted into a sarcastic smile. “Yeah, she just kicked me out,” he sighed. “Said I was distracting everyone.”
Alex rolled his eyes, but bit his tongue against the tirade. Of fucking course send home the omega who can't control his heat, not the alphas who should be able to control their urges. ‘Distraction’. Of course. He looked closer at the omega, dressed casual but well. A little sporty even. Same height as him. He was quite cute, if not a little unconventional looking. And he smelled...well of Alex was honest, he smelled fantastic. The bright burst of orange, the warmth of freshly brewed tea, layered with the comforting under notes of vanilla.

“Look,” Alex said. “You can say no but it would help me sleep at night if I made sure you got home safe.”

More flinching. “Thanks, but no thanks. I’m a big boy, I can handle myself.” He shifted uncomfortably on his feet and grimaced. Alex guessed he was probably not feeling his best, if what little exposure he had to omegas in heat had taught him anything. Not to mention, his scent… Alex focused on the conversation, not the way the scent was affecting him. The magnetic pull of it. Did not let his mind drift to what was probably going on under the omega’s clothes… His filled out cock, his ready hole, the slick between his thighs… He cleared his throat.

“I don't deny that. You could probably bench press me. But also my mate will make me sleep on the couch if he finds out I left an omega in heat alone in the middle of New York City.”

“Jesus, dude. You're mated and you're trying to bug me? Go home to your own omega, leave me the fuck alone.” He turned to walk away, grumbling about entitled, insatiable alphas.

“Well, considering my mate’s an alpha… Yeah, he might kick the couch outside also. I hope he leaves me some blankets.”

The omega froze, looked over his shoulder. “Your mate is an alpha?” he repeated, confused. “Is that even... Possible?”

“Without getting into specifics, yes. Look, I promise I just want to walk you home, make sure you get there in one piece. You smell really strong, and god knows what might happen. I'm not looking for anything.”

Hazel eyes squinty, suspicious. “And you won't touch me?” he said.

“I won't touch you,” Alex assured him. “You have my word.”

“You’ll just make sure I get home safe and leave?”

“Scout’s honour.”

“Fine then,” he sighed. “Just, don't walk too close, ok?”

“As you wish. I'm Alex, by the way.”

“John,” he said, but didn't offer his hand to shake or even really look at Alex. “I'm only a couple blocks up.”

“Fantastic! Lead the way.”

John grunted his consent and began walking, Alex dogging his heels.

“So John,” Alex said once they were on their way. “What do you do for a living?”

“I'm a graphic designer,” John grumbled.
“What? No way! I’m a journalist. Work for a political magazine. Uh, The Federalist? I dunno what sorta stuff you read, but yeah. Our office is just a few block up from here. Anyway, we’re always looking for graphic designers. You should send in your portfolio! What kinda art do you specialize in? We keep getting people that are good at making graphs, which is fantastic but sometimes you just want a nice artwork to jazz up an otherwise kinda boring piece about financial policy. Not that I think financial policy is boring, but I know I’m in the minority there.”

“Jesus fucking hell, dude,” John groused, looking over his shoulder at Alex. “I think I can see why you got stuck with another alpha. Do you ever shut up?”

“After being tiny, never shutting up is my second most commented upon trait. And the answer is no.”

“Fantastic.”

“So like, when you get home, what are you going to do to take care of yourself? I’m just curious because I’ve honestly never really gotten to talk to an omega in heat and I’ve always wondered…” John whipped around, his mouth gaping open. “Who fucking asks that?! What the hell?!”

“Uh… me? Shit, that’s probably rude, huh?”

“Yes, it’s fucking rude! Are you serious right now?”

“Yes?”

“God fucking…” John turned and kept walking. Alex followed him like a duckling. “I’m going to take care of it in exactly the way you’d fucking imagine. Use your brain.”

“All things considered, I probably shouldn’t try to imagine that.” Alex grinned. John just shot him an utterly disgusted look. Alex coughed. “But I mean, you don’t have an alpha, so like. How do you actually… Will you… Uh? I mean, are you in pain, are you okay?” Alex wished fervently for Lafayette to be there with him. Not only was his mate all around smoother and better with people, he had a special knack for setting omegas, even prickly distressed ones, at ease.

“I can’t tell if you’re fucking with me, trying to hit on me in some weird twisted way, or if you are actually that stupid.”

Alex actually looked like he was considering the question. John was sure his chin had hit the pavement. “Dude, I’m not actually asking. You must be that fucking dumb. Jesus.”

“I’m really sorry, John. I’m not the most… Suave alpha or anything. Really, that’s more of Lafayette’s job. Lafayette’s my mate, he’s really amazing. Actually we’re only a block over from his office, do you wanna meet him?”

John stopped in his tracks, crossed his arms across his chest. “Why the fuck would I want to deal with another fucking alpha today? You said you were just walking me home.”

“Uh, he’s like… Better? At people? Social protocols with omegas? Also like, uh… It might be better to go to his office and maybe call you a cab, you uh… Smell.”

John rolled his eyes. “Thanks. Fine. Call me a fucking cab from his office.”

Alex looked at his watch. “Oh, perfect, it’s almost his lunch break anyway. Maybe if you’re feeling okay, we can get food.”
John sighed, and gestured for Alex to lead the way.

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Lafayette’s office was in a tall sleek high rise. He worked for the American branch of a French investment bank, Alex explained. A bunch of boring stuff that Alex said he didn’t follow the intricacies of but knew it made Lafayette a boatload of money.

The elevator ride up to the 43rd floor was awkward. John could smell Alex reacting to him, and he was painfully aware of his own scent in response.

They approached a glass-walled meeting room, where about fifteen people were seated at a round table, listening to a presentation.

John felt his gut curl, could tell that was a room full of alphas. That was too many goddamn alphas for one day. In fact, as they approached, all of them looked up in surprise. Great, they could smell him coming. Alex knocked on the glass, catching one of the alpha’s attention.

The alpha, must’ve been Lafayette, looked up. John almost laughed at the way his face went from polite interest to complete and utter exasperation. His lips moved in a way that looked like, “Please excuse me a moment,” and then he was stepping out of the meeting room.

He was tall. That was John’s first impression. Tall and broad. Probably had excellent muscles under his white button-down, if the slight strain of the fabric across his chest was anything to go by. His cheekbones were also quite excellent, John thought. Plus his hair looked soft. And he smelled good, like mulled wine and a smokey fire…

John felt heat pulse in his gut, and he tried not to curl up on the floor in mortification.

“Alexander,” Lafayette said. His voice didn’t help. It was strong and commanding, and tinged with a wonderful accent. “Why have you come to my workplace with a strange omega, who is in heat?”

“He’s not strange! His name is John. Some dirtbag alpha was harassing him, so I chased him off. And then I offered to walk John home, but he started smelling really strong, so I thought we could call him a cab? And John agreed to come meet you and now we’re here!”

John said nothing, just stared up at the gorgeous, formidable alpha in awe, fidgeted. Wished he could find his voice.

Lafayette stared down at Alex, quirked his eyebrow. “I was not aware that calling someone a cab was so difficult.”

He sighed, turned his attention to John. “My apologies. Alexander means well, but he is not always so good with the, uh… Thinking things through. If you wish, you may wait in my office and I will call you a cab.”

“I uh… I thought maybe before that we could grab lunch?” Alex said in a small voice.

Lafayette’s gaze sharpened, like lasers. He said something quick in French. John had taken French in high school and college, but it had been years and he’d never had a reason to use it. Lafayette spoke too fast for John to ever hope to understand, anyway.

Alex responded back in French, equally fast. And oh, fuck, them speaking that language, which sounded like music, was so sexy, so interesting. John felt himself grow wetter, his dick starting to fill out more. No, this was bad, very very very bad. What had he walked into?
Both alphas shifted, clearly noticing the effect their presence was having on John. Alex kept glancing nervously between John and Lafayette. Lafayette rubbed at his temples, sighed. He pulled his phone from his pocket.

“I am calling… John?” Both men nodded. “Right. John, I am calling you a cab. I know a company that hires only betas and omegas, so you will not have to worry. Alexander, you will wait with John in the lobby until the cab arrives. You will go back to work, and then we will talk about this tonight. Understood?”

Alex pouted, but said, “Yeah. Yes, okay.”

John was shaking with the effort of keeping himself together in the face of an alpha being so effortlessly commandeering. But he wasn’t using that power against him, or to show off, the way so many alphas did. It seemed natural, effortless. Bossing around not just him but another alpha? It was intoxicating. It took every ounce of his resolve to not rub up against the stranger, to whine, make himself look small and pliant and fuckable. Coax the alpha into his bed.

God, he felt sick at the thought. This was why he didn’t let himself near alphas in this state. He didn’t trust himself not to give into his instincts. He wanted to be stronger than the hormone cocktail currently doing a samba in his bloodstream.

And anyway, he got the feeling he’d end up sent home like a scolded child whatever he did. So he let Lafayette call a cab, and he followed a dejected Alex down to the lobby. He thought he’d finally be free as they waited on one of the white leather couches. But then, Alex said, “Oh! I should…” And rummaged through his messenger bag until he procured a small black case. He opened it, took out a business card. “If you wanted to submit your portfolio. Or just give me a call. My cell phone number’s the same for personal and work, so.”

John took it silently.

Alexander Hamilton
Junior Political Writer
The Federalist

John sighed. “Well I guess if we’re exchanging them…” He rummaged through his backpack until he found his wallet, grabbed his own. “Here. Cell phone’s fine to call. Or text, whatever.”

Alex beamed, and John had the horrible suspicion he was going to deeply regret handing the alpha his card.

The cab finally pulled up, and John scrambled out of his seat. Gave Alex a wave, and then practically bolted.

He thought he’d calmed down by the time the cab pulled up outside his building, but then the driver told him the trip was being covered by a Mr. Lafayette, and he was gone.
Chapter 2

Alex nearly always got home before Laf, so he usually cooked dinner, or ordered takeout if he couldn’t be bothered. It was one of those nights where he just wanted some Thai food and a beer, but he figured he should cook, to apologize. He made one of Laf’s favourite midweek dinners, pasta with a spicy chorizo sauce. He’d paired it with one of the fruity red wines Laf liked, too. Hoped it might take the edge off the inevitable scolding.

He was just dishing up when Lafayette walked through the door. He didn’t say much, just took off his tie and planted a kiss to Alex’s forehead. They ate dinner in companionable silence, and then Laf sent Alex to watch TV while he cleaned up.

But Alex knew he wouldn’t get to avoid the issue when Laf settled down next to him, plucked the remote from its precarious spot on his knee, and muted the TV. Alex sighed and leant against him. Lafayette looped an arm around his shoulders, held him close.

“You realize why you should not have done what you did, yes?” Lafayette said quietly.

“I just wanted to help him,” Alex said, pouting. “But then he smelled really good, and I thought… An omega’s never smelled that good to me before. I thought maybe… It could mean something. I thought we could get lunch, get to know each other.”

Lafayette ran a hand through Alex’s hair. “I understand this, mon coeur. But you must think. For an omega in heat, the last thing they want is to be stuck out in public. Or stuck with unfamiliar alphas. We might know our own intentions, but they do not. He seemed okay, but he could easily have become very scared.”

Alex snorted. “Seemed okay? Laf, didn’t you smell him? His scent got way more intense the moment he saw you. I think he was very okay.”

Laf gave a noncommittal shrug. “He has your contact information. If he is interested, he knows how to use a phone.”

The smile Alex shot Laf was sly. “He was cute, wasn’t he?”

Laf chuckled. “Not as cute as you, my love. He did smell quite enchanting though.”

Alex giggled, buried his face in Lafayette’s shoulder. Loved his life with his alpha mate. Loved everything about it.

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John couldn’t get into his apartment fast enough. He leapt the stairs to his second floor apartment two at a time, and dropped his keys three times before he managed to get his front door open. He dumped his backpack at the front door and made a beeline for his bedroom. Like most omegas, he kept his bed shoved up against the wall. It meant when his heats kicked in and instinct made him bury himself in a pile of blankets, he could squirrel himself away in the corner of the room. Could feel safe knowing no one could come in without him seeing them.

He already had a stack of blankets at the end of his bed, and he made quick work of turning them into an incredibly haphazard nest. Stripped down to his boxer-briefs next, mortified when the wave of his own scent hit him, bright and citrusy. God, if he could smell himself, then that meant the alphas definitely could. Of course, his own scent did nothing for him, he usually had to rely on
essential oil blends that mimicked the smell of an alpha during his heat. But, he had something better today. Clinging to his sweater were the lightest remnants of Alex and Laf’s scents. If he inhaled deeply, he could make out the difference-- the woody, spiced musk of Lafayette and the bright, clean freshness of Alex. The blend reaching his nostrils as he sniffed sent through him a bolt of pure lust, evidenced by the gush of slick that soaked his underwear. His knees actually felt weak.

He scrambled for the box of toys he kept under his bed, pulled the whole thing into his nest. Had no patience left to bother sorting through them. What he wanted was two different sized toys, one that he could reasonably match to what he imagined were roughly Alex’s and Lafayette’s size, if their heights and builds were anything to go off of. He grabbed one of his larger ones, sleek and black and only ever taken from the box when he was truly desperate. The second one he fished out, smaller but still substantial, a pleasant blue color. He didn’t bother grabbing the lube, knew it would be unnecessary with the amount of slick his body was producing. John was genuinely concerned about taking off his underwear. Oh well, he’d have to change the sheets after his heat ended anyway.

He propped himself up against his blanket stack, and picked up the smaller toy. Better to work himself up to the bigger one. Definitely had nothing to do with the images swirling in his mind of Alex fucking him while Lafayette watched. Absolutely not. Not like he could hear that accent-laced deep voice, calmly advising Alex on the right way to knot him. Seemed like Alex, despite being an alpha himself, might need some extra support. He shivered. Usually, during his heat, John took care of things business-like, efficient. Would jerk off as quick as possible with his right hand, fuck himself with toy on his left, curled up and focusing on the end goal, on coming fast and hard so he could fall asleep and rest until the next wave hit him.

But today, after meeting those two alphas, something deep stirred in him, dark and needy right in his gut. On one hand, there was Alexander, pretty and captivating, with his black hair and fathomless eyes, and while he was kind of annoying there was something interesting there, something intriguing. On the other hand, Lafayette, who made him feel the way he heard other omegas talk about alphas. Not only was he was very handsome and, frankly, aromatic, but he radiated power. Never before had John met someone he wanted to submit to without question. In his mind, he could actually see himself dropping to the floor right there, in the middle of the office, presenting himself and whining. God, this heat was one of the worst.

He shucked his underwear, sticky with precum and slick. He made a face and tossed it off to the side. Shuddered at the feeling of cool air on his overheated skin. He dragged his hand over his damp, slick-coated thighs, brought it up to grasp his cock. He moaned at the feeling of his slick hand on his over-sensitized cock, finally getting friction. Felt like finally getting at a long-ignored itch.

What would it even be like with two alphas? Two alphas that were lovers as well? John was no virgin, had messed around with several fellow omegas and a handful of betas. And he’d had a very, very short-term alpha boyfriend in college. But he had never… Been with an alpha. Never knotted. He knew himself too well, knew he was vulnerable. If he knotted with the wrong alpha, he knew he’d grow attached and end up miserable when they inevitably got rid of him.

Nope, better to avoid them altogether. But despite that, the thought of two was still quite dizzying. Would they fight over him? Try to overpower one another for the privilege of mating with him? The very notion made John’s body clench around the silicone inside him. Or better yet, would they team up so they could tag team him? Take turns with him? Fuck him like that was all he was good for? Oh shit, the fantasy of being a kept omega, pampered and treasured and used, was too much. He wished he wasn’t turned on by such an objectifying though, but there it was. Any other time, the thought would send him into a panic. But heat-logic didn’t follow normal logic.
The first orgasm washed over him like a wave, but he didn’t ejaculate. Good, he wanted to draw this out.

He’d love to ride Alex, show him what he could do. From what he heard, all alphas were more or less well-endowed, but Alex’s dick would probably be more manageable than Lafayette’s. He’d climb onto Alex, facing him, arch his back and sit straight on him. Ride his dick so hard it would shut him up. Knew just the right way to toss his hair over his shoulder, slant his eyes, smirk, run his hands over his own body. He’d probably come at least twice, if not three times, from fucking Alex, and when he was done, Lafayette would tackle him. “My turn,” the alpha would growl. John imagined himself scrambling to his hands and knees, presenting his ass, dripping with slick and Alex’s cum. “Fuck me, Alpha,” he could beg, wiggle his bottom enticingly. Sure, Lafayette had been in control when John met him, briefly, but part of the power of being an omega, part of the strength, lay in breaking an alpha, getting them to crack that calm exterior and let forth their more animalistic side. Make them surrender to their own appetites. And seeing that side of either Lafayette or Alex would be so satisfying.

His next orgasm sneaked up on him. He arched his back, cried out. Thought he heard himself moan, “Alpha,” as his voice shook in time with his hips. His cock jerked in his hand, and he felt cum splatter across his stomach. He collapsed against his bed and his blanket pile, didn’t pull the toy out just yet. Wanted to feel full. He rolled to the side, imagined the silicone in him was real flesh and blood, that the blankets against his back were the chest of an alpha. Imagined that strong arms were wrapped around him, that soft lips were murmuring sweet nothings in his ear. If he could stay in the fantasy a bit longer, if he could pretend that the two strangers he met today were with him, he might stave off the loneliness that came with spending his heats alone just a little bit longer.

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Morning came, and John blessedly found himself between waves. The leaden feeling in his limbs was worth the few hours of clear-headedness he’d have before the next wave hit. He managed to drag himself into the shower and throw on a clean shirt and pair of sweats. He didn’t bother with underwear. They’d only end up ruined in a few hours.

The previous afternoon and subsequent night had been a fevered blur of heat and lust. But in the cold, stark morning light, he had the presence of mind of feel ashamed. It wasn’t like they would know, but he felt guilt at placing two total strangers into his fantasies. They’d been in each other’s company for what, no more than forty-five minutes? It seemed like a… Violation to do that to them. He could excuse it as the heat fucking with his thinking, but still...

The guilt coupled with the general lethargy that came between each wave of heat left him feeling just a little bit shitty.

He was half-heartedly drinking a smoothie when the doorbell rang.

He hardly felt like he was in a state for anyone to see him, but when he peeked through the peephole, it was just the FedEx guy. Holding a box and a bunch of flowers. John frowned and opened the door only as much as he had to.

“Yeah?”

“Delivery for a Mr. John Laurens?”

“That’d be me, yeah.”

“Sweet, can you open the door any more, or…”
“Uh, I’m a little… I’m, uh, in heat, sorry.”

“It’s okay, I’m a beta. I can’t smell anything if you’re worried about that.”

John felt himself blushing, but he opened the door enough to sign for the package and flowers and take them inside. He nearly dropped them when he read the name on the package.

From: Gilbert du Motier-Lafayette


He dumped the package and flowers on his kitchen bench and fumbled through his drawers until he found a pair of scissors. Sliced through the packing tape and opened it up.

There was a note on creamy linen stationery, addressed to him in black script. Fingers trembling, he unfolded the letter and read:

John,
I have assembled this package as an apology for yesterday’s events. My mate, Alexander, is a thoughtful man but his intentions do not often match his actions. I hope this will not negatively color your view of us, as we both found you quite charming.

I hope that the contents of this package can help bring you some relief. I have also included a bouquet of orange blossoms, as I thought they may liven up your living space. If there is anything else you require, you may contact me any time at the following number.

Kind Regards,

Lafayette

Blushing and smiling, he set the note gently next to the flowers. Orange blossoms. Orange…? His blush deepened as he realized the implications.

Inside the box was a basket, a care package of sorts. Several bottles of Gatorade. A blend of loose tea leaves, which the tag indicated helped with discomfort from heat cycles. A lavender scented candle. Eucalyptus bath salts. An assortment of fancy snacks. A satchel filled with lavender that could be heated in the microwave. And finally, a glass blue vial, unlabeled, that he unscrewed and sniffed. Fuck.

It smelled like them...

His next wave of heat wasn’t due just yet, but he could feel it beginning to curl in his gut. He screwed the lid back on the bottle and went to work finding a tall glass to use as a vase for the flowers. Once he had the flowers adequately hydrated, he arranged the rest of the gifts around them and snapped a picture. He fished Alex’s business card out of his wallet and typed his number into his phone. Plopped down on one of the kitchen stools and shot off a text.

John Laurens: Hi Alex. It’s John from yesterday.

John Laurens: [Image]

John Laurens: Your mate is mine now. I’m keeping him.

He got a reply almost immediately.

Alexander Hamilton: HOLY FUCKING SHIT. HE DID NOT TELL ME ABOUT THIS!!! THAT
Alexander Hamilton: you can’t keep him but i’ll share him with you

John couldn’t help but giggle. His mood had lightened considerably. No one had been remotely romantic towards him since… He couldn’t even remember.

Alexander Hamilton: actually, scratch that. WE’RE the ones sharing YOU ;)

Alexander Hamilton: don’t get it all twisted around now

The heat curling in his gut turned into an inferno. He felt a rush of slick, and he couldn’t help but moan and grind down onto the stool. He’d just met these guys! It should be creepy that they’d tracked down his address, sent him a package. Sent him a bottle of essential oil that mimicked their scents almost perfectly. But instead he felt warm and fuzzy and giggly, like a goddamn teenager with their first crush. He was being courted. Lavished with gifts by an alpha trying to say, “Look, I can provide for you! Make you happy! Choose me!” It was like one of his sister’s shitty romance novels. He was going to melt into the floor if this kept up.

Flooding the floor was probably a more apt description of what was actually happening. Goddamn it, and he hadn't even finished his smoothie before the next wave was on the precipice of hitting him. He did want to text his sister at some point, knew her romantic alpha self would be interested in weighing in, but he now had some stuff to take care of.

He practically passed out tipping a few drops of the essential oil blend into his aromatherapy diffuser. He knew that special custom blends of scents was something people did, he just never had personal experience with such things. The smoky low notes with the bright top notes… He wanted to cry it smelled so good. If he closed his eyes as he snuggled into his bed, he could almost convince himself they were in the room with him. It took a lot of resolve to not text the both of them--two men he hardly knew!--and invite them over.

He fumbled with the large black knot toy. It had a suction cup base. Within seconds, he had it affixed to the wall, at the perfect height. He stretched, rolled up onto all fours, pressed his hips back until he felt just the tip between his cheeks. He teased himself for just a moment; played a dialogue in his head. With their scents all around them, it was easier than ever to imagine…. Lafayette instructing him to beg for it, beg for his knot. “Tell your alpha what you want, little Omega.” John would beg, too, beg without restraint. He’d say, “Please Alpha, please. Knot me!” His voice would be full of sobs, shattered by hiccups. Knot me, claim me, protect me, keep me.

After a deep inhale, he shifted his hips, took the entire toy into himself, clenched and whined around the fullness. He imagined a hand running down his back, soothing, and that beautiful, thick voice saying, “Shh, you are being so good for me. Taking it so well.”

He let out a whimper, and shifted forward, then pushed back again. He moaned, his voice ragged. The feeling of the toy dragging against his sensitive inner walls was almost overwhelming. He could imagine falling to his elbows, a heavy hand pushing down between his shoulder blades. Sobbing as he was made to take it despite how full he felt, almost fit to burst. It would hurt, it would feel so good. He had to grab his pillow, clutch and pant, catch his breath. It was almost too much, how everything felt. His mind was fuzzy with their smell.

The longer he dwelled, the more of them his inhaled, the faster his hips went. He cried out, over and over, what felt like hours, until he was sated and could collapse and, once again, fall into a fitful rest.

***
“I can’t believe you sent him all that stuff!” Alex was whining as soon Lafayette was through the door, barely gave him time to get off his jacket.

“Oh?” Lafayette sounded surprised, but the smirk on his face betrayed him. “Who are you talking about, mon chéri?”

“John Laurens, you jackass! You sent him all those nice presents... He texted me!”

“Hm. Are we jealous, mon chou?”

“No, not really.” He draped himself across Lafayette’s lap, pecked a kiss on his cheek. “More... Curious is all. I mean, you sent him a custom scent?”

Lafayette chuckled. Nuzzled against Alex’s shoulder, nipped at his ear playfully. “I did.”

“Heh. Forward. You know... He’s probably jerking off... Right now... Thinking about us. About you...”

Laf didn’t answer verbally, but sort of shifted, his body language hinting at his interest.

“Yeah?” Alex whispered. “Like that thought, Alpha? That little omega, wet off your scent? He’s probably wrapped up in his nest right now, writhing and crying and just absolutely--”

“Alexander,” Lafayette said slowly, clearing his throat. “As pretty as the picture you are painting me, we are going to have a problem if you continue. And as much as I love you, a problem I do not think you anatomically equipped to handle.”

“We have lube,” Alex offered. “Lots and lots of lube.”

“Lubricant is not the problem, my love,” Lafayette purred, his voice full of affection but gruff with lust. “It will not be comfortable for you, nor satisfying for me. So really, a waste.”

“Mmm. Wanna call him?” Ground his hips down on Laf’s lap, giggling slightly.

“No,” Lafayette said sharply. “As tempting as that is, we will wait to... Actually court him, until after his heat. Would hate for his hormones to affect his judgement. Of course, we want his interest to be genuine.”

Alex whined in disappointment. “Can we at least do something? It’s not like I’m unaffected by this either!”

“I know, my love. Here,” Laf shifted his weight. Let Alex fall to the floor, onto his knees between the V of Laf’s legs. Smirked down at Alex. “You might not have the same parts as an omega, but last time I checked, you have a nice wet mouth, yes?”

Alex grinned up at him, licked his lips as he unbuttoned Lafayette’s trousers. “I dunno, we might have to check again, hmm?”

Lafayette groaned as Alexander swallowed him down. It might not be the same as the tight heat of an omega, but it was easy for forget as Alex’s talented tongue flicked over him and all thoughts flitted from his mind.
Chapter 3

The first thing John noticed when he woke blearily at some point in the afternoon was that he felt... Normal. He was exhausted, and sweaty, and kinda sticky, but... Normal. He didn't feel the tell-tale leaden feeling of his body recuperating between heat waves, or the brain-fog, or the overwhelming desire to sleep, or the dull throbbing between his legs. He just felt tired, and sore, and like he’d really fucking like to take a bath.

He’d managed to completely bury himself in his blanket nest, and he was glad he lived alone. The sight of him flailing his way out of bed must’ve been ridiculous. He looked at the mess on his bed and decided that could be dealt with once he’d eaten something and gotten clean.

The spray of the shower, hot and strong, did wonders for his mood. As it blasted away the evidence of his latest heat, he felt his mood lift, along with his energy level. He mentally planned out his day, which, blessedly, was Saturday so he did not have to work. He needed to go grocery shopping, clean up his apartment, check his work email, and figure out how to let Lafayette and Alex know he appreciated the gift without coming off as a thirsty, desperate omega.

After he was clean, he set the tub to fill. Dumped the salts in, sunk into the water with a contented groan. The hot water mixed with with the salts were heaven on his sore, tired body. Once settled, he could properly think on how to thank Alex and Lafayette.

Maybe he could invite them out for dinner? No, dinner might be too suggestive. Sunday brunch? Brunch was innocent. Too early in the morning to suggest anything except food and conversation. He knew a nice little cafe, and there were some nice shops they could go to afterwards, if they wanted. Some bookstores and funny little boutiques that you couldn’t quite divine the purpose of.

But what did guys like that even like? Books? Video games? Clothes? He rested his head against the cool tiles, sighed out loud. This is what he got for getting a schoolboy crush on two (two! He still couldn’t believe it!) alphas that he barely even knew.

Wait… Maybe he was overthinking this. Alphas loved to nurture and take care of omegas. And while he wasn't their mate (yet! His traitorous heart added) there was something very nurturing about the care package. What if... They had evidence it was being put to good use?

He stood up quickly, grabbed his towel. Needed his phone. Caught sight of himself in the mirror, saw his hair wet and plastered. Took a minute to wind it into a braid, falling over his shoulder. When he retrieved his phone, he grabbed the candle too. Lit it, balanced it on the edge of tub. Holding his phone aloft, he precariously climbed back into the water.

The selfie he took was modest, but somehow still pretty sexy. The candlelight, his flushed cheeks, the sparking water. He took several, ultimately chose the one he was looking directly at the camera, looking sated but not quite smiling. The beginning of a grin at the corner of his lips.

He had already plugged Lafayette's number into his phone, and before he lost his nerve, he stuck it into a text message. “You have great taste. These gifts have been my savior. THANK YOU!” And send. He sunk back down into the water and waited.

***

Lafayette was lying on the couch with his iPad when the iMessage notification popped up. An image from John Laurens? Interesting.
His eyebrows immediately raised, and he felt his mouth quirking into a satisfied smile. He looked so comfortable and warm. Soft and sleepy. It made something warm flutter in his chest, a sense of satisfaction.

*Lafayette:* *It is my pleasure. I am certainly glad my gifts were able to help.*

*Lafayette:* *You certainly look relaxed. It is a lovely photograph. I can definitely see why you are a graphic designer, you have quite the eye for composition.*

*Lafayette:* *I am tempted to post this to my Facebook. Show everyone how pretty and precious you are.*

He took advantage the pause while he waited for Laurens to respond to forward the image to Alex. A moment later he heard a screamed, “HOLY FUCK,” from Alex’s study. He practically tripped over his own feet, he came speeding out of his office so fast.

“He SENT you that?!” Alex said, his voice crackling with excitement. “He’s naked in that picture. Oh my fucking god. How? I just don’t get how you do this shit, Lafayette, he was practically running away from me, and then he sends you naked selfies! How?!”

“He may be naked, but all we can see is shoulders. I imagine he just wants to show that he is putting his gifts to use.”

“Yeah fucking… Okay, Laf. Don’t play coy. He knew exactly what he’s doing with that pic. Jesus. And the fact we can’t see anything makes it sexier?” Alex looked closely at the picture on Laf’s iPad. The hazy candlelight and steam. The satisfied tilt to his head, the come hither sparkle in his eyes. That braid making him look younger and sweeter, and that smirk. Alex might not be the best at reading faces, but he knew a seduction when he saw it.

Laf’s iPad dinged again, and both men’s eyes were immediately glued to the screen.

*John Laurens:* *I was thinking of posting it to my instagram, if you’re amenable? You’re free to share it from there, though.*

“Okay I’m searching for him now,” Alex muttered as he typed rapidly on his phone. He squawked, shoved his phone in Laf’s face. “He takes shirtless gym selfies! The dude is ripped. He actually could bench press me. I think I’m gonna pass out.”

“Hmmm,” Lafayette said thoughtfully, after glancing at the photos. Considered his next response.

*Lafayette:* *I see your feed is full of pictures showing off your sexy body. I have changed my mind. Perhaps I want this photo for myself only.*

*John Laurens:* *did you show Alex? 0.0*

*Lafayette:* *Ah, yes. I hope that was all right? He seems quite… enthused.*

*John Laurens:* *My insta just got followed by “a.ham” and a.ham has just liked about 20 of my photos.*

*John Laurens:* *Enthused sounds about right.*

*John Laurens:* *Now it’s 30. Is Alex ok.*

“What?” Alex said, defensive. “The man has a six pack. And that V hip thing.”
“As do I!” Lafayette teased in a mock offended voice.

“Yeah, but you're an alpha, that's pretty typical, if not expected. I've never seen a jacked omega before.”

Lafayette was concerned Alex was going to start actually drooling.

“Are you going to ask him out?” Alex pressed, his eyes wide. “Like, the three of us? Or you know, just ask him over, he's not in heat anymore, we could all--”

“Alexander. You are going to make this poor boy think you are only after one thing. I thought you wanted to get to know him?”

Chastised, Alex buried his face in Laf’s shoulder. “I do, sorry. There's just something… The chemistry. I've never felt this way about an omega, that pull.”

“I know, my love. But we aren't ruled by our biology. Acknowledge it, use it, but do not let it control you.”

“Fair enough. This is why you need to ask him out because clearly I have no game and no chill.”

Lafayette chuckled, tapped out an iMessage.

***

Still soaking in the bath, John's mood danced between giddy and mortified. He was still shocked at his own boldness, and the grittiness, the possession in Lafayette’s text messages. Sure, his heat was over but that stirred something inside him, something hungry.

His phone chimed. Carefully, so as not to drop his phone in the water, he unlocked it and read the latest text message.

Lafayette: Now that you are feeling better, are you interested in having dinner with Alexander and myself?

John Laurens: Sure, that would be great :) Did y’all have a place in mind?

Lafayette: We do. How about we pick you up at eight?

John almost dropped the phone. Tonight? He had a date now tonight? That… Had not been in his plans. Except it was absolutely what he’d been gunning for. Fuck. He had to dress up. What would he wear? Say? Do? He’d never seriously dated one alpha before, let alone two at once.

Before he changed his mind, he texted Lafayette back, accepted, then shot of out the bath so he could towel off. He needed to call his sister.

Thank god she picked up on the second ring.

“And to what do I owe this wonderful phone call?”

“I have a date tonight.”

“Congrats! And you're calling me because…?”

“It's an alpha. Uh, actually. Two alphas.”
He had to hold his phone away from his ear as his sister screamed, “TWO ALPHAS?!”

“Yes. Also please don’t try to deafen me.”

“How did that happen?! Are you on some kinda weird dating show?”

“No, I… God, it’s fucking ridiculous. So I went into work even though I was in heat. And my boss sent me home, and then this scumbag from my office followed me out and… Yeah. But then some random ass alpha came out of nowhere and I guess kinda rescued me?”

“Oh my God, that’s fucking rom com shit right there.”

“Oh, it gets worse, trust me.”

John could practically hear Martha leaning into the phone. “Oh yeah? Do I needa go get popcorn?”

John recounted the whole ordeal, with frequent interruptions from Martha squealing in delight.

“I can’t fucking believe you scored two alphas, and they sent you a fucking heat care pack. Who does that? Holy shit,” Martha said when John was done. She paused, seemed to be choosing her words carefully. “I am a little surprised. You never go out with alphas. I honestly thought they were kinda off the table?”

John waffled. “It’s um. It’s complicated. And I’m not like… It probably won’t pan out.”

“That’s the spirit,” Martha said sarcastically.

“Well, okay but, and I don’t mean you of course, but most alphas… Male alphas… They just want one thing and once they see I’m not putting out tonight.” He sighed. He wasn’t sure why he already felt rejected. He just hoped when he turned down knotting, it wouldn’t turn out like last time.

“Jack. That’s a pretty gross overgeneralization. Most alphas won’t go through the effort just for sex. I mean, sure, they are obviously attracted to you, but it’s gotta be more than that. Something about you caught their attention, or else they wouldn’t have gone out of their way to send you that stuff. What was in the package, anyway?”

“A candle, bath stuff, Gatorade, a custom mixed scent, snacks--”

“WHOA,” Martha cut him off. “They sent you a custom blend?”

A blush crawled across John’s cheeks. “Yeah…”

“Did you use it?”

“I really don’t think that’s important…”

“Sure it is! Jeez, Jack, they’re laying the groundwork. Foundation. Whatever. Getting you to imprint.”

“Martha, I don’t think…”

“Listen. Jack. Speaking as an alpha, I can tell you they are very interested. Just, keep being yourself. If you like them, that is?”

“I don’t know. They do smell really good.”
He could practically hear her roll her eyes over the phone. “Just have fun. Okay? Enjoy yourself, relax, be yourself. Let them continue to do the work. How did you thank them?”

Reluctantly, John told her about the bath selfie. She whistled all low, her approval. “Good call. Nothing gets us going like seeing our omega happy and cared for.”

“I’m not their omega, Martie, I’m just—”


***

Having no actual idea where they were going for dinner, John had opted for something casual that he could dress up or down depending on the situation. Black skinny jeans, black sneakers, a white t-shirt, and a black blazer. He’d tied his hair back, decided against spritzing on cologne. It was light, and mixed well with his natural scent, but he figured the alphas wouldn’t appreciate it. They’d probably want him to smell like himself. Lord knows he wanted to smell them again, too.

He’d gotten ready way too early. 7:45 PM. He groaned at his own eagerness and nerves. He always did this, was ready to early, or over-prepared. It always led to him overthinking, getting even more nervous and worked up.

He paced his living room until he could smell his own agitation, and he forced himself to sit on the couch and calm down. Count his breaths. Think of drawing a perfectly round circle. Stupid shit like that that made him relax again.

And then the doorbell rang, and he bolted to his feet.

He was greeted by Alex, dressed much the same as him but in baggier blue jeans, and a blazer that was a little big for him. It had the effect of making him look even tinier. His hair was down, and it framed his face in gentle dark brown waves. He was grinning, and it took John a moment to realise that it was in part from how he’d had spent the last few seconds staring at him wordlessly.

“Um,” John finally said. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Alex replied, his eyes sparkling with his smile. “You ready?”

“Super ready. Where’s Lafayette?”

“In the car. The restaurant’s not far from here, we could’ve caught the train here and then walked, but he insisted on driving. Gotta show off his fancy European car. He’s in full-on peacock mode.”

John laughed. “And you’re not?” He stepped out of his apartment, locking the door behind him.

“Next to him, I’m a tiny brown peahen,” Alex chuckled, leading the way down the stairs.

“I dunno, tiny peahens are still pretty adorable.”

“Hey, I’ll settle for adorable, ‘specially coming from a stud like you.” John barely had time to blush before Alex added, “Also, do you wanna make a bet on how many people mistake me for the omega?”

John raised an eyebrow. “That happens?”

“If I’m in a mixed group, people can smell that there’s omegas, but they can’t tell who exactly. They always guess I’m one. It’s fucking hilarious when they figure out they’re wrong.”
At the car, Alex opened the back door, letting John slide in. He took his place in the front passenger seat, next to Laf. Laf turned around to smile warmly at John. John felt his insides melt.

“Good evening, John Laurens,” he said smoothly. “I am glad to see that you look well.”


“You are most welcome. Perhaps I should make a habit of it.”

Alex made a sudden squawking noise. John jumped. Lafayette just rolled his eyes.

“Alexander looked up what sorts of noises peacocks make, for the express purpose of being a nuisance,” Lafayette explained.

“It’s my signal for when you’re laying it on too thick,” Alex said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Signals are supposed to be subtle, mon chou,” Laf said as he pulled away from the curb.

“I’m being as subtle as you are.”

Laf groaned, but John giggled, and he saw Lafayette’s face melt into a smile in the rearview mirror.

***

The restaurant was upscale, not the point of fussiness, but expensive and classy and trendy. The beta hostess showed them to a rounded corner booth, and John was pleasantly surprised when he ended up in the middle of the two alphas. Lafayette draped his arm across the back of the booth, a subtle but clear display. John resisted the urge to snuggle up under his arm. On the other side of him, Alex let their thighs touch, another signal. Alphas staking their claim. John’s heart did a backflip, and he considered the menu.

Without his input, Lafayette ordered wine for the table. John had heard other omegas mention sometimes their alphas would order for them, so he was on the defensive. Lafayette suggested the filet, while Alex said the swordfish and the cornish game hen were both “exquisite.” The prices next to the entrees practically made his eyes fall out of his head, so John opted for the pumpkin ravioli, the cheapest main on the menu. Even though he could personally afford anything on the menu, he knew that the alphas would pay and it would probably be insulting to try and grapple for the check. Cheapest entree made the most sense. It surprised him pleasantly, when neither alpha protested, or cut him off, or tried to speak to the waiter on his behalf. For what it was worth, the waiter looked nonplussed but scribbled down his order nonetheless.

As soon as the waiter was out of earshot, Alex launched into a barrage of questions, everything from his age (27), how long he had lived in NYC (3 years), where he grew up (South Carolina), and so on. John could barely take a breath between questions, felt like he was on a job interview instead of a date.

“Let him breathe, Alexander,” Lafayette finally cut in, his voice commanding. “No need for an interrogation.” Lafayette shifted, topped off each of their wine glasses.

“Sorry,” Alex said. Played with his straw wrapper. “Honestly, this is like. So weird. We’ve never been on a date together with an omega. Actually, to be honest… I haven’t really ever been on a first date like this ever.”

John tilted his head, regarded Alex. “Yeah? How did you two meet, then?’
“Work,” Alex blurted. Gulp some wine, then continued. “My magazine did a 30 under 30 thing, I interviewed him.”

“I was smitten from the moment I laid eyes on you, mon amour,” Lafayette said, his voice rich with nostalgia, flirtation, affection. If John closed his eyes, breathed in, he could pretend Lafayette was speaking about him. And, oh, what a thought. Both of their scents, low but distinct, curled around him, made his stomach flutter. God, the last time he smelled both of them, mixing like that, he’d been quite indisposed. Of course, his face heated up, and he could smell himself, no where near as strong as when in heat, missing that sharp note of vanilla. Fuck.

Alex bit his lip, exchanged a glance with Lafayette.

“Are you quite alright, John?” Lafayette asked. Lowered his arm an inch, nudged John’s shoulder. “You are are flushed.”

“M’fine,” John mumbled. His blush deepened. He knew if he could smell himself, they could definitely smell him as well. He needed a minute. “If I could… Please… Go wash my hands?”

They both looked taken aback. “You don’t have to ask our permission!” Alex cried, scandalized. “You’re a grown ass man.”

“Whatever you need to do, little one,” Lafayette said, slid out of the booth so John could escape to the restroom.

Five minutes later, after he tried to mop up some of the slick between his thighs and scrubbed his hands clean, he made his way back to the table. While he was passing the bar, however, his scent must have signalled some strange alpha. John barely noticed the man following him, was shocked when he felt a hand on his elbow just feet from Lafayette’s and Alex’s table.

“Well, now,” he said. Some tall guy with a frankly rat-like face. “What’s a cute little omega like you doing in a place like this, all alone?”

John didn’t know if it was the shock of being approached so blatantly, the residual effects that Alex and Laf were having on him, or the lingering vulnerability from his heat. No matter the reason, he froze, eyes wide. Tried to find words. “Excuse me,” he finally squeaked, was left flabbergasted when the alpha refused to relinquish to his grip on his arm. “I’m with… I have a date… Excuse me.”

“A date? What are they letting you do, wandering around alone like this? Can’t be very attentive, letting you walk around smelling like that.”

Abruptly, the ability to speak came back to him. Alex’s words, You’re a grown ass man, echoed in his mind.

“I’m not a child. I can walk around by myself, thanks,” John snapped. He tried to tug his arm out of the alpha’s grip. Tried to ignore the blooming panic when his hand still didn’t budge.

Luckily, Laf and Alex weren’t idiots, had noticed what was happening. “Is there a problem here? Do you know this man, John?” Laf’s smooth voice cut in.

“No, I don’t,” John hissed.

“Well then, it seems very rude of him to still be holding onto your arm like that, if you are unacquainted.”

“Excuse me, I don’t think this concerns you,” the stranger said, returning Lafayette’s glare. Alex was
even posturing a little, his shoulders squared, jaw set. “This is between me and this omega, so if you kindly would--”

“I will not kindly do anything,” Lafayette said very slowly, as if speaking to a toddler. “Now, he has asked you to let him go.” The tension that sprung up was palpable. “I am not asking. I am telling.”

What happened next was so fast, so absurd, it almost felt like John imagined it. Their little tiff had drawn the attention of most of the diners, and a theatrical silence permeated the room. The strange alpha moved to pull John closer, but the motion was interrupted as Lafayette pulled back his fist and landed a powerful hit to the guy’s jaw. Shocked, John watched as the man stumbled, finally letting go of John’s arm so he could move to retaliate. John scrambled to move out of the way, trying to not let the fact he immediately went to hide behind Laf and Alex bother him.

“I don’t fucking think so,” Alex snapped as the guy lunged at Lafayette, and delivered a swift kick to the dude’s knees.

Thankfully, before the guy could react, several members of the staff appeared. “Alright, alright gents, break it up,” and they moved in between alphas. Everyone could surely smell the heady mixture of their scents, flared up and territorial. The strange alpha smelled awful to John, and he resisted the urge to bury his face into Alex’s clean laundry smell.

The three of them were unceremoniously escorted out of the restaurant. John heard the alpha call over their shoulders, “Eh, whatever. He’s not that cute anyway!” and Alex snarled in response, started to turn around and respond but Lafayette grabbed his hand, squeezed it.

As soon as they were out on the sidewalk, John swayed on his feet, feeling overwhelmed and a little humiliated.

“Sweetie, are you alright?” Alex said, concerned. “Did that asshole hurt you? I swear to god I will go back in there and kick his ass so hard--”

“This is all my fault,” John whined, suddenly distraught. “I can’t believe I ruined dinner.” He plopped down on the curb, buried his face in his hands.

“What?” Alex was immediately seated beside him. He wrapped his arms around John’s shoulders, pulled him close. John couldn’t help himself. He buried his face in the crook of Alex’s neck, inhaled.

“Baby,” Alex continued, “you didn’t do anything wrong. It was that fucking dickbag alpha’s fault, not yours.”

“I-- You guys could smell me. I was basically putting a big neon sign above my head that said ‘fuck me’.”

“You can control when, where, and how you release your scent?” Laf said with an exaggerated gasp. “That is amazing, John! You shall have to teach me how to do that.”

“Laf,” Alex said sharply as John visibly flinched.

“Sorry,” Lafayette muttered. “I am angry. I am not mad at you, John, I should not…” He grumbled something in French. “I do not like that you blame yourself for the actions of others.”

John gulped. “I shouldn’t. I mean-I’m... I should be able to… To take care of myself.”

“You are. You do.” Lafayette sunk to the curb as well, other side, but left some space between them. “You live alone, yes?”
John nodded.

“And you have a job, you provide for yourself, and you clearly take care of your health and body—” John felt Alex chuckle against him “—And you, on top of that, deal with unwanted advances, I am sure. Alexander told me about how that other alpha, from your workplace, was bothering you.”

“And I apparently needed to be rescued from that situation, too,” John grumbled. “At least then I was in heat, this time I’m just trying to go to dinner with you two.”

“He just smelled your scent responding to us, darling,” Alex explained. “Sure, some jackass like him might interpret that as a signal, but it’s his responsibility to conduct himself with some self control.”

“Exactly.” Laf nodded, shared a soft smile with Alex.

“Also,” Alex added. “I owe you this.” He squawked, loudly and enthusiastically. John pushed away from him, laughing.

“Punching another alpha is the most peacocky thing you’ve done. Ever.”

Lafayette chuckled. “And what of you, my love? You kicked him.”

John, grinning, made a soft chortling sound. “Peahen,” he teased. Poked Alex in the side and went back to leaning against him. On his other side, Lafayette snickered.

The urge to snuggle suddenly sprung up in John. It was like a beast, purring in his chest, the desire to hold and be held. He pushed further into Alex’s arms, laid his head on his shoulder. Registered that he wouldn’t mind cuddling up to Lafayette either, but his size and slightly intimidating persona signalled to John he would feel more comfortable if Lafayette initiated it. Nowhere in his mind did it occur to him that he should feel weird about being so physically close to these two, who were practically strangers. No, it felt right, correct, natural. Homey.

“Well,” Alex said, breaking the comfortable silence that had descended. “I don't know about you guys, but I'm kinda hungry.”

Lafayette hummed. “Unfortunately, I do not know this part of town very well. I do not know what else is around.”

“I know a place near here,” John said. “It's kinda divey, but the food’s good.”

“Hey, as long as the food’s good,” Alex said.

Lafayette stood, dusted off his trousers before extending a hand to John. John took it, let himself be pulled up. He tried to ignore the way his heart beat faster, the way he wanted to let the momentum pull him to Lafayette’s chest. Instead, he steadied his feet, let his hand drop away, smiled and said, “Thanks.”

Alex let out another squawking noise as he got up himself.

Lafayette rolled his eyes, even as he smiled. “So,” he said to John, “lead the way.”
The bar was below street level, down a short but precarious flight of concrete stairs. But it was warm and homely, and a good mix of scents mingled in the air. It was the kinda place where omegas fed up with alpha bullshit and alphas and betas who didn’t believe in alpha bullshit would mingle. Neither Alex or Laf were particularly surprised that John knew this place, or that the bartender, a tall, dark-skinned beta, waved and greeted him warmly.

“Laurens! It’s been too long!” he exclaimed as John leant against the bar.

“Herc! Yeah, I know right? Sorry man, been busy with work and shit.”

“Hey, don’t I know it. Between school and work I’m sleeping like…. Three hours, tops.”

“Ouch.”

“Fucking tell me about it. Anyway,” he nodded towards Alex and Laf, “Who are these guys? Don’t normally see you hanging out with alphas.” He dropped his voice. “You ok, man? You need me to help you get rid of them?”

John grinned, despite the blush he could feel on his face. “Nah, Herc. I like them. They feel… Safe.”

Herc nodded, smiled. “I’m looking out for you, buddy. I’ll give your dates’ first round on the house.”

“Whoa, seriously?”

“Yeah, but you have to pay for your own.”

“You’re not trying to hit on my alphas, are you, Herc?”

Herc grinned. “Your alphas, huh? Well if they’re yours, I wouldn’t dream of it.”

John reached over the bar and punched him in the arm. “That’s not what I meant, you ass.”

“Yeah, yeah. Sure, man, whatever you say. So what will these two gentlemen have to drink?”

John turned towards them, head tilted questioningly. “Guys?” They were both staring, a little dumbstruck, but they got their act together quickly enough. Alex ordered a rum and coke, and Laf went for some expensive fruity cocktail. John got a craft beer, and grinned at Herc when he only got charged half price. They found a booth and settled down, John again sandwiched between them. Alex immediately grabbed the menu.

“Holy fuck, the chocolate mudcake looks amazing,” Alex groaned.

“It is,” John said, smiling warmly.

“You do not want real dinner, Alexander?” Lafayette asked.

“I feel in keeping with the unconventional spirit of this evening, skipping straight to dessert is perfectly logical.”

“Anything to eat sweets,” Laf teased, poked Alex in the tummy. There was something so unusual about the way they treated each other, a playfulness and tenderness that would probably make most alphas balk. It warmed John, set him at ease.
When their waitress came by, they ended up ordering every dessert on the menu: the mud cake, slice of cherry pie, banana bread pudding, and a brownie sundae.

In the dark of the bar, conversation flowed more easily. They talked about everything from Lafayette’s childhood in France to Alex’s tenacity in scoring a full ride to Princeton, from John’s current art projects to a rousing debate on how gender politics were affecting the upcoming presidential election.

“I’m telling you, the voters are so sexist, they will never elect a female alpha as president. No fucking way.”

Here, ever observant, must have seen their drinks were low and sent another round their way.

“The bartender is paying such good attention,” Laf noted.

John shrugged. “Herc is awesome.”

“Did you ever fool around with him?” Alex asked, the question shifting the charge of the conversation abruptly.

“Mr. Hamilton, I am offended you would make such an idle assumption on my character!” John’s voice took on a mocking, pompous time. “I’ll have you know that I am a virgin…”

“Wait what?” Alex sputtered, sloshing his drink. “Seriously??”

“Okay, uh, no, I’m kidding.” John blushed, absently played with a loose curl. “I figured that’s what most alphas want to hear. But I mean, I guess it also depends on your definition of virginity.”

Alex, still puzzling through what John had said, was blissfully silent while Lafayette scrutinized him. “Ah,” he said. “You have… Forgive my crudeness… Never been knotted?”

John’s blush deepened, embarrassed though he was the one who brought it up. Studied the color of his beer, the floating orange slice inside.

“I have not.”

“Not knot,” Alex suddenly joked, breaking some of the tension. They all giggled, sipped their drinks. Laf and Alex exchanged an excited look.

It was hard to ignore the sexual tension in the air now. It lived in the way Alex offered him a bite of the mud cake off his fork or the blissful face Lafayette made as he tried the pie. Why pretend this was about anything other than sex? Sure, John was enjoying their company. Thought these were two men he could really connect with. But attraction, biology, is what led them here in the first place.

Bolstered by this sudden thought, John did something bold. Swiped some of the whipped cream off of the sundae with his finger. Sucked it off almost absently, without warning. Yup, he could feel the other two shifting around him. Smell the relaxing, almost jasmine scent of their arousal.

This time it was Lafayette who came in close. Nudged his ear with his nose. Instinctually, John tipped his head, gave him access to his bare neck. A clear sign of submission. Laf did nothing more than inhale, seeking out and reading the signals John's body put out. When he retreated, John felt the loss, and sharply. He bit back a whine. Resisted the urge to climb into Lafayette’s lap and nose at the spot where his shoulder met his neck, where his scent would be strongest.

Or maybe he could slip under the table, nose at his clothed cock, look up at him with bright, willing
eyes. The bar was dark enough, their corner of it especially so. He could…

Their waitress came over again with a piece of paper. She placed it down with a knowing grin before sauntering away. Frowning slightly, John picked it up as Laf and Alex crowded in to read it. Ignoring the press of their bodies against his, he read the note:

_Laurens, my brother, my homie, my dude, I can’t smell shit but a bunch of people have expressed concern that you’re 2 seconds away from having an orgy. Please come pay your tab and get the fuck out. -Herc_

John covered his face with his hand. Alex barked out a laugh. Laf chuckled, pat John on the shoulder. “I shall go pay, little one.”

“No, you don’t need to—”

“I got us kicked out of the last place. It is the least I can do.”

John tried to argue, on more than one front, but Laf was already walking away, with Alex crowing at his back and flapping his hands in an imitation of a bird. And then kept flapping them, like an excited child wearing an oversized sweater. John gave him a questioning look, but Alex just grinned and said, “I’m excited, so my hands are excited.”

That… Didn’t make any sense to John, but like all of Alex’s eccentricities, it was oddly charming. So he just grinned back.

“That the only part of you that’s excited…?”

Alex shifted his hands so he could wiggle his fingers at John. “Ooh, wouldn’t you like to know, baby boy.”

Laf sauntered back to the table, his mouth quirked in amusement at the two ridiculous men in front of them. “Shall we head back to the car?”

John and Alex couldn’t get to the door fast enough.

***

There was an unspoken agreement between them, one that anyone could read through their scents. However, it pleased John greatly when, as Lafayette opened the car door for him, he said, “Are we taking you home, or are you interested in coming by our place?” The offer may have sounded innocuous, but any omega worth their salt would recognize the signals Lafayette (and more faintly, behind him, Alex) were putting out.

John had already firmly told himself he would not being have full on sex this evening, but he was game for some fooling around to be sure. This was different than last time. They asked before they did anything. They treated him like a person. Despite his past, and all the other times he had dealt with selfish, entitled alphas, he felt this pull.

“Your place, maybe?” he said, trying to sound sweet. Letting the alphas take the lead.

The smile Lafayette favored him with practically knocked him off his feet. He slid into the back seat, hoping to god he wouldn’t drench the expensive leather upholstery. The drive back to their apartment took forever, was silent but relaxed, then Alex put on the radio and started singing along to some ridiculous song, making John giggle and Lafayette grin indulgently.
Their building was a sleek, modern high rise on the Upper West Side. John’s knees went weak at the sight of the doorman, the high end lobby, and the special elevator they had to ride. Lafayette swiped a keycard to access it.

“You guys live in the penthouse?” John said, voice in awe. He was no stranger to wealth. He himself grew up in the lap of luxury in the heart of Charleston, in a soulless McMansion. But something about these two alphas, relatively young, at the top of the food chain…? John was loathe to admit it but it was attractive. Silently, he cursed his biology.

When the elevator arrived, John immediately went for the window. He hardly ever had reason to be this high above the New York skyline, and he had to admit a childish sort of giddiness at being in such a goddamn fancy place. He could see Central Park and the Hudson from the window, framed by a million glittering lights. It took his breath away.

He felt arms wrap around his waist, and he let out an involuntary squeak, but immediately relaxed into the embrace. Could smell Alex enveloping him.

“Like the view?” Alex said in his ear, and the sudden, insane, inappropriate vision of being fucked against that glass, knotted while pressed up to the window, was so clear in John’s head he had to take in a steadying breath. Slowly, he turned in Alex’s arms, came face to face with him.

“I dunno,” John said softly. “Kinda like this view better.”

Alex laughed quietly, took a moment to nose at his neck. John let him, lifted his head to give him access. Over Alex’s shoulder he could see Lafayette, at their bar, mixing a drink. He had taken off his jacket, undid his tie. He looked relaxed and handsome in his shirtsleeves with no shoes. “John,” he asked. “Would you like something to drink?”

The wine and two beers from early were already flitting through his system, and the last thing John wanted was that influencing any decision he made this evening so he declined. “No, no thank you. Just… Can I have some water, please?”

“Already dehydrated, are we?” Alex said smugly, his breath dancing over John’s skin. The implication there made John blush, but he didn’t want to say that he was preempting it, readying his body for perhaps working overtime.

Laf had padded over to the kitchen, which opened into the main room. “Sparkling or still, John?” he called over the island.

“Regular water, please!” When Lafayette returned, his glass of scotch in one hand and John’s water in the other, he went to the couch, set John’s drink on the coffee table. Sat in the center of the couch, sipped his scotch, lifted his chin and watched them. A clear, obvious invitation.

Alex ignored his mate, was too busy exploring John with his nose, one hand on his back, rubbing careful circles through his shirt. John, for his part, was practically melting against Alex. His touch left electric tingles on his skin, even through his clothes.

Throat-clearing sound from the couch. “Alexander,” Lafayette purred. “Are you going to bring him over here and share or keep him all to yourself?”

A small sound from the back of Alex’s throat, possessive. “Laf is lucky I’m not aggressive like some alphas,” he said. “At least not towards him.”

“You already told me you two were sharing me,” John teased. Brought his hand up to comb it through Alex’s hair.
With some reluctance, Alex loosened his grip on John. Took his hand and led him to the couch. John wasn’t sure where to sit, so he scooched into the space next to Lafayette and was unsurprised when Alex curled up beside him, his hands going to his hips. Nose at his neck again, this time followed by the lightest brush of his lips, climbing the curve of his shoulder and up his neck. John shivered, both from the feather touches of Alex’s mouth and breath and the way Lafayette’s eyes were on them, naked and unabashed lust on every inch of his face.

“Can I kiss you?” Alex said, his voice buzzing deep in John’s ear.

“Yes,” John breathed, and then Alex’s lips were on his, soft and gentle, coaxing. It wasn’t the roughness or the possessiveness he’d expected from an alpha’s kiss. Alex’s tongue was almost delicate, the way it darted into his mouth. It reminded him a little bit of being kissed by another omega, but not quite. There was still power in it, a current of control, but it was also tender. Sweet.

They kissed for awhile, long enough that John almost forgot there was another in the room, another waiting his turn. He could smell Alex so strongly, it fogged his brain a little. Tongue lapping into his mouth, hands gripping his waist. John threw caution out the window, shifted so he was in Alex’s lap. The kiss turned more fevered, hungrier.

A third smell now, as Lafayette scooted closer. Suddenly, his face was near both of them. He nudged John away, caught Alex in a kiss of his own. John stared, intrigued at the way they engaged one another. Surprised at the how they seemed to almost wrestle for the upper hand. Lafayette pulled away, kissed Alex’s forehead, chuckled to himself.

“That is new,” he said, almost curiously. “It appears your mere presence has awakened something in little Alex. A side of him I have yet to experience.” Alex growled again in response, dove back in for another kiss from John. Lafayette, still talking. “He has never responded to an omega like this before.”

Alex broke away. “I’ve never met an omega like this before.”

John gasped against Alex’s lips, heard Lafayette chuckle beside him. He felt a pulse of heat in his stomach, felt slick beginning to gather at his entrance. And all they had done was kiss.

“Oh, well in that case, perhaps, I should see for myself.” Lafayette’s face was so incredibly close, and he lifted an eyebrow. “May I?”

This whole thing of them asking his permission was both highly comforting and erotically frustrating. One on hand, being treated so… Respectfully was refreshing and unusual, and made John feel safer and more comfortable than he ever predicted he would in such a situation. On the other hand, the lizard part of his brain was just screaming in the back of his head, wanted these two to take from him, take and continue to take until he didn’t even have the strength to speak.

“Please,” John whispered, practically vibrating from want.

Lafayette’s kiss was definitely more akin to what John expected from an alpha: powerful, controlled, purposeful. But still not rough. He did not feel trapped. If anything, there was something stirring inside him, a response he never actually felt before. Perhaps it was the mix of both his and Alex’s scent, or the tender way Alex was holding him while Laf kissed him. Whatever it was, his body was responding past normal arousal. He grew harder with every pass of Laf’s tongue over his. Alex’s wandering hands had his heart racing. Honestly, the closest he felt to this was pre-heat. Had he not just been through his heat cycle, he would assume that’s what was happening. But nope, something about these two was confusing his body, making his hormones surge.
At some point, Laf had pulled John into his lap while they kissed, and Alex just crawled closer. Set himself the task of running his hands everywhere. He slipped his hands underneath John’s shirt, traced over his skin, felt the texture, the definition of his muscles. John shuddered, moaned into Lafayette’s mouth. Alex chuckled, dragged his fingertips upwards. Lightly flicked over John’s nipples, making him jolt and (finally) moan aloud.

“That okay?” Alex breathed against the shell of John’s ear.

“Yes, fuck,” John groaned, his voice gravelly with want.

“Wait, let’s adjust,” Lafayette murmured, noticing that Alex was balanced precariously on the edge of the couch. He swung his legs around so he was lying directly on the couch, and pulled John down on top of him. Alex lay down too, spooned himself against Laf’s side so he could trade kisses with the both of them.

Lafayette’s body was so broad and strong, being wrapped in his arms while Alex touched him was so arousing, so perfect it took every inch of John’s strength not to beg them to knot him right there. Alex’s nails lightly trailing over his bare back was electric. When his hand explored lower, John couldn’t help it. He lifted his hips and made a small crying sound, trying to make it clear exactly where he wanted Alex’s hand to go next.

“Is there something you want, little Omega?” Laf said, the words vibrating in his chest. John buried his face into Lafayette’s shoulder, squirmed in his arms. Lafayette couldn’t help but laugh softly and press a kiss to John’s forehead. “So precious. But little one, you must tell us. We don’t want to do anything that you do not wish for.”

“Alex,” John gritted. “Please…”

“Can I go here?” Alex’s voice was hushed as he slipped his hand into the back of John’s jeans. John nodded enthusiastically. Between them, Lafayette unbuttoned and unzipped John’s jeans so they could slide off his hips, not off but loose enough that Alex’s could work his hand further in. The strength of his smell intensified. “Fuck,” Alex cursed softly, petting John’s ass through his boxers. “You’re so wet, baby boy.”

John whined and pushed himself into Alex’s touch. Alex pressed a finger against John’s hole through the damp fabric of his boxers. John made a hiccupping sort of gasp, buried his face against Laf’s neck. Alex began to gently swirl his finger around, drawing a figure-eight pattern against his sensitive skin. John bucked against Alex, moaned, “Please, please…”

“Please what, baby boy?” Alex said. He tried to sound light and teasing, but was betrayed by his heavy, ragged breaths.

“Your fingers. Want your fingers in me. Please, Alpha, please.”

Laf and Alex both shuddered, the same heat striking them both at the core. Lafayette hissed sharply, while Alexander swore. No alpha could deny an omega when they begged like that, when they were squirming against them, wet and wanting and crying out for their alpha. They’d heard plenty of omegas beg, but none had struck them like this.

Lafayette pulled John back up and kissed him, hard and rough, a possessive clash of tongues and teeth that made John sob. Alex pushed John’s boxers down to expose his ass. Ran his fingers over the bare skin, listened to John whine for as long as he could take it before he trailed his touches towards John’s hot, slick entrance. He pushed a finger against him experimentally, and gasped as he was met with practically no resistance. He easily slipped a finger, then two, into John.
John let out a long moan, almost a shout, and began to rock his hips ever so slightly, fucking himself onto Alex’s fingers.

“Fuck, baby boy,” Alex gasped. “Look at you, you’re so wet for us. Sweetheart, how were we lucky enough to find you?”

John, past the point of making coherent words, just groaned, continued to twitch and writhe under Alex’s hand. In addition to being so wet he was sopping, he was uncomfortably hard, painfully aware of how his erection was snagged in the waistband of his underwear. Alex rocked his fingers, the sound of in his wet hole lewd. Lafayette coaxed him into another kiss. He returned it until Alex found his prostate, he had to break away he was panting so hard. Lafayette hugged him around the waist, squeezed. “Such a good little omega,” he praised. “You look so pretty on Alexander’s fingers.”

Alex nipped at his shoulder. “You’d look even prettier on my cock.”

Something in John’s scent shifted, and he whined, shook his head. Alex froze. Lafayette brushed John’s hair from his eyes, held his face in his hands.

“You do not want to go further than this?” he asked, and John nodded. Laf kissed him, gently. “All right. We shall not. Would you like Alex to keep using his fingers?” John nodded again, and Alex gently went back to moving, curling his fingers inside John and making him squirm.

“May I touch you?” Lafayette said, low and breathy, his hand dropping to John’s hip. John bit his lip, nodded again, his eyes rolling back as Lafayette wrapped his hand around his cock.

The next few minutes were a fever dream of sensations. Alex’s fingers in him, Lafayette stroking his cock honey slow, a tangle of lips and kisses and sighs. No climb towards a peak, just a thrumming plateau of pleasure. But then, Alex was pulling away, Lafayette was tucking him back into his underwear, they were pulling his pants back up and he was sputtering in disbelief.

“It is quite late, little one,” Lafayette said evenly, as if he wasn’t rock hard against John’s thigh. He whined, but nodded. He went to sit up, but was stopped by Lafayette’s hand on the small of his back. Alex brought his own hand up, shining with John’s slick. Poked his tongue out so he could lick tentatively at some of the residual mess. He sighed at the taste, offered his fingers to Lafayette. Watching Lafayette suck Alex’s fingers clean, both of them groaning with pleasure, caused John to gush with another wave, clench on nothing, whimper.

“Oh, you sweet thing, you taste incredible,” Alex said. Lafayette nodded.

They lay there, everyone panting, hearts throbbing, skin tingling. This time, Lafayette let John sit up.

“Alex?” he said softly. “Do you… Um… Have a pair of pants I can borrow? I can’t go on the subway like this.” He motioned vaguely at his jeans, soaked and rather fragrant. Alex scrambled to stand, not even embarrassed at the bulge in his own jeans.

“First of all, yes, you can borrow some of my pants, second of all, you are not taking the train home. No way. Laf will drive you.”

Laf had reached up, was playing with some of the curls that fell out of John’s ponytail. He made a soft squawk.

“What?” Alex snapped.

“Who is peacocking now?”
“I hardly think lending him some pants counts as peacocking, ensuring his safety and…”

Lafayette’s laughter rumbled through his chest. “Possessive Alpha,” he said in French.

“I am not being possessive, I am making sure he makes it home without getting harassed by yet another asshole alpha who doesn’t fucking understand what boundaries are,” Alex grumbled.

“You do not want another alpha smelling him and deciding they’d like to try staking a claim on him. And you are giving him a piece of your clothing that carries your scent. Peacocking.”

“You literally gave him a scent blend that smells like us! When did you even get that made?!”

John sighed loudly. “I understand like, five of the words you’re saying, but you’re both ridiculous. You’re both the biggest peacocks I have ever seen in my life.”

Alex snorted. “The biggest peacocks, huh?”

“Shut the fuck up, Alex.”

Lafayette burst out laughing. “I did not know you understood any French! Oh, we should teach you more! Then we can have more private conversations, yes?”

“You mean so we can talk about dirty shit in public?” Alex asked, twirling his arms around as he grinned.

“Unless other people also understand French,” John muttered.

“The French are all perverts, they won’t care.”

“Hey!”

“Laf, darling, you are the biggest pervert I know.”

“Stereotypes are not nice, dear.” Lafayette’s faux-offended tone was ruined by the soft smile on his face.

“Alex,” John whined. “My butt’s getting cold.”

Alex chuckled, shook his head. “All right, all right, I’m on it.” Headed off to the bedroom.

Being left alone with Laf, John suddenly felt self-conscious. Laf was still absently playing with his hair and stroking a hand up and down his side, and his nerves warred against how calming it felt. Like an angry cat pretending not to enjoy having its ears scratched.

“Are you alright?” Lafayette asked quietly. “I know we suddenly stopped things… We did not want things to escalate too fast. But I hope you are not upset?”

John felt his face soften. “No. I’m glad. I mean… It felt good! Just, um… Yeah maybe. Um. Baby steps?”

Laf laughed softly, and John felt his heart warm at the way the skin around Lafayette’s mouth crinkled as he smiled. At the way his eyes almost closed and his face got the very slightest flush. His nerves seemed to sweep away at once. John wanted to stay buried in the warmth forever.

“Baby steps,” Lafayette agreed. “We have all the time, non?”
John smiled, nodded. Glanced up as Alex emerged, brandishing a pair of soft-looking sweatpants.

“Ta-da! They’re clean and everything!”

“I would certainly hope so,” Laf said. He gently lifted John from his lap, setting him to stand on the floor. John’s jeans and boxers pooled around his knees, and he shimmed them off and kicked them away. Quickly took the sweatpants from Alex, trying to ignore how expose he felt. He went to pick up his discarded clothing, when Alex cut in, “Oh no, don’t worry! We’ll clean them for you. It’s our fault they got like that in the first place.”

John raised an eyebrow. “You sure that’s not just an excuse to make me come back over?”

Alex clutched his hand to his chest. “Why Mr. Laurens, I am shocked that you think I would use such a cheap trick on your esteemed self!”

“You’re a journalist. Aren’t you guys full of cheap tricks?”

“How so very dare,” Alex said, mock-offended. “I bring you the finest sweatpants from the bowels of my closet, and this is how I am repaid. I cannot believe.”

John chuckled rolled his eyes. Laf finally got up and sighed fondly at the two ridiculous men in front of him. “Now that Mr. Laurens has pants, shall I drive him home?”

John bit his lower lip, looked at Lafayette shyly. “Yes, please.” He turned to Alex so they could kiss goodnight, the kiss surprisingly soft but still a little possessive, but still very, very sweet. Alex nuzzled his neck, inhaled once more, then backed off so Lafayette could loop an arm around John’s shoulders.

“Text me when you get home?” Alex said, and John nodded. Alex tried to settle the small envious beast in his chest, that saw HIS omega leave with HIS alpha, but he beat it back. It was just the beginning, he thought as the door clicked shut.
Chapter 5

Dropping John off was uneventful. He still smelt incredible, but Lafayette, who prided himself on his self control, managed to keep his hands on the steering wheel and his eyes on the road. They chatted about nothing of consequence, made vague plans for lunch the next day, shared a chaste kiss goodnight, and Laf watched him disappear safely into his building. Despite his cool demeanor, he raced home at top speed, eager to take care of his own situation.

“Alexander?” He kicked off his shoes, shed his jacket and undid his pants, which felt painfully tight. “I hope you are ready for me, mon amor, I am going to--Alexander what in the world are you doing?”

Alex, from where he lay on their enormous bed, peered at Lafayette in the doorway with just the barest traces of shame painted across his face. Splayed out, pants forgotten, John’s brightly colored boxer briefs in one hand, his dick in the other. The underwear still carried John’s scent with surprising strength. Laf could smell it from the doorway.

“Um… Uh…” Alex stuttered, waved the underwear. “Oh, you know…”

Lafayette, hands still on his waistband, took a step into the bedroom.

“Is this why you insisted on me driving him home, little one?”

Alex hitched up his best ‘come hither’ smile, held the underwear out like he was offering Lafayette a bite of something he was eating. Something delicious. Laf raised his eyebrow, felt caught somewhere between disgust and want.

“You are honestly ridiculous,” Lafayette sighed, even as he took the underwear himself.

“Come, Luke. Join me on the dark side,” Alex said, making his voice deep as he could. Lafayette laughed, but it was cut short when he caught a full dose of John’s scent, heady and bright and so sweet. Instead of reprimanding Alex, he held the garment to his face, inhaled deeply. “It’s good, right?” Alex teased.

“Stop… Talking… Get the lube,” Lafayette hissed.

“Oh-ho!” Alex twisted, dug their bottle out of the nightstand, rolled back over. “Gonna give it to me hard, Alpha?”

Laf said nothing, only bared his teeth and growled. Alex visibly melted. Laf easily rolled him over and snatched the lube from his hand. He sat on Alex’s legs, pinning him to the bed. Usually, Lafayette was careful with prepping him, measured and taking care not to make a mess or hurt him. Tonight, however, he was rough, bordering on painful. Not quite, but enough for Alex to grit his teeth against it.

“Fuck,” Alex hissed. “Fuck, okay, that’s enough fucking around just. Fuck me, oh my god.”

This was the thing with alpha on alpha anal. Lafayette could fit most of the way in, get the right friction on his cock, enough to have some very satisfying orgasms. Sure, his knot would never fit, but with a few well-timed squeezes, he could edge relief out of it. That was most nights. Tonight was different. It didn’t seem to matter how hard Laf fucked Alex, how powerfully he pounded into him, how rough he pushed him into the mattress, how much Alex cried out for it, nothing was working it. He could feel the build of his orgasm, but every time he chased it, it evaded him. And Alex with
those damn underwear were not helping.

Lafayette paused, swiped some of the sweat away that had dripped into his eyes. Caught his breath, let Alex adjust. “Am I hurting you, my love?” he asked, suddenly concerned.

“No, baby, not at all. Just... My own...” He snuck a hand under his hips so he could grasp himself. Before Lafayette could resume, however, Alex’s phone chimed.

“Don’t,” Laf groaned, but Alex still reached across to grab it off the bedside table.

“It’s John,” Alex said. Laf collapsed down against Alex’s back. “He got home safe.”

“I know. I was there, mon chou,” Laf sighed.

“No, wait, look up, I’m gonna send him a selfie.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes! Come on, Laf, smile!”

Laf did not smile so much as smirk in a vaguely pained manner. His chin resting on Alex’s shoulder could’ve looked innocent, except...

Alex: Glad you got home safe babe! Hey, guess what we’re doing...

“Alexander!” Laf gasped, just as Alex hit send. “That is just crass.”

“Hey remember that time you sent him a custom scent, and then punched a guy?”

“I daresay I am not clear what you are insinuating–” He was interrupted by the phone going off again.

Alex read the text aloud: “‘Interesting, tell me more.’ Oh my god.”

“Do not tell him more.”

“I am absolutely telling him more. Oh! Or I could send a video?”

“Oh my god, you are incorrigible.”

“Look, dude, you are the one who started this, sending him that care package...”

“I started it? You were the one who plucked him off the streets!”

“Here, shut up,” Alex said, shoving the boxer briefs into Lafayette’s face, muffling him. Tapped out a reply to John that he would not let Laf see, then lifted his hips encouragingly. “Finish what you started.”

Lafayette shuddered, started thrusting shallowly. “You are lucky I love you, you absolute terror.”

“Less talking, more panty sniffing.” Alex pushed back to meet his strokes. “I promise it helps.”

“Only if you never say the phrase ‘panty sniffing’ ever again.”

He wasn’t lying though. The direct onslaught of John’s scent must have stimulated something in his brain or hormones, and in a few more deep thrusts, he was coming. He held still, let himself empty his spend into Alex, then collapsed in a heap next to him, the underwear still plastered to his face.
Alex curled under his arm, kissed his shoulder. “Better, honey?”

“No,” Lafayette groaned from under the boxer briefs. “Not better.”

“Gonna make me take care of myself?” Alex’s voice was flirty. When Lafayette nodded weakly, Alex shrugged. “No worries, just give me these back.” He plucked them off of Laf’s face, balled them up and shoved them against his own nose. Started jacking himself off swiftly, with no finesse.

Alex’s breath caught in his throat as he came in thick spurts that splashed across his stomach. He threw the boxers on the floor and groaned before rolling over to snuggle against Laf. Laf wound his arms around Alex and held him close.

“Well,” Alex said breathlessly, after a few minutes of silent breathing, “that was definitely a thing.”

Laf just groaned and rubbed his forehead against Alex’s. “My knot is not going down.”

“Not knot,” Alex giggled. Laf whapped him softly on the arm.

“Not helping, mon chou. It is uncomfortable.”

“Awww, poor lamb. Someone’s not used to disappointment via sexual frustration.”

Before Lafayette could reply, Alex’s phone went off again. Without letting go of Laf, he fumbled behind himself for his phone.

“Please tell me you did not inform him of the fate of his underwear.”

Alex snickered, slid his thumb across his lock screen. Laf peered over his shoulder at the messages.

*John: INTERSTING. Tell me more.*

*Alex: Why do you wanna know? Up to your own mischief?*

*John: Maybe. Y’all got me riled up something fierce. Can’t very well go to bed like this.*

*Alex: Why do you think we had to take care of somethings?*

*Alex: Sadly, Laf isn’t feeling very relieved. He’s on the struggle bus cuz of his knot.*

“Do not send that, Alexander!” Lafayette said sharply, but Alex just giggled.

“Whoops, my finger slipped.”

“I should make you sleep in the bath tub. He is going to think I am weak!”

Pausing his text conversation, Alex looked at Lafayette seriously. “Hey, none of that. First of all, I don’t think John’s like that. Second of all, I thought we always agreed not to fall into that gender role bullshit?”

“Sorry, you are right, of course. But still…” Laf gestured at his knot, still pronounced and swollen. “It is embarrassing.”

“Maybe don’t look at it that way. Look at it as we found an omega we really connected with and your body is responding accordingly. Just relax, you’ll be okay in a few minutes.”

“Mmmhmm.” Lafayette closed his eyes, lay back against the pillows. Alex returned to his phone to see
another text from John.

John: So funny you would mention his knot. I’m trying to figure out something...

The next message made Alex’s eyes practically fall out of his head. “Holy shit, Laf you gotta look at this.”

John had sent a picture of several knotted dildos, laid out and arranged from smallest to largest on his bed spread. He followed up with another message almost instantly.

John: I am trying to decide which one best matches each of you.

“You are both trying to kill me,” Lafayette said dramatically and rolled away onto his stomach. “This is an attack.”

Chortling, Alex returned his attention to the photo. “I dunno, I think this purple one is closest to me? That huge black one, though, that’s totally you. Here will you look?”

“I will not.”

“Come on, alpha, our omega needs our help. How else is he going to find some relief? We sent him home all keyed up and the poor thing wants to be able to sleep.”

The only response Laf gave was a throaty growl, muffled by the pillows.

Alex: Purple for me, black for Laf.

Alex: I helped, now you gotta tell me what you’re gonna do with them, baby boy.

John: Tell me what I should do.

“Oh my god, Laf, he wants us to tell him how to jerk off. I think I might die.”

“No, I am the one who is dying,” Laf said, flopping melodramatically onto his back.

“You are missing out, babe. What should I tell him.”

“To be grateful he does not have a knot.”

“Not knot,” Alex repeated with a giggle.

“That’s going to be the thing you say on repeat for the next month, isn’t it?”

“Yes!” Alex said cheerily as he began typing out his next message.

Alex: You got that scent mix Laf sent you, right? Why don’t you, idk, do whatever you do with essential oils with that?

John: You put it in a diffuser =P And yes, I can do that~

John: That’s not really telling me what to do, though

Alex: Hey, I’m giving you some inspiration. You’re the artist here, babe

John: That was fucking cheesy

John: ok room smells like you guys. Fuck. Tell me what to do, alpha
“John: please

Alex was grinning like a fiend. He had an omega asking him to guide his jerking off while inhaling a combination of his and Laf’s scent. Life was fucking good.

“Seriously, Laf, what should I tell him to do? Any suggestions? Come on…”

While Alex talked, Laf’s hand had found its way back to his knot, rubbing absentmindedly.

“Stop messing with it if you want it to go away!” Alex snapped.

“How can I? You keep telling me about our omega, and what he wants…”

Alex hummed, turned back to his phone.

Alex: I tried asking Laf for ideas, but alas, he’s kinda… indisposed.

Alex: You got him all worked up and his knot won’t go down

John: 0.0 really?????? That can happen?!

John: I feel kinda bad…

Alex: No no no! Don’t feel bad! You didn’t wanna go that far, and that’s fine!

John: Ok so I’m lying tho if I pretend it's not fucking hot.

John: Please, alpha, wanna be good for you. Tell your little omega what he can do….

Alex groaned. “Laf, Laf I am dying. My soul is leaving my physical body. I have ascended to a higher plane.”

“Makes two of us, mon chou.” Lafayette turned to look at him, his eyes glittering with interest. “Are you going to let the poor boy continue to suffer?”

“Hmm, no, I suppose I should put him out of his misery…”

Alex’s fingers flew across the screen.

Alex: All right

Alex: I want you to imagine we’re there with you. You can smell us after all, it shouldn’t be hard.

Alex: We want you on your back so we can see your face as we get you ready. You probably won't need much prep, but better safe than sorry. Two fingers to start…I want you to finger yourself right now. Can you be a good boy and do that for me?

John: yes, alpha. I'm a good boy

Alex: Yes, you are. Our good omega.

Alex: you got the purple toy, honey?

John: yeah

Alex: ok, good. That's me. Want you to work that toy into that cute little ass of yours. Don’t you dare fuck yourself on it yet. Just hold it in deep, because when I finally fuck you, I'm gonna wanna just
stay in there for a second, look at your pretty face while I feel how hot and wet you are.

Alex: tell me how it feels

“Are you writing him a whole novel?” Lafayette asked, hearing the frantic sounds of Alex tapping on the screen.

“Look, I'm not gonna let this opportunity pass by. I'm just being helpful.”

Lafayette, who had relaxed a little, made the peacock sound.

“Damn right I'm peacocking. This is just too good to pass up.”

John: fuck, Alex….ugh you're so big. I'm so full it feels so good. Please move, please alpha, I can't take it.

John: why are you making me wait?

Alex: well fuck, how can I deny you when you beg so prettily? Go on baby, you can start fucking yourself now. Go slow, I wouldn’t want to hurt you. You’re still so tight, baby. If you think I feel big, how will you take Laf? Gotta work you open slowly, baby boy

John: feels so good alpha fuck

Alex: that’s it, good boy. You’re so warm and wet for me, yeah? Taking it so well, sweetheart.

John: can i cum? pls alpha

John: i will cum on urknot?

“His typing is quite confusing,” Lafayette noted. Alex rolled his eyes.

“No shit. He’s far gone.”

“Mmm. Tell him after he comes, to hold that toy deep inside. Tell him when you fuck him, you will give him a second to catch his breath before it is time for number two.”

“Damn, Laf. Okay then.”

Alex: Go on, come for me, little omega. But after you come, you’ve gotta hold the toy still. I’d give you a break before i make you come again

Alex: Baby boy you ok?

John: sorry i dropped the phone lol

John: sleepy

Alex: aww, baby. Ok, if you’re tired you should rest

John: Wanna fall asleep with you inside me <3

Alex rolled over towards Laf and buried his face against his shoulder. “This is the most perfect dude, aside from you, that I have ever met in my life. I think I’ve got a crush. Help me, Laf.”

“Let him sleep, love,” Laf murmured, sounding pretty sleepy himself. Alex noted that his knot had finally deflated, and his whole body was deflating with it.
Alex: as long as you won’t be too sore in the morning, you can keep me inside you all night baby boy. Go get some rest, you earned it.

John: okay. Thank you alpha. Say night to lafayette too for me. Night <3

After poking a sleepy goodnight out of Laf, Alex shot back, Laf says goodnight, too. Sleep well <3 G’night <3, and finally put his phone down, making sure to plug it into the charger first.

Alex poked Laf’s arm. “Don’t fall asleep yet, we’re all gross. Gotta shower.”

“Mmm, in the morning.” Laf rolled away from Alex, and Alex rolled his eyes.

“Well I’m not sleeping with your come in my ass, and I’m not cuddling you when you’re sticky, so. Your choice, mon ami.”

Laf swore rather creatively in French, and then got up and stumbled after Alex into the bathroom.
Chapter 6

John’s first thought, upon waking, was, among other things, *The dildo actually stayed there all night. Wow.* He wasn’t sure if he was impressed or ashamed, but what he did know was that he was kind of sore and very very lonely. As he lay there, debating between rolling over and sleeping more or getting up, showering and joining society, his phone buzzed next to him.

Shit. Memories of the night before, of what he did, what he said, what he texted…

*Alex: morning baby boy. You up yet, or did we completely knock you out? ;)*

In lieu of texting, John snapped a quick selfie. He noted with a grimace the bleary look in his eyes, his hair in a messy bird’s nest of curls, his skin looking not as fresh as he would like. Ah well, the light coming in was at least a little flattering.

*Alex: Awwww, sleepy cozy omega.*

*Alex: Laf says you look like a warm toasted marshmallow. I’m sure that makes sense in his head.*

*Alex: Wanna grab some lunch, cutie?*

*John: gimme some time to make myself presentable, and sure :) you got a place in mind?*

*John: i’ll try not to start any fights this time*

*Alex: Hopefully those alphas can keep it in their goddamn pants. Of course, there’s no denying how INCREDIBLE you smell. Still doesn’t excuse. Anyway, i’ll shut up. Go put some clothes on.*

John resisted the urge to make a snarky comment about Alex never shutting up, and elected to drag himself out of bed and into the shower. He dressed in what was fitting for a Sunday, well worn and soft khakis, a lightweight sweater and piled his hair into bun. He grabbed his phone and shot off another selfie, captioned with, “I’m presentable!” His phone immediately chimed, with Alex telling him they’d be there to pick him up in fifteen minutes. He didn’t feel the need to pace about anxiously like he had the previous night. He was content just to lay on the couch and scroll through his Facebook feed until he heard the doorbell ring.

He opened his door with what he knew was a stupid smile plastered on his face. Alex was dressed in an oversized sweater and baggy jeans, his hair pushed back into a messy ponytail. John all but jumped into his arms, the onslaught of his scent absolutely captivating. He was pleasantly surprised that Alex greeted him in a similar fashion, nuzzled his neck and inhaled.

“Fuck, you smell good,” he sighed. “And I literally saw you like, less than a day ago. You got me hooked, Omega.”

John chuckled. “Likewise.”

Alex pulled away from their embrace, and instead grabbed John’s hand and laced their fingers together.

“As much as I could stand here sniffing you all day, our chariot awaits.” John smiled, squeezed Alex’s hand as he locked his door behind him. “Lafayette will get jealous if I hog you to myself for too long.”

“Oh, well we better not make him jealous, then. I’d hate to have two alphas fighting for my attention.
That would simply be the worst.”

“I’m like ninety-nine percent sure that’s sarcasm, and I think there are much better things we could to you than squabbling.” The lilt in his voice and the twinkle in his eye set John on at ease, made him giggle.

This time, Lafayette had parked the car at the curb, was leaning against it, looking gorgeous in his tailored jeans, blazer, and sunglasses. His face lit up with a smile when he saw John and Alex approaching.

“Good afternoon, John. You look well-rested and cheerful this morning. Are you ready for lunch?”

“He’s ready for something this morning,” Alex said suggestively, hip-checked John right into Lafayette’s arms.

“Alexander!” Lafayette scolded, but wrapped John in secure hug just the same. He was slightly more subtle about sniffing him than Alex, but it happened. John wasn’t complaining.

“Hey, Laf, you okay with playing chauffer today? I wanna sit in the back with John.”

“Why, so you can make out the whole way to the restaurant? That is hardly fair.”

“Fair schmair, I want kisses from my omega.”

“Our omega, Alexander.”

The easy banter that centered John right in between them had him practically melting. He didn’t even care that he had still really only just met them, that they were already calling him their omega. He felt safer and happier these past few days than he could remember ever being. It felt like they fit together, something as natural as the swell of the tide, the caress of gentle waves on a shoreline, the quiet of the water, the sun, the wind. Being with them, like now, was peaceful, low tide, foam dissolving on the sand. High tide was Lafayette taking his hand, Alex squeezing him to his side, the possession and the promise in it. And of course, the tempest on the ocean was akin to the night before, being swept up in the swell of their affection and hormones.

While lost in his own thoughts, he failed to notice the signals his body was putting out, the surge of his scent. Alex and Laf didn’t miss it, though, and exchanged a mischievous look.

“Fine,” Lafayette sighed. “Alex, you may get your smooches.” He opened the back door for his boyfriends, and tried not to grin stupidly at the way Alex practically dragged John into the car. Laf watched them in the rearview mirror, felt his heart melting at the way John snuggled into Alex’s side, at the way Alex wound his fingers through a few of John’s loose curls. They did look so sweet together, and it helped chase some of the naughtier thoughts away. It would not do to attend lunch with a raging hard on anyway, he decided.

They found a parking space just a short walk away from the cafe, a rarity considering it was a sunny day. Both alphas were pleasantly surprised when John wiggled his way between them so he could take both their hands. Laf couldn’t resist bringing John’s knuckles to his lips, and John giggled while Alex make a soft peacock noise.

The cafe was kinda hipster-ish, one of those places with mismatched chairs and fake worn paint on the walls. The day was a beautiful, sunny one, so Lafayette requested a table outside. There was a pot of sunflowers by the table, and Lafayette couldn’t help but mentally compare them to John, with his bright smile and his skin glowing in the sun. He was sure to everyone around them, their scents were practically screaming, “Alpha courting a cute happy omega”. Or, well, two alphas. If anyone
had a problem with that, they could bite him. He was with his alpha mate, whom he loved deeply, a steady, sure love built over years of commitment. And their newly acquired omega, who was sweet and soft and Lafayette found himself falling for quicker than he’d like to admit.

“Oh man, they have corn fritters. I haven’t had those in ages.” John’s voice broke him out of his reverie, and Laf tried not to stare too hard at the adorable way his eyebrows furrowed as he concentrated on the menu.

“You should get them with a side of bacon,” Alex added. “It’s the crispiest fucking bacon you will ever find in New York, trust me. I am a bacon connoisseur.”

“Is that so?” John said. “Well, I do like bacon, and it’s got to be crispy.”

“Bacon and corn fritters are not enough food, mon petit,” Lafayette said evenly, the warmest note of authority slipping into his voice. “Please pick at least one other thing.”

John couldn’t help but shiver. Some part of his brain preened at an alpha telling him what to do, but not carelessly. Trying to take care of him. And he liked it.

“Um… What about smashed avocado on toast?”

“Yes, I think that will do nicely. What about you, Alexander?”

“Can I just have bacon?”

“No.”

Alex pouted, and John laughed, his eyes glittering. “Alpha said we have to have a balanced breakfast, Alex.”

“I’m an alpha too, you assholes,” Alex grumbled as he frowned at the menu. “Double bacon, some sausage links, and a piece of ham?”

“Some other food group as well, if you please,” Lafayette chided.

“Meat is a whole and balanced breakfast! It’s got protein and fats and shit.”

“Please order at least one fruit or vegetable.”

“Fine,” Alex whined. “I’ll get a strawberry shortcake.”

“Alexander.”

“Strawberry is a fruit!”

“The cake outweighs the fruit!”

They were interrupted by the table shaking. They glanced over at John, who had his face buried in his hands.

“Mon chaton?” Laf asked, voice suddenly laced with concern. But when John looked up at them, it was clear he was shaking with barely restrained laughter.

“You’re both fucking ridiculous, you know that, right?”

“If I’m ever too serious, please punch me,” Alex said pleasantly.
“I would be punching you constantly, darling, and I would rather not,” Laf said.

“It doesn’t count when I’m talking about politics!”

“Ah, I see. Of course, how silly of me.”

The waitress chose that moment to arrive. Based on her scent she was an omega, and she was barely containing her amusement at the three men in front of her. John ordered his meal, plus a coffee piled with sugar and cream. Alex nearly got away with ordering just meat, until Lafayette said, “And a fruit salad with Greek yogurt.” Laf himself ordered some kind of artisanal oatmeal with freeze-dried berries.

“Is it still fruit if it’s freeze-dried?” Alex asked skeptically.

“Yes, mon chou.”

“Fucking hipster bullshit,” Alex muttered. John stifled another giggle.

While they waited for their food, John contented himself with people watching and listening to Lafayette tell Alex about his upcoming week at work. It sounded like a busy one, which had him feeling a little on edge, suddenly worried he wouldn’t get to see his alphas as often as he liked.

As their waitress set their drinks in front of them, Alex noted the shift in John’s body language. “You alright, John?” he asked. Blew across the surface of his coffee.

“Um,” John started. “Just like. You guys sound pretty busy? I was wondering when we’d next get the chance to see each other.”

“Every damn night?” Alex said quickly, without thought. “I mean, uh, I mean…” He looked at Lafayette for help.

“I think what Alexander means is, we want to see you as much as possible, as much as your schedule allows.” Lafayette smiled, stirred his own coffee. “While we both work a lot, we are happy to clear our evenings to spend time with our omega.”

John couldn’t help the feeling of warmth that spread through him every time they said that. Our omega. It made him want to curl up in their arms, stop thinking for a bit and just let them take charge. Rationally, he knew that was silly, just biology screaming at him. But still.

“I’d like that,” he said quietly, hiding his face in his coffee mug as he took a sip.

“Then we are on the same page,” Lafayette said, a smile playing on his lips. Alex took John’s hand. A perfect afternoon.
Chapter 7

After lunch, John was invited once again back to Alex’s and Lafayette’s apartment. “Come spend
the afternoon with us,” Alex tempted him. “Lazy Sunday. We can watch bad TV, maybe a movie,
take a nap…”

Honestly, nothing sounded better.

Tucked back in their penthouse was a completely tricked out media room. It had spacious leather
seating, a projector system, a screen that took up a whole wall, and a fully stocked snack bar. John
marveled at it, was enthralled by both its size and cozyness. He was immediately attracted to the shelf
that contained hundreds of bluray movies. Alex actually handed him a binder. “They’re organized in
here by both title and genre,” he said, almost bashfully.

“Neat!” John said and immediately turned to the horror movie tab. He wanted something that would
give him an excuse to cuddle up the the alphas, bury his face in Alex's chest or under Laf’s arm.
John liked horror movies, anyway. He picked The Descent, one he'd wanted to watch for ages but
was too chicken to sit through alone.

“Sure that's the one you want, baby boy?” Alex asked as he located the shelf it was on. “It's pretty
scary.”

“With you and Laf here, I'll be fine.”

Alex smirked, rolled his eyes fondly. He left John to cuddle up with Laf on the couch as he got the
movie set up. It was kinda cute how John was still hesitant with Laf, but Alex was glad to see him
warming up to him. He smiled when he turned back to look at them, once everything was up and
running. John had wormed his way under Laf’s arm, and Laf had said arm wrapped protectively
around John’s shoulders and his lips pressed to his forehead.

“You're gross. I'm going to get diabetes,” Alex said as he joined them, snuggling up on John’s other
side.

John was pleasantly surprised by the movie. The pacing and tone were stylistically unique, and he
found himself practically vibrating as he anticipated each twist and turn. Him and Alex gasped and
shrieked, and then laughed at each others’ reactions. Laf, however, was silent. His only reaction was
squeezing John tighter whenever something frightening happened.

There was a blanket of tension over them, a soft, quiet covering as the movie went on. Laf was close
to John, holding him tight. John found it sweet, and a bit bold. Then, the more he breathed in
Lafayette’s scent, he detected an undertone of something different.

John almost giggled aloud. The movie was making Laf nervous! John couldn't help but snuggle
closer to Laf, a surge of desire to be--Protective? Distracting?--overcoming him. Laf drew him closer
too, and John felt a little sorry for him.

“Alpha?” John whispered. Turned his head, sort of rubbed his nose to Lafayette’s cheek. “Are you
ok?”

"Of course, mon chaton," he said, voice strained, and John had to resist the urge to roll his eyes. Of
course he was trying to pull the alpha tough guy act. It was fantastically endearing.

"Really? You smell nervous, Alpha. Can I help?" John shifted, skimmed his hand across Laf’s chest,
down to rest at the waistband of his jeans.

Lafayette jumped a little, but almost immediately relaxed into John’s touch. “Oh?” He sounded coy. Almost immediately, his scent changed. Became warmer. Alex, noticing the subtle shift in their scents and body language, turned to watch them.

With both of the alpha’s attention on him, John felt a surge of self confidence. He smirked, touched his thumb to the button on Lafayette’s jeans. Lafayette jolted, as if John’s touch electrified him. John curled into him, tugged playfully at his waistband. As if he didn’t want to hurt or spook him, Lafayette held himself completely still. Like John was a skittish colt or something. John popped the button, worked down his zipper. Slow as syrup, slipped his hand in.

Despite his confidence, John had never actually touched an actual alpha before. He kind of knew what to do from watching porn, but the actual thing had his nerves thrumming. Underneath the layers of fabric, Lafayette felt massive, and he wasn’t even fully hard yet, just chubbed up from the beginning of John’s attention. John grazed his fingertips over his smooth skin, savoring the purring sound vibrating from deep in Lafayette’s chest.

They sat like that for a few minutes. John returned his eyes to the movie, still smirking, just letting his hand stay tucked in Lafayette’s pants, occasionally fluttering his fingers to keep Laf’s interest up. Which honestly didn’t seem to be an issue. He could practically hear Lafayette’s heartbeat, could smell the lust coming off him in fragrant waves.

Alex broke the silence, laughed softly. “Good lord, John. I have never seen Lafayette wait so patiently for anything in his life.”

When Lafayette responded, his words were even despite the gruff note in his voice. “I am surprised you recognize patience when you seem to have so little of it yourself, Alexander.”

Instead of being offended, Alex just giggled. Put his lips to John’s ear and stage whispered. “You’re really working him up, baby boy.”

“Think so?” John said, voice innocent. “I think I can do better.” In one smooth movement, John rolled off the couch, settled himself on his knees, right between Lafayette’s legs. Both alphas watched him intently. John stared up at Lafayette, made direct eye contact, planted a quick kiss on his knee. His stillness almost read as tension, but John had a feeling he was just holding back, trying not to react in a way that might put him off.

John pulled at Lafayette’s waistband. Laf lifted his hips, let John pull his jeans down far enough that he could see his cock tenting his boxers. John’s mouth watered at the sight. Fuck, John didn't think alphas were actually that big. He felt both intimidated and ridiculously aroused, could feel his own body starting to respond, slick gathering at his entrance. He wanted to focus at the task at hand.

“Can I, Alpha?” John asked, made his eyes big. Parted his lips. “Please?”

Lafayette cleared his throat. “You need to tell me what is you want, little one,” he said in a rush. His accent was thickening. That small thing thrilled John.

“Can I play with this?” John said, ghosted his hand over Lafayette’s bulge.

“Yes,” Laf said in a hushed gasp.

John swallowed, took a shaky breath. He hooked his fingers around the elastic of Lafayette’s boxers, lifted and pulled.
Laf’s cock, dark and thick, sprung free, and John’s eyes practically fell out of his head. Though he’d never been this close to an alpha’s parts, he could practically feel his biology taking over, whirring to life and coaxing him. The urge to abandon this particular quest felt overwhelming, why use his mouth when his ass was ready, so ready? He had to swallow back his eagerness, doused on Lafayette's face, watching him like he was the most beautiful sight he’d ever seen.

Feeling bold, John locked eyes with Lafayette and licked tentatively at the head. He knew, without a doubt, he’d never fit the whole thing in his mouth, but he could do this part. Lick and mouth in a gentle tease, use his hand where his mouth was inadequate. Told himself he’d done this before, plenty of times, the only difference…

He glanced shyly between Lafayette’s face and his knot. Now that was something he’d never touched before. He told himself to go slow, for himself, and so Lafayette could enjoy it. Closed his lips around the head, suckled gently. Eyes big, still looking up, he brought one hand to wrap around the shaft. Gave a few experimental pumps, slow and controlled. Lafayette tasted like he smelled, rich and smokey.

After realizing he wasn’t doing much of anything beyond tasting his tip and holding him, he popped off. “Is this ok, Alpha?”

Lafayette was caught between the pull of wanting to let go and scream his approval, nod his head vigorously and needing to retain his composed alpha stance. What ended up happened was sort of a muddled mumbling, digging his fingers into the couch cushion. “Yes, of course, carry on,” he said, trying to keep his voice light but if Alex’s giggle was indication, he failed miserably.

John’s lips returned to him, took in a few inches. To Lafayette, the sight of his little mouth stuffed with his cock, which looked enormous against John’s delicate features, had his pulse skyrocketing. One of John’s hands rested on his thigh, the other wrapped tentatively around his shaft. He gave a few tight pumps. Lafayette purred a little louder, had to shut his eyes. It was almost too much. Agonizing. He didn’t like feeling this out of control, but it was so sweet he couldn’t help but give in.

To Alex, it was like Christmas had come early. Lafayette unravelling at the touch of a cute, inexperienced omega? Count him in. John was so dainty with him, it read as either extreme care or shyness. Either way, sexy as hell. He kept flicking his eyes up at both Alex and Lafayette. The way they sparkled, he was so pretty, practically pouting for attention and approval.

Alex reached out, took John’s hand. Brought his knuckles to his lips. “Look at you, baby boy. Look at what you’re doing to Laf, huh? You’ve got our big strong alpha purring like a kitten.”

"Je ne suis pas un chaton,“ Lafayette panted. Rubbed at his own brow, tipped his head back.

“Wanna drive him completely nuts?” Alex said conspiratorially. “Touch him right… Here…” Alex placed John’s hand right on top of Lafayette’s knot. It amused him greatly to watch Lafayette beat back the urge to slam into John. And the way John was treating Lafayette, the unsure way he touched him, was so hot. Alex’s own pants were uncomfortably tight.

The sight of Lafayette breathing heavily, grabbing at his own shirt in impatience, caught John’s attention. He had to lift his face up just enough to steal a glance at Lafayette, to take in his handiwork. Lafayette purring, Lafayette sweating, Lafayette fidgeting, Lafayette’s jaw set. “Alpha?” John said softly, sweetly. Just uttering that pet name, he could feel Lafayette tense, a blurt of precum beaded at the slit. John couldn’t help himself, he had to taste it. Gave his knot another shy squeeze, watched his hips twitch.

Alex couldn’t help himself, couldn’t bear not to touch John when he looked so gorgeous. When he
was making his mate pant and writhe. Alex dropped to the floor and scooted behind John. He wrapped his arms around the omega’s waist, and pressed his lips to his neck. Skirted over his bonding site just to make John shiver.

“Look at him,” he said against the shell of John’s ear. “He’s trying so hard to be good. Bet all he wants is to grab your hair and fuck your sweet little mouth. But he’s being a good alpha, huh? Being all gentle with his omega.”

Lafayette’s hips twitched up towards John’s mouth, and he groaned. He shook with the effort of keeping himself contained, of not doing exactly what Alex had just described. Alex smirked at him from over John’s shoulder as his ran his hands up and down John’s sides. He wormed his fingers underneath John’s shirt, stroked at the soft skin and firm muscles he found there. His hands wandered lower, skimmed the waistband of John’s jeans.

“Can I?” Alex whispered. John popped off Laf to nod enthusiastically.

Taking John’s permission and running with it, Alex found John’s button and zipper, undid them in a rush, slid his jeans off his hips. Just enough where Alex could slide his hand down his boxer briefs. Fingers skated over the soft skin of his lower back, snuck down his ass, covered in gooseflesh. He went for it, went to part John’s cheeks and tease at his hole. Instead, however, he found--

“Oh, fuck,” Alex hissed. He dropped his forehead to the back of John’s neck. “Baby boy, what you got here?”

“Ah… Um.” John laid his face against Laf’s knee, panted slightly. “Wanna closer look?”

“Shit, yes. Lift your hips for me…” He pulled John’s jeans and underwear down enough that he could see the plug, black and nondescript, settled between his cheeks. “God, how long have you had this in you, huh?”

The blush coloring John’s cheeks was both adorable and confusing, an interesting contrast to his… Accessory. “Put it in this morning,” John admitted. “Thought it might… Might help keep my clothes clean? Mute my scent?”

Alex groaned. “That’s hot. Fucking hell, that’s so hot.”

“Did not work,” Lafayette chimed in, his voice strained. “I can still smell you quite clear.”

“Were you wearing this the whole time, baby boy? Did you like it, being out in public, stuffed full?”

“Alpha,” John whispered. Alex took it upon himself to push on the base of the plug, work it in a few millimeters just to watch him squirm. “I did, I did like it, Alpha.”

The few minutes break John had given Laf’s cock gave him enough time to gain back his mental faculties, enough to try and gain the upper hand. “Come, little Omega.” He patted his knee, indicating he wanted John to lay across his lap. “Come show your alphas your little toy, naughty thing.”

Eyes wide and still blushing, John crawled into the position Lafayette indicated, sprawled across Laf’s waiting thighs. Like metal following a magnet, Alex trailed after him, his hands never leaving his ass.

“I can’t believe you actually managed to get sexier. I thought that was impossible. We’d hit peak sexy. But no, then you go and do this,” Alex babbled, still massaging John’s ass. “How are you real? Fuck.”
“Wasn’t trying to be sexy,” John pouted. “Trying to be practical. Didn’t want another outing… Or outfit… Ruined.”

Alex pressed a kiss to John’s skin, just below the small of his back. “You don’t ruin anything, baby boy. You were trying to to be good, huh? I don’t wanna say you don’t have to do it, because it’s super hot, but…”

“Wanna be good for my alphas,” John agreed. Looked over his shoulder at Alex, the look he gave him smouldering and anything but innocent.

Laf placed a hand in John's hair, carded through the curls that had come loose from his hair tie. John preened at the touch, practically nuzzled into Lafayette's palm.

"Little one,” he said, voice rough, "if you do not mind, I was rather enjoying your attentions. Alex can make you feel good while you continue, yes?"

Upon hearing Lafayette asking for his attention, John’s cheeks burned. He felt sexy, and wanted, and desired. He wanted to please, be good, continue to give to the both of them. Repositioning himself slightly so he could take Lafayette back into his mouth was awkward for a moment, but once he found the correct angle, there was something especially erotic laying prone in his lap, suckling gently. As soon as he had his mouth back around him, Lafayette visibly melted, sunk back against the couch and began purring again, his hands fighting to stay gentle in John’s hair.

“Can I take this out?” Alex asked between kisses he pressed into the cheeks of John’s ass. Fiddled with the base some more, noting how sensitive John was from his reactions to each tiny movement of the toy.

“Mmmph,” John said, a muffled vote of consent, best he could manage with Lafayette’s dick halfway down his throat. He shimmied his hips to emphasize his point.

Alex gently pulled the plug out and set it down somewhere behind him. Immediately, the scent of John’s arousal spilt into the room, making both alphas groan. Slick dripped out of John’s hole, and Alex couldn’t help himself as he pressed his tongue against John’s hot skin, licking a long stripe across his hole. John gasped around Laf’s cock, the sound melting into a moan and Alex kept going. Flicked his tongue from John’s balls back up his crack, licked around his hole several times, savoring how John reacted, the heat spilling off him, the small twitches when he moved close to his entrance.

Unable to hold out any longer, Alex buried his face into John’s ass, parted his cheeks with one hand, mouth latched onto his entrance. Lapped with focus, split between the desire to make John weak with sensation and his own greedy thirst to drink him down, feast on him. His slick tasted bright and sweet, like an ice pop on a hot summer’s day, and it went straight to Alex’s head, made him feel tipsy. And John was writhing at his handiwork, his cries muffled by Lafayette’s cock, looking so sweet as he trembled for more of Alex’s touch. He poked two fingers along side his tongue, practically swooning with how greedily John’s body accepted the digits.

John had to pull away from Laf, Alex’s tongue and fingers were doing things to him, making him a little crazy. Keeping his hand on Lafayette’s knot, he let out a throaty growl, tossed his hair as he looked back at Alex. “Alpha, Alpha!” he yelped. “Fuck, I’m so close, please. Want your knot, please!”

Alex went to catch Lafayette’s eye, but found him gazing down at John instead. The sight of him begging and whimpering while he continued to handle his knot had him entirely distracted. So Alex continued what he was doing, pressing deep inside John and tongue fucking him, squeezing his thigh with his free hand.
“More, more, want you Alpha, please, more,” John chanted. Alex was fully prepared for John to come any second, so he was completely surprised when he heard and familiar bitten on groan, flicked his eyes up in time to see Lafayette with his head thrown back. Seconds later he climaxed, busted all over John’s face in an impressive burst of cum. Alex would swear up and down he’d never seen that much before, was certain it had to do with the cocktail of hormones and pheromones, that biological imperative that had its hooks in all of them.

And John looked so pretty dripping in his mate’s seed, prettier still when he gave in and sucked what was left off the tip, licked his lip and sighed as Alex continued to play with him.

“How good, baby? I’ve never seen him come that hard before. Fuck, how do you keep getting hotter, huh? How did we find such a perfect omega?”

John whined in the back of his throat, wiggled his hips, and Alex redoubled his efforts, determined of make John scream.

“Alpha,” he moaned. “Alex. Please, want you to fuck me, please.”

Alex winced, torn between the physical ache to give John what he was asking for, begging for and the fresh memory of the night before, when John clearly wanted to wait. He’d hate to do something in the heat of the moment that wasn’t right. It was just so difficult, his very own omega pleading for him. It was painful how badly he wanted him. He needed Lafayette to take control back, to make a decision. He could read John better than Alex ever could, could tell if it was the heat of the moment or true desire driving John to speak.

“Baby,” Alex breathed, pressing the length of his body against John, fit his mouth to his ear. John turned to kiss him, both of their breaths catching at their combined tastes and scents. John tasted like himself mixed with Laf, a mesmerizing combination Alex didn’t realize he needed until he sampled it. Alex had to break the kiss before he lost his head completely.

“Baby,” he repeated. “Gotta know what you really want, you want me? Want your alpha to knot you? Wanna feel me deep in your pretty hole?”

Hearing the request so explicitly seemed to snap John back to reality, and he took a deep breath. “Gimme a second,” he whispered. “I… Fuck, I want to, but…” It seemed like so much. It wasn’t like he hadn’t been fucked before, but never by an alpha, and… It was frightening. Required so much trust. And as compatible as the three of them seemed to be, he wasn’t sure if he wanted it to happen on just their second date. Plus, they were half falling off the couch, a horror movie playing in the background. Not exactly ideal conditions.

“Maybe. Maybe. Just. What you’re doing now is good. Please don’t stop, please,” John whined, pushed himself back on Alex’s fingers. Of course, Alex was more than happy to give him what he wanted. He drove into John with his fingers, dipped back in with his tongue. Went until John was shaking apart and crying out in Laf’s arms, sated and happy.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For John Laurens, the next few weeks were bliss. He got to spend every evening with his alphas, whether it was being wined and dined at some upscale locale or wiling away a low-key night at their penthouse. He fit in so nicely to their comfortable life, like a perfectly hewn jigsaw piece sliding into place. They shared meals, ran errands, cuddled, talked, kissed and, of course, fooled around. John slept over a few times, but they never went further than hand and oral. There were, of course, memorable moments. On his knees sucking off Alex in his giant rainfall shower. Lafayette fully clothed, dry humping against his backside to completion.

But even better than getting to know each other’s bodies was getting to know them for who they were. The more John learned about them, the more attached he grew. Lafayette taking his dead parents’ company and saving it from the brink of ruin. Alex attending Princeton on full scholarship. Both of them were only children, brought up very differently but tenacious, passionate self made men. Lafayette spoke of a childhood in Paris, raised by a family friend and frail grandmother while Alex had been shuttled through the system.

Beyond their backgrounds, though, was also the small details that made them special. Alex’s entire wardrobe consisted of clothing one size too large for him, all baggy jeans and soft shirts. One day when John had forgotten to pack clean socks, Alex had told him to go look through his drawer for a pair. He’d found that none of them had seams.

He was less fussy with food than Laf was, but he’d forget to eat unless Laf actively made him do it. And John had quickly learnt that interrupting him during writing would either get you ignored, or get you a sulky Alex having a quiet temper tantrum.

But then there was the way he looked when he was happy, or in thought, the way he’d smile, like sunlight. And his fingers would twitch about like hummingbirds, or he’d pace, or chew on anything he could get his hands on until Lafayette handed him a packet of gum.

“That would be concerning, yes,” John had said drily. He earned a punch to the arm.

“Look, they had enough money to send me to a psych and I got diagnosed with the Asperger’s ADHD combo. It helped to know what the fuck was happening and like, get support at school and shit. Just uh. Thought you should know that, I guess.” Alex rubbed the back of his head nervously and refused to look at John.

“That would be concerning, yes,” John had said drily. He earned a punch to the arm.

“Hey,” John said softly, taking Alex’s hand. “You’re you. We all have our shit. It’s not like you’re gonna magically change because I know that now, right? I’m glad you trusted me enough to tell me.”

Any further conversation had been cut off when Alex immediately pinned him down and kissed him.
Lafayette was particular about his food, liked his kitchen arranged just so. Dressed with a sense of routine as well, had certain ties for every day of the week. Took forever to get ready, always emerged from the bathroom in a cloud of lavender scented steam, his beard always trimmed perfectly and skin looking luminescent. The few times John slept over he tried to catch him looking rumpled in the morning, but either Laf woke up looking perfect or he managed to sneak into the bathroom before John woke. Either way, it was charming as hell.

Yes, things were going quite swimmingly.

One morning, when John was bent over his sink, washing his face, a contraction of pain hit him right in the gut. Hard enough that he had to clench his eyes shut and grip the edge of the vanity while it passed. As he finished getting ready for work, he wanted to ignore the inevitable, the sudden ache in his limbs and groin.

His heat wasn’t due for another two weeks at least, and it coming early made him grumpy and anxious. It was inconvenient, uncomfortable, and worst of all he’d have to avoid Alex and Lafayette for the duration, as mixing with two Alphas he was just on the verge of mating with on the eve of his heat was probably not the most responsible plan.

But Alex had planned a special date night for the three of them that night, some silly wine and art evening where they would sip chardonnay and paint a landscape together. Something he was very excited about it. “Fuck it,” John said, and reached into his medicine cabinet for the nondescript pill bottle next to his q-tips. Suppressants. He wasn’t really supposed to take them, they fucked with his head, but he kept a bottle anyway. Just in case. Just in case this exact scenario happened.

It’d probably be fine, it’d been years since he’d last taken them. Surely his body would be over whatever made him react badly by now. And if there was ever a time he needed them, it was now.

He popped two of the pills into his mouth, swallowed them down with a cupped hand full of water. He sighed and kept on getting ready.

Chapter End Notes

Hey all! It's liese_l. So, some notes re: Alex. I said Asperger's specifically because at the time he would've been diagnosed, Asperger's Syndrome would've still been in use. It is no longer a diagnosis in the DSM-5, where it's been amalgamated into the diagnosis of Autism Spectrum Disorder. But a lot of people who were diagnosed with Asperger's still use the term.

I'm autistic and I have ADHD, so I promise I know what I'm talking about! That said, if I portray him in a way that you find offensive, let me know.

For those of you who cottoned on to the fact that I've written Alex as autistic, *finger guns* y'all know what I'm about.

And this chapter's just in time for Autism Acceptance Month, too! Yay!

And finally, thank you for all your kudos and comments, they mean so much to us! <3
Normal day at the office for Alex. He was buzzing away on his current article, only letting his mind drift occasionally, to the night before with Lafayette and John, to the fun date he had planned for the evening. He thought about texting them several times, but he really wanted to finish the piece he was writing before leaving for the day, so he could enjoy his evening with nothing work related hanging over his head.

While he contemplated a word choice, his phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out to glance at the caller ID, confused to see a number he didn’t recognize but with an NYC area code. He usually didn’t answer unfamiliar numbers, but he felt almost a supernatural pull to not ignore this one.

“Hello?” he said, not taking his eyes off his monitor.

“May I please speak with Alexander Hamilton?” said a crisp, female voice. Something official in her tone made Alex sit up and pay attention.

“Yes, that’s me. Who’s calling?”

“I’m calling from Bellevue. We have a patient by the name of John Laurens who has you down as his emergency contact. Do you know this person?”

A cold, icy stone of dread dropped into Alex’s stomach. He focus immediately dropped from the screen as both of his hands came up to clutch the phone. “Yes. Yes, I know him.”

“Excellent. I am not at liberty to discuss the exact nature of Mr. Laurens’ condition over the phone for confidentiality reasons, but I can inform you that he has been admitted to the psychiatric ward for observation. He has been assessed to be at minimum risk of hurting himself or others, so he is allowed visitors in his room during the regular hospital visitation hours. He has requested that we contact you. You may visit at any time up until 8PM. I suggest bringing any clothing and comfort items he might own, provided there are no sharp edges or long cords.”

“I... I see. Thank you.”

“Is there any other information you require?”

“No, that is it, thank you. I will be there as soon as I can.”

“All right. Thank you Mr. Hamilton, have a nice day.”

“Um. You too.”

There was a long, awful moment while he stared at his phone screen and processed everything that had just happened. And then he turned back to his computer, made sure the document had auto-saved, and then shut it down. He shoved his belonging back into his shoulder bag, swung it over his
shoulder and practically ran into his boss’ office.

Washington looked up, first surprised and then concerned.

“Alexander? Is everything alright?”

He blurted the first thing that came to mind, the thing that his instincts told him would most appease his alpha boss. “My omega’s in the hospital. I have to--I’ve gotta go. I’m sorry, I’ll have that story to you later tonight it’s just I don’t know what’s wrong with him and--”

Washington held up a silencing hand. “Go. Work can wait.”

Alexander would normally retort that, No, it can’t, but instead he said, “Thank you, sir,” and then rushed out of the office, oblivious to the confused stares of his co-workers as he dashed past their cubicles.

He hailed the first taxi he saw and gave them the name of the hospital. Honestly, he was so worked up and anxious, he barely remembered the trip at all. The stupid ancient lizard part of his brain was screaming at him for letting his omega get hurt, for not protecting him, for not keeping him safe like a good alpha. For being too small and weak and runty to be useful.

He could feel those thoughts spiralling into a panic attack, so he picked up his phone without thinking and called Laf.

“Mon chou? I am sorry, I am in a meeting. Is everything alright? You do not call me at work.”

“John. He’s in the hospital. Psych ward. I don’t know why, God, fuck. I’m... I’m in a cab going there now. I should’ve gone home and got him stuff, shit.”

“Darling, darling, breathe. I need you to breathe for me. Okay? Just listen to me breathe, copy my breaths.” Alexander did, felt himself calm in increments.

“Okay. I’m. I’ll be okay.”

“Now tell me. Which hospital is our Laurens in?”

“Bellevue.”

“Do you know what has happened?”

“Only that he’s in the minimum risk psych ward. And we can bring him stuff as long as he can’t cut or hang himself with it.”

Alex was sure he heard Laf wincing on the other end of the line. “Right,” he said. “You go to him now, my love. I will finish up here and then I shall go home and bring him his things. Text me when you get there, tell me how he is. Please.”

“Of course. Thank you.”

“Any time, my darling.”

Time slipped away again, and then he was at the hospital. He paid the driver, and then rushed in. Got directions to the psych ward and walked as fast as he could.

One of the nurses looked up at him as he raced towards the nurses’ station, her face knowing. He was sure he reeked of concerned, panicked alpha.
“I’m Alexander Hamilton,” he said, catching his breath. “I’m here to see John Laurens?”

“Yes, right this way,” the nurse said, wasting no time slipping out of the station and directing him down a sterile white hallway. They arrived at a room with an open door, and the nurse gestured him inside. “I’ll leave you to it.”

John had clearly heard, or maybe smelled, his approach, as he’d jumped up from the hospital bed and was staring at Alex, teary eyed.

“I--” he started. He was cut off by Alex launching himself at him, drawing John into a hug. Alex immediately stuck his nose against John’s neck, inhaling his scent. Calming the part of his brain that wouldn’t believe John was safe until he scented him. John did the same to him, clinging tighter to his alpha and shaking like a leaf.

“Shit, John, I was so worried. I was so scared. Are you. Are you okay?” He drew back so he could gaze at John’s face. He looked red and blotchy, like he’d been crying. And tired. Very, very tired.

“I’m an idiot,” he said, laughing joylessly. “I… My pre-heat started. So I took suppressants, because… I… I didn’t want to ruin our date tonight. I didn’t wanna make you guys have to look after me when we haven’t even… God. I thought this wouldn’t happen again. Fuck. I wound up in hospital when I was twenty because, I’d been taking suppressants since I was sixteen but I guess the hormones from puberty petered off and suddenly I was super fucking depressed and didn’t get why and I ended up in hospital because I tried to step in front of a train.”

Alex’s grip on him tightened.

“So yeah, turns out, suppressants fuck with my brain chemistry. And I thought they wouldn’t do it anymore, that it’d been long enough, but. Fuck, I was wrong. I made myself come here as soon as I realised I was sitting at my desk and cutting into my skin with my construction knife.”

He held up his arm, showing a gauze pad that had been taped over his skin.

“I’m under observation until the suppressants wear off. It’ll probably take like, three days. So yeah, so much for not ruining our date.”

“John…” Alex said quietly. “I’m sorry. You could’ve--we would have…” Alex bit his tongue. Telling John what he could’ve done would probably not help him. “Do you wanna lie down? We can cuddle? Laf’s gonna come with some of your stuff. Is there anything specifically you want? I’ll text it to him.”

“I was, gonna make a nest,” John said shyly a he tugged Alex over to the hospital bed. It was surprisingly soft. Alex wondered if they had softer beds especially for omegas. “They gave me a bunch of blankets,” John said quietly. “They did that last time, too. Maybe Laf can bring some blankets from home? These ones just smell like fabric softener.”

Something in Alex’s heart squeezed at John calling his and Laf’s apartment ‘home’. “Yeah, I’ll ask him. Anything else? He’ll get you pajamas, some comfy clothes. Ooh. I’ll ask him to bring a pair of my sweatpants for you to wear. Uh, I dunno what hospital food is like. Some snacks?”

Alex knew he was going into full on fussy alpha mode, but he couldn’t even bring it into himself to care. And he knew Laf would be much worse.

“I don’t want to be a bother,” John said quietly. “Don’t have him go out of his way, just if there’s stuff around the house, that’s fine.”
As fast as he could, Alex shot off the text, pocketed his phone and lay down on the bed. He made
grabby hands at John, and immediately had an armful of omega.

“Tell me how you’re feeling?” Alex urged. He felt John frown against him. His smell was fainter,
the suppressants Alex supposed, but he could still detect the slightest undertone of distress.

“Not great, but not horrible,” John admitted. “Feel very tired. Like I got hit by a truck. And, um…”
Lafayette too. Want you both, I feel safer with you.”

“He’s on his way, darling, I promise. Here, why don’t we lay down, I can hold you? We can watch
some TV until he gets here?” Alex nodded at the flat screen mounted in the corner of the room.
Damn, the accommodations at Bellevue were nice. “Just let me, I’ll go turn it on--”

“No!” John yelped, wrapped himself tighter around Alex. “Don’t go, don’t leave me. I think… I
think the remote is right there.” Alex looked where John was pointing and plucked the device off the
bed stand while still holding John. It was awkward, but he managed to cue up the TV, found some
reruns of Friends.

There was something comforting about holding John, syncing their breathing and letting their scents
mingle. Alex felt the stab of Lafayette’s absence, but was weirdly proud of himself for being a source
of solace for John. Sure, John wanted Lafayette, but he wanted him too, not instead of. He wanted
them both.

John watched the TV with empty eyes, let Alex hold him, returned every small nuzzle, every chaste
kiss. Alex was content to rest his nose in the crook of John’s neck, inhale every fluctuation in his
scent. That almost sour edge of distress was fading the longer they lay there, becoming the familiar,
creamy citrus Alex had come to adore.

After two and a half episodes, they both lifted their heads, picking up a familiar scent and the sound
of heated French.

“Sir!” said a nurse through the door. “This is against hospital protocol, there’s already an Alpha in
with him--”

“And as I have explained, quite clearly, I am his other mate.” Lafayette’s voice cut like glass. “And I
am well within visiting hours. Now, please excuse me,” and Lafayette opened the door, John half
sitting up and calling out “Alpha!”

“Oh, my darlings!” Lafayette said, dropping his parcels on the floor and rushing to the bed. He
immediately went to nuzzle both of them, manners forgotten as he breathed them both in, clearly
needing to check that they were safe and whole. “Some privacy, please?” Lafayette shot back at the
nurse, who caved under his authoritative tone and shut the door, her footsteps echoing back down
the hallway.

John was having a time of it, trying to climb into Lafayette’s lap while simultaneously still clinging to
Alex. “Alphas,” he whimpered. They lay tangled for a while, sniffing each other and soothing with
kisses and calming pets. Lafayette cautiously examined the bandaged wound on John’s arm.
“Alexander can tell me later, yes? I want to focus on making you feel safe and comfy right now.”
When he went to climb off the bed to retrieve the bags he brought in, John caught him around the
waist and clung like a barnacle. “Don’t go don’t go don’t go,” he chanted, breaking Lafayette’s
heart.

“Lafayette just needs to grab a few things, honey,” Alex soothed. “He brought you stuff to make
your nest.”

John pouted, considered.

“Less than 30 seconds,” Lafayette promised.

“Okay,” John agreed. “But I’m counting.”

Lafayette grinned, hopped off the bed long enough to retrieve two bags—a duffel and a weekender, and plopped them on the bed.

“What would you like first, my sweet?” he asked. “I have blankies, some clothing, your pajamas…”

“Nothing yet,” John whispered. “Just you. Can you help me build my nest before they kick you out?”

“What time is that?” Lafayette asked, suddenly alarmed.

“Not until 8,” Alex jumped in. He checked his watch, shocked to see it was already half past 6. Where did the time go?

“Ok, this is fine. We can make sure you are ready for the evening, comfortable and cozy, yes?” John bit his lip, looked down.

“You two don’t have to do anything extra, I don’t want you to feel obligated, make a fuss—”

“Sorry, sweetie,” Alex cut him off. “No can do. You’ve activated super fussy alpha mode. It cannot be turned off. It’s very unfortunate, I know.” He kissed John’s forehead. “Now let’s make our omega a nest, huh?”

“Dinner first, I think?” Lafayette said. He rubbed John’s tummy. “Is our omega hungry, I am sure you have not eaten since lunch?”

“A little.” On cue, his stomach burbled, making them all laugh. “Okay, a lot.”

“Yes, okay, now do they have a menu for their room service or?”

Alex looked at Lafayette like he sprouted a second head. “Room service? I swear, you live in Lafayette Land sometimes my love, this is a hospital, not the Plaza.”

“My mistake,” Lafayette said coolly. “In France, you see, our healthcare system takes a holistic approach to healing, and well balanced meals are an integral component—”

“Yes, and I am sure they serve their patients caviar and foie gras on dishes made of gold while a choir of angels serenades you to sleep. See, here in America, you are lucky if you get some lukewarm Jello and a scoop of overcooked vegetables.”

Lafayette looked scandalized. “This simply will not do. No omega of mine will be fed Jello, absolutely not!”

“What if I like Jello?” John asked, really smiling for the first time that day. It was like a breath of sunshine.

“It has no nutritional value, it is made with dyes and sugars, it is not good for you when you are sick!” When John realized Lafayette was actually being serious, he fell into a fit of giggles, the pretty sound of it filling up the room and making Alex smile.
“Now you’ve done it,” Alex noted when Lafayette snatched the bed remote and pushed the nurse call button with one hand, whipped his cell phone out with the other. He was tapping on the screen, brow furrowed, when the door opened the nurse bustled in.

“Everything alright?”

“Yes, quite,” Lafayette said, forcing himself to smile at her. She visibly softened at his grin. “Would you be so kind as to tell me the address for deliveries here? I am hoping to order some dinner.”

She frowned. “We do provide dinner to our patients, sir and there is a cafeteria for visitors…”

“And for this you are quite kind, yes. However, our omega has some specific dietary needs and restrictions, and I would hate to have your staff working hard on such trivialities when you have so many in your care, that need your attention.” He smiled some more. Alex had to bury his face against John’s shoulder to keep from laughing.

“Well…” She looked nervous. “It is unusual, but I guess don’t see the harm. As long as there is no knives, glass or alcohol…”

“Would not even dream of it, ma’am,” Lafayette assured her.

The nurse sighed, rattled off an address that Lafayette tapped into his phone. “Thank you so much, you have been most accommodating.”

After grunting a perfunctory, “You’re welcome,” she turned tail. With the door shut again, Alex howled with laughter.

“What did you order?” he said. “Forget peacock, you’ve gone full on grizzly bear alpha mode—”

“And I will do it proudly,” Lafayette said, almost pompous. “Our omega, our cherished, precious little love, must be cared for properly, and if that takes me acting as, you say, grizzly bear, I will be a thousand grizzly bears, I will fight for him, I will provide for him…” He shook his head, hit the submit button on his GrubHub app order. “Jello, I say. Not while I have breath in my body!”

“Sweetie, you ordered take out,” Alex wheezed. “Not like you slayed a dragon or something.”

In all honesty, John was too busy swooning to laugh. As silly as they were being, as overblown, it felt good. No one had ever taken care of John like this, and to experience from two Alphas he was so smitten with… He was dizzy with relief and happiness.

“Thank you, Alpha,” he said softly. Wrapped his hands around Lafayette’s bicep, pulled him back to the bed.

“It is nothing,” Lafayette waved him off. “How can you feel better if you are fed poorly?”

“Not just for that,” John said. Titled his head back, hoped Lafayette would read his face correctly for a kiss. Of course he did, brushed their lips together and stroked his hair.

“What did you order?” Alex asked, worming his way back into the fold by laying across John’s lap and taking his hand.

“You shall see. I got you something you like as well, little Alex.” Alex preened under the attention, then turned back to John, who, despite his smile, looked peaked and pale.
“Can we do anything for you while we wait for food? Do you want to change? Take a shower?”

John turned red. “I’m… There is no shower,” he said, gesturing to the small ensuite bathroom. “I don’t think I’m allowed to.”

“Oh, the Jello I can get past, the lack of cords and sharp objects. But no shower?” Alex turned red as he sputtered. “What, do they think you might drown yourself?”

“No,” John muttered. “I mean, there are showers, just not private ones, and I have a time tomorrow to be supervised and—”

“How completely invasive,” Lafayette said simply. “Is this prison? Also, you always shower before bed, how else will you be ready for your sleep?”

John shut his eyes if pained, shook his head. So far, he’d been rather distracted by the activity Laf and Alex brought into his room, but the prospect of spending the whole night alone, the yawning mouth of a dark cave he didn’t dare venture into. And not being able to complete his normal routine made his skin itch.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I don’t know how I’ll sleep.”

Lafayette checked his phone, saw the update on their take out order. “Here little one. I have an idea. I must be right back, though, can you be brave and let me for just a moment?”

John nodded, fell back to Alex’s waiting arms while Lafayette disappeared into the hallway.

“What’s he doing?” John asked seriously, hoping Laf hadn’t taken it upon himself to commandeer the community shower.

“No clue. Probably some grizzly bear alpha move.”

John chewed his lip, cuddled closer to Alex. Maybe if he fell asleep on him, he couldn’t leave. Maybe he could stay with him all night.

When Lafayette returned, muttering to himself in French, he carried a small basin, some washcloths and a bar of soap. “You would think,” he said silkily, Alex sensing the anger in his voice. “I had asked them for the Goose that lays the Golden Eggs. Not some simple bathing supplies.” He went to the bathroom to fill the basin, calling over his shoulder. “Alexander, please help John to undress, if you will?”

With his strength drained, John allowed Alex to strip him, toss the flimsy hospital gown and his sweat-soaked undershirt and boxers off to the side. It was so odd--nice odd--to let Alex unwrap him without it being heated or sexual. Just tender and loving. Lafayette had John come sit with him, dipped the cloth in the basin and began to wipe John down. What started as sort of odd became incredibly relaxing, despite the clinical scent of the hospital issue soap. When Alex joined them, grabbing the second cloth, John went boneless in Lafayette’s arms, curled up against his chest while he let his alphas bathe him. Already feeling like a kitten getting attention from his mama cat, the feeling was only intensified by Lafayette’s purring. John lay his head there, let the vibrations and the spongebath soothe him, until he found himself starting to nod off.

“Stay awake just a little longer, baby,” Alex said softly. “We’ve gotta eat, and get you into your pajamas, make up your nest.”

“Mmm,” John hummed, his eyes fluttering open. He rubbed at his eyes with his palms and let himself be manhandled into a pair of Alex’s soft sweatpants and one of Laf’s big, well-worn t-shirts.
As if on a cue, a nurse appeared with two paper bags of takeout.

Lafayette had ordered practically the entire menu of a cafe that specialized in comfort food. There was a dish of baked macaroni and cheese, a tub of mashed potatoes, dinner rolls, roasted veggies, and creamed corn. John refrained from commenting on the carb overload, just gratefully accepted the plate Lafayette made up for him.

To be perfectly honest, even though he was hungry, John was struggling to focus on eating. His thoughts kept wandering the prospect of a night spent alone, to the tricks his brain wanted to play on him. He wasn’t at the point yet where he considered hurting himself again, just that weird place where his mind kept supplying him the idea that maybe things would be better without him, that ceasing to exist could be nice.

“Mon amor? Is the the food not good? Would you like something else?”

John hitched a smile that he knew looked forced. “No, it’s fine. I’m just…” He shrugged. “I’m very tired.”

“Here,” said Alex, putting his own mostly cleared plate aside. He plucked John’s fork from him. “Go sit with Laf. There’s a good omega.” He speared a bite of the vegetables, brought it to John’s lips. Honestly, it was easier to eat this way, with Alex feeding him bites in regular increments, cradled in Lafayette’s arms. He hardly tasted it, he was so tired and checked out, but it felt good to have warm food in his belly, to be cared for by two attentive alphas.

After they ate, John started nodding off again where he was tucked up against Lafayette’s chest. Alex glanced at his watch. 7:30.

“Come on,” Alex murmured. “Let’s get your nest together, huh?”

Laf nodded and lifted John up to his feet. The bed was open to the room, headboard against the wall. After making sure no equipment would get caught or damaged, Laf turned the bed and pushed it so one side was up against the wall. John made a pleased noise at that, and with an almost robotic sort of movement, clearly borne from years of habit, he started piling up his nest. Laf and Alex passed him the blankets from the duffel bag Laf had brought, and helped John straighten out the nest, making it neat and cozy. Once it was to everyone’s satisfaction, John climbed into it and snuggled down. Alex looked at his watch again. 7:50.

“Tuck me in, Alphas?” John asked shyly.

“Of course, my darling,” Laf murmured. He pulled the blankets up around John, making sure he was evenly covered and warm. Alex smoothed some of his curls, tried to ignore how anxious he felt himself. His brain was screaming at him not to leave his omega, and each second that ticked by drew him closer to having to ignore that voice.

There was a knock on the door, and a very nervous looking nurse appeared. “I’m sorry, gentlemen, but visitation time will be over in five minutes.”

Alex gave Laf a sharp look, warning him not to say anything stupid. Laf gave the nurse a strained smile, said, “Thank you. We will be out of your hair soon.”

John dove face first into his nest, burrowed into the blankets. “Alphas,” he cried. “Don’t leave me, please.” The watery edge of tears could be heard in his voice.

Alex felt his heart shattering. He sat on the edge of the bed and tried to peer into the nest. “I’m sorry, baby. We’ll be back first thing in the morning, okay? You just need to get through tonight.”
Sniffling from the nest. Lafayette laid a hand on his shoulder, rubbed soothing circles. “My love, we need you to be brave for us, our strong omega? Yes? Can you do that? We will be here as soon as we can in the morning, you will not be alone for long.”

John nodded, wanting to be anything but a nuisance. “Okay…” he said, sounding small. He hated himself for being so weak. He’d been fucking living by himself for years and suddenly, he meets two alphas and turns into every simpering omega stereotype. *Pathetic*, the little voice in his head whispered. *No wonder they’re leaving you here.*

“Hey,” Alex said. “The faster you fall asleep, faster you get to see us, okay?”

Another nod, his teeth set and jaw clenched, hands tight against his own chest. Suddenly, he wanted them gone, wanted this five minutes of elongated hell to end. Waiting for them to walk out was worse than it actually happening.

“Kay,” John said. “Goodnight.”

Alex and Lafayette exchanged a worried glance, sensing how John suddenly pulled away. It was 8:01, so they quietly took their leave.

Lafayette managed to hold it together until they reached the elevators, the doors sliding shut with a soft ding. In the privacy of the elevator, he slumped against the wall, tore at his own hair.

“Laf!” Alex practically shouted, his words echoing in the small space. “Hey, hey, none of that.” He gently pried Laf’s hands from his hair and gripped them tight, held them against his chest.

“We left him,” Lafayette moaned. “He is sick, he is hurting and he asked us to stay and we leave him.”

Hearing Laf’s English slip, Alex switched to French. “Darling, we can’t do anything. It’s the hospital rules. He has to be here to be safe, so he doesn’t hurt himself.”

“Why would he do this? It is our job to keep him safe, and we did not do it.” The look on Lafayette’s face stabbed Alex right in the heart. “As an alpha, I have one job. To keep my omega safe. Well, my omega, and you of course.” Lafayette’s expression grew pinched as if he might have said something that offended Alex. “Our omega. Fuck.” The elevator reached the lobby, but Laf made no move to exit. “I have failed. I should go back upstairs, sleep outside the ward. Then I can be there when he wakes. Make sure nothing happens.”

Alex sighed, kept a firm grip on Laf’s hand as he tugged him out of the elevator and towards the door. “You’ll just get kicked out of the hospital. They might even ban you. Then you won’t be able to see John at all. Don’t do that. And it’s... It’s not that we didn’t see anything happening. It’s because he went into pre-heat and took suppressants. And suppressants fuck with his head. He has to stay until they’re out of his system.”

“Why did he take these things? Does he not think we can take care of him through his heat?”

Alex stopped once they got outside, looked squarely at Laf’s face. “He hasn’t wanted us to, y’know, fuck him yet. That’s outside of heat. So of course he would be nervous about being around us. He said he didn’t want to ruin our date tonight by being needy or whatever. I know we wouldn’t think that, but that’s how he thinks.”

“Oh. Oh no. As soon as he is well, we must talk through this, he must know it will be okay to be with us, all times, trust us, heat or no heat.”
“Yeah. We probably should’ve had that conversation way earlier.” Alex looked up at the empty black sky. Sighed. “We’re both fucking useless at this.”

Hearing the resigned note in Alex’s voice grounded Lafayette, gave him the resolve to center himself. “We are not useless,” he said softly, to Alex and himself. “This is new. For all three of us. I think it is clear that this more than just a… Fling? Not just fun? With him? Ah, yes, it is something real, so we need to have this discussion.”

“Yeah,” Alex said, voice suddenly tight as tears bit at the corners of his eyes. “As soon as he’s better, we’ll talk.”

“Do not cry, little Alex. I know it has hurt us both to leave him there. Just think, he is in his nest, smells like the three of us, nice and cozy and sleeping. Safe.”

Chapter End Notes

Content warnings for: suicidal ideation, mention of a past suicide attempt, psychiatric hospitalisation, and self harm.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Please click the link to jump to the end-notes for content/trigger warnings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

John wasn’t sleeping. Despite the warmth and softness of his nest, stuff wasn’t right. He could smell his alphas but they weren’t there. He was curled in the safety of his blankets, but he was alone. His body was keyed up, heart racing, a literal ache behind his eyes, limbs heavy, but it wasn’t heat. The things he wanted he couldn’t have in this moment. He wanted to lay his head on Alex’s chest, he wanted to nuzzle Lafayette’s shoulder, he wanted to feel their arms around him, wanted to hear Lafayette’s purr.

Instead, nothing. The brown dark. The beeping of the the monitor. Red light from the security camera. Distant sound of the nurses’ chatter. The blur of almost silence, enough to drive him a little crazy. His traitorous brain filled in the gaps.

*They left you, left you, left you here. Because you’re pathetic. Stupid. Couldn’t even deal with taking some stupid pills. Why did you think you could do it, huh? Be worth anything to them? It would be better if you disappeared. Maybe you can suffocate yourself with these blankets. Then they won’t have to deal with your stupid, weak, bullshit. Wouldn’t have to live with this pathetic excuse for a person ever again.*

“Shut up,” John hissed into the empty room. “Shut up, shut up.”

*You should’ve stayed in Charleston. Married that alpha son of that rich rice farmer. That’s all you’re good for. Being weak and needy. Letting an alpha fuck you until a baby falls out. Should’ve just stayed and done what you’re good at. Stupid, full-of-himself omega. Thinking he could be anything other than a pretty decoration for an alpha to show off. No wonder Alex and Laf don’t want you. You stopped being a pretty decoration the moment you took those pills and they saw how weak you are.*

“Stop,” he growled. He dug his nails into his arms as a sob tore itself from his chest.

*Why did you even take them? You should’ve gone into heat, it’s what you’re good for. It’s what they’re waiting for. Maybe then you could stop being such a coward, let them knot you, it’s all they want from you. Can’t even do that fucking right, instead you gotta be a slutty little knot-tease. It’s a good act they put on, don’t know why they even bother. You’re not worth it, not worth a second of their time.*

*You should’ve died. Should’ve let the suppressants kill you. Just die die die die die…*

John grabbed the first thing he could get his hands on, he dully recognised it as the TV remote, and flung it at the wall. Screamed. A nurse was immediately running into the room, slowing to approach him like one would a frightened animal.

*Even they know I’m weak and broken.*
This nurse was a portly, older lady, iron gray hair. A beta, she smelled like nothing. “What is wrong, Mr. Laurens?” she asked soothingly. “I can get one of the on-call psychologists for you, if you need to talk to someone.”

The only people John wanted to talk to had turned heel and exited swiftly. “No. I’m tired. So tired. I just wanna sleep.”

“Alright,” the nurse said softly, voice full of understanding. “I’ll just check your medical chart, and I’ll bring you a sleeping pill. How does that sound?”

“It sounds grand,” John said dryly. The nurse’s soft maternal mask didn’t drop as she said, “Okay. I’ll be back in a jiff,” and power walked out of the room. Something about that made John laugh, and he had to fight the urge to dissolve into hysterics.

One small white capsule and paper cup full of water, and finally his mind was quiet. He drifted into blackness, surrounded by the soft scent and phantom embrace of his alphas.

***

As usual, Lafayette rose before Alex. But instead of heading to the gym, then getting ready for work, he shot off an email to his department and assistant, explaining he would not be in the office and delegating the tasks for the day. When Alex found him, he was sitting in one of his weekend outfits-- well worn jeans and a cashmere sweater-- speaking slowly into the phone, fighting to keep his voice polite.

“I understand hospital policy,” Lafayette said evenly. He twiddled a pen between his fingers, didn’t even look up when Alex shuffled towards their coffee maker. “But, as you say, our omega’s care is your priority, I am unclear why we cannot stay the night with him as he was extremely distressed when we left him alone last night? Yes, I intend to do just that. Mmmhm. Alright, but I do want to make myself extremely clear, if his condition has worsened as a result of being isolated, Bellevue will be hearing from my attorney. You as well. Thank you.” Lafayette thumbed off his phone and set it down.

“No coffee?” Alex grumbled, noting the dry urn in the coffee pot.

“I am sorry, mon amour, I am distracted.”

“It’s okay.” Alex punched a few bunches, the coffee machine whirred to life. “Gonna tell me what that was about? Kinda early to be lawyering up, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Come here, though, I need you.” Alex obliged, went and sat on his lap, wrapped his arms around Lafayette’s shoulders. Lafayette sunk into the hug, sniffed at Alex’s sleeping shirt. “I am trying to make it so we can spend tonight with John. I could not sleep at all last night. My brain and my body would not let me, and if I struggled then he must have as well. But.. Their policy is since we are not married or mated, we cannot stay, which frankly sounds like discrimination.”

“It does,” Alex agreed. “But it also might be a liability thing.”

“I cannot spend another night away. If that makes me weak, I do not care.”

“Not weak, baby,” Alex said, planting a kiss on the top of his head. “Protective. It’s very cute.”

Laf growled, a low rumble deep in chest. “Just because we have not bitten his neck or signed a piece of paper does not mean he is not our omega. We should… We should be able to stay.”
“I know. I wish we could, too. Maybe we can sort something out when we go today, yeah?”

Swallowing back his emotional reaction, Laf nodded. Coaxed Alex into the shower with him, found comfort in each other’s arms and lips.

***

John was foggy when he awoke. Gray sunlight leaked through the blinds of the small, narrow window. He didn’t know the time or even really the day, just that he was alone, his mouth was dry, his skin was parched, his stomach was empty, and his alphas weren’t there.

He didn’t even want to bother trying to crawl out of his nest, just sort of lay there and dosed on and off for an hour. At least the iron grip the suppressant-induced depression had on his nerves had started to loosen some. It went from crippling, screaming in his brain to more of a background buzz. Whispering cruel truths.

_They promised they would be here first thing, it’s morning, where are they? They must have forgot, you’re not that important._

_How long did he lay like that? An hour? Two? Just when his stomach rumbled again, and he so considered buzzing the nurse to ask about breakfast, when a much more exciting scent than any meal reached his nose._

_He sat up so fast he almost tumbled out of his nest. “Alphas!” he cried out, scrambled out of the pile of blankets. “Alphas! Here, please--” He honestly didn’t know what to say, just that he smelled them, the real thing and he needed them with him now._

_Tripping over his feet, he rushed out of his room, not even noticing the blanket trailing off of his pant leg. The ward was dead still, and empty and silent. Well, silent except for argument brewing at the nurses station._

_“I am very sorry, but these types of flowers are against hospital protocol--”_  
_“And what, pray-tell, is hospital protocol?” Lafayette’s voice, patient and cool. “Making our omega spend the night alone? Taking all of his forms of contact? Isolating him from those he loves and trusts? Feeding him jello?”_  
_It appeared the nurse was trying to wrestle a bouquet of coral colored roses from Lafayette. “I understand your frustration, sir, but I assure you all of our policies are enforced with our patients’ care and recovery in mind!”_  
_“They’re roses,” Alex was saying sharply. “They’re flowers not razor blades or opiates--”_  
_“Alphas,” John whimpered, dropped the blanket he was holding and ran to them, practically toppled Alex over. “Alphas came back, Alphas came back!”_  
_Alex made an ‘ack’ sound, before he regained his footing and wrapped his arms around John._  
_“Of course we came back, honey. Hey, why don’t we go back to your room while Laf, uh… Does his grizzly bear alpha thing. We brought you breakfast?”_  

_But John was too busy trying to hug both of them at once, didn’t want to relinquish his grip on either of them. He struggled to form words, not caring about his bare feet or the curious look the nurses were giving him. “Alphas, want both of you, want both of you now.”_
Glaring at the nurse, Lafayette decided the roses were less important than the immediate needs of his omega, so with a huff he thrust the bouquet at her, turned to John. “My darlings, shall we?” and swept them back towards John’s room, as if the argument with the nurse never happened. Slung over his shoulder, he had a soft-sided cooler and another tote bag.

Back in the room, Lafayette went to work laying out their breakfast, much like their dinner the night before. He grumbled under his breath in French, too low for John to catch. That was alright, though. John occupied himself with Alex, filling his lungs with his comforting scent, the soft brush of his clothes, holding him and smelling him and kissing him. “Alex,” John practically sobbed. Every cell in his body bloomed in their presence. He knew he might be overreacting just a bit, tried to tell himself it was the chemical response, that under the suppressants his hormonal system still worked in overdrive, that the imbalances in his brain had him convinced he would never see them again, yet here they were.

“It’s Friday,” John finally managed. Tugged Alex’s shirt so they could be even closer. “What about work?”

Lafayette just shook his head, Alex looked wide-eyed and a little guilty. “You are more important,” Lafayette said simply.

“You missed work?” John directed his question at Alex, failing to hide the shock and glee in his voice. “You missed work… For me?”

Alex coughed. “Yeah. Washington understands. Besides… How much work would I get done, worrying about you all day?”

Overcome with emotion, John pressed a flurry of kisses against Alex’s neck, his cheek, squeezed him tight. “Thank you,” he whispered, his eyes stinging with tears and his chest tight. Alex just squeezed him back and pressed a kiss against his forehead.

“Breakfast is served, my loves.” John looked over to the bed, where Lafayette had laid out an impressive spread. Turkey sausage patties, toast, jam, fruit salad, and even soft boiled eggs he had placed in little cups. John fought back the sudden wild urge to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing. Unfortunately, the laugh won out and burst from his lips, but when Alex and Laf looked at him, his giggles suddenly dissolved into tears. Tears that morphed into sobs, full body ones, had him rocking with the force of them.

Immediately, Laf and Alex were at his side, not sure whether to touch or what to do. Lafayette looked pained and Alex confused. “What is it?” Alex cooed. “What’s wrong sweetie?”

“This is… So… Nice…” John choked. He swallowed a few time, swiped the tears off with the heel of his hand. “You brought me all this stuff, you took the day off, and the fruit...and the eggs in the little cups--” That sent him back into tears. He was crying over egg cups, for fucks sake, and he couldn’t see why, couldn’t speak again.

“There, there.” Alex patted him on the back. “Should we… Take the eggs out of the cups? Would that help?”

“No,” John said, shaking his head. “I’m crying because I like the egg cups.” And when he realized that didn’t make any sense, he just cried harder. Lafayette caught Alex’s eye, the expression on his face genuinely concerned.

“I’m gonna guess,” Alex said wryly, “that this is what happens when suppressants fuck with your brain chemistry.”
“They’re so small,” John choked out, shaking with the force of his sobs.

The scene unfolding before him was starting to concern Lafayette, or at least his lack of control in it. He took John’s hand, squeezed it in his own. “Would you like some toast, my love? Or an egg?”

“Both,” John sniffled. “Jam too.”

Lafayette fixed him a plate, took the spoon and tapped it on the egg until the shell gave. Alex watched the whole thing with fascination, the careful way Lafayette held the slice of toast to John’s mouth, the delicate bite of egg he spooned for him.

“How is it?” Alex asked, plucking a sausage patty off the plate for himself.

Tears still ran down John’s face but at least he had calmed down enough to eat. He and Lafayette shared a second piece of toast, Laf feeding him after each of his own bites. John finished the egg and the toast, asked for some of the fruit. Let Alex feed him the green grapes, pineapple chunks, and strawberries. “Where did you get this?” John asked, nodding at the fruit salad. “It’s amazing.”

“Laf threw it together,” Alex said.

“Just some of the extra fruit we had in our fridge from our last farmer’s market,” Lafayette said simply. Popped a few grapes in his mouth for himself. For some reason this made John cry again, thinking about the two of them picking out a pineapple and a quart of strawberries at the farmer’s market. Laf standing in their sun-drenched kitchen, slicing the fruit and adding it to the tupperware.

“Thank you,” he blubbered. “So good.”

This time, the wave of tears didn’t phase either of them, they just continued to feed him and themselves until everyone was done. “Feel better?” Alex asked and John wasn’t sure if he meant from the food or his crying jag, but either way the answer was yes and he told him so.

“What time is it?” he asked, because he felt tired again and wasn’t sure if it was the right time for a nap.

“Almost 9,” Alex said cheerfully, which startled John. That early? Time didn’t exist in the ward, he supposed. It made him glow with pleasure that they had come so early, that they appeared ready to hunker down and spend the day with him.

Before he could comment on this, however, a nurse was at the door. She was a bit more confident, more “no nonsense” than the nurses on the night shift, didn’t bat an eye at the two alphas with John, playing breakfast picnic in the bed, which was still pushed into the corner of the room.

“Good morning, Mr. Laurens,” she said crisply. “Are you ready for your shower?”

Chewing his lip, he glanced nervously at Laf and Alex. “Alphas come too?” He asked timidly.

“Absolutely,” Alex said while Lafayette went to stand, but the nurse interrupted them.

“Absolutely not,” she snapped. “It is an omega wash room, no alphas allowed I’m afraid.”

“Ah, ma’am, I hear this, yes, but you see we are his mates,” Lafayette explained, drew himself to full height.

The nurse planted her fists on her hips, stared up at Lafayette with equal intensity. “And the rest of omegas in the shower, are you their mates, too?”
“Of course not, but if our omega has requested--”

“He can request all he wants,” she continued briskly. “But I am here to tell you three no. He will be under clear supervision, you have my word.” She turned to John, her tone and expression suddenly much warmer. “Now, John, dearie, you must be ready for your shower, correct? Your alphas will be here when you are done.” She glared at them over John’s shoulder.

“Okay,” John whispered, glanced once more at his mates. “You’ll still be here?”

Laf nodded while Alex said, “Promise.”

The omega shower was spacious, clean and empty. The nurse handed him a towel and a little caddy with a bar of unscented castile soap, a wash cloth, and some shampoo. John wasn’t clear what to do with his clothes, so he just piled them on a bench near the stall. He showered quickly, disliking the smell and feel of the soap. His skin already felt dry, and the stitches in his arm were tender.

When he toweled off, he noticed the nurse had gathered his dirty pajamas and replaced them with yet another hospital gown. He pulled it on, grouchy they forgot to give him underwear.

“Where’s my clothes?” John asked. The nurse was waiting for him with tape and a fresh gauze pad, went to work rewrapping his arm. “And can I have some underwear?”

The nurse ignored his questions. “Your alphas are making quite a stir while you’ve been gone,” she said tersely. John’s stomach felt like it dropped to his feet.

“They-- They aren’t… What are they doing?”

She pursed her lips, patted him on the shoulder. “All done, back to your room now.”

Feeling chastened and extremely naked in nothing but the hospital gown, he rushed back into his room.

“He should not be left alone. It is, how do you say it… It is unwise to his recovery.” John could hear Lafayette’s voice bouncing up the hall. He wasn’t yelling, but it had that authoritative alpha resonance to it that made it seem loud. It made him shudder.

He rounded the corner to his room to see Lafayette having a standoff with another man, an alpha. The man was older and wearing a suit. Clearly not an ordinary nurse. John fought the urge to shrink and bare his neck to try and placate the alphas. Instead he looked at Alex, who was sitting in chair and pointedly staring at his phone.

All three alphas looked up at him, and John crossed his arms. Feeling exposed and defensive. “Apparently my alphas are being a gigantic pain in the butt,” he said. Alex choked back a laugh.

“Mr. Laurens,” the older man said. He held out his hand, and John took it tentatively. He seemed completely unperturbed by John’s state of dress. “I’m Joseph Vaughn, the supervisor for the psychiatric division. I am attempting to explain to these gentlemen that we allow only one overnight guest per patient, and that when it comes to alphas we only allow bonded or married pairs.”

John bristled at the way he emphasised pairs.

“What if there’s intention to bond or marry?” John countered. He could remember that vaguely from his stint as a law student. He’d taken a subject on omega rights, of course, and that had come up. “And I believe the law allows for an omega to take up to two alphas, yes?”
Vaughn coughed. “Well... You are correct. That would be acceptable, but we need either proof of cohabitation in the form of bills, tax forms, bank statements and the like, or testimony from two alpha witnesses that the intent is there.”

“What??” Lafayette looked appalled. “Why do the witnesses have to be alphas?”

“American law is bullshit, sweetie,” Alex replied. He’d gone back to busily looking at his phone. “Will you accept testimony via phone?”

“We would prefer a written statement. It can be faxed or e-mailed to us.”

“Okay. I’m gonna go outside and call Washington. Babe,” he directed this at John, “do you know your sister’s number?”

John nodded, and scrambled to type it into Alex’s phone.

“I’ll be back in a minute. You’ll get your testimonies, don’t worry.”

“Very well,” Vaughn huffed. “I’ll leave you be until you have confirmed your intent. Gentlemen.”

He took his leave and closed the door. Laf was still shaking. He smelled of sharp, acrid rage. John immediately went to him, pulled him close.

“It’s okay, Alpha,” he murmured. He tilted his neck so Laf could calm himself with his scent. Laf grasped him tight, shuddered as he breathed John in.

“I am sorry, little one,” he said softly. “It is, I just... I have to take care of you. Everything in me is scream it. You are hurting. If I do not do everything to help, to comfort, I am bad alpha. You understand?”

“You’re already doing too much. Laf,” John pulled back, looked at his face. He looked so tired, eyes bruised with lack of sleep, skin pale and pinched. It made John let out a low whine. “Laf, you’re doing so much. You can rest, honey. It’s okay. You’re here and that’s all I need.”

“We will not leave you again this night, yes?”

On one hand John just wanted to calm Laf, let him rest and feel better. But he also wanted to agree vehemently, that yes, he needed them that night. He couldn’t take another 12 hours in the unforgiving dark without them. His body screamed for their presence.

John settled for petting Lafayette’s soft hair, offering his neck and making quiet shushing noises. He wished he could purr.

Whatever he was doing seemed to be working, seemed to calm Lafayette because he relaxed in increments. John decided to try and imitate the purring sound, vibrating his throat, rolling his tongue. Lafayette listened for a second then actually burst out laughing.

“Oh my darling, if that was not such a poor imitation, I might wonder why you suddenly grew an alpha purr box!”

“So it’s an alpha thing?” John asked. “I thought it was a... A you thing? I’ve never heard another alpha do it.”

Lafayette’s face arranged into something... embarrassed as if they were discussing something rude or indelicate. “That makes sense... You Americans have a crude little procedure they do on baby
alphas, remove the purr box.”

John looked horrified. “Why would they do that?” And how come he never heard about it?

Alex must have been listening at the door because he picked up the conversation as he walked back in. “Good old fashioned sexism, my love,” Alex said. “Purring is seen as unmasculine. Some parents let female alphas keep them, but usually not. And the original reason was back in the day, those extra vocal chords encouraged pre-bonding and premarital sex. It's all archaic and stupid.”

“Do you still have your purr box?” John asked curiously.

“It's not a box—I don’t know why Laf calls it that—they’re extra, lower frequency vocal chords. And I do have them.”

“You say voice box. It is same thing, but it purrs,” Laf countered, pouting.

“How come I've never heard you purr before?”

Alex shrugged. “I got bullied about it when I was a kid. It's already hard to be a little alpha, but a purring one?” He grimaced. “I learned how to tamp it down.”

“He only purrs very very occasionally,” Lafayette said.

“Yeah, not like some giant walking kittens I might mention.”

“Excuse me, my purring is excellent. I will not let your cultural norms destroy my natural self expression.”

“You’re saying that to an autistic, babe. I get you. Keep on being a giant kitten.”

“So…” John interrupted. “How do you get Alex to purr?” He posed the question innocently. In all honesty, he loved the effect Lafayette’s purring had on him, made him tingly and calm. The selfish thought of being snuggly caught between two purring, fragrant alphas made him feel extremely happy.

Alex stiffened, his fingers twitching anxiously. “Generally? It happens when I’m not having a great time. So, uh…”

“But also sometimes when you are having a very good time,” Lafayette interjected with a wink. Alex rolled his eyes. John filed away the information.

“How did your phone calls go?” Johns asked, switching the conversation.

“Perfect. Washington is getting his statement notarized—show off—and faxing it over. Martha is emailing hers as we speak. She’s a peach, by the way.”

John felt anxious about the whole thing. What did these two alphas… Sure Alex's boss and his own sister… Really know about their relationship? He only ever met Washington in passing, when he stopped by Alex's office.

“Do not worry, little one,” Laf soothed him. “What they are writing is not legally binding. We do not have to run to chapel right after this and wed.”

“Nothing says romance like, ‘don’t worry, I’m not gonna marry you’,” Alex snorted.

“I am not being romantic I am being practical. Would it surprise you to know that other alphas have
coerced omegas into marriage with similar circumstances?"

Alex winced. “Yeah, I… I know. Sorry. We wouldn’t do that though? Also, Washington would actually murder me?”

The whole conversation had John a little giddy. He knew his moods were swinging like a pendulum, but he had to say it. “Well, I wouldn’t marry the two of you yet anyway. We haven’t… You know… Done the do? And I don’t buy a car and drive it off the lot without test driving it first?” He giggled, then hid his face with embarrassment from his own forwardness.

“Did you seriously just say ‘done the do’?” Alex blurted out, forcing John into another fit of giggles. “Are you twelve? ‘Done the do’. Oh my god.” Alex burst out laughing, leaving a very bewildered Lafayette to stare at them helplessly.

“What is ‘the do’? We have not done it? It is necessary before marriage? Or buying a car?”

“Sex. Darling, he means sex. For the marriage, not the car.”

“Oh. But we have done this thing many times, yes?”

“Not… knot!” Alex declared gleefully. He and John both laughed uproariously, John clutching Lafayette to keep from tumbling off his lap.

“So what you are saying, my loves, is that knotting is required for you before marriage?”

John shook his head. “Well I mean. I think it’s the next step right?”

“Is… Is this why you are not wearing any panties?” Lafayette asked so seriously, which made John and Alex laugh so loud the nurse had to come tell them to quiet down as they were disturbing other patients.

“Wait…” Alex gasped, trying to catch his breath. “Why aren’t you wearing panties?”

John breathed, calmed down enough to say, “I think they took my clothes to wash them while I was showering. So uh, can I maybe get some actual clothes on?”

Lafayette looked pissed. “Why do they continue to treat you like a second class citizen? This is… Um… Belittling?”

“Welcome to being in a psych ward,” Alex said flatly.

“This is supposed to make you better, not feel like you are not person!”

“Don’t worry, alpha. I feel okay right now, I’ll feel better once I have pants on.”

“Kinda like you without them, to be honest,” Alex admitted, earning a disparaging look from Lafayette. “What?”

“Not the time, Alexander,” Lafayette chided.

“Fine.” Alex hopped off the bed to the duffle bag, dug out a pair of soft pajama pants and one of his own t-shirts. “Here, sweetie.” They helped him get dressed, and John felt much better out of the scentless hospital gown.

“Hey! So look what I did!” Alex pulled out his phone, pulled up some app and pointed it to the TV. The menu screen for a bluray player came on, and he glanced shyly at John. “I brought some
Disney movies from home, you know, comfort stuff?"

“Oh! Did you bring Lion King?” John asked sounding exactly like an overexcited little kid.

“Duh!” Alex fished the movie out of the bag. “One circle of life, coming right up!”

They settled on the bed to watch the movie, anxiously awaiting the final decision from the hospital regarding their overnight stay. John felt the best he had in hours, allowed himself to get lost in Simba’s story.

Chapter End Notes

Content/trigger warnings: suicidal ideation, extremely negative self-talk, psychiatric hospitalisation, sexism/discrimination in an institutional setting
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Posting this chapter early because I have a busy today tomorrow and I probably won’t have time to post until the evening! I hope you enjoy.

See end notes for content/trigger warnings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the day passed in a cozy blur. After a quick midday nap, John awoke to the smell of the pizza Laf had ordered. The nurses were much less grumpy when they realized two of the pies were for them.

“Whatcha wanna do now?” Alex asked, his mouth full of garlic bread. He looked so cute and pleased John had to kiss him, garlic and all.

“We brought board games, cards, some books, another movie…” Laf rattled off. Unlike Alex’s messy style of eating, Laf ate with such decorum it was almost fussy. He even used a knife and fork on his slice of pepperoni pizza. John found the both of them maddeningly endearing.

“Oh cards! Did you bring an Uno deck?” John asked.

Lafayette finished chewing, dabbed his lips with a napkin before responding. “We did. Sure you want to play against me? I always win.”

“Only because you play by weird French house rules, makes shit up as you go. ‘Oh, mon chou, you placed down a blue card with an even number on the 7th round you must draw 10 cards.’” He glared at Laf.

“I dare say I do not understanding your meaning,” Lafayette said, the corners of his mouth twitching.

“You understand perfectly you koo-koo bird,” Alex teased. “At least here in the hospital he can't make me bet weird sex things if I lose.”

“First off, you always enjoy the sex things, I think you lose on purpose. Second off, we can still bet. I can cash in when we get home.”

John adored when they bantered like this. Loved seeing the light-hearted playfulness there. Before meeting the two of them, John always thought of alphas as being very serious and perhaps aggressive, but these two were anything but. They were sweet and kinda dopey, silly, smart, ridiculous. John couldn’t help but smile at them, couldn’t help but feel his entire body warm as he watched them.

“We don’t have to bet anything,” John said. “Let’s just play for fun.”

“But betting is fun,” Alex asserted, but Lafayette gave him a look that said ‘we do what the omega wants.’

“I will deal,” Lafayette said, digging the deck out of the bag.
One hour and several rounds later, John threw his cards down.

“Alex, you were right,” John grumbled. “He’s either cheating or playing by his own rules but either way it’s not fair.”

Lafayette added his card to John’s discarded pile, grinned with a smugness that made John almost want to smack him. Alex just rolled his eyes. “I do not need to cheat,” he said. “I am just very good at Uno.” And he looked so handsome smirking like that John had to lean across the bed, make eyes at him and offer his lips in hopes for a kiss. He still was a bit shy about just kissing Lafayette without asking, still wanted him to lead. Luckily, Lafayette was at good as reading his signals as he was at playing Uno, gently claimed his mouth. No tongue, just soft lips, hand in his hair.

After Uno, they watched Beauty and the Beast, then John requested they read from *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. It became apparent the bed was just not equipped to hold three bodies, they were smooshed together with Lafayette in the middle. John was practically on top of Laf’s chest, with Alex sort of awkwardly stretched across Laf so he could curl around John.

“We are gonna need another bed,” Alex groused as Laf turned the page.

John made a sad noise. “But I want both of you to sleep in my nest.”

“We can ask for another bed and pull it up against this one, do not worry little one,” Laf hummed. He was purring quietly while he read, and it was making John start to doze off again.

As if on cue, there was a knock at the door, didn’t even bother to wait for a response before pushing open the door. Vaughn was back. The look on his face as he surveyed the scene held a flash of vague distaste before he caught himself and looked nothing but calm and professional.

“I wanted to come speak to you personally,” he said and John perked up.

“You made a decision?” John asked eagerly, but Vaughn looked at Lafayette.

“After reviewing the case, we have decided both of you may stay the night. Granted, you must use the Alpha washroom, and cannot be alone with any patients other than your own omega.” Alex rolled his eyes so hard John could feel his body twitch with the force of his annoyance. “Some orderlies will be bringing in a cot shortly. I sincerely hope this helps your recovery, Mr. Laurens.”

As soon as the door was shut, Alex launched into a tirade.

“Are you actually shitting me? John’s his actual patient, not us. Fuck, and he wasn’t even--Oh my god, does he know I’m an alpha? Obviously Laf’s in charge because I’m a runty little shit. Ugh, no, never mind. Point is. Laf’s not his patient, John is. He should talk to John. We don’t own him because we’re alphas, holy shit. What the fuck is wrong with people??”

“Alex, it’s okay,” John said softly. He cuddled close to Alex, focused on being calm so his scent would calm Alex. Laf put the book down and began purring loudly. Alex whapped Laf on the shoulder.

“Your purring doesn’t work on me, jackass. It only works on omegas.”

Laf answered by purring even louder.

“You both need to be madder than this,” he groused.

“I’m too sleepy to be mad,” John hummed. He started playing with Alex’s hair, braiding it aimlessly.
“I’m used to it, Alpha. Don’t worry.”

“Okay, no, that just makes me ever more pissed off. You shouldn’t have to be used to that. No one should have to be used to that.”

“He’s just some asshole hospital worker that I’ll never have to see again after this...ordeal is over,” John explained. “And we all know you guys don’t own me, and that’s what matters. That you two don’t act like that.”

True to Vaughn’s word, they were barely three more pages into their book when yet another knock interrupted them. Two of the burliest betas John had ever seen (burlier than even Hercules) rolled in an incredibly goofy looking cot. It reminded John of the cots he’d slept on at summer camp, low-lying and just wide enough for one person. Albeit with an actual mattress and pillows.

“Well, there goes the ‘just make one giant bed’ plan,” John muttered once the betas had hustled out.

“I’ll sleep in it,” Alex said immediately. He jumped up from the bed to inspect it.

“Mon chou, you do not need--” Laf started, but Alex cut him off.

“Laf, you will not fit on that thing. Also, you couldn’t sleep last night. Don’t tell me you can sleep anywhere other than in John’s bed, because I know you’d be lying.”

Laf shut his mouth, and blushed a little.

“You couldn’t sleep?” John asked, sounding almost heartbroken. “Oh, I didn’t know. I’m sorry Alpha.”

“No! No, no, it is not your fault, darling. It is just me, I cannot help but worry. My omega is far away and hurting. How can I sleep knowing I am not there to protect him?”

“Not sure if you’re a peacock or a grizzly bear right now,” Alex snorted.

“Neither,” said John. Laf wasn’t showing off or flexing his power, he was being himself and telling the truth. “Big kitten,” John decided. “What’s kitten in French?”

“Chaton,” Laf answered. “Or minou. Minou is more like… Kitty. It is said by children because it sounds like the sound cats make, yes?”

“So if I wanted to call you that… I’d say… Mon chaton, right?”

Laf looked at John with wide eyes. He seemed to quiver. “Yes. Yes, that would be correct.”

“Mon chaton,” John hummed. Alex looked between them, and couldn’t help but feel a bit mushy himself. Lafayette looked like he was about to cry, eyes watery and wide. John was snuggled in his lap, radiating contentment.

He curled his tongue in his mouth, as if it would stop the words he wanted to say from tumbling out.

“Wanna have a nap before we order in dinner?” Alex asked. He climbed back into the crowded nest, suddenly needing to be close to both of them.

“Mmm, yeah,” John yawned, and then he was out like a light.

***
John awoke to the room darkening. No clue of the time. Alex was smooshed between John’s body and the wall, one arm buried under John, the other propping up his phone. He appeared to be answering emails. Laf was bracketed against John’s other side, was studying both of their faces with such tenderness, John felt shy under the scrutiny.

“Hello,” Laf said softly. “My baby is awake. How do you feel?”

John couldn’t help but smile. The shyness he felt moments before under Lafayette’s intense gaze melted to something tender. Suddenly he felt beautiful. Cherished. “I feel okay. It’s nice waking up to see my alphas first thing.”

Laf pressed a kiss to John’s forehead. “It is nice to have my alpha and my omega cuddled together.”

“Good, you’re awake.” Alex rolled over, put his phone down on his chest. “I’m starving and Laf wouldn’t even talk about food until you woke up. Please tell me you’re hungry, too.”

“Um,” said as he took stock of the state of his body. For one thing, he felt much… Lighter. Less heavy, didn’t feel like the weight of existence was crushing him. He felt normal, almost. And then his stomach rumbled loudly. He laughed.

“Hungry, apparently, or so says my stomach.”

“And what is our baby boy hungry for?” Lafayette asked, failing to hide the innuendo in his voice. John realized with a start this was the longest stretch of time they had spent together without being intimate. And it was… While perhaps different, it was kinda nice? Helped quiet that voice in his head that sang him that familiar refrain, that told him he was only good for one thing.

“Ummm…”

“Anything you want,” Alex urged him.


“God, yes,” Alex looked excited. “Order from that place that has the really good pickled garlic and the dish with the peas and the tofu?”

“Oh!” John added. “We should get something for the nurses. Like some naan and samosas?”

“Excellent idea, mon cher.” Lafayette pulled up the restaurant’s number on his phone, called them and ordered what sounded like two hundred dollars worth of food. Several meat and veggie curries, appetizer samplers, different types of naan, onion and coriander chutney, raita, and even rice pudding.

The nurses were delighted over their dinner, as was Alex. Another picnic in the hospital, this time John feeling much more cheerful. He was hopeful he could be discharged the next day, and get back to the rhythm of normal life.

“Where is this from?” John hummed in pleasure, scooping another helping of the butter chicken onto his plate. “It’s amazing.”

“I am glad you like,” Laf said with a sparkle in his eyes.

“He won’t tell you where it’s from,” Alex said. “I don’t even know where this place is.”

“I must keep some of my secrets.”
“Ah, yes Laf, because we stay with you since you know the secret Indian place.”

“Maybe it’s run by the Indian mafia,” John said, “and he can’t let us know in case it puts us in danger.”

“Why would I know the Indian mafia? I am French.”

“The mafias all work together. It’s fact.”

“I am not a mafioso. I am a banker.”

“That’s boring,” John said with an exaggerated yawn. “Go join the mafia.”

“But you know what happens in those mafia movies,” Alex joined in. “Some competing group kidnap the alpha’s omega for blackmail and ransom!”

John snorted. “I wouldn’t worry too much about that. I’m pretty annoying, they would probably return me when they saw how much trouble I was.”

“This is very doubtful.” Lafayette tore himself another bite of naan. “If anything, they would want to keep you for themselves. Or better yet... Perhaps your sweetness will inspire them to end the war between the factions, everyone peaceful and live in harmony.”

“Quick, Alex, write a heartwarming movie script about the pureness of an omega ending gang violence,” John said, waggling his eyebrows.

Alex snorted. “You’re cute, but I wouldn’t say pure. Plus, that’s so many stereotypes, I can’t even… I’m not even a scriptwriter! I’m a journalist.”

“I dunno, I’m pretty pure,” John said, batting his eyelashes.

“You’re as pure as yellow snow.”

“Alex, ew!” John squealed. He chucked his napkin at Alex’s face, earning him an indignant huff and a piece of naan square on his nose.

“Alexander! Do not throw food at our omega!”

John responded by throwing another piece of naan at Laf. Laf caught it, made a face like he was annoyed. Popped the bread into his mouth, chewed while frowning. John and Alex were both stock still, silent, eagerly awaiting Lafayette’s reaction.

Instead of telling them to stop or retaliating by throwing his own food, he pounced, pinned John to the floor under him and grabbed Alex by the arm, dragged him down as well. “You are both naughty,” he admonished. John bit his lip and stared up him, saw Alex’s eyes darting between his face and Laf’s.

And suddenly the three of them were trading kisses, breathless and eager. The hospital melted away, the beds and the beeping. The food on the floor. All that was left was the warm weight of Alex’s and Lafayette’s bodies, the heat of their lips, wet and loose tongues. John lost himself in the kissing, the closeness of it all. Pressing himself closer to them, he exposed his neck. Knew it in bad form to fuck on the floor of the psych ward, but he needed to feel close to them, to feel wanted. Loved.

Of course, there was then a knock on the door, and the three of them froze.

“Gentlemen,” came a female voice, “I thought it might be pertinent to inform you that, for patient
safety, all rooms are video-monitored at all times.”

John felt himself go bright red, and Laf looked just a tad mortified. Alex looked halfway between annoyance and hysterics.

“Okay,” John called back, once he managed to find his voice. “Thank you.”

“Invasion of privacy, much?” Alex muttered as he sat up.

“I am in here to make sure I don’t kill myself,” John said drily, even as he sat up and pulled them both back to him. “It makes sense.”

Alex muttered something in French, which earned him a pointed look from Laf.

“Even so,” Laf said, “John deserves better than a hospital floor.”

“They should discharge me tomorrow,” John said. He looked up at them, tried to look demure and pretty. “Then we can go home…”

Lafayette made a pleased, possessive noise, deep in his chest. “Yes, tomorrow. We can wait.”

Chapter End Notes

Content/trigger warnings: mentions of suicidal ideation, mentions of suicide, psychiatric hospitalisation
Sleep came much easier with Laf wrapped around him. He purred softly, and held John tight against his chest. A warm, soothing weight that dragged him down to rest. And Alex’s little snores put him at ease too. It was easy to relax with those comforting, familiar sounds to fill the otherwise empty silence.

Morning came, and Laf went to a nearby cafe to grab them coffee and bagels. Let Alex spend some time with John after Laf hogged him all night.

At about 10:30, after they’d all showered and gotten dressed, there was a gentle rap on the door.

“Come in,” Alex called, and a small, dark-skinned omega dressed head-to-toe in different shades of pink stepped into the room. John could see her steeling herself against the instincts that wanted her to make herself smaller in the presence of the two alphas. She instead looked past them and locked her eyes directly on John.

“Mr. Laurens, yes? May I call you John?”

“Sure,” John said. He couldn’t help but perk up at someone actually addressing him.

“Hi, John. I’m Dr. Nadia Hamid. But please just call me Nadia. I’m here to do your final psych eval. If it’s all good, we’ll discharge whenever you’re ready to head off.”

All three of them brightened up at that, the room suddenly smelling of a pleased omega and grateful alpha. Nadia tried not to smile.

“But John, I will have to interview you alone. If your alphas don’t mind stepping out?”

“Of course,” Alex said immediately. He jumped up and practically dragged Laf out of the room.

“You do your eval. We’ll wait in the lobby.”

And then John was alone with the doctor. She visibly relaxed once the room was alpha-free, and she pulled two chairs from the wall and gestured for John to sit.

“You alphas are certainly caring, aren’t they? I hear they bought the nurses pizza and Indian food.”

John felt himself blush a little. “I think that was to make up for being gigantic pains in the neck.”


“Alphas.”

“So,” she continued, “how are you feeling today John?”

“Um, good. I don’t feel as shitty as I did a few days ago, that’s for sure. Having my pain-in-the-neck
alphas here helped.”

“That’s good to hear. What led you to commit yourself here?”

“Oh, um. I took suppressants despite knowing they fuck with me? I guess? And then I was like, ‘Well shit. I need to go to the hospital so I don’t do something stupid.’ And, ta-da, I am here.”

“Was there a reason you took them, even knowing their effect on you?”

“Uh.” John looked down at the floor. Even though he was speaking to a fellow omega, it was still… Awkward. “I guess. I’ve been seeing Alex and Laf, uh, the alphas, for awhile but we haven’t, um… Y’know. I mean, we’ve, uh, had sex but not… The thing. And I didn’t want the first time to be while I was in heat.”

Nadia smiled softly. “Just to clarify, you’re talking about knotting?”

“Yes. That.” John was sure his face was tomato-red by now, but Nadia was purely professional and didn’t comment on it.

“Did your alphas--Alex and Laf, you said?”

John nodded.

“Did Alex and Laf know you didn’t want to have sex during your first heat with them?”

“Uh...um....” John evaded her eyes. “We didn’t… Um… It hasn’t… Come up?”

Something John appreciated, despite being caught off guard by the questions, was how Dr. Hamid looked at him, not her clip board. She leaned closer, held his gaze.

“Do you have any reason to believe your alphas might not respect your boundaries? Even during heat?”

“What? No! Not at all. They’re always asking me how I’m feeling, if I’m okay. They’ll stop in the middle of… Stuff, and like, check in, make sure it’s not just pheromones getting to my head and making me agree to shit I don’t actually want. On our first date we got kicked out of a restaurant because they started a fight with some asshole alpha who wouldn’t leave me alone even after I told him to go away.”

“Does that happen a lot? Has it happened before? Other alphas perhaps not respecting your boundaries?”

“I mean, I’m an omega. Isn’t that par for the course?” He chuckled, but Nadia didn’t seem terribly amused.


“Is this really relevant to like… Me getting discharged? The suicidal thoughts were a direct result of the suppressants, which are out of my system…”

Dr. Hamid said nothing, but just continued to look at him with her dark unreadable eyes.

“I guess.” John swallowed. “I had a boyfriend in college. He was an alpha, we only dated for a few weeks. Um. He was a dick, basically. That’s probably why. But every omega has a shitty ex-alpha story. It’s not that big of a deal.”
“I’m not interested in every omega’s story, John. Just yours.”

“Look, it’s not something I like to talk about or relive, ok? It wasn’t my… Best moment.” He swallowed a few times.

The only person who knew this story was Herc, and he only knew because they had been living together when it happened. He could remember sitting at the breakfast bar, a bag of frozen peas pressed to his eye blooming purple, Herc cleaning the cuts on the heels of his hand. Gravel from where he tripped over the curb, caught himself on the driveway.

“That… Guy. He didn’t like the word no.” He willed his voice to not crack. “And one night, he decided he had heard it from me the last time. W-when I did--didn’t want. Want it.” John pinched his lips together. Shook his head. “And when he didn’t get what he wanted, he hurt me. And I should have been able to fight back, I’m not weak. But...” He shrugged. “Shit happens,” he finished.

Nadia’s expression had softened as she listened. “That’s a horrible violation. That must have been hard… Still be hard… To recover from.”

“Yeah. I mean it was a long time ago. And I can’t pretend that it hasn’t affected my choice in partners. I avoided alphas for years. These two, Alex and Lafayette... They couldn’t be more different than him. I’ve told them no. Dozens of times. And they listen. Without ever getting angry.” John fidgeted. He had been so sure he was finally ready to take that step with his boyfriends, but these memories were starting to stir that familiar doubt. After, would they be done with him? Once they got what they wanted?

“I can see something happening on your face, John. Tell me about what you’re thinking right now.”

“I.” He rubbed at his eyes. They were starting to feel hot and itchy and he was determined not to cry. “I dunno. What if they don’t want me after… If I let them knot me, what if that’s all they want and they leave me?”

“Is that a part of what led you to take the suppressants?”

John nodded. “We had plans for a date and I didn’t want to ruin it by being a stupid hormonal omega. And I didn’t want to make them take care of me, without letting them… Yeah. So that’s why I took them.”

“You’re not stupid. You have worth. At any part of your heat cycle. And I think there is some work you need to do, in and out of your relationship, to help you. What are you doing to take care of your mental health needs?”

“I work out. Run, swim, yoga. Paint. That’s about it.”

Dr. Hamid took a moment to scribble some info down on her notepad. “I want to give you the names of some of therapists that specialize in omega mental health. I also wrote down the name of a support group for survivors of domestic and sexual abuse. I think these resources could be valuable to you.”

John took the page, started down at it. Wasn’t sure how he felt about the support group. He hated the word survivor, it was just a nice way of saying victim. And besides, wasn’t feeling ready a sign that he was better? He was okay? Not broken?

“I have one last question. Have you spoken to Alex and Lafayette about your feelings?”

“Not yet, no, not really.” John folded the paper, put it in his pocket.
“I find in the strongest relationships, communication is key. And I think that, if they care about you as much as it seems they do, I think they will be nothing but receptive and supportive.”

John nodded. He wasn’t sure about anything at the moment.

He signed a few forms, assured Dr. Hamid he would look into the resources he was provided, and suddenly he was free, walking out into the main lobby of the hospital where Alex was waiting for him.

“Hey, honey,” Alex said, immediately taking his hand. “Everything okay? I got your stuff from the nurses for you.”

John nuzzled him, squeezed his hand. “I’m ready to go home. Where’s Laf?”

Alex smirked. “He had stuff he wanted to get ready? Dunno. Suggested we should run by your place and grab anything you want for the weekend. I mean… Assuming you still wanna… Um… Spend the time with us?”

John nuzzled up against Alex’s side, smiled. “Yeah, I’d like to stay with you guys. I don’t really wanna be alone just yet.”

“Perfect,” Alex said. “Let’s do it.”

Chapter End Notes

Trigger/content warnings: discussion of past domestic violence.
When they stepped into Alex’s and Laf’s penthouse, John knew immediately something was up. First off, he could smell Lafayette’s nervousness immediately, even over the clusters of lavender scented candles on seemingly every surface. The lights had been dimmed, and starting at the entry there was a scattering of what looked like dried rose petals on the floor. It looked like the petals created a path down the hallway to the bedroom. He looked over at Alex, who had lifted an eyebrow.

“He cannot be serious,” was all Alex said, shaking his head. “Well, come on then.” John dropped his bag by the entry, followed Alex, his curiosity getting the better of him.

The trail of rose petals led right to the master bedroom, where they found Laf. The first thing John noticed was he had created the outline of a heart on the bed with the petals. The lights had been dimmed, and more candles lit the room. Laf was leaning against the bed, smiling softly. He was clearly trying to seem casual, like they’d just walked in on him mid-prep, but the scent of his anticipation gave him away. John figured that the big, fluffy sweater he was wearing wouldn’t be helping, or the soft pajama pants.

Alex just put his face in his hands. “I can’t even make a fucking peacock sound at this. This is too fucking ridiculous, oh my god.”

“It’s romantic, shut up,” John said quietly. He was honestly touched at the effort. It was corny, yes, but deliberate, from the lighting and the music to the fact at how softly he was dressed. John smiled, and taking extreme care to not disturb the shape, climbed into the bed and sat right in the center of the heart. He smiled at Lafayette and Alex. “You did this for me?” He asked shyly.

Laf smoothed his own hair in nervousness. “I wanted to welcome you home.”

And John considered everything. The care at which Lafayette had taken set up scene. Alex’s smile. How safe and warm everything was. How Laf used the word “home.” Trust swelled in him. He looked at both of them, smiled, smoothed the duvet next to him.

“Are y’all gonna come over, or keep me waiting?” He drawled, his smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. Laf still hesitated, but Alex didn’t waste a beat in climbing onto the bed. He practically pounced onto John, pinning him onto the bed and capturing him in a kiss. Despite his enthusiasm, it was soft, deep, loving. Alex framed his face with his hands, stroked his cheekbones with his thumbs. John moaned softly into Alex’s mouth, opened his mouth and let Alex’s tongue stroke into him.

Kissing Alex—hell either of his alphas—would never get old. There was headiness in it, it made him feel high with every brush of Alex’s tongue against his. Alex kissed like he had a point to prove, like he was making a case with every pass of his tongue. And despite the fact they were the same size, when they kissed John felt smaller against him, delicate.

Lafayette was still standing next to the bed, watching them, oscillating between interest and anxiety. John could smell the war of his moods, whereas Alex smelled of nothing but lust. He broke the kiss, turned to look up at Laf from where he was trapped under Alex. “Laf? Everything okay?”

He hesitated again, which surprised John. Lafayette was usually so sure, so confident in everything
he did. Even Alex looked over his shoulder at him. “I am sorry, little one, I just want to make sure… That you are sure. This is everything you want?”

“Come here, mon chanton,” John said, cocked his head. Laf’s eyes lit up at the nickname. “Come lay next to us. Want you, Alpha, want you both.” Hearing this, Lafayette relaxed slightly, stretched out in the bed next to both of them. Alex nudged at his shoulder with his nose, whispered something in French and Laf finally smiled, and the two of them kissed, a comforting familiarity to it. John was content to watch, ignored his annoying instincts whining in the back of his head that he should be getting all the attention. His heart knew the truth, that his alphas loved each other, a love born of years of connecting, and there was nothing more beautiful than that. John wanted that too, wanted to know them, every part and every thing, wanted a relationship built on moments and trust.

This was the next step.

The three of them traded kisses, John let himself get lost in it, that smokey floaty feeling overwhelming him. Alex’s hands trailed from where they rested on John’s face, making stops to massage his pecs, touch his abs, finally settling on his hips. John groaned, knew they were taking it slow for a reason, but he wasn’t going to break; he needed more.

“Aaah, he whined. “Clothes?”

Alex burst into laughter, and Laf grinned. “Impatient,” Alex noted, sucked a kiss on his exposed shoulder. “Here we are, trying to go slow and romantic, and you’re just begging to be naked.”

Laying back into the pillow, trying to look as pretty as possible, John fluttered his eyelashes. “Naked is better.”

“Naked is better, little one, here,” Lafayette said, finally finding his voice. He half sat up, tugged off his own sweater, tossed it to the side. With his shirt gone, his scent intensified, drawing John’s immediate attention. He fidgeted under Alex, craned his neck so he could inhale. Laf, sensing what he wanted, scooched closer, lifted his arm so John could sniff his armpit. Alex rolled his eyes, but smiled just the same as John got his fill, then turned to smell him too. “Alphas,” John whined, the mixture of their pheromones practically intoxicating him.

Why was it so hard to just ask for what he wanted?

Having both of them touch him was always an adventure, and today was no different. Their hands and mouths on him, like reading a map. Alex pulled both of their shirts off, shucked his own jeans. By now, John was used to sight, the feel of Alex’s dick, his knot, the size of everything. He liked when John squeezed him at the base, worked his shaft a bit.

By now, John wasn’t only hard, but rather moist as well, slick gathering at his entrance. He reached between his own legs. Dampened two fingers with his own juices. As he caught Alex in a kiss, smeared the fresh slick on the head of Alex’s dick. Alex made a sound somewhere between a groan and a whine, bucked up into John’s hand.

“Fuck, baby,” he gasped. “Gonna come pretty quick if you keep doing that.”

“Is that what you want, mon amor?” Laf in his ear, rubbing his back.

“I want,” John said. He paused, swallowed the lump in his throat, “I wanna-- Alex, I wanna ride you.”

Alex laughed, sounding a little delirious. “That what you want, little Omega?” He teased, which John laughed at too considering they were the same size. Alex wasn’t laughing at him, he was
laughing because he was happy, and that filled John with a similar lightness, made him buoyant.

“This I will enjoy watching,” Lafayette said, settled back into the pillows and took himself in hand. John batted his hand away.

“Don’t,” he said, eyes dark. “Want you after.”

“Two knots, one night?” Alex said. “Sure you can handle that?”

“Ok, first of all, that sounds like the name of a bad porno. Secondly, I’m gonna fucking try, ‘cause far as I can tell, we’re kinda in the long haul for this and I plan on sticking around—” John paused, licked his lips nervously. “Unless I’m wrong. And if I am, tell me now.”

Alex surged up, wrapped his arms around John, held him tight. “Yeah. We’re in this for the long haul. Wanna know why?”

“Why?”

“Cause I love you, and I’m pretty sure Laf does too.”

John’s breath hitched, and he glanced up at Laf. Laf was smiling, and his eyes looked a little watery.

“Yes. I love you also, little one.”

“I. I love you both too. So much.” Stinging behind his own eyes. Shit. “When you guys came back the next day… At the hospital—” He broke off, unable to continue, shook his head. Took a second to gather himself, breathing deeply. Proud of himself when the next words came out steady. “You two mean so much to me. Can I… Can I show you how much?”

Alex had this big stupid grin on his face, nodded encouragingly. John flipped their positions so he could straddle Alex, took him by the wrist and guided his hand to his ass. Alex took the hint, worked two fingers in. This was good, this was familiar, and John sighed, rested his forehead on Alex’s.

They kissed some more, Lafayette too, so much John hardly noticed the third finger. Alex only flirted with his prostate, brushed it occasionally, was focused on loosening him. “God, you’re wet,” Alex whispered. “Gotta tell me when you’re ready, sweetie. You’re in charge, ok?”

“Yes. I love you also, little one.”

“Can I touch you?” Lafayette asked, and John looked surprised, then nodded. Laf’s hand joined Alex’s, who pulled back to just two fingers. Laf slid his finger in alongside Alex’s, making John yelp in surprise. He clenched down, not able to help himself. “Beautiful,” he remarked.

John knew his body was ready. That ravenous arousal, that hunger in the pit of his stomach, he could feel it. The moment yawned before him like a crack in the earth, a cliff. One he was afraid to jump. Looking down at Alex, he knew he was being silly, it was Alex and Laf, he loved them. He trusted them.

They must have sensed—or smelled—his trepidation. Their fingers stilled in him, Laf reached up to stroke his hair and Alex kissed his cheek.

“Hey, this isn’t an all or nothing thing, okay? We can stop whenever. We just want you to feel good,” Alex murmured against his skin. “Just relax and trust us, baby boy. We’ve got you.”

John nodded, let out a long, shaky breath. “Okay,” he said quietly. “I’m ready.”

He pitched forward. They pulled their hands away, Alex’s going to the small of his back, Laf running his fingers up and down John’s arm. He closed his eyes, let his body guide him. Dropped his
hips back, let the tip of Alex’s cock catch on his rim. His body parted for Alex as he settled back slowly, inhaling sharply the moment he felt himself yield completely, accept Alex inside of him. They both watched him intently, watched his face, honed in on his smell. Alex wasn’t small, but he fit perfectly, John’s body working overtime to accommodate him, and the feeling was simply exquisite. It made John actually gasp, how good it felt, how right, and once he was seated, Alex’s entire length inside him, his knot nudging his entrance, he was overcome with emotion.

“Alphas,” he whispered, tugged at Alex’s hair. Lafayette sat up, wrapped his arms around him.

“Are you alright, my love? Do you need to stop, does it hurt, are you--”

“No,” John said, shook his head and accepted the hug. “It feels… I’m alright. I’m just… Getting situated.” He tried to hold back the emotions flooding him, the onslaught of feelings, both good and scared. He was shaking despite his attempts to calm himself. Alex wrapped his arms around John’s waist and held him close, chest-to-chest. John felt a rumble start in Alex’s chest, something faint and weak, almost rusty, that slowly grew in volume and intensity.

Alex was purring.

John couldn’t hide his delight. He felt his body respond almost instantly, his skin tingling, his muscles softening. Not only did he respond physically to Alex’s purring, but emotionally, feeling so warmed that Alex would trust to show that side of himself.

“You are making him very happy,” Laf said, grinning.

“Shush,” said Alex. “You feel amazing, sweetheart,” he said to John. “Love you.”

John clung a few moments more, but his body pulled at him, siren song of hormones and the touch of their flesh calling him. “Gotta move,” he said. Surprised himself by taking the reins, planted his palms on Alex’s shoulders and braced his weight so he could lift and drop himself. Alex continued to purr, the growing louder by the second, still holding John tightly. His abs flexed with the movement, back muscles strained, he panted into Alex’s ear. Instinct took over, guided his hips, moved his body like a piston, spurred on by the sounds Alex was making, both of the alphas’ scents filling his lungs.

It wasn’t the first time John had had someone inside him, he’d fucked plenty of betas and other omegas, but this was… Different. It had to be that it was an alpha he was riding. Not just an alpha--Alex. His alpha. It was so good, Alex holding him tight and purring, making beautiful little noises. His cock was thick and filling, dragging against him deliciously and lighting up all his nerves. He was at the edge faster than he expected, but he held back. Wanted to keep feeling Alex inside him, keep making his alpha feel good.

Alex, too, lasted longer than John imagined, held him close and pressed kisses to the side of his head and his neck. Told him he was beautiful, his body felt like a dream, he was their perfect omega.

“Sweetheart,” he croaked, held John so firm he stopped moving. “Gimme--gimme a second. I’m close. Wanna let you know you can pull off so I can finish or…” The trusting look John gave him made his heart squeeze. “Or I’m gonna push my knot in? And I want you… Want you to decide, baby.”

John made a grateful sound in the back of his throat, kissed Alex on the lips before answering. “Want your knot, Alpha,” he said.

“Okay. It might be better… More comfortable, if I’m on top?” John nodded and they adjusted without breaking apart, Alex now propped up above him. “Ready?”
“Will it hurt?” he asked softly.

Alex hesitated, wanted to be honest but also assuage John’s fear. “I don’t know,” he said frankly. “We will be locked together for a few minutes, too.” He looked over to Laf for help.

“If you do not like how it feels, we will stop,” Lafayette assured him. “It may help if you come with Alexander?”

“Yeah,” Alex said, wrapped a hand around John’s length. He shuddered, his skin lit up. “Like that, baby? How close are you?”

In all honesty, John had been riding the edge since they started. “Very close,” John admitted.

“Heh. Good.” Gave him a few measured strokes. “Deep breath, baby, tell me when.”

It only took several more seconds of Alex jerking him off, and John was bucking his hips, crying out “Now, now--!” and Alex pushed in.

A barrage of sensations. His body simultaneously tightening in orgasm and loosening to take Alex’s knot. Wetness everywhere, slick on the sheets and cum on his chest. Tears on his face. An unbearable second of pressure, the sting of his body surrendering, and then it was in and Alex growled in his ear. They lay still, panting, Alex lost to his own pleasure, the dizzying moment that he spilled into John, his knot locking them together. He lost it for just a moment, lost the power to speak or understand anything beyond the exquisite, unnamable bliss of his omega’s body pulsating around his knot.

But then John was holding him, limbs wrapped around him like a koala, tugging at the sweaty mess that was his hair. “Love you, love you, love you,” John babbled, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Hey, hey, got you,” Alex said, nuzzled him. “You okay?”

“Nngh,” said John, but nodded. It was hard to describe how it felt. He felt full, ridiculously so. If he isolated that feeling, it wasn’t good or bad. What he did like was the closeness, how his whole body seemed to cradle Alex. They lay together, latched in place, and Alex kissed each of John’s tears away.

“I love you,” Alex said, lips brushing John’s wet eyelashes. “Thank you.”

John shook his head, ran his knuckles over Alex’s scruff. “Thank you,” he said. “Never thought it could be so… Simple?”

The right words didn’t exist.

When Alex’s knot finally softened a few minutes later, he pulled out and collapsed on the bed next to them. Worried after fucking Alex, he might have worn himself out, was pleasantly surprised to feel his body still coiled and ready. John rolled into Laf’s arms. He supposed his body was responding to Laf’s signals, refusing to rest until both of his alphas were taken care of.

“If you are tired, there is no need,” Lafayette began but John cut him off with a kiss.

“Don’t be silly,” John said. “Want both my alphas today.” He nestled against Laf’s chest, hands drifting to Lafayette’s hips. Laf’s body responded, he smelled aroused, but he also still smelled anxious. John tried to ride the momentum, curled closer and kissed Laf’s bare chest. “How do you want me, Alpha?”
Instead of answering him, Laf licked his lips. Glanced over Alex who was watching them with sleepy eyes. Said something in French that John was too distracted to even try to and puzzle through. Fire building in his gut again, his lizard brain sensing an aroused alpha, preparing him for a second round of sex.

“Stop that,” Alex responded to whatever Lafayette told him. “You’re being absurd. How many times have you done this?”

More French. John pulled his attention away from how his cock was chubbing up, how empty he suddenly felt. Looked at his alphas.

“What’s he saying?” he asked.

Alex smirked. “It’s kinda sweet... It’s cute, he’s nervous, he says--”

“Stop,” Laf said. Cleared his throat. “I can say.”

“Don’t be nervous,” John whispered. “I’m ready, I told you.” If John was being honest, he was beyond ready now, the fear was gone, replaced by pure lust. He wanted to make Laf feel good, as good as Alex just made him feel.

“I know this, my darling. As Alexander just say, I have done this before. It is... Very different when it is with your omega. And I want this to be perfect.”

“We’re together. It already is perfect,” John said, kissed him.

Alex yawned, wrapped himself in a spare blanket. “Yeah, hon, just give him that good alpha dick, it will be perfect.” John giggled while Lafayette looked horrified.

“Sometimes, I wonder how someone so crass--”

“Save it,” Alex said, smirking. “Your omega is waiting.”

“Right,” said Laf. Still trembling. “I am... Doing this.”

“We don’t have to,” John said. “If you aren’t comfortable, we can do something else.” He would hate for Laf to feel pressured. He knew that feeling all too well.

“How about...” Laf pulled John to him, settled into a spooning position. With John tucked against him, he started purring almost immediately. He trailed his lips up and down John’s neck, his giant hand stroking John’s stomach.

“This is nice,” John said, melting against Laf. He felt positively tiny up against Lafayette’s broad body, relished their size difference. He caught Laf’s hand, brought it to his lips so he could kiss his wrist, knuckles.

“I like it, too,” Laf agreed. Murmured some French into his ear, kept purring and petting John like a cat. He teased John’s cock with a few stray touches, liking the tiny noises he made. Each touch sparked something in John, felt desire waking inside him. Laf purred a bit louder, his own dick grazing against John’s backside.

“Alpha,” John suddenly pled, his voice catching. Pushed back on Lafayette, searching. “Alpha, please!”

Laf growled against the back of John’s neck. “Are you sure, little one?”
“Yes, yes, please, Alpha,” John whined. He wriggled his hips to prove the point. Laf continued to talk to him in French, lifted him a bit and brought him closer. Took himself in hand, guided himself so he was lined up to John’s entrance, so wet it was dripping. He hissed from the contact, that warmth. Willed himself to stay in control.

“Don’t make me wait,” John whined. “Wanna feel you, Alpha, please.”

Lafayette swore under his breath. In one smooth motion, slid in. John threw back his head, taking Laf was a bit more of challenge than Alex had been, despite being stretched and wet and practically begging for it. His body worked quickly to take him, more slick, relaxing, adjusting, shifting. And the matter of one arm wrapped tightly around his chest, Laf’s other hand idly stroking him.

“Move?” John panted. “So… So much.”

“Yes… Uh.” He laughed nervously in John’s ear, sounding just on the edge of giddiness. “I fear I may not last long… Will you take my knot or--”

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“Of course, just fuck me, please--” John let out a strangled gasp as Laf both jerked his hips and stroked him root to tip. This was different than riding Alex, there was a different sort of power here, a hint of possession, John liked it, liked it quite a bit. He didn’t have time to think, though, to really get used to it because Lafayette panted in his ear, squeezed at him. His orgasm punching through him had a domino effect on Laf, whose body responded.

“My love,” he exhaled, worked his knot into John. The combination of his second orgasm and the force of Laf’s knot knocked him momentarily senseless, had him seeing stars. When he came to moments later, they were still stuck together, Lafayette laying on the pillow, lips scrawling across John’s shoulder blades. Alex had shifted closer too. Both of them were purring, the vibrations making John feel slightly drunk.

“Welcome back,” said Alex. “I feel like I should give you a medal or something.”

John blinked a few times, tried to get his bearings. With Laf still snug inside him, both alphas sated, his body was pumping hormones through his veins making him drowsy. Between that and the purring, he was ready to sleep for a week.

“For what?” he managed to say. “Two knots, one night?”

“Nah,” Alex snorted. “For making Laf blow his load as fast as I have ever seen hi--”

“Hey!” Laf said, shifted onto one elbow. John squeaked at the change in angle. “Do not tease me, it is not fair.” He muttered to himself. “Plus, I went second, had to wait, you were both very sexy together, had me very worked up…”

“Alright, alright,” Alex said. “We get it. Stop jabbering, our omega is sleepy.”

Before he could even protest, John yawned. They both started purring, and John smiled. “Very sleepy,” he said. “Can I… Fall asleep like this?”

“Of course,” said Laf. “I will pull out when ready, you just lay nice and cozy, this is good.”

“Keep purring,” John said, took Alex’s hand in his. “Both of you. I like it.”

“I cannot believe you got Alexander to purr,” Laf said, smiling against John’s skin. “He must really
like you, hmm?”

“I dropped the L-bomb, of course I like him, you dumbass.”

“Do I need to make a peacock noise or will you two let me sleep, huh?” John groused. “I’m, uh, je suis fatigué. That’s all I remember from French class.”

“They taught you peacock noises in French class?” Alex teased. Laf glared at him over John’s shoulder, willed him to be quiet. It was so hard to stay quiet when he was so happy. He kissed the tips of his own fingers, reached over John so he could pass the kiss to Laf’s cheek.

“Love you,” he said. “Love you both.” John made a snuffling sound in response, Lafayette said it back, and Alex let the sounds and smells of his happy mates carry him off to his own sleep.

Chapter End Notes

...And we've reached the end! Of Part One, that is!

Thank you all so much for reading! Your comments and kudos have made us so, so happy. Feel free to come chat to us on tumblr!

End Notes

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